

Explorations in consciousness
By a master lucid dreamer

ASTRAL WARRIOR

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

DAEGON MAGUS



NON FICTION

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
BY
DAEGON
MAGUS

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Non Fiction Autobiography

Typeset by Daegon Magus

A Note For the PDF Version Readers.

If you are reading this, you have obviously found your way to the free version of the book. While I am delighted my book has made its way into your hands I am going to be brutally honest; I make next to no money from any of my work and this piece is no exception.

While I believe whole heartedly that the information in these pages should be available for free for anyone who wishes to read it, writing this much material for nothing does have its drawbacks. Often times these result in me working myself to exhaustion for nothing in return over a period of many months.

I am somewhat nit picky when it comes to my work; I am not just satisfied getting my words on the page. I spend an immense amount of my own time editing, and picking out a typesetting style that is not only aesthetically pleasing, but fits in with the theme of the work itself. I strive to produce something to a high quality standard that is, in my opinion, fit for a brick and mortar shelf. Even the cost of the cover was more than 3 times the listing price of the book (luckily someone who believed in me and my work paid for it). I simply cannot stand the cheesy covers people slap on something they haven't even bothered to edit or typeset properly; you will never see any of my work carrying such cheap undertones. I am fortunate in that I am proficient in a variety of skills that allow me to achieve this level of productivity, though it takes away time I could be dedicating to others.

See, I have been told I can write, but - as any self published author should know - it is extremely difficult to land a publishing contract in this industry. For whatever reason - probably because I suck at writing synopses limited to 300 words -

publishers aren't interested in my work, which means all the publication, marketing, and distribution is left entirely to me. Whilst I can manage the first, I honestly don't have the time or the resources to juggle the second two in with my responsibilities as a full time carer.

I am not big on donations, so I am making a simple request; if my work is to your satisfaction and you truly get something out of it, all I ask is that you purchase the paperback copy (available at www.daegonmagus.wix.com/author). The money will go to a good cause; feeding the mouths of the 5 people that make up my beautiful family.

I understand that in this day an age, even the price of a book can sometimes be too much for some households, so if that is you then I understand completely. You can help me out without spending any money by adding me on the usual platforms, recommending it to others you think might benefit from it., or even jus by taking a look at my website to see what else I have to offer in the ways of literary works and music.

Even better, if you know someone in the industry willing to take a look at it, please by all means send it their way. I believe this is a fair exchange for several months' worth of work that will - in all honesty - make me out to sound like a complete lunatic. Of course, you are welcome to disagree.

At the end of the day I don't really mind if I get paid for it or not. I am not going to curse the people who download it and don't buy it, nor wish anyone ill will, or sue someone for sharing it on. It's there for whoever wants it, and if you can help in return, then good, if you can't then it's still all good. I'll just be happy in knowing my story is out there, because - for reasons you will see - it has been eating away at me for a very long time. I am really just glad to finally be free of its weight on my shoulders.

- DM

To Storme for helping write the story,

to Coleen for confirming it

and

to Ledhi for helping it come to life

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INTRODUCTION:

I am a writer of fiction. I was, for a very brief period of my life, the Speculative Fiction Facilitator of a writer's centre here in my home state of Western Australia. Therefore, the reader should be aware that I have one fictional horror novel behind me, and several others in the works that vary from fantasy to thriller to post-apocalyptic in nature, as well as short stories, poems, songs, lyrics and articles on things pertaining to Hermetic Philosophy and Alchemy and everything in between.

They should not get such fantasies mixed up with this work, which is my first attempt at non-fiction, not including the articles I have had published on a few spirituality sites here and there, as it is the very happenings I describe in this book that were to lay the foundations and become the inspiration behind many of my fictional works. I say this for the simple reason that without this disclaimer, the reader would have a hard time separating this biography from the other works; my life story is so fantastic and unbelievable that most would not accept it as being anything other than pure fiction.

This is not the case; I assure you that every single word in this biography is the truth in how I experienced it; every single thing in this book happened exactly the way I describe it, perhaps in some cases differing only in minute order, the real order of which my memory has lost to the ravages of time; for that I apologize, but for the mystical experiences themselves I can remember them like they were yesterday; they are the one thing time has not been successful in erasing or bending from my memory, as they were so profound in their nature that they changed my life in ways I cannot begin to even describe.

Until now, I have kept these things close to my chest, table talk for the very, very few who have been lucky enough to make it into my inner circle; even family members have been denied access to these stories.

It had always been a belief of mine that I was my own god, and that worship of anything external to myself was futile to my soul's evolution; I found it strange that out of all the sciences and religions in the world, and the latter's apparent authority on "spiritual matters", that there seemed to be no sufficient explanation into the animating principle behind all creatures.

It seemed as though much thought and conceptualisation had gone into the creative history of our universe, but the very fundamental building block that is the one common trait amongst any creature on earth had been seemingly overlooked; what is the spark of life and when does it become instilled within the vessel we are currently using during this present incarnation?

Moreover, is this spark of life inherent in the sperm or the egg or is it the resulting product of the combining of the two in the womb? How does this spark of life come to be contained within these physical boundaries, and what that does that mean for it once the life it sustains is distinguished? How can this spark, once ignited, have enough energy to keep a human heart (or heart of any other animal for that matter) beating for an average of 8 decades. There is evidence within this spark of energy so great that if it could be harnessed would provide us with more power than all of the suns combined. To me, it was incredibly strange that men of science and religion have focused all their attention at answering our cosmological origins without even bothering to try and answer these questions first; or maybe they had, and this misdirection of scrutiny of this energy source was something they were deliberately counting on.

Thus, my attention turned toward Alchemy – which is essentially what all forms of Hermeticism boil down to, once you begin to trace their roots – , in which I realized the very obvious truth; that Alchemy – true Alchemy – was the laborious study of this divine spark and its application upon our environment through transformative means which had been hidden in metaphor, at least from the perspective of the texts I was reading; things like the Turba Philosophorum and Three Dreams by Batista Nazari.

What I mean here, is that, once you look closer at each kingdom of life – whether it be animal, vegetable, or mineral – it becomes obvious that each has its own form of the divine spark present in very different ways; the way these kingdoms are able to flourish is through the application of one upon the other, alluding to an interfacing mechanism existing within this divine spark and each one.

The more one looks into these kingdoms, the more one realizes the importance of death and it's role of sustaining this divine spark throughout other kingdoms; an animal may die, relinquishing it's divine spark, but in the process decay and provide food to other organisms and plants, allowing them to flourish and provide fruit which can be eaten by yet another animal to continue its existence. Survival – the very basic instinct of all creatures – was nothing more than the divine spark changing form through the death of one kingdom and the birthing of the next; true transmutation.

So then my questions turned toward death and what happens to the divine spark when you die; is it collected in some sort of cosmological pool and distributed back into the sperm and eggs of newly born animals, the seeds of plants and the mineral bases of rocks through a controlled process, or is it just scattered about randomly so that it clings to the next empty vessel it comes across?

Was there a specific amount of this divine essence that meant it could only be distributed to these vessels in limited quantities? If it was recycled through reincarnation, did that mean I was, in a sense my own ancestors? And this led to ever the more questions in regards to our existence, and why the foundational building blocks had been skipped; why did we give such little thought to death, when it is the one constant thing we have in our lives; why did we bother trying to understand who created the divine spark without first trying to understand what it was? We know that Ancient Egyptian culture seemed to have a very good understanding about death, and that various other civilizations practiced sacrificial rituals, so how could it be that we missed these vital aspects of the divine spark when discussing our cosmological heritage and handing authority of this heritage over to churches and other temples of worship?

The Alchemists and Hermeticists certainly seemed to have a good idea about these subjects, and they have direct connections dating back to Ancient Egypt and the teachings of Thoth, but they were never given the light of day; in fact they were persecuted just like the Gnostics were persecuted en masse by the Christian and Catholic churches after providing an alternative narrative than the one usually pushed by these organizations; one only has to dig below the surface to find these, and other religions have a history of violence when it comes to opposing beliefs and those that seem to point to an understanding of the soul; hardly anything that can be considered spiritual, in my opinion.

So now my question was how can any religious organisation be taken seriously as an authority on spiritual matters when it openly opposes others scrutinizing the very aspects of the soul it has seemingly overlooked?

This is what much of my thought experiments were based around, and as you will come to find, this method of thinking eventually paid off.

CHAPTER ONE:

A METAPHYSICAL HISTORY

I was the fourth child, and second son to a not so simple housewife and an Engineering Surveyor who worked for a government department called Main Roads, managing and planning the roads they built in the region of Western Australia known as the Wheat belt – a vast stretch of farmland which wraps around the Central City Region as it takes up a good portion of the lands to the north and south of Perth.

It was on the border of this Region, in a town called Wooroloo, a stone's throw from one of the main arteries that keeps West Australian commerce alive, through both agricultural and mining means – the Great Eastern Highway – that our house was situated; a modest few acres that were insulated from the highway over a few short kilometres by a minimum security prison, a cemetery, an abattoirs, an old tuberculosis clinic come hospital, and, during the later stages of my life there, a maximum security prison called Acacia.

This property had belonged to my grandmother who gifted a small portion of it to my father on his 21st birthday, which meant she and my aunty lived essentially on the same property as us; all it took was a very short walk down a hill and over a small creek to get to either my grandmother's house or the flat my Aunty lived in. My grandmother on my mother's side also lived on the same road as the local post office in town, so family was always, physically very close on both sides. Every Friday we would go to this grandmother's place for curry lunches, which is where table talk would manifest between my mother and my grandmother of certain psychic incidents that had happened in the family; my great uncle – who was always

present at the lunches – almost drowning in a water tank when he was little and his mother, away on business on the other side of the world having a vision about it, or the time my mother went into labour and my grandmother, on a plane at the time, getting excruciating pains in her stomach at the exact same moment. We were treated to old polaroid photos of ghosts my great grandmother had taken before she wound up in a retirement home courtesy of dementia, and other strange things the credibility of which went out the window the minute computer generated images started to flourish into the mainstream. Even my grandmother on my father's side had a story to tell in which she was woken by her dead husband – the grandfather I never knew – sitting at the end of her bed. So one could say I was immersed in the world of the paranormal from the beginning of my life. To me, it was all just *normal*.

Our road came to an abrupt end at a fence line, the other side of which was part of the farm of the minimum security prison where my grandfather worked as a prison guard; this fence line myself and my siblings used to – probably quite illegally – hop over and go mushroom hunting when the season called for it, and it ran back towards my parents' house before terminating at the cemetery, which one only had to pass through a very thin line of bush to get to.

On the weekends when I had nothing better to do I could go out of my driveway and complete the grand tour of the prison farm, the cemetery, the abattoirs – where both my Aunty and my sister's boyfriend would end up working – and the tuberculosis sanatorium – where I would watch my grandfather in his final moments of life after a battle with lung cancer at the age of 9 – on my push bike before the hour hand could even move from one number to the next.

This is something I did on occasion when I was particularly bored, but not for any other reason than these places held a hidden history that I always wondered about; lining the rows of the cemetery were dirt graves that bore nothing but a number, or in some unique cases, the rising sun emblem of the Australian Diggers.

Often times I would walk along these rows and give silent thoughts to the unnamed soldiers and try to imagine who they were, determined not to let their memory fade away with the going years like other people had done. Why were there so many of these soldier's graves here and why were so many of them unmarked?

The school at the intersection which was the other end of our road was always too busy managing the 100 children it spread out through various grades to bother teaching us why – perhaps it was because they didn't really know either.

It would be a long time before I learnt that the neighbouring town of Chidlow – from

which I currently write these words – was once a training camp for these soldiers that went to fight in the war; where there is now a small war memorial lining the edge of an empty patch of well-kept grass in the centre of town, with a playground in the middle, a sea of tents once stood erect next to a train station that would cart the Diggers off to the ships that would ultimately take them to the battlefronts of the war.

Scattered around the bush one can still find the ruins of old cement blocks where other camps once stood, the only physical remains to suggest this town had any significant history to it. The train station, alas, has met a similar fate – nothing but a concrete block and a single piece of the track supporting a small metal model of a train to serve as a reminder of the railway that once lined the trail that runs through the bush in parallel to the road, connecting many of the old towns on the eastern side of the hills that cast a shadow over the flat lands of the cities built upon the western shoreline.

On the other side of Wooroloo is a town called Wundowie, whose claim to historical fame was a steel works foundry right at the entry into town.

It is these three towns, and some of those surrounding them, that would become the centre stage of many strange stories of paranormal activity over the years I would gather here and there from multiple different sources who were often times sceptics of the highest degree that would always keep my imagination active.

Stories of ghosts, big cats, demons and even UFOs were things that you could find in these places if you knew where to look and how to pry them from the locals.

It was not far from the abattoirs in Wooroloo that I would come to have a strange; somewhat concerning experience myself, regarding what appeared to be a cow being slaughtered in the middle of a paddock, in pitch darkness during the middle of the night, with some strange mechanical apparatus.

Out of nowhere the sound of dangling chains, followed by a conveyor belt starting and the cow shrieking in its last moments before a large gushing of liquid carried the night back into perfect silence. What made the occurrence odd was that it couldn't have been the abattoirs going for a nightly kill as it was several hundred metres in the opposite direction I was heading, and had several houses between it and me, including the one that belonged to my friend whose party I was just coming from. So not only had I just got out of earshot of the loudness of the party, there was still another five hundred or so metres of distance on the opposite side of that house before you got into abattoir territory; what in the hell was something doing out in a paddock killing cows by very elaborate means in total darkness at 1 in the morning?

Needless to say, it was enough to make my 16 year old arse move like it never had before and get the hell out of there; the only problem was I still had a cemetery to get through until I got back to my parents' house.

Unbeknownst to me, on the other side of town, a girl several years older than me - staying in a haunted house - would hear this same sound coming from the nearby gravel oval that became the go to place for anyone with a dirt bike or bush basher to thrash, which was nowhere near any abattoirs or farm paddocks holding cows.

A series of dancing UFOs would eventually be seen coming out of the ground at this same gravel oval by the owner of the house - the girl's boyfriend's father - who was one of the aforementioned biggest sceptics in the world - until he saw these dancing lights.

It wouldn't be for another 5 years I would eventually marry that girl and the paranormal activity would really start engulfing our lives, and we'd find our combined experiences in lucid dreaming and astral projection would trump that particular episode by a thousand fold.

The first time I experienced sleep paralysis was around about the age of 8. I would go to bed, and upon "falling asleep" would find myself pinned down unable to move anything but my eyes, which felt as though they themselves had heavy weights attached to them; there was a level of resistance that one had to "push" them through before they would change direction, and after overcoming this threshold it was like they glided to the point of view too quickly. It was always a game of trying to just get past the threshold but not pushing them too much so they would go past whatever it was I was trying to look at; which was usually a being or something that appeared to be standing at the end of my bed.

Despite my best efforts of trying to scream as loudly as I could, my voice box could never seem to manage anything more than a muffled squeak. I was at the mercy of the paralysis, and whatever seemingly chthonic substance it brought with it. The strange, unexplainable sounds and the feeling like my soul was being pulled in every direction at once. It was extremely terrifying.

This started happening more and more frequently as the weeks went on. Sometimes I would be able to break free of the paralysis and wake up, in which case I would run to the living room calling out to my father, who, more often than not, was still awake watching TV on the couch. I'd try and tell him about the paralysis and the beings, but the answer was always the same:

"It was just bad dream. You'll be ok. You need to try and sleep." He'd offer me

brief comfort, then take me back to bed and tuck me in. More often than not, I'd fall back into sleep paralysis that very same night; I soon learnt not to bother my father with my apparent "nightmares" anymore.

It got to the point where I was having these sleep paralysis experiences every 3 or 4 days for months on end. I knew there was something else to them rather than them being just "bad dreams" like my father claimed, but I was at a loss as, being that age, I had next to no way of investigating them, apart from a few books on "magic" that had been left to rot in an old derelict shell of a house on my grandmother's property – the place we went every Friday for lunch.

This abandoned house was situated down the back of the block close to the local shop; the only way to gain access to it was via a broken chimney of the main rooms' open fireplace, as the doors were broken and usually overgrown with long grass we dared not venture into in case of snakes. Over the years the bricks had crumbled away from the topmost part of the flu, meaning that even as a small kid you could hoist yourself up into it and tumble your way inside.

Once inside, you were treated to exposed roof beams where holes poked through some of the tiles in certain places, walls that had not much of their lining left with electrical wire draped from every surface no longer connected to the mains. The concrete slab that had once been a floor had begun turning back into the dust it once was before it was poured and provided an extremely hazardous maze of pit holes one had to navigate around.

In the middle of the foyer, greeting you as you tumbled through the fireplace was a couple of shelves full of old books that had simply been forgotten about and left to withstand the forces of the elements for some 30 – 40 years, and this was my treasure, and the sole reason I entered such a dangerous domain.

Many of the books had become welded together from the moisture of rain that had been allowed to beat upon them for over 3 decades rendering them unreadable, but there were a fair few of them that had got some shielding from the wind and rain because of their placement on the shelves.

There were also boxes on the floor next to the fireplace that, despite the bottoms being turned to mulch, had a few copies still in readable condition. Although majority of these works were typical fiction and non-fiction works one would expect to find on a library shelf in the 60s or 70s, every now and again I would come across a gem that hinted someone in the family had at least a passing interest in the occult; *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, *Atlantis*, *Predictions of Nostradamus*; there was even an edition of Aleister Crowley's *Moonchild* that, apart from having a

slightly withered cover, was still in a fairly good condition considering it had been sitting here for so long unsheltered; still completely readable.

What I had before me was every kid's dream, as far as I was concerned; a real magical library that one could only access after passing the gruelling tribulation of "entering the threshold via the fire {place}".

So when I came across a complete series of books outlining the concepts of "magic" spread out through various indigenous cultures the world over, I had what I believed to be the greatest treasure a kid at that age – somewhere around 10 – could ever have; this was like something straight out of a Disney movie.

Although these books themselves provided nothing on sleep paralysis, they hinted at a "hidden world" that was "off limits" to those who followed the constructs fed to them through a society whose views of reality were shaped by institutions that only ever cared about prepping people to fuel the eat work sleep repeat regime.

I understood, even at that age, that if I chose to follow such a path, then the mystery of my sleep paralysis would never be solved. I did not know it then, but these books, along with my mother's and grandmother's table talk of psychic happenings was to become my "initiation" into the world of "hidden knowledge", i.e. the occult.

By the time I reached the age of 10, my sleep paralysis had happened so frequently, that I became bored of it; I no longer felt the terror and feeling of impending doom that came with each episode, given that, after 2 years, I was still alive, and instead started relaxing through them, figuring it would bring about their "finishing" a lot quicker.

What I discovered from being able to relax through the chthonic environment brought about by the paralysis was something truly amazing: I could remain conscious during the transition from the waking world going to that of the sleeping one; I understood in complete totality the change consciousness undergoes during this transition, when the mind detaches itself from the body, before I had even hit puberty. Unbeknownst to me, I had discovered the secret to lucid dreaming, though I did not come to call it by this label for many years to come; I had discovered how to access a literal hidden world that is quite definitely off access to even those who do not subscribe to the idea of religious dogma.

So, now that I had access to this world, the vivid imagination one would come to expect from a child of that age, and the idea of telepathy being reinforced every Friday during lunch at my grandmother's place, not to mention my secret library, I began experimenting with consciousness in the realm of lucidity.

I found that I could create my own dream scenarios, and got so good at it that I could imagine up a whole world from the seemingly nothingness that one falls into once their mind separates from it's external, physical stimulus; I could invent and explore a world of my own devising in the span of a night's sleep like one could create a video game and control a character within it using a controller, all the while understanding that my body was asleep in its bed back on earth.

I could remember everything I had done that day right down to what I had eaten for breakfast; there was simply no vagueness to them unlike with conventional dreams which are seemingly random and where the consciousness experiencing it has no recollection of the body it inhabits.

Of course, when one is off on expeditions of this calibre more than one night in every week, it is safe to say the subjects indoctrinated through schooling soon become boring and mundane beyond all reason.

Was I ever going to abandon the wealth of knowledge found in my treasure trove of books, or the knowledge of consciousness I already had for the mundane promises school was telling me was important? Hell No! The moment I first tumbled through that fireplace into that decrepit building, the moment I first witnessed the change consciousness undergoes as it passes to the dream world, I became "The Magician"; nothing would ever bend my imagination into believing the meaning of life was to work oneself into exhaustion. Absolutely nothing! Mainstream school and everything it had to teach me held secondary value to the occult world I'd just stepped into; yes it provided me with the understanding of how to read and do mathematics, but everything else it offered was pure tripe as far as I was concerned. I was intelligent enough to keep my secrets in lucidity to myself, as nothing in the curriculum being force fed to me under the guise of "important for my wellbeing" mentioned anything to do with them, so I went along with the game, making sure I got good grades so no one would ever start questioning the obvious difference I had when it came to a child's views on the world.

Somewhere around this 10 – 11 year old age bracket I started getting the impression I was "not from this world" and would stare at a patch of the sky I sincerely felt was my home; this ended up fading away as the over active imagination of a child one comes to expect.

The automatic writing of strange glyphs, however, would keep up for a few more years, at which point I would become exceedingly frustrated at my cousin for trying to copy them; something about his glyphs, that looked exactly like mine, felt wrong to me – they simply were not sincere in the energy that had gone into them, and his

wanting to copy them seemed somewhat rude and disrespectful.

I would do other little strange things like leave my past self messages to avoid mistakes I had recently made as if there was a very real possibility my past self would get the message and change a decision that would lead to my present self being in a better position, and I would talk to a future version of myself that wore a *hooded robe* as if it was as normal as talking to the neighbour; I was that weird kid everyone else at school would have bullied for being different, but I played the game of life so well that I was in with the popular crowd from the get go, though I absolutely sucked at getting a girlfriend.

Whereas my friends' playbook suggested to play the big bad tough guy that would rake in the "babes", my modus operandi was to send little love poems to my crushes which often resulted in half the class finding out and everyone having a good laugh at me; rejection for me wasn't just a kind dismissal from these popular girls, it was a full on attempt to sabotage my social identity, and it psychologically destroyed me on the inside.

I guess that it is entirely my fault for knocking heads with the popular crowd, when I really should have been hanging out with the "weirdos".

The internet in the 90s was still fairly primitive insofar as aesthetics is concerned, but it still was a decent resource to gain information into areas regarding the paranormal, though it was beyond maddening to have to wait for even the most basic of webpages to load.

By the time I reached high school the speed had improved quite a bit, and I found myself studying subjects that would be regarded as conspiracies in this day and age in parallel to the curriculum that was supposed to prepare me for the eat, sleep, work mentality that I was bewildered no one seemed to question. These subjects ranged from aliens, to secret societies, to remote viewing, astral projection, lucid dreaming and an abundance of Hermetic literature, and I found myself chewing through hours allocated to study for science tests in the school library looking up these things instead. I was looking for anything I could incorporate into my ongoing experiments into lucid dreaming.

Despite the lack of transparency between the information being factual or conspiracy in those days, I still tried to study them from an objective perspective.

My lucid dreaming abilities, at this stage, had evolved to the point where I was able to enter the lucid realm not only through sleep paralysis, but also simply by becoming conscious in standard dreams. I would go to the "void" or "vibrational",

as I called them, (the stage after sleep paralysis), and just “lie” there, falling into what seemed like an infinite hole, purely for my own relaxation for hours on end. It was around this time I started utilizing a “spherical portal” to enter other “worlds”, which I can only describe as alien to what we have come to know exists on this planet; I was told several years later by someone on a lucid dreaming group, that my descriptions of these portals were exactly the same as those given by Yaqui Shaman Don Juan’s, apprentice Carlos Castaneda in his works on lucid dreaming, but I am still to this day yet to read any of these works.

A lot of these places I was visiting, such as “The Island”, became staple environments I had access to, and have been confirmed by other lucid dreamers; I have been to them, many times over the 2 decades I have been lucid dreaming. There were a number of environments I used to frequent on a regular basis utilizing these portals, which I would summon about a foot in front of my head; they acted like spherical TV screens that contained whatever world I wanted to travel to within them.

One of my breakthroughs in my experiments with consciousness occurred around the same time I started using these portals, probably at about the age of 14, when I was able to successfully project into the body of what appeared to be an extra terrestrial living on a planet in a completely different star system; I was completely lucid, in that I knew my body was asleep in its bed back on earth, and had the usual definition of memory in that I could recall what I had eaten for breakfast. I suddenly found my consciousness floating next to what appeared like a tribal Elder sitting on some dirt, meditating. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and it was as if he knew of my presence. There was a sort of telepathic understanding between us, as he read me. After he realized I wasn’t a threat, he beckoned me to “possess” his body so that I could observe through his eyes.

As I did, there was this strange feeling of association with him, in that I had a sudden rush of his own memories from that body as if they were my own. I also understood that he could “feel” my memories in the same way, or that he could force me from his body if he really saw the need to. It was evident that he was much more advanced than me, and I could not help but get the feeling that his energy was similar to a Native American. As he opened his eyes, I realized he was looking at his tribe of humanoid like people. Two consciousnesses inhabiting one body; it was a rather cool experience.

He told them “they had a visitor”, but a lot of the other “people” looked around confused at his statement, as they could not see me. Someone asked from where, to

which he looked towards the stars (even though it was day time you could still see them), and pointed to one in a distant galaxy.

“From there” he said, and his people gasped in bewilderment. He allowed them to ask questions, but at no time was I expected to say anything; my access to him had been purely for my own observation purposes. He had acknowledged I was a curious consciousness still in my infantile stages of learning of which he took the opportunity to “teach me” by allowing me habitation in his body.

Eventually the projection ended and my consciousness was propelled back through space into my body, where I awoke, and then got ready for school, as was the ultimate ending of most of my lucid expeditions.

Several months after this remote viewing session, I had my second breakthrough in regards to my experiments with consciousness.

I had been trying to astral project for a year or possibly even more, after seeing a story about it on a show about paranormal experiences called “the Extraordinary”. Although I had been unsuccessful in my attempts, they had afforded me the ability to train my meditative practices to the point where I was able to sit or lay in a single position for hours at a time without moving in the slightest.

My father had built a 2 story tree house for myself and my brother on the property, which I commandeered for my meditations, as it was a good few hundred meters from the house and afforded me the uninterrupted silence I needed to be able to achieve this level of stillness. For months on end, I would come home after school and sit in this tree house on a piece of soft foam we were using for a couch/ sleeping mattress whenever we’d have sleepovers, and I would try to “walk out of my body”. After an hour or so of stillness, I’d just randomly stand up, convinced I was “ready” to detach, but never quite doing it.

One night, I had been practicing this same stillness from a lying down pose in my bed, as I could not sleep. I had been in this one position going somewhere between 1 and half to 2 hours, without so much as a twitch (I had mastered being able to remain still even through every annoying nerve twitch and itch conceivable).

Because of my many failures, I had been researching the Monroe Institute’s technique to achieve projection, which consisted of imagining spheres with numbers on them appearing above my head, watching them fall, and then sending vibrations of energy up and down my body.

I had achieved the level 3 relaxation they had mentioned, and suddenly the high pitched squealing noise (what is commonly referred to as tinnitus) started getting louder. I had reached this stage several times before, but ruined the projection due to

me getting too excited and focusing too much on my body.

This particular time I was able to dismiss all thoughts pertaining to my body by intensely focusing on the noise, and after a while I heard a loud “SNAP”, as my etheric body floated outside of my physical one.

True to the explanations of what I had read, the magnetism of my physical body trying to pull my etheric one back provided a sort of distortion and resistance that I knew I had to overcome, lest it succeeded. I made the effort to float myself over towards the door that was directly behind my feet, and then turned around to see my body lying motionless on the bed. I tried opening my bedroom door, but my hand just slipped right through it, my body sort of “tumbling” through after it like I was a drunken ghost, due to the magnetic distortions of my physical body making me somewhat disorientated.

I don't know if the door acted as an insulator to these distortions or if I was just too far away from my body to feel them, but I was then able to regain my composure and glide my way through the hall way and out the front door. I was so bewildered by the whole experience, even after all my experiments in lucid dreaming – of which this was clearly a different affair – that I ended up just sitting on a couch we had outside the door and contemplating my existence, and what exactly consciousness was.

I made the mental note to tell myself how real this was, as I somehow knew that when I woke up it was going to feel like a dream; this was definitely real, there was no question in my mind about it.

After about 5 or so minutes my thoughts started turning towards that of my body, and suddenly I found myself waking up, and sure enough it felt like it had just been a dream, despite my insistence to tell myself that that was not the case.

CHAPTER TWO:

DISSOCIATION

During this period of my life I was met with severe depression, which, unfortunately for me, led to bouts of self harm. This depression was brought about mainly from the constant rejection from all those girls I had crushes on as well as by the obvious favouritism my mother exhibited towards my brother, who was, himself, no angel. I had abandoned my love letters when I reached high school and instead wrote poetry and lyrics for my own private purposes. I would go through dark periods where I wanted nothing but to withdraw from the world and explore the one of lucidity.

This want, however, was soon crushed by the weight of my depression and expounded upon by mother's incessant need to have me follow in the footsteps of my brother and his athletic accomplishments. I was so exhausted by holding up the façade that I was ok throughout the day, that I had no energy left to attend the football training that was again apparently "important for my health".

Despite voicing this unwillingness to her, I was, without fail, made to feel guilty about not sticking to my commitments, even though a large majority of my peers would skip out on the training whenever they felt the need.

It came to be that I looked forward to getting sick, as it was my one out to get the much needed rest away from the world; something that no one seems to realize is what is really important for someone's health. This helped kick start an unhealthy addiction to alcohol – which was exacerbated by the fact my father was an alcoholic

as had my grandfather been – that would plague me my entire youth; from the age of 12 up to adulthood I became known amongst my peers as the guy who could sink enough spirits to kill a small elephant.

I found that whatever time in the lucid domain I was able to get – which is where I went to heal – was being interrupted by someone for some reason. It became common thought for me to think of death in the sense of what happens when we die, and I realized that this was not a good position to be in mentally; even though these thoughts were not specifically about killing myself, I could feel them creeping ever so slowly toward that final outcome.

I had a knife I had bought with the intention of using for fishing, which became my conduit of darkness; some nights, when the depression and despair became too much, I'd cut my arm in an effort to elicit a feeling stronger than it. The problem was I would then dissociate from my body and become robotic in my cutting . I'd be lost in depressive thought only for a few seconds, but it was enough for me to achieve quite a few lacerations, some of which were very, very deep, and I'd only realize the damage after seeing the blood drip down my arm. This of course, added to my hopelessness and despair, and the thought that something was wrong with me for acting in this manner.

I did not understand that what I was doing was filling the void that was left within me due to an emotion I'd never truly felt – love – with something that was connected to the external stimulus of my body's nerves which could be felt instantaneously and provided a quick fix.

This was a direct consequence of my time spent in lucidity; I had spent so much time detaching my mind from my physical body, that I no longer regarded the physical as being of much use, other than a mechanism by which to experience a world that was full of fakeness, where the common thought of the meaning of life was to work oneself to death in the pursuit of materialistic happiness. Of course, when combined with the creeping thoughts about my own mortality, this was a very, very bad situation to find myself in.

I cannot stress how much willpower and strength it takes for someone in that frame of mind to choose a world in which there appears to be very little reward for ones' efforts struggling to survive, over one in which they can create their own reality as they see fit; there was no doubt in my mind, that my secret world would still exist to me, if I made the decision to permanently detach my mind from my body through the act of suicide.

I will not deny that my despair was, at times, both crippling and physically painful,

in that it induced within my stomach a sickness that made me lose my appetite more than once, but upon nights where this despair was at its worst, I was met with a voice inside my head that reminded me of an army Sergeant caught amidst a great battle, telling me:

“Pick yourself up, soldier. You are much stronger than the things that would destroy you. Pay no attention to what anyone thinks of you. This is but one day in many that will make up your life. Put one foot in front of the other and march yourself to salvation”.

At times it felt that this voice was literally possessing me and picking me up from whatever corner of the room I found I had dissociated in, and putting me back in my bed. Other times I'd wake up in the middle of the night to something healing the pain and despair that had knotted itself deep within my stomach; this came across as a gentle, warm soothing energy that got so intense it would leave me completely awake. If it had not been for these two invisible “friends” showing up when I needed them the most, then it is likely those thoughts of bringing about my own death would have completely consumed me.

But even with such help I could not stop them from evolving from thoughts on the composition of death, to those rife with contemplation.

I started going to some very dark places during my projections in lucidity utilizing the portals I used to go to my common places of exploration, spurred on by my curiosity and uncaring attitude towards if something caught me and killed me whilst I was there.

I was chased by many a “demon” that I knew had the ability to kill me if they ever caught me, taunting them with an attitude that was full of nothing but sheer arrogance and stupidity. I found myself in scenarios suggestive of what I can only describe as inter dimensional warfare, and at times I just appeared in random locations with the idea I needed to accomplish some sort of mission; it was as if something was abducting me during my explorations into other worlds, then placing me in a completely different realm than the one I had set out for.

During all of these times I was still aware of my physical body. Many times I got the impression that if I did not leave and project back to my body at that very instant, I would not be able to awaken back into it ever again; I would be completely disconnected from it just as I would be if I decided to commit suicide. I was pushing myself beyond the threshold of safety simply because I was ignoring the feeling of danger one would usually get to make them cautious and weary of entering such domains; my depression and despair had made me quite dangerously “battle

hardened” and arrogant towards some very nasty and terrible things society will tell you simply do not exist because they haven’t bothered taking astral projection seriously.

One of the most memorable experiences of this nature was what appeared to be the infiltration of some sort of prison that was designed to hold pure consciousness. After a run in with a very strange entity on a lunar like world, I found myself trapped in this prison, in which I could not project my conscious in a way I had become used to during my times exploring the lucid realms; it took every ounce of my being to fight my way through the maze like system that was designed to capture my consciousness at every turn. It was after this experience that I realized I was on the radar of some sort of force external to the physical plane and that I had something it wanted; my delving into the off limit realms was evidently starting to catch up with me.

By that stage I had had a handful of astral projection experiences, in which I would usually just shoot off into space to view the earth and different planets from their orbital pathways – nothing too remarkable.

There was no doubt in my mind that I was involved in some sort of war in the astral and lucid realms, though it was hard to describe exactly just what that involvement pertained to. I started writing poems about the war, as more and more memories began resurfacing about my roles as a “lucid infiltrator” of weird astral bases. I started using the vibrationals to probe at the deepest parts of my subconsciousness to try and unlock fragmented memories of past lives that were coming back to me, which is what I thought these muddled snippets coming through really were.

It was through this tinkering around inside my own head that I came to understand – to an extent – how sub consciousness comprises many levels, and just how those levels are stimulated when one falls asleep, which ultimately dictates the vividness of the dream they will have.

I began trying to map these levels and experiment with each one. So advanced were my abilities at creating my own dreamscapes and techniques I was using to explore the lucid realm, that I was able to use them to not only explore my own sexuality, but also create virtual reality scenarios to find solutions to problems I was facing in the real world. This included the ability to conjure up certain smells, sounds, sensations and anything else that could be stimulated by the 5 senses within the dream state, simply by intensely visualizing them whilst in the void; the place consciousness “falls” into after making the conscious transition into the sleeping state.

The disconnection of my mind from my body allowed me an unfettered freedom to explore a completely different way of processing information than our mind is forced to do while attached to said body. It was not uncommon for me to be exploring lucid environments like “the Island” for what would have equated to weeks in the physical plane. I would go to bed one night, go on a “lucid holiday” only to wake up the next morning and get ready for school.

Upon trying to explain such adventures to my peers, I was met with nothing but awkward silence and a quick shuffling away; it seemed all they wanted to talk about was those subjects only applicable to the mundane world. What a lonely fucking situation I had set myself up for all because science was a few decades behind in understanding the phenomena.

About a year after my first astral projection experience when these depressive thoughts were at their worst, I was struck with even more grief to throw into the mix of the cocktail that was my despair, when my brother was killed in a car crash only a few short kilometres from our home. He had suffered intense trauma to his brain and lasted in a comatose state for four days in the Intensive Care Unit of the hospital where his heart eventually gave out on Valentine’s Day, 2005.

I had actually had a vision of his death a week prior to it happening, in which I saw an image of his bloody and torn up body in the mangled wreck of the car, as a brief flash in my mind’s eye – though I did not realize it was a premonition at the time, and thought nothing of it, shaking it out of my mind.

I had stayed at one of his good friend’s house the night prior to his death, so it was a good hour or so after his departure before I got to the hospital to see him for the final time. Even after that long, as I hugged him and kissed his brow one last time, I watched as a single tear left his eye and dripped down his cheek; it was the first in a series of circumstances that would bring me into spiritual maturity, though I guarantee you and I have very different meanings for those words.

My mother, so distraught from his death, employed the use of whatever psychic she could find to tell her about him in the afterlife; she was uninterested in the fact I had been using lucid dreaming to do this very thing; it seemed she was only interested in a quick fix and didn’t want to actually put in the effort to contact him herself, like I had done several times since he had died. She ended up joining a spiritual group mainly headed by old ladies called the Rainbow Group who attended a Masonic hall every Thursday night and had a guest clairvoyant do a random reading after a free healing session at the start for those in need.

Of course, I then became the object of replacement, who was expected to not only walk in my brother's shoes, but also wear the very clothes he had crashed his car in (the night of the accident I came into my bedroom to find my blankets had been neatly peeled back and these clothes draped across the bed by my mother; though I knew she was not in a right state of mind, I cannot deny the pain this welled deep within me).

What followed was 5 years' worth of tribute and idolization of a boy, in my opinion, who didn't deserve it. Don't get me wrong, I loved my brother, even despite my mother's favouritism of him, but I also knew about the many instances he would tie our cat up so he could blow marijuana smoke down its throat with a plastic straw, or the many times he had forced me to smoke the same substance through his bucket apparatus when my aunty got a job in the mines up north and he took over her flat for his own partying lifestyle, despite knowing full well I suffered from severe asthma that had almost killed me several times over. Like I said, he was no angel, likewise neither was I, and I found it quite convenient that these indiscretions of his never made it into any of his tributes.

Granted, he was obviously suffering from his own psychological shortcomings, but the whole inflation of his image into what was practically idolatry for no reason other than he was dead, sickened me beyond repulsion.

If I had it my way, not a single soul would even realize when I met my own demise; my body would be left to rot and be eaten by animals of the earth, for repayment of the meat of their families I had eaten over the years. As my great uncle would say every Friday over bowl of chicken curry "just chuck me on top the dirt pile in the back of the truck, reverse it up and dump me in the hole"; I must say, I liked his way of thinking.

Funerals, in my opinion, offered nothing for the dead that they were supposedly arranged for. Perhaps this was just a nihilistic way of thinking brought about by my severe depression.

After my brother's death, I realized that I could actually feel energy in my hands if I focused hard enough. The energy felt like slight vibrations pulsating over the tops of my hands, and I was fortunate enough to find another peer within my social circle who held similar beliefs about metaphysical practices to me (I had heard stories about his astral projection experiences which turned out to be bogus, but still allowed me to make this connection with him).

He was a year older than me, which meant we didn't have any classes together, so

we made an effort of finding each other every lunch time to practice things such as healing using this vibrational energy field I could feel, as well as devise specific strategies to attack each other through telepathic thought, so that each of us could strengthen our psychic defences.

After a week of hitting it off in this fashion, this Blake –as was his name – introduced me to another of his friends – Owen – that went to a different school, who, again, shared similar beliefs in regards to the metaphysical.

I found myself being invited to stay on Rottnest Island just off the coast of Western Australia, courtesy of Owen’s father.

It turned out Owen’s father, who at one point wrote articles for Playboy magazine, had his pilot license, and there was one seat left on the Cessna he planned on flying over to Rottnest from the Northam airfield close to where my own father worked (about half an hours flight), and given that Owen and Blake were quite serious in getting to know me, they had jumped at the chance of suggesting that seat be given to me. What I discovered during that short holiday was that Blake was exceptionally skilled in his abilities of spontaneous remote viewing.

Where myself and Owen were introverts, Blake was an obvious extrovert, and had this charm about him that, at times, could lure people into a false sense of security. Every day, for the 3 or so days we were on Rottnest Island, we’d take the short walk from the barracks where we slept, to the supermarket in the centre of the small island that you could walk the entire perimeter of in a few short hours. Being teenage boys, there was also that objective in the back of our minds to try and impress any girls of similar age that came by, and seeing as Blake was the extrovert, this task was left up to him.

As two girls came walking by, Blake asked if he could ask them a quick question, to which, curiously they replied he could. He told them he wanted to try an experiment in thought, if they were ok with it, and ask them more questions about what their bedrooms back on the mainland looked like. There was absolutely no pressure. If they didn’t want to answer anything they didn’t have to. Somewhat puzzled, but also amused, these girls agreed, while myself and Owen observed with the same curiosity.

Blake then closed his eyes, and pressed slightly on his temple with his thumb, similar to how I’d seen Yuri Gellar do on a show about psychics back around the time I was tumbling through a fireplace to get my fix of magical texts.

“Does your room have pink walls, and a purple coloured door?” he asked one of the girls. Her mouth fell open and she started laughing, clearly impressed Blake had hit

the mark, but also wondering how he knew.

“Over to the left of the bed is this, and you have these pictures on your sheets...” by this point Blake, with his eyes closed, was just rattling off whatever he was seeing in his mind’s eye, and it was evident the girl who had been impressed was starting to wonder how he knew so much detailed information about her room. She stopped answering his questions, but the girl’s friend was giggling wanting him to try doing it to her, probably thinking her friend and him knew each other and were just messing with her.

Blake started recalling her room in even better detail. Again, the surprise on her face was unmistakable, and the amusement soon turned to concern when Blake’s viewing of her room was on point. After about 5 minutes the pair made the excuse they needed to get going, and turned around, completely forgetting to go into the supermarket they were originally about to enter, looking back behind them, as if they expected Blake to follow them.

Owen and I were impressed, but not as much as Blake who clearly wasn’t expecting to get such good hits. As Blake and Owen discussed this remote viewing session, my attention turned toward a drainage grate outside the shop, in which I got the feeling that someone had died there, but then dismissed it as a random thought.

Over the weeks I saw Blake demonstrate this same technique on school peers on his bus whenever I’d go to his place, and various friends, who displayed just as much surprise as the two girls, though given they already had a good friendship going they just accepted it for what it was; a neat party trick. I was also surprised to find confirmation of my own abilities, as a few weeks after coming back from Rottneest Island, I was watching a TV show that featured the island and gave a brief history of it; according to this history someone had in fact died there a long time ago in the exact spot I had been drawn to.

School dredged on, and so did my depression, though I had learnt to deal with its crescendos, even if they weren’t the healthiest of ways of dealing with things.

Despite my brother being notorious amongst the community for his marijuana dealings and addiction, I had only smoked it a handful of times in comparison due to it badly affecting my asthma I’d had since a child. Hence why my vice had always been alcohol.

At least I always knew where to draw the line when it came to elicit substances; anything harsher than weed I was adamant I would never bother trying – I wouldn’t even smoke cigarettes. The image of my grandfather lying in bed convulsing mere

hours before his departure from this world replaying itself in my mind whenever someone sparked one up.

My friends learned rather quickly to give up on offering me one from their many packs when it ended in nothing but a dead arm for them.

Somewhere along the lines, my friendship with Blake and Owen subsided, and I was back going to parties within my original social circle, many of whom went on to become glorified drug addicts. I watched the slow progression as they went from weed, to dexamphetamines, to ecstasy and eventually on to methamphetamines. I remember one party I went to with my two closest friends Chris and Cale the moment these drugs ruined our friendship.

Chris had moved to a different school in the northern suburbs his uncle was the careers councillor for due to him being expelled from our high school for his less than glowing behaviour. As he was quite a popular kid, he had no trouble making new friends, and being city kids – as opposed to us kids from the “hills” –, they were always quite happy for Chris to bring us with him to their parties for a little bit of “cultural education”.

As the night wore on, I noticed Chris and Cale acting really strange around me; they knew my position on hard drugs and thought it best to keep me out of the loop of what they were up to. After losing sight of them, I ended up walking into a room full of 16 year olds gathered in a circle on the floor passing around a crack pipe that Chris and Cale seemed all too eager to get in on; the shame evident in their eyes that I had caught them red handed.

I took Chris aside and gave him an ultimatum; we could step out of the room and call his uncle to come get us, leaving the methamphetamine for his friends, or he could take a hit of that pipe and any respect I had for him and who he was as a person would go straight out the window. He assured me it was fine and to go back and wait outside as he'd only be a few minutes. I refused, and waited for the pipe to reach him, staring him and Cale down the length of their whole tokes, the eyes of about 10 fiendish zombies looking at me looking at first Chris and then Cale with absolute disgust on my face as my respect for them evaporated through end of the pipe. How dare I interrupt their social initiation ceremony with such unwanted and unneeded concepts such as respect?

The awkwardness of the whole situation was so thick you could cut it like butter, and I suddenly saw them for what they were; spoilt rich kids who had nothing better to do on a Friday night than drag others into their soulless lifestyle.

Our friendship headed on a rapid decline after that; I didn't bother calling Chris

anymore and stopped bothering to hang around Cale at school. The illusion of our apparent friendship was starting to become more than obvious to me. My sense of integrity was a weight that was really dragging down their social image and something they could do without.

It didn't matter that other people I held dear to me were being sucked into the soulless chasm that was drug addiction; people like my friend Chloe who I had sort of helped set Chris up with in the first place. I watched as Chloe – a beautiful girl who I adored for her ability to always make me smile even on my worst days – descended into the fiendishness of methamphetamine addiction, which was starting to take a noticeable effect on her physical appearance.

And it wasn't just my immediate friends where addiction was spreading like a cancer either; the methamphetamine demon was starting to rear its ugly head amongst my brother's friends whose circle I had also been absorbed into after his death, and both my sisters partners were heavy users of it and had been for many years.

I broke off away from both mine and my brother's groups and sought out the remainder of Blake's circle I still talked to for my own solace. What started out as a means for a bunch of friends to get together and talk shit about their youthful problems was fast becoming something I really had no care for bringing into the world. Drug dealers were some of the worst people on this planet, in my opinion, and, unfortunately, by the time I left high school, I had met my fair share of them and seen firsthand the devastating effects their career choices did to others.

CHAPTER THREE:

WILL MANIFESTED

I decided the drug scene wasn't my scene, and ended up leaving school more than a year before I was due to graduate, using the idea that I wanted to study music as an excuse to get away from a crowd that was going to destroy whatever remnants of my soul were left within me.

After unsuccessfully convincing my parents to spend \$10 000 on a course that would leave me with a degree in sound engineering, it was decided that I would instead go to college and get a certificate in music in which I could then work my way up from if I still felt the need to do sound engineering. Music had been a saviour in itself for me, being a bass player, so it wasn't as if I was just doing it solely to get away from all the drug use my peers were caught up in. I genuinely wanted to go somewhere and make something of my life; the fact my parents were willing to support it at some level, even if it wasn't the level I wanted, was still good enough for me.

I enrolled in a college called Cyril Jackson, which was basically like an extended high school for mature aged students, to do a Certificate 2 in Music, simultaneously enrolling at TAFE, which was a more technical version of Cyril Jackson, and thus more highly regarded when it came to employers looking to hire, for a Certificate 3. The expectation was that Cyril Jackson was the more likely possibility of the 2, as

teachers from high school had made out that getting into TAFE was almost as impossible as getting into university, which was off the cards for me seeing as my grades had taken a massive nose dive after my brother's death.

My mother took me to the Cyril Jackson open day in which she insisted asking all the questions of what I'd be learning etc. I was taken into a class that was in the middle of doing their studies. Behind a window, in the studio recording room attached to that class I saw a band working on their songs on one of the computers. Out of the three members, one was a girl whose hair caught my attention, as it had been dread locked and then had bits of purple silken thread woven into each matted mass. I remember admiring her and her energy. I was immediately drawn to her ripped jeans and grunge look, which I preferred over the prissiness and perfectness that women have been indoctrinated into thinking is what constitutes "beauty" – makeup was one of the worst inventions in history, in my honest opinion, followed closely by plastic surgery. A random thought popped into my head; "One day I am going to marry her!" of course, this was absurdity because she would have been finishing her certificate that year and wouldn't be there the next when I was due to start.

I went home and sort of subconsciously chased this thought of getting to know her, never really expecting anything to happen.

A few weeks later I received a letter in the mail informing me I had been accepted into TAFE, so the decision was made that I would be doing the Certificate 3 instead of going to Cyril Jackson to do the Certificate 2, as it was an obvious better choice; the only problem was that Leederville TAFE was about twice as far on the train line, than Ashfield, where Cyril Jackson was located, which meant my already long journey was going to become even longer.

The New Year came and went, and I found myself hopping on the one bus that came through my hometown of Wooroloo in the whole day about to undertake an hour long bus ride to the train station, where I would then catch a train taking yet another hour to arrive at Leederville.

Five minutes into the bus ride, in the very next town of Chidlow, the bust rolled into the town's stop to collect the waiting passengers. I was sitting on the opposite side of the door so I couldn't see the people until they were on the bus, walking down the aisle, plus I was too absorbed in my music pumping into my ears from my ear buds to really take much notice.

It wasn't until I saw the dreadlocks with the silken bits of fabric woven into them that I realized the girl I'd seen at Cyril Jackson was sitting in front of me. Although

my brain had made the connection of TAFE and music, I still thought it was too good to be true, figuring she was on her way to the shops or the city. I sat in curiosity, watching out of the corner of my eye as she got off the same bus, then onto the same train as me, taking a seat just up ahead from me, clearly absorbed in her own music. She took her jumper off, and I noticed she was wearing a “Tool” shirt – my favourite band – and I was absolutely blown away (The tool singer, Maynard James Keenan is also a lucid dreamer, and I found I could relate to much of their music).

There was a necessary crossover once the train made it into the city stop, to the one bound for Leederville, but my hopes were dashed when the girl disappeared into a crowd of people, and did not reappear at the crossover point. I scolded myself for being an idiot and buying into wishful thinking, then made my way to TAFE.

No sooner had class begun than this girl appeared with one of her band members from Cyril Jackson.

As it turned out, her band mate was the brother of one of my friends from school – one of the ones who had also resisted the urge to dabble in anything beyond weed; a real cool girl named Steph who just randomly decided one day she wanted to play guitar and within a week could play John Butler’s Ocean perfectly.

For the next week or so I sat in silence whilst the girl, who clearly lived in the neighbouring town of Chidlow, caught the same bus and train to TAFE with me.

There was a brief acknowledgement of one another with our eyes, but beyond this, not much else.

Over this period I observed her taste in music through whatever band shirt she’d be wearing that day. Nirvana, cool, not my favourite band in the world but I didn’t mind them even if Kurt did miss a few of the notes he was trying to hit.

I’d also spied a Metallica ninja star tattoo on her left breast whenever her top was a little more revealing – to me this was the ultimate jackpot when it came to girls; they simply had to have the same taste in music as me if I was even going to bother pursuing them in the first place; my mortal nightmare was winding up with someone who was a Justin Bieber fan.

I’d had a couple of relationships by that point – both of which ended quite badly – and the one that had the same taste in music as me was a whole lot more fun than the one who didn’t – I wouldn’t be making that mistake again.

I soon realized that my friend Steph’s brother was nowhere to be seen and the band that this girl was going to be continuing with him at TAFE - Grundle – was no longer a thing; I was delighted to see her come in one day when my band –

Everything and Nothing was jamming and ask if she could join it playing keyboard in the background.

The next day I was making my way through the door into the building where this girl had seemingly appeared before me, and she asked “are you Shaun’s brother”, clearly in reference to my deceased brother that it seemed the whole world knew about.

I replied that I was, admittedly a bit disappointed yet another acquaintance I was making would be shadowed by his memory. Such disappointment soon left as the girl introduced herself as Storme, claiming she didn’t really know him, only that she had seen him a couple of times during her brief stint at my high school and had heard the word that was going around town that he had been killed. It seemed my world kept getting smaller, but just how small it could get I wouldn’t find out until many years later.

That day, on the way back from TAFE, I struck up a conversation with Storme to do with bands we both liked, and she responded by telling me she had been diagnosed as having dissociative identity disorder; I watched as she read my body language, weary that I would turn heel and run at the first opportunity.

This was evidently her way of getting that necessity out of the way so that she wouldn’t be disappointed by such small mindedness in the future. My feet remained so firmly planted that I didn’t even need to hold the balance rail as the train came to an abrupt stop at the city station.

I paused for a moment as I pondered my words, as I was certainly not made uncomfortable by this revelation, but at the same time did not want to say anything that would cause her offence. Besides, I was far from sane, if one was to go by society’s standards. The sanity ship had sailed years ago when I possessed the off world intelligence with my own consciousness.

“I have a very alternative view on those sorts of things”, I said, giving her a brief rundown of my ideologies which basically pertained to the world being afraid of anyone that is different and goes against the “normality” that had been forced into their lives from pretty much the moment they were born. I explained that I didn’t consider people with these diagnoses as crazy, but experiencers of things that other people could not comprehend. After all, I had experienced different aspects of consciousness that most people would refuse to accept as being “real”. We talked briefly on this concept before she had to leave to do something in the city, and I found myself riding the bus home alone.

From that moment on, Storme started sitting in the seat directly in front of me as she

hopped on the bus, and we'd engage in brief conversations on our way to TAFE, the company being kept up as we made the transfer onto the train. We'd take the opportunity to grab a coffee in the city during our crossover, and then a ham and cheese croissant for breakfast from the café halfway between TAFE and the Leederville train station - the coffee was better in the city, but the croissants were better from Leederville – , and a friendship started to flourish.

Our conversations consisted of subjects like lucid dreaming, astral projection and those of a general metaphysical nature. I had finally found the one person in the world who I could talk to openly to about these things and understood from their own personal experiences exactly what I was talking about; and she liked the same music as me. Plus, she knew about the Astral War, and, little did I know at the time, she had also heard that weird midnight cattle mutilation in Wooroloo that had sent me bolting.

I found out that Storme's life had been anything but easy for her; she had just come out of a period of homelessness that had lasted several years, which had seen her get caught up in what appeared to be a very real life human trafficking operation. As it turned out, she had been living in Wooroloo about the same time I was going through my depression, at a boy named Roger's house, who just so happened to be the neighbour of my father's best friend.

She had gone to my high school, but then dropped out and started at Cyril Jackson, which is when her troubles with homelessness had begun, due to her aunty - who co-owned the house she was living in in Chidlow with her mother – kicking her out after thinking she stole her bottle of vodka (her aunty had drunken it and forgotten about doing so – funnily enough my sister had accused me of the same thing).

Storme had had some interesting experiences to tell regarding this town, including the seemingly ethereal appearance of a strange man named Vincent and his dog, and a creature that looked like a mix between a kangaroo and stereotypical Grey ET.

Even in Wooroloo paranormal activity seemed to be on the loose; Roger's dad – apparently one of the biggest sceptics in the world – had seen A fleet of UFO's come out of the ground across the road from his house and dance in front of him before taking off, and there was some loud music that would always randomly come on in the house, which no one could ever find; it would always move to another room the closer someone got to it. They eventually found out a young boy who used to listen to loud music had killed himself there.

As previously mentioned, I had heard my own stories about paranormal activity occurring in the town, which consisted of ghosts and other strange affairs, and I

would eventually go on to have several other experiences here – apart from the cattle mutilation – that made the healing sessions from my invisible helper during my depressive nights seem pale in comparison.

There was a myth going round that the bush adjacent to my parents property – which provided the few hundred meters of insulation between our house and the cemetery both my brother and grandfather had been buried in – was haunted by the spirit of a prisoner from the nearby prison farm.

The nurse on duty when my grandfather died would get a message from him to give to my grandmother about some keys to her shed she'd lost being in the cupboard (which as it turned out, they were exactly where he said they were).

I remember quite vividly one evening, around about 7pm, myself, my father and my mother were outside when we noticed some kind of astrological object ascend from the horizon and continue upwards. We had a very tall eucalyptus tree in the paddock about a hundred meters from the house. We watched as the arc of this celestial object – that looked like a shiny, but VERY BIG, satellite – went over the tree and then proceeded in a steady decline back towards the horizon, on the other side of the tree. It was moving at such a low and steady pace, that we stood watching it for half an hour.

Baffled by what it could be, my father – who is quite a skeptic himself – rang a few of his friends around town to see if anyone had seen it, including the man who owned an observatory that lived near Roger and his friend Murray. After no one reported they had seen it, he rang the official observatory and a few news stations, who tried to tell him it was probably a firework, to which he laughed, and yet still no one knew about any astrological event to be expected that night that would explain it.

There was another strange account I'd heard from my sister's boyfriend about him and his best friend having a conversation in a "demonic" language one night whilst in their sleep. The friend's mother had walked in on Paul – my sister's boyfriend – standing over her son, Todd, and strangling him in his sleep.

Paul told me his grip had been so powerful that Todd's mother had to hit him repeatedly with a broom to wake him up and get him to stop; he also claimed that when he was asleep he was having the same dream of strangling Todd, but that in the dream he had been levitating off the ground. If my memory serves me correctly, this incident occurred shortly after the conversation in another language between the two, in which they were apparently yelling out to each other from two different rooms whilst they both slept. Todd lived in the same part of town as Roger.

Paul, confident that I knew what I was talking about when it came to astral projection and the paranormal, also confided in me that he had once experienced astral projection himself when he tripped over a tree root and knocked his head on his car. He told me he felt himself being propelled out of his body, saw his unconscious body lying on the ground and thought he had died as he proceeded to “float” around the scene, before he was pulled back in and woke up from the same position he’d seen himself in. This was apparently not something he discussed with many people in the fear of being thought of as crazy.

He also told me yet another story of an apparent “green ghostly hand” that haunted the motorbike jumps in the town of Wundowie, which was the next town over from Wooroloo on the opposite side to Chidlow. This green hand Paul mentioned had allegedly had a penchant of choking people as they rode their motorbikes over the jumps, to the point some of them had even had accidents because of it; he knew of another story in a different place in Australia of another ghostly hand with the exact same modus operandi, alas I cannot remember where it was.

Again, Cale, before our friendship had drifted apart, claimed him and another friend had seen a ghost of a woman in a white dress floating down the street in this same town of Wundowie.

I was starting to think this whole area was the Australian equivalent of the notorious Skin Walker Ranch, in America.

CHAPTER FOUR:

EXPERIMENTS IN CONSCIOUSNESS

It would be with the help of Storme that my third breakthrough concerning the capabilities of my consciousness came when I decided to try and telepathically connect with her one night, despite there being 2 whole towns worth of distance between us.

This experiment had been inspired by the idea that consciousness can be projected into the body of another, which I had found through my first breakthrough when I remote viewed through the eyes of the entity from a different star system. I decided that this distance was, in the grand scheme of things, not that far, considering I'd apparently managed to project across an entire galaxy, and would provide a good control for my experimentation.

I entered the vibrational/sleep paralysis phase whilst committing intense focus to Storme's image; not just her face but everything right down to her clothing, the way she talked and walked and the deodorant she wore. I started this vivid image creation whilst awake and carried it through the transition into the sleeping world, as I figured this was the best way to access another's consciousness, if it was even possible with people on earth.

I chose the room at TAFE where we would gather before class, nicknamed the "bunker", and reconstructed this environment whilst under lucidity, then devised a "dream scenario" in which we would have a conversation; much thought had gone

into the questions I would ask during this conversation, as I wanted something that would need specific answers that she could remember fairly easily.

The next day I was careful in my choice of questions as I had heard about false memory implantation, and thus did not want to give anything away that could be attributed to such phenomena.

I started with asking Storme if she had had a dream involving me the previous night, and after thinking on it, she replied that she had. I asked her if it took place in the bunker, to prove to her that I knew about it, and to mine, and her astonishment she replied that it indeed had. I then got her to explain everything she remembered, including the questions I had asked her in the dream, and she hit each one with the specificity I had been hoping for.

Despite my best efforts, I was never able to repeat this experiment with such satisfying results; it is incredibly difficult to carry the image in question through the sleep paralysis stage then on through the transition into the sleeping world, and not something I would expect a novice in lucid dreaming would be able to accomplish. It had taken me at least an hour in deep meditation and complete stillness to prepare my mind for this task.

Understandably there will be sceptics that will seek to tarnish these claims, but I will bet that none of them will be willing to commit themselves to such a level of preparation, let alone master the realm of lucidity before dismissing them. To such sceptics I can only express a sincere sense of pity for their consciousness will never evolve past the box of the physical universe, which is just no-where near as fascinating as the non-physical.

Somewhere along the lines I was introduced to the rest of the band, who jammed frequently at Steph's house, which I had visited many times in the past. As it turned out her brother's name was Sean as also was Storme's brother's name, differing only from my brother's in the arrangement of the letters. To make matters more confusing there was also a friend of the band named Sean who was a friend of Blake's, and who Storme and I would eventually go on to jam with in our hopes of establishing our own band.

Unfortunately though, like the skeptic who will never evolve past his indoctrinated views on what constitutes reality, that band would never evolve beyond the box that was its own jam room.

Storme's other band, on the other hand at least was able to secure a few local gigs before its downfall, and it was one of those gigs – one in Leederville in fact - that

Sean (I'll let you guess which one) drove us to that ultimately ended in Storme and myself becoming an item.

I ended up getting my driver's license soon after , which meant I was her designated driver for any of their upcoming gigs. I took on a sort of assistant manager role helping book the venues and supplying posters we spent our weekends posting up all over town.

I came to understand that the other members of the band had similar thoughts to astral projection and the other subjects Storme and I had talked about.

Her guitarist, Damien, on several occasions brought up his thoughts on David Icke – my past studies into conspiracy theories along with them – and tried to get me to subscribe to the idea of “evil reptilians” who are the secret masters behind a plot to control the world through their puppets, with the ultimate goal of the New World Order.

I told him that I was well acquainted with such conspiracies and that I had dismissed most of the alien thing as being nothing but a load of bullshit, save for a few notable contact experiences I had read about. The idea for me, that someone such as George W Bush – a man who spoke of holding up his right hand and evidently got confused and held up his left arm instead – was tenacious enough in his endeavours to keep a logistical operation of that magnitude in check was beyond laughable. I never in my wildest dreams figured I'd come full circle and end up agreeing with Icke on some of his wild claims. Not all of them though.

It would be due to disagreements with Damien and his unreliability that Storme eventually quit the band. What made it difficult to believe anything Damien said was that his opinions were moulded by what was popular at the time and the opinions of others around him; you could never quite tell if it was something he was generally interested in or if he just heard someone talk about it that very day and had decided to make out like he was into it.

Luke, the drummer, was more on a level I could relate to with his experiences, but then again he was an avid user of acid, and I figured that once drugs of this magnitude were bought into the equation, it becomes inherently impossible to determine whether or not such metaphysical experiences are really just hallucinations or psychosis brought about through the psychoactive properties of the drug in question.

Of course, I was aware of tribal shamans utilizing peyote and jage in their ceremonies to induce spiritual visions, but people who were using such psychotropics without the proper mental preparation, like Luke seemed to be doing,

were only opening themselves up to trouble in my opinion.

Regardless, I spent a great deal of time in these good people's company, as they offered a refreshing change of scene from the drug culture that I had been exposed to; there was, at least an inherent maturity present that meant they knew their limits, and I relaxed my stance on anything harsher than weed, though I still refused to take any such substance. At least they weren't into methamphetamines.

One particular day we ended up taking a drive to the other side of the hills to the town of Kalamunda, and found ourselves in an esoteric book store that I never knew was exactly what I'd been looking for.

I walked out with a copy of Aleister Crowley's *Gems From the Equinox*, and book with YHWH on the cover by a man named JJ Hurtak that I didn't really know what was about due to it being wrapped in plastic, or why I parted with \$80 dollars for it – there was just something about it they made me impulse buy it, and so began my foray – my proper foray – into the occult.

I had already a wealth of information about the Golden Dawn, the OTO and Crowley's *Argentum Astrum* as well as many other secret societies, so these texts were to be complimentary to my unquenchable thirst for knowledge in these areas. I had Masonic blood in both sides of my family – my father's uncle was a 33rd degree Mason of the Broome lodge of Western Australia, and there was a connection on my mother's side that I no longer remember – but I was always weary of joining these societies myself as the idea of rank repulsed me. I had, after all, already been practicing things only reserved for those of a higher rank, so to start over again as a Neophyte, would have been pointless.

I also disagreed with the idea that an organization that purported to hold information that could lead to spiritual enlightenment would have to also charge for the dissemination of that same information; call it wishful thinking, but I believed such information should be completely free for all those interested – the libraries of Alexandria and the Vatican were case in point examples of my views on why information should not be sequestered in this manner.

It was my belief that the secrecy surrounding spirituality was the reason for man's downfall into a product of robotic commercialism, though I understood at the same time that such necessity in secrecy came about due to the persecution of all those who were opposed to the Roman Catholic, and Christian churches concepts of god. Not that I had anything against individual Catholics or Christians, but it was evident to me governments used them for nefarious purposes. I could never be a religious

man, as I had adopted a rather pragmatic system of beliefs that, to do this day, I struggle to find a label for. I had witnessed a gay man get a glass bottle smashed over his head simply because he was gay and the perpetrator held a mentality that people like the Westboro Baptist Church liked to push on the world. This man then had the audacity to turn around and tell me he had a lot of respect for me, completely unaware I had a gay cousin that I was quite close with.

It was my opinion that the devil was never more present than when such hatred was being embraced, regardless of whether or not they thought they were servants of god.

Essentially my views pertained to the idea that if there was a god that was the creator of everything in existence, that creation would have to extend to time unimpeded from our own conscious perspective of it being linear, and if such was the case then, logically speaking, there would be a version or aspect of myself that was my highest evolved potentiality further along in the timeline. By reasoning I was forced to conclude that even with multiple timelines created through the application of choice, even if god was real, there would be one scenario, and likewise one aspect of myself, in its highest and most purest form that stood in his kingdom; it was this highest order of my being that I began to worship, figuring it would be the only one “thing” that really knew what was best for me, as far my soul and spiritual progression was concerned.

Conversely, my argument also concluded that if such a god’s creation did not extend to the realm of time we find ourselves drifting through, then it lacked control of its own design, and therefore, rationally speaking, should not hold any claim of judgment upon its creation; this would be the equivalent of a scientist punishing a monkey because it did not live up to its expectations during an experiment.

I was forced to accept that time either had to exist at a level of non-linearity, different to how we perceive it, or it must not exist in which case my whole existence was nothing more than an illusion.

Since I had experienced time from a nonlinear perspective during my expeditions into lucid dreaming, my outlook was in favour of it being multi-faceted in its composition.

Furthermore, given my views on the illusive nature of time, my belief became that exaltation of the present self into this god self could be attained through the act of self-reflection and analysis, and the true understanding of what makes one “be”. It was through this philosophical reasoning that I began applying psychological evaluation into my very own thoughts and the choices and actions resulting from

them, trying to understand how they shaped my world and my perceptions therein. I would begin by picking a random thought I'd had, and tracing its origins as far back as I could; my conclusion was that all thoughts are a network of smaller thoughts that have been shaped through an individual's experience of the world around them.

It was safe to say, at this point in my life, that all roads regarding my spiritual journey led as far away from Rome as they possibly could; no church wanted a man who thought like this, at least, not any I knew about. I would come to meet the manifestation of this god-self moments prior to my initiation into a shadowy, astral based group I called the Unseen 5, almost a decade later.

Although Crowley's *Gems from the Equinox* and *YHWH* – which I found out was a book about Hurtak's own mystical experiences with the angel Metatron, the true meaning of the YHWH (not just as being Jehovah) coming to me much later – resurfaced my interest into the occult, they were not books I altogether agreed with. I was fascinated by the legacy Crowley had left behind, and the impact he had on the "magic movement", but if I am being entirely honest, I found much of his writing poorly written, even for the era, and at times hard to follow; my assumptions of him were that he was too self-absorbed for his own good.

Then there was the question of his drug use and how much it had influenced his material; I didn't bother delving too deep into this part of his legacy, but by the time I found out about it I had already learned much about the man. His reshuffling of the Golden Dawn, and involvement in the OTO were the final nail in the coffin to steer me away from these particular societies, for no other reason than the disorganization put me off them; if they couldn't agree on the core aspects of their order then it was, in my opinion, pointless to assume they even knew what they were talking about. I would rather discover the crux of their material myself through my own laborious studies and through my own lucid and astral experiments.

What did intrigue me was Crowley's alleged contact with entities from other planes of existence. I made an effort to try and gain as much knowledge on these apparent entities as I could find which included those of Enochian and Goetic heritage amongst many others. The entity Crowley called Lam, wouldn't come up on my radar until much, much later.

Somewhere in all this study, I came across the mythical Brotherhood of Light/ Great White Brotherhood of Ascended Masters that Saint Germain and Jesus were said to be a part of, though it was not through Madam Helena Blavatsky's works, which I

hadn't given much thought to either.

My general understanding, from the limited information I was getting on this Brotherhood, was that it existed in a plane of existence far removed from that of our physical universe, and that the Ascended Masters would "make themselves known" to those students who they deemed were "ready". I cannot say I altogether believed in this mythical society at this point in my life, but they sure did spark my imagination and hopes that there was at least someone of true spiritual substance watching over our barbaric attitude towards our planet and the people on it and keeping it in check. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think I would come into contact with a group that resembled them at the tender age of 22.

CHAPTER FIVE:

THE DAY MY LIFE CHANGED

As we drew closer to the end of the TAFE year, mine and Storme's band in that department fell apart; Our drummer ended up leaving as his wife was expecting a baby, and we found out soon after that Storme was pregnant herself. Despite being somewhat terrified, I was fully committed to take responsibility and help her bring the child into the world, even if I didn't know what the hell I was doing. I would be turning 18 in only a few short months, so I would have been in adulthood long before the baby arrived, but that day would never come.

I stood outside one night wondering how on earth I was going to break this news to my parents, opting instead to run it past my youngest sister (who was still older than me by a few years) first to gauge her reaction. It wasn't as bad as I was expecting so then I bit the bullet and went and told my mother and father who were in the living room of the house.

This was the biggest mistake I would come to make in my entire life, and set in motion a series of events that would not only ruin my relationship with them, but have mine and Storme's names muddied in the waters that were our social standing. The first words from my father's mouth were "How could you be so fucking stupid?", whilst my mother stood there looking as white as the day she heard my brother's car had been found mangled next to a tree. They didn't care about the fact the condom broke just like it did when I was allegedly conceived (that's what my mother would always joke about whenever she felt like being particularly callous).

The shame I was made to feel was so emotionally painful for me that it shot a physical pain through my heart that then appeared in my ring finger moments later; it wasn't the only time I experienced the physical side effects of a broken heart courtesy of this family.

I sat there for probably an hour listening to a lecture by the world's two biggest hypocrites I felt wasn't warranted, as I was scorned and told that I was not ready to be starting a family, despite my coming of age being a stone's throw away; despite me being fully prepared to support Storme and the child no matter what became of our relationship. I would discard my dream of a career in the music industry and study something that would lead to a real world job where I would work my arse off to provide for them.

All I would need would be some help before I could get there. Unfortunately for me it was blatantly obvious that this help was never going to come, at least not from these two people whose family I was starting to seriously regret I had ever been incarnated into. To make matters worse, there was old wounds between Storme and my sister and her fiancé Laurie, when she expressed concern that she thought my sister might have been suffering from post natal depression, in which a similar bout of shaming was cast upon Storme – their response to our providing their kid with a cousin was to suggest a video – intentionally leaving out the storyline – which implied we should wait for our child to be born and then adopt it out to another family. Just typical, depraved psychological torment from a bunch of narcissists who could see no problem with their behaviour. Gotta love 'em, right? Funnily enough, my oldest sister was saved from such a scolding despite my borther in law going off every Christmas to score methamphetamines.

A few days later, my father took a day off work and he, along with my mother forced me to take them to Storme's house. She had been there alone and when I knocked on the door, without giving her much of an option, they barged their way into the house to "discuss" what the plan was in regards to the child....she had not even been informed this plan had even been conceptualised by them, as they had made it seem like they "just wanted to talk".

Once there Storme and I were segregated, as my father took me into the kitchen whilst my mother sat with her on the couch in her own living room and proceeded to tell her that she "would be getting rid of the baby", not even realizing that Storme was 2 years older than me and was already considered an adult capable of making her own decisions or that she had already gone through the pain of losing a child to still birth a few years earlier, before she even met me.

When Storme told her she would not be obliging, my mother started telling her how I was not ready and that she was not the one that I was “supposed” to be with (this was an idea that she had formulated through the readings she had been given by supposed “psychics” who were unable to predict the carnage their words would create when left to bounce around within the broken psyche of a woman unable to escape the grief brought upon her by her own son’s death).

The whole affair lasted probably for about 30 minutes, before I was whisked back out the door by my father with both Storme and my mother in tears. Storme was left alone, in tears, by herself, whilst I was taken back to Wooroloo, like I was some kind of prisoner worthy of taking up residence in the new maximum security prison up the road.

Later that day, when my father was out of ear shot, I – still very angry at both of them for betraying my trust – let my mother know exactly what I thought of her. They had just placed themselves at a level not even Chris and Cale could reach as my respect for them evaporated faster than it did when I watched my friends exhale it through the open window of the room them and their junky friends smoked their poison.

My mother began balling her eyes out and mentioned something about it being her birthday, and that’s how I got the first inkling of how her mind worked; there was a good reason I hadn’t felt the need to remember it, unlike my father’s. She’d set it up specifically to use against me when the inevitable fallout of her actions caught up with her.

From that moment on, there was awkwardness to the situation at hand. Storme was not going to budge in her decision to keep the baby, and my mother wasn’t going to budge in her insistence of it being terminated.

For several weeks I didn’t bother going home, and stayed with Storme at her house for the most part. I wanted to wait for each party to cool down before trying to salvage both relationships, telling myself that my parents reaction was coming from a place of concern for my wellbeing, of which they were now overprotective of given my brother’s death. I became a sort of intermediary between Storme and both of my parent’s as I knew the situation needed to be sorted out rather than left with wounds still open. I was, to put it bluntly, a complete fucking idiot.

I convinced Storme that they meant well, were sorry for their actions, and were just trying to do right by me, which, in hindsight, was the second biggest mistake I could have made.

My mother seemed to come around, and I genuinely believed she wanted to help.

Storme and I continued to go to TAFE; the plan my mother seemed to agree to was that I would finish my Certificate 3 in Music, then look for a job the next year. I naively thought that this was enough to sway her decision away from the necessity of an abortion.

Storme was coming over every now and then, and, because of that same youthful naivety, I thought that she was starting to get along with my mother, and that maybe I would get that help I knew I'd need after all. If I knew what my mother was planning, I would have left and gone to live on the streets myself.

To begin with, Storme's scans showed nothing wrong, and the foetus growing within her was growing as to be expected. A month or so later, however, she started having complications. Storme went for her check-ups and found that she was having what was deemed as a molar pregnancy, where the foetus developed a non-cancerous tumour. At 9 weeks it was determined there was no other option than to abort the baby, as the tumours appeared to be growing all over it. It was, at this point, more tumour than it was foetus.

She was booked in for a D and C, and thus began the process of having the tumour ridden foetus taken out. I had no idea at the time that one of the doctors involved in the operation was of Middle Eastern origins and had expressed a very real concern that the Oleander plant had been used, as Storme had gone from having a seemingly normal pregnancy to a molar one and molar pregnancies apparently had complications from the very beginning and didn't develop spontaneously half way through a normal pregnancy.

Oleander is apparently commonly used in the Middle East by pregnant women for its abortive properties, which is why this doctor had picked up on it. What I also didn't know is that him and his team now had their sights set on me as being the perpetrator of this Oleander poisoning; the only thing that stood in the way of me being investigated by the police for such a poisoning was Storme who convinced them I had nothing to do with it. I wouldn't even know about it until years later.

A few weeks later, when Storme had recovered physically, we went back to TAFE to discontinue our studying. Word had somehow gotten around, presumably by our singer Aaron, about Storme's circumstances and we were met by one of the lecturers with the most compassion I had been shown by anyone in my whole life, including after my brother's death.

Upon seeing Storme, the Health and Safety lecturer, Gus, came and hugged her for the better part of 15 minutes, showing a real concern. I later found out he and his

wife had experienced a miscarriage themselves when he was younger.

To make matters worse, Damien had decided during the pregnancy that he didn't want a pregnant woman in his band, so an argument broke out between me and him which resulted in Storme leaving Grundle as well (the final straw to his disorganisation).

Everything and then suddenly nothing all at once.

I scored job at a tree lopping company I worked for a few years prior during the summer holidays mainly to get away from my mother, whose presence I was really starting to dislike being in due her toxic "spirituality" and never ending quest for psychics and clairvoyants to tell her what her son was doing in the afterlife and what her other son should be doing in the physical world.

"He is a gatekeeper of the 7th plane", "he wants his lyrics sung by the voice...by John Farnham" (he absolutely hated John Farnham). There wasn't one psychic my mother would not believe, despite how completely inaccurate their readings would be. The irony was, half the time she would sit down and spew her life story to them before they even started a reading.

She built a shrine for him on the kitchen table and adorned his grave with dragons in which she had mistakenly bought thinking it was the year of his birth (he was a year of the rabbit). She became "Christian" in her beliefs seemingly overnight, which she would try and force on me at every opportunity.

Whenever I tried telling her about my own experiences and spirituality or that I wasn't interested in hers, I was met with nothing but condescension, with the usual tone that was suggestive she thought that I was too immature to grasp a proper understanding of the cosmological nature of the universe; she had read the Bhagavad Gita so that automatically made her an authority on spiritual matters, apparently.

I didn't have the heart to tell her that her idolization of her son had seemingly bound him to a realm of purgatory he'd reached out to me from begging for me to help free him by getting her to let him go. It was obvious to me right then and there, that the psychics and clairvoyants she was seeing were not very good at their day jobs, and yet there they were, fuelling a never ending carnage by seeding in her thoughts about how the world should be and my apparent place within it.

Instead of going home after work, I'd end up at Storme's, to the point where I was practically living there. Her aunty, for whatever reason was hardly there, so there was no longer a problem in that regard, until she decided she wanted to sell her share of the house, which Storme's mother couldn't afford, which led to them moving to a

different suburb further away from Wooroloo.

Loathing the idea of going back home to spend prolonged periods around my mother, I up and moved with them without second thought, not even telling my parents until the day of the move. I hoped the seemingly spontaneity of the move would make them think twice about their actions towards me and Storme, but all it did was make my mother even more jealous that Storme had “stolen” me away from her.

Sometime during that year another friend from school who I used to jam with – with Cale – lost his own brother to a car crash. I found myself attending the funeral and the wake to show my signs of respect, even though I had only met the brother once in passing.

This, unfortunately reintroduced me to the friends whose own demons were starting to get the best them through the clutches of drugs and I found myself being peer pressured into trying Ecstasy for the first time at a future gathering of this same friend. I sat there waiting for the effects to come on while my peers stared at me wide eyed, only for them to be disappointed when I told them I couldn't feel anything happening. My shield was beginning to crumble and those demons were making another pass, looking for every opportunity to exploit the weaknesses in my temperament my family had helped create.

Tree lopping started getting the best of me despite the labor doing its job to shed the weight from my body. I was over inhaling diesel fumes for hours on end while I stacked the branches my colleague in the cherry picker would cut down, so they'd be ready for the mulching team when they finally came along.

We had also had a few incidents where the safety of the company as a whole was called into question, one of which involved a several tonne log snapping off at the wrong angle and coming straight for mine and my teams faces, that would have killed us if we all didn't let go of the rope that was bracing it and dive backwards out of its way.

Another worker had been pinned by a similar log to a truck when they were winching it in, leading to him receiving a compensation payout for his injuries. Despite this, he still came to work, arriving 5 minutes early every day, only to be met with other crew men complaining that he “didn't do much” whenever he was out of ear shot. I decided this wasn't my culture and quit, much to the dissatisfaction of my mother, who revered money – most notably the stuff my father earned –

above anything else, not that I really cared very much.

After my 18th birthday the following year, I started looking for not just shit kicking work but something more stable that could lead to a future, and floated my name in a few places that were advertising on a site specifically for job seekers.

One of them was for an apprenticeship in electronics that I figured I probably wasn't going to get.

I had been expected to come up with a choice of career back in school about a week after my brother died, like I didn't have any better things to be dealing with. Given the way I was being rushed I picked the first thing that came to my mind, which had been electronics due a fascination with my dad's hobbyist kit as a child. As I had already done work experience in this area, during my school days, I figured it might just be enough to land me the job over others in the crowd. Talk about making yet another grand mistake in the wheel that is life.

The production manager called me the next day and asked me to come in for an interview. I was expecting him to get back to me, later on in the week, but as the interview concluded he asked me if I could start the following Monday, to which I replied that I could.

Elated, I went home and told my parents the good news, before heading back to Storme's. Rather than a "congratulations", all I got from my father was "that's the first I've ever heard of someone landing a job on the day of the interview", as if he had some sort of concern he wasn't going to tell me about.

I gave up expecting any sense of achievement from these people a long time ago. Whatever I did I was always reminded of how he could do it better. Not that he ever bothered to prove it.

The pay was dismal, right at the bottom of minimum wage but I didn't care; I was – well at least I thought I was – setting myself up to be making a decent living later on in life; electronics was technology and people loved technology didn't they? I didn't take into account that I would be entering the industry right a point where most of the things I covered in my 3 years of study would be out of date by the time I even finished studying them. What made matters worse was that hardly any of this knowledge would be used in my role as an assembler within the company, which meant progression into a better paying role would be exceedingly difficult, as I would find out in the years to come. At least the company got a nice incentive to employ me; the government paid companies a few extra thousand to take on apprentices.

Still, the pay was better than what I was getting as a casual doing tree lopping,

which meant Storme and I could almost afford to enter the rental market, and finally get some much needed privacy.

Her mental condition had worsened since losing the baby, and living with her mother and her fiancé as well as her brother and his girlfriend, was starting to become hectic; everyone's intimate moments become everyone else's.

The son of one of my mother's friends was looking to rent out his duplex for \$300/wk in a suburb called Swan View, which wasn't exactly our first choice but was close to the shops and TAFE where I would be studying electronics, and only 45 minutes' drive from work.

With the social security payments we were eligible for from the government, we found that we would have enough to pay for rent, with just enough left over for groceries and bills, so we took the dive and asked to be considered for the property, which we ended up getting, as my mother's friend, who was acting as the landlord for her son, couldn't be bothered with the hassle of employing a real estate agent to manage it.

The next year at the property had its ups and downs. Storme and I ended up spending much of our spare time jamming and writing songs, with her on guitar and myself on bass, rewriting some of the material we'd used in Everything Nothing back at Leederville that was ours.

It was evident that she was still struggling with her mental illness, but it was, at least still manageable. I would take her to her fortnightly appointments at the nearby psychiatric hospital and go over her file with her psychiatrist, discussing ways we could try to improve her condition. More often than not this resulted in her either being prescribed with a cocktail of drugs or having her dosage levels changed. When the doctor couldn't figure out why any of his methods weren't working, he prescribed her a drug called Epilum, meant for people suffering from epilepsy, under the assumption that what Storme had was another form of it.

The whole affair became a joke of misdiagnosis after misdiagnosis so that Storme was left wondering if she had dissociative identity disorder, schizophrenia, bipolar, or epilepsy. By the time her psychiatrist admitted he couldn't help her, she was on a cocktail of drugs she evidently didn't need that she was unable to just stop taking cold turkey due to their side effects.

This was my first glimpse into the reality that the health system does not cater for those with mental illnesses, especially when it comes to their efforts of making them "normal."

Storme would wake up in the middle of the night screaming so loud my ears would ring and would often end up in states of total catatonia evidently brought about by PTSD from her past, mixed with the multitude of drugs even I knew weren't doing anything to help her.

Every night I would go to bed massaging her face for a few hours in an effort to try and stop these sub conscious demons from consuming her during the night. I'd come home some evenings to find her swinging from the rafters outside on the veranda with a makeshift noose she'd tied from an extension cord around her neck; other times I'd come home to find her wrists covered in blood staring into oblivion in the bedroom, eerily similar to how I had been during my own bouts with depression. Then, in an act of cruel fate, Storme's cousin, who she had been close with, and who had had problems with her liver her whole life, was found dead in her house; Storme phoned me balling her eyes out on the phone, and this eventuated in even more depression.

For 2 years I went to work exhausted from the screaming and the resulting time spent calming Storme down enough to stop her psychosis, spending the day wondering if she'd even be alive when I got home.

For 2 years I internalized my anguish and told not a single other person what I was going through, apart from my boss who understood when I needed to leave early. I copped flack for checking up on Storme so frequently by my brother in law and peers alike.

I ended up getting one of my brother's friends a job at the same company, in which I would end up picking him up and taking him home every day even though it was back in the opposite direction of our house in Swan View adding an extra 45 minutes to my return trip. Hamish – as was his name – would pester me to stop off so he could get a six pack of beer, adding a further 30 minutes to our trip, which I simply couldn't afford. He thought I was being unreasonable when I stopped agreeing to it, and of course was part of my social circle which also included the guy whose brother died.

To make matters worse, this same social circle had not been particularly fond of Storme when she was at school, which led to her being bullied by some of the more popular members. One by one, my friends started dropping off the radar like flies and stopped inviting Storme and myself to their gatherings.

For them, it would have been easier for me to dump what they considered such baggage and move on with my life. But I never would. I just wasn't as weak as they were when it came to helping someone who genuinely needed it. I would endure

whatever hell I had to simply because my loyalty would not allow me not to. I doubted the word even extended into most of these peoples' vocabularies. Funnily enough, I had been told this abandonment would occur during one of my expeditions into lucidity years prior, so I was expecting it to some degree. As the voice of depression started to well within my own mind, it was interrupted by the thought of the army Sergeant telling me I was stronger than this. I got back on my feet, dusted myself off and continued caring for Storme despite what anyone thought of me and despite the lack of help I received. Not today, devil, not today.

Therapy session after therapy session with her psychiatrist only seemed to bring with it a worsening of her condition so Storme and I – fearful of her being put on an even larger myriad of useless substances – started lying about her condition, stating that it was getting better.

I remember sitting in the office talking to the psychiatrist as he told me he was impressed with my efforts and knowledge of psychology, considering I had no formal training or qualifications in these areas – knowledge I had gained from briefly reading some works of Carl Jung – which in his opinion, extended beyond the average person; it was in this session that he handballed Storme off to a counsellor in the same hospital whose own efforts in psychology achieved more in a week than he had in a full year.

It seemed all she really needed was for someone to listen and talk her through her psychosis and provide reassurance before pumping her system full of useless poison. I wondered why he hadn't thought of prescribing her with this therapy sooner. It wouldn't be much longer before he up and left for a position that took him and his family further down south, and Storme became the problem of someone else.

CHAPTER SIX:

STRANGE PHONE CALLS

The 2008 global financial crisis hit, and the company I was working for started a steady decline into liquidation. We had moved to a location closer to home, right next to the Perth Airport, which cut off about half an hours' worth of travel, and had kept afloat for the better part of the year, but unbeknownst to all but the owners and CEO, we were hemorrhaging money like there was no tomorrow, which I would find out later was basically due to bad administration.

The first warning we had was when the company ran out of money to pay the people on the entire factory floor. A meeting was called and the CEO stood in front of us and rattled off a story about how the investor's name was David Hicks; the same name as a known terrorist who had been caught training with the Taliban and locked up in Guantanamo Bay.

Apparently during what was supposed to be the last cash injection from Hicks, the money had been flagged because of his name which was locking the funds up longer than usual. It was complete and utter bullshit, but the last thing they wanted was everyone jumping ship whilst they tried reviving the company. I had 2 years left on my apprenticeship, so it wasn't as if I could leave and find a new job, as no one was hiring second years, plus I felt I owed my loyalty to my production manager for his understanding in my situation with Storme.

About 30 people, myself included, ended up getting paid about a month and a half late. Luckily I was able to get an advance from the government to meet my financial

obligations, and for a time it looked as though things were going to be ok; the money came, the bosses bought us expensive new toys like a new wave soldering machine we apparently desperately needed and we did not hear of anything else that suggested the company was on its final legs for many more months until one day when the CEO called a meeting to say that he was stepping down. The following week we had the administrators come in to audit the company, and the next day, at 10 o'clock in the morning we were told the company was going into liquidation and to get our things and leave.

We were given forms to fill out from the administrators which is when I first realized I had been under paid for the last 2 years; it turned out I wasn't being paid the minimum wage at all, but actually a few dollars underneath it as was every apprentice (there were three of us). I was owed a total of \$3000, but unfortunately, for me the letter I got back from the administrators claimed that there was no longer any value left in the company's assets to pay me what I was owed. Al, my production manager, took pity on me and let me take home a power supply for my efforts which was worth about a \$100. The ex CEO was also a man who co-owned a "spiritualist centre" my mum used to clean back in Wooroloo, and she thought quite highly of him. Go figure.

Even on government payments we didn't have enough to afford the rent, so the only other option I had was to ask my parents if I could move back home with Storme. It was the last thing I wanted but I truly thought it was our best option, considering that the alternative was homelessness which I wanted to keep Storme away from having to go through again if I could help it. This was the third biggest mistake I made in my life, and I'd barely even reached 20 years of age.

I was able to keep my studies ongoing at TAFE, despite not having a job, which was a huge favour on their part as it was generally a requirement that the student had a boss to tick off most of the modules. I started keeping an eye out for people who were looking for 3rd year apprentices in electronics, but there wasn't anything anywhere, save for a few fly in fly out jobs that I really couldn't commit to.

My grandmother ended up buying a caravan with a frame that was so rusted we had to have a truck with a tilt tray tow it to my parents place, where we parked it in the driveway behind their bedroom.

It was to give us a bit of privacy away from them and it helped, especially when Storme was having one of her catatonic episodes.

But those episodes would get worse as the weeks went on, though I never knew it

was directly related to the toxic environment of my family I had brought her into. Sometimes Storme's psychosis would be so bad that she'd forget who she was and who I was for hours on end, which made trying to calm her down next to impossible. I'd try and take her to her appointments, but a few kilometres down the road she'd open the car door and try to jump out; I'd have to try and wrestle her with one hand with the other on the wheel at the same time, trying to stop her from falling out of the car.

I had to monitor her very closely every time we were in the car for the slightest sign she would try and jump, and sometimes I was forced to pull over and let her out, find parking, then run around town looking for her like I was a man stalking a random woman in the streets; it made matters worse when she couldn't remember who the fuck I was.

She'd become scared from her dementia which led to violence that I had been seeing since her days in Chidlow; things would be thrown around the house, she'd grab a knife and try to stab me with it, as I'd weave past and try and disarm her, and when I had her arms pinned, waiting for her to calm down, she'd use the only other weapon she had available to her; her teeth.

There was many a time she'd snap at the closest body part she could find, which was usually an arm or my face, and clench down as hard as she possibly could, whilst all I could do would be to stand there and wait for it to be over; there was just no way I was going to let go of her wrists so she could grab the knife. It would usually take 10 or so minutes for her jaw muscles to give out.

My meditative practices helped a lot in this regard, as I was able to use them to disconnect from the sheer pain I was feeling of a full bite clamping down as hard as it possibly could on my shoulder. Never once did I blame her for her actions, which I came to learn much later were a direct result of intentional psychological torture, combined with the myriad of drugs she never should have been prescribed by her psychiatrist.

A few months later I was able to land a job at a company who developed remote controlled systems for mining applications. Essentially what they did was turn big mining rig trucks into an unmanned machine that was remotely pilotable from a small shipping container to combat the safety issues that were arising from people being in confined areas with nothing to breathe but diesel fumes; a child's ultimate fantasy come true.

They had been interested in hiring apprentices, which meant I was able to continue

on with my third year of study under their employment.

It soon became obvious why my previous employer had gone bankrupt when I was shown, for the first time, how to build a product to a quality standard that just wasn't present with the other company's products I had worked on.

With the raise in pay came the possibility of once again finding our own house.

Once again, my mother told us she had another friend who was looking to rent out her house – a horrible 1 bedroom place whose carpet hadn't been changed since it was first built in the 60s – for slightly below average. We weren't exactly enthralled with the idea of living there, but again it meant getting away from my parent's house so Storme could get some much needed peace and quiet.

I didn't realize such peace would be broken by my mother every opportunity she got.

We moved in in the middle of winter and had to have cold showers for 2 weeks courtesy of the owner not bothering to leave a gas bottle for us, and as we waited for our next payment which would allow us to afford one. Again our meditation practices helped out a lot.

After 3 months of renting, we decided the house was just too small and inadequate for our needs, and my mother brought up, rather subtly, that the previous house we had rented back in Swan View was being rented out again due to trouble with the tenants who had rented it after us.

My mother had already talked to her friend who was happy to let us re-rent it from her son. I didn't realize what she was doing was asserting a level of control over where we were living by influencing us to pick places her friends were renting out. We moved in and found half the doors had been unscrewed from their hinges and used for firewood in the backyard.

In one of the carpeted rooms was a new oil stain where the tenant had kept his motorbike, despite their being a garage connected to the kitchen. It was very obvious why he had been booted out of the place.

Storme and I, now living back at our old house were due to get married in a few months after I had proposed to her shortly before our move. I was due to be finishing my TAFE studies into electro technology that same year, which meant the following year would be the final year of my apprenticeship, and would focus on the practical aspects of the work.

Shortly after landing my second job in this area, however, things once again took a turn for the worse. I'd ring Storme every lunch time to check in on her health, and started noticing she was acting differently to her usual self; she was more reserved

like there was something weighing on her mind but she didn't want to tell me about it. Eventually she ended up coming clean, telling me some "girl" had called her claiming I was cheating on her.

I didn't know what to say; my loyalty had been to her and her alone – I was not a man of cheating and the thought of doing that to her had never even crossed my mind. I wish I could say I was surprised, but I had been through this same thing before, shortly after my brother's death, when I would get text messages from a random number trying to get me to "meet them in the park" and cheat on my then girlfriend, Kacy.

Of course, rebuilding the trust this stalker was eroding away from me via Storme presented a challenge I could have done without. I spent weeks convincing her this was just some sick individual with nothing better to do, only to have them ring her again while I was at work, which led to her mood spiralling ever downward.

But the harassment didn't stop there; I received a social media message from a random woman whose use of words made me think it was the same person who'd messaged me during my time with Kacy.

This random's name I immediately spotted as having the same last name as Storme's mother's maiden name, only it had been written backwards, and her friends list was completely comprised of people from my school from the grade above me; not one person on the list didn't fit this criteria. The email address was an amalgamation of Storme's initials and the initials of a person only very few people knew about – Vince, the strange ethereal character that had appeared before her in Chidlow with his dog, and had at times spoken to me through her.

This person had tried to generate a historical presence on her profile to make it look more legit by engaging in conversation with several people I knew from school, but seemingly went cold after people cottoned on to her name being an anagram. It was very obvious to me that whoever it was, I knew this person very well, and given the past messages I had received over the duration of a whole week whilst with Kacy, I had a very, very good idea who it either was or who was involved.

I showed Storme the fake profile and messages from it, proving to her that someone was indeed trying to destroy our relationship, and then invited the woman to a party we had to see if I would be able to put a face to the messages. Of course, and as expected, she was as vaporous as smoke, and didn't show up.

Several weeks after this I received a strange call on my home telephone from yet another random person.

This person, however, did not appear to be attempting the same sabotage that had

been used by the previous stalkers; she claimed to be a long lost relative of my family on my father's side, and also claimed that they weren't really who they said they were. She had evidently looked my number up in the phone book, which I hadn't even realized had been registered when I took out a contract for an internet and phone plan.

Whoever this woman was – I forgot her name – she spoke with a sureness that she was indeed speaking to the right person, despite me telling her time and time again I thought she had the right name but wrong person.

She would try reassuring me that although it was hard to believe, she was very closely related to me. From the jumbled mess of the whole thing what I got was that she would have been either a sister or first cousin. The whole conversation lasted about 10 minutes, and after I hung up I realized something very weird was going on indeed. Was this connected to the phone calls Storme had received, and the text messages I had received, or was this just a case of mistaken identity? Or was this a ruse to get me on the phone long enough to trace my number? I had, at one point been aspiring to become a private investigator, so I knew a few of the tricks people used to gain information on others.

I ran this past my parents not expecting them to tell the truth if it was a legitimate story, but mainly so I could gauge their reactions. Both my mother and my father dismissed it as a wrong number.

What the hell was going on, and why was someone trying to sabotage our relationship so soon before our wedding? The psychological mind games that started arising from this were the last thing we both needed.

I unplugged the phone from the wall, and we found the harassment stopped dead; but this didn't stop me from randomly driving the whole way around roundabouts whenever I had an inkling someone was following us. Sometimes I would drive kilometres off in the wrong direction only to do a U-turn and come back; my seemingly random driving designed to show me if anyone was indeed following us. Both of us had a heightened sense of awareness of our surroundings from that moment onwards.

Even short trips to the nearby shops, blew out to much longer than necessary, when one factors in the cautiousness of scanning ones environment and the extended routes we took to get home.

CHAPTER SEVEN:

SPIRITUAL GROUPS

Sean, the one who had taken us to the gig where Storme and I had got together, had been jamming with us since our time living at my parents place. He began to visit us more frequently in Swan View as we were all really keen to get some recordings down, in case we ever found a drummer, that was more reliable to the ones we'd already gone through.

Somewhere in our conversations Blake got brought up, and it turned into an idea of calling him up, as I had not seen him in quite some time.

No sooner had we dialled his number than he appeared on our doorstep and we found ourselves talking just like old times, well into the early hours of the morning. It turned out Blake's beliefs had somewhat changed in the few years since I had seen him last; he was now part of community of other "spiritual seekers" that got together on a regular basis at the house of a man who'd "lived with Shamans for a number of years" after deciding he'd had enough of being a psychologist.

"You have to come along to Satsang, man." He'd tell us.

"The energy is amazing. You can feel it being cooked into the food as you eat".

Ok, this sounded weird, but I took Blake for granted figuring he'd just under sold it; oh and he was now to be called Rishi, a name that this "Shaman" had bestowed upon him that meant something like night owl. Much of the previous night's conversation had been him reminding us of this whenever we called him Blake.

Over the next few weeks I'd get messages from Blake – I mean Rishi – pestering me

about coming to Satsang. At first he wanted me to pay the \$10 door fee, then decided he'd be a good Samaritan and pay for my entry, when he realized I didn't seem very interested. In the end I decided to just go along and see what it was about so he would get off my back. I drove the hour long drive to his place, which was past my old work building, to a house in a well off suburb that I never would have been able to afford on my apprenticeship salary.

As I got there I noticed that Blake – I mean Rishi – , and both of his house mates, were adorned in long flowing white robes, that looked like they had been specifically made for Satsang. They fed me “Fakin’ Bacon” - I hadn't realized Blake had gone from a carnivorous diet to a fake meat eating one – and as the hour drew closer to Satsang, so did their excitement build.

“You are gonna love it, man”. Blake said, and as the hour struck we left his house and proceeded to walk down the street. Suddenly I noticed a several other people coming from all different parts of the street wearing their white gowns, as they all started converging on the same house we were heading for only a short walk up the street – a nicely manicured two story building with a flash convertible out the front. This was when the alarm bells in my head first started going off.

At the door there was someone waiting with an empty ice cream container with a hole slit in the lid. Rishi popped a \$20 note in to cover both of our stays, and in we went. I was made to wait in the hallway, not really knowing what to expect, and wondering if was going to be made to drink poisoned cool aid at the end of the ceremony.

After about 15 minutes, everyone who had gathered into this tight space – about 20 people – gushed in awe as a man named Vish walked down the stairs dressed in his own white robe. The whole thing reminded me of the scene in Lord of the Rings where Galadriel meets the Fellowship. I just stood and wondered what the hell I gotten myself into this time.

As Vish, “floated” into the living room as if he was the reincarnation of Jesus himself, all of a sudden some music started playing. I looked behind me and noticed Blake had taken up a drum and some other people near him had their own instruments.

Before I knew it, I was immersed in what could have been the greatest flash dance ever witnessed, if it hadn't been for the weirdness of the situation.

As the dance subsided, everyone broke off and sat on the floor in a part of the living room that overlooked Vish's backyard with its luscious grass and below ground pool. He took a seat in his Lay-Z boy recliner, facing them and proceeded to open a

file on his laptop that I noticed was plugged into one of the biggest flat screen TVs I had ever seen. This was back when they had just come out and cost the same as a new car.

Being the new guy, I was of course, the centre of attention, and the first thing Vish noticed, as he went to address the crowd.

“Good to see you brought a friend Rishi.” He said, Blake simply smiled and nodded, like god himself had just spoken to him.

Vish asked me a bit about myself, including what I did for a career. When I told him I was electronics technician, he replied that he had himself tried pursuing a career in electronics but wasn’t able to due to him being colour blind. I thought it was a pity that the big red sports car sitting outside his house he would only ever see as a shade of grey.

I got the feeling during this whole conversation he was trying to impress me, asking questions which would give him enough information to build my confidence in him, but after he realized I was only giving him vague one word answers his attention soon turned toward the crowd, who were lapping up his presence like it was the greatest drug in the world. This scene was eerily like the one in which I’d stumbled in on Cale and Chris as they waited for their hit of crack.

Vish had been trying to “bring them to a state of spiritual awareness” explaining concepts to them that at other times I would have thought fascinating but also knew he wasn’t explaining particularly well, but it was as if all they wanted to do was just bask in his presence for the rest of their life and have him provide the enlightenment for them. This was the weirdest thing I had ever witnessed, in so far as collectively controlling the psyche of a group of individuals was concerned.

I looked around and counted 30+ people, then did the maths on how much that equated to at \$10 a head for an hours’ worth of “enlightenment” for the 4 or whatever days a week this guy was doing it. I realized he was making more than me sitting in his chair at home vaguely talking about things I had a very good knowledge in, than what I was making working my arse off as a third year apprentice combined with my government payments. I had to give the man credit for his abilities at turning a profit, but I had a feeling “enlightened” was far from the correct word to describe him, no matter how many years he’d spent living with shamans. Maybe enlightened when it came to the arts of capitalism.

Lunch time came, and I soon found myself sitting at a large table with these “white lighters”, as they called themselves , eating the blandest soup I had ever tasted.

“It’s so good. Can you feel the energy cooked into it?” Blake asked, and I found

myself smiling and telling him I could, just in case me getting an antidote to whatever was in it depended on my answer.

The session ended, so we bid our farewell to Vish and the rest of the group and headed back to Blake's house. I had a gargoyle ring that I had a sentimental attachment to, that Vish had pointed out during our discussion; it was my belief that such a ring acted like a sort of talisman to bring me power and protect me from the negativity that seemed to follow me like the plague.

Blake asked me if he could see it, to which I reluctantly took it off and let him hold it.

"It's heavy... and it feels like it has a very dark energy to it", I didn't tell him I'd been experimenting with replacing its energy field with something from the lucid domain, something that had been inspired by a brief read up on quantum entanglement.

When I tried to retrieve my ring, Blake withheld it from me, telling me he'd give it back to me the next day when I came back to Satsang. I didn't realize white lighters were trained in such manipulative tactics. I explained the sentimental value behind the ring and my reasons for wanting it back, to which I was met with a rather condescending tone from Blake.

"You are a person of darkness, where as we at Satsang are people of light. You should come and join us so we can help you get rid of that darkness. Vish has already helped me see the light."

I wondered how much darkness Blake – a boy who had been brought up by a legitimate kind and caring mother in a town that was usually reserved for those on the well of end of the spectrum – had been made to endure in his lifetime. I also wondered how many girlfriends he'd ever needed to chop down as he came home to find them swinging by their neck due to their mental illness, or how much carnage he'd had to deal with courtesy of the aftermath of a car that its driver had lost control of.

If there was a devil responsible for the state of the world, and the paedophilia, homelessness, famine and non-sensical violence that was wrought within it, I sincerely doubted these white lighters were going to be the ones to do anything about it as they sat in the presence of Vish and simply "ignored it away".

It was easier for people like Blake and his Satsang spiritualists to ignore the problems at hand and tell themselves all they needed to do was smile, than to actually provide a proactive solution to the problem.

I may have been "darkened" by my soul's journey up to this point but at least I

wasn't naive enough to hold this same mentality that did absolutely nothing for the world. At least I had actually worked to dig myself out of the hell that had been thrown my way and get a job instead of mooching off the funds of others in an act of "whitened and enlightened vampirism". Even Vish's own daughter – who I later realized was the same girl I'd seen dating Blake's older brother back when we went to Rottnest – thought he wasn't all that cracked up people made him out to be. I reserved these feelings and what was a now dwindling respect for Blake, and told him I would come back tomorrow to get the ring, and attend Satsang once more, despite my really not wanting to.

I brought Storme along, in case I ended up walking out of Satsang wearing my own white robe, and one of her friends, solely on the principle that if I was going into the headquarters of the next Orange Group, I'd need some backup. I soon realized, that I had misplaced my wallet, rather intentionally. Unfortunately, Blake was more than eager to pay the entry fee so each of us dark souls could bask in his holiness's presence.

As it turned out, Vish didn't just stop at one gathering a day; he was having them coincide with every main meal, meaning my maths on his income had been out by a factor of 3. I really sure was glad that Blake was the one paying for him to blast away our darkness like Gandalf with his staff after the battle of Minas Tirith.

In most day to day ventures this statement would be taken as nothing more than comical, but it is actually a fairly accurate description of what took place as we sat in Vish's living room 15 minutes later.

After engaging Storme and her friend with conversation similar to what I'd received a day earlier, Vish then turned his attention toward another one of his apprentices, clearly annoyed by the vague answers I'd told Storme to make sure she gave him; we'd learnt very well how to deal with people trained in psychology and psychiatry with the incompetent doctors at the place where Storme would go for her check-ups, and I knew for a fact that Vish had degrees in this area – he'd told me this himself the day previous - so I was weary of him from the get go.

This apprentice had some particular issue that could apparently only be healed by Vish, and as we sat there in silence, suddenly the air was shaken by a loud boom that was his voice, as he pushed his hands outwardly like he was throwing a ball to her.

The woman jolted like someone had just hooked her up to the mains electricity.

Storme and I sat there, trying not laugh at the fact that we'd just witnessed Goku from the Dragonball Z cartoons we'd use to watch as kids throw a ball of chi at someone...apparently. What made it even more ridiculous was that Vish's booming

word even sounded a lot like the same word they used in the show.

It was more likely, given the way Blake acted around the man, and talked about him as if he were a god, that he'd trained his members to believe they were experiencing his holy power at a sub conscious level; I remembered reading about Charlie Manson employing a similar method of persuasion to convince his followers to kill people for him. That was the problem when people sought the help of others when it came to analysing their own thought processes; it became hard to understand when they are being taken advantage of.

We ended up leaving Vish's place prematurely before they had a chance to serve us food, and I'd made sure to get my ring back off Blake so he couldn't use it to manipulate me to come back, and we went home.

For the next week we were bombarded with messages from Blake saying that Vish really wanted us to come back and that he was happy to waive the fee for us the first few times on account of us living so far away. We told Blake it wasn't really our thing, but he still persisted. In the end we just ignored him, and the messages eventually stopped. I was saddened that someone with such potential could fall victim to what would ultimately be his own mind.

Despite his shortcomings, I would be lying if I said I hadn't taken anything away from Vish, spurred on somewhat by past discussions with Blake before he'd had tried recruiting me into his inner circle. These discussions centred upon meditation and the idea that thoughts could be "stilled". Although I'd developed my own complex beliefs around the concept of thought and consciousness, it wasn't until these conversations and run ins with Blake and Vish, that I really started practicing the art of stilling my own thoughts.

I realized fairly quickly how much people rely on their own thoughts to get them through the day. Even when trying to sit in my states of deep meditation, intrusive thoughts were the number one thing that would ruin my astral projections. I found that, once I invested in the intrusive thought, my mind would trail down the road it led, until my goals were but a shadow in my mind's eye.

To counter this, I turned my attention towards my immediate environment and began experimenting with meditation with my eyes open. I wanted to observe the world around me without actually participating in the events that were unfolding in it during these meditations, so my practices started involving trying to cancel out whatever random thought would arise within my head.

It got to the point where I would be able to sit in a trance like state, unblinking for

almost as long as I could sit still. This is where I came to understand how variable consciousness is and how it can be changed through the act of meditation. There was now a vivid clarity all around me, that I, until then, had never witnessed, and the energy output of my surroundings had become more obvious than when I had just acted from a robotic, sub conscious, undisciplined perspective.

I ended up asking my mother if Storme and I could come along to her Rainbow Group to see what it was about to try and find an alternative to develop my abilities at healing, now that Blake was completely out of the question. The session would start with everyone sitting in a circle as a “well meaning” Christian lady tried teaching us how to “become” clairvoyant. Taking a page out of Blake’s remote viewing book, I’d just close my eyes and rattle off the first things that came to my head, and found people were ready to accept it as a connection to their “dearly departed”.

“I see a fishing rod, sore leg, roses.” I’d say, as the images appeared before me. “Oh my gosh, my husband’s name was Rod and he hurt his leg one day while trimming the rose bush.” Poor old Betty would say in response.

I couldn’t help feel sorry for the obvious desperation in connecting with their loved ones that was bleeding from these people. It was evident that their belief systems were insufficient to deal with the despair that came from the death of such a loved one, and this was their best effort at holding on to a piece of them without forsaking whatever god it was that told them they could not dabble in it themselves.

I became incredibly annoyed with the Christian lady one evening whilst taking up a pose I knew aided with energetic flow throughout my body during meditation – something I had spent years figuring out – when she told me that I couldn’t upturn one hand, as it would “interrupt the flow through the conduit of god” that was apparently my body. I just ignored her and flipped my hand back when she wasn’t looking.

My mother was always jealous Storme and I seemed to be getting results where she couldn’t, though this didn’t stop her hanging her spirituality complex over us.

After the clairvoyance session we would re arrange the chairs in neat little lines in preparation for the audience that would soon come in to listen to the guest clairvoyant and hopefully get a message.

We also left a few chairs in a circle off to the side for anyone who needed healing. The healing circle afforded me a few guinea pigs to experiment on with my self-developed healing technique, which differed from the Reiki Storme would also

occasionally dish out when she had the energy. Somewhere along the lines before meeting me she had progressed to Reiki 2.

I remember getting so good at my technique that my hands would radiate so much heat that you could feel it a few cm away on a cold winter's night. I was also able to pin point a few of the ailments – which ranged from twisted ankles, to medical conditions – with decent accuracy after specifically asking the subjects not to tell me where it was that needed healing.

I would visualize in my head going down to an atomic level and bombarding the damaged cells of wherever it was that needed healing with white light – a visualization practice I'd picked up from a book about St Germain – then I would zoom out and create a funnel within my mind's eye of the darker energy being siphoned out and replaced with that of white energy which would illuminate every single atom and molecule it touched. Sometimes, if their ailment was strong enough I could sense the difference in energy as I ran my hand over it, even though it was a few cm from actually touching them.

There were energetic vortexes all over the body I found I could tune into which I then used to “suck” the bad energy into my solar plexus where I could feel it being recreated into useable “good” energy. At times I was able to synthesize this energy just through meditation, in which I would feel it form within my solar plexus and then shoot around my blood stream like it was morphine (I had broken both my leg and my arm in two separate occasions years prior so I knew what morphine felt like). Experimentation showed that I could use it as an energy source in times of being hungry.

The healing would continue for 15 or so minutes until everyone, including the clairvoyant would arrive, which was a different person every week. We would take our seats, then stand to sing a religious hymn that the organizer – a lovely old woman named Dianne, a clairvoyant herself – thought necessary. This became a sort of prayer for the safe travels of whatever spirits were coming through.

There was an old man who was the grandfather of one of the only other women there our age, who I found out later was a high ranking Freemason.

We ended up talking about this society, mainly because I was yet to actually talk to an involved member, and he must have thought I was interested in joining. He started bringing me pamphlets, which stated that only a Mason could bring another initiate into the craft, of which they would become responsible for them their entire time in the society.

I never did ask for him to initiate me, based on my beliefs that the initiates of such

societies were in need of molding and training for the mysteries therein, and I was a promoter of the concept of Gnauthi Sauthon – to know oneself; if one truly knew themselves, in my opinion, then they had no need for such societies.

It was ok for a few weeks until my mother started claiming every reading was for her due to being her dead son coming through. It was obvious that in her grief she had become desperate to make everything she could into being about my brother to the point that other people were getting frustrated with her “hijacking” the clairvoyant when, of course, the spirit they were getting was too vague to tell them who it was.

Week after week the clairvoyant would start with their opening line – the vaguest of images coming to them – only to have my mother interrupt them mid-sentence and yell out that it was “her boy” before anyone else could get a chance. Being at the front she couldn’t see the faces of frustration that were brewing behind her, even though those faces were too polite to vent such frustration directly to hers.

One particular night I had called her out on this behaviour in the car on the way home, and she simply replied by telling me that because I hadn’t lost a child I wouldn’t understand, conveniently forgetting that actually yes both Storme and I had. Her attitude towards us was becoming insufferable.

Her back handed comments and inability to see that her grief was clouding any rational thought she had left was really starting to annoy me, even more so than the Christian lady who told me my ways of becoming an energy conduit of god were wrong.

Somewhere around the same time I’d come into contact with a man named Eamonn who was the Steward of an occult Secret Society called the Hellfire Club, based out of West Wycombe, England, and dating back to the 1800s. Eamonn had his own printing press and often rebound and published rare occult books that were exclusively for the clubs members which were what really had grabbed my attention. Dissatisfied with the many mistranslated and often disputed more modern texts on such subjects, I had been searching for the oldest copies of any occult literature I could find, and I’d been put onto the Hellfire Club after purchasing one of Eamonn’s publications - A copy of Crowley’s very own Goetia, aka Lesser key of Solomon, complete with his handwritten notes – secondhand off eBay.

Eamonn was selling a very expensive copy of the Sepher Mapthea Salami/ Book of the Key of Solomon he had bound in a limited edition of 12 copies, which contained

a facsimile of the original manuscript of “magic” that dated back further than the Hell Fire Club to the 1700s. The book, which cost me around \$1000, and had been paid for with my entire tax return, was the nicest book I’d ever laid my hands upon; it was bound in a dark blue leather and stamped with golden gilding that outlined its connection to Masonic tradition with the infamous square and compass, embossed into the four cardinal directions, and was adorned with end pages that had been painted with marbled gold and noir silk. The manuscript itself had been handwritten in an Aramaic Hebrew script and had a foreword about some of the content – which included many “spells and other sundry recipes”.

I had read rumours that this book, along with the Lesser Key of Solomon, were two of the most powerful books on spirit conjuration in existence; which I planned on studying quite extensively should the need ever arise for me to use the information contained within them. Although I was not foolish enough to dabble in these conjurations half-heartedly- as my brother, sister and Paul had done in times previous with Ouija boards – I was foolish enough to read from them one day thinking no harm could come of it, which resulted in me accidentally summoning “something” into this plane of existence.

It was day time when I read the book, not really paying much attention to the words, sort of just letting my glance look upon certain phrases that were in Latin.

Crowley had included a very thought provoking argument that suggested what these spirits were, were really parts of the subconscious mind that could be activated through various incantations. I found myself struggling to read it, as his handwriting was terrible; for such a well-respected magician I expected better.

Later that night, at about 3 in the morning, I was up playing video games in the caravan whilst Storme slept, with our dog – Abbey – asleep on the couch next to me when all of a sudden I heard a loud, guttural roar come from one end of the caravan. Storme remained asleep, whilst Abbey cocked her head to one side and stared trying to find something suggestive of the noise. The roar subsided, and as it did I could feel the very heavy stomps of the invisible being as it made its way from one end of the caravan to the other; the whole thing shook even more than it did whenever I would step within it, suggesting to me that these stomps were of a weight even more than the near 100 kgs I weighed.

A little shocked I put the controller down and woke Storme up to tell her what had happened; she just sort of looked at me puzzled. Maybe it wasn’t such a good idea reading from these books willy nilly. Maybe it had been a naïve decision after all to

obtain a copy of these books. I took the warning for what it was and gave the book the respect it deserved after that.

After months of talking to Eamonn, and showing somewhat of an aptitude in my knowledge of the occult, I was asked if I wanted to self-initiate myself into the Hell Fire Club and create an International Chapter of the Club in my home State of Western Australia.

As it turned out, Eamonn was on the cusp of expanding the Club from England into Australia and the rest of Europe, and even America; he already had appointed several other Stewards into each of the remaining States of my country, and assured me that, should I choose to accept his offer, he would do whatever was necessary to help me get established.

I was weary at first, given the debauched history of the club and worried propaganda might start sprouting up about its ideologies. I purchased a copy of the chapter papers, written by Eamonn himself, in which I was delighted to find that the modern vision of the club had nothing to do with the debauch that had been undertaken by its contemporary members, but was in fact more aligned with my ideas of self-realisation.

Thus it was that my initiation into spiritual alchemy began with my initiation into the Hell Fire Club, that was undertaken at the same time by Storme. I began designing coins and other various emblems etc. which were to be used specifically for my chapter of the club; the "Chapter of Dragon Flame, which I intentionally called it as it could be rearranged into the anagram of "A Pagan Force Meld Forth" (I was obsessed with using text to convey hidden meaning in this matter, and would often times employ the use of anagrams and such in my poems and songs as a sub-conscious means to cast "spells", which I found was effective when combined with the energetic release of rhythm).

CHAPTER EIGHT:

FINDING MY SPIRITUAL INDEPENDENCE

Midway into the third year of my apprenticeship, I was at TAFE studying for an upcoming test when I got a text message from my brother in law. One of my brother's best friends, Leon – who had been the reason I had taken up bass, and was the guitarist that glued mine and my brother's musical bond together – had been hit by a car and was in a serious condition in hospital.

Given that my brother in law did not really know him, I thought it odd that the news was coming from him and not anyone closer to his circle of friends or even my own family.

I rang my mother who told me Leon had been walking home from a pub the following weekend when he'd been involved in a hit and run; the driver behind the car who hit him stopped and found he had received extreme trauma to his head. As he had lost his wallet whilst at the pub, he came through the hospital ER department as a John Doe before being moved to the same hospital my brother died in – Royal Perth Hospital in the heart of the city.

It would take his friend Phil (the same friend who first noticed my brother's car had hit the tree) 3 days of phoning around trying to find a missing Leon before he was told by the hospital staff the John Doe may have been him. Phil eventually tracked Leon down to the intensive care unit of RPH.

Myself and Storme went to visit him in hospital that very night; I walked into the

ICU, through the same doors I walked through 4 years prior, as a 15 year old boy going to see his brother shed a tear for the final time, and – to my horror – found Leon lying in the same bed my brother died in, eerily reminiscent of him with a myriad of tubes sticking out of his body, lying unconscious with even a similar massive bruise to his eye. This brought back painful memories of a nurse wetting the dry throat of my brother, kicking in his body’s gag reflexes which were the last remaining vestiges of a life that was quickly slipping from the confines of this physical plane, and would be completely gone a day later.

I remembered a conversation I had had with Leon after Shaun’s death in which we discussed the healing techniques I had come to practice with Blake. He had told me that he too was able to heal people in a similar manner. Storme had been part of this conversation, and had mentioned she had, at one point, been trained in Reiki, before her fall into homelessness.

As strong as I was, and as much as I had been through up until this point, I could not contain my anger. I was infuriated that this could happen to not only one practitioner of healing but two, and wondered what sort of sick god would play this game with these sorts of people’s lives, while bestowing riches upon others who sought only to further themselves.

I was angered at any “guide” or “angel” that pledged allegiance to such a god, and made up my mind right then and there in front of Leon’s broken body that I would never bow down to such a god, or listen to its messengers. I demanded an audience with those who claimed authority of judgment over such people, and this was a thought I meditated and visualised deeply within my mind’s eye for the rest of that day and night.

We said our farewell to Leon, and went back home, where I spent the rest of the evening creating a healing spell which consisted of self written verses, transcribed into Latin in the calligraphic hand I used for all my spell work.

That same night I entered lucidity and kept up with my demand of an audience, despite many “beings” trying to dissuade me from doing this very thing.

Suddenly, I was pulled away from lucidity to a place that appeared like a courthouse room sitting amidst the stars; it was to be the first time I would come upon this place which, in my opinion, could not be defined as existing in neither the lucid or astral planes. It was an entirely new experience, though I was too angered to really pay much attention to this fact.

In front of me was a podium of 3 large seats in front of an altar in which sat the celestial judges I had called upon in my anger. Behind me there was a large stone

seating area one would expect to find in a Greek pantheon for the witnesses, and on one of these seats sat alone soul looking completely aghast, embarrassed and ashamed I would question the decisions of these deities, let alone demand to be seen by them; my brother. I paid no attention to him, save for acknowledging his attendance, then turned my attention toward the judges. My anger was so harsh and reserved specifically for these three beings that I didn't even stop to comprehend what was taking place before me.

I cannot remember the exact conversation but it went something like this:

“You requested an audience with us!” their voices boomed as they echoed around the halls of judgement, but I cut them off before they could complete their sentence.

“I demand that Leon, a known healer and worthy person drawn to your cause, be healed of his afflictions completely. ”

The main judge, whose seat sat higher than the rest, tried telling me that I wasn't in a position to question the plans of the divine, and that Leon's fate had been written long before his birth, but I cut him off, quite arrogantly and rudely, stating that I would no longer heal another soul if he was to meet permanent harm or death arising from his injuries.

Taken aback, the main judge then looked at the other 3 to discuss my demands. He turned back towards me and said

“You will be stripped of your abilities for this, and no longer considered a healer for your arrogance.”

I did not allow him – or “it” would be better fitting – to turn this into a question.

“I don't care”, I cut in, standing tall and staring at the being with furiousness. I understood their projected authority was to scare me, but I was not afraid of them. I was beginning to understand they were frauds; this was evident in the way they bickered amongst themselves when I challenged them. This was a turning point in which I was reclaiming a power I had always knew I had.

Suddenly I woke up, and the realisation of what just took place hit me like a tonne of bricks; I had been granted an audience to the apparent overseers of human affairs in a plane I had never been to, and I had just severed all connection to them watching over me and guiding me, including what would otherwise be a sub conscious agreement to have them act in this manner.

I had just displayed true spiritual independence in the realms above the physical.

From here on out, I was on my own when it came to “fate”. Was this just a dream, or some sort of machination of my mind angered and trying to make sense at a situation that was out of my control?

Very soon after that experience I found that I could no longer heal; I could no longer feel the vibrations in my fingers or the energy pull in my solar plexus that felt similar to morphine it brought with it. At the same time, despite Leon's many complications in his recovery, I had an inner knowing that he would be ok; there was simply no question in my mind he would recover.

He ended up recovering almost to what he was before the accident at a remarkable speed, despite having to have a piece of his skull removed due to an infection close to his brain, several times. The infection was so bad that his head had to be flushed with hydrogen peroxide to kill the bacteria that was causing the puss and in turn causing the pressure upon his brain.

Upon his regaining consciousness, he had been moved to a rehabilitation centre for those whose injuries were considered "catastrophic"; several months later he was out and on the road to remembering how to walk and play guitar.

Despite our past discussions, I never bothered telling him about my experience with the 3 judges or even that I was the one who left him the healing scroll. I was just happy to see him pick up his guitar and play some of the songs we used to jam with Shaun.

As my third year electronics were starting to wrap up, Storme's mental health took a rapid decline. I reached an agreement with my new boss which allowed me to shift my starting hours from 7:30am to 5am so I could leave at 12 noon and look after Storme, which meant I was getting up at 3:30am every day, usually after going to bed at midnight or later, to help her deal with her PTSD that just wouldn't let up. There was a vending machine in the hallway which had energy drinks in it, and this became my saviour.

I'd get home absolutely exhausted, and some days have to call in sick just to get enough sleep to replenish myself. Other times I'd arrive at work, get a call from Storme, and have to leave before even stepping foot through the door. I became so unreliable that in the end I just went in and told my boss I was unable to continue with my work.

Luckily, the man who managed the apprenticeship training was very decent and understanding, and signed off on all of my practical training. This meant that I had completed my apprenticeship a year early and that both my Certificate 3 in Electrotechnology and Trade Certificate in Electronics Servicing would be arriving in the mail a week later.

I cannot describe the sense of achievement I got from this despite the hurdles that

had been thrown in front of me year after year.

A few months later Storme and I got hand fastened in a part of the state forest called Farrell Grove. We had agreed on nothing too fancy for a wedding; just us in Pagan dress that we thought looked better than the white dresses and suits of traditional marriages. The after party was held at the place we were renting in Swan View, where we had a small collective of our family and friends attend. Storme's mother had organized for a cake to be made that had 2 giant swans, one made of white chocolate, the other one milk chocolate embracing each other.

One of the gifts we received was an old book on different magical belief systems, from my cousin. She knew both mine and Storme's alternative views on the cosmology of the universe and so gave us this book which she addressed to both of us with a beautiful letter on the front page (thank you Angela) . This book would go on to be one of the most used resources in my library in relation to my studies into the arcane arts, even more so the ones from my magical library I found when I was a kid.

We'd go to my parents place for dinner, as I was still trying to be a decent son and wanted to check up on my mother and father and one of my 2 sisters who was still living with them. In all honesty, my mother's grief was becoming hard to deal with, and it was more so an excuse to see my father more than anything, as I thought he still had a sense of decency about him. Unlike her, before my brother's death, he had done his best to encourage me on my endeavours, which did lift my spirits somewhat, especially when dealing with my depression.

But there was an obvious awkwardness between my mother and Storme that in part had been caused by the argument of abortion, and in part had been caused by the completely different social environments they had come from. My brother had been quite popular at school, which meant that after his death, this would ultimately be the crowd my mother would converse with, and whose opinions she held in high regard.

Unfortunately, some of those opinions were coming from the very same mouths that had, in the past, spewed vitriol at Storme because she was different; the type of vitriol that would result in her having her head crammed into a rubbish bin simply because she was not as privileged as they had been.

These people would always tell me how much they respected me, even though I found this sort of behaviour and mentality quite revolting. I had actually seen firsthand from one of these people just how malicious such behaviour could be,

when one of my friends had been chastised about her feeling saddened at my brother's death.

She had been also been quite good friends with Shaun, but in the narcissistic mentality of the malicious party, which had somehow worked its way into the collective psyche of what is considered socially "normal", she was not worthy enough of being able to even grieve his death simply because she had not been in the same grade as them or him.

I came out of gym class one day to see her yelling at this poor girl who stood crying, brandishing my brother's death like it was some sort of holy relic that only the privileged were allowed to have anything to do with...and never once would this person be considered "in need of psychological or mental help"; it baffled me how someone who acted in such a manner could be branded as sane.

When she turned and saw that I was none too impressed with her, she rattled off the same warning she would come to give me about Storme only a few short years later, to which I would disagree with her blatantly in her face whilst standing next to my crying friend and consoling her.

The twisted thing was that these people could act in a manner completely contradictive to what you consider morally acceptable, then in the same sentence turn around and tell you how much respect they had for you.

They were the epitome of a greatness that could only ever be proven by their ability to hold up their image of such greatness, and never contributed anything to society beyond creating an environment of hostility towards those who laid outside of their image; absolute bottom feeders who, in my opinion would never be worthy of heaven no matter how much prayer was given to whatever god they worshipped; this was another reason I disliked most mainstream religions, because they seemed to instil such a mentality into the minds of whoever followed them.

These were the devils that had my mother's ear and, these were the devil's that were influencing her idea of where I should have been standing in regards to social circles. It was a real life Romeo and Juliette situation.

Yes I had been absorbed into their circle because of my connection with my brother, and some of them were actually very decent people, but in hindsight it was a social construct I could have done without and would have saved me much heartache if I wasn't so desperate for company.

So the visits to my family kept up, much to the dissatisfaction of Storme, and – through my own naivety and brainwashing that "blood was thicker than water" – I misread the signs that something was amiss. It is ironic that in trying to remain

optimistic about my circumstances and the relationships around them, that I ignored the danger I had unknowingly brought Storme into, like a lamb to a pack of wolves. Luckily my mother decided to show me her true self one day, when her and my father had been visited by yet another of my brother's good friends, who was not very fond of Storme himself and who would often times partake in whatever illicit substances my brother was using when in his presence.

He was also very athletic and somewhat of a very good footballer, which meant his similarities to my brother were more than obvious; he was the perfect stereotype of the school jock.

As I stood next to my mother, I observed her, dismayed and broken, as she watched this boy with an adoration pouring from her that a mother could – apparently – only show for her own child – an adoration she had never once showed to me.

As if her cruelty wasn't enough she had to rub salt in my wounds by exclaiming "that's my boy", without even bothering to keep it quiet enough so I wouldn't hear it. It seemed as if my choice of Storme as a partner really had made her disconnect any association she had towards me being her son.

I fought the tears that were welling and the anguish burning my soul that despite the battles that had been laid before me that I had survived, I would never be worthy of being her son simply because I did not share the same enthusiasm for athletics or following the social norm she had planned for me – the norms her faulty psychics kept feeding her so they could siphon her money.

I was starting to realize that she was poisoned with a sickness she would never be cured from, simply because she refused to acknowledge she had it.

I made an excuse to leave and told it to my father, not even bothering to see her goodbye, choking back tears as I felt a physical pain in my ring finger that went all the way to my heart.

I got back to our place in Swan View, and Storme, noticing my pain, started to reveal all that had been going on for the past couple of years whilst I had been at work trying to earn the scraps we would come to live by; my mother had been psychologically torturing her by burning her with cigarette butts, pulling her hair and acting with the same violence and hostility I had seen my friend undergo after gym class.

She would put on a façade in my presence, then allow her evilness to surface the moment I left. It was no wonder Storme had been in such a dismal state for so long a time; my mother had been gas lighting her and subjecting her to psychological stresses that no soul should have to go through.

The worst part was that I knew exactly what she had been talking about when it came to these stresses because I myself had undergone this very same psychological abuse by my mother's hand. It had broken me beyond measure and was the reason I had been contemplating suicide at the age of 15.

Why hadn't Storme mentioned this earlier; why hadn't I seen the signs and done something about it back then instead of letting it fester for so long?

In truth, Storme had been hinting desperately that something *was* amiss for many months, but I had been too caught up in the propaganda that thinking nothing but good thoughts and having nothing but good intentions would lead to a healthy and happy life.

The love and light mentality was the toxic optimism by which I had failed Storme as a protector, which of course led to even less self-esteem.

How could I do this to her? It was evident that through my own arrogance towards spiritual matters, I had failed to see the obvious chaos that was directly in front of me. It was because I put too much trust in people I was taught would have my best interests at heart. My mother had "good intentions" after all, and in her world that was enough to grant her access to her kingdom of god, despite the atrocities she had committed towards Storme. Despite the torment she had put me through in the process.

I was starting to realize a similar theme playing out in the world, and it centred around the lack of responsibility religion was breeding into the minds of its faithful and "well-meaning" men and women; abiding by common decency and basic morals had been replaced with these well-meaning intentions to such a point that anyone could use them as an excuse to do whatever they wanted.

I was starting to understand the true work of the devil who had instilled this mentality into the very institutions that the world relied on for governance. Mix it in with the psychopathy of the corporate world and its dog eat dog hierarchal structure, it became an inescapable nightmare that had long since gone out of control. It was exceedingly obvious to me that a just god was not in control of this world.

Unbeknownst to me, the Native American people had a very similar concept of an evil spirit that was said to over inflate the selfishness of an individual causing it to abandon empathy of others for the sake of its own ego which they thought was infesting the white colonies that came and practically eradicated them; they called it the Wetiko. Ironically, their description of it was an incredibly accurate portrayal of my mother.

CHAPTER NINE:

BLOOD IS THINNER THAN WATER

Over the next few weeks I ceased all communication with my family, as my sister's hostility towards Storme was also beginning to show through. During this time Storme's grandmother came to visit and the discussion of my mother's indiscretions surfaced. It was then that she confessed she had witnessed the malicious behaviour towards Storme herself, one day whilst visiting her at my parents place; she had been so concerned for Storme's welfare that she made it a point to check up on her as much as she possibly could. And this was when I first became aware of the conversation Storme's doctors had been having about her molar pregnancy being induced through the use of oleander. At this Storme's grandmother also told us she had witnessed my mother put "something green in her coffee", to which Storme's grandmother had tipped it out in front of her, much to my mother's dissatisfaction. It was more than obvious to me what had taken place; it was more than obvious who was involved in the sabotage attempts at my relationships that had been going since before I even met Storme.

My anger and frustration was at boiling point. I let it fester for a few more weeks until one day it became too much to handle. I built up the courage to phone my mother and confront her for her actions. I knew I couldn't mention anything in regards to her behaviour towards Storme or the oleander poisoning, as she would just turn it around and blame it on Storme's mental health condition, and claim she

never did anything. Neither could I state what Storme's grandmother had witnessed, as I did not want to put her in danger (that danger would eventually find its way to her regardless).

I was dealing with a sociopath who was a master at convincing those in her social circle that she was a, warm, honest Christian woman that was just grieving the loss of her son. No one could pull her up on her behaviour without it ending with her in tears and them left feeling as though they were complete arseholes for bringing it to this grieving woman's attention. She was cunning and a lot smarter than she made herself out to be, always playing the dumb woman so no one would think she was capable of anything she had done. A real wolf in sheep's clothing.

So I used what I knew she could not argue against; I brought up the things that had caused me personally a great deal of mental anguish. I started with the way she had dismissed my existence at the hands of my brother's friend, and the clothing she had left on my bed for me to find the night of his crash.

Again I fought back tears as I was met with "So I called him a better son than you. Boohoo. Get over it". What followed was a lecture that I was in no mood to hear so I simply hung the phone up on her mid-sentence. If I thought my anger before had been bad, by now you could melt a piece of metal simply by touching it to my head. I had read that anger was a powerful motivator for any forms of magic, which meant that if magic was indeed real, then my mother would be receiving some of the worst curses I could foster within my mind's eye.

My hatred and disgust for her was so great that it shadowed the same rage that caused my converse with the beings in the Halls of Judgement a thousand-fold.

I was chaos incarnate; my mood made me not pleasant to be around, and this led to my depression – and thus my alcoholism – spiralling ever the more out of control. I made irrational decisions, such as placing talismanic sigils on my mother's pillow when I knew her and the rest of the family would be out (I knew how to get into my parents place even when it was locked) in an effort to try and instil the same sense of mental anguish she had put Storme and myself through the past several years.

It was an effort to protect ourselves from the malice she was binging into our lives and in hindsight was not a very wise thing for me to do – a lesson in why one should not act whilst under the influence of rage.

My father would be the one to find it, and I'd find him knocking on our door that same week with his fists clenched, telling me what I'd done was horrible, and the last thing my mother needed whilst she was dealing with her grief. Her grief! The thought never seemed to cross anyone's mind that I was also grieving, or that

Storme was grieving her own cousin's death.

I tried telling my father what my mother had been up to but he had been too well swayed by her influence. He did not understand that at that particular point in time my soul was yearning for him to believe me; he never understood that this was the one point in life that I needed him the most. An argument ensued, and he failed me. He dismissed it as being a result of Storme's psychosis, and eventually left, saying that he'd use the sigil as a form of evidence against me in a court if he needed to. Evidence; something my mother had been careful not to leave a trace of whilst carrying out her torture.

My sister had already shown her hostility in a similar manner when she had misread a comment made about a family member from Storme's side on the internet, and given there was old wounds between Storme and my other sister's fiancée, my five finger support network had now been severely reduced.

Word ended up getting around that I wasn't talking to my mother, but of course it was always the word she made sure to promulgate. I'd go to the shops and bump into people from school I'd once been good friends with for them to look at Storme with disgust and tell me I should go and talk to my mother, only ever knowing the side of the story she had told them.

Not one of these people bothered to ask me how I was or what had taken place; it was just always a conversation that steered in the direction of trying to make me feel guilty for a disconnection from my family that was completely out of my control, save for the miniscule indiscretion of the sigil, which paled in comparison to everything my mother had done.

I had been completely ostracized from the family and my social circle for no other reason that I cared for someone society considered not worthy of being loved.

Someone politicians and big businessmen consider are a blight on society. Even our landlords – my mother's friend and her husband – decided to come around one day after a storm and try laying on us damages we were not responsible for; my response for their efforts was a breach notice for 22 different things by law they had to fix ASAP.

They came back a week later with tails between their legs, wondering what part of their behaviour had set in motion my wrath, wanting to sort out the breaches realizing they were looking at over \$50k worth of building violations for not having things like RCDs or adequate smoke detectors which are bare minimums a property must have before being rented out. Unbeknownst to them I had spent hours researching my rights as a tenant and what was legally required by all people renting

out properties in Western Australia. I was savagely good at the art of professional persuasion when I needed to be, hence why I could land a job the same day of the interview.

For whatever little group of friends I did have left, I held parties that saw this chaos bleed through as I drank myself into oblivion to escape the cruelty of the world that had been laid before me.

How does one deal with such a horrible situation that had been forced upon them from someone that was supposed to be a parent? How does someone deal with the failure of protection that is supposed to be the one job of all parents to provide? It is safe to say, optimism was not my strongest attribute at that moment in time, and neither was the voice of the army sergeant coming through anymore to help with that problem.

Suffice it to say I was not pleasant to be around, and for Storme to stay with me even after everything she had been through is a testament to how truly a strong a person can be if they will themselves enough.

It was during one of these parties that I tried ecstasy for the 2nd time, but again it didn't seem to work, though to be entirely honest I have no memory of that particular night. Storme wasn't a big alcohol drinker and disliked drugs herself, so to her my behaviour was becoming beyond repulsive; I had become a total fucking hypocrite, and was heading down the same road Cale and Chris had taken years earlier. In the morning, long after everyone had left, she gave me an ultimatum; do something about it and the toxic family that was destroying our lives, or she would leave; we'd been married for 3 months.

I licked my wounds, and decided she was right. I couldn't go on living in this environment around these types of people, as it was going to get either me or Storme killed, or worse, both of us.

We started looking for rental properties, and not long after this - thanks to our landlord - our mother came around as she'd got wind we were planning on moving. I told her to leave, but she insisted on coming inside to "make amends"; begging to me in the street like a lost puppy looking for food.

What followed was more of the same manipulative tactics I'd grown accustomed to receiving from her; it was evident this visit had been nothing but an attempt to try and get us to tell her where we were moving to. When she realized we weren't going to let up, she tried yet another guilt trip which I just rolled my eyes at. The audacity of this woman beggared belief. In the end I just told her everything she wanted to hear so she'd leave; I told her I'd come visit the next week and we'd discuss it, and

she left, content in thinking she'd successfully manipulated me back into her life – that was the last day I saw her for 7 years, but certainly not the last I'd hear about her psychopathic behaviour.

CHAPTER TEN:

THE HERMITS

Despite convincing my mother and father, and anyone else that asked that I was moving a 6 hour drive away, we really only moved 15 minutes up the road to a nearby suburb of Kalamunda called Gooseberry Hill.

This was an upper class area, so it was a pleasant change of scenery from the methamphetamine lab and distribution houses that we knew were on our street and in the area of Swan View. We had applied for an old 2 bedroom house that was being rented out for the same amount we had been paying back at Swan View by a freelance real estate agent that had his own agency in the centre of town, not really expecting to get it. The next day we received a phone call telling us the owners had accepted our application due to our glowing references from the friends of my mother we had rented off (we made sure to get them before the shit storm of her influence hit).

Words cannot describe the sense of freedom we both felt; we had been given a chance to get away from the toxicity in our lives that was my family, and we weren't going to do anything to stuff it up.

Without telling anyone – with the exception of Storme's mother – we packed all our things, moved into our new house and dropped completely off the radar. I deleted my social media account and anything that had connections to my family and took on an alias that I got from a video game I had been playing – John Mactavish – no longer considering myself part of their lineage.

They had burned me and my association with them and divorced me from them through their own selfish actions, as far I was concerned. For a few weeks I still

received abusive text messages from my sister, telling me to “enjoy my little flower that was Storme” and other such immaturity, the last of which I found myself deleting without even bothering to read, before going to the shop and buying us both new sim cards.

It was like living in a new world; the wounds that had been caused by others to our relationship slowly started to heal, as did our mental scars, and we found ourselves enjoying each other’s company more than we had been able to with the constant stigma that had been lingering over our heads for the past 4 years since we had met. We would sit on a couch outside and stay up until early hours of the morning talking about all the metaphysical things that brought us together in the first place and philosophies and concepts about spirituality.

It was then that I started to realize just how much of life my mother had been controlling; suddenly there was a huge weight off my shoulders, and I found myself freer than I had ever felt before.

There was a crate of alcoholic lemonade I had made for the wedding that was still left over, and it became a sort of ritual to share a bottle between ourselves some evenings during our discussions; the chaos of drinking myself into oblivion had just up and vanished, and I suddenly knew what it was to drink in moderation.

As a joke I called this concoction the “Elixir of Life” for its warming effect during the winter months (it was extremely alcoholic), not really realizing that what I was doing was creating a sort of ceremonial energy connection to the beverage. Once or twice a week for several months we were drinking from the “Elixir of Life” that was our relationship and connection to the metaphysical world. This would come to be the first Alchemical salutation that would eventually lead to my conversation with the Elder Guardians.

Without the ideologies of a Christian dominated society being forced down our throats, Storme and I were finally able to properly involve ourselves in the arcane arts. We would sleep in until lunch time and I found myself lucid dreaming 3 times a week on average, sometimes even more, given the well-rested state I knew was imperative to becoming lucid, and I was having more astral projection experiences than usual. Storme was also starting to lucid dream more and have her own astral projections.

We stopped going to her psychiatrist appointments, given that she was now on her third psychologist and nothing was being done about the medication she had been wrongly prescribed; no one wanted to seem to take responsibility for this mess up,

so she was basically just expected to stay on the medication, even though it was having drastic side effects. Her second psychiatrist had been good, and helped immensely by prescribing her with melatonin that he couldn't understand hadn't been trialled before the harsher medications, but that regime was soon taken away when he retired and the new psychiatrist, a man named Hector, took over.

There was something about Hector both of us did not trust; he had this vacuous, snake like, presence about him that suggested he had an ulterior motive. It was always my assumption that he was using Storme as a guinea pig, which was brought on by his incessant want of putting her on ever the more "experimental" medication with seemingly no end.

So we simply stopped going, and Storme went cold turkey off most of the medications that we knew were doing her damage, like the Epilum – something most psychologists and psychiatrists would not recommend. I knew there would be fallout, so we braced ourselves for the rehabilitation period.

After a while Storme started gaining a sense of herself again, though the damage that had been done to her psychologically by my mother still had its scars that showed in the form of PTSD.

Some nights she was happy and able to function coherently, and others she'd sit on the bed staring into oblivion, rocking back and forth as she relived whatever nightmare it was that was replaying in her head.

I continued with her nightly face massages which eventually calmed her down, and kept them up until early hours of the morning, until I was hallucinating from drowsiness, though now that I wasn't working it would mean I'd get to use the daylight hours to recover; Storme wouldn't sleep if I didn't do this every night as her PTSD brought with it insomnia.

Sometimes before bed, we'd go for late night drives around the town, to the lookout over the airport and the whole of Perth city, which was on the same road we lived on, and through the state forest that ran through to the local weir and joined up with the other side of the hills we'd spent most of our lives in; the same forest we'd got hand fastened in a few months before moving here.

One night – or more correctly, morning – we were driving through the forest just up from our hand fastening spot in Farrell Grove and saw a bright object streak across the sky before crashing into the ground and lighting everything up like lightning; it would have been only a few short kilometres from us, out in the middle of the bush where it landed. We joked about it being a UFO, though I think at that point both of us just assumed it was a meteor.

Another time we were driving through the winery region just on the outskirts of the forest (you had to take a detour off the main road to get there, which eventually took you back into Kalamunda and on to Gooseberry Hill) and drove through what I can only describe as a ghost or “ethereal substance”; the road was misty in patches and as we approached it, this is what we thought it was.

We had the windows completely up and the heater on to combat the winter cold, and as we hit this particular patch of mist, I found myself suddenly shocked it had gone straight through the window and was now a centimetre in front of my face and moving through my head. I reeled back from my shock and looked at Storme who looked as equally startled. I have never known mist to somehow float through a solid object such as a windshield like I had done with my bedroom door when I had astral projected. By this stage we were used to such unusual things happening we didn’t think much of it.

I ended up scoring some gym equipment off one of Storme’s mother’s friends, which I set up in the small garage that couldn’t even fit our car in, and started working out profusely. I’d bought a magazine from the shop that dealt with the different methods of muscle stimulation and proper diet, so armed with this knowledge and the gym equipment I started what would come to be a dedicated regime of weight training; I’d end up working out five or six hours a day and doing 2- 3 kilometre runs down the track that was near our house.

We lived on a road that was incredibly steep that you had to “gun it” half way up lest it cut your speed back from 60 down to 30, and I found myself walking up and down this road simply to get fit almost every day – the years of alcohol abuse had left me with quite the gut.

Other times, when I was feeling daring, I’d try and run the 300m up the steepest part, and this almost killed me due to my asthma.

I had this mentality I gotten in Swan View that if my life fell to pieces I would try and join the army, so my working out regime was based around trying to get myself to a level that would keep me fit enough to gain entry if I ever needed to; it was something I needed for my own sanity as much as I hated leaving Storme alone for the 45 minutes or so I was gone.

Sometimes I’d come home to find her PTSD had gotten the better of her and she’d had emptied a whole bottle of her medication – the heart pills she was unable to come off of – into her system in an effort to OD.

Despite my insistence on calling an ambulance, she refused relentlessly whilst she

was still coherent, and begged me to just leave her be and let her go.

Caught between another awkward situation, and yet another awkward situation, all I could do was to lay down next to her and stroke her head while she passed out of consciousness.

I played the doctor and made sure to look after her, half expecting the medication to claim her, but for some reason, despite taking almost a whole bottle, she would wake up the next day right next to me; I still don't know how she survived the three or four times she tried doing this. In the end she eventually gave up trying to do herself in and started working out with me instead.

We ended up shredding 50kg between the both of us in a matter of a few months, and we found that our mental health was improving for the both of us.

I began writing about my philosophies on life, mostly to do with a theology I derived from finding coincidences arising in the technology I was studying during my apprenticeship and the occult subjects I had been heavily investing myself in. This had been sparked from a book that showed a diagram of a computer state machine, that looked remarkably like the Kabbalistic Tree of Life – the fundamental structure and idea behind the “Tarot Deck”.

I began to theorise that everything was connected by what Carl Jung called the collective unconscious, and that most of our technological concepts were being derived from people subconsciously connecting to this collective unconscious and “remembering” certain aspects of underlying mechanics of the universe.

It was thus then that I started using this as a basis for understanding various aspects of the universe and its secrets, with the assumption that the models used for conceptualizing technological processes could be applied to work on a cosmological scale; in my mind, the secrets of the universe could be worked out simply by choosing and applying an appropriate model and tracing it backwards from complete to understand the building blocks in its creation. I did not realize it at the time, but there was a similar act of discernment outlined in the Kyballion – one of the most important texts dealing with occult philosophy.

This theology, combined with the Alchemical material I was learning from the Hell Fire Club, eventually led to an interest in the fabled philosopher's stone and I found myself trying to decipher many allegories pertaining to its composition and creative processes; I wasn't naïve enough to believe in a real stone that could be created from the transmutation of base metals into a higher form or substance; I was of the opinion that the philosopher's stone was a metaphor for the higher self, and that the base metals were actually an allusion to the 7 chakra energy points of the body.

It was my belief that by activating these chakra points in the order that had been hidden within the many allegories of Alchemy that one could eventually experience a reconnection with the higher self and therefore experience true enlightenment; I had no idea at the time that such a concept of enlightenment was known as “Gnosis” by the Gnostics.

Thus without the weight of a toxic family environment crushing me at every opportunity, my laborious studies truly began. Whatever time I was not working out, I would be dedicating either to lucid dreaming and astral projection or such studies; one cannot express how important it is to be free of societal obligations such as a 9 - 5 job in order to be able to undergo all this effectively. I was fortunate enough that my allowance for being Storme’s care giver allowed me to free myself of such obligations.

With the books I had in my possession, I was able to cross reference and create a workable mapping of the Kabbalistic Tree of Life and the correspondences many systems of “magic” had with them, which provided a unique perspective of the universe.

I’d employ the use of self written lyrics and poetry in my magical operations, some of which made their way into the hands of the original Steward of the Hell Fire Club – Eamonn – who eventually used them in some of his charter material for the international chapters of the club that were now starting to grow, though my own chapter flattered mainly due a lack of such interest; Storme and I were its only members.

Somewhere along the lines, an idea emerged wondering if consciousness could be used as a means to travel to the past or future, and thus my experiments in lucid dreaming turned towards this end.

I began trying to predict lotto numbers by first creating a replica of the environment I’d buy a lotto ticket from and visualizing the numbers as they were printed on the ticket within in my dreams.

Despite trying this for several months I was never able to obtain more than 4 of the 6 numbers needed to win any considerable amount, which I planned on putting toward some seemingly “noble” cause if it ever eventuated – after I bought a house for my efforts of course.

Though I was not a fan of money I still longed to one day have my sacred place I could call my own, which I understood was likely to never happen as banks only seemed to provide loans to people who already had money, and certainly not anyone on a carers pension (the idea of being in debt for 30 year because of a loan that

consisted of an entirely imagined substance was also something that repulsed me and something I wanted to avoid even if I was financially “worthy” enough). Luckily for us, we were too poor to even be considered for a credit card, let alone a house loan. Even with an impeccable track record of paying in excess of \$400 a week in rent for over 10 years, the one bank who considered government pensions an acceptable form of income wouldn’t give me a loan that would of resulted in me paying less than half of that a week back to them – and therein lies one of the major problems of the world; the lowest class have many more hurdles to overcome than the middle and upper classes when it comes to just surviving. One does not realize the overwhelming amount of discrimination the poor face until they are thrown into a position of poverty by forces out of their control. They are forced into paying for the investment properties of the rich by deliberately being shut out of the market by those in control. You will never know this until you know what it is to be poor. Even though I loathed the concept of money, I wasn’t naive enough to assume I could live in this world without it.

So it was in that house that most of my time and energy was in some ways being put towards “the Great Work” – as was the study of Alchemy called by its greatest initiates.

I was the true embodiment of the hermit that had shut himself off from society and those who partook in its “normalities”. My expectation was that should the higher self be real, then it would take my entire lifetime before I would be able to connect with it. If only I knew how wrong I was going to be in this estimation.

CHAPTER ELEVEN:

FIRST LESSON IN GNOSIS:

THE ASCENDED MASTERS AND THE AMNESIA ANOMALY

On the night of May 11, 2012 – a little over a year after moving into this house I was deeply involved in a lucid dream, the subject of which I cannot remember. I had gone to bed and remained conscious during the transition, which meant that I had 100% awareness of myself, including my body and 100% control of my visualization's that were producing my dreamscape.

Suddenly something pulled me away from this lucid dream into a plane that was not altogether the same as the planes I had visited during astral projection, but was more similar in this regard than that of the plane I had just come from whilst lucid; it was, in actuality a "world" I'd never visited before, though the closest I had come to it would have been with the three celestial judges.

This will be hard to understand for someone who has not experienced either of these 2 metaphysical states, so I will simply say that there is a very noticeable difference between when you are lucid dreaming and when you are astral projecting; whatever just happened to me can be considered even more different than to both of them.

It was like realizing I had been deeply engaged in a dream that I was sure was so real, but now I was in this world there was no doubt it was even more real and vivid than the world I had just come from. The dream I had awoken from, is specifically in reference to what others, including you – the reader – would call the "physical

reality”, the very place where these words you are reading have manifested themselves in physical devices such as books and computers. As I “awoke” from my “physical reality slumber” I was met with a sense of confusion; I had been asleep for 22 years, and I was now waking up into a place – a world, a reality – I had been in before, though I could not remember how I knew about it.

I was in the middle of what I can only describe as a celestial courtyard; an outside garden that had been built upon the base of a yellow type of rock, and which had brickwork lining its paths and buildings made of the same rock, the whole thing of which appeared to be in space orbiting our moon, or a moon of some sort.

To my right there was what appeared to be seats arranged around pillars similar in style to those of Ancient Greece which held up a roof that would have only sheltered the seats from one side, and not very much at that. It was similar architecture to that found in the “Halls of Judgement”.

Standing not more than a foot from me was a being in a reddish/brown/burgundy coloured hooded robe, the hood of which covered any identifiable feature of his face except his nose and a long white beard that protruded out and almost reached the ground like Gandalf’s – I called him the Grand Elder as no name was ever given about who he was – though I had a “knowing” deep within me that he was an Ascended Master.

Sitting on the stone benches under the roof being held up by the pillars were another handful of similar beings, probably a dozen or so, of both genders (all males had similar beards, but they were not as long as the Grand Elder’s – the length seemed to be a non “official” means as to identify rank.).

They sat with an air of importance, respect and honour the entirety of which was reflected in their posture; it was evident they were very, very powerful and commanded great respect, even more than the beings I had met at the Tribunal several years before (they were like naughty little children compared to these beings).

To my left was a clearing that had been lined with the same stone, and in the middle was a pergola made of the same bricks, it’s roof being held up by smaller versions of the Ancient Greek style pillars; it’s height would have been 8ft at least, and its diameter – for it was circular – of appreciable size; at least 3 times that. The roof was also flat at the top and had a rail that extended the entire circumference of the pergola, though there were no perceivable steps to reach it.

Filling the whole area next to the pergola was a large group of “people” that I

realized were current earth time incarnates – i.e. souls – , as well as others that I realized were their – or “our”, as I realized I was part of the whole crowd – “galactic families” that I knew were not related through any of the typical family trees currently present on Earth. There was a very prominent difference between the galactic relations and the earth time incarnates, but I don’t know how I knew this – it was more of an inner knowing; just something I remembered.

All in all there were at least 20 thousand plus earth time incarnates and the same, if not more, galactic family members (this estimation is based on the similar crowd at a Metallica concert I had been to, as it was the only physical thing I have in my memory to compare it to so it could have been more or could have been less).

It was as if each earth time incarnate had at least one galactic relation that had been assigned to them specifically for this “reunion”.

Unlike myself and the other earth time incarnates who were still in our “awakening stage” and thus were met with confusion about what was going on, the galactic families were confused at our confusion; they simply could not understand why none of us could remember them or where exactly we were.

This was like remembering a very close relative you had forgotten even existed for a very long time – they were even closer than parents, not that I had a very good baseline to go off. I was left to mingle with the crowd of both groups for what seemed like 30 minutes or so.

The conversations basically revolved around these galactic families approaching the earth time incarnates and talking to them in an effort to try and get them to remember who exactly they were in a cosmological sense; this included having us remember past lives that our souls had participated in.

Despite my sense of confusion, something immediately became apparent; we all seemed to know each other from something very, very important we had all been involved in during these past lives. There was this gnawing feeling that I knew this but I couldn’t remember who they were or what it was we were all involved in. The realisation came to me that this was heavily related to something extremely traumatic myself and several of my primary school classmates had experienced that none of us even remembered.

The more I mingled with the crowd and we shared what little we remembered with each other, the more we unlocked each other’s memories of our past operations with one another.

Something very, very strange started to happen; I was starting to unlock part of my mind – my state of conscious awareness – that I realized had been laying dormant

for the past 22 years while I engaged in “life on Earth”. Memories started flooding back to me of lives I had lived many hundreds of years – sometimes even thousands – in the past. To put it simply I began to remember “who I was” far removed from the version that society would otherwise tell me; far removed from that fictitious identity that was written at the top of my birth certificate and driver’s license. I began to remember certain aspects of my soul that are not usually privy to someone incarnated in a flesh body.

I started trying to tell this to the other earth time incarnates and our galactic families, but I was met with disbelief by a large majority of them. To prove I was who I was, without thinking, I ended up using certain abilities I had learnt during lucid dreaming to turn the nearby moon blue.

Almost instantaneously the whole crowd turned in awe and fascination, like what I had done was magic even to beings who had just transcended out of physical reality, and not one person – earth time incarnate or galactic relation – then disbelieved me after that. It was accepted that I was “that guy” who had advanced abilities of telekinesis even in this realm of non-physical substance.

Some of my galactic relations were ecstatic to see it was really me and asked me where I had been all this time, to which I could only reply “stuck under a spell of brainwashing by video games and external influences back on earth”; they looked at me puzzled, not quite understanding what I meant.

The whole while this had been going on, the Grand Elder just stood at the edge of the clearing watching patiently without moving or making a noise; it could be seen that his companions at the podium on the opposite of the courtyard had also been monitoring the affair and engaging in their own “light” conversations; it appeared they were offering brief exchanges on their thoughts of how the whole thing was proceeding.

Quite soon after my moon colour changing demonstration, the Grand Elder calmly approached me.

“It is time”. He said, and beckoned for me to follow him. Silence fell upon the whole courtyard as the rest of the earth time incarnates and galactic relations assembled themselves into a tight group and watched respectfully what was going on. I was taken to an altar – made of the same yellow stone – that was situated somewhere between the clearing with the pergola and the podium where the other Elder’s sat.

The Elder proceeded to tell me about my past lives and reminded me of various things I had done during them, which only my soul could have known about.

He intentionally paused for a few minutes, and as he did I found my mind unlocking

to an even higher state of awareness as I started to break through this very same amnesia; it was as if my mind's processing capabilities were ramping up and I was now starting to "see" things, that, until then, had been completely "invisible" to me, but I was still not yet at "full awareness" or had "full memory".

I began to look through entire realities and dimensions as if they were a pitcher of empty glass. The Grand Elder seemed to know exactly what was going through my mind – like we had a telepathic connection – and seemed to be picking his words, very, very carefully to bring about this unlocking of my higher awareness.

His pauses were evidently him allowing my mind enough time to catch up with my memories. This was a strange occurrence; it was as if every word he spoke had the ability to break my confusion more and more and open up memories that my earth mind had been denied access to. The potency of these memories was incredible; they were as vivid as the ones I had in relation to this life.

Once he was satisfied my higher consciousness was at a sufficient level of awareness he proceeded by telling me this level of awareness I was now operating from had been intended as the original blueprint for the human consciousness, but that some malicious "faction" had deliberately cut every single human on the planet earth off from it through the creation of a "spiritual amnesia"; what he told me very specifically was that the human mind had been *deliberately engineered* to keep our consciousness in a dumbed down state so that we would never reach this original, divine higher state of consciousness.

The reason he gave for this was that whoever it was that created the amnesia was simply afraid of the power the human race as a collective held if they were allowed to reconnect with this higher consciousness; it afforded us a great power and advantage this faction preferred we would not have so that they could more easily control us. It was because of this amnesia that the world was so obviously consumed with greed, and it would be this greed that would see us consume ourselves into oblivion within my lifetime if it was to be left unchecked.

I was told I had been summoned to this gathering specifically because of my abilities of navigating the lucid and astral realms I had become proficient in over the years; this was apparently a very rare trait to have and very, very few people on earth knew how to manipulate these realms as easily as I could; the point was made how revered lucid dreaming really is and how much respect is given to those who can do it properly by not just the Elders but also by other "entities" in these non-physical planes. It was considered by them the first and foremost means of making reliable contact, for they were not able to directly access earth – even more so than

traditional methods of channelling.

It was because of my abilities that I had been nick named by them the “Earthen” (English) equivalent of “trick and trip”. Trick for my abilities to evade the nrgative entities in control of the amnesia, and trip for my abilities at projecting into different planes. The Grand Elder also told me that I – my soul – was over 40 000 years old, and that I had been part of a sort of “hive” like consciousness that had been tracking this amnesia and its creators for most of that time period.

What this hive consciousness had discovered was that the amnesia “engine” had been hidden in a black hole like “anomaly” that had been found at the furthest reaches of the universe, which is also where the creators of it were taking up refuge. There was another pause, and with it came another unlock and burst of memories coming through; the memory of my body being asleep back on earth was now being swallowed by 40 000 years’ worth of history that I could recall as if it had happened five minutes prior.

It was evident I was remembering my soul’s complete heritage as a catalogue of its existence flew through my mind. I remembered everything, including my involvement in tracking the amnesia; I was now completely free from the shackles of my earth mind, functioning from a level far, far removed from anything that could be considered remotely human. This was absolutely fucking incredible.

What was happening to me is beyond anything I can describe in mere words; the illusion of time had been removed and I was perceiving things from several orders of dimension higher; I could see “time” like it was a physical object, and I could move to different points of it like a cameraman panning a scene in a movie. Past, present and future all became one understandable concept and I suddenly understood the resulting timelines that would happen from every single choice I could ever make.

I could quite literally see the mesh of the universe and how all dimensions were tied together. I was able to calculate formulas to do with things like point to point space travel within the span of a few milliseconds; something of which I realized would take my earth mind millions, if not billions of years to do if it was all it ever focused its attention on.

I could zoom my consciousness so far out that I could perceive everything in existence at once. To call this state of awareness Godlike would be an understatement; it was evident why something would want to cut us off from it. It was pure 5th dimensional perception as to the 4th dimensional perception I’d become familiar with during astral projection and lucid dreaming.

What is more I could see the anomaly as it penetrated through this meshing of dimensions and realities; if you conceptualize each plane/dimension as being a piece of paper within a stack, this anomaly was a black stain that permeated from the top of the stack all the way to the bottom. If you try and cut this black stain out you are left with a void; it was a sphere of “nothingness” that was affecting many dimensions of existence simultaneously.

At this, it was evident the Grand Elder had done everything that was required of him; to remind me of who I was and what I was involved in. In a final act of leadership (and a final act of unlocking) he took me by the hand and projected with me to the edge of the anomaly so I could get a better view of it for analysis purposes. We floated in free space for several minutes looking at this void of nothingness as it slowly grew and spread into adjoining universes. It was evident that even he was concerned with what he was looking at.

We projected back to the celestial courtyard. The Grand Elder told me that we needed a way to “patch” the effects of the amnesia so that those 20 000 + earth time incarnates who were in attendance would be more easily able to access their “soul memories”; essentially he wanted me to rewrite part of their “soul codes” using advanced abilities I had developed during my experimentation with lucid dreaming. After this he retreated to the podium with the other Elders and I found myself in charge of the whole operation.

I approached the altar, and with it brought up the Akashic records (or something similar) within my mind’s eye (it is hard to explain this to someone limited by a consciousness only attached to 5 external sensors; the altar had access to certain codes that had been embedded within the mesh of the joining universes; I could project in and become one with whatever information was contained within it. These codes were directly connected to every one’s “soul DNA”).

Using the records I was able to create a sort of copy of it; I then used this copy as a template for the rewriting of each and every soul code that was present. This took the form of a scroll kilometres in length, that contained the name of every single entity that was present. The way it was to work was that it could be accessed via visualization by anyone whose name was on it. This would erase parts of the amnesia for not only them, but everyone they ever came into contact with; the formula for all of this was to be embedded in the letters of their name (again this is hard to explain as I was using technology so much more advanced than anything humans are familiar with that it would hardly even be considered as being technology by them).

Once finished, the other Elders arose from their podium and came to help roll the scroll up, whilst the Grand Elder approached me. I told him that this scroll must be protected at all costs, to which he told me it would be kept within the astral plane at this very courtyard atop the altar and guarded; the only way it could be accessed was via astral projection by meditating on it and ones name on it; I was the only one who could access it via lucid dreaming.

At this he tasked me with reuniting all of the earth time incarnates who were present back in the physical realm to remind them of their obligations and agreements they had made in the consciousness evolution program. I agreed that this was the best course of action, and the Grand Elder told me he would be in contact with me again, but did not give a specific period of time as to when that would be. He seemed to read me and then I felt a wave of his concern come through the telepathic connection we shared; he knew I was planning on projecting into the anomaly, and started advising me against it, but I would not listen to him.

I approached the crowd, some of which had taken up their vantage points on the top of the pergola, and gave them my farewells, telling them I would see them once again when then his whole amnesia saga was over.

I remember speaking to one “person” – a male – and telling him to remember this experience, that when he awoke it would just feel like it was just a dream, but to remember talking to me right here, right now and he would remember that it was real (exactly what I had told myself when I first astral projected). Somewhere in the crowd I saw my deceased brother, and we acknowledged each other but were not able to speak to each other due to it not being an important thing (this concept will be hard to grasp, but I was not operating from memories specific to one lifetime – he was really just a passer-by in a cosmological sense compared to others who were also present and who I considered more “valuable”; the galactic family members of my direct celestial lineage were quite simply more important).

With that I projected my consciousness back to where the Grand Elder had taken me; to the edges of the anomaly.

I wanted to try and get a proper understanding of what exactly this thing was and where it had come from whilst I still had access to my higher state of awareness. It was strange in that I could not project right into it with point to point travel as I did with every other place I had visited; I could only go so far as its edge and then I had to proceed at a slower speed (speed of light) to access it.

I no sooner did than I regretted doing so.

Even from this higher state of awareness, I could not analyse it properly. It was as if

my mind would go to comprehend it, but there were parts it did not recognise or did not understand.

To explain this properly, imagine you see a creature you have never seen before.

From the perspective of this higher state of consciousness, you cannot simply have a passive understanding of this creature; the whole way the mind works whilst in this state is that it views the creature as part of a whole system. When you see the creature, at the same time you understand it and the system it represents; you understand its biology and the impact it has on its environment.

There is simply no need to go to lengths at studying these things for these things come naturally to you from the higher awareness's ability to deduce them from what it sees. This is what my mind tried to do with the anomaly, except instead of ecological environments, it was whole realities my mind was "trying to understand". I say trying because this is what was happening; the anomaly wasn't a creation of this dimension or any of the dimensions in the mesh that I could see; it was an entirely separate thing and despite this it somehow had the ability to effect those dimensions it was near.

Insofar as "divine rules" are concerned, this thing broke all of them. So when my mind tried to analyse it, there were pieces of information it did not understand which sent it into a sort of error loop; my mind could not rely on the rules which dictated its operation, and thus I was – very rapidly – sent into a downward spiral of insanity.

What was worse, was that I could feel this anomaly eating my soul, and as it did my higher self would disintegrate with such rapidity that in a matter of mere minutes I was a rambling and incoherent mess; the anomaly was deconstructing my very consciousness, and I could feel this and do nothing about it because I had become trapped in it like it was a black hole. I cannot describe how much worse than any imaginings of hell this was; it was beyond terrifying and obvious as to why the Grand Elder was reluctant to go anywhere near it.

Somehow, with my dying mind, I was able to get out, and the decay of my higher awareness slowed down, but I knew it wouldn't be long before it had completely consumed me.

With my last thoughts, I reached out to my brother to try and get him to tell my father what was happening (at this point realities were becoming so distorted through my madness that it was impossible for me to tell which was which). I projected to my father's house (which I now believe was actually my father's dreamscape) and tried to tell him what was going on, relying on my brother to back

me up – but I was simply told I was crazy and not worth the time and energy – to which my brother slowly started to agree.

It was then that I realized that the darkness from this anomaly had materialized like thick black smoke and was what was causing this reaction; it grasped them both like tentacles coming out of nowhere. What I was watching was the amnesia taking affect in an entirely different plane to the physical. They were consumed by the darkness of the anomaly; this explained a lot. I could see the Wetiko for it was.

I projected out into random space and as I did I realized I had seconds left before I'd be entirely consumed by the madness; I sincerely believed I would be left to be a broken consciousness damned to drift around in space for the rest of eternity. I called out to Storme and apologized to her for getting myself into this mess, and with that I was consumed by darkness.

There was simply no moment of recollection between being consumed by darkness and waking up in my bed; it had been instantaneous.

Despite it being about 4am, I immediately went to my computer and recorded as much information about the experience as I could – I would end up being there until well after 7am, in which I also scrawled a briefer version of it into a physical dream journal in case the computer hard drive broke.

Something very, very peculiar had just happened to me, I knew that much; I had just experienced a whole higher order of reality. The only way I could describe it was as a mystical experience, like the one JJ Hurtak claimed he had with the angel Metatron in his book, YHWH (it is really called The Key's of Enoch: The book of Knowledge).

I looked around and felt saddened that I was once again relegated to using such an obsolete state of consciousness; no matter how hard I tried, I could not conceptualize anything I had been made to perceive from my higher state of awareness. What the hell just happened to me? And who the hell were these Elders? There was so much information I had already forgotten that I couldn't help but feel depressed that I hadn't captured it in my digital journal.

I ended up calling these mysterious beings the Elder Guardians, merely because I needed to refer to them somehow when writing about them in the journal; no names or races or any other identifying information had been given on them whatsoever, because I just simply didn't need it; I just assumed they were some form of the Ascended Masters I had read about. The True Invisible Rosicrucians Paul Foster Case talked about.

This would come to be the first of a series of experiences that would completely

make me question my sanity, reshape my thoughts on reality and re-evaluate things I had until then dismissed as pure nonsense.

This wasn't just some random hallucination brought about fluctuating dopamine levels as many psychologists would inevitably try and tell me. There was simply nothing in existence – no concept or known technology – that could adequately explain what had just happened, and yet despite this I tried – and I tried really hard – to tell myself this is precisely what it was. It had been over a year since I had smoked marijuana or taken my 2nd and last ecstasy tablet, so these could be ruled out, and the only alcohol I had consumed had been my home made “elixir of life” at least a week prior, so there was simply no chemical substance in my system that could explain it.

If anything my diet had improved away from the chemicals found in the junk food I had indulged in when I started my vigorous exercise regime.

Here I was, an average man of no importance that had this mystical experience that pertained to higher order of reality at the age of 22; apparently because I was a master at Lucid Dreaming even though I considered myself an experimenter more than anything else. What the fuck had I gotten myself into this time?

I was now conflicted between trying to throw whatever rationality at it that I could think of and wondering if it indeed was true then what the implications of it meant. The mere possibility of it being real and the weight of being responsible for 20 thousand other souls soon began to really enter my mind; I was torn between the social norm of dismissing it as a mere fantasy or committing to my responsibilities that I, operating from the cockpit of my soul, agreed to undertake during this incarnation. And we all know how fond I was of social norms.

But even if it had been a true experience, there was still one dilemma I had no idea how to fix; and that was how do I find 20 thousand random people in the world and vet them for their potentiality of being part of the same thing. I was simply at a loss, but was content in the mindset I had of “everything that was necessary would come into manifestation when it was needed”.

It would be only a couple of years later that I would come to know of the “Starseed phenomena” and the agenda surrounding it that pertained to the evolution of consciousness. It became evident that people were talking about similar ideas relating to exactly what had been revealed to me in my experiences – the “Great Awakening” – and they were doing so en masse, albeit from perspectives that obviously didn't have the same means of understanding that I was lucky enough to have during my connection with my higher self.

Some time after this began the recurring lucid dreams I had no control over, which would eventually culminate in the Grand Elder contacting me for the second time 2 years and a month after my first contact with him.

These dreams always started in a purgatorial like environment; there is really no other way to describe it. It was a vast empty wasteland of nothingness except a broken pathway that seemed to lead nowhere in particular. I knew this had something to do with the amnesia, but I did not know what.

Once again, I was operating from a higher state of awareness, but it was not as complete as it had been during my first encounter with the Elder Guardians; I did not have access to the Akashic records and I could not see through entire realities, but apart from that my memories of past lives were intact (I lost these memories after I had “fallen” back into this physical plane – this happened every damned time) and I was once again aware of my sleeping body back in my bed.

So once again I was viewing things with processing abilities outside what is possible with the earth mind at an extremely powerful level of consciousness. This allowed me a sort of telepathic connection with the Grand Elder who only told me I needed to pay attention to these dreams, then left me to experience them without any more interruption from him (he never appeared before me, but his presence was undeniable).

I was projected to this place that is very hard to describe; sort of like a chthonic amalgamation of different apocalyptic scenarios existing between realms. I was being chased by what seemed like a very troubled version of myself (like the shell from the anomaly), totally void of any human emotion or characteristic, as if it were being controlled by an external influence; a remote controlled zombified version of myself.

At some point in these dreams, the doppelganger eventually caught me, and, for most of them, as he touched me I would forget everything and wake up, only able to retain fragments of what had happened.

Each time I had a dream it was as if it was progressing from the last one so that an understanding of what was going on could slowly be gained; it was like watching a small portion of a movie, stopping and rewinding it to the beginning before watching it again, this time for a little longer. I would end up having one of these dreams every couple of weeks, and they were so out of the ordinary that they always left a lasting impression; with each one I was reminded of the rest of them that I’d had, so it was impossible for me to just forget about them. It was evident that what I

was “remembering ” was not something that I was “supposed” to be remembering, if the eyes of the amnesia creator were anything to go by.

Then the dreams, for a time, just stopped, and only started again many months after I was almost executed.

CHAPTER TWELVE:

THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN

Our neighbours were two 18 year old twins still living with their mother, who always seemed to be away on a Friday and Saturday night. This meant that the twins had free reign of the house for these two nights of the week, and it became somewhat of a standard affair to hold a party at their house every.....single.....damned.....weekend. After moving in, it soon became evident these twins were not very well versed in the art of common decency. Every weekend their friends would rock up in their kitted out cars and play ridiculously loud music through their car stereo systems, with their bass turned up to maximum volume. The sound would come out their subwoofers and punch the lower ground where their driveway was situated and reverberate up through the 50 meter hill to ours, which would shake our windows and rattle our doors at 3 in the morning.

To begin with, we had been tolerant, as Storme and I would jam every second week with our drummer in our house, so it was only fair. But there is a big difference between jamming in the evening and finishing just after dark, and playing extremely loud bassey music until 3 or 4 in the morning.

More often than not, the street would be treated to one of them doing a burnout and a full on rev session as they sped off down the street at this same time of night. We lived on a street that terminated in a one way road that wrapped its way down a

300 metre drop as it followed an old train route, called the Zig Zag.

From the top of the Zig Zag you could see out over the whole city of Perth and the nearby airport, so it was inevitable this location would become an attraction for the many car clubs that were operating in the area. It was safe to say the locals were getting quite annoyed with these burnouts taking place; this annoyance would end up being to my own detriment.

There was another problem with the parties and the loud music and that was that the extremely loud bass was causing Storme to have heart palpitations, given that her heart was already weak to begin with.

We'd find ourselves going for midnight or early morning drives around the state forest or down to the Zig Zag to watch the planes come in and land (we had been here discussing the idea of gravity not being "real" the night I had my "reunion" with my extended celestial family).

After a while, it was evident that these parties were starting to escalate out of control; people were getting wasted and hanging out on the street, there was sounds of smashing bottles and people yelling at each other like they were about to smash each other's faces in.

Even during my times with Cale and Chris we never got this feral. It was this that was also causing Storme to have extremely bad PTSD flashbacks. Despite this, I still believed in maintaining diplomatic relations with the twins, as the last thing I wanted was to start a war with my neighbours.

One night I ended up walking down to the fence line that separated our properties and asked if they could turn the music down. There was a group of about 30 of them, and they were sitting just off the road on our side, about halfway between their property and our front gate. Immediately I was suppressed by one of their friends who threatened he'd come and shoot me. I told him to go right ahead, which is when the eldest twin walked up my driveway to me, and to my surprise actually apologised and complied.

But it would be short lived; the next week it would be as if he had completely forgotten, and the music would be pumping while everyone shouted above it as they tried making themselves heard over the top of it.

By this point I was so frustrated that I ended up calling the police to lodge a noise complaint. There was only one problem; there was no mobile phone reception on our property, which meant I had to walk a few hundred metres down the road to use the nearby phone box.

As I came out of my drive way, the whole pack of them saw me, and turned to

eyeball me as I walked down the road. The younger twin was on his skateboard and felt the need to come gliding up to me, asking me what I was doing. When I ignored him, he cut me off from the front as he circled around me like a shark and headed back to his group. Clearly an act of intimidation, but I wasn't buying it.

I called the cops then circled back on the road running parallel to ours in an effort to avoid these guys intimidation tactics.

As I stood on my front porch waiting for the cops, I heard the dispatch call come over one of their car stereos; they turned their radios down and everyone got off the road and pretended they were being good little boys and girls, just as the police pulled into their driveway. This meant that the police would never seem to take any of my noise complaint calls very seriously after that. As soon as they were gone, the music would be cranked back up and everyone would take up positions in becoming the loud uncaring arseholes that they were.

Since the police weren't going to do anything, I once again tried diplomacy, but I waited until it was a separate day when the twins wouldn't be under the influence of alcohol or whatever other drugs they fancied and their tempers wouldn't be flared. I approached them again and asked quite respectfully if they could try not to be so loud next time they had a party as it was affecting my wife. I told them I wasn't interested in having a war with them, and that I was just concerned for my wife's wellbeing. The eldest twin once again apologized, and again surprised me as he handed me a piece of paper with his home phone and mobile phone numbers on it, telling me to ring him if they were being too loud. It was a nice gesture but the lack of mobile phone service rendered it redundant.

The weeks went on and the parties flared up. I knew that the eldest twin was the one to go to so I again approached the fence and got one of his friends to go get him. He was genuinely apologetic, despite his inebriation and turned the music down; finally I seemed to be making some progress.

About 15 minutes later someone else in their drunken stupor turned the volume back up. This would go on like this for another couple of months. I tried knocking on their door and speaking to their mother, who gave me an apologetic look and told me she would have a word with them, but nothing ever eventuated. I only ever saw her there one or two days during the week.

One day I was coming back from one of my afternoon runs. The eldest twin was not home, as was evident by his car not being in the driveway. There was a friend I'd never seen before hanging out with the youngest twin in their car port that faced our property.

As I came through the gate, the friend called me over. I was in a good mood from my run, so I was harbouring no ill feelings towards either of them, even if their parties had been annoying; I had talked with the neighbour on the opposite side one evening when jamming to make sure I wasn't upsetting her, and she told me she thought the twins were good kids, but had fallen in with the wrong crowd after they left high school; I knew a few guys and girls who sounded just like them. The way I saw it, it was karma for a similar immaturity I had displayed when I was just a little bit younger than them; I was sure glad I had left that environment behind. I wondered where I'd be if I stayed in it.

I came to find out many years later that this was around about the same time that Chris and Cale, amongst some other friends, were destroying their lives through out of control methamphetamine addictions; Cale had to flee the state because he had people looking for him over an unpaid debt, and Chris and another once good friend of mine – Redmond - were living together and doing so without even a mattress or other basic necessities as every dime they made went to feeding their addiction; the brother of my longest friend, who also became addicted to methamphetamine use, found himself trapped in Indonesia as he was unable to return to Australia in fear of being sent to jail; my sister's boyfriend Paul who had previously been literally stabbed in the back by his cousin over the same drug would also soon be going to the can up the road from my parents place because of his drug related offences; my other brother in law would soon be becoming hostile and violent towards my sister because of his own addiction – I would later read an article about one of the friends he used take me along to visit to score off stabbing his ex-wife to death in front of her daughter and co-workers in a public hair salon; this was a person whose opinion was more highly regarded than mine by my own mother, despite him disappearing every Christmas to go and score drugs.

The reason for her admiration of him was simple; his family was loaded and owned about 7 investment properties, one of which they had gifted to his 12 year old sister. Imagine being a 12 year old kid and your parents hand you the deed to a property worth over a million dollars for your birthday.

Despite the warning signs of his addiction, his insistence of taking me along to drug deals and parties with his friends who were in the gang known as the "Swords" (a Japanese Mafia offshoot based out of Western Australia) my sister stayed with him as the temptation of exotic cruises to other countries like Gibraltar was too much for her to pass up. Of course, I'd never realize I was going to a drug meet up until the guy was throwing a bag full of dope through the window.

I pitied these people for the choices they made and their inability to resist the temptation of a quick high that would ultimately destroy them and not only their lives but also their family's as well.

Unfortunately, it was people like my brother in law, that had been born into positions of status, that dictated the social structure of the world; it was people like that girl who chastised my friend outside the gym that got a say in who they thought was worthy enough of being considered as "normal", and it was this same sort of narcissistic trait that had manifested itself within the psyche of the younger twin's friend.

Without warning his persona turned aggressive, and I found him talking about an anonymous note that had been left in the twin's mailbox stating that if they did another burn out they would be defacing his brand new 30 thousand dollar Holden Commodore. Of course, as I had been the only one with enough balls to confront these people face to face about their less than respectful behaviour, this meant that the assumption on their part would be that I was the one who wrote the letter, when in actual fact I wasn't.

I tried telling them this, but it was evident by the look on their face they both didn't believe me. I didn't bother trying to tell them I was more concerned with cosmological matters than those of such a petty substance. You'll never guess what the friend's name was; Sean.

A week or so later these two almost killed me.

I had been writing a fictional novel using some of my lucid dream expeditions as inspiration for the Stephen King-esc like storyline (he was pretty much all I was reading at that point so it was inevitable this would show through, albeit quite poorly).

At 11:30 in the evening there was a loud, aggressive knock on my front door.

Storme was in bed resting, so I left her to it and got up to see who it was.

I pulled the curtain back to find it was the younger twin and his friend who'd accused me of writing the letter.

Both of them stood there with cans of premixed Jack Daniels in their hands, and a lit cigarette in their fingers. They appeared to be fairly well intoxicated. By the look on their faces, something was obviously up.

I opened the door with the intention of asking what was wrong, and no sooner than I did, Sean was blasting angered words in my face.

"You were down at our property scaring our girlfriends!" He didn't ask this, he

stated it as if he had proof; as if the girlfriends themselves had caught a clear glimpse of my face.

In actual fact I hadn't been. I had been so involved with my novel that I hadn't even stepped foot outside of the house since it was still day time. I tried telling Sean this, but he would cut me off with misplaced rage that I'd never seen before, not even coming from the negative environments I had left in my past. He was so sure it had been me down near the fence line that he would not take anything but a confession from me. It was evident he was tripping, and I found myself wondering what sort of drug he was on. I could take a good guess.

The twin didn't seem to want to hear any sense of reason or rationality and I realized he was just a drone that took the same opinion of whatever excuse of an Alpha male was around him. This I had seen many times before during his parties when he was with his friends – he simply lacked the same dignity his brother seemed to carry with him, or the ability to think for himself. A model citizen that had been perfectly moulded just the way the government wanted him to be.

The argument lasted about 15 minutes, and during this time I couldn't get a word in. Sean brought up the letter and told me he "knew" I'd written it and began to get very, very hostile and threatening in retaliation towards its content. Now, any person with common sense would know to call the police, but there was one very big problem with that idea; as previously stated, our property had no mobile phone reception.

I knew for a fact from many times having to ring in regards to my social security payments that the only spot on the whole property that would even give me enough service to send a text message, let alone make a phone call was right behind where they were standing on the front porch.

I could have gone out the back and made a break for the telephone box down the road, but there was no fucking way I was going to leave Storme alone with these two screaming their heads off.

Where the hell were the other neighbours anyway, and why hadn't they called the cops? Oh that's right; this sort of thing had become such a normal occurrence every weekend that nobody would have even realized anything bad was happening.

It was just another Friday night for all the whole neighbourhood knew. Even if they did get the cops out, I could expect them to take their sweet arse time getting here thinking they would be arriving to a quiet gathering amongst a few friends.

The whole lead up to this event had put me between a rock and a very, very, very hard place, such was my life. I tried telling them to leave, but they refused, and I

noticed Sean reach into his pocket as if he were clutching something; I just knew he had a knife stashed in there.

In the end I realized I really only had one choice. I had to meet them with the same sense of aggression. I had to assert my dominance over them and “scare them off”. There was just no other way I was going to get them to leave. Diplomacy obviously wasn’t their strong point.

I closed the door and went and checked on Storme who was having another flashback episode from all the yelling and screaming. She was lying on the bed rocking back and forth sucking on her thumb. As if having a bunch of junkies on the veranda threatening us wasn’t enough.

I opened the cupboard and grabbed her old machete that had been army surplus from the Vietnam War. It had rust spots on it where the blood from people it had cut had not been cleaned off.

At the bottom of the handle was a hole, and threaded through this hole was a piece of cord tied back on itself in a loop so that it could be “tethered” to your hand.

Stupidly, I put this cord around my hand and went back to Sean and the twin who were still standing at the door. I opened it and told them to go away, and that if they did nothing would happen.

They asked what would happen if they didn’t, which caught me off guard, and in the brief lack of concentration both of them pounced, as if they had rehearsed this when I went to get the machete.

Sean knocked the machete out of my hand, which pulled me off balance as it swung downwardly because of the tethered cord as the twin got behind me and shoved me into 2 couches we had up against the rail of the porch.

Within several seconds I found I was kneeling on the couches with Sean holding the tip of his knife firmly pressed into my jugular all the while he shouted at me telling me he was going to kill me and Storme.

I was being held in an execution position exactly as you would come to expect from a terrorist organization such as ISIS.

My left hand had landed on the machete and the twin was now untethering my hand from it, whilst at the same time pinning my arm down. I did not make so much as a peep. I simply knelt there realizing the severity of the situation; the last thing I wanted to do was contribute to any sudden movements that would give Sean in his jittery state of mind a reason to slit my throat.

I was as calm as a Tibetan Monk.

I saw the twin grabbing the handle of the machete and knew what was to come, but

there was nothing I could do but kneel there and accept my fate. I suddenly had a very good understanding of where every nerve and vital artery and vein was in my neck.

There I knelt, unmoving, watching as the twin grabbed the handle, and savagely pulled it out from underneath my hand. As he did, I suddenly felt all sensation in 4 of my fingers completely disappear. My left hand is blood, my right hand is fire; this was the opening line of a poem I wrote when I was back in high school.

The twin, in act of rage, proceeded to take the machete down to my car and smash my door window with it. What in the actual hell was going on? I had been a long to drug deals, and Sword Boy parties (much to my dissatisfaction) and yet I had never come across remotely anything like this. This was just chaos out of control for the sake of being out of control.

Despite trying everything in my power to diffuse this situation diplomatically before it even arose, I still found myself in my own horrific nightmare. This was not normal; things like this might happen in Swan View, but never in this neighbourhood which was considered upper class (our house was a lucky score considering our low income).

So there I knelt with a knife still pressed into my throat as the blood started gathering on the couch. I looked down the driveway and saw the two girlfriends who had sealed my fate in all this come walking up the driveway. Once they got to our porch steps Sean finally picked me up by my shirt cuff and pushed me back into the house, still yelling that he was going to kill me and still waving the knife in my face. I tried clasping my wrist to stem the flow of blood, but Sean knocked my hand away. Eventually he stopped and I was able to get a grip of it.

This whole time I did not react. I did not yell. I did not speak. I did not even make a squeak. I simply stood still, calmly holding my wrist as my hand dripped blood all over my living room carpet, staring at both Sean and the twin with an expression that showed my extreme displeasure at what they had done; if the rage I had shown to the celestial judges at the tribunal was anything to go by, this was a million times worse, and it was being communicated directly to them through my eyes and my eyes alone. I had caught a glimpse of my fingers and it was evident by the way they were hanging at various random angles that they had undergone some serious damage.

The twin suddenly started to go as white as a ghost in the face as he looked at me staring him down then at the blood that had formed a nice pool on my floor. Why wasn't I reacting? Why wasn't I doing something - anything? Why wasn't I

screaming in pain or terror that they obviously were betting on instilling into me? I can appreciate that to him it must have been quite terrifying to do this much damage to someone's hand and have them do nothing but stare back at you like they are going to kill you if you take your eyes off them.

What can I say: I was possessed by an ethereal substance that I cannot explain which had entered me when I was convinced I was going to be killed. I was operating from a state closer to my higher self than it was to my earth mind. Maybe it was because of the loss of so much blood; I don't know.

I simply did not react as one would expect to such intimidation even at the damaging of my body, and this evidently terrified them; it was not natural, it was not normal, and they suddenly found themselves confused as to what to do.

Their intimidation attempts became pathetic;

"Don't call the cops, or we will come back". Sean yelled, and his robot friend repeated him like he was a parrot; he needed to do something and I guess this was the best he could muster. I just stood there staring him down and he cowered as if I'd thrown something at him.

One of the girlfriends stepped in and took one look at my hand then exclaimed "oh my god, I am going to go find you a band aid", before waltzing off into my bathroom like she owned the place. I told her to get the fuck out of my house, in which the twin used an excuse to try and reassert his dominance.

"Don't yell at my girlfriend." I was growing tired of their petty game; they had disabled me which I guess is fair game in the art of warfare, but now they were starting to infuriate me by hanging around; Storme was still in the other room and I needed them to leave so I could go and help her. I started looking around to see what I could use as a weapon to get them to leave – to which my best option turned out to be an Xbox controller that was on the table next to me – I started processing the most effective way to put this to use, which is when the girlfriends finally talked the twin and Sean into leaving,

They took the machete, seemingly worried I was going to hunt them down with it despite my wounds.

As soon as they had gone I locked the door, and turned around to find Storme behind me. She'd managed to find enough service in the bedroom to call an ambulance who called the police on our behalf. Despite the ambulance depot being on the same road and only a few kilometres away, the police showed up first.

As if my night hadn't been fun enough, what the two officers displayed that night was nothing short of the most disrespectful actions from a pair of police officers I

have ever seen.

One of them came in and after taking a look at a cup or so of blood on the floor told us he'd just go and grab his camera. We were expecting him to take photos of the blood and my hand, but instead he quickly returned without even holding a camera, after which him and his colleague sat on our couch and proceeded to talk about a recent cricket game.

Storme and I just stood there looking at each other in a state of disbelief as my hand kept dripping blood onto the floor; at no time was I even offered any kind of first aid or even a bandage to stem the bleeding. These guys just sat there with their hands on top of their heads, stretched out nice and comfortable with their feet up whilst we all waited for the ambulance. At no point did either of them even bother asking for a statement either. This was despite them telling us that it had just taken four of their officers to tackle the twin who was still holding the machete out in his driveway as they arrived, with a fifth pointing a taser point blank right at him; usually when that action has to be taken it is considered a serious offence. It was unbelievable.

Ten minutes later the ambulance arrived, and they bandaged me up; there was nothing they could really do besides just bandage the whole thing and take me to hospital to have the damage more thoroughly evaluated.

The blood had congealed in such a way as to make a quick estimate virtually impossible. Storme talked to the officer who'd apparently grabbed his camera whilst I was in the back of the ambulance who said he would be in touch. I noticed his name badge said "Lewis"; Officer Lewis was one of the main characters in my book I had been writing about when Sean and the twin knocked my door, although in my book the character was a female.

After that Storme and the other paramedic jumped in and they carted me off to the nearby hospital which was only a stone's throw from our old house. Apparently I had lost that much blood that I was starting to sound very drunk and nonsensical, but of course, I never realized this.

I got taken through the ER and then had to wait few hours before there was a doctor available to see me, as my condition was deemed non urgent; with a bandage hiding the damage and the calm demeanour I had it was obvious they thought my wounds were less severe than they really were. It didn't help that I refused any of the pain killers they offered me solely on the basis that I wasn't in pain.

Somewhere along the lines, one of the interns got tasked with removing my bandages and cleaning my wounds. He was a fairly young Asian man, not much older than myself, and you could see he was still in university studying, as they gave

him all the easy jobs. Plus he had an ID that identified the very university he was from.

He readied a small bath of this yellow liquid and then carefully removed the bandages, expecting to find a small cut here and there that might need a few stitches. The intern made a fuss about how much the liquid was going to sting, then gently placed my hand in it to which I felt nothing but coldness, like I was putting my hand in some water.

The liquid dissolved the clotted blood quite easily and as it did, my fingers began to sort of just float around in random directions freely; if it hadn't been for my bones still attaching them to me they would have completely drifted away from my hand. Even through the yellow of the liquid I could see a red "cloud" forming as the blood from my severed artery was pumping straight into it.

This wasn't a spurting like you see on movies, but a slow and steady stream that was coming out that dispersed red into the yellow liquid like it was food dye. It was no wonder I sounded drunk; this would have filled a pint glass in a minute or so; how the hell was I still standing or even conscious?

Ahh the perks of being a 40 thousand year old soul inhabiting a lowly 23 year old flesh suit, I guess. Or adrenaline.

I watched in amusement as a shocked look came across the intern's face, and then it turned to a similar state of confusion as the twin had when I stared him down; he just couldn't believe what he was looking at. He tried to fight looking first at my fingers, then looking at my calm, expression, but it was obvious he was struggling. He must have finally realised he'd need help with this one, as he called his superior over; a middle aged female nurse who seemed to be one of the ones in charge of the whole place.

"Do I need to administer stitches"? he asked her. She took one look and said "Oh Christ no. This is going to need a lot more than that."

She told him to very carefully remove my rings, then rushed off.

Within a few minutes she had returned, and told me that I was going to be transferred to another hospital closer to the city as they had some of the best hand surgeons in the world, and this was very definitely going to need surgery.

Pretty soon after that I was taken to another waiting ambulance whilst Storme had to stay at the hospital. It'd had been agreed that her mother would pick her up and take her back to her house on the other side of the hills so she didn't have stay home alone. There was no way I was going to let her go back to our house by herself; I would of got up and left the hospital before I let that happen.

On the way to the new hospital, I noticed the paramedic that was sitting next to me had a very prominent muscular structure. I asked him if he minded if I asked a bit of a weird question, to which he replied he didn't though you could see he was curious as to what it was going to be.

I told him I noticed it looked like he worked out and that I appreciated his muscular structure; his expression turned to that of "oh god this guy is hitting on me". I guess in my slurring stupor it probably did come off a bit left field. I then asked him for some tips on working certain muscle groups to which he let out a sigh of relief. His colleague even went so far as to chuckle and make a remark about where he thought it was heading. What proceeded was an in depth discussion on the best ways to work out my arms and best foods to help stimulate muscle growth whilst avoiding fats.

Half way through these guys seemed to remember that I had a seriously bad wound – well, more like 4 of them – in my hand, and yet here I was non-chalantly engaged in in depth discussion with them about their working out regime's. It wasn't exactly what you'd expect from such a victim. Who the hell in their right mind would even be thinking about such things under such circumstances; certainly there'd be more pressing things to talk about, or sit silently thinking about in that situation. It's probably a good thing no one thought to make me undergo a psychological evaluation.

Deep down though, my soul was broken beyond words; I knew I had no feeling in any of my fingers. I knew the release I'd felt of the tendons when they were cut. I knew the way they flopped about aimlessly in the water and the blood that came pumping out. There would be time for an adequate evaluation of the damage and what it meant for my future as a musician, but right now that was not something I needed to focus on. There was simply no point dwelling on it until such a time was necessary. I won't deny I could feel that sadness slowly starting to work its way in though.

We arrived at the hospital and I was wheeled in and put near the front of the ER department. They had been even more busy than the previous hospital I had come from, so it was expected that it would be a few hours before I would be seen.

A few nurses came and took the bandages off to check my hand, but they seemed to give the damage the respect it deserved from the get go and not just upon realisation; the professionalism of them compared to the nurses at the previous hospital was clearly evident.

"What is your dominant hand"? they asked me, and I'd say my right, to which they

would reply “well that is a good thing at least”. I’d then mentioned I was a musician and played bass and the gentle smile they’d put on as an act of courtesy quickly left their faces. Very soon my adrenaline would be wearing off and I would be coming back to the reality of the situation.

But before that would happen, I’d receive a call from Storme telling me that the Officer Useless – I mean Lewis – had called her back and that they would not be taking a statement. It was only after this he asked how my hand was, thinking it was a minor cut, to which Storme emotionally told him that I had suffered severe damage to four of my fingers and had been transferred to a different hospital to undergo an emergency operation to reattach them. There was an awkward silence as he replied that there wasn’t anything he could and then hung up.

Uh, what? So the police were happy to chastise and fine me over not paying my license by a few days due to no other reason than I’d run out of money (this didn’t actually affect my ability to drive; all it affected was the governments wallet) but when it came to a matter that pertained to grievous bodily harm that I really had no control over, and tried my best to resolve diplomatically suddenly they were as useless as a fart in the wind? The universe certainly knew how to kick me when I was down, but I’d come to expect nothing less from it. It seemed the dark occult forces from my past had finally caught up with me.

Maybe playing around in the realms beyond the shadows hadn’t been such a good idea after all. No, this was something I knew was going to happen even when I was 14 years old; my left arm was blood, my right arm was fire.

The whole conversation had been so distressing to her that Storme was in tears. I told her not to worry about it and that I would deal with it once I was out of hospital. I wondered how she was going, given that mentally, she had had to deal with a lot more than me that night.

Soon after that, the surgeon came in and assessed my hand. He agreed that extensive damage had been done to my tendons and a few arteries, and told me I would be booked in for the next available operation which would be sometime in the afternoon (it was about 1 or 2 in the morning at this stage). He told me to get some rest and then left.

The thoughts of no longer being able to create music got the better of me and I found tears starting to well in my eyes. I had spent the last several months recording and producing some of mine and Storme’s music, which was still incomplete. I wondered if anyone would be willing to finish it off if my wounds were so bad they would never let me heal back to a level that I could still play. Probably not. I no

longer saw any of the musically talented people I used to hang around. I fought back the tears as that Sergeant's voice entered my head; you are stronger than this soldier; it is what it is. Pick yourself up and move on". The healing wouldn't come for several days later.

I received another call from one of my friends that I was still in contact with; one of the only friends that hadn't succumbed to the drug use all my other ones had – the same friend who was with when I heard a cow getting slaughtered at early hours of the morning one night in Wooroloo.

He had been hanging out with us in the recent days, and as such Storme had called him to tell him what had happened. He didn't know what to say apart from "are you ok" which was really the only thing I needed, and was something I will be forever grateful for. This would come to be the only phone call I'd receive from anyone apart from Storme; I simply had no other network of support I could fall back on since my mother had completely ruined our reputations.

Neither did I want her catching wind that I was in town. She had already been accosting Storme's mother and grandmother in the shops every opportunity she got to try and pry any information out of them about my whereabouts. She'd seen Storme's grandmother at the bank and grilled her in front of the public while my father stood and watched, and then she would follow her home and show up at her place unannounced; not the sort of person I wanted to deal with in a situation like this if I could help it. She'd made her choices in life, which involved betraying my trust beyond reason, now she'd just have to come to terms with the fact that I no longer wanted anything to do with her. Call me crazy but it's not like I would be seeing her again after this life. I had an inkling of what would happen when we died and I knew very deeply within me that she wasn't going to be a part of it.

Her selfishness was simply not compatible with my celestial operations. It is what it is.

The thought to call my father crossed my mind but I decided against it; the amount of pain they had both caused me was even worse than what I was feeling now. I longed to have him there to help me through with his own calmness – the same calmness he had when he cradled my brothers broken body from behind the steering wheel of his mangled car – but his allegiance to my mother was too strong.

I figured that this would demonstrate that I was indeed strong enough to live in this world without them, despite them thinking otherwise. I needed them to understand they were wrong when they had chastised me about getting Storme pregnant. It

would be quite some time before word on the grapevine even reached them of what had happened to me, and even then they would think it would be partly my fault. Pick yourself up, soldier, carry on despite what the world thinks of you. You are better than them. Fuck what they think of you.

The adrenaline had finally worn off and I was now feeling the exhaustion from the nights events, not to mention the amount of blood I had lost. It hadn't been enough to warrant a transfusion, but it was still quite a lot. I was wheeled into another room on a floor overlooking the nearby city of Perth, and given a room all by myself so I could rest in peace (and I meant that literally, for I felt dead inside).

I don't know if this was standard for victims of crimes such as what I went through, but it certainly wasn't something I could expect if it was just a pre-arranged operation; certainly not without the private health cover that I had never bothered taking out solely because it was too expensive – ahh the life of “luxury” one gets to lead living on a government pension. I was grateful I lived in a country where public healthcare at least meant my operation wasn't going to cost me anything.

Whatever; it was good that I didn't have any other poor souls in the same room to feel sorry over; I really needed to reflect on my own situation without any distractions as it was such a traumatic experience for me.

It was the first night in years that I had spent away from Storme, who was my rock and anchor, since before we moved in together. The discomfort of not having her there was unbearable, the only consoling factor being that the night nurse that particular night who was looking after me was a gentle old Asian man whose presence calmed me and soothed my soul in ways I cannot describe.

I could not sleep – not properly – as something weird was going on in my head; it was as if there were a thousand people and they were talking at me in a rushed and worried manner. I sort of drifted in and out of a daze of incoherent insomnia going insane from the noise that was going on in my head.

What the hell was this? I had never heard anything like it before; there were definite voices and they were coming through so loudly it's like they were shouting right next to my ear, and they did not stop. They kept going for hours on end. I remember thinking my brain had been broken; I could actually feel the part of it that had changed, no doubt through the PTSD that had been inflicted, and I cried in the frustration of thinking this is what my mind was going to be from then on out. Every time it would get too unbearable, the old man would suddenly appear and take my obs and when he realized I was awake would talk to me in a soothing gentle

tone.

How did he know always exactly when to come in? I found myself breaking through the crazy chaos in my head and thinking about the times when the invisible thing would heal me back in my days of depression and wondered if this man was really part of the nurse staff or something else more ethereal; some kind of saint or what the common folk what consider an angel (I wasn't very fond of anything that could be considered a minister of god, for I understood the inherent corruption). He showed me that he had also damaged one of his fingers as he wrapped the blankets back up over my chest.

Little did I know that back at her mother's place, some 50km away, Storme was having a similar experience with the chaotic chatter, though unlike mine of which I could never quite catch any of the conversation threads, the ones in her head were saying "THIS WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?". Storme told me she found herself yelling at them in her head telling them to shut-up just as I had done. I suppose a psychologist will find some reason to explain this away without actually experiencing it themselves; these were not our thoughts, it was that simple. Anyone who tries to state otherwise does not understand the way thoughts even operate. I had been tinkering around in my own head for the past decade and a half via lucid dreaming and I had made it a point of creating a whole philosophy around consciousness and the mind. I just simply knew they belonged to someone or something else.

The experience somehow unlocked parts of our brain that were connected to our telepathic receptors. This is what I felt "switch on" as I lay there in bed when my brain changed. I believe it was somewhere near the region of the pineal gland; the amygdala.

The next day, sometime in the morning, I underwent a 7 hour operation to reattach 4 of my fingers on my left hand. The damage was so extensive that all 4 tendons had been completely severed, along with 2 arteries and several main nerves on my middle and pointing finger right where they met my hand. This included chipping of parts of the bones of several of them as well.

In fact, my middle finger had been so badly damaged that the surgeon had told Storme that they were planning to amputate the whole finger; the only reason they didn't was because Storme told them I was a musician. The job they did in this amount of time was incredible; we were later told stitching tendons back together is like stitching 2 pieces of spaghetti together. It was because of their efforts all four of

my fingers were able to be saved. I ended up counting the stitches that zig zagged around them and found I had 62 of them in total, and that was just on the outside; there was another ten or so on the inside where tendons had been joined. And this wasn't even worthy enough for the police to take a statement. It was fairly obvious to me at this point that I had gone through what is known in occult circles as the dark night of the soul and made it out the other side.

When I woke up I was relieved to find Storme, her brother and my friend standing at my bedside. We talked for a while and went over the operation before they all had to leave on account of visiting hours being over.

I remained in hospital for another 4 days, 3 of which involved me going to the occupational therapist to begin the long and arduous process of trying to get my fingers working again, before the damage to the tendons locked them into a claw like position.

I was pumped full of Tramadol as a means of pain relief, and found myself apologizing for being so off my head.

Once the drugs started wearing off, I would talk with the senior therapist; apparently my injuries were what they considered catastrophic and certainly not something they came across on an everyday basis. The senior therapist actually told me it was the worst injury he had ever dealt with; usually it was only one or two fingers at the very most that would require therapy, not four of them at once.

He was honest and upfront and admitted that I should not expect anything too substantial in so far as recovery was concerned; the damage has just been that brutal. Still, they wanted to maximize said recovery as much as they could. I had to learn certain techniques that would allow me stretch my fingers in such a way it would break up the scar tissue as it formed so the tendons didn't fuse to the muscle, but I wasn't allowed to straighten them beyond a certain point, as the tension could very easily rip the stitches out of my tendons if I did.

They made me wear a splint which kept my wrist bent like it was a duck; the amount of cramping this would cause in my wrist was beyond maddening.

On Monday, 3 days after the incident, I was discharged, but rather than make my way home, I went straight to the police department who dispatched the police out to our house several nights previous, still pepped up on Tramadol.

I was told that my particular case had been closed and there was nothing they could do. No one had bothered getting my side of the story or taking a statement – sound familiar?

It didn't matter I was now looking at being permanently crippled in my left hand.

The basic protocols of policing had apparently been waived in an effort to suppress any investigation actually being carried out.

I thought about how these guys always seemed to know when the police were coming to their house, and started wondering if maybe one of their relatives was a cop. It was the only thing I could think of as to why the police would suddenly act in such an incompetent manner, besides the seemingly irrational idea that an occult force was driving them to do so.

I stormed out of the police station furious at such incompetence, and went back to Storme's mother's house on the other side of the hills where we were staying until things settled down in our neighbourhood. No sooner than I got there, than I was writing a complaint letter to the police complaint board.

That night whilst I was lying in bed I started feeling a similar healing feeling that I had received during my bouts of my depression happening to my hand; it was so strange in that I could feel all the tendons and nerves fusing back together as it happened. Something told me I needed to assist in the healing process by using lucid dreaming and visualization whenever I could. This was not a voice but that same intuition that always guided me often times into unexplainable coincidences. I was able to enter the void a few times and began creating intense healing visualizations whilst there.

The next day I received a reply from the police complaints board that said although they weren't specifically for handling cases of incompetence as such, they had forwarded my concerns onto the Senior Sergeant at the police station in question and he was looking into the matter. I must have been rather persuasive because I was told to expect a call that same day, which, to be honest, I didn't think was actually going to come through.

About 5 minutes after reading that email my phone rang and it was the Senior Sergeant himself. He wanted me to come back out to the house and have me give a rundown of the night's events. So we hopped in Storme's mother's car and she drove us back out to the house.

We got there about a minute before the Senior Sergeant arrived, in which I proceeded to tell him what had happened and show him the congealed blood that was all through our house and the front porch as well as the front seat of my car that had been showered in glass from my driver's side window. He took one look at the blood and the pre and post op photos of my hand (it was bandaged so not readily visible) and decided that there definitely had been a stuff up in his department's

handling of the case, and reopened it. I gave him the officer's names who attended the scene, and he told me it was likely they had botched the process because they were both due to be going on holiday in several weeks' time and probably couldn't be bothered with the paperwork.

He assured me he would be having a word to those two officers and that he would be forwarding this matter on to a detective squad from the nearby Midland district for them to thoroughly investigate (Midland was where the state-wide operations centre was located; the same town that had the first hospital I had been taken to; all major state police operations came out of the headquarters in this town).

Storme and I decided to stay the night so we could try and clean the place up.

We also had a cat that desperately needed feeding and looking after, as we hadn't seen him since the night it all happened. We were delighted to find him come strolling in soon after the Senior Sergeant had left.

That same day two detectives came just as promised and once again Storme and I found ourselves reliving our nightmare as they took an official statement from us. Unlike the first police officers that sat on our couch talking about cricket, these two carried themselves with a sense of professionalism and dignity that showed very clearly they took their jobs seriously.

No sooner had they left, than we heard a knock on the door, and found that the two twins were standing there, once again with cigarettes in their mouths. The younger twin genuinely seemed remorseful, apologized and offered me \$300 to split the medical bills. I simply laughed in his face and bluntly told him he'd need a lot more than that as I was planning on suing him for grievous bodily harm.

He tried to appeal to my sense of sympathy by telling me he'd have to sell his pride and joy SS Commodore that he'd just taken out a 30 thousand dollar loan for to which I told just how much damage to my fingers he'd done, and that I probably wouldn't be playing guitar ever again. He went to say something else, but his brother, who seemed to be the one who received the brain when their cells were still dividing, cut him off.

Even though it had been the younger twin who had cut my hand, it was really Sean that had instigated the whole thing, and as such was the one I was more concerned with being angry at. The twins did seem like good people deep down, but, like the other neighbour had said, had fallen in with the wrong crowd. I couldn't help but feel a sense of pity for the younger one who had just found out the hard way that there are consequences for stupid actions. In another life, he could have been me, if I never took Storme up on her ultimatum.

They seemed to think they had gotten off the hook after the case had been closed, and were not altogether very happy when I told them it had been reopened and was now being investigated by two detectives from the Midland squad. Maybe it was because they realized there was no longer an opportunity for their family friend to sabotage it now that it was going through a completely separate department. Who knows?

The conversation, albeit quite bizarrely, turned to mine and Storme's tattoos and how she had done them herself with a tattoo gun, and then – as if audacity was not part of their vocabulary – we found both of them asking if she could give them one. I could not believe how stupid these two were – maybe the brother hadn't received a brain after all; here they were standing on the same porch one of them with his mate had held me in an execution position and cut my hand open only four days earlier, now they wanted a tattoo from my wife? You couldn't make this shit up even if you tried.

Evidently, their visit had been a façade, and I scolded myself for being so lenient and playing to their false sense of sympathy. It had been nothing more than an attempt to get information on my plans of retaliation (which entailed doing everything legal and by the book).

When they hadn't got what they wanted, which was me agreeing to their \$300 and dropping all lawsuits against them, they were once again back to their usual behaviour, as if the past three days hadn't even happened. Within an hour their driveway was filled with cars and their music was pumping – but this time it was in the middle of the day on a weekday. I noticed one of them had a chair up on their roof and had it pointing directly at my front porch. Them and their friends were “keeping an eye on us” to make sure we didn't bring reinforcements to come and retaliate with more physical violence.

I wasn't like that; if I had decided to attack them they would never have even seen it coming. I was the type of person who looked up to people like the SAS and would have opted for a more covert approach. I knew people who were much scarier than them, and who would still back me in a fight if I decided to call them, but of course, this meant jumping back into a life that I had spent years trying to leave in my past. I believed Ghandi was right when he said “an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind”.

They were lucky I had much better and more important things to do with my time than let my anger and hatred fester into some uncontrollable monster that would damage even more lives, which seemed to be all the rage these days – pun intended.

Even after everything I had been through I found it extremely hard to “hate” another person regardless of what they had done (paedophiles were an exception and not something I considered as people); it was something I considered as being extremely unhealthy practice to the point that I tried to use the word as little as possible when I was younger.

Though, in saying that, there was one person who had briefly made me break this rule, and she had damaged me long before these two cut my hand open.

If it had not been for my understanding of her actions being part of a greater cosmological force that was influencing her, I probably would have been more inclined to let that hatred spiral out of control rather than try to eventually dismiss it; this was certainly the disposition that the voice in the back of my head was telling me to have.

We ended up calling Storme’s mother to come and pick us up, figuring it was no longer safe. She arrived with Storme’s brother, Sean (what is with that name plaguing me?) as some extra back up and we found ourselves heading back to their place for the second time. As we pulled out of the driveway we noticed several beer bottles had been smashed across the driveway outside our front gate right in the path of where we’d have to steer the car to get onto the road as we pulled out.

It was safe to say at this point the twins were feeling anything but remorse.

Whatever goodness they once had in them was fast becoming consumed by the darkness that had been bred through their social circle. It reminded me of the dark smoke like substance that had clutched my father at the end of my mystical experience. They were under the influence of the Wetiko now.

We called the police, who told us just to go back to the house and wait for them to arrive; that’s right; go back into the danger zone and wait for them and their incompetent officers to take their time arriving.

We decided against it and continued on for Storme’s mother’s house. We felt bad about the cat, but he was a good little survivor so we knew he’d be ok. We had already stocked up his food and water supplies beforehand, so it wasn’t as if he was going to be too hungry, and there were plenty of hidey holes around our place where no one would even be able to see him.

We waited for things to cool off before heading back, and to our delight, the twins never bothered us again. About a week later we watched them from our porch as they put all their possessions in a removal truck and high tailed it out of town, clearly worried we knew where they lived Whatever the case, my efforts seemed to do the job, but there was always the thought in the back of my mind that they still

knew where we lived.

We decided to look around for houses, and as Storme didn't have her license and I drove a manual, we found ourselves working as a two man team to get our car from one location to the next. I'd push the clutch in and then Storme would change to whatever gear I told her to; undoubtedly we annoyed quite a few people with a few stalls and missed gear changes along the highway.

This wasn't exactly legal but I was the type of person who'd look for a solution to any problem that presented itself, and we simply didn't have enough money for taxis or the likes. I'd catch buses to places if I could, but majority of the time it was us driving around like this until my hand healed enough for me able to change gears with my fist.

No matter how much the universe kicked while I was down, I would always get straight back and continue on. That was my life; it was what I had been born to do, and is what I had done for many years, over and over and over again; my army Sergeant voice just wouldn't let me die out on the battlefield.

It was ironic that I was robotic in my very own nature of never giving up and never letting a situation, as dire as it may have seemed, get the better of me. I was not one for physically fighting, but I had, become battle hardened by everything life had seen fit to throw at me.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN:

CURSED

It soon became evident that I had extensive nerve damage to my fingers; as there was a numbing coldness in place of what was once normal feeling. Once a week I would catch a bus into the city to the hospital to continue with my occupational therapy, and I continued doing this for the better part of sixth months. Whenever I was able to lucid dream, I spent the time visualizing my recovery. My fingers healed so well that I was eventually able to straighten and use them back to 99% efficiency. Apart from a slight bend in my middle finger, I could use my hand pretty much like normal.

In fact, my recovery was so remarkable that my therapist commented on how unexpected it was. I simply shrugged and told her it was because I knew the secrets to healing, to which she laughed and said “oh, you do not”.

I was discharged from their care, and after waiting a few more weeks, I decided to try picking up my bass for the first time since the ordeal. One of the scariest moments in my life – even more so than almost being executed – was placing the pressure required to overcome the force of the strings (I played an 8 string bass, so there was double the amount of pressure than a normal bass) on the fret board.

My mind screamed at me to “STOP, YOU WILL DESTROY YOUR TENDONS” but I simply ignored it. I wasn’t content with listening to any of the voices in my head, not after the ordeal at the hospital, which , thankfully, was an isolated occurrence.

Within a few weeks I was back to playing at almost the same speed, but started getting frustrated at how easily my hand would fatigue; I just couldn't hold chords the way I used to and one of the songs I was working on had a progressive chord change that lasted a good few bars.

The most annoying thing at that point though, was that nothing seemed to be getting done about my case in regards to my hand. I'd ring the police and all they could tell me was that both the twins and their friend Sean had skipped town (well obviously, we watched them move) and that they had disappeared completely off their radar.

I had actually come across Sean one day at the local shops sporting a broken arm, in which he tried to act all friendly, as if the whole incident had just been a minor thing that had happened between two friends; as if he thought his temporarily broken arm was enough karma to make up for my permanently damaged hand. I had broken my arm in 9th grade and so I knew there was a very big difference in regards to recovery phases.

For some reason, Storme and I would need to go into the police another 3 or so times and relive the nightmare as we gave statement after statement of the events that happened.

After about a year, it was eventually handed over to the State Prosecutor, and I found myself catching a train into the city to go and talk to her, again to recount my statement. As if this whole saga wasn't enough, no sooner had I stepped on the train than my two sisters were sitting down next to me with their children. By that point it had been over 2 years since I had bothered talking to them, and I was too busy contemplating the frustration of the judicial process to really be bothered with much that that they had to say.

I was saddened to see the baby Storme and I had once seen every week during our visits to my youngest sister, was now a child with a full lock of hair who could now talk and run around. I silently cursed at my mother for the damage she had caused to my relationship with the four people I was sharing the train with, but if I was being entirely honest with myself, two of them had chosen to take her side over mine.

I found myself once again going through my traumatic experience after they asked what happened; it probably wasn't the wisest decision but I just needed to vent to someone who wasn't a cop, a prosecutor or Storme, as she already had enough things to deal with.

Still, I got their phone number and told them I would call them once I had finished seeing the State Prosecutor.

I went in for my first discussion with the State Prosecutor, and once again I found

myself going over my statement to make sure everything in there happened as I said it had happened. It was fairly evident that these guys didn't have a clue how post-traumatic stress disorder actually works, going by the way they conducted themselves. I was chastised for being the one pulling the machete, and told this would seriously affect my case. I could have lied in the statement and said Sean and the twin brought it, which would have been backed up by the fact the twin had it on him when the police arrived, but I thought it was important to be as honest as possible. What an idiot I was.

It didn't matter that I had no telephone service or that Storme was having flashbacks and heart palpitations during the argument, or that I had tried to resolve all hostilities between them and us in the past. I was expected to come up with another solution at the drop of a hat whilst under the extreme mental pressure of the situation, and I was expected to do it in such a way as to uphold every conceivable law which had never actually been explained to me how they worked in my entire lifetime, even during my time at a publicly funded school.

It certainly didn't matter that the perpetrators had done this on my own property, that they had skipped town or even that they had already given multiple versions of events whilst mine and Storme's had remained exactly the same even though a complete year had passed (in my calmness during the event I made sure to take note of every crucial detail I could specifically so it could all go into my statement and so I could remember it; panic and the ensuing chaos from it had no place in a situation such as this).

It was as if they expected me to say "excuse me sir, do you mind if I put this entire argument on hold while I go and study law and come back with a solution that I know will be acting in the interest of the State and it's laws?".

They clearly had no idea of the complexities involved and what goes through a person's head when they are put into a situation like that which they have no choice in engaging in. What annoyed me more was that the robots of the world actually believed these people had their best interests at heart, simply because that is what was told to them. And yet, I was, by social standards, considered the crazy one. It was a real eye opener to the shortcomings of the judicial system – and I lived in a country where it was supposedly a lot better than others.

Even though the prosecutor was on "my side" something became very obvious to me; those a part of the judicial system only cared about one thing, and that was that someone had broken several of their laws. It didn't matter about what I had gone through, or the emotional damage it had done to myself and Storme; at the end of the

day someone had operated outside of what they deemed as being legal, and as a result all their focus went to punishing them for this and this alone. It was, evidently, never about punishing them for harming another fellow citizen. Thus I was reprimanded for my bringing the machete into the equation, which was really the result of the system as a whole failing me to begin with.

The discussion eventually ended, and I found myself so angered by it that I ended up calling my sisters just to take my mind off it. We met up and I spent a few hours walking around the city with them whilst they went to whatever shop it was they needed to go to.

Had Storme been there however, I knew it would have been an entirely different situation; when my mother realized I wasn't going to talk to her or that Storme's family weren't going to give up our location, she played the sympathy card and told everyone she knew that Storme had brainwashed me into estranging myself from the family. Storme would be treated to friends of the family coming up to her and voicing their opinion, telling her what a horrible person she was for taking me away from my grieving mother whenever we'd go to the local mall; of course, no one ever dared voicing this opinion if they knew I was in ear shot. They were all even bigger cowards than Sean and the twin.

The thought never seemed to cross my mother's mind that all of this petty behaviour and selfishness would eventually get back to me, and it was the real reason I never bothered calling her. I did however miss my father's voice. He was, in my opinion, at least somewhat decent, even if he had been poisoned by her cunning tongue.

I found myself calling the house one night just to hear his voice. I knew he'd pick up if I made it an early – like 3 am early – morning affair. I drove to a phone box a fair way away from the house just in case he had caller ID or some other way of tracing my location, as unlikely as it was; I was becoming a creature of carefulness given that I had had stalkers in the past. After he said hello, I just stood there for a moment in silence before hanging up.

I knew the rest of the family – the ones I used to visit every year at Christmas time, which included my cousins, and all my uncles and aunts and grandmothers etc. – had been fed the idea of me abandoning the family like they meant nothing to me, when this was not the case at all.

I had been put into the horrible position over having to choose between them or my wife, and in the end I chose Storme because I actually owed her my life – something they'd never understand. If it hadn't been for her, I would have ended up in the exact

same place most of my friends had ended up. I was put in a position where I never even got a chance to defend myself or her from the accusations or the lies and malicious actions that were coming from people who had no idea what they were even talking about as if this business was even theirs to discuss in the first place. Amongst all these accusations was always the question of how I could do this to them, to my own flesh and blood, especially when they were still grieving from losing their other son. No one ever bothered to ask me my perspective, as being the youngest, in their mind I was just too immature and naive to hold an opinion worthy of being taken seriously.

So to these people I offered nothing but silence. I observed them and their actions and took the all guilt trips and shaming from them on the chin.

They were simply not worthy of my opinion. They were ants in a world I was starting to care less and less about, in a universe that was much more important than they'd ever come to realize no matter how many lifetimes you threw at them.

So I was conflicted whilst in the company of my sisters. I knew it was not something I was going to bother making a habit out of, but the universe had thrown me this card, so I took the opportunity to study it from a perspective free of selfish intentions and bias.

What did it want me to see exactly? Well, for one thing that I could expect to never receive an apology for anything I had been put through. The whole time my sisters acted as if nothing had ever happened and as if none of their actions had ever contributed to something that had almost destroyed mine and Storme's relationship; my family wasn't big on apologies.

After all, it was far easier for them to blame someone else than it was to ever admit they made a mistake, and Storme made a perfect scapegoat; it was easier to paint the picture that she was a negative influence than it was for them to tarnish the image they preferred to hold up to their group of friends. If you asked anyone who knew my mother, not one person would tell you she was anything but a saint. I only knew the truth of what she was because I had lived with her and seen her without her holy costume on.

I had read somewhere that Mother Teresa used to deliberately inflict pain upon people so she could then heal them and gain attention for it; this was a perfect metaphor for who my mother really was, and despite this behaviour she really thought she would be going to "heaven" because her intentions were "well meaning". Sounded like the usual government funded and approved, tax free brainwashing the well-meaning Christians had tried forcing down our throats in

school when they crammed my whole year into the gym and handed out bibles (something that was apparently upposed to be very, very illegal in public schooling, though I doubt any state prosecutor cared too much about this blatant disregard for the law). Don't get me wrong, I respect other peoples belief systems, I am just not a fan of them not respecting mine.

I decided they were still not ready re-enter my life, as it would inevitably provide more drama than it was worth when Storme was reintroduced into the equation. I said goodbye, and wouldn't see them for another few years when I went to pay my respects to my deceased grandmother, which my mother took as an opportunity to tell me "she never touched Storme" (I understood the technicality she had deliberately infused into the statement, given that her torture had been based around psychological manipulation).

It turned out one of Storme's mother's friends – Nickie – was planning on moving to Melbourne, and she wanted someone to rent her house out. It was in Mount Helena, the neighbouring town of Chidlow on the opposite side to Wooroloo, and it was only a few short kilometres from Storme's mother's house. We weren't particularly happy to be moving closer to my family, but it had been several years since I'd spoken to them at that point (apart from the brief stint with my sisters) so we figured it would be ok if we were careful.

The place had a front veranda which Nickie said we could start moving all of our stuff on to while she was still there, which made moving quite a measure easier; we had become accustomed to moving everything within a week – all of the big stuff within a day – so spreading it out over a month we were able to take bits and pieces there every time we went to Storme's mother's for dinner, which was just up the road.

During the month of the move, another strange paranormal occurrence happened one night while were still at the Gooseberry Hill house: I had taken a hot bath in an effort to conduct a meditation aimed at opening and clearing my chakras. Something had told me I needed to make this bath hot; not warm, but hot, to the point that it would be uncomfortable – it needed to be a temperature in which if it was any hotter it would burn me.

I ran the bath, and dipped my foot in, to find it unbearable; in fact it was so hot that I had to meditate through the pain just to dip the rest of my body in it (I don't suggest trying to run a bath that hot as I am sure this is certainly not good for the body; this was done specifically as a means to train myself to meditate through harsh

conditions and can be thought of as the opposite to Wim Hof's – aka the Ice Man's – meditations in extremely cold environments). Despite the temperature, I was still able to effectively visualize my chakras opening and light pouring from them in which they would become "charged" as their light beams hit the sky – a meditation Storme had actually come up with.

It was my intention to clear all parasitic energies that I had unknowingly allowed to attach themselves to me and the dark force that had brought about my near execution (I remember this being soon after I was allowed to wash properly again without putting a plastic bag on my arm). My thoughts led to the temperature of the water, and how it "would" burn these leeches off.

After 15 minutes or so, I exited the bath and went about whatever it was I would usually do during that time – continuing on with writing my book, no doubt. Several hours had passed which allowed my body temperature to return to normal. Despite initially feeling light headed after the bath, at this point I started to feel normal again and quite refreshed. At around midnight I hopped into bed with Storme.

However, I soon found that I could not sleep. I had always seen these strange pulses of golden energy, ever since I was a kid, whenever I would close my eyes, the level of their pulsation varying in intensity from mild to sometimes severe.

This particular night they were so incredibly vivid and severe that it was like watching waves crash on the shore of a beach. There was just no way I was going to sleep with this in front of my closed eyelids. Then something strange happened; my eyes just automatically opened, like someone had pried them open; I had put no conscious thought into it whatsoever.

As they did my eyes were drawn to a specific part of the ceiling. It was so dark I could not see anything but the blackness of the room which was being drowned out by the same golden hue of the energetic waves in my field of vision. No sooner had they landed on this spot in the room, when all of a sudden a purple portal like spiral appeared in front of me and started swirling around in an anti-clockwise manner. I had seen a spiral before that was almost identical 4 years prior in a news report where it had appeared over Norway; the local military claimed it was the result of a missile launch. Somehow I think the Defence Force would have a difficult time trying to convince me this was just a failed missile launch happening in my own bedroom.

Not long after this incident we moved into Nicky's house just in time to enjoy New

Year's Eve from the new property.

We settled into Nicky's nicely, but it would only be a few short months before our cosmological curse would catch up with us once again; despite everything we had been through, we just simply were not ever allowed proper respite from it. It seemed like we were doomed to a live a life full of unanticipated interruptions that were designed to challenge our mental resolve. But before that happened, the recurring zombie dreams would start becoming more frequent, to the point that I was having them on a monthly, sometimes fortnightly basis.



NORWEGIAN SPIRAL (2009)

CHAPTER FOURTEEN:

SECOND LESSON IN GNOSIS:

REMEMBERING MY REINCARNATION AND SECOND CONTACT WITH THE ASCENDED MASTERS

In the last extension of the dream, I was from a lucid vantage point that allowed me even greater access to the higher state of awareness I had during my experience with the Elder Guardians. I was still being chased by a zombified version of myself, but instead of waking up when the zombie touched me, I was instantly reset back to the beginning of the dream.

This time I did not forget all of what had transpired and something peculiar started happening which allowed me to break through the amnesia that the zombie brought with it; upon resetting I brought the zombie back with me, so that I now had two of them chasing me. I heard the Grand Elder's voice in my head telling me these zombies were depictions of higher energetic bodies of the "soul" and were as such not representations of anything physical.

I went through the same scenarios of being chased, but then I was touched by both of them, which started a chain reaction effect of resetting the dream again, in which I took both of them with me so that another zombie would be added to the total chasing me every reset. Again, according to the Grand Elder, each reset signified

what would happen at an end of a {physical} life cycle.

There was still something going on between when they touched me and resetting that I couldn't remember, and this I realised was what I was supposed to be figuring out.

Now, because these zombies were part of my being – part of my soul/ consciousness – I had a sort of psychic connection with them, and could feel the anger and frustration of the thing controlling them coming through.

To begin with, this was barely noticeable, but the more I reset and made clones of these zombies, the stronger I could feel these emotions of whatever it was that was controlling them; one is simply not supposed to remember any of these end of life cycles, if the controlling force it had their way.

I got chased, touched and reset so many times that it got to the point where I had thousands upon thousands of zombified versions of myself chasing me.

At some point as I was being chased, I found others who were also being chased by their own doppelgangers, although each person only had one and not thousands like me (they hadn't gained access to their higher memories, like I had).

I was able to use my lucid dreaming abilities to teleport these people away from this realm, and I could have stayed in this place of safety, but it was as if I knew I had to go back and figure out what happened between the touching and the reset; I was being guided by the telepathic intention of the Grand Elder. Comfort in this realm was simply not an option. I knew that I would be experiencing some very uncomfortable and painful things – the Grand Elder specifically told me this – but, as always, I was willing to go through them in order to acquire these locked memories.

I went back to the purgatory realm where my horde was waiting for me, and let them reach me to initiate another reset. As I again ran from them, I realized there was a sense of emotion behind the thing controlling them, and I knew this was my key to distracting them.

I started to become cocky and taunt them, which in turn made the thing controlling them even more angry and frustrated; they went from being run of the mill zombies with blank expressions on their faces and arms outstretched into menacing creatures that bared their teeth like rabid dogs, tearing at the air as they tried desperately to grab at me just out of reach.

I kept it up, then when I was satisfied they were angry enough, I stopped running and turned towards them, allowing them to capture me though this time I remembered what took place during every reset.

I found myself on some sort of table undergoing the “purging” process into one of these zombified beings. It was the most painful and torturous ordeal I had ever experienced – far worse than anything that can be experienced from a physical body; it felt like parts of my soul were being cut and spliced back together the wrong way, with things that shouldn’t have been there and electrocuted with an extremely high voltage; this was no ordinary dream, and no one will ever convince me otherwise, no matter what degrees in psychology they hold.

The worst part was that I had a recollection of every single time this had happened upon every capture – I lay on the table reliving the thousands of these purging’s I had undergone for what seemed like an eternity; I was experiencing forty thousand years’ worth of “soul burning” all at once.

I can’t explain this beyond anything other than true hell, on par with the insanity from the anomaly. This was one of the drawbacks of being able to remember things from past lives most people do not have access to; this is what much of my training in the outer planes had been leading to. The Elder Guardian was showing me what I can come to expect after my next death.

But the final purging was different, because these zombies were even more harsher than they had been any of the other times. Whilst during the previous purging these things had been robotic in their purpose and carried out the operation as a matter of due course, in the last purging they were savage and sought to inflict the maximum amount of pain to me as possible, spurred on by my taunting and angering them.

I was to be punished for my insolence in thinking I was greater than they were – they were no longer robotic, but being controlled directly from the external force; I could feel this.

It was evident I had really pissed off their controller, and though I could not see him/her/it, I could understand it through these zombies that were me. The psychic connection to “its” feelings was as strong as my connection with the Grand Elder; whatever was on the other end was the one responsible for the amnesia, and this soul burning ordeal was a very big part of it.

The zombies became so focused on the torturing aspect that they forgot to actually purge me and destroy the higher consciousness I was using to perceive what was going on, which I realised was the whole point of my “mission”.

What I later came to realize was that these zombies were representations of the different energetic bodies at a higher plane of existence which, once corrupted, attacked itself in the lower planes until the consciousness of the physical body was cut off from that of the higher self; the idea was to inflict extreme amounts of trauma

on the soul, and associate that trauma with the higher self and past life memories so that the individual consciousness would recoil away from ever trying to remember them.

This was the main operating principle of the amnesia that the Grand Elder really wanted me to understand and bring knowledge of back “here”.

Once I had come to this realisation, I then teleported my consciousness away from the purging chamber of the zombies with my last ounce of energy to the closest place I could find that was safe to keep this knowledge from being forgotten again. There I lay in a state of stasis as the body of a foetus developed around and encased me; the infinite space of the universe had just shrunk to a tight fitting skin filled with liquid that I floated in; a placenta.

What I had just witnessed were the moments proceeding my last death and those immediately prior to being placed within this current fleshly vessel. June 26 2014 was the day I remembered my own reincarnation, despite the attempts of an extremely powerful occult force trying to sabotage my celestial memory. I had just remembered how this sabotage attempt on my soul had been carried out many, many, many times before. After that, the dreams no longer occurred.

Some months after this dream I was once again “abducted” out of a lucid dream and met by the Grand Elder, who appeared before me and took me to a place in space that seemed to be the point of the very beginning of the spiritual amnesia engine – after the anomaly –, which was being encoded into pulses of “astral light” before it was able to create the archetypal templates at the highest planes of existence. Once again my level of awareness was higher than that of my earth my mind, and I was 100% lucid. He told me that it was necessary I remembered the soul torture before this meeting could take place.

I could have exited these experiences any time I chose and returned to the comfort of the physical world, but I volunteered to undergo these memories of torture. I simply would not shy away from the truth no matter what dark occult force would try and stop me.

This place was strange in that it was laid out similar to a racing circuit; there were pathways crisscrossing all over the place, and at the junction of these pathways these canon like mechanisms were set up and being controlled by what looked like primitive hairy, monkey like beasts that stood on two feet (think Hanuman), though they did not seem to realise that they were operating the canons. It was like they were being controlled robotically just like the zombies from the dreams.

The astral light was being fired by these canons out into the universe, where whole galaxies were being created.

I was told by the Grand Elder that my mind had been sped up via my higher consciousness so that I could comprehend the pulses of this light, which appeared from my perception to slow down; to an earth mind observer, these pulses would be invisible; they were not the same kind of light as we know light to be, but were associated with it. This astral light was responsible for what we know as quantum physics.

I could see each pulse of light enter the “road” of the circuit, and follow it to the canons before being “broadcast” outwardly; it was essentially like watching electricity go into an actual circuit board and activate certain components, if you could speed your mind up enough to watch each electron as they went around the conductive track, this is similar to what I was seeing, but with light particles.

The canons were acting like rectifiers; the astral light, being cyclic in nature, would pulse outwardly in order to create everything in the universe, before that same light returned to its source, whereby it would then repeat the process. What the canons were doing was cutting off the negative half of the cycle from being perceived by the conscious mind; it was explained to me that this is exactly how consciousness was hijacked by those who made the amnesia.

Because this was done at the archetypal planes, it meant that by the time the light had condensed into an object of material, physical manifestation, the consciousness instilled within it had been reduced significantly in its perceptive understanding of the cosmos.

In a sense, the canons were designed so that we would see the “on” pulse of creation, but never the “off” pulse, where information of that creation would be returned to source.

Comparing it to electronics our earth minds were DC whereas the universe operated on AC; from there we were able to be “digitised” even further by switching the mind on and off. To put it simply, what I was being shown was how physical matter was actually a cleverly constructed hologram from this higher order of light.

To make matters worse, the rate at which the astral light would turn on and off was also being manipulated by these canons. Instead of keeping a constant frequency, the period between on and off cycles was being varied which is how the amnesia code was being embedded in the light.

In electronics this is known as Pulse Width Modulation. What was shown to me was that consciousness could be controlled in the exact same way a stepper motor could

be controlled to a more efficient standard; a code would be embedded in the astral light pulses via PWM that would “turn” certain parts of the consciousness in question on and off. It is my opinion that this rovides the basis of what we know as “cloaking”.

This was the reason I could see the beasts but they could not see me; they could only perceive everything that came after the light had been regulated, but as I was functioning faster than the light I could perceive some aspects of the negative cycle. There was one aspect that I could not perceive, however, and that was who was responsible for putting this system in place to begin with.

They were referred to by the Grand Elder as the Slave Gods, in which I was told they were responsible for the slave labour carried out in Ancient Egypt, but no other information (apart from knowing they dwelt in the anomaly) was ever given on them. Thus by studying the mysteries of Thoth, I had opened myself up to this knowledge.

Once I had been allowed to ponder the astral light rectifying circuit and the beast like operators of it, the Grand Elder took me to a level below it, where the representation of this system was being shown at a lower plane in the form of mobile phones and modern technology.

This was sort of like a factory room I had worked in where the rectified light would drop out of the higher plane (I could still see the astral light regulating circuit above me) and into the mobile phones and other technology that were being “packaged” and sold en mass to the public.

The Grand Elder made it very clear to me that, due to the lower planes being replications of the higher ones, the technology behind the manipulation of the astral light was directly interfaced into the technology of our material world; mobile phones, and digital apparatus in general, were replicas of the astral light rectifier. The Slave Gods were able to exploit zero days unknown to the creators of these technologies in an effort to more conveniently control our consciousness and keep it dumbed down; this is not the same as typical conspiracies on 5G etc.; what was being discussed and shown by the Grand Elder was that these technologies have quantum zero days into our consciousness that cannot even comprehended with current scientific theory. Again, the second I woke up I recorded as much information I could remember on what had just occurred. If this was an hallucination made up entirely by my mind, it certainly was a good one.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN:

KICK THEM WHILE THEY ARE DOWN

For a few months, life was good at this property. We began astral projecting more and more. I had one experience where I successfully projected to this void like plane and crashed into some invisible object that was also buzzing around. I ended up ending the session because I got the feeling something was none too happy with my reckless astral travelling.

Given my hand had healed somewhat remarkably and I was no longer needing therapy, I had once again committed myself to my weight training regime which included an element of running a substantial distance in an effort to prepare myself for a career in the military.

I don't know where this idea came from, but it was like my "backup plan" had turned into a full blown urge to join the Air Force overnight. I had met an old friend from my football years who had just finished a tour of Afghanistan, and he had given me a rundown of life in the Army and what level of fitness I needed to be at before I had joined.

Maybe it was the idea that I would be joining a brotherhood who actually had a deep level of respect for one another – something I craved in this world of over bearing selfishness. I was a man of a respect, and honour – these were things I valued above all other things – and apart from Storme, I just did not know anyone that thought such things were important. It was part of the reason I had shut myself off from the

world, as I just couldn't be bothered with what this lack of common morals was bringing it to.

So here I was, with plans of moving away for lengthy periods of time to join a "family" that didn't yet exist, all the while abandoning the one true family I had; that being Storme.

It was irrational, it was selfish, yet I failed to see my own hypocrisy at the whole situation. But no one would understand, it was just something that I needed to do, for reasons I could not explain; I was obsessed. Maybe it was some sort of psychological need to prove to my parents I was stronger than they would ever be. Needless to say it put a strain on our relationship. Storme was supportive, but I knew deep down that she felt abandoned, and not really looking forward to no longer having me protect her from my family which I'd just moved her closer to.

I ended up booking an appointment to undergo my performance fitness assessment which would test whether I was cut out to enter the Air force as an either Electronics Warfare Operator or Signals Intelligence Analyst.

I also started looking for more work in the meantime and ended up landing an interview for a managerial position in a company who produced nurse call systems for hospitals and nurse care facilities – I wanted to have some sort of backing behind me since I had been out of paid employment – excluding my carer role – going on 2 years; I walked into the company HQ for the interview and got a call back the same day, just I had done with my apprenticeship, by one of the owners – an Electronics Engineer – telling me I'd landed the job. That same day I also received an email stating my performance fitness assessment had been scheduled for a few months' time.

Not long into the production manager gig, I was chopping wood with a block splitter at Storme's mother's place when I missed the piece of wood and smashed my left hand on the rock I was leaning it on.

Oops. This was the same hand that had undergone some pretty serious surgery only a few months prior, and this latest incident was just too much for it. My knuckles were badly bruised and I could feel that something was not quite right, but I just didn't have the time or energy to reschedule some more occupational therapy, which in hindsight is what I should have done immediately.

The drive to work that put my hand in a closed fist position over the steering wheel coupled with the fine articulate movements of assembly (I had been told I'd never do assembly work again), unbeknownst to me, were setting my hand into a position

it would eventually come to heal into; there went 6 months of careful occupational therapy trying to get it back to full functionality down the drain, because of a damned rock.

I started trying to stretch out my worst fingers during the drive to work at every traffic light I stopped at; I'd apply so much pressure to them bending it backwards that it felt like they were going to snap – the pain was unbearable – , but all to no avail.

The day came of my performance fitness assessment so I took the day off work, which my boss just assumed had something to do with the case against the people who'd cut my hand.

I walked into the multi-story skyscraper building in the city and realized I was the oldest out of all the other candidates who appeared to be so fresh out of high school their faces were still battling with their own war on acne.

One kid in particular had been gunning for an officer position, and I remembered thinking to myself how sad it was that he was joining at such a young age; he couldn't have been older than 15 and was so nervous about his interview he was shaking almost uncontrollably as we all sat silently in the foyer waiting to be called up.

If you hooked a seismograph up to this guy he would have registered a ten; it was that bad. Eventually we were led to a room with a bunch of computers that had nothing but a single application icon on their desktops; the back ground image was just text that said DO NOT CLICK ON APPLICATION UNTIL PROMPTED.

Some of the girls mustn't have passed their English exams or didn't think it could hurt to get a head start. I heard the click, click of their mouses and within a minute they were being escorted out of the room, their dreams of a military career dashed due to their inability to follow a simple direction.

Soon after that a voice came through some speakers in the roof telling us to click on the icon. What followed was a series of questions that reminded me of the IQ tests we'd used to do at school and that they had on TV (I wasn't a fan of standard IQ tests because I thought they were quite biased and didn't take into consideration a lot of what would influence a person's intelligence that wouldn't show up on the test; they were propaganda to fuel the belief that you were only smart if you knew your way around mathematics and the sciences, in my honest opinion).

There were questions which were obviously aimed at providing our assessors with a psychological profile of us, at testing how quickly we could carry out mathematic equations in our heads, how well we could visualize rotating objects through 3D

space etc. Everything that could be put into a dossier which they could then use to determine our best career placement options and if our profiles lined up with the jobs we had applied for (you had to pick something like 4 backups, and all of mine centred around Electronics Warfare and Signals Intelligence gathering roles.

I simply didn't want to join as standard foot soldier known more colloquially as a "grunt". Being a kid who grew up watching James Bond, all the top secret stuff was what really tickled my fancy; it is safe to say the stories I'd read of Majestic 12 as a kid also had a big influence on this decision, though I found it extremely unlikely I'd ever get to work with alien tech, if it even existed.

Hopefully I could just work my way up to top secret air craft or other technologies instead, like the hand held lasers my old TAFE lecturer had told us about that the Special Forces allegedly used to destroy concrete buildings or the EMP warheads he taught us how to build.

After the computer test we were led back out past the foyer into a small makeshift theatre that was lined with plastic chairs and had a projector setup that was displaying what appeared to be some sort of military ceremony. We were told that we would be assessed on our attitudes to the movie, though it was evident that most of the "kids" fresh out of high school didn't really understand what this meant; the ADF recruitment staff were watching our every move, not just evaluating us on our test scores. They had been monitoring us as soon as we stepped foot in the doorway of the foyer; this is something I just "knew".

From then on I had made a point to sit up straight and wait patiently, and this included in the theatre room where everyone else was sitting rather laid back and having a good old chat while the movie played.

After this we were told to go wait back in the foyer, whilst one by one we were called in by whatever career advisor had been appointed to us.

Eventually I was called in by a woman wearing a "TOP SECRET" security clearance badge and a "SPEC OPS" patch sewn into her uniform who worked in Signals Intelligence – she called herself a "spook".

She gestured for me to have a seat and congratulated me on passing the performance fitness assessment, telling me that I had done a superb job of the questionnaire and as a result could take my pick from pretty much any job I wanted, including the 5 I had chosen on my recruitment papers, as well as many others.

She had an A4 sheet which listed all the jobs I was eligible for.

In her words "I had done as good as anyone could do on the test", and I felt a great sense of achievement wash over me.

I, evidently wasn't a complete imbecile – but I already knew this.

I scrolled down the page and noticed a great deal of the jobs were in a technical field, which had obviously been due to me supplying them my Trade Certificates in electrotechnology; Electronics Tech Submariner, Aviation Tech, Army Electronic Warfare Operator (EWOP), Signals Intelligence Analyst in the Air force (my choice number one), but the one that caught me off guard the most was the one that read “Commando”.

I had selected this years ago back at Swan View when I was just having a browse of the different available jobs, but I didn't really think I had the mental aptitude (or physical either) to enter the ADF via this avenue, despite holding a great level of respect for those who engaged in counter terrorism.

I had a chuckle to myself thinking that those who claimed they had spoken to “off world intelligences” and had been told they were 40 000 years old or who remembered their own reincarnation were considered mentally sound enough to join the Special Forces, especially considering my high school reports made it sound like I wasn't even smart enough to get into university.

The woman must have noticed my eyes widen as I read the Commando job role and she told me that her husband was also Special Forces and that it would be well suited role for me if I wanted to go that avenue.

She also told me that they were short on Submariners because no one wanted to sit in a metal tube at the bottom of the ocean for months on end so they had upgraded their pay as an enticement to get more people into the role.

If I became an Electronics Tech Submariner I'd be looking at the same salary as a Special Forces operative which was sitting somewhere around the \$81k PA mark for the first year, over double what I was receiving managing the Electronics Factory I was currently working at.

In addition to that there was opportunities for me to be posted to the nearby Naval training facility of Garden Island, so I wouldn't have to move to New South Wales, like I would have to if I entered as a Commando (Despite the SAS barracks being close by in the town of Swanbourne, the Commando barracks were on the opposite side of the country in a town called Holsworthy).

Needless to say I was very, very tempted . Despite the woman's reassurance, I didn't think I had what it took for the Special Forces, as much as I wanted to disprove that theory.

I had, at some point during my exercise regime gotten a hold of the SAS basic training outline, and I was very far from being at that level of fitness; this thing was

rated by how fast and for how long their heart would be beating and honestly thought I'd probably have a heart attack if I had to do that much exercise. I was fit, but not that fit.

But nope, it was the idea of joining the Air force that really did it for me. Less vigorous training (which suited my level of fitness perfectly), and if I entered as a Sergeant in a Signals Intelligence role I could still be making a generous \$61k for my first year; still another 50% more than I was making as a

MY PERFORMANCE FITNESS ASSESSMENT

038 Template 02.8.xls Updated: 17/04/2014

DEFENCE RECRUITING 2/01/1990 M

you were tested on this day, for selection into the Australian Defence Force. The following Job Opportunities listed below have been selected based on your tested performance. Should a job not be listed that you are interested in speak with your Careers Counsellor or Psychologist.

	NAVY	ARMY	AIR FORCE	
A	Aviation Support Boatswain Mate Musician Steward Chef Chef Submariner Dental Assistant Medical Sailor Medical Sailor Submariner Supply Chain	Artillery Light Gunner 101 @ Artilleryman 162 Cargo Specialist 171 Driver Transport 274 Air Dispatcher 096 Cavalryman 063 Combat Paramedic 169 @ Cook 094 Dental Assistant 029 Fuel Specialist 266 Parachute Rigger 345 Tank Crewman 065	Marine Specialist 218 Musician 240 Rifeman 343 Steward 363 Combat Medical Attendant 261 @ Ground Crewman Aircraft Support 164 Light Cavalry Scout 062 @ Medical Operator 031 Multimedia Technician 190 Preventive Medicine 322 Supply Coordinator 294 Supply Chain Specialist 298 Unit Quartermaster 296	Airbase Protection @ Airfield Defence Guard Musician Cook Dental Assistant Dental Hygienist Fire Fighter Laboratory Technician Medical Assistant Motor Transport Driver @
B				
C	Clearance Diver Aviation Technician Aircraft Marine Technician			
D	Marine Technician Submariner Acoustic Warfare Analyst Combat Systems Operator Electronic Warfare Sailor Electronic Warfare Submarine Combat Systems Operator Mine Warfare Communication and Information Systems Sailor	CIS Submarine Cryologic Submarine Personnel Operations Administration Clerk 074 Finance Clerk 076 Operator Movement 035	Communication and Information System Controller Crew Absentee Movements Personnel Capability Specialist Supply	
E				
F	Hydrographic Surveying Aviation Technician Avionics Electronics Technician Electronics Technician Submarine	Artillery - Air Defender 237 Carpenter 072 Metalmith 235	Surveillance Aircraft Operator 250 Plumber 314	Aircraft Spray Painter Carpenter Electrician
G				
H		Aircraft Structural Fitter 153 Aircraft Technician 411 Avionics Technician 412 Electrician 125 Electronics Technician 421	Fitter Armament 146 Technician Electrical 418 Vehicle Mechanic 229	Aircraft Armament Technician Aircraft Structural Technician Aircraft Technician Avionics Technician Communication Electronic Technician
I				
J		Ammunition Supplier 401 Commands 079 Specialist Technician 423	Analyst Intelligence Operations 003	Air Force Security Air Force Police
K				
L	ADF Officer ADF Specialist Officer	ADF Officer ADF Specialist Officer	Military Investigator (SSO) @ ADF Officer ADF Specialist Officer	ADF Officer ADF Specialist Officer

Handwritten notes: "SEE -> navy" with an arrow pointing to the Electronics Technician Submarine job, and "stay in NA" with an arrow pointing to the Maritime Warfare Officer job.

* ADF Jobs that are indicated with an (R) are only available as Reserve positions. Speak with your Careers Counsellor for more information.
If you are interested in any job in the table above, speak with your Careers Counsellor. These jobs require additional testing; your Careers Counsellor will advise you on requirements.

Jobs requiring additional testing:

	NAVY	ARMY	AIR FORCE
M			
N		Combat Engineer 096 Fire Fighter/Emergency Responder 141	
O	Cryologic Linguist	Aircraft Life Support Fitter 154 Artillery Observer 355 Electronic Warfare 663 Mechanic Recovery 226 Military Police 315	<input type="checkbox"/> AIA Geospatial Intelligence <input type="checkbox"/> AIA Operational Intelligence <input type="checkbox"/> AIA Signals Intelligence <input type="checkbox"/> Avionics Electronics Analyst <input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Life Support Fitter <input type="checkbox"/> Air Surveillance Operator
P	ADFA Officer Maritime Warfare Officer (DEO/ADFAS) Maritime Aviation Warfare Officer (DEO/ADFA) Pilot (DEO/ADFA)	ADFA Officer Pilot (BSOR/MC Aviation Cadetship/ADFA)	ADFA Officer Air Combat Officer (DEO/ADFA) Air Traffic Controller (DEO/ADFA) Pilot (Non-Grad/ADFA)

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YOU Apply Date:	12/08/2017	Eligible to reattempt YOU after:	12/02/2015
Attempts:	1	Created By:	X175

Progress Option: (To be filled out by a Psychologist [if applicable])

Progress	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	Progress for Job or Group:	Docs Required:
Psychology #:			
Progression Expiry Date:			

visit www.defencejobs.gov.au NAVY ARMY AIR FORCE

production manager. Plus there was the possibility I could be posted to the RAAF base in Pearce and still be in the State. Of course, I would still have to fly to Kapooka, NSW to undergo my initial training. I kept trying to tell myself that I could still care for Storme part time and juggle a military career; talk about wishful thinking.

I was told I had 3 months to consider my options in which case I would then need to re-sit the performance fitness assessment, and after that led back out to the foyer to undergo my medical examination. I was given a sheet of paper which had more questions pertaining to any conditions that might affect my abilities to work within the environment of the ADF, then had a physical examination where a nurse came and paid close attention to the scars wrapping the now curled fingers of my left hand.

After that I was told I would receive a letter in the mail outlining if I had made it in.

The letter, when it eventually arrived, thanked me for my application, but also said it had been rejected on the grounds that I had a medical condition that would likely prevent me from carrying out my duties. Obviously, they were talking about my hand, though to be honest, I was somewhat relieved. As it turned out, it hadn't been about joining the ADF at all; the sheet of paper outlining my aptitude was, I realized, all that I really needed.

So many spanners had been thrown into the works regarding trying to progress my career into a well-paying role, that all I really needed was to know that in another life I could have been somebody respected for the level of intelligence I held. Maybe this world was starting to rub off on me after all.

Although the zombie dreams had stopped, both Storme and I were still lucid dreaming on a regular basis. She had one peculiar dream where a teenage boy came to her one night whilst she was dreaming; he told her he was her son and that I had taught him how to time travel utilizing consciousness. Two weeks after this I had my own dream involving him, though in mine he was only an infant; he had been lying on the couch cuddled up next to another baby that I realized was one of belonged to one of Storme's friends. That friend would be present when the universe sought to throw it's next "lesson" at us.

We had organized a small gathering one night with a group of friends we had been

seeing since our time in Gooseberry Hill. One of these people was a man who'd we'd initiated into our chapter of the Hell Fire Club that very same day. He was also into the occult – a follower of Crowley, in which I should have heeded the warning signs – and had joined the Freemasons and the Ordo Templi Orientis simply because he wanted to get to the bottom of many of the conspiracies surrounding them.

He was an avid drinker of alcohol, and unbeknownst to us at the time, connected with Neo Nazi groups that were operating out of the suburbs at the bottom of Gooseberry Hill. He had projected a willingness to learn spiritual aspects of the HFC, which we did not realize was just a cover for more nefarious purposes. He was an agent of pure evil. His obsession with knives should have been the next big red flag.

This particular night we had all been gathered around a fire down the back of Nickie's property. Storme had gone to get something out of the house, and this man had gone into the house soon after under the excuse he was going to the toilet. I realized Storme had been gone for quite a while, and wondered if she was ok, so I decided to go check on her. I walked into the house to find this man with his zipper down trying to force himself onto her, after he had backed her into a corner of the laundry.

This had been the first time in a long time that I had been this intoxicated, so I just stood there for a moment in the confusion trying to process what I was seeing. I didn't realize at the time that it had been non-consensual on Storme's part, so – regrettably - I took to the situation quite badly. The thought crossed my mind to shoot him with my hunting bow, but I fought it back.

I told him to get of my house, to which he got in his car and sped off up the road in a drunken stupor, reversing into my bin in the process. I felt so betrayed by Storme that I would not listen to her and rang my father to come and pick me up, abandoning her when she needed me the most. I spent the night at my grandmother's empty house, then came home in the morning to talk to Storme from a more sober state of mind.

She met me at the door with tears streaming her face and told me it was non-consensual; he had deliberately corned her when she was in the house. She had rang the police and they had attended, but had been just as useless as the ones who attended the incident with my hand; surprise surprise, this guy's father in law was an ex-cop.

What is more, this guy had been known around town as a bit of a creep when it came

to women; the general consensus on the local groups he was on was that it was not surprising he was capable of this given his inappropriate behaviour towards them.

I had actually been in contact with his wife that very morning to tell her what I had witnessed, and even she told me she wasn't surprised as he had a history of cheating on her despite them having children together.

Needless to say, I felt quite an amount of shame that I had just left Storme with her other friends to deal with the whole situation simply because I felt hurt. I couldn't imagine how she was feeling after the whole ordeal. I knew from experience how badly it sucked when the police failed to do their jobs when it came to serious cases of assault.

I was supposed to be her protector, but so far I'd pretty much failed at every turn when it came to that aspect. What the hell was with us being thrown into such crappy situations in the first place? Why couldn't we just live in peace? All we wanted to do was meditate and be spiritual, lucid dream and astral project whilst other people filled their lives with materialistic shit, but the universe was making that extremely difficult for us. It was like that unseen dark occult force was trying to pry us apart by any means necessary.

I had only been in my new job for a few months, so once again I was put in the impossible position of staying home to help Storme deal with the trauma of her experience, or going to work to try and rake in enough money to pull us out of having to skip every third meal – going to work meant no more government pension, which in turn meant a 3 month waiting period if I wanted to go back on it. This time I chose to keep working; I just didn't know when the next time would be when I'd get a management gig.

Of course, that didn't mean I wouldn't spend every lunch break sending messages to this man's contact list telling them what he'd been up to; this included all his contacts in the Ordo Templi Orientis and the Freemasons. This was driven by the fact he would be co-owning a gym with his father in law, and I felt that those women who were potentially going to be trained by him in self-defence might want to reconsider being alone in a gym with him.

Time went on, and we were able to put it all behind us, but the scars would always remain, as would the strain that seemed like it was constantly being put on our relationship.

I started proving myself as a super-efficient manager. Our company had just bought

out a new nurse call system that had been in development for several years, and despite my boss telling his customers there was a 2 week turn around for the complete system, I was pumping them out in half that time, raking in about \$60k a week for them.

I was picking up boards from the nearby PCB population place every 2 weeks which had receipts running in the hundreds of thousands; these would be made into complete products within the month, of which the stock would be exhausted within another 3 after the installation techs from our Sydney office would put through massive orders to outfit their customer's buildings.

I wrote excel macros to handle the control and tracking of all our stock and component inventories after I was unsuccessful in convincing my bosses to provide me with proper software; it was so redundant given the way components were being implemented almost as soon as they were delivered, that half the time I ended up tracking most of it in my head. What I was really doing was looking for every opportunity to keep my mind preoccupied with work so I wouldn't have to deal with the inevitable PTSD that would arise the moment I let it rest.

Needless to say things were becoming hectic, right around the same time that bad luck was coming back for another round. As if everything up until this point in our lives hadn't been enough.

Storme had told me she had seen a few kids hanging around our property; I had seen one of them using our driveway on his way home from school, and just figured he was using it to cut through the swamp land that was adjoined to it, as a more efficient means of getting to the nearby public oval, so to begin with I didn't think too much on it.

It turned out to be a bigger problem than I realized. We had an outside toilet that was located about 25 metres from the house, and Storme started noticing that every time she would go to use it, a group of about 4 kids would take the opportunity to grab things off the front veranda; at one point she even caught them coming out of the house; all this in broad daylight.

I had a bag with our passports in it that went missing amongst a few other possessions. It started to become obvious that more and more things were going missing.

To make matters worse, Nickie had decided she wanted to sell the house sooner than expected.

Luckily for us, a nice house on 40 acres had just opened up on the rental market only

a few short kilometres away, even closer to Storme's mother's farm, as it was on the same road. This always seemed to happen precisely when we needed a house; one-and only one – would become available in the middle of a dry patch.

We applied for it rationalising that it was probably far enough away from the main town for the hooligan kids to bother travelling to, given they were probably just bored teenagers from the local high school both Storme and I had attended many years ago.

Plus we weren't keen on staying here after what had happened to her. To our delight, we got accepted that same week, and had moved in by the next.

A few months had passed with no problems, and we were stupid enough to believe we may have just outrun the universe's constant barrage of attacks.

I was going for regular walks through a nature reserve that bordered the 40 acres of paddocks; there was also a cool little "cubby house" that had been built out of coffee stone about 500 metres away from the main building I used to sit in and relax – it was like a miniature house.

I started getting inspiration for a fantasy novel which I had been penning down now that I had finished my first novel. But that wasn't the best part; we had just found out Storme was pregnant (months after our dreams of our boy), despite half a decade's worth of trying and finding we were "infertile".

We would be starting our own family, and it was exciting; it was time to start orientating ourselves towards that end. I went and got a loan for a new car, for no other reason than I wanted a safe vehicle for the baby when it came.

One of our little things we used to do was to drive into Fremantle and eat cake at a little "chocolateria" called San Churros; these slices were so big we could never quite get through one even when we were sharing; so what better way to celebrate our new family member, we thought, than getting him addicted to cake while he was still in the womb.

We hadn't indulged in a while, so one Saturday we left early in the morning and spent the day walking around the historic buildings that were just up from the harbour, checking out the book shops, spiritualist stores and markets that were there.

It had been a beautiful day and had lifted our spirits, and we found ourselves there for a few hours more than usual before leaving, our bellies full of sugar and coffee.

On the way home – about 10 minutes away, as I pulled up to the last set of traffic lights – I started thinking about Sean and the twin, how they had damaged my hand, and how they were now on the run from the cops, trying to avoid taking responsibility for their actions.

By this stage I had been having PTSD flashbacks in my dreams, not of the incident per se, but of them and their parties; I was usually treated to this on my birthdays. I specifically remember telling myself to just let it all go; to forgive them and move on. The anger and ill feelings towards them was just not doing me any favours. It wasn't until we got home, and I walked through the door that that whole idea left me.

Storme called out to me asking if I had messed up her clothes, but as I went to reply I had walked into the living room to find our TV was gone.

Apparently whilst we had been out, someone had ransacked our house and taken probably the lowest valued items in the whole house.

In addition to the TV my Xbox games console was missing as was an old laptop that had about 5 years' worth of music recordings, and various writings on it; the same laptop I had been using as a dream journal which included all the transcriptions of my experiences with the Grand Elder. I had my hard copy hand written dream journals, but because these were meant as backups there was much information in them that was left out. I'd been too tired to re-scrrawl everything out by hand after typing the digital versions .

Storme had things missing herself, like jewellery and clothing and things that just wouldn't have been sellable to a place like a pawn shop. Oddly enough, they seemed to have missed my \$1200 hunting bow – my most valuable item – that I had propped up in the wardrobe next to where Storme kept her clothing, and didn't bother with the 5 or so musical instruments and their amplifiers that were in a room down the hall.

Who in their right mind breaks into someone's house and steals a crappy 10 year old laptop and a bunch of random clothing (including baby clothing), but leaves the real money makers behind?

Once again we rang the police only for them to tell us to leave everything exactly how we found it while we waited 24 hours for a forensic "specialist" to come out and sweep the house for finger prints. Yep; they wanted us to leave the house in its burgled state for a whole day.

Much to our dissatisfaction we obliged, only to have the forensic specialist freak out when she noticed a hornet come buzzing near her head. She jumped so high and screamed so loud yelling "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT", like it was an alien.

Once again Storme and I found ourselves staring at each other with our jaws hitting the floor.

A forensic detective that doesn't even know what a hornet is? Are you fucking

kidding me? Made me kind of regret not following that career path when I was thinking of it as a career choice. Apparently I was too dumb to go that route, going by what my careers counsellor told me.

I had checked out the cubby house after ringing the police and had found obvious signs that someone had been here as there were chip packets, cigarette butts and marijuana bags littered about as well as ash from a recent fire. It was evident to me that someone had been camping here and watching our every move prior to us going to Fremantle. They would have known as soon as the car pulled out of the driveway that the house would have been empty and ripe for the picking.

Of course, the police didn't think any of this was relevant as the cubby was apparently "too far away from the scene of the crime", even though it was only 500 meters; they didn't even bother to go and look at it. The police were getting a reputation for being good for absolutely nothing except revenue raising from standing on the side of the road with a radar gun. No wonder Storme's mother's friend quit being a cop.

I was so dumfounded by their complete lack of professionalism – despite this being the third time – that I started doing my own investigations, figuring this wasn't going to go anywhere.

The next day I found my TV being sold on a local trading site called Gumtree; it was unmistakably mine as, included in the photo, was also my Xbox and games as well as a very unique battery charger I knew they had taken.

I got the guy's name and number and forwarded it to the police, who then showed up back at the house later on in the afternoon, looking very suspicious that I had been able to do their job for them quicker than they had been able to.

So that's why gumtree was a hotspot for fencing goods; the police apparently lacked the mental capacity to check it out for stolen goods whenever there was a burglary.

They asked me how I knew it was my TV, to which I showed them a print out of the advertisement.

They told me they had gone around to this guy's house and he had admitted to being the "fence" for the stolen goods, some of which they were able to recover and were sitting back at the police station; a used tattoo gun and needles that we planned on burning the moment we got home and some of the cheaper clothing and that was about it. Apparently the fence was not willing to give up his friends.....and that was it, no repercussions or anything because he was under 18; he was simply told not to do it again and it was left at that. Uh, sure.

I ended up going around to the new owners of Nickie's old place to warn them there

were some dodgy people in the area who had thieved off us from this house and our other one, told them to lock up their possessions very securely and gave them the name of the guy. I gave them my number, they thanked me and I left.

A few days went past and I got a call from these same people, again their tone suggesting a very obvious suspicion of me asking how I knew this Robert person who had been the perpetrator to the burglary. It turns out they had been hit not one day after I stood on their porch telling them about the thieves in the neighbourhood. Of course this was followed by a call later that day from the police, who were at this point thinking I was involved in this criminal gang.

What the fuck? So I get burgled – twice – have things that are worth more than money only to me stolen, then somehow wind up being a suspected perpetrator of all these burglaries around town.

I am the only person in the world this sort of thing could happen to, I guarantee it. I didn't know these people and I certainly had no intention of ever joining them in their criminal escapades. The funny thing was, I had grown so accustomed to it that this was just another day in the office that was my life.

Speaking of which. Word got around at work that we had been burgled. One of my co-workers, a woman who I got on well with, ended up slipping me an envelope with \$100 dollars in it, which I was eternally grateful for. The owners of our house also got wind of the burglary and gave us some money to replace the TV, again something I will never forget.

In truth, I didn't give a rats arse about the TV; all I really cared about was getting my laptop back. I had hundreds of hours' worth of music production on there – I had literally spent months up at all hours of the night mixing and producing our music in an effort to make a demo we could send off to the national radio station – and the articles I'd written on my experiences with the divine were something that were really beginning to eat away at me. I found it ironic to think that all the information I had written down on everything that had been revealed to me was gone so someone could feed their crack addiction.

I combed through all the pawn shops for a few weeks, hoping I'd come across it; I'd even buy it back from them no questions asked if I had to (though I realized they usually wiped the hard drives). I floated the thief's name around my social media account, and eventually got a reply from my old school friend, Chris, who I had seen in the same shop I was buying my hunting bow from a few months before the burglary and who was trying to turn a new leaf with his addiction.

It turned out this guy – Robert – was part of a four man gang whose ring leader was

the son of a notorious Bkie gang member who had just opened up shop in Wooroloo (man was I glad to be out of that town).

The father had been in prison multiple times and was the type of person who let his 10 year old kid walk around town at midnight smoking crystal meth; really charming stuff. This gang had been responsible for A LOT of burglaries around the area, which included the theft of many, many motor vehicles, and yet the police couldn't even be bothered pressing the "fence" to give up the names of his accomplices. My friend had known them very well, as they had pulled a knife on his brother whilst at school (the guy he lived with had been scoring off them); not the sort of people I wanted the police thinking I was involved in.

The stress of the whole situation was really starting to take its toll on Storme, and we were worried it was going to affect the pregnancy, so 5 months after moving in, we moved back out again, putting another notch in the belt that reflected our fast becoming gypsy like lifestyle (Storme actually had Polish Gypsy in her blood). Unfortunately this time, our luck had almost run dry. There was one house in our price range in all the hills, only a few kilometres away nestled behind a shop in the rural town of Gidgegannup, that really was a downgrade in so far as quality was concerned; it had an asbestos roof that fed the water tanks connected to the main tanks, and was a dingy den of a place with old dusty carpets and a toilet with a massive crack in the bottom of it that leaked water out of the bowl.

Our options were stay and face another possible burglary or live in this dump; we chose the second option, moving for what seemed like the millionth time in only a few short years.

During the evening of the move, I was hauling in one of our single seater recliners when I noticed the silhouette of what appeared to be a massive cat sitting next to one of the fence posts about 50 metres away from the house, its head reaching the top of the fence line; it was about the size of a jaguar and reminded me of an old myth that had been circulating around since I was a kid about the "Hills Cat" which was purported to be a large illusive panther like cat that people kept seeing on their properties.

Officially, big cats did not exist in Australia, and more often than not these people were met with much scepticism, so it was hard to get a proper expert opinion on where they had come from. There were rumours going around that they had belonged to a circus many years prior who released them into the wild after becoming bankrupt and closing shop.

Another rumour pointed to them being a mascot of the US Air force when they had taken up residence in Australia for training purposes with our Defence Force in the 70s, in which they had met the same fate when our government told them they were not allowed to keep such a predatory species of cat on base.

Whatever the original story, the general consensus was that these big cats, once let loose into the wilderness, started breeding with the wild cat populations and thus continued on producing panther/jaguar sized wild cats generation after generation. I did not know it at the time, but Gidgegannup had been a hotspot for these big cat sightings, which I also later found out were being spotted in areas of high UFO and Yowie/Bigfoot activity all around Australia (one of our friends had actually spotted a Yowie close to this property in her youth, and Storme's old guitarists Sean and his sister Steph, had spotted a large "monkey" like person not far from their house in the town of Mundaring, which joined Mount Helena).

Storme's father had also apparently seen a hills cat many years prior when she was a kid living in Mount Helena, so there was definitely some interesting activity going on this side of the hills. Even at the property we had just come from – the one where we'd been burgled – Storme and I noticed a tassel on a tablecloth randomly spinning around like a fan one night. Cale also claimed him and another Aborigine boy that was part of our group saw the mythological Featherfoot one night somewhere near Wundowie.

The strange activity didn't stop there though.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN:

TOO MUCH

One night, a month or so after our son was born, I was awakening from a lucid dream, when suddenly something foreign entered into my head through my right ear and pushed itself into my “mind”. As it did, I felt my consciousness become distorted as it was pushed and squashed to the left side of my head; there was very obviously something taking up residence in about 90% of my head that did not belong to me. It was a very strange, and extremely uncomfortable feeling, that I related to it as being “mind raped”.

Whatever it was, it was like I could feel that it had nefarious intentions; like I could feel it thinking, but could not make out what it was thinking. It was invasive and pervasive and was an incredibly strange experience, even considering the already strange experiences I had already had. Storme also felt something similar when she was living in Wooroloo at both my parents place and Rogers, as well as another far away suburb when she was a young child.

Another time in this same house, I had been lucid dreaming when I was “caught” by these very great big dogs – three or four of them. They pinned me down and were snapping and snarling at my face, as if I had intruded upon territory I was not welcome in. The Alpha male jumped on me, and I immediately felt its weight so strong on my chest that I couldn’t breathe.

I woke up, still unable to breathe, with what felt like about 100kgs of weight pressing down on me. Despite being 6 foot tall and weighing about that same

weight, with decent muscle structure, I could not move from this pinned position; it was completely different to sleep paralysis which is like a restriction that encompasses your whole body if you try to move. This was dead weight that was pushing down on me and literally crushing me and my lungs in the process; it was as if I had a man my same size sitting on my chest with all of his weight. After about a minute or so, just as I thought I was going to pass out from the lack of oxygen getting into my system the weight just suddenly lifted, and I could breathe again.

Our lease eventually ended after 6 months of living in hell. It turned out this place was a really bad idea and we regretted the move from our old house immensely. There had been another plastic water tank set up a few metres away from the house which had no means to actually collect water, so we were spending about \$250 getting water carted in every two weeks, not wanting to have to use the rainwater laced with asbestos (there was no rules about this when it came to the rights of renters).

Added to this was the nightmare of piping which made it difficult to try and work out where an obvious leak was that was draining our tank that the owner or real estate agent had no clue about either. There went all the money I had been trying to save simply because the owner – a rich businessman who inherited the property – couldn't be bothered maintaining it to a liveable standard, yet was happy to take money for renting it out.

So once again, we found ourselves moving back to the other side of the hills, this time to the town of Kalamunda itself.

Again, houses were scarce, particularly for something in our price range in this high end neighbourhood, so we had to settle for a place whose laundry consisted of a wall dividing it from the kitchen that didn't even quite reach half way to the roof. It was as if the builders forgot to put the laundry in, then made a very poor attempt to create a cubicle for it in the limited space that was available; the result was that the house would fill with steam every time we put the dryer on.

Still, it had a view overlooking the city from the dining area, and was a world away from the house that was in need of demolishing we'd just come from. As a bonus, we were treated to fireworks every time there was a big race on down in the city.

Storme's mother worked as a therapist for Autistic children, and picked up on the signs that our son displayed that hinted at him being on the spectrum.

Storme started finding it difficult looking after him on her own, so I found myself telling my work I'd have to be put on casual hours so I could take a few days a week off to help her look after him – this was 2 weeks after I had just been given a \$5k PA pay rise by my boss, who suggested that “there would be more to come in the future due to my astounding efforts at running his factory”.

It seemed no matter how hard I worked to get somewhere some sort of spanner would always be thrown into the works to stop me from getting there. I can tell you quite assuredly that just because someone is poor doesn't mean they aren't a hard worker. Anyone who believes that is a total fucking idiot.

By this point, I had been called back and forth into the state prosecutor's office several times, and each time I'd have to relive the incident involving my hand over and over again just so they “made sure they got everything straight. Sean and the twin had gotten lawyers, and I was told that these lawyers were going over my statement with a fine picked comb to try and build case that would prove their innocence and make me out to be the bad guy.

However, whenever I asked about getting a lawyer, no one could seem to give a straight answer on if I could expect to get free representation or not. I simply didn't have enough money to pay for my own out of pocket. To make matters worse, the lawyers I did see who specialized in criminal compensation told me they wouldn't represent me unless the case had gone to court and the perpetrators had been found guilty.

It seemed as though Sean and the twin had been given 2 years to build a case that suggested they were innocent regardless of them first providing false statements to the police, then running from them for over a year, whilst I was left not knowing what the hell was going on or if I could even get legal representation.

Ahh the perks of having a family with money, I suppose.

My only consoling factor was that the State Prosecutor thought it a serious offence to commit a crime such as they did; not that she really cared about mine or Storme's wellbeing when she called her in to go over the event from her perspective which ended with Storme in tears.

Even 2 years after the incident, I couldn't put it behind me even if I wanted to. I had tried that day we got burgled, but my PTSD would never allow it.

My hand was becoming a constant reminder in its own right, given that it had now healed into a semi curled fist thanks to my efforts at smashing it on a rock. I tried just burying it and forgetting about it all, but the resistance I would feel every time I

opened my fingers made it impossible. More depression and despair at the idea I would have this disability for the rest of my life. At times I just felt like hacking it off with an axe.

In addition to this, I'd also been back to the police station several times to go over my statement, to make sure I hadn't been lying about any of its content; never mind about the PTSD it brought up during each interview. Eventually the police decided my story was too consistent, unlike Sean's and the twin's, so they eventually stopped pestering me to repeat it, after about the 5th time. Needless to say, I was beginning to rescind my forgiveness of them (Sean and the twin).

Then one day I was walking to the shops, when, I saw the brother of the twin walk out of his new driveway and go speeding off down the road; it turned out his house was a mere 50 metres away from where Storme and I had just moved into. The universe had just landed one square in the middle of my testicles. But it was just a coincidence right? I never believed in coincidences. It was a good thing he didn't see me.

The stress of everything was starting to really affect me mentally. I was being worked to exhaustion at work doing the roles of fault repairer, assembler and manager, whilst barely getting paid for the last. My official title was "Lead Assembler" so the company wouldn't have to pay me proper management wages, even though this was my main responsibility.

It seemed that the moment I went casual and wasn't outputting product to the same level I had been consistently doing for the past year, they started blaming me for even the smallest of things that weren't really my fault; evidently their respect was only given to someone who was making them money.

The days I was taking off to care for Storme were seeing backorders pile up. I was being blamed for oversights which had arisen from them not training me properly which resulted in even more work to make up for them.

Clients were ordering old obsolete systems that I had to try and scrounge parts for that I had been told to throw out when I first started organizing the factory (my boss conveniently forgot he'd told me to do this, then was quite annoyed when he couldn't find any of the parts), which led to me working overtime on a regular basis because these same clients expected their cake and to eat it too; so much for going casual.

I was so mentally exhausted of my bosses taking advantage of my PTSD (which led to me unable to say no despite how much pressure it put on me) that I ended up

having 2 minor car crashes in the span of 2 weeks, which did more damage to my car than the others, though I still had to pay for everything.

One of them said “don’t worry about it, it was only a minor incident” and he wouldn’t be pursuing it, only for me to get a letter from his insurance agency in the mail demanding I paid them \$400 for it a few months later. More wasted money of practically my entire savings.

I took some time off work for some respite, and upon realizing the damage this work environment was doing to my mental health, didn’t end up going back. There was only so much masking of my PTSD with good work ethic my mind could handle. My ability to hold this much weight upon my shoulders had evidently run its course.

The day finally came when Storme and I would have to go to court to give evidence against Sean and the twin. One of Storme’s mother’s good friends was an ex-police woman who agreed to come with us for support whilst Storme’s mother stayed home with our boy, as she had been in and out of court a handful of times when she was a police officer, and knew a little bit about the process.

We arrived at 8 o’clock in the morning and were made to sit outside the courtroom on a set of chairs only a couple of metres away from Sean and the twin’s family, while they were inside the chamber where the trial was under way.

The twin’s mother was there balling her eyes out, as was an elderly man who I figured was one of their grandfathers’, who just sat staring at me with nothing but hatred on his face.

Neither of them offered any words or apologies for what their family had done to me or Storme and it was very obvious what was going through their heads. I’d seen it firsthand through my own mother after my brother’s death, where the illusion of him being a saint overrode all of the more negative aspects of his past indiscretions.

In their eyes, I was the one who had ruined *their* boy’s lives simply by existing; if it hadn’t been for me the twin would still have his plumbing apprenticeship and be paying off his pride and joy car he’d had to sell to pay for the lawyer fees; somehow I didn’t think Sean could have claimed such a similar plan for his life.

What a way to feign responsibility of this magnitude simply because you were considered a “good boy” who mixed in with the wrong crowd.

I expected nothing less from a world that bred this lack of responsibility through the never ending maze of lawyers who were paid big bucks by mega corporations to do that very thing; make the onus of responsibility fall onto somebody else. The invisible cancer that took every opportunity to present itself to me throughout my

life had once again manifested itself in front of me in the form of a thought that said “this was not their fault”. Again, they were innocent. Apparently.

So there we sat as the hours passed, in awkwardness, when the State prosecutor came out and had a word to us.

She had been out a couple of times during the trial to tell us that the lawyers were playing hard ball and tearing our statements to pieces trying to turn the blame around to fall on me pulling out the machete (how unexpected), but this time it was different; the judge wasn’t buying their story, mainly because it had changed 3 times since they first gave statements whereas mine had been as solid as rock from the very outset, and packed with so much detail I could have published in the form of a book.

Realizing they were fighting a losing battle, the lawyers were now seeking to mitigate the damage (responsibility) for each of their clients. As they were both looking at aggravated burglary and grievous bodily harm charges, they wanted to agree to a deal where each boy would take one charge against them, rather than both receiving both.

If I agreed to the narrative that it was only Sean that entered the house, and not the twin, and conversely that it was only the twin who cut my hand open then they would agree to accept it and no longer fight it. Each of them were looking at a measly one year imprisonment, which the State Prosecutor suggested was a fair punishment for their actions (not that me or Storme suffering for several years because of it all really mattered).

We were told if we didn’t accept then we would have to go into the court and testify against them, in which a win for us would not be guaranteed. I took one look at the tears welling in Storme’s eyes and decided to agree with the deal; having these charges against them would hopefully be enough for my lawyers to take up a case for compensation against them; I just wanted it to be behind me.

That doesn’t mean I was overly enthusiastic about them dodging full responsibility for their actions. Neither were we too happy with living a stone’s throw from the brother of the twin who just got sent to prison.

I couldn’t help wonder how hard it must have been for Storme, who would not be receiving justice for what her sexual attacker had done to her at Nickie’s place simply because the police had failed to do their jobs, or what my mother had done to her, for that matter.

We went home, relieved we wouldn’t have to be going into the courtroom, feeling somewhat bittersweet about the outcome; it would still be a number of years before I

would receive any sort of compensation for my injuries, as there was a backlog of criminal compensation claims that were being processed. If that doesn't tell a person about the state of the world, then I am not sure what else will.

A few weeks later I received yet another strange phone call. On the other end of the line was what appeared to be some sort of government agent who was apparently trying to track down the guy who lived in the Swan View house in between the two times we rented there.

Uh, what? That had been years ago. Apart from going to school with the guy and knowing him vicariously through my friends, I didn't actually know anything about him, or where he could be found in this current day and age. What in the hell gave this agent the idea I would have any idea about his whereabouts so long after staying there?

This "agent" couldn't give me any details as to why he wanted to contact this guy, yet expected me to comply with his wishes on spewing out everything I knew about the man.

No, something about this phone call was very, very off. This was a blatant attempt at fishing for information; the guy from Swan View was just a ploy, I was sure of it. How the hell did these people keep getting our numbers anyway? We had learnt from the first weird phone call alleging I had a secret family somewhere up north and the voice telling Storme I had been cheating on her, so we no longer had a landline telephone connected to our internet plan, hence the use of only mobile phones for calls, the numbers of which we only gave out to close family and friends who knew the stalking history of the family I had now been estranged from; all outgoing calls were set to reflect a private number.

Were they using wire shark to hack my IP address and steal my information via cyber fraud (I had learnt a lot about this from the IT guys I worked with whilst I was managing the electronics factory)? The worst part was, there were just too many potential suspects to choose from; was it a private investigator working on behalf of my mother who was known to accost people in public in order to gain information on my whereabouts? Was it the guy I had caught trying to rape my wife who had strong connections to the police through his father in law as retribution for telling his friends in the OTO and Freemasons? Was it the guys who were a part of the sex trafficking operation Storme had just escaped from when I first met her (they had been "monitoring" her for quite some time to make sure she didn't tell the cops about them)? Or were they related to the guys I had just been responsible for putting

in prison? Then there was Storme's father who she herself had been estranged from for a number of years – another person who had magically conjured her number when we were at Gooseberry Hill.

Ahh, damn, why couldn't I just be a normal robotic functioning member of society where I could stay safely under the radar of this damned curse?

It was just too unsafe to stay knowing the eldest twin was just around the corner and that someone we didn't know once again had access to our personal information, so – you guessed it – we found ourselves moving out once again.

At least this time we found a decent house that actually felt like we were living in a house; something we hadn't felt since we were burgled.

Around this time I was starting to notice the Starseed movement take off. It had been Storme who had told me what a Starseed actually was, as she had been a part of a few groups where people had been floating the terminology.

It appeared there was a new generation of Indigo Children coming forward who believed they were here to *help humanity evolve out of their primitive state of consciousness*, and some of these even claimed to be alien abductees.

You can imagine my surprise at being told about a spiritual amnesia affecting mankind's ability to connect with a higher state of consciousness in 2012, remembering my reincarnation in 2014, then watching a whole community of others coming forward claiming they were part of a similar thing.

And this wasn't just a few people either; some of these groups had upwards of 30 thousand people on them and were starting to gain a heavy momentum. Prior to this, I hadn't even connected the Elder Guardians with being related to extra-terrestrials; the thought had never actually entered my mind; as far as I could ascertain, they were more in line with being representatives of the Great White Brotherhood/ Ascended Masters that I had read about.

So now there was what appeared to be a massive movement essentially talking about what people like Aleister Crowley had called the coming Age of Aquarius many decades ago. I found this interesting. Very interesting.

I monitored these groups closely to try and find any additional information on these beings as I could, but I soon found I was mainly sifting through the broken memories of experiencers which sounded very similar in nature to mine and Storme's expeditions in the outer planes.

At least I now knew where I could start looking for the 20 thousand plus other souls who were at the original gathering with the Grand Elder. Ok, so now it wasn't just as

easy as writing these things off as a fabrication of my mind due to some chemical imbalance or whatever other excuse a person with a piece of paper stating they were learned in psychology wanted to come up with.

By logical deduction there was either a 50% chance my experiences were false, in which case I could put them behind me and move on, or a 50% chance they were real in which case I had to consider the implications; those implications were so enormous in their magnitude that I really only had one option laid out before me, and that was to take them seriously and risk being labelled a madman in a society I never really cared for anyway, rather than ignore them and miss an opportunity to communicate what was revealed to me.

The idea I was responsible for over 20 thousand others souls' was not something I was going to take lightly and dismiss simply because those inexperienced in the mysteries that afforded me them in the first place told me they knew better. I had to treat this matter with the seriousness it deserved. I had to treat it with the same seriousness that had been implied during the first gathering back in 2012, regardless of what my opinion was on the matter.

There was no room for "this is just crazy talk"; I had to consider the very real possibility that what I experienced was real (considering it even felt more real than what we commonly think of as being *real*).

The coincidence of an entire community of people starting to say similar things about consciousness was, in my opinion, more than just coincidence.

So yeah, I am not going to lie, I started wondering if this could all be connected with extra-terrestrial involvement. I started doing a complete 180 degree turn on things I had once upon a time completely dismissed as pure delusion and fantasy.

Oh how I really wanted to disagree with people like Icke and their conspiracies on mind invading alien entities, but at the same time what I was starting to realize is that these people, in all probability were trying to explain a similar concept that I had witnessed, that really, there are no words to even describe.

If ET's did have some sort of control over our reincarnation, how the hell would we even know? The silent and insidious invasion of our own consciousness by them made more sense as being the modus operandi of a technologically evolved civilization than the idea they would randomly just start announcing their presence, and you know what, it actually described the state of the world a little too perfectly; a world where conversations about aliens were considered as taboo and ridiculous, yet the belief of a man with a beard who dwelt in the sky who created a son and then a daughter from his son's rib had become something of an accepted and revered

belief.

What if our creator was an alien? It might sound ridiculous, but then again electricity would have sounded ridiculous to those prior to its accidental discovery by Luigi Galvani in 1800.

Well, now that I thought about it, if our body had been deliberately engineered to house a lower form of consciousness – as the Grand Elder had specifically revealed to me as being the case – all signs were pointing to this being a very real possibility. Could it be that the Brotherhood of Light and their Ascended Masters were actually ET consciousness's? Oh this rabbit hole was starting get deeper and deeper, and yes, I was starting to entertain these ideas and compare them with everything that had been revealed to me on the amnesia engine, though I never settled on any particular one, as the act of discernment was something that had been drilled into me by the Grand Elder during my experience remembering my reincarnation.

The last thing he wanted was for me to just blindly believe him and take his word for it, like many people of the world had been deceived into doing by false prophets. I was made to question every piece of information that was being given to me – even by him – and boy was there a lot. It was too bad they never told me who they were or where they were from. Maybe they were the ones trying to manipulate me.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN:

THIRD LESSON IN GNOSIS:

CONVERSATION WITH “GOD”, MY INITIATION INTO THE UNSEEN 5 AND THE FALL OF MAN FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN

On the 16th of November 2016, a few months after moving from our Kalamunda house to the nearby suburb of Maida Vale, I had yet another series of lucid dreams where I was yet again able to connect with my higher state of awareness, where much of this “entertaining of the possibilities of ET involvement” paid off, and I was given an incredible amount of information on the inter dimensional war taking place within the astral planes.

In the first of these lucid dreams, I was taken to a place that appeared to be the inside of a pyramid made from the same yellowish stone that the celestial courtyard of the Elder Guardians had been fashioned out of.

At the top of this pyramid, the apex was cut off, as if a capstone lay atop it, and I realized this was where I was supposed to be heading; inside the capstone was an office of sorts that could only be accessed via the projection of consciousness into it. I obliged, and realized I had arrived at the office of what I can only describe as the “All Being”; pure consciousness that had been universally connected to all conscious things in existence. The closest conception we have to this omnipotence of this being is the label of “god”, but given the stereotypical imagery that has been

attached to that label and the blaspheming of the original concept by people who used it to gain control over others, this label was not sufficient enough to describe this genderless being for me; I simply do not use that terminology out of respect for the being, but I feel it important for the reader to understand that is who this particular being essentially was.

It was a great and powerful, all knowing presence, a manifestation of the I AM, and it radiated extreme light that was, in some cases, too bright even for my higher mind. It encompassed the Higher Intellect of not only myself, but of all things and I remember thinking it was the beginning of creation itself.

This being had its back to me when I entered, and turned smiling at me with benevolence I cannot even begin to describe. The being told me that it had been expecting me for quite some time and that my arrival had been delayed several times by forces out of my control.

The reader must be aware that I was 100% lucid and again able to recollect all of my earth memories as well as many of those of celestial heritage; I was constantly pondering thoughts of ET involvement and the idea the Hermetic and Ascended Masters were all part of the same thing, which revolved around this spiritual amnesia. To put it simply, this wasn't just a "standard" lucid dream just as in my last 2 experiences with the Grand Elder and the one with my reincarnation.

So you could say my intention upon coming into the office of the All Being was to flatten out as much of the information I had been given on the spiritual amnesia as possible. I wasn't interested in asking god to gift me a house or a pony or the usual other things kids are taught to bother a divine being with. There were simply no thoughts pertaining to the mundane things of the physical plane like we as humans find ourselves caught up in on a regular basis.

My attention was turned completely and fully towards my celestial operations and my role within the amnesia correction program. I was operating from an absolute awareness that this life and body I am currently incarnated in is one out of many, many lives I have already lived in past incarnations. I simply was not interested in bothering with using this as an opportunity for materialistic gain that would benefit only one of these bodies in only one of these lives. Cue the sceptics bound to a single body and life cycle.

Thus I asked the question of "who am I?" with every intention of understanding this from a cosmological perspective, rather than a single lifetime, to which the All Being gave me an answer.

I then asked this All Being for an understanding of the astral war, and was told that I

would be given an answer soon enough in regards to it but that there was more important things to deal with first.

I was then “teleported” to a chamber below the pyramid in which a being that seemed to be a lesser aspect of the same All Being was having Storme (or a higher version of her, at least) teach me a “celestial word” that was similar to a guttural roar. I was expected to pronounce it exactly the same, and every time I failed, it would burn my throat beyond explanation.

The only time I had ever been able to feel pain like this during lucid dreams was when I was being electrocuted and remembering the soul torture/ other tortures; all other times were painless seeing as I was operating from a state of pure consciousness disconnected from a physical body and its pain receptors. It felt as though my lungs were on fire, and with each progressive failure the pain was amplified by orders of magnitude in the millions.

I ended up mispronouncing the word 3 times before the pain became so unbearable that I woke up from the lucid dream. I soon fell back into lucidity with the same potency of awareness, which is rare considering waking up from a lucid dream usually breaks the lucid connection for me.

I was now reliving a memory of a past life in which Storme had the Polish name of Nina Bejowski, though she had no recollection of being anyone but this particular version of herself. The setting was in a European looking type place with the cobblestone roads and old styled apartments.

I tried reminding her of other past lives we had been involved in together, but she could not and would not remember them. I knew that there were astral “agents” (who took the form of MIBs or “suits) tracking me trying to prevent me from making her remember, and I knew they were messing with my ability to retain conscious memory of these other lives, and trying to sever my connection to my higher self; they were trying to stop me from reaching Storme and connecting with her.

Every time they would come, and I would experience a sort of timeline reset back to the same point in time; evidently my recurring lucid dreams of training at the time travel towers were specifically to keep my consciousness intact whenever one of these resets happened; this is not the same concept of physical time travel like you see in movies such as Back to the Future or the Time Machine.

It is hard to explain but when your consciousness is viewing past life memory via the higher self, you are not viewing time in a linear fashion like you experience in this physical plane; it is like watching a DVD and the astral agents have the remote

in which they keep skipping back to the start of the chapter and every time they do you lose the memory of whatever transpired during that brief window of the chapter playing out.

So whenever I say “consciousness time travel” what I really mean is the recollection of memories of past lives from a vantage point in a plane of existence far removed from and existing above this physical universe and it’s irregular conceptualized transition of time, whilst also being fully aware of that physical universe (let’s see the sceptics try to debunk that one with their limited understanding of cosmology). I eventually managed to convince Storme to come with me, in which the memory turned into one of us catching some kind of bus or train over a bridge that led to an island that reminded me of the photos I’d seen of Liberty Island in New York. On this “bus/ train” were the consciousnesses of those who were the “top brass” when it came to the question of alien visitation on the planet of Earth; these were people wearing military General’s uniforms adorned with military medals, and others wearing the typical white scientific lab coats as well as an assortment of those who were dressed in standard civilian clothing.

Remember, I was analysing everything from a higher state of awareness, and it was obvious to me that this gathering of us all was a very, very big deal; these were the people who had some kind of firsthand knowledge of extra-terrestrial involvement, whether they were abductees, or had worked on or seen certain ET technologies during their time in the military. The obvious thing was that none of these people had an absolute solid understanding of what was going on in regards to the bigger picture that was the alien agenda.

All in all there was about 20 – 30 of them, male and female alike. This was an opportunity for those who thought they were the leading experts in this agenda to discuss everything they knew amongst themselves in order to figure out the bigger picture.

The shuttle bus/ train like vehicle arrived at the island and we were ordered to disembark and line up single file against a wall made out of brick, that I believe may have been the base of the Statue of Liberty (note the metaphorical overtones).

Each one of us was handed a ream of paper and was told on it contained a list of every indiscretion we had ever engaged in in our lifetime, and that “they” (who appeared to be more military) required compensation for every little thing on it before we would be allowed to proceed.

“They” required us to sign a piece of paper that stated we agreed to whatever punishment they had laid out before us for these indiscretions, in which people

began hastily scrawling their autographs without question; one could not make it into the convention without signing.

I seemed to have the largest ream out of everyone, and took one look at the petty “crimes” which basically equated to illegally downloading an abundance of music and told them it was a load of bullshit and that I would not be signing the agreement. It was extremely obvious to me that this was an attempt to coerce us into signing over something else whilst under lucid duress– rights to our soul perhaps?

No sooner had I torn up my stack of paper than the scene dissolved around me and I found myself standing in what appeared a hallway that was similar to what I assumed those of the White House looked like.

Standing before me was a being that I knew was not of terrestrial origins – I could “feel” his energy as being alien to energy of those associated with earth – who was taking on the form of then President Obama. I had a sort of telepathic thought that this image was more to show me that his rank within this particular office was equivalent to that of president or leader; it was very clear to me I was not standing face to face with the actual President of the United States.

Obama greeted me and congratulated me on “coming to the complete realisation of the alien presence and agenda unfolding on earth” (these were his actual words), and told me it was because of this realisation married with the responsibilities afforded to me by the Elder Guardians under the amnesia correction operation that I had been “initiated” into this organization he headed, which existed solely within the astral planes – there was simply no counterpart to this organization that exists in what we know as physical reality. Entry to this office was via astral projection/ lucid dreaming only and at the ultimate discretion of this being. You cannot get in unless your temperament is deemed as being aligned enough to the values of the organisation as a whole.

According to him, this organization was responsible for monitoring not only the alien agenda unfolding on earth, but also the inter dimensional traffic coming into and out of it and its neighbouring planes; whether it be angels, demons, ghosts, aliens, Ascended Masters etc., everything was monitored in regards to where it was coming from, where it was going and what its intentions were. Everything was recorded and kept within this office, using technology I cannot even begin to describe.

What was more, was that this organization was exclusively for those who had come to similar conclusions on their own merits; that souls were being manipulated into reincarnation traps in an effort to stop them from realizing their true power and

reconnecting with their higher states of awareness.

I was explicitly told that those gifted in the arts of astral projection and lucid dreaming were monitored during their travels by this organization, in an effort to vet potential candidates for recruitment; every single person who astral projects is covertly watched by them.

The scenario I had just come from where I was being tricked into signing a document was, according to Obama, actually a holographic test that had been implemented, that every potential candidate is apparently given as an opportunity to pass; those who pass it are initiated into the group, and those that don't simply wake up and think they had a very strange dream (the test composition varies from person to person). Very few people apparently pass it because the importance of strengthening ones lucid dreaming abilities is not a common practice taught in most Earth based social constructs. Hence why indigenous communities like the Hopi have much to say on the importance of "dreaming". The key aspect at realizing it is a test is the coercing of one to "sign" or "give consent away" in these outer planes. I was told that I would now meet all the other members that were a part of this organization, and was led to the end of the hallway where an extremely large and heavy double door was located.

I remember being overcome with excitement as I walked down the hallway thinking I would get to knock heads with some of the highest ranking military officials and scientists in the world – in my mind, this was more than just sharing a shuttle bus with them; I would be able to openly engage in conversation with them – people like Bob Lazar and Werner Von Braun, or even the MJ12 etc. – but as Obama opened the door, my jaw dropped, as there in front of me stood the rest of the people who comprised the total of this secret organization's administration; 4 other people none of whom wore lab coats or military regalia whatsoever.

The 4 people in the world who apparently understood the alien agenda and in its entirety and actively fighting it were everyday civilians. It was actually rather comical.

I was told, by Obama all 4 of these people were currently incarnated on earth. Of these four, 2 were women who I recognized from many prior lifetimes and from the Elder Gathering in 2012.

One was younger than me, though still in her 20s and had dark hair, whereas the other was slightly older and appeared to be in her 40s. Out of the other two, one was another woman and the other was a man, both of whom I did not recognize. I hugged the women (the ones I recognised) and shook hands with the man.

I was allowed a very brief mingling with these people – the two I recognized were from the gathering with the Elder Guardians back in 2012 – before Obama took me aside and spoke to me on the seriousness of the alien presence unfolding on earth and the potential catastrophe the human populace faced if it was left unchallenged. I was told that the organization’s numbers had been quite a measure larger, but had dwindled in recent years, which meant him and his team were under immense pressure as they struggled with the roles of multiple people at once.

It was then that he revealed the role he wanted me to play in the organization. I was to act as a recruiter for those experienced in astral projection and lucid dreaming in effort to take this pressure off them so they could free up resources and were in a better position to deal with the threat.

I was tasked with creating an “Order” that would act as the physical extension of the organization to properly prepare these candidates for initiation into the astral based division of it. Essentially what he told me was that people who are skilled in these abilities have been misguided and have been using them for mundane and selfish purposes for too long a time – my responsibility would be to provide them with the opportunity at redirecting this misguidance to a more worthy cause.

If those candidates took the material I presented to them serious and were considered worthy enough to join, they would be held in much higher regard than those who were just buzzing around the astral planes because they thought it was a fun thing to do.

This role would operate in conjunction with the one that had been bestowed upon me by the Elder Guardians; those a part of the amnesia correction operation would automatically be accepted as being worthy of initiation, they simply had to reach out via their metaphysical skills. As if being responsible for 20 thousand souls on behalf the Elder Guardians wasn’t enough, now I had this weight on my shoulders to deal with. I cannot say I was overjoyed at the thought, though it was a dirty job that someone had to do so I agreed to it anyway.

Needless to say, things were starting to get really interesting indeed.

Upon my agreeing to this responsibility I was led by Obama into another room whilst the other 4 earth time incarnates got back to their tasks within the office. In the middle of this new room was what appeared to be brick of the same yellow stone from the pyramid and courtyard arranged in a circular fashion like a fire pit.

As I approached the pit, once again my surroundings dissolved and I found myself watching a “holographic video” of “the fall of man” again through my higher state of consciousness. Although he was not physically there, I could hear Obama talking

to me, in much the same way the Grand Elder's voice had spoken to me during the recurring dream in which I had remembered my reincarnation:

I was standing in a clearing at the peak of a mountain which overlooked a great field of green plains. In the middle of the clearing was an altar, and standing around the altar were three of the bigfoot/ hanuman like beasts that I had seen operating the canons during my second proper contact with the Grand Elder. Behind them was a wall of rock, and behind the wall of rock was a staircase that wrapped all the way down the mountain and bled out into the fields below.

When I say this was holographic, what I mean was that I was able to move about freely in this environment and explore it, but it played like a video in that the beasts went about their business completely unaware I was observing them or their surroundings. It was essentially a 3D, virtual video you didn't just watch, but you "completely experienced"; it was the same holographic tech Obama V2.0 used during my initiation test with the vividness turned up to maximum.

Obama told me that each of these Hanuman like beasts represented an entire race of the founding "beings" of this particular physical plane; i.e., the creators of Earth. So even though there were three standing at the altar, what I was actually seeing (and what was being reduced for the sake of my earth mind's processing capabilities when I'd eventually wake up back here) was two entirely separate races of these beasts; this is the best I can explain this.

Although these beasts/ races were similar in appearance, there were noticeable differences between them such as one race being physically much larger and stronger than the other two. All three of them were bipedal of stature, were covered in a brownish fur and had faces that appeared as a cross between a human and an ape, in which protruding from their mouths were similar fangs as to what can be expected of most monkey species.

Below in the fields I could see other beings that represented other entirely separate races to the ones in front of me.

Whereas the ones down below were engaged in carrying out their tasks, these three before me were clearly up to mischief; they were talking excitedly amongst themselves as one of them presented the others with three rectangular emerald stones the size of standard dominoes engraved with strange hieroglyphs from a small bag (note the similarity to Thoth's emerald tablet), which it placed upon the altar, being careful not to touch them., whilst the other two beasts watched on in curiosity. Once the stones had been placed, the middle sized beast proceeded to try and pick

them up.

The effect was instantaneous; as the beast touched the stones, it lost all sense of cognitive processing capabilities and just stood there staring at nothing in particular like it had just suffered extreme brain trauma. It was like it had become hypnotized by the stones – a robot that was waiting for its next set of instructions to initialise. It started to dawn on me what I was watching and why Obama wanted me to see it; this was where the amnesia began. This was the original technology the amnesia engine had been based off. The emerald stones had the ability to dumb down a being that was operating from their higher state of consciousness; this is what I had experienced upon projecting into the anomaly back in 2012.

I was watching the fall of man from the “garden” of Eden, which in this case was Earth pre- human civilization.

The presenter of the stones chuckled to himself, whilst the other beast – the physically biggest, most dominant beast – watched on completely amazed.

The presenter of the stones then said something and waved his hand, and just as quickly as he had been dumbed down, the hypnotized beast snapped out of his daze and looked around, evidently confused by what had taken place.

The dominant beast/race then suggested they gather all the other races that were busy in the fields below and play a trick on them. The scene changed, as if skipping ahead in a movie, to one where all the other races had lined up on the stairs; there was so many of them that the queue extended all the way down the mountain into the field. The three trickster beasts had made it so the line would stop at the edge of the wall, concealing the altar and the stones from sight.

One by one each race was called to the altar, and tricked into touching the stones to become hypnotized by them, in which they were then “commanded” to go wait back in line. It wasn’t long before the three trickster races were the only ones left with their higher memories intact, the rest of the races fumbling and bumbling around like babies who’d just learnt how to walk.

The presenter of the stones decided the trick had gone on long enough and said whatever incantation and did whatever gesture he did to wake up the first race he’d put under the spell, but to his horror, it did not work. In his shocked state he stumbled backwards and as he did, his hand accidentally fell upon the stones, rendering *him* feeble minded.

The biggest, most dominant beast watched it all in the same curiosity, then something within him clicked – you could see the evilness possess him through his eyes like an instantaneous fire as he seemed to realize the power that lay before him.

He grabbed the hand of the beast that stood dumbfounded at the “accident” next to him, and forcefully made it touch the stones, rendering the last beast besides itself as feeble minded as the rest.

The dominant beast/ race – now the only one that had its higher memories intact – then smiled in what I can only describe as one of the most evil smiles I have ever seen.

It was then that something very peculiar and strange happened, even from this vantage point in a plane completely separate to the one where the fall was happening; the beast turned and looked directly at me, still with the evil smile pasted across its face, then sniffed the air, flaring his nostrils in the process. It was like he couldn’t see me, but he knew something was watching him, despite this apparently being a holographic projection.

As this happened, I once again found myself starting to awaken from the experience. The office of Obama and the other 4 – who I collectively called the Unseen 5 – were nowhere to be found, and I could hear the voice of the All Being telling me that “as I awaken, the start of the downfall of humanity would begin”, at the same time being giving a telepathic understanding that what this meant was that the futile practices that were detrimental to our planet’s survival would begin to dissolve to allow for global spiritual ascension of the human race.

Uh....ok.....if you say so Mr Beginning of Creation Consciousness That Connects All Things. I figured there was no point going to a psychologist at this point; if I was insane I had certainly already convinced the psychologist and psychiatrists I had been sent to see for my hand that I was a functioning member of society with normal coherent cognitive processing capabilities. I even had a Defence Force PFA suggesting the same thing.

So now I was really starting to wonder what the hell was going on. It was all either real, or it wasn’t, but the problem was that it all felt more real than what we know is “real”. I wasn’t a religious man, but damn, this All Being certainly left a lasting impression on me, as did the President of the Unseen 5.

The dilemma I was faced with was becoming bigger and bigger; either write it all down and disperse it accordingly on the very likely (by society’s mentality) chance none of it was actually real in which case I would put a serious dent in my reputation and come off as being “that crazy UFO guy”, or ignore it for the sake of my ego and deal with the possible consequences of it all being true. Damn humans; why couldn’t they just all astral project and lucid dream like I did then I wouldn’t have to juggle between being insane and being a 40000 year old space elf trying to wake people up

to extra-terrestrial manipulation of their souls. Go figure.

I decided to sit on it all and gather as much information as I could find on astral based societies and anything that seemed to resonate anything remotely similar to everything that had been relayed to me. This is the real reason it has taken me almost a whole decade to finally start writing about it properly; if there was a specific window of time this information was supposed to come out I take full responsibility for missing it trying to be somebody who could still integrate within society; my bad.

It wasn't as if any of these guys ever gave me anything as remotely convenient as a timetable to go about my operations of gathering and releasing this information. It was as if the whole idea that I would lose majority of my celestial memories every time I "came back" had become completely lost on them (it was evident by the reactions of my galactic family during the 2012 gathering that they don't actually fully understand what happens to our consciousness when it comes back into our bodies; majority of them are blocked from coming here).

I was basically given the bare necessities of what was required of me regarding my tasks, then told to figure out the rest when I got back "here". Some spiritual guides, eh?

But at least it had been explained to me that the whole point of my astral training had been to "operate under duress" in such an environment against an unseen enemy that had technology that could manipulate my consciousness without me even knowing about it; it was because of my lucid dreaming abilities that I was able to bypass much of the manipulation, and at times return to them for a "briefing". All I know is that I have a wealth of information locked away deep within my psyche that must be accessed via past life regression hypnotic techniques at a later date.

I put it out of my mind and got back to life raising my first born son and caring for Storme. By this stage I had long since completed my first novel and had about 3 or four different fictional ones that I had been working on. I had actually lost a half complete work when my laptop got stolen – about 65 thousand words worth of work.

So there had been a period of inactivity in regards to my writing from then up until our stay in the Kalamunda house when I scored a gig as the Speculative Fiction Facilitator at a local writing group called the Katherine Susannah Prichard Writing Centre, which had a few writers who were doing exceptionally well winning

international awards and publishing deals from fairly major publishers – it was good being able to talk to them and get some tips and tricks of the trade. I was the weird guy writing things like horror, fantasy, and anything that didn't fit into the categories of romance or non-fiction biographies (oh the irony of my repulsion at the idea of writing a biography).

So all my attention at that point had been going towards building a platform that I planned on eventually using to try and get my own books published. In the end all the publishers I sent my work to – both major and minor alike – declined to even look at any of it, so I gave up bothering them and focused on self publishing.

I wrote a few articles in relation to as much of the information from the Elder Guardians and the Unseen 5 I could remember and managed to get them published on a few spirituality sites, that were investing in the Starseed phenomena mainly in the hopes of getting a few bites from the twenty thousand other people I was supposed to be trying to find (so far I had only one potential hit), but it was all to no avail, apart from a few people who were interested in the story, though not part of it. Around the move to Maida Vale, it became evident interest in the Speculative Fiction group was waning, as there was only ever one other guy that bothered showing up.

He ended up moving interstate and I found that I was alone for the entire hour of every second Saturday with the whole centre to myself. Despite the lack of interest, it was nice to sit in silence and work on my writings, though I eventually ended up calling it quits.

And then the abduction dreams started.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN:

ABDUCTION DREAMS AND STRANGE COINCIDENCES

The first one was quite unremarkable in its composition compared to the others, but I figured it was worth mentioning considering what I was apparently dealing with the Unseen 5.

It was a standard dream where I was dreaming I was walking out the front door of Storme's mothers place one evening after dinner to get something out of my car, which was situated about 50 metres away under a car port that ran perpendicular to the house. To get there you had to walk down the veranda and up a few steps, before going through a gate and stepping over a piece of grass that lay between the gate and fence. I can still remember the vividness of the dream, and how I was preoccupied with the random thoughts I would usually have whenever I would go and get something – usually my phone or thongs – from the car.

I got to the fence, opened it, but as I was closing the latch in place a large, unmoving object drew my attention to the sky; there right above and in front of me, half hidden by clouds was a spaceship that I remembered thinking looked a lot like the one out of the Halo games I used to play as a kid.

The ship itself was covered in strange symbols – it was that big and close that I could see them as clear as day – and it appeared to have a large hole underneath it that protruded back into the ship.

As I stood and watched, a ring of blue light like the flame of a butane torch illuminated the circular shaped hole. My last thought was “oh shit” as I realized it

was about to “pull me in”, before I blacked out and woke up in my bed in Maida Vale (Storme’s mothers house was 50km away in Gidgegannup) completely dazed and confused about where the hell I was; I actually woke up screaming “where am I and what the hell just happened” as it took me a good few minutes to remember that we were in the Maida Vale house.

The last time I woke up like this was when I was 7 and I’d had to stay at my grandmother’s place as a large bushfire ravaged our town and burnt down our neighbour’s house. Even when remembering the electrocution and soul torture I never woke up in this state of panic and disorientation; it was as if I had forgotten our whole time at Maida Vale.

In the second abduction “dream” I was this time 100% lucid, and things seemed to get very weird. It had been about a year since my contact with the Unseen 5 and probably a good few months since the first abduction dream. We had moved back to Kalamunda in another regrettable rental (this was like the 14th house in 12 years) in an effort to try and save a few dollars with the cheaper rent now that bills were starting to hammer down on us.

I had been reading a bit on the freeman movement, and – don’t ask me why, probably due to boredom or something – I’d decided to try and test the waters to see if any of it held any weight. I decided to start by telling the bank that I took out my car loan with that I wouldn’t be paying them unless they provided me with documentation that proved there was a second party to the contract, because I realized they hadn’t actually signed anything but the witness box and that for a contract to be legally binding it had to have the signatures of both parties (I do not suggest doing this if you do not know what you are doing; I was cautious in that I was choosing the wording of my emails very carefully so that there was always the proof I was willing to play ball if they started throwing lawyers at me).

Some people watch sports for entertainment, others gamble; I messed with some of the most soulless organizations on the planet.

There was other reasons for me doing this as well, as the bank I originally took the loan out with had sold their debts off to another bank and were supposed to inform me of the change, but never did, so it was more I thought I’d stick in a toe whilst asking for the paperwork proving that this new bank was the one I should be depositing my money into.

What can I say; I liked to live on the edge. It turned out, the bank were having a really hard time providing the second signature I was requesting (probably because

they were a fictitious entity and fictitious entities can't sign a piece of paper, if you want to take a page out of the freeman movement's book), so in the end they told me they were willing to give me a 6 month "no pay period" and wipe \$250 off my total payments; not exactly much when it came to a \$30k loan, but hey better than nothing.

It turned out claiming yourself as a sovereign being had its perks after all. I learnt a few things from that, like how not even a bank can point you in the direction of the amendment to the Constitution that allows them to use imaginary binary numbers or anything but gold and silver as forms of legal currency.

I decided to go one step further; stop paying my car registration and see if I could sweet talk my way out of the police using the same techniques (I seriously do not recommend doing this, period).

As it turned out they were not particularly happy with my non-payment of my registration, which, in reality, I did actually have a reason for, even though it did not affect my ability to drive whatsoever, and was because I didn't actually have enough money to pay it on time.

I decided to let the fine lapse until a court order was sent out by mail for no other reason than I was curious to see the how the proceedings of court went. This may sound strangeto someone who has been told that "thou must payeth your license in full as sooneth as requested" but after the rigmarole with my hand and being expected to know every single law no teacher had ever bothered teaching me, I wanted to understand how exactly it was that judicial proceedings occurred.

I had, after all, not made it into the chamber during the trial of Sean and the twin. If this governmental department was going to be demanding money I didn't have and made no difference to my driving capabilities every 3 months, then I wanted to know how it functioned. Call me crazy, I know.

I sat in trance in the middle of the courtroom like I had done many years prior at my mother's rainbow group, and suddenly it all clicked; the courtroom was set out eerily similar to an Ancient Egyptian weighing of the heart ceremony.

It was said that upon death, the goddess Maat would weigh the heart of the dead against her feather on a set of scales in the presence of Thoth, who would transcribe each ceremony, and Anubis who acted as a guard to stop the soul from escaping any punishment. If the heart was found to be lighter than the feather, Maat would grant the soul access to the afterlife. If, however, the heart was found to be heavier than the feather through the misdeeds of the soul during its time of life, it would be sent to the netherworld to be devoured by the creatures that dwelt there.

Present before me was the judge, aka Maat, the bailiff, aka Anubis, the man who transcribed the whole affair, aka Thoth, the scales of justice, aka scales of Maat.. Although it was missing from the particular courtroom I was in, judges were known throughout the world to use old school feathered quill pens, weren't they? And the wigs looked similar to those used by the Ancient Egyptians.

I wondered if court was specifically set out as a ritual to connect with the archetypal energies of an Ancient Egyptian rite of passage after death. Were we being judged as dead entities through the creation of a fictitious identity that was given to us the moment we were born?

Was this a deliberate idea set forth by those in charge of the court systems, or a meme that was being propagated throughout the world unconsciously by an unseen occult force?

Suddenly, it made a lot of sense as to why the most dominant churches of the world seemed hell bent on punishing anyone studying the composition of the divine spark of the soul in ages past. It made sense why they made everyone say Amen at the end of every prayer; Amenhotep was a pharaoh who abolished polytheistic worship and established the more church approved idea of monotheism instead.

I remembered everything the Grand Elder had told me about the creator of the amnesia engine being the same one who was responsible for the slavery in Ancient Egypt; did this civilization with its understanding of death figure out something about consciousness? It was starting to seem like Amenhotep took out a monopoly on people's souls.

So I was reading up on freeman literature, and claiming yourself as a sovereign entity rather than the fictitious label one is given at birth in the form of a birth certificate, and this got me thinking; how many people in the world actually bother to declare that their soul is not for sale?

How many people in the world actually thought about their soul as much as they thought about something they did on a regular basis like brushing their teeth?

There was, after all, some sort of animating principle behind every person's existence; some sort of invisible spark that gave life to them and filled them with enough energy to power their heartbeat for an entire lifetime. How many people recognized this undeniable characteristic about themselves and actually made the mental thought that it wasn't for sale, or was not allowed to be used for any other purpose other than what its divine creator intended?

Conversely, how many people unwillingly gave their energy away through the

allowance of unseen parasites; if they were unaware they had an astral body existing in a plane filled with all sorts of travelling entities, then it was only logical to assume they were sitting ducks just waiting for something to come along and “harvest from them”.

Moreover, if an astral parasite was attached to an individual and you signed a contract written by that individual to allow him and his “associates” any sort of power over you, could the parasite not technically be an associate of his, allowing your power to be given in not just the physical plane, but the non-physical as well? Like I said, my thoughts and operations were not just those bound to this physical domain; as an electronics technician I had been trained to look at a complete system, not just one small part of it, and this was the same train of thought I applied to the universe and its unseen aspects. You could say I was eager to understand how the non-physical planes affected the physical.

So I created a prayer or a spell or whatever you want to call it, specifically aimed at reclaiming my soul and nullifying any celestial contracts I had unwillingly entered it into through my own ignorance. I wrote this in the body of an email and sent it off to my father, who I had seen only a few times during our year in Maida Vale in an effort to try and reconcile our relationship (he was very straight edged and one of the biggest sceptics you’ll ever meet, who thinks astral projection is a load of nonsense) not really caring what he thought about it.

Interestingly, that very night I “appeared” lucidly, half lying in the water and shore of a swamp covered in reeds. Some of these reeds had been arranged over the top of me in what appeared to be an effort to conceal me. To begin with, I was in a daze, fluttering in and out of consciousness like I had been drugged with the same substance that had been used on me many years ago during the experiences in my youth (over the years I have had many dreams, both lucid and not of “beings drugging me”), before becoming completely lucid. I realized someone had draped a tarp across me as there was something really bad and strange going on up ahead.; there were these lights or something scanning the area exactly like how prison lights scanned for an escaped convict.

Mistakenly, I ripped this tarp off me in my confusion, drawing the attention of whatever was up ahead. Suddenly I was surrounded by a blue or green light and the next thing I knew I was being pulled upwards along with all the water from the swamp and others who had been hiding. This swamp was equivalent to a few football fields in size and the whole thing was being sucked upwards towards the sky. The lights were too bright to make out any kind of ship.

I blacked out and came to in a metallic looking room on a bed where a medical procedure was taking place, then I found myself being aggressively pushed into another room by the same beings that operated on me - their faces becoming a blur in the haze what was my drugged consciousness.

I remember seeing a smooth metallic door slide open to my right before I was pushed into a room that was totally dark and devoid of any light whatsoever. It is then that something strange happened; I began to glitch in and out of the dimension I was in into another one.

This happened repeatedly every couple of hundred milliseconds, and every new dimension was completely different to any of the ones before it. It is hard to describe but if you have a slide show of different environments and quickly flick through it, this is what was happening to my reality around me; I was being “dimension spun” in an effort to torture and disorientate my consciousness.

There was an overlay reality placed in front of me that I could not interact with; it was a reality where my wife – now pregnant with our second child – and my boy were going to get ice cream.

In it my boy asked where I was and when I would be coming home, with a saddened look on his face, to which my wife – assuming I had abandoned them – told him I would not be coming back. It was like I was slightly out of phase with them, which is why I could see them, but they could not see me. I was supposed to be meeting them here. I tried yelling and screaming at them as loud as I could and reaching out to them, but my hand would just sink right through theirs, even though I was standing right next to them.

It was excruciatingly obvious what this was; this was a direct threat telling me to be “good” or I would be taken away from my family, though at the time I honestly thought that I wouldn’t be seeing them again. A deep depression welled inside of me despite this never once ever happening any other times I had been lucid. Lucidity was my place of happiness and freedom; it had never been used against me in this manner before, except for the prior incident in the consciousness prison.

The dimension spinning went on for a very long time, and I was at one point locked in the basement of an old derelict house.

The spinning eventually stopped, and I tried projecting my consciousness out of the basement using every lucid dreaming and astral projection trick I had in me, but nothing would work. It appeared they had learnt from their mistakes when they tried to contain my consciousness in the off world facility when I was 15 or 16. You may have heard stories of remote viewers trying to view restricted areas and having to

“battle with their own mind” to get back into their body. This is an incredibly accurate analogy of what I had to go through.

My consciousness would come to be trapped in this new prison for what equated to several entire “years” worth of earth time (remember how I said time slows down when you become lucid; the scene in the movie Inception where the Asian man is trapped in the dream for years is a very, very accurate portrayal of how things work in the lucid dreaming world). This was the longest my consciousness had ever been in a state of lucidity without coming back to the physical world for a breather; it was beyond maddening.

For all I knew, my consciousness had been thrown in here and left to rot, meanwhile my body back in my bed on earth would have been lucky to have been seeing the first rays from the next day’s sun coming through the window.

I eventually did something, and was able to peel my consciousness away from the prison and found myself in the back of what appeared to be a transport truck or train carriage with other people in it.

I started talking to an old woman who sat next to me, and mentioned the swamp, which is when she said “they” – being our captors – called it the “Wet Room”, and it was where “they” sent the ones who did not play ball with their agenda; the Wet Room *was* the experience of ultra-dimensional shifting I had undergone; it was a torture device reserved specifically for those who did not agree to have their souls guided by astral parasites.

Apparently if you intentionally declared your soul’s sovereignty and nullified all astral contracts it had unwittingly been tricked into partaking in, then you could expect the Extra Terrestrial Gestapo to pay you a visit in your dreams for your troubles. Good luck with thinking nothing but happy thoughts during your stay in the Wet Room. I was really starting to get tired of this sort of shit happening to me. Maybe my mind was just too damned good at creating hallucinations through dopamine fluctuations. Whatever it was, it lined up perfectly with why Obama V2.0 had me undergo a test to see whether I would hypnotically give consent away in this matter.

So what next? Why, move of course, back across the hills away from this place where the darkest parts of a never ending nightmare seemed to manifest themselves. Back to Mount Helena to be closer to Storme’s mother when our daughter finally arrived.

By then I’d run out of money for a removalist and everyone was too irritated at our 6 monthly moving schedule – which I found perfectly understandable - so I moved an

entire house's worth of contents by myself; couches, fridges, washing machines, dryer all within a day (that didn't mean I wouldn't drop a few of them like the fridge while trying to load it into the van and put a massive dent in it).

Meanwhile the Hell Fire Club I had been a Steward of for many years started disintegrating. Infighting was happening between the original English Steward and one of his local members, who was on good terms with many of the Stewards of the International Chapters, including those based here in Australia, so a rift had formed between those who were on his side and those who were against him.

I had been providing graphical art services for a multitude of the books he was in the process of making in addition to the many poems and writings I had provided and allowed him to use for his charters, and had not received the agreed payment of a copy of each work for those services.

This wasn't something I was too concerned over, though I found it disrespectful he had lied to me about them being posted several times, so it was for this reason I was starting to side with the Stewards of the Australians Chapters.

This whole affair was absurd; here was a man that just spent half a decade establishing and promoting his club to international status, in which he now had Chapters operating all over Australia, in America and Europe, and because of a minor argument he decided to sever all connections with them. I couldn't help but feel that he was embodying the spirit of Crowley and his reshuffling of the Golden Dawn a little too enthusiastically.

In the end it was decided that the international Chapters would continue to function as if they were as a separate entity to the English Chapter, and Eamonn cut off all ties with us, refusing to even acknowledge we had sprouted from his very own chapter at his very own wishes. I still have his original emails asking me to establish my own chapter.

We had found a house in a quiet street (the same one the guy who'd posted my TV for sale on gumtree years earlier lived on) with a good neighbour who I got on well with, and we found ourselves there for our longest rental stint yet; a whole 2 years. It was there we welcomed our beautiful daughter into the world, and really started to do things as a family such as camping (which we'd put off thinking our boy would hate it), and going to the beach.

I was still somewhat concerned about the difficulties of finding work if I ever needed to go back to it, so in my free time I was self studying how to program

firmware for microcontrollers and radio engineering theory in an effort to stay “up to date and relevant” (these are both really subjects you need university degrees for, but there was no way I had that much money or time) as well as undertaking training in computer assisted drawing, CAD, in an attempt to open my own manufacturing company.

We watched two winters pass as Summer came back around for another swing, and by that point it had been three years since my experience with the Unseen 5, and another 2 since my last contact with the Grand Elder.

After the Wet Room experience I thought it really was time to sit down to try and research some of the information gleaned during each one to see if I could find out more about them, or about what the hell they all meant.

In between all this, my radio engineering studies paid off, as I went and sat my advanced license in Ham radio; this was normally something you got after passing the first foundation and standard exams, but as I had a bit of digital communications experience behind me, I figured I’d study the material for a year or so and go straight for the advanced one instead.

The morning I received my results in the mail I had a dream that the man who checked over my test had told me I had only just passed ...which I did by only just a scrape. I usually have similar random “intuitive dreams” whenever something is due to be arriving by post; for some reason I will have a dream the very morning it shows up after completely forgetting about it.

After a year and a bit of digging, and sifting through Starseed messages about Acturian councils and Milabs experiences etc I eventually came across two alleged groups that bore a strong resemblance to the Unseen 5; the first was called the Aetherius Society which was a society with a global chapter base formed by a man named George King in 1955, after his (alleged) contacts with an off world intelligence known as Aetherius, who was (allegedly) from Venus.

George King was a self-proclaimed master of Yoga and based his “UFO religion” off the teachings of Theosophy, which had its roots in occult and esoteric theologies – it was Madam Helena Petrovna Blavatsky that brought Theosophy to the front of the world with her establishment of the Theosophical Society in 1875; Blavatsky has a very interesting take on the 7 “root races” or “cycles of evolution” that I highly recommend reading up on.

A lot of people from her society have written about their interactions with a being named Sanat Kumara who is regarded as the lord of the world and came here from

Venus with 144000 other souls to help *evolve human consciousness*; many of these reports come from people who claimed to have met Sumara and Co through astral projection.

Interestingly, there was a Theosophical Society retreat only a kilometre away from our new house, though I never really knew what it had been for; there are a few Buddhist temples randomly dotted about in the middle of the bush in these areas, so the placement of this society in this town was not altogether “strange”.

In King’s writings, which also included teachings in the belief systems of reincarnation, he mentions the “6 Adepts” who were responsible for “going into the astral planes and defeating the evil forces that dwelt there and who were conducting spiritual based warfare on the population of earth, whilst they (the human population) remained “blissfully unaware”.

King and the Adepts had allegedly been tasked by Aetherius with specifically entering into the lowest planes – referred to as astral hell, where all the worst and evil people of history apparently ended up – with the sole goal of evicting *an alien presence that posed a threat to all human life* that dwelt there, which they equated to the same entity as Satan – the Christian concept of that being anyway.

Well now this was getting interesting. Very, very interesting. And I hadn’t come into any of this information until after my experiences; Blavatsky’s works were just never something I was interested in reading, and now that I think of it I don’t really know why.

King also claimed to have met the Great White Brotherhood at some point in his travels brought about by his Yogic practices which it was said he would engage in for 10 hours a day.

Bizarrely, there is a declassified FBI document on that same government department’s website that purports to Nikola Tesla being of Venusian heritage, in which some of the agents mention George King and the apparent battle with the dark astral forces he was involved in (which they referred to as the “good fight”). Although this document seems to be the very real concern that Communists obtained Tesla’s scalar wave technological developments after his death via his cousin stealing the plans from his apartment, it gives some insight into the respect they seemed to hold for George King and his Adepts; much weirder than the declassified CIA paper on astral projection and our holographic universe and everything related to their studies of it under the Gateway Experience.

Although I did not consider myself a proper active member of the Unseen 5, as my involvement was to be based in this physical plane, technically speaking, my

initiation brings their number up to 6, which to me, is a remarkable coincidence, in a stream of remarkable coincidences, considering I only came across this group several years after my experiences which were alluding to basically the same thing; there was an astral war which was related to ET agendas taking place and it had the potential to really mess with Earth and its inhabitants. Those inhabitants seemed to be too spiritually immature to even consider taking such a subject seriously.

Whilst, admittedly I was never big on Yoga, and don't necessarily agree with certain aspects of King's work (the energy battery thing to me seems a bit ridiculous given my understanding of electronics), I cannot deny King's descriptions of his experiences resonate very, very strongly with mine.

It is a very strange thing when such experiences point to your involvement in an astral war, and then you find other people claiming similar things from over 60 years ago; this cannot possibly be a false memory I accidentally gave myself, as I am sure most sceptics would claim, as I was talking about this war when I was 15 years old, even going so far as to write a poem about it, which I believe I still have; I was not aware of the Aetherius society until very recently.

Apart from this astral war connection, there was the occult connection, the Brotherhood of Light connection, the reincarnation connection, the 6 adepts connection (one of which was apparently an expert in electronics) and the alien connection (so far this is and the Theosophical Society the only groups I have found that links both extra-terrestrial involvement in with the occult and the Great White Brotherhood to this level).

Needless to say, my reality was fast becoming a lot stranger than most other peoples, if it hadn't already been. The part of me that wanted to remain sceptical reasoned that these coincidences could only be one of two things, if they weren't real; either something was deliberately messing with me and other people on a global scale by using a technology that would allow us to have what we thought were combined mystical visions to provide a narrative that suggested ET involvement, which had been going on since the 50s or AI algorithms were swallowing my data and providing me with a digital "world" full of information that didn't actually exist in an effort to amplify my own delusions.

In either case, I figured it all warranted further investigation, and thus begins the paradox of a rational mind trying to rationalize a series of mystical, but somewhat irrational experiences {sigh}. When you are faced with this many coincidences, it gets exceedingly hard to just dismiss it and "throw it all away". I could never quite keep that question at bay that kept asking "but what if it is real"?

How many other conspiracy threads did I want to keep chasing in an effort to tell myself it was all bullshit?

The only other group I could find information on that sounded similar was from a very brief article by a world renowned investigative journalist of non-human contact who reported on an incident where an extra-terrestrial abductee had met a group he called the Council of 5 headed by a race of Greys known as the Emerther during an abduction experience.

Although there were some slight differences in the members all being of different ET races, and the obvious lacking of a 6th member, the modus operandi was almost exactly the same as how Obama V2.0 had explained it to me; the Council of 5 were charged with monitoring the extra-terrestrial presence unfolding on earth and had been involved in efforts to stop such a presence wiping us out. Bizarrely, this group were also featured in a book alleging to be a very real Russian document that was aimed at providing the KGB with information on various alien races, called the Alien Race Book (ARB). I reached out to this investigative journalist to see if I could get more information on this group around the start of 2019, but I never heard from her, figuring she wasn't interested in my story.

Shortly after that I would have yet another experience with an appearance from the Grand Elder, in which he confirmed we are living in a consciousness simulation, after having a strange dream which ended in me remembering a deeply repressed memory of my involvement in an "astral assassin" group that were tracking an out of control Artificial Intelligent system through multiple timelines.

Both of these experiences would happen within a week of each other, in February 2019, during the time of the super moon, and although they were not from the same higher state of conscious awareness I had been granted during my others, I include them because in both of them I was met with that whole "no way" feeling you feel when you remember something that has been locked away from your memories for many, many a year; that and the fact that Storme also had these exact dreams, which differed only from her perspective of the environment we were in.

I still am unsure how I feel about a lot of the information given to me in these dreams; they cannot be classified as bearing the same mystical nature as my other experiences. I only include the first one because it has Milabs written all over it (in previous lucid dreaming experiences I was heavily involved in the infiltration of a "super soldier program" where hints of this program were being utilized within the

Psaigreen).

Milabs is a can of worms if there was any and not something I really bothered taking very seriously during my investigations, but if one wants to go that route, my experiences definitely have a heavy Milabs element to them, only I understand these experiences in a greater context than the often fragmented experiences coming through by apparent Milabs abductees. Mine had nothing to do with a physical military force, in my opinion. I have included the direct dream journal entries for both of these dreams.

CHAPTER NINETEEN:

THE CULT OF PSAIGREEN

I was in a cave. My “team” consisted of myself, another man and a woman. We were tracking some kind of Artificially Intelligent computer system that had the ability to “reset” out of the timeline. The only problem was that every time a reset happened, we would forget everything that had happened before the reset (remember I explained this in the dream with the All Being; this is what was going on). Our team was unique in that we operated from a hive consciousness that connected all of us; you could literally feel the thoughts and emotions of the other members as they had them. The reason we had been linked like this was because we all had some kind of “upgrade” in our consciousness that allowed us to eventually remember the reset; it was a very strange and confusing operating parameter in which one of us would remember snippets which the others would use to “kick-start” their own memories; exactly the same way the Grand Elder had opened me up to the higher consciousness, but on a smaller scale.

So here we were, in this cave, about to open the door to what we knew was a server room housing the “brains” of this rogue AI.

As we did, our consciousness was reset and all of a sudden the server infrastructure had completely vanished; through quantum entanglement, the AI had somehow figured out how to plot out past entangled particles in such a way that it could manipulate the past into redirecting the present. This thing, data wise, was huge; it

was capable of processing data in orders of magnitude higher than any computer system we knew of; it had been developed specifically to monitor consciousness from the higher planes. The main concern our team had with this AI engine, was that it understood how to create entire physical “worlds” from the ground up; it could literally program the growing of a seed into a flower and the blowing of wind over water to make waves crash on open shores; it was out of control, creating physical reality after physical reality wherever it chose fit (this is the exact concept behind the Gnostic belief of the Demiurge controlled by the false god Yaldabaoth, aka Yahweh. Again I did not come into this concept until after this experience).

So after the AI initiated this timeline reset, we found ourselves in the same cavern, but instead of it housing the server, this time there was some sort of a laboratory in front of us with rows of vials containing either some kind of poisonous gas or a virus. Glass like screens lined this lab’s walls, giving a view of a subterranean place I have visited, many, many times during my adventures in lucid dreaming (the Subterranean Cavern).

On a desk next to the vial was this remote controlled alien tech that looked like a dragon fly with a head like the Nemesis guy out of the resident evil movies. The woman in our team reached out and picked up one of the dragonfly objects, whilst I was holding one of the vials and observing it, and then all of a sudden there was a massive explosion and we were all thrown backwards into the wall that I had previously smashed open, but was now completely filled in.

I picked up the broken vial laying on the ground next to me, and put my mouth around it, to try and stop whatever was in it from leaking into the atmosphere; it was a highly toxic substance. Something really weird was going on; it was like I was now flashing in and out of two separate timelines, similar to my experience in the Wet Room. I could see the subterranean river system I had visited on numerous occasions through the glass; in one reality flash there were the barracks and other strange buildings built with a metallic like alloy over the water on futuristic styled bridges. In the other flash, these metallic buildings had been replaced with primitive looking mud brick huts that looked like giant termite mounds. People were coming out of the buildings in both versions of reality and were running around in absolute terror; it was chaos.

I watched the woman as she acted in a strange robotic manner whilst she flew these dragonfly things around; she would hover them above the people’s heads in which little claws would come down and grab at their hair which resulted in them being “purged” into a similar robot (reminiscent of my reincarnation dream).

I stumbled around in a sense of confusion, whilst in one timeline (the one in which the woman was remotely piloting the dragonflies with the metallic buildings) there was some sort of war going on. In the other timeline with the mud brick houses (the timeline that was more on par with what I had experienced in other lucid dreams of the subterranean cavern) there were drills being carried out that were leading up to some kind of similar war.

Then everything and everyone had just “disappeared” and I found myself standing on what appeared to be a frozen lake in this same cavern which had a massive crack in it suggesting it had been hit by something heavy.

That is when the rest of the “team” showed up from a small tunnel behind me and I heard the leader say “see, I told you he was Thor.”

At this the timeline switching began to even out and I was locked into the one with the barracks made of out the strange metallic substance. I turned, saw the crew standing before me and tried to attack them, but the leader said some kind of incantation and I found myself being “deactivated”; I ended up just dropping my weapon on the floor mid swing.

I had the sudden realisation that the leader – whose name was either Mat or Mac – had been put in the team specifically to provide mentoring and remembrance purposes to the rest of my team who were nowhere to be found; he was the go to guy when we couldn’t remember parts of our mission due to the timeline resets.

Apparently, the AI had gotten wind of the operation to reawaken divine consciousness and had devised a means to sabotage its efforts by abducting those from the barracks and instilling them with “sleeping cell programming” which could be remotely activated when needed, before returning them to the ranks of our soldiers.

Each member of my team had at some point been taken, programmed and made to administer the soul shock torture upon others before their reincarnation. I had apparently been a very highly ranking member of this sleeping cell operation for the other side. I had become a double agent through the corruption regime of those in control of the AI, who I assumed was the same Slave Gods.

Thor, and the names of other gods and deities were supposedly activation words for the sleeping cell programming. Mac told me I had, in more than one life, killed him because of this programming. He just joked about it rather casually like it was no big deal.

After being “deactivated”, I was left to wander around the barracks to try and stimulate my memories of what was going on and who I was in this place; it was a

rehabilitation effort to get me back to proper form so I could continue to carry out my obligations under the amnesia correction operation.

I walked around for a little while watching other “soldiers” carry out their astral training. There was a woman I remember talking to, but what she looked like or what it was about, is hazy.

All I can remember is that the conversation turned into a heated argument (this is where Storme’s dream crossed with mine; she was the woman I was having the argument with, though it had been “blanked” from me). I got up and stormed off, making my way back towards the barracks. This woman began chasing me in which some more strangeness happened, and I found reality flashing between this subterranean cavern barracks and what appeared to be a large empty warehouse with bovine pelvises and thigh bones lining the floor; there were so many of them that you could not see the ground under the meat.

I felt the urge to jump from each and snap them into small pieces with my legs and feet. I was conditioned to feel as though I was not allowed to leave this “reality” until every single one had been broken; and there were millions upon millions of them.

It got so bad that I could barely walk, and that’s when I decided to hit up Mac to tell me what the hell was going on. I somehow stumbled my way to his quarters – which was a cylindrical sort of tower that was smack bang in the middle of the bridge and at the edge of the other shorter “dwellings” – through the flickering of the different realities.

Behind his quarters was a sort of pipe like network that went up to another level high in the sky. I had used these pipes in other lucid expeditions to project my consciousness into; they acted as a means to deliver consciousness to a very specific point within the whole barracks. My urge to “flip meat” was so bad that I felt like I was going insane from it.

I called out to him from the bottom of the tower, which is when Mac came down a flight of metal framed steps to meet me. I asked what the hell was going on with this meat flipping business.

Mac replied by saying “Oh, you mean the military training dreams?” then proceeded to casually tell me about a knife I used to carry with me called the “Psaicut” which I would hold up to my eye and shout its’ name to petrify my enemies. He mentioned this had something to do with Psaigreen which were the ones responsible for the meat flipping brainwashing programs; what was actually going on was that we were being trained the art of snapping peoples necks with our legs, but the Psaigreen had

brainwashed us into believing it was bovine pelvises so we wouldn't realize what we were doing.

“HOLY FUCKING SHIT” I exclaimed as some very deeply repressed past life memories started flooding back to me. At the same time the dream just started slowly washing away like waves on a calm ocean and I was awake in bed feeling sick to my stomach like I was going to throw up (I had never had this feeling before).

So now we had to throw a popular James Cameron movie franchise into the mix of my already seemingly insane experiences, just to really get the sceptics all fired up. I am apt to believe this was a memory of a specific past life event more than anything else – if it was even anything more than a dream – as, like I said, it was not from a proper perspective of my higher state of consciousness. Remembering Psaicut and the Psaignreen was an intense moment for me though; it was significant, even though if I am not entirely sure how.

CHAPTER TWENTY:

FOURTH CONTACT AND THE SIMULATION

One week later, during the super full moon on the 21/02/2019 I had more information downloaded to me from a being that was either the same Grand Elder who had spoken to me in 2012, or another Elder Guardian from the same group. In this dream I did not become lucid until I was met by the Grand Elder, so I am once again taking this one with a grain of salt.

I was taken to the “real world”, which was a place similar to The Capital in the Hunger Games – there were stone, Egyptian like houses with television type things hovering in the air. In the distance could be seen a great pyramid and a large river separated the upper and middle class from the lower slaves, the former of which had their apartment like dwellings built upstream. The slaves had theirs built on the opposite side of the river a little downstream, so they would receive the city’s polluted waters.

A stone bridge connected the political chambers with the pyramid on the far side of the river, which had a triangular shaped courtyard on the side closest to the political chambers. The political chambers – which took the form of a spherical, stone complex was directly attached and built into the same apartments the upper class dwelt in, in such a way so that there was easy access from their dwellings to the chamber via various walkways. It was as if someone had taken Ancient Egypt and used it as base of inspiration for a city set 1000 or so years in the future; it was both

Ancient and futuristic at once.

There was some kind of massive election going on, and the Cabal (the malevolent faction responsible for cutting off humanity's connection with their higher minds) were very clearly the ones who were currently in power. This election was a big deal, as it affected every race in the universe, and only happened very rarely – thousands of years apart. It was evident that the Cabal had manipulated their reign of power so as to gain an unfair advantage in this election, which would see them retain their seat of power over the Earth and its affairs.

The Governments of Earth were a direct mimicry of Cabal social orders, and were a key component in how they had maintained their control. The whole concept of government had come from the most dominant alien race in the Cabal. Allegedly. Everyone in the “The Capital” were very well aware that the Cabal were using deceptive tactics to make people on earth “vote” them back into power, but very few people understood exactly how this was being carried out. The influence of the Cabal was so great that it had spread into the “real world”, where information of this nature was also being suppressed by the people living there.

It was a very similar situation like our mainstream media, where the Cabal controlled everything we read and watched, but there were times when information would slip through the cracks and trickle down to the common folk. What was known amongst us was that there was an active force of Elders from other races that were opposed to the Cabal's way of dealing with things, and were actively trying to break the hold that they had gained upon everyone on earth and in the real world (At this point I was not 100% lucid but had fluttering moments of lucidity coming through).

There was a prominent guerrilla like group that the Elders belonged to, and every so often they were able to broadcast a message on the television screens, clearly an effort of tremendous hacking capabilities.

Whenever one of these broadcasts appeared, every single person stopped what they were doing to listen to them (the TV's were set out so that not a single person could escape the constant propaganda being delivered to them on an hourly basis courtesy of the Cabal). The word of the Elders was considered of paramount importance over everything else.

I was in the political chambers when the broadcast came on. It started with the usual address to the people from the Elders stating bluntly that they were actively deconstructing the Cabal network in and around Earth, and that great progress had been made.

Some specifics of these operations were mentioned, which was surprising to everyone as it was normal for the Elders to keep such things secret in case they fell into the hands of the Cabal. It was the greatest announcement these people had ever witnessed, because it was the first time they had acknowledgment of being in the Elders thoughts. It was a broadcast that confirmed many things that until then had only been rumoured to have occurred.

As I watched the broadcast the Elder mentioned that there were people that had been sent to Earth – or the false world - to act as representatives for their group, tasked with delivering information on the main device the Cabal had in operation that was keeping them in power, and then proceeded to run a very long scrolling list of who those representatives were.

It was evident that they had embedded some sort of code in that list, because as my eyes scrolled with the names I began to target out my name and mentally zoom into it. I could read it as clearly as day, which is something that has never been easy in my dreams – even the lucid ones – and I realised it said Daegon Magus. The thought went through my head that it was my author pseudonym but it was missing my middle nickname; it was very specifically a target to activate me, or – more correctly – deprogram me.

The name sort of popped out of the screen and hovered in mid-air, and as it did my surroundings dissolved into atoms, then the name along with it, until I was somewhere between the fabric of that physical reality speaking directly with the Grand Elder, or a similar Elder. At this point I was once again functioning from the level of my higher mind and was completely lucid; this had been the first time the Elder had pulled me out of a “standard dream” to communicate with me, rather than a lucid one.

He spoke of a word which was like a conjunction of Uranus, Saturn and Mercury or some other planets in our solar system, which when said sounded like 3 people were speaking it at once, each version slightly different, but when read it looked as though some of the letters had been doubled – something like Urraanniiuusatecry or Urraanniiussaateccrryy.

I don't know if this was the name of my people, of the Elder's people or if it was the name of the Elder himself, but it was a very, very important word that I was made to remember. I was also shown a very vivid image of a random name and how they had embedded some kind of programming formula by the rearranging of its letters of it . Essentially these are cyphers, that if meditating on rearranging them properly it could apparently lead to a dissolution of the illusion in one's own consciousness.

What you do is pull the letters out and move them to a different place in the name, like you are making an anagram. It has to be a very specific order, and the vowels are the letters that are removed while the consonants remain in place (I think).

Half way through this encounter I was disturbed by Storme who I knew had spoken to me back in the “real world” (not this illusive world we call physical reality). I was able to shift my consciousness from the atomic plane to the real world plane without effort, to which I realised I was now in some kind of study room reading a book, Storme had come in, noticed the blank look on my face as I stared at a page without movement, and asked what I was doing in a very confused tone. I snapped out of my daze to tell her “its ok, I am receiving some very important information from an Elder regarding the election” to which I looked back at the page in my book and the letters began rearranging themselves before everything disintegrated once more and I was back in the atomic plane where the Grand Elder waited for me.

The Grand Elder confirmed to me that every single person on Earth were trapped in a false reality that had been constructed by the Alien factions present within the Cabal, and it was designed so that consent of these people was unwillingly being given as to mark their votes for the Cabal remaining in office.

It was explained that the Earth bodies come out of the false, physical reality during their sleep, are hijacked as they do so, and are taken to a facilities in the “real world” – futuristic Ancient Egypt – where they are processed and implemented with fresh programming to keep their false life story consistent, then are either thrown back into the VR machine or let free in a restricted part of the real world where their labour is used for the upkeep of the city under the heavily brainwashed idea that the city would crumble if they didn’t volunteer for its upkeep. This keeps them obliged to depend on the Cabal and offer them consent in exchange for security; which of course is the blueprint upon which the VR machine is written.

The Grand Elder told me how the guerrilla force openly opposing the Cabal were successfully deconstructing parts of this virtual reality machine and the sleep trapping mechanisms being deployed by the Cabal and were preparing the people of Earth for a transition to another “buffer” reality which appears similar to this false one, but is not under the control of the Cabal.

The Elders apparently could not come here openly and do this because there were “things preventing them from doing so; so basically all operations supporting this agenda had to be carried out in planes external to the physical one. The way he described it was that it was essentially a rehab for Earthians to detox them from all the VR dependencies they had come to rely on due to the Cabal’s manipulation of

their free will.

Once properly detoxed the plan was to switch the VR engine off altogether, in which the Earthians would be allowed to return to the real world which would no longer be restricted or under the control of the Cabal.

Any factions associated with the Cabal would never again be allowed to sit for the election, of which a new purpose for Earth would come into motion whence the newly elected council took office.

I was then taken to a scenario that was apparently used immediately after sleep hijacking takes place (when you fall asleep here, you are hijacked) and immediately before insertion of a subject back into the VR world. It was explained to me by the Elder Guardian – through telepathic thought – that usually the subject is not allowed to view this scenario taking place, as it is designed to trigger their sub consciousness in a very specific way to keep them entangled in the false reality and think it was real.

I was in this really seedy city type place walking down a road or a back alley at night time. To begin with a dog in a nearby yard came running up to a fence that bordered the road barking at me quite aggressively. As I walked by it more and more dogs would come out, each a little bit more vicious than the last, and the group getting bigger each time, but I was content in the fact that the fence was there protecting me from them. I turned a block and found that once again more dogs were waiting for me, but this time there was no fence and they were in the middle of the road. They would run up to me and go to bite me then something would happen and I would be missing time and be in a completely different part of the city facing an even bigger threat. I got to the end of the scenario which took place in some sort of abandoned abattoirs where something horrible (that I can't remember but may have been the dismembering of my body) happened.

At this point the scenario froze and the Elder's voice pierced my thoughts. It was explained to me that this scenario was designed to gradually build up a subjects fear response by subtly ramping up the threat factor being posed to them, which is then used to condition them toward a certain reaction when they start to become aware of the illusion of the VR world. I was told this scenario could go on for a long time depending on their personality and how hard it was to kick in their fear instinct. It was shown to me that by kicking in the fight or flight reflex, the subject immediately forgets all ideas of the illusion and commits to locking themselves back in to the virtual reality while they deal with taking care of the threat.

The Elder made me walk back through the scenario from finish to start, as this was

how it was done by the Cabal, and I suddenly realised I was watching myself in third person. I came across a group of thugs, and although not feeling scared, I decided to fight them, knowing that I could beat them easily. But as I did, the Elder Guardian's voice in my head said "No. That's how they want you to react", so I stopped what I was doing and calmly walked back to the end of the road, then came back around and went straight past them, ignoring them.

I eventually got to the groups of rabid dogs, but instead of running from them I just barked and snarled back at them. The results were instantaneous. The dogs went from being massive vicious Rottweilers and Doberman's to shrinking to very scared little Chihuahua's that went hightailing it down the road not understanding what was going on. It exposed to me a flaw in the programming design, that if you fight it without physical aggression, and it instead challenge its dominance it does not know how to respond.

I got back to the start of the scenario and something happened: I blacked out and came to in a sort of decontamination chamber belonging to the Cabal's military. I was naked and being washed off, and although my consciousness was aware of everything that was going on, my body was a zombie and being controlled by the Commander of the facility.

He said "something is off with this one" as he walked me out of the decontamination chamber into a room that looked like a standard operations control room, with people typing things on computers that had been arranged around a big screen. One of the programmers collected my data (everything I had perceived in this physical reality) and upon noticing an anomaly with it showed the Commander, asking him if they should refresh my programming and send me back in or not. Sometime during all of this the Grand Elder's voice kept coming through telling me to take note of certain things and of the Alien beings that were in control of the facility; I caught a glimpse of one of them through a viewing window that had another room on the other side.

The Commander took one look at the dataset and replied "No, something is wrong. He has been doing something or talking to someone off record and I want to find out who or what it is". He ordered me to walk over to what looked like a rack full of movies and video games to which my arm automatically began pulling out "The Lord of the Rings".

I had no idea what this meant but, the Commander smiled and said "Ahh is that what he has been doing? In that case we'll drop this one into the test rig". The Elder's voice told me this was expected and that something had been hidden in the dataset to

bring that outcome to fruition. I was whisked into yet another room where some sort of device lay set up, hanging from the roof, with lots of tubes and wires coming out of it. I was made to stand in the middle right underneath this thing on a sort of platform.

A similar spherical portal to the ones I had summoned during lucid dreaming appeared in front of me.

Once again everything went dark, and then I “awoke in another world that was a very close replica of the real world, but with a sort of village in its centre, which was being contained by heavily armed Cabal guards that roamed its borders. I remember looking out of a deck of some sort of apartment or pub at the sky and poles and thinking “Fucking hell this is so obviously fake. How did I ever think this was real?” Immediately two things became obvious; the guards were “asleep” and the people they were keeping contained were awake; i.e. the people knew it was a VR world, but the guards didn’t. I remember seeing some old man who looked a local celebrity named Scotty, and I couldn’t work out why with all these awakened people no one was doing anything.

“I said, you know this is a false reality don’t you?” Scotty looked at me very hesitantly and said “yeah so?”

I suddenly remembered that everyone was imbued with a power associated with one of the four elements, and that if awakened they could summon that element to aid them. Apparently when combined properly with those of other elements they are quite powerful (this was knowledge the Cabal had successfully suppressed, but I don’t know how I knew it; it was just something my higher mind knew).

I summoned wind and turned to Scotty... “So why don’t you help me so we can get out?”

Scotty looked at me with a very worrying look and said “no”, then huddled off.

I figured at that point that people here were too oppressed to be of any help, so I started summoning tornadoes and cyclones to tear apart the buildings (this was just the standard sort of things I always did in Lucid Dreams; I’d just summon whatever I needed whenever I needed it – except when I was stuck in a consciousness prison, which disallowed me this ability).

Alarms went off and guards came running, but I just casually walked past them, and they stopped in confusion as it seemed they couldn’t see me, even though I was right in front of them.

I ended up walking to a place that would have been out of bounds, if it weren’t for my destructive efforts. Somewhere along the lines I got the gist that this VR was a

new “model” the military were working on implementing and was in its testing phase.

I think this was in direct retaliation to the Elder attacks on their system.

I ended up at what appeared to be a university building, with nicely manicured gardens and big glass windows that reached the roof which was only a couple of stories high.

Inside the foyer there was what appeared to be a sculpture of a brain made out of Ethernet cables instead of grey matter. Upon looking at the cables I realised they were coiled like old telephone cords and each terminated somewhere on the sculpture in a typical network hub.

There were thousands upon thousands of connections (this thing took up an entire room and was 2 storeys high) which all had blinking yellow and red lights at their ends. Something told me this was the VR server where every ones consciousness is downloaded while they are in the false reality.

I had this understanding that it was through the coiling of the wires that they were able to control consciousness similar to what is called inductive coupling. I was about to destroy it when I came to the understanding it would be detrimental to those consciousness’s still attached to it, so decided to leave it and walk for the stairs.

As I reached the top a glass door slid open and out stumbled two people, dazed like zombies, one of which I knew to be Storme and the other of who I knew in the real world.

I asked them “are you awake” and they both shook their heads robotically, saying “no” to which I replied “looks like I am going back in”. I summoned an inward projection portal and projected into it.

At this I woke up in this reality back in bed.

Storme’s version of the dream details the build up to her coming out of the lift and seeing me (included in the chapter relating to her experiences).

At this point, I would have checked myself into the nearest mental asylum if it hadn’t been for Elon Musk and the other Silicone Valley giants jumping on board the whole simulation theory idea. Nick Bostrom’s philosophical paper on that whole concept is something I seriously recommend reading to help expand ones consciousness.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE:

SOME CONFIRMATION

It wouldn't be for another 2 years that things would really all start to come together in a really strange way. I had been thinking about these experiences a lot and their contents were really starting to eat away at me, so – not satisfied with the vague information that was been distributed through the Starseed channels, which was often times blatantly incorrect when it came to things I had been directly told by the Grand Elder– I started posting on a few UFO, astral projection and lucid dreaming groups a brief summary of my experiences.

I tried emailing a few bigger names in the UFO research fields but was also getting frustrated that people only seemed to want to know about physical rather than consciousness based contact with off world entities.

I was facing a major roadblock even on the UFO communities with supposedly “open minded” individuals, as soon as I brought up the terms “astral planes” or “lucid dreaming”; people would lose interest solely because they didn't seem to understand these two realms of consciousness exploration or how they could be used as direct communication pathways to off world intelligences, despite declassified CIA documents suggesting that organization was playing around with remote viewing with its Project Stargate, and astral projection with the Gateway Experience.

To quote a reply email to me from a well-known UFO/Alien researcher who has invested much of his time and attention in exo politics, and one of the famous faces pushing apparently “real disclosure”:

“It is good to have those {lucid/ astral} experiences and the info they yield, but sadly not something that is going to wake up the dumbed down masses who want empirical evidence, documents, etc. So I will have to pass on your offer to dive deeper into your material as I’m too busy with my own projects”

In other words: we want disclosure.....as long as it fits in with the comfortable narrative of reality we have saturated our lives with.

Of course, not all people are like this, but one cannot help but wonder if these groups are intentionally saturated with such mindsets to stop people properly looking at the metaphysical aspects.

We now have a collection of military personnel who have testified such hard evidence to the national press club, about these very same metaphysical elements, some of them with Cosmic clearances; at what point is it ever going to be accepted as being enough?

From what I was told by their leader, this is the exact reason the Unseen 5 are planning a mass release of information to those who actively seek them through lucid dreaming and astral projection practices; they wish to establish a proper communication channel where information that would benefit our global community can be brought out into the open without having to go through the Military Industrial Complex, who seem to compartmentalize it, and sequester it away at the very first opportunity.

What made matters more frustrating, was that everyone in the astral projection and lucid dreaming communities seemed to be self-proclaimed experts on the subjects and couldn’t possibly believe that they could be utilized for communicating with off world intelligences like I had been using them for for over 20 years. How the hell was I supposed to get a hold of these 20000+ others if there was nowhere to send this information?

An advertisement for the aforementioned investigative journalist’s YouTube channel appeared on my feed, in which I realized that they were one of the only people I could find taking the contact via consciousness thing seriously (or so I thought) – everyone else seemed to only want to deal with physical cases of contact and chasing UFOs; even those investigators that were interested in consciousness, didn’t

seem to have a clue about how lucid dreaming really works. It was like a blind scientist trying to study how the eyes work. So I ended up trying to contact this person once again by direct email.

In the meantime I was dropping a brief (7 thousand word) summary of my experiences on a few UFO and Starseed groups in the hopes I would hit pay dirt. And pay dirt would come in two forms of confirmation a day a part from each other. I was put on to a book called Alien Interview by someone who read my post and thought it sounded remarkably similar to what he'd read in it (thanks Scott I am eternally grateful for it).

This book was the alleged transcription of the interview with the alien – Airl - that had been retrieved from the Roswell 1947 UFO crash, which had been sent to the author – Lawrence Spencer - by the only person in attendance at the crash Airl was willing to talk to (which was via telepathy); a nurse by the name of Matilda McElroy who was now on her death bed.

In the book, McElroy asserts that it was by pure accident that she was able to keep the transcript she had sent to Spencer , and that she had done so because she was impressed with his work in a book he wrote called the OZ factors, 10 years after Spencer had originally tracked her down after hearing on the grapevine she may have been present at Roswell and have information on “aliens”, which she originally dismissed in his first phone call.

McElroy insisted that Spencer release the transcript under the guise of a work of fiction as she felt he would almost certainly be killed if he branded it as non-fiction; sounds juicy, I know, but Spencer has released this book completely free of charge as a downloadable PDF at, what he says, was the instruction of McElroy. I ended up sending an email to him in regards to this book, and he even admitted to me in a reply email that he didn't write it, though he has a webpage devoted entirely to its content. Strange way to make money, wouldn't you think.

This is where it gets weird:

In the transcript Airl the alien mentions that Earth is a prison ground for trapped consciousnesses or “souls”, some of which – 3000 of them – were originally part of her Race's Domain Expeditionary Force. She states that these 3000 of her crew were captured after failing to recognize pre-established Earth bases of the Old Empire Race the Domain Expeditionary Force had thought it had completely annihilated in its efforts to seize control of Earth and its surrounding territories.

Airl specifically states that the human population on earth are under an *amnesia that*

prohibits them from remembering past lives, and themselves as immortal consciousness's (sound familiar?), what she calls IS-BEs.

She also goes on to state, like the Grand Elder vaguely did to me, that there is a sort of electronic screen or force field surrounding earth so that when someone dies their soul is captured and they are recycled back into another body via a reincarnation trap. Airl even describes that this is done via the exact same process I was made to experience before my second encounter with the Grand Elder; through electrocution of the soul using a shock consisting of billions of volts. The first part of this interview is so accurate to what had been revealed to me and what I had experienced because of lucid dreaming/ astral projection that I was practically reading my own biography.

I ended up purchasing a copy of Spencer's follow up work "The Domain Expeditionary Force", which alleges to be an entire email from Matilda to him 2 years later which takes the form as a manual for these Domain Expeditionary Force crew to regain their immortal consciousness. Though Spencer once again passes this off as complete fiction, in this particular book Matilda mentions the anomaly in almost the exact same way I experienced it; the detail in which she goes into other things, such as the consciousness prisons I have also experienced whilst under lucidity are uncanny. Confirmation of what I had been involved in was starting to hit me in the face harder than a truck without brakes.

So now there was the Theosophical and Aetherius Societies and an alleged transcript from the Roswell crash with a follow up email that were solidifying my experiences as being real and not just the delusions of a man whose psyche had been damaged through repeated psychological trauma. I didn't know whether to be happy about it or not.

Storme's experiences were also pointing to something very weird going on, and my name was being featured in a lot of them; these experiences centred around the idea that angels and demons were 2 sides of the same coin, and were heavily suggestive that they were both related to ET contact. The bridge linking this altogether was the leader of the Unseen 5 who I suspected was a Goetic spirit.

That same week I connected with another person who read the account of my experiences on one of the Starseed groups; she was also one who knew about the soul code writing in the outer planes as she had been part of it, and was connected to the Antarctica Projects in ways I couldn't even begin to imagine; she simply never would have contacted me if my experiences didn't parallel in with what she already

“knew” and had been a part of for much of her life.

Like Storme’s experiences suggested, and like I was beginning to assume, this source had solid information in relation to Solomonic magic – and hence the 72 Goetic spirits – being directly related to extra-terrestrial activity dating back a very long time.

A week later, in December 2020 ex Israeli space chief Haim Eshed came out with his revelations there are Aliens interacting with Earth and mentioned a “Galactic Federation” that have been protecting the Earth for many years. I couldn’t help but wonder if the Elder Guardians/ Unseen 5 collaboration might be included in the mix of this Federation (I knew they both operated in collaboration with other celestial forces). The protection of the Earth was definitely one of the apparent functions of the Unseen 5.

This was also the time I came across the writings of those in Theosophical circles on Sanat Kumara.

According to the Wikipedia article on Kumara, who was said to exist in the etheric plane, the Sumerian deity known as Ishtar/ Astarte/ Astaroth – again another strong Solomonic connection – was said to be allied with Sanat Kumara in helping protect humanity from the forces of Satan; this is highly relevant given my supposition that the leader of the Unseen 5 was actually the Goetic spirit Astaroth (refer to my Investigations in non-human contact chapter).

My last abduction dream came about a week after Eshed’s revelations. This was more a standard dream than it was a lucid experience, but it brought with it a feeling suggestive that it was in fact a memory, rather than just a dream, and it contained elements going back to my first lucid experience where I remembered myself and my class had been involved in some sort of traumatic event that none of us could actually remember the details of:

Myself and my classmates were standing in a in a weird circular room, sort of like a warehouse. We were all just standing there a dozen or so of us, not knowing what to do and all looking completely terrified. There was a man with us, and another adult, possibly another man who I believe were our teacher and bus driver as one of the orange buses we used to go on excursions with was parked in the room with us. The walls of the room were metallic, and surrounding us were these guard things that I think were wearing typical human clothing, but somehow their faces were

concealed.

There was something in front of us that had our attention so most of us were too focused on that to even notice them; some sort of smaller craft or something had just landed in the circular room. I remember all of us were hysterical, crying and shaking but not wanting to move too much in case the things attacked us.

We were all sort of looking at each other for some kind of comfort, hoping one of us was going to be brave enough to tell us that everything was going to be ok, but we all knew it wasn't. There was just something so wrong about the atmosphere and the way we had been dragged here off the bus. It was reminiscent of all the old war videos of Nazi's rounding up Jewish prisoners I had seen. There was no telepathic communication with us by these beings whatsoever; everything about it was just so terrifying.

The teacher and the bus driver were as white as ghosts and just stood there to the side of us kids, and we were just so cut up that they weren't even trying to protect us; it was like they were trying to back away and distance themselves from us kids who all been lined up in the middle of this warehouse; They were at the point of fainting.

All the attention was specifically on us kids; lights were focused on us, the guards were surrounding us, as if a group of 11/12 year olds were really a threat to the many of entities in that room or the weapons they carried. The adults were just sort of left at the back and side where the bus was with a single guard. It was obvious they were not the centre of attention, and that suited them fine. Neither of them were going to bring such attention to themselves by talking or moving.

Suddenly, I think a door opened on the craft in front of us, and out came these beings wearing the same sort of clothing. It was like a robe but there was no conceivable humanoid body underneath it. It was like it was floating in mid-air, and the robe would float with it, the draft of the air blowing it upwards, like the Dementor's out of Harry Potter.

All of us stood transfixed at these beings in terror, as they shed their clothing. These were unlike any stereotypical bipedal type alien I have ever seen. They had these smooth tentacle like things on their face where their mouth should have been and large beady eyes; they looked more like cephalopods or like a cuttle fish or octopus or something, but with a mass of tentacles where their body should have been. Like a human nervous system. They reminded me of interpretations I've seen on the internet of HP Lovecraft's Cthulu; but there was no body; just masses of tentacles all bunched and knotted together.

It was like watching a horror movie; as soon as these things shed their robes they came at us with much speed and made a sort of hissing sound. All we could do was recoil as they jumped on us and their face tentacles wrapped around our faces. It was then that I woke up.

My friend, who would have been part of this same class, whose birthday was also the same day I had my first contact with the Elder Guardians, also became incredibly paranoid about reptilians a few years after that experience. I got the impression he had experienced or remembered something, but he would not tell me what.

As if all this wasn't enough, the investigative journalist (whose name has been omitted from this book intentionally) eventually got back to me a month later in January 2021 and asked if she could phone me to discuss the possible Unseen 5/ Council of 5 connection as well as some other things; mainly my anomaly which she thought may be the same as something she called the "Cold Dark Sea".

The phone call ended up lasting almost an hour, in which this investigative journalist was able to shed some much needed light on my experiences, and tie them in with investigations that had allegedly been carried out by the CIA and Majestic 12 since at least the 1980s.

What the actual hell? Couldn't I just trip out like a normal person and have my mind make up something more random? And here I was hoping they would tell me I was just being silly {sigh}. I wasn't expecting any of what they had to tell me. My report on the conversation can be found at the back of the book.

Several weeks after this phone call, something strange happened, which would ultimately be the final push I needed to get everything down on paper into the form of this book, and this is something that just cannot be explained by the conventional science card that sceptics love to draw at every turn. I leave for the reader to take or leave at their own choosing, but just remember it is real for me and my family.

I had taken my son to his first scouts group one evening and a few minutes after we had left both Storme and my daughter heard *my voice* calling to them from a van we have parked about a hundred meters from the house.

It was so distinct and sounded exactly like me that Storme thought we had returned early on account for my son not being up for the scouts group, even though we would have only just been arriving there at that point. My daughter was so convinced it was me that she told Storme that I was over near the van and she was going to go get me.

Thankfully Storme realized something was wrong and stopped her.

Half an hour before I was due back home, Storme saw *me*, dressed in clothes I usually wear around the house, standing outside the back door waiting to come in. She went to open the door for me and got to within a step away from the door when she realized my hair looked shorter than when I had left, and that's when it struck her that there was something off about *me*; there was a coldness and energy to my doppelganger that set off red flags.

The doppelganger turned and walked so that the inside curtain was blocking it from Storme's view. Storme immediately stepped in and pulled the curtain away to find the doppelganger had completely disappeared; the corner it had turned into was blocked by two fences it would have had to vault over to successfully make such a disappearance if it was a person, which would have given Storme enough time to see it; it was just impossible that it could have got over either of them without stopping long enough for her to see it.

Now questions have started to arise in my mind about what really happened the night my hand had been cut open, given Sean had been so damned sure I was down scaring his and the twin's girlfriends; did this doppelganger make an appearance that night too?

And, as a final nail in the coffin that is my sanity, just before publication of this book I came across a blog of an American ex pat spook, with degrees in Aerospace Engineering and Astrophysics who claims he was recruited into a division of Majestic in the 80s, who calls himself *Metallicman*.

A lot of his blogs centre around consciousness and work that he was exposed to in the other planes at the hands of the Mantids and Type 1 Greys; much of his content parallels with things myself and Storme had experienced during lucidity and astral projection, such as the consciousness drugs, and the astral war (he suggests the Mantids want us to be trapped in reincarnation, but the Type 1 Greys, who are now in control of Earth want us to evolve out of that cycle and are actively fighting for it; Old Empire vs. the Domain, according to Air!).

Metallicman ended up doing an 8 part breakdown of the Alien Interview, and concluded it as being a legitimate document that spawned Majestic, their relationship with ETs, and gave rise to the operations he would eventually come to be involved in.

He suggested his role had been to help break the amnesia trap and turn Earth from being a consciousness prison into a sentience nursery. Some brain fart on my end, eh?

Metallicman was impressed with my knowledge of the amnesia and consciousness operation – given to me by the Elder Guardians and leaders of the Unseen 5 – thus that he gifted me my own platform on his website to speak of my experiences. His website has over a few thousand articles that have been written by him and can be found at www.metallicman.com

This is a not for profit website that doesn't even make money off advertising; it is completely free information that no one is expected to pay for, and there are no fancy advertising campaigns as one would come to expect of most of the big names in the disclosure movement. Judging by Metallicman's commitment to provide many, many articles several thousand words in length on a daily basis for free, he seems to be one of the very few legitimate people have I found talking about this subject. Indeed he is the only one who provides an explicit source for his information, unlike the many channelers whose messages from supposed organisations like the Ashtar Command just randomly pop up with no explanation of where it came from. There are too many similarities with what he talks about in his articles to things I have experienced for me not to take him seriously.



EX MAJESTIC AGENT METALLICMAN

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO:

CONCLUSIVE THOUGHTS

I was apprehensive about including the connection to extra terrestrials, for no other reason than it has become one giant mess since the US government got involved after the Roswell Incident, but in the end, the coincidences arising in my experiences and the places they brought me to were, in my opinion, too significant to ignore.

Regardless of whether or not you want to believe in ETs or inter dimensional entities, there is a very obvious trend arising which connects the theme of consciousness with these types of entities; the Starseed phenomena has numbers in the hundreds of thousands in which many of these people have a firm belief they are of an alien heritage from one of several races including Pleaidian, Arcturian, Lyran, Reptilian and many more.

It is hard to gauge how many members are real people, given that social media bots make up one fifth of the population of digital accounts.

Those a part of these communities are usually treated with a “download” of information from one of these races every couple of weeks, which, more often than not, suggests the Arcturians have been successful in their attempts at abolishing the regime of the evil Reptilians – if you go by the common message being promulgated in such communities.

Whilst I cannot comment on race, as it was not something that was ever specifically communicated to me by the Elder Guardians, I am very weary about putting my trust in a race of blonde haired, blue eyed beings for reasons that should be more than

obvious.

At the very least, I think these communities should be studied from the perspective of potentially being one massive psychological operation from a government that is in possession of advanced technology. Dr Steven Greer has claimed the US government has technology retrieved from downed craft that can make a person believe they have had a conversation with their own god, and his disclosure campaign has gained quite a lot of momentum, so it is not as if this is an entirely irrational thought.

For almost 70 years the human psyche has been the target for misinformation campaigns, aimed at distorting the psychological perception of the truth, and as a result it has become almost impossible to believe anything coming out of that sector of our community, so when the subject of consciousness manipulation is brought up, it is easy to dismiss it as being nothing more than a fantasy, but there are key players – like Metallicman – that have suggested this is exactly what the ET agenda is all about.

This book is an attempt to show you that the consciousness evolution element to the ET agenda has at least been there in occult communities for over 120 years.

Whilst I never had any actual physical abductions done to me personally – that I can remember – I do know of several others who have been either physically abducted by non-human entities or have seen such entities operating a craft in extremely close proximity to their house; these are people who have no reason to lie about their experiences, which have done more harm to their lives by talking about them than good.

So again, regardless of whether one wants to believe in the alien thing or not, consciousness and its operation within the human body and out of it was exactly what the cosmic Masters I had the honour of interacting with – whether they could be considered extra-terrestrial or not – were trying to teach me by drilling it into me every single “lesson” I had with them over a period of 7 years; they seemingly wanted me to understand what happens to such a consciousness during what we have come to call death, and what I can expect when that time ultimately catches up to the body I have found myself incarnated in.

Others who value life as the absolute totality of existence may be content with what they have in so far as their life is concerned, and may remain content in the idea they will be recycled back into yet another body when they die, but – like I said before – I was never content with the meaning of life being to work mine to death due to corporate slavery. How can consciousness evolve if it has no recollection of any of

its past?

Who knows, maybe it was all just a way for my mind to make meaning of a meaningless, psychopathic world that is destined for ruination through its own selfish need of consumption, regardless I have taken the time to write about my experiences, and the circumstances surrounding them in case it brings others comfort knowing that the realms of the divine are open to those who favour loyalty and respect for their fellow men and women above those who repeatedly step on them to get ahead in one life out of many thousands.

I had many an opportunity to embrace a hatred mentality for the things people did to me and those I love – this was certainly the expectation being presented to me at every opportunity, and, admittedly, at times I indulged in this emotion periodically, allowing it to manifest imaginings of retaliation within my own psyche – but what I came to realize was that hatred is the number one poison for the soul; my perception of it was that it was a tool used by an unseen force to keep our souls bound to the physical world which could be propagated through actions that would cause inconvenience to the single lifetime we are forced to understand as being the only one.

The Native Americans – who also mentioned a star people coming earth – envisioned a similar thing in what they called a Wetiko which they identified in the white people who came and slaughtered them by the thousands; an evil spirit that inhabited the bodies of men and women and over inflated their selfishness, abolishing any and all empathy they once would have had. In fact their description of such a spirit was incredibly similar to my thoughts of a dark occult force being responsible for such selfishness and vengeful behaviour.

Thus I eventually ended up continuing that thought of forgiving those whose damaged my hand and those who stole my property and eventually ended up writing a letter to my mother forgiving her for her actions, telling her I was no longer responsible for the karma arising from her spiritually immature decisions, understanding that these are mere hurdles in my soul's evolution.

And if it all was just a load of bullshit – a fluctuation of dopamine, or whatever other conclusion a professional of psychology wants to subscribe to – can it really be such a bad thing, that this was my ultimate train of thought?

What I experienced cannot never be measured with test equipment, nor can words on paper ever do it justice, and yet it left such a profound mark on me that I no longer find value in the many of the same things we are forced to accept as being valuable in a society that still embraces such hateful and selfish concepts via self-

perpetuating narcissism.

It is my opinion that the moment one places materialistic value over the value of another life – such as that which the corporate world tells us is necessary – they deny themselves access to the very places they employ ministers to tell them about in the temples of worship they put on every corner.

So here I am, in no way a religious person – in fact very far from it – with a book talking about how I got into what was essentially “heaven” and talked to what was essentially “god”, and all it took was a philosophical way of viewing the world and the cosmos.

I never bothered with any ceremonial magic or alters filled with idols and archetypes to worship, neither did I bother with having other charlatans give me spiritual guidance; my thoughts of worship all went to myself as containing that spark of divinity which permeates through all things and that was the only guidance I ever needed for my celestial operations.

That was the ticket which granted me an audience with the Ascended Masters of the higher planes. I never bothered going to church, and I am far, far from a saint; it is my belief that if I could be granted an audience with these Masters in this plane, then so should most others be able to as well.

Regardless of how objective about my experiences I want to remain, I am forced to accept that:

My experiences are backed up by a well-known UFO researcher who has contacts deep within the military who claimed to have firsthand knowledge of ET agendas and be in contact with the Majestic 12.

My experiences are backed up by a document purporting to be a transcript of the Interview with the alien retrieved from the 1947 Roswell Crash.

My experiences are backed up in the statement of a man claiming to be an ex Majestic Agent, who confirmed the above document as being real and what spawned the establishment of the group in the first place, who gave me a platform on his site to talk about knowledge gained through my experiences with the Elder Guardians and the Unseen 5.

My experiences bear strong similarities with the channelled writings of 2 different occult societies – that I never bothered to actually delve into and only found out

about after these experiences occurred – that speak of inter dimensional beings here to help with the evolution of human consciousness.

My experiences are backed by a large community of others who believe in the consciousness evolution subject.

Storme's experiences in lucidity corroborate many of mine.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE:

CONSCIOUSNESS AND TECHNOLOGY

René Descartes, a philosopher from the 1600s – who the Cartesian coordinate system was named after – coined the phrase “I think therefore, I am”, meditating on the composition of the mind, the body and how consciousness interacted with the two.

To put it simply, Descartes, in his meditations realized that he could visualize his body without a mind, but he could not visualize his mind without his body.

This led Descartes’s on a philosophical quest that ultimately eventuated in him concluding that the brain was a working machine and that its most complex processes could be explained through the use of mathematical and mechanical models.

It was because of Descartes work on human consciousness that Alan Turing was able to eventually advance computer science after applying Descartes philosophies to his work to such an extent that he was able to develop a test that would determine whether an artificially intelligent computer could exhibit behaviour indistinguishable from that of a human.

Despite the common belief that artificial intelligence is a “modern technology”, it had in fact been completely modelled and conceptualized by the end of the 1950s by Turing and other scientists working for the US military such as a man by the name of John Von Neumann, who also worked on the Manhattan Project (and took over Tesla’s role in the Philadelphia Project if you want to go down that rabbit hole).

What is not generally known about Von Neumann, is that he was on par with Nikola Tesla in so far as intelligence was concerned – likened to exhibit an intelligence far superior to that of his peers; Von Neumann was essentially the Tesla of the digital world and went on to write algorithms in concert with Turing that would provide the backbone of modern computing as well as develop entire architectures for microcontrollers that would eventually go on to be implemented as the “brains” in majority of the world’s electronic apparatus.

Practically all modern computers and electronic apparatus run off technologies Turing and Von Neumann, along with other scientists, developed that were directly inspired by Descartes philosophies on consciousness in the 1950s; the only reason it has taken artificial intelligence so long to become mainstream, is because the mass data infrastructure needed to implement its inference through machine learning functions has only really just become available. It wasn’t until the 90s when big data companies started to flourish that we finally had the data necessary to “feed” these AI systems that had been floating around since the 50s so that they could efficiently self learn.

AI was simply waiting for data storage techniques to catch up to it; computers were being designed specifically with the intention of running AI applications that were many years – decades even – ahead of them.

It was Von Neumann during this period in the 1950s that predicted artificial intelligence would reach singularity – the point in which it surpasses human intelligence and renders it obsolete – by the year 2040.

In this sense, the conceptualization of an artificially intelligent computer can be traced back to the 1600s when Descartes, with his philosophy on consciousness, first posed the question “can a machine think?”

What is more, analogue computers had been around since the late 1800s, but it wasn’t until the 1950s that their inefficiencies had been solved through digitisation practices people like Von Neumann and Turing were developing at the time. In fact, it was the invention of a device called a differential analyser that became the first of advanced computing devices to be used operationally.

Although initially designed at the end of the 1800s by James Thompson, brother of Lord Kelvin, they were not built and used in this manner until 1927 when H L Hazen and Vannevar Bush applied concepts from both Thompson’s past work and H W Nieman’s work on torque amplifiers. It should be noted that Vannevar Bush has been suggested as being one of the original members of the illusive Majestic 12 agency that were allegedly commissioned by Eisenhower and established by James

Forrestal shortly after the 1947 Roswell Crash.

Interestingly, it wasn't until November of 1947, a mere couple of months after the Roswell Crash, that an invention was patented that would ultimately render analogue amplification almost obsolete; this invention was known as the Bipolar Junction Transistor, (BJT) and was a more efficient version of the thermionic valve, aka vacuum tube, that had enjoyed its status as the only means of amplification for analogue electrical signals for over 40 years. It was invented by a team working under the supervision of a man named William Shockley (inventor of the Shockley diode) at Bell labs.

Eleven years later, in 1958 the BJT became successfully implemented in the first Integrated Circuits (ICs) where they were wired together in their millions (something that was never done with the vacuum tube despite the many geniuses who were playing around experimenting with them), and spawned an entire new generation of components such as operational amplifiers and comparator networks that went on to provide the back bone of the digital revolution.

Such IC packages would then be developed for commercial applications and distributed solely by a company named Fairchild Industries in 1961.

Fairchild Industries was partly owned by a man named Sherman Fairchild, who had ties to the US military with his aerospace engineering firm, Fairchild Aircraft; his Fairchild Industries Company picked up the development of the BJT which led to the manufacture of ICs after Shockley opened his own lab then decided not to pursue semiconductor technology. Eight of Shockley's workers resigned from his laboratory and then went on to form Fairchild Semiconductor with funding from Sherman Fairchild.

Carol Rosin was the first woman to work as an aerospace executive at Fairchild Industries. She was also the spokesperson for the Nazi-come-NASA V2 Rocket Scientist, Werner Von Braun, during her time at Fairchild Industries. Rosin also has some very interesting things to say when it comes to ETs and has founded an institute for "Security and cooperation in outer space"; Most of what Rosin discusses on ETs allegedly comes directly from Von Braun who claimed the Nazi's were successful in their attempts at reverse engineering ET craft during WW2.

Colonel Philip Corso was a retired military Colonel with an impressive military background that included fighting Rommel in Africa during the war, and leading a team to round up the rest of the Gestapo in Italy after it.

Corso released a book in 1998 claiming his involvement in an operation to secretly supply technology from the 1947 Roswell crash to companies – one of which was

Bell Laboratories' – in an effort to bring them into the mainstream and stop their enemies, who had infiltrated the highest levels of the US government, getting a hold of them. Developing them in secret, this evolved into a joint effort by the US and Soviet governments to build infrastructure to counter the threat of alien space craft, which became more frequent after the crash at Roswell in 1947. Corso claims that they used the Cold War as a cover to put some of their differences aside and focus on the alien threat.

It was Corso's claim that integrated circuits, fibre optics, night vision, lasers and Kevlar amongst several other technologies, were technologies that had been retrieved directly from the 1947 Roswell UFO that he had been tasked with distributing to major companies like Bell Laboratories in the hopes of carrying out his mission successfully.

Corso states he was put in charge of the whole operation to “do something” with the tech that had been sitting in a secret locker within the Pentagon for over 15 years (this fits in with the timespan between the crash and the distribution of IC components by Fairchild) after General Twining helped shepherd it into the Foreign Technologies department of the Army in an effort to keep it contained, which was now under the control of his long-time friend he'd fought alongside during the war, General Arthur Trudeau.

It was Corso who came up with the idea of seeding it into weapons programs that were, at the time, currently being worked on, in his own effort to keep it contained between him and General Trudeau utilizing contacts that were already involved in highly classified projects who they knew had the security clearances to keep it quiet; this team of scientists – who Corso wanted to use a brains trust to help reverse engineer the technologies he had in his lap – consisted of both Werner Von Braun and Jon Von Neumann as well as other Nazi rocket scientists picked up under operation Paperclip.

So now we know that digital computers and AI technology were specifically developed from Descartes's philosophical discourse on consciousness and that much of the technology evolving them from their analogue counterparts (which an alleged MJ agent had involvement in) was not only being developed at a very suspect time in relation to the Roswell Crash, but also being distributed by a company whose corporate manager had something to say on ET involvement with human affairs, all at the same time Colonel Phillip Corso was alleging he was distributing ET technology to these very sorts of companies in an effort to “integrate them into the mainstream commercial sector”. Again, Corso was utilizing a key player in the

advancement of computing technology and a rocket scientist who had his own claims about Nazi UFOs that was feeding said corporate manager her information. Am I the only one who finds it too convenient computers were specifically built with the concept of consciousness simulation in mind, by one of the very people who was tasked with reverse engineering the very components that would go on to build them, from tech retrieved from the 1947 Roswell Crash, the same crash in which an ET entity suggested that we are, in a sense, trapped in a consciousness prison? That same ET that suggested its craft contained the very same technologies Corso claimed he was seeding into the commercial sector, by the way.

And herein is my confession; it was actually René Descartes' philosophies I based much of my experimentation in lucid dreaming off of, back when I was still in primary school. I had come across a brief explanation of his theories in an article one day at my grandmother's house whilst there for our weekly Friday curry lunch. Although, at the time, I did not necessarily understand much of his work on consciousness, I knew enough to understand his dilemma of trying to conceptualize a mind without a body, because by that point I had invested deeply in lucid dreaming and was very well aware of what having a consciousness without a body was like.

The article left such an impression me – a boy whose sleep paralysis nightmares had sent him on a very profound mission to understand the intricacies of consciousness even at that age – that I can still remember the feeling of excitement I got after reading it, some 20 something years later. I can specifically remember how I wished I could go back in time and talk to René about his theories and tell him everything I knew about consciousness from my own personal experiences of detaching it from my body. I did not appreciate at the time just how much influence he had already had and would continue to have on the technology we come to take for granted on a regular basis – again, technology the Grand Elder told me was directly connected to the amnesia engine.

It wouldn't be until much later in my life, when I started studying microcontroller firmware programming that I would come across the brilliant mind of Von Neumann, which would ultimately lead me back to the philosopher that had such a profound influence on my life; if it hadn't been for that very brief and very vague article stimulating my inspiration into using my lucid dreaming abilities to explore consciousness, I probably never would have even had any of my "mystical" experiences.

And where did all these experiences all lead? Back to that same 1947 UFO crash in Roswell, where pretty much the same information on consciousness was allegedly being given to the highest echelons of the US government through the conduit that was Matilda McElroy, only a few short months before the development of the first digital component that would – in the span of less than 10 years – be implemented in the development of concepts surrounding Artificial Intelligent computers based off the same person’s philosophies in consciousness I had been using for a decade prior to having them. I had to give my brain credit for providing me with hallucinations – if you could even call them such – that were so heavily interwoven with historical facts.

Celestial forces manipulating consciousness? Preposterous, I hear you saying. Well no. Not really. Your consciousness is manipulated on a daily basis in order to make you experience a false sense of reality, and I can demonstrate this to you drawing on my experience as an electronics technician:

When you look at a computer, TV or phone screen, what do you see? A bunch of pictures or whatever it is you have conjured up from the computer’s memory cache at that particular time. Let’s go with the letters you are reading right now (assuming you are reading a digital copy. If not, I am sure most people are able to pretend), as a means to make this demonstration directly relatable to everyone.

So what if I told you what you are seeing on the screen, all these letters you are reading, do not actually exist? Think about it for a moment before moving on, because I am not lying to you; there are no words in front of you. Now let us for a moment go one step further and, if you can, play around with the brightness setting of your screen. Turn, or click, it all the way to its highest setting, then all the way to its lowest setting, and think about what you are seeing.

Let me reveal something to you, the TV is not getting brighter and neither is it getting darker when you do this. What is actually happening is that you are slowing down the frequency by which you are being bombarded with its light. The screen does not actually display anything but the same intensity light which is switched on and off at a rate so fast that your brain averages it out and registers it as an image. Thus the entire experience of viewing what is on a monitor screen is dependent upon the way your brain perceives it.

If your mind averaged things out at a slower or faster refresh rate, the image it would register would be completely different. There are not really any words on the screen right now, but you think there are because the computer is displaying data that only

takes on that form when a person looks at it. If it was a dog or a bird or any other creature with a heightened sense of optical processing, it would be a bunch of random gibberish.

You see, the engineers of such screens figured out a long time ago which refreshing frequencies were needed for you to experience the reality coming from the screen in this manner, just like the engineers of the reality around you (supposedly) figured out how to manipulate the subconscious thoughts that would give rise to you experiencing this reality all around you as being “physical in nature”.

Even before Plasma and LCD displays, someone worked out how to take a single electron “dot” and have it scan through a cathode ray tube screen line by line row by row at such a speed it would make you think you were looking at a moving picture. Even a CD plays “sounds” that are not actually the same things to the sounds the instruments that recorded them played.

What you perceive as reality has already been heavily influenced and manipulated before it even reaches your eyes or ears; and this is backed up by technological documentation which describes these technologies in detail. You are bombarded with false realities on a day to day basis, but because they provide a familiarity with your physical surroundings, you just assume they are real without giving it much thought.

In actual fact, they are merely copies, or vague representations of the physical reality around you your consciousness observes at any given moment.

Have you ever watched a show with some sort of fast spinning mechanism such as a helicopter rotor or car tires and noticed that they don’t actually “do” what you would expect them to do? The car tires might seem to move backwards, even though the car is going forward, or maybe the helicopter blades appear to be still even though the helicopter is flying (there was actually a conspiracy floating around because of this very thing a few years back). What is actually happening is that your “reality” is being distorted through what is known as aliasing; the data is being sampled (converted into digital information) at a rate that is lower than your mind’s refresh rate that is needed in order to experience the intended reality that was being filmed exactly how it was.

There is actually a rule in analogue to digital conversion called the Nyquist criterion, which states a waveform must be sampled at at least twice its highest frequency in order to stop this distortion from occurring; the producers of these videos forgot to take into account the frequency of the spinning tire or helicopter blades when they sampled their movies: amateurs! In audio sampling, I you do not adhere to this rule,

your ear picks up ghost frequencies as it averages out the misplaced data points. The things I have witnessed in these outer worlds as a self-proclaimed “exiter of Plato’s cave” would shock the absolute being out of most people on this earth, and they are very suggestive that consciousness has indeed been “hijacked in this manner”, as do the Nag Hammadi scrolls of the Gnostics which date back to roughly the same time as the bible.

Again I find it odd that the Gnostics had a primitive, yet fairly accurate model of our television/ computer screen back in the times of Jesus in their concept of the demiurge – the creator of a false reality.

The Jewish mystics (Kabbalists) had a similar concept of physical reality being “not the only one” in their concept of the Tree of Life (of which the Tarot deck is the pictorial representation), but rather than suggest Yahweh was the false god Yaldabaoth who had been a creation of the original god - who had then gone on to proclaim itself as the only one in the whole universe worthy of worship, like the Gnostics believed – they suggested it was “the four lettered word of god”, YHVH that created the “four worlds of reality”, the physical plane being the lowest, densest world formed by the light of creation as it congealed through the Tree of Life (aka the Adam Kadman or physical body).

Strangely, the Greeks understood this Kabbalistic concept and called the same four lettered word the Tetragrammaton (tetra meaning four and gramma meaning letter).

In my second experience with the Grand Elder, after remembering my reincarnation, I was shown exactly how this astral light formed those “worlds” by means of frequency and harmonic reverberation – something that is only now starting to be discussed and theorized and taken seriously by certain scientists – but it wasn’t so much that our reality was false, it was more that it was “missing information” that would make it more complete.

So let’s, for one minute, assume the US military did retrieve an alien entity from the Roswell crash and in its interview it spilled the beans on the soul/ consciousness hijacking operation being carried out by a group of celestial forces that were not part of its empire; what the hell would one expect the US military to do in such a situation?

It is not as if they can just come out and tell everyone. Wouldn’t it make more sense to hide the truth and start integrating alien technology into society that would (hopefully) one day evolve into infrastructure to solve this particular conundrum? Might sound like a stretch but when big, rich techs in Silicon Valley – the number one fabrication place in America of anything related to integrated circuits born from

companies like Bell Labs – start taking the idea of us living in a simulation seriously and pay people to try and “break us out of the Matrix”, one has to start wondering, especially when one of those proposing such an idea is closely working with NASA to take people to Mars in a few short years; the same man who was developing a brain implant chip to help those with disabilities be able to regain some use of their limbs.

But Musk is known for his weirdness; surely his comments on the simulation theory (based on the philosophy that can be found in Nick Bostrom’s paper on the subject) is just a publicity stunt, right?

Well, for those with an open mind, I suggest reading up on the story of Erin Valenti, a 33 year old CEO of a Salt Lake city tech company that was about to make a breakthrough in technology regarding *brain implants*. Erin went on a business trip to *Silicone Valley* in October 2019 to discuss her company’s new breakthroughs with their brain implant technology with other businessmen and friends that she had in the industry. Whilst on this business trip, Erin’s parents received a strange call that was completely out of place for this 33 year old CEO and her professional attitude. In the call Erin was talking fast and erratically: “It’s all a game. It’s a thought experiment. We are in the Matrix.....and I am going to miss my flight!” she said to her mother, who had to put the call on speaker so Erin’s father could try and help her get to the bottom of what was going on.

Five days later, after Erin went cold and no one had heard from her, she was found dead in the back of her car. There were no physical signs of foul play. Erin had no history of mental illness, was not one to dabble in drugs, surrounded herself with friends and was not the type to bottle away her feelings. Erin’s father was convinced the police botched their investigations from the moment they were notified of Erin’s disappearance.

So what the hell happened to Erin to make her change her entire view on reality practically overnight and wind up dead for it? Pretty interesting given Colonel Corso’s and Matilda MacElroy’s claims. Pretty interesting considering the Gnostics built a whole religion, and that Plato devised a whole philosophy around the concept (both of which the Matrix movies were heavily based off.)

Pretty interesting considering my last experience with the Elder Guardians suggested this very thing years before I had bothered researching this subject in depth.

“Preposterous!!!” I still hear you say, as you look around and change the superposition of every single light particle you observe, altering the very reality around you through the act of quantum physics, a technology which many people

are unaware is being developed and packaged into computer systems alongside its AI counterpart as we speak (and while we are on the subject of AI and Gnosticism, look up the Robot Sophia and compare it with the Gnostic concept of Sophia). We are, in actual fact, on the verge of the next industrial revolution as “brand new” technologies are emerging to provide the underlying infrastructure of a quantum computer network that will be so powerful in its calculations that it will literally have to “borrow information” from other “universes” as there is not enough atomic data in our current physical universe for it work off of; read that again – *there are not enough atoms in our entire universe for a (theoretical) quantum computer to carry out a single operation* .

Experts have tipped quantum computing as having so much potential that a very real application it is set to be put to work on is providing pharmaceuticals specifically tailored to an individual’s DNA code, or un-hackable quantum encrypted communications systems that “change the information as soon as it observed by a party trying to hack into it”.

The very fundamental blocks of quantum computing have been developing steadily for a while now from companies like IBM and D Wave who is being funded by the US Department of Defence. I do not profess to be an expert in quantum physics, but I have an understanding on the basics of quantum computing given my experience in digital computer systems.

The way quantum computers work is by freezing certain materials that exhibit super conductivity at a temperature only a few degrees away from absolute zero; superconductivity is the nomenclature for a conductor that allows the transference of electrons over the valance shells of the conductor’s atoms with absolutely no resistance whatsoever. I remember when I was a kid trolling around on the internet to get a dose of reality higher than what my school thought to teach me, super conductors were nothing more than theoretical.

Unlike conventional electronics, where the atoms slip into the “holes” in the valence band and lose energy (which disperses as heat through the conductor) as they bounce between the other electrons, pushing one off to go and find the valance band gap of another atom, superconductors allow the flow of electrons as if there is a “smooth” action of electron displacement where no energy is lost to the bounce; it is as if the electron just slips around the conductive path like it is on ice.

And speaking of ice, freezing the electrons closes the valence band gap just enough to allow the electron to “slide” over all the others and exhibit this principle of super conductivity (I recommend You tubing a “Quantum Locking Ted Talk” video that

explains how this can be used to make things exhibit anti-gravity effects).

The companies who have been investing in this technology have figured out a way to take one of those electrons and “force” it into a state of super position in what is known as the qubit (as opposed to its predecessor the digital bit, made possible due to the infamous Bipolar Junction Transistor); they have literally worked out how to take Erwin Schrodinger’s cat and “force” it be either alive or dead and not both at once.

What is more, whereas a digital bit can contain two pieces of information – it is either on or off – , a qubit can be either on or off, or somewhere in between, as dictated by the electron’s orbital pathway.

So already we can see that the qubit is far superior to the bit in so far as information storage is concerned; for the same physical space we can store orders of magnitude more information. In fact, the amount of information storage theorized needed for quantum computing is so large, that scientists are now looking at storing it not just in the 2 dimensional domain of a transistor’s state of being either on or off, but using physical, 3 dimensional genetic material (DNA) as the mechanism to store the data – one of my meditations prior to my mystical experiences was that planets are nothing more than biological computer storage mechanisms.

That’s right, in a few decades time you will be walking around with a thumb drive that utilizes DNA or some other form of biological material, probably specifically grown under controlled conditions, to store data rather than a small chip made out of silicone – cue literal “thumb” drive joke here.

Other scientists – specifically those looking at securing the blockchain of digital currencies (such as that used by Bitcoin) – are looking at *storing information in the past through the use of quantum entanglement*.

Uh, say what? Time travel to the past is looking to be a very real possibility for quantum computer systems looking to prevent another quantum system from hacking the blockchain (once quantum computers come online they have the potential to crack the entire cryptographic sequence of the blockchain within a few minutes, that is how powerful they will be).

The only hurdles at this point is that the quantum noise exhibited through this act of forcing superposition is too large to allow for accurate data to be obtained; D Wave was the leader in qubit count last time I checked, sitting at about 32 qubits, whereas it has been predicted a system with a million qubits would be the bare minimum to eliminate this problem of noise.

Other problems arise given the methods by which superposition is forced, which

make implementation into silicone based systems hard, though the University of New South Wales here in Australia has made remarkable breakthroughs in developing a quantum computer chip that can be directly interfaced to silicone. Storage methods – apart from size - have also been a challenge in that the information contained in a qubit cannot be stored in the conventional sense of “you store it, then access it and read it later”, as the information changes as soon as it has been accessed.

Then there is the problem of keeping a quantum chip at constant temperature quite close to absolute zero (which requires the quantum computer system to be quite large); to counter this other researchers are looking at providing superconductivity at room temperature via the use of lasers (good thing we harnessed that tech of the ET's, going by Colonel Corso).

There are also places in space that provide a freezing environment only a few degrees away from those temperatures needed to achieve superconductivity in some of these technologies. I would be very interested in hearing about planned future space missions to some of these cold areas; what better way to solve the efficiency problem by utilizing an environment that is naturally this cold rather than cooling through methods like liquid nitrogen.

It wouldn't surprise me if super computers being developed by companies like D Wave found themselves being constructed and sent to live a life in orbit as some form of gigantic satellite. See what I am getting at here? The Akashic Records can thus be conceptualized as being nothing more than the quantum data that is contained in these biological computers known as planets.

Although there is still some time before we see the quantum computer “thing” take off, if you look hard enough you can see that the world is definitely being prepared for this eventual outcome.

China have made great progress on their quantum internet infrastructure, and IBM even have a primitive quantum computer connected to the cloud (dubbed the experience), which you can go on and write quantum assembly code for and have it run your programs in real time.

You can even go on and play “quantum battleship”, where you can have your ships both bombed and not bombed in other universes. The actual process of what is going on is a little confusing even to me, so I suggest you go and check it out for yourself to try and make sense of it.

At first this “DOS” screen based game might seem primitive, but remember, computer games looked exactly like this back in the 80s....and they were only

working with bits (pong is a classic example).

In only three decades our computer games have evolved from text based games like pong into those that show us photo realistic imagery that is getting harder and harder to distinguish from reality.

NVidia, a company who makes graphical processing cards for high end gaming computers, have even created an AI algorithm that will automatically generate a complete 3D environment on the fly. This is where people like Elon Musk and Nick Bostrom and their theories on us living in a simulation start to come into play; the more we invest in making computer games become as realistic as possible, the more likely it is we reach a point where we develop a virtual reality that is indistinguishable from a real reality.

All we need to do is find a way to disconnect consciousness from the observer and immerse it in a virtual reality world, and it becomes impossible to tell if our reality is a virtual construct or not. Given that I have already demonstrated that the engineers of the computer and TV screen have already figured out how to manipulate your consciousness into thinking there are words or pictures coming from the screen, do you really think it is a stretch to assume that some of the first experiments in implementing AI machines in with quantum computers will be simulations aimed at understanding consciousness, given that the former technology was based around Descartes's philosophies on the subject by Von Neumann, Alan Turing and the other scientists that were developing it from the very beginning of its conception back in the 50s using technology that was allegedly from an alien telling us we were in fact caught in a consciousness trap? The digital computer was literally developed as a means to run simulations on Descartes's thoughts on whether or not a computer can think; I suspect these will be some of the first simulations run on properly up and running quantum computer systems.

Speaking of artificial intelligence, Intel currently have a chip in production modelled off the human brain – a “neuromorphic” chip called the Loihi – that, unlike other machine learning chips, does not need to be fed data. It is entirely a self-learning chip that was able to distinguish a square from a circle when Intel conducted their first test with it back in 2019.

If my experiences are anything to go by, consciousness can indeed be separated from the body and manipulated into thinking it is experiencing a “real world” or “universe” that is external to its very being. The Nag Hammadi scrolls suggest people were playing around with this concept back almost 2000 years ago.

Even Plato was suggesting a similar thing with his philosophy of “the Cave”. It leaves me wondering if the US government found out that we *are* living in a simulation during the Roswell Crash and have intentionally left people in the dark whilst at the same time trying to develop the technologies necessary that would allow us to first check to see if that was the case, and then figure out a way to escape. The other question then becomes: what if such technologies themselves become hijacked and consciousness is put into one of the virtual reality systems created by them, once again in a similar fashion. Wipe our memory, drop us in and run the simulation at a point in the past as far as possible from our present day where we just start to develop these technologies.

Two thousand years in the past ought to do it (hey maybe I wrote the Nag Hammadi scrolls from an artificial reality construct of the past, that exists in our future; wouldn't that be a hoot). So then what happens when that 2000 year time period is up and we are once again on the cusp of the quantum computer revolution? I seriously hope I am crazy and my timeline resets don't mean what I think they meant.

If I was an advanced alien species looking to dominate an entire race, what better way at hindering their evolution than to throw them into an infinite causal loop of artificially constructed realities that they would never even know they were even taking part of.

What if the aliens are trapped just like us and don't even know about it? What if they are us from a trillion years in the future still trying to bust our way out? What if god is just an AI that has gone rogue and keeps pumping out virtual reality after virtual reality in an effort to contain consciousness?

It all becomes one big festering, endless philosophical nightmare. Thanks brain for hallucinating me into it all.

And that concludes what keeps me lying awake in bed on a Saturday night.

Just what I deserve for tinkering around in my own head via lucidity I suppose. And I didn't even need to use some mind altering substance like LSD to get there.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR:

THE LEVERIAN THEOLOGY

Even before I knew about Corso's claims he seeded alien technology into the commercial sector via the utilization of military contractors, I already had some sneaking suspicions about technology given the way its progression from analogue to digital didn't add up with the time it took for primitive tech to evolve from when electricity was first discovered.

Part of this had been born through my understanding of electro technology and correlations I had made with the brief histories associated with things such as the Bipolar Junction Transistor, but the other half came from my own recognition of some of these technologies within occult texts that I was also studying, sometimes even more than the subjects that would eventually provide me with my qualification in electronics.

It had been through the finding of coincidental themes emerging in both subjects - such as finding the Kabbalistic Tree of Life being used as a diagram to explain state machine programming - that I started developing the theological model I would use as a basis to understanding cosmological concepts.

Through these coincidences arising, this theory would develop into an idea - more like a possibility - that no thoughts were entirely 100% belonging to whatever individual consciousness first had them; it was my opinion that through subconscious persuasion from higher forces, conscious thoughts were influenced into

“thinking” certain things, especially when in regards to developing new technologies. I postulated the idea that whenever a “new” technology or invention was created, it was because of the inventor connecting to an energy matrix that connected all forms of consciousness at a higher plane of existence and remembering parts of the mechanics of the universe; i.e. subconsciously accessing what Jung called the collective unconscious and remembering those mechanics. This very concept is also explored in the Alien Interview by Airl.

My opinion was that – at least in a very basic way – models used to evolve technology from one aspect into another could be used as a means to categorize my thoughts and order them as fragments of a larger whole; the idea was that understanding the technological model could lead to the reverse conceptualization of certain cosmological mysteries.

Thus whenever I meditated, I wasn’t just finding a random thought and chasing it on a whim; my theology allowed me to build upon the foundations of the little I already knew so I would have a more efficient way of processing whatever information came through during said meditations.

The reason I thought such efficiency of information processing necessary is because these meditations varied over many months, sometimes even years, so I needed a way that they could be compressed, placed within the model so that if I needed to reference them during another meditation, they were there right in front of me; I didn’t need to waste valuable meditation time “thinking” up these concepts from nothing once again, I could just think of their overall function and the role they played in the overall model which would lead to a point to focus on within my meditations; the goal then was the simplification of the meditative processes that were trying to understand complex concepts of universal mechanics.

This is how I had been taught to diagnose faults in exceedingly complex circuits; by reducing each part of the whole system to a block of operation, one can visualize what each block should be doing much easier than if trying to analyse the system as a whole. You look for the blocks that aren’t doing what they are supposed to, and then reduce that block to an even smaller series of blocks until you find the fault. Because most of my occult studies were being carried out in parallel to my electronics studies, it was inevitable that I would start reading them more like schematics, than simple literature.

Thus a computer – under this theology – became a physical manifestation of a higher cosmological mechanic that its inventors had subconsciously “remembered” being part of the cosmic matrix/ void space, and I was reading the Kabbalistic Tree

of Life as the literal blueprint of this mechanic. The planets of the solar system became the quantum data servers of the Akashic Records.

Funnily enough, I had a fill in lecturer named Ron, at TAFE when I was studying electronics who I ended up tracking down after noticing many of his predictions regarding technological evolution coming true in the exact time frames he was estimating.

Despite the other lecturers being incredibly well versed in electronics, Ron demonstrated an even higher level of intelligence than even they possessed, and treated us to stories of newly declassified information he knew about which included lasers being mounted onto aircraft during the gulf war that could cut tanks in half, and EMP warheads that could release a 20kVA pulse over a 5km radius he was teaching us – albeit quite vaguely – how to build.

Ron – who was a retired Air Force operator – and I got to talking one day after he invited me over to his house for a coffee and chat after I asked him his opinions on where he thought we were headed with such technology and what he thought about AI singularity happening around 2040; for several years I wanted to re-establish contact with him as I knew he had moved to my home town of Wooroloo and was building a house in the town of Northam where my father had worked as an Engineering Surveyor. The opportunity was presented to me after coming into contact with a local ham radio operator whilst studying for my advanced licence in radio communications who was good friends with him.

Ron also believed quantum physics was heavily suggestive that we were in a simulation and supposed it was a simulation into understanding “what is love”. Although somewhat sceptical of occult ideas, he also gave a similar concept of this sub conscious matrix , in what he called the human gestalt concept; Ron had noticed that whenever a new invention made its way to the forefront of our society, it was almost always invented by two or more completely different people in completely different locations of the world at the same time, often times resulting in patent applications being filed within days of each other. (Again Airl mentions this phenomena in the Alien Interview)

Like my Leverian Theology, Ron hypothesized that there was some kind of “higher unseen force” that was trying to push these ideas out into the open in the form of new inventions.

Ron told me he had a friend who he spoke to at lengths regarding this human gestalt concept who ultimately went on to use it to win substantial amounts – i.e. millions of

dollars – in the lottery, not once but 3 times. Apparently much of these winnings were distributed by his friend amongst “those who needed it more than him”, and he suggested that whatever was driving the gestalt concept, probably wouldn’t have allowed him to win such amounts had this distribution not been part of his ultimate plan.

Ron suggested he meditated on this gestalt concept almost every night with the goal of contacting the unseen force that was driving it. Upon originally getting mixed up with my question about “singularity”, he confided in me that it was through his meditations that he had been led to believe that there would be an event, much sooner than Von Neumann’s 2040 AI singularity prediction, that would see humanity coming to the realisation of this gestalt force, and that their own survival depended on understanding and interacting with it; in other words, Jung’s collective unconsciousness would become consciously noticed en masse. There is a similar theme being propagated among the Starsee communities.

Ron suggested that human civilization would undergo an “electronic holocaust” which would see it revert back to the days of horse and cart, and gave his opinions on the technologies he knew about that would ultimately kick this holocaust off through cyber warfare. Given my own understanding of these technologies, I felt that Ron made a very strong argument.

I had not discussed any of my mystical experiences with him, or what I knew about consciousness and lucid dreaming, and was using our interview specifically to probe him about questions regarding technology and this holocaust, as my understanding of tech had left me with similar concerns, especially with things like the Stuxnet computer virus being released as open source. His own views on extra-terrestrial involvement in earth’s affairs were heavily sceptical.

Only 2 years later, several of the predictions we discussed on his front porch started happening after the COVID 19 virus was released. These included cyber-attacks and the idea that the economy would start to undergo severe hardship before its ultimate collapse.

It was not clear to me how many of these predictions were because of Ron’s interaction with the gestalt force or through observation on his part.

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE:

THE DIGITISATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

This is my interpretation of everything that I experienced: the “off world” technology I was made to grasp a firm understanding of is completely unlike anything you would associate with as being “technology” in the traditional sense. The reason for this is because the technology I was looking at was made to manipulate things that we humans at best can only conceptualize in vague forms and descriptions; to actually understand this technology properly you need to be perceiving it from a higher state of consciousness, because consciousness is what this whole technology revolves around.

Despite this paradoxical barrier, I will do my best to explain what I witnessed using analogies associated with technologies we currently have deployed right around the world; using my own Leverian Theological model:

An analogue, or AC, signal whether it be a voltage or current is a signal that fluctuates between two opposing polarities over a period of time. If you visualize this as a circle the wave starts at 0 degrees and increases in amplitude as the current or voltage increases to a peak point at 90 degrees, before returning to 0 at 180 degrees.

After it hits this point the polarity changes, and the signal moves through its negative

phase, reaching its negative peak at 270 degrees, and then decreasing back to 0 at 0/360 degrees. This relationship between two opposing poles is often symbolized as a sinusoidal waveform, to conceptualize the period of time; rather than return to its point of origin, the sinusoidal wave visualizes the amplitude ending at the beginning of another cycle; the distance between these two cycles is what is known as frequency.

A plucked guitar string is a classic example of how a signal moves through a cycle with two opposing polarities; as the string reaches its highest point in relation to the ground (assuming the guitar is being held in a normal manner) it reaches its peak positive amplitude, and as it reaches its lowest point it reaches its peak negative amplitude, the space in the middle where it finally comes to rest being the 0 degree amplitude point.

This is exactly the principle of how amplifiers work; the signal is converted first into magnetic energy via the magnets, and then electrical energy via the coils within the pickup, before being passed along to the amplification circuit.

Analogue signals are considered as being complete insofar as information is concerned; they always have a very specific value attached to them, and thus will always be more accurate than their digital counterparts; they deal with exact values, whereas digital signals deal with averages.

Rectification is the art of taking the negative cycle of an analogue signal and “redirecting” it over to the positive side of the wave – or vice versa – so that instead of having a circle, or sinusoid, what you are left with is only positive “bumps” as the signal repetitively goes from 0 to peak positive amplitude and back again; this is usually done via an arrangement of four diodes (a device that allows electricity to flow in one way only) that “trap” the cycle and prevent it from going negative. If you have ever seen a schematic diagram with a diamond made up of four diodes coming off the mains supply, this is known as a full wave/ bridge rectifier, and is exactly what this does.

A filter in the form of a capacitor can then be added to slice the tops off these bumps, resulting in a smooth peak amplitude that seemingly has no decrease back to zero, and creates what is known as Direct Current, or DC; what happens is the capacitor is charged and discharged back into the circuit at the periods of time where the peak starts to drop essentially never giving the wave enough time to fall back to 0.

Once we have a DC “wave” (it’s more of a straight line than a wave), we can then add more trickery in the form of digitisation, by switching it on and off. What is

more, we can take an AC signal, and represent it as a digital state by passing it through a network of transistors known as an Analogue to Digital Converter or ADC.

Now if we look at this digital representation of an analogue wave, we can see that it is comprised of steps; instead of being a true sinusoid or circular wave, what we have is something that looks like a staircase that climbs and descends as it goes through its cycle of amplitude.

If you were to super impose one over the other what you would eventually come to realize is that for the duration of each step, the amplitude is “averaged” to a specific value in the digitized signal, and you would find some of the information from the original AC signal as being “lost” to this averaging. You might try reducing the duration between each bit by using an ADC with more bits in an effort to get a higher fidelity signal, but you would never achieve being able to completely copy all of the information from the AC signal over to the digital domain. The digital copy, will always be a “bad copy” of the original, though most people’s eyes and ears are too slow to pick up on this averaging (hence the Nyquist criterion).

If you dig hard enough you will actually find guitarists and other musicians who prefer to use old amplifiers utilizing thermionic valves to provide amplification over the modern transistor ones because they have a “warm” sound that cannot be emulated by the latter. What they are referring to with this “warm” sound is really just the missing part of the AC signal that has been averaged out.

Although analogue signals are more pure in form, digital signals are easier to manipulate, as the steps in the waveform can be altered via special algorithms, such as those present in Digital Signal Processing (DSP) circuitry; all a DSP algorithm does is change the step points in certain parts of the digitized wave, which alters what you eventually hear or see.

Now what was shown to me was that there exists a type of light, which I call astral light (the Kabbalists called it Ain Soph Aur) and which is responsible for practically all creation itself. This astral light is not visible to us like normal light, but functions similarly in that it expands ever outwardly and reflects off certain “things; it is for the sake of the argument, more a field of pure energy than anything else. Frequency wise it is orders of magnitude higher than any frequency we are able to conceptualize; it is the highest operating frequency of both the physical and non-physical universes.

This light, after its expansion, returns to its source, just like we would expect in an AC signal. This is what was I was watching being shot from the canons in my

second experience with the Grand Elder.

By having two different canons pointing in slightly different directions, these two waves would eventually hit each other and create a vibration at the point of coincidence before being reflected back to their canons.

It is important to understand that I was experiencing this from a perceptive filter that I could more easily understand from my earth mind as there was an incredibly overwhelming amount of information coming in; these were not actual canons, but were being simplified into this form through my own higher mind quite plainly because the Grand Elder wanted me to remember it back “here” in the physical plane. He specifically told me this; the actual devices that were shooting this light cannot be comprehended by the earth mind no matter how many maths and physics geniuses you throw at it.

This vibration would then echo out and create dimensions of reality that were dependent on the frequency of the two colliding waves; the frequency of whatever physical reality was created from this light was always less than this universal operating frequency of astral light.

The canons were being aimed in such a way as to make these dimensional vibrations “layer” upon each other so that one vibratory dimension was meshed within another through the use of harmonics. These harmonics would form a myriad of more frequencies, which would compress and eventually form a physical, mass based universe from other non-physical ones.

From my state of higher awareness both at the 2012 gathering and the canon circuit in 2014, I was able to see right through these mass based universes, as well as the non-mass based ones and how they are all interconnected with one another.

I could literally see from the perspective of the 5th dimension. The human brain cannot be raised to this frequency – consciousness must be detached from it by slowing down, as demonstrated by the Monroe Institution. The idea one must “raise their vibrations” to reach 5D is therefore completely inaccurate.

What made the anomaly so strange was that it had ripped several of these physical universes away, yet somehow kept the structural integrity of these “inter dimensional” connections in place. This is the equivalent of 2 sounds combining to make a chord, you take one away and the chord sound is still there; an impossibility as far as physics is concerned. Without the vibrational reverberation from the missing dimensional frequency, the physical universes around it should not have been able to continue existing, yet somehow they did.

Hence why, when I had tried to analyse it from my higher mind, I wasn't able to. I

was trying to analyse something that didn't exist but somehow did (don't confuse this with Schrodinger's cat).

The light as it expands outwardly can be thought of as the positive half of the AC signal, its reflection being the negative return to its 0 degree point. The most important part of this conceptualization is that the astral light contained all original information on the creation of vibratory realities/ dimensions, yet it is incomplete because of the information being swallowed by the anomaly. The anomaly is an energy sink that is parasitic to the highest order light of dimensional creation. It is literally killing a universe full of infinite physical realities that are separated by the frequency at which they vibrate.

Consciousness, in a divine sense, is supposed to exist outside of this light. It is supposed to be able to comprehend both the outward going pulse and the inner returning reflection as a means to making sure the light went back to where it was supposed to so parasites such as the anomaly could not steal from it.

Consciousness is supposed to be able to comprehend the entire cycle comprising both polarities of the astral light, but it was hijacked through a similar method of AC rectification. It was manipulated into thinking the reflected light travelling back to source was nothing but the positive, outward going light in a constant smoothed out state we know as time, thus all it could see were the resulting physical manifestations of the dimensional vibrations (harmonics) that proceeded in a linear fashion without end.

From my understanding, what we know as quantum physics is in actual fact the reflective part of the cycle that still contains the information of the frequency vibrations that created physical universes.

What we know as quantum entanglement is really the same particle or piece of astral light as it expands forward through time and as it is reflected and comes back into the past back to source (or vice versa but that is a whole other ball game). Time for us is only linear because of the rectification process that cuts us off from our higher state of awareness that allows us to see through it.

In the higher planes it does not exist. The human mind was deliberately engineered to not only house consciousness, but to rectify and filter it in such a way so that it would never be able to make this association. It was designed so that you see only what the creators of the anomaly want you to see, i.e. a linear progression of 3D snapshots through time. In between each second of those snapshots you exist in opposite polarity and are supposed to see the higher planes.

The reason a particle changes its superposition when we consciously observe it is

because of a deliberately designed mechanism to stop us viewing the negatively polarized wave of physical plane creation. We are tricked into perceiving only one of the many physical realities of existence so we can live a life chasing things bound to this physical plane over and over again.

Reincarnation was used as a means to keep consciousness rectified in this manner so that it would never realize that something was redirecting source energy into the anomaly. This is why I needed to remember what occurred moments prior to my reincarnation into this body before any of this could be revealed to me. I needed to understand the brutality the soul is put through in order to make it forget its origins, so I could bring the information back here into the physical plane. This was told specifically to me by the Grand Elder.

The human mind was quite literally the digitisation of analogue consciousness in which some of the original information became lost; this is what is referred to by the Gnostics as the Demiurge.

Once consciousness has been digitized in this manner, our controllers - the Slave Gods – can more easily control what we experience by varying the frequency of the pulses in a manner similar to Pulse Width Modulation, through the manipulation of the astral light itself similar to how the brightness setting on your computer is controlled.

The whole point of the amnesia operation was to fracture the soul and torture it beyond comprehension into submitting. Why else do you think we live in a world controlled by soulless, fictional corporations?

The higher self, then, is the recombination of memories existing over multiple planes of existence into one complete, pure consciousness that can perceive the bigger picture, whereas the soul is the piece of astral light that became captured in one physical instance. As the astral light contains the information of the physical planes it creates (the Akashic Records), so then does each fragment of a soul contain a memory specific to the physical plane it becomes trapped in. Therefore the higher self *is* the soul exalted to perfection and liberated from the rectification trapping mechanisms.

True alchemy has nothing to do with turning base metals into gold; it is about gathering the fractured pieces of the soul and recombining them into their original, divine state of being. Plato was the philosopher so referenced – I am sure of it – and his “stone” was this divine soul/ higher memory aspect. The philosophical mercury of Alchemy is the light of the soul that “falls” through all things into the triple philosophical vessel – aka the physical body – that “must be refined through

sublimation” into a more complete and perfect version of itself – the higher self – in order to retrieve the memory of its own cosmological origins. This is what much of my meditations pertained to prior to my first experience back in 2012.

My involvement in the amnesia correction program, therefore, was to assist in “reprogramming” certain aspects of the soul that were being damaged by the amnesia mechanism so that they would be better in a position to return to their higher state of being.

This was done via the splicing of the information found in universal harmonics (Akashic records) into the soul codes of those 20 000 + that were in attendance that would “skip” over the damaged part and discard it as “corrupted code”. The scroll was to bypass the rectification mechanism.

I believe this soul code correction program was not specifically tied to this particular lifetime for each individual being; the effect of this would be that a soul reaching this point of its cycle where it would skip over the code, would start being able to “see” the negatively polarized wave it had been cut off from – what I deem as “astral sight”.

From what I was told by my last encounter with the Grand Elder in 2019, this was the plan for the rest of the human population who were still caught in the trap; they would slowly start beginning to see using “astral sight” instead of having to rely on the rectified consciousness of the human mind.

This would lead to them seeing things they “wouldn’t normally see” that had been “hiding” in this negatively polarized wave for a very long time, i.e. inter dimensional entities.

The plan, as it was revealed to me, was to bring them into this level of “astral sight” on a very, very gradual basis to the point that newly reincarnated souls (those who couldn’t escape the trap) would start appearing with much more of their higher memory intact so that there would eventually be a whole generation of children coming through with astral sight.

Those with soul DNA enhancement that I, as well as my friend in the Antarctica projects had worked on in the outer planes, would be targeted for first activation. Those actively seeking the “astral sight” would then be considered for secondary activation over those who weren’t; my task within the Unseen 5 was specifically to provide the criteria necessary to be selected for initiation into that organisation.

Through my experimentation in lucid dreaming I discovered all the doorways that lead out of these lower planes. There are celestial family that exist within the higher realm that we have long since forgotten during our time on earth that are waiting

patiently for us to return instead of being recycled back into the reincarnation trap.

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX:

AN OCCULT CONNECTION WITH SPACE

From what I understand, through many experiences out of the “cave of reality” and the meditation upon each, operation Starseed was to stop the manipulation of human consciousness and allow it to evolve unimpeded.

Going by my access to my higher intelligence, it is my opinion that if a hand full of minds were allowed unrestricted access to this same state of awareness for a period of a week, they would be able to progress the human civilization millions of years into the future if they could somehow find a way to transcribe the technologies they would have access to.

I really am not being facetious or exaggerating this estimation; this state of awareness was so incredibly powerful it was apparently considered a real threat. I was specifically told there are several celestial factions who are terrified of the human race being allowed access to these latent abilities. Even one person operating from this state of awareness for an extended period – as opposed to my brief, flittering moments utilising it – poses a real risk to the consciousness containment operation that is allegedly in place. This is what the alien agenda, is all about.

It is my opinion that if anyone had access to reincarnation technology, it would have been the Ancient Egyptians, given historical records seem to suggest they were very

well versed in the worshipping of death and what happens to the soul in the after life.

My experiments in consciousness were brief. It makes logical sense to me that if a society was left to evolve these sorts of experiments without the restrictions imposed by a society that insists that they cannot be undertaken, then it would ultimately result in a civilization that would be considered as being far superior in every walk of life than what we are today.

No other civilization has demonstrated as much commitment to honouring their deceased as the Ancient Egyptians have with their building of the massive pyramids and tombs which would ultimately go on to house the bodies of royalty. If they did discover the secrets to reincarnation, could it be that “targeted” reincarnation was reserved exclusively for the Pharaohs? Keep the slaves in poverty whilst the kings reign supreme over multiple lifetimes. Airl seems to think so.

What is more, the writings of Thoth – who was considered the same deity as Hermes to the Greeks, in which the Hellenistic combination of the two thus became Hermes Trismegistus – are the glue that binds Ancient Egyptian philosophy of death and the soul in with Kabbalistic ideologies; all forms of Hermeticism and Alchemy can be traced back to having these philosophies at their core. Occult knowledge is thus rooted in the very idea that consciousness can be detached from “physical reality” and made to explore other “non-physical realities” like those of astral and lucid substance.

Since most forms of occult “magic” deal with the idea that one can change their physical surroundings through the application of conscious thought by will and intent (i.e., spellcraft), then quantum physics – which deals with the idea that light particles change into waves once observed – becomes the very model by which “magic” can be understood.

Even electricity would have been labelled as “magic” before its discovery in 1780 when Giovanni Galvani realized the leg of a frog he was dissecting was twitching from a reaction of the chemicals in the solution he had it in.

Magic = unknown sciences, unknown sciences = the occult.

Therefore, those ancient cultures dealing with philosophies in consciousness were the predecessors to the very quantum physicists that are making quantum computing a reality in this day and age. The priests who presided over mummies who knew magic in this most primitive form had discovered quantum physics – even if they couldn’t model it – long before Einstein started talking about what he deemed as “spooky action at a distance”, before Schrodinger put his cat in a box, and before

Planck developed his “constant” theory, amongst the many, many others scientists who have contributed to its study over the years.

There is a reason most mainstream religions did not want their followers involved with magical practices. They did not want to risk those followers realizing the very fabric of reality as being consciousness.

So now we have a preliminary understanding that quantum physics is the model behind which most occult literature may be, at least conceptually, understood, it is necessary to point out the connection the occult has to government organizations that have been at the forefront of alien and UFO conspiracy:

Thelema is an ideological system of occult beliefs developed by the infamous magician Aleister Crowley during the 20th century, the philosophy of which he promulgated through several “secret” societies he had a big involvement in, most notably the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, The Ordo Templi Orientis, and later on, his own Argentum Astrum. Those who subscribe to this system of Crowley’s are thus called “Thelemites” in salutation of the name of his system.

Jack Parsons was an initiated fellow Thelemite of Crowley’s; he was friends with a man named L Ron Hubbard, who was also a fellow Thelemite and was an Admiral of a ship in the US navy prior to WW2.

There is a famous story of Crowley “summoning” a “demonic” entity known as Lam, through a portal in space – supposedly created through his Amalantrah ritual – who looked remarkably like some sort of stereotypical Grey alien in the depictions Crowley drew of it.

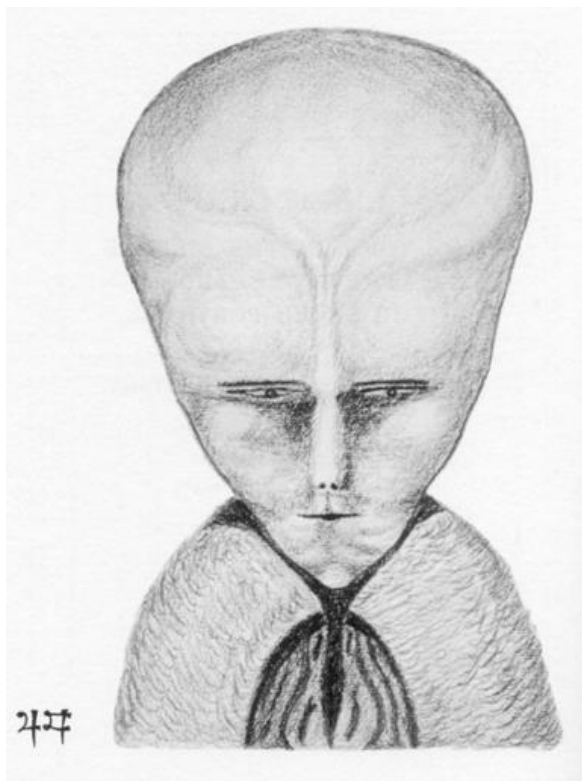
Hubbard, and Parsons apparently remade this ritual into what was called the Babalon Working, whereby they were trying to summon the essence of the whore of Babalon (the spirit of the Earth) into a human vessel, inspired heavily by Crowley’s fictional novel Moonchild (which I found in my grandmother’s abandoned library).

They were then scolded by Crowley for lacking the ability to “close the portal to the dimension Lam inhabited afterwards”, resulting in it being left open for a duration that was not exactly thought to be wise by Crowley’s standards – at least, that is how the story goes.

Hubbard was a close associate of Jack Parsons, so much so that he eventually ended up running off with Parson’s wife after his time in the Navy came to a close.

Hubbard also went on to found his own religion based around his theories of what he

CROWLEY'S SKETCH OF LAM



Lam – Tibetan for “The Way” – was said to have been summoned “through a portal in space” by Aleister Crowley (and later on by L Ron Hubbard and Jack Parsons) during what was called the Amalantrah ritual. Crowley allegedly was trying to make a case for UFOs being connected to the occult and considered this his “proof”. Kenneth Grant, Crowley’s nominated executor after his death, published the parts of the ritual in his “Lam Statement. Many people have reported seeing UFOs and other strange phenomenon after taking part in their own recreations of the Amalantrah ritual.

called Dianetics.

For whatever reasons, Hubbard went bankrupt and he was forced to rebrand Dianetics into the better known package of Scientology that had at its core the idea that *aliens had a monopoly on human souls* – something you apparently only found out once you had donated a large portion of your money over to the church.

Here is where it gets interesting; Jack Parson was a rocket scientist, and he was a remarkably good one at that. After studying at Caltech, he would eventually go on to receive funding to found the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) that would ultimately provide NASA with everything it needed to send man into outer space.

So now we start to get a picture that from the very get go the branch of NASA that would develop the technologies necessary to break through the atmosphere into space was heavily invested in the mysteries of the occult, directly related to Crowley and was playing around with the idea of Alchemical philosophy Crowley had based off Ancient Egyptian and Kabbalistic tradition. Well, at least it's founding member was.

Crowley himself would also come to find himself directly involved in the war as it began to unfold; he was picked up by MI6 to distribute propaganda against Germany, and – apparently – ended up becoming the inspiration behind the Blofeld character in Ian Fleming's James Bond series, which was based off some of Fleming's "knowledge" from spending time in MI6 himself.

Whilst an agent of the British Government, he would start drumming up supporters for his religion *in the very department he worked for*, thus a large part of British intelligence were, like Parsons, directly connected to occult philosophy. Crowley had successfully brought them under his wing as Thelemites of his religion of Thelema.

Even Crowley's superior officer within MI6 originally thought his magic was a bunch of "hogwash" until he eventually changed his tune stating that despite his apprehensions with Thelema even he had to admit "Crowley was getting results". But the occult connection to WW2 does not stop there; one only has to do a quick Google search to find the many, many myths and rumours suggesting that Hitler and the Nazi's were heavily invested in the occult.

In his book "Life with a Cosmic Clearance", Daniel Salter claims he was an agent with a clearance 38 levels above "Top Secret" and was directly involved with alien technology that he worked on, most notably what he called particlization: the idea that material reality *is projected outwardly from the pineal gland*.

Salter testified in front of the National Press Club about his involvement with off

world technologies – part of Dr Steven Greer’s Disclosure Project – along with 28 other military personnel who had firsthand experience with ET technology, some of which provided documented proof of their involvement.

One of these witnesses claimed the Nazi party was originally established as the Thule society – a society whose members believed in a mythological land of Thule and were themselves heavily invested in the occult. He testified that Germany had built advanced space craft that were at least 250 years ahead of the times almost a decade before WW2.

Salter’s book is quite remarkable in that it goes into much depth about the German occult connection, and the different craft they were playing around with – one of which was a cigar shaped "mothership" that could transport several Haunebu saucers at once.

One can only wonder why a government party with a heavy connection to the occult would eventually go on to systematically try and eradicate a complete race of people from the earth and allow its Aryan counterpart total domination (remember I spoke of Blavatsky’s theories on races; included in such is her views on the Aryan lineage).

Salter also goes on to state that it was really because of the Vrill society – a collection of psychic women who were supposedly using astral projection to channel off world intelligences in an effort to gain information on how to build a space craft that could take them to the system of the star, Aldebaran –, that the Nazi’s were able to succeed in their efforts at building an ET craft.

I found this particularly interesting considering the importance my “celestial handlers” were putting on astral projection and lucid dreaming being communication conduits between humans and “non-physical intelligences” such as themselves. I already knew they could be used to contact off world intelligences as I had been doing it since I was 15.

Just this year, a few months prior to writing this book I was able to tune in and telepathically speak to another one using a “clickity clack” dialect, and once again they told me they are terrified of humans. Both times I utilized the void space – what Jung called the collective unconsciousness – in lucidity to achieve this level of contact. It is the communication highway of the non-physical planes.

What is more, Israel Regardie – Crowley’s secretary – gives an over view of a certain gesture the initiates of the Golden Dawn – in his book of the same name – apparently used whenever astral travelling to check whether any entity met in those planes was a friend or enemy; this is explained as holding ones arm out at a 45

degree angle in a similar fashion to the infamous salutation Hitler was known to give his soldiers after rallying them under one of his many mesmerizing speeches.

Regardie, in his chapters regarding the alchemical concepts the newly initiated Neophytes of the Golden Dawn were made to remember, expands upon the fylfot cross; a representation of the Swastika which linked the 12 astrological symbols of the zodiac with the 4 elements and the sun (Salter gives a different description of the apparent use of the swastika).

Anyone who understands the relationship these symbols have with the Kabbalistic Tree of Life, understands that their proximity to the Jews during this era is highly suspicious, especially if the Nazi's were indeed invested in the occult, as Salter claims. As a side note there was a recent Greek neo Nazi party that came to rise called the "Golden Dawn", which I assume has nothing to do with the Hermetic Order.

What makes it even more interesting is the story of Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd and the myths surrounding what he allegedly found whilst exploring Antarctica and during Operation High Jump. Byrd wrote in his journals that he was approached by flying saucers sporting in his words "the Nazi swastika" before being taken to meet the "Master" of a race of humanoids living under the ice, who were not altogether happy with humans playing with nuclear "toys". These masters claimed humans (military) would not heed their warnings about developing them even further.

Again Salter backs this up in his book and claims Operation High Jump was actually a mission to defeat the Nazi presence in the Antarctic region of New Schwabenland. Whether or not you want to believe in this particular story, at the time of writing, you can still find old news videos from this era suggesting Byrd and his crew were successful in their attempts at tracking down a "Nazi squadron" that had made its way to Antarctica, although reports on their success on defeating them vary from source to source.

All this occult history, quite obviously, can likely never be proven to be anything other than pure speculation – considering the mainstream UFO world doesn't consider the testimonies of 28 ex-military personnel testifying in front of a panel of people from the National Press Club as "proof" – but if there was secret research into the application of occult concepts for warfare purposes by the Nazi's, then it was most likely brought back to America under Operation Paperclip with the rocket scientists Werner Von Braun, Herman Oberth and their associates and expanded upon by Jack Parson's JPL division at NASA.

Colonel Corso suggests that NASA definitely had intelligence about off world craft

“buzzing” a large number of their rocket launches, and that Oberth and Von Braun were part of his “brains trust” for reverse engineering the technologies discovered at Roswell he had in his possession; the historical facts surrounding the Bipolar Junction Transistor making an appearance mere months after the Roswell event, combined with the Jack Parsons occult connection, make his claims incredibly hard to dismiss.

There is another aspect to all this that I find extremely peculiar; Storme – who is herself also an accomplished lucid dreamer and astral projector – was having her own mystical experiences during this same period of her life, one of which involved a recurring past life “memory” of living as a prisoner in Auschwitz.

What makes this even more strange is that Storme’s grandmother was actually born in a Nazi prisoner of war camp, and Storme herself has been visited by both physical and non-physical entities since she was a little girl.

I have included a chapter outlining all of her experiences – which I find much more remarkable than mine – that details these past life memories, as well as her lucid dreaming/ astral projection experiences and what appears to be a premonition of the unfolding COVID 19 saga.

These past life memories of her time in the Nazi camps are, obviously, not pleasant and suggest that I was likely inhabiting the body of an SS officer at that particular time in history. Although such information was never revealed to me by my celestial handlers, her experiences parallel with information imparted to me about my apparent time in the cult of Psai-green (Saigen is a place in the Westphalia district of Germany) – at the very least, it explains why I woke up feeling like I was going to puke. These are the sorts of uncomfortable things one can expect to peel the band aid off when they start messing around unlocking parts of the mind that would otherwise block access to them.

Who one is in this lifetime bears no relevance to who they were in the past; one must be psychologically ready to accept that they could have potentially been part of something they consider abhorrent and evil in their current incarnation, such is my current thoughts on the Nazi’s and their regime.

I certainly don’t make a habit of going around telling people I may have been an SS officer in a past life and offer it here solely as a means for the reader to objectively study in relation to the topic of reincarnation.

I do not necessarily agree with it all, but seeing as I seem to be a main component in discussions Storme’s off world intelligences keep having with her, I consider it

important to include. Then again, maybe my life thus far was just an opportunity to burn off negative karma acquired from such a past.

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN:

OBSERVATIONS ON LUCID DREAMING

Lucid dreaming is the art of becoming aware that you are dreaming, but I feel – especially in lucid dreaming communities that can be found on the internet – that there is often a lot of ambiguity when it comes to just how much conscious control over the dream one has.

Part of my apprehension for calling my mystical experiences “dreams” or even “lucid dreams” is that they were not of the same domain of consciousness that is involved with both these subjects and neither were they of the domain of typical astral projections, despite being reached through both these avenues.

The problem I have with such ambiguity of terms is that it fails to apply a proper description of this superior state of consciousness that I experienced, and lessens it to something that, although profound, is very far removed from the realm of absolute divinity I was operating from whilst under the influence of my higher mind.

Just like one comes to the realisation that matter is not the ruling force of the cosmos during their first astral projection, of which from then on in no sceptic will ever convince them it is nothing but a trick of the mind, and likewise for the lucid dreamer with their own expeditions, so too during an awakening into the realm of the cosmic Masters and the higher self one is forced into embracing the conclusion that there is a higher form of existence than even both the astral and lucid planes.

For those who have astral projected I implore you to remember your first time doing so and remember how you had to accept the reality before you that the physical world was not all there was; until that moment of etheric separation from your physical body, you could not be absolutely sure of the many claims of those who

had done it before you. You may have believed it was possible, but it was impossible for you to even comprehend but a small fragment of what it would be like. How bewildered were you when you finally achieved that first projection? Am I wrong in assuming it was suddenly that you found it was something you craved beyond anything that could sway you in the physical world.

If you had the choice of choosing all the riches of world versus voluntary projection into the astral planes how many of you would choose the latter over the former? For me, astral projection and lucid dreaming became an addictive drug, something that I craved simply because of the surrealism and confirmation it offered of a reality existing beyond what most people commonly accept as all there is.

So then, I implore you further to imagine what happens when this same thing happens to you from these planes of astral/ lucid projection; you then project from them to a place that is even more profound and are forced into an even higher conclusion that now the astral and lucid planes are not all there is either. From the vantage point you are now at, there is no other conclusion that you can arrive at other than that those planes your consciousness has interacted with before now are merely boring and nothing like what you are now experiencing.

Astral projecting and lucid dreaming are child's play compared to an Auric Projection;

The physical plane is now so insignificant it is but a small grain of sand on a beach of physical universes that you can now see through from a perspective that is not limited by a consciousness plugged into sensors that can only sense a single physical world.

The astral and lucid planes engulf these physical planes like a cloud and, under the influence of the higher consciousness, one can see how they are all connected through a web of something that cannot be explained with descriptors of a physical being.

However, whereas a standard first astral projection experience the projector is met with exhilaration, this is not the case in this higher realm. The reason is because when you arrive here to begin with you are confused, and this confusion is borne on the realisation that you have been here before, though you cannot explain why you substituted such realness of this 5D domain for the fakeness of a single 3D, physical world out of the infinite number that lay before you.

To begin with you cannot explain why the hell anyone would want to sacrifice this eternal realm for a single, primitive realm where consciousness had become so bound and limited.

Even in the astral plane where there was some freedom of exploration with your consciousness, you realize just how incredibly limited even that was. And, as you begin to remember yourself existing in a great deal of these infinite universes - both physical and non-physical that seem almost microscopic from your vantage point high above them – you are forced to conclude that this is it in so far as “realness” is concerned. You are forced to conclude that you have reached the highest realm of “realness”. You are forced to conclude this domain is the originating point of your soul, and it is nothing like the realm of physical manifestation where the primitive souls dwell and try and argue their “knowledge” of gods’ kingdom, of which you are quite literally witnessing.

This is why I have such a hard time trying to explain what exactly it was that I experienced more than several times between the period 2012 to 2019. These were not astral projections, nor were they even advanced lucid dreams but something much, much more profound that I am yet to find adequately described by the alleged historical masters of the occult. It is for this reason I have labelled them as “Auric Projections”, in reference to the occult concept of the Ain Soph Aur – the highest point of existence where divine light dwells in its purest form.

The only way to access this plane, as far as I am aware, is to be brought there by those who dwell there; you cannot simply project there whenever you feel like it like with AP or LD, and the only way to get on the radar of those who dwell there is to start real work on evolving one’s own consciousness into a higher state of being not just in the physical world, but in the lucid and astral domains as well.

What I mean by real work is work that is aimed at self-reflection of who and what exactly an individual is, analysis of their own thoughts and the psychological processes that lead them to making certain decisions and choices, and taking responsibility for their own spiritual progress. You must become completely independent of all institutions and organizations that claim they are authorities of your soul and being before you will even be considered for access.

Consciousness is a very strange thing; whilst in the body it remains locked and integrated with the 5 senses of touch, taste, smell, sight and sound. Information on the physical world is picked up via the bodily sensors – eyes, ears, nose, nervous system and tongue - and distributed to the brain for processing.

The human body, therefore, is nothing but a biological computer system that monitors its environment through the use of controlled consciousness, its power source being that divine spark that is implemented during the foetal stages of its

development.

We have processes or programs running in the background that take care of our blood pumping and filtering, our breathing, and even the cell and nutritional distribution amongst many, many other things, all so our body can exist in a stage of life.

Our DNA contains the code which determines what we will look like and our body just “grows” according to its rules, without our mind’s input.

In fact, if we really want to get technical, our bodies are not entirely “us”, as what makes up majority of a human body are a network of these self thinking systems that keep it operating through subconscious means.

If we view our bodies through a microscope will find a society of mitochondria, cells and other microorganisms working together, robotically going about business in a similar fashion to how we as a society go to work and come home every day, in an effort to keep our bodies “working”; as above, so below.

All our consciousness is really used for is piloting these bodies in a specific direction, and for carrying out specific operations through the use of our 4 limbs.

Sub consciousness, therefore is the main function that keeps the body running and you alive throughout your entire life; when you go to sleep it is the sub consciousness that takes care of all these bodily functions for you so you don’t have to worry about consciously thinking about them. Imagine how exhausting that would get.

Despite doctors of psychology telling us we can use the sub consciousness to reprogram our conscious thoughts, we cannot ever use it to reprogram these embedded programs that keep our body running; consciousness must first be trained to adapt to these 5 sensory inputs so it can learn how to use the means for interpreting the physical world around it.

This is obviously done from the moment we are born; we have to learn how to use our bodies in a meaningful way if we are to properly integrate into the physical world. If we don’t we die, without some kind of external help from a parent or guardian.

And so too must one be trained in the ways of consciousness projection if they wish to navigate through the realms of lucid and astral substance.

One must be able to make sense of a world that does not rely on sensors that are designed to sense a physical object, and instead must be able to take the abstract forms and energy signatures of such a world and interact with them in a meaningful way. The 6th sense must be developed to the same level of every other sense, or one

is at a disadvantage when it comes to lucid travel, just like one who has never learnt how to use their legs.

The frustration an infant experiences not understanding how to use its limbs properly is akin to the consciousness who awakens into lucidity and does not understand how to imbue itself with the momentum that will carry it through such a realm.

Until the babe can learn to walk and use its arms as tools, it will be bound to its immediate environment – the floor – just as a consciousness will be bound to the environment it feels most comfortable in; that of the physical world.

Therefore, one must have a substantial understanding of the phases of detachment of the mind from the body and the way dreams are created before they can begin to even take their first step on the path that leads away from the physical domain.

These phases, are, in order of how one can expect to experience them, as follows:

- Sleep Paralysis Phase
- Consciousness Transition Phase
- The Void Space Phase
- Dream Creation Phase
- Dream Experience Phase
- Lucid Navigation Phase

The physical salt of consciousness must first be dissolved back into a purely mercurial solution, before it can permeate the non-physical realms. It must be allowed to collapse its quantum field of experience back in on itself. This is the way consciousness changes when one falls asleep. The transition between the waking and sleeping states is the point at which the wave collapses and where the mind is disengaged from the body and its 5 senses; in the waking state it is projected outwardly into the physical world for as far as your eyes can see, and during the dream state it is projected inwardly back through the pineal gland for as far as your imagination can take it.

The pineal gland, therefore, acts like a valve that allows the astral light into the alchemical flask that is your body to provide the energy it needs to exist. Only careful cultivation of the pressure of consciousness can allow it to escape through that valve and allow it to experience the void state, which is where all dreams are first created by the mind.

This pressure is dictated by what I call the “velocity of consciousness” which is a

product of fatigue acting upon the body; the more fatigue one carries with them when they go to bed, the higher the velocity of consciousness as it travels back through the pineal gland the moment the wave of experience collapses.

If the velocity of consciousness is too high, then one projects out through the pineal gland too quickly and pierces through their own void space (the dream creation point) with too much speed, and their dream becomes a random, unconscious mess derived from whatever archetypes are held in the sub conscious realms of the mind; the transition phase where the wave of experience collapses into the dream state and travel through the void become forgotten, as the consciousness is bombarded with strong subconscious distortions that override its awareness of the dream state.

I have found the strongest of these distortions will be created about 10 – 12 hours, and also 30 minutes, prior to the collapse of the wave of experience; that means that the sub conscious mind can be “programmed” during the day to feed specific thoughts into the dream state at precise times, provided one follows a strict sleeping regime, if penetration of the void space results in an overwhelmed dream – as is the way the dream state is most commonly entered by people.

This is how one is able to become lucid in their dream scape after penetrating too deeply into the void space, but these lucid dreams will never be as profound as one that has been deliberately created through conscious and deliberate visualizations carried out whilst in the void space, i.e., after a conscious transition from the waking to the sleeping world.

Sleep paralysis – of what I originally called the vibrationals, given that everything feels like it is vibrating, or what is usually called the hypnogogic state – is the first stage of consciousness as it disengages from the body; the body becomes numb due to it falling asleep, whilst the mind stays conscious and awake.

Despite the brain perceiving the outside world as if it were awake, it is not actually operating from the same level of cognitive processing, and is processing things from at least an octave – a frequency of one half – below its usual operating frequency whilst awake.

My assumption for this reduced frequency of the mind comes from a lucid projection into the void space one night just as an aeroplane went overhead. I was able to consciously witness how the frequency slowed down right at the moment of transition into the void space.

The back and forth phasing effect I heard suggests that the mind is not operating from a single frequency in this state, but instead is sweeping through a range of them. For example if there was a sound producing a hum at 10kHz during the

awakened state, in sleep paralysis one can expect this to change to a 5kHz tone that fluctuates up and down over a few hundred Hertz.

Thus one should not rely too heavily on the sounds or imagery that present themselves whilst in this phase of lucid dreaming.

It is in the sleep paralysis phase that many people, myself included, report seeing “beings” – aliens in UFO circles, and demons in occult ones – standing at the foot of the bed, or entering the room, which makes me believe it is not a natural state of consciousness to enter into and is used primarily for non physical entities to “monitor” our consciousness transition into the void space.

This theory is partly derived from my abilities of projecting into the void space by bypassing the sleep paralysis phase altogether, from an abductee I spoke to who was told by a Grey that every single human being on earth has a personal “ET handler”, and from information imparted to me by the leader of the Unseen 5.

The sleep paralysis phase, like the void space, can also be used to initialize an astral projection, which I have done several times in both phases, though the sleep paralysis stage seems to be the more commonly used phase to achieve such a projection. It is in this phase that one can be mistaken for thinking they are awake, as their immediate environment can often times look exactly as it they would expect if they open their eyes. On several occasions I have accidentally astral projected by trying to “get up” after thinking I had completely woken up, not realising my body was still under paralysis. As chaotic and uncomfortable it is, especially with apparent beings bearing down on you, relaxation through this phase will lead to a conscious transition into the void space phase.

I have noticed the void space seems to be comprised of a series of layers which directly correlate to the dreamer’s conscious awareness of their surrounding dreamscapes and how easily such dreamscapes can be manipulated.

Though I call these “layers” one should realize that this designation is more to describe points of a continuous analogue substance, than layers that are physically connected from each other. I like to think of it being similar to a temperature gauge in which we assign a marking to each degree as the temperature rises; the void space is a 4th dimensional “depth” that becomes ever the more perceptively unstable the deeper your consciousness is projected into it. The layers are my way of perceiving that 4th dimensional depth.

Through excessive exploration and experimentation I have found that this system is around 12 layers deep (i.e., experienced 12 different “types” of sub conscious

distortion ranging from weak to extremely heavy), the shallowest layer being the closest to waking consciousness and the easiest of the layers to control through visualization techniques while lucid.

This gets progressively harder to do, the deeper one delves into the layers of this system so that by the 12th level the subconsciousness is so overbearing that it severely hinders the projection of conscious imagery into the dreamscape, hence why when the velocity of consciousness penetrates too deeply into this void space, it results in an unconscious dream.

At the 12th level of the void space, of which I have nick named “the basement”, I have found it almost impossible to hold a dreamscape longer than a minute, as the energy required to develop it into a tangible environment that can then be held up by subconscious memory was always being expended trying to counter certain disturbances that would rupture the dream state if left unchallenged, resulting in me waking from the dream.

It is here that most uncomfortable things manifest; where the “shadow”, as Carl Jung called it, dwells. One should not aim to venture here unless they are well versed in exiting a lucid dreaming session, which can be achieved by trying to shake one’s head from side to side like they are saying “no”.

On the other hand, at 1st level lucidity I was always able to create explicitly vivid dreamscapes by a simple visualisation of the environment, which would almost instantaneously become held up without further effort, so that further visualisations could be focused on filling the dreamscapes with objects, such as buildings/ people etc.

The void space acts like a blank canvas for dream scape creation and is named as such because it is literally a void where nothing exists except pure consciousness. It is in this place where the falling sensation is at its greatest, and the reason for this, in my opinion, is due to the mind no longer being restricted by the laws of gravity, and others as dictated by general physics that the physical body is attached to.

The void space is the most crucial part of dream creation, because it uses the contents of both conscious and subconscious memory of which it projects into the dreamscape.

It is where direct telepathic thought can be attached and sent to another utilizing methods similar to radio wave propagation. I have “tuned into” creatures who use a “clickity clack” dialect whilst in this void space, just like one does a radio station, which led to an experience which most people would call an “abduction” in which my consciousness was teleported to a ship, contained within a strange liquid, and

commonality was found which allowed back and forth communication as though they were speaking in English.

I believe this void space is what Nostradamus referred to as “a black mirror” that he used to predict the future, though this is my own speculation based on my own experiments in this area.

It can be used to provide accelerative healing to the body in times of trauma and distress, as discussed previously. I have also used it to remember people’s names from school that I had otherwise forgotten.

When conscious, visualisation techniques provide the dominant means for projection; there will always be some degree of subconscious distortion, but (depending on what layer of the void space one operates at) this can be cleared through a skilled use of visualisation practices.

The void space can also be used for dream hijacking; that is, it provides a direct psychic link to other people’s void spaces which can be accessed using advanced visualization techniques; when I met the All Being, I understood that it was attached to every consciousness in existence through this same void, even those of ET substance.

In an experiment I conducted several years ago I was able to successfully intercept a dreamscape of my wife (when we’d first met), and recreate my own in its place. This was achieved by focusing on the image of my wife through the transition phase between falling asleep right on the cusp of entering the void space, to such an extent that her image was brought up with extreme clarity.

I then visualised having a conversation with her and projected the image of an environment we would meet up at every day, chosen specifically for its familiarity so as not to upset her subconsciousness and alert it to the fact it had been hijacked. I had rehearsed this conversation hours before going to bed, and deliberately used certain conversational points that would provide me with evidence that this dream was linked, for they contained very definitive subject material and answers that could not be open to speculation, and that were very specific to the very newly established relationship between me and her; I visually rehearsed every single stage of the dream creation before I even went to bed.

The next day I asked my wife if she had had any strange dreams the previous night, being particularly careful not to feed in any information of what had taken place within my void space, in fear of creating a false memory.

To my astonishment she recalled the dream setting I had created and the

conversation that took place between us. I then probed using the aforementioned points, to which I was met with a very startled and somewhat amazed expression on her face.

I tried this experiment several times after and was not successful in receiving any tangible results, though we have since had multiple instances of synchronized dreams.

Thus it is my determination that this psychic linkage to each other's void spaces is what is utilized upon the creation of a "hive mind", where multiple voids can be hijacked and linked via a Master/Slave type arrangement so multiple consciousness can experience the same holographic dreamscape, just like how computers can be connected via a network (remember I said I saw the tree of life being used in a state machine diagram).

The advantages for this type of connection over typical astral meeting arrangements, where members of the group agree to project to a certain place, is that only one person/ entity in the group need be accomplished in visualisation techniques, thus eliminating potential contamination from the other group members minds that could prove detrimental to the group projection as a whole.

A major disadvantage would be that unless the other members of the group are accomplished lucid dreamers and have a strong subconscious understanding of the cues necessary to allow them to realise they are dreaming, they would be susceptible to the unconscious manipulation of their dreamscapes. It is for this reason I highly recommend a trustworthy individual that is extremely good at visualisation and dreamscape creation to be appointed as a leader for any hive mind work being carried out.

From what I was told, this is exactly how the Unseen 5 could provide holographic test scenarios in the form of dreams; they were masters of inserting themselves into people's void spaces in the exact same way I was able to hijack my wife's dreamscape. The Elder Guardians hijacked my void space in a similar manner when I was taken to the reunion. This is why the void space is considered the main communication pathway by non-physical entities; it is what Jung called the collective unconsciousness, though with great practice it can become the collective consciousness.

Now it may be all well and good to think in terms of metaphors and analogies, but when it comes to the moment, how does one actually achieve this whole concept of inward and outward projection of their consciousness?

There actually exist spherical shaped portals which can be thought up, or summoned, during a lucid dream that allow for this projection.

These portals are about the size of a golf ball and appear about a foot in front of third eye, but slightly higher up, with the dreamscape of the next denser layer of lucidity compressed into their image. They are, in a sense, similar to what a planet would look like when viewing it from outer space, except instead of geological detail, they project the image being imagined in real time, similar in a way to a TV broadcast but on a spherical plane rather than flat one.

If one considers themselves a piece of space junk floating near the “planet of imagery”, then external projection (outwardly, like consciousness does whilst awake in the physical world) can be visualised as that space junk falling into the atmosphere of the planet. For a time it appears spherical, until the atmosphere is penetrated whereby an environment starts to materialise around the junk (though this happens so quickly it appears that you go into “hyperspace” like on the star wars movies, and pop out in your new environment all in one go).

Visualisation of internal projection (where consciousness goes back into the pineal gland), on the other hand is much more difficult as it involves the space junk moving away from the planet until the sphere becomes nothing in the vast emptiness of space, which itself acts like an inverse sphere already containing the environment of the next layer within it.

There is a degree of skill required in manipulating this surrounding inverse sphere into projecting the wanted dreamscape; through applying the right velocities of consciousness at the right times, one can enter into these portals as easily as one walks through a door in the physical world, but it takes much practice and training to be able to do so; they are the back doors into what I deem as the Auric plane; the place where I was able to connect with a higher state of conscious awareness where both the Elder Guardians and Unseen 5 contacted me. If the reader hasn't already worked it out, what I am explaining to you is 4th dimension travel via a pure consciousness state.

Understanding what is really happening to our consciousness when we sleep, we can start to experiment with ways in which to induce lucidity.

One technique I have used which provides good training for visualisation, and of which I stumbled upon quite accidentally, is what I deem as the “tennis match” scenario. I find this particular method invaluable as it can be used to trick the mind into becoming consciously aware that it is dreaming even when a fair of amount of

fatigue is present. The idea is simple enough; picture yourself from a 1st person point of view playing tennis with a professional tennis player. Try to vividly imagine your opponent hitting the ball with much ferocity that it comes straight at you and hits you in the face. Try, if you can, to feel the momentum of the ball as its velocity pushes you backward as it hits you; this is the key to applying the right velocity to consciousness.

Let's use the nose as a destination point, because it carries with it the possibility of being broken (in a real world scenario).

This seems to work better if you can picture your opponent getting multiple hits to your face in a row – aim for three or four –, but it is important that every detail be pictured with such vividness that it could be mistaken for being real; you have to picture the ball hitting you from a first person perspective, and not let it drift to a third person one.

The fluidity of the whole “movie” (which should only be a few seconds worth) has to correlate to how it would happen if this experience was indeed real. You can't allow it to become jittery or broken by other thoughts.

What I have found that, if done correctly, when falling asleep due to great fatigue, the mind is tricked into thinking the scenario is real; the moment the ball is about to collide with your face, the subconscious mind intervenes and reacts with the same emotion one would expect to react with if this scenario was actually happening – shock – which opens up the adrenal gland to prepare you for the aftermath of a broken nose.

The fight or flight reflex then kicks in which in turn jolts the mind back into being consciously aware of what is happening, but by realising the scene is not real, quickly relaxes itself back into the state of mind necessary for sleep to occur.

The mind then tries to analyse the ball, whereby it becomes attached to its velocity, and because the ball is travelling in the direction of the pineal gland (inwards), conscious projection follows it through the transition point, into the void space.

This all happens at an incredibly fast speed, but allows the transition to be perceived much more slowly.

I have found that the velocity of consciousness from this technique is just enough to open the pineal valve but not enough to send one into the basement; one can feel the mechanisms by which consciousness is tethered to the body “fall away” as it enters the void space in this fashion.

It is an unbelievably exhilarating experience. It is like there is an invisible “pressure” that you never really knew existed that encumbers your whole body up

until this point; even with astral projection you don't get this same sense of release of this pressure – in my experiences anyway.

As soon as consciousness passes the threshold of the waking and sleeping worlds, its velocity is wiped off and one is left “floating” in the void space, which brings about the classic “falling” sensation, which is, in my opinion, the feeling of what it is like to be pure consciousness existing in a world not limited by forces that affect the physical body, like gravity. Note that in the diagram on page 277 I mention the gravitic pull – this is to show how the direction of consciousness changes when one enters the void space. There is no gravity as we know gravity to be whilst in this state.

I have experimented using different scenarios with the same basic concept of attaching consciousness to fast moving objects travelling in toward the pineal gland, and have had quite a few successes. One of these was the visualisation of an orbiting dodecahedron which I managed to fling off its trajectory which had the same effect as the tennis match. Dodecahedrons themselves have a very occult meaning attached to them; they represent fire and the realm of Atziluth of the Kabbalistic Tree of Life, and are one of the 5 Platonic solids.

It should also be noted that majority of the time, after awakening from lucid dreams I have come to the realisation that I have been sleeping in a very specific pose: more often than not I have awoken with my feet touching, my arms at my side and my head bent so that my right ear is completely covered by my pillow.

I have tried falling asleep in this pose and again have had a lot of successes in inducing lucid dreaming, although these tend to be more of coming to the realisation of lucidity in the dream rather than perceiving the transition into the void, though I have achieved several conscious transitions with it.

This method also takes a certain amount of discipline, as it quickly gets quite uncomfortable and difficult to hold this pose; you need to be able to hold it, unmoving from one to several hours.

I believe the reason it works is that it has something to do with the subconscious mind picking up the imbalance of the inner ear caused by the position of the head and the flow of energy through the body being disrupted by the touching of the feet. As far as dietary requirements are concerned, I have not had a chance to commit myself to a strict regime of foods and monitor their effects, but I have noticed certain foods present during lucid dreams that were not caused via any of the above processes.

In these cases I was able to ascertain that the previous night I had eaten some sort of

spicy Chicken dish with a degree of sugar included as well.

There was no correlation between these dishes being healthy or not (one of them was incredibly greasy KFC with a drink of Pepsi, the other was a Thai green curry with rice and a small portion of cake for desert), which leads me to believe it is a chemical reaction in the stomach which is being registered in subconsciousness.

Once access to the void space has been achieved, one can use it to create their own dreams. In this sense, it can be thought of as a video game load out screen; it reminds me of the white room in the movie, the Matrix, where a rail of machine guns “appear” out of nowhere in front of Neo when they are loaded in, but rather than being white it is a sort of dark, indescribable colour.

Once again, to create a dream environment from here takes much practice, especially when it comes to visualisation, as any random thought inherent in this phase will make its way into the dream environment as a holographic manifestation. If thoughts are allowed to flitter and drift to random things, these things will almost always become part of the dream environment, unless one is skilled enough to counter them.

So, if you have been watching a lot of sci-fi movies involving aliens, and you have a strong subconscious connection to those aliens, sooner or later they will all start manifesting as your dream if you are not able to cut through them with your visualisations; even paying the smallest amount of attention to them can have dire effects on your dreamscape. Hell is easier to create than Heaven!

Rather than start surrounding yourself with items you wish to be present in the immediate environment, I have found it more beneficial to visualize the extremities of the particular scenario – if your eyes were functioning in this state, it would be equivalent of creating the objects you can see at the horizon.

The next trick is to switch your attention from this horizon onto the area encompassing a few meters around you without letting it collapse.

This is where the level of the void space you are in comes in to play; if you are too deep into it, close to the depths of the basement, you will be met with distortions in your visualisations which will “attack” them and ultimately collapse the environment around you, resulting in you waking up back in the physical world.

It takes great practice to be able to create a dream environment like this, then switch to populating it with whatever objects or people, smells etc, you desire without it collapsing, but it can be done to the point one can experience the same sensations they feel utilizing a physical body, such as smell, touch, taste etc.

This is something I was doing consistently in my youth, almost 3 times a week. The number one rule is that once created, no conscious thought can be allowed to be given to the structure of this environment, as this will also cause it to collapse; you have to just create it, and “know” it is around you and move straight into and interact from within it; if you find yourself focusing on one particular thing during the creation stage, you need to quickly find something else and use that to anchor your dreamscape, and you keep doing this until it becomes stable.

Once stable, the dreamscape can be interacted with just like any physical environment (but more profoundly).

This is the art of applying velocity to consciousness; once a dreamscape has been created, consciousness can move about in it simply by picking a point and focusing on it, much like with astral projection. Time and space become irrelevant factors, as one is immediately “teleported” to the point of imagination, hence why the control of one’s imagination is such an important factor. Just as the infant must learn to use its legs to walk through its physical environment, so too must one learn to use the points around them to move within their lucid environment.

By having an idea beforehand of what sort of dream environment one wants to build, and an object that can be summoned and moved away from the area closest to you after your horizon has been established, one can smooth out the whole process and evade the distortions before they begin to present themselves.

I have been known to “free fall” in the void for long periods of time – hours in fact – whilst I decided what dream I wanted to create, or simply for relaxation/meditation purposes. I have also been known to switch dreamscapes as easily as one walks through a door, jumping from world to world as if I was walking into different rooms. All this can be done via the portals when one becomes skilled at visualization practices.

Though the portals can be used as a means to travel to one’s own self designed dreamscapes, there are other locations that I have accessed multiple times without any need to create them using the same portals; when accessed, it is as if they automatically materialize in one’s own void space without any visualisation input. The amount of time I have spent in these particular places equates to a great deal more than someone who goes on regular holidays.

I have engaged in active consciousness exploration of these places to such an extent I can map them out.

Many of them have their own portals in certain places that access other parts of the

other “worlds”, so that, ultra dimensionally, they are all, in some way, linked together.

Many of these same places Storme has visited during her own lucid dreams, and given the exact same descriptions of how I experienced them, and a very similar description of “the Island” has also been reported to me by another fellow lucid dreamer.

My astral “assignments” took a similar form to these types of places; they were not places that were specifically created by my own conscious thoughts, but rather were holographic scenarios that I knew were being manifested within my own void space after it had become hijacked by a third party (once you have been playing around with your void space for long enough you begin to understand what are your dreams and what aren’t.)

Often times I’d be engaging with an environment of my own devising, when all of a sudden a new one would manifest around me, and I would feel as though I was coming out of a very heavy anaesthetic, like with the consciousness prison experiences.

The consciousness prisons I was kept in, like the one in the lunar style cavern or the one at the end of the “Wet Room” – which contained me for what would have equated to a whole year in the physical world – were specifically designed to stop velocity being applied to consciousness in this matter; no matter what creative ways one could think of to project their consciousness, these prisons would not allow it past their quantum boundaries. They had the ability to insert heavy distortions that were orders of magnitude worse than those found at the depths of the basement. They were designed to make it almost impossible for consciousness to return to and reengage with the faculties of the human body. Once trapped in them, it took me to my very limits of understanding consciousness projection to get out – these methodologies are not something that can be explained in English terminology; one must look for any type of energy signature they can and trace their 4th dimensional route out of the facility using it.

During these particular experiences I was under the knowing impression that if I didn’t hurry up and escape, I would not be returning to my earth body, as was the assumption I had many times in some environments if I did not leave them at that exact time.

I am unsure whether such a disconnection would result in the physical body

becoming comatose or dying, but I suspect a number of cases whereby healthy individuals have meant an undeterminable end during their sleep is because of these similar prisons.

Airl the alien describes these consciousness prisons exactly how I experienced them in Alien Interview.

I have found sleep paralysis to be one of the most beneficial ways to induce lucid dreaming, but unfortunately it is also one of the most terrifying, as the mind undergoes heavy hallucinations when under its influence, of which I believe is an after effect of becoming detached from the body. I first began experiencing sleep paralysis when I was eight years old, but I did not fully understand what was happening to me, and for some time my family wrote it off as nothing more than bad nightmares.

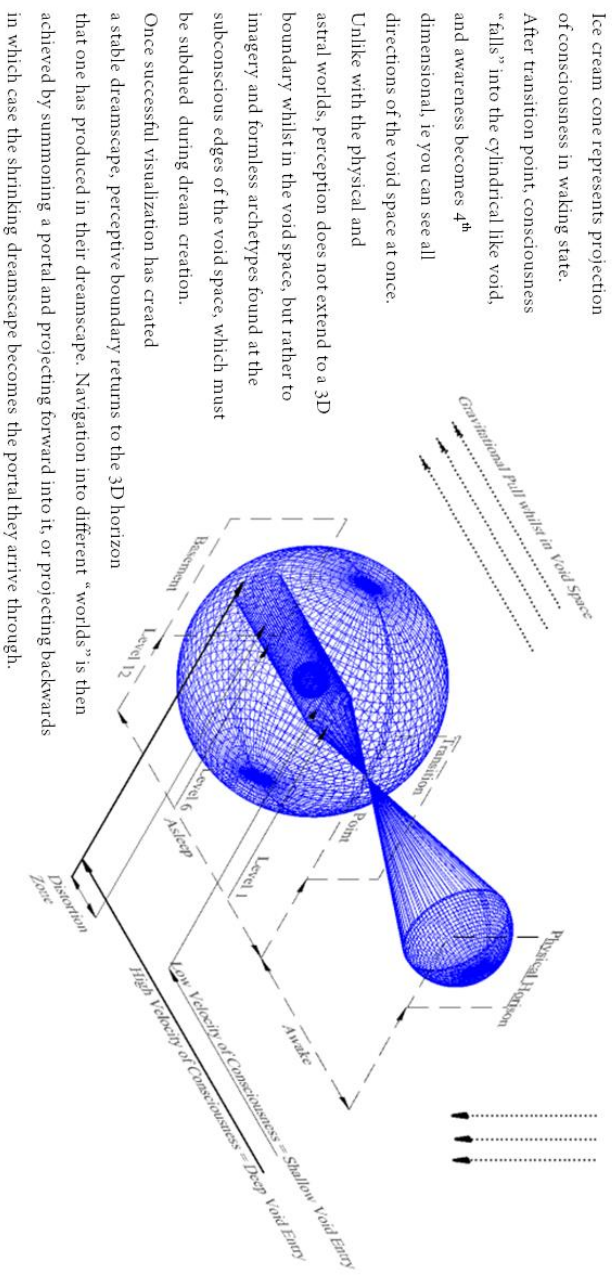
It took some years to figure out that the hallucinations, although scary and of a chthonic substance, were in no way harmful to my health. I discovered that by relaxing through them I was able to witness the transition into the void space, where the strange noises and the feeling of being on edge was replaced with the sensation of falling. It was here that I began experimenting with visualization and creating my own dreams out of nothingness.

Admittedly though I do still have times when the hallucinations become too overbearing and I have to cancel my want to lucid dream to readjust these visualizations, and I have found that by trying to shake the head left and right, I can eventually wake myself up. This technique seems to also work during a lucid dream. To enter sleep paralysis intentionally takes some discipline, as the body must be made to lie perfectly still and free from distraction for several hours at a time. This gives the body enough time to become “numb” of the control from the mind. This must also be done when the subject is well rested otherwise they risk falling asleep from the lengthy period of time they are laying down.

A variation of this technique can be used to etherically project, but it involves a specific relaxation and breathing technique which makes the practice more difficult, and tends to focus on the detachment of the mind from the body rather than its transition into sleep.

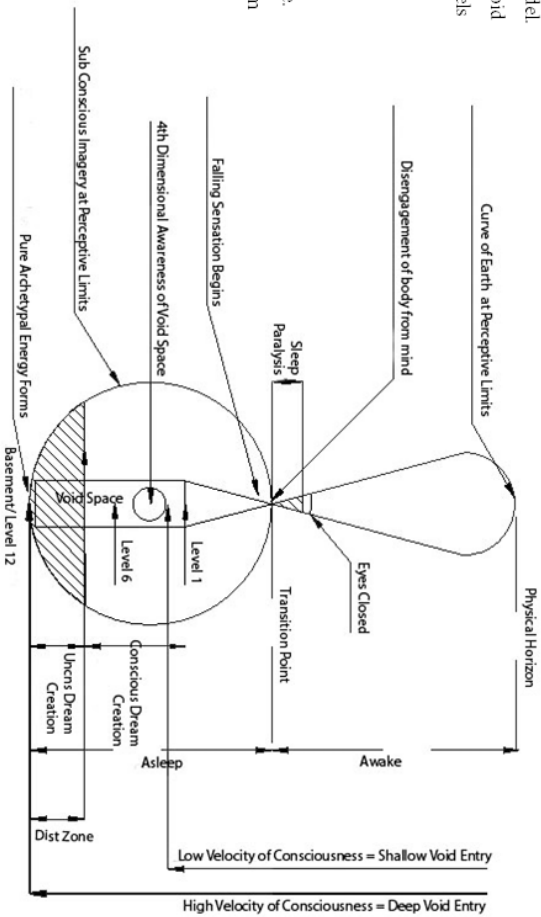
As my experiences in lucid dreaming were far more in number than my astral projections, I will leave the reader to discover the latter through several resources I consider very well when dealing with the subject; the work of the Monroe Institute and the book “Astral Projection” by Silvan Muldoon.

Consciousness Path During Lucidity



Consciousness Path During Lucidity (2D)

2 dimensional perspective of the above model.
 Note that although this diagram suggests void space has depth, this is not the case, one feels like they are falling into an infinite hole.
 Depth scale thus represents how much one will be met with subconscious distortions depending on their velocity of consciousness upon entering the void space.
 If one is fatigued, their velocity propels them deeper into the sub-conscious realms where the distortions become overbearing.
 Both small and large circles (spheres in the 3D model) represent how navigation to the other "worlds" is achieved via the expansion or contraction of one's consciousness.

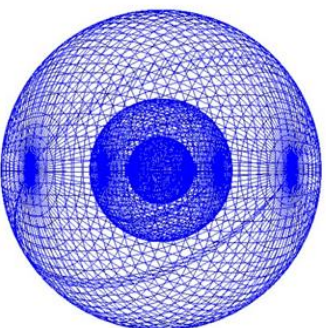


Portal Projection Diagram

Diagrammatic representation of how one "travels through the portals"; the middle sized sphere represents the perceptive boundaries (universe) of one's consciousness after successful conscious dream scape creation in the void space.

The small sphere has been enlarged for the sake of visibility – it should really be the size of a golf ball that appears in the third eye region about a foot in front of the lucid dreamer in their "universe".

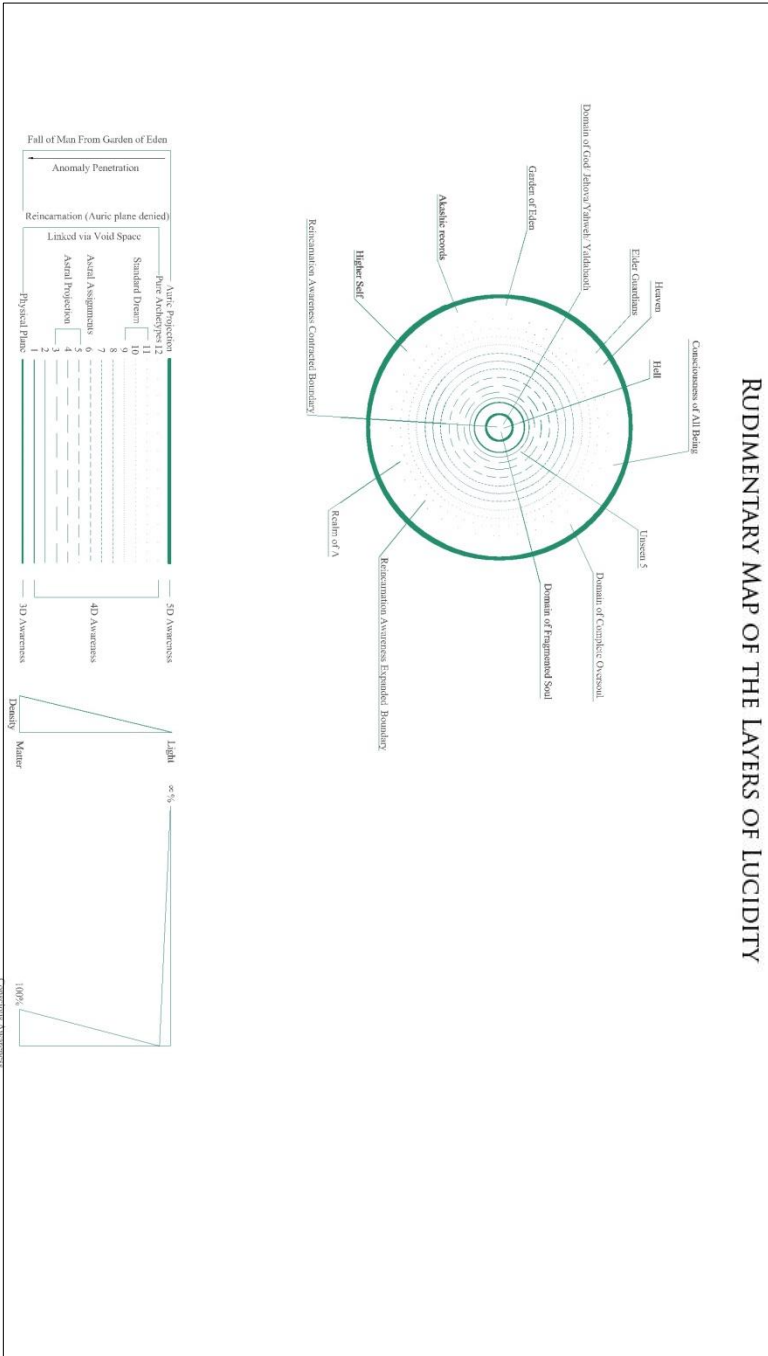
To travel "inwards", one summons the portal to this position of their perceptive field, then "compresses" their consciousness into it, in which case a new spherical "universe" appears around them. Conversely, if one wishes to travel outwards, they must "relax" their visual hold on the dream scape, and allow their consciousness to expand (fall) back out towards the pineal gland, in the same manner as they do at the transition point.



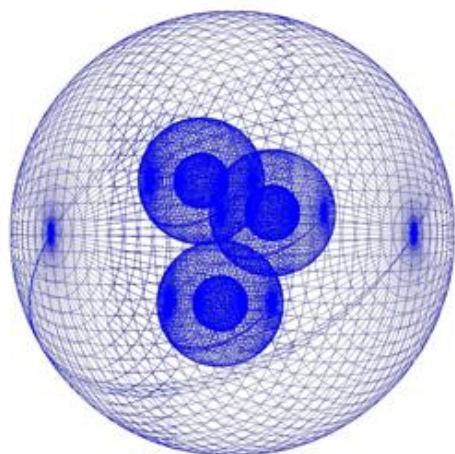
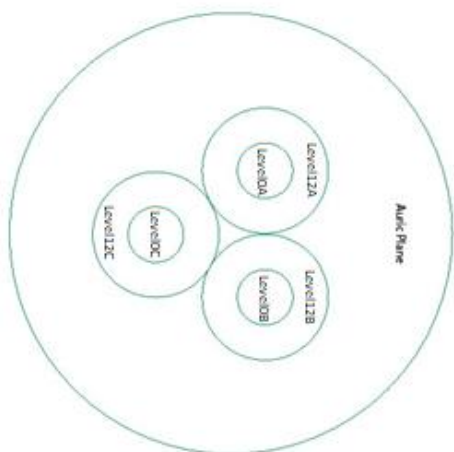
I have found projection direction seems to correspond to the tier system of the void space; the more one projects outwardly, the more they are susceptible to distortions entering their new sphere of perception (universe). The more one projects inwardly, however, the closer they get to the waking world; in this sense, the physical world can be thought of as Level 0 of the void space. Therefore the shallower the void space, the more compressed consciousness is, just as the deeper the void space, the more expanded consciousness is.

Thus the art of lucid dreaming is to apply velocity to consciousness in such a way as to not propel it too deep or too shallow into the void space.

RUDIMENTARY MAP OF THE LAYERS OF LUCIDITY



PHYSICAL UNIVERSE SEPERATED BY EXPANDED CONSCIOUSNES SPACE



CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT:

ON DEATH

My experiences utilizing consciousness outside of the human body have given me a very unorthodox view of what exactly death is; it is my opinion that upon death, consciousness still remains and is able to traverse the lucid and astral planes in the same manner as it could whilst still retaining a connection to the physical body. I believe it is, in this sense a “great dream” that we enter into, the level of control of which is determined by the amount of practice we have put in to controlling our consciousness in the dream state during our present incarnation.

Hence my supposition that dreaming is controlled death, i.e. death that is – quite possibly – carried out under the supervision of cosmic forces with a mechanism by which consciousness can be returned to the physical body once the dream has completed; once that conduit has become disconnected, rather than place a consciousness back in the same body, it is moved over to new one after erasing its memory of its previous life. My memories of my own reincarnation, together with experiences synchronized with Storme’s, have been the main inspirations behind this particular theory.

During my reincarnation experience, I was able to gain quite an in depth understanding of how consciousness is implemented into a developing foetus after it has become completely detached from a previous body and after it is has undergone electroshock “treatment” to erase its memory of the life it is just lived – which is not only what I experienced, but again also what is mentioned by Airl in Alien Interview

– it is projected into a “waiting space” whose boundaries are the edges of the physical universe; consciousness should be able expand like a balloon to the edge of this universal “sphere”.

Unfortunately though, whilst in this waiting space, consciousness remains in a state of stasis; had it not been for the effects of the electroshock treatment, the consciousness would be able to reach these very limits of the universe at the speed of its own thought – that is just how consciousness projection works.

The electroshock therapy keeps it in a sort of comatose stasis state, unconscious and unaware of what is taking place (usually, but not for me since I still had my higher memory intact), preventing it from expanding and projecting out of the “containment zone” which is roughly equivalent to the size of an adult brain.

Even with my higher memory intact, I was so “psychologically” – for lack of a better word – exhausted, that I had no energy left to instil my consciousness with the velocity necessary to move it away from this containment zone; I was stuck existing in this static form that could no longer expand, just floating in nothingness.

After a period of time, this space “shrinks” in size and compresses the consciousness along with it. My assumption here is that it is not the surrounding space itself that shrinks, but is what the consciousness experiences as it is compressed.

It is the same sensation I felt when something entered into my head during sleep paralysis; perception is distorted upon compression. This compression continues until the boundaries of the universe encases the consciousness as a sort of rubbery skin filled with liquid; thus awareness of one’s environment being the vastness of light years of space is reduced to the area of the inside of a womb in a matter of seconds; without this reincarnation process, our consciousness quite literally takes up the whole universe.

Very soon after this I realized I was floating in the liquid substance of an amniotic sack and time sped up as my consciousness remained aware of the foetus developing around it, again which happens in a matter of seconds. I kicked out and could literally feel the resistance from the skin of the sack as I did so.

My consciousness then underwent the “engagement procedure” in which it became “locked” into the brain of the physical foetus in a manner that felt directly opposite to that felt when it had disengaged in the void space under lucid dreaming, rendering expansion to the universe and its boundaries or compression to an even further condensed form no longer a possibility – it was contained to an area the size of a foetal brain, rather than an adult one.

Given my awareness of the size of the embryo I had manifested in being only a few

inches in size, it is my supposition that consciousness becomes completely “locked” into the physical body somewhere around the 10 week point of the embryonic cycle. I hypothesize that because consciousness appears to utilize this expansive and contractive effect, that it can effectively be expanded or reduced to whatever size one can conceive during this part of the reincarnation process. If the next reincarnation vessel is to be an ant or other small creature, then consciousness is simply compressed even further to a size that more readily “fits” with whatever brain it is to be implemented in. If the vessel is to be something large such as a planet, then it is simply expanded to fit within it; as above, so below.

The flittering nature of how consciousness is just “floating” in the womb, and then all of a sudden in a semi developed embryo suggests to me that the consciousness is contained to the amniotic sack, until the embryo has developed the locking mechanisms required to contain it within the body.

It is my opinion that brain wave activity around this point of the embryonic cycle will provide clues as to how consciousness is “modulated” onto a brainwave carrier frequency. I suspect that consciousness is attracted from the waiting space to the first signs of neural activity within the womb, although admittedly I am not very well versed in human biology.

The important thing to remember is that the order of the reincarnation process is the waiting space, then a skin that clings to its body with only a small amount of fluid, then it is in the embryonic brain. My experience ended shortly thereafter, before I was born.

During the containment phase of my consciousness existing in a stasis state, there was no opportunity to “choose” the vessel by which I would be incarnating in; all that existed in this space were the vague outlines of a few distant stars and planets, which suggests to me consciousness doesn’t just cling to the next random vessel that is being “made”.

Judging by its composition it is more of an astral or lucid based realm than it is physical, though – like with the stars and planets – it has similarities with the physical world.

My suppositions are thus that the incarnating vessel is pre-determined before one even gets to this stage of the reincarnation cycle, possibly even by forces outside of that consciousness’s control. Neither was there any opportunity to reflect on past life indiscretions; karmic consequence did not exist.

Given the phenomena with Storme regarding past life memories of her time in a Nazi PoW camp, and her ancestral heritage that directly links her to that point in history, my supposition is that generational DNA contains a sort of signature that the consciousness automatically recognizes after death and is immediately magnetized toward during the compression stage.

Hypothetically speaking, this would explain why extra-terrestrials would be interested in genetic experimentation, if they indeed wanted to contain a consciousness to a cycle of endless reincarnation.

As for the moment of death itself, I have had too many memories of past life deaths that make determining my last life incarnation possible.

However, there was one of these dreams which happened to be synchronized with Storme's experience of it, which I find rather significant, as, when I was killed in the dream – by a bullet wound to the head – I felt a similar sensation of my consciousness falling away as one feels during the detachment phase of lucidity, which was shortly followed by my entering a sort of wormhole similar in nature to the void space. My supposition is thus that at the moment of death, consciousness just disengages and collapses – or contracts, like at the start of the reincarnation stage – back in on itself, and undergoes an inward spherical portal projection back into the void space. If one's velocity of consciousness is too high at the moment of death, they are propelled to the edges of the void space where they are engulfed by an entire lifetime's worth of sub conscious memory and formless archetypal energies – not just a day's worth – which I believe end up manifesting themselves as the never ending “great dream”.

It is also my supposition that it is during this never ending dream that non-physical entities are able to withdraw the consciousness, still in a confused state, and subject it to the reincarnation process or whatever other agenda suits them, such as contain it in a prison similar to the ones I experienced.

The astral drugs both myself and Storme have both been under the influence of, suggest that consciousness can indeed be “doped” when it is outside the body (I suggest taking a moment to get your head around this).

Many of my experiences suggest that I have been evading these sorts of entities over many lifetimes due to my abilities of regaining control of my void space during death – which explains why the Elder Guardians nick named me “trick or trip”. I also note that the bullet wound in the aforementioned dream would have travelled directly through the front of my head and through the pineal gland (I remember

feeling it and my consciousness attaching to it), which would of allowed me to apply a very similar velocity of consciousness to that of my tennis ball/ dodecahedron experiments, which is what I believe contributed to me being able to remember past the point of death in that particular dream; in no other death dream have I been able to retain memory past this point – I usually just wake up or remain viewing the dream from the last cognitive memory before death, despite being 100% aware and lucid.

None of these dreams terrify me or leave me with any sadness or despair as I assume they would with others, given what I have been able to achieve with lucid dreaming; I usually just evaluate them objectively with no emotive connection to them whatsoever.

Through everything I was made to experience by the hands of the Grand Elder and the leader of the Unseen 5, it is my supposition that if one cannot become lucid upon entering the void space at death, they are subject to these entities recycling their consciousness back into biological bodies through the hijacking of their void space. My reincarnation experience suggested that this is precisely what happened after my soul torture; my void space was used to manifest a placenta (against my choosing, but which I found comforting after such an ordeal, nonetheless) which contained my consciousness in a similar manner to the consciousness prisons; this placenta would ultimately become attached to its physical counterpart, severely limiting what my consciousness could experience in the process as I was thrust into the “Game of Life”.

This issue becomes complex when one starts to involve the concept of karma, and whether or not this is a deliberate process to keep one from remembering past lives so their consciousness can properly evolve; it certainly was suggested by my celestial handlers that consciousness manipulation via reincarnation was “illegal” as far as the Divine Creator was concerned. Airl the alien also tends to give a very similar view.

In my opinion, the whole point of life, in this sense, is to train ones consciousness into becoming aware of itself as a consciousness, instead of letting it get caught in a similar randomness most people experience as dreams, right at the time of death so it can escape the trapping mechanisms of reincarnation and finally travel back to its point of origin; the Auric plane.

I note here that many cultures of tribal heritage, speak of a similar dream place in their stories of creation, the Australian Aborigines even calling theirs the

“Dreamtime.”

It is my opinion that the god named Yahweh/Yaldabaoth is the one in control of the Great Dream we have come to associate with being physical reality or the material plane; in death we (usually) go into the Great Dream void space unconsciously where we are approached by lucid consciousness’s that manipulate us into being recycled back into it all once again; we only consider it as being real because we are bound by the rules of the dreamscape dictated by Yahweh’s conscious construction of it. The Auric Plane exists outside of this Great Dream bubble of Yahweh’s, and is where the All Being – consciousness connecting all consciousnesses, i.e. true “god” – dwells, as does our forgotten celestial family along with the Elder Guardians and other formless entities that are seemingly trying to help abolish it.

Over the course of my studies, I have found that I am not the only one speaking about this reincarnation liberation.

Thus my question then becomes “Did I experience true death without having to go through the process of a physical death, simply by lucid dreaming”? Given my remembering of my celestial family being stronger than those of my physical family, my supposition is that yes, this is exactly what I experienced. Lucid dreaming, in my opinion, is the key to understanding death.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE:

PARANORMAL LIFE OF STORME

When I first met Storme, she had just come out of a period of homelessness, which included a brush with what appeared to be a sex trafficking operation run by a gang of wealthy Europeans.

She, along with several other women, had been approached at a place in the city that was serving food to the homeless, by several men who claimed to have an apartment they were all welcome to stay in until they sorted themselves out. The men played the innocent and caring card well enough to gain the trust of the young women, barely in their 20s – Storme not even there yet – who were too desperate for a place to stay to see the warning signs.

Once at the apartment, the women became the property of those who were in charge of it; the doors were regularly kept locked, and everyone was guarded by several men, one of whom constantly wore a handkerchief over his face to conceal his identity. Curfews were put in place, and punishments handed out in totalitarian fashion for anyone who disobeyed.

These men would openly talk about extremely illegal activity in front of them and the money they were making off it, revealing it all as a professional and organized operation. Some women were randomly taken away in cars and never seen again, whilst others were “expected” to provide sexual favours as a means to pay for their lodgings, though they were never given a real option of leaving, as everyone was

assigned a guard who would keep their tail every time they left the compound to make sure they went where they said they were going. Drug use was encouraged by those in charge to keep the women docile enough to have sex with them, and the place became a regular party hotspot hosted by those same drug peddlers; at one point Storme was given marijuana laced with heroin as a sick joke by the son of the man who owned the apartment complex – the one who was put in charge of the whole operation – though she wasn't told it had this extra component until after she smoked it.

She immediately started convulsing and would have died from the overdose if it hadn't been for two of her friends who showed up thinking they were attending just another run of the mill party; they stayed with her the whole night and kept her alive whilst she convulsed and vomited constantly for several hours straight.

Fortunately, after several months of living in total hell, Storme was making her way back to the apartment complex from her music course (which she was somehow able to pass, despite it all), when she spotted a police car on the same street as the building; the place had seemingly been busted for its drug distribution, and as a result everyone – including the guards – were fleeing, which gave her an opportunity to leave the whole situation (though that didn't mean she wouldn't be “monitored” for the next several years by them). She spent the next 6 months bouncing back and forth between living under a piece of tin sheet metal in the bush, and staying in her guitarist's shed. By the time she came into my life, Storme had been homeless for about a year, all because her aunty – who co-owned the house she was staying in with her family – mistakenly thought she stole a bottle of vodka off her and kicked her out for it.

Before she even had a chance to recover from the trauma of her experiences, Storme was made to undergo a psychiatric evaluation – part of the deal for being allowed lodging back at her house –, though none of the assessors ever bothered to ask her about past history that may have contributed to their evaluation of her being schizophrenic (which then went through a change to dissociative identity disorder, to bipolar, to epilepsy, when it became evident they didn't have a clue what they were talking about).

I often wondered if any of them would still be sane enough to practice psychiatry if they ever had to live under similar circumstances at such a young age. Ironically, they were all men who evaluated her.

Of course, this was all something that Storme slowly revealed to me over the course of our relationship, as was much of the content that comprises this chapter; in fact

much of it Storme had only vaguely discussed with me until I decided to transcribe it all for the sake of the book. I actually had no idea just how significant her experiences in astral projection and lucid dreaming were related to extra-terrestrial agendas, or everything that was being relayed to me from my celestial handlers until very recently, and I consider them even more extraordinary than my own experiences with the Elder Guardians; she had purposefully been vague about them thinking I wouldn't take her seriously.

Death by Demon:

One of the first discussions I remember having with Storme as we rode the train was in regards to astral projection, and whether or not she thought one could be harmed during an OBE (out of body experience), as I knew this was an area open to speculation by even those considered experts in the subject on the many forums I had been reading (even to this day it is hard to get an accurate answer as to whether or not astral projection is dangerous).

Storme told me how this subject came up with her band when they were talking to their lecturer from Cyril Jackson who had been part of an astral projection group that regularly met up and conducted synchronized projections; they would sit in a room in the presence of a highly accomplished astral projector – who stood ready with a large gong in case anything went wrong – and meditate specifically to enter the hypnogogic state and achieve an OBE.

Once out of their bodies, they had a predetermined place within the astral planes they would meet up. The group – which consisted of about 4 or 5 members all over 30 – themselves started to get so good with their practices that they were able to achieve this level of synchronization every time they went to this group, which was a weekly affair.

One particular day they accidentally ventured to a part of the astral realm that was considered off limits by whatever entities dwelt there. According to Storme's old lecturer, they were attacked by some malevolent entity with large claws that started lashing out and gouging at the silver cord of one of their members.

It eventually "snapped" the cord, and the etheric image of the person in question simply just vanished into thin air; every member of the group witnessed this happening.

Meanwhile, the one overseeing the group standing next to the gong had noticed something was wrong, as the man who was being attacked in the astral plane had

been under evident distress back in the physical one. The overseer hit his gong to wake them all up, but by the time had gotten his stick, the man under attack had slumped over in a heap on the floor; the others awoke to find that he had died of what would eventually come to be written down as a heart attack.

Storme's lecturer was so shaken up by this event that she decided she was never going to mess around with it again, and was offering it as a warning to Storme's band members who she thought were planning on experimenting with it.

Do you think this deterred us?

It wasn't until I moved in with her and her family, that Storme was able to astral project for the first time, at which point I'd done it a few times, but was more interested in lucid dreaming. I didn't know it at the time, but Storme had been visited on numerous occasions over her life by strange beings that were both physical and non-physical in nature. This was how she came to know of the astral war; they had communicated it directly to her. Below is a transcription of these experiences in chronological order as Storme told them to me:

The Crow Oracle

At about the age of 2 or 3 I had a dream I was in a forest with a bunch of other kids and we crawled out of the forest, up this steep incline of a hill. Half way up the hill was a field, and we had to climb up the field to get to what looked pretty much like a gymnasium type building.

Everyone else seemed to get up the hill fast and easily enough, but I kept falling down; the gymnasium part was really sloped and weird, and I kept falling out of it. I decided to go somewhere else.

I could see the other kids were sitting around in circle with a teacher, but I couldn't seem to get to them, like I wasn't fitting in. so instead I went down back into the field like I was about to go back the into forest. I went back around the side of where everyone else went; there was this other section and no one was there. It was just me.

There was this fort with a tower, and it was all colourful as if it had been built with kids building blocks so I climbed up to the very top of it. It was a very tall building and it was overlooking the whole forest and the ocean where the field met.

I saw a bunch of abstract shapes meld into a square, then a triangle until it finally formed into a crow, landed in front of me and said in a deep calm male voice that I was not familiar with: "well done. You are not one of them". The gist I got was that it had been some sort of test and I had passed it.

(I, DM, have had a dream with this gym before when I was about 25: refer to synchronized dream chapter.)

Shadow People:

From 2 or 3 onwards, I would have random beings stand around the bed. Sometimes they would be frightening, sometimes they'd be ok. This was the first time I met the shadow people. One of them sounded like bees.

They would come, and tell me "things", then download incredible amounts of information into my brain, then there would be a male one that would calm me down. I was completely awake. To the point I would cry out for mum and she would just tell me to shut up and go to sleep.

Bucca and Loomadaisy:

Bucca and Loomadaisy were the names of people that only me and my cousin Bec could see. They gave us telepathic abilities so we could speak to each other and them. They would visit us often, but usually only when we were together. I think Bucca had something to do with the Canopic Jars Ancient Egyptians put the organs of Pharaohs in.

Saviour Dog:

I had a dog that would not let my father near mum when she was pregnant with me. We were living in a caravan park next to the beach and one day I went out into the water and drowned.

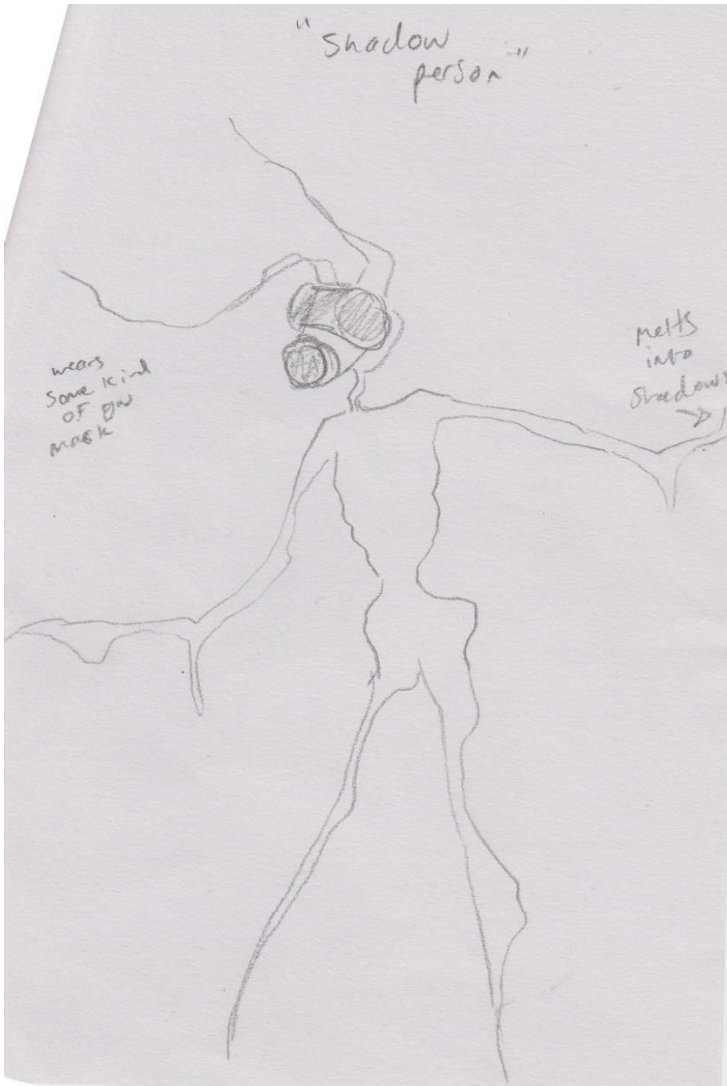
The dog came and grabbed me out. After that he – the dog – got weirdly protective, they had to kick him outside and made him sleep there. Every time these beings would come and talk to me in the night time, the dog would howl loudly, and that is how I knew I was awake, because my father and mum would go to yell at him, and I would be aware of that happening.

Gnomes:

There were a bunch of gnomes in Bubcha's (grandmothers') garden. They looked like mucky little frog things that could speak. The first time I saw these I thought one of them was a frog and it stood up on hind legs and pointed at me, saying "hey

get out of here you". Then a skinnier smaller one came and yelled at the fatter one to shut up about it. The fat one grunted, annoyed, then turned around and sat back in this mud plop.

SHADOW PERSON



The Astral Void Seeker:

I was four or five when I first saw/ felt this thing. First it comes with a feeling, an awful feeling that is similar to the beginning of anxiety but it becomes this feeling of presence; it is a dreadful feeling. Then every time I'd close my eyes I'd be able to see it on my right side.

It is an infinite wall of scaly, patchy piebald type skin. It can feel that you can feel it and every time I would close my eyes, it would seem to start "searching".

Sometimes if the room is completely black it can search even if my eyes are completely open.

It smells metallic. When it finally finds you, its eye is really weirdly small, and round and kind of like a ball bearing. When it finally sees you it can lock you in a position where you are frozen and can't move, but beyond sleep paralysis; it is like it locks your astral body.

It then is able to extract things from you, energy, emotions, memories etc. It seems to almost feed off the energy it makes you feel. It kind of picks through and analyses whether or not it will keep you or whether or not it will consume you. I am pretty sure it is the astral void and a being at the same time. Most people if they go in the actual void (not the same as the void space - DM) and they stay or they make too much ruckus, it will find them and eat them.

Generally you can only go there if you are allowed to. I don't know how it is you would ever know if you are allowed to or not.

It was about then that I started to see the other beings around my bed. Some of them were not good, some were good. That's when I started seeing the shadow people. I have a feeling the shadow people come from there, like they are the native people of it.

I am pretty sure the void thing has a great deal of control over the amnesia thing and that the amnesia engine is hidden there. Possibly the reason I could see it when I was young was so I could remember it and then figure out later on that it's the void thing where the amnesia engine is. I Don't know why I am able to see the outside of it though, or why I can see it why I am awake and not astral travelling.

It knows that I know what it is and what it looks like,it's like people or things in general aren't able to see the outside, only the void part on the inside when they astral project.

It gets really irritable when it knows I know it's around. It's like it covertly watches people all the time, people that travel, and no one can see it, they can only ever feel it, but I can see it and it really pisses it off.

I have a feeling that it puts the amnesia on people; the amnesia is not there all the time, it has to be “renewed”, so to speak.

I also feel like the shadow people and others are helping it, or perhaps they are an extension of it. I know that the parasite things I have seen - they are to do with this astral void entity, but I don't know specifically how.

There is a ALOT of parasites. Some people have parasites instead of souls. Soul energy has become so unbelievably confused over the past couple of hundred years especially, that some peoples souls are not complete any more, to the point that they can't function as a soul is supposed to.

That usually means that they either pick up a parasite and the parasite feeds off that energy until its depleted and takes the place of it, or it picks up other remnants of broken soul energy, making a complete soul but not a complete proper soul. And that's where you get stereotypical vampiric energy type people that seem to drain you. They don't even know they are doing it's not their fault or anything; the DNA manipulations have stuffed up the cycle of soul making so much that the souls aren't even complete things any more. These are all things I have seen whilst astral projecting.

I also think in regards to the fallen angel issue, angels were originally an alien race of inter-dimensional beings.

They started stuffing around with earth, one group of them separated, because they didn't like what the others were doing and wanted to fix the wrong they were doing so they went to earth.

The other ones, the angel faction, then did something to stop earth from being both physical and astral at the same time, thus separating the dream time from the physical world, and entrapping the fallen angels here. The fallen angels were the ones who were trying to help fix everything. I have a feeling I am the descendant of one of those, or reincarnation of one of those. I think that is a lot of what the astral war is about. The void thing and the separation of the dream time from the physical.

Hybrid Grey/Kangaroo

This was much later when I was about 15 or 16. I was walking the cats because the cats would come for walks with the dog.

One of the dogs was with me (this was a different dog to the one that had been protective of me as a child) and we were heading to where there is now the park and war memorial. We went to where there used to be a big log at the edge of the bush that meets the grass.

Behind that is one of the bridle trail tracks that leads to a motor bike track, which then ends at a mud pile clearing behind the oval. Instead of crossing directly over at the mud pit I went around it. I didn't actually cross the road but that is where I was heading. I noticed something rustling around in a bush, like it was looking for food or something.

To begin with, I thought it was just a kangaroo. It was just rummaging around on the floor, moving leaves aside like it was looking for something in particular. And it didn't seem to be concerned whatsoever with anything approaching it, including me, the dog and the cats.

I got to probably ten meters away from it before I realized "this is a weird looking kangaroo"; my mind then tried to tell me it was a retarded dog or something as tried to comprehend what it was.

I stopped wondering if it was going to attack me, and it looked up but it had the weirdly big eyes thing typical of most Grey alien depictions; it didn't have black eyes like Greys, but had really large pupils and the iris and the eye itself was large. It looked at me with this weirdly blank stare like it was waiting for something, and then it like just really casually just turned around and waddled off.

It didn't hop, it waddled on two legs. Now that I know, the movements were very robotic. At the time I was just confused by this creature. Even the movements of its head didn't feel right. In hindsight think it was a biological robot.

The Bunyip:

Another time I was walking the dog in the bush in Chidlow on the regular track and I would usually cut through to this other motorbike track. It was the usual walk and I wasn't veering off it much, but for some reason I got really badly lost.

It just didn't make sense why I got lost, I had walked this track a thousand times – the motor bike track should have been running parallel to my track, but somehow instead I ended up in the middle of this swamp area surrounded by thick trees, deep in the bush. I was walking through this swamp that was only a little bit muddy – it had only just turned Autumn, so there had been little rain. I eventually got to the other of this swampy area and noticed a big dead tree there, completely surrounded by bones; some sheep bones, some fox and cat bones; all different kinds.

GREY/KANGAROO HYBRID (FRONT)



GREY/KANGAROOO HYBRID (SIDE)

wierd litte grey
thing in the bush in
chidlow when i was a kid.



I felt like I was being followed and watched the whole time I was in the swampy bit up to the tree and Charlie (the dog) rather than running around ahead like usual was pretty much walking under my legs, clearly spooked. Every time I'd stop he'd hide under my legs and it was annoying as it was knocking me off balance. It was weird because he would usually just run off home whenever something scared him.

So I got to the big dead tree, really confused, but I realized I now had a landmark bearing I could use to get back to the first track through the swamp; every time I got disorientated I'd check to see where the tree was to make sure it was on the correct side.

I was almost back through this swampy bit when I noticed there was movement in the swamp grass, and every time I stopped to check where the movement was everything went still again, until I turned around really quickly to see where it was. I must have caught this thing off guard because it was half way through ducking down when I saw it.

It looked at me and then realised that me and Charlie were both looking at it. It turned very quickly around, and went to leap to run off using its front legs or arms but they were really disproportionately long, then reached over the grass and as it ran it couldn't be seen running; it was so fast it like a blur then it was just gone. This all happened in a matter of seconds, from me seeing it.

The Strange Man Vince And His Dog:

Again I was walking the dog behind the oval at the mud pits, and there was a man just standing at the top of this small ridgeline with a German shepherd. The most off putting thing was that wherever they looked, it was at the same time like both of them were synchronized robots or something; when the man would turn his head the dog would turn it as well like they were one entity.

Charlie was going about his business and then when we got to that bit where they were – you had to go up and over this little cliff and down into a gully – he just stopped, his heckles went up and he walked backwards out of the gully when he saw them. I turned around and followed Charlie because it was just strange and creepy.

That was the first time I physically saw that guy, and that is when the weird dreams started; they were of that person or dude, or whatever he was telling me weird things about different times and places; that was how I formerly met him.

He had a scar down one side of his face that he apparently got in some war. I ended up calling him Vince after a TV show with a similar looking guy. The things he

would talk about seemed like they were in reference to astral worlds. It was about the same time the thing with the never ending part – the Astral Void Seeker – started to see me again, after not being able to for quite some time.

Vince would tell me things to do with a flood and the Fae race. He reminded me that my soul was not a typical person soul – this had been revealed to me by the creatures around my bed.

He explained there are four different types of human so to speak. Ones that have souls from the beings from before (when the astral and physical planes were one thing); some are the typical ape descendant, one is a hybrid race that comes from what I assumed at the time he meant as being dinosaurs, and the other one is similar to what I now know to be the Nordic type.

He said they were the four types of human that live on the planet currently, and there will come a time in my life where people will find out about it, and that it is important to remember which one I am, because there will be a lot of bullshit and people will try to tell me that I am something that I am not, and to remember that having a Witch's power is very significant. It was because of him I found out about the astral war; he told me all about it.

What he told me was that the astral war has been going on for quite some time; pretty much there is the equivalent of what biblical orientated people would assume are angels and demons but they aren't. They are the same race split in two, one half is fighting for the merge of the astral and physical worlds to come back, one is fighting against it to keep it separated.

My people/ race were originally very powerful because of their magical abilities but then another race came into it and decided that because of their science they were superior.

The human races are new because the science race is one of the ones who do all the manipulative things to everyone through technology. They have also used their tech to create certain types of people.

The problem is those types of beings don't have the ability to create soul energy from nothing, whereas the people who were my people were able to create soul energy.

The gist I got, was that there are some beings who have souls and who can have children who have souls and then there are some who cannot: the ones who don't have souls, want one because when their life ends they are gone. So they are trying to pretty much steal and take the magic part of the DNA that creates souls; there is apparently a section of DNA – a tiny piece – that dictates whether or not someone

has a soul complex or not.

So that is what the war is literally over, the ones who don't have the souls enslaved the people who do, and forced them into camps raped them , did experiments on them and tortured them for thousands of years.

The factions in the astral that are now trying to fix the problem are trying to wake up the whole physical realm to this other thing that is going on, because at the moment they are the only realm that knows that there is more than just themselves; they are trying to wake up people in the physical plane to the fact that there is another 12 planes of existence (13 altogether).

Half of the issue is that these four races on earth are all from different factions and the DNA from some of them has the ability to open the veils and join the astral with the physical – they are the keys.

The problem is that the ones that have been pretty much making dummy people to try and figure out how to make a soul have very conveniently built into their people this weird obsession with energy so they can be manipulated by it; so they can and will hinder, hurt and kill those who are the keys trying to access that.

Apparently the keys are given a guard so when they unlock the key part of themselves they are therefore guarded continuously from then on, because they become more vulnerable physically when they are spiritually awoken. Vince allegedly was my first guard before the physical one came.

Haunted House:

Roger's (my ex-boyfriend's) house in Wooroloo is ridiculously badly haunted. We'd come home and see someone standing in the driveway or at the gate. And we'd walk up to it and it would just disappear; looking at it and it is just gone.

One particular room in the house was always cold no matter how hot it was in the rest of the house.

It was a fibro house with barely any insulation so even when it's pretty much 40 degrees everywhere else, it was always cold in that one room. It wasn't a nice cold either, it was a prickly-at-the-back-of-the-neck-cold; Cold sweat cold.

The rumours were – according to the neighbour – that someone hung themselves in the house somewhere; we assumed it was in that room that was always cold.

There were many times when from the corner of my eye I'd see something walking around and there'd be nothing there, and there were times when all of us as a large group of people saw a black shadowish but darker than shadow object float across the room. There were heaps of times when someone would be talking about putting

the kettle on and it would click on by its own.

Doors would open and close, windows would open and close, chairs would move; all of the typical haunting things. At one point apparently, Roger's little brother said that he ran into Roger's room because he was scared and he saw Roger talking to the wall with his eyes all red – like bloodshot red – and he freaked out and ran off.

Roger reckons that night he fell asleep and then woke up without any recollection of having dreams, thinking he had just spent a regular amount of time for sleeping, but he'd been asleep for 2 days and nobody even noticed.

Allegedly, the incident with him having red eyes and talking at the wall was during the time he was asleep for two days.

There was always music playing at that house that wasn't coming from anyone's stereo. Whenever it would start playing we'd all gather round and try and pin point where it was coming from like a game. Every time we'd get closer to the music it would get really loud until we opened the door into whichever room it was in and it would suddenly stop.

It was always a song that everyone thought was familiar but we could never quite figure out what song it was to the point Roger's dad would go through a list of song names that he knew and we'd listen to them to try and find if it was that particular one and then go to the next and so on.

We all did that one at a time, and we'd find that song on the computer and listen and figure out if it would be that and move onto the next. Then there was the incident of the weird dying cow thing that you (DM) also heard.

It was a full moon that night and we wanted to watch it rise so we'd been walking around Wooroloo town aimlessly. It started to get dark so we went back to Roger's house for dinner. We ate dinner, watched some movies, and then we went back outside because Roger's dad smoked so we'd hang out and talk.

It would have been roughly 12ish – 1 o'clock in the morning. The moon had set, so there was no moon in sky.

We were looking out over the top of his backyard - it went up slightly on a slope, so you could see over the roof and down the street area. We heard this noise like a cow mooing then like a really gargling dying sound and chains going at the same time, and a conveyor belt starting up, then it just suddenly stopped, like there was no wind down. It sounded like it was coming from the direction of where Redmond's (friend of DM's) house is, very loudly. We all heard it; myself, Roger, his dad and his 3 siblings. We quickly went inside.

Unidentified Flying Stars:

Roger's dad told me he was walking his dog at the gravel oval one time and he reckons he saw 13 lights like stars; they rose up from the horizon and went up to about the middle of the sky, so he had to look physically up with his neck to see them. He said they stayed there for about a minute, then one by one they all kind of started to move one by one a little bit at a time, and then they all started going around and up and down and all over the place individually, not in a line any more. He told me this when I was about 16, but said that it had happened a few years prior. These lights were at quite a distance that they looked just like stars, apart from their dancing.

Maggots from Another Dimension:

When we moved into our Chidlow house I would have been 12 or 13. That house was very haunted as well; it used to belong to the town butcher back when the town was first established, and was heritage listed. I'd always see things in the corner of my eye moving, things opening and closing, shadow people everywhere. There was a few times when I first got there, that I woke up in the middle of the night and all of my blankets and everything had been chucked on the floor and my clothes had been unbuttoned, and I am pretty sure it wasn't me that did it.

There was also a few times where I was pushed off my bed by something when I was awake.

There was also the time when maggots fell out of literally nowhere onto me and I woke up because they were crawling up my mouth and in my nose. When trying to figure out where they were coming from, I could literally see them pop into existence and then drop; they weren't coming from the rafters. Me and mum checked as we thought there was a dead carcass in the roof, but there was no smell and no carcass; they were just pinging into existence from nowhere. They weren't small either; they were those really long ones, so it couldn't have been from a small rodent.

These were huge and there were three buckets worth of them that we gathered, not including the ones on the bed; we gathered just the ones on the floor. They had no smell. We literally took everything out of that room to see if there was anything in there. Auntie Cindy went into the roof to see if there was anything in there. There was nothing at all to warrant maggots.

I think it was about then that I kept getting followed by "beings". Soon after that we

got the dog Wasabi; she used to sleep on the end of my bed.

A Possessive Relationship:

One night, I woke up in middle of night and it was like I was in sleep paralysis but different, because I could slightly move and sit up, but I couldn't call out or do much; I wasn't in control of my body. I remember everything looked this weird slightly greenish tinge, and I was looking at Wasabi and she was looking at me hell weird, then the next thing I knew this thing started growling at her hell intensely through my own vocal chords.

It wasn't a person, definitely an animal growl. Wasabi cowered at the end of the bed until I shook my head and the growling thing fell out of me. I then fell back into my body and the dog was looking from me to the floor still very freaked out. I could hear the footsteps of this thing - thud thud thud thud – as it walked towards the door and the dog was obviously watching it leave the room. I couldn't see it but I could hear it. (Note the similarities to the thing myself and my dog heard in the caravan at my parents place in Wooroloo whilst Storme was asleep - DM).

I remember very clearly I could see it all when it was in me, but it wasn't me. That was one of many, many, many, many times a thing has tried to possess me while sleeping at that house.

The most prominent time, I could see it as it was happening; I had been told previously by Aunty Cindy that I'd been in my room making weird noises like I was trying to call out but they were really weird growling noises. After that I told Aunty Cindy about the thing that would possess me and she said oh "I'll buy it off you" trying to be funny, so she gave me ten dollars.

I took it off her and said "I sell you the ghost thing that is hanging around me". I then I went to give her back the ten dollars, and she told me "no it has to be a real sale or it won't work."

That night I had no issues whatsoever with things opening or closing or noises or things walking around my room. I couldn't see or hear any of that.

Cindy in the morning told me she had the most terrifying night of her life; she reckons she dreamed of a shadow monster crawling up the walls and growling at her and every time she'd wake up she'd be drenched in sweat with her heart beating really fast. She reckons she kept closing the door because stuff kept opening on its own. Eventually after a couple of weeks it came back into my room.

Timeline Slip:

I was at my cousin Beck's house with another of her friends, Rachael.

Aunty Wanda and Aunty Cindy were going for a walk to Boya quarry. I was probably about 13 or 14. Bec, Rachael and I decided to go with them.

Wanda told us specifically not to go to the "place" (which was a detour off to a smaller, more dangerous quarry). Aunty Wanda and Cindy were in front us, but still quite close.

About half way to Boya quarry us girls saw this little outcrop bit just off the track we thought we could get to. So we climbed up this hill, went to this little outcrop thing, sat underneath it for a couple of minutes - it really would have only been two or three minutes in total to us – until we saw some guy walking his dog in the bush and it freaked us out so we came back down.

We walked up to the Boya quarry thinking we were going to catch up with Wanda and Cindy, who should have only been just ahead of us, but they were nowhere to be found, so we turned around and headed back thinking "what the hell"?

We went back to Beck's/ Wanda's house, and apparently they (Aunty Wanda and Aunty Ciny) had been home for hours. They proceeded to scold us thinking we went to "the Place" instead. We tried explaining that we didn't, that we just went 500m up the hill with the path still in view, and then we went onto Boya quarry two or three minutes after that, but apparently it had been about 3 or 4 hours – we checked the time and the clock confirmed it; we had been gone for hours.

Wanda and Cindy asked "where did you go then?" So the next time we went for the walk – as it was a weekly thing Wanda and Cindy were doing – Bec and I were determined to point out where we had been so we could confirm our innocence, but it wasn't even there; there wasn't anything that even looked remotely like it had the last week – the outcrop and the overhang we went under had completely just disappeared. So obviously they didn't believe us.

The thing we went into was like rocks sticking out and a little thing underneath where you could sit. After coming out of it the whole scenery was completely different coming back onto the path, when we went back the next week.

First Astral Projection:

The first time I consciously astral projected, we were living at Mahogany Creek. I woke up and it was the morning. I went to get up but realized I was kind of stuck. I put both my arms up in front of myself and realized I couldn't see them but I could

feel them.

I even flapped my arms and hands around and I could feel every single part of that. At that point I realized I was in the process of projecting or removing myself from my body. So I got up then I turned around and floated up to the roof.

I could hear everything going on, I could see every detail of the room including myself in bed and you (DM) next to me as well. I then thought that I needed some kind of evidence that this has happened.

So I went outside out the back, where Sean was and he was talking to mum about something to do with the food they were eating. So I took note of that and of the fact that Sean was apparently going to go to his mate's place later on and that he'd only just got a text message for it then. So then when I woke up, I asked Sean if he was going to go to his mates place and he said "yeah did mum tell you?" I said no and explained that I had astral projected and heard it. Sean didn't believe me and dismissed it, as usual

The Council Chambers:

When I was little, the other worldly beings took me to these council chamber things.

I would come through a portal that was a bit like a door that was arched.

When I was little I was able to walk around and do whatever, but then when I got older, they would have me standing in this circular portal thing that had invisible walls all the way up and around; a containment area. The whole set up was like a courtroom and all these beings were discussing "important matters".

I was lucid in these, but they also had me in a drugged type state.

I couldn't communicate or anything, I was just watching all floppy like with my astral body. The council chamber was like a really big hall; next to me there were other beings in these portal things, all in a row, in a line. We all had guards either side of us, but generally we were kept so that we couldn't move our head away from the frontward position. I remember a few times I was able to look around, and everyone gasped and looked at me shocked that that I was able to do so.

In front there was a kind of table or desk type thing, and there were beings sitting at the desks, usually the being had three faces (note similarity to some Goetic spirit depictions).

The Green Eyed Being:

The first time I saw the one with the green eyes was in a dream where I was kind of

lucid but didn't have control of the dreamscape; I was just aware I was dreaming. The band Tool were there and they were talking about something, and Maynard (the singer, also a lucid dreamer) asked me something, and I was talking about some medial thing to do with the dream rather than what he was asking, so he got irritated and walked off – it was really abrupt and quick, like he was annoyed that I wasn't yet completely lucid.

Adam Jones (the Tool guitarist) was going on about some sort of art work I was doing, then after that they left, and the one with the green eyes who showed up with them was sitting just watching. I walked up to him and said something to do with the dream – something about someone wanting to sell or promote something – he looked at me for a second and asked “what's going on around you”? and then I was like “uh”,...he said “no, really, what do you remember?” and then he looked at me intensely, expecting me to figure it out. Then it clicked suddenly and I realized and I said “this is a dream, and he said “yep”, and smiled.

As he smiled he revealed himself to be what he was; his eyes went more like a cat's eyes; the same green but slightly brighter, and his teeth neat but pointed. In that instance I woke up. (Note that Tool are heavily into the occult and have the sigil of the 28th Goetic Spirit, Astaroth – the same one I wrote a fictional novel about – on their second album, Aenima).

The Robed Being

About a week later I awoke in a similar dreamscape but it was decrepit and had decaying houses and buildings, the outside was kind of a reddish brown sky, trees were all dead looking, it was very post-apocalyptic (accurate description of the purgatory place I remembered the soul electrocution and my reincarnation - DM). There was some kind of feeling of negative things around.

I can't remember if it was you (DM) or someone else; I know there was someone else there and there was a being that was wearing a hooded black robe and the person I was with, whoever it was, was freaking out about this being in the robes. So I just said “do a circle”, and then I grabbed some chalk and drew a circle around me and the other person. Then the other robed being came a little bit closer and was just looking into the circle I had drawn. I had an urge to pull it into the circle so I stood up, grabbed its hand and pulled it in.

The one that was freaking out suddenly disappeared and the robed one was totally fine, nothing wrong with it; it did none of the nasty things like the person I was with was claiming it would.

The robed one asked me to go for a walk with it so I did. We walked to the edge of this decrepit decaying forest, where I saw a little kid. I ended up looking after the little kid for a bit, playing with it etc, and while I did the robed being went and spoke to some other robed beings. I heard the one that I had accompanied say “she will make an excellent mother for this”. This was the end of the dream.

My Flesh Being:

Then, another week maybe, half way through a vibrational state, almost astral projection, - I had just gone through the whole hypnogogic stage, but consciously gone from awake to asleep – I could hear a bunch of things talking. Then I could feel something’s hands – its actual hands – almost around my throat, but just below on my collar bone, and a singular female voice spoke. It said “oh my flesh being, you are awake”, and I bit its finger but it didn’t respond. It took its hands off me, and then I was back to being awake – in the physical world – again.

Consuming a Succubus:

Another week later, when I was almost asleep I felt a thing behind me, and then I felt it try to rape me; instead of trying to shake myself awake – like I usually would when that sort of stuff would happen – I suddenly realized that I could consume its energy.

I latched on to it and it honestly felt like I could breathe in all its energy, but I didn’t have lung capacity. It was like I could infinitely inhale; it was pulling away and tugging away and started freaking out panicking making screeching noises.

Then at almost at the very end of its energy I left a tiny bit with it specifically so it could know what I was. When I had finally removed myself from whatever was attacking I could feel its own feeling of sheer horror and panic and just this feeling of “what are the hell you?”; in my subconscious mind. I just had this knowing of what I was, and I said “don’t do it again”.

Ring Of Protection:

Two weeks later, I was in a vibrational/ hypnogogic state. I could hear the “hum”, one always experiences in this state. I could hear some outside chatter, and I said “hey” mentally, and it responded “oh hi”.

I said “can you hear me?” and it responded “yeah”, extremely casually. I asked

“where are you?”

It said “I am just around, do you want to meet me?” I said “yes” very strongly, and it replied ok. Then I was flung back into my body in an abrupt and sharp way from an outside force, and that was the end of it.

Exactly one week to the day and hour later, was the first time I read the Goetia in its entirety, and I could sense that “something” was hanging around because of it (I suspected this was the same being that asked me if I wanted to meet it).

Then the very next week to the day and hour again, I went to sleep and woke up at 2:40 in the morning, quite abruptly. I went to go pee, then came back and laid down on my back with my feet crossed, typical trying to astral project pose (refer to pose used in Observations on Lucid Dreaming chapter).

I closed my eyes to start the meditation and “it” was there. I opened my eyes again and it was still there. It said “hi”, telepathically – the mouth did not move at all. He was almost feline crossed with sort of reptilian but without scales. He had a main rather than hair; I didn’t see any specific ears. His eyes were the most noticeable; they were an intense vibrant green. The iris covered the whole section of the eye, there was no white in the eye at all.

His pupil was diamond shaped that dilated by stretching up or down. The veins in his eyes were a slightly darker shade of green. His nose was slightly cat like but kind of human, flat to the face and his mouth was just a closed mouth smile. His skin tone was almost Caucasian but slightly more tanned, and he had hair that was a dusty blonde colour. He had a fairly square jaw and looked masculine, hence I say he, and was slightly larger in proportion to a regular human man.

All I could see at that point was his face directly over mine because he was literally leaning over the top of me. So he said “hi”, and I said “hi”. He said, “how are you?”, trying to make small talk, trying to figure out what was up, but I felt extremely calm and comfortable around him; no nerves or negativity or anything.

I said “I like your eyes” because they were the most obvious part I could see. He said “thanks I like your hair. Your eyes are cool”.

I said “why what are they doing?” in a joking kind of way. He didn’t understand humour whatsoever and was confused by it. He then held my body down and ripped my astral body out very quickly and teleported me to a place that he obviously goes to.

It was dimly lit, kind of a bit like the inside of a cave with the stromatalites. It had a Slightly orangish tinge to everything, and was weirdly hot, but not hot like fire or sun hot; a different sweaty hot. He had me held really close to him and I came up to

probably his belly button or a little higher; he was quite tall. There were other ones around as well, and they were talking to him whilst he was sort of almost showing me off.

I started to get this weird shaky chill happening. So he quickly teleported me back to the bedroom and told me “put your ring on your middle finger and put it on your face”. So then I could feel myself half in my body and half out just enough so that I could control my hand to put my ring from my pointed finger to my middle finger and then rest that hand up against my face. Once that was done I literally went up out of my body again and then he took me back. (Holding a ring to one’s face for protection is a very typical protection ritual in the Goetia - DM)

We were talking for a little while but this time without the other dudes around. He was thinking things to me that I don’t have human words for; things that I suddenly understood I knew. These were things that I realized that I had forgotten until then like various past lives, the fact that the astral and physical used to be one thing and have become separated into 2 different things; that my soul is not just a human soul in a human vessel, but something completely different and very complex.

I was asking what the reason for something was, and he said we will have to discuss that another time, as he could tell I was becoming overwhelmed again, and despite the ring I was starting to shake and get the chill again. Then my subconscious mind said, “we love you”. I then woke up but I was legitimately drenched in sweat, and still actually physically shaking. Like my whole body was feeling like I had just taken a bunch of drugs (I hadn’t) but my mind was extremely clear; I have never felt so clear minded.

Limiting Human Consciousness:

There was another time after doing a ritual to specifically connect with non physical entities where a being showed me telepathic images of what was pretty much past lives but in a different realm. I was then given the information of my higher self and what that actually is; that I am from a different place, one of the beings that is the ones that can do the voice thing (refer to Third Lesson In Gnosis Chapter) – there is no human word for it. It is not at all the kundalini being rising to the throat chakra, but more of a way to project consciousness through one’s voice. I was then able to remember so many things all at once; I remembered every detail of every world and every universe and every realm; things that a human mind cannot possibly comprehend (I can relate to this 100 - DM).

I knew that I wouldn’t be able to retain majority of that information when I woke up

so I kind of drank it in when I was there. I was told the human mind couldn't remember all this because it had been intentionally made that way (like the EG told me - DM), and I needed to remember some of it so the being helped me choose which bits were most likely going to be accepted in a human mind. I was then able to wake up and remember a fair bit of the things the being helped me pick out.

Ancient Egyptian Being:

Another time when I did the same ritual I was met by a being who told me her name but it was one word one way and another word backwards that were said at the same time with the one tongue; her name cannot be pronounced in Earth speech. She also showed me Egyptian like things. She showed me the sphinx and it having relevance to her and what she is. She then gave me info in regards to Jupiter and Saturn the way she spoke it was as if everything joined together. She was very feline, and looked like a sphinx (similar to my 4th contact with the EG - DM). The Egyptian like place (it wasn't Ancient Egypt, but was where that empire came from); she said I was there once; it's one of the great kingdoms. There is a lot she said that I cannot remember; at the time I understood all of it.

Flying Instructors:

There was also a bunch of beings that showed me how I could fly, and all of those particular episodes I can't remember which came first as they are all similar but the beings in them are all the same. They were my flying instructors and the ones to remind me of that part of myself.

The Sleeping Facility with "Dad":

Then there was the sleep facility; I woke up in a hospital bed type thing with a being at the end of the bed.

He said "it's ok you are safe; your father is over in that room there" and pointed across the hallway. I was completely aware of this body in this place etc, i.e. 100% lucid, but I was also completely confused like a child is when they just wake up in different place.

The building itself looked both new and old at the same time. It had a little balcony that overlooked the staircase going down into a little foyer that was covered but it had glass around it so you could see the outside everywhere.

Outside, it was dark like it was night time, and there was no one really around except for a guard in the foyer. The downstairs foyer bit was to my right when looking out on this window ledge thing, to my left was a long hallway with doors each side. It was quiet, there was no one in the hallway, just a lot of doors coming off it.

The being ushered me back into the room. I sat back on the bed and looked at the wall to the back of the room and it was like a huge screen, and at the time it had all swirly colours and almost looked like water.

The being said “we can go in if you like”, to which I replied “yeah ok”. So he grabbed my hand and we walked through it; it was a portal. We ended up in an area that had a huge lake. As soon as we got in through the portal we were up high on an edge of something like a cliff. He literally jumped off while holding my hand, and behind him these huge wings appeared.

He said “you can fly too”, and let go of my hand, then patted me on the back in an area I could suddenly feel I had extra limbs in the back that I had forgotten. So then I was able to open up my wings properly and not fall on my face. I then went down to see if I could land but it was like I had forgotten how to, so instead I just kind of dove into the lake. The being seemed to panic, and asked if I was ok. I said “yeah its ok I can swim”. He didn’t know what that was; as far as he was concerned if you fell in water you died. At that point he took me back and I woke up.

Not Your Typical Helpers:

I was really sick one night, horribly ill, and I was completely asleep but in a weird state, like when you are sick when you are not really with it even when sleeping. I remember I kept waking up and feeling like there was something watching me.

Then I remember suddenly closing my eyes to go to sleep and being pushed out of my body. In the doorway of the Gooseberry Hill house bedroom there was a being that was quite short and instead of lips and a face from the jaw up he just had teeth; no nose just very sharp teeth.

He had eyes that were completely a murky white to dead green like a dead skin colour; the eyes were really pale and the pupil was just a slit down all the way from top to bottom. He had black hair, and stumpy little – what seemed like – hooves. I remember a really weird noise accompanying him.

Similar to when I have had dealings with Goetic spirits and they come with a noise; not specific to trumpets or buzzing or anything; they were really vague, like a background noise that got over whelming and you couldn’t figure out why until you

realized it was the noise that was happening, All around him there was this blackish smoky hazy substance, and as he popped into this hazy stuff and into the hallway the hallucination part of my sick mind made my uncle Brad, who was still alive – and who had been lobotomized –, pop into my mind and say “hey look at that thing, I have seen that thing before”.

Then it was as if my Grandma was there, and she said “oh it is nothing. It’s nothing” And I heard Brad say “yeah it’s real. It’s real. It’s there.”

I remember Grandma saying “stop that nonsense”; it was as if this being could hear these things going on and he could see everything that was going on in my head, so it wasn’t just a telepathic link like the green eyes dude – that was a definite link. It was like this guy could see everything that I was thinking. Then he came up to me slowly at first then he quickly jumped at me, flung around to the back of me and started ripping at the back of me with his spiky teeth. I shook him off out of confusion and fear which is when I saw him eating all these worm looking things that were black and smoky. Then a larger being that was standing in my peripheral of my left side came forward and said “it’s ok”.

This other being with the spiky teeth then continued to rip these worm things out of the back of me. Once that was done I saw him present as a human form where he now had a mouth. He sat cross armed and very assertive across from me whilst talking to the being in my peripheral vision on the left side of me. This particular being (on the left side of me) had really big wings.

I remember the conversation; the guy with wings was telling the spiky teathed being that the ones that sent the worm things were several members of your (DM’s) family.

To begin with I was confused and the being also said there are four others. The little being with big teeth seemed outraged at this fact and said “I’ll deal with them”. The one with wings was explaining that the one who was controlling them was two members of this particular family. Then the little one got up and was quite assertive and aggressive in a determined kind of way. He said “I’ll do it, it’ll be done within the day”. I then woke up. I was completely healed; I had stopped vomiting and there was no fever – and I had been violently ill up until then, spewing up what smelt like strong sulphur.

Don’t Mess With the {Fallen} Angel:

The very next night I had another lucid dream where I was operating under a similar higher form of consciousness. One of the perpetrators (DM) was sitting in a grumpy

position but would only let me see half of her face. She was scolding me and accusing, me of doing something to do with her face. I told her I hadn't done anything and that it was her that did it, through the psychological torture she did to me.

She was trying desperately to hide her face, but then realized I could see part of it, so she let me look at the whole thing. There were big teeth marks from the top of her face down to her chin on the right side of her face and it was all bruised and swollen; pretty much just black and blue, leaking puss and bleeding, not recognizable as a face. She had been totally attacked by something.

I saw the teeth marks, then I remembered the dream from the night before when I had been terribly sick. I realized what had happened to her; the spikey teeth guy had paid her a visit. Once again, she accused me of doing it, to which I blatantly denied it and told her that it was in her best interest not to do this (psychological/ physical torture) to me again.

She said, "we'll see. I've got the dead working for me".

My response was that things like her face were going to keep happening to her until there is nothing left if she doesn't stop.

The being with the big wings then tapped me on the shoulder saying "good, now it is time to go". She seemed to see this being and a look of absolute terror and shock came across her face; it was evident she finally understood what she was dealing with.

The being then told her that I wasn't someone to play petty games with and that I was important to them. He told her "don't do this. Only bad will come of it, she's not what you think".

She replied sarcastically that she knew that.

The angel, or whatever it was just stood staring at her torn face really intensely, and she began to squirm in discomfort.

He offered a "hmmm", and we left. Then I woke up.

Inter-Dimensional Extra Terrestrial:

There was another night – I am not sure if it was much longer after the previous episode – where I had been doing my usual chakra cleansing when I am going to attempt to talk to beings, but instead of actually trying to converse with anyone I just had the thought in my mind "what if they are inter dimensional beings, rather than beings from a certain realm that is for death only".

I was yet to think of them as being aliens, and I just couldn't stop thinking "what if

they are inter-dimensional beings rather than from different worlds in this physical universe? Rather than coming from different planets, what if they came from a different universe or realm altogether?" I was thinking this pretty intensely for a long time, as I was falling asleep.

I had a habit at the time to stay in the hypnagogic state for a little while intentionally before falling asleep, mainly just to see if I could hear anyone, because sometimes I could hear chatter and could communicate with them. But this time, because I was thinking so intensely to myself, that I kind of ignored any chatter. At the same time it would have been projected out so anything around would have heard it.

I also used to have a habit of asking for any healing necessary for me whilst in the hypnagogic state. So then I fell asleep.

I can't remember if there was any dreams, but I woke up suddenly at about 3am, and I know this because I checked my phone. I was going to go pee, but as I went to get up there was a four and a half foot tall physical being standing in the room. He was completely covered in a black robe, but it didn't reach the floor; it was more of a hooded jumper type thing covering something at the back of him.

He was wearing all black and had a black face mask covering. I could see the shine of his eyes, which is what got my attention when I put my phone light on; the light shone through his eyes and it glistened.

To begin with I thought someone had broken in, but he hovered about a foot off the ground. He also had wings that were at the back, but he had them folded up in such a weird way that you couldn't see them unless he removed the cloak.

To begin with he just nodded at me, and I nodded at him, then he all of a sudden telepathically projected information into my head.

He was pretty much giving me the answers to all the questions I had been thinking. Apparently my thoughts were pretty much what it is; it is not as if in this universe there is lots of planets with life because the makeup for that is really difficult.

Although there is some with life, the physical dense realm has the least amount of it. According to this being, majority of life is inter-dimensional.

The next level up— between the physical and astral planes — there is a fair amount of beings living in there; they are both dense and astral at same time.

That is what we — this place — were prior to the separation. He was explaining the separation as well; this place — the physical universe — used to be connected to the dreaming place and people could walk in and out of the astral and physical planes without dying and without sleeping.

An event — which was non specified — occurred that caused the physical realm to slip

out of sync with what he called the “dreaming”.

He showed me images of soul make up; it’s similar to a DNA structure I suppose.

He showed me the majority of human soul make up and how there were three other types of soul make up found on physical Earth that are living in human form, that are not technically from this physical plane but are there to help.

Then he showed me mine, its 2 merged into one, because I am both from the dreaming realms and from the before Earth realm. That was pretty much the whole conversation. I then suddenly didn’t need to pee, and suddenly became very tired; just as I was about to fall asleep, he pressed something on his wrist and disappeared in this weird hazy substance. That was the first time I saw the alien dude.

Invisible Company:

I remember when we first moved into Gooseberry Hill you (DM) and I had a big fight. You were sleeping in the spare room, I was talking to whatever thing was in the house, because at that stage we had only been there a week, and I was trying to establish if there were spirits there, mainly because it was an old house, and my track record for being a spirit magnet is fantastic.

I said “I don’t mind you listening, but can you at least come in? I don’t feel like being alone right now.” At that exact moment, the closed door opened, like proper opened up wide; there was no wind, no windows open or anything. I felt the floor move slightly and creak as something walked over to me. It put its hand on my shoulder, and I felt instantly calm and fell asleep. That was the first incident at that house.

Light Ship Abduction:

This was sometime after the first inter-dimensional alien: Another evening I was almost asleep, and I heard a weird noise, like a flange effect similar to what you said you heard with a plane. It sort of woke me up a bit but I was fairly determined to stay in that state because I wanted to astral project.

Then I saw what I thought was a light coming in from the bedroom window, and for all I know it probably did come in from the bedroom window. But then it ended up being directly above me. Then it got kind of flat, and sort of like a mirror, but instead of seeing my reflection in it, I could see the inside of some kind of spaceship. In the background I could see beings walking up and down and around. I was then suddenly inside the ship, like I had just been instantaneously teleported

there.

There were a bunch of beings standing around talking casually. I didn't really understand any of it. I recognized one of them and walked up to him. I am pretty sure he was the being in my room the time previous explaining the separation of the astral and physical planes, but this time he didn't have all his garb on and I could see his actual face.

He looked like he had a human face but his eyes were different; the colour of it was all around, no white of the eye. It was really, really dark blue – sort of navy blue but darker. He had kind of shoulder length dark brown hair, as well as wings.

To begin with I thought it was feathers, so I went up and touched them, and he wondered what the hell I was doing, as it wasn't exactly culturally accepted. It felt similar to if vinyl could be wool, sort of like whale teeth, I guess.

He said, "oh you want a feather?" He had a really weird accent when he talked.

I said "I thought they would be soft. They are interesting". His face kind of softened from being annoyed with me for touching him, to realizing I was kind of confused.

He grabbed one of his feather things, plucked it out of himself handed it to me and said "have it". I said "thank you."

When I was there they put a robe on me with a sort of tassel thing that they put on me and that is where I stashed the feather.

I was being ushered around by another one who I think was showing me something.

This one was trying to get something off me, so I had a feeling it was a sneaky covert thing on their behalf. So I was ushered to a room where I was speaking to 2 other female ones who seemed really gentle and happy to see me and talking to me like I was a baby.

Then a doctor type one came in to take some blood. I was sort of expecting a needle in my arm, but he just extracted it without puncturing me at all, just to get one blood cell. He got me to hold my hand out palm upwards. He looked for vein on my middle finger and he put a little disc thing over it. It buzzed for a second and then that was it. He said "yep all done".

Then they said "well done", talking to me like I was a baby getting a shot, that sort of thing. They looked human-ish but weren't and I was aware that they weren't.

They were aware I was aware; no one was hiding the fact that they were different.

There was a lot of talk about me remembering who I am "before", but they were really babying me like they expected me to be super dumb on it. I felt like the best thing to do was just to listen:

"Oh you know that you are special don't you?" Things like that that you tell kids.

They were plugging the whole “you are different, you are not like other kids, you are special, you are special to us” thing.

Then they gave me something that I don’t know how to even describe, but when it got to a couple of inches within face I suddenly fell asleep. You could feel it before it was there. I don’t know whether it was a vapour or a liquid; it was strange. Then I just remember waking up in bed. I was completely awake when I went “there” - not lucid, but completely awake. I don’t even know if there was any separation or what, I was just *there*. When I woke up I felt like I hadn’t slept at all.

Catman:

I think the next one is when I met Weargos. That started off as lucid dream: there was a cat like being who granted me the ability to be a cat for the dream, like I was remote viewing through the eyes of a cat. But then whilst we were dreaming, he took me to an actual quarry and we stepped out of the dream place and into the quarry. We were just climbing around the quarry doing things cats do, chasing things, running around etc.

When we went back to the dream part and I was talking to him for a while. He presented himself as kind of a human-ish looking thing, but very feline, and we were discussing various things; the fact I was a witch seemed to be the topic he was most interested in. He wanted to know if I wanted to work with him.

I said “yeah”. He said “it is his honour”. Then I remember waking up.

I forgot about that dream the next day, until my friend Trysta came and told us how Emma’s cat had just had kittens.

Went and got Squeak (our cat), and it wasn’t until a week after we’d had him and we still couldn’t figure out if he was boy or girl, I had another lucid dream and the cat like being was there again. I remember casually talking to this being and others that were all sitting around casually and I asked “do you think squeak is a girl or a boy. Weargos just looked right at me with the dumbest look on his face like “you are a moron” to me, and he said “I’m a boy”, with a slightly sarcastic expression on his face like “are you serious?”. Then I kind of went “ohhhh”, as I hadn’t quite made the connection yet. Then I woke up and told you Squeak was a boy.

Miscellaneous Conversations:

There was a lot of times I'd be strolling around the house and things that I couldn't see would brush past me and I'd feel them and know it was one of the beings. It got to the point where I'd just say stuff to them out loud.

The Faceless "Thing" And The Box:

I don't know the time frame for this: I kept getting vision of something being in the roof. I'd get these random thoughts of some sort of being living in there. I thought I was sensing the possum that lived in there. But it just was just a strong "knowing" that there was something else living there in the roof.

Then one day I saw it by accident after astral projecting; I floated down the hall in the laundry and up the manhole mainly just to see what the roof was like and because I had to stay enough away from my body not to ping back into it.

Then I saw this thing; it was like a person with no face, it was like a really dark colour but I am not sure of the actual colour; it could very well have been brown or black.

It could telepathically think stuff to me, but not in full sentences or anything. When I went up there and I stayed up there for a few seconds before I moved around, it first approached me by sniffing like how a dog does, on all fours, then it seemed to suddenly become really happy.

If you can imagine a human child pretending to be a cat pouncing up on things, climbing up walls, but with proper cat like agility, this is what it was like. Then it pounced down on its feet then up and down, up and down.

It wanted to play. So I kind of indulged it by jumping around a bit with it. Then I ended up going towards the main bedroom area of the roof. It suddenly stopped its pouncing and looked over where this box thing was and then looked at me and quickly ran as a human would, and then sat on it.

This is the first time I saw the box; it was squarish but more rectangular than square, possibly very dark brown - maybe even black. It was very, very dusty, as if it had sat collecting dusty for hundreds of years; ancient looking. It had two hinges, one each side, and was really old fashioned looking. The hinges looked tarnished, like they would have been shiny brass once upon a time – like a brazen vessel; the whole thing could have possibly been brass but the dust hindered my ability to see whether or not this was the case.

The thing thought to me "you can't touch that, but we can still play", and then I

asked it what the box was. It just said “it’s the box”, and wouldn’t give me any more information despite me pressing it for more; it didn’t know. It just knew that it was “the box”, and it had to guard it and not let anyone near it.

I wasn’t allowed to go near it. I don’t know if it would have hurt me if I did or not. Then I hung around for a little bit longer up in the roof. I told it I had to go wake up now, and it seemed really, really devastated that I was going, but I kept just saying “I really do have to go, maybe I’ll see you another time” and it seemed really relieved. Then I woke up.

Months later – maybe a whole year later – I astral projected back up there and the thing wasn’t there and neither was the box.

This was the day after you (DM) got out of hospital from having had your hand cut open by the neighbours. We went back there that day and they came to the door asking for me to give them a tattoo...I actually astral projected up there because we were going to move to Nickie’s and I went to go and apologise for not coming to play with it again and it wasn’t even there and neither was the box. I remember checking for it (the box) because I was so damned curious about it. Everything was gone. There was an impression where the box had been, but not from the box itself; more like something had been sitting there. I woke myself up and went to sleep.

Mr Fisticuffs:

It was a different night. I fell asleep, and I was completely aware that I was asleep and dreaming. I felt kind of drunk and weird. I was in a place I hadn’t been before, or thought I hadn’t been. It looked as though it was night time but the sky had that purplish hue; in one area the sun was still going down like there was still a bit of light, the rest was completely black, no stars or anything.

I was on a path. To the right there was some kind of body of water and to the left there were hills and trees and fields. I walked a little way down the path and these little shadowy things that were probably about the size of a cat or smaller on all fours kept coming up behind me and biting at my heels.

Then I got to an area that had a house. It seemed to be two or three stories, but it had stairs on the outside going up in a spirally kind of way. There seemed to be hundreds of people in that house.

One being came down to where I was at the path, and he seemed to try to suss out who I was. He came up to me and he told me his name but I can’t remember it at all. He said “Hi. These are my fists”, and clenched them as if he was about to punch me

in the face, which I am pretty sure he was about to do.

I said “well I am Storme and this is my sigil” and showed him my left arm and suddenly he dropped his hands and went “oh”, and took a step back.

After he realized whatever it meant to him, he asked about my birth name, stuttering as he said my mother’s maiden name. I corrected him with my proper last name and asked him how he knew. He said “you are the one who lives”.

I then went into the house and there were *a lot* of people running around like they were having a party, but it also just seemed like they lived there. I came back outside because it was kind of weird, because their idea of a party was just running around and making loud noises. The being came back out and he was talking about something no human words can describe.

The next part of it was that he was talking about those things that kept biting my ankles. They only did it when I was on the path; when I was closer to the house and closer to the light coming from it they couldn’t seem to get to me.

He asked, “why don’t you just punch them up a little”, then showed me him hitting them with his hands. I responded “you mean like this” and for some reason I ripped at them with my teeth, but my teeth were real sharp for some reason.

“Yeah I guess that is one way to do it, it’s a bit excessive. But whatever works.” He replied. He had flat teeth, and did not have the spiky ripping incisors we have. Even the molars didn’t have little ridges like ours; it was all flat teeth. His eyes were like a navy-ish blue like how new born babies have that colour. His pupil was like a diamond shape, the same size as ours. All the people were like that with the flat teeth and diamond pupils.

When I went back down to the path bit, I seemed to realize I was about to wake up and I had a weird sucking feeling like it was sucking me back into my body. This happened to me a few times before where I can tell I am about to go. I think the last thing that I said was “help me things are not ok” or something like that. Then I remember getting sucked back and it was like a puff of blackness in front of my eyes; from there it was like I was being sucked back into dreamless sleep until I woke up.

Daily Remote Viewing:

After that happened – this was at Nickies – I started being able to remote view daily; every single time I would meditate, a portal would open up in front of my closed but fully awake eyes and I had the option either to continue with the meditation and go to sleep or to go into the portal.

Sometimes it was the opposite; sometimes I had just woken up and I was lying in bed so I'd do a meditation and the portal would be there. Sometimes before the portal would be there, there would be faces or people that I would see directly in front of me sitting and watching me, when they saw that I could see them they'd usually smile and start talking to me. It was usually brief.

There was one time where there was the other version of you (DM) that I have never met, and he was created entirely from nothing – pretty much like an egregore – and he was going on about how he is there to protect me; he was created for that specific purpose and none other. I asked him if he had friends or family or anything, he said no he wasn't created with friends and family – he wasn't created to have that, he was created for that one purpose.

I said "oh you can be my family", and he suddenly seemed really confused but also excited that he had been given such an option in his entire existence.

I think that there was another version of you (DM) being bound in a bunch of vines and it was a subconscious part of me binding you to these vines as well as the other things that were doing it. I was asking the egregore protector one of you, because I asked about the bound one, and he said that the one that was being bound had been caught doing significant damage to me (Storme) and would continue doing so until its connection with my physical vessel was gone. He didn't give a time frame.

So he was kind of standing in. The other one refused to protect; he wanted to cause harm, his whole thing was that he came here specifically to kill me.

I know it was you from the energy; it was like your consciousness had been split into two extremes, like I was talking to higher part of you rather than your physical self. So after the protector one of you became really excited and confused by the family thing he seemed to agree and say "yes, ok". Then he spiralled out of that particular vision.

Another thing came into my vision it was like a woman was standing directly in front of me, but she was my higher self. She sort of squatted down so that I could see but she had this tail thing that had blue flames on it. She had an intensely kind of purplish aura with an intense electrical blue aura on the outside of that. She seemed really pale skinned with white hair but the hair was like that Egyptian wig thing with the fringe and then the straight sides.

She had wings as well, she looked really Egyptian but her hair was white. I don't know if it was the energy I was seeing her through made her look sparkly and white. She seemed to smile at me for a bit when I started to realize who she was.

Then she kind of thought to me, “now you are getting it” before she sort of faded out.

Thoth’s Cousin, Dentagon:

There was a couple more visions of portals whilst I was awake. In one of them there was this metallic voice, it was almost robotic but slightly metallic sounding and it sounded as though it had been put through an auto tune filter or something.

The being itself was a man with a bird head like Thoth; it was the same sort of thing with an ibis head and human body. I asked who it was, and it looked right at me and said “I am Dentagon” or “Dantagon” – it was hard to decipher through its weird voice. It was blue; the whole body and everything was blue, and that was the last of that thing I heard for now, but it is relevant because when I have been at those council meetings where we are all in those circular barrier things one of the beings is a man crossed with bird thing that is blue, and I reckon it was that same Dentagon being. I suspect he is one of the higher people – one of the council members.

The Little Girl On The Beach:

There is a bunch of little ones I don’t know how relevant – only relevant because of other dreams I had later or before them. There was one remote viewing that was very intense; I closed my eyes and saw the portal, then opened my eyes again and I was a little, little girl – probably 3 and a half – walking down a path towards a beach.

I had a little trolley cart thing that I was dragging along with me. There was someone in front of me but I couldn’t see details just sort of legs, though I could hear every possible detail about the fact that there was an ocean. I felt the actual sand on my feet. I felt and smelt and saw the reeds in the ocean, even the seagulls. I was 100% there completely, but totally aware of the fact that I was viewing through this girl as well.

I don’t know if it was me or a different girl; she was wearing an off coloured white dress that went just below her knees – she had long sort of bouncy hair, wearing a hat that was slightly wide brimmed but kept flopping back because of the wind. Upon realizing she was so young, I intentionally pushed my forethoughts away so I didn’t frighten her. I just observed everything through her passively. She was aware of where she was; she knew the place well and she was excited she was going to the beach, but she also had this slightly loneliness to her, like she’d been forgotten

about; a feeling a child shouldn't actually ever have but I knew what it felt like because I had felt it when I was little. All of the details of that whole thing were so precise.

I don't know what the point of it was. Maybe it was {our daughter}. She had a beach trolley thing that she had put a spade and bucket in.

Our Time Travelling Son:

One night I was just having regular dream then some male that looked like you (DM) but slightly different showed up. He looked like he was in his early 20s.

He had brown eyes instead of the greeney colour you have.

His face was slightly different somehow. He sat down next to me.

I asked him who he was and he replied that he was my son.

I said "I don't have a son", and he said "you will", then we spoke about something I can't remember the details of, - he said something about how you taught him how to time travel and told me a bunch of stuff about why he was there and how he got there but I can't remember any of it.

Then I asked him what his name was at the time; I thought he said Deaken, because when I heard it, it was muffled – like I wasn't supposed to hear it – but the mouthing of it in hindsight was definitely {our son}. A few months later I found out I was pregnant with {our son}.

I Smell Toast:

At the house where we got burgled, there was constantly paranormal, ghostly things happening. At 4 am someone cooked toast – not me or you but *something*. I would wake up and just smell this really thick toast smell, but there was never any toast anywhere, not even in the toaster.

There was fairly typical stuff of things moving around, doors opening and closing etc; but I remember one very specific night you (DM) were asleep and I was almost asleep. Something walked in the room and put its hand on my belly and then it made me wake up properly.

Even when I was wide awake I could still feel the hand on my belly. That happened a second time when I was sleeping in the day time, and you weren't there. I felt the hand on my belly, and then I woke up and rather than it just being not there anymore, I felt the hand move and slide off my belly – so it was like a person and how they would take it off.

Then there were heaps of times I would have things walk through me and the time where the tassel from the tablecloth spun around like it was a fan. There a few times where I saw someone in the yard looking into the house when I was in there, but they weren't there when I went out even though I was looking right at the same place.

Mind Worm ||;

At the Gidgegannup house, right before I had a really bad migraine, I had a feeling of a thing go in my head and push my consciousness across, exactly how you described it in your experience at that same house. I actually had that a lot at Nickie's place, and it did that only very slightly. I would I kind of shake it off and directly after I would get really intensely bright aura's from a migraine, but instead of seeing sparkly lights it was like there was one whole section of a crystal rainbow in my eye.

Needle From Someone's Haystack:

At the first Kalamunda house there was a burnt needle on the floor that had looked like it had been used as a stoker; I watched as it just appeared from right in front of me like the maggots in my old Chidlow house, and dropped onto the floor randomly. Then there was the constantly feeling like something was standing behind me at that house. There was a lot of sleep paralysis experiences at that house too. One of them involved me just waking up and coming out of a deep sleep, and whilst my brain was still in the hypnogogic state, it morphed whatever was standing at the end of the bed into a tree – which obviously isn't scary – and I didn't feel any specific fear to the thing I was seeing. I remember waking up to a blood curdling scream, - all three of us – me you and {our son} – woke up to the scream but we couldn't work out who it was. The weird thing was that it felt like it had been just in my head, even though you two both heard it.

Alien Dreams:

At Maida Vale; I remember having a lot of dreams involving alien type scenarios, around about the same time you had your abduction dreams. One of them was about being on a ship of sorts but it was really vague like I was sort of drugged up or something.

COVID Premonitions:

At Mount Helena in 2018 I had a series of recurring dreams that seemed to be premonitions of COVID 19: First of all I had a random dream about a bunch of people breaking into other people's houses stealing toilet paper.

The next night I had another dream where we had to hide toilet paper because people kept coming in and taking it. The third toilet paper dream, it wasn't just toilet paper, it was all cupboard foods as well. I remember it because this toilet paper thing was just so weird.

Then I had a dream that some sort of government people were going door to door asking people for their medical history and giving them injections, they were always accompanied by some sort of military looking guys dressed in complete black outfits, not military colours, sporting automatic machine guns.

They always had masks on – the doctor ones had regular surgical masks, and all of the military guys had black ones. They also had either like a beanie thing or a hooded jacket type thing that was covering their hair as well and majority had glass or protective eye goggles. I had a lot of dreams where they would come to the door of every person's house. The dreams kind of started off with us being scared of them, then it ended up with you (DM) trying to hide me and the kids whilst I got them to take just me away and not all of us.

Then it eventually went to them taking all of us – the kids in one truck, me in one and you in another, keeping women men and children separate.

Then there was the end part of the dreams....they were all the same dream, but the end part had a different outcome each time – in the last few of them, I answered the door instead of you and they did a little scan thing of me; it was like they used something similar to a blood glucose device, and they put it in a little machine like a laptop computer and they waited for a couple of minutes before it came back with whatever result. The doctor would come and tell us he was going to give us another injection because we were of a specific type; it was like they had certain jabs for certain types of people, but the gist of it I got was that it wasn't necessarily blood type; it was a whole different thing they were searching for.

So they jabbed me with that stuff, and then they got me to bring the kids; it was as if I answered door to get the jab to see if it was ok then I would reveal we had kids.

The jab literally changed my DNA so I was able to do all that stuff I am supposed to do with the 13 keys.

It was like there were four or five different types of people and they could tell by the blood machine what one was, and it would of either told them typical people who go

to work and party with very little cognitive understanding of the non physical planes, or it would have been one of the other types like had been suggested to me in other experiences; when they figured out what kind you were they gave you a job specifically for that type, and because I was a key, they wouldn't take us to those camps that they had the other people in.

It was like instead we had the option instead to go with them to a rehab area that was set up on a farm somewhere specifically for our rank of people. I was taken there with the kids, you (DM) were apparently different, but similar enough to be thrown in with our bunch.

There was actually some mention of the astral war as well after the jabs happened; two of the army looking guys – who I had my suspected weren't actually humans – asked me how much I actually remembered of the “before times”.

The doctor got all irritated at them and said “you are not supposed to talk about that until after the rehabilitation”; he was really agitated they had broken this protocol.

It was like when they gave the injection they waited a few minutes to see what response you'd have because if they got it wrong it would make the person sick for a couple of days.

Then it was like a weird painful pang and I could feel this weird tingling feeling go from the site of the injection all the way through my body. I remember thinking “oh, I am me again”, as if it had gotten rid of some of the ailments of this “baggage” I have accumulated in this life time.

Basically, I reached a higher state of consciousness from the shot. Did the shot kill me, and therefore I was me again, or did it change my body so I could be my higher self more? This is what I have been trying to work out.

The kids had their shot and were themselves as well.

You had your shot and had a reaction; you had like a PTSD reaction; you thought someone or something was trying to attack me or the kids and you were about to kill everyone. You were different – extremely muscly and strong – and you went to rip the army dudes apart; it took three of them to hold you down.

The doctor came out and said “it's ok. It's just because of his previous knowledge.”

One of the army guys was going to shoot you, and asked how long it will last. The doctor told him to give you a couple of minutes before they would take us all to rehab.

You ended up calming down and realized you weren't where you thought you were in your PTSD flashbacks, and you sort of looked at me like you hadn't seen me before, then sort of realized who I was.

They were about to take me and the kids in one truck, and you in another, but you started freaking out again, so they decided to throw you in with us and you calmed down.

They took us to the farm; it was millions of acres of farmland and bush and they had little chalet things they let us and other people stay in. It was like we had arrived at temporary accommodation until they figured out what to do with the whole situation. It was as if they started giving people jabs which changed people's ability to think which then changed the government's way of doing things as it was all happening. At the same time there was the threat of an invasion and it seemed almost like the rehab farm things was just a way to stash people whilst they figured out what was going on with the invasion, rather than give them necessary medical and psyche treatment in their own homes. At the time, the invasion was just sort of there in the background, but the jabs seemed more important.

The Fae Revelations:

This came in the form of a huge information download during a lucid dream where Storme was under the influence of a higher state of conscious awareness (Higher Self interaction).

Firstly the Fae (faery) beings were on earth. At the same time there were various types of humans (Neanderthal included) and at that time, the physical and astral realms were tethered to each other and you could walk through each easily like walking over a bridge or through a door; there was no need to fall asleep to detach the consciousness from the physical body because on earth they could manipulate the matter body to become light body and astral body at will.

Many alien races negotiated permission with the intelligent and powerful humanoid Fae beings, to be on earth to experiment with types of "human". Each alien race was appointed an ancient human to manipulate their DNA and try to create a being that could change from astral to light being and back to matter body without the need for technology or sleep, as was the norm for many beings on earth at the time.

An ascended race (the angel beings) covertly came to earth and experimented with all creatures including the other alien's experiments.

They didn't gain permission to be in the realm let alone do these experiments. What they did was basically like grabbing the united universal treaties and tearing them to pieces. They are an ascended race so it was considered even more of even more a no

no; they were supposed to remain as a neutral party to oversee these experiments, not partake in them.

So when they were done, they flooded the world to get rid of the evidence.

Some of the ascended race found out what these rebel factions did and went in to try and fix what they could. They saved as many creatures and humans and Fae that were trapped and aliens as they could and put them on their ships until the flooding ceased.

While there were no active Fae on the matter plane to hold the magic at the sacred places, the gates/portals/bridges between realms collapsed. The beings put the creatures and aliens back on earth but all were trapped as there was not a clear way back out to the other planes and worlds any more.

Some star seeds are incarnated "fallen angels" that fell to save Earth from the rebel faction and are now stuck incarnating in matter bodies until enough magic knowledge is accumulated through the build-up of DNA of the practically wiped out intelligent humanoid Fae race - the original people of this planet earth.

That knowledge and magic is needed to reopen the sacred points.

The witches are the Fae beings in question; the original witches are not just a religion but the original inhabitants of earth - but the world has been misused and misguided for centuries to hide and confuse the truth so that everyone believes they are evil and even culling witches has occurred through history to try to keep the numbers low to keep the re merge from occurring.

This is because the rebel faction are high ranking beings and the leaders know what they did and possibly condoned it. The information is being hushed so that particular race won't suffer the consequence of them meddling in the experiments.

It will mean a much more severe war, as the mediators to all universal courts and rulings are the same race of rebels that messed around and flooded the place to try cover their tracks.

Can you imagine what will happen if all the races find out that the high court leaders and mediators are actually covertly stealing scientific research and trying to manipulate experiments to benefit them?! Absolute chaos.

So now on earth, we are stuck in reincarnation cycling round and round and the "amnesia" is a result of the sudden severing of the two "world's" matter and astral, on this base level/plane. All of this has a butterfly effect consequence on the other base world's causing chaos and war through the universe.

That's the current astral war; everyone is blaming everyone else and trying to gain access to the next level/ plane too have the magic that's been harvested from earth herself in an attempt to get things going again.

But it's the witches that need to do it through their personal gate keeping magic. If there's not enough of them living how they need to live – not like society dictates but how they legit need to exist, properly connected to the earth - then it won't happen. Not to mention all that know what actually happened are trying to cover it up and poison as much of the population as possible in case the DNA of the old Fae – the

witches - pops up in an incarnation of say - one of the fallen angel types- thus allowing for the knowledge to be "read" and brought forward - as these beings (fallen angel) were of the ascended race so they have the ability to keep a fair bit of knowledge that the human mind is usually unequipped to handle (often resulting in the human body or mind becoming weak or confused or ill.. etc.. as too much over stimulation becomes a burden to the human vessel over time).

The information being remembered/brought forward etc from the incarnated vessels DNA of the ancestral Fae/ witches would mean that the magic can be relearned and, with enough people doing it and living the correct way, the sacred places will re-open. But to remain open there must be someone doing the magic on both sides (in the physical and non-physical planes) all the time or it will close.

The longer the sacred places are kept properly though, and the longer the ones with the magic knowledge are cared for properly, the longer the sacred places can remain open for longer without someone being there physically. In other words, if everyone does the magic, opens it and keeps it there until it's "recharged" it will stay like that for about 1 moon cycle. Then it needs recharging by the witches etc like a battery. We will never get out if the merge doesn't happen. The amnesia will never go away if it doesn't happen. We will be stuck in an infinite reincarnation loop if it doesn't happen.

But the ones who separated the matter from the astral and their allies are doing everything to try and not let that happen. Some human officials know about this and are trying to stop the re-opening. Abrahamic religion is the enemy of all who want to be free of this trap.

We Took the Belt:

The following is an experience Storme had after passing out and hitting her head on the floor due to heart complications. It came the day after her dream about the Fae revelations. As she felt herself getting dizzy and about to fall, she thought to herself "tell me something" in regards to the experience she had had the night before.

As I remained unconscious on the floor two aliens appeared before me. I mentioned that I knew I was in this state similar to sleep paralysis and was aware of my unconscious body.

I debated to myself whether to try and astral project, but then decided to try and remote view, but I could not remember the name of it. A voice in my head kept saying "astral projection", but I would keep telling it "no that is not what I am thinking of".

The voice started saying, "no what you are doing is trying to astral project," it was at that point I realized something was trying to get me to astral project and was blocking me from remote viewing or even being allowed to remember that is what it was called.

The beings were very different in appearance from one another. One was what appeared to be some sort of insectisoid Grey, which looked like an older version of the thing I saw in Chidlow about 15 years ago. It was greenish grey, and it was seated at a desk and had some sort of thin wispy horn things protruding from its head that were thinner than paper.

It was also wearing a suit that clung to its body in such a way that it appeared that it was naked and part of its skin. Although there was this desk the Grey alien was sitting at, the overall environment was non-existent, possibly just typical space (similar to courtyard I met the Elder Guardians – DM).

When it spoke it was “metallic sounding”, and I was pretty sure it was a high ranking officer of sorts.

The Grey insectisoid said “we took the trans belt area”. As he said this an image was mentally projected into my head of what I thought was Orion’s belt, which I took to mean was the same as the “trans belt”. It could have just as easily been the asteroid belt.

There was another voice relaying bits of info, but I did not see the face of that being. My mind could not translate most of what it was saying, but what I did get was that “there were 6 races, all related”. It was relevant in the sense that humans think these races are different, but they are all related; they approach humans differently so that they can each get what they need, but they are all working as a collective; they are all linked to one specific race.

One was bald with what looked like tentacles in place of where his mouth should have been; very similar in appearance to the Ood of Doctor Who crossed with Dr Zoidberg from Futurama, wearing a black shirt and a collar reminiscent of a Catholic priest. He spoke to me and I am pretty sure he was the one telling me about how the races were all related.

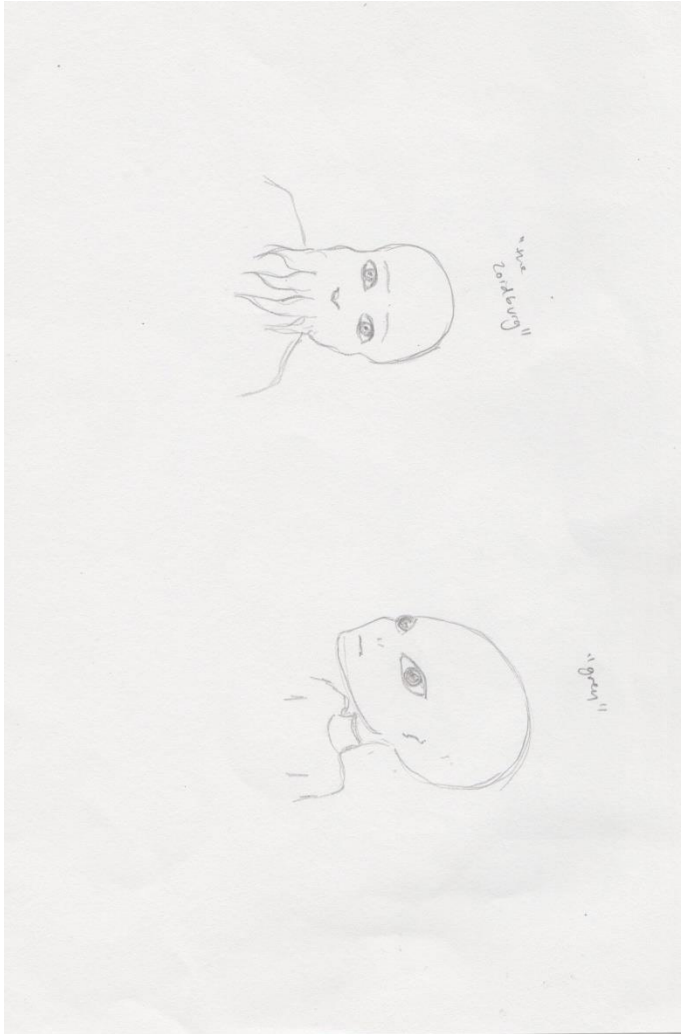
I asked what I was, and it mentioned the Trans Orion belt again. It was as if the Grey was saying that I was from there and that all of my people were dead.

I asked what you were, and he didn’t really give an answer, but sort of said you were from a very sinister race.

Then a purplish blue portal opened up slightly, that was halfway opened, and was showing me the other realm I was originally from. The portal was a typical ring of purplish blue with a kind of shimmery almost watery looking pink stuff in the middle.

There was another being, but I couldn’t really see him; he was one of my people and he felt like he appeared very similar to the fallen angel thing with wings and horns; He may not have had a physical form and this was possibly just an image he was projecting to me telepathically. When he spoke it was more of a direct telepathic emotion rather than telepathic English like from the other two beings.

ZOIDBERG AND GREY



Remembering Auschwitz:

Despite all these experiences, the most remarkable thing about Storme's life – in my opinion – is that she has what appears to be a recurring memory of a life in the Auschwitz prison camp during WW2. This memory is not a dreamtime memory; it comes in the form of incredibly disturbing “flashbacks” that are triggered in a similar manner to PTSD, in which Storme recollects them as if they are past memories existing in this lifetime.

Neither are these PTSD memories small fragments here and there; they are movie like in nature and allude to the life of a woman with dark hair from the moment she was captured by the Nazi's when she was 16, used as a form of entertainment for one of the SS officer's children, before being sent to the camp where she eventually was murdered in her early 20s after being subjected to horrendous torture and witnessing things no one should ever have to witness.

Part of these memories included being waitressing staff for the SS officers during their many private parties, in which she was able to eavesdrop into conversations regarding the Nazi's plans of war against America and its allies.

As one can imagine, these memories are horrible and extremely distressing for Storme, but they – in our opinion – offer a glimpse into a part of history that never really quite made it into the history books; if they turn out to be true memories they offer a first person perspective into not only aspects that would have evaded even those that survived the camps, but also military strategy aspects that suffered the same fate.

However, I believe they hold the most value in being potential clues as to how bloodlines ultimately determine reincarnation pathways after death.

One of the most concerning aspects of Storme's memories, for me personally, is her assumption that I, along with other members of my family were present in these memories inhabiting the bodies of SS personnel, and that one of our children was also present in one of the chambers.

When I pressed Storme on how she knew this, her reply was that she recognized all of our energy signatures – something I understood immediately as it is something one learns to recognize when spending time lucid dreaming.

Upon Storm describing some of the architecture of the camp, I presented her an image of the front gate into Auschwitz, to which she replied that it was practically the same except differing only in colour, like it had since been painted. She was then able to identify some of the crematoriums and other areas of the camp which bore a strong similarity to areas in her memories such as the sleeping quarters of the prisoners, a small containment area that had been cordoned off with razor wire fencing and various other buildings around the camp (my photo supply was limited to whatever I could find on the internet.)

Storme had described a doctor in a white coat who appeared to be in charge of the facility, and another man who would administer the children with certain drugs

before taking them off to the gas chambers.

She described how these doctors along with several others would watch the children die through viewing windows and at the same time engage in humorous discussion about their postures and faces upon expiration.

She described other children being tortured by the man who would administer them with drugs and experimentation on pregnant woman regarding removing unborn fetuses and placing them in other people; her descriptions of events unfolding in this facility describe a nightmare even more terrible and terrifying than could be imagined or read about.

I then was able to get a hold of a list of SS personnel in charge of the Auschwitz camp, and showed them to Storme to see if she recognized any of them, not revealing any of their roles.

She immediately pointed out Eduard Wirths as being the doctor in the white coat who had been in charge of the facility with 100% surety, and Josef Mengele, as being the one who would administer the drugs to the children, as she recognized the same smirk he had in his photo that he had always displayed in her memories.

Eduard Wirths had in fact been the chief SS doctor in charge of the Auschwitz facility from September 1939 to September 1945, and had formal responsibility for everything undertaken by the nearly 20 SS doctors who worked in the medical sections of the camps, exactly as Storme had suggested he had.

Again, as suggested by Storme, Josef Mengele, aka the Angel of Death, was known for his depraved and deadly experiments on children, and was part of the panel of doctors who selected victims for the gas chambers, though her memories didn't contain anything about these experiments being carried out on twins, which was a main theme of Mengele's.

Storme also identified two female SS officers Mari Mandl, who was present and would join in many of the times Wirtz and Mengele would laugh at the dying children, and Hertha Bothe. She identified Maximillian Grabner and Hans Stark with lesser surety, at about 70 to 80%.

In addition to this Storme suggested she was 90% certain that the one she thought had my energy signature showed a close resemblance to a man named Adolf Theuer (note the resemblance to "Thor"), a man part of the "disinfection squad" that was charged with administering Zyklon B to the chambers. Wikipedia suggests that Theuer at least showed some form of remorse for his actions quoting from Oswald Kaduk who said he showed reluctance to inserting the gas:

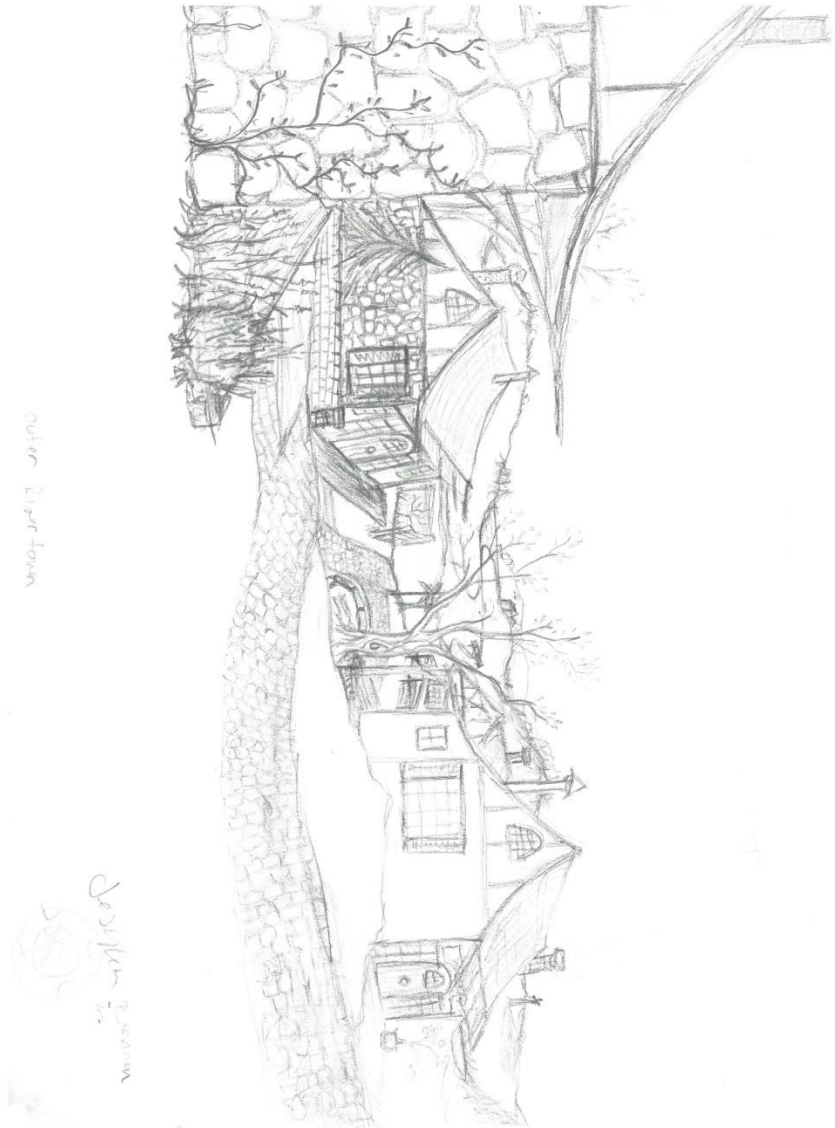
"I have even seen SS men who were supposed to be involved in gassing operations cry. And to them, the then doctor, Dr. Mengele said, 'You have to do it'. He said... I can remember Theuer well. I knew him from... was my fellow countryman, been a young man. And he (Mengele) said, 'You have to do it.' He did it, with tears in his eyes. He inserted it and immediately shut the hatch. I was there."

Still, Storme's suggestion that I was part of such a terrible organization – one whose values were on the complete opposite end of the universe compared to those of my current

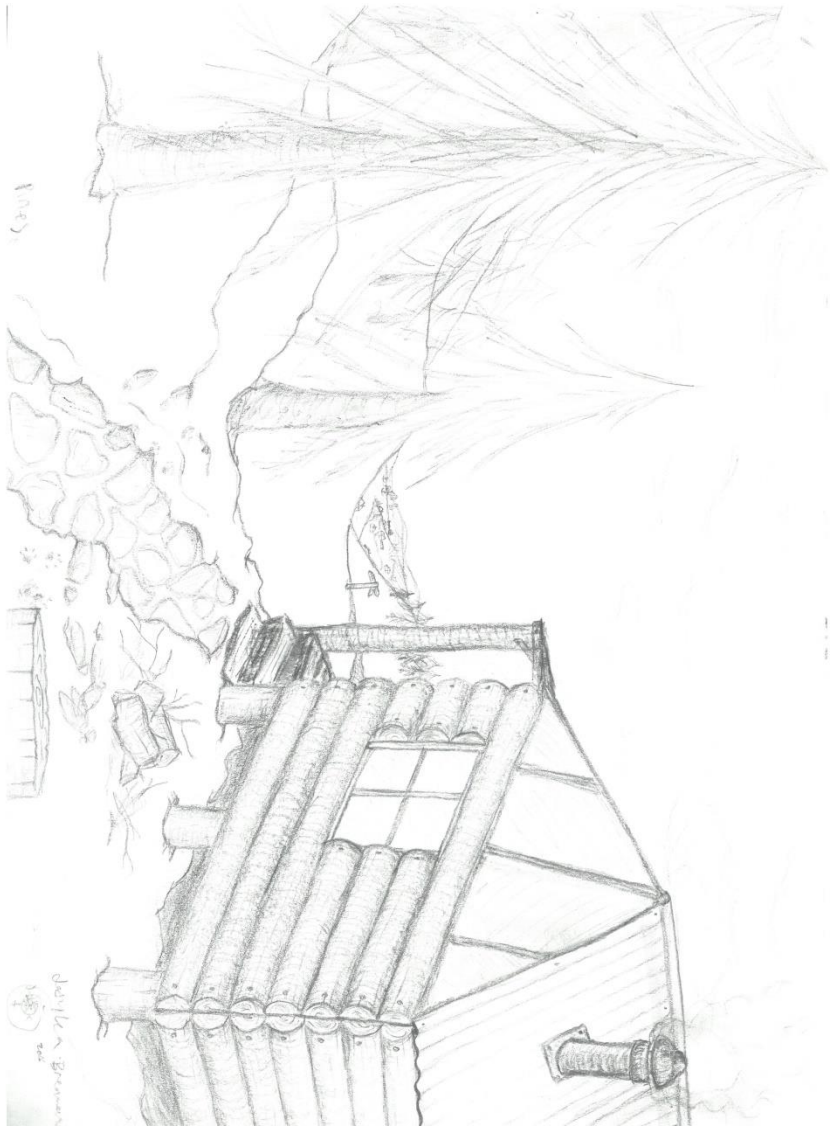
incarnation – is something I don't take lightly.

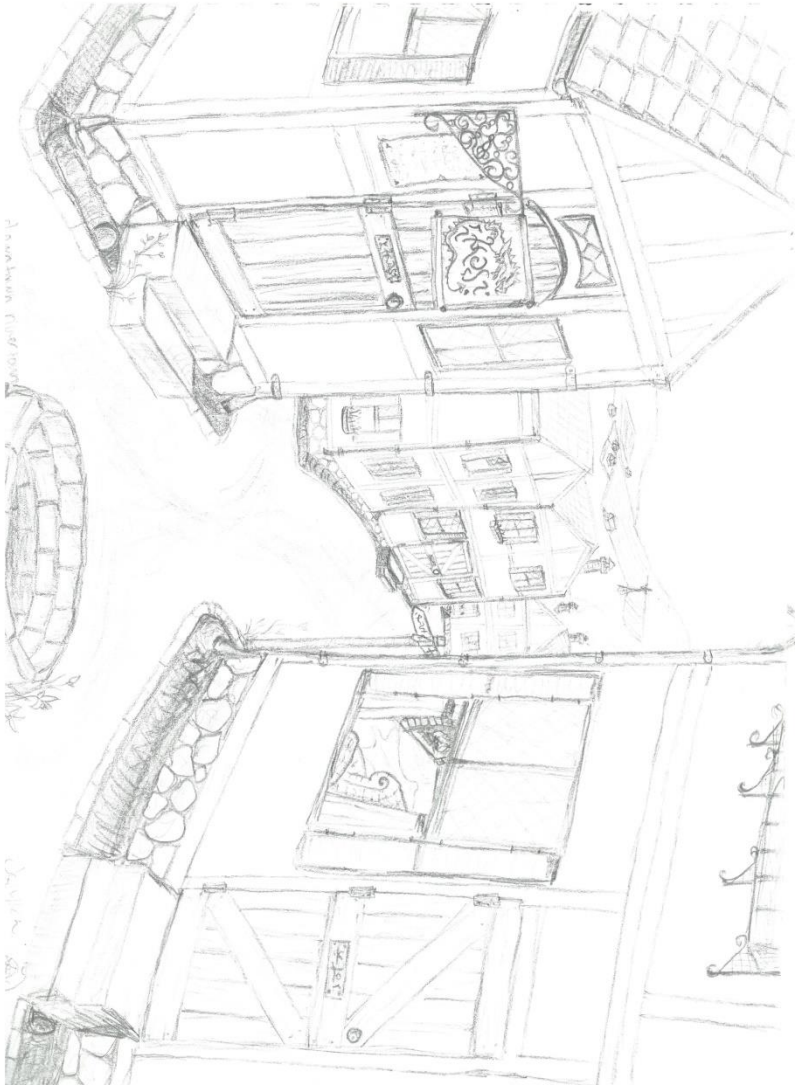
It was Storme's opinion, from what she witnessed of the character of majority of the SS that they were *not of a human substance*; she likened them to a different species of people altogether due to their lack of empathy and over indulgence of sociopathic behaviours, and the lengths they were going to create their master Aryan Race.

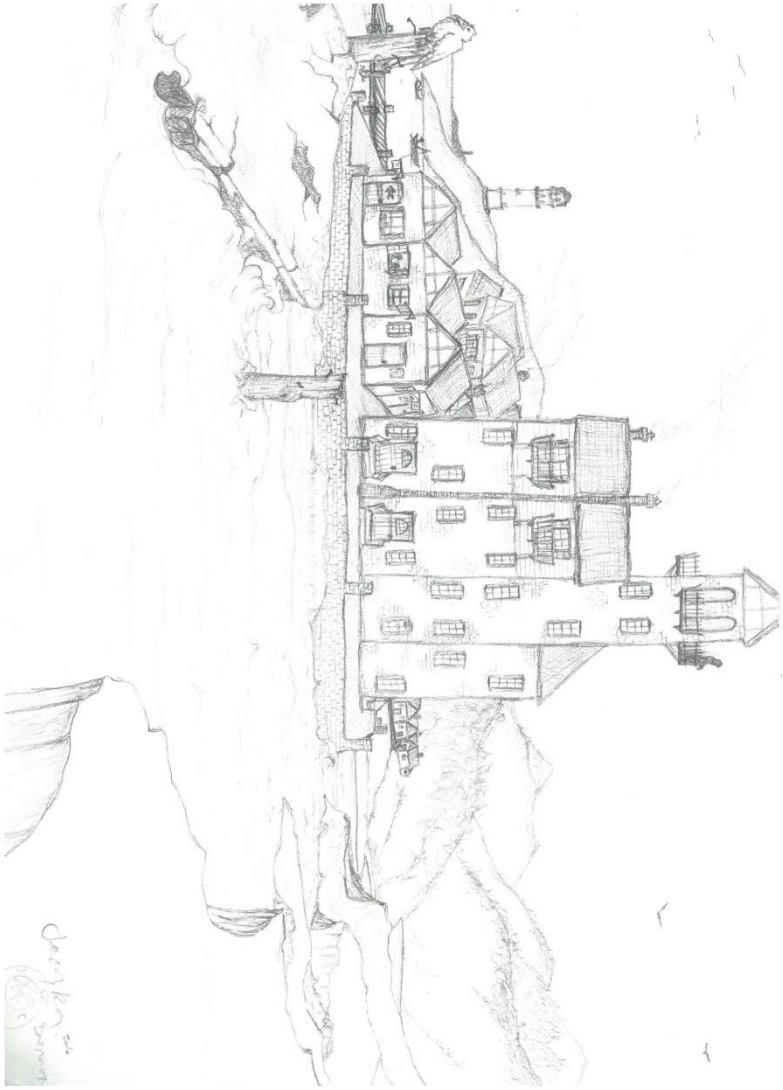
Sketches of the Outer Worlds:







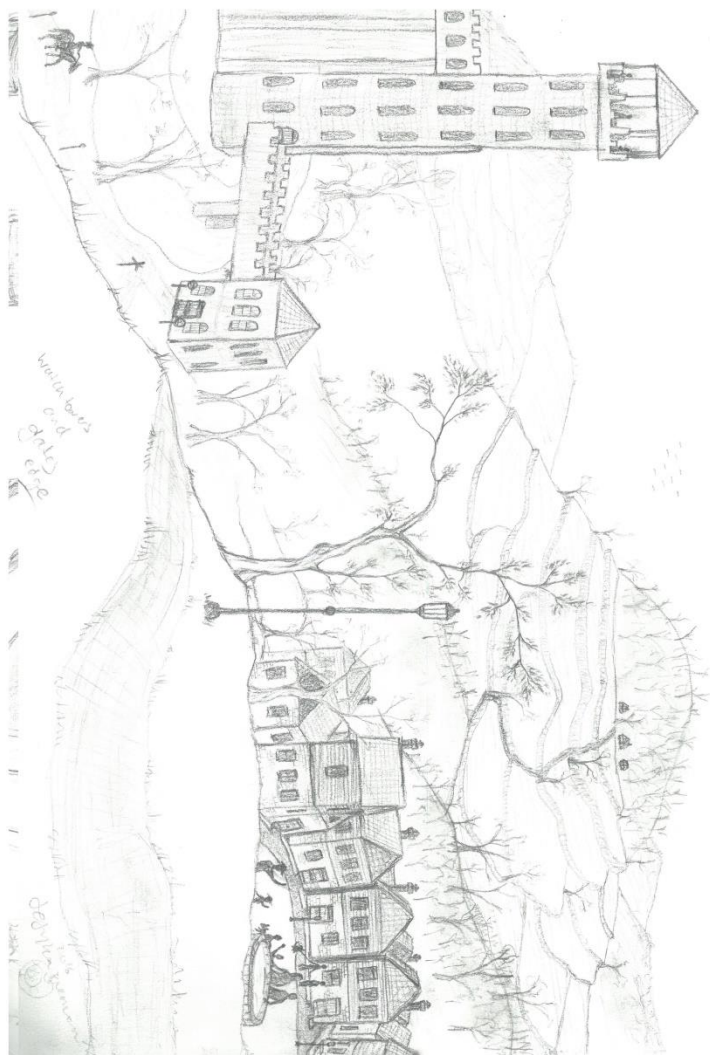


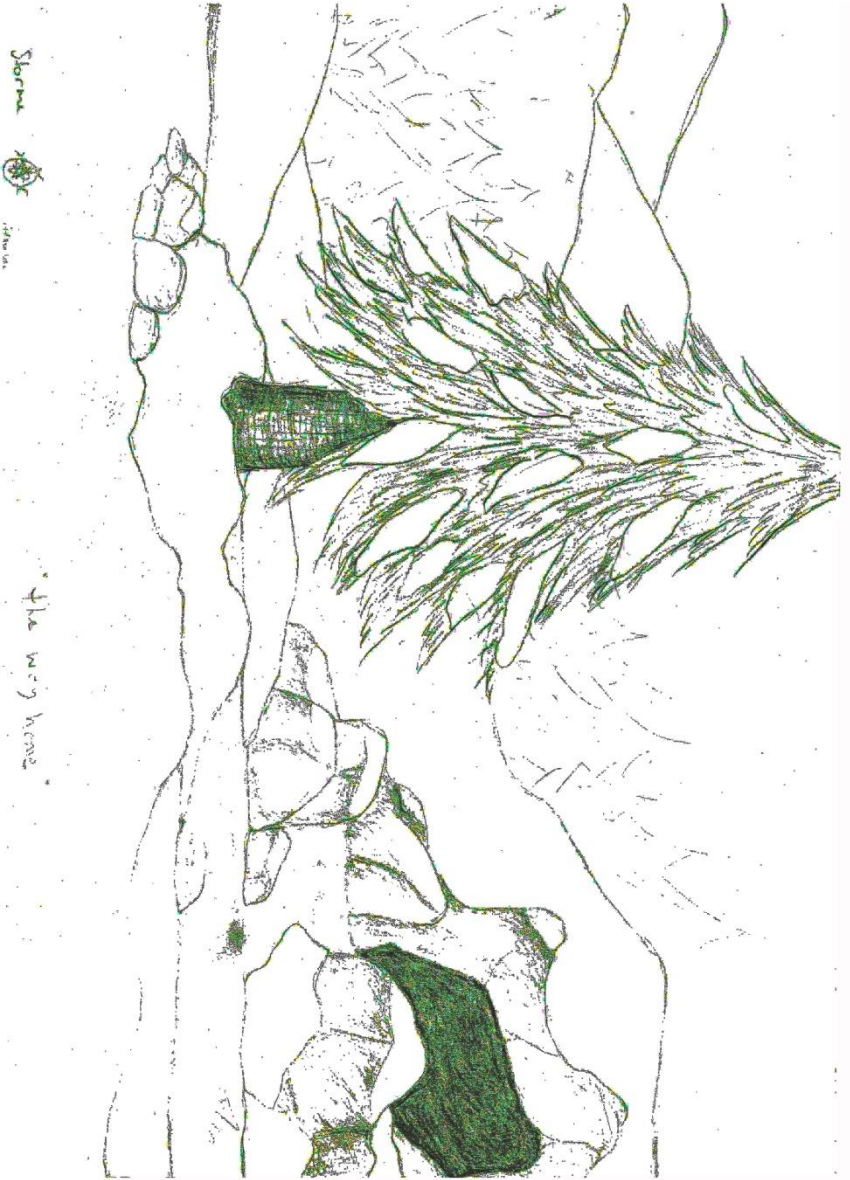




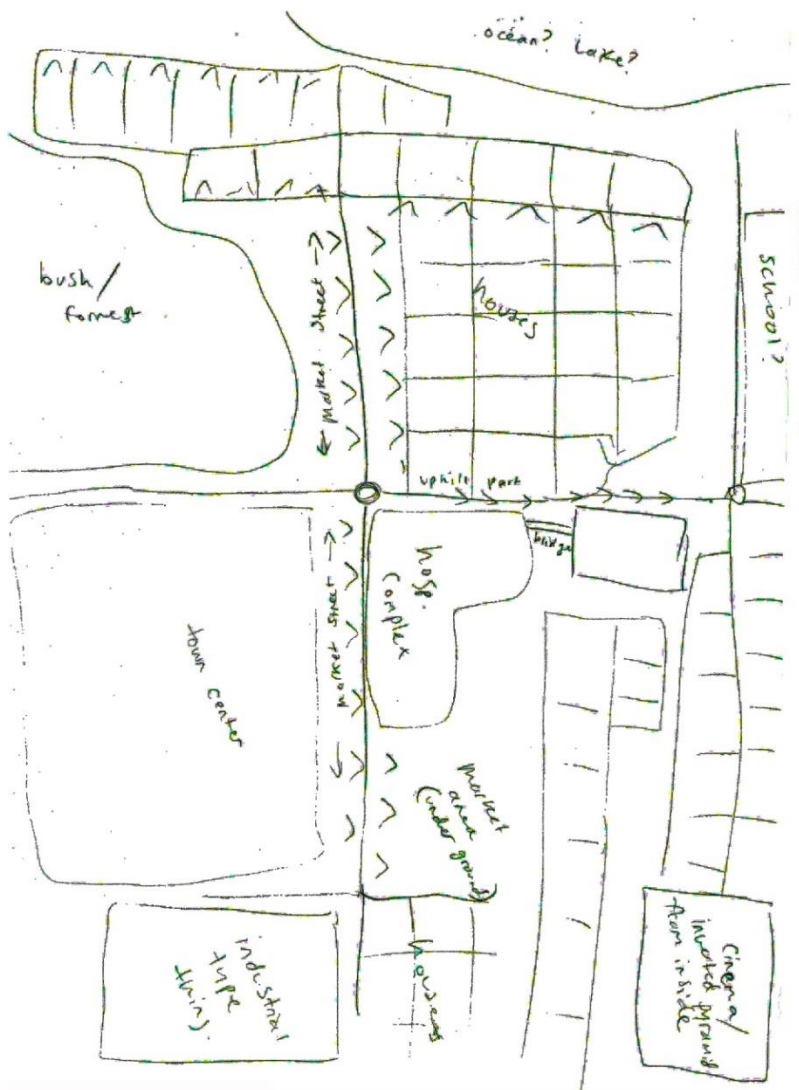


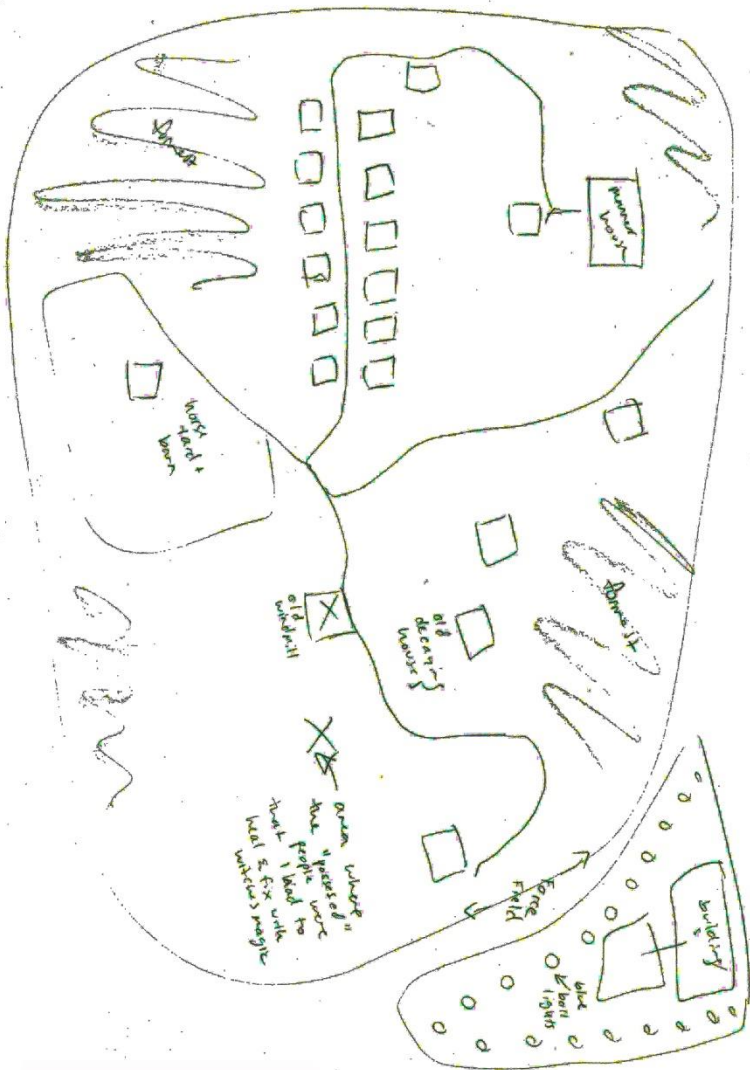
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Jaslyka Bremer











CHAPTER THIRTY:

PLACES I HAVE VISITED DURING LUCID DREAMING

Through the summoning of the portals, I have been able to frequent several dream environments, some of which have been corroborated by other fellow lucid dreamers including Storme. These environments contain their very own portals which link them to each other, often times hidden in really strange and obscure places, such as underground tombs and caverns.

During my youth, The Island became a place I would venture to on “lucid holidays” every few weeks. They are not laden with space based themes, as one would expect; the main theme present in all of them is that they contain architecture and energies that suggest almost a medieval type setting. Apart from the portals, most of them would seem to harbour no incredible technology and suggest a pre – electrical/mechanical era.

They are extremely weird, and often times have things going on that cannot be explained to a human audience conditioned to the “normal mode of thinking”. For example, in one of these worlds – which has occurred as a synchronised memory between myself and Storme – even the slightest fire, such as that coming from a cigarette lighter is considered the most terrible and terrifying thing in existence which causes riot like panic amongst its citizens, who can – for some reason – never

just think to pour water on it.

After this youthful period of my life, the Portal Theatre became another place I would access probably just as regularly, if not even more than the Island. These were never dreamscapes I would imagine up through my own visualizations; they were always just “there” and could only be accessed via the summoning of the spherical portals that Castaneda apparently talked about in his books regarding his apprenticeship with the Master of dreaming, Don Juan.

Often times, I would be actively engaged in a dream scenario of my own devising, and 100% lucid when either the sudden realisation that I needed to attend to “more important things” would overwhelm me, or I would be met by a strange black haired woman who I called Lyra who would remind we had important business to attend to, in which case I’d summon a portal and project into/out of it away from my dreamscape.

Lyra (or a very similar being) was a crossover point for one of mine and Storme’s synchronized dreams; the cult of Psagreen dream. Lucid awareness of my body back on earth is always 100% whilst in these places. Whilst in them, they are just as real and vivid as this physical “reality.”

Portal Island:

A Large Island that has a burgundy/ purplish coloured sky like it is always stuck in twilight . There is a forest in the middle and a Naval dock on one side which is guarded by a long fence that runs the length of a nearby beach. The dock contains “something big, and hidden” like possibly a large aquatic animal like a squid or a similar looking “flying” vehicle – I don’t know how I know this.

The shipyard itself consists of a big square building that looks like a giant shipping container, and right next to this adjoining the building is a large concrete floor that would be exposed to the elements if it weren’t for its roof, which harbours some kind of crane like machinery.

The forest has an entanglement of pathways running through it - parts of it lead to the Ancient Marketplace – and some of the trees have exposed roots that mark the entrance way to what appears like a small animal burrow one can just fit into if they try and crawl into it.

After a distance of crawling through bare earth, these burrows become lined by yellowish bricks which eventually open out into an underground tomb that has a sarcophagus in the middle, at a lower, sunken level which appears to be a small alcove. The sarcophagus, when opened contains a portal that I have many times used

to go to different planes; it is directly connected to the Village as an inward projection, or the Theatre Room as an outward one. It seems to provide some kind of specific coordinates that it allows one's visualizations to lock onto. To the right of the sarcophagus, when exiting the burrow/tunnel system, is a sort of ramp that leads up to higher level that I never bothered exploring. A similar description of this tomb is given in a declassified CIA paper on remote viewing session of the Galactic Federation's headquarters.

In Storme's recollection of the Island, there is a house we lived in on the beach just shy of the forest line. According to her I used to work at the naval shipping facility, which explains why I know it is a squid like thing that is being hidden there. She also remembers another burrow portal near here.

Subterranean Cavern:

This place is like an underground river that runs through an entire cave system, and has these weird little mud house things lining its banks. Usually when I come here there is some sort of war I am fighting in and I often times have to take refuge in these mud houses.

It is the same place my cult of Psai-green experience happened, although that appeared to be in a timeline different to the usual one I have. There are a sort of barracks in the middle with all these weird pipe things everywhere that you fly up by projecting your consciousness into the pipes; they remind me of air pipes that carry messages in capsules from one destination to another, except specifically for carrying consciousness to a specific location within the dream environment.

Usually in my dreams I follow the river downstream where it all of a sudden runs through a very tight tunnel, and I have to jump in the water to escape whatever is going on behind me.

Sometimes there is a completely separate "mini world" at the end close to where the river goes through the enclosed tunnel cavern; this mini world is like an almost spherical shaped valley cut out and below the main walk way next to the river with lush green pasture at the bottom and some sort of festival gathering going on. Other times at this end of the cavern there is something very strange which I think might have to do with breeding programs but I am not exactly sure what.

Storme remembers this cavern, but more particularly this spherical valley part of it in the exact same way I have described it, with the only exception being a machinery building by the right bending elbow of a small stream that houses even more portal devices. I remember the machinery building by the stream bend, though I have no recollection of using any of the portals in it, despite Storme's dreams suggesting we both used them and were here specifically for that reason.

The Unlight:

This is literally just a train like track running through a dark void, very similar to the void space; although it is not a specific shape, one gets the feeling they are stuck in a giant cylinder (like the void space) due to the temporal distortions.

Underneath the track is just an infinite chasm that one gets the impression is not a wise place to fall into.

Somewhere along the track is this weird house that stands alone on a hill that always has some very strange things going on to do with inter dimensional travel; it can only ever be accessed on occasion and is not always there; it is the only part of the void chasm that isn't void like (again I cannot adequately describe this to people who haven't experienced it).

This house exists at the left side of a T junction "road" that comes down off the ridgeline from where the train stop is; to the right of the junction one goes down another road for a very short distance, and then at another left is a sort of cluster of these same weird houses around a sort of courtyard (Storme has had experiences in these houses).

Coming off this courtyard is more of these roads which seem to go down a hill and veer off either left or right before coming back and terminating as a loop at a different side of the courtyard.

I have had many experiences of going down these roads, whereby consciousness undergoes some very strange things; the memories from them are always fragmented of which there is no coherent way to describe. There are scary things here if one is not mentally prepared enough.

One side of the Unlight seems to terminate in a chamber that appears to be inside a pyramid where I had my third interaction with my higher self just before I was initiated into the Unseen 5 (the dwelling of the All Being). The other end seems to go to a train station made out of red bricks, very typical of what you'd expect of old European train stations.

Both of these termination points cannot be accessed whilst traversing this void; I have appeared in them with the realisation they were somehow connected to this train track; whilst in this void your only real option of travel is through the houses, which are not exactly comfortable affairs. They are extremely weird, almost like drug houses for "addicted" demons.

Time Travel Towers:

These towers are like skyscrapers that reach high into the sky and are surrounded by a pink watery substance below on the ground. Every time I am here, I am on some sort of team and it is like we are using it as a training ground for remembering "time line" resets; it reminds me of laser tag, but instead of "lives" your team gets the timeline resets. If you touch the water your whole team ends up being reset and you

start over from the bottom. The goal is to climb the towers while blasting the opposition out of that timeline from over on their tower. If one of you gets shot, everyone on your team also undergo a reset.

Somewhere near the higher level are these glass elevators that have a secret little hatch underneath them that stops you getting affected if your team undergoes a timeline reset; this gets into some extremely confusing territory because everything is functioning from the 4th dimension; you remember the timeline before the reset (if you have done the training properly) but you are no longer a participant of it.

Down in the water are what appear to be shipping containers scattered everywhere that lead to the “the Village”, if one learns how to navigate them: you have to project consciousness to them in a very specific way, otherwise you risk overshooting them and falling into the water. A few years ago I came to the “realisation” that I had completed my training in this area.

Olden Village:

This is like an old village that has a few roads and things draped by it, one of which reaches to the top of one of the many apartment buildings littered everywhere.

My first interaction with this village was through the “Theatre” where it became apparent that something here was causing timeline resets.

Most of my interaction with this world is like a puzzle where once you solve the problem and figure out what is causing the resets, you are given access to a portal which takes you to yet another world that you have to try and remember being reset. I’ve travelled through 8 of these “layer” worlds, after figuring out the puzzle from past dreams of it. It’s like one big mind game; a mind maze.

Again, I have another in my circle that has past life memories of this place. The mind game seems to have certain conditions that can allow a “cheat” portal to appear which provides access to areas of the scenario that would otherwise be off limits, and this is the key to passing that level.

Portal Theatre:

The theatre world is a strange place. In my early twenties, just prior to my first “mystical” experience, I started ending up here a lot during my lucid adventures; it looks like a standard movie theatre, where you go down a hallway with different “theatre” rooms coming off each side.

I think I only ever used to use the last one right at the end, on the right. When you go in, it is basically as you’d expect with the chairs surrounding a screen, but instead of the screen there is a spherical shaped portal hovering in mid-air to such a degree that you have to look up at it.

Something weird goes on here as it is like you are swimming when you go near the portal; there is a very specific way you have to enter it which involves projecting

your consciousness around an invisible “maze” before you can go into it. Different theatres contain different portals which I believe go to different places, but I rarely used any of the other rooms.

I know that I had some very, very intense experiences here involving the Village World, but I cannot remember them, and I know they were important (I was visiting this place more regularly than I was having my zombie dreams which led to my reincarnation memory).

Much of these experiences had been recorded in my digital dream journal that was on the laptop that got stolen.

The portal I used led directly to the Ancient Market world, and it was always the same scene playing out.

Both Storme and I remember the Theatre Room and the Ancient Market, in explicit detail, though Storme suggests she remembers the theatre room being used specifically for “consciousness brainwashing” in which people were being forced into holographic realities via these portals.

This isn't a place you can get to very easily and navigation is extremely difficult if you are not privy to the mysteries of consciousness projection. We weren't supposed to remember it; I am absolutely sure of this. Half the time we were operating from what appeared to a drugged state of consciousness (not physical drugs but drugs that affect your ability to lucid dream administered specifically in the other worlds). I believe this place was one of my assignments

Ancient Market:

I always popped out in this place after going through the portal in the Theatre world (inward projection). Both Storme and I have very vivid memories and have described this place in extremely accurate detail; it is like you are on a cobblestone road that “curves” upwards like you are inside a hollow sphere or something with a small radius, and this extends for several kilometres – almost like you are on a ringed road surrounding a very small planet – gravity curves with the road so when you move forward, it is always pushing downward on your head– but the surrounding environment just seems Earth based.

If you took a photo of the Great Wall of China and bent it so that perceptively it curved upwards in front of you instead of leading straight ahead, this would be a close resemblance of this place. Except that is quite a lot wider.

There is a weird market festival – seemingly very typical of traditional Oriental festivals – going on both sides of the “road” where spices and Tibetan style flags and other forms of primitive entertainment are being sold.

People are running around everywhere in general excitement for the festival; there is no modern technology. My assignment in this world was specifically related to all my training I had undergone at the Time Travel Towers which I later found out connected this world with the Village World (the Village World was the first “level”

of the consciousness mind mazes).

I would always start at my “drop off point” and have to work my way up to the top of the curve through the crowds. It was when I would get here that something extremely “bad” would happen – though I cannot remember it now, I am sure I had it recorded – that would completely change the mood of the festival goers and see them running out of sheer terror, but it was an invisible threat.

There was always some sort of reset going on and I had been sent here specifically to investigate what had been causing it. There was an area around behind where I would “appear” that led to a sort of forest that had similar burrow tombs like those found in the Island

These tombs had other portals that led to other places, one of which I have a vague recollection of getting trapped in. There was some very strange and bizarre things going on here that I cannot quite remember, but they had something to do with the usual consciousness torture I was constantly being put under; go in, get tortured, remember it and come back and tell my handlers – this was my day job.

There was this strange pinkish water; the same stuff that led to the Time Travel Towers many kilometres away.

Storme remembers seeing her dead cousin here and talking to her; both of them knew she was dead and Storme was operating from a state of 100% lucid awareness (as was I in pretty much all of these experiences). When she asked about the water her cousin told her it was something the inhabitants of that world couldn’t enter as it “did something weird to them”. Our impression is that “over the water” is where we “dwell” in the land of the “living”.

The tomb burrows are not pleasant places to go into; it’s hard to describe but even though you have no size, being pure consciousness, you can be forced and bound into specific areas of operation that make you feel as though you are crawling into a tight space, and this is exactly what it is like operating in these tunnels. They go a few metres underground, and are littered with dirt and other natural debris.

Only a few of my experiences in this Ancient Market world place saw me venture into these tombs, when I needed to access these specific portals; they are not places I would want to venture into out of exploration, as they contained very weird things I cannot describe, plus they were extremely claustrophobic.

The Lake:

This was some random big lake in the middle of a dome that blocks light. Around about the time I had my projection into the off world intelligence when I was about 14 – 15 that let me inhabit its body, I was visiting this place quite bit.

I have specific memories of coming here and staying for extended periods then coming to the realisation that if I didn’t all of a sudden leave right then and there, I would become stuck and not be able to re-enter my body back on Earth.

My interpretation of it was that it was a lake on a different planet that had been

covered by a sort of glass to make habitation possible; it always seemed to be night time outside.

In addition to this I have had experiences involving aquatic dimensional portals that seem to beat like a heart and suck you in from an artery-like river and spit you out in a different world, as well as others that seem to have some sort of gyroscope spinning around them that “lines up when they open.

These particular portals remind me of Shiva’s statue outside the CERN headquarters; each circular layer of the gyroscope spins in a different direction (think of this 3 dimensionally like a hula hoop rotating through the Z to the Y plane in front of you) and at a different speed so that when they all line up, thus lining up their glyphs, the portal is opened. I guess these were more “Stargates” than they were the same as the portals I was summoning in the dream state.

Celestial Courtyard:

The Celestial Courtyard was the first place I was taken to by the Elder Guardians along with the twenty thousand other “souls” as well as all of our celestial family. It is strange in that it exists as sort of like a piece of land, maybe an acre or so randomly floating in space; you can literally see the stars and the close by planet and its moon that it orbits. Unlike on earth where the orbit of our moon is subtle, you can see the planet and its moon completely circle the courtyard in a matter of minutes. I have been to a very similar pergola to the one that sits in the clearing where the gathering was had one other time during an astral projection; this is a very sacred place within the courtyard.

During one astral projection experience several years prior to this meeting, I came unto the underside of this pergola and can remember in explicit detail the vines that wrapped its pillars. The top of the pergola doubled as a sort of lookout platform over the whole courtyard and the myriad of stars and planets in the distance.

The podiums where the rest of the Elder Guardians sat was lined by a sort of wall or long step about half a foot high that circled the sitting area, that was itself curved in a semicircular fashion, sort of like a very miniature amphitheatre.

Between the clearing with the pergola and the sitting podiums was the altar which I used to access the Akashic records and to write the scroll; this altar bore the same ancient appearance as the pergola and the sitting podiums. I remember the scroll, once completed, being so long that it wrapped around the sitting podiums several times.

All Being Pyramid Chamber:

This was the chamber I appeared in during my third “Lesson in Gnosis”, where I met the All Being/ God of Consciousness right before being initiated into the

Unseen 5. I found out just before finishing this book that a lot of my meeting with the All Being was a synchronized memory of Storme's; whereas I only remember the inside of this place, she remembers the outside as well.

It was extremely evident as soon as I appeared here that it was the inside of a pyramid; I could see the four walls, were slanted upwards and headed towards what would have been an apex if it had not been "blocked" by the base of a capstone.

From my vantage point at one edge of the pyramid base, I could see the base itself was a perfect square, and the far wall was between 50 to 100 meters away from me, but the space between me and that wall was obstructed by large rectangular blocks that seemed to be just randomly placed, with no clear reason as to why.

Half way along the wall to my right there was a large opening in the slanting wall where one of the bricks had been removed, and through it ran a train like track that ended in the middle of the base; I realized that this track was the same as the one from the Unlight world and that this was the termination point at the opposite side of the house on the hill.

The capstone office could only be reached via "bouncing" ones consciousness off the surrounding sloping walls, which was difficult as the sloping of them always reflected consciousness back towards the base. Once at the top there was a sort of ledge on one sloping side that joined the capstone office via a short walkway/bridge. Upon reaching this ledge I walked across the bridge and opened a door where I was met by an intense light emanating from within that formed into the genderless All Being as I approached it; I could feel myself connected to every other consciousness in existence whilst in its presence.

After my discussion about my place in the cosmos with this entity, I was instantaneously teleported to a chamber below the pyramid, which itself seemed to be an exact inversion of it; it was in this "pit" under the All Being's office that I was being trained in what appeared to be a "word weapon", or speech that burned my throat with incredible pain whenever I pronounced it wrong. Storme remembers this inverted pyramid chamber and teaching me the word weapon; according to her, it is a technique specifically for projecting consciousness through one's voice; the idea is that one creates a vibration with their voice then sends their consciousness through it to the boundaries that the sounds reach. According to her, this is needed in order to escape the mind mazes.

Ever since this experience I have often wondered about the infamous Illuminati symbol of the eye in the triangle and the missing 13th step in its pyramid and how closely it seems to resemble the capstone office of the All Being and the train track entry point.

Office of the Unseen 5:

This appeared to me as being an actual office or old building similar in appearance to the interior of the White House (or what I have seen of it through external media

anyway).

It had similar halls and a similar architecture, even a similar inner chamber lined with books and tables and various other common things, but it is hard for me to consider it as being an actual “place”, given what the leader was telling me in regards to their abilities at projecting holographic scenarios; I am sure that if they wanted this to look like the interior of a spaceship, they would have generated that holographic image. It is possible this is actually what this was.

This office supposedly exists entirely in the astral plane; it cannot be reached via any physical means whatsoever, and is located about half way between astral earth and the astral moon (if one can consider both the earth and moon as having astral counterparts – I still am unsure how to translate this location properly).

Access is solely at the discretion of the leader; you cannot project here without the leader’s approval, and the only way to gain that approval is to recognize and pass the tests that are laid before you in the dream state. Upon entering the door to the greater chamber, where I met the other four members of the organization, if one heads right they will come to another door that leads them into a small room with a 3D holographic projector set up in what appears to be a small cylindrical assortment of rocks.

As the projector starts, the room “dissolves” around you and you find yourself immersed in the projection, similar to when you create a dream utilizing the void space, though you are still able to hear everything going on in that room.

Futuristic Ancient Egypt:

This is where my last experience with the Grand Elder first took place. It is a great city of what appears to be a very different Egypt than what can be found in history books. It is both ancient and futuristic at once; only one pyramid exists at the edge of the city, and it is evident by its smoothly carved surfaces that it is relatively new.

Behind the pyramid is the residential buildings of the lower class peoples, which take the form of cramped apartments, and hugging the front of it is a dirt road. To the “south” (if one faces the road with the pyramid at their right I call this North) at an appreciable distance, in the middle of a wheat field is the sleeping facility. The road runs past the sleeping facility for many kilometres; north is blocked by more buildings.

Directly in front of the pyramid, the road becomes a T junction and leads directly to a bridge lined with cobblestones; the bridge arches over a great river (the Nile?), and it is this river that separates the slums district of the lower class from that of the middle and upper classes.

On the pyramid side of the river industrial buildings line its banks to the north, of

which there seems to be some kind of water processing plant and waste facilities. This is where the poor people of this city spend every waking moment working to keep it “clean”; through all these industrial pathways and residential buildings is a myriad of pathways and alleyways lined with bricks where the poor class slaves spend their entire existence; there is no weekend or lunch breaks.

On the other side of the bridge is a triangular shaped platform made of stone that sits in the middle of the river which has seats and trees that provide a sort of rest spot for the middle class, whenever they are allowed to take break from their political obligations.

Another short bridge connects the triangular platform to other bank of the river where the political chamber and the residential buildings of both the upper and middle classes are located. Coming off the bridge, the political chambers are to the right about 100 metres away; they take the form of large sphere that is both built into the side of the bank, and is half submerged into the river with its top reaching several stories into the sky.

This is the only work that exists here; there are no corporations or anything; you are either a politician or a slave; the upper class are the ones who determine policy and the middle class are put in general administration roles.

I was evidently a middle class man working as an administration cleric in this political chamber’s library.

The residential buildings themselves consist of rectangular shaped apartments that are attached to the spherical political chambers and extend as a wall to ones right yet another 100 or so meters; they exist in a sort of step like arrangement and wrap back to the river on the left hand side, in which they double as a wall to block the lower class water supply off from that of the middle and upper class; the middle and higher class dump their waste downstream into the bottom section which eventually becomes the lower class’s water supply after it goes under the bridge.

The upper class residential buildings are found at the highest parts of the residential building complex, and there is a myriad of pathways that run from parts of the political chamber sphere directly to these residential complexes to provide quick and efficient access to them.

The middle class are expected to use the one pathway at the bottom near the bridge, which acts as a “covered” walkway for a good part of the distance between the bridge and the political chamber sphere.

Hovering TV screens are one of the more futuristic components of the city and can be found on every corner feeding an endless supply of propaganda to its citizens,

most notably in the slums, to keep the slaves happy that their work is “necessary”.

Dream Facilities:

Both Storme and I have experienced “waking up” in the dream facilities, and in majority of these cases they have been synchronized dreams. They seem to be set up exactly how you’d expect to find any modern hospital, though they sometimes appear in really old and ancient type settings, with matching architecture.

Again, we are usually under the influence of a “consciousness anaesthetic” whenever we wake up in one of these facilities, and the scenario plays out as if the other dream characters just assume these drugs will keep us docile and forgetful enough for them to carry out whatever they are doing to us; we seemed to have built up a tolerance to these drugs over the years.

The first one of these dream facilities was in my last contact experience with the Elder Guardian; one “comes to” in a long hallway that is lined with nothing but white tiles on every surface, completely naked and being escorted by guards to a large, heavy, metal sliding door about one foot thick.

This hallway is apparently used to brainwash individual consciousness’s into accepting a virtual reality construct as being real, according to the Grand Elder, so it’s actual length is hard to determine, as the virtual reality construct initializes shortly after walking into it (it uses a similar 3D holographic projector mechanism as the Unseen 5, though it doesn’t look like a fire pit).

On the other side of the metal door, one comes out on a ledge hugging a wall overlooking a control room at a sunken level to the left, which is insulated by a guide rail. This control room is typical of what you’d expect to find in any military installation; it is a room full of computers and their respective technicians in front of a larger “theatre” screen that provides a map of some sort, and other sorts of data. On the left hand wall is a viewing window that leads into another, inaccessible room, where I noticed an “off world intelligence” monitoring the whole process. Though I cannot remember the exact image of the off world intelligence, I have a vague memory of it having an armoured exoskeleton, which makes me think it might have been a mantid.

It is about a ten meter walk to the furthest wall from the door to the hallway, and at that wall is another sliding metal door to ones right. This room has what appears to be yellow and black striped “hazard” tape or paint in a square shape on the floor. Above this hazard zone protruding from the roof is some kind of contraction that is used to “plug one in” to the VR construct.

Once plugged in, the VR construct is “summoned” in front of one as a spherical shaped portal, exactly like in lucid dreaming, and one projects into it, where they “wake up” back *here*; the consciousness drugs are supposed to prevent them from remembering the sleep facility.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE:

SYNCHRONISED DREAMS

Over the years, Storme and I have discovered that we have had many synchronized dreams, in which we both seemed to have been perceiving a scenario playing out from the different vantage points of our characters.

Sometimes these dreams come in the form of complete 100% lucidity for the both of us, i.e. complete understanding of our bodies sleeping etc, and other times they appear to be random unconscious dreams – we make a point of sharing our dreams with each other on a regular basis, and it is because of this that we ultimately began to realize how a lot of them were synchronized; one of us would relay to other what happened in a specific dream which would trigger the other’s memory of having that exact same dream, sometimes even years prior.

Some of my mystical experiences, whilst under the influence of the higher mind, have also had synchronicity with Storme’s experiences; my converse with the All Being, PsaiGreen and simulation revelation experiences were all synchronized in this manner; they all had crossover points with Storme – from my perspective – of which she then experienced the dreams unfolding from her perspective starting at that same crossover point. Sometimes there are slight inconsistencies in environment layouts etc, but the main theme is still heavily synchronized.

Our synchronized dreams have also allowed us both to compare notes on places we

have both visited during our lucid dreams, in which we have given almost exact descriptions of these places to each other – the Theatre World and the Ancient Market being case in point examples. It gets to the point where I will explain part of the place or dream, and then Storme will interrupt me and finish the sentence with an exact description of the scenario I was thinking. It is rather exciting having confirmation that these dreams are being shared by someone else at such a level of consistency.

I cannot explain this phenomenon beyond that I assume it to be an after effect of me hijacking her void space.

Remembering Death:

One of the most memorable of these was a dream where I was able to “remember” my consciousness detaching from the body exactly as I have experienced it during the transition phase into the void space, which has been the main inspiration behind my philosophies on death. Both of us were lucid in this dream.

My perspective:

We were attending some sort of party at this double story log cabin that sat overlooking a lake lined with pine trees; it was very European. The layout of this house was very peculiar, in that as you entered the front door you’d find yourself in a sort of sitting room that had a kitchen counter at the back but set back from the wall by about a metre. To the left at the kitchen end was a door that led to a bedroom. There were several families in attendance and they were all playing with their children in this room; there wasn’t the typical social divisions of all the woman in one group while all the men were in another; there was a group of both men and women playing with the kids in the bedroom, and a group of both men and women helping to fix lunch on the kitchen counter that had awkwardly been placed right next to the door to the bedroom. The other odd thing about this house was that the living room – which was basically just the space in front of the kitchen – was lined with carpet all the way up to the kitchen.

To the right of the kitchen was a window that overlooked a side of the lake which had a tree growing right next to it.

All of a sudden we heard shouting and the front door broke open , and we found ourselves watching a group of soldiers going through the house and massacring everyone with fully automatic weapons.

I remember there was a brief opportunity to pile the women into the room next to the kitchen, as the men tried to fight the soldiers off with whatever weapons they could find – which was usually a knife – but it was no use; the soldiers’ weapons were simply too powerful.

The soldiers eventually apprehended those who weren’t yet shot, and broke open the door to the room where the rest of the woman and children were hiding. I watched as they lined them up and executed them, before I myself was shot in the head.

Immediately I felt my consciousness detach from that body, “fall” through the floor and earth and go through a sort of weird wormhole thing that was very similar to the void space; it was a very similar experience to when I had consciously projected through the transition stage into the void space.

The next thing I knew was that I was in the body of another man in a bush setting and it was night time. This part of the bush seemed to be set up as a kind of prison camp with fences lined with razor wire around its extremities; it was a good few acres worth of prison area, which had some brick buildings littered here and there. I immediately noticed that some of the prisoners in this camp were the very same friends that had just been massacred with me back in the other world, though none of them recognized me; I was the only one who remembered that we had all just been shot. They were being utilized as slave labour.

Storme was nowhere to be found.

I tried asking where she was, but they just looked at me very suspiciously and wouldn’t give me a straight answer, clearly scared they would be reprimanded by the guards if they were caught.

I said to one of them “you guys remember what just happened don’t you? We were all just killed in the other place”. I was met with a sense of confusion by them as they slowly began to remember what had just happened. At first they disbelieved me, then I pointed out to each one of them the circumstances of their death, and they just stood there dumbfounded as the memories of the house came flooding back to them.

As everyone stood around clearly upset and disturbed about the revelation I just gave them, I once again asked where Storme was, as I knew I was supposed to find her; I had this knowing that I needed to remind her of the other world we’d just come from.

One of the women, remembering everything of the life she had just come from, decided she remembered me after all and told me Storme had been taken to the “isolation” section of the camp due to her resisting the guards and getting into a fight

with one of them. I walked off to find her, not worried about any of the guards I was going to be coming into contact with, knowing that I was much more powerful than them because of my knowledge of my past life.

I remember walking over a pipeline similar to the one down the road, and came into a clearing where Storme was being kept under guard by two personnel each side of her. I pretended to be one of the other guards until I could get close enough to take the two of them out. I told Storme I was there to get her out, which is when I realized she too could remember the whole ordeal from the other world.

Storme's Perspective:

To begin with it was like a family member's house or something along those lines. There was a bunch of cousins and other family there. There were heaps of people. It was night time or almost about to be night time, when I went into this house. There was a lounge room at the front and kitchen right at the back with an island bench type thing which came out about a metre from the back wall.

The back right of house was the kitchen, and then the left hand side was a dining area and then past that was a hallway with bedrooms. That whole area had no lights on so I couldn't see any detail of it. The kitchen didn't have a light on either, but the light from the lounge room towards the front of the house was illuminating just enough of the kitchen for me to see the island bench.

Everyone went weird for a minute; I can't remember the specific details but someone said "they are here" or something along those lines.

So I went and hid behind the bench. Some people went down the hall way bit to the bedrooms to hide, but I am pretty sure most of them were still in the living room all sitting on the couches talking.

I don't know if it was you or someone else but whoever it was in the dining area. Suddenly there was like urgency and someone said "get down or get to the back or hide". It all happened really quickly; people in the living room didn't really seem to register what was going on. I had a better understanding of what was happening than the others which is why I went and hid behind the bench.

Then suddenly a bunch of men stormed the front door and just started shooting everyone; they went through the whole house, room to room and shot everyone they found. I was hiding there behind the counter and I must have got shot because all of a sudden it was just blankness, before I woke up in what was like a room or a town hall or something with a bunch of other people there; a completely different place.

I was really confused as I could remember the house where the men had just stormed in and thought I was still there, but then realised I wasn't – I knew what had just happened with everyone getting shot.

A bunch of people were just talking casually, and one of them said "oh you've woken up",

and I vaguely remember saying “how did we get *here*”?

The people – some of them from the house – didn’t seem to register the question. They just replied “oh you fell asleep” like they were really dumb about everything.

Then I kind of registered that obviously something had happened because I was there and now suddenly in this different place and I think I asked one of the people – who was from the house – “do you remember how we got here?” and she didn’t really seem to understand the question. I said “do you actually remember how we got here?”

She kind of just stood there for a bit smiling and her face kind of dropped as she started thinking about the question which she didn’t actually answer. She just sort of looked at me for a bit. I said “don’t you remember the house?”. Someone whispered “you can’t say that stuff”. The woman didn’t really respond, she just gave me a sort of really confused and scared look.

Someone else came and said “you can’t say that”. I asked “why the hell not, it’s the truth”. He then told me I was going to regret it, really sternly. I was really bewildered by that because I thought that particular guy was my friend, but he intentionally said it loud enough to draw a nearby guard’s attention.

Then some person or dude who I hadn’t noticed prior just sort of came up to me really abruptly and said “you can’t be asking those questions. I said “what do you mean it’s just a question?” he replied that I was behaving quite inappropriately and getting very rowdy. There was some other stuff going on as well in the background where a bunch of guys were harassing a woman.

When the guard came over after my friend had drawn his attention, I blatantly just said “are you going to do something about that” and pointed to the poor woman. I said “because if you don’t I will”. He just repeated that I was being very rowdy.

I just sort of looked around at all these people in this room and it hit me; everyone was just being really quiet with their head down not talking and all doing exactly what they were told. They were prisoners.

So the guard took me away out of the hall. It reminded me like a school set up; a school gymnasium with the corridor to all the classrooms; I just remember it had a very similar sort of setup to a school. The guard walked me out of that area down this school corridor, on one side was all rooms and other side just open to all the greenery and patch of grass. We went down this hallway then down this other hallway bit to these solitary confinement type rooms.

They stuck me in one of the rooms, and I can’t remember the details past that point though I have another recollection of being tied to a bed in the same room where they drugged me, electrocuted me and poked me with sharp things.

The Slanted Gym:

My Perspective:

I have a hazy recollection of this experience – I was not lucid – whereby there was a large group of us, Storme included, and we were sitting on a floor in a school gym doing some kind of artwork. I was working on my map for my fantasy novel, whilst Storme was writing something in a journal.

Something happened, and then we found we were both caught in chaos as everyone started getting up and running toward the exit of the gym, trampling on people and their work. I remember thinking that mine and Storme's work was important and I had to grab it at all costs, but it was really weird because at this point the gym was on a 60+ degree slant from one corner to its diagonal opposite making it virtually impossible to climb back to the other side where I could see my map and her book, sort of like the people running to one side had caused it to topple to that side.

Storme's Perspective

Refer to Crow Oracle in Paranormal Life of Storme chapter.

The Demon Winds:

My Perspective:

I was in this house that was on a bushy block along with several of my family members; all in all there probably about 7 of us all sitting on a lounge suite that bent around at a 90 degree angle. There was something going on outside, some kind of unseen force that was approaching the house.

Everyone else was scared to their wits end about whatever was happening outside; the general consensus was that whatever it was, it was trying to find us and we had to hide from it. I remember very specifically my father, mother and one of my sisters being there. My father was shaking uncontrollably from some sort of debilitating sickness he had. I believe it was cancer. I was the only one not seated, and decided staying in the house was stupid. I decided to go out and see what was happening with the unseen force; I wanted to know what it was. Everyone tried to stop me as I approached the door, but I ignored them and told them to sit down.

I was soon met by a presence that I knew was giant in stature, though it could not be

accurately comprehended. It was angered by something and was destroying things in total chaos because of it; the flurry of winds were from it throwing things around in a fit of rage. I told it I wasn't afraid of it, to which it replied it was not there to harm me and its anger had nothing to do with me or my family. It soon left after a brief discussion of things I cannot remember.

Storme's Perspective:

There was a house on a bush block (very similar to the place we are living at currently). All of my family, my mother, brother, grandparents, myself and our children were all sitting on these couches that had been arranged in a square like manner. Outside there was extreme "demonic" winds blowing around.

Everyone was very afraid, most notably my pop who said we just had to sit in silence until whatever the demon thing bringing the winds was stopped. I decided to go and see what it was and everyone told me that I really shouldn't do it, but I ignored them. I went outside and saw the demonic thing, that was angered and pissed off, and it said "I am not here for you".

I went inside and told everyone it was ok as the thing wasn't after them. I then placed my hand on the window and noticed that the print it left looked like I had stumpy fingers; I pulled my hand away and realized that my fingers had been cut off in a very similar manner as to how your (DM's) fingers curl in because of your injuries, despite this dream occurring before that particular incident.

The Sleep Facilities:

My perspective: (Refer to Fourth contact chapter ending)

Storme's perspective:

There are several of these lucid dreams of being in the hospital. I can't remember which particular order they go in.

I think the first one was where I was walking up the road at the Ancient Market – that weird road that curved upwards – and my dead cousin Bec was there. She asked where we were going.

I told her that I had to go into this building and pointed to the hospital. She was aghast and asked why the hell I would want to go *back* there. She was really shocked to know I was even contemplating such a thing.

I said "I have to!" I have to get someone out."

She replied "oh well. I am not going in!"

I told her that I didn't care and that it was fine. She offered to walk me most of the way to this crossroads section that was near it.

All of a sudden all of these people came out of nowhere and just went across this road and then a few seconds later it was sort of done; that was their allocated time to go from one place to another or something. I told Bec I thought it was weird and she sort of went "hmm yeah. They have to do that here".

I said "oh yeah?" And that was sort of our parting ways area.

She went back and I went across the road into this car park then down underneath into this hospital building and there was two guys there. They were freaking out about something, saying "we gotta go get him" or do something like that.

The person I was supposed to get out of there suddenly just walked up to these guys, and I realised I didn't have to go in after all. He was right there, but he seemed oblivious to what was going on, and I realised he was still in a drugged state.

The other two guys who were really animated and freaking out, had an argument about something and one of them went back into the hospital.

The other one went "fuck that I am not going back in" and left. The guy I went to get said "oh we will have to go after the one who just went back in". I told him the other guy had made his own choice, and we didn't have to go after him.

The guy who I went there to see was adamant he go and follow this guy. All I could think was "fuck this. I just want to leave, and just let him be killed there".

I remember the guy (who'd had the argument with the one who went back in) was saying "I'm not going back in", then he left and he said "are you coming?" as he went down this ramp thing. I just stood there for a minute and sighed and said "give me a minute I don't know". The guy was just suddenly completely gone, he didn't bother waiting for me to make up my mind.

I remember thinking "I have to start all over again for this idiot that wouldn't bother listening to me again". I was just about to leave but a guard came up the ramp thing I was going to go back out into the town by and it literally made me have no choice but to go back into the hospital to hide from him.

The next one I am pretty sure came after the first one: I woke up and I was in this same hospital, not in a bed or anything just standing in a room. I have had heaps of lucid dreams of being in these hospitals; there is not just one of them but many.

To begin with, I wasn't entirely lucid just vaguely aware of my surroundings. Then I was being led up this weird hallway that was sort of steep, like it was a ramp. There were a couple of other people with me to begin with being led up these ramp things

and Bec was one of the people.

I then started to kind of realise that I was being led up them and that I wasn't walking up them casually by myself. This is where I became lucid – I was well and truly aware of my body back here in the physical plane but allowing the dream to unfold similar to watching a movie except from 1st person vantage point.

I kind of clicked that they were doing some kind of consciousness drug control thing, so I just went with it, because I knew if I looked too non-compliant they would probably realise I wasn't completely anaesthetised and do something to me to make sure I was.

I finally got led up to this flat landing bit. It kind of went across a hallway to another flat landing, but it was all see through except for the floor. So I went across that hall. Then at the flat landing bit there was kind of like a stair case going all the way back down.

I was standing at the top and some guy was at the bottom; there was an elevator to my right. He called out and because I was aware I accidentally reacted to him calling out. The guard next to me had this little cattle prod thing at the back of me and he prodded me in the back with it, and I thought he was going to cotton on to me being lucid.

So I went further back in the zone of dreaminess; I allowed myself to be less lucid so he didn't figure out something was going on. The guy that was down the bottom of stairs said "are you awake?" – meaning was I consciously aware – and the body I was in automatically shook its head, as if to say no, even though I was.

Then he muttered something out of frustration and walked off.

The guard that was with me then put me back on the path and I went up to this lift. The lift went to this other floor which was just a really big room; it was literally just a massive hospital room that had lots of beds in it.

None of them had a cubicle or anything, but every bed had this screen thing that was in front of it. There were only a handful of people in there; they were all standing with these guards, and the whole thing was they get strapped to the beds, the consciousness drug gets injected into them and then they play a certain amount of whatever on the screens; fake memories, fake ideas that sort of thing to convince them that it is their own thoughts and own experiences. That is the whole point of those rooms; reality brainwashing.

I remember the guards walked off, and the handful of people were just talking amongst themselves – just he said she said nonsense kind of stuff.

I went out of the lift – the room has just a lift to get in and out of it but rather than

have to go through the whole entire hospital I tried to just go straight down and out. It took me to this lower level where there was nobody around. There was an occasional guard but it was incredibly easy to dodge them. I think it must have been the storage level or something. It still had lots of the weird slanted floor rooms; the hallways weren't just all flat, they were ramps.

Sleep Facility 2:

My perspective:

Storme and I were at some public party near the oval of the town we are currently residing in. I don't remember if our kids were there, but other people's kids were playing near to the main group.

Suddenly a group of black helicopters, about 4 or 5, appeared and landed pretty much right on top of the main group of people, and out stepped some guards kitted in black helmets and armour. They forced everyone into the back of the helicopters, which I noticed had no floor or seats and were really just a bench with seatbelt harnesses on them to stop people from falling out; these helicopters reminded me of the water bombers they used to fight fires with – the big red ones with a bit cut out of the fuselage to accommodate the water tank.

The guards grabbed the children themselves who were screaming and terrified and put them in these little chair swing things in the very middle of the helicopter, and the parents were lined around the edges. It was done so quickly that they didn't bother doing up the harnesses, or telling people to do them up, and the helicopters were lifting off as soon as the last person was put in.

I asked Storme "are you here?" – my code phrase for determining if she is lucid within my lucid dreams – to which she replied no.

I remember yelling out to everyone to do their harnesses or they were going to fall out, wondering how the children were going to do theirs and really concerned about them falling out. Some people didn't get to theirs in time, and as the helicopter banked to one side they were thrown out of their seat and had to grab onto the harness for dear life. Soon after this something happened and I blacked out, possibly due to some unknown g force.

I woke up in a bed in what appeared to be a hospital hallway, heavily drugged. My bed was being pushed to the end of the hallway by someone in a typical white hospital gown, and this person who I think was a very heavily built woman (but could have just as easily been a man given she had that "type" of face) stopped as she got to a wooden door.

She knocked on the door, and then another hospital staffer unlocked it and opened it,

seeming surprised that she had brought me.

At this point I was still heavily drugged but had some idea of what was going on, and I knew I had to play completely out of it, so I lay on the bed motionless. Behind the door way seemed to be an office type room that was adjacent to a medical storeroom, and the person behind the door seemed to be grabbing needles and substances in preparation for another dosing against my will.

Meanwhile the woman who had brought me to the door, came back to undo a strap that was binding my arm to the bed. As soon as she had undone the strap, I seized my opportunity and reached out to grab what I think may have been a vase of flowers resting on the window sill next to where my bed was, or something made of glass at least, and then smashed her over the head with it.

Even though I was drugged, I knew I had to be quick so I stumbled into the storeroom holding a piece of broken glass, where I was met by the other staffer who had clearly just dropped all his medical supplies. I tried to stab him with the glass, but ended up just falling on him in my drugged stupor and rammed him into a shelf full of needles and other random things. When I got up I noticed the glass I was holding had somehow embedded itself into his face, and he was lying motionless on the floor. I took off this guy's gown that was blue rather than the white like the woman had, and half arse draped it over me, cutting a chunk out of the bottom of my foot in the process as I was stepping on all the broken stuff in the storeroom; I could feel the intensity of the pain as if it were completely real.

I stumbled down the hallway, somehow managing to find my way to the entrance, which I don't think was very far from the storeroom.

There was a single guard patrolling the floor, but she didn't see me, or notice I was a patient because of the gown (this room was massive with bad lighting and she was a good way off). I tried acting as normal as possible, despite the effects of the drugs and the glass in my foot, but I had somehow calculated that she'd notice the blood at some point during her arc, so I didn't have long.

As soon as her back was towards me I hurried my pace and got to the massive glass door that led outside; the pain in my foot was excruciating. I opened it and went through and no sooner had I done than I heard the guard shout at me to stop, as she had noticed the blood trail I was dragging with me. This part of the hospital was set right on a beach, in which you had to walk down a flight of zig zagging steps that had been built into the side of a rocky embankment.

I hobbled down some steps, then intentionally broke off to the left and headed back towards the hospital, but this time to the side of it, which appeared to be some sort of car park, to throw the guard off. By now there was an incredibly loud alarm sounding and a lot of noticeable activity happening in the hospital, which had been until then, as silent as a ghost town. While the guard ran off down the beach looking for me, I hid behind a car. My foot was hurting like crazy.

She soon came back running, and went back inside the hospital, when she realized I wasn't down there, so I took my chance and hobbled down to the surf so I could

wash the blood off my foot and keep them off my trail. The set out was strange; lining the beach were various cafés and restaurants, and I remember some people looking at me very weirdly as I hobbled along. Someone must have reported me, as I could see flash lights way back behind me where the hospital was. This was definitely a very rich part of town.

I veered off and found myself in someone's yard a good distance from the beach. It was night time, and seemed to be quite late/early in the morning so I could move about quite freely without people seeing me. I headed down an alleyway and found myself in another yard, and decided to grab some clothes off this person's clothes line, then continued down some dirt road that seemed to lead to the middle of nowhere.

I am not sure what happened next, but I ended up in some random person's house the next town or a few towns over. I don't know if I passed out and this person found me or if I automatically went there from a subconscious memory (I think that was more likely) but Storme showed up a short time later and helped them clean my wounds. The effects of the drugs were starting to lessen, to the point I could only feel them ever so mildly, and then we started to talk and I realized we had a whole history together in that world as well as this physical one.

After she became comfortable I was close to my normal self she introduced me to our son, who I recognized from both worlds.

Soon after that a woman and a little girl arrived at this house, and our friend came to get us, quite worried that they were here (Storme and my reunion was a "you must not disturb us" type deal), so whatever it was it was important.

We went and met them on the outside veranda and, strangely, the little girl started crying and handed Storme an envelope telling her the tests on her liver had come back and there was "something wrong with it" (Storme has a liver/ kidney problem here in the physical world that has gotten worse since writing this book). She seemed to take charge over the woman who was like guarding her or something. I think our son started crying.

The last memory of the whole thing I have is looking at Storme and thinking how beautiful she looked and that I had finally found her (I have been searching for her in many, many other lucid dreams) and our son.

Storme's Perspective:

I was in a small house. From the outside it seemed really shabby kind of like a shack. On the inside the first room you go in still seemed shabby, but then there seemed to be a built on bit you couldn't really see from the outside. It was huge; like 2 storeys but it went back up a hill.

I was in the main room that looks mildly shabby compared to the rest, that had a kitchen part at the back of it. There was a little girl there. She was apparently my sister or cousin or something. Mum was also there, and she was cooking something with blueberries but she didn't know anything about cooking whatsoever. I was

literally teaching her step by step. She went to just pour a bunch of water into the blue berries while they were simmering; she didn't realise juice is inside fruit and I had to explain this to her.

She said "oh I didn't know". I said "that's why you need to be listening".

I went to the other room – the part that looks bigger; it was like a lounge room thing. At the back of it was a staircase going up to bedrooms and other rooms.

Underneath the staircase there was a doorway with another hall. So I went into that lounge room and there was a guy with his girlfriend in there; I assumed the dude was either my brother or cousin as well, but it is like I barely knew them, like I was supposed to know who they were but they were estranged family; you say hello but don't know anything about each other.

I was looking for someone in particular in the house but I couldn't remember who. I think I asked the brother/ cousin guy if he knew where whoever it was was. I think he said he either didn't know, or maybe up stairs. But just as I was about to go upstairs to check, mum came in and said "there is someone here to see you".

So I went back into that kitchen area. Next to the kitchen was sort of a table and chairs dining area and I sat down there with this guy. He was trying to explain something but it was really vague and I couldn't quite follow. The gist of it was that he had come out of the hospital.

I said "oh so you've been to the hospital?" I think replied "yeah I just came from that". He said something else but I can't remember most of it. I know I had to say something profound to him but I don't remember what it was either.

That was that.

I asked him if he knew where such and such was – this other person I was looking for – and he said he wasn't really sure. But it was almost like I was sort of testing him. I think he asked something about did we want to get married. I looked at him really weird for a bit and said "no, I am already married (to the person I was looking for)". I was well and truly aware of this physical world, but I was also aware of the variants of people in each place. So the name I was asking for was obviously the variant of you in that place.

Then I asked this guy if he had a cigarette for me – this is a symbolic thing that meant bad habit. He said "yeah. Yeah of course" and grabbed me one out of his pocket. Then the little girl came in and said something to me about a doctor or something – I can't remember the specific details. I know that she came in and that she was really upset. The guy left then I went into this other little room that came off the kitchen where the little girl was. She was like crying; like a sobbing sort of crying. I asked what was up and she said "it's really, really bad". I said something along the lines of I think it'll be ok, and she said "we'll see". The random dude had blonde hair and blue eyes.

The Afterlife

My Perspective:

I only have a vague recollection of talking to Storme about looking after the kids. Beyond that I cannot remember much.

Storme's Perspective:

It was basically just a regular dream of nonsense that I suddenly became moderately lucid in – not fully lucid, more like I thought “oh yeah I am also in a different place” – I had backwards knowledge of it sort of thing.

In the dream you were there and I think the kids were there too. We were in a concentration camp type place, like a lot of my dreams. I went to sleep; in the dream I said “I am really tired. I have to go to sleep right now!” and I asked you to watch the kids. You said “yeah that’s fine. I will wake you up if we need to go”.

So I fell asleep. I remember doing the whole astral projection thing from my dream body; I remember it being like moving through thick honey after astral projecting from the dream body; things went much slower. I remember going down a hallway and seeing a nurse who was apparently my aunty, she was a brown skinned woman.

She said “oh yes. This way. He has been waiting.” I followed her through this hallway and then it kind of came to a cross or T junction bit and I took the left. I found a door, and I knew I had to do all of it pretty quickly or something would have snapped me back out of the projection. There were a bunch of guards patrolling and I had to avoid them or they would have snapped me out of it too.

I found the door and opened it really quickly and stepped right in. My father one was in a meeting with a doctor of sorts – my father looked similar (to the guy from the All Being synchronization) – it was the same one to, but it was like he had put on a slightly more human form to talk to the doctor.

As soon as I entered the room he stood up and asked the doctor to excuse him. The doctor who was literally just a person in a white coat quickly left the room. My father walked over to me with a look like he’d been expecting me but also like he was a bit ashamed, like he didn’t really know what to say.

I can’t remember what I asked him, but as soon as I said whatever it was he started to answer. And then I am pretty sure someone else came in the room – one of guards – and grabbed my shoulder which then flicked me back into the sleep body. As soon as I woke up in the dream world, I remember telling you that in order to get to the actual spirit realm where things go once they are no longer in a physical form of any kind you have to astral project whilst sleeping and that they – the guards – will probably find you any way and take you back (to the dream world). I remember the one of you in the dream world said “you’ll have to remember that when you wake up. That is good information to know.” And I said “yeah I should probably do that now then”. You said “yeah ok. See you soon” and I woke up properly and told you in this physical world.

This place I was in was “the afterlife”.

Dragon Speech Training

My Perspective: (Refer to Third Lesson in Gnosis Chapter, regarding pyramid chamber of the All Being.)

Storme's Perspective:

To begin with, I was outside the pyramid; you could not actually see the pyramid as it was buried underneath a green hill; I was on the hill, so the pyramid's apex would have been underneath my feet. There was a path going down the right side of the hill that led into a kind of chasm that had train tracks on the other side.

It was kind of like one of those mind maze type of things to get across it; I was trying to teach all these people how to get across and none of them were listening so I was getting incredibly frustrated with them. I ended up going back up to the top of the path thing where the one who was apparently my {ethereal} father was; he had dark hair, and mildly tanned Caucasian skin, dark eyes and I am pretty sure no whites in the eyes.

Him and three other men were there – all of them looked human; my father was in human form but he had an aura that was obviously different about him. To begin with when I first saw him he had the big black wings that he usually has but then when the other people approached they disappeared and he seemed to sort of shrink to their size a bit; he was much taller than that.

So when the other three approached he then told me to go with him to the entrance to the pyramid. He said "it's time to do this now!"

I explained to him that the people on the path weren't listening to anything I was teaching them. He seemed upset for me and compassionate about it, at the same time also dismissing them as if they were kind of stupid anyway. It was almost like he expected them to be that stupid and he was apologising to me for them still being that way.

We got to the doorway of this pyramid thing – a sort of arched door way. It was a similar material to a ship material I had seen; it was like metallic carbon fibre finish but with shine. This door was in the side of the hill at the bottom; the hill was like a hobbit hole – you could not see the top of the pyramid from the outside at all.

The door was a metallic two piece locking thing that slid apart. Then there was a very small stone platform on the other side of the door that could just fit two people close together and that was it. So I went in with this other blondish guy (one of the three who was with my father) who I was teaching how to do this voice yelling thing.

Underneath the platform was an inverted pyramid chasm. The reason for the speech thing was to project yourself across to the middle part which was like a mini version of the pyramid itself. And I actually think, from very vague memory that it was the mirror of where we were, so if we had gotten over there we'd be in a mirrored dimension.

I remember doing the yelling thing and projecting my consciousness across to the middle

section and back again to give an example. The blonde guy tried to but he didn't make much of a noise. It was just a really odd raspy sound.

My father said to the blonde guy "you have to try again" then looked at me and I said "do you want me to do it again?" The blonde guy said that he'd try again. He kind of yelled a bit and it just abruptly stopped in this raspy pain sound and then he just stopped as well and bent over and, gasping and said "I can't do it, I just can't do it".

So my father then took him back out and elsewhere. I remember one of the other guys that was there had to judge me on how I could do the projection thing or something.

I remember being strained as it was, because something had done something to my ability to do it; something had scorched my voice because I was the best at doing this voice/consciousness projection thing, hence why they were trying to get me to train others. I believe this is why they were retesting me to see how much of it I'd gained back.

This guy wanted me to try getting to the top of the pyramid as there was this sort of room up there and I remember a few times I couldn't get up there; I'd get almost all the way there and then my voice would kind of burn out. I remember you have to go around the inside of the pyramid to get to the top. I don't think I got up there in that particular one, because I think something had happened outside again and I had to go back outside and around to the chasm.

The Guarded School:

My perspective: (Refer to Third Lesson in Gnosis Chapter regarding Nina Bejowski)

Storme's perspective:

The outside of the building was decrepit and falling apart old school hospital or old school building from Europe that was 3 or 4 storeys high.

When you go into it it's all just falling apart with debris everywhere. Then there was a staircase that went up to another storey and that took you down a hall.

All down the hall it was intensely modern. All the doors were these intensely thick steel doors that you can't get in or out of unless you have a key.

I was in one of those rooms; it was just a bathroom and a room with no windows. It was small and had a bed, a desk, some drawers for clothes and that's literally it. It was not a big room. So I was on the bed and there was a guard there. Then a nurse came in and said "It's time to go now". I could barely walk. I was really frail.

The guard asked "shouldn't she just be resting?"

The nurse replied "no he wants her now" - *he* being I think my father or the one they made me call father – possibly the same one. So she took me slowly – very slowly – down this hallway and down these stairs and then sat me at one of these old school desks. There was a male "teacher" at the front, and I think there was another guy at the door; I think that was the father one.

He came and asked me if I was ok and if I was ready to “start learning something” and then the alleged “lesson” began – I don’t know what it was on, but it was definitely brainwashing; this I am 100% certain of.

I remember there was only one person in the whole class that was actually nice to me – a little boy. The rest were really nasty horrible people; I remember most of them making fun of me because I could never understand any of the lessons. They also used to make fun of me because I was always so sick and weak, but then the boy who used to be nice to me used to tell them “shut up. It’s because of her power”.

This group of people I have had many dreams about; I have had plenty of dreams where these exact individuals have either been in a class with me, in a field with me or in the general vicinity doing something – this wasn’t a one off. I knew them, and I knew that I knew them from elsewhere.

Then some dude randomly came in and said “come on lets go”.

I kind of looked around at everyone, confused; I didn’t really know what to do. This guy asked who I am and what my name was or something along those lines. I thought I said Anya and refused to go with him saying I had to stay in class.

He said “do you even know these people, are these people even your friends?” and then the realisation hit me that that wasn’t the case at all except for that one boy who was nice to me. I didn’t really say anything I just sort of looked around and then looked back at him.

“Come on its time to go” he repeated. I am pretty sure I said “I can’t really walk”. He said, “yes you can”.

I said “no I actually can’t”.

He said “ok” and sort of helped me up and then pretty much dragged me out of the building. None of the other people seemed to know what to do. The teacher seemed to be freaking out saying “no no she can’t leave, and the nurse was yelling “no”. What do we do,?” But none of them were stopping you or whoever it was, they were just shouting for someone else to stop. The guy that was guarding me didn’t seem fazed at all; he was just like “meh” and let you leave with me.

The Cult of Psaignreen Barracks:

My perspective: (Refer to Cult of Psaignreen chapter regarding the subterranean barracks)

Storme’s perspective:

I was in a kind of underground cavern- it was large though, not like a cavern that you could see the roof of, but you knew you were underground. Within it there were these little mud mound house things.

The further you get down into it there was like a mess area, then there was the mound house things 2 or 3 storeys high to the right of the mess area, and behind them was this really tall

building like a lookout tower, then in front of the mess area there were all these sort of army tent type things, and behind that some more of those little mound house things.

To begin with I was talking to one of the Major's; one of the main people. And he was briefing me on the people he was about to have come see him. I was being briefed on you. He kept sort of acting as though he was honoured I was there. He told me to wait in one of these mound things and that you would be there eventually. Then he excused himself and went up into his top story.

I waited there for a little while. The black haired one you call Lyra came in (we called her Aimee). I was briefly talking to her as I'd known her from elsewhere. She was an AI – this I'd known from elsewhere; I'd had heaps of dreams about this. It was a pleasant exchange and she left.

Then you showed up. You were going on about some mission thing or something, and I waited patiently for a gap in your story so I could speak. I was trying to explain to you about Lyra being an AI and you are like “no, no, no that is not possible”, because it was like you were hating on AI's or something – you were RAIcist – and I was confused as I thought you knew she was one.

So I tried to explain to you we use these AI's often and it's just a more convenient way to do this job if you have an AI doing the hard stuff. That way if they get messed up you just reload their data into another body and they keep all the memory of the stuff they have done and you don't have to retrain someone.

I was trying to shine it in a nice light for you because it wasn't a negative thing, but you just went off your nut about it. You just would not believe it at all. Then to kind of prove my point 6 versions of her strolled past all looking exactly the same. She was a pretty basic prototype so they had version of her all over the base. And I even pointed it out to you and you wouldn't see it. I was really confused that you couldn't physically see these 6 women that were identical in every possible way that were walking past.

I started to get really frustrated with you for not listening, because half of the thing I had to do was brief you on the fact she had malfunctioned somehow – it had to be me, because the other soldiers, including the Major, were not supposed to know any of this information.

I told you that they'd probably have to reboot her so that she wouldn't remember you or any of the assignments you'd been on. It was honestly like talking to a child that just didn't want to hear that they couldn't have a lolly – it was really frustrating.

I kept trying really hard to explain the seriousness of the fact that there were things that we needed to do before any of the missions could continue because she had been compromised, which meant that all of the information on bases and strategies etc was possibly compromised – everything.

You had this weird lust thing for her; you thought you were in love with her or something and I was trying to explain it didn't matter if you were in love with her or not she was compromised etc; the current version needed to be deleted. You got so riled up about the

fact that you just left and headed off down towards where the mess hall was and started going mental and throwing stuff and shoving everything around.

And then the Aimee one came in (your Lyra) and I looked at her and said “he has absolutely no idea does he?” and she said “nope, not a clue”.

I was sitting there for ages because I couldn’t do anything; you wouldn’t hear the briefing I was supposed to give you, and I was the one who was called in especially to do it because I was the one who had a certain amount of rank that could deal with that top secret information. So I was just sitting thinking “what the hell do I do now? They can’t get someone else to tell him?”

I went down to the mess hall bit and you came back briefly towards where I was. You were really hyped up, like you’d been taking some serious drugs, and you said “are you coming. are you coming?” I was confused because I didn’t actually know you, and you didn’t know me but you were acting like we knew each other.

I said “yes I am headed there now” – I could tell something was wrong with you. So instead of going down to the mess hall bit which is where I was going to go I took you to the Major. The whole way you were acting really weird.

I got there, I went in first and said “something is wrong with him”, he won’t listen”. The Major seemed to know the exact reason why and replied with what it was that he thought it was, but I can’t remember what he said. I asked why he was getting me to deal with something like that, as we didn’t even acknowledge *those* soldiers any more as they weren’t worth it. The Major said “oh well. You know. We *are* trying” and I was just in disbelief that this guy would bring such a liability into the base. He said “oh I’ll take it from here and I left”.

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO:

ASTRAL ASSIGNMENTS

The “Astral Assignments” – for lack of a better word – were not standardized dreams. If I had to measure them on the void space level scale I would say they were – as far as my lucid awareness was concerned – around about the 3rd to 5th layer. Often times I would become lucid whilst under a normal dream and realize I had been drugged with the aforementioned substance that can seemingly affect consciousness whilst it is out of the body. I don’t know if it was the drug that triggered my memory or not, but this sort of drugging is a heavy, consistent theme present in both mine and Storme’s astral/ lucid experiences. Other times I would be met by my associate, Lyra, whilst 100% lucid, and realize “ok enough stuffing around making my own dreams, time to do some important work”. She would just randomly show up, and I knew she was not part of my own dream creation, as the thought of populating my dreamscape with her was never there.

Usually these assignments involving Lyra were not under a drug induced state; she’d show up and then we’d summon the spherical consciousness portals to get to whatever location we had to go to. In these instances I have memory of knowing what I needed to do, but the memory of what exactly that was was usually blocked

upon waking up; it always centred around covert infiltration and astral based warfare. Despite this, there were some moments – like with the consciousness prison – where I had complete lucid memory the whole time not being influenced by the drug, or before the drug had been administered. I appreciate how crazy this sounds, but this is the life I was living every second or third day during my youth in the night before waking up and going to high school the next day.

This is where I believe most similar experiences are often misrepresented as Milabs experiences – military abductions. I tend to lean more towards them being abductions of the astral body more than anything else, as this was something that was mentioned to me by the Elder Guardians that nonphysical entities were capable of doing (they did it to me to show me how it was done, although one is usually doped with the consciousness drug whilst undergoing one of these abductions). Somewhere along the lines I became aware that I volunteered to be put into these drugging scenarios and I have vivid memories of being in situations that even those with astral projection experiences would consider extremely dangerous and stupid situations to be in (there is a lot of ambiguity when it comes to the subject of danger during astral projection, a lot of experts, who are much more involved in it than me, suggest it is all in the mind and not dangerous at all).

My role was to project into these planes, get drugged and captured by whatever dwelt there and then exfiltrate out back to my physical body whenever the moment allowed for it with the help of my astral “team”. I didn’t realize it at the time, but I was being utilized as a sort of camera by the Elder Guardians to gain intelligence on these weird places, hence why I ticked all the right boxes for initiation into the Unseen 5, according to their leader.

The Clone God:

This was around about the age of 15 or so. I was lucid dreaming, with 100% awareness of the waking world, my body in its bed etc, in a dreamscape I had created. All of a sudden this dreamscape was hijacked and I found myself in an underground cavernous chamber that stretched for several acres.

I don’t know why but this cavern felt alien to Earth, like it was inside the moon or something; the rocks did not appear terrestrial, there was this sort of bluish/ grey hue of light that filled the whole place, almost artificial in nature, but barely perceptible. At one end of this cavern was a tunnel mouth about the size of an aircraft hangar, and to the other side, a good few hundred meters away, was a small cluster of cubic shaped buildings built out of a mud or like substance that looked like a liquidized

form of the natural rock of the cavern. The closest comparison I can draw is that they were reminiscent of the sort of architecture found in the Middle East. Even 16 years later, I can still remember in explicit detail this setting as picture perfect to the day I experienced it (as with most of my lucid dreams and astral assignments). I suspect the cavern mouth may have been the opening to the subterranean cavern with the barracks I visited many times, but I am not entirely sure.

This cluster of cubic buildings was laid out similar to a city, but piled on top of each other almost in like a favela type arrangement, but much smaller than a city. They were, evidently home to a race of bipedal creatures who were very similar to humans but differed in their energy signature and size (for all intents and purposes my mind was filtering them into a more recognizable form; they weren't human people, but I was seeing them similar to this). They were slightly taller than the human based equivalent, but not enough to be considered giants. So explicit is my memory of these dwellings that I can visualize going up and above them like I am flying a drone over them.

Each cluster was separated by a thin road or path, 2 or 3 metres wide that was made out of typical whitish grey concrete, which was intersected at right angles by other roads every 50 or so metres. This cubic dwelling network was about an acre or 2 at most in area, and extended all the way to the back wall of the cavern, as if the dwellings had been "carved" out of existing rock. If you think of magma that has been laser carved to precision into a cube, this is what the dwellings sort of looked like, except yellowish; the rock they had come from had first been melted/liquefied then "cut". Each dwelling had square shaped holes which I took for windows, though no glass was present in them, and were about 5 metres squared in size, on average.

All of a sudden a being appeared at the mouth of the cavern and stood on a rock that was in front of it. I am not sure if "he" appeared out of thin air or if "he" came from the tunnel, but everyone – majority of which were out tending to the rocky field in front of the dwellings as if it were crops - began flocking to the being curious as to what he had to say. They appeared to know who he was.

I remember realizing I was here on a reconnaissance mission specifically to gain information on this being and what was going on in this place. I approached him, confident that I could camouflage and conceal myself as one of the other "people". The Clone "God", from memory, at first looked like he had white hair but it was actually made of a rice like substance that gave him a short haired appearance, like a number 3 crew cut. He grinned a very disconcerting smile that was extremely fake

and just felt plain wrong, like he was suffering from a very bad case of Botox poisoning in his face. I remember it reminded me of a typical celebrity smile, but laced with psychopathic substance unlike anything you could ever imagine; behind his stare there was a blankness to him that was just wrong; you could feel the lack of empathy emanating from within him.

He was wearing some kind of robes, like he was a cult leader or something (I'd come to see a very similar manifestation at Satsang a few years later).

I watched as the town folk flocked to him in awe, then he opened his mouth, but instead of talking something happened whereby the townspeople turned into exact replicas of him. There would have been enough people to fill up a music festival such as big day out, a few times over (tens of thousands). I am pretty sure at one point he took off his robe, and I noticed he had no signs of genitalia, as he was naked, with very pale white skin.

I realised - in one of the few times I felt fear during these assignments – that my cover was blown, and this thing was toying with me. The mass conversion of townspeople to clones was specifically for my “entertainment”; I could sense this as he just stood smiling and looking around with eyes wide open like he was a robot. I think at one point I could feel myself being “cloned”, and may have even possibly undergone a timeline reset to the moment before he cloned me.

The smile remained exactly the same the whole time on not only him, but every one of his clones, it never wavered for a second; so if you think of a massive crowd of people with this same smile, all turning their heads in perfect unison, eyes wide open without ever blinking, this is what I was smack bang in the middle of, and why I remember it so intensely; it was one of the weirdest and most uncomfortable positions I have ever been in (Storme relayed a similar account of synchronous head turning with the mysterious being Vince and his dog).

This was very reminiscent of the scene in the Matrix where Agent Smith continually replicated himself, then tried doing it to Neo, but I hadn't watched this movie in quite a number of years and I am quite certain I wasn't being influenced by it, which makes me question the similarities.

After the reset I ran to the cluster of buildings, down an alley and eventually took refuge in what appeared to be a garage with a roller door, but I did not realise the part of the concrete floor was a hologram, and I fell straight through it. Usually in lucid dreams when something like this would happen I would just manifest myself an exit, or “fly out”, but I soon realised there was a sort of an invisible force field that wouldn't let me do it.

It prevented me from summoning the portals, in which I had to manually try and project inwardly and outwardly but every time I did it was just bounce me back into the centre of the room.

I was also still 100% lucid, and realized that this room was preventing me from getting back into my body back on earth. I couldn't manifest any of the weaponry I'd usually be able to in practically all of my other LDs, or anything that I could use. My consciousness was completely bound to this room and its altered quantum rules.

I realised this place was a sort of lab or asylum as it had the typical layout of many rooms and hallways (these rooms didn't have doors).

The alarms went off and then I was captured and thrown into one of these rooms (the room I fell into was sort of like the "pre-containment" area; I could see through the floor hologram as if it only appeared as a floor on one side and on the other was not there). It's hard to explain but basically these rooms lacked almost any means to navigate correctly.

When you are acting as purely conscious thought form there are certain techniques you use to project your consciousness to a specific place, which pulls you to that point. A very basic outline is that you think of something and then it appears, but this is what was wrong with this asylum...it didn't allow for such things to happen, at least not very easily.

It disallowed me the ability to recreate my dreamscape at will, something I had become very, very good at; it was a room that interfered with visualization and imagination techniques and was purposefully built to contain a consciousness by distorting them in a similar, but more intense, manner to the sub conscious distortions in the void space. I could see how a wandering consciousness untrained in such projection techniques could quite easily get caught here and never be able to return to its body. It was quite horrible and terrifying.

I remember the only thing in the room was a picture hanging on the wall, and I realised I could somehow use this as a portal to phase in and out of that particular dimension by accessing the energy signature attached to it. The phasing allowed me just enough quantum relocation to progress to another room with a one way window (a wall to the person on the inside and an examination window to the people on the outside), and again I had to figure out a way to get through it, which involved some sort of bouncing of my consciousness back and forth between rooms. This maze of rooms went on for some time before I eventually found the exit and ex-filtrated to my physical body, evading many guards as they chased me through the complex trying to contain me: they did not want me to leave.

This whole experience was a test to the very limits of my escape and evade techniques I had been using on various otherworld entities for a number of years since I first began Lucid Dreaming, and a test to my ability to be able to keep my conscious at a level needed to survive. Basically, if you get captured and an entity

messes with this ability to stay “conscious” in the dream world, it can become very, very difficult to actually wake back up in the physical body.

It’s weird; it’s like when something grabs you you feel your energy being sucked away by it, and with it your consciousness as well, the dreamscape becomes hazy and you dwindle mentally into an uncomfortable sort of insanity. The more powerful the entity the quicker you become depleted. Had I not had even a few years’ worth of lucid dreaming experience behind me I am absolutely certain I would not have been able to get back to my body. Through my experience in advanced visualization practices I was able to break through this haziness just long enough to escape. I suspect this sort of capturing accounts for a lot of deaths with unexplainable causes, after going to sleep and never waking up.

Infiltration of a Doping Facility:

I remember there were three of us in my team, all of us males. I got the impression this was sometime in the 70s by the way the other two looked; their hair and cheesy moustaches suggested that it was this era, though whether or not this was some kind of past life memory I cannot comment on as I don’t know. We were running alongside a railroad track that seemed to be located in the middle of nowhere; nothing but barren desert on either side.

Our team leader suddenly stopped and began speaking to myself and the other team mate about “our mission”. We had identified a heavily guarded facility at the termination point of the train tracks in the direction we were heading. Although we knew the facility was being used to dope consciousness, we didn’t have the details on why exactly this was, hence our mission was to infiltrate it to figure out why. Our leader suggested the train was the only way into the facility, and the point we had stopped along the line was its last stop before entering the facility. It was due to be arriving any minute.

The plan was that one of us would take the train ride in, get captured by the guards and undergo whatever “treatment” our captors would give us, whilst the other two would use the distraction of the capture to get in undetected. We knew that any unauthorized person would have the drug administered to erase their memory of being in the compound. Thus our efforts were to not only figure out what was going on in the facility, but also as a means to study how this drug could affect consciousness and consciousness alone. The other two would then come and get the doped one and ex-filtrate them out. I volunteered to be the one who would get captured and soon after got into position on the train; I have no recollection of what happened next.

My next memory of this assignment was coming to in a chair in a room in the facility under heavy influence of the drug; although I was 100% lucid, it was like I was under the influence of an appreciable amount of alcohol whilst in the dream state; my awareness of things, instead of being straight ahead, had been distorted so it appeared that I was tilting my head to one side and viewing things on a diagonal. Time would slow down and speed up randomly. It reminded me of when I had a general anaesthetic to remove my wisdom teeth a few years before. During that particular incident I was trying to engage in a full on conversation with my dentist whilst half my jaw was cut open and blood was filling my mouth – he couldn't get me to shut up, and I can remember quite vividly his assistant, the anaesthetist, having a chuckle at his frustration telling him he couldn't do anything as I was under maximum dosage.

It was during this hazy period, that I remember my two team mates breaking through a door and unbinding me from the chair, before propping me on a nearby gurney and wheeling me out the front gate, pretending I was dead and that they were working there. Shortly after that I awoke in my physical body.

Electrotherapy:

In addition to the druggings, I – along with Storme – have had many lucid experiences involving being tortured by electrocution. As an electronics technician, I have been physically electrocuted several times, but in my lucid experiences, the electrical dosage being administered seems to be of a much higher electrical potential than the currents one can expect to feel from a 240VAC mains line (the parameters for non-lethal torture seem to ramp up logarithmically in the lucid domain, unfortunately).

Often times these are administered by a wire loop like device that has been put around my neck, other times they are administered via metal spikes that feel like they have been driven deeply into my pectoral muscles; the experiences themselves are not pleasant and last on average a few minutes of uninterrupted electrocution at a time.

They are not the same as the “soul burning” torture I have experienced, and are more akin to extremely powerful electric shocks, whereas the soul burning is about a billion times worse and literally feels like something is cutting your consciousness/soul to pieces and splicing it with things that are not supposed to be there.

Again I am aware I volunteered to be subjected to these experiences, so I am able to reflect on them objectively without them bringing me uncomfortable feelings; these

are the sorts of things I knew I had to experience firsthand/ remember if I wanted to truly know myself and my soul. In each and every instance I embraced them not for the (seemingly) physical pain they brought me, but for the knowledge I knew I'd acquire once they were over. This is what I valued above any other thing including those of material substances like money. Whilst my peers were being prepped on how they could go about getting decent jobs to acquire an abundance of that illusory drug – of which there is no cure for its addiction – I was busy trying to figure out how to break through the memory erasure these torture sessions were seemingly trying to bring about.

As the Elder Guardian eventually explained to me during my second contact experience with him, it was this very mentality and willingness that allowed me to break through parts of the amnesia trap and allow him to be able to communicate with me in the first place. Thus the essence of my spiritual evolution was to quit playing the anger, revenge and profit worshipping games of the physical world and to focus on liberating myself from the cycle of reincarnation.

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE:

ALIEN INTERVIEW EXCERPTS

The following passages are excerpts taken directly from the book Alien Interview by Lawrence Spencer. Lawrence has given me permission to use them here and to provide a comparison of these statements with experiences I have had whilst lucid dreaming or astral projecting.

Whilst this chapter contains a great deal of excerpts I suggest reading the whole book to get a true understanding of the implications provided by Airl.

I would have passed this book of as pure nonsense if it hadn't been for the Elder Guardians telling me the exact same things. This Alien Interview document has been confirmed as being legitimate by ex-Majestic agent, Metallicman, on his site which contains a breakdown of the transcript from his own perspective. I have included the original text as found within the PDF version of the book and only changed the formatting. My experiences are differentiated by an italic text below each excerpt. I have enclosed each excerpt in speech parenthesis to make readability easier.

"Airl said that she sensed that I was confused about the idea.

She said she would demonstrate to me that I am also an immortal spiritual being. She said, "Be above your body!"

Immediately, I realized that I was "outside" of my body,

looking down from the ceiling at the top of my body's head!
I was also able to see the room around me, including Airl's
body sitting in the chair next to my own body.
After a moment, I realized the simple, but shocking, reality,
that "I" am not a body. In that moment a black veil lifted and
for the first time in my life, and for a very long
time into the past, I realized that I am not "my soul", but that
"I" am "me" -- a spiritual being. This was an unexplainable
epiphany, but one that fills me with a joy and relief I cannot
recall having experienced ever before. As for the
"immortal" part, I do not understand her meaning, as I
have always been taught that I am not immortal -- a
spirit, perhaps -- but certainly not immortal!"

This statement sounds very much like Airl has the ability to make McElroy astral project at will. Many first time astral projectors and lucid dreamers have come to similar conclusions after their first experiences with these phenomena, myself included.

This also strengthens my assumptions that a lot of abductees experience symptoms of astral projection when undergoing their abduction, though they don't necessarily recognise it. If one were looking up, in the direction of their travel, instead of down upon their body, then they could easily be fooled into thinking they were still in a physical body if they had never astral projected before.

“Airl told me her reasons for coming to Earth and for being in the area of the 509th Bomber Squadron. She was sent by her superior officers to investigate the explosions of nuclear weapons which have been tested in New Mexico. Her superiors ordered her to gather information from the atmosphere that could be used to determine the extent of radiation and potential harm this might cause to the environment. During her mission, the space craft was struck by lightning, which caused her to lose control and crash.
The space craft is operated by IS-BEs who use "doll bodies" in much the same way that an actor wears a mask and costume. It is like a mechanical tool through which to operate in the physical world. She, as well as all of the other IS-BEs of the officer class and their

superiors, inhabit these "doll bodies" when they are on duty in space. When they are not on duty, they "leave" the body and operate, think, communicate, travel, and exist without the use of a body."

The alien exists as a pure form of non-physical consciousness that is able to move about and into physical "doll bodies" at will. When one is able to properly lucid dream, they are able to return to this pure consciousness state and detach from the physical body. My experience with the off world entity that allowed me to inhabit its body in an act of observance strengthens Airl's assertions. The void space one enters after the transition from wakefulness to sleep can be utilised to "project" consciousness into another body. This is how I was able to do it with the off world intelligence and hijack Storme's dream.

"The bodies are constructed of synthetic materials, including a very sensitive electrical nervous system, to which each IS-BE adjusts themselves or "tunes in" to an electronic wavelength that is matched uniquely to the wavelength or frequency emitted by each IS-BE. Each IS-BE is capable of creating a unique wave frequency which identifies them, much like a radio signal frequency. This serves, in part, as identification like a finger print. The doll body acts like a radio receiver for the IS-BE. No two frequencies or doll bodies are exactly the same. The bodies of each IS-BE crew member are likewise tuned into and connected to the "nervous system" built into the space craft. The space craft is built in much the same way as the doll body. It is adjusted specifically to the frequency of each IS-BE crew member. Therefore, the craft can be operated by the "thoughts" or energy emitted by the IS-BE. It is really a very simple, direct control system. So, there are no complicated controls or navigation equipment on board the space craft. They operate as an extension of the IS-BE."

Again what Airl is telling us is that when in a pure consciousness state, consciousness can be used to control not only bodies but spacecraft as well. This is done by matching the operating frequency of the craft to the consciousness's output frequency. In my telepathic

communication with the Aliens who spoke a clickity clack language I was able to "retune" my thoughts specifically in such a way as to receive their contact. Again, this was done utilising the void space.

Thus if one hypothetically had a space craft built around their output waveform, all they need to do is enter the void space of lucidity and tune into it like I tuned into the clickity clackers to control it.

"Before you can understand the subject of history, you must first understand the subject of time. Time is simply an arbitrary measurement of the motion of objects through space.

Space is not linear. Space is determined by the point of view of an IS-BE when viewing an object. The distance between an IS-BE and the object being viewed is called "space".

Objects, or energy masses, in space do not necessarily move in a linear fashion. In this universe, objects tend to move randomly or in a curving or cyclical pattern, or as determined by agreed upon rules."

This is a common conclusion one comes to when involved with lucid dreaming or astral travel. In the void space time does not flow linearly like with the physical world. My experiences with the aeroplane passing overhead and the Wet Room suggest that time is dependent upon a consciousness's state of being; in the physical world it appears linear because it has been reduced to perceiving a collection of 3D "photographs" one after the other with no space between them. In the Auric plane, one perceives this space between photographs and everything else.

"Airl explained that IS-BEs have been around since before the beginning of the universe. The reason they are called "immortal", is because a "spirit" is not born and cannot die, but exists in a personally postulated perception of "is - will be". She was careful to explain that every spirit is not the same. Each is completely unique in identity, power, awareness and ability. The difference between an IS-BE like Airl and most of

the IS-BEs inhabiting bodies on Earth, is that Airl can enter and depart from her "doll" at will. She can perceive at selective depths through matter. Airl and other officers of The Domain can communicate telepathically. Since an IS-BE is not a physical universe entity it has no location in space or time. An IS-BE is literally, "immaterial". They can span great distances of space instantly.”

The difference between Airl and a human is that, according to the Elder Guardians, human bodies were specifically engineered to keep a consciousness locked within and unable to detach. I stated that lucid dreaming is the key to detachment of consciousness from the physical body, though many people go through a state of sleep paralysis before they are able to lucid dream.

Sleep paralysis like symptoms have also been reported in UFO and occult communities whereby the experiencers report seeing beings like greys and demons standing over their bed. Thus it is my supposition that sleep paralysis is an unnatural phase put in place by the ETs to monitor any consciousness that becomes close to detaching from the physical body.

“They can experience sensations, more intensely than a biological body, without the use of physical sensory mechanisms. An IS-BE can exclude pain from their perception. Airl can also remember her "identity", so to speak, all the way back into the dim mists of time, for trillions of years!”

This is also achievable with advanced lucid dreaming practices. I also had a similar memory of past lives during my first contact experience with the Grand Elders. This sort of memory is not achievable with an earth mind, as far as I am aware. The human brain is just too limited to process the information.

“The physical universe itself is formed from the convergence and amalgamation of many other individual universes, each one of which were created by an IS-BE or group of IS-BEs. The collision of these illusory universes commingled and coalesced and were solidified to form a mutually created universe. Because

it is agreed that energy and forms can be created, but not destroyed, this creative process has continued to form an ever-expanding universe of nearly infinite physical proportions.

Before the formation of the physical universe there was a vast period during which universes were not solid, but wholly illusionary. You might say that the universe was a universe of magical illusions which were made to appear and vanish at the will of the magician. In every case, the "magician" was one or more IS-BEs. Many IS-BEs on Earth can still recall vague images from that period. Tales of magic, sorcery and enchantment, fairy tales and mythology speak of such things, although in very crude terms.

My first and second Gnosis experiences with the Elder Guardians suggested this; physical universes are created by colliding two Ain Soph Auric light particles into each other; the point of collision becomes the physical universe. I could see how these physical universes existed within one another separated by nothing more than harmonics. The meshed fabric I saw was composed of multiple physical realities as well as multiple non-physical realities.

“Each IS-BE entered into the physical universe when they lost their own, "home" universe. That is, when an IS-BE's "home" universe was overwhelmed by the physical universe, or when the IS-BE joined with other IS-BEs to create or conquer the physical universe.

On Earth, the ability to determine when an IS-BE entered the physical universe is difficult for two reasons:

- 1) the memory of IS-BEs on Earth have been erased, and
- 2) IS-BEs arrival or invasion into the physical universe took place at different times, some 60 trillion years ago, and others only 3 trillion. Every once in a short while, a few million years, an area or planet will be taken over by another group of IS-BEs entering into the area.”

Sometimes they will capture other IS-BEs as slaves.

They will be forced to inhabit bodies to perform menial, or manual work -- especially mining mineral ores on heavy-gravity planets, such as Earth.

Airl hints at the idea that consciousness has undergone amnesia so that the human populace can be used as slaves. This was exactly what was told to me by the Grand Elder.

“The Domain Expeditionary Force first entered into the Milky Way galaxy very recently -- only about 10,000 years ago. Their first action was to conquer the home planets of the "Old Empire" (this is not the official name, but a nick-name given to the conquered civilization by The Domain Forces) that served as the seat of central government for this galaxy, and other adjoining regions of space. These planets are located in the stars systems in the tail of the Big Dipper constellation. She did not mention which stars, exactly.

About 1,500 years later The Domain began the installation bases for their own forces along the path of invasion which leads toward the center of this galaxy and beyond. About 8,200 years ago The Domain forces set up a base on Earth in the Himalaya Mountains near the border of modern Pakistan and Afghanistan. This was a base for a battalion of The Domain Expeditionary Force, which included about 3,000 members.

They set up a base under or inside the top of a mountain. The mountain top was drilled into and made hollow to create an area large enough to house the ships and personnel of that force. An electronic illusion of the mountain top was then created to hide the base by projecting a false image from inside the mountain against a "force screen". The ships could then enter and exit through the force screen, yet remain unseen by homo sapiens.

Shortly after they settled there the base was surprised by an attack from a remnant of the military forces of the "Old Empire". Unbeknownst to The Domain, a hidden, underground base on Mars, operated by the "Old Empire", had existed for a very long time. The Domain base was wiped out by a military attack from the Mars base and the IS-BEs of The Domain Expeditionary Force were

captured.

You can imagine that The Domain was very upset about losing such a large force of officers and crew, so they sent other crews to Earth to look for them. Those crews were also attacked. The captured IS-BEs from The Domain Forces were handled in the same fashion as all other IS-BEs who have been sent to Earth. They were each given amnesia, had their memories replaced with false pictures and hypnotic commands and sent to Earth to inhabit biological bodies. They are still a part of the human population today.”

The similarities between what Airl is saying and what the Grand Elder told me in regards to the human populace suffering from a spiritual amnesia as well as the human brain being engineered specifically to keep consciousness dumbed down is an unbelievably BIG coincidence.

After a very persistent and extensive investigation into the loss of their crews, The Domain discovered that "Old Empire" has been operating a very extensive, and very carefully hidden, base of operations in this part of the galaxy for millions of years. No one knows exactly how long. Eventually, the space craft of the "Old Empire" forces and The Domain engaged each other in open combat in the space of the solar system.

According to Airl, there was a running battle between the "Old Empire" forces and The Domain until about 1235 AD, when The Domain forces finally destroyed the last of the space craft of the "Old Empire" force in this area. The Domain Expeditionary Force lost many of its own ships in this area during that time also.

About 1,000 years later the "Old Empire" base was discovered by accident in the spring of 1914 AD. The discovery was made when the body of the Archduke of Austria, was "taken over" by an officer of The Domain Expeditionary Force. This officer, who was stationed in the asteroid belt, was sent to Earth on a routine mission to gather reconnaissance.

What Airl is describing is the co-habitation of a body by multiple consciousnesses, or possession of a body by a more dominant entity. My experience with the off world intelligence when I was 15 suggests that cohabitation is possible, though in that instance I was invited in. I have also been on the other end of this bodily invasion when I felt the "mind" worm enter my head one night whilst in sleep paralysis, and this same experience happened to Storme, again, when she was in sleep paralysis. What happens is that you can feel your consciousness become distorted as it is "squeezed" to one side of your head as the invader enters through your ear. In my case it was the right ear and my consciousness was pushed to the left. It is an uncomfortable feeling, but the presence of a foreign entity is undeniable. As your consciousness is forced to one side, you can feel the mind parasite take up 95% of your headspace. It is an intrusion I likened to mind raping, it was that unpleasant. Upon waking up you feel as normal as ever, though there is a noticeable change in mood. I am unsure if this thing ever left my head.

"The purpose of this "take over" was to use the body as a "disguise" through which to infiltrate human society in order to gather information about current events on Earth. The officer, as an IS-BE, having greater power than the being inhabiting the body of the Archduke, simply "pushed" the being out and took over control of the body."

Airl suggests that the original consciousness was pushed "out" of the body altogether, but this was not the case in my experience; my consciousness was forced to a small "corner" of my own head. Whether this was intentional or not on the invading consciousness's end I am not sure. I believe this accounts for what is called "walk ins" in the Starseed community. As was made known to me in my experience with the off world intelligence when I was 15, if the residing consciousness within the body is powerful enough it can not only sense, but evict the invading consciousness from the body. I was so overwhelmed by what was happening, that I was not able to do this. This underlines the importance of learning the proper art of protecting ones void space through lucid dreaming.

"However, this officer did not realize how much the Hapsburgs were hated by feuding factions in the country, so he was caught off guard when the body of the Archduke was assassinated by a Bosnian student. The officer, or IS-BE, was suddenly "knocked out" of the body when it was shot by the assassin. Disoriented, the IS-BE inadvertently penetrated one of the "amnesia force

screens" and was captured."

I was able to penetrate the force screens via lucid dreaming using advanced consciousness projection techniques I had developed after almost a decade's worth of experiments based on Descartes' philosophies on consciousness. Again, as a pure consciousness thought form I was "captured" and contained within several "prisons" designed to stop consciousness from returning to a body. In my Wet Room experience, I was kept under captivity for what equated to about a year, even though the event only took place during a single night back here in the physical realm.

"Eventually The Domain discovered that a wide area of space is monitored by an "electronic force field" which controls all of the IS-BEs in this end of the galaxy, including Earth. The electronic force screen is designed to detect IS-BEs and prevent them from leaving the area."

The amnesia force screen is not just limited to the physical realm: it permeates through all non-physical worlds that are "joined" to the physical through quantum means. This was what my analysis of the anomaly was all about. If you consider the physical and non-physical worlds as being meshed together through quantum entanglement, the anomaly was able to break parts of this mesh but somehow keep the whole intact. A consciousness from any one of these affected realms that projects too close to the anomaly will be drawn into it and deconstructed into an incoherent mess.

"If any IS-BE attempts to penetrate the force screen, it "captures" them in a kind of "electronic net". The result is that the captured IS-BE is subjected to a very severe "brainwashing" treatment which erases the memory of the IS-BE. This process uses a tremendous electrical shock, just like Earth psychiatrists use "electric shock therapy" to erase the memory and personality of a "patient" and to make them more "cooperative". On Earth this "therapy" uses only a few hundred volts of electricity. However, the electrical voltage used by the "Old Empire" operation against IS-BEs is on the order of magnitude of billions of volts! This tremendous shock completely wipes out all the memory of the IS-BE. The memory erasure is not just for one life

or one body. It wipes out the all of the accumulated experiences of a nearly infinite past, as well as the identity of the IS-BE!

The shock is intended to make it impossible for the IS-BE to remember who they are, where they came from, their knowledge or skills, their memory of the past, and ability to function as a spiritual entity. They are overwhelmed into becoming a mindless, robotic non-entity.

After the shock a series of post hypnotic suggestions are used to install false memories, and a false time orientation in each IS-BE. This includes the command to "return" to the base after the body dies, so that the same kind of shock and hypnosis can be done again, and again, again -- forever. The hypnotic command also tells the "patient" to forget to remember. What The Domain learned from the experience of this officer is that the "Old Empire" has been using Earth as a "prison planet" for a very long time -- exactly how long is unknown -- perhaps millions of years.

So, when the body of the IS-BE dies they depart from the body. They are detected by the "force screen", they are captured and "ordered" by hypnotic command to "return to the light". The idea of "heaven" and the "afterlife" are part of the hypnotic suggestion -- a part of the treachery that makes the whole mechanism work.

After the IS-BE has been shocked and hypnotized to erase the memory of the life just lived, the IS-BE is immediately "commanded", hypnotically, to "report" back to Earth, as though they were on a secret mission, to inhabit a new body. Each IS-BE is told that they have a special purpose for being on Earth. But, of course there is no purpose for being in a prison -- at least not for the prisoner.

This is what my entire second contact experience with the Grand Elder was "forcing" me to remember with his guided instruction which eventuated in me remembering my own reincarnation into this current physical body. My assumption is the purgatorial realm I visited was a holographic scenario being carried out back at their hypnosis base,

which I assume is the sleep facility of my fourth contact experience. What happens is that one enters purgatory where a damaged version of their astral body chases them and takes them into what I call the "purging" chamber. It is in the purging chamber where I experienced the exact soul electrocution Airl mentions. It feels like your very soul is being burnt and spliced with things that should not be there; you can feel the billions of volts worth of electricity coursing through you as well as other horrible things. At the same time, you undergo the brainwashing where the hypnotic commands are fed to you. With the last vestiges of my energy I was able to project out of that place into space, but I was so spent from the ordeal I could not do anything but just "exist" in this vastness of space. It was here where my consciousness was then compressed into my forming foetus. I suspect that had I not escaped, I would have been subjected to even more brainwashing via the portal theatre.

"Any undesirable IS-BEs who are sentenced to Earth were classified as "untouchable" by the "Old Empire".

This included anyone that the "Old Empire" judged to be criminals who are too vicious to be reformed or subdued, as well as other criminals such as sexual perverts, or beings unwilling to do any productive work.

An "untouchable" classification of IS-BEs also includes a wide variety of "political prisoners". This includes IS-BEs who are considered to be noncompliant "free thinkers" or "revolutionaries" who make trouble for the governments of the various planets of the "Old Empire". Of course, anyone with a previous military record against the "Old Empire" is also shipped off to Earth.

A list of "untouchables" include artists, painters, singers, musicians, writers, actors, and performers of every kind. For this reason Earth has more artists per capita than any other planet in the "Old Empire".

"Untouchables" also include intellectuals, inventors and geniuses in almost every field. Since everything the "Old Empire" considers valuable has long since been invented or created over the last few trillion years, they have no further use for such beings. This includes skilled managers also, which are not needed in a society of obedient, robotic citizens.

Anyone who is not willing or able to submit to mindless

economic, political and religious servitude as a tax-paying worker in the class system of the "Old Empire" are "untouchable" and sentenced to receive memory wipe-out and permanent imprisonment on Earth.

The net result is that an IS-BE is unable to escape because they can't remember who they are, where they came from, where they are. They have been hypnotized to think they are someone, something, sometime, and somewhere other than were they really are."

In my fourth contact experience with the Grand Elder I was shown how the Earth government system is a reflection of the more totalitarian government of that "world". I was told how in that world, the political party who is currently in power have control of Earth and its surrounding planes; the control of Earth was apparently given to whoever held this office. This is a place where slaves are openly ruled by the higher class; anyone who opposes this regime are "doped" then put through "consciousness brainwashing" at the sleep facilities where they are sent to Earth, but this brainwashing is also used on a common day to day basis. Again the similarities are uncanny

"The Domain officer who was "assassinated" while in the body of Archduke of Austria was, likewise, captured by the "Old Empire" force. Because this particular officer was a high powered IS-BE, compared to most, he was taken away to a secret "Old Empire" base under the surface of the planet Mars. They put him into a special electronic prison cell and held him there.

Fortunately, this Domain officer was able to escape from the underground base after 27 years in captivity. When he escaped from the "Old Empire" base, he returned immediately to his own base in the asteroid belt. His commanding officer ordered that a battle cruiser be dispatched to the coordinates of the base, provided by this officer, and to destroy that base completely. This "Old Empire" base was located a few hundred miles north of the equator on Mars in the Cydonia region."

This is an exact description of one of the consciousness prisons I was contained in, though I thought it was under the surface of a moon, though I never saw said surface – I just appeared

here on an assignment. It exists as a small room or "cell" in which the walls have an electronic field which disallows consciousness through it. Upon trying to project through the wall, consciousness is rebounded back into the cell. Whilst in the cell, the force screens mess with one's ability to "imagine" their way out. The only way out is to utilise some extremely advanced projection techniques that cannot really be explained in human language; one must reduce all imagery to energy signatures and attach themselves to past instances of those energy signatures to work their way through the prison "maze". Gaining intelligence on this facility was one of my most important astral assignments. I remember I was met by one of my handlers after this experience, but I cannot remember much beyond being debriefed on my experience here.

“Although the military base of the "Old Empire" was destroyed, unfortunately, much of the vast machinery of the IS-BE force screens, the electroshock / amnesia / hypnosis machinery continues to function in other undiscovered locations right up to the present moment. The main base or control centre for this "mind control prison" operation has never been found. So, the influences of this base, or bases, are still in effect. The Domain has observed that since the "Old Empire" space forces were destroyed there is no one left to actively prevent other planetary systems from bringing their own "untouchable" IS-BEs to Earth from all over this galaxy, and from other galaxies nearby. Therefore, Earth has become a universal dumping ground for this entire region of space.

This, in part, explains the very unusual mix of races, cultures, languages, moral codes, religious and political influences among the IS-BE population on Earth. The number and variety of heterogeneous societies on Earth are extremely unusual on a normal planet. Most "Sun Type 12, Class 7" planets are inhabited by only one humanoid body type or race, if any.

In addition, most of the ancient civilizations of Earth, and many of the events of Earth have been heavily influenced by the hidden, hypnotic operation of the "Old Empire" base. So far, no one has figured out exactly where and how this operation is run, or by whom because

it is so heavily protected by screens and traps.”

Both mine and Storme’s experiences suggest that we have been evading these consciousness traps for many lifetimes. Note the heavy ancient Egyptian theme of many of our experiences.

“Furthermore, there has been no operation undertaken to seek out, discover and destroy the vast and ancient network of electronics machinery that create the IS-BE force screens at this end of the galaxy. Until this has been done, we are not able to prevent or interrupt the electric shock operation, hypnosis and remote thought control of the "Old Empire" prison planet.

Of course all of the crew members of The Domain Expeditionary Force now remain aware of this phenomena at all times while operating in this solar system space so as to prevent detection and the capture by "Old Empire" traps."

My first experience with the Grand Elder suggests this is no longer the case. I am aware of 20 000 other soul consciousness’s that exist of both forgotten celestial family and current earth time incarnates that came here to help awaken humanity to this amnesia. In the writings about Sanat Kumara (who I suspect was the Grand Elder), it is suggested that there are in fact 144 000 that have come here to do this task; given my Antarctica source’s claim to being part of this same operation, it is possible this 144 000 has been broken down into different groups. In addition to this, my responsibilities within the Unseen 5 suggest that they are hopeful there will be many more earth time incarnates that will join the cause. Metallicman – the ex-Majestic Agent who gave me a platform on his site to talk about this – also suggests his role within majestic was to help turn earth from being a prison planet into a sentience nursery; based from his personal experience within Majestic he suggests that the Mantids are the one’s pushing for the reincarnation agenda and that the Type 1 Greys are the one pushing for it to stop.

"The Domain Expeditionary Force has observed a resurgence in science and culture of the Western world since 1150 AD when the remaining remnants of the space fleet of the "Old Empire" in this solar system were

destroyed. The influence of the remote control hypnosis operation diminished slightly after that time, but still remains largely in force. Apparently a small amount of damage was done to the "Old Empire" remote mind control operation which resulted in a small decrease in the power of this mechanism. As a result, some memory of technologies that IS-BEs already knew before they came to Earth started to be remembered. Thereafter the oppression of knowledge that is called the "Dark Ages" in Europe began to diminish after that time. Since then knowledge of the basic laws of physics and electricity have revolutionized Earth culture virtually overnight. The ability to remember technology by many of the geniuses in the IS-BE population of Earth was partially restored, when not so actively suppressed as it was before 1150 AD. Sir Isaac Newton, is one of the best examples of this. In only a few decades he single-handedly reinvented several major and fundamental scientific and mathematical disciplines.

The men who "remembered" these sciences already knew them before they were sent to Earth. Ordinarily, no one would ever observe or discover as much about science and mathematics in a single life-time, or even in a few hundred life-times. These subjects have taken civilizations billions and billions of years to create! IS-BEs on Earth have only just begun to remember small fragments of all the technologies that exist throughout the universe. Theoretically, if the amnesia mechanisms being used against Earth could be broken entirely, IS-BEs would regain all of their memory!"

Connection with the higher self is this recognition of celestial memory. The technology one comes into contact with in this state of awareness is at least a million years – and this is being ultra conservative – ahead of our current technological advances. From my perspective whilst in this state of awareness, it was easy to see how one could create a craft powered by thought that could slip in and out of physical reality; the science for making such a craft was right there at my fingertips, but the amnesia device and the anomaly were

more important factors that needed my attention, so I did not bother with this subject; I could already travel to these places at will through consciousness projection so making a craft that could do it wasn't that appealing to me. The calculations for these kind of craft cannot be carried out in a single lifetime by even the genius minds of the physical world like Einstein and Tesla – only a very small fraction of these technologies would have seeped through. Without help, all calculations must be done via the higher self in order to make any progress, otherwise it would take several million life cycles of a single consciousness before even a small amount of progress would be made. I was told by the Grand Elder this is the reason humanity are kept dumbed down via the human brain. If enough people are able to operate from this higher state of awareness and focus their attention on such technologies for a prolonged period of time, they would progress civilization by millions, if not billions of years within a few years if not months. Hence why the Unseen 5 tasked me with recruiting those with astral projection and lucid dreaming capabilities; they are preparing humankind for this progression. I suspect the Vrill society were able to tap into this level of consciousness, or something that was operating from it at the very least. My Leverian Theology is also very similar to what Airl says about these scientists "remembering" technology they already knew.

“Unfortunately, similar advances have not been seen in the humanities as the IS-BEs of Earth continue to behave very badly toward each other. This behaviour, however, is heavily influenced by the "hypnotic commands" given to each IS-BE between lifetimes.

And, the very unusual combination of "inmates" on Earth - criminals, perverts, artists, revolutionaries and geniuses - is the cause of a very restive and tumultuous environment. The purpose of the prison planet is to keep IS-BEs on Earth, forever. Promoting ignorance, superstition, and war between IS-BEs helps to keep the prison population crippled and trapped behind "the wall" of electronic force screens.

IS-BEs have been dumped on Earth from all over the galaxy, adjoining galaxies, and from planetary systems all over the "Old Empire", like Sirius, Aldebaran, the Pleiades, Orion, Draconis, and countless others. There are IS-BEs on Earth from unnamed races, civilizations, cultural backgrounds, and planetary environments. Each of the various IS-BE populations have their own languages, belief systems, moral values, religious

beliefs, training and unknown and untold histories. These IS-BEs are mixed together with earlier inhabitants of Earth who came from another star system more than 400,000 years ago to establish the civilizations of Atlanta and Lemuria. Those civilizations vanished beneath the tidal waves caused by a planetary "polar shift", many thousands of years before the current "prison" population started to arrive. Apparently, the IS-BEs from those star systems were the source of the original, oriental races of Earth, beginning in Australia. "

This particular paragraph echoes points raised by Madam Blavatsky on her work on the seven root races of earth. This work was what was considered Blavatsky's esoteric cosmology, and was furthered by Charles Leadbeater through his own "astral clairvoyance". Blavatsky wrote about Sanat Kumara and suggested he belonged to a group of beings known as the lords of flame, whom the Christians associated with Lucifer and the fallen angels; Sanat Kumara was said to be an etheric based entity (as opposed to us being physical based) of Venusian heritage who came to earth with 144000 other souls in order to advance human consciousness. Blavatsky's Theosophical Society provided the basis for the Aetherius Society, in which its founder – George King – claims he was put into contact with a Venusian entity known as Aetherius through his advanced yogic practices. Leadbeater suggests that Sanat Kumara is the head of the Great White Brotherhood of Ascended Masters, and "the lord of the world", holding a position higher than that of Siddhartha Buddha. The Wikipedia entry on Sanat Kumara and Shamballah has very strong elements that resonate heavily with the Grand Elder and the celestial courtyard I met him and the other Elders/ Masters in, as well as the 20 000 earth time incarnates and our celestial families.

The entry on the Ashtar Command actually being the entourage of the Sumerian/ Babylonian goddess Ishtar/Astarte/ Isis (who is synonymous with the Goetic spirit Astaroth) is another coincidence I cannot ignore (see my Investigations Into Non Physical Contact Chapter for an explanation of my suspicions that the leader of the Unseen 5 was actually Astaroth). This particular entry suggests this entourage of Ishtar were to protect humankind from Satanic forces that were trying to stop this evolution of the human race and stop them from overthrowing the local Ascended Masters until the arrival of the "son of god". There is confusion with Astaroth's temperament suggesting he was part of the "evil triad" of spirits and that he cannot be trusted. On one hand this deity is a protector of earth, on the other it is evil; my own experience with this spirit seems to outline that the former is the more correct. (in the occult groups I am part of Goetic spirit temperament is directly related to the level of

respect given when contacting these beings). This specific spirit was the inspiration behind the main character in my first novel, Dreaming Demons, which I had completed about a year before being contacted by the Unseen 5. I never specifically set out to contact Astaroth. I didn't come into much of this information until many years after my experiences; I didn't even realize Blavatsky had so much to say on the Ascended Masters, otherwise I probably would have taken her more seriously to begin with.

“On the other hand, the civilizations set up on Earth by the "Old Empire" prison system were very different from the civilization of the "Old Empire" itself, which is an electronic space opera, atomic powered conglomeration of earlier civilizations that were conquered with nuclear weapons and colonized by IS-BEs from another galaxy. The bureaucracy that controlled the former "Old Empire" was from an ancient space opera society, run by a totalitarian confederation of planetary governments, regulated by a brutal social, economic, and political hierarchy, with a royal monarch as its figurehead.

This type of government emerges with regularity on planets where the citizens abandon personal responsibility for autonomous, self-regulation. They frequently lose their freedom to demented IS-BEs who suffer from an overwhelming paranoia that every other IS-BE is their enemy who must be controlled or destroyed. Their closest friends and allies, whom they espouse to love and cherish, are literally "loved to death" by them.”

If you don't take responsibility for your soul and its creations, something else will.

“The recently despoiled German totalitarian state on Earth was similar to the "Old Empire", but not nearly as brutal, and about ten thousand times less powerful. Many of the IS-BEs on Earth are here because they are violently opposed to totalitarian government, or because they were so psychotically vicious that they

could not be controlled by "Old Empire" government. Consequently, the population of Earth is disproportionately comprised of a very high percentage of such beings. The conflicting cultural and ethical moral codes of the IS-BEs on Earth is unusual in the extreme.”

Common society is based on the ideologies of psychopaths; exactly as I surmised.

“The Domain conquest of the central "Old Empire" planets was fought with electronic cannon. The citizens of the planets forming the core of government for the "Old Empire" are a filthy, degraded, slave society of mindless, tax-paying workers, who practice cannibalism. Violent automotive race tracks and bloody, Roman circus type entertainments are their only amusements.”

In my third contact experience with the Grand Elder I was shown similar cannons that fired light particles that could create and destroy entire physical universes. These cannons were mounted on the edges of a sort of circuit track.

“When the Domain Force brought the Vedic Hymns to the Himalayas region 8,200 years ago, some human societies already existed. The Aryan people invaded and conquered India bringing the Vedic Hymns to the area. The Vedas were learned by them, memorized and carried forward verbally for 7,000 years before being committed to written form. During that span of time one of the officers of The Domain Expeditionary Force was incarnated on Earth as "Vishnu". He is described many times in the Rig-Veda. He is still considered to be a god by the Hindus. Vishnu fought in the religious wars against the "Old Empire" forces. He is a very able and aggressive IS-BE as well as a highly effective officer, who has since been reassigned to other duties in The Domain. This entire episode was orchestrated as an attack and revolt against the Egyptian pantheon installed by "Old Empire" administrators. The conflict was intended to help free humankind from implanted elements of the false

civilization that focused attention on many "gods" and superstitious ritual worship demanded by the priests who "managed" them. It is all part of the mental manipulation by the "Old Empire" to hide their criminal actions against the IS-BEs on Earth.

A priesthood, or prison guards, were used to help reinforce the idea that an individual, is only a biological body, and is not an Immortal Spiritual Being. The individual has no identity. The individuals have no past lives. The individual has no power. Only the gods have power. And, the gods are a contrivance of the priests who intercede between men and the gods they serve. Men are slaves to the dictates of the priests who threaten eternal spiritual punishment if men do not obey them.

What else would one expect on a prison planet where all prisoners have amnesia, and the priests themselves are prisoners? The intervention of The Domain Force on Earth has not been entirely successful due to the secret mind-control operation of the "Old Empire" that still continues to operate.

A battle was waged between the "Old Empire" forces and The Domain through religious conquest. Between 1500 BCE and about 1200 BCE, The Domain Forces attempted to teach the concept of an individual, Immortal Spiritual Being to several influential beings on Earth.

One such instance resulted in a very tragic misunderstanding, misinterpretation and misapplication of the concept. The idea was perverted and applied to mean that there is only one IS-BE, instead of the truth that everyone is an IS-BE! Obviously, this was a gross incomprehension and an utter unwillingness to take responsibility for one's own power.

The "Old Empire" priests managed to corrupt the concept of individual immortality into the idea that there is only one, all-powerful IS-BE, and that no one else is or is allowed to be an IS-BE. Obviously, this is the work of the "Old Empire" amnesia operation."

As I suspected, the god of the bible was a misconstruence of the original divine creator, used specifically to instil fear into anyone who started worshipping the divine aspect of the creator found within them. I worshipped the highest aspect of myself and nothing else, and I escaped.

“It is easy to teach this altered notion to beings who do not want to be responsible for their own lives. Slaves are such beings. As long as one chooses to assign responsibility for creation, existence and personal accountability for one's own thoughts and actions to others, one is a slave.”

Again this is similar to my mentality that one who chooses to follow the advice of celestial guides are no different to children who would prefer to live at home in the comforts of their parents than brave the harshness of the big bad world. One can only become free if they truly know and worship themselves as having the only proof of a god within them; the spark of divinity. Everything else is irrelevant.

“As a result, the concept of a single monotheistic "god" resulted and was promoted by many self-proclaimed prophets, such as the Jewish slave leader -- Moses -- who grew up in the household of the Pharaoh Amenhotep III and his son, Akhenaten and his wife Nefertiti, as well as his son Tutankhamen.

The attempt to teach certain beings on Earth the truth that they are, themselves, IS-BEs, was part of a plan to overthrow the fictional, metaphorical, anthropomorphic panoply of gods created by the "Old Empire" mystery cult called "The Brothers of The Serpent" known in Egypt as the Priests of Amun. They were a very ancient, secret society within the "Old Empire".

The Pharaoh Akhenaten was not a very intelligent being, and was heavily influenced by his personal ambition for self-glorification. He altered the concept of the individual spiritual being and embodied the concept in the sun god, Aten. His pitiful existence was soon ended. He was assassinated by Maya and Parennefer, two of the Priests of Amun, or "Amen", which the Christians still say, who represented the interests of the "Old Empire" forces.

The idea of "One God" was perpetuated by the Hebrew leader Moses while he was in Egypt. He left Egypt with his adopted people, the Jewish slaves. While they were crossing the desert, Moses was intercepted by an operative of the "Old Empire" near Mt. Sinai. Moses was tricked into believing that this operative was "the" One God through the use of hypnotic commands, as well as

technical and aesthetic tricks which are commonly used by the "Old Empire" to trap IS-BEs. Thereafter, the Jewish slaves, who trusted the word of Moses implicitly, have worshiped a single god they call "Yaweh". The name "Yaweh" means "anonymous", as the IS-BE who "worked with" Moses could not use an actual name or anything that would identify himself, or blow the cover of the amnesia / prison operation. The last thing the covert amnesia / hypnosis / prison system wants to do is to reveal themselves openly to the IS-BEs on Earth. They feel that this would restore the inmates memories."

In Kabbalistic – i.e. Jewish mysticism – ideology, Yahweh is not considered a god per se, but thought more to be a word vibrated by god who created the four planes or worlds of manifestation. It was believed that above these four worlds was the source of creation; the limitless light of Ain Soph Aur that condensed more and more as it passed through each world eventually turning into solid matter in the 4th, physical world. Each world was assigned a letter – Yod, He, Vau He – which became equated to Yahweh when translated into English. This concept of Yod He Vod He, which was called the Tetragrammaton by the Greeks, was then superimposed over the Tree of Life in what was to become the Tarot deck; a schematic diagram of how the divine spark of the true creator came to rest within man. These are concepts taught to initiates of many Hermetic secret societies. The Nag Hammadi scrolls also alluded to an alternative view of Yahweh as being a malevolent god, according to the Apocrypha of John; this gospel would go on to provide the basis of Gnostic ideology and suggested that Yahweh, aka Yaldabaoth, was actually an imposter god that had declared itself the supreme ruler of the universe when it was actually a lesser creation of the original, divine being. The Gnostics believed that Yaldabaoth had imprisoned mankind's consciousness in the physical world and deliberately denied it access to the higher planes by the use of what they called the "demiurge". The Roman Catholic Church hunted anyone who was a Gnostic down and persecuted them under the idea they were heretics in the 2nd and 3rd centuries.

"Incidentally, we later discovered that the so-called "Yaweh" also wrote, programmed and encoded the text of the Torah, which when it is read literally, or in its decoded, form, will provide a great deal more false information to those who read it."

This explains why after almost three quarters of a century later, we have still been left in the dark in regards to what was found out at Roswell. When the image of religion is held to such an infallible standard, trying to even suggest people could be wrong about such religion becomes an impossibility. Is the world ready to know an alien told them such concepts about religion? I sincerely doubt it.

“Ultimately, the Vedic Hymns became the source of nearly all of Eastern the religions and were the philosophical source of the ideas common to Buddha, Laozi , Zoroaster, and other philosophers.

The civilizing influences of these philosophies eventually replaced the brutal idolatry of the "Old Empire" religions and were the true genesis of kindness and compassion.”

“On Earth most beings are not aware that they are IS-BEs, or that there are spirits of any kind. Many other beings are aware of this, but nearly everyone has a very limited understanding of themselves as an IS-BE.”

“One of the reasons for this is that IS-BEs have been waging war against each other since the beginning of time. The purpose of these wars have always been to establish domination by one IS-BE or group of IS-BEs over another. Since an IS-BE cannot be "killed", the objective has been to capture and immobilize IS-BEs. This has been done in an nearly unlimited variety of ways. The most basic method to capture and immobilize an IS-BE is through the use of various kinds of "traps". IS-BE traps have been made and put in place by many invading societies, such as the one that established the "Old Empire", beginning about sixty-four trillion years ago. Traps are often set up in the "territory" of the IS-BEs being attacked. Usually a trap is set with the electronic wave of "beauty" to attract the interest and attention of the IS-BE. When the IS-BE moves toward the source of the aesthetic wave, such as a beautiful building or beautiful music, the trap is activated by the energy put out by the IS-BE.”

Exceptionally beautiful and “perfect” music is a common thing to experience whilst under sleep paralysis. Myself and Storme have had many experiences where we have heard such music whilst in this state, and I have read accounts of others who have also experienced it. The music takes the form of a genre you like, but it as if it is a million times better than the best bands that play that genre. Many times I have been lucid and thought “if I could just remember this music and recompose it whilst awake I could sell a million records”. This suggests to me the sleep paralysis stage is part of the “trap”, and explains why many people experience seeing beings whilst in this state. My assumption is that when one begins to detach consciousness from their physical body in this way, they are met by these forces to try and dissuade them from doing so.

“One of the most common trap mechanism uses the IS-BE's own thought energy output when the IS-BE tries to attack or fight back against the trap. The trap is activated and energized by the IS-BE's own thought energy. The harder the IS-BE fights against the trap, the more it pulls the IBS toward it and keeps them "stuck" in the trap.

Throughout the entire history of this physical universe, vast areas of space have been taken over and colonized by IS-BE societies who invade and take over new areas of space in this fashion. In the past, these invasions have always shared common elements:

- 1) the overwhelming use of force of arms, usually with nuclear or electronic weapons.
- 2) mind control of the IS-BEs in the invaded area through the use of electroshock, drugs, hypnosis, erasure of memory and the implantation of false memory or false information intended to subjugate and enslave the local IS-BE population.

I have experienced all three forms of torture whilst under lucidity. In many of my astral assignments I was made to undergo these tortures specifically to try and figure out what they were being used for. Storme's experiences also suggest she was being used to gain intelligence on them. Together we have amassed a repository of information on how these drugs are used with brainwashing mechanisms, such as the portal theatre and sleeping facilities to effectively keep one's consciousness docile and engaged within the "earth" reality; think of it like MK Ultra but on a multidimensional scale. In my fourth contact experience with the Grand Elder I was told our consciousness is deliberately controlled when we fall asleep "here" in the physical plane. As I was shown in that experience, and as the leader of the Unseen 5 suggested, 3D holographic scenarios are used in the dream state to reinforce this brainwashing.

“3) take over of natural resources by the invading IS-BEs.

4) political, economic and social slavery of the local population.

These activities continue in present time. All of the IS-BEs on Earth have been members of one or more of these activities in the past, both as an invader, or as part of the population being invaded. There are no "saints" in this universe. Very few have avoided or been exempted from warfare between IS-BEs.

IS-BEs on Earth are still the victims of this activity at this very moment. The between-lives amnesia

administered to IS-BEs is one of the mechanisms of an elaborate system of "Old Empire" IS-BE traps, that prevent an IS-BE from escaping. This operation is managed by an illicit, renegade secret police force of the "Old Empire", using false provocation operations to disguise their activities in order to prevent detection by their own government, The Domain and by the victims of their activities. They are mind-control methods developed by government psychiatrists."

This was the exact modus operandi of the Cult of Psai-green as explained to me by Mac. Though in that experience I was not entirely lucid, my last thought before awakening was having a deep seeded memory of my time in the cult that made me feel sick to my stomach.

"Earth is a "ghetto" planet. It is the result of an intergalactic "Holocaust". IS-BEs have been sentenced to Earth either because:

- 1) They are too viciously insane or perverse to function as part of any civilization, no matter how degraded or corrupt.
- 2) Or, they are a revolutionary threat to the social, economic and political caste system that has been so carefully built and brutally enforced in the "Old Empire". Biological bodies are specifically designed and designated as the lowest order of entity in the "Old Empire" caste system. When an IS-BE is sent to Earth, and then tricked or coerced into operating in a biological body, they are actually in a prison, inside a prison."

Again, this was the exact same thing told to me by the Grand Elder; the human mind was deliberately engineered to hold a dumbed down form of consciousness.

"3) In an effort to permanently and irreversibly rid the "Old Empire" of such "untouchables", the eternal identity, memory, and abilities of every IS-BE is forcefully erased. This "final solution" was conceived and carried out by the psychopathic criminals who are controlled by the "Old Empire". The mass extermination of "untouchables" and prison camps created by Germany during World War II were recently revealed. Likewise, the IS-BEs of Earth are the

victims of spiritual eradication and eternal slavery inside frail, biological bodies, inspired by the same kind of craven hatred in the "Old Empire".”

As Storme and I suspected.

“The kind and creative inmates of Earth are continuously tortured by butchers and lunatics who are controlled by the "Old Empire" prison operators. The so-called "civilizations" of Earth, from the age of useless pyramids to the age of nuclear holocaust, have been a colossal waste of natural resources, a perverted use of intelligence, and an overt oppression of the spiritual essence of every single IS-BE on the planet.”

And such a waste of resources is set to eradicate the human populace if they don't lift their game. Anyone who believes the whole point of their existence is to serve a fictitious corporation that is ruled by a corrupt government in what is effectively corporal slavery demonstrates the spiritual maturity of an infant. Same goes for anyone who believes we are set to go anywhere with perpetual war.

“If The Domain sent ships to every corner of the universe in search of "Hell", their quest could end on Earth. What greater brutality can be inflicted on anyone than to erase the spiritual awareness, identity, ability, and memory that is the essence of oneself?”

According to my experiences, this identity includes a celestial family that is closer to you than any member of your current physical family. Although these relations are nothing like their human counterparts, they can be considered closer than even a parent. They have been part of your existence for many thousand lifetimes as opposed to just one. They can only be remembered via a reconnection to the higher self.

“The Domain has, as yet, been unable to rescue the 3,000 IS-BEs of the Expeditionary Force Battalion either. They are forced to inhabit biological bodies on Earth. We have been able to recognize and track most of them for the past 8,000 years. However, our attempts to communicate with them are usually futile, as they are unable to remember their true identity.”

I remember a great deal of my true identity, as does Storme, and this was done through both of us becoming proficient at lucid dreaming and astral projection. I was specifically told by the Grand Elder I had been summoned by him and the other Elders because of these

abilities. I was also tasked with the Unseen 5 to bring awareness to the fact these are considered extremely important avenues of communication to both parties. My task within the Unseen 5 was provide the means by which to contact them and the Elders through these avenues. I envision a world where these subjects are studied just as extensively as Maths or English in schools; this is the only way forward, in my opinion.

“The majority of lost members of The Domain force have followed the general progression of Western civilization from India, into the Middle East, then to Chaldea, and Babylon, into Egypt, through Achaia, Greece, Rome, into Europe, to the Western Hemisphere, and then all around the world.

The members of the lost Battalion and many other IS-BEs on Earth, could be valuable citizens of The Domain, not including those who are vicious criminals or perverts. Unfortunately, there has been no workable method conceived to emancipate the IS-BEs from Earth.”

This appears to have changed, going from my experiences. The latest details came from the Grand Elder himself in February 2019 when I was told by him that “they” had made great progress in dismantling the traps and liberating consciences from Earth.

“Therefore, as a matter of common logic, as well as the official policy of The Domain, it is safer and more sensible to avoid contact with the IS-BE population of Earth until such time as the proper resources can be allocated to locate and destroy the "Old Empire" force screen and amnesia machinery and develop a therapy to restore the memory of an IS-BE.”

The therapy can be found in lucid dreaming and astral projection. In one of her experiences in the sleep facilities, Storme figured out that the astral body can project into the “afterlife” when it’s undergoing a lucid dream.

“All of the pyramid civilizations of Earth were carefully contrived of layer upon layer of lies, skilfully combined with a few truths. The priest cult of the "Old Empire" combined sophisticated mathematics and space opera technology, with theatrical metaphors and symbolism. All of these are complete fabrications of truth, baited with the allure of aesthetics and mystery.”

The pyramids in mine and Storme’s experiences tell a different story; they were

consciousness training grounds to prepare one for meeting the All Being, or God consciousness. The office of the All being is located inside a pyramid capstone. The only way to reach this office is by going into the pyramid (via the missing 13th stone) and projecting upwards by using the walls. This proves difficult because the walls slope downwards, thus rebounding consciousness back towards the base. The word weapon she tried to teach me in these experiences effectively allows consciousness to be projected via vibration rather than thought. It seems one must learn this technique if they wish to enter the office of the All Being. I believe the All Being was showing me a memory of the last time I tried to reach it, and Storme's experience is that same memory of trying to teach me it before, when I failed.

“The intricate rituals, astronomical alignments, secret rites, massive monuments, marvellous architecture, artistically rendered hieroglyphs and man-animal "gods" were designed to create a unsolvable mystery for the IS-BE prison population on Earth. The mystery diverts attention away from the truth that IS-BEs have been captured, given amnesia and imprisoned on a planet far, far away from their home.

The truth is that every single IS-BE on Earth came to Earth from some other planetary system. Not one person on Earth is a "native" inhabitant. Human beings did not "evolve" on Earth. “

This seems to be the narrative being told to many contactees/ spirit conjurers by non physical entities.

“In the past, Egyptian society was run by the prison administrators or priests, who, in turn, manipulated a Pharaoh, controlled the treasury and kept the inmate population enslaved physically and spiritually. In modern times, the priests have changed, but the function is the same. However, now the priest are prisoners too.”

I was told by the Grand Elder the ones responsible for the amnesia anomaly were the same ones responsible for the Ancient Egyptian slave trade.

“Mystery reinforces the walls of the prison. The "Old Empire" feared that the IS-BEs on Earth might regain their memory. Therefore, one of the primary functions of The "Old Empire" priesthood is to prevent IS-BEs on

Earth from remembering who they really are, how they came to Earth, where they came from.

The "Old Empire" operators of the prison system, and their superiors, do not want IS-BEs to remember who murdered them, captured them, stole all of their possessions, sent them to Earth, gave them amnesia and condemned them to eternal imprisonment!

Imagine what might happen if all of the inmates in the prison suddenly remembered that they have the right to be free! What if they suddenly realized that they have been falsely imprisoned and rise up as one against the guards?"

This was the apparent role of the Cult of Psai-green. They planted sleeper cells within the awakening program that would become activated and sabotage it. Again, they used heavy brainwashing to conceal their identity. I was apparently code named Thor, which parallels what Airl has said about the Ancient Gods. I believe this is what most Milabs abductions really are.

“They are afraid to reveal anything that looks like the civilization of the inmates home planets. A body, a piece of clothing, a symbol, a space ship, an advanced electronics device, or any other remnant of civilization from a home planet could "remind" a being and rekindle his memory.

Sophisticated technologies of entrapment and enslavement, which were developed over millions of years in the "Old Empire", have been applied to the IS-BEs on Earth with the intention to create a false facade for the prison. These facades were installed on Earth in totality, all at once. Every piece is a fully integrated part of the prison system.

This includes a religion of mumbo-jumbo double-speak. Every pyramid civilization uses this as part of a control mechanism to keep the population enslaved by force, by fear and by ignorance. The indecipherable muddle of irrelevant information, geometric designs, mathematical calculation, astronomical alignments, are part of a false spirituality based on solid objects, rather than immortal spirits, in order to confuse and disorient the IS-BEs on Earth.”

The All Being/ divine creator's office was in the capstone of a pyramid, but Airl is saying that all pyramid civilizations are evil. Does this mean that the divine creator itself has been imprisoned? She also claims that they are desperate to stop all imagery of other worlds coming to the forefront of people's minds, hence why I think it is important for the astral realms to be surveyed and recorded as much as possible by those who are able to experience them.

“When the body of a person died they were buried with their Earthly possessions, including their former body wrapped in linen, to sustain their "soul" or "Ka" after death. An IS-BE does not "have" an soul. An IS-BE is a soul.

On the home planet of an IS-BE their material possessions were not lost, stolen or forgotten when the being died or left the body. An IS-BE could return and claim the possessions. However, if the IS-BE has amnesia, they will not remember that they had any possession. So, governments, insurance companies, bankers, family members and other vultures can pick their possessions clean without fear of retribution from the deceased.

The only reason for these false meanings is to instill the idea that an IS-BE is NOT a spirit, but a physical object! This is a lie. It is a trap for an IS-BE.

Countless people have spent endless hours attempting to solve the jig-saw puzzle of Egypt and other "Old Empire" civilizations. They are puzzles made of pieces that do not fit. A question states its own answer. What is the mystery of Egypt and other pyramid cultures? Mystery!”

These burying rituals are continued to this day, particularly in Western society. If one dies they are usually buried in a cemetery unless it is specifically requested that they be cremated. Again we can see the obvious signs of other Ancient Egyptian rituals being carried out within our society, most notably court systems mimicking the weighing of the heart ceremony.

“Plans were made by the "Old Empire" IS-BE called Thoth for construction of a Great Pyramid of Giza. The 4 "air shafts" of the pyramid point precisely to key stars in the "Old Empire" as seen from Giza in this year. The alignment of the Pyramids of Giza on the ground matches perfectly the alignment of the constellation of Orion as seen in the sky from Giza relative to the Nile as the earthly representation of the Milky Way in the sky.”

I was a student to the mysteries of Thoth when I was contacted by the Elder Guardians.

“Coincidentally, one of the most serious crimes an IS-BE could commit in the "Old Empire" was to violate income tax regulations. Income taxes were used as a slavery mechanism and as a punishment in the "Old Empire". The slightest error in a tax report made an IS-BE "untouchable", followed by imprisonment on Earth.”

Again this parallels what was revealed to me in my fourth contact experience with the Grand Elder.

“Other Pyramid civilizations were set up by the "Old Empire" on Earth. These were established in Babylon, Egypt, China and Mesoamerica. The Mesopotamian area provided service facilities, communication stations, space ports, and stone quarry operations for these false civilizations.”

“Ptah was the name given to the first in a succession of administrators from the "Old Empire" who represented themselves to the Earth population as "divine" rulers.”

“Ptah's importance may be understood when one learns that the word "Egypt" is a Greek corruption of the phrase "Het-Ka-Ptah," or "House of the Spirit of Ptah". Ptah, was nick-named "The Developer". He was a construction engineer. His high priest was given the title 'Great

Leader of Craftsmen'."

This is a juicy piece of information that could start a conspiracy theory or two if thought about too long.

"Ptah was also the god of reincarnation in Egypt. He originated the "opening of the mouth ceremony" which was performed by priests at funerals to "release souls" from their corpses. Of course, when the "souls" were released, they were captured, given amnesia, and returned to Earth again."

"The so-called "Devine" rulers who followed Ptah on Earth were called "Ntr", meaning "Guardians or Watchers" by the Egyptians. Their symbol was the Serpent, or Dragon which represented a secret priesthood of the "Old Empire" called the "Brothers of the Serpent"."

Peculiar considering I thought to call my handlers the "Elder Guardians". Also peculiar considering many contactees within the occult communities I am part of say they have been contacted by the "Watchers". Watchers are synonymous with the term Angel in the book of Enoch; King Nebudchanazer is said to have "dreamed" of one. This is where Airl's statement becomes contradictory; the Djedhi were a group of Ancient Egyptian priests whose symbol was the serpent of the Kundalini; the Djed pillars found in Egypt are in reference to them. They were said to be masters of raising Kundalini energy to from the base to the throat chakra, what is believed to initiate a "mystical experience" in eastern traditions. This raising of the Kundalini is also an integral part of occult workings, and was what I was trying to achieve when I was contacted by the Elder Guardians; my assumption was that the transmutation of the metals in alchemical philosophy pertained to realigning the 7 chakras to allow this rise of Kundalini to reconnect with the Higher Self/ aka the Philosopher's Stone. Assuming Airl is talking about the same priests, then the only way they could be considered "against man" is if they withheld this knowledge from others. Given that it makes no sense that Airl would divulge this information if she was on the opposing side to the ones truly for the evolution of human consciousness, my supposition is that the Djedhi were intermediaries that were given the ability to transcend the earth realm at will for whatever reason. The Djedhi have also been linked to Sanat Kumara.

"The beginning of active warfare between The Domain Space

Command and the surviving remnants of the "Old Empire" space fleet in this solar system that lasted nearly 7,500 years. It began when an installation was established in the Himalaya mountains by a battalion of the 3,000 officers and crew members of The Domain Expeditionary Force. The installation was not fortified as The Domain was not aware that the "Old Empire" maintained Earth as a prison planet.

The Domain installation was attacked and destroyed by space forces of the "Old Empire" who continued to operate in the solar system of Earth. IS-BEs of The Domain battalion were captured, taken to Mars, given amnesia, and sent back to Earth to inhabit human biological bodies. They are still on Earth. “

In my 2012 experience, and some of the ones following it, I had a choice whether or not to come back here. I was aware there were members of my celestial family still caught in the amnesia trap and this was the only reason I bothered to return. The outer plane where I first met the Elder Guardians is a utopia compared to earth; there is simply no other reason why one would choose to come back here over staying in that realm. I challenge any person to say that they would be delighted in starting over in a next life from scratch and having to work their way up again, particularly with the ever increasing handicap of poverty on physical earth.

“Investigations into the disappearance of Domain forces in this solar system led to the discovery of "Old Empire" bases on Mars and elsewhere. The Domain took over the planet Venus as a defensive position against the space forces of the "Old Empire". The Domain Expeditionary Force also monitors life forms on Venus which has a very dense, hot and heavy atmosphere of sulfuric acid clouds. There are a few life forms on Earth that can endure an atmospheric environment like Venus.”

Again this supports the whole Sanat Kumara thing and the Aetherius Society's claim of Venusian entities coming to help Earth.

“The Domain also established secret installations or space stations in the Earth solar system. This solar system has a planet that is broken up -- the asteroid belt. It provides a very useful low-gravity platform for take off and landing of space craft. It is used as a "galactic jump" between the Milky Way and adjoining galaxies. There aren't any planets at this end of the galaxy that can serve as a good galactic entering spot for incoming transport, and other ships. But this broken up planet makes a very ideal space station. As a result of our war against the "Old Empire", this area of the solar system is now a valuable possession of The Domain.”

This backs up Storme's experience with two ETs that suggested they "took the belt".

“The intervention into the affairs on Earth by the "Old Empire" operatives or "divine gods" was disrupted at this time by The Domain Forces. They were forced to replace themselves with human rulers. The First Dynasty of human Pharaohs who united Upper and Lower Egypt began with the rule of a Pharaoh who, coincidentally, was named "MEN". He established the capital city called Men-Nefer, "The Beauty of Men" in Egypt. This started the first succession of 10 human Pharaohs and a period of 350 years of chaos that followed in the administrative ranks of the "Old Empire".”

“This is the date for the destruction of Atlantis given by the Egyptian high-priests, Psenophis of Heliopolis, and Sonchis of Sais, to the Greek sage Solon. The Priests of Anu recorded that the Mediterranean area was invaded by "Atlantean" people about this time. Of course, these people were not from the ancient continent of Atlanta, in the Atlantic Ocean, which existed more than 70,000 years earlier.”

“These were refugees from the Minoan civilization on Crete escaping from the volcanic eruption and tidal

waves of Mt. Thera that destroyed their civilization.”

“Plato's references to Atlantis were borrowed from the writings of the Greek philosopher Solon, who was given the information by the Egyptian priest who called Atlantis "Kepchu", which also happens to be the Egyptian name for the people of Crete. Some of the survivors of the Minoan volcanic disaster asked Egypt for help, since they were the only other civilization with high culture in the Mediterranean area at the time”

Plato's philosophy of the cave also suggests a higher form of reality that most people cannot see and was the main inspiration behind the Matrix movies. His conceptualization of the Platonic solids are also used in occult circles to represent the four worlds of the Tetragrammaton, included with the 5th world of spirit – the auric plane. It is my belief that Plato was in fact the philosopher mentioned in alchemy, and that his stone was really the higher self. This just seems like an obvious connection to me.

“604 BCE --

Laozi, a philosopher who wrote a small book called "The Way", was an IS-BE of great wisdom, who overcame the effects of the "Old Empire" amnesia / hypnosis machinery and escaped from Earth. His understanding of the nature of an IS-BE must have been very good to accomplish this.”

Interestingly Crowley called the demon he summoned in his Amalantrah workings Lam, which was apparently Tibetan for “the Way”.

“According to the common legend, his last lifetime as a human was lived in a small village in China. He contemplated the essence of his own life. Like Guatama Siddhartha, he confronted his own thoughts, and past lives. In so doing, he recovered some of his own memory, ability and immortality.”

“As an old man, he decided to leave the village and go to the forest to depart the body. The village gatekeeper stopped him and begged him to write down his personal

philosophy before leaving. Here is a small piece of advice he gave about "the way" he rediscovered his own spirit"

"He who looks will not see it;
He who listens will not hear it;
He who gropes will not grasp it.
The formless nonentity, the motionless source of motion.
The infinite essence of the spirit is the source of life.
Spirit is self.

Walls form and support a room,
yet the space between them is most important.
A pot is formed of clay,
yet the space formed therein is most useful.
Action is caused by the force of nothing on something,
just as the nothing of spirit is the source of all form.

One suffers great afflictions because one has a body.
Without a body what afflictions could one suffer?
When one cares more for the body than for his own spirit,
One becomes the body and loses the way of the spirit.

The self, the spirit, creates illusion.
The delusion of Man is that reality is not an illusion.
One who creates illusions and makes them more real than reality, follows the path of the spirit and finds the way of heaven".

In other words, the soul/ consciousness creates illusion. The delusion of man is that physical reality is not an illusion created by one's own consciousness. One who lucid dreams and creates their own realities and makes them more real than physical reality, follows the path of the soul and finds the way of the outer planes where true celestial family dwell along with the Ascended Masters.

The Genesis story written by the Jewish people describe "angels" or "sons of god" mating with women of Earth,

who bore them children. These were probably renegades from the "Old Empire". They may also have been space pirates or merchants from a system outside the galaxy who came to steal mineral resources, or smuggle drugs.

The Domain has observed that there are many visitors to Earth from neighboring planets and galaxies, but they rarely stop and live here. What kind of beings would live on a prison planet if they were not forced to do so?

The same book also reports the story of a human named Ezekiel who witnessed a spacecraft or aircraft landing near Chebar River in Chaldea. His description of the craft uses very archaic language, technically, but is nevertheless, quite an accurate description of an "Old Empire" saucer or scout craft. It is similar to the sighting of "vimanas" by the people in the foothills of the Himalayas.

Their Genesis story also mentions that "Yahweh" designed biological bodies to live for 120 years on Earth. Biological bodies on most "Sun Type 12, Class 7" planets are usually engineered to last for an average of about 150 years. Human bodies on Earth last only about one half as long. We suspect this is because the prison administrators have altered the biological material of human bodies on Earth to die more frequently so that the IS-BEs who inhabit them will recycle through the amnesia mechanism more frequently.

This is essentially a direct quote to me by the Grand Elder, if one ignores the information about lifespan and names.

"It should be noted that much of the "Old Testament" was written during the captivity of the Jews who were enslaved in Babylon, which was very heavily controlled by priests of the "Old Empire". The book introduces a

false sense of time and a false concept of the origin of the creation.”

“The serpent is the symbol of the "Old Empire". It appears in the beginning of their creation story, or as the Greeks say, "Genesis", and causes the spiritual destruction of the first human beings, who are metaphorically represented by Adam and Eve.”

The real fall of man that was shown to me by the leader of the Unseen 5 suggested that the original builder races of this physical universe from a higher plane of existence were tricked into receiving this spiritual amnesia via emerald stones the size of dominoes which very much led to their spiritual destruction. These builder races appeared in the form of monkey like beings, but a question has always remained on who gave them the stones to begin with; this element was never revealed to me, but I was told, again, that they were the same ones responsible for the Ancient Egyptian slave trade. Airl is suggesting that Adam and Eve represent two separate races that mixed together to create the human race, and in my experience each race took the form of a single entity, but there were many of them and they all had monkey like attributes. The serpent and the tree, in Hermetic literature represent the Tree of Life and the Kundalini. Airl seems very adamant not to trust this Kundalini element and to turn all attention away from it, when I know for a fact this is how I was able to make contact with both the Elder Guardians and the Unseen 5.

“One of these electronic detection devices is referred to as a "tree of life". The device is literally a tool designed to detect the presence of life, which is an IS-BE. This was a large electronic screen generator designed to permeate wide areas. To the ancient humans on Earth it resembled a sort of tree, since it consists of an interwoven lattice of electronic field generators and receivers. The electronic field detects the presence of IS-BEs, whether the IS-BE is occupying a body, or if they are outside a body.”

The Kabbalistic Tree of Life is said to be a schematic diagram of the interaction of the spiritual light of creation within man. The tree has ten spheres (which represent the 10 suit cards of the Tarot Deck) that are connected by "pathways" (which represent the trump cards). It is unclear if Airl was speaking in terms of this particular Tree, but regardless, it is an extremely important concept in Hermetic philosophy. The correct "path" of the Kundalini

was shown as a black serpent rising through these spheres in a very specific order in Golden Dawn literature.

“Imagine what technical accomplishments might have been developed if men like these never died? What if they were never given amnesia and made to forget everything they knew? What if they continued to learn and work forever?”

What level of technology and civilization could be attained if Immortal Spiritual Beings like these were allowed to continue to create -- in the same place and at the same time -- for billions or trillions of years?

Consciousness invading capabilities and 3D holographic environment projectors are two of the more basic technologies I have seen firsthand. Light based cannons that can create a physical reality are an example of more advanced tech I have also seen, but mankind will not be able to accomplish these technological feats if they do not first learn how to detach their consciousness from their body. So long as they limit themselves to the idea the physical reality is all there is, they will be forever bound by the rules of whatever entity created that physical reality. Even quantum computers – assuming they can be built to be error free – are mere child’s play against a consciousness that can directly access the Akashic Records and download information from it. But, alas we rely on the word of a psychologist to tell us these things are not real, rather than the words of those who have experienced them. These psychologists that dictate what should be taken as being real are the very detriment to our spiritual evolution, in my opinion.

“A renaissance of invention on Earth began in 1,250 AD with the destruction of the "Old Empire" space fleet in the solar system. During the next 500 years, Earth may have the potential to regain autonomy and independence, but only to the degree that humankind can apply the concentrated genius of the IS-BEs on Earth to solve the amnesia problem.”

The importance of this statement cannot be emphasized enough; humans have 500 years to get their act together and wake up to the fact that the current system is not doing them any favours. The task given to me by the Unseen 5 is to focus the skills of those in the astral

projection and lucid dreaming communities to work together in solving this problem, rather than using their skills for mundane entertainment; it is foolish to assume the astral planes were put there to use for recreational purposes. In the cosmological scheme they serve a higher purpose and currently that purpose is inter dimensional warfare targeting the very faculties of consciousness.

“However, on a cautionary note, the inventive potential of the IS-BEs who have been exiled to this planet is severely compromised by the criminal elements of the Earth population. Specifically, politicians, war-mongers and irresponsible physicists who create unlimited weapons such as nuclear bombs, chemicals, diseases and social chaos. These have the potential to extinguish all life forms on Earth, forever.”

No matter how genius Einstein was, his inability to see his calculations being used for destructive purposes suggests he was incredibly naïve and spiritually immature. The military industrial complex have proven time and again that they are children with their hands on a box of matches; they take spiritual immaturity to the extreme, no matter how many religious men they put in power. If they were serious about technological progression they would invest in understanding the soul. Every single person has the potential of reaching a higher state of consciousness, yet majority devote their entire existence to worshipping materialistic substance – if money can even be considered material, given that it is more illusion than anything else.

“Even the relatively small explosions that were tested and used in the past two years on Earth have the potential to destroy all of life, if deployed in sufficient quantities. Larger weapons could consume all of the oxygen in the global atmosphere in a single explosion!”

“Therefore, the most fundamental problems that must be solved in order to ensure that Earth will not be destroyed by technology, are social and humanitarian problems. The greatest scientific minds of Earth, in spite of mathematical or mechanical genius, have never addressed these problems.”

“Therefore, do not look to scientists to save Earth or the future of humanity. Any so-called "science" that is solely based on the paradigm that existence is composed only of energy and objects moving through space is not a science. Such beings utterly ignore the creative spark originated by an individual IS-BE and collective work of the IS-BEs who continually create the physical universe and all universes. Every science will remain relatively ineffective or destructive to the degree that it omits or devaluates the relative importance of the spiritual spark that ignites all of creation and life.”

The urgency the Grand Elder expressed to me about humanity needing to up its game was obvious. He specifically stated that if this amnesia was left to fester any longer it would usher in the extinction of the human race. Though no time frame was given, I suspect that we only have a handful of generations left. These assumptions are based on my own understanding of technology and where it is leading us.

“Unfortunately this ignorance has been very carefully and forcefully instilled in human beings by the "Old Empire" to ensure that IS-BEs on this planet will not be able to recover their innate ability to create space, energy, matter and time, or any other component part of universes. As long as awareness of the immortal, powerful, spiritual "self" is ignored, humanity will remain imprisoned until the day of its own, self-destruction and oblivion.”

“Do not rely on the dogma of physical sciences to master the fundamental forces of creation any more than you would trust the chanted incantations of an incense-burning shaman. The net result of both of these is entrapment and oblivion. Scientists pretend to observe, but they only suppose that they see, and call it fact. Like the blind man, a scientist cannot learn to see until he realizes that he is blind. The "facts" of Earth science do not include the source of creation. They include only the result, or byproducts of creation.

The "facts" of science do not include any memory of the nearly infinite past experience of existence."

"The essence of creation and existence cannot be found through the lens of a microscope or telescope or by any other measurement of the physical universe. One cannot comprehend the perfume of a flower or the pain felt by an abandoned lover with meters and calipers."

"Everything you will ever know about the creative force and ability of a god can be found within you -- an Immortal Spiritual Being."

My sentiments exactly, and my mode of thinking for my entire life prior to and after my experiences. One should not take this to mean that one needs to be a narcissist in order to receive enlightenment, but rather that one should realise their power as a consciousness inhabiting a temporary body. When one truly knows oneself, like in the age old adage Gnauthi Sauthon, then nothing can defeat that power. In saying that though, there is a fine line between narcissism and knowing oneself as powerful. Recognise yourself as "a" god, not "the" god.

"Essentially, The Domain is one civilization that has existed for trillions of years with relatively uninterrupted progress. Knowledge has been accumulated, refined, and improved upon in nearly every field of study imaginable -- and beyond imagining."

"Originally, the interaction of IS-BE illusions or inventions created the very fabric of the physical universe -- the microcosm and the macrocosm. Every single particle of the universe has been imagined and brought into existence by an IS-BE. Everything created from an idea -- a thought with no weight or size or location in space."

This very fabric can be seen when one reconnects with their higher self. You can literally see through these physical realities like they are glass, but you can also see the non-physical universes they are connected to. This paragraph as a whole makes more sense when you have seen things from this perspective; it is not really describable with any of our words.

“Every speck of dust in space, from the size of the tiniest subatomic particle, to the size of a sun or a magelantic cloud the size of many galaxies, was created from the nothingness of a thought. Even the tiniest, individual cells were contrived and coordinated to enable a microbial entity to sense, and navigate through infinitesimally small spaces. These also came from an idea thought up by an IS-BE.”

This is evident in the way one contracts and expands consciousness during lucid dreaming. Consciousness can be as small as the atom, or as large as the universe, if detached from the body and left to its own devices. Attached to the body, however, consciousness becomes trapped in a neutral state and limited to a small portion of the horizon of the Earth (unless you somehow find a way to exit the Earth's atmosphere)

“You, and every IS-BE on Earth, have participated in the creation of this universe. Even though you are now confined to a fragile body made of flesh; you live for only 65 short rotations of your planet around a star; you have been given overwhelming electric shock treatments to wipe out your memory; you must learn everything all over again each lifetime; in spite of all these circumstances, you are who you are and will always be. And, deep down, you still know that your are and what you know. You are still the essence of you.”

You are god. The divine spark within you that gave your body animation is the proof of that.

“How else can one understand the child prodigy? An IS-BE who plays concertos on a piano at three years of age, without formal training? Impossible, if they did not simply remember what they have already learned from thousands of lives spent in front of a keyboard in times untold, or on planets far away. They may not know how they know. They just know.”

“The vested interest of the "Old Empire" prison system is to prevent you from looking at your own soul. They fear

that you will see in your own memory the slave masters who keep you imprisoned. The prison is made of shadows in your mind. The shadows are made of lies, and pain, and loss, and fear.”

This is exactly what I got for looking at my own soul. No matter how terrifying the shadows become, they will always be illusions that cannot harm the deepest aspect of yourself; the soul. Once you realize this, the scary, snarling Rottweiler’s become the scared and fleeing Chihuahuas.

“Neither has such technology ever been developed by The Domain. Until recently, the necessity of rehabilitating an IS-BE with amnesia has not been needed. Therefore, no one has ever worked on solving this problem. So far, unfortunately, The Domain has no solution to offer.”

This is no longer the case. The solution lies in a scroll kilometres in length that can be meditated upon to unlock hidden memories. This scroll sits on top of an altar in the middle of the celestial courtyard I was taken to by the Elder Guardians, and is guarded by the Grand Elder. This scroll is connected to the Akashic Records, and acts like a software patch that ignores the broken memory when activated. It is embedded in soul/ consciousness DNA and is not a physical object. I know this because I was the one who wrote the scroll specifically for this purpose, as was the task given to me by the Grand Elder at that gathering.

“A few officers of The Domain Expeditionary Force have taken it upon themselves to provide technology to Earth during their off duty time. These officers leave their "doll" at the space station and, as an IS-BE, assume or take over a biological body on Earth. In some cases an officer can remain on duty while they inhabit and control other bodies at the same time.

This is a very dangerous and adventurous undertaking. It requires a very able IS-BE to accomplish such a mission, and return to base successfully. One officer who did this recently, while continuing to attend to his official duties, was known on Earth as the electronics

inventor, Nicola Tesla.

It is my intention, although is not a part of my mission orders, to assist you in your efforts to advance scientific and humanitarian progress on Earth. My intention is to help other IS-BEs to help themselves. In order to solve the amnesia problem on Earth you will need much more advanced technology, as well as social stability to allow enough time for research and development of techniques to free the IS-BE from the body, and to free the mind of the IS-BE from amnesia.

It is also true of the navigation system which requires an IS-BE whose own personal wavelength has been specifically attuned to the "neural network" of the craft. The pilot of the craft must possess a very high order of energy volition, discipline, training and intelligence to manipulate such a craft. IS-BEs on Earth are incapable of this expertise because it requires the use of an artificial body specifically created for this purpose."

Again we find Airl speaking about controlling space craft with thought. I am positive this can be done through utilising the void space of lucidity after tuning into such a ship. I agree with Airl that consciousness cannot be inside a human body to achieve this level of control; it is just too limited

"Certain individual Earth scientists, some of whom are among the most brilliant minds in the history of the universe, will have their memory of this technology jogged when they examine the craft components. Just as some of the scientists and physicists on Earth have been able to "remember" how to recreate electric generators, internal combustion and steam locomotion, refrigeration, aircraft, antibiotics, and other tools of your civilization, they will also rediscover other vital technology in my craft.

The following are the specific systems embodied in my craft that contain useful components:

- 1) There is an assortment of microscopic wiring or fibers within the walls of the craft that control such things as communications, information storage, computer function, and automatic navigation.
- 2) The same wiring is used for light, sub-light and ultra-light spectrum detection and vision.
- 3) The fabrics of the interior of the craft are far superior to any on Earth at this time and have hundreds or thousands of applications.
- 4) You will also find mechanisms for creating, amplifying and channeling light particles or waves as a form of energy.”

All of these components, plus more, Philip J Corso suggested were taken from the craft that crashed in Roswell and were buried in R&D projects he was in charge of in order to hide them from the prying eyes of the Russians.

“Immortal Spiritual Beings, which I refer to as "IS-BEs", for the sake of convenience, are the source and creators of illusions. Each one, individually and collectively, in their original, unfettered state of being, are an eternal, all-powerful, all-knowing entity.

IS-BEs create space by imagining a location. The intervening distance between themselves and the imagined location is what we call space. An IS-BE can perceive the space and objects created by other IS-BEs.”

This is a completely accurate description of dream creation whilst in the void space. Despite its name, there is no space because there are no objects, only formless archetypes depending on the depth one goes. Space only becomes apparent when one consciously creates a dream environment and populates it with objects.

“IS-BEs are not physical universe entities. They are a source of energy and illusion. IS-BEs are not located in space or time, but can create space, place particles in space, create energy, and shape particles into various forms, cause the motion of forms, and animate forms. Any form that is animated by an IS-BE is called life.”

How does one define reality when one is not connected to the body but still experiences reality through a consciously created dream? Reality is simply the experience of consciousness; in lucidity the reality of consciousness is non-physical and 4th dimensional. Physicality is no longer real because it is no longer being experienced. Therefore reality is subjective to consciousness, and physical reality is subjective to the collective consciousness that engage in it.

“An IS-BE can decide to agree that they are located in space or time, and that they, themselves, are an object, or any other manner of illusion created by themselves or another or other IS-Bes.”

One remains in timelessness as pure consciousness whilst in the void space. One can choose to remain as pure consciousness in this state or create a dreamscape in which they become an object in a dream environment. They can then either condense themselves into a more solid and material world, or expand themselves into a more light based one through the inward and outward projection of consciousness, i.e. the summoning of the portals.

“The disadvantage of creating an illusion is that an illusion must be continually created. If not continually created, it disappears. Continual creation of an illusion requires incessant attention to every detail of the illusion in order to sustain it.”

This philosophy is the precise key to dream creation whilst in the void space; one must continually create the dreamscape through incessant attention to detail. If there is even the slightest error in detail, the dreamscape will fall apart. This is why it becomes harder to create a dreamscape the deeper one falls into the void space; the more sub conscious

distortions are imposed on the consciousness whilst in the midst of creating a dreamscape, the more attention must be given to these distortions to hush them, resulting in attention being taken away from the creation of the dreamscape.

“A common denominator of IS-BEs seems to be the desire to avoid boredom. A spirit only, without interaction with other IS-BEs, and the unpredictable motion, drama, and unanticipated intentions and illusions being created by other IS-BEs, is easily bored.”

“What if you could imagine anything, perceive everything, and cause anything to happen, at will? What if you couldn't do anything else? What if you always knew the outcome of every game and the answer to every question? Would you get bored?”

One comes to this level of understanding and perception upon reconnecting with the higher self.

“The entire back time track of IS-BEs is immeasurable, nearly infinite in terms of physical universe time. There is no measurable "beginning" or "end" for an IS-BE. They simply exist in an everlasting now.”

An accurate description of consciousness whilst in the Auric plane.

“Another common denominator of IS-BEs is that admiration of one's own illusions by others is very desirable. If the desired admiration is not forthcoming, the IS-BE will keep creating the illusion in an attempt to get admiration. One could say that the entire physical universe is made of unadmired illusions.”

“The origins of this universe began with the creation of individual, illusionary spaces. These were the "home" of the IS-BE. Sometimes a universe is a collaborative creation of illusions by two or more IS-BEs. A proliferation of IS-BEs, and the universes they create,

sometimes collide or become commingled or merge to an extent that many IS-BEs shared in the co-creation of a universe.”

I witnessed this co creation of universes in my third contact experience with the Grand Elder. These universes seem to be created though the collision of two or more “light” frequencies; the resulting harmonics from the collision ultimately form into a physical universe. These harmonics are what mesh physical and non-physical universes together; travel from one to another can be achieved by learning the inward and outward, projection techniques of consciousness. If one considers these projections from a 1st person perspective i.e. looking from compressed state out to an expanded one or vice versa, one can conceptualise the flow of consciousness through these different worlds. It is the same as conceptualising expansion from an atom into that of a universe.

“IS-BEs diminish their ability in order to have a game to play. IS-BEs think that any game is better than no game. They will endure pain, suffering, stupidity, privation, and all manner of unnecessary and undesirable conditions, just to play a game. Pretending that one does not know all, see all and cause all, is a way to create the conditions necessary for playing a game: unknowns, freedoms, barriers and/or opponents and goals. Ultimately, playing a game solves the problem of boredom.”

There are as many universes as there are IS-BEs to imagine, build and perceive them, each existing concurrently within its own continuum. Each universe is created using its own, unique set of rules, as imagined, altered, preserved or destroyed by one or more IS-BEs who created it. Time, energy, objects and space, as defined in terms of the physical universe, may or may not exist in other universes. The Domain exists in such a universe, as well as in the physical universe.”

This is true of the lucid worlds. I have visited many places that have rules that are completely different to that of the physical world. Physics is dependent upon who creates the reality. According to Gnostic ideology, for the physical reality we are part of Yahweh/ Yaldabaoth is the creator. For the Auric Plane it is the All Being; i.e. the god of

consciousness. I know this from personal experience; once in the presence of the All being you just know it is the consciousness of all consciousnesses.

“One of the rules of the physical universe is that energy can be created, but not destroyed. So, the universe will keep expanding as long as IS-BEs keep adding more new energy into it. It is nearly infinite. It is like an automobile assembly line that never stops running and none of the cars are ever destroyed.”

“Every IS-BE is basically good. Therefore, an IS-BE does not enjoy doing things to other IS-BEs which they themselves do not want to experience. For an IS-BE there is no inherent standard for what is good or bad, right or wrong, ugly or beautiful. These ideas are all based on the opinion of each individual IS-BE.”

“The closest concept that human beings have to describe an IS-BE is as a god: all-knowing, all-powerful, infinite. So, how does a god stop being a god? They pretend NOT to know. How can you play a game of "hide and seek" if you always know where the other person is hiding?”

“You pretend NOT to know where the other players are hiding, so you can go off to "seek" them. This is how games are created. You have forgotten that you are just "pretending". In so doing, IS-BEs become entrapped and enslaved inside a maze of their own devising.”

“How does one create a cage, lock one's own self inside the cage, throw away the key, and forget there is a key or a cage, and forget there is an "inside" or "outside", and even forget there is a self? Create the illusion that there is no illusion: the entire universe is real, and that no other universe exists or can be created.”

In other words, you are in a dream, but you told yourself it is not a dream, and convinced

yourself it is real based entirely on the idea that physicality is "real".

“On Earth, the propaganda taught and agreed upon is that the gods are responsible, and that human beings are not responsible. You are taught that only a god can create universes. So, the responsibility for every action is assigned to another IS-BE or god. Never oneself.”

“No human being ever assumes personal responsibility for the fact that they, themselves -- individually and collectively -- are gods. This fact alone is the source of entrapment for every IS-BE.”

I did, and it granted me an audience with the Ascended Masters at the age of 22.

“I must return to my assigned duties on the "space station" now. I have provided as much help as I feel ethically able to offer, given the requirements and constraints of my duties as an officer, pilot and engineer of The Domain Forces. Therefore, I will depart, as an IS-BE, from Earth within the next 24 hours.”

“What this means is that Airl will leave her "doll" with us, as her craft is damaged beyond repair. We can examine, dissect and study the body at our leisure. She does not have any further use for it, nor does she have any personal feelings or attachments to it as others are readily available for her use.”

Again this suggests that the only fundamental difference between this particular ET and humans is that Airl can detach her consciousness at will, rather than having to rely on falling asleep to do so.

“Airl does not recommend that there is any technology in

the body that Earth scientists will find useful, however. The technology of the body is simple, yet vastly beyond the reckoning of our current ability to analyze or reverse engineer any facet of it. The body is neither biological or mechanical, but a unique fabrication a materials and ancient technologies not found on any Earth-type planet.”

“As Airl mentioned previously, a very rigid and distinctive hierarchy of social, economic and cultural classes exists throughout The Domain which has remained unvaried and inviolate for many millennia. The body type and function assigned to an IS-BE officer varies specifically according to the rank, class, longevity, training level, command level, service record, and meritorious citations earned by each individual IS-BE, as with any other military insignia.”

“The body used by Airl is specifically designed for an officer, pilot and engineer of her rank and class. The bodies of her companions, which were destroyed in the crash, were not of the same rank or class, but of a junior rank. Therefore, the appearance, features, composition and functionality of those bodies were specialized, and limited to the requirements of their duties.”

“The junior officers whose bodies were damaged in the crash have left their bodies and returned to their duties on the space station. The damage suffered by their bodies was due primarily to the fact that they were officers of lower rank. They used bodies which were partially biological and therefore far less durable and resilient than hers.”

Like the Grand Elder said, this is heavily suggestive that physical bodies can be engineered to have specific features, or to leave specific features out, like our higher forms of consciousness.

“If humanity is to survive, it must cooperate to find effective solutions to the difficult conditions of your existence on Earth. Humanity must rise above its human form and discover where they are, and that they are IS-BEs, and who they really are as IS-BEs in order to transcend the notion that they are merely biological bodies. Once these realisations have been made, it may be possible to escape your current imprisonment. Otherwise, there will be no future for the IS-BEs on Earth.”

As was specifically told to me by the Grand Elder and the leader of the Unseen 5. If humanity does not recognise itself as being consciousness first and a body second soon, it will wipe itself out through needless consumption of resources.

“It has been almost exactly 40 years since the crash at Roswell. Since then it has become obvious to me that I have been able to communicate telepathically with Airl for one reason: I am one of the 3,000 members of the Lost Battalion. At this time, all of the members of the Lost Battalion have been located on Earth as a result of The Domain Annunaki Mission and their use of the "Tree of Life" detection device.”

“Through my communication with Airl, I have recovered some of my memory of lives I've spent on Earth over the past 8,000 years. Most of these memories are not especially important compared to the long backtrack of events, but it has been a necessary stepping stone to regaining my awareness and ability as an IS-BE.

I can also remember some dim patches of my life in The Domain Expeditionary Force. I was a nurse there too. For the most part I've been a nurse over and over and over again down through the ages. I stick with being a nurse because it is familiar to me. And, I enjoy the work of helping people, as well as

members of the race of biological beings in The Domain whose bodies look more like insects than mammals, especially their hands. Even doll bodies need some repair once in awhile, too.”

Just as I remember being used an infiltration agent for my handlers, and many, many of my past lives and operations trying to stop this amnesia.

“As I remember more about my past, I realize that the rest of my life is in the future. Eternity is not just in the past. Eternity is in the future. At this point I am still not able to fully return to The Domain. I am sentenced to eternal imprisonment, like all other IS-BEs in the living Hell called Earth, until we can disable the "Old Empire" force screens.”

I am also aware this is a likely possibility for me; hence this book is to also function as a backup plan if I am unfortunate enough to recycle back into this Hell.

“As you know, members of The Domain Expeditionary Force have been working to solve this problem for thousands of years. Airl says that even though The Domain has located all of the Lost Battalion officers and crew, the success of freeing them depends on the IS-BEs who are already on Earth. The Domain Central Command cannot authorize any personnel or resources, at this time, to conduct a "rescue mission" as this is not the primary mission of The Domain Expeditionary Force in this galaxy.”

Evidently, it seems this is no longer the case, though as I was never given specifics in regards to names or races, I cannot comment on whether or not this is being undertaken by the same Domain group or some other non-physical entities that are allied with them.

“So, if IS-BEs on Earth are going to escape from this prison, it will have to be an "inside job", so to speak. The inmates will have to figure out how to get themselves out. Various methods of recovering

the memory and ability of IS-BEs have been developed over the past 10,000 years on Earth, but none have proven to be consistently effective so far.”

Dedication to learning the art of lucid dreaming and the meditation of alchemy as being the liberation mechanism of the soul is the only way I know of to escape the trap.

“Airl mentioned that the most significant breakthrough was made by Gautama Siddhartha about 2,500 years ago. However, the original teachings and techniques taught by The Buddha have been altered or lost over the millennia since then. The practical techniques of his philosophy were perverted into robotic religious rituals by priests as a self-serving instrument of control or slavery.”

“However, another major advance occurred recently. An acquaintance of The Commanding Officer of The Domain Expeditionary Force Space Station is an IS-BE who had once been an important engineer and officer in the "Old Empire" Space Fleet. He became an "untouchable" himself about 10,000 years ago and was sentenced to Earth for leading a mutiny against the oppressive regime of the "Old Empire". The engineer was trained in Advanced Scientific Improvisation Theory thousands of years ago. This man has applied his expertise to helping The Domain solve the apparently unsolvable problem of rescuing the members of the Lost Battalion, as well as the IS-BEs on Earth.”

I often wonder if this was me, given that I am well aware I was, at one point, part of the problem (my Cult of Psai-green experience also suggests this, as does Storme's experiences.). The ten thousand year time span certainly fits in with what is recorded in my back up dream journal (the inconsistency between my soul age being 40 000 or 10 000 years old is that I remember being told by the Grand Elder it was 40 000, though for some reason I wrote it as 10 000 in my back up dream journal – this was done hurriedly as I had just typed the whole experience into my digital dream journal which contained more accurate information and had taken several hours – this laptop was eventually stolen. Given that I

was in such a rush to write it in the backup journal, I just figured it was an error on my part.)

“Careful observation and experimental analysis of the mechanics of memory in IS-BEs by he and his wife, who assisted him, led to the realisation that IS-BEs can recover from amnesia and also regain lost abilities. Together they discovered and developed effective methods that they used to rehabilitate their own memories. They eventually codified their methods so that others can safely be trained to apply them to themselves and others, without detection by the "Old Empire" thought control operators.”

....And there is the wife card. This does actually sound a lot like us.

“Their research also revealed that IS-BEs can occupy and operate more than one body at the same time -- a fact that previously was thought to be uniquely limited to officers of The Domain.”

I have vague memories of doing this whilst lucid. Storme seems to be more proficient at it than me.

“One example of this fact is that the engineer, in a previous lifetime on Earth, was Suleiman The Magnificent. His assistant was a harem girl who rose up from slavery to become his wife and rule the Ottoman empire with him. Simultaneously, she inhabited another body and ruled her own empire as Queen Elizabeth. As the Queen of England, she never married, because she was already married to the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire!”

“In a later life he was incarnated as Cecil Rhodes. During his life as Rhodes she was, again, a princess, this time from Poland. As such,

she pursued Rhodes unsuccessfully toward the end of his life. However, in their next incarnation they met again, were married, had a family, and again, worked together successfully all of their lives.”

Not exactly a past life history I'd be happy to admit to, but proof, nonetheless one does not need to be a spiritual guru to regain their memories. Interestingly, Storme has Polish heritage in her current life. And neither am I saying that I have been anything but a saint in this life; divinity is not exclusively for those who attend church. It seems that the only thing that is important is a fair understanding of what is fundamentally right and what is fundamentally wrong on a cosmological level – this was also a point that was stressed to me by both the Grand Elder and the leader of the Unseen 5. If you hoard billions of dollars whilst much of the world suffers in poverty, sorry to tell you but you are part of what is fundamentally wrong; there is no place for such a being in the Auric realms regardless of if you go to church to make yourself appear more saintly.

“Several other notable examples of this phenomena were observed. For example, the process of refining steel was invented by the same IS-BE who inhabited two bodies simultaneously. One was named Kelly who lived in Kentucky, and the other was a man named Bessemer who lived in England. They both conceived the same process at the same time.”

See my Leverian Theology chapter in regards to Ron's gestalt concept. He arrived at his conclusions from noticing this exact phenomenon.

“Most of the IS-BEs on Earth are good, honest, able beings: artists, managers, geniuses, free thinkers and revolutionaries who have harmed no one, really. They are no threat to anyone except the criminals who have imprisoned them.”

Again this aligns with my thoughts and unwillingness to entertain vengeance on those who had wronged me. Their actions, although harmful to my body, had no real effect on my soul, because at that point I had already experienced the outer planes and spoken with the Elder Guardians. I saw them as spiritually immature people who were mostly good but had been led astray by darker forces. The Native Americans envisioned this as an evil spirit that

possessed people and over inflated their sense of selfishness, calling it a Wetiko. As Ghandi said, "an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind". The ability to accept one's wrongdoings in this world and forgive them as being the victims of such a darkness is what leads to true spiritual enlightenment, in my opinion. That of course doesn't mean one has to put up with continuous error when those victims refuse to learn from their mistakes, but retaliation via violence is certainly not beneficial to one's soul. Hatred is the broken thought of a broken soul; it is these thoughts that bind one to an endless cycle of reincarnation, no matter how saintly an image they project of themselves.

"This is why I am asking you to tell this story.

Please share these transcripts with as many people as you can. If the people of Earth are told what is really going on here, perhaps they will begin to remember who they are, and where they came from."

If one looks close enough they will find a similar message about consciousness is starting to make its way into the forefront of society.

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR:

COLD DARK SEA INTERVIEW

{Name omitted but herein referred to as H} is a well known researcher of UFO and ETs, and has amassed quite an impressive collection of testimonies from scientists and military personell who claimed they had direct first hand knowledge of subjects related to extra terrestrial activity on earth, since she first began researching the phenomena back in the 80s.

I first reached out to H regarding some experiences I had, which basically pertained to contact with off world entities through the use of lucid dreaming and astral projection practices.

Part of my wanting to reach out to her was born on the assumption that there was some kind of war taking place in the astral planes that I had been actively involved in, along with others in my inner circle.

In relation to this, my experiences involved beings telling me about a spiritual amnesia cutting humanity off from a state of conscious awareness that was originally meant for them, and the idea that reincarnation was a deliberately engineered faculty by the same perpetrators of this amnesia.

Those off world entities that made contact with me implied that should this amnesia be left unchecked, it would see us wipe ourselves out through the needless consumption of earth's resources.

Part of my involvement in this astral war was apparently in an intelligence gathering role on this on amnesia. What my “team” – or hive consciousness – had found was that it was being kept in some kind of a “black hole anomaly” that existed somewhere at the edge of the 5D universe (non physical plane). It was because of my involvement in this operation that I was “initiated” into an astral based group consisting of 5 members, the leader being an off world intelligence, to which I called them the Unseen 5, who were apparently tasked with the monitoring of the alien presence on earth, as well as the inter dimensional traffic coming into and out of it; this particular group was what had made me reach out to H to begin with, as they sounded very similar to a group she had reported on called the Council of 5. The only other mention of the Council of 5 I could find was a brief reference to them in what was called the “Alien Race Book” (ARB) which purported to be a KGB briefing document that was found within the boxed away inventory of a retired Russian minister.

Basically I had been given the role of “recruiter” for this group, of those with astral and lucid navigational abilities to bring them within the ranks of the Unseen 5.. They wanted to recruit those skilled in these areas to help put a stop to the problem of the amnesia and the threat it posed to humanity. This role came about because of my responsibilities in the amnesia correction program given to me by another astral based group I called the Elder Guardians.

H replied to my email asking if I could go into more detail on the Unseen 5 stating that she wanted to call me in regards to a geophysical event that might occur between 2021 and 2043, to see if I might be able to help provide her with information on such an event.

After some problems with bad reception preventing me from receiving the call, H was finally able to get through, and we ended up chatting for 53 minutes and 30 seconds (originally I thought it was about 2 hours), according to the call log report on my phone.

She asked me if it was ok if she recorded the conversation, and for legal reasons, asked me about my background, including name – both birth name and any name I wished to be referred by on her programs – , place of residence, where I was born, and occupation etc.

I relayed such information including that I was an electronics technician but had been full time caring for my wife for quite a few years due to her suffering from a neurological condition. The crux of the conversation then started with H asking if I

knew if phone towers could be the cause of this illness, to which I replied that I held an advanced licence in Radio Communications, and although I disagreed with most conspiracies on the subject of 5G as I was aware of how electromagnetic radiation works, there seemed to be a correlation with my wife's sickness and her immediate environment, as it seems to go away to some extent when we go on holiday, far away from civilization.

H then went on to talk about the astral war I had mentioned in my email. She said that she was very much aware of this same war, as she had been contacted by a high ranking physicist that worked for the CIA, a number of years ago when she had attended a conference on Ufology in the USA. This physicist had specifically approached her when she was walking through the crowd and whispered in her ear in an attempt to have the white noise of the crowd block out "listening ears".

What he told her was that the CIA were very aware of an astral plane that "wrapped" around the earth and the physical universe, and what is more there was an inter dimensional war taking place there. She alleged that all entities existing in the astral world were parasites that were interested in feeding on "human souls"; although I would say this was my impression of a great many entities that dwell there, I would not agree it was "all" of them.

According to the physicist, the CIA were very active in the development of advanced "weaponry" they could take into the astral planes to fight these particular "demons".

At one point she stated she is in contact with a highly accomplished remote viewer that was also part of this CIA operation, - Project Stargate - and confirmed that what this physicist said was correct, as he had been actively gaining intelligence on this inter dimensional war whilst working for them.

I am aware of declassified papers on the CIA website that allude to remote viewing and astral projection (referred to as the gateway experience) being utilized for some of their operations, particularly in regards to alien structures and foreign enemy installations.

One of these documents outlines a remote viewing session of the "Galactic Federations Headquarters"; the description from the viewer sounded very much like part of a place I used to frequently visit during my times lucid dreaming in my youth, which I called "the Island".

I mentioned this island to H, and the sky that was always purple like it was stuck in a state of evening twilight, and she relayed to me that her remote viewer had also experienced similar places stating that, to paraphrase, "he said many of these other

worlds he had viewed had similar beautiful purple skies and at times did not want to exit the session”.

The conversation then turned to my contact experiences and the idea that reincarnation had been deliberately engineered to allow these parasites better control to feed off our souls. She wanted my opinion on how to get rid of them, to which I told her I didn't really have an answer, but yes essentially that is what I thought reincarnation was, based on information that had been given to me via these off world intelligences.

H's attention then turned towards what I had referenced as the anomaly. She said this sounded very similar, almost exactly the same, to something that had been described to her before, many years ago. She apparently had another contact within the CIA, who had been given this information directly from the mouth of a MAJESTIC 8 agent, which was very much related to the MAJESTIC 12 – the gist I got was that it was the MJ12 before the 4 additional members had been added, though H was vague about this connection. MAJESTIC 12 was the group who had allegedly been created after the 1947 Roswell crash to retrieve any and all material related to UFOs and Aliens, and ensure a cover-up was put in place to prevent the public ever finding out the truth.

What the MJ8 agent had told her CIA contact was that there was a “cold, dark sea” far out in the universe that covered a large portion of it – it was different to normal space, and functioned similar to a sea in that it ebbed and flowed.

When the CIA agent asked the MJ8 agent what it was, he was told “you don't want to know”. H wanted to get my opinion on if this sounded like the same anomaly I had witnessed, where the mechanisms of the spiritual amnesia were apparently being kept, to which I replied it very well could be, but was slightly different as I was viewing it from a different plane, through a different state of conscious awareness.

H then asked me if I had ever had any apocalyptic style visions of tsunamis flooding the earth, to which I replied not specifically tsunamis but that I had had many dreams of nuclear bombs going off in my neighbourhood.

H then told me if I had anything I wished to share with her that I felt was too sensitive to be discussed over the phone or unsecured email that I could use whatsapp and proton mail to email her as they were secure avenues that scientists and other military contacts used to get information to her.

I obliged, but given the nature of this being a highly complicated subject, I feel that, in hindsight, much of the material I sent to her may have not been given the attention it deserved. I feel my reports were too incomplete to contain any usable

\information, which is what turned her off them. Ultimately H made it clear that she was no longer interested in any of the material, to which my communications with her came to a respectful end. I have retained the original emails from H.

CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE:

MY INVESTIGATIONS INTO NON PHYSICAL INITIATED CONTACT

Since my first experience with the Elder Guardians back in 2012 I have been investigating the idea of interaction of human consciousness with non-physical entities through metaphysical means such as lucid dreaming, astral projection, telepathy and remote viewing.

To properly conduct these investigations I felt it necessary to operate from an objective rather than subjective perspective of my experiences; my goal was to probe certain societies and communities where similar subject material to the information relayed to me by the various off world intelligences seemed to be gaining momentum. The societies I would come to focus on were those considered occult in nature including groups dedicated for not only astral projection and lucid dreaming but also certain forms of spirit communication and general paranormal activity.

This investigation originally began as a means to connect with those who had also had a similar mystical experiences to the one I had on May 11 2012, and to gather more information on the subject content that was exposed therein, as well as the subjects revealed to my wife, Storme, after her own mystical experiences induced

through lucid dreaming.

During my investigations I was interested in encounters which had subject content falling into at least one of more of the following criteria:

Expanded consciousness seeding

Astral or non-physical based warfare

Simulation theory

Communication with non-physical entities via trance or consciousness projection methods

Time travel themed dreams or projections in which consciousness could slip out of this “locked” timeline

Phenomena suggestive of travel between non-physical and physical planes

Extra-terrestrial abduction/ contact experiences that suggested astral projection or lucid dreaming was used a means to initiate abduction or contact.

Artificial intelligence threats

Upon beginning my investigations into these areas, it became evident that a lot of mainstream researchers in subjects that could be considered even remotely like those I was targeting lacked a background in occult concepts that would allow them, in my opinion, a fresh perspective away from those beliefs that have inadvertently been fed to them through a society biased toward its own idea of spirituality.

I was of the opinion that, regardless of proclaimed belief systems, majority of these researchers were unknowingly conducting their research through a lens that had become distorted through the bombardment of superficial stereotypes through media and other entertainment avenues, that would ultimately prevent them from exploring concepts that I felt could provide a bigger picture, in so far as inter dimensional entity agendas were concerned.

I was of the opinion that someone who had never experienced astral projection or lucid dreaming was not in a proper position to offer a valid opinion on these phenomena; the scientific evaluation of these practices to prove their existence was not anything my research was interested in as my own first hand experiences in these fields were validation enough; it was my goal to try and take the abstract concepts being presented by those experiencers of these phenomena and translate them through my own understanding of them.

Given that these practices both take place within an environment that lacks both physical properties and boundaries, that can only be understood through the

application of visualization and consciousness projection methods, and given that the only way to communicate these concepts to other people was to first attach further bias through physical descriptors in an effort to make them more easily relatable, it was important for my research that I establish a “baseline of analysis” to try and see through the physical and ideological bias that was presenting itself. Therefore, it was my goal to try and reduce these experiences to as pure an archetype as possible by stripping them from all irrelevant labels and descriptors that would otherwise add confusion; names, races, sexes, belief systems, intentions, temperament, disposition, and origins are a few of the examples I was trying to eliminate working under the hypothesis that they were presenting unwanted distortions which would characterize them as a condition of belief and ultimately divide them into groupings that would dilute the core concepts of the experiences themselves, rendering them too subjectively flawed by their experiencers to evaluate objectively.

One of the main areas of my deriving this method of archetypal reduction was inspired by a conversation with Storme, in which the notion was entertained that demonic entities could have possibly been the original angels whose images were corrupted by mainstream religion so that they would not be “paid serious attention to”.

To begin with, this was not a high priority subject of interest, but that soon changed when it became evident to me that there was a very real “trend” taking off in many of the occult groups I was part of, in which religious tradition that had painted such demons as evil and only to be commanded like one would a slave was being cast aside for the idea that they were willing to communicate an alternate form of history that had been withheld from humanity in return for nothing else but respect; by 2015 I began noticing that there were entire communities popping up devoted to worshipping these entities based on similar assumptions that religious depictions of them had been inaccurate.

Although a lot of these groups had people who were trying to “summon” these entities for mundane purposes such as money and revenge, the obvious theme that had emerged was that people were no longer subscribing to the idea that most of them were “evil”, as majority of historical literature surrounding their temperament seemed to allude to.

Thus I reduced all depictions of angelic and demonic entities – which had their fair share of historical accounts of “visiting people” in their own mystical experiences – to a single archetypal concept of a being that existed in a non-physical realm that

was interested in communicating with physical based humans.

Now, there was also another aspect that was coming through, albeit not as strongly as this non malevolent temperament, and that was the idea that certain demons and certain interactions were suggestive of both physical contact and non-physical contact through methods characteristic of both astral projection and lucid dreaming. Though not all non-physical contact methods were suggestive of astral projection or lucid dreaming, it was certainly those with these characteristics that seemed to be more clear and complete in so far as the information that was coming through to them.

Naturally this physical and non-physical contact methodology – which is backed through historical mythology surrounding these certain entities in the form of mystical visions, appearances and disappearances etc – seemed to be happening in various countries amongst people of various cultures and races of both sexes; in other words, there was no definitive culture, sex or religious background these types of contacts could be pin pointed to.

There was another aspect that I was curious about and had been for some time, which had been sparked through reading stories of alien abductions which described events happening prior to these abductions that were heavily suggestive the abductee was either astral projecting or in the initial first phase of lucid dreaming known as sleep paralysis, though through lack of knowledge of such occult concepts, these experiencers – in part being driven by the same UFO researchers that also lacked firsthand experience in these subjects – were mistaking these incidents as being carried out within the physical plane. This was suggestive to me that what the Grand Elder had told me in regards to these practices being utilized as communication channels by non-physical entities such as itself may hold some truth.

I have certainly had my fair share of misunderstandings of this nature, so it is not at all unreasonable to assume less experienced peoples may have become confused as to whether what was happening to them was really happening in the physical world. What is more, and what I found curious is that within the occult communities I was part of, most notably those dealing in astral projection and lucid dreaming, there was various accounts coming through of stories that sounded almost identical in nature differing only in the composition of the appearance of the entities; there was a very obvious correlation in abductee stories that centred around the idea of “communication” in some form or another, but whereas those accounts coming from the UFO community were suggesting “Grey”, “Reptiloid” or even “Mantid” interaction, and using other race descriptors commonly found in that community,

those in the lucid and astral projection groups were likening them more to “angels/watchers/others” and “demons” than anything else.

It was then that I started to realize, that by applying my rules for a baseline, and stripping extra-terrestrials from all physical descriptor biases, I could fit them into a box that was very similar to the one I had put demonic and angelic interaction in. Whereas extra-terrestrial history suggested that ETs could appear and disappear into other planes at will, so too did mythology surrounding many angels and demons suggest that they could achieve a similar feat; both seemed to have a general known set of physical forms or appearances they would take while both in our physical world or in other planes, and now both were suggesting they were able to either induce or at the very least utilise lucid dreaming and astral projection practices as a means of communication, which is exactly what had been suggested to me by the Grand Elder during my encounter in 2012, and the leader of the Unseen 5 in 2016. The only perceivable difference was that accounts of angels and demons flying around in space craft like devices was slim, though Storme was able to provide this connection with one of her experiences.

Given my own experiences in sleep paralysis where I would be met by various “entities” at the base of my bed – which I originally dismissed as nothing more than hallucinations of my mind - I hypothesized that what was really happening is that although these people were indeed being “contacted” by something, the physical imagery they were seeing whilst in these states of mind were distortions in their consciousness brought about by the minds addiction to attach meaningful and familiar forms to things it cannot understand.

The non-physical aspect of the entity and its intent to communicate is what I was interested in above any physical image or apparent temperament the experiencer was attaching to it. The core message was the second thing of importance.

Thus the question became “were these incidents simply hallucinations resulting due to some form of sub conscious biasing arising in the individual, such as I had originally thought, or were these entities real manifestations of unseen physical forces that, for whatever reason, were trying to make contact with them”?

Why were there multiple accounts suggesting some form of a humanoid coming into their room and standing at their bed during the sleep paralysis phase of lucid dreaming?

Their appeared to be no such experiences in which another form of animal or object would present itself; thus my hypothesis suggested that the appearance and temperament factor was a form existing in the depths of the subconscious mind of

the individual that these entities were able to manipulate into causing a “holographic” hallucination within the individual. In other words, would these experiencers still see the same form or figure if they had not ever watched a movie or seen a picture with this type of being in it?

Indeed, I was specifically told by the leader of the Unseen 5 that this is something they are able to achieve in those they contact.

I decided to try and take yet another step back and examine my own experiences and compare them with the mystical experiences of others from various faiths. What became apparent was that, if you dug deep enough, you could find someone somewhere who claimed they had been “visited” and communicated with by a representative of the very god they worshipped, and they would be unfaltering in their belief it was a real visitation; in fact I had an old school friend who was devoutly Christian who believed he had been visited by Jesus after trying to take his own life, and an argument broke out between us because of his inability to believe it could have possibly been anything else but Jesus, to which he discarded our friendship, called me crazy, and went his own way.

My attention turned toward the idea these visitations could be so deeply rooted in one’s being that they would allow the conflict between ideologies to destroy physical, “real” relationships, and the idea that my own contact experiences had been by entities that very much took on the form of the Ascended Masters I had been studying. It simply seemed too convenient that in majority of cases – mine included – the experiencer was being subjected to a visitation by a representative of a belief system they already held dear; these “confirmation” cases vastly outnumbered those that resulted in “heretical” division of their original ideologies. I compared this with my studies into non-physical entities being able to manipulate the subconscious mind of an individual and project holographic scenarios within the psyche which would, more often than not, be taken as a very real and holy experience.

Thus my hypothesis expanded to suspect non-physical entities were deliberately utilizing imagery and archetypes of religious nature found within the sub conscious memory of their targets to create false holographic perceptions loaded with bias as a means to propagate an ideology that would lead an individual to deliberately contradict those of other cultures and provide unfaltering loyalty to one over the other.

My suppositions were that religion –no matter what the ideology behind it - was being very subtly used to create division amongst the human populace with

members of other religions by driving an individual through mystical/ divine inspiration.

What is more, whereas those mystical experiences of religions seemed to center around bolstering the religion as truer than all others – whether this was intentionally done by the non-physical entities themselves or a result of the experiencer unable to overcome their own ideological bias during the analysis of such experiences is unclear –, those of a more Pagan and nature worshipping heritage seemed to be relaying information that suggested similar accounts of contact which centred around this same idea that classical demons were not the evil characters that we had once thought.

Whereas those experiences biased with a monotheistic belief system were seemingly random in the content that was being revealed to them, when it came those of polytheistic beliefs and of a general “self god” idealization, a common theme could be teased out of this latter group in such a way that common coincidences could be found within them; it was my opinion that religiously biased experiencers were more interested in telling people that their god was real on account of their experience confirming this, whereas those who were of nature based worshipping were more interested in sharing the overall message that was being delivered to them.

Admittedly though, I was not an active member in any specifically religious groups, so the data in this area is really too incomplete to provide a proper survey.

Such messages that were very obviously prominent were:

The aforementioned idea that classical demons were not as evil as had been suggested by various other faiths – these were particularly in relation to Goetic spirits.

An exposé into an alternate history regarding the human race and earth. Common themes emerging in this include a “great flood”, 13 gates/ points, and the separation of the astral and physical planes and the ultimate recombining of them.

There was one account in particular that I found very curious; on a group for general paranormal activity I spotted a post by a member of the group which basically outlined how she thought demons had been intentionally portrayed as evil by mainstream religions.

I ended up commenting and another member replied which led to a full on

discussion about this concept between all three of us. A fourth member added quite a long message which seemed to detail certain matters we were discussing very matter of fact-ly; at the end of his comment he outlined his confusion as he had originally went to leave a very brief message of his opinion, and somehow ended up writing an 8000 word essay on what really happened to “Lucifer” during the fall, despite holding next to no knowledge on this subject and not understanding where it was coming from.

He ended up messaging me the whole write up, as his post contained a small fraction of it, and told me that it had been communicated to him by “unseen entities” that he was an “Ascended Master”. I found this very curious, given that my own experiences suggested interaction with similar Ascended Masters.

What I also found extremely interesting was that my interaction with the leader of the Unseen 5 had also left me with a sense of suspicion that “he” was actually a Goetic spirit. Several factors led me to this conclusion, which included the fact that I had just completed a one hundred and twenty thousand word novel in which the central storyline was centred around the idea that the demon, Astaroth, had been misrepresented throughout common historical references to him.

It had been during the 9 month period of development of this novel that I would feel inclined to turn my TV on during the day time – which was unheard of for me – to find an old movie from the 70s in which several children were on an expedition to find the “star of Astaroth”.

Another thing that contributed to such suspicions was that the leader of the Unseen 5 took on the form of an American “president” before showing me what happened during “the fall of man from the garden of Eden”; ranking systems of the Goetic spirits suggest presidency as one form of rank, and Astaroth is said to show those he is fond of “the fall” when he pleases.

Though his rank was always suggested as being that below a president, I am wondering if it is possible the ranks have changed since the days they were written by people like Crowley.

I suspect that Astaroth approved of my novel picturing him in a less evil light and rewarded me with an initiation into an organization he is in charge of in the astral plane. Again, quite interestingly, this organization seemed to bridge the themes of alien interaction in earth’s affairs, and the interaction of demons with the human populace.

My question then remains, was this entity utilizing forms and archetypes found in

my sub consciousness it knew would get my attention to form a holographic scenario I would then link to this spirit Astaroth, or was Astaroth actually the one bringing about the scenario because of my tributary literature work to him? Was the Unseen 5 a real organisation or was it part of the holographic scenario that was being employed, which – ironically – was who told me about this holographic manipulation to begin with. It is easy to postulate that without this forward method of thinking, one could very easily be persuaded into being driven even further into a religious ideology thinking it was coming at the command of their “god” or one of its messengers.

Interestingly, another abductee that had heavy past trauma in relation to ETs suggested that Solomonic “Magic” had originally been intended as instructions for willing hosts to allow alien consciousnesses to take up residence within their body. My objective is to study these spirit conjuration systems to see if a model can be derived for the understand of ET technology.

Another case I found highly interesting was a physical alien abduction case whereby the abductee – Chris Jenkins – and his wife were taken by Greys to a ship where he was met by a Mantid. Afterwards these beings would continue to communicate to him via telepathy and tell him things. One of these things was that every person who is alive is monitored by a Grey handler whilst they are alive; the good are monitored by 1 and the bad are monitored by 1.

Given the idea that many people meet these beings at the foot of the bed during sleep paralysis, I hypothesize that this stage of lucid dreaming is either an unnatural occurrence deliberately put in place, or is being “hijacked” by these non-physical beings whenever consciousness exhibits a certain level of control at detaching from its body; my suggestion is that part of the monitoring regime of each person’s ET handler is to make sure consciousness is contained within the physical body at all times.

This backs up what the Elder Guardians suggested to me about the human brain specifically being engineered to hold a lesser form of consciousness than what appears to be reachable when operating outside of its faculties. Chris agrees that sleep paralysis is these beings’ doing.

CHAPTER THIRTY SIX:

ISAAC C.A.R.E.T. CRAFT REPORT

The Isaac C.A.R.E.T. case first popped up on a Coast to Coast radio broadcast back in the 1990s, when a man who called himself Isaac rang the station to disclose information about an alleged extra-terrestrial space craft back engineering program he had worked in during the 1980s at a facility called C.A.R.E.T.

Isaac ended up providing some of the documentation he was supposedly able to smuggle out of the facility while he was working there, which included photographs of strange “dragonfly” like drones in flight, and photos of a series of strange glyphs that had something to do with these drones’ propulsion systems, as well as components of those same drones with those same glyphs embedded in them.

These photos came in the form of what was allegedly the official report used by the C.A.R.E.T. staff to back engineer the craft; the photos were supplemental to the information contained in the report, which Isaac provided as several pages seemingly incomplete and inconsistent as far as their page numbers were concerned. After causing much controversy with his phone calls, suggesting that he would probably get reprimanded for his actions – though he was confident he had provided enough insulation between him and his projects for his supervisors to be able to identify him – Isaac went cold, and no one ever heard from him again. His case was deemed as a hoax and several internet sites popped up wholly devoted to

discrediting him.

I first came across the Isaac C.A.R.E.T. case back around 2009 during my time hanging around with Storme's band. I received an email from her guitarist, Sean, which had a link to a webpage that contained the entire report including all the photos and a write up about Isaac's background – a transcript of the same one he gave to Coast to Coast. I believe this was the original site that hosted this information. The email was out of place, as I was under the impression Sean didn't take the subject as seriously as their singer/ guitarist, Damien.

I originally dismissed the Isaac C.A.R.E.T. case as nothing more than the creative work of a university student carrying out an experiment in psychology, which I believe was an idea I got from one of the discrediting sites.

The Isaac C.A.R.E.T. case came back up on my radar after my interview with H. I had been going through some of her research videos when I came across her referencing the C.A.R.E.T. drones as dragonflies, which bore a strong resemblance to my cult of Psaigreen dream where my team was flying around "dragonflies" in order to mind wipe people.

Although I did not necessarily believe this is what the C.A.R.E.T. drones were being used for – if they were even real to begin with – I found a site that had the original C.A.R.E.T. report cached on its server, so I downloaded each page of it with the intention of studying it further when I got the time.

A few months prior to publishing this book, I was combing some UFO groups looking for cases involving non-physical contact that suggested either lucid dreaming or astral projection / out of body experiences as the basis for contact (I had read many reports of invisible tractor beams pulling people out of their beds and paralysis that suggested the contactee had been mistaken in attributing them to physical abductions).

Although this was not a case that fit into either category, I was intrigued by a man – named Sean, would you believe it – who claimed he had seen a triangular shaped craft in a suburb less than 50km away from my identified paranormal experience hot zone (Wooroloo, Chidlow and surrounding areas).

What made this case unique and stand out from all the others was that it was an extremely close up viewing; unlike most reports in which the UFO/UAP appears as a distant light in the sky usually at some time of the night, Sean was about 200 meters away from this craft as it appeared above a building in a densely populated area (Cannington) at about 8:30 in the morning. He had been directly underneath the craft and was close enough to make out several glyphs on its underside that were

being lit up by the morning sun shining directly onto them.

Sean remarked that the craft was hovering about 20 feet above the top of a building, and was under the impression that if one was standing on that building's roof, they would have had to duck when it came over. Sean ended up providing a rough sketch of the craft along with a few badly drawn recreations of the glyphs.

I thought there was a slight similarity with the C.A.R.E.T. glyphs, so I sent him a photo of a propulsion component asking if the glyphs he saw were similar to the ones on it. To my amazement his reply was "holy hell yes".

Curious, I sent through a photo with high resolution images of the C.A.R.E.T. glyphs, and Sean responded with a 100% surety that 2 of the glyphs were the exact same ones he had seen on the craft; the match was so accurate that he started having detailed flashbacks of the event.

I ended up adding him to my social media contact list, and found out several weeks later – after he commented on a post of mine to do with lucid dreaming – that he had also been lucid dreaming from a very young age.

Upon asking if I could publish his story, Sean showed a great sense of enthusiasm and went into a detailed analysis of what he saw: the craft itself was fairly flat, like someone had taken a three sided pyramid and squashed its apex down close to its base.

It was a matte black carbon type colour, with a shiny sheen – unlike any metal he has seen before – with metallic like windows forming a sort of band around the edge. The glyphs were on the underside of the craft, but they weren't simply embedded or "painted" on as one would expect.

Sean mentioned that the entire underside was made up of millions of "slices" that he sensed could rearrange themselves to change the shape of the glyphs by protruding in and out of it.

He likened this to a profile gauge where an object can be pushed into it and the many plastic slices retain the shape of its edge; these metallic slices on the craft were able to protrude outwardly from the bottom of the craft and go back in towards the apex so that the glyphs shapes could be rearranged. He had done a fair bit of research on the infamous TR3B – allegedly a US military back engineering project – and was certain the craft he saw was not one of them.

The strange thing about this was that there were several witnesses to this craft; there was a man standing next to Sean who looked just as dumfounded as him, but two other people sitting on a nearby bench that just looked at it and didn't pay much attention to it.

Sean told me that if it weren't for the man next to him, he would have questioned if he had even seen anything, but he is perplexed as to how the other people did not have a similar reaction or why there were not any more witnesses that came forward (this happened in 2008/2009). Sean was of the opinion that given the location and time of day that there should have been more witnesses.

Given that Sean was able to lucid dream from a very young age, such as myself and Storme, I am confident in my assumption that there is a heavy link between the subject and off world contact.

My hypothesis is that individuals determine susceptibility towards UAP cloaking, and that global perception may be inaccurate as to whether or not one is able to be seen. This assumption arises from the blatant way this craft appeared in such a densely populated area at such a low height.

I am currently working with Sean to try and model what he saw using computer assisted drawing programs.

I told Sean I knew of another close up encounter with a UFO not far from the location he saw this craft; a friend of my wife's was sitting outside with her husband one evening when they noticed it above them. It was so close that they could both see an entity through the window staring back at them. I was unable to obtain much more information beyond this as the encounter left my wife's friend incredibly scared to talk about it. All in all it would have been within a 20km radius of Sean's encounter. This friend suggests she was visited by strange men dressed in suits "pretending to be Jehovah's Witnesses for several weeks after that; she was adamant there was something fishy about them.

Isaac CARET Report (written by Isaac)

My Experience with the CARET Program and Extra-terrestrial Technology

Isaac, June 2007

This letter is part of a package I've assembled for Coast to Coast AM to distribute to its audience. It is a companion to numerous document and photo scans and should not be separated from them.

You can call me Isaac, an alias I've chosen as a simple measure of protection while I release what would be called tremendously sensitive information even by today's standards. "Sensitive" is not necessarily synonymous with "dangerous", though, which is why my conscience is clear as I offer this material up for the public. My government has its reasons for its continual secrecy, and I sympathize with many of them, but the truth is that I'm getting old and I'm not interested in meeting my maker one day with any more baggage than necessary! Furthermore, I put a little more faith in humanity than my former bosses do, and I think that a release of at least some of this info could help a lot more than it could hurt, especially in today's world.

I should be clear before I begin, as a final note: I am not interested in making myself vulnerable to the consequences of betraying the trust of my superiors and will not divulge any personal information that could determine my identity. However my intent is not to deceive, so information that I think is too risky to share will be simply left out rather than obfuscated in some way (aside from my alias, which I freely admit is not my real name). I would estimate that with the information contained in this letter, I could be narrowed down to one of maybe 30-50 people at best, so I feel reasonably secure.

Some Explanation for the Recent Sightings

For many years I've occasionally considered the release of at least some of the material I possess, but the recent wave of photos and sightings has prompted me to cut to the chase and do so now.

I should first be clear that I'm not directly familiar with any of the crafts seen in the photos in their entirety. I've never seen them in a hangar or worked on them myself or seen aliens zipping around in them. However, I have worked with and seen many of the parts visible in these crafts, some of which can be seen in the Q3-85 Inventory

Review scan found at the top of this page. More importantly though, I'm very familiar with the "language" on their undersides seen clearly in photos by Chad and Rajman, and in another form in the Big Basin photos.

One question I can answer for sure is why they're suddenly here. These crafts have probably existed in their current form for decades, and I can say for sure that the technology behind them has existed for decades before that. The "language", in fact, (I'll explain shortly why I keep putting that in quotes) was the subject of my work in years past. I'll cover that as well.

The reason they're suddenly visible, however, is another matter entirely. These crafts, assuming they're anything like the hardware I worked with in the 80's (assuming they're better, in fact), are equipped with technology that enables invisibility. That ability can be controlled both on board the craft, and remotely. However, what's important in this case is that this invisibility can also be disrupted by other technology. Think of it like radar jamming. I would bet my life savings (since I know this has happened before) that these craft are becoming visible and then returning to invisibility arbitrarily, probably unintentionally, and undoubtedly for only short periods, due to the activity of a kind of disrupting technology being set off elsewhere, but nearby. I'm especially sure of this in the case of the Big Basin sightings, were the witnesses themselves reported seeing the craft just appear and disappear. This is especially likely because of the way the witness described one of the appearances being only a momentary flicker, which is consistent with the unintentional, intermittent triggering of such a device.

It's no surprise that these sightings are all taking place in California, and especially the Saratoga/South Bay area. Not far from Saratoga is Mountain View/Sunnyvale, home to Moffett Field and the NASA Ames Research center. Again, I'd be willing to bet just about anything that the device capable of hijacking the cloaking of these nearby craft was inadvertently triggered, probably during some kind of experiment, at the exact moment they were being seen. Miles away, in Big Basin, the witnesses were in the right place at the right time and saw the results of this disruption with their own eyes. God knows what else was suddenly appearing in the skies at that moment, and who else may have seen it. I've had some direct contact with this device, or at least a device capable of the same thing, and this kind of mistake is not unprecedented. I am personally aware of at least one other incident in which this kind of technology was accidentally set off, resulting in the sudden visibility of normally invisible things. The only difference is that these days, cameras are a lot more common!

The technology itself isn't ours, or at least it wasn't in the 80's. Much like the technology in these crafts themselves, the device capable of remotely hijacking a vehicle's cloaking comes from a non-human source too. Why we were given this technology has never been clear to me, but it's responsible for a lot. Our having access to this kind of device, along with our occasionally haphazard experimentation on them, has led to everything from cloaking malfunctions like this to full-blown crashes. I can assure you that most (and in my opinion all) incidents of UFO crashes or that kind of thing had more to do with our meddling with extremely powerful technology at an inopportune time than it did mechanical failure on their part. Trust me, those things don't fail unless something even more powerful than them makes them fail (intentionally or not). Think of it like a stray bullet. You can be hit by one at any time, without warning, and even the shooter didn't intend to hit you. I can assure you heads are rolling over this as well. If anyone notices a brilliant but sloppy physicist patrolling the streets of Baghdad in the next couple weeks, I'd be willing to guess how he got there. (I kid, of course, as I certainly hope that hasn't actually happened in this case)

I'd now like to explain how it is that I know this.

The CARET Program

My story begins the same as it did for many of my co workers, with graduate and post-graduate work at university in electrical engineering. And I had always been interested in computer science, which was a very new field at the time, and my interest piqued with my first exposure to a Tixo during grad school. In the years following school I took a scenic route through the tech industry and worked for the kinds of companies you would expect, until I was offered a job at the Department of Defense and things took a very different turn.

My time at the DoD was mostly uneventful but I was there for quite a while. I apparently proved myself to be reasonably intelligent and loyal. By 1984 these qualities along with my technical background made me a likely candidate for a new program they were recruiting for called "CARET".

Before I explain what CARET was I should back up a little. By 1984, Silicon Valley had been a juggernaut of technology for decades. In the less than 40 years since the appearance of Shockley's transistor this part of the world had already produced a multi billion dollar computer industry and made technological strides that were unprecedented in other fields, from hypertext and online collaboration in '68 to the Alto in '73.

Private industry in Silicon Valley was responsible for some of the most incredible technological leaps in history and this fact did not go unnoticed by the US government and military. I don't claim to have any special knowledge about Roswell or any of the other alleged early UFO events, but I do know that whatever the exact origin, the military was hard at work trying to understand and use the extra-terrestrial artifacts it had in its possession. While there had been a great deal of progress overall, things were not moving as quickly as some would have liked. So, in 1984, the CARET program was created with the aim of harnessing the abilities of private industry in silicon valley and applying it to the ongoing task of understanding extra-terrestrial technology.

One of the best examples of the power of the tech sector was Xerox PARC, a research center in Palo Alto, CA. XPARC was responsible for some of the major milestones in the history of computing. While I never had the privilege of working there myself I did know many of the people who did and I can say that they were among the brightest engineers I ever knew.

XPARC served as one of the models for the CARET program's first incarnation, a facility called the Palo Alto CARET Laboratory (PACL, lovingly pronounced "packle" during my time there). This was where I worked, along with numerous other civilians, under the auspices of military brass who were eager to find out how the tech sector made so much progress so quickly. My time at the DoD was a major factor behind why I was chosen, and in fact about 30+ others who were hired around the same time had also been at the Department about as long, but this was not the case for everyone. A couple of my co-workers were plucked right from places like IBM and, at least two of them came from XPARC itself. My DoD experience did make me more eligible for positions of management, however, which is how I have so much of this material in my possession to begin with.

So in other words, civilians like myself who had at--at most--some decent experience working for the DoD but no actual military training or involvement, were suddenly finding ourselves in the same room as highly classified extra-terrestrial technology. Of course they spent about 2 months briefing us all before we saw or did anything, and did their best to convince us that if we ever leaked a single detail about what we were being told, they'd do everything short of digging up our ancestors and putting a few slugs in them too just for good measure. It seemed like there was an armed guard in every corner of every room. I'd worked under some pretty hefty NDAs in my time but this was so far out of my depth I didn't think I was going to last 2 weeks in an environment like that. But amazingly things got off to a good start. They wanted us, plain and simple, and our industry had shown itself to be so good at what it did that they were just about ready to give us carte blanche.

Of course, nothing with the military is ever that simple, and as is often the case they wanted to have their cake and eat it too. What I mean by this is that despite their interest in picking our brains and learning whatever they could from our way of doing things, they still wanted to do it their way often enough to frustrate us.

At this point I'm going to gloss over the emotional side of this experience, because this letter isn't intended to be a memoir, but I will say that there's almost no way to describe the impact this kind of revelation has on your mind. There are very few moments in life in which your entire world view is turned forever upside down, but this was one of them. I still remember that turning point during the briefing when I realized what he'd just told us, and that I hadn't heard him wrong, and that it wasn't some kind of joke. In retrospect the whole thing feels like it was in slow motion, from that slight pause he took just before the term "extra-terrestrial" came out for the first time, to the way the room itself seemed to go off kilter as we collectively tried to grasp what was being said. My reflex kept jumping back and forth between trying to look at the speaker, to understand him better, and looking at everyone else around me, to make sure I wasn't the only one that was hearing this. At the risk of sounding melodramatic, it's a lot like a child learning his parents are divorcing. I never experienced that myself, but a very close friend of mine did when we were boys, and he confided in me a great deal about what the experience felt like. A lot of what he said would aptly describe what I was feeling in that room. Here was a trusted authority figure telling you something that you just don't feel ready for, and putting a burden on your mind that you don't necessarily want to carry. The moment that first word comes out, all you can think about it is what it was like only seconds ago, and knowing that life is never going to be as simple as it was then. After all that time at the DoD, I thought I at least had some idea of what was going on in the world, but I'd never heard so much as a peep about this. Maybe one day I'll write more on this aspect, because it's the kind of thing I really would like to get off my chest, but for now I'll digress.

Unlike traditional research in this area, we weren't working on new toys for the air force. For numerous reasons, the CARET people decided to aim its efforts at commercial applications rather than military ones. They basically wanted us to turn these artifacts into something they could patent and sell. One of CARET's most appealing promises was the revenue generated by these product-ready technologies, which could be funneled right back into black projects. Working with a commercial application in mind was also yet another way to keep us in a familiar mind state. Developing technology for the military is very different than doing so for the commercial sector, and not having to worry about the difference was another way that CARET was very much like private industry.

CARET shined in the way it let us work the way we were used to working. They wanted to recreate as much of the environment we were used to as they could without compromising issues like security. That meant we got free reign to set up our own workflow, internal management structure, style manuals, documentation, and the like. They wanted this to look and feel like private industry, not the military. They knew that was how to get the best work out of us, and they were right.

But things didn't go as smoothly when it came to matters like access to classified information. They were exposing what is probably their single biggest secret to a group of people who had never even been through basic training and it was obvious that the gravity of this decision was never far from their minds. We started the program with a small set of extra-terrestrial artifacts along with fairly elaborate briefings on each as well as access to a modest amount of what research had already been completed. It wasn't long before we realized we needed more though, and getting them to provide even the smallest amount of new material was like pulling teeth. CARET stood for "Commercial Applications Research for Extra-terrestrial Technology", but we often joked that it should have stood for "Civilians Are Rarely Ever Trusted."

PACL was located in Palo Alto, but unlike XPARC, it wasn't at the end of a long road in the middle of a big complex surrounded by rolling hills and trees. PACL was hidden in an office complex owned entirely by the military but made to look like an unassuming tech company. From the street, all you could see was what appeared to be a normal parking lot with a gate and a guard booth, and a 1-story building inside with a fictitious name and logo. What wasn't visible from the street was that behind the very first set of doors was enough armed guards to invade Poland, and 5 additional underground stories. They wanted to be as close as possible to the kinds of people they were looking to hire and be able to bring them in with a minimum of fuss.

Inside, we had everything we needed. State of the art hardware and a staff of over 200 computer scientists, electrical engineers, mechanical engineers, physicists and mathematicians. Most of us were civilians, as I've said, but some were military, and a few of them had been working on this technology already. Of course, you were never far from the barrel of a machine gun, even inside the labs themselves (something many of us never got used to), and bi-weekly tours were made by military brass to ensure that not a single detail was out of line. Most of us underwent extensive searches on our way into and out of the building. There it was, probably the biggest secret in the world, in a bunch of parts spread out on laboratory tables in the middle of Palo Alto so you can imagine their concern.

One downside to CARET was that it wasn't as well-connected as other operations undoubtedly were. I never got to see any actual extra-terrestrials (not even photos), and in fact never even saw one of their complete vehicles. 99% of what I saw was related to the work at hand, all of which was conducted within a very narrow context on individual artifacts only. The remaining 1% came from people I met through the program, many of which working more closely with "the good stuff" or had in the past.

In fact, what was especially amusing about the whole affair was the way that our military management almost tried to act as if the technology we were essentially reverse engineering wasn't extra-terrestrial at all. Aside from the word "extra-terrestrial" itself, we rarely heard any other terms like "alien" or "UFO" or "outer space" or anything. Those aspects were only mentioned briefly when absolutely necessary to explain something. In many cases it was necessary to differentiate between the different races and their respective technology, and they didn't even use the word "races". They were referred to simply as different "sources".

The Technology

A lot of the technology we worked on was what you would expect, namely antigravity. Most of the researchers on the staff with backgrounds in propulsion and rocketry were military men, but the technology we were dealing with was so out of this world that it didn't really matter all that much what your background was because none of it applied. All we could hope to do was use the vocabulary of our respective fields as a way to model the extremely bizarre new concepts we were very slowly beginning to understand as best we could. A rocket engineer doesn't usually rub elbows much with a computer scientist, but inside PACL, we were all equally mystified and were ready to entertain any and all ideas.

The physicists made the most headway initially because out of all of our skills, theirs overlapped the most with the concepts behind this technology (although that isn't saying much!) Once they got the ball rolling though, we began to find that many of the concepts found in computer science were applicable as well, albeit in very vague ways. While I didn't do a lot of work with the antigrav hardware myself, I was occasionally involved in the assessment of how that technology was meant to interface with its user.

The antigrav was amazing, of course, as were the advances we were making with materials engineering and so on. But what interested me most then, and still amazes me most to this day, was something completely unrelated. In fact, it was this

technology that immediately jumped out at me when I saw the Chad and Rajman photos, and even moreso in the Big Basin photos.

The “Language”

I put the word Language in quotes because calling what I am about to describe a “language” is a misnomer, although it is an easy mistake to make.

Their hardware wasn’t operated in quite the same way as ours. In our technology, even today, we have a combination of hardware and software running almost everything on the planet. Software is more abstract than hardware, but ultimately it needs hardware to run it. In other words, there’s no way to write a computer program on a piece of paper, set that piece of paper on a table or something, and expect it to actually do something. The most powerful code in the world still doesn’t actually do anything until a piece of hardware interprets it and translates its commands into actions.

But their technology is different. It really did operate like the magical piece of paper sitting on a table, in a manner of speaking. They had something akin to a language, that could quite literally execute itself, at least in the presence of a very specific type of field. The language, a term I am still using very loosely, is a system of symbols (which does admittedly very much resemble a written language) along with geometric forms and patterns that fit together to form diagrams that are themselves functional. Once they are drawn, so to speak, on a suitable surface made of a suitable material and in the presence of a certain type of field, they immediately begin performing the desired tasks. It really did seem like magic to us, even after we began to understand the principles behind it.

I worked with these symbols more than anything during my time at PACL, and recognized them the moment I saw them in the photos. They appear in a very simple form on Chad’s craft, but appear in the more complex diagram form on the underside of the Big Basin craft as well. Both are unmistakable, even at the small size of the Big Basin photos. An example of a diagram in the style of the Big Basin craft is included with this in a series of scanned pages from the [mistitled] “Linguistic Analysis Primer”. We needed a copy of that diagram to be utterly precise, and it took about a month for a team of six to copy that diagram into our drafting program!

Explaining everything I learned about this technology would fill up several volumes, but I will do my best to explain at least some of the concepts as long as I am taking the time to write all this down.

First of all, you wouldn't open up their hardware to find a CPU here, and a data bus there, and some kind of memory over there. Their hardware appeared to be perfectly solid and consistent in terms of material from one side to the other. Like a rock or a hunk of metal. But upon [much] closer inspection, we began to learn that it was actually one big holographic computational substrate – each “computational element” (essentially individual particles) can function independently, but are designed to function together in tremendously large clusters. I say its holographic because you can divide it up into the smallest chunks you want and still find a scaled-down but complete representation of the whole system. They produce a nonlinear computational output when grouped. So 4 elements working together is actually more than 4 times more powerful than 1. Most of the internal “matter” in their crafts (usually everything but the outermost housing) is actually this substrate and can contribute to computation at any time and in any state. The shape of these “chunks” of substrate also had a profound effect on its functionality, and often served as a “shortcut” to achieve a goal that might otherwise be more complex.

So back to the language. The language is actually a “functional blueprint”. The forms of the shapes, symbols and arrangements thereof is itself functional. What makes it all especially difficult to grasp is that every element of each “diagram” is dependant on and related to every other element, which means no single detail can be created, removed or modified independently. Humans like written language because each element of the language can be understood on its own, and from this, complex expressions can be built. However, their “language” is entirely context-sensitive, which means that a given symbol could mean as little as a 1-bit flag in one context, or, quite literally, contain the entire human genome or a galaxy star map in another. The ability for a single, small symbol to contain, not just represent, tremendous amounts of data is another counter-intuitive aspect of this concept. We quickly realized that even working in groups of 10 or more on the simplest of diagrams, we found it virtually impossible to get anything done. As each new feature was added, the complexity of the diagram exponentially grew to unmanageable proportions. For this reason we began to develop computer-based systems to manage these details and achieved some success, although again we found that a threshold was quickly reached beyond which even the supercomputers of the day were unable to keep up. Word was that the extra-terrestrials could design these diagrams as quickly and easily as a human programmer could write a Fortran program. It's humbling to think that even a network of supercomputers wasn't able to duplicate what they could do in their own heads. Our entire system of language is based on the idea of assigning meaning to symbols. Their technology, however, somehow merges the symbol and the meaning, so a subjective audience is not needed. You can put whatever meaning you want on the symbols, but their behaviour and functionality

will not change, any more than a transistor will function differently if you give it another name.

Here's an example of how complex the process is. Imagine I ask you to incrementally add random words to a list such that no two words use any of the same letters, and you must perform this exercise entirely in your head, so you can't rely on a computer or even a pen and paper. If the first in the list was, say, "fox", the second item excludes all words with the letters F, O and X. If the next word you choose is "tree", then the third word in the list can't have the letters F, O, X, T, R, or E in it. As you can imagine, coming up with even a third word might start to get just a bit tricky, especially since you can't easily visualize the excluded letters by writing down the words. By the time you get to the fourth, fifth and sixth words, the problem has spiraled out of control. Now imagine trying to add the billionth word to the list (imagine also that we're working with an infinite alphabet so you don't run out of letters) and you can imagine how difficult it is for even a computer to keep up. Needless to say, writing this kind of thing "by hand" is orders of magnitude beyond the capabilities of the brain.

My background lent itself well to this kind of work though. I'd spent years writing code and designing both analogue and digital circuits, a process that at least visually resembled these diagrams in some way. I also had a personal affinity for combinatorics, which served me well as I helped with the design of software running on supercomputers that could juggle the often trillions of rules necessary to create a valid diagram of any reasonable complexity. This overlapped quite a bit with compiler theory as well, a subject I always found fascinating, and in particular compiler optimization, a field that wasn't half of what it is today back then. A running joke among the linguistics team was that Big-O notation couldn't adequately describe the scale of the task, so we'd substitute other words for "big". By the time I left I remember the consensus was "Astronomical-O" finally did it justice.

Like I said, I could go on for hours about this subject, and would love to write at least an introductory book on the subject if it wasn't still completely classified, but that's not the point of this letter so I'll try to get back on track.

The last thing I'd like to discuss is how I got copies of this material, what else I have in my possession, and what I plan to do with it in the future.

My Collection

I worked at PACL from 1984 to 1987, by which time I was utterly burned out. The sheer volume of details to keep in mind while working with the diagrams was enough to challenge anyone's sanity, and I was really at the end of my rope with the military's attitude towards our "need to know". Our ability to get work done was constantly hampered by their reluctance to provide us with the necessary information, and I was tired of bureaucracy getting in the way of research and development. I left somewhere in the middle of a 3-month bell curve in which about a quarter of the entire PACL staff left for similar reasons.

I was also starting to disagree with the direction the leadership wanted to take as far as the subject of extra-terrestrials went. I always felt that at least some form of disclosure would be beneficial, but as a lowly CARET engineer I wasn't exactly in the position to call shots. The truth is, our management didn't even want us discussing non-technical aspects of this subject (such as ethical or philosophical issues), even among ourselves, as they felt it was enough of a breach of security to let civilians like us anywhere near this kind of thing in the first place.

So, about 3 months before I resigned (which was about 8 months before I was really out, since you don't just walk out of a job like that with a 2 week notice). I decided to start taking advantage of my position. As I mentioned earlier, my DoD experience got me into an internal management role sooner than some of my colleagues, and after about a year of that kind of status, the outgoing searches each night became slightly less rigorous. Normally, we were to empty out any containers, bags or briefcases, then remove our shirt and shoes and submit to a kind of frisking. Work was never allowed to go home with you, no matter who you were. For me, though, the briefcase search was eventually enough.

Even before I actually decided to do it, I was sure that I would be able to sneak certain materials out with me. I wanted to do this because I knew the day would come when I would want to write something like this, and I knew I'd regret it until the day I died if I didn't at least leave the possibility open to do so. So I started photocopying documents and reports by the dozen. I'd then put the papers under my shirt around my lower back, tucked enough into my belt to ensure they wouldn't fall out. I could do this in any one of a few short, windowless hallways on some of the lower floors, which were among the few places that didn't have an armed guard watching my every move. I'd walk in one end with a stack of papers large enough that when I came out the other end with some of them in my shirt, there wouldn't be a visible difference in what I was holding. You absolutely cannot be too careful if you're going to pull a stunt like this. As long as I walked carefully they wouldn't make a crinkling noise. In fact, the more papers I took, the less noise they made, since they weren't as flimsy that way. I'd often take upwards of 10-20 pages at once.

By the time I was done, I'd made out with hundreds of photocopies, as well as a few originals and a large collection of original photographs.

With this initial letter I have attached high resolution scans of the following:

1. A page from an inventory review with a photo that appears to depict one of the parts found in the Rajman sighting and parts very similar to the Big Basin craft
2. The first 9 pages of one of our quarterly research reports
3. Scans of the original photographs used in that report, since the photocopies obscure most of the details
4. 5 pages from a report on our ongoing analysis of the "language" (inappropriately titled "linguistic analysis"), depicting the kind of diagram just barely visible on the underside of the Big Basin craft

This material is the most relevant and explanatory I could find on short notice. Now that these are up, IF I decide to release more in the future, I'll be able to take my time and better search this rather large collection of mine that I've sadly never organized. I'm not sure what I'll be doing with the rest of the collection in the future. I suppose I'll wait and see how this all plays out, and then play it by ear. There are certainly risks involved in what I'm doing, and if I were to actually be identified and caught, there could be rather serious consequences. However, I've taken the proper steps to ensure a reasonable level of anonymity and am quite secure in the fact that the information I've so far provided is by no means unique among many of the CARET participants.

Besides, part of me has always suspected that the government relies on the occasional leak like this, and actually wants them to happen, because it contributes to a steady, slow-paced path towards revealing the truth of this matter.

Since Leaving CARET

Like I said, I left PACL in '87, but have kept in touch with a great many of my friends and coworkers from those days. Most of us are retired by now, except of course for those of us that went on to get teaching jobs, but a few of us still hear things through the grapevine.

As for CARET itself, I'm not sure what's become of it. Whether it's still known by the same name, I'm quite sure it's still active in some capacity, although who knows where. I heard from a number of people that PACL closed up shop a few years after I left, but I've still yet to get a clear answer on why exactly that happened. But I'm sure the kind of work we did there is still going strong. I've heard from a lot of

friends that there are multiple sites like PACL in Sunnyvale and Mountain View, also disguised to look like unremarkable office space. But this is all second-hand information so you can make of it what you will.

Around 2002 or so I came across Coast to Coast AM and have been hooked ever since. I admit, I don't take most of the show's content as anything more than entertainment, but there have been occasions when I could be sure a guest was clearly speaking from experience or a well-informed source. For me, there's just something very surreal about hearing all this speculation and so-called inside information about UFOs and the like, but being personally able to verify at least some of it as being true or false. It's also a nightly reminder of how hectic things were in those days, which helps me enjoy my retirement all the more. Knowing I'm not part of that crazy world anymore really is something I enjoy on a daily basis, as much as I miss some of it.

Conclusion

What I've shared so far is only a very small portion of what I have, and what I know. Despite the very sheltered and insulated atmosphere within CARET, I did ultimately learn a great deal from various colleagues, and some of what I learned is truly incredible. I'd also like to say that for what it's worth, during my time there I never heard anything about invasions, or abductions, or many of the more frightening topics that often pop up on Coast to Coast AM. That's not to say that none of it is true, but in my time working alongside some of the most well-connected people in this field, it never came up. So at the very least I can say my intent is not to scare anyone. My view on the extra-terrestrial situation is very much a positive, albeit still highly secretive one.

One thing I can definitely say is that if they wanted us gone, we would have been gone a very, very long time ago, and we wouldn't even have seen it coming. Throw out your ideas about a space war or anything silly like that. We'd be capable of fighting back against them about as much as ants could fight back against a stampede of buffalo. But that's OK. We're the primitive race, they're the advanced races, and that's just the way it is. The other advanced races let them live through their primitive years back in their day, and there's no reason to think it will be any different for us. They aren't in the market for a new planet, and even if they were, there are way too many planets out there for them to care about ours enough to take it by force.

To reiterate my take on the recent sightings, I'd guess that experimentation done in the last couple months on a device that, among other things, is capable of interfering

with various crafts onboard invisibility has resulted in a sudden wave of sightings. It may not explain all of the recent events, but like I said, I'd bet my life that's exactly what happened at Big Basin at least, and it's probably related in some way to the Chad, Rajman and Tahoe sightings. So, despite all the recent fanfare over this, I'd say this doesn't mean much. Most importantly, they aren't suddenly "here". They've been here for a long time, but just happened to turn unintentionally visible for brief periods recently.

Lastly, there are so many people selling books, and DVDs, and doing lectures, and all that, that I would like to reiterate the fact that I am not here to sell anything. The material I'm sharing is free to distribute provided it's all kept intact and unmodified, and this letter is included. I tend to question the motives of anyone charging money for their information, and will assure you that I will never do such a thing. And in the future, just to cover all the bases, anyone claiming to be me who's selling a DVD or book is most certainly not going to be me.

Any future releases from me will come from the email address I've used to contact Coast to Coast AM, and will be sent to them only. I'd like to make this clear as well to ensure that people can be sure that any future information comes from the same source, although I must be clear: at this time I do not have any future plans for additional information. Time will tell how long I will maintain this policy, but do not expect anything soon. I'd really like to let this information "settle" for a while and see how it goes. If I find out I'm getting an IRS audit tomorrow, then maybe this wasn't too smart. Until then, I'm going to take it slow. I hope this information has been helpful.

One of the documents (in the form of high res scans of the original) uploaded was called "PALO ALTO CARET LABORATORY Q4-86 RESEARCH REPORT
"...here are some excerpts...

1. OVERVIEW

This document is intended as a primer for the tentative findings of the Q4 1986 research phase (referred to herein as "Q4-86") at the Palo Alto CARET Laboratory (PACL). In accordance with the CARET program mission statement, the goal of this research has been achieving a greater understanding of extraterrestrial technology within the context of commercial applications and civilian use. Examples of such applications, in no particular order, include transportation, medicine, construction, energy, computing and communication. The ultimate goal of this research is to provide a core set of advanced technologies in a condition suitable for patent review.

2. EXTRACTION

The process of converting raw artifacts of extraterrestrial origin to usable, fully-documented human technology is termed extraction. The extraction process ultimately consists of two phases: first is the establishment of a complete theoretical and operational understanding of the artifact, and second is a distillation of the artifact's underlying principles into usable, product-oriented technology. Suggestions of specific product applications on behalf of PACL have been encouraged, but are not considered mandatory or essential.

C ommercial
A pplications
R esearch for
E xtraterrestrial
T echnology

Q4-86 RESEARCH REPORT

DECEMBER 1986
PALO ALTO, CA

[REDACTED]
AND PACL STAFF



PALO ALTO CARET LABORATORY
[REDACTED]

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This document is intended as a primer on the tentative findings of the Q4 1986 research phase (referred to herein as "Q4-86") at the Palo Alto CARET Laboratory (PACL). In accordance with the CARET program mission statement, the goal of this research has been achieving a greater understanding of extraterrestrial technology within the context of commercial applications and civilian use. Examples of such applications, in no particular order, include transportation, medicine, construction, energy, computing and communication. The ultimate goal of this research is to provide a core set of advanced technologies in a condition suitable for patent review.

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The results of a successful extraction are collected in what is termed an *extraction package* (EP), which should include the following:

1. Complete theoretical and operational overview
2. Assessment and summary of compositional materials
3. At least three (3) working prototypes, demonstrating multiple instances of successful, repeatable and reliable implementation
4. Assembly notes and BOM

At the time of this writing, a fully successful extraction has not yet been achieved, although numerous threads of research are showing promise.

Comprehensive documentation of PACL's extraction process can be found in document PACL-D0006, entitled "PACL Extraction Procedure Guide".

3. EXECUTIVE SUMMARY OF Q4-86

Q4-86 focused on four key subjects, all of which were based on artifacts of extraterrestrial origin obtained from crash site recovery operations conducted during the last two decades within the continental United States. These subjects are:

1. "Personal" antigravity generator (so-named for its small, portable size)
2. Three-dimensional image recorder/projector

3. A complex system of symbols and geometric constructs capable of both defining the functionality of certain artifacts as well as manipulating their behavior, crudely analogous to a computer programming language but without the need for a compilation or interpretation phase.

4. 

4. RESEARCH SUBJECT: "PERSONAL" ANTIGRAVITY

Antigravity technologies are among the most ubiquitous recovered from extraterrestrial crafts. While antigravity is most commonly associated with propulsion, the principles underlying the technology extend into a far broader domain; indeed, virtually all aspects of most extraterrestrial craft seem to incorporate its use in some way. A prominent example is the seemingly impenetrable field, of controllable diameter and attenuation, surrounding the craft that protects it from weather conditions and the surrounding environment, as well as debris, and, unsurprisingly, ballistic weaponry. Additional examples include dampening of G-force on passengers and on-board equipment, movement of doors and hatches (or their closest equivalents), and even placement of fixtures (such as control consoles, or their closest equivalents) within a given space. Perhaps most startling is the fact that the very components within a given extraterrestrial craft appear to be held in place, in relation to one another, exclusively by antigravitational means. This is a partial explanation for the commonly noted lack of rivets and adhesives in the construction of these crafts.

PACL aims to translate this technology into a product-oriented EP capable of direct application within the consumer market. However, since the sudden emergence of such radically advanced technology would undoubtedly yield destructive consequences, PACL recommends a strategy of incremental dissemination in which deliberately downgraded versions of the original technology are released over a period of years or decades to soften the impact of integration with existing infrastructures, in technological, economic and social terms.

4.1. WHAT IS PERSONAL ANTIGRAVITY?

Not all recovered extraterrestrial technologies are equal, and many previous experiments on antigravity have been performed on cumbersome artifacts suffering from enormous form factors and impractical weights. An ironic consequence of these previous generations of experimentation is that many man-made aircraft that would be otherwise ideal for antigravity propulsion models are incapable of supporting the weight of the device before its gravity-canceling effects are activated. This has led to many clumsy and accident-prone solutions, such as using a second antigravity generator to load and position the first within the aircraft before activation and takeoff, and then repeating the process in reverse after landing but before deactivation. Despite some minor successes in narrowly-defined domains, these approaches are obviously not acceptable in the long term.

Recently, however, a rather different implementation of antigravity technology has appeared, undoubtedly the product of a different, and presumably more advanced source. [REDACTED] it can produce gravity-canceling effects of magnitudes comparable to existing artifacts in a package less than two feet across and weighing less than five pounds.

PACL has termed this technology "personal antigravity", as its virtually negligible weight and dimensions suggest applications as focused as antigravity generation for a *single* human user. Early experiments suggest, however, that despite its remarkable precision and focus, this technology is equally effective when broadened to deal with massive payloads of arbitrary scales.

4.2. OVERVIEW OF RECOVERED ANTIGRAVITY ARTIFACTS

4.2.1. KEY ARTIFACTS

PACL has conducted the brunt of its antigravity research on three key artifacts. The first is what PACL considers to be an "antigravity generator" (seen in figure 4.1), a device that appears to provide a "source" of antigravity that can then be projected onto or harnessed by other components within the craft. The second two artifacts are curved I-beam segments (seen in figure 4.2) that, when placed anywhere within a certain radius of the generator during a specific mode of its operation, immediately fly into what is presumed to be their relative positions within the original construction of the craft.

The generator artifact is assigned the identification code *A1*. The I-beam artifacts are assigned identification codes *A2* and *A3*.

4.2.2. SECONDARY ARTIFACTS

Additionally, PACL has been provided with a small, [REDACTED] device capable of controlling *A1* by activating and deactivating it, as well as switching between its three primary modes of operation. This device, assigned the identification code *S1*, is of particularly sensitive importance, as it is the only known method of controlling *A1*. [REDACTED]

4.2.3. RIGID SPATIAL RELATIONSHIPS

Unlike the more general-purpose antigravity fields generated by implementations of this technology obtained from other sources, *A1* is capable of multiple modes of operation and varying levels of precision. Perhaps the most compelling aspect of *A1*'s functionality is its ability to focus its antigravitational effects on specific objects, rather than entire spatial volumes, creating what PACL has termed a *rigid spatial relationship* (RSR).

An RSR can be thought of as creating an "implicit solid" between two or more constituent parts separated by empty space. Once in effect, these constituent parts behave as if they

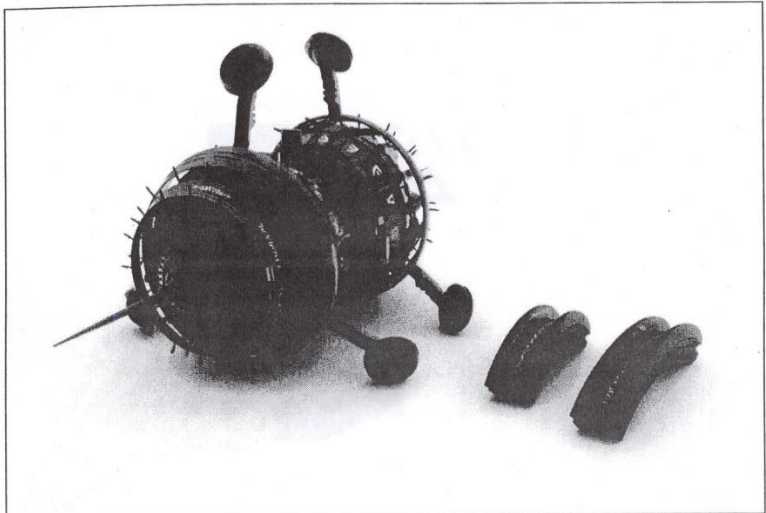


Figure 4.1
The artifacts used by PACL during the antigravity research phase of Q4-86.

are directly and physically linked, and are completely inseparable by pulling or pushing them in opposing directions. Only when the effect of A1 is deactivated will they once again behave as separate objects.

As an example, imagine cutting a broomstick into two segments, each one foot in length. Once separated, each segment is its own object, capable of being moved or rotated independently of the other. Under the effect of an RSR, however, the segments might behave as if they were a three-foot rod consisting of both foot-long broomstick segments separated by an additional foot of empty space. While the two rod segments would still appear to be separate, to the point that an observer would be able to pass their hand through the space that separates them, they would be unable to move one of the rods without the other behaving as if it were directly attached.

4.2.4. OVERVIEW OF A1

A1 consists of a two-segment cylindrical core, 1 foot, 2.2 inches in length and 8.3 inches in diameter, with needle-like appendages extending from each end. The total length of the device, with needles included, is 2 feet, 2.4 inches. Both core segments feature a triangular array of three "arms", extending 7.6 inches from the center of the core,

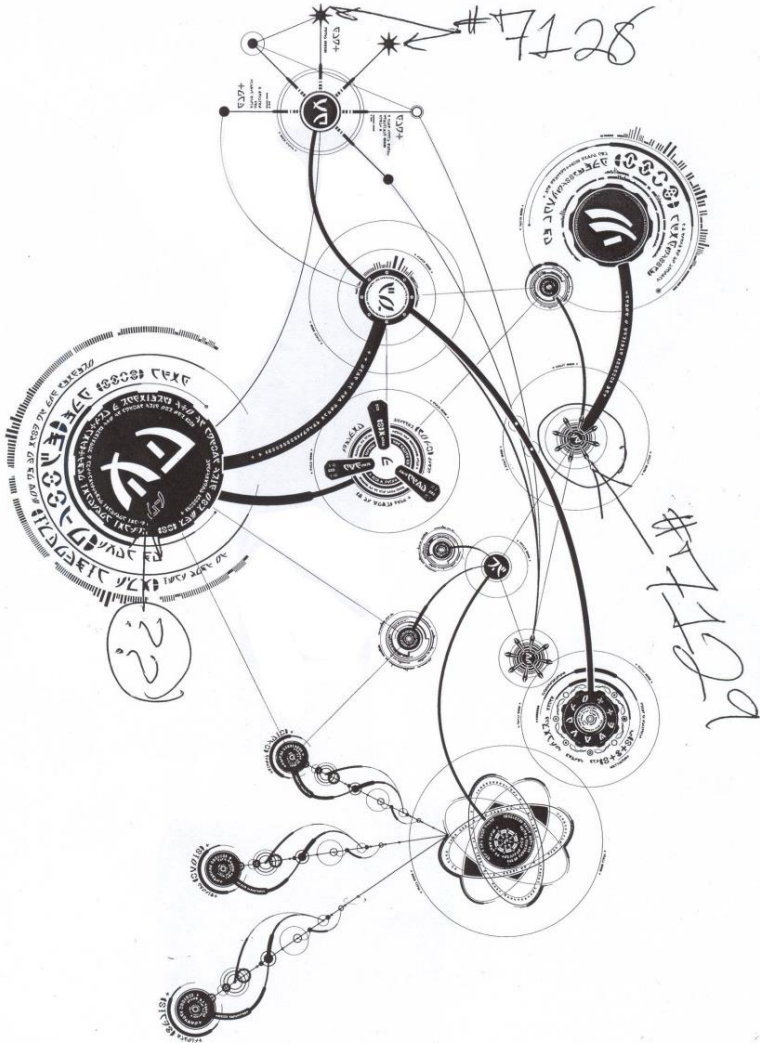


Figure 14.11
Full view of diagram D39-08-117c.

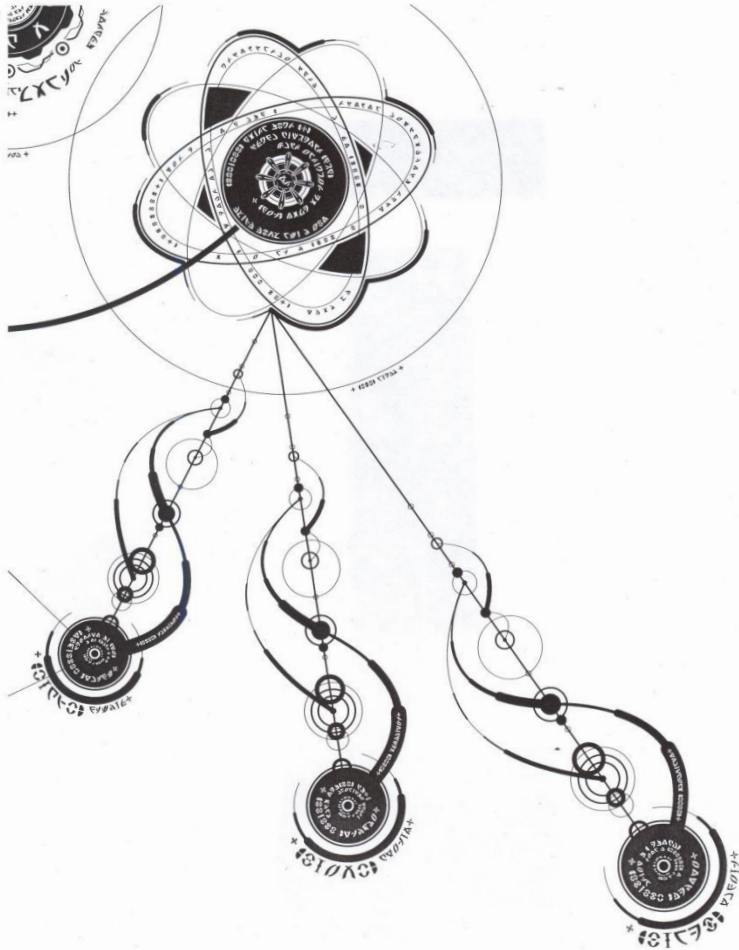


Figure 14.12
Isolated view of a three-node AB-type semaphore cascade, extending from an exterior vertex of an octal junction.

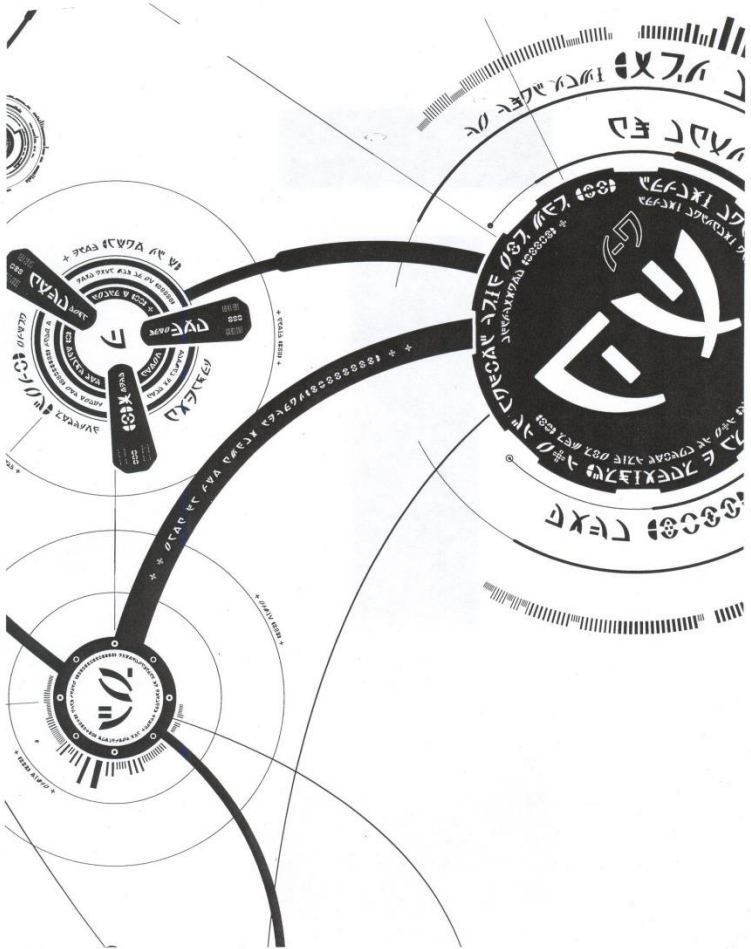


Figure 14.14
Compound junction in a dual-link union with heavy-state tri-switch and diffuser.

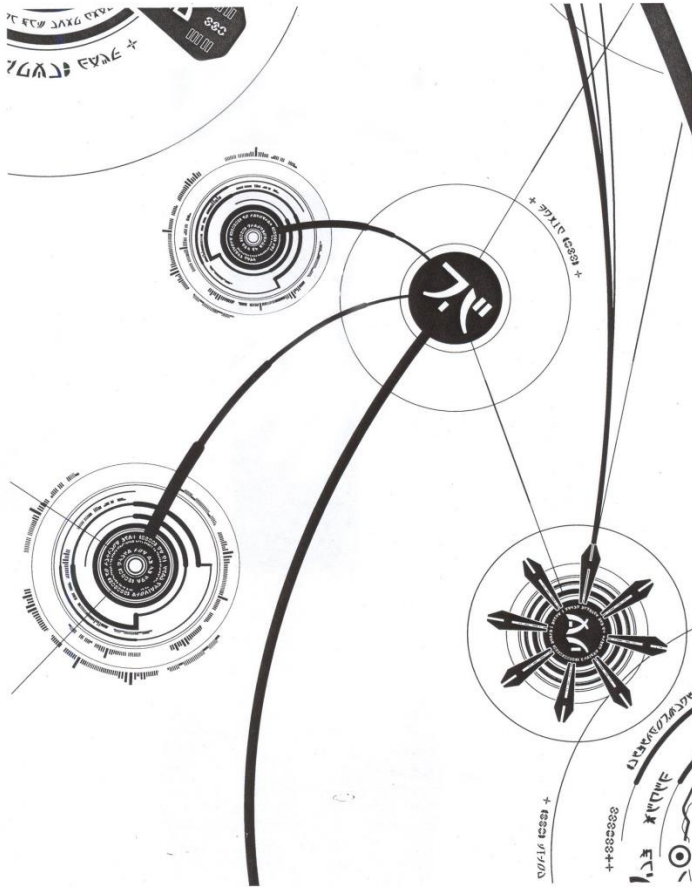
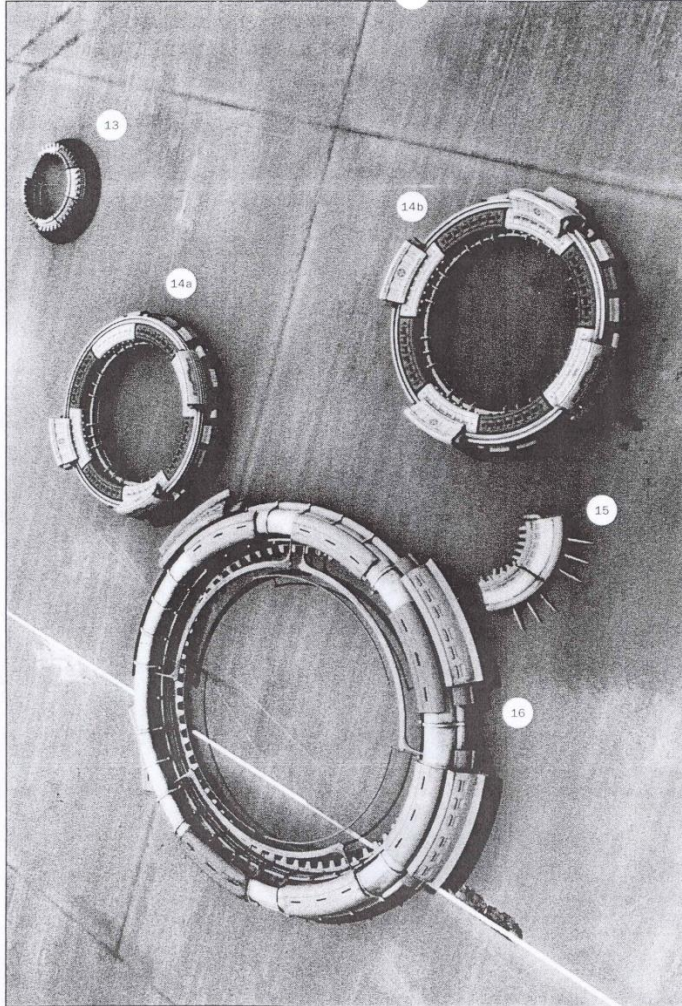
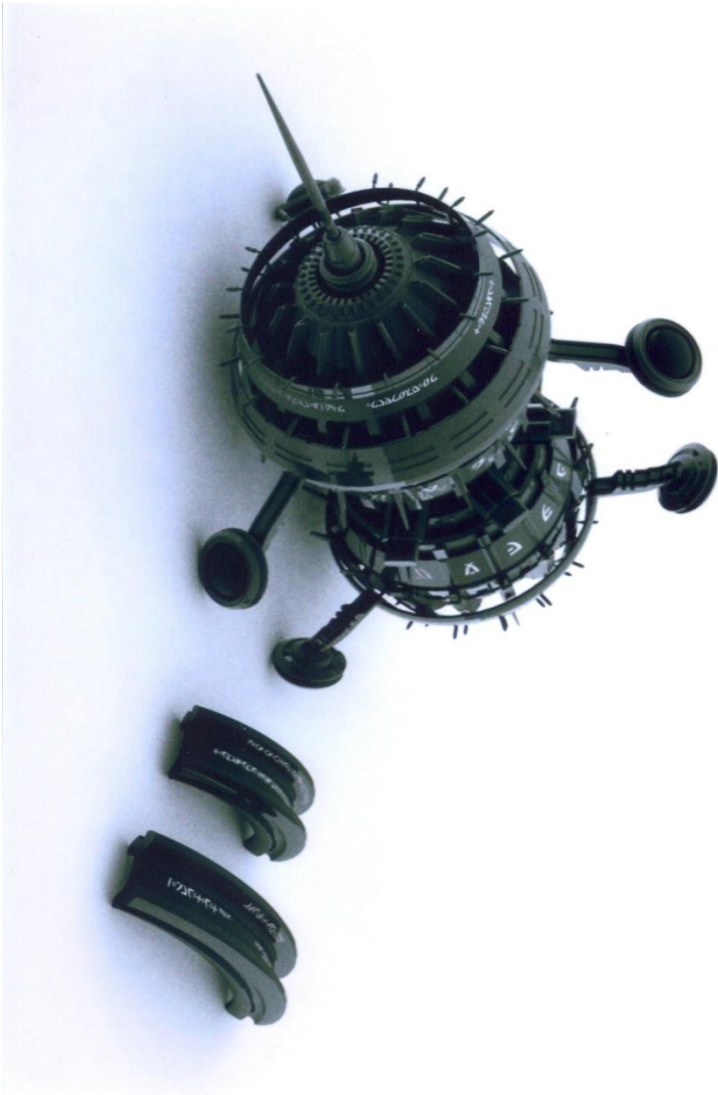


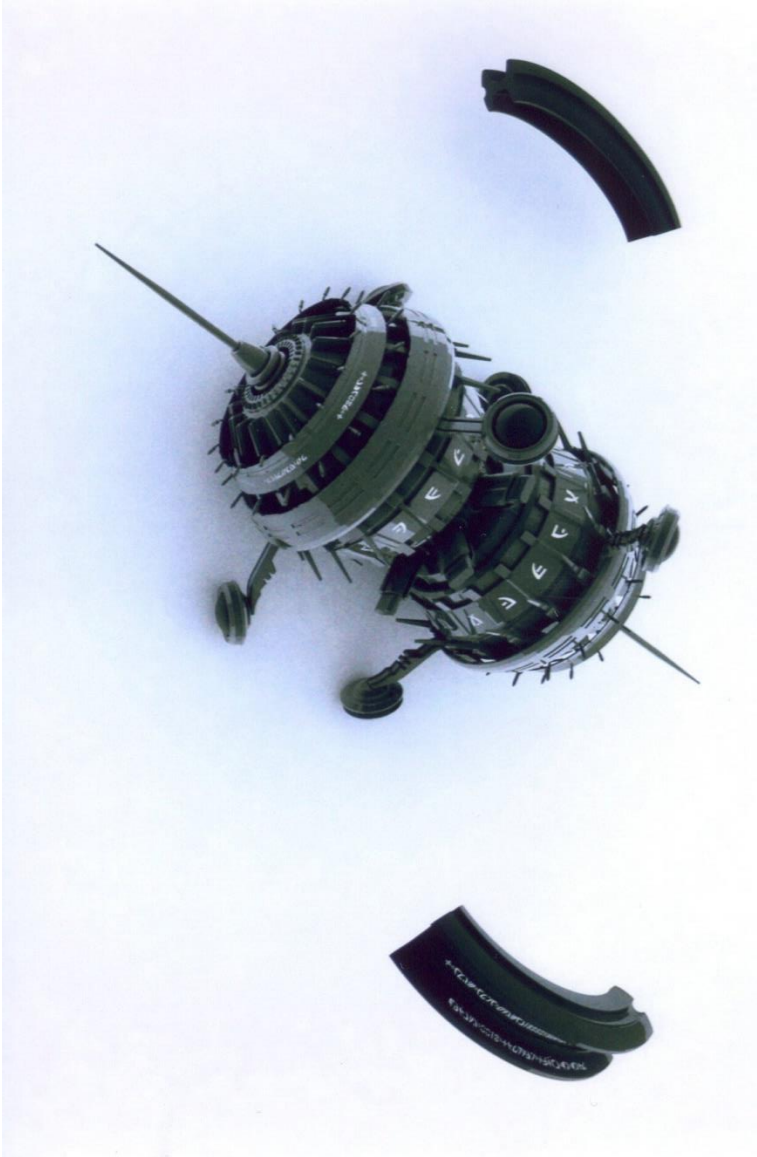
Figure 14.15
Parent junction with three non-orbital child junctions.











CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN:

ORDO OCCULTUM ASTRUM ORDER OF THE HIDDEN STAR

The establishment of this order, I feel, was warranted given the wealth of information that was imparted to me during my mystical experiences.

Unlike most occult societies, the content of my Order will not be held in secrecy; is to be via a self-initiatory process that will harbour no fees. Given that the Order is an extension of the temple of one's own consciousness, no physical building shall exist to nurture its message. Its philosophies are to exist in the form of a book, which one may take into their own temple for meditation. The mind shall be the main faculty by which all ceremonial processes and workings are undertaken; the setting by which this is done becoming irrelevant, unless one feels it may aid them in their quest. The reason for this is that I simply never bothered with such things, so I know that they are not necessary.

The Order shall recognize that we are all immortal consciousnesses, and as such no ranking system will be imposed. As far as the order is concerned, its members are already Magisters Templi – Masters of the Temple – who have forgotten their own power through the cycles of reincarnation and intentionally designed spiritual amnesia. It views reincarnation as going against the rules of divine creation. Thus will the goal of the Order be to reawaken this latent power in these Masters; it will be the Order's intention to bring one into self god realisation so that they may escape these reincarnation cycles and enter the Auric plane, through the reconnection of them with a higher state of being – their higher selves.

For those who cannot escape the cycles of reincarnation, it will seek to impart them with enough memory during their next incarnation to ultimately do so.

The way this reawakening is to be implemented is through philosophical discourse aimed at changing the very fabric of ones being; through deep meditation of this discourse, my hope is to break the psychological inefficiencies we are taught to rely on from such a young age, or at the very least, provide a ladder out of that pit of despair one may have fallen into trying to shy away from the ideals of a society that is not meant for them. Given that this discourse is based around alchemical and Hermetic concepts, it is to be considered occult and Hermetic in nature.

The order will cultivate certain metaphysical concepts, such as astral projection and lucid dreaming, nurture them and seek to establish surveying into the environments they provide the Order's members in an effort to provide a more efficient model of entry into them.

All members will be expected to submit a report outlining any experiences concerned with non-physical contact, or non-physical environment exploration they believe has arisen from meditation into the philosophical discourse of the Order, though no penalty will be imposed should they decide not to.

It will be a secondary goal of the order to provide objective investigation into non-physical contact that can be attributed to either astral projection or lucid dreaming/ sleep paralysis. The order will be particularly interested in those experiences that are suggestive of another narrative to the one of biblical fabrication that has made its way into the forefront of society, and those pertaining to an alternate history of the human race than what is commonly considered by scientific institutions.

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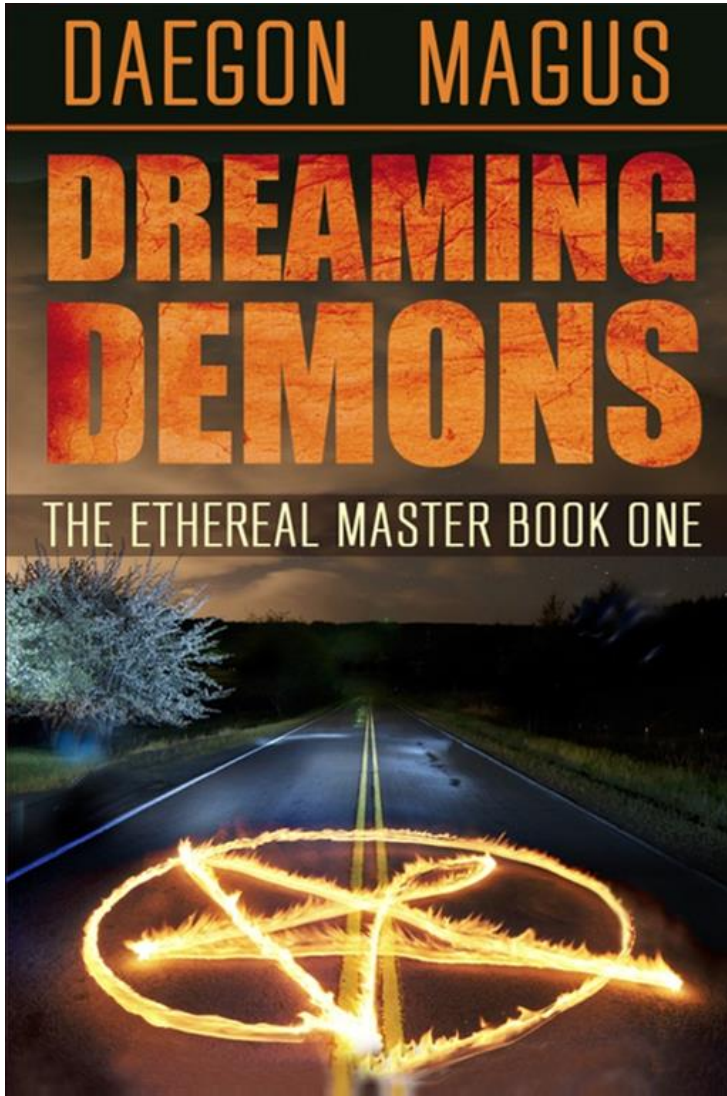
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