



Alien Revelations

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By Michael

For my friends and family that have helped me and for those that are no longer with us. Special thanks goes out to Kim Carlsberg and David W. Chace for showing me that my story is worth sharing.

Preface

Hello reader and thank you for picking up my book. It's a bit of a weird one this book, half of it is biographical and the other half is my attempt to share information that I have gained from a lifetime of close encounter experiences. If I could have found another way, I wouldn't have included any of my personal close encounters. I would instead have only released the part that I consider important, and that is the Scientific knowledge that I have received from my experiences with Extraterrestrials. The problem is that I lack the professional authority to confidently talk about the subjects that I will focus upon in the last half of this book. Without that authority, I will have to illustrate the context by which I received the information that I want to share. This means that I will have to destroy my credibility as a rational and sane person to at least get the information out into the public. This is a big deal for me, I have had these experiences throughout my life, from early childhood, up until about a decade ago when they seem to suddenly have stopped occurring. Since learning the truth about my experiences, I have kept them a closely guarded secret from all but my wife and a hand full of other people. The trouble is that I think that the information is really important and as I get older I am beginning to worry that I would never get around to sharing it. Writing this book has been a real struggle. It is really easy to procrastinate when you know that completing the work that you are engaged in will make you a target for public ridicule. In the long run I think that it will be worth it. Whenever I hear a podcast, watch or read Science based media that relates to the things that I have kept secret for over twenty years, I feel a pang of guilt. This stuff ranges from the unexplained nature of Cosmological Forces and phenomena, like Gravity or Universal Expansion, to what happens to us when we die. As you can imagine, I get through a lot of guilt in a day. It may even be enough to push back the tide of procrastination needed to finally get this book finished. If you are reading this then you will know how that worked out.

The information that I'm going to share in the latter chapters will offer a

new perspective on our reality and I will share it with you using scientific language and terms, at least as well as I can manage. The reason that I might find that difficult is because I am not a scientist, but then I also don't believe in mysticism and I don't really consider myself to be religious. That makes it doubly difficult for me, because if I cannot find the correct scientific definitions for the things that I am trying to describe, I won't be able to rely on pseudoscientific ones either. I won't be writing about vibrations or use energy as a catch all for stuff that is beyond my comprehension. I will try to use straight forward language that should be easy to understand. So if you are a scientist, you will probably reject this book based on my close encounter experiences and complete lack of Scientific training. On the other hand, if you are interested in UFOs and paranormal phenomena, you will reject this book, because I don't believe in a lot of the things that you may take for granted. In short I wrote this book for no one. This book alienates just about everyone but me, and I'm not that happy about either.

No much of a preface, but I thought you should know what you are getting yourself into before we start.

Let me just offset the terrible job I have done of selling this to you by going into more detail about the information that I am trying to release out into the world.

It will contain an explanation for the existence of our Universe. What I mean by that, is that I will explain how Time, Space and Matter came to be. I will explain what kickstarted the Big Bang that birthed our Universe and how that was the start of the shared medium of Space and Time that allows our reality to exist. I will explain why the speed of light is the speed limit for all matter and energy in our Universe. I will then explain how Gravity works, what dark energy is, why I believe that dark matter is a myth and why the Expansion of our Universe seems to be accelerating.

I know it's a lot and if you skip to the second half of the book right now, I'm totally cool with that. I wonder how many people will read the second half first and then go back and read the first half? I might have to put up a short questionnaire online to answer that one.

At the very end I will dip into some “Woo-woo” territory to offer my insights on the nature of consciousness and explain what I believe happens to

us when we die. These insights will not be in the form of mysterious energies and vague assurances that there is life after death. I will be explaining what consciousness is, how it works, where it comes from and why it must continue after we die.

I will also share my own techniques to help you to incorporate this information into your life.

I will write this book in such a way as to make it possible to read the second half without the first. I really want the information in the latter half to be exposed to scrutiny, so I will do anything I can to make it more accessible. I personally want to know whether it has value, or whether I am simply delusional. If this information has any value at all, it has the power to restructure the way that we think about all things. If it has none, then it only has the power to affect me.

It might seem like the information that I have outlined above is far too advanced and complex for someone with no scientific qualifications whatsoever to tackle, but after you read the explanations you will see how everything fits together. When everything fits together, context becomes a magic lens that will bring everything into focus. Once you see the whole picture, it will become surprisingly easy to understand how every part of it works in harmony.

Then again it isn't really that surprising, seeing as it is being shared by a true layman. There won't be any hard to understand mathematical equations simply because I wouldn't be able to understand them even if I had any to share.

I believe that I came into possession of this information from my time with seemingly non-terrestrial entities. I am not fully clear on how this information was imparted to me, but I have some vague ideas. I believe that the visitor's method of communication allows us to glimpse and unravel deeper information that is contained within their minds. Another possibility is that this information was intentionally given to me and I simply do not remember receiving it.

The fact that I do not remember receiving the information hints at the possibility that I may have constructed it all myself. I have seriously entertained this possibility, but the process of recalling this data seems to hint

that something much more mysterious is going on.

I will elaborate more on this later in the book, but for now I would ask that you suspend your disbelief until the end and then make a more informed judgement, whether it be in favour of this all being based on truth, or simply that it is all the product of a diseased mind.

What I believe that I have, is a snapshot of a model of reality that was potentially put together by a race of beings with Knowledge and Science that is millennia ahead of our own. The version that I have is probably meant for Extra Terrestrial children. It is fairly low on detail, but all the pieces are in the right place.

With my new model of reality, biological life and the complex nature of consciousness makes a lot more sense than I believe they ever have before. It does not just offer a new perspective on the nature of life, but it also provides us with an answer to what happens to us when we die, you probably guessed already that my conclusion is that we never truly die.

When you read through the latter sections of this book, you will not only understand why I feel this way; you yourself will not be able to imagine how it could be any other way.

So that's my book, I have procrastinated for over two decades and it is finally time to get this stuff out into the world.

I will be writing under a pseudonym, although to be honest, if this book achieves any measure of success, I doubt that I will be able to keep my identity secret for very long. I will also be substituting the names of anyone else that appears in the biographical section. None of my family and friends know that I am writing this book, therefore I haven't been able to get their permission to include them.

You may have noticed that my humour is pretty dry, but that's just my way. I'm a middle aged Northern English fellow and as they say "it's grim up North".

Hopefully you will get used to me before you get tired of me, but be aware that all of my grumpiness is just skin deep. Yorkshire men like myself take pride in finding dark clouds within every silver lining.

So without further ado, let's get into it.

I defy you to enjoy my book.

Chapter 1:

My Childhood Encounters

& my Irrational Visitor related childhood phobias

Before I get into my close encounter experiences, let me share a little bit about my childhood.

I grew up in a tiny mining village called Moorends which is close to the South Yorkshire/Lincolnshire border.

Moorends is named such because it is on the edge of a vast fell-land moor. Geographically the scenery surrounding Moorends is completely flat and empty. I was born in 1977, so my childhood spanned the eighties. You would think that growing up in the eighties in a place like Moorends that I would have very little to do as a child, but on the contrary, it was a perfect environment for a child to establish and maintain a rich and active outdoor life. My weekends and after school pursuits would often involve meeting friends to build dens, climbing trees or just finding new areas of the vast countryside to explore. I would usually return home on my BMX, covered from head to toe in a layer of grime from some adventure involving discarded scrap iron in some remote location on the moors.

I would say that my childhood was pretty normal except for as long as I can remember, I have had a secret that up until writing this book, I have mostly been too afraid to share.

Growing up I always had anomalous memories that just didn't seem to fit in with everyday reality.

I didn't learn about alien abduction until I was a young adult, so as a child I didn't have a label for my experiences.

This meant that I was unable to articulate what was happening to me without sounding completely insane. My solution was just to keep these memories to myself, lest I come across as some kind of maniac. I have maintained this method throughout my life. The problem is that whenever you share this stuff, you put the other person in a very difficult position. Either they believe you; and everything that they know about reality is false, or they don't believe you; and then they are forced to categorise you as a complete lunatic. As an experiencer it is much easier to just bury these memories and keep them to myself. It makes me wonder how common these experiences are, I cannot be the only one that has fallen into the strategy of complete silence. It isn't the healthiest solution and I have lapsed from time to time and found some poor unsuspecting individual to unload the bottled up concerns and secrets that have been bothering me throughout my entire life.

I am usually a man of few words, but when the opportunity to expel years of unexpressed terror arises, I am instantly transformed into a babbling loon. With all that said, it is probably time to share again and give you a glimpse into this secret double life that I have been concealing for nearly four decades now.

My earliest anomalous memory involves waking in the night in my infant cot bed to the sounds of creatures moving around my bedroom.

I have no idea how old I was during this encounter, but I think I must have been three or younger. I am only guessing at my age, but my guess is based on the fact that I was in an infant's, barred, cot bed. I don't really remember much about these early encounters, other than seeing some shadowy figures in the darkness. I know it doesn't seem like much. We all remember being scared of the dark and the imagination of small children has the power to construct all manner of ghouls and goblins. The reason I include these memories is because there are big differences between imagined monsters and coming face to face with real unknown entities. I remember waking up to the sounds of movement. I know that I wasn't scared at all at

first. I assumed that one of my parents had come into my room for some reason, but then I remember the sudden terror at the realisation that there was something very different in my room with me.

I can remember arms that were long and too thin, also these visitors had huge, white, balloon sized heads, and that is all I can remember. I don't know how many creatures were in my room or what their faces looked like. I just have fractured images of what I saw and the galvanising memory of pure terror. I don't know what happened, how old I was, or even if this was my first encounter. I just know that this was definitely an early encounter. There is no mistaking the raw and sudden terror that I experienced at the moment when I discovered that I was sharing relatively close space with something completely unknown. It is a sensation that I have re-experienced time and time again, all the way into my adulthood. This terror is one of the reasons that I am sure that these experiences are real. What real means in this context is uncertain. Do these memories represent face to face encounters with real Extraterrestrials? Or are they indicative of some kind of hallucinated night terror? Throughout my life I have vacillated between variants of both conclusions. At the moment that I am writing this book, I am firmly planted in the belief that this is a physical phenomenon, but that conclusion may change in the future as it has in my past. I do know that the terror that I have experienced during my nocturnal experiences is very real. That moment of terror has the benefit of cementing my memory of these encounters. These memories stand out like bright hot embers in my mind.

Throughout my lifetime, I have experienced a broad spectrum of fear from mundane concerns to genuine existential dread, but nothing that I have experienced comes close the level of terror that I have felt during my close encounter experiences.

The sensation of coming face to face with a completely unknown sentient being, in the middle of the night, within your own home is incredibly powerful. In that situation, you have no idea what the motivations of these creatures are and their bizarre appearance has the power to completely unsettle you.

I have spent a lot of time during my life trying to come to terms with these experiences and have occasionally tried to dismiss them as some kind of night terror induced hallucination.

This conclusion is hard to maintain over time simply because raw terror is

a powerful stimulant and it has the power to burn emotionally charged memories into my brain. There is no mistaking the truth of these moments. The emotional experience is too powerful, the sensations too rich and the reality too stark.

If I could convince myself that these experiences are merely nightmares, I would, but the unmistakable reality of these moments of existential terror prevent me from drawing this more comfortable conclusion.

A lot of my experiences throughout my life follow this pattern. I awake in the night and realise that there is something in the room with me. I experience an instant burst of terror and the memory just cuts out. After an encounter my next memory is usually of waking up the next morning with the moment of terror fresh in my mind. It is as if I have been rendered instantly unconscious seconds after I realise that I am not alone in my room. As I grew older, my experiences became more diverse, with the addition of paralysis, lights, sounds and even conversations, but the transition from terror to blackout of all sensation has occurred in almost every encounter.

I don't know how many encounters that I experienced as a toddler, but I know that there were several. One of these experiences in particular stands out because it did not occur in my bedroom. Shortly after I graduated from a barred cot-bed, I had an encounter where I was somehow persuaded to exit my house. I remember getting out of bed, leaving my room. Climbing down the stairs, walking through the dark house, out through the back door and into the back garden. I remember the feeling of the cold grass on my bare feet and I remember a large metallic disc hovering just above roof height, above our garden. The disc was dark grey against the clear night sky and there was a blue light at its centre. I couldn't tell if the underside was flat or curved, but I could tell that its surface was broken up into sections, like pizza slices. I think that there were eight sections all radiating like spokes between the circle of blue light and the disc's outer edge. I would have to guess at its size. Its radius seemed to be slightly larger than our house, which at its elevation would give it a diameter of around twenty meters.

That is a very rough guess, based on a more than thirty year old memory from a time when I didn't even know what a meter was.

The beginning of this memory feels quite dreamlike, but as I advanced through the house and eventually out into our garden, I became increasingly

lucid. It was like I was sleepwalking, but also becoming increasingly awake as time passed. I remember that I was talking to something throughout this experience. It was as if I had an imaginary friend that was somehow getting me to go on an adventure. I could not see this imagined creature, but I could hear it in my head. I don't remember what it was saying to me, or even what it sounded like, but I do know that it was the one that had persuaded me to go on my little nocturnal walk.

When I got outside and noticed the large disc hovering above me, I remember feeling a nauseating sense of confusion. The disc seemed massive and was completely unsupported by anything. It's presence in the familiar location of my backyard generated a sense of unease and wrongness that turned my dreamlike adventure into a hyper-real nightmare. My last memory from this encounter was the sensation that gravity had somehow become inverted as I began to fall upwards toward the object above me. It is at this moment that my memory ends, just as my fear turned to complete terror.

I awoke the next morning with this confusing sequence of events fresh in my mind. I remember checking my feet for mud, but I could not find any trace of dirt on me. I remember starting my day, sure that these events had really occurred, but by the end of that same day I thought that maybe it was all just a nightmare. At such a young age I was unsure how realistic dreams could be and so I was able to convince myself that I had experienced a particularly vivid nightmare. I was still partially convinced that I had sleepwalked through the house and out into the garden, but I could not remember getting back into bed and the lack of mud or any other evidence made me doubt my sleepwalk theory. Even at a young age I was aware of the reality of sleepwalking. I was a huge fan of old cartoons and characters like Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck had given me an education in all manner of unusual phenomena, for example did you know that the effects of amnesia can be reversed by a simple blow to the head? Maybe I should employ this method to get past some of my own memory blocks.

Events like these plagued my childhood and as I grew older I started to believe that maybe the problem was in my head. At a very early age I became genuinely concerned for my own sanity. I knew that there was some aspect of my reality that simply did not fit with my daily experiences. My half remembered nocturnal encounters seemed to make a mockery of the rest of

my life experiences. In day to day reality certain things are possible and other things are most certainly not. In the other reality however, objects the size of houses can levitate, entities can talk to you without using sound and children can fall upwards. I could not find any way to consolidate these realities, so I began to worry that maybe the problem wasn't reality, but my perception of it. I cannot over emphasise the effect that fear has had on my memories of these experiences. It provides an undeniability to these memories. No matter how hard I try I cannot dismiss these events as some kind of dream fiction. I know in my body that these events occurred and even as a small child, I struggled with the reality of these experiences.

Around the age of eight I developed a strange phobia known as bataphobia. Bataphobia is a fear of depths. This fear manifests itself whenever I find myself beneath large, high objects like buildings or cliffs. I discovered that I had this fear on a school trip to York Minster Abbey. On the trip we entered the main body of the cathedral and our teacher told us to look up at the marvellous ceiling. I did so and ended up falling to my knees. I literally had the sensation that I was about to fall upwards toward York Minster's vast, high ceiling.

With hindsight, I now know that I had developed this fear from the unsettling sensation of falling upward toward the visitor's spacecraft possibly from the encounter that I have just recounted, but at the time it was a complete mystery to me.

My clearest prepubescent encounter occurred when I was about seven or eight years old which puts this encounter in either the year 1984 or 85. I feel like it was in the Autumn or Winter. I remember waking in the middle of the night and having a conversation with a character that I thought that I had invented. I had heard about imaginary friends so I thought that I had simply acquired one and that this was all perfectly natural. I was also only half awake so the dream like quality of the experience allowed me to accept the strangeness of it. At the time, I didn't see the connection with this imagined voice and the one that had led me into my backyard years earlier. In retrospect I can now see that these events were very similar. Once again, the start this experience seemed quite dreamlike, but as time progressed, I became increasingly aware of the fact that I was awake. As I became more

lucid I also felt a growing unease at the situation. I still marvel at the fact that I was so blasé of the fact that I was having a real conversation with a voice in my own head. I remember taking comfort from the thought that it was some kind of imaginary character. I blame the eighties TV show 'Muppet Babies' for this flawed line of reasoning. In every episode the Muppets would have an adventure that to them was completely real, but was in fact entirely imaginary. To my malleable young mind, this seemed like an incredibly attractive and perfectly reasonable concept. I think that I thought that I was about to engage in my first 'Muppet Baby' style adventure. I think that the age of eight seems kinda old for this kind of logic, but like I said, there was a dream like quality to the experience. It didn't seem quite real at first and therefore I was a lot more accepting of the weirdness of the situation.

I couldn't see my new imagined friend, but I could hear his voice loud and clear in my head.

I cannot remember exactly what we were talking about, but I do remember that the voice asked me, "Would I like to meet a spaceman?" And "would I be scared?" I replied by imagining the words that I wanted to speak.

My response was, "Only if the spaceman looked scary". I thought that perhaps if the space man looked like one of the 'Monster Munch' characters from the TV ads that maybe I would be able to handle that. Here in the UK, 'Monster Munch' was and still is brand of crisp/maize chips that in the 80s used large furry puppets to advertise their product. As soon as I thought this, an image of a 'Monster Munch' puppet appeared in my mind. The image was clearer than anything that I had imagined before. When I closed my eyes, it was like looking at a TV screen. I decided that a real life Monster Munch creature would be way too scary, so I told the voice to try to look like an 'Ewok' from 'Star Wars' as I had seen adverts for Star Wars toys from the movie 'The Return of the Jedi' on TV. To me the Ewok creatures looked both realistic and seemed harmless. The voice's response was simply "open your curtains and look out of your window".

I remember getting out of bed expecting to see some kind of cute little creatures in my back garden. I whipped back my curtains and looked out of the window and almost fell on my back with the shock of what I saw. Literally inches from the glass was a little grey alien. It was everything that you would imagine. It had large, glossy black eyes set in a huge grey head. I remember it's long spindly arms, ending in long fingered, narrow hands

spread out in a mockery of wings, as if it was some kind of giant bird. It was just floating there, outside my upstairs bedroom window about fifteen feet off the ground. It seemed to be lit by a white spot-light from above.

At the time I hadn't been exposed to any imagery of the archetypal greys so I had no handle on what I was seeing.

I could not make sense of the creature at all. What I thought was a harmless game had suddenly turned into something all too real and completely terrifying.

The next thing that I remember was waking up the next morning.

Throughout that day I could not get the image of that creature hovering outside of my bedroom out of my head. It was, and still is crystal clear in my mind. I spent the following day leafing through my Mother's wildlife books trying to find the species of giant bat or bird that I had seen the previous night. In fact I spent a few years afterward wondering whether there was a type of bird or bat with giant, black eyes, that could hover. I knew that the memory was real and I was sure that there was a rational explanation for what I saw that night.



Shortly after this night, I placed an old toy version of 'E.T', from Steven Spielberg's Blockbuster movie, on my bedroom windowsill facing outwards. At the time, I didn't know why I was doing this. I even remember being confused at the time, not knowing why I wanted my toy to face outwards. I didn't know why, but it felt important. I now know in hindsight that I wanted my new extraterrestrial friends to see what we humans thought aliens looked like. Another possibility is that the "E.T" in the movie alien bears some resemblance to a different entity that I would meet throughout my close encounters. I cannot say for sure whether that was the case because at this early stage I have no real memory of seeing this being.

Unfortunately after this experience, the visitors began paralysing me at the start of every encounter. I think the reason that they did this is the same reason that this encounter really stands out in my mind. I think it was because I reacted really badly to their presence and also I was at an age where I could possibly harm them or myself. I think that the "look out of your window game" was a test to see how I would react to them. I'm pretty sure that my absolute terror awarded me a big fat F, so from this point on, my encounters would be proceeded by the complete paralysis of my entire body. I don't know how the paralysis works, but I do know the visitors are able to switch it on whenever they want.

The paralysis is not painful, but it isn't exactly pleasant either. I awake in the middle of the night without any sensation of my body. I cannot tell how I am laid or where my limbs are. My eyes are unable to focus and quite often (but not always) my perception is flooded with light and sound. The sounds are usually repetitive drumming sounds or tones, like the sound of somebody dropping ball bearings onto a tin drum. The sounds vary, sometimes it will be a long fluctuating tone, similar to an old dial up modem trying to connect to the Internet and other times it will be something completely different.

The light strobes my vision, as if my eyelids are twitching uncontrollably. While this happens, my surroundings seem to be bathed in coloured light of various hues.

At the time I didn't know that sleep paralysis was fairly harmless, in fact, I thought that I must have had some kind of terrible neurological illness. I had a friend at school that suffered from epilepsy and I thought that maybe I had

something similar. I don't know why, but I didn't tell my parents about my seizures. For some reason, I felt that the paralysis was part of some kind of big secret and that telling people would only cause problems. I am guessing that the visitors had implanted this idea in my mind, because as I look back, it makes no sense to me whatsoever that I would think like this.

I was always concerned that if I shared certain things about myself, that people would think that I am mad. These things had one thing in common and that was that they all related to my abduction experiences. I wonder whether, deep down if I knew that my nocturnal bouts of paralysis were related to my abduction experiences. I suspect that I was worried that any deep inquiry as to the root of my seizures could uncover my secrets. I think that this may be true, but it is hard to be sure, just because consciously I didn't know what an alien abduction even was.

At this stage of my life, I usually wouldn't remember anything of my encounters with the visitors. I would just wake in the middle of the night completely paralysed. My bedroom would seem to strobe with different coloured light, usually red and yellow, but occasionally blue and green as well. It would feel as if an electrical current was pulsing through me. It was painless, but there would be a rhythmic pulse of sensation passing through my head. The nights when the paralysis would strike would seem to come in random waves, so that I would find it hard to predict when they would happen. After one particular quiet spell, I found myself wishing for another paralysis session, or zappings as I would think of them. I had realised at this stage, that I could remember waking up paralysed, but I could never recall the zappings coming to an end. At this stage I hadn't realised that the zappings would be followed by intruders entering my room. I could clearly remember waking up in the middle of the night completely paralysed, but I could never remember what would follow. I decided that the next time that it happened, I would try to remember what happens at the end to see if I could remember the sensation fading.

Then one night, out of the blue, the paralysis hit. I'm not sure what age I was, probably eleven or twelve. I just remember that when the paralysis hit that I tried to just go with it while staying alert, so that I could observe what would happen. I remember seeing my room fill with bright strobing red and yellow light. Shortly afterward I saw short, bald men moving around my bed.

On this occasion I didn't get to see their faces, just their heads. I was unable to move or focus my eyes, so I could just see their blurry heads pass by me as they moved about. I remember the sensation of being lifted from my bed. I was laid on my back facing upwards and suddenly the ceiling seemed to lurch toward me as if my bed had just suddenly grown four feet taller. During this whole experience I couldn't believe my stupidity at actually wanting to see what happens during these periods of paralysis. I can remember that after I was lifted from my bed, I seemed to move rapidly toward my window and then nothing else, the memory simply ends. The next morning I was terribly shaken. I knew that something terrifying had occurred, but I couldn't make sense of my memories.

After this event I would have a terrible recurring nightmare. In it, I was being chased by a woman, who would command an army of small, pale, skeletal ghouls, who had huge empty black eye sockets. These ghouls would slowly march endlessly until they captured me. For a couple of years after this event I developed a fascination with Ghosts and would take out paranormal books filled with "real" ghost stories from my local library. I would look for stories where pale glowing figures would appear in people's bedrooms at night.

As I got older I dismissed the experience as some kind of supercharged dream. I decided that it had something to do with the paralysis, which I knew to be real. I concluded that the paralysis had triggered some kind of lucid dream or hallucination. I still fall back on this explanation as an adult whenever I feel the need to live a normal life. This encounter did have one long term effect though. From this point onward, I was terrified of my bouts of paralysis and would panic whenever I awoke in this state.

While I was growing up, UFOs became something of a hot subject at my school, but at the time, I have to admit that they never really interested me. I didn't think someone would travel across space, just to fly about and draw circles in some random wheat fields. As a child I never even realised that some people had claimed to have been aboard alien spacecraft. Paradoxically, I remember that one night, I noticed a bright star that was quite low to the horizon. The star seemed to change colour and I wondered whether it was a UFO. I watched it from my bedroom window for about 5 minutes and decided that it couldn't be a star, just because of the way that it changed

colour. The only other rational explanation was that it was an aircraft, but then it had held its position for about 5 minutes, so that seemed unlikely. I remembered some of the UFO stories that had been circulating around my school and it suddenly occurred to me that it might be watching me. As soon as I thought this, I was struck by a sudden bolt of animalistic terror and was suddenly convinced that they were going to take me away. I leaped onto my bed and hid under my covers. Nothing happened that night and I had no idea where the sudden terror had come from. I had felt like a hunted animal and I suddenly needed to hide or run away. It seemed strange even to myself, that as someone who doesn't believe in UFOs that the thought that I had actually seen one could throw me into such a panic. In hindsight I am sure that the object was merely a bright star that was close enough to the horizon for it's light to be distorted by the atmosphere. I now know that this is a common phenomenon, but as a young child, I had no explanation for the star's odd shifting, shimmering colour changes.

Later during the same year, I awoke one morning with an extremely vivid and strange memory from the middle of an abduction in my mind. At the time I believed it to be an incredibly realistic dream, but since then, more details have surfaced in my mind and I can now identify it as another abduction experience. One of the things that differentiates an abduction experience from a dream is that for the entire day after, I will be in a state of shock. There is a sense of dislocation and violation that is bone deep. It is like being confronted with your own mortality through some kind of near death experience. You literally cannot focus or function as you normally would. I would pass through the day in a weird fugue, as if my daily life is merely a thin illusion projected upon a much vaster and darker reality. My mind would struggle under the effort to consolidate the two conflicting realities that I was being exposed to and this would leave me with a sense of extreme isolation and confusion.

I don't remember being taken from my room, my memory of this encounter starts in a strange circular, domed room. I remember being naked in this room with about six other naked kids. The walls of the room were a dull metallic grey and interspaced with large rib like pillars. The air was cold and damp and there was a visible mist throughout the room. The cold

dampness just made me more aware of the fact that I was naked. The room was dimly lit, but there was an object at the centre of the room that seemed to glow with reflected blue light that was being projected from above. The object was a large brightly coloured, children's, inflatable paddling pool. The water within the pool seemed to glow as it was the only object in the room that was being directly lit by a large circular light directly above it that was embedded in the ceiling. The reflected light casted bright patterns of light upon the ceiling and walls. I remember that there were some other beings in the room, but I refused to look at them. I found them terrifying. I believe that an entity that I later came to think of as the wrinkled brown was there along with a some small grey beings. On this occasion I was too terrified to look at my captors directly, so I won't describe them in detail for now. Rather I will describe my experience as it occurred without the advantage of hindsight.

The aliens told me that we could play in the paddling pool if we wanted to. I received this information as a loud voice in my head. The other kids clearly heard this voice too because they all leapt up and divided in into the pool. I however stayed back, not trusting the visitors one bit. I remember being angry at the fact that I was forced to be naked. I don't remember having my clothes removed, but I do remember the fact that I was naked, cold and painfully shy. I remember trying to cover my genitals and my ass with my hands to hide myself from the visitor's cold dead eyes. After a short while I noticed that none of the children had resurfaced since diving into the pool, which made me all the more suspicious.

I sat at the edge of the cold room, trying to cover myself and keep my dignity in this cold damp room. I was under the constant scrutiny of the visitors, for what felt like forever. Eventually the children resurfaced in a mass of steam and motion they all seemed to be choking, crying and vomiting water, but after being tended to by the visitors they seemed okay. The children immediately told me that I should have a go myself, and said that it was awesome. I eventually let myself be persuaded, which now seems unlikely to me, but perhaps the visitors where pushing me along somehow. I moved slowly toward the water and eventually sat on the edge of the garish, yellow and orange pool with my feet dangling in the water. I noticed that the plastic was harder than I expected and the water was warm and seemed to be far deeper than the small pool should allow. I let myself slide off the side of

the pool into the welcoming warm water and tried to touch the bottom with my feet. I immediately regretted this decision, because I just seemed to keep on sinking and even worse, a paralysis seized my body. I had lost all control and was unable to stop myself from drawing breath.

I immediately came to the conclusion that I was the victim of a cruel trick, one that was going to cost me my life. I knew that there are people in the world that will torture and kill animals simply for the joy of it. I thought that I was in a similar position to a crane fly about to have it's limbs pulled from its body, except I had the added disadvantage that I could contemplate my fate. Before I inhaled my first breath of water, I had time to wonder how my parents would cope, when they found my bed empty, with no explanation as to where I was or how I had disappeared. Or even worse, perhaps the visitors would return my drowned, wet corpse back to my bed, as a sick and twisted practical joke. My memories of what happened next are a confusing mess as my panic reached unmanageable levels. I remember absolute terror and burning pain from my lungs.

As the water struck my lungs my bronchial burned and my chest felt as if it would explode. Eventually I was left with a cold sensation inside by back and could feel a stream of bubbles moving up my oesophagus. I knew that I had drowned, but I was still alive. My paralysis lifted and I remember feeling an urgent need to breath, but it felt as if my throat had been blocked by some undefined object. The need to breath manifested as a rhythmic pulse of my diaphragm, but each pulse just caused me a deep pain within my chest. I didn't have much buoyancy and I was unable to really move very effectively. I seemed to be inside a giant, glass, fish bowl. It was furnished with large rubber fish, and fake seaweed. Although my vision was blurred I could see that I was in a giant, rocky, underwater playground. Swimming motions didn't seem to have much effect on my motion as if I was being held in place. I was fascinated by the experience of being submerged underwater without drowning but almost as soon as I began to register the experience as fun, I received the message in my head that it was time to come out. I told the voice that I wanted more time, but I was told that if I wanted to return to my family and not make them worry, that I had to get out now. I get the feeling that they used this line of persuasion because they had heard my thoughts when I believed that I was being murdered. I actually considered staying and seeing what would happen, but the thought of making my parents worry, made me

change my mind.

I suddenly learned that I had little choice in the matter as I found myself accelerating toward the surface. It was as if some invisible force was pulling me along. I thought that I would hit the surface in a dolphin like leap, but just half of my body burst from the water. My first instinct was to gasp for air, but the sensation that my throat was plugged was still with me and the effort just made my diaphragm burn. I suddenly moved toward the edge of the pool, motivated by the same force that had dragged me to the surface.

Two greys helped me out of the water and lowered me onto my hands and knees. I began to convulse as the water drained from my lungs. I felt like a jug of liquid being drained, as soon as my torso tipped, the liquid simply spilled from my laden chest. The pain of the water going in was nothing compared to the pain of it coming out again. I gagged, choked and vomited until my chest and throat felt as if they were on fire and my mouth tasted of bile, but eventually I was able to breathe air again. I felt immediately lighter, although I spent a lot of time coughing up the last few drops of water. I noticed that all of the other children had already gone and I was alone with the visitors. They dried me with thick white towels and dressed me in my pyjamas. I don't remember how the encounter ended, but that next morning, I was completely dry. I would have expected my hair to still be wet, but somehow they had taken care of that.

Throughout that day, I couldn't get that experience out of my head. I remembered glimpses of the visitors, but what really fascinated me was the experience of breathing underwater. Ever since that night, I have been fascinated with the idea of breathing underwater. Despite all of the transitional pain that I had suffered between breathing air and water, under different circumstances, I think that I would do it again.

The morning after that encounter my memories of the night before were a confusing mess. I could remember an unusually deep paddling pool and a deep sense of unease from this image. I remember being terrified of drowning, but I could also remember the realisation that I was able to exist in this new environment.

I tried to convince myself that it was just a dream, but strange details would keep popping up in my mind that made it hard to dismiss, like the texture of the pool, the coldness of the room and the physical sensation of water filling my lungs. These experiences were physical and therefore

grounded in reality, but they couldn't be true. There was no way in my mind that I could imagine any circumstances that would involve me being submerged into a fake children's paddling pool only to discover that I could breathe underwater. The fact that the bottom of the pool was shaped like a giant fish bowl made the experience seem more ridiculous and dream like. The whole thing was way too far fetched and therefore must have been a dream, just one rich enough to be filled with real, physical and even agonisingly painful sensations.

For years, I had this experience filed away as an extremely strange and vivid dream. I never shook the feeling that this was a real experience, but for a large part of my life, I was able to compartmentalise it as a dream.

This was one in a long list of bizarre experiences that I simply could not resolve in my mind. As I grew older I began to develop a deep and hidden part of myself that I could not share or even allow anyone to glimpse at.

I became quiet and secretive and began to feel more and more isolated as time went by.

Growing up in the eighties, I was exposed to a plethora of fictional movies about Extra Terrestrial visitors and Alien Abductions. For me this was all science fiction. I enjoyed it, but I didn't think that any of it was real. Unfortunately the subconscious doesn't differentiate between what is possible and what is ludicrous; it just knows what is, and what isn't. Before I was able to confront and accept that I had experienced this phenomenon first hand, the divide between what I thought I knew and what my subconscious was trying to tell me created a huge conflict in my mind. This would manifest itself in bolts of absolute terror whenever I was exposed to anything that reminded me of the visitors.

One such event occurred in 1985. As a treat, my older sister took me to the local cinema to watch 'Return to Oz', but unfortunately, that film had sold out, so we had to make another selection. The only movie that wasn't sold out and had an age rating low enough to allow me to watch it was 'Cocoon'.

I still cringe with embarrassment at the memory of what happened next. The film tells the story of a group of Extraterrestrials that return to the Earth

after several thousand years. The returning aliens were on a mission to rescue a small number of cocooned aliens that they left in the Pacific Ocean, just off the coast of a small American town. The aliens in the movie are small glowing spindly creatures that are able to levitate. I believe that the aliens are meant to appear angelic and at the same time technologically advanced, yet every time they appeared on the screen, it was as if I was witnessing something truly dreadful. The first time that one of the creatures appeared on the screen, I yelled out and covered my face with my hands. Before seeing 'Cocoon', and thanks to Moorend's thriving black market in pirated VHS tapes, I had already watched John Carpenter's 'The Thing', 'A Nightmare on Elm Street' and 'Poltergeist', but none of these movies had provoked a response anything like what happened during 'Cocoon'.

Just as I was getting used to the appearance of the glowing aliens, the movie threw another little surprise my way. There is a scene in the movie, when the alien captain opens one of the titular cocoons. Inside the cocoon the audience is treated to a vision of a hideously aged version of one of the alien beings. At this point I let out my loudest scream and felt as if I was about to throw up.

At the time I had no idea why I reacted this way, but in retrospect it is obvious. If you ever watch 'Cocoon', the beings moved almost exactly as I remember the greys. It was the way that they floated and even the way they moved their heads and limbs. Combine all that to the fact that they were spindly and small with big heads and you have a movie guaranteed to give a young abductee nightmares. The wrinkled, hideously aged alien in the movie looked a lot like another type of visitor, who I will describe briefly in this chapter and more in-depth in chapter 2. I will say though that the being that I associate with the image of the wrinkled alien is someone that I was always terrified of throughout my childhood abductions.

Two years after I watched 'Cocoon' I saw the movie 'Flight of the Navigator', which at its heart is about the abduction of a young boy, who was also about my age when I saw this movie.

In more detail, it is about a young boy who is abducted by an extra-terrestrial robot in the seventies, but is returned to Earth ten years later, without any memory of what has happened to him and he also has no idea as

to why he doesn't appear to have aged one day during his missing decade.

The alien robot in the movie that abducted the boy and later befriends him, is a large robotic eye that pilots a super advanced spacecraft.

At the time I thought it was a fantastic movie and like most things that caught my imagination at this age, it inspired me to draw.

I tried to imagine what the aliens who built the spacecraft and it's pilot would look like. I drew small spindly beings, with large heads and giant black eyes. I drew these creatures wearing black on piece, wetsuit like clothes. At this stage of my life I hadn't been exposed to any images of the archetypal greys, but looking back I can see that these sketches were a pretty close match. I hadn't got the eyes quite right. My guys had oval eyes, whereas the Grays have almond shaped eyes. I know why I didn't give them almond shaped eyes. It is because in my mind angled pointed eyes would make them bad guys and my dudes were good guys. After completing my sketch I immediately hated it. I rationalised this hatred by deciding that nothing could live with such big eyes. I told myself that there wouldn't be any room for the creature's brain with those big eyes.

I screwed up my drawing and threw it into the fire (in the 80's in South Yorkshire, most houses were heated by coal fires).

Shortly after this crazy over reaction, a poster for Whitley Strieber's movie 'Communion' appeared in my local video rental shop window. I really hated that poster. At the time I thought it was because I believed the subject to be ridiculous. The claim "Based on a true story" really stuck in my craw. The thing that really annoyed me the most about the poster was the eyes of the creature on it. I thought that if it was a true story, then my point about the size of the eyes of the creatures in my drawing also held true for the creature in the poster.

At the time I couldn't look at the poster. I rationalised this as extreme annoyance, but as I look back, I can see that it was a deep unease that was causing me to avert my eyes. I have no idea why I didn't link the image to the being that I had seen floating outside my bedroom window when a few years earlier. The image in the poster was a pretty close match to that creature. Maybe that was the source of my unease and my rationalisation for my revulsion was simply to distract my mind long enough to prevent me from making that association.

I still haven't figured out how they have room anything other than those eyes, in those balloon shaped heads of theirs.

One more movie that infected my nightmares was Stephen King's, 'Salem's Lot'. The entire movie is full of scares, shocks and gore, but there was just one scene that filled me with terror. This was the scene where undead Ralphie Glick is floating outside of his brother Danny's bedroom window. The rest of the movie just seemed silly and full of pretend nonsense, but that one scene filled me with so much horror that I thought that it would drive me insane. I have just watched it now courtesy of YouTube and it still gives me the jitters. The way that the young vampiric child floats outside of his older brother's window is creepily similar to the being that I saw floating outside my own window when I was younger. There are even creepy little details that seem to have been included just to ruin my day, like the size of the window panes in Danny's window are almost exactly the same size and shape of my own window panes when I saw the creature. The size of his resurrected younger brother is a pretty close match to the creature that I saw and Danny is a pretty close double of myself at the age I was when I saw that movie. I can imagine the director of that movie being told about my experience and saying hey if we get this scene just right we could make this kid literally pee his pants.

The minor details like the window panes have a power to them that is surprising. It is the little details that I had forgotten that put me back into the experience. They induce a level of recall that is deeper and more detailed than just the broad strokes of the event itself. When I find a trigger that opens one of these memories, there is a moment of pure animalistic terror that grips my entire body. It is like receiving an electrical shock to my spine. I think that the fact that the visitors remove all agency when I am in their presence generates a level of fear that is usually foreign to civilised humans. When I witness them, I am no more than a trapped animal. I cannot plead with them nor stop them from taking me. This meant as a child, whenever I was reminded of them, I would react like a cornered animal.

There was Just one more notable preadolescent event where my experiences with the visitors seemed to intrude on my everyday life.

When I was about eleven years old I awoke one morning in a terribly confused state. I awoke with the image of a vast whirling mass of tubes and circles in my mind. The best way that I can think to describe it is that it was like a vast mass of rubber bands, that were all stretched out spinning and rotating in incredibly intricate ways. It was like a vast semi organic machine. The thing was so large and complex that it looked like a fractal image, but with structure. I felt like I was immersed in this image, as if it surrounded me. When I closed my eyes I could see it in it's full vertigo inducing glory.

When I opened my eyes, it didn't feel much better. I felt as if time was moving too slowly and my mind was racing so fast, it felt like at any moment, that I would shift out of reality, and be lost in the infinite whirling mass within the darkness behind my eyelids.

I remember getting out of bed in this state, standing in the middle of the floor of my room and staring at the wall for what felt like a lifetime, just waiting for the feeling to abate. It didn't seem to help, everytime I blinked I could see the nightmarish mass return. As I walked to my door everything felt out of time. It was as if I was walking through treacle. I remember clumsily bashing my hand into my door as I tried to reach for the handle. My body felt alien and my movements were awkward, they required far more effort than they normally would. I slowly made my way down the stairs of my house with both hands firmly grasping the banister. I couldn't imagine what a tumble would feel like in this state. I felt as fragile as glass and it seemed like a fall could shatter my very being.

Suddenly about halfway down the stairs the feeling lifted like a veil of angry bees. I was suddenly free and my body was under my complete control. I walked down the rest of the stairs and continued my day as if nothing had happened. I never mentioned the incident to anyone, in fact this is the first time that I have ever tried to describe it. It was such a bizarre and unrelatable experience that I thought that if I was to try and describe it to anyone, that they would surely think me mad. I now understand what this experience represented. I will save my explanation for the Science section of this book. It seems unlikely, but that whirling mass represents a revelation that I had many years after this event that has fundamentally changed the way that I view reality. It was an incredibly powerful experience. During that brief period, it felt as if I was simultaneously immersed in two very different realities, this

made navigating through this one incredibly difficult. Later that same day I would be treated to one more little surprise. It wouldn't be quite so disorientating, but I still remember it clearly over thirty years later.

Unfortunately for me, my vision of the whirling reality occurred on a school day, so I had to get through a full day at school with that mess fresh in my mind. All day my head was in a terribly confused state. Nothing seemed real that day. Reality felt paper thin, I had glimpsed what lay on the other side and it wasn't very reassuring. In this strange fugue I felt as if part of me was still sleeping, which gave me the idea that perhaps I was still in bed and this was all a dream. I had this thought when I was walking home from school at the end of that day. Suddenly, at that moment I imagined myself in bed, but the image quickly switched and suddenly I was restrained in a reclining dentist chair, with a grey visitor on one side of me and a wrinkled brown being on the other. The wrinkled, brown being seemed to have a huge heart shaped head, with a deep channel running from it's nose all the way up to the top of it's head. The channel was intersected, by v shaped, bony ridges.

As quickly as the image came, it disappeared. I instantly tried to forget it, but it has never left me. It is as clear in my mind now as the day that I first saw it. I believe that the image was a flashback of something that had happened the night before. I have never been able to uncover more of this event, but the image still fills me with a sense of dread.

This concludes my preadolescent experiences, there is more, but those memories are so vague and fuzzy that my descriptions of them would be almost meaningless. They exist in my mind as brief glimpses of events and sensations. One example is that I remember touching the hands of a Gray and realising that their skin is cold and incredibly tough. I have no other memory of this encounter, just the memory of the sensation of the creature's hands. I have learned that they have tiny scales on their hands from this event. I know this because when I ran my hand toward the being's wrist it's hands felt as hard, smooth and cold as marble, but when I ran my hand the other way, they felt like sandpaper.

I think that I was a toddler when this event occurred. I remember that I had no fear of them during this encounter and that the Gray was bigger than myself. The memory actually returned to me while I was playing a game with

a school friend when I was about nine years old. The game is called peanuts and the object is to hurt the other person's hands so much that they yell the word "peanuts". You lock hands with your opponent and do anything in your power to hurt them. This involves twisting, squeezing and bending back their fingers until they call out the word "peanuts". As soon as you hear that word you have to stop and are then declared the winner. It is a sort of wrestling for people who would get into trouble for rolling around on the floor in their school uniforms.

I was playing this game with my friend when I noticed that he had really rough skin on his knuckles. As soon as I noticed this, I had the disorientating sensation of the memory that I described above flooding into my mind. I didn't really react to this strange experience other than by losing to my friend, but that was going to happen anyway. He was much stronger than me, but then I was always ready to bite off more than I could chew in the game of peanuts.

These kinds of experiences were pretty common to me when I was young and I had learned to get through them quite gracefully without drawing attention to myself. They would often come in the form of uneasy feelings after being exposed to very specific stimulus, like smells, sounds or even just noticing a specific hue of light. Sometimes I would get little flashes of imagery or movement, but usually I would just get an uneasy feeling at different times of my life. One example is that there was a local pub on the edge of Moorends called the Harlequin. The pub had a painted sign on the outside with an image of a dancing harlequin painted on it. That sign always gave me the creeps every time I saw it. The small, frame of the character with its black mask reminded me of a Gray, although at the time I just thought that it was creepy. As a child I hadn't learned to differentiate between simply being creeped out and the deep unease of remembering something that I would rather not remember.

Other than my inverted vertigo beneath tall buildings and my horror at witnessing things in movies that seemed to unintentionally mirror things that I saw during my abductions, I was pretty good at keeping my shit together whenever I experienced flashbacks. As I grew older my flashbacks abated, part of this was the fact that I had far fewer encounters in my teens, the other factor was that by the time that they began to increase in frequency, I had

already learned that my flashbacks were part of the phenomenon known as Close Encounters with non-human entities. Once I realised this, I was able to keep track of every occurrence and plumb my memory of every detail that I could. I think that this searching of my own memory, prevents me from being unwittingly shocked by something that reminded me of a forgotten event. Throughout my early childhood I would often get bolts of fear sent from my subconscious mind. I was in constant conflict with the reality of what was occurring to me, but luckily as I got older things got somewhat easier.

Chapter 2:

Teenage Abductions

I don't know why, but puberty seemed to create a change in my abduction experiences.

I think that part of this change was due to the fact that for the first time in my life, I seemed to be able to fight the amnesia that the visitors would use to conceal their visits. I also think that they would intentionally leave me with small memories from my encounters that I believe, I was meant to remember. The problem was that I still didn't realise that I was an abductee, so this just created more conflict. Also my experiences seemed to become more disturbing.

Another notable change was that my abductions seemed to decrease in frequency, but I think that this may have been due to the fact that I moved house when I was 14. This was because my mother died from cancer at this point in my life. Her death affected me greatly and I would like to think that the visitors were giving me a break to mourn her passing, but I have also noticed that every time that I move house, my abductions often stop, sometimes for several years at a time. So either relocating messes up their abduction method in some way, or they were giving me some breathing room after the death of my mother. I may never know the reason for sure, but I do know that when I was 14 years old, my abductions stopped for 4 years. Unfortunately, for one year between ages 13 and 14, my abductions became incredibly hard to bear.

When I was 13, I started to notice girls properly for the first time. I think

that the visitors responded to my development and as a result, I think that the medical aspects of my encounters began to take a turn that disturbed me even more than they used to. I believe that this caused me to retain memories of some of the more humiliating events that occurred during my abductions.

I will not compound my humiliation by going into detail concerning the medical aspects of my abductions, but I will give an example of how the visitors seemed to demonstrate an unhealthy interest in my sexual development.

The example that I will give occurred during an abduction that happened when I was 13. I think the reason that I remember this particular event is because it is the first moment that the visitors showed any interest in the subject of sex. I cannot remember the start of this encounter but the end did return to me many years later. I will just recount the memory as I could recall it as a teen first and then describe the details that I recalled as an adult shortly after. The memory that came to me first was of being led down a long, tube like corridor by the wrinkled brown entity that I briefly mentioned in the previous chapter. I remember that whilst we walked the being said to me "Do you want to have sex?" as you can imagine, this greatly disturbed me and I immediately said "NO!". I believed that the being was planning to arrange for me to have a sexual encounter of some kind. Maybe it just wanted to gauge my reaction to the question. If I hadn't reacted, then maybe I wasn't sexually mature, but if I had a strong emotional reaction, then perhaps I was entering a new stage of hormonal development. I can tell you that I had a very emotional reaction. I was instantly creeped out. That encounter left me with a sense of foreboding that I couldn't shake. This single moment stuck really in my mind, partially because of the randomness of the question, but also the fact that it made me feel really uneasy. Up until this point, I think that my encounters had followed a certain narrative, almost like going to the doctors office for a check up. They were unpleasant, but unavoidable and fairly benign. This particular encounter broke that narrative by adding another element that I was completely uncomfortable with. During the encounter I had been aware that I was in the presence of an Alien being. One with the power to paralyse me and drag me from my bed in the night and was also in possession of unknown advanced technology and power. This being with

complete power and control over me was asking about sex. I was already barely keeping it together and then it throws another spanner into the works by bringing sex into the mix at a time when I was too young to even process the question. It was a real record scratch moment, a random hiccup in an already bizarre experience. I had begun to feel almost comfortable in the visitor's presence, but they had just destroyed my new confidence with this bizarre question. When I replied negatively to the question, the being just seemed to shrug it off like it was a perfectly reasonable question and it had received a predictable answer. That was all that I could remember. I had awoken in my bed one morning with this event in my mind. I could just recall this one single moment with crystal clear clarity.

At the time I just filed this memory away as an incredibly vivid dream. As a teen I believed that the brown entity in the memory was an amalgamation of the wrinkled, dying entities from the movie Cocoon and a Klingon from Star Trek: The Next Generation, with their ridged foreheads. Growing up, I became convinced that it was possible to have dreams that were so real that they were indistinguishable from everyday reality. The fact that the visitors would cause me to black out during my encounters and have me wake up in my own bed helped me to maintain this narrative. Even though I thought that it was a dream, that single question filled me with dread. I kept returning to it in my mind. I couldn't understand how this dream could bother me so much, but every time I thought about it, it would leave me with a cold, sinking feeling in my stomach.

About a month after this experience I recalled another random memory of this being from the same encounter. At the time the memory just flashed in my mind. I was lounging in my bedroom one Sunday morning when suddenly a crystal clear image of the being yelling at me appeared in my mind. The rest of the encounter came back to me unexpectedly, many years later. I believe that I had remembered these two instances, because they were really strange and my subconscious mind was having difficulty processing them, I think that is why they seemed to trickle down into my conscious recall.

I still don't remember how this encounter began. I think that this

particular encounter kept intruding into conscious recollection because it was the first to break the narrative or procedure of my earlier encounters, either that or some aspect of my development was countering the effects of their induced amnesia. This encounter seemed to represent a new phase in my abductions and as time went on I began to recall more details from this specific encounter. I began to remember being placed in a classroom environment. This wasn't just a classroom like situation; the visitors seem to have made a real effort to recreate a standard child's classroom environment. I recalled specifically being led into a room aboard the visitor's spacecraft that had been made to look like a traditional English classroom. There was a blackboard on one wall and small desks filled the room, complete with inkwells. The door to this room was even a standard wooden design, with an inset frosted window, I cannot quite remember the colour, I think it was painted red. The desks in the room were strange to me, because I had only seen ones like them in movies and comic books. They were popular a couple of decades before my birth. Desks like these were designed to be used with traditional dipping fountain pens. This was the eighties and at my school we had vinyl coated desks and ballpoint pens. These strange wooden desks and their inkwells were a novelty to me. I was led into this room by two greys who then turned around and left me with another entity that was already in this room. The being in question was the wrinkled brown entity. The being had a gnarled wooden staff that was as tall as itself and wore a brown monk's robe. I cannot remember how tall the being was, I feel like it was really tall, but I was incredibly intimidated by it, so this may just be an impression. I remember that it's neck was quite long and it had a thicker build than the grey visitors. It was still incredibly thin, but closer to a human's build than a grey's.

The being's eyes were smaller than the grey's and it had thick eyelids. It's nose was flat and shaped like two thick tubes of flesh. It made me think of a gorilla's nose. The being's mouth was wider than a grey's and the angular shape of it's skull was apparent, due to the creature's loose wrinkled skin. The top of it's head was bisected by a deep trench, giving its head a heart shape. The trench was intersected with boney ridges, which to me looked like worry lines, only much deeper than true worry lines.



In recent years I have been able to unlock more from this particular encounter memories. I now know the full context of the event where the brown entity was yelling at me. I will recount it now because it was one of my first complete memories of this being and this event will give you a really good idea of how strange and also intelligent this creature was.

I suspect that I have been exposed to the fake classroom several times throughout my childhood. I can now remember a lot of small details about it. The floor was a dark wooden parquet and there was a blackboard behind an old desk. The walls were light blue and had chipped paint. There was a window on the wall to my right above an old white radiator. The view through the window was of an endless sea of green grass below a clear night sky. The illusion of depth and scale was completely convincing. I don't know how it was done, but it really cemented the impression that I was in an old school building rather than on an alien spacecraft. I remember on one occasion that the view changed from a night sky through dawn to a deep, clear blue summer's day. That didn't happen on this occasion, but I do seem to have that image in my mind from some time in my life. I don't know how the room was illuminated, I cannot remember seeing a light source. I think that this was my first time in the classroom, but that could be a mistake. I feel like it was my first day at this weird facsimile school because of the way that I reacted to the experience, but then again my memories of previous similar experiences could have been lost due to the visitor's use of induced amnesia.

I remember being naked as I was led into the classroom by the small grey beings. I don't know how I came to be naked or in the company of these strange little beings, but for some reason I had gotten almost used to these creatures, perhaps because they were so frail in appearance and shorter than me. Perhaps this is a false assessment of my emotional state at the time. It is possible that I was terrified and it just seems like I was comfortable with the beings, because in retrospect I was about to become a lot more terrified.

I was led down an arched metallic corridor. I remember the corridor looked kind of futuristic, but also kind of organic. I think I remember this so well because of how much it contrasted with the room that they were about to

lead me into. This room is of course the classroom that I have previously mentioned. It was a really weird moment going from a futuristic, black and steel rounded corridor with no sharp angles, to a wooden parquet floor, with blue square walls. I remember noticing the window but only briefly, my attention was quickly diverted to the room's single occupant. The room was filled with the desks that I have already described and there was a blackboard on the wall to my left. In front of the blackboard was the taller, wrinkled brown entity. I remember that the greys left me in the room because of the fact that they had left me with this being filled me dread. The appearance of this being terrified me. It looked to me like the re-animated corpse of an alien. The being appeared to sense my fear, because as soon as it looked at me, I heard its words in my head. It said "Do you see something to be afraid of?" I sensed at this point that the creature was male, because he had a deep booming voice. His questions seemed to follow in this vain. "Am I really so frightening?" he said followed by, "We come all this way for you to stand there like a scared rodent." His questions became angrier and angrier, until he was simply throwing insults at me. "Are you so stupid as to waste the opportunity to speak to someone from another world?" he raged. He went on and on like this, but as he did, his questions and insults seemed to become childish and weak. Also the more venomous his insults became, the more he moved about. As his voice in my head grew louder he would open and close his mouth, until he started making grunting animalistic noises with his mouth. This made the being look foolish, to the point that it was almost funny.

"I don't know what offends me more your stupidity or your smell" and so on. As he went on I felt myself grow angry. It occurred to me that they took me from my bed and I hadn't asked for any of this. I started to throw a few insults of my own, "Shut up you ugly git" I said, "You brought me here, I didn't ask to come," as I shouted, I became more sure of myself. I kept on shouting back, becoming angrier and angrier, until I was practically foaming at the mouth.

As I shouted the being straightened up, he looked shocked by my words. I suddenly shut my mouth, thinking I'm really in trouble now, but then the being started to laugh, again mimicking his voice in my head by moving his mouth.

The movements looked ape like to me and I even found myself laughing as well.

The being then walked over to me, patted me on the back and congratulated me by telling me that I had performed very well.

He told me "Your fear is like an egg. We cannot take away your fear without changing you, just as no-one can remove a baby bird from it's egg without hurting or killing it. The only way to get you to break through your fear, is to encourage you to break through it by yourself. Just as gentle heat will give the chick the strength to break through the shell of it's own egg, anger gave you the ability to break through your own fear."

"You were then able to move from anger to humour."

"We could not take away your fear, just provoke you until you were able to break through it by yourself." I instantly decided that I liked this entity, he spoke to me as an equal and even as a friend.

He told me that we had met many times throughout my life and that it was always a challenge to get me through my fear. As he said it, I could begin to remember him and I knew that I had thought of him as a friend in the past. This is a recurring sensation. I feel like I have gone through this trickling of recall many times. I can remember the experience of remembering; just not what it was that I was remembering. It would be really useful to have those memories, perhaps if I did, I wouldn't fear the visitors and have to go through the terror of not knowing what they were going to do with me every time they abduct me.

He then led me out of the classroom and gave me a tour of the spacecraft that we were aboard. The craft was cigar shaped, with a long corridor running along its length. He showed me a control room, or bridge if you prefer. It looked a lot like the cockpit of a commercial aircraft. There was a large curved window, or possibly screen at the front, through which I could see that we were incredibly high, on the edge of space. I could see the curvature of the Earth and the sky above was midnight blackness. There was a long console beneath the window/screen that just seemed to be a long metallic grey strip, with a thinner strip of black glass running through the middle of it. There were two small seats at the console and two more behind these two facing outward toward the continuing curving console with 2 screens above it. I have memories of being sat in one of these seats or one like it and manipulating the controls. I don't think that the memory is from this

particular experience, but from an earlier one. In that memory, I can recall that the black strip would fill with little rainbow coloured rectangles, that would move and slide back and forth as I manipulated them.

After seeing the control room, we headed back down the corridor that had brought us there.

As we walked back we passed doors on either side of the corridor, all of which were open. Some rooms were simply empty and looked bare, but some had medical tables in them, at least one of which was occupied. When I realised that there was someone in there, I did not dare to look. To me it was like being present in an operation theatre, not exactly something that I have wanted to experience.

I felt a mix of horror and guilt, as I imagined what it must have been like for the person on the table, but also how they must have envied my own relative freedom.

As we walked my tour guide said to me "Do you want to have sex?". Without any pause I blurted out "NO!", I have no idea what would have happened to me had I said yes and it is not something that I ever want to find out.

I was suddenly aware of my nakedness and felt incredibly uncomfortable.

The being just carried on walking in silence, which was fine by me. The sex comment had really thrown me. I felt like the being had just ruined a really cool experience.

We ended up in a cylindrical room, in what I would guess was the middle of the craft.

There was a hole in the floor with an inverted conical ramp leading down to it. Above was a large cylinder suspended from the ceiling that was emitting a shaft of green light.

I cannot remember what happened next, I know That They must have dressed me and returned me to my bed. I vaguely recall talking to someone as I climbed back into my bed; but my first clear memory after my encounter was of thinking how cool it was that I had met space aliens. It really bothered me however that the visitors seemed to show an interest in my sexual development. To me, this sullied the whole experience. Up until that point the

whole experience had seemed like a young boys fantasy. To be taken aboard an alien spacecraft, flown into space and given a tour of the control room by friendly aliens. To my young self this was all fantastic. What ruined it was that at the end, I had witnessed what looked like some kind of medical experiment on a living human and then they had asked such a crude question. I thought that nothing would be the same and wondered what kind of future mankind could look forward to. We were not alone in the Universe and the aliens were already here. I went to sleep thinking about future technology and mankind's expansion into space. The next morning however, I only had the vaguest recollection of what had happened the night before. Later that month, I would remember the brown entity yelling, opening and closing his mouth and the sex question, but that was it. These memories were crystal clear, but I had no context whatsoever. I never really dismissed those memories, they were just too clear and unexpected to be dreams, but I did put it to the back of my mind. I was 31, before I really thought about it again and when I did, the majority of the encounter just unfolded in my mind. I was sat at my computer, describing the brown entity on an Internet chatroom, listing the times that I had seen this entity in my life up to that point. I wrote about the disconnected memory that I had of the being yelling at me, and as I described the experience, the entire event opened up to my scrutiny. I simply sat there dumbfounded for about an hour, just exploring as much of the memory as I could.

After this encounter I know that I had several more interactions with the wrinkled brown fellow. Unfortunately I only have snapshot memories of the events that occurred. I would regularly awake with new and strange images of fantastic scenes that would always include the wrinkled chap.

I have memories of being in the wrinkled brown being's company, in a brightly lit, domed room of golden arches that seemed to be carved with minute and intricate details. It was like being inside a cross between a gothic cathedral and a grandfather clock.

In another memory with him, I am standing in a street in an old city of gothic arched buildings. There was a vast, stone chandelier like building suspended above me that was supported by four vast bridges.

During a different encounter I remember being shown a line of wrinkled brown entities, walking through a vast snowy landscape, as if they are

making some kind of holy pilgrimage. In the distance I could see the city with the chandelier structure and I learned then, that the city is perfectly circular and that the four bridges that extend to the ground and expanded to form a ring like wall around the city.

I have many more disjointed and unattached memories of such scenes. I have been shown vast impossible stone structures that dot the brown entity's homeworld. They have viaducts that span mountain ranges, stone buildings that jut out from cliff edges, held in place by thin stalk like stone bridges. I was shown a city that had been dug into the Walls of a vast circular pit, that is topped by a tower that is suspended in the middle of the pit mouth by a single narrow, stone bridge.

From my memories I know that the wrinkled fellow delighted in showing me these seemingly impossible wonders of his home.

Over the years since, I have been shown other worlds, by different beings from different species. I think that I have been lucky enough to have witnessed such a broad spectrum of worlds, because the wrinkled fellow saw fit to satisfy my curiosity at this young age.

All of this occurred between the ages of eleven and thirteen, but my final encounter before my four year hiatus was definitely the most negative and disturbing encounter that I have had to date.

The encounter occurred when I was thirteen. The year was 1990 and I was having a sleepover at my best friend, David's house. David's family lived in an old school house that was surrounded on all sides by fields.

I had been best friends with Dave since primary school and I was looking forward to a night playing 'Sonic the Hedgehog' on his 'Sega Mega Drive'.

That night we decided that we should sleep top to tail in the same bed. We were so paranoid and concerned with our teenage reputations that we decided to sleep in our day clothes, just in case the fact that we shared a bed was leaked to our school friends.

Teenage boys are not exactly well known for their level headed rationality and we were no exception.

I don't really remember much of the night itself, but I remember waking in the middle of the night in a state of extreme confusion and panic. I remember that I was laid in bed, but that somehow in the night, I had managed to turn myself around so that we were both oriented the same way in the bed. I remember trying really hard to hold onto a memory. I ended up managing to hold onto the image of an upside down flying train carriage and for some reason an image of the glass elevator in Roald Dahl's book "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory".

With these images still in my head, I decided to try to sneak out of bed, so that I could re-orient myself back into the top to tail position. I knew that I would never live it down if David woke up to find us laying side by side.

When I got out of bed, I was horrified to find that my trousers were only pulled up to my thighs and that I was nearly completely exposed.

I quickly pulled them up and got back into bed, so that we were sleeping at opposite ends of the bed again.

I remember laying there in complete confusion, feeling that I had experienced something horrific, but with no idea of what had occurred.

I don't think that I managed to go back to sleep. I do know that I eventually got out of bed at 5am and sat in David's living room watching videos until everyone else got out of bed. When Dave's mother finally got out of bed, she found me in the living room watching the movie, 'Alien' of all things.

My memory of this encounter troubled me throughout my life, until six years later, when I finally learned the disturbing truth of what had really happened, on that night.

Chapter 3:

Re-opening the Door

A lot had happened to me in the years after my experience at my friend's house, but the visitors did not re-enter my life until after I had realised that my experiences were something other than the vivid dreams of a confused child. I didn't have this revelation until 1995, so it is conceivable that they were waiting for me to be strong enough to face them again. This seems especially likely when I tell you that my abductions started again the same year that I made this discovery.

Shortly after my experience at David's house, my mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer. After she died at the start of 1991, it took a long time for my life to become settled again. When my mother died, I moved in with my father, who had separated from my mother five years earlier. I lived with him in a neighbouring town for a year and then we moved to a much bigger town in West Yorkshire called Keighley.

It was three years before I saw any sign of the visitors again.

In 1994 I started studying at college and shortly after my seventeenth birthday, I moved out of my father's place to share a house with a bunch of friends. In our house, I had an attic bedroom, with a skylight window. I used to enjoy staring up at the stars at night, so I placed my bed directly under the skylight. One night I was staring out of my window, letting my thoughts wander, when a bright white light flashed directly past my window. This thing was huge and it was so bright, that it briefly lit up my whole room as it passed my window. From my point of view, it appeared to be the size of my

fist and it looked like it was about two hundred feet above me. As soon as I registered what I had seen, I leapt up onto my headboard to see if I could see it again before it was too late. Unfortunately, I was living in a very built up area, so it had already left my field of view before I had time to get to my window. At the time, I thought that it was a meteor. This thing was so big and low that I was sure that I would hear it come crashing down somewhere nearby. I listened at my window for a while, waiting for the boom, but nothing happened. I remember climbing down from my window really confused by what I had seen. I now think that it was something to do with the visitors. I didn't notice anything else unusual that night, so eventually I just went to sleep. All I could tell at the time was that it was a large, white, featureless circle, so it was easy to dismiss the thing as a large meteor. I was actually expecting to see a report about the object on the news the next day, but there was no mention at all.

I had a couple of similar sightings about a year later, I saw two more unexplained lights in the sky. Both were bright green orbs, but my sightings of them are separated by about a month of time.

I saw both lights while on the same street in Keighley. Both times I was walking from Long Lee village to Bradford Road. During the first sighting, the light flew toward me, from the direction of the hills directly in front of me. The light seemed to me to be the size of a small car. It was only slightly higher than the hills that it flew over, about 400 feet above my head. As I watched this thing, it flew over my head in a perfect straight line from horizon to horizon. The object was moving at incredible speed and was only in my view for about two seconds.

The second object was identical to the first, except that I noticed this one to my right as I made the same journey, from my girlfriend's house to my own home. The object was about three miles away. I noticed movement 90 degrees to my right and when I looked, I saw the same kind of green light that I had seen a month earlier, except this time the object was moving straight upward, like a rocket. As soon as I turned to look at it, it started to accelerate. It was already moving when I spotted it, but as I looked straight at it, it shot upward like a bullet. It only took about a second for it to disappear in the overcast clouds overhead.

During both of these sightings, I was unable to completely explain what I saw. The first time I figured that the object must have been a fast moving meteor, but then I had never seen a such a bright meteor before and I had certainly never seen one travel such a long distance without burning up. The second time, I decided that there must be some kind of new firework or flare being sold in the shops near to me. I knew at this stage that the objects were obviously identical, but the vertical one had left me scrabbling for a rational explanation.

In 1995, I moved out of my friends house and moved into my first house alone.

Not long after I moved into my own house, I joined a book club called "World Books". The idea was that when you joined the book club, you had to order a certain number of books throughout the year, to receive a huge discount on your first order. The downside was that whenever a new bestseller came out, the book club would send you that book as an editor's choice without being prompted to do so first. Quite often these books would not be to my particular taste, and I would immediately send them back. One month however I was sent a copy of Dr John Mack's "Abduction", and I came damn close to sending it back, but it was delivered with Stephen King's "Rose Madder" which I genuinely did want to read, so I decided to keep both books.

After reading "Rose Madder" I decided to give "Abduction" a try. I didn't think that there was any merit in the subject, but I decided to take the plunge and see what the good Doctor had to say.

After reading the first few pages, I had found similarities that made me feel a little uncomfortable. I thought that I already knew plenty about Alien Abduction. The X-files was extremely popular at this time, in fact I think that this was part of the reason that Dr Mack's book had reached the bestseller list in the first place. As it turned out, the X-Files hadn't come close to preparing me for what I would learn from reading "Abduction".

The first synchronicity that I found, was in the introduction. This is where I learned about sleep paralysis. It was the first time that I had found anything that resembled the paralysis that had plagued my night hours as a child. I had spent years trying to rationalise my nocturnal seizures, but this was the first time that I had found a description that perfectly matched my own experiences. This was a monumental discovery for me, but since Dr Mack

mentions true sleep paralysis, comparing it to abduction paralysis, he gave me a handy way of denying the possibility that I had experienced contact with Extraterrestrial intelligences. Unfortunately I found that the more I read, the more I became convinced that I was a part of this bizarre phenomenon called "alien abduction". Dr Mack's 'Abduction' is a fascinating read. As a Harvard educated psychologist, he had a very scientific, but open minded perspective. He detailed his own journey from skeptic to firm believer, in the phenomenon of close encounters. The book is filled with transcripts of hypnotic regressions performed by himself on people that appear to have been exposed to off world, intelligent beings.

The similarities between each of his patients stories are remarkable, but what really scared me was how familiar this all seemed. My memories of waking up paralysed and finding myself surrounded by pale bald heads kept flashing in my mind, but the real clincher was my early memory of my encounter with the being floating outside my bedroom window. Over the years, I had rationalised my memory of this creature as an owl or bat, but I always knew that the event was real. As I read the book, I kept finding eyewitness drawings of the beings that each abductee had encountered. Every time that I looked at these simple drawings, I would remember the face of the entity floating outside my bedroom window and every time that I remembered it, I became more and more convinced that I had come face to face with a "Grey".

By the end of the book, I had become almost fully convinced that whatever this phenomena was, I was a part of it.

This became the start of a new obsession for me. Thanks to the success of the X-Files, my local newsagents would stock monthly editions of three different UFO magazines. These were, "UFO Magazine", "Sightings Magazine" and "Fortean Times". Every month, I would buy copies of every one of these magazines on my way back from the library, where I would take out anything to do with the subject of UFOs and Alien Abduction.

I started to suffer from terrible Insomnia after reading "Abduction", I found it difficult to be around people and eventually, I dropped out of college. I started to live like a hermit, and if it wasn't for my girlfriend (Sarah), I wouldn't have had contact with anyone.

During the same year that I made my revelation, Sarah went on a college trip to Germany. I suddenly found myself on my own for two weeks. I barely ate and didn't sleep. At the end of the second week, I was suddenly struck by exhaustion and slept for a solid 24 hrs. I awoke during the early hours of the morning, and started to think about the visitors. I became paranoid and tried to go back to sleep, simply because being awake in that state is pretty unbearable. I found that just as I was on the cusp of sleep, I would panic, thinking that I was becoming paralysed and would snap back to being wide awake. On other nights this had actually induced genuine sleep paralysis and the possibility of waking up in the middle of the night paralysed was another major contributor to my insomnia. Eventually I became so confused and disorientated that the room began to spin, but there was something really odd about this spinning. I felt as if I was spinning, end over end. It felt as if my head was moving backward through the floor, while my feet were rising up to the ceiling. At first I was ready to just ride it out. It felt really weird, but kinda cool at the same time. I knew that I wasn't really moving but it felt really convincing. The feeling intensified to the point that I couldn't tell how I was orientated at all. At this point, I decided enough was enough and tried to stop myself. To achieve this, I imagined that I was reaching out and grabbing the floor as it went past my head. My thinking was that the spinning was an illusion, so I should be able to stop myself by just concentrating on doing so. The trouble was that my method produced a very real result. The moment that I imagined that I had seized hold onto the inanimate floor, I felt myself being catapulted across the room.

I could see my room flying past me as I hurtled through it. I had no perception of my body, but I could see my surroundings perfectly. I told myself to stop, in the same way that a person might put their hands out to catch themselves, but instead of catching myself, I literally halted in mid-flight. I didn't seem to possess any mass at all and moving my perception, was just a matter of will. I rotated my view and I could see my sleeping form below me. The room seemed to be filled with silvery light and I could hear a loud klaxon type noise, coming from my prone body. I could hear voices arguing outside and I heard a voice in the room with me that simply said "You're really kicking ass now". I whirled around, but could not find the source for this voice. As my perception swept the room, I noticed a cat shaped silhouette on a chair in my room. At this point in my life I didn't own

a cat, and I decided that this single piece of strangeness was just too much. It was the straw that broke the camel's back and with this I decided to return to my body. As soon as the thought occurred to me, I found myself back in my body.

The transition was instantaneous. I didn't even have to move to my body, I just opened my eyes and there I was. The first thing that I noticed was that my room was in pitch black darkness. I got out of bed and staggered to my light switch. The voice and silhouette had really unnerved me and I wanted make sure that I was alone.

As soon as I switched on my light, I noticed that the cat like silhouette was still there, but under the illumination of my ceiling light, I realised that I had made a mistake. The silhouette was made by my black dressing gown, that I had thrown onto my chair. The illusion wasn't very convincing, but when I moved my head to the same position that I was when I thought that it was a cat, the illusion was much more convincing. The belt of my dressing gown was hanging off to one side and made a very convincing tail. At this point I was ecstatic at the same time as being totally freaked out. I realised that I had had an out of body experience. I had read about this phenomenon, but didn't necessarily believe in it, and yet it was the only explanation that I had for what had happened. How else could I explain the fact that I had demonstrated perfect night vision, which I still don't know whether this is a reported effect of an O.B.E. Also how could I explain that I had mistaken my dressing gown for a cat, when, a) It was too dark to see and, b) I had completely forgotten that I had put my dressing gown on the chair in the first place.

This was all very strange for me. I felt that I was being exposed to a scary new world. I was only just beginning to accept that I may be a part of the phenomenon of Alien Abduction, whatever that meant. I still wasn't convinced that my memories were grounded in reality and I had read plenty of theories about mass hysteria and frontal lobe epilepsy to give me fuel for my doubt, and now I was having to accept that I had just experienced an out of body experience. I felt that I had a lot on my plate already and the world kept on throwing more stuff my way.

I didn't really think about the klaxon noise that had seemed to be coming from my body during the O.B.E. I heard several noises during my experience

that didn't seem to have a source, so I just put it down to some kind of hallucination brought on by the experience. I wished that I could put the whole thing down to hallucinations, but the darkness and the cat thing had me convinced. In retrospect, I feel that I should have paid more attention to the klaxon, because in a couple of months the visitors re-entered my life. I don't think that the klaxon was a physical noise, but I think that my non-corporeal self was sensing something that had some basis in reality, something that the visitors could also detect, something that they were listening out for.

I know that there was not a lot of time between my O.B.E and my next encounter. I know that Sarah's trip to Germany was at the start of Winter and that my next encounter was also in Winter. I think that it may have only been a couple of weeks between the two events.

In the time between these experiences, I had moved my bed into the attic bedroom of my new house and I had also adopted a cat, called Finbar. This wasn't my idea, but Sarah loved cats and Fin was pretty cool. He was a huge, friendly ball of black and white fur. He would regularly sleep on my legs, which was kind of a bonus, because my house would get damn cold at night.

On the night of my encounter, I was sharing my bed with Sarah. She hadn't moved in with me at this stage, but she would regularly stay overnight.

I remember waking up in the middle of the night and realising that I was having an attack of sleep paralysis. I could not focus very well, and I had no feeling in my body at all. I was curled up in bed facing away from Sarah with my face angled toward the stairs entrance to my room. After a few seconds of the paralysis, I heard noises downstairs. Most of the rooms in my house were not carpeted yet, so I was aware of loud footsteps on my bare wooden floors. Eventually the footsteps seemed to make their way toward the bottom of my stairs. At this point I was on the verge of complete panic. I was aware that I was probably an abductee, so I knew what to expect next. I heard the mystery intruder, slowly make its way up my staircase, each creaking step echoing through my head. In my paralysed state I was unable to focus my eyes, but I remember seeing a large fuzzy white shape crest the top of my stairs. For a moment I saw the head and face of a grey, but the image quickly blurred and re-coalesced into the image of my pet cat Finbar. I lay watching as Fin got to

the top of my stairs and just sat there watching me. As I watched him, my paralysis seemed to grip and release me in waves. I kept hearing weird sounds, like the sound of television static, which would then shift into the sound of heavy rain, which would shift again into the sound of marbles hitting corrugated iron. As this went on my vision strobed with different colours that corresponded to the sounds that I was hearing. My whole room seemed to be strobing with red light, that would shift, to yellow, then green, then blue and white and so on. I decided to try and call Fin to me, so I tried to move my hand first. I couldn't pinpoint exactly where my hand was, so I tried to focus as hard as I could to find it. Eventually I thought that I had it, so I tried to move it. Suddenly my hand flew up toward my face, as if it had no weight to it at all. As I looked at it through my fuzzy unfocused eyes, it seemed to glow with shifting orange and yellow light. I turned it back and forth, I could feel it moving, but it seemed too light somehow. I tried to use it to shove myself out of bed, but I couldn't feel the bed with it. It just seemed to pass through the covers as if they were made of smoke. While I struggled with my hand, I saw Fin get up and start to walk back downstairs. I could hear him thump down each step, which I thought was kinda strange. Fin was usually pretty quiet, even on the wooden floor and then the most noticeable noise would usually be the bell on his collar. I heard a few more footsteps downstairs and then silence. I lay there staring at my glowing hand. While I watched it, it seemed to dissolve into nothingness as the feeling returned to my body. As my senses came back to me, my eyes refocused back to clear sight and at same time the phantom noises diminished into silence. As soon as the paralysis passed, I pulled myself into a sitting position and as I did, I disturbed Fin, who was sleeping on my legs. He had been there the whole time, seemingly unaware of the strangeness that his master had just experienced. I decided to ask Sarah whether she had noticed anything, but when I tried to make a sound, I found that I couldn't. I could pass air through my mouth, but I literally could not make a sound with my vocal cords. It was as if someone had switched them off. I tried to make a ahhhhhh, sound as one would do at the doctors, while he inspects your tonsils. As I made the noise suddenly my vocal cords came back on mid ahhhhhh. It was as if someone had thrown a switch in my throat. There was no croaking, no soreness, just one second there was no sound and the next there was.

I shook Sarah awake, which was pretty odd, usually she is a very light

sleeper. Eventually she half woke up and asked me what I wanted. I suddenly realised that I had no way to explain what had just happened to me without completely freaking her out. I just said that I had had a nightmare and let her go back to sleep.

I lay there a little longer, wondering what in Hell's name had just happened to me, but eventually I went back to sleep.

I am not too sure about the dates, but I think that my next encounter occurred within a month of this event. I'm not sure how accurate that is, but I do know that the events were very close to one another. Once again this was in the Winter of 1995, quite close to Christmas.

The event happened at Sarah's parent's house. They were going on holiday for the weekend to the Isle of Man and Sarah had been asked to house sit. She had asked me along, because she didn't like the idea of being in the house on her own all weekend.

We decided to sleep on her parents living room floor. Her old bed was too small for the two of us, so it seemed to be the best option.

We spent most of the evening watching TV and then decided to have an early night.

Later that night, I remember waking in the middle of the night, completely paralysed, with three non-humans stood over me. There was the wrinkled brown fellow, a tall grey that I knew to be female for some reason, and a standard grey. The paralysis was pretty light and I was able to focus on each of the the intruders/visitors.

I remember that there was a lot of yellowish light streaming through the window, but that is all that I could remember the next day. I knew that something big had occurred in the night, but I could only recall the first few seconds of the event.

Both of these two events fed my desire to find out what was going on. Was I losing my mind? Or was I experiencing contact with other worldly intelligences?

I spent all of my time reading UFO stories, both in books and in magazines. After a year of this obsessive behaviour, I found a phone number in the back of "Sightings Magazine" of a UFOlogy group called BUFOSC.

I have no idea whether BUFOSC still exists today or not, but I do know that it's name was an acronym for "British, U.F.O, Studies Centre".

BUFOSC were offering hypnotic regression based therapy sessions for people that believed that they had experienced close encounters with extraterrestrials.

I rang The number and spoke to BUFOSC's founder, Eric Morris. After a short talk with Eric, during which I told him as much as I could remember of my childhood experiences, we arranged for him to visit me in my home.

It was springtime in 1996 when Eric payed me a visit. He was a small man in his late thirties and he wore thick black rimmed glasses. When he visited me, he brought his young teenage son and his friend, who I think was called Tim. He told me how he had become interested in the subject of UFOs; for the life of me I cannot remember much of what he told me. I remember that he used to be a nurse in the Navy and that he had learnt how to perform hypnotic regressions on people from a psychologist friend, he had made during his time in the Navy.

I remember that as soon as I had the opportunity to talk, that I was babbling uncontrollably. I had spent the past year unable to tell anyone what I was going through or what I had experienced. It was like carrying a huge secret that was slowly crushing the life out of me. Shortly after I had made the discovery that I was an abductee, I had begun to suffer from terrible Insomnia. It seemed as if Dr Mack's book had affected every aspect of my life. I found it difficult to be around people and had even dropped out of college to become something of a hermit. As soon as I had the chance to express myself to Eric, I just couldn't stop. We decided to focus upon my most recent encounters. I wanted to recover details from my experience at David's house first. I knew that this event had changed me somehow. I felt that there was something about it that had deeply scarred me and I felt that I wouldn't be able to heal properly until I was able to confront whatever demons my subconscious mind was wrestling with.

After about an hour of enduring my constant chatter, Eric asked me to lay on my sofa to begin my regression.

He told me afterward that I had dropped into a trance state quicker than he had ever seen anyone do so before. I know that the start of my regression

was the most vivid. It is a strange experience to be able to observe events from your past, from outside of the experience itself.

At the start I recalled in detail my night at David's, but what I hadn't realised before was that I had had an attack of sleep paralysis in the middle of the night. That marked the beginning of my encounter and the regression itself also marked the moment that I was finally able to accept the reality that I was an abductee.

During the regression, I vividly remembered waking in the middle of the night completely paralysed. As I lay there, I wondered whether David would notice that I was having some kind of seizure. At the time I didn't know whether my body would convulse during these attacks or not. The paralysis is always so complete that I have no sense of my body whatsoever. My arms and legs could have been thrashing around and I wouldn't know it, in which case I would probably end up kicking David in the face.

Another aspect of the paralysis is that I am never able to move or focus my eyes. I can discern vague shapes around me, but nothing solid.

During my paralysis at David's house, I was suddenly aware of a bright light, coming from the direction of his bedroom window. At first, I decided that the light must have been coming from a car's headlights that was probably moving up the road that runs past his house. Then suddenly, I noticed dark shapes moving in the light, casting huge shadows across my field of vision. At this point I became filled with a type of dread that is hard to explain. I think that part of me knew that I was going to be abducted, but all my conscious mind knew was pure, animalistic panic. I felt as if I was tied to the bed and a wild, vicious animal had been released into the room. I couldn't move at all and to make matters worse, I became aware of activity next to my head, as if someone was messing with my pillow and bedding. Without warning, my body slipped sideways away from the bed. The events seemed to be moving incredibly quickly, as if whoever was abducting me had had a lot of practice and was able to conduct themselves with extreme speed and precision. The next thing I knew, was that I had been moved through David's bedroom window and out into the cold night. This all happened so fast that I was barely able to register the fact that I had moved through solid matter. All I remember is that it felt as if I had been immersed head first into a cold liquid, but I think that this was because it was a cold night and the

sudden transition from a warm room out into the cold night was particularly jarring. I was then aware of a bright light and the sudden sensation of a strong icy wind. I think that this must have been when I was travelling rapidly up to the craft above me. There was no feeling of acceleration or G-force, just the sensation of passing through the air at extreme speed.

After a few seconds of this sensation the wind suddenly stopped and I was aware that I had passed into an enclosed space, at the same time I felt hands grab me and pull me to one side.

I began to develop more sensation in my body. I couldn't really control my movements, but I was able to see more of my surroundings. I seemed to be in a large cylindrical room, surrounded by small pale creatures. I was then led up a shallow ramp to the edge of the room. I felt hands trying to undress me, but whenever I tried to resist them, the paralysis would become more intense until I lost almost all sensation of my surroundings again. The next thing I knew was that I was being led through a long corridor. I seemed to be walking, but didn't feel as if I was in control of my own footsteps. I tried to fight the paralysis by focusing on my feet and on the sensation of their contact with the floor. I noticed that the floor seemed to be made of a black rubbery material that had little squares cut into it, presumably to create more friction to walk on.

I was led through a corridor and as we walked, the paralysis began to lift and I was able to focus on my abductors properly for the first time. During the regression I was amazed how similar they appeared to the face on the poster for the movie 'Communion'. For the first time in my life, my irrational fear and hatred of that image made complete sense. The images that have been used for Whitley Strieber's books and movie, even the puppets used in his movie, remain the most accurate representations of the creatures that I have witnessed in the general media to date. There is something really disturbing about the proportions of their heads and bodies. Everything about them looks wrong. They actually look fake, more like animated modern art sculptures than living beings.

Their disproportionately large faces and small bodies jarred me. I felt that they shouldn't exist. That isn't to say that I hated them, but their appearance is so weird, that my mind couldn't comprehend that something as odd as them could be real. They were not only real but living and breathing right next to me and that is hard to accept. They still generate a fear in me that is unlike

anything that I have experienced outside this phenomenon. I don't think that they intend to hurt me, but there is something so wrong about them and the fact that they share our reality, that it hurts something inside my mind. At the start of my abductions I have always been gripped by the most terrific fear that I can imagine ever experiencing. Unfortunately, I don't seem to be able to move beyond this terror and I am doomed to go through it every time that I come into contact with them.

During my abduction, the moment that I was able to focus on the beings face, my paralysis became more intense and once again, I lost the ability to see them or have a clear idea of what was happening to me.

The next clear thing that I recalled was of being placed into some kind of metal frame. I was still standing, but there seemed to be something under my armpits and around my chest that was supporting me. I was unable to move my head as it was in a similar frame as my body. It felt as if my head was being gripped inside some kind of vice. Almost as soon as I was able to form these impressions, I heard a voice in my head say, "This will hurt". The voice was incredibly clear. In fact it seemed to be oppressively loud. My whole head seemed to resonate with sound of it. The weirdest thing was that it seemed to emanate from the middle of my head, pushing out all other thoughts with it's force.

Almost as soon as the voice had gone, I felt a needle enter the back of my head. It went in at the nape of my neck, on the right hand side. The pain was incredibly intense, like having a hot poker driven into my skull. Once they had pushed this needle into me, they just left it there. I remember begging them in my mind to take it out, asking "what good is it doing there?" They seemed to have inserted it and just left it in. If they were injecting me with something, it must have been a huge dose, for the length of time that the needle seemed to be just left in the back of my skull. Suddenly I had the image of a thin wire coming out of the tip of the needle and moving in a bendy winding path through my brain.

The image seemed utterly real, and somehow distracted me from some of the pain at the back of my head. I watched as the thread, slowly made its way to the front of my skull and then eventually embed itself into the back of my right eyeball. The second that the thread made contact with my eye in the image, I experienced an intense and sudden pain in the same eye. Exactly as if someone had just stuck a needle in my eye.

Almost as soon as I experienced this, the needle was removed. This actually disturbed me more, as I was sure that the thread didn't have time to re-enter the needle. Which meant that it must still have been in my head. I was horrified at the thought, but I wasn't given much time to ponder my unfortunate fate. As soon as the needle was removed, I was removed from the body and head clamp. The beings then part lifted, part floated me onto a hard metal surface.

At this point I had most of my senses back and was able to perceive my surroundings clearly for the first time. I was in a large metal room, with a huge window taking up most of the wall on my left. There was a low shelf running around most of the room and an open door to my right. The room was extremely cold and there was an earthy, almost tinny smell, with a kind of sulphurous edge to it. Imagine the smell of fresh, damp earth. It was very much like that, only thicker than I have ever experienced before.

I was surrounded by small, pale beings. They all had the same faces and all but one of them was the same height. I'm not sure how many there were, maybe four maybe five. I was too panicked to count them. I know that the one by my head was different. I felt that this one was female. She was about a foot taller than the others and she wore black robes. The smaller ones seemed to be wearing a single piece, tight, black bodysuit. Their clothes looked kinda high tech and utilitarian, where as her robes appeared archaic and un-yieldy. Her face seemed to be slightly longer and more feminine somehow. She seemed to project femininity. There was very little difference between her and her colleges, but then again, minor differences stood out considering how identical they were. She seemed to carry herself differently, she seemed more human somehow, yet still utterly alien.

As I lay on my back looking upward at the ceiling, I noticed that there was a metal circle in the ceiling, directly above me. This circle was bisected by a metal strip. As I watched the metal strip seemed to descend toward me. It appeared to be a robotic arm, made of long flat segments of dull metal and as it descended, I noticed that the tip of the thing appeared to have a small clamp like claw, with what looked like the tip of a needle between the two prongs of the clamp.

As the arm descended, the greys around me rolled me onto my left side. I felt them doing something to my side, on my lowest rib. I believe that they had cut my side, but I only really had a warm numb feeling from my side.

Whatever they did it only took a second, but I barely noticed. I was too entranced by the arm unfolding itself from the ceiling.

By the time it reached me, it seemed to speed up and moved to my side. I couldn't see what was going on, but I heard a crunching sound, that really freaked me out. I was sure that the thing was actually cracking my bottom rib open. This was scary, but nowhere as bad as the needle that they had stuck into my brain. Whatever they were doing was completely painless, my main problem was my imagination. Once I heard the loud crack and crunch from my side, I imagined the clamps on the robot arm, gnawing through my chest into my internal organs.

All I could see was the taller grey, who was staring into my face. I think that her hand was on my shoulder, but I had so little sensation at that moment that I really couldn't tell for sure. I think that she was trying to communicate with me, but was having little luck, perhaps because I was panicking so much.

I did get an image though. Similar to the one that I had seen while they drove the needle into my head. I could see an image of the robot arm at work. I could see that the hole in my side was tiny, and completely bloodless. There appeared to be a small v shaped notch taken out of my rib, into which the arm pushed a long, thick needle, that extended from between the prongs of the clamp. I had an image of a tiny amount of liquid being drawn from my rib, into a tiny capsule on the underside of the clamp.

After this was done, the arm simply ascended back into the ceiling, while the greys around me closed the hole in my side. I wasn't shown how this was done, but It only took a tiny amount of time for them to finish and there didn't appear to be any blood anywhere.

What happened next was the source of my horror of what had happened during this encounter. I don't want to go into detail, but I am sure that they removed semen from me. Whatever the reason for this procedure, it was extremely painful and humiliating.

At the start of the operation, the female grey held my face in both her hands and said "look into my eyes". Once again the words seemed come from the centre of my brain, and since her face was mere inches from my own, it was kinda hard to disobey.

I stared into her eyes. Anything was better than simply enduring what was

happening to me, I was glad for the distraction. As soon as I focused completely on her eyes, I felt as if my mind was being sucked into them. It was an extremely strange sensation, it was like having some kind of powerful magnet pull everything that I am out through my face and into the blackness of those eyes. It was extremely quick almost as soon as I had time to register the sensation, I felt as if I blacked out. The next thing that I remember is that I was pulled away from the warm black oblivion of her eyes by an intense, burning pain from my lower half.

I felt that she was extremely sorry that she hadn't been able to hold my mind throughout the procedure and thus shield me from the worst of the pain. I remember laying there screaming in burning agony, from the pain from my abdomen, but she simply held my head again and stared into my eyes. This time I didn't hesitate, I needed to find anyway to escape the agony of whatever was happening to me so I immediately focus all of myself onto her eyes. I remember blacking out again, by the sheer gravity of those eyes and then the next thing that I remember, was that I was being helped off of the metal bench that I had been laid upon.

I felt as if I had more control of myself, but I felt totally weak and broken. I suppose that they don't have to rely so heavily on the paralysis when we are leaving them, just because we are so glad to be going back home.

Nothing was said, I just remember standing up and being led by the hand out of that room by three greys, into a long, straight corridor. The whole ship was extremely cold and the metallic walls seemed to add to the feeling of cold stark, sterility. For the first time I was able to get a good look at my surroundings. I was intent on remembering as much as I could. The corridor had a hexagonal cross-section and was very wide. The Walls seemed to be made from sheets of aluminium. The whole place wouldn't look out of place in any sci-fi movie. It looked like a place that had been made by technology that wasn't very far in advance of our own. It was all made of parts, which at the time of the regression, surprised me. I had read so many UFOlogy magazines and books, that I had expected the ship to appear to have been grown or cast from a single piece of metal. This place just looked like it had been made in a factory somewhere on Earth.

I was brought into the area of the craft where I had first entered it. My clothes were still in a small, untidy pile on the bench that ran around this room. While the greys tried to dress me, I tried to fight them off. I had had

enough, and didn't feel much like cooperating with them. They rewarded me with another blast of the paralysis. They seem able to be able to switch the paralysis on and off like a switch. They would use it like a cattle prod, this is part of the reason, that I think of it as zapping.

I was barely aware of them dressing me, but after a few moments of hurried fumbling, they took me down the ramp, to the manhole like opening in the floor. I remember smoothly lifting off of the floor, as if I had been hoisted in a harness. Nothing was touching me at all. I was lifted over the manhole like aperture and dropped. I appeared to be in a long tunnel of bluish green light. I could see the three greys were still around me, in a triangle formation. We were all falling rapidly toward the floor, yet we were still upright, as if we were all stood in a glass elevator. I held onto this image, because it made me feel slightly safer. It was much better to imagine that I was inside a protective glass box, rather than just plummeting unprotected, toward the ground. I decided to get one last look at the craft that I had just left behind. It appeared to be a huge, long cigar shaped craft. It had windows running along it's underside and it kinda looked like an upside down train carriage.

In a few moments, we were coming toward the ground and just before we touched down, we suddenly slowed down, further reinforcing the illusion, that we were in a glass elevator. I remember standing on the wet grass, outside my friend's house elated that this experience was coming to an end. The greys walked me to David's bedroom window and literally walked me through the wall. This time, I had the opportunity to register the sensation of passing through solid matter. It felt like an intense tingling, like passing through, thick, black, electrified fog. As soon as I had time to register this, it was over and I was stood on David's thick bedroom carpet.

I was still very numb, and was walking like a living dead person while they led me back to the bed that they had got me from. As they laid me down, out of defiance and spite, I told them that I would tell everyone about what they had done to me. At that moment the grey immediately in front of me turn to face me and I heard the words "You will not remember".

They then lay me in David's bed, the wrong way round. Put his duvet over me and left.

Shortly afterwards, the blue/green light dimmed out and I regained

feeling in my body.

I realised that I was laid in Dave's bed the wrong way round and I was determined that He wouldn't wake to find me this way, so I climbed out of bed. As I did, my jeans fell to my thighs and I found that I was half naked.

I pulled them back up, feeling as if my limbs were made of lead. I had never felt so tired, but somehow I managed to button up my jeans and climb back into bed.

I remember laying there running the events through my mind. I suddenly realised that I couldn't remember the start of the encounter and I recalled what the grey had said to me, about not remembering. I decided to cling onto a few details of the event and try to defy him. I cannot put into words, what it is like to have your memory of an event stolen from you as you watch it happen, but I imagine that this is what insanity feels like. I already felt violated, but now they were trying to steal part of my mind. I was completely outraged. I tried to hold onto the sight of the spacecraft that I had caught on the way down from it. In the end I retained the image of being in a glass elevator, looking up at an upside down, flying train carriage. I think that I was able to hold onto these images, because they had real life counterparts that I could compare them to. This allowed me to put them into context with things, outside of the experience itself and thus I had a thread, through which I could smuggle these memories through my induced amnesia. I remember feeling utterly heart broken, but not knowing why. I could feel my sense of desperation, but didn't know where it came from. I felt as if something truly valuable had been stolen from me, but I didn't know what it was. All I knew was that I had had, some kind of dreadful nightmare about an upside-down train carriage and a glass elevator, which didn't seem at all scary, just really surreal and strange. As I lay there, I remember being on the edge of tears and not knowing why. I just knew that I felt horrible and that I didn't want David to see me crying.

I don't know whether I went back to sleep, I just remember getting out of bed as soon as I saw the sky lighten, with the coming sunrise.

I left David's room and entered his living room. This is when I noticed that it was just before 5am. I couldn't face going back to bed. I didn't know why, I just knew that the thought of doing so repulsed me.

I decided to watch a movie instead, so I had a look through his parent's video collection. I found the movie 'Alien' and put it in the machine. I sat on

the living room floor, with the volume turned right down, so that I wouldn't wake anyone.

I watched the whole movie, toward the very end David's mother woke up at around sevenish and made me breakfast. I lied and told her that I hadn't been up long, just that I didn't want to wake David as I am an early riser (another lie).

I remember watching 'Alien' and thinking that the movie was totally tame. It relied on shock and the feeling of isolation and entrapment, but it was so far removed in it's sci-fi setting as to seem completely irrelevant.

This was the last thing that I recalled during my regression. I felt that I had learnt a incredible amount. Oddly, I wasn't the slightest bit disturbed by what I had learned. I just felt relieved that I had finally been able to remember and communicate what it was that I had lost. I felt relieved that I wasn't losing my mind after all. I had been concerned that I was living through some kind of paranoid fantasy, brought on by reading Dr Mack's book.

After my regression I knew that the memories were real. They were completely solid and clear. It all fitted too perfectly with what I could already remember.

I had a long chat with Eric about what had happened. He was concerned about how the dark and negative aspects of the memory might affect me now that I had uncovered them. I however felt that by recovering my memories, that I could begin to heal the scars that they had left. I realised that part of me had been living with the trauma of the event ever since it had happened, but I had never been able to process it and thus move past it. At that moment in time I just felt relief that I had been able to unblock the amnesia that I had been fighting against for six years.

For the rest of that day, I felt incredibly light, as if a great weight had been lifted from my soul.

Chapter 4:

Adult Encounters

After my first regression session with Eric, I enjoyed a sudden surge of creativity. I enjoy painting and clay sculpting, but after meeting Eric, my artistic endeavours began to take over my life. My house began to fill with drawings and doodles of the visitors. I felt that I was able to whittle away at my amnesia, by drawing the visitors. It worked to a degree. By focusing on getting the shape of a visitors head or eyes just right, my mind will fish around for details and with those details I would regain small snippets of abduction memory. These snippets would be tiny. They would be things, like how the room was lit, or the way that they would move their heads. There would even be details like smell or the emotion of a particular event. What I wasn't getting was complete memories. For that I knew that I had to see Eric again, just to satisfy my thirst for knowledge.

I was new to all this and I wanted to know more. UFOs and alien abductions are very good at generating questions, but not so good at giving answers. The UFO magazines and books were full of theories, but most would contradict each other at best. At worse the theories would be so fantastic that they seemed to be the product of delusional minds.

The field of UFOlogy is full of fantasists and fanatics. There are people out there that are studying this field seriously and sensibly, but unfortunately there are twice as many that are just wearing the badge of research to allow

them to indulge in their own fantasies and wild theories. Unfortunately the sensible and objective researchers are all in the same boat as the rest of us and are just as unlikely to gain any answers.

There is plenty of evidence out there that the visitors are here, but bugger all in the way of hows and whys. As an abductee, all I am interested in is hows and whys. I already know that they are here. I don't need to look at eyewitness testimony to know that, all I want to know is, why me?

Having being exposed to the field of UFOlogy I know that there are a lot of abductees that claim to have the answers. They will talk about interstellar politics, and astral energies and so forth, but nothing tangible. I am a simple northern lad. I have been exposed to this stuff so I have to deal with it. What I am not prepared to do, is start believing in the healing energy of crystals. Or that the visitors are here to heal "Gia".

This made my abductions harder to bear. I knew that this was real, but I wasn't prepared to subscribe to any of the theories and groups that were around me.

I think that what usually happens to abductees, is that they want answers so badly, that they create them. I have read dozens of abductee stories and accounts, where it turns out that the abductee in question is on some kind of soul quest to save the Earth, or something similar to that. It makes me angry, not because I don't believe them. I do believe that many of them are genuine abductees. What angers me is that in my opinion, their minds have been broken under the strain of the reality of their experiences.

When you are exposed to the visitors, you feel that you have been chosen by a higher power. This allows you to indulge in any fantasy of your choosing. It isn't that these people are liars, they are just choosing to believe something other than the harsh reality that they are being exposed to. The reality is that the visitors are pretty brutal. They can take you at any time and expose you to all kinds of horrible things. Despite all this, I don't think that the visitors are bad. Perhaps I am just as delusional as the crystal wearing, Gia worshiping, spirit crusaders, but Despite all the pain and fear that they generate in me, I think that the visitors are good.

Yep, your right, I'm probably a nutter.

The harsh reality is that we are no more important to them as cattle are to us. They may view us a sentient beings, but once they have what they want from us, they leave us to live our lives. I don't think that there is any malice

in their actions, I just think that they either lack the will or the power to initiate full cultural contact with us. As a result they take what they need, try to give us some minimal guidance and then they bugger off back home. Their guidance is pretty much in the form of “Hey, you realise that in a hundred years or so that your ecosystem is gonna look a lot worse if you carry on polluting the way that you are?”, or “Hey these Nuclear weapons, do you really think that those are good ideas?”.

All I know is that after I had received my first hypnotic regression, I had an insatiable thirst for knowledge concerning the visitors. This was all unfolding years before I had access to the Internet, so my methods were to read all the media accessible to me, which meant visits to the library, buying magazines and manically drawing my experiences to pick away at my own memory blocks.

After a couple of months of manic doodling, I decided to call Eric again. Sarah was beginning to become concerned by my obsession with the visitors. At the start she was happy to support me. In fact she found the idea kind of interesting, but that changed after my first regression. Once she saw how brutal the experience was and once she realised that these things could enter our lives at any moment, she started to distance herself from the subject. At this present moment in time, we cannot even talk about the subject. For Sarah it presents two unpleasant possibilities. Either, (a. I am a delusional person and I'm living through some kind of paranoid fantasy. Or, (b. I am an abductee and therefore anyone around me is in danger of being exposed to this phenomenon, including herself and our children.

I don't blame her for distancing herself from the subject. I just think that she is mad for sticking with me despite the fact that one of the above possibilities must be true.

I have heard that politicians view the subject of UFOs as a “tar baby”. A tar baby is a subject or endeavour that once you have any contact with, you become stuck to it and therefore marred by it. As an abductee, I would bloody well agree. I cannot tell my friends, family or even my bloody doctor about this stuff, I just have to cope with it. When you wake up in the middle of the night because you think that you heard a noise and then go into a complete panic because you think that the visitors have come back, you begin

to feel pretty trapped.

While you are in the middle of it, it never gets better, but I have found two outlets for the pressure that this creates. This book is one of them and my drawings are the other.

I consider myself incredibly fortunate that my abductions seemed to have stopped, but when I was new to the subject of UFOs and Alien contact, this stuff was still going on and I was ill equipped to deal with it. I was in a deep state of panic and paranoia.

I could only think of one course of action, I needed to contact Eric again to arrange another hypnosis session.

I needed answers. My last regression had just shown me how brutal the visitors could be. I am glad that my first regression was the worst, it was the right place to start, because it gave my quest for knowledge an urgency. I needed to know if Sarah and I were in danger and I also felt that there was more to these experiences. I was scared of the visitors, but deep down I felt that they were not evil. I needed to confirm this feeling, if nothing else, just to preserve my own sanity.

Between regressions, I had developed a strange gift. Randomly and without warning, I would be able to hear people's thoughts. I learned something from these experiences and that is that as humans we don't think the way that we speak.

The most notable occurrence of this ability happened while I was sat watching a nature documentary about moose in North America. I wasn't really watching the show, just enjoying the scenery. I was in my own little world when I suddenly heard a voice in my head say. "Weremkeys". At the moment I heard it, I knew that it was the woman next door who was getting ready for work. She was running late and to top it all, now she couldn't find her car keys. I had captured her thoughts just as she was asking herself "Where are my keys?".

This has happened to me on five occasions during my life and it always scares the life out of me. It is like having someone suddenly at your shoulder talking into your ear at their normal speaking volume. The sound always seems to come from the centre of my head, but is absolutely real. It is as if someone has slipped a speaker in between the hemispheres of my brain and started speaking through it.

Another thing that all of these events have in common, is that the person speaking always sounds as if they have just visited the dentist. The words are always mushed together, and spoken rapidly. As if they don't have time to get their words out one at a time. I realised after the first time that I had this happen to me, that I don't fully form my own words whenever I speak to myself in my mind. It is just an impression of speech, not the full thing.

The visitors however always fully and carefully pronounce their words. They will add pictures that will flash behind your eyes, like vivid hyper real daydreams. I think that my psychic abilities were just a side effect of the visitors method of communication. An interesting side note, is that I always get more than just the words. I get the emotional content and the focus of the person. I can tell what they are thinking of and what they are doing at the time that they transmit their thoughts. Whenever I have picked up someone's thoughts, I have been excited by the possibilities at the same time as feeling shame that I have intruded on their private thoughts without their permission. On two separate occasions that I have heard the thoughts of people whose thoughts were directed at me and both times, they were not very complimentary.

Another gift that I also developed was prescience.

In my sleep I would dream about events from my own future.

These would be pretty mundane things, like being at work or running a race, but at the time of the dream, the events have always seemed unlikely.

When I dreamed about running a road race, I was a chain smoking overweight slob, but two years later I quit smoking and became obsessive about my fitness. I entered a local six mile race And whilst running the race I saw the exact same sights that I had seen during my dream.

In another dream, I dreamt that I was operating a huge yellow machine, with a kind of robot arm with a forklift fork on it. At the time this seemed like science fiction, but nowadays, I spend most of my working hours operating a V.N.A combi truck, the exact same machine from my dream.

Until recent years, since my first regression these types of prophetic dreams were pretty common to me. At the time of my regressions all of this was very new and I thought that I was on the verge of reaching some kind of epiphany that would allow me to use these gifts at my own free will. I was

convinced that I was about to be granted some kind of comic book abilities. I had learned that psychic powers and future sight were possible, so maybe if I kept digging I could unlock other mind powers.

All of these contributors drove me to pick up the phone and arrange to be regressed again.

Between us, Eric and I arranged for my next regression to occur that very weekend. Sarah worked weekends at a local supermarket, so that suited me down to the ground.

This time around, when he arrived, we got straight down to business. We discussed the encounters that I would like to explore and simply got on with it. Perhaps he was reluctant to start my mouth flapping again, once bitten twice shy as they say.

I had decided to focus upon the event that had occurred in my bedroom involving my cat being in two places at once.

I knew that there was more to this encounter than was immediately obvious and I wanted to find what was going on.

During the regression everything went as I remembered it, up until a point.

Just as before I recalled the noises downstairs and the paralysis, this time however it was not my cat that I saw crest the top of my staircase, it was a lone grey.

At the point that I remembered seeing the being morph into my cat, I could see both images overlaid one another. To myself observing the events through the regression, I was amazed that I could have been fooled by the disguise. Just as I had thought that my cat had done, the being sat at the top of the stairs after it entered my room. It appeared to be carrying a tablet computer with a knitting needle like stylus.

I know that the fact that the being was carrying a tablet computer is pretty hard to believe, especially considering that I am writing this book on a tablet computer, but it is true. Bear in mind that I recalled this in 1996 and have retold this story many times since.

The stylus had a light on its tip and the being would hold the light in the air above its head, while it operated the computer, which was on the floor

between it's crossed knees.

While the being was operating the the stylus, my paralysis would seem to shift, getting tighter, so that I almost lost all sense of where I was, and loosening again, so that I could actually move my eyes. At the same time as this, I could hear oppressively loud sounds, like radio static and recurring drumming sounds. The being would wave his stylus about and this would generate more changes in my state of being. The colours in my room would shift and change, it was like someone had hooked up my central nervous system to a radio receiver and was twiddling the dials. I think in some respects that this is what was happening. I think that the being was actually tuning my paralysis and observing my reaction to it. I had a feeling that the being wasn't happy about doing all this alone. I don't know how accurate this impression was, but I had a sense that it felt that it had drawn the short straw for some reason.

The being carried on doing whatever the hell it was doing for about five minutes during this time I recalled everything as I remembered it before. I remembered waving my ghostly hand around and trying to use it to get out of bed and failing miserably. I also remembered the being getting up and leaving except this time he simply picked up his computer and walked downstairs. He did take a long time walking down the stairs. His footsteps seemed to be slow a deliberate. But the encounter ended just as I remembered it. I was amazed that the creature was able to manipulate my perceptions of itself so easily. Eric then told me that this is how screen memory works. I had always thought that a screen memory meant that they had re-edited your memories after the event. What I now know is that they actually edit your perceptions, so that your memories are false. It occurs while you are living through the event, not afterward.

Eric and I realised that we had only spent about 15 minutes recalling that event, so we decided to try to recall something else. This time I decided to try to uncover the events that had occurred after my fake feline encounter. This time I would try to recall the events that occurred at Sarah's parent's house.

Once again, it took very little time to put me under, it seems that I am very weak minded. I sure hope that I don't meet any malicious hypnotists or Jedi.

Once again, the start of the encounter unravelled exactly as I remembered it, the differences occurred when my memory of the event just cuts out. Under regression the events just carried on unfolding.

Upon waking to discover three visitors in the room with Sarah and me, I felt unusually calm. I think that this was something to do with the wrinkled brown fellow. He had begun to feel like the good guy to me. An old friend that would drop in from time to time, just such a shame that he hung around with a bad crowd.

I remember that the visitors moved the blanket that I was under to one side and lifted me from the floor. I also remember being worried for Sarah, fearing that if she were to wake up, that she would get the shock of her life. I wanted to reassure her, tell her it's okay, because the brown guy is here.

At this point I heard the brown fellow say, "It's okay, she won't wake".

I remember floating through the window, feeling the electric fog move through my body. Once outside, I found myself staring up at a huge dark disc. The object had two lights near to the centre and a ring of smaller lights around its perimeter.

The craft was huge and really low, I'm not sure exactly how big this thing was, but I would guess that it was the size of a football stadium.

Once again, I found myself shooting up toward the craft like a rocket and once again, there was no feeling of acceleration, just the feeling of the wind as I passed through the air.

As had happen during my childhood encounters, I found myself in a domed room with an inverted conical ramp which led up to the slightly higher floor from a large circular opening in the floor. The details of this room were very familiar, but scaled up to about three times the size than I had ever seen before. Another difference was that the walls appeared to have been cast from a single piece of metal. There were no visible seams at all, the walls just appeared to have been made from a single piece of aluminium. Strangely they also had an organic look to them. There were huge pillars around the edge of the room. The pillars were all rounded and looked like giant ribs of some vast metal beast. Once again the floor appeared to be made of black rubber, or vinyl or something similar.

I was stripped naked in this room, but rather than the hurried fumbling that I was used to, my clothes were removed gently and with care.

I remember that both the wrinkled brown fellow and the grey lady were

with me as I was led from this room.

We walked down a short corridor that was lined with rib like pillars into a vast room. The room was a dome as large as a theatre. Once again this room was lined with rib like pillars, but this time each pillar had a spot light at the top.

The room was filled with all manner of different beings. There were so many different shapes and sizes, but only the most unusual ones stuck in my mind. There were several different variations on the same theme as the greys, some taller, some with different shaped heads and eyes. I saw foot tall browns with long necks and round heads. There were also small pale white eyed beings that were similar to the greys except smaller. There were huge lizard like creatures the size of full grown bull alligators. There were man sized insects and even humans in white robes.

I was led through this interplanetary zoo to a table like bench. I noticed a huge t.v screen next to and above the bench.

I was laid upon the bench and a square metal, box like cover was placed over the lower half of my body.

I was relieved that my nakedness was being shielded by the box. I think that I was much more aware of my nudity once I had realised that there were humans present. I was also concerned about being completely unprotected in front of the giant lizards and man sized insects. I felt like a piglet being led through a cage of untamed lions.

While I was laid on the bench, I noticed that the screen above appeared to be showing something, but my head was at too low an angle to see what was on it.

I did notice that there was a man sized mantis by my head, so I tried to keep my attention on whatever was going on by my feet. I noticed two greys standing by one of the small white eyed guys by my feet. I had a feeling that they really looked up to this little guy. He was like their Yoda or something. They brought this little guy toward my head and once they did, I felt an intense spinning sensation.

I instantly recognised the feeling, it was identical to the feeling that had preceded my out of body experience. For a brief snippet of time, I considered going with it and actually having an out of body experience, but then I thought about the big lizards and the giant insects and changed my mind. I decided to hold on and try to ride it out. The spinning was incredibly intense.

I lost all sense of orientation. I could no longer feel my body at all, there was just the relentless spinning and nothing else.

Sarah chose this moment to come home from work and instantly brought me out of my regression. I was almost grateful, because I had no idea what was going to happen next. I don't think that I actually left my body during my abduction, but then I don't know if I'll ever know for sure.

Sarah knew that I was being regressed on this day, but our session had run over time since we had decided to recall two separate abductions. She had come home at her usual time, but we had just lost track of time.

I talked with Eric about having another session with him, with the aim of actually inducing an out of body experience. He was intrigued by the idea, but concerned for my safety. The illusion of spinning was so strong during my regression that I thought that it may be possible to re-create the circumstances of my initial O.B.E. We considered placing objects in sealed envelopes and boxes and seeing if I could identify them.

While we were talking I felt bad for Sarah and a little ashamed that I was exposing her to this madness, so I bid Eric farewell, and told him that I would ring him to arrange to meet again in the future.

I never saw Eric again, I just couldn't bring myself to make that call. Part of the problem was that I was scared and the other part was that I thought that it was time for me to try and put this stuff behind me. It was time to grow up and stop obsessing over this stuff. I thought about my fantasies of developing psychic abilities and realised that it was being incredibly childish. I found my last regression incredibly interesting and constructed a theory as to what it all meant. I still subscribe to this theory. I believe that the visitors had been interested in my out of body experience. Shortly after I had my O.B.E I was paid a visit by the single Gray disguised as my cat. When I say shortly after my O.B.E, I mean that it was within days. I think that that guy was conducting some kind of test to confirm that I had actually left my body. He may even have tuned my paralysis to prepare me for my next abduction. During the next abduction the visitors seemed to have tried to induce another O.B.E. I suspect that they may have succeeded. I remember that during the

regression, that I couldn't remember past the experience of spinning. We had been trying to uncover what happened next for about a minute or two when Sarah came back home. My theory is that the reason that I couldn't push past that event is because my memories were not physically imprinted within my brain. I think that my consciousness had left my body and therefore my physical flesh and blood brain had not recorded the events that followed. It is a weird theory and it doesn't explain why I could remember the events of my previous O.B.E, but I think that it may be true.

I remember being weirdly comforted by the events of my last regression. I felt that I had actually learned something about the visitors and could finally move on with my life. I had been full of adrenaline when I was talking to Eric, but with time, I had realised that perhaps it was time to put the whole subject to bed.

I found out recently that Eric is no longer with us. I don't know the circumstances of his death, but I received an email from someone who had visited my old website that knew Eric. They told me that he had died on holiday a year ago. I felt terrible, Eric was a good man. He had helped me and refused to accept any payment. Each time he visited me, he was driving over a hundred miles, just to help someone in need.

My next encounter occurred shortly after my regression, but shortly before it, I watched the movie 'Communion' for the first time.

I had been trying to watch it for months, just because it seemed so relevant to my predicament, then one day out of the blue, it was aired on TV.

I have to say that there is one scene in that movie that scared the living daylights out of me. It is the scene where Christopher Walken, playing Whitley Strieber is laid in bed and there is a grey peering round his bedroom door at him. Whenever I watch that scene, I am a child again, frozen with fear at the sight of the being that is floating outside my bedroom window.

I think the movie pretty accurately illustrated the feeling of being trapped or hunted. It also did a good job of displaying the downright weirdness of close encounters.

In the same week that I saw 'Communion' I had my next close encounter.

As usual, I awoke in the early hours of the morning completely paralysed. As soon as I awoke I noticed a blinding White light shining in my face from the window above my head. I became instantly terrified and dropped into a complete panic. I began to notice a blue light by my head. As I watched the light slowly formed the image of a grey by my head. The head was glowing and it reminded me of a scene in 'Communion'. The scene that I am referring to is at the very end of the movie. Whitley is sat at his typewriter, writing 'Communion' and as he writes, a glowing face of a gray appears next to him.

While I was laid in my bed witnessing the head materialize next to me, I decided that the scene in the movie must have been based on a real event and wasn't just cheesy artistic licence as I had first thought. I instantly became relaxed and tried to reach out to the face. As I watched it, it put a hand on my shoulder and I realised, this was no illusion. Strangely my fear of it had vanished and I felt an instant affinity with this creature.

My memory ends there. I don't know what happened, but I do know that the being was able to shield me from my fear, which is remarkable in itself. The next morning I found that there was blood on my pillow and when I felt my head, I found a hard swollen lump in the lobe of my right ear. The swelling went down after about three days, but I had a tiny, hard lump in that lobe for about a decade after that event. It has since disappeared, or dissolved. I use that word, because over the span of the last year that I could detect it, it seemed to get smaller and smaller as time passed.

Something that has always struck me as different about this encounter is that when I first awoke in a paralysed state with bright light shining in my face, I was instantly terrified. I knew that both of these events together meant that I was about to be abducted. The thing that seemed to calm me was the presence of the grey, which is the complete reverse to the how I would normally react.

The manner by which the visitor revealed itself to me seemed to give it time to effect my perception of it. The fact that I was able to categorise it as some kind of illusion calmed me enough to allow it to build some kind of link, so that it could effect my emotional state.

I will be going into much more detail on my own conclusions on this linking of minds later in the book, but for now it is worth noting that this is the first encounter when I truly began to notice this unusual altered state.

My next encounter was very similar to this, but also different in some very important ways. It was about a year after my last encounter. Sarah and I had split up. We were temporarily sharing a house, until one of us could find somewhere else to live. I was sleeping in a tiny bedroom on a thick rug. We had shared a bed so long that there was no other alternative.

I was working at a medical, plastics factory and my insomnia was proving a real problem for me. It turns out that sleep is kinda important when you are working around fifty hours a week. I would get by on a little sleep at the beginning of the week and then by the end of the week, I would fall asleep almost as soon as I got home from work.

On one of my early to bed nights, I was surprised to wake up to find an unusual visitor in my bedroom in the middle of the night. I was completely lucid without any trace of the paralysis that I normally had to endure under these circumstances. The being in my room was stood by my feet. It was around three foot tall and was green with bright orange eyes. The creature looked like a snake. It was covered in scales and it had an intricate butterfly wing like pattern on its broad flat head. Its eyes had slit cat like pupils and it was wearing a brightly coloured, one piece, bodysuit. The bizarreness of the situation totally blew me away. Here I was, completely lucid with the strangest looking, science fiction creature staring at me. Once again, I didn't feel the slightest bit of fear. The being looked strange, but I didn't have any fear of it. I have a vague memory of noticing another two of these beings in the room with me, but that is all I can remember. I don't know what happened. Whether I was taken away and if I was, how I got back. This memory was rather like the time that I saw the single grey outside my bedroom window as a child. I was totally lucid, witnessing something that seemed impossible. My memory of the event was totally clear the next morning. I did find it remarkable that I didn't feel tired the next morning. Usually at the end of the week I would feel like a zombie until the weekend, which is when I would get the chance to recharge my batteries. On this morning however, I felt completely refreshed, despite having my sleep disturbed by my surprise visitors.



After this encounter, I don't remember having any more encounters or paranormal experiences in Keighley.

The same year that I had this encounter, Sarah and I got back together. We moved to Bolton, eighty miles away to be nearer to her parents.

I got a job at a bakery and Sarah found work in a call centre.

We had two children together, I will substitute their names with Tracy our eldest and Harry our baby boy.

About four years after moving to Bolton, The visitors re-entered my life. This time however the visitors seemed to be a lot more subtle by minimising their impact on my life. I only have half glimpsed memories of waking paralysed to shadowy presences in my room at night and some pretty vivid, but disassociated random memories of being with the visitors. I know that I was working some very long hours at this point in my life, so perhaps my amnesia was being amplified by my exhaustion.

I remember one morning, I had a vague memory of waking in the night with sleep paralysis, but I also had an unattached strong abduction memory. The memory didn't have a definite beginning or end, but the images I had were extremely clear.

I could remember being sat on the edge of a low metal table. I was having a conversation with a female grey. I think that she was the same being that I remembered meeting while I lived in Keighley and possibly the same being that I met during my disturbing encounter when I was removed from David's house. I believe that I have met this being many times, but the visitors reliance on induced amnesia makes it hard to tell. She was wearing a black monk's robe which in my mind, made her look like some kind of nun. There were two other grays present and the wrinkled brown guy was there as well. I remember being led into the centre of the room where I was shown a large television screen. The screen was levitating at eye level just in front of me. It didn't appear to have any kind of frame at all, it was just a moving 2D image, floating in the air, about three feet in front of my face. The image was of an apocalyptic landscape. I could recognise landmarks and realised that it was the area where I lived. The valley that Bolton sits in was flooded, with dirty, rubble filled water and the air was black with smoke. There were fires burning on the hills all around the valley and most of the buildings were

either in ruins or on fire.

As I watched, the screen started to expand and surround me. After a few seconds the image had completely surrounded me and as I looked down, I realised that I was standing on wet grass. I could feel the breeze of the cold wind on my face and smell the smoke of the fires that were around me. We were stood on a hill that overlooks Bolton and the female grey was stood by my side. She pointed to the horizon and as she did we seemed to zoom over the landscape at breakneck speed. We sped past Winter Hill toward the coast, where we hovered near a large box shaped building that was mostly submerged in the ocean. It was a ruined power station. Most of the station was underwater and as I watched, the water began to glow a deep dark menacing red. It was a malevolent glow and made me think of disease. I think that I was being shown that the reactor of the wrecked station had poisoned and irradiated the waters that had flooded the region. This explained why there were no signs of life around me, just death and ruins. As I watched I saw several aircraft fly overhead. They seemed to be scanning the ground with search lamps. These aircraft looked very futuristic, but definitely terrestrial in origin. They looked like some kind of military rescue craft, but they didn't use rotors or jet engines and they didn't have any wings or lifting airframes. They just moved through the air as if gravity and wind resistance were no longer design concerns for aircraft engineers. They flew like super fast helicopters without rotors. More like dragonflies than aircraft. Just before the memory ends, I remember seeing what looked like a huge aircraft carrier floating across the sky, just above the cloud layer. I kept getting glimpses of it's huge mass and navigation lights in between the clouds of smoke as it passed overhead. I knew then that I was seeing the future, but the obvious remoteness of the event, didn't lessen the tragedy. Shortly after seeing the flying craft, the memory just fades out. I think that I had a conversation with the visitors about what they had shown me, but the memory is so vague that I cannot glean any details of what was said.

I do believe that I was witnessing a real potential future of my new home town, but I don't know how likely the future I was seeing is. I also don't know how far in the future the event is supposed to be. The aircraft that I saw appeared very futuristic and beyond anything that we are capable of building right now, but then the ruined buildings and power station were all

recognisable to me. I hope that whenever the event I saw is meant to occur, that we can avoid it. I hate to think of any of my own children trying to survive in such a ruined environment.

(I am adding this paragraph, just to highlight that I wrote the section above before the devastating tsunami occurred that flooded the nuclear power plant at Fukushima in Japan. I know that it clearly isn't the same event that I witnessed, but it is a bit of a weird coincidence.)

While I was getting used to life in Lancashire, I would still get moments where I would hear the thoughts of people around me and my premonition dreams would come and go. I would never learn anything life altering or even useful from my future centric dreams, but I still always marvel when I recognise something that I have dreamed about years earlier

I would suffer bouts of sleep paralysis, but usually these would just fade away without incident or interruptions by unwelcome visitors.

In 2002, the same year that my son Harry was born, I built a website to share my drawings and stories. Alien Doodles helped me make a huge number of friends most of which have had similar experiences to myself.

I was able to talk openly about my encounters for the first time and it felt great. Unfortunately, I pretty much abandoned alien doodles two years later.

In 2004 the visitors aggressively re-entered my life. I suddenly found that I didn't want to draw, write, talk or even think about my encounters any more.

It took me a long time to get over my next two encounters.

When my son was two years old, my encounters started to intrude on my life again. It had felt like ages since the visitors had greatly impacted on my life, but like the proverbial bad penny they kept turning up.

Shortly before my next encounter, I had turned the door handles to my bedroom upside down. This was because one of Harry's terrible two year old tricks was to sneak out of his own room, into ours and slip under the covers to sleep in our bed.

I had decided that by turning the door handle upside down, that he would have to wake us up to get into the room and thus, I would be able to put him back into his own bed.

After inverting the door handles, Harry tried his trick once and my method had worked like a charm. After this he never tried to sneak into our room again. About two months after Harry had been foiled in his nocturnal sneakery, I awoke in the middle of the night completely paralysed. I didn't panic because sleep paralysis had plagued me for years and I hadn't remembered seeing the visitors for a long time. I did begin to get concerned when I heard someone moving around outside my bedroom door and I got downright worried when I noticed blue light shining around the door. The next thing I knew, someone was rattling the door handle, trying to open the door. This went on for a couple of seconds. Whoever was on the other side of the door seemed to have been flummoxed by a trick designed to fool a toddler. It occurred to me that perhaps it was just Harry trying to get into our room again. Almost as soon as I thought this, I heard Harry whimper "Daddy?". My paralysis suddenly lifted. I felt completely relieved. It was just my son and I thought that my relief and realisation that my son needed me had lifted me through my paralysis. I jumped out of bed, saying "it's okay Harry, I'm coming". I swung back the door and saw three greys standing at the top of the stairs. My son was nowhere to be seen, in fact the grey that was stood inches from the now open door was clearly the door handle rattler. The trio rushed me while the closest one pushed its long fingered hands into my face as if it was trying to block my view of them, and that is all I can remember. That next morning, I was completely shook up. The shock of seeing those big headed buggers on the other side of that door, completely shattered my confidence.

This encounter really stuck with me for a long time. The shock of the moment when I realised that I had been tricked deeply affected me.

Shortly after this encounter I had an extremely brief and strange experience.

Sarah and I were laid on the sofa watching Top Gear on Sunday night. It was a warm spring night, so we had left the curtains open even though the sun had set. I was relaxed and deeply in my comfort zone when something in the living room window caught my eye. I looked at the window and saw an incredibly strange sight. There was a seven foot tall creature stood directly outside my window, staring in at me.

The being was a dark glossy brown, with large black eyes. It had a long muscular neck and a long almost skeletal frame. The creature's proportions were human like, but longer. He looked like a man made from toffee that had been heated up and then stretched.

I immediately looked at Sarah to see if she had noticed the creature, but she was still looking at the television. I glanced back to the window, but the creature had vanished.

I had only looked away for a split second, so now I was seriously freaked out, relieved, but freaked out.

I stood up and told Sarah that I was going to close the curtains. While I was at the window, I spent a good while looking around to see if the creature was anywhere to be seen. I couldn't spot him, so I sat back on the sofa with Sarah.

I sat on the sofa for about ten minutes, unable to concentrate on whatever was going on, on the screen.

I told Sarah that I was going to let the cat in, so I went out of the back door, to check the garden properly. I stepped out into the garden and checked anywhere that a seven foot tall creature could conceivably hide, but saw no sign of anything unusual.

I finished watching Top Gear and eventually went to bed. I never saw the creature again.

I have no idea what to make of this encounter. I only saw the creature for a couple of seconds, but I will never forget it. Something that scared me was that this being had boldly stepped into my world when I was least expecting it and had disappeared as easily.

What concerned me the most was how close Sarah had come to seeing the creature. I cannot imagine how she would have reacted if she had. I think that it would have been the end of our relationship, right there and then.

If I wasn't paranoid before that experience, I was definitely paranoid afterwards.

During the Autumn of the same year (2004) I had another encounter that didn't seem to go as the visitors had planned. After the turn of the millennium, I had become something of a fitness freak. I would run to and from work every day, which meant that I was running seven miles every

weekday. On the Saturdays I would cycle eleven miles to my martial arts classes. Here I would do three hours of martial arts training and then cycle another eleven miles home. I would also visit the gym in any time that I could find.

At the time I had my encounters in 2004, I was in pretty good shape and I had developed a fascination for old Eastern medicine. I had learned about some thing called the “Dantien”. The Dantien is an area of our body that is supposed to be the source of our Chi. Chi is a kind of energy that apparently runs through our bodies and gives us life. It is what George Lucas based the “Force” on for his Star Wars movies. At the time, I would believe almost anything. My mind had been cracked open by my own encounter experiences, so I went through a phase where I would find value in anything that might help explain the things that I had witnessed. I had personally learned that out of body travel was possible, that people can see the future and that thoughts could be heard. In my quest to uncover more of this hidden world I had learned about Chi manipulation. I had learned about Chi from my Karate instructor and had supplemented this knowledge by searching the Internet. The Dantien is located at the precise centre of gravity of the human body, just below the navel. I found that focussing on my Dantien while practicing my martial arts aided my balance and posture. I also found that focusing on this area while I ran, helped me breath deeper and maintain better form. I was also interested in meditation at this time and while I was already no stranger to this practice, I found that focusing on my Dantien also helped me disperse my awareness into my body.

All of this became extremely useful during my next encounter, because it gave me a way to push through the paralysis that the visitors tried to use to sedate me.

I am afraid that I’m not sure when this encounter occurred. I only know that it was in the Autumn of 2004 at around 3am. I was working a late shift at a new job, so my days and nights kinda blended in together. This new job is the place that I still work at today, driving the big yellow fork lift truck that I had seen in my dreams about a decade before I knew that such a vehicle even existed.

On the night of my encounter, I half woke in the middle of the night. I was only partially awake and somehow still dreaming. In the dream, I could see our second cat, 'Megan'. She was telling me that there was someone in the garden and that they wanted to speak to me. I vaguely remember climbing out of bed and walking downstairs to see what she was talking about.

I went to the window of our living room and drew back the curtains, but I couldn't see anyone there. I told Meg (in my mind) that there was no one there, but then she told me to look under the cherry tree at the bottom of the garden. I did as she told me and as I watched, two greys materialised before my eyes. It was as if they had always been there, but until I was looking at them I didn't see them. It was like they were filling with colour as I looked at them.

As soon as I realised what was going on, I snapped awake. I discovered that I had sleep walked into my own living room and that there really were two greys standing under the light of the street lamp at the bottom of my garden. As soon as I registered my situation, I felt paralysis grip my body. I was outraged at such a cheap trick. I focused on my Dantien and burst forth a blast of energy from it.

In my altered state, I felt as if I had just exploded like a hand grenade. The visitors reacted as if this were true. They looked like a couple of kids that had just been caught stealing apples from somebody's orchard.

I was totally incandescent with rage and started hammering on the window, yelling "Leave my fucking family alone you bastards".

I remember seeing the greys run for the fence and try to climb over it. I don't know what happened next. I know that I intended to chase them and give them a damn good kicking, but I guess that didn't happen. My best guess is that they paralysed me again and after that, I have no idea.

All I know is that I awoke the next morning in my bed with this memory fresh in my mind. The memory was as clear as any other so I was sure that the event had really happened.

The next day I went to work as if everything was normal. Throughout that day my thoughts never really wandered far from my memory of this encounter and as soon as I got home, I inspected the garden for evidence of the nocturnal intruders. I searched for footprints or any evidence of their escape over my garden fence. Unfortunately I found nothing out of place.

Once again, this encounter left me feeling really shaken. I had perfectly clear recollection of standing in my living room hammering on the window. The moments before that, were understandably fuzzy and dream like, but once I snapped awake and also after I burst through the paralysis, it was like having water thrown into my face. I was instantly completely awake and therefore my memory of what I saw, heard and felt was completely clear.

One of the worst things about this and it isn't something that is covered very well in UFO literature, is the dislocated feeling of jumping from one event to another. One second I was hammering on my living room window, wondering where my back door keys are, so that I can get at the little bastards, and the next moment, I was waking up in bed.

Now you would think that a rational conclusion would be that this was all a dream, but I have had lucid dreams before and reality and dreams are totally different. When you are abducted, you know you are not dreaming. There is no substitute for physical reality, especially in those kinds of situation. You don't know what is going to happen to you or even what is happening, you are fearing for your life and your sanity. This isn't just reality, it is fear induced Hyper-reality. At this point the world becomes too real and you wish you were dreaming.

I am sorry if you are reading this and sitting back and thinking, nope it could still be just nightmares, because it is impossible for me to put into words why I am so sure that that is not true. These are not dreams, if there was the slightest possibility that these were dreams, then I would happily agree with you. This stuff has made my life a lot more difficult than it needs to be and if I could live in denial, I would. Unfortunately, When you are taken from your bed in the early hours of the morning, you just know that it is real, there is no substitute for that unique mix of horror and confusion.

This is all made even more complicated when you consider the fact that for long periods of time during my life, I have cultivated a mindset where I am able to deny the reality of my own experiences. I did this out of necessity, as a survival strategy. The possibility that I was not safe in my own bed at night was hard to bare, but the possibility that my own children could be exposed to similar horrors was unthinkable.

Now my children are almost fully grown and I have reached a place where I am open to the possibility that this is all real, or even that I have

experienced some kind of delusional break from reality.

It may seem as if I have a cavalier attitude to either possibility, but I really don't. Both possibilities terrify me, but as traumatic as these encounters are, they really are a tiny part of my life. I have probably experienced around thirty or so distinct encounters. I cannot guess at a more accurate number just because I have so many isolated memories that could be connected to other encounters or may represent a separate abduction experience.

The point is that I am in my early forties and most of these experiences occurred when I was a small child. I don't believe that I have encounter the visitors in over a decade so I am able to analyse my memories with a kind of detachment that is generated by the passage of time.

Without the visitor's influence on my life I am much calmer and have always been fairly rational therefore the hazards of either potential conclusion on the nature of my memories seem much less foreboding.

I am able to analyze my memories with a kind of objectivity that was unavailable to me previously. during the time since my last encounter with this phenomenon I have been able to plumb the depths of my encounters for any information that I can glean.

One of the main things that most of my encounters had in common, is that I have perfect recollection of what happens at the very start of the encounter, but then the memory just ends.

From what I have read, this is pretty common for lots of abductees. What you don't read much about, is the effect that such perfect amnesia has on the experiencer.

I will usually wake up in a panic that the encounter is still happening. This is because my last clear memory will feel like it was literally a second ago. I think that during most abductions, that the visitors are able to edit our memories so cleanly that the moment that they take your memory, you instantly feel that you are at the beginning of the experience again. One second you are in your room, paralysed and surrounded by tiny, pale bald men and the next moment, it is 5am, the sun is on the verge of coming up and you are laid in the same bed. The little bald men have vanished and you have full sensation of your body again.

I have theories about the induced amnesia, but I will go into more detail after I have finished telling you about the rest of my abductions.

At this stage in my life, I felt that my recent abductions were giving a glimpse into the minds and weaknesses of the visitors. My last two abductions had shown me that the greys, (at least the small worker bee type fellows) made mistakes sometimes.

I couldn't get my head around the fact that they had been stumped by a trick that had been designed to fool a toddler. From the experience, I know that they had tried to open the door about three times before getting me to do it for them. It was as if they knew how door handles were supposed to work, but when mine didn't work the way they expected, they were immediately flummoxed.

Something I find really remarkable, is that they then seemed to have heard my thoughts at the time, because as soon as I thought about the possibility that it was my son at my door, they used this thought to get me to help them. What I don't understand is that I knew how to open the door, so why didn't they just retrieve that information from my mind to open it for themselves. If they had, I feel that the abduction would have gone a lot smoother. They wouldn't have had to rush and subdue me. I wouldn't have been quite so traumatised by the whole experience if they hadn't surprised me the way they did.

What I suspect is they could only hear the thoughts that were running through my mind at that moment in time. I knew how to open the door, but I wasn't running the solution through my mind at that moment in time. All that was running through my mind was that maybe it was Harry at my door, which brought forward the memory of how he had tried to get into our room the last time. When I thought back to that event, I think that I gave the visitors a sample of my son's voice to use against me.

I remember that when they called out to me in my son's voice, it was identical to the last time he had tried to get into our bedroom.

I think that this gives us a glimpse into the abilities and the limitations of the visitors, sure they can read minds, but only the thoughts that are being processed at the moment that they are doing so. They cannot go fishing around our heads for information. We are not completely transparent to them. It is just that they can read us better than we can read each other.

I think that their mind reading ability, is similar to what I have experienced. I have been given a glimpse of what it is like to hear the sub-vocal thoughts of others. From experience, I know that when you hear the

thoughts of another person, that there are several layers to those thoughts. There is the voice that we use to talk to ourselves, but under that there are several other streams of thought that run alongside our internal dialogue. When we reminisce, there may be internal dialogue, but mainly there is a memory snapshot of the event that we are remembering. Along with sights, sounds, smells and emotions.

I think that the visitors got lucky when I provided them with a strategy to open my bedroom door.

I also think I know why the greys didn't just walk through the door to my room as they had done in the past. I have a dislocated memory from this point in my life, possibly from the same event.

Throughout my life I have accumulated a large number of half remembered instants of interactions and events that I believe that I have been exposed to during abductions events. These are too numerous to list, but can be as simple and as brief as the sensation of the feeling of a visitors hand on my arm, or the smell of a specific room. These memories seem to be unconnected to any other event. I don't know how the events that they snapshot started or ended, which prevents me from accessing them simply by trying to remember them. They usually return to me in flashes, when something in my day to day life reminds me of those specific events. Sometimes they will intrude on my dreams, but that is pretty rare.

During the specific memory that I am referring to, I remember the brown fellow telling me that it would make life a lot easier for them, if I would just cut down the tree that is outside my bedroom window. This memory popped up in my mind several days later so it is impossible for me to confirm whether it is from the same event or not, but it does seem likely. I think that the conifer tree in my garden, was somehow getting in their way. The tree in question was directly outside my bedroom window and blocked most of the view outside. Most people would have cut down that tree, but I have a nasty habit of avoiding garden work and therefore the tree remained unharmed. I am not sure if they need a clear line of sight, or whether organic matter gives them some kind of a problem. Whatever the reason, I think that the tree was getting their way. I think that they were coming in through the front of my house and having to walk through my house to get to me. This seems quite risky, the front of my old house was completely exposed to the street, so anyone looking out of their window would could have seen them. I think that

this is why they tried a different strategy for my next encounter. They had somehow manipulated my dream state to get me to come to them. This is very similar to the methods that they had employed when I was very young. It has similarities to the time that I opened my curtains only to find a single Gray hovering outside my bedroom window and it is near identical to the strategy that they employed to get me into my own backyard as a toddler.

It seems that I had forced them to revert to this old method of manipulating me to come to them. Unfortunately I think that my protective instincts as a father buggered it all up for them. I also suspect that it is harder for them to manipulate us when we get older. As we get older, we get more cynical. I think that as I came closer to consciousness, I was getting closer to realising that the whole scenario of my cat asking to come downstairs was ridiculous. Once I was in view of my visitors I think that the plan was to reveal themselves and drop the illusion of my talking cat. I think that they were hoping that in my altered state, that I would not react badly to them, thinking that this was just another part of my dream. Either that or they knew exactly how I would react and I played right into their hands. As soon as I saw them, I wanted to get at them. My immediate reaction was to try to find my keys so that I could get into the back yard and get them. I don't know if I succeeded or not, but I think that they did eventually abduct me. I suspect that I did manage to get outside and as soon as I did, they simply lifted me into their craft, which was probably directly above my yard. I believe that I was abducted, because my last memory of the event is of myself at my living room window wondering where my keys are, the next thing that I remember is waking up in my own bed later that morning. I think that this could only have happened if they had been able to reach me. I think that if they hadn't, that I would have spent the night awake, waiting for them to return. I'm pretty sure that they also left my back door open. I remember some days after this event that Sarah was cross at me for not only leaving the back door unlocked, she had found it ajar. I think that something to do with the position of the trees around my old house made it impossible for them to use their old trick of passing matter through matter. I think that this forced them to move through my house by using the doors and because they either didn't know how to use keys, or if they had they would have needed to leave them outside, they simply left the door unlocked. My back door at this time also had the added disadvantage of needing you to push on the handle upwards to

close the door properly. It was a new vinyl door and it hadn't been fitted very well. The latch and the latch bolt were slightly misaligned so that they didn't wouldn't hold the the door shut, but luckily there was a second mechanism in place to hold the door shut. When you push up on the handle it would engage several secondary latch hooks that would hold the door shut. I have already learned that the visitors don't like pushing door handles upwards and this new evidence seems to confirm it. I suspect that they closed my backdoor, but didn't know how to make it close properly, so after a couple of days, the door had been blown open by the wind, which is when my girlfriend had noticed it. We very rarely used the backdoor which is why I think it went undiscovered for a couple of days. It seems that the visitors are very good at repeating their old favourite methods, in fact they have got it down to a fine art, but they are not so good when it comes to adapting to new obstacles.

Not only that, but they are rubbish at lateral thinking too. I still believe that they are very intelligent, but I don't think that they can think as creatively as we can. I think that they can extrapolate from past experience, but when something doesn't work as expected, they are dumbfounded until an alternate solution presents itself.

I think this is similar to millennials in that when they are presented with a question that they don't know, they instantly refer to Google. No time is spent on just mulling over a problem, we are slowly becoming more and more dependent on external libraries of information as they become more and more accessible to us.

Now imagine how a race of people might approach a problem if they could access a similar wealth of data within their own minds. I believe that this is how the Greys process information. The fact that they are able to present me with images pushed directly into my mind makes me think that they are able to access this kind of information whenever they want. I think that they have their own version of the Internet and that they access it with their minds directly. This is all just speculation, but I think that it makes a certain amount of sense.

These last two experiences gave me a glimpse into the inner workings of the visitors minds, but two of my next four encounters would give me a glimpse into what it actually means to be human.

A few years after this last encounter, I noticed something that Harry had done, that made my blood run cold.

He had placed a large 12 inch figure that he had of an cartoon alien character called 'Heat Blast' on his bedroom windowsill facing outward. The character was from one of Harry's favourite TV shows at the time. The show was called 'Ben 10'. I noticed that the character even had almond shaped eyes. I didn't dare ask Harry why he had placed the toy where he had. I didn't want to expose Harry to my madness, even if that meant making myself sick with worry.

The placement of "Heat Blast" would not have seemed significant at all if it wasn't for the fact that I had done the exact same thing with my old figurine of Steven Spielberg's E.T. I believe that I had placed E.T facing outward so that my nocturnal visitors would be able to see him when they came for me. At the time I didn't know why I placed him that way, in fact I was slightly puzzled by the impulse to do so, but years later the reason would seem obvious.

I didn't ask Harry why he had placed his own toy the way that he had. I didn't ask because if I was asked why E.T was positioned with his back to my room when I was Harry's age, I would not have been able to answer at the time, but mostly I was simply scared of what Harry's answer might be.

My second to last encounter had already made me worry that the visitors were showing an interest in my son, but this new development had me in a spin.

For the next few years, I wasn't able to shake this concern and as a result it was constantly at the back of my mind.

Chapter 5:

Final Encounters

The following are my last four encounters. Once you have read them, you will be completely up to date with my experiences. I think that my final four encounters have given me a sneaky glimpse behind the scenes of this whole phenomenon.

In 2007 my family and I moved house. Our last house was just too small. We were a family of four living in a two bedroom house.

We ended up moving about a quarter mile away into a modest three bedroom house. We lived in this house for just three years and in that time, I had four close encounters. I get the feeling, that the visitors had a lot of unfinished business with me and were just waiting for the opportunity to get some things concluded.

My first encounter at our new house was very bizarre. I had recently been asked to do an interview about my website and experiences on an Ufology Podcast. Naturally, I immediately became the Podcast's number one fan. If they are going to have guests like me on their show, then they must have impeccable taste, or maybe not.

The radio show was called 'Alien Agenda' hosted by Karrie Reynolds on 'blogtalk radio'.

One night a couple of days after my interview, I had stayed up quite late to listen to a live broadcast. One of my old Internet friends was being

interviewed and I wanted to hear them speak.

That night I fell asleep on the sofa. The show had concluded at around 1am, and by the end I was too tired to drag myself into bed, so I had dozed off on the sofa.

I then woke up a couple of hours later, completely paralysed. I could hear loud rhythmic sounds pounding around my head and the room seemed to be strobing with different colours. This wasn't the first time this had happened, but I knew that it meant that I was about to have a close encounter.

I remember seeing a shadowy figure walk across my field of view, but then they didn't seem to do anything. This reminded me of my encounter, years ago, when I saw my pet cat Finbar at the top of the stairs to my attic bedroom. This thought actually reassured me. Sure there was an intruder in my house, but I decided that I wasn't going to be abducted. It also meant that I probably wouldn't even have to look at the intruder. They would likely just do whatever they had to do and then bugger off.

I relaxed slightly and just watched to colours flashing and listened to the drumming sound in my head. As I did, I noticed a jump in time. I must have blacked out, but I was still sat in the same position that I was at the start of the encounter, so I didn't think that I had been abducted. I was still paralysed and my senses were still full of noise and colour. noticed that I could detect voices in the maelstrom of sounds that were bouncing around in my head. Out of curiosity, I focused on these voices to see if I could see what they were saying.

I had a sense that one of the voices was the visitor. He seemed to be asking questions and taking notes from someone. When I focused on the other voice I couldn't rationally come to terms with what I was hearing. The other voice was my own. I felt like Alice, falling down the rabbit hole. I could feel myself having a conversation with whoever was in the room with me. As soon as this revelation hit me, I felt rather than heard the visitor say to the other me. "He can hear us", the conversation carried on for a few more seconds, but I couldn't make out what was being said.

It was as if they didn't care that I could hear them, maybe they knew that I couldn't make sense of what they were saying.

I could sense another presence in my head engaged in conversation. This was weird, but then even more bizarre was the fact that I could recognise this presence as myself. I don't know why I know this, I just do. The voice in my

head was me. It was as if a sleeping part of my conscious mind had awoken and was just getting on with business.

It is really hard to explain why I knew it was me, it was like watching myself in the mirror, but the reflection could hear things on the other side of the glass, that I wasn't privy to.

It was still me, but a part of me that could not communicate with the me on this side of the reflection. Once I had realised that the other voice was me, I could only watch and listen as the conversation carried on. I couldn't quite hear what was being said, I could only observe from outside. It was like watching two people talking through a sheet of thick glass. You can see their lips moving and hear the edge of their words, but not make out what is being said. They behaved like a couple of old work buddies that haven't seen each other in years and were just catching up. It felt like there was a certain amount of shop talk going on, but also some friendly banter as well.

It was a truly bizarre experience and one that I will never forget.

I remember that eventually the voices just faded out and then the rhythmic pulses returned. I saw the shadowy being walk back across my field of vision, toward my living room window. Shortly afterward, I saw a bright white light in my peripheral vision move upwards toward the night sky. I hadn't noticed this light before, due the fact that most of my vision was obscured by the pulsing colours that had filled my field of view. It wasn't until the light moved linearly and smoothly upward that I was able to notice it. Before then it was just part of the jumble of light and sound the was filling my head.

Shortly after I saw the light leave, The colours and sounds faded away as I slowly regained feeling in my body. As soon as I felt fully in control of my body, I got off the sofa and stumbled upstairs to bed. I noticed that it was 4am and birds were singing outside. It was Spring, so the sky was beginning to lighten with the coming sunrise. As I lay my head down on my pillow, I remember wondering how no one had noticed the bright White light in my garden that I saw leave at the end of the encounter.

The light had been incredibly bright and had illuminated my whole room as it moved past my window. I suppose that this is just another mystery to

add to a long list of others that already surround this whole phenomena.

Shortly after this encounter, I developed a new gift. I was able to feel the emotions of the people around me. This went on for about four days. It sounds like something that would not have much of an impact on my life, because surely anyone with the slightest bit of empathy has a good idea of what the people around them are feeling. Well no, it did impact on my life quite a lot.

I hate to say it, but it was a really unpleasant experience.

One of the things that I learned is that we all have this gift, it is just that it exists slightly below our conscious perception. I could see and feel people reacting to what this extra sense was telling them, but it is like they were purposely hiding it from themselves.

I would walk into a room and the emotional atmosphere would hit me like stink. I work in a very male environment and the biggest thing that I learned through this experience is that men are scared for a huge portion of their lives. Every time I saw a workmate talking to another colleague, he would be masking a constantly fluctuating ball of fear and unease. Another thing that I noticed is that laughter is not just an expression of humour. With most men, laughter is actually a pressure release mechanism. It allows him to cry out and vocalise his fear, but also turns it into something more pleasant. There is another kind of laughter though and that is the cruel laughter that a person uses to assert their dominance. This was the most unpleasant discovery of all. It was the way that some people try to fight their fear by inducing worse fear in those around them. I think that this is the root of a lot of the cruelty that we see everyday all around us. It is in the nasty little comments, the bitchiness and the cruel jokes. We are all fighting and concealing the fear in our hearts and that conflict causes us to induce fear in those around us. I felt like Jane Goodall, observing primate behaviour. Unlike Jane Goodall, I could see that I was no different from those around me. Whenever I interacted with the people around me, I was sending out the same stench of constant fluctuating fear. During those four days, I tried to limit my interactions with the people around me. I found my extra sense completely distracting. I couldn't focus on what people were saying to me, their words would often contradict their hearts and this is extremely confusing. No wonder we have learned to ignore this perception. I spent four days like this and it nearly rendered me

completely useless. We all have this extra sense and I think that it is possible for people to learn to perceive it. If you want to learn how to use this ability, just focus on your own feelings. I think that we only perceive the tip of the iceberg when it comes to our own emotions, because it is through our own emotions that you can sense the emotions of those around you. We are like jellyfish in a constantly fluctuating sea of motion and pressure. When the pressure increases we contract, when it eases we expand and we are always following the flow of the currents. If you want to see what the sea is doing, then just observe the jellyfish. In reality, we live in a constantly changing sea of emotion. We create this sea ourselves and everything we do effects it. Likewise this sea effects and changes us, if you just learn to sense our own heart, you will be able to sense the emotions of everyone around you.

I think that I could train myself to use this ability, but to be honest it doesn't seem worth the effort. When I was experiencing this event, I wished that it would end sooner. I am normally pretty outspoken, but when this was occurring, I became as timid as a church mouse. I was overly conscious of my own interactions with other people, it made simple communication far more difficult. If you are in an environment where you are sure of the motivations of the people around you and you know that they are benevolent, this could be a positive experience. In the day to day grind of working at a warehouse where no one really wants to be there, it is pretty unpleasant.

My next two encounters were so similar to each other and I recall very little of the events after the first few moments of contact. Therefore I will share the events of both encounters together.

I think that they both occurred within a couple of weeks of one another in the summer of 2007.

During both encounters, I remember being awoken by a ringing in my ears. Both times, I had noticed a high pitch whine in the middle of the night. Almost as soon as I had time to register the sound, I felt paralysis grip my body. I think that I had learned to detect the onset of my abduction paralysis. I think that the ringing in my ears had preceded all of my abductions since early childhood, but it had taken this long for me to associate the sound with my close encounters. What made these last two encounters stand out was that I was awake both times before the paralysis descended onto my body.

Shortly afterward, I was gripped by the paralysis, I heard sounds in my house. I could hear creaking floorboards outside my bedroom and see light streaming through the cracks around my door. Both times however my memories ended almost as soon as I notice movement in the room. It seems that as soon as the visitors are within eyeshot of me, that they are able to effect my memories. I have some theories on how this works, but I will not go into full detail just yet. I will share all my theories on visitor human interaction at the end of this chapter.

My most recent encounter occurred in 2008, it wasn't a particularly remarkable encounter, but it was a little unusual.

Once again I was awoken in the early hours by a high pitch ringing in my ears which was immediately followed by paralysis. I heard someone in the house, and as I lay there, I was aware of someone opening my bedroom door and standing by my bed.

I was laid on my back, I knew that there was someone in the room with me, but they didn't seem to be doing anything. After a few seconds, I decided to try to sit up and confront the intruder. I tried move my legs to begin with, so I focused all of my intent on shifting them sideways off of the bed. It took a huge amount of effort, but I could feel my legs moving to my left. Eventually I could feel my legs moving beyond the edge of the bed, but for some reason, I couldn't bend them. I imagined that my stiff legs must be sticking out like a two planks of wood. I didn't know what to do next. I had hoped that by shifting most of my weight off of the bed, that their weight would have caused me to slither out of the bed. Remembering my success at breaking thought the paralysis two years before, I tried to burst through the paralysis with a blast of energy from my Dantien. I had decided that I would use the weight of my legs to sit upright when I was released my paralysis with my burst of concentration. I focused myself on my Dantien until I felt like a spring full of potential energy. I let loose with every bit of power that I could muster. Unfortunately instead of sitting up, I found myself flying face first into the wall. Just before I hit, I tried to stop myself, but rather than put my arms out I halted in mid air. I still felt as if I was paralysed, but that I was levitating. I couldn't see my surroundings very well it was really dark and I still couldn't focus my eyes. I couldn't see the intruder and I was completely disorientated. I couldn't get my head around what was going on. The next

thing I remember is waking up at 5am. I still don't know what happened that night. I don't know whether I was levitating, had another out of body experience or whether the feeling of motion and change of view was just an illusion.

I believe that I may have shifted out of body again, but not as completely as the previous time. I think that a lot of my sensations were still coming from my prone body, but that a part of me had managed to project itself into the air. I think that the paralysis was still affecting my perception when I moved out of my body. I lacked the pure clarity of perception that I had experienced during my previous out of body experience. I think that the mechanisms of my paralysis were somehow scrambling my perception. I could feel myself move through the room, but my vision and hearing were still obscured by light and sounds. I don't know what happened next. I wonder whether the visitor interacted with my projected self at all, or did it just have business with my body. I don't even know whether I was taken from my house that night. I just remember rocketing across the room in an ethereal state. My method of conveyance was identical to the last time that I had journeyed beyond my body, but the rest of the experience was completely different. I don't know how the visitors effected my memory in this state. Usually they will look into my eyes to induce a blackout, but this time my perception was on the other side of the room. Maybe they called the Ghostbusters and hoovered me up. It was a weird experience and I don't really know what to make of it so I will leave it at that.

I think that the most important encounter of the four above is the one where I found myself in two places at once. The experience of seeing a separate version of myself raises all kinds of existential question. Who am I? Was that really me? If that was me, how can I have a completely separate experience of the same event? Perhaps I am suffering from some form of schizophrenia, although I think that it goes deeper than that, I think that it has something to do with the way that the visitors communicate and our inability to process information conveyed through their methods of interaction.

I will go into much deeper detail on my conclusions about this in the next chapter.

Chapter 6:

Regression and Revelations

During the September of 2008 I decided to seek the help of another regressional hypnotherapist.

Before I go any further I should warn you that this chapter is a bit nuts. What follows is a huge information dump related to Terrestrial and Extraterrestrial interactions throughout history. There is a version of this book that does not include this chapter. Unfortunately I lost that version when I bought a new iPad. I use an iPad because it is easier for me to write whenever the mood grabs me. Unfortunately through my own ignorance of how iCloud works, I didn't realise that the version of my book that was on the cloud was an older version, so when I upgraded, I lost several months of work. The older version included the 2008 regression. In the lost version of my book, I had re-edited my telling of the events of my regression so that it did not include the parts that I had decided were too fringe to be included. I had addressed the fact that I was only telling a short version of the story and explained that I may share the edited details at a later point in my life. I guess this is a later point in my life, so maybe I was writing that paragraph to myself. I have taken the fact that the version of the book that I am working on contains the unedited version of the event as a sign and so I have decided to reintegrate it into the final draft.

I will describe the events of my regression next, but bear in mind that I

will give a detailed explanation of where I believe that this information came from at the end of the chapter.

Now back to the Autumn of 2008.

Once I had resolved to seek the help of another hypnotherapist, I searched the web and found several past life regressionists in my area. Ufology based hypnotic regression was never really popular, but in 2008 it seemed to be almost impossible to find anybody that specialised in this field. I decided that past life regression was similar enough, so I sent emails to the four that were closest to me.

I received two responses.

In the end I chose a regressionist that was located closest to where I lived at the time. I have substituted her name for this book and will call her Hillary.

She lived pretty close to me and she didn't seem to be too freaked out by the fact that I believed myself to be an alien abductee. Over the span of about a month we exchanged a few emails and she told me that she was a bit skeptical, but a recent synchronicity made her think that there may be something in it after all. I thought that it was better to go with a skeptic, than someone that may already have their own theories on these matters and so I gave her a phone call. We arranged to meet midweek so that I could keep my visit secret from my family.

I hadn't spoken to Sarah about my encounters for over a decade and I didn't see any reason to reopen this particular can of worms again after so much time.

I booked a day off work and paid Hilary a visit.

As soon as I arrived at Hillary's comfortable, suburban, semi-detached home, I felt Strange. It felt like I was being watched by unseen observers.

I spoke with Hillary for over an hour, giving her a detailed history of my encounters.

She told me the reason that she had decided to email me back was because one of her friends had seemed to have had a close encounter of his own. She told me that she had received my email, but didn't know what to do about it. A week after she received my email, she and her husband met an old

friend who stayed with them for the weekend. They must have been close with this fellow because he had come up from Cornwall to pay them a visit. They had both known this fellow for a long time and both knew that he was a complete skeptic. He knew that Hillary was a past life regressionist and usually wouldn't waste any opportunity to make fun of her.

On the night of their reunion, they were sharing a bottle of wine when he told them about an encounter that he had had while driving home from work. He was driving in the early hours of the morning along an country road in Cornwall when he spotted something in his headlights at the side of the road. He told them that when he looked closer, he saw that it was a little gray alien. He told them that it looked just as you would expect. Exactly as they are portrayed on television. He decided that he had seen more than enough and put his foot down. He didn't want a closer look and didn't get one. He sped up and drove past it as fast as he could.

On hearing this, Hilary decided that he was making fun of her again, but throughout the night he insisted that it was totally true. What puzzled Hillary is that this reunion had occurred shortly after she had received my first email, but she hadn't told anyone about it and yet shortly after receiving it, she was hearing an eyewitness account of someone having a similar experience to the ones that I claimed to have had.

She decided that this was the Universe's way of telling her that she should offer to help me and thus she responded to my email.

After telling me this story, Hilary then asked me "what would I like to find out from my session?".

I told her that I had struggled with this issue throughout my life. I was unable to talk to people about my problems and as a result they had begun to generate a lot of anxiety within me. I was seriously worried that the visitors had started to show an interest in my son. I told her how Harry had placed his large toy alien on his windowsill facing outward; I told her that I had done the exact same thing when I was very young. I explained why this bothered me and told her that the main reason that I was here was to find out whether they were intruding on my son's night's sleep. We discussed strategies of getting answers to this question.

I noticed that as we spoke, that I could feel the presence of the visitors around me. I felt as if the room was full of people. I could just perceive the presence of several beings around me. I wouldn't see anything until one of them moved. Once I had spotted them, I could sense the vague impressions of their bodies all around me.

I decided that I was being paranoid and that it was just a illusion, brought on by the stress of what I was about to do.

Hilary and I were ready to commence the regression, so I decided to visit the bathroom before we started. As I entered the bathroom a face appeared before me. It was the image of the female grey. The image was both there and both not there at the same time. I recognised this as the way that the visitors convey visual information. They push images directly into your mind. This was incredibly strange for me, here I was in a stranger's house, receiving this kind of information in broad daylight.

I received the message that they (the visitors) were happy that I had chosen to do this. I guessed that they wanted me to uncover more of my memories.

I came back downstairs and told Hillary what I had seen, adding that I had been sensing them since I had arrived at her house. She then told me that she had been feeling something similar. She had the feeling that there was someone standing just out of sight all morning. It had begun before I had arrived. I began to get a little freaked out, this was all getting very strange. I was at someone's house in the middle of the day and this was beginning to feel more like a close encounter. Hilary then gave me a run through of what to expect from my regression and the methods that she would use to send me under. Some of it was familiar from my regressions with Eric, but just as much was totally new to me. She mentioned that she would ask me to picture a door and then ask me to open it, but just after she said this she stopped and told me that the second that she had told me this, that she had seen a clear image of a door opening in her mind. This really got me worried, because at that same moment, I had seen the same thing. It had come to me as clear as the visitor's face had come to me moments earlier. It had startled Hilary enough to make her comment on the experience. We decided to test each other to see whether we had seen the same thing by asking each other questions, like what colour was the door? Were there any unusual details? And what was on the other side? It turned out that we had both seen the same

thing, with the exception of two minor details. It was a red door, with a large brass handle, there was a number thirty on my door and a three on hers. When the door open, we both saw a perfectly clear, star filled night on the other side. I had observed that the handle of the door was shaped like a rose, but she hadn't noticed that detail.

Suitably freaked out, I lay myself down to begin the regression.

As part of the regression service, Hilary was recording the regression and promised send me a copy on CD a day or so afterward. As an added measure I asked her to also record the regression on the memo function on my phone. I wanted to be able to post the event on my website when I got home, She agreed and we began.

Having gone through the necessary exercises to put myself into an altered state, I found it difficult to focus on one encounter. I seemed to be flashing back and forth, between an encounter that occurred when I was about three and another that occurred when I was eight years old.

My regression had become very confusing, but then suddenly, I found myself in front of the wrinkled brown entity.

I knew that this wasn't a memory. He was using my altered state to communicate with me. He was not physically present, but in the darkness behind my eyelids, it was as if he was stood above my prone body looking right at me.

It was as if I was having a new close encounter, but this time I had a witness and the whole thing was being recorded.

He told me that I had been working with the greys through my lifetimes.

He showed me glimpses of my former lives and told me why I had lived out each life the way I had.

I will briefly describe one of my previous incarnations, they were all pretty rough lives. My favourite of the three was my incarnation as an Australian petty criminal that was crushed to death at the age of fourteen. I recalled some crazy details from that one. I was one member of a gang of criminals, led by my father. He was a man that used to beat me terribly and whom I hated for it. We would steal opals from shallow mines in the desert at the crack of dawn. The reason that we chose this time of day was so that we wouldn't give our position away by using lamps at night, but would have

enough light to find any opals near to the surface of the face of the mine. We would try to get to the mines before the miners started their day of work. Unfortunately we were discovered by a group of miners, one of whom threw a stick of dynamite into the mine to scare us out. Unfortunately we took cover deeper into the mine and the loud crack of the dynamite was enough to bring down the face wall of the mine onto our heads. I recalled this information in an instant. The imagery was just there in my mind.

I received three lives and each came with an explanation of how each life had shaped my soul.

Each life was a lesson, that teach me to be able to communicate and adapt to the visitors. Apparently I had decided to help them three lifetimes ago and they had been with me ever since. This was all very strange to me. I couldn't believe that this stuff was coming from me. Normally I wouldn't entertain such a far-fetched story, but I was seeing it all unfold before me at the same time that I was narrating the whole experience to Hillary.

The visitors had apparently aided my soul after my first life. That life had been incredibly dark and I had apparently done terrible things. I learned that after death a soul must find a kind of balance. We judge our own lives and if we cannot come to terms with our own actions, then we become stuck, looping through the same terrible deeds to try to find a way to move past them. We do not relive the personal sensory experience, but something more holistic. We experience the events of our lives objectively from all perspectives. If we hurt other people, we get to see the other person's point of view. Once you lose your physical incarnation, you become the events of your life and if you led a morally bankrupt life, you must find a way to objectively accept your own deeds. Apparently the visitors are able to commune with souls trapped in these time spirals and rehabilitate them. They bring a much wider perspective to the events of a soul's incarnation and can often allow them to unravel their sins. Souls do this by learning from their deeds. There are crimes that are so horrific that nothing good can be redeemed from the perpetrators, but the visitors are very good at finding souls that can be retrieved from oblivion.

I was shown the moment of death of each of my lives and told how each life had effected my soul.

I was then told about the visitors interactions with our race throughout history.

I will take a moment here to mention that the day after my regression, I listened to a recording of it and I instantly rejected everything that I had said during it. I concluded that I had been allowed to indulge in some kind of fantasy. I believed that in my altered state that I had just babbled about whatever had popped into my head at the time. I felt that this event was nothing like my regression with Eric. In those regressions, I had simply relived events as they had occurred years earlier. Eric's regressions were really easy to accept, because I was reliving physical events. They were filled with rich visual and sensory information and thus were completely compelling. This new regression was something completely different. The information was far more abstract and did not directly relate to me. There were flashes of imagery and sounds, but it was more like an abstract dream. I had some control on the direction of the information. If I had a question, I would focus on it and it would be answered. It was like I had the information in my mind and by describing it, I was also remembering it. The best way that I can find to describe it, is that it was like being in a vast library and as soon as I focused on a book, I had already read it instantaneously. The information was all over the place. My speech during the regression came in mad waves of rapid fire babbling. There will be long pauses and then something mad about souls and reincarnation. It all seemed crazy to me. Years later I had a bit of a revelation about visitor communication that made me reassess the whole thing and now I think that this information may have real value. The clues are in the events immediately preceding the actual regression. I realised that the way that the information came to me during the regression felt familiar. It felt like an abduction. The way that the visitors communicate images and words was similar. I now think that this wasn't a regression at all, but some kind of communication, more like a seance. I still have moments of doubt, when I think that I am being indulgent by believing that there could be anything of value in this regression. I used to be much more skeptical, but lately I am beginning to think that this regression may have actually been a remarkable event. The fact that Hillary and I both witnessed visual flashes of information, hints at the fact that the visitors were really communicating with us. When you are in the presence of the visitors, you are inducted into a kind of shared consciousness. I think that our weird experiences before the actual regression were evidence that we were unconsciously entering into this

altered state of interconnected thought.

I discovered some startling revelations about mankind's history with the visitors, some revelations going back decades, and others going back tens of thousands of years.

I learned that we had once had contact with extraterrestrials before the last ice age, but that contact had failed and so they had withdrawn from us. They have always been with us, but since the ice age, they had worked to conceal their presence at the same time as guiding our history.

I was told that everything that they had done, had been done to protect us. He told me that their presence during the cold war had prevented us from wiping out all life from our planet. They also told me that they had staged the crash at Roswell, to create a secret wing of the American government.

As the most powerful nation at that time, they knew that they would be able to help the visitors conceal their presence on our world.

After the war, America viewed itself as a protector of freedom and liberty in the World. The visitors decided to put this to the test.

They purposely crashed their craft forty miles from America's most sensitive military asset. The army base at Roswell held the World's first nuclear weapons. The visitors knew that the U.S military would do anything to keep the nature of this location secret and proof that we were being visited by intelligent Extraterrestrial beings would instantly attract the full attention of the world's press. The U.S government did the only thing that they could think of, they covered it up. When they made this decision, they thought that in time that they would be able to reveal this monumental event to the World, but the visitors had already ensured that this would never happen. The visitors had purposely chosen a particular kind of vehicle, that uses a very specific kind of propulsion to ensure that the U.S military would never be able to reveal their secret bounty. The vehicle that they crashed in the desert used something called a Gravity projector to propel itself through space. When the U.S military reverse engineered this technology they realised how elegant and simple it was. They discovered that it would be incredibly easy to replicate this technology on Earth. The problem was that they also learned of the devastating potential for this technology and realised that they could never allow knowledge of it to be released into the public. They were fully aware that concealing such a monumental discovery was a huge undertaking,

so they used the post war re-ordering of their military intelligence organisations to form a clandestine group tasked with keeping this discovery a secret. This group would not only be tasked with keeping this discovery a secret, but they would monitor all Extraterrestrial traffic in our airspace and keep track of all technological developments within the field of Gravity manipulation. By breaking apart their military intelligence organisations it was much easier to compartmentalise the information and it also allowed them to work in the shadows. No one would see the full picture, therefore it was infinitely less likely that the truth would ever be revealed.

The visitors had manipulated us into this state of affairs because the Second World War had left them with a huge dilemma. Mankind had developed radar at the same time as thermonuclear weaponry.

Not only that, but we had demonstrated that we were insane enough to actually use nuclear weapons on sentient beings.

The visitors needed easy access to our airspace, so that they could step in if it looked likely that we were going to descend into full international, nuclear war, but radar posed a large problem for them. Not only would it make it harder for them to work unseen, but under certain circumstances, suitably powerful radar could have an effect on their propulsion systems. Making it much less likely that they would be able to act in time to avert disaster.

The visitors are imbued with the ability to predict future scenarios before they happen. This allows them to not only scramble quickly to step in to avert a global extinction event, but it also gives them the ability to steer our development through subtle manipulation.

Using this ability they were able to trick us into concealing their presence from ourselves by manipulating us into creating a wing of government tasked with concealing their existence from the rest of mankind.

This would potentially solve their radar problem. If you get the guys who operate the radar on your side, then radar ceases to be a problem.

The main reason that they initiated contact however was that they had predicted that we would soon have access to technology that would grant us

the ability to manipulate Gravitational fields by ourselves. If this happened, they would be unable to protect us from ourselves. Every military organisation on Earth would suddenly have the power to wipe out entire continents and once that happens, it would be impossible for the visitors to monitor all potential existential threats to our planet.

The visitor prescience isn't infallible though. They are able to view the most likely scenarios that followed the path of least action, from the present to the future. Problems arise however whenever the visitors make changes to our timeline. When they change things the future instantly changes into something that they can only guess at. Every time the visitors have interacted with us, they have taken a huge risk. They have always tried to plan the best strategies to prevent their interference from backfiring, but they could never know for sure whether they were doing the right thing or not.

Prescience is like driving across a field filled with potholes in the dark. You can see the pot holes in your headlights, so you know whether the path ahead is clear, but the minute you turn the wheel, you don't know if you are heading into danger until after you make the adjustment. They can run simulations to make best guesses at outcomes, but the predictions that they produce are far from infallible.

Throughout the years the visitors have made many subtle manoeuvres to prevent us from killing ourselves, while keeping their existence a secret from the general population, but they never knew for sure if they were making the correct decisions until after they had taken action.

The Roswell event was their biggest recent adjustment.

It was an incredibly intricately orchestrated plan by the visitors to get the U.S military to take up some of the slack when it came to preventing us from destroying ourselves. The craft that they dropped in the New Mexico desert didn't just make the U.S military cover up the existence of Extraterrestrials, but it also ensured that they would prevent the construction of an even more destructive technology than nuclear weaponry. When to U.S government retrieved the debris from the crash site they worked to reverse engineer the technology, to learn how it functioned. When they did, they discovered that this craft was capable of manipulating Gravitational fields. They discovered

that they could reproduce this technology quite easily and that was something that really scared them.

The visitors had predicted that we were about to discover similar methods for manipulating Gravity by ourselves. Our inflated post war military budgets would soon put this technology into our hands.

This technology in itself is not particularly harmful, but if the people using it wish to do a population harm, it gives them the ability to sterilise entire continents, both quickly and relatively cheaply.

The problem with this technology is that it allows the user to accelerate objects in space indefinitely. If you can manipulate gravity, mass is no longer a concern. This technology gives the user the ability to convert electrical fields into gravitational force. Once generated, the force can be focused into a linear field, allowing you to generate a constant vector of linear acceleration for as long as you can provide a sufficient electrical charge. In space, solar cells are much more efficient and could provide power to accelerate a large mass through space indefinitely. At one Earth Gravity of acceleration, it would take roughly one year for an object to be moving close to the speed of light. If we remember that we can accelerate any mass to these speeds we begin to see why this secret technology might be so dangerous. At its most basic level, Gravity manipulation technology is a tool for moving large masses and accelerating them up to incredible velocities. If an aggressive government decided to wipe out a neighbouring country, they would just have to accelerate a suitably large mass to a high enough velocity to generate a massive impact and then put it on a path that intersects with the specific location on the globe where their perceived enemies are located. This technology doesn't just have the potential to be used as a deadly weapon, it is a perfect delivery system too. That isn't the scary part though, the scary thing is that it is extremely easy and cheap to replicate. As soon as this technology becomes accessible to the public, everyone with a sufficient budget would have the power wipe out huge populations. To replicate this technology the creator has to facilitate a very specific set of circumstances to occur. The process is quite difficult, but the apparatus is extremely cheap to build. This technology does not depend upon the utilisation of exotic materials, it just requires the use of common metals and some clever engineering.

Used responsibly this technology has the power to provide our species with a cheap and safe method to access space, but used irresponsibly, it has

the power to sterilise our planet of all life.

This is why the visitor's felt that they needed to prevent us from developing this technology and it is also why there has been a sustained effort by covert organisations to keep this stuff secret. Once the U.S government had this technology they were determined not to let anyone else get it.

This wasn't selfish greed, it was instantly obvious that this technology was a Pandora's Box and if it was to be opened before we are ready for the responsibility to wield it, then it would mean disaster for the entire human race.

In a way, Roswell was the visitor's method of opening a dialogue with humanity. By sharing their technology they were able to bring the people that could police development of this dangerous technology up to speed as quickly and efficiently as possible.

Things didn't exactly go as planned for the visitors. There has been a lot of distrust between our secret organisations and the visitors. When the visitors shared their technology with us, they also shared it's weaknesses. We used this knowledge against them in the name of defence from a perceived alien threat. We developed weapons capable of bringing down the visitor's crafts and we used them successfully several times. Roswell was the only crash of an extraterrestrial spacecraft that was deliberately brought down by the visitors, but there have been many more similar incidents that were deliberately initiated by Earthbound organisations.

This illustrates the limits of the visitor's prescience. While they were successful in getting us to police our own development in the field of Gravitational manipulation, they hadn't anticipated how violently we would react to the news that our airspace was regularly being trespassed upon by unknown intelligences. I think that there was a sort of Cold War between the visitors and ourselves, where casualties were suffered by both sides, but I believe that there now exists a kind of peace between Earth and the visitors. I didn't get any real information of how this occurred or how strong that peace is. I felt a reticence from the visitors at this stage of the story. The information was there, but the details were hazy. Every other piece of information that I had received came rapidly and was rich in detail. The information on the current state of trust between the visitors and our secret organisations was slowed down to a trickle. There were long pauses leading to one word answers, and my delivery of it during the regression reflects this.

I believe that our Governments have simply resolved to ignore the visitors presence in our skies. In public, the governments of the World deny the existence of visitors from other worlds and in private they act as if this were so, despite the fact that a select few know otherwise.

Part of me wonders whether the Cold War continues. That could explain the visitors unwillingness to share information on this subject. If we are at war with them, then where do my loyalties lie. Should I even be trying to communicate with them. Perhaps my regression could be viewed as an act of treason. I have no idea, but I am sure that the visitors have our best interests at heart, maybe that is all that really matters.

I was told that worlds that can support life are extremely rare and worlds that have life are rarer still. Worlds that support complex life are even rarer, but I the rarest treasure of all in our Universe by far is sentience. The visitors were prepared to go to any lengths to ensure our survival.

The most shocking revelation came next.

I was told that the Greys are in fact a genetically modified race of humans. The wrinkled brown entity explained that the human race's development was accelerated by several advanced Extra Terrestrial species working together. The reason was, that the while the Earth was an extremely rich life bearing planet, it was doomed never to develop a sentient species.

Sentient species usually evolve on worlds orbiting within binary star systems. This is because binary star systems contain much less orbital debris specifically in the form of comets and asteroids on long elliptical orbits. The presence of two huge gravitation fields within a relatively small distance of one another eliminate rouge planetary debris. Any objects that find themselves on long elliptical orbits are either consumed by one of a binary stars, or thrown out into deep space, never to return. This gives life a much larger window to develop intelligence.

The Earth on the other hand is doomed to experience periodic extinction events every few million years or so. This is long enough for life to adapt and recover, but not long enough to develop sentience.

These circumstances imbued the Earth with a rich and diverse biosphere, but robbed it of sentient life.

I was told that for millions of years that a small group of extraterrestrials took it on themselves to police our solar system for any planetary debris that could cause another extinction event. Our system is filled with a vast array of rocky and icy bodies. It is one of the things that first attracted Alien civilisations to it. They represent a valuable resource that is easy to harvest, but at the same time this mineral bounty also represents a threat to all life on Earth.

While in our solar system the Extraterrestrials monitored the slow process of evolution of highly developed species within our diverse biosphere.

After an astronomical amount of time they decided to move things along. They petitioned other species in our galactic neighbourhood for the right to interfere with the development of a few species of higher primates on Earth. The development of complex life is considered a sacred thing by most species in our galaxy.

The fact that without the interference of non-local intelligences, there would be no complex life forms for them to interfere with helped to swing the argument in their favour.

It was decided that a multi-species extraterrestrial group would be granted the rights to accelerate the evolutionary development of a select few native, primate species on Earth.

The idea was to predict the natural evolutionary development of each species within its own environment and make changes that would accelerate its own evolution. This was more like a breeding programme to guide our species toward intelligence than some kind of aggressive genetic splicing experiment. They simply wanted to accelerate our evolution, not reshape us into something familiar. The goal was to add our diversity to the Galactic neighbourhood.

The plan was that once a sufficient level of intelligence had been attained, that they would make intercultural contact with the newly evolved sentient species to bring our technological advancement up to a level where we could protect our own World from asteroidal bombardment. Thus a new independent sentient species would be born, adding its own cultural and biological diversity to the galaxy.

Unfortunately things didn't work out quite as they had planned.

Once mankind had reached a level of intelligence sufficient to develop complex language and tools, the multi species extraterrestrial group were

forced to take a step back. There are laws in our galaxy that prohibit the involuntary genetic interference of one culture upon another. Interspecies war is absolutely not tolerated by our neighbouring cultures and genetic interference by one culture upon another is viewed as an act of war.

Genetically our species is considered intellectually advanced, but by shortening our development we had retained aspects of our psychology that given more time would have been lost. The most worrying aspect that we retained was our fierce tribalism.

Many primate species live in small, fiercely territorial groups or tribes that have a strict code of conduct. These tribal rules are genetically hard coded into their D.N.A. This ensures that these groups have the greatest chance of survival. Unfortunately these rules lost relevance as our civilisation evolved. If our species had evolved over a much longer span of time, our genetically encoded behaviours would have had time to adapt to our new circumstances as we developed complex civilisations.

As an intelligent species, we are drawn by logic to build large agricultural populations, but instinctively we are more comfortable in small adaptable and fiercely loyal groups.

This disparity between logic and instinct manifested as tribalism and ultimately led to horrific acts of violence.

The aliens found that their contact with our species was having an adverse effect on our culture. We would develop hierarchies within our civilisations that would hoard knowledge of the aliens contact and technological gifts as a means to gain social status and power.

The Extraterrestrials would share examples of their technology that could help the ancient human civilization to support themselves, but would refrain from teaching us how to develop our own versions of their technology. I think that the aliens reticence was not intentional, but rather the ability to replicate the shared technology was beyond our ability at this time. To build a smart phone you must first discover electricity, efficient and small power storage devices, minute data processing technology, advanced material science and refinement and then you have to invent computer languages to programme the device. Then for the thing to work you would also need to create a network of radio transmitters and communication satellites. To build technology, you must first build a vast infrastructure to support that

technology. The technologies that the Extraterrestrials shared with us were meant to allow us to build a sufficient infrastructure on which we could build our own new civilization. These were tools for cutting and shaping rock and earth to build stone structures and also to cultivate the land efficiently so that we could support ourselves with agriculture. Unfortunately the rarity of these devices created a hierarchy of privileged individuals that had access to these seemingly magical technologies.

These individuals eventually allowed themselves to become corrupted by their new power and created a class systems with themselves at the top and a class of people at the bottom with no human rights whatsoever, in fact we would recognise them as slaves.

The Extraterrestrials watched with horror as we developed the first slave trade on Earth. Over time this trade led us to invade neighbouring tribes to feed our need for new slaves.

The Extraterrestrials had intended for us to use their technologies to build our own infrastructure and culture, so that we would eventually develop our own technology through the pursuit of scientific understanding. Then this new advanced civilization could go out and share their new methods of survival with neighbouring tribes.

Instead they found that this new civilization fortified themselves and then spread their civilization through a cycle of constant war and expansion.

The aliens were ill prepared for this outcome, so they tried a much harsher strategy. They told the new advanced civilisation that they were going to withdraw their help and guidance and they presented us with a kind of prophecy. They were going to stop policing our solar system for rouge asteroidal debris and they gave us a prediction for when the next extinction event would occur. They told us that if we didn't combine our efforts to build some kind of strategy and technology to prevent this outcome, that their new civilisation would be wiped from the globe. I have no idea what the time scale for this event was, it might have been millennia, centuries or just decades. The visitors have difficulty conveying units of measurements. Numbers are an abstraction of spoken language and therefore it is difficult for them to convey precise numerical details with their methods of communication. I am sure that they have some kind of system worked out to

get around this problem, but if so, I am unaware of it. Either that or they are simply unwilling to share the timescale that the ancient civilization was given to save themselves from disaster.

However long our species had to defend our World, the one thing that really matters is whether we were successful or not and I can tell you that we were not.

During my communication with the visitors, I witnessed a series of vast detonations from large impacts around the globe. This led to an age of darkened skies and vast floods. The darkened skies killed crops and the floods wiped our cities from the face of the Earth. Our species reverted to a Stone Age level of advancement to survive this cataclysm, hiding in caves from the destruction of our biosphere and reverting to hunting and gathering our food. Without a stable ecology we became opportunists, rather than land owners.

This was not the outcome that the alien species had hoped for, but it was a solution to one of their problems. It wiped the effect that their cultural contact had had on our species. They hoped that our species would now be granted enough time to adapt to our civilisations as we rebuilt them. This however did not solve the problem of asteroidal bombardment.

The aliens decided to interfere with our species one last time. They made contact with a remnant of the civilisation that they had already had contact with. They made a bargain with them that would allow them to retain aspects of their tattered civilisation. They agreed to re-home them onto a habitable planet in a neighbouring star system. They would teach them to produce and retain their own technology on two conditions. The conditions were that they would protect the Earth from asteroidal impacts, but also that they would also never interfere with our cultural development again.

This remanent agreed and they left a small group of their population within our solar system. The group that they left eventually augmented themselves to better survive in the vacuum of space. We would now recognise that group of space adapted humans as Greys.

I believe that this all occurred at the end of the last Ice Age. I have since learned from listening to the Joe Rogan podcast that people like Graham Hancock and Randall Carlson have been championing the hypothesis that

there once existed an agricultural civilisation during the last Ice Age for many years now. They also believe that the development of this or these civilisations was cut short by a cataclysmic comet strike in the Northern Hemisphere of our Planet at the end of the last Ice Age.

This idea lines up perfectly with what I was shown during Hillary's regression. At the time of the regression, I was already aware of the work of Graham Hancock, but I had never heard of Randall Carlson.

This is partially the reason that I vacillate between believing that this regression represents some kind of contact experience or alternatively came from my imagination.

I know that this doesn't make it any easier for you the reader, but I will say that the experience was very vivid; I also know that dreams can also be vivid. I was definitely in an altered state of consciousness. The question is what that altered state represents, contact with an extraterrestrial intelligence or some kind of fantasy driven hallucination.

I'm afraid that I must leave that conclusion to you, because my opinion of the matter switches from time to time.

Now back to the regression.

I was told that the Greys have made limited contact with cultures on Earth out of necessity. Over time they have been bombarded with solar and cosmic radiation and as a result they have developed genetic illnesses.

The only remedy for these illnesses was to fill in the holes in their own D.N.A with genetic material from Earth.

This is the main reason that they seem to be engaged in some kind of genetic research programme. It isn't research that they are engaged in, rather a genetic harvesting programme.

The reason that abductions seem to come from specific racial groups and family lines is because the visitors must harvest D.N.A from people that share ancestral genes with themselves. It is a way to roll back the clock on their own genetic damage.

It is around this point in my regression where I suddenly snapped to full consciousness. I felt a sudden and sickening spinning sensation. On the recording you can hear me say "Whoa that's weird".

Hilary asked me “What is happening” to which I replied that “I was just kicked out”.

Hilary later told me that at the exact same time that I said “Whoa that’s weird” my phone screen suddenly illuminated.

This was because the recording stopped at the exact same moment that I had reported being kicked out of my altered state. It transpired that the phone had a maximum recording time of exactly one hour. She had hit record at the same moment that she had decided that I was in an altered state of consciousness. It would seem that my altered state had lasted for exactly one hour to the second.

I don’t know what that means, but it is pretty weird. I had no way of knowing that I had been under for one hour. My phone hadn’t made a sound to signify that it had ended the recording, Hilary had just noticed that the screen had suddenly come on. When I opened my eyes and looked at her, she was holding my phone and looking at it with a slightly perplexed look on her face.

I don’t remember much from the rest of that day. I think that I may have been in a state of mild shock. I don’t remember leaving Hilary’s house or driving home. I know that I was unsure what to make of the experience. Part of me was fascinated by the things that I had uncovered, but an equal part wondered whether it was all just stream of consciousness babbling. At the time I didn’t really believe in past life regression and the fact that the regression had begun with my recounting of three past lives really bothered me. I wondered whether Hilary had steered me into this subject. Past life regression was her speciality after all, so maybe she pushed me into this more familiar territory. Perhaps I steered myself into this subject, just because I felt that it was expected of me. After listened to the tape I realised that Hilary hadn’t pushed me toward this subject at all, I just seem to start there after unsuccessfully trying to recall an abduction memory.

When I listened to the recordings, both on my phone and the one Hilary later sent me, I noticed that my speech was very strange. There were long pauses, but then I would speak rapidly, not pausing for breath. The words just seemed to come out in a rapid babble, until I would run out of breath and have to pause to breathe. I would occasionally pause for long periods after which Hilary would try to get me to respond to her questions. I remember

that during the regression that I would find this mildly annoying. During those pauses I remember that I was literally watching and processing large chunks of information. I had found that relaying the information was dividing my attention and I found it easier to simply observe what I was learning. I realise now that if I had just laid in silence that I probably wouldn't have retained a lot of my memory of the event. When I listened to the recording, it made me relive the whole experience. I realised that I had forgotten nearly all of it since the event.

About one week after my regression, I phoned Hilary to let her know that I had received the CD copy of my regression that she had recorded for me. I had wanted to thank her, she had been incredibly generous with her time and had made the whole experience as comfortable as possible. After I had thanked her, she told me that on the Monday after my regression, that she had heard about a UFO sighting on the local radio station. It had occurred on the Sunday night after my regression.

The sighting had occurred in the skies over a village called Strines, near to the town of Stockport.

At the time that she told me about this sighting, I could not find any information about it on the Internet, but while writing this book ten years later, I have just found the story on the Manchester Evening News website.

Apparently people over quite a large area saw three lights moving in a triangle formation across the sky above Strines, someone even managed to take a photo of the objects. The objects were visible for about fifteen minutes before they disappeared.

I personally don't think that this event has any link to my regression, but Hilary found the coincidence very compelling. A Google search with the keywords Strines, UFO and 2008 should get you to the story if you are curious at all.

The information that I gained during my regression throws up almost as many questions as it answers. One question that I would like answered is, whether the wrinkled brown entity a member of the human race? Or is he a member of the older alien civilisations? I think that his race are descended from humans, but I don't know this for sure. I just know that he is really easy to communicate with and from my own point of view, he seems like an

intelligent human rather than some unknowable alien intelligence. I suspect that his race has adapted to the ecology of another world and that is why I think that they look so different. I know from my encounters that his world is covered in snow and ice. Perhaps his thick skin offers some defence against frostbite, I may never know for sure.

Another point that wasn't made clear is the fact that if the Greys have maintained a level of minimal contact throughout our history, how did they justify the Roswell event? It seems to represent a pretty large interference upon our culture.

I don't even know if the older alien races are aware that the Roswell event was a staged event, rather than a real crash.

Maybe they justified it as necessary, due to the fact that inaction could have led to our species complete annihilation.

Something else has bothered me since my regression. A few weeks after it, I saw a U.F.O documentary on the history channel. I wouldn't normally watch these things, but I had left it on that channel after watching something else. The documentary was centred around the hypothesis that during the war, the Nazis had been working on some kind of anti gravity aircraft. It is an obvious subject for the History channel to cover, it involves their two favourite things, U.F.Os and Nazis. During the documentary they mentioned that the Germans had been working on a antigravity device that they nicknamed "The Bell". This really caught my attention. For several years now, I have understood how the propulsion systems of extraterrestrial craft function. I'm afraid that it isn't something that I will ever share, because of the reasons outlined during my regression. I will however share how I gained this knowledge in the next chapter. The reason that the name "The Bell" caught my attention was because it hints at a deep knowledge of the specifics of gravity manipulation technology. I won't go into detail, but I will say that harmonic resonance plays a huge role in this tech as does the use of parabolic surfaces, in other words a bell shape that resonates. What name could better encompass the specifics of this technology than "The Bell". I have no knowledge of whether the Nazis really did work on a gravitational manipulation device during the war, but it could explain why the visitors felt that they must act both quickly and drastically after the Second World War.

Perhaps we weren't just about to discover how to develop this technology, perhaps we had already developed it as a weapon and the visitors needed to guide our use of this technology to avert disaster.

Once again, I may never know the truth. I will say though that the documentary really made me reassess my regression.

Since my regression I have flip flopped between thinking that it represents a communication between myself and the visitors, and just some kind of fantastic story told by a delusional man on a sofa.

When I was in my twenties, I would try to absorb as much information about UFOs and close encounters as possible. At this young age, I was a lot more gullible and would treat almost every story that I read as absolute truth. This led me down a lot of blind alleyways in my quest to learn the motives of the visitors. A lot of the accounts that I read came complete with prepackaged theories as to who the visitors were and what they wanted with us. Usually these theories would put the abductee in a saviour like role where their purpose was to help usher in a new age of peace and prosperity for the human race. When I was younger, these stories were quite attractive, but as I read more similar stories I began to see the cracks in their narratives. The different stories would directly contradict each other. Some would employ a pseudo-Christian slant on the visitors mission, invoking angels and visions of Christ. Others would talk about interstellar wars and describe humanity as a race of genetically engineered slaves. Other stories would have much more subtle contradictions, like when explaining where the visitors came from; some would say that they come from Orion and others would say the Zeta Reticuli Star system. The contradictions kept adding up and made me more skeptical over time.

I began to notice that whenever Abductees would try to uncover specific details about the visitors, that they would start to go down these long twisting, overly specific narratives. At the start of their stories, they would all seem to have very similar experiences, often remarkably similar, but in their quest for meaning, they would seem to pepper their interpretations of the events with science fiction.

I don't believe that this is intentional. I think that it comes from the

ambiguous nature of close encounters. Most of these narratives are based on direct visitor communication and I know from experience that visitor communication can be hard to pin down. In several of my own encounters I have had moments when I hadn't even realised that I had been conversing with an actual entity. In one event I had believed that I was sleepwalking and in two childhood encounters, I had believed that I was talking to an imaginary friend. This is because the visitors communicate via our own minds. Their voices come from within as they use our own internal voices to communicate with us. The difference between visitor communication and my own internal monologue is spontaneity. The experience is often dream like, because in dreams, images and sounds seem to be produced by something other than my own imagination. There is a randomness to them, that my imagination cannot replicate. I think that the problem with abductee literature is that when we try to catalog these experiences, visitor communication can be quite ethereal and hard to pin down. The concepts that the visitors convey to us come from within our own minds, so it can be hard to separate their communication from our own hopes, desires and fears. It is no wonder that the subject of alien abduction is almost universally regarded as delusional fantasy. I believe that real accounts of genuine encounters are often peppered with fantasy and occasionally tales of fictional horror. These events are being distorted by the personal filters of the abductee's mind, because so much of it is reliant on their interpretation of information that is incredibly hard to pin down.

This is why I have been so reluctant to include the chapter relating to my final hypnotic regression. At the time of my regression I had a fairly broad knowledge of ufology and theories relating to our deep history of contact with extraterrestrials. All of the concepts expressed during my regression have already been expressed by other people that work within the more fringe subjects of ufology and history. I was aware of the work of people like Graham Hancock and I knew some of the finer details relating to the Roswell Event. I am concerned that in my altered state that I have constructed a complex work of fiction by weaving together things that I had read or seen in other media and using them to explain my own encounters. If that is true, then including this in my book would undermine my very reason for writing it. My intention is simply to expose everything that I have learned without trying to add my own spin or embellishments to my own recollections. It is

true that the last chapters of this book are my own interpretation of some very abstract information that I have no way of confirming, but I really wanted my descriptions of my encounters to be purely based on my own memories of them as physical experiences. The latter half of this book is really just a personal experiment to find whether the abstract and seemingly scientific information in it has any real world merit or is merely the product of a delusional mind.

The thing that eventually convinced me to include the information from my regression was the bizarre events that proceeded my regression. I am not including Hilary's account of her friends close encounter, just because I personally did not experience that event. I am talking about the odd flashes of imagery that both Hilary and myself experienced, moments before I was put into an altered state. These flashes were identical to the flashes that I have experienced in the visitor's presence. These flashes are always extremely vivid and spontaneous.

I now believe that I may have really been communicating with the visitors.

From my point of view the manner by which I received this information was very familiar, but most compelling is the fact that both Hilary and myself seemed to have both received information in this manner before the regression actually began.

The way that the visitors communicate is very dream like. What I mean by that is that images, emotions and words seem to come out of nowhere. It is more like daydreaming than conversing. I know that saying this could make all close encounter stories more difficult to believe, but I will say that from my own experiences that the physical aspects of close encounters are terrifyingly real and not dream like at all.

My encounters often start in a dream like manner, but I am then rudely awoken by the hard realisation that I am experiencing something very real and very bizarre. The visitors seem to be able to induce a state of mind where I am not sure what is real and what is imagined, but this state is always terminated by a surge of adrenaline when I realise the actual reality of my situation. This always occurs when I physically see a visitor. Their distinct and jarring appearance instantly confirms for me that I have been tricked

again and I often experience a horrific surge of crippling fear. The experiences that I have described where the visitors have persuaded me to leave my bed, my bedroom and possibly on two separate occasions my house, gives you a rough idea of what the actual sensation of conversing with the visitors is really like. It is extremely subtle, so subtle that I am often fooled into thinking that I am conversing with myself. They do have the ability to undeniably fill my head with their voices, the wrinkled brown demonstrated this when he started yelling insults at me when I was a teenager, but usually their communication feels like a daydream.

If you have ever suffered from insomnia, you might be familiar with something that I experience quite regular as a sufferer myself. It is a period of accelerated thought. During these periods, I will be laid in bed trying to get to sleep, but images and thoughts keep flashing in my mind unbidden. It is as if my imagination has started to babble at me like a toddler that has just discovered espresso coffee.

This experience is similar to what it is like to communicate with the visitors. I believe that there are many levels to visitor communication, some of which are completely immersive, but the initial contact is often very subtle.

Personally I think that my regression may have value and could all be true, based on the fact that I believe that both Hillary and myself seemed to be receiving information in the manner that I had become familiar with from my abduction experiences.

I have vacillated between believing that it is something that I have conjured up from my own imagination, or alternatively the possibility that this experience was a real communication between myself and the visitors, but I cannot say with absolute certainty which it is. It would be nice to be able to say which it is for sure, but I will have to let you decide what you think about it.

In the next chapter I will go into more detail on my theories about the visitor's method of communication. I know that it may seem like I have already said everything that there is to say on this subject, but I have only really covered the tip of the iceberg on it. There is a revelation coming up that

made my head spin when it occurred to me. It made me re-asses every one of my encounters and has helped me realise the significance of specific events from them.

Chapter 7:

Visitor Communication

This chapter contains something that was a big revelation to myself. I think that if you are an experiencer, that it makes you reassess all of your past encounters. If you are not an experiencer, maybe it is something that you can bear in mind the next time that you read a first hand account of a close encounter experience.

So what revelation am I talking about? Just this, I believe that every time that I have blacked out in the visitors company, that I wasn't blacking out at all. I think that when we blackout in the company of the visitors, that we are actually being inducted into a hive mind like consciousness. A hive mind is simply a way to describe a group of individual organisms that seem to operate in a manner that suggests a single will or consciousness is driving all of the individuals in that group.

The idea that the visitors can operate within a hive-mind is nothing new. The concept keeps cropping up throughout the subject of UFOs and alien abduction. It is an idea that has been put forward by abductees, UFO researchers and self proclaimed whistleblowers. Whatever you may think about the reliability of these sources, it is obvious that the idea has popularity. My own opinion on this idea has flipped back and forth over the years, but

recently I have become convinced that not only is it true, but it also explains some of the stranger aspects of my own contact experiences. The first time that I was exposed to this idea was in the late nineties. I read it in an article in a Ufology magazine. I cannot remember the specifics of the article, but I think that it was an interview with someone claiming to have insider knowledge as a government whistleblower.

What I do remember however is that I thought the account in the article was probably fiction, loosely based on concepts from Star Trek. In the early nineties, Star Trek the Next Generation was extremely popular, and at the time the most popular foe on that show was a species of alien called “The Borg”. The Borg were particularly scary because their entire society was centred around a single hive-mind. They would seek to assimilate other species into their collective, and would essentially consume them in a very threatening and predatory manner.

When I first read the idea that the visitors exist in a similar society, I believed that the author of the article was simply inserting a popular science fiction concept into his article and peddling it as truth.

As an abductee, I knew that the visitors seem to have a form of communication that has the power to link minds without verbal speech, but the hive mind idea seemed too far fetched to me. I have always been very wary of flights of fancy when it comes to the subject of close encounters with extraterrestrials. My own experiences tell me that alien abductions are real, but my scepticism drives me to find credence in the more down to Earth explanations of this bizarre phenomenon.

I didn’t begin to realise how the hive mind theory could reframe my own experiences until 2009 when I read Kim Carlsberg’s book “Beyond my Wildest Dreams”. Kim’s story was very familiar to me as it would be to anyone that has had these kinds of experiences. She had experienced a broad variety of close encounters throughout the nineties, but it wasn’t the details of her experiences that that led me to my revelation concerning the visitor’s hive mind, it was something that was common to almost every account of the close encounter experience that I had read. It was concerning the breaks in narrative that all of these experiences seem to share. What was different about Kim’s book was that she described the experience of coming to consciousness while non-human entities were communicating with her. It

was as if she had been talking in her sleep to someone and then suddenly awoke to find that she had no memory of anything that had been said before that moment. She would find herself in the middle of various activities among the visitors, with no idea of what had happened seconds before that moment. I don't think that most abduction experience accounts really describe this phenomenon well enough. In reality it is a really strange, jarring experience and upon reading Kim's account of the it, I realised that it was something that I had experienced myself many times. My own experience of these types of events would be initiated when the visitors would ask me to look into their eyes. When I did, I would feel myself fall forward into the blackness of their eyes. It felt as if I was being sucked into the vast inky wells that are their eyes. I would completely black out. I have experienced a similar sensation before, when I passed out from dehydration when I was seventeen years old. I had spent the night before illegally drinking alcohol with my friends and left the house the next day having only drank a single cup of coffee. I met up with my chums at the local arcade. After about half an hour in that hot and smoky environment, I suddenly felt extremely dizzy and passed out. When I came to, my friend bought me a can of coke and led me outside for some fresh air. After about ten minutes I felt one hundred percent better and made a mental note that I should never again leave the house with a hangover until after I had drank a lot of water.

The moment of complete disorientation and dizziness just before I blacked out on that occasion was identical to the sensation that I had felt many times in the visitors presence after they had directed me to look into their eyes. I had always assumed that this was some kind of hypnotic anaesthesia, but the manner in which I would return to consciousness and the details that I had read in Kim's book made me reconsider my previous assumptions. I would often awake to find myself walking through the corridors of the visitors craft. I have awoken while I was getting dressed as I was about to be returned to my house at the end of an abduction. Several times I have suddenly come to while sitting upright on the edge of an examination table. It is as if I am under the control of another consciousness until the moment that my own consciousness returns to a wakeful state. The most obvious clue that there was something other than simple unconsciousness occurring was during my recent encounter where I seemed

to perceive myself communicating with the visitors from outside of the conversation. It was as if there was another version of myself that was communicating with the visitors at a much deeper level than I could experience myself.

I have also had countless dreams where I am talking to the visitors about the future of humanity and the health of Earth's biosphere, yet I cannot ever recall these conversations ever having taken place. There were also much more surreal dreams, where I remember interacting with the visitors in a place that is constantly shifting and changing. The only way that I can think to describe it is that it is like being in a cartoon where anything that you can think of is instantly conjured into existence. Normally whenever I communicate with the visitors I hear my own voice in my head, but the words are not coming from me. It is similar to interacting with characters in a dream. The characters may say things that surprise you, yet the words that they speak all come from your own subconscious. This is what it feels like to communicate with the visitors, except that they are able to relay information that is completely new. I have memories where I am with several visitors and we seem to be flying. As the conversation shifts, so does the environment that we find ourselves in. I remember seeing vast alien cities from above and later finding myself walking through the streets of those cities moments later.

I had previously dismissed these memories as vivid dreams that have been triggered by my interactions with something so bizarre that my mind must have created these weird scenarios to help me come to terms with these experiences.

I now believe that they may represent actual memories of a very unusual state of consciousness that is unlike anything that I could experience without the visitors' help.

I remember one occasion, I was talking to a single grey and I asked the being what they call themselves. The entity tried to articulate a word, but for some reason I could not quite understand what it was saying. The being then seemed to conjure a blackboard out of thin air and wrote the word "NYTHMA" in big bold letters on it. At least I think that was what he wrote, this memory is very old. On that particular occasion, I remember knowing that the blackboard was an illusion and was somehow being created in my own head somehow.

I think that this experience gives us a clues as to the limitations of the visitors methods of communication.

To me this all illustrates another kind of conscious experience, one that is completely unfamiliar to Earthbound humanity.

I believe that there are multiple levels of communication with the visitors and the deeper one goes, the more blurred the lines between individual consciousnesses become.

I think that when I witnessed imagery that seemed impossible, that I was witnessing the memories or imagined constructs of minds other than my own.

I believe that there are states of being where cognitive functions can be shared by groups of minds directly. I think that these states have limits, for example the individual grey entity that I asked the question of what they call themselves, could not simply tell me the word itself. I think that this was because I did not have the name within my own mental lexicon. I think that the visitors are able to use our own memories as a kind of encyclopaedia of references that we can understand to help them to communicate and share ideas. When the visitor needed to impart something that was completely unfamiliar to me, he had to use the image of a blackboard, so that together we could take the individual letters that I already knew, to construct the word that was unfamiliar to me.

I don't understand how this works with the images of alien worlds that I saw, but perhaps imagery is easier somehow. Words and numbers are abstractions, whereas visual memories are direct and relatable experiences. Alternatively perhaps the presence of more than one visitor granted them the ability to impart much richer streams of information.

I suspect that the number of individuals within a group of entities that is operating as a linked consciousness is extremely important.

I have noticed that the visitors always seem to be in groups of three at the start of my abductions. There also seems to be three individuals present, whenever I experience the more weird and vivid interactions with them. I don't know whether three is the limit of their hive mind or whether it is just the most efficient number. The fact that during my trippier interactions there seems to be three entities and myself suggests otherwise.

I suspect that working in a triumvirate gives them the ability to fulfil several roles at once, at the same time as being able to act with the speed and

decisiveness of one individual.

This isn't to say that the greys are mindless, robotic drones. I know from experience that they do have strong individual personalities. It is just that I think that when they combine their minds, they become a single, but different person. One with all the strengths and combined personality traits of all three individuals. It follows a certain logic that this is the maximum number of individuals that can work like this, before conflict becomes a major, negative factor.

In a group of three, you might get two opposing votes to a certain course of action, but then the remaining vote is always the decider. I think visitors are able to communicate almost instantaneously. They are probably able to conference at the speed of thought. A triad of greys may not be a triad at all, but an individual that is more than the sum of its parts. Each triad could have its own personality traits and an identity of its own. This would make their society infinitely complex. They could live in a constantly shifting sea of individuals that appear and disappear.

To create a new mind from linked individuals, I think that they enter a kind of trance state, where the lines between individual personalities disappear. Once the visitors break the shared trance, they all retain some memories and personality traits of the grouped consciousness, but lose just as much as well. I imagine that they are able to regain all of the lost data, but only when they reintegrate into the same grouped individual from the same separate personalities. It is just that there are certain things, conclusions, sensation, impressions and ways of looking at things that simply won't make sense to the un-linked individual, therefore some data is probably lost once the link is broken.

I think this because it perfectly explains my own experiences with this form of communication. I can remember impressions and some hazy imagery, but not much more. My memories are weird and broken, it is like blacking out and awakening after having a really strange dream, the details of which slip your grasp moments after you wake. There are images and impressions left behind but not much more. More like the shadows of memories than the memories themselves.

If my conscious processes are being shared by a group of individual minds this would make perfect sense. My memories are incomplete because the events were not processed by my own brain. Perhaps the visitors have a

way to access these memories, maybe they use some kind of technology or some kind of meditative practice. I just know that I myself am left with the odd sensation that I have engaged in some kind of activity of which I have almost no memory of. It is like there is another version of myself, that is able to recall all of these details, that is able to interact with the visitors, but I have no way to unlock the secrets of this peculiar doppelgänger.

I suspect that the visitors method of recall from their conjoined state of consciousness is meditative rather than technological.

I think this because there have been times in my life where these bizarre and rich memories seem to bubble up close to the surface of my conscious mind.

I will hear something that seems to remind me of something intangible. It is like déjà-vu but more intense. I will suddenly feel a hot dizzying excitement that seems to come from nowhere. I then find myself retracing my steps to try and find the trigger that pushed me into this odd state. It could be a word that I heard or an image that I saw. One such event occurred while I was watching an old documentary about the mysteries of the cosmos, at the start of the millennium shows like these were pretty popular. You can still find them at the more educational end of the cable channels. I was barely paying attention to the show, but something that had just been said seemed to stir something in my mind. The narrator had just been explaining how the force of gravity is mysterious and still defies explanation.

Upon hearing this, I had the distinct impression that I knew how gravity works. I obviously didn't, but some part of me had reacted to the narrator's statement with a kind of assured smugness of someone with a juicy secret. I have had this happen many times over the years, to the point where I have become concerned that I am harbouring some kind of hidden personality within my own mind, a smug Mr Hyde to my own bewildered Dr Jekyll.

The odd sensation that I had felt during the documentary forced me to pay attention to the show to see whether it would return. After a matter of minutes it did indeed return. The show was explaining some of the details of Einstein's Theory of Relativity and had just described how his theory had coincided with the Edwin Hubble's discovery that the Universe seems to be constantly expanding. This was relevant because for Einstein's theory to have worked, it meant that the Universe would have to be in a state of either constant contraction or expansion.

As soon as I heard the words Universal Expansion, I knew that this phenomenon was not only closely tied to the force of gravity, but actually responsible for it somehow. At the time I had no idea how or why this could be true, but over the years since this event, I have learned to listen to my mysterious doppelgänger and I believe that I have managed to construct an alternative and new model of our reality that I believe will stand up to close scientific scrutiny.

Whenever I try to pull images and impressions from this other me, I feel a sense of disorientation and waves of dizziness will engulf me. I have found that I must enter a completely passive state and allow images and impressions to wash over me. I will hold a concept in my mind and enter a kind of meditation to see if I have any hidden associations with specific concepts. I know when that I have struck gold by the spontaneity of any images or impressions that come to my mind. I have become quite adept at distinguishing between imagination and retrieved impressions. If I try to actively seek a specific answer, my mind will work to try and solve the problem. The only way to retrieve hidden memories, seems to be by running a problem visually through my imagination and wait to see whether I can trigger any memories from my subconscious. The deeper that I meditate, the more successful I seem to be.

Until I had begun to entertain the possibility that part of my own memories may be locked within a hive mind like consciousness, my doppelgänger was a complete mystery to me. I now think that my doppelgänger is simply the version of myself that exists when I become linked into a group of minds. I think that when I meditate, that I am somehow able to integrate part of myself with this hive consciousness. By becoming passive and shutting down my chattering mind, I am able to find the part of me that is always interacting with the visitors.

I think that is why my last hypnotic regression was so strange. I believe that when I entered into the deep hypnotic state of consciousness that my mind was able to find it's way back into the hive mind.

I may have not been the one speaking during the regression, the being speaking on the recording might not have been entirely human. The voice on that recording could have been that of a triad, of which I was only a part.

This is why I think that I felt intense spinning at the end. This was the point that I was disconnected from the triad. It is the point that Stephen re-

entered the room.

I think that this is one of the reasons that we experience amnesia after our abductions. It is because in a very real sense we don't experience them. The moment that we are within range of our abductors, we are inducted into a different kind of existence. I believe it is how the visitors are able to make us do things that we wouldn't normally do. They are carrying the casting vote therefore we are powerless to do anything but obey. The fact that we are existing as a grouped consciousness means that we feel as if we are partially at least, making these decisions for ourselves. The only way to resist is by returning back to your body, but when your body is completely paralysed and therefore lacking all sensation, it is all but impossible to reassert your own sense of self. Individuality is not an option unless you can break through the paralysis, which is why I think the visitors reacted so badly when I actually managed to do so during one of my final encounters.

I think that it is also why I was able to retain my memories of my regression. During my regression, I was not paralysed therefore I was able to maintain my own sense of self. It is why my dialogue keeps on bouncing back and forth. Coming out it quick bursts, interspaced by short silences. I was constantly bouncing back and forth between the collective and my own body. Another interesting thing to note is that I had forgotten most of the details of my regression until I re-listened to it.

I listened to the recording on my phone a day after the regression and I was surprised by a lot of the things that I had said, especially at the end of the regression. It was an unusual experience because once I heard myself talking, I could remember saying the things that I was saying. I was being reminded of something that had only happened the previous day and yet it felt as if the event had occurred years before. It was as if my mind had incorrectly filed these memories into a folder with the wrong date. It felt as if I was being reminded of some event that had occurred deep in my past, but once I had been reminded of it, the details came flooding back to me.

I think that this may hint at the possibility that all events that occur to us when we are linked into a collective are recorded in our memories. I think that the strangeness of the experience just means that the memories are locked into some closed off area of our minds. Maybe we just catalogue them as dreams to be forgotten or perhaps we must first enter into the strange state of grouped consciousness to be able to access these unusual memories.

Memory works by association, so perhaps the alien nature of collective cognition isolates these memories into an inaccessible area of recall.

I may never fully understand the nature of my interactions with the visitors, but I am sure that by learning more about the way in which we communicate, that we could unlock some incredible revelations on the nature of consciousness. I believe that the visitors are able to interact with us through a different medium of reality that bypasses physical limitations. I don't think that their communication uses some kind of latent psychic ability that is locked away in some previous undiscovered part of our brains. I think that the reality is far stranger and that they are interacting with a part of us that is common to all forms of life, one that exists on a different plane of reality than the standard three dimensional medium that we are more familiar with.

I will be writing a lot more about the nature of this mysterious hidden plane of existence in the latter part of this book, but I promise that a full explanation is forthcoming. I promised that I would not resort to New-Ageisms and although that last paragraph uses some pretty suspect terms, I will be giving you a rich and mechanistic explanation for how that mysterious plane of existence operates.

So what does it mean to be linked into a collective consciousness through this mysterious medium of existence?

I suspect it means that a person that is linked into a collective has access to memories and knowledge that is not their own. I know from experience that in this state, that I have been shown images and felt sensations that were alien to me. Previously I thought that some of these impressions were part of some kind of technological virtual reality and I had dismissed the more bizarre memories as vivid dreams, but now I wonder whether or not I was experiencing the memories and experiences of other beings. If this is the case maybe I was granted access to a wealth of information that could benefit humanity. This could be true, because I have discovered over the years that I seem to possess scientific knowledge that is outside and beyond what is known by our own scientific institutions. I find it more likely that I gained this knowledge at the consent of my captors. I feel that if there was anything that they did not want me to know, then I would not be able to access it. These beings probably communicate as collective consciousnesses regularly

and to think that I could somehow outsmart them would be arrogant to say the least.

I think that the manner by which I have recovered this information may hint at the visitors motives for furnishing me with it. To regain this knowledge, I have had to rediscover a part of my mind that seems to be permanently linked to the visitors. I find that I have to quiet my mind and simply allow questions to sit in my mind. I do this by contemplating a problem, or some mystery that I would like to unravel. I will then sit quietly and try to silence my mind by focusing on my body and my breathing. I will search for an area in my mind for a sensation of slight disorientation that I feel when I am around the visitors. It is like a musical note that is always playing, one that is so quiet that it is usually difficult to detect. Once I find the note, I will allow it to engulf me. It feels like I am travelling somewhere and that my body is tumbling through space. Usually I will sit like this for about ten minutes, but that depends on how much I am enjoying the experience. When I open my eyes, I find that I feel lighter somehow and that time has slowed down. I will then be able to detect the feeling or note that I experience when I am around the visitors for a couple of days after this type of meditation. During the days after these type of meditation, I will usually see something that triggers part of my mind and a wealth of associations and revelations will come flooding into my mind. I always know that I am about to have one of these moments when I feel an increase in the intensity of the strange sensation that has been ringing in my head since my last meditation. It is like a bell telling me to pay attention, because I am about to learn something interesting. At these moments I try to passively observe what is going on around me and allow impressions and ideas to spring up from some part of myself that doesn't feel like me. It feels like I am being reminded of something that I already knew, yet I am unable to uncover the source of the knowledge. I cannot ever remember being told the things that I seem to be recalling, and yet the concepts themselves come flooding into my mind with an intense clarity and richness that hints that these are concepts that I have previously learned, but forgotten.

I have discovered how to unlock these types of revelations over a twenty year period. At first I would just notice the strange sensation whenever I was exposed to something that proceeded one of these eureka moments. After a while I would try to find the sensation, sometimes by just searching inwardly

and eventually through meditation. I sometimes worry that by entering this slightly altered state of consciousness, that I am somehow alerting the visitors to my presence. I fear that by drawing their attention that I am somehow going to trigger another close encounter.

I believe that the source of this uncovered knowledge is the collective overmind of the visitors themselves. I think that I have previously learned the information that I am rediscovering, but I am only able to access the data when I am aware of the part of my mind that is still linked to the visitors.

The reason that I think that I have previously learned this stuff, is because the concepts and images feel like my own constructs and metaphors to better understand the things that I have previously learned. When the visitors communicate with us, they use imagery and associations that are already in place in our minds. This is why I hear my own voice echoed back at myself when the visitors talk to me. They cannot create anything that doesn't already exist within my mind. From their point of view our thoughts and impressions exist as a kind of language with its own alphabet.

If we want to convey a concept, we cannot simply invent a new word with its own distinct and new letters because then no one other than you will understand what that word means, similarly the visitors must mold and shape our own thoughts and impressions into the concepts and images that they are trying to convey.

When I experience one of my Eureka moments, the images and concepts are already in my mind, whereas when I communicate with the visitors, they come slowly and deliberately. Each image comes with carefully constructed descriptions and I am able to ask questions about anything that I am having difficulty understanding. When I rediscover things that I have already learned, it is more like looking at a vast mandala. I can observe every piece in its place, I just need to spend time unravelling the specifics of each part. The most intricate example is Gravity. When I first understood that Gravity is closely linked to Universal Expansion (or Inflation if you prefer) it felt like a huge revelation, but when I looked at how that effected other forces and what it told me about the nature of mass I found that this one revelation was linked to almost every major thing that we don't understand about the Cosmos. If I looked backward at the birth of our Universe I could see the fundamental states of existence and if I looked closer at the phenomena and forces that

exist within our Universe, I could see how everything is related and how everything comes from one simple state of existence.

I think that it is entirely possible that every person that has experienced some sort of communication or close encounter with the visitors to be in the possession of infinitely valuable information about our Universe and yet be completely unaware that they possess any data at all.

There is a good side to all this. It means that if our two races do ever make full contact between our cultures, then every abductee will be able to access a vast wealth of memories and information.

Perhaps this is part of their long term plan. Perhaps every abductee will become a mine of information, allowing them to help bring the two radically different cultures together quicker than would be otherwise possible.

It would be nice to think so, but to be honest, I don't know what the visitors long term plans are. One thing I do know is that contact will change everyone of us into something that our present selves would have trouble recognising. I am not saying that contact is a bad thing, but it isn't something that we should all be rushing into without knowing what it really means.

During hypnotic regression we are able to access a part of the close encounter experience, but I think that this may just be the tip of the iceberg. We might only be recalling the portion of the experience that was being processed within our brains. The trouble is that while the brain is processing the data and reacting, it may not be experiencing the full encounter. Since I had my revelation concerning linked consciousness, I believe that most of my experiences seem to have been taking place within an intangible network outside of my own head.

I think that if my abduction experience becomes physically traumatic for me, then visitors are able to completely remove my consciousness from my body. My cogitation continues within a network created by the visitors. I think this is why we black out and it is why the experience feels like falling into the eyes of the visitors. In a very real sense this what is happening.

I believe that this is why I seem to be able to feel the visitors presence even when I cannot see them. I think that this occurred during my final regression.

The visitors literally reshape the part of our reality that contains human

thought. Think of this as the space that souls occupy. When the visitors reshape this space we are able to perceive a quieting of the waters that our minds are immersed in. When they interact with these waters we can feel the ripples that their activities generate. I think that this is why the visitors depend on my own impressions and ideas to convey information. Our brains are already adept at interpreting information from our souls and it is along this path that their own form of communication is transmitted. This means that when the visitors speak, we feel it as a kind of spontaneous internal monologue, which is why I have been fooled so many times at the start of my own abductions. I think that when I spend time deeply conversing with the visitors, I can sometimes become attuned to signals across this ethereal medium, which is why I sometimes hear the spontaneous thoughts of others and once even spent a week perceiving the emotions of everyone around me. I think that all things exist immersed in two distinctly different realities. I think that living matter is a form of matter that has been reshaped by the more elusive reality and that it experiences a closer relationship with this hidden world. I think that our brains are computational organs, but also the more delicate structures within them operate as a kind of receiving device, detecting signals from this other reality. The more complex and delicate that the structures within our brains are, the more attuned we become to these signals across realities. I think that every human possess the ability to detect and reshape the subtle reality that we are immersed in and if we could better understand this reality, we might all be able to harness these latent abilities.

I think that our obliviousness to this other reality presents one of the largest obstacles between human and visitor interaction. Without being inducted into the visitor collective, the visitors seem strange and scary. To them we live out our lives as if we are locked in soundproof dark, impenetrable boxes, so from their point of view we seem incredibly eccentric and bizarre.

Induction into their collective is extremely scary. You are forced to release your own sense of individuality and are introduced into a world of unfamiliar stimulus and sensations.

This is why I think that I seemed to split into two separate individuals during my encounter with my own doppelgänger. There was the part of me that entered the visitors communication network and was conversing with the

beings in the room, and there was also the part of me that was viewing all this from the outside of the conversation. The part of me outside the network was locked within my paralysed body, only able to perceive a confusing profusion of light and sound, dimly aware that I had a doppelgänger that seemed to be having some kind of interaction with the visitors. Unfortunately this was the version of myself that I had inherited my memory of the event from, and I was therefore left with the confusing impression that my mind had split somehow.

I really do worry about what it means to be an abductee. Sometimes I just worry that it means that I have lost my marbles, but I am also worried that my perceptions of the visitors have been clouded by my contact with them. I have already written that I feel that the visitors are good and yet I have also written of my painful and traumatic experiences with them. I have written about the fact that I think that they may have been a terrible and destructive force in our ancient history, and yet I still think that they are good.

I don't think that this is brainwashing at work, rather a worrying side effect of being inducted into their collective. When we are with the visitors, we are a part of them, therefore how can the visitors be wrong, when in a sense they are us.

I think that there is something within every abductee that remembers being a part of the visitor's collective. I think it is this part that has been infected by a kind of glamour. We cannot view them too harshly, because we remember being them. We identify with their motivations as if they were our own. Whenever a person takes any course of action, he or she will feel compelled to defend it when it is criticised. It doesn't matter how unfair or wrong the action was, it is just a natural automatic response to defend yourself whenever you feel persecuted. We find it much harder to view our own actions objectively. Now imagine an entire culture that acts this way. Democracy works by weighing opposing views. The visitors have just one view, theirs. Whenever we are submerged into their state of being, we become compliant sheep, agreeing with every decision that they make.

I think that this is one of the reasons that they haven't made contact with our general population. It is because it would instantly change everything that we are, but not only that, it would transform us into them.

As a species we are argumentative, irrational and greedy and yet with all

that, we have managed to build many successful civilisations throughout history. We are able to exercise a level of control on our more destructive instincts and natural desires. We build social systems that work with our instincts rather than trying to suppress them. I know that there are many examples to the contrary, but all of the most successful and persistent systems of government have tried to harness and cater to everything that it means to be human. Tyrannical systems tend to grow rapidly and then burn out. Tyrannical systems place too much power in the hands of too few individuals, whereas democracies try to spread that power throughout the populace. Tyrannies have the advantage that they are able to manoeuvre and develop much faster because there are so few people at the helm, but when they reach a certain size, they are always overwhelmed by the masses of unhappy citizens within their own populations. Revolutions are a predictable outcome to these types of systems, but we seem determined to make it work. This represents a malfunction in our core programming that we have inherited from our ancient ancestors. Nature favours the strongest and fastest individuals and drives them to try and be as successful as possible. This drive pushes us toward conflict with our own species, so that we may further our own genetic legacy. We all feel that we are more worthy than our competitors so we are driven to strive to the top of our society. This behaviour ensures that the most successful specimens are able to spread their genetic legacy as far and wide as possible. This is the drive that we all share that pushes us to acquire more power and influence. In nature this programming works very well and guides evolution along favourable paths. In our modern societies this behaviour has become a kind of cancer. Each government can be viewed as an organ within the body of the vast organism that is the human race. It just takes a single cell within that organ, or in this case a single individual in a society, to malfunction and start to reshape the whole organ into something that impacts upon the whole body negatively.

Despite this battle between the health of our civilisations and our ancient instincts we have built a vast international community that is based on cooperation and shared wealth. We are incredibly valuable as a species to the populations that inhabit our galaxy. We are culturally diverse and vastly interesting. Our population is a vast organism of distinctly different individuals, each with their own opinions and beliefs. If we are able to move beyond international conflict and the horrors generated by our ancestral

instincts, we will be able to expand out into a welcoming galaxy of diverse and fascinating cultures.

Our future could be incredibly bright, but first we must learn to address the problems of our instincts. If we could just learn to objectively recognise when we become motivated by our basest desires and put systems in place to rehabilitate individuals that are trapped in these destructive patterns of behaviour, then we could potentially build an international civilisation that is ready to take its first steps into the wider reality of interstellar interaction.

This is why contact with extraterrestrials hasn't occurred yet. If a flying saucer was to land on the lawn of the White House, then the extraterrestrials would be making a statement about which government that they recognise. The visitors would have to land craft at the seat of power of every government simultaneously and then we would have to hope that none of these governments would see this as an act of aggression and fire upon them. The only real alternative would be for the visitors to seize power for themselves, by landing in a occupational force and forcibly drive us toward a global society. This is completely unthinkable to the visitors based on the information from my final regression. The visitors wish to preserve our own distinctiveness and allow us to find our own way into the wider galactic community. I was told during my last regression that everything that they have done, was done to ensure our continued survival. I truly believe this and I hope that we are able to live up to their expectations and raise ourselves up to a level that is mature enough to interact with extraterrestrial civilisations without fear and prejudice.

These are all just my own conclusions on what I have seen, if they don't agree with your own observations, then please disregard my ideas. The same goes for the information that I relayed during my regression. It could be that my experiences have forced me to build a fantasy that satisfies my need for a logical explanation for my encounter experiences. This could all be the delusions of a man that has been pushed beyond the limits of his own sanity. I wish I could tell you for certain which of these scenarios are correct, but some days I am not sure. I think that I tend to cling to the explanation that scares me the least at any given time. When put against the possibility that myself and my family are not safe in our own beds, insanity can sometimes seem like the preferable option.

In this chapter I have spoken about the fact that there is a level of reality that the visitors are able to access but we are blind to.

This may have sounded like the regurgitation of old ideas concerning alternate dimensions or other realms of consciousness, but now I am going to put my money where my mouth is, and share everything that I know about this other reality.

If this information is as objectively undeniable as I think that it is, then I am about to change the way that you view reality forever.

Either that or I am about to make a huge fool of myself. Both outcomes have the potential to make for an entertaining read.

Enjoy.

Chapter 8:

Pseudoscience

Pseudoscience, I realise that this is a very defeatist title, but I want to make it very clear that what follows is far from real Science. Real Science is a rigorous process that records real phenomena and slowly builds an accurate understanding of that phenomenon through practical testing and careful observation. What follows here is my attempt to share half remembered images and impressions of something very strange and bizarre. The manner that I seem to I have uncovered this information is equally ambiguous and has no resemblance to real Science.

I believe that I have dragged this information from my subconscious memory partially through a specific kind of meditation and partially through constantly analysing aspects of my own abduction experiences. Both of these methods seem to prime me for a strange intense vertigo that triggers an abstract form of recall that occurs often days after my meditations.

I have almost no memory of the circumstances with which I have received this information. I believe that I was exposed to it in an extremely strange state of altered consciousness that I have experienced in the presence of the visitors. In this state, I believe that I was inducted into a hive mind like awareness that involves a kind of blending of consciousness between a group of individuals.

My memory of these altered states is almost completely absent, but I seem to have retained something. I think that I have uncovered a new perspective on our reality that could transform our understanding of the nature of our Universe and our place in it.

The main way that I have uncovered this information is by experiencing vertigo inducing periods of recognition whenever I have been exposed to abstract information about our Universe in the media, often in the form of Science documentaries. When I have one of these disorienting waves of recognition, I will try to uncover the source of this odd *deja vu*. This often leads me to uncover new information that goes far beyond anything that I may have picked up from the trigger of the initial sensation. I will find myself reconstructing things that seem to be buried deep in my subconscious memory, partially by joining the dots and also by feeling my way to see what feels familiar.

I did warn you, this is far from Science.

I have never been able to regain any memories of having this information imparted to myself. The information that follows is a reconstruction, based purely on the things that I have been able to piece together by following the strange impressions that I have felt when exposed to very specific concepts.

The reason that I am sharing this stuff isn't because of the infallibility of my method of uncovering it, it is because the results seem to be a stunningly complete, logical and mechanistic model of reality that explains forces of nature that have so far defied explanation by standard scientific practices. So maybe it is time to take a look at a little Pseudoscience.

I think that there are large holes in this information and that these holes are representative of the limits of my own understanding of these abstract concepts. I am not a scientist, in fact I am not particularly smart, but I do think that I have been exposed to something that is both very real and incredibly important.

I will be sharing everything that I have been able to piece together, which even though it is incomplete, does offer a brand new perspective on the subjects that it relates to.

In the following chapters I will be changing the tone of my writing. Before now, I have been writing from a position of subjective experience. I have tried to share my experiences as objectively as possible because this information represents my own quest for truth. I have been careful not to fall into the trap of believing in one explanation for my encounters without doubt, instead trying to entertain all possible explanations. In the next chapters I will be sharing this information as objective truth. This is not an attempt try and sway your opinion or convert anyone to my way of thinking. It is just that this model of reality depends on a hierarchy of systems that are closely interlinked. If I am to describe this model successfully, then I am going to have to write it as if everything that I am writing is based on fact. The benefit of this is that if one major part of this model can be proven as false, then it should all be easily dismissed in a single sweep.

I can't say that I would be too happy with that outcome, but then at least I would have an answer to the question of whether this stuff has any value.

So with all that said, lets get on with it shall we?

A good place to begin would be the start, so I will begin with the original start. I will share what I know about the Big Bang and go into some detail on the nature of reality before that singular event.

This will also help you to understand the fundamental nature of reality and in this way you shall see how all things are connected and interacting in unimaginable ways.

So without further ado, lets get on with it shall we.

Chapter 9:

Before the Big-Bang

I will start by describing the Triad of Existence. I'm not sure where that term comes from, but it perfectly describes the minimum requirement for anything to exist. I feel like I have heard the term used in the general media, but maybe it is something that I have specifically been told by the visitors. My memories on the origins of this information is a complete muddle due to the manner of how all of this data seems to have been relayed to me, so I will have to make do with not knowing where I learned that term.

The Triad of Existence is in part an answer to the old question, "If there was a time when nothing existed, how can anything exist"? This question highlights probably the most fundamental problem with reality. If there is a reality where something can exist, then there must be a version of that reality where nothing exists. If there was nothing, how do you create something from nothing? Zero plus Zero always equals Zero. No matter how hard you try, it seems to be impossible to get from a state of infinite nothingness to the existence of anything at all.

The Triad of existence gets around this problem by completely ignoring it. At the base of all existence is a form of reality that is incredibly simple. It follows a simple three step system that is able to sustain a form of existence that is completely independent.

We can imagine this level of reality as a simple loop, like a bead on a

string that is following an eternal circular path of motion. This image illustrates perfectly the rules of the Triad of Existence, because the Triad dictates that for anything to exist, it must have Space, Time and Position. In this image the bead describes its own Space by moving along its own circular path. It experiences time by experiencing the duration that it takes to complete a single orbit and it has the motion of its own constantly changing Position along its own path to dictate its current Position. This Position ties everything together because it creates a singular moment in time and it's motion also illustrates the passage of Time and its motion through Space. Together these values generate a kind of self sustaining existence. We can imagine that this system has a kind of mass, which can be measured by calculating the amount of force required to counteract or halt the loop's motion. At this level of existence Mass and Motion can almost be thought of as the same thing.

Each part of this three step system is dependent on its counterparts. If there is no Space there can be no Time. Both Space and Time are dependent upon the relative Positions of all parts of the loop. Each part of the Triad is equally important. Existence cannot persist without Relativity and as this simple form of existence runs through its cycle, each step is dependent on the relative state of its own internal structure. We can reimagine this model as a simple repeating wave, or a string of numbers, it could even be the repeated verse of a song, it's manifestation is purely a matter of perception. This thing exists in a bubble of it's own reality and therefore our perception of it is dictated by our own point of view.

The way that this loop gets around our fundamental problem of Zero plus Zero always equals Zero, is by not having a start or inception point. This means that it cannot interact with anything other than it's own cycle because anything that is done to it that changes it in any way, would put it in a linear medium of existence. In a complete vacuum of reality, Inception is impossible because there is no medium of shared time. There can be no action for the creation of this particle to be sparked from. For the particle to have any existence at all it must have always existed, therefore it cannot interact in a manner that would affect its own infinitely repeating loop. As soon as its loop is altered, it ceases to exist.

It seems like we have created a paradox, because the only form of matter

that we can create in a vacuum of non-space is unable to interact with anything at all.

Sorry folks, I guess that this means we can't have a Universe after all, it has all been built on a lie, poof and everything is gone.

Just kidding, our little loop has already found one loophole (pun intended), lets see if it can find another.

The next step that our little loop takes toward the reality that we recognise is by taking advantage of the fact that at this stage, it exists in a realm of complete nothingness. Without a shared medium of Time and Space phenomena is no longer limited by the constraints that this medium imbues. This means that if one loop can exist, then an infinite number of them are also able to exist, and in infinite variety also. Without the constraint of Time, they immediately exist in an instant and because there is no concept of Space beyond the surface of these objects, they all exist at the same place and yet infinitely far away at the same time. If there is no interaction between these loops, the concept of Space is meaningless, because from the point of view of each loop they are completely alone.

On the plus side this also means that if they can find a way to interact, then they will and they will do so instantly, so let us take a step back and see what happens next.

If we remember that these objects can inhabit the same Space, because there is no shared concept of Space and Time as yet, we can begin to spot clues as to how these units of existence could potentially interact.

If we take two identical loops and overlap them, we cannot distinguish which loop is which, therefore we would end up with just one loop, which puts us back to square one.

Alternatively if we try to overlap two loops that are totally different, then they would not be able to interact, because they would have to adapt their own internal matrices to each other, cancelling themselves out in the timeless medium of non-space.

So that just leaves us with one option. Lets see what happens if we overlap a loop that has similarities to the first loop, but is not identical.

Such a loop would be able to overlap the sections of itself that are identical to the first loop, but the non compatible sections would simply divert along a split path to continue the rest of its path alone.

The internal structure of each loop would be preserved, but the loops would also interact in a non-destructive manner.

Each loop would be completely oblivious to the presence of its neighbour, but together they have created a slightly more complex matrix of Time and Space.

Now let us remember that all of this is occurring in an absolute vacuum of existence, so things like location and timespan are meaningless. Also it is important to note that these loops exist purely as ripples of potential so anything that could exist does exist in infinite variety. The lack of shared Time and Space means that they all exist immediately and in the same location, that is unless they cannot interact, and then they may as well exist at an infinite distance from our newly conjoined loops.

This means that our initial simple system of two overlapping loops instantly explodes into an unimaginably complex whirlwind of overlapping loops of Time and Space, but then what is the point of this behaviour? The loops cannot detect each other's presence, so what is the benefit of overlapping in the first place?

To explain that I must introduce a new type of loop, one that is dependent on the existence of our original loops. In the interest of keeping things simple, I will call this new loop a type "C" loop.

This new loop is slightly different to the first two loops. To make this as easy to understand as possible I will describe all of the loops as simple alphabetical letters.

Let us imagine that our first loop, or loop A, is a repeating count from one to three.

Now let's imagine our second loop, loop B as a sequence of one to six.

We can imagine these two loops overlapping from one to three, but only loop B experiences the passage of four, five and six. It then returns back to one at the same moment that loop A is ready to restart its own count to three. In a shared medium of Time and Space this would be impossible, because the number one would occur for loop A while loop B is still at six.

The timing of B's return is irrelevant, because while its path occurred

outside the path of A, it was occurring in a vacuum of timeless non-space, so no matter how many numbers there were in its sequence, it is always able to return back to number one in time to share its position with loop A. Loop B could have counted to a hundred and it would not matter, I just picked six because it is easier to imagine if the sequences are multiples of one another and it also allowed me to highlight an advantage of existence within a timeless void.

So to clarify, A type loops are simple repeating loops. B type loops are conjoined loops that create split paths.

Now let's introduce loop C. C is an odd fellow, he follows a sequence, but his sequence goes, one, two, three, five, six.

We need to remember that any number that is counted while our loops are not overlapped, is not experienced by the other loops. This means that when our loops split off from one another, they are no longer synchronised. This makes the timing irrelevant, because outside of each other's loop, there is no shared medium of Time and Space. This gives the C loop the uncanny ability to overlap the first loop of two loops through the numbers one to three, but then it is able to immediately jump to five with the second loop to continue to six and then back to one with the first again.

This system is harder to imagine, because instinctually we want to put these loops in a shared medium of time and space. It is important to remember that there are no shared rules of geometry between these loops, because there is no shared medium of Space. Once we illustrate these loops, we give them form, but they do not have form, they are isolated waves of probability. At the stage of existence that I am describing, they are just now beginning to develop form, but they are far from anything that we would recognise as matter. We need to disregard the rules of shared existence that we are familiar with and try to imagine a reality where existence is scratched out from literal nothingness.

So how does Loop C help us on our way to a shared medium of Space and Time?

Well C does this through dependency. C should not exist. Loop C depends on the existence of A and B and without them it could not exist.

When Loop C jumps in its sequence from Three to Five, it does so by leapfrogging between two complete or closed loops.

Now to me this just seems lazy, but in its laziness, Loop C has just elevated Loops A and B up the scale of probability so that their existence is slightly more real than it was previously.

Loops A and B could have existed independently and the fact that they were alone would not have affected the existence of each loop. The fact that Loop C depends upon the existence of Loops A and B means that their existence becomes slightly more probable. Loop C also makes the fact that B type are overlapped more concrete because it will often depend upon this overlapping to create its own offbeat sequence.

Now this interdependency seems to imply a linear progression of time by the fact that for C to exist Loops A and B must exist first. We know that this kind of thing is forbidden in our realm of Non-space. Things cannot have a beginning in a medium of nothingness, but the fact that the loops are unable to perceive one another means that the exact moment that Loop C joined Loops A and B cannot be determined. Instead of a linear flow of time, we have a kind of fractal expansion of looped instances of space and time.

The reason that this thing is growing is because interdependency becomes a kind of currency in this new economy of reality. The more that these loops are able to interact without changing their own internal structures, the realer they become. This growth in their realness can be measure by observing a loop's relative position within a complex hierarchy of loops.

Each loop is a single fragment of a vast hierarchical structure that is constantly growing and becoming more complex. The more loops that can be added to the system, the more real that the initial loops become. The relative position of the primary loops within the hierarchy draws them deeper into a complex universe of constantly shifting and perfectly balanced units of existence.

The fact that this is all occurring within the void of non-space means that every iteration of this fractal of interdependent loops is exponentially growing in an instant. Every possible loop configuration is tested and if a structure of loops adds to the growth and complexity of the system as a whole, it is kept and the manifestation of every part becomes slightly more real. The new loops are created through a kind of holistic consensus between the pre-existing loops. If their own structures and existence are reinforced

through the introduction of the new loop then the whole system adapts to the presence of the newer additions.

Our humble hypothetical loops have developed into an unimaginably complex continuum of branching and twisting loops of Time and Space in just three steps from a system that only follows three basic parameters.

This new Reality grows and evolves through a kind of reverse entropy. Every step in its growth helps to reinforce and increase the complexity of the system as a whole. As it grows, so does the variety and complexity of the newer loops.

Now it is time for me to introduce you to a new type of loop. Before the manifestation of this new loop, there have been a countless number of loops that are variations on the C type loop. Some of these variants skip from thousands or even millions of different loops in their own circular paths of Time and Space.

The new loop is similar to these loops, but is different in one very important way.

We shall call this new loop a 'Type D Loop'.

The D loops utilise the paths of A types, B types and even those tricky C Types, but Type Ds don't repeat their own paths. These loops are not the familiar repeating patterns of motion that the old loops were, in fact these are no longer loops at all. The type D is more like a ribbon of motion, passing from one loop to the next with complete freedom to move through the whole system of loops.

These loops seem to contradict the old rule that nothing linear can spring from a void or to put it more simply, you can't get something from nothing.

The Type D gets around this problem by tracing its own movement from any circular loop. Every circular loop is able to argue the legitimacy of its own existence, by simply not having a starting point, and if that is so, then the interactions between the loops has always existed, because every part of it is constructed from parts that also do not have a beginning. This new loop is able to take advantage of this system as long as it is able to continue its non repeating pattern through the ever growing system of loops without ever hitting a dead end.

As long as the type D never stops, then it can be argued that it has always existed, but only if it is able to add to the complexity and growth of the

system as a whole.

Fortunately for the type D, it is very useful. It is able to link areas of the whole system that would otherwise be unconnected. Once a link is made, the repeating beats of the newly connected loops cement the new links and the whole system becomes slightly stronger and more complex as a whole.

The type D is also able to take advantage of the fact that every path that it could potentially take is automatically pre-tested in the void of timeless non-space. Things like position are almost purely subjective at this stage of reality, I say almost because the loops have established a new kind of relativity. Each loop depends on the existence of its hierarchical brothers and sisters within the system, but their positions are more like points in a sequence. It is a sequence that branches off in incredible convoluted and complex ways, but as yet there is no shared perspective of Time and Space.

The Type Ds are like arcs of lightning, flashing through the fractal structure of a vast shifting maze of spinning units of Space and Time.

I think that it is about time that we gave this wonderful and bizarre system of whirling loops of Space-Time a name. Considering that this is all occurring before the birth of the Universe that we all recognise, I will name it the “Protoverse”.

At some point in the growth of the Protoverse the Type D loops hit a dilemma. That implies that these loops have achieved sentience, but maybe that isn't so unbelievable. If we remember that these loops exist in an unimaginably complex shifting maze of diverging paths, and the fact that this is all occurring in a timeless void of non-space enabling these loops to test every potential path that they could take without committing to a set path, we can see how maybe these loops do experience something similar to cognition. I will put that to one side right now and I promise that we will return to the subject of the development of conscious awareness in the Protoverse in a later chapter.

For right now I want to explain this new dilemma of the type Ds.

The dilemma is simply that the Ds have found a way to massively increase the complexity of the Protoverse, but there is one obstacle. To connect the loops in the way that would benefit the whole system, they would have to sacrifice a single loop. The loop that is going to be sacrificed is a type

C. These loops come in an infinite variety within the system, so it shouldn't really be missed too badly.

Sacrificing a single loop is not quite as simple as you might think. The relative positions in the hierarchy of loops is dependent on each loop in the Protoverse. If one loop is removed then the effect will be felt by every loop in the system. Every connection that is dependent on the position of the sacrificed loop is instantly broken. In a non linear Universe this single event cannot simply occur. The existence of the loop must continue some how, but to benefit the hierarchy it must be removed from the system.

The loop has already existed within the system, so it cannot simply be erased. The laws of non-linear existence insist that every loop in the system hasn't just always existed, but will always exist for infinity into the future.

The Loop must be exorcised from the system and yet somehow must persist.

The loop is exorcised from the hierarchy of loops. No longer part of the system the loop is broken. This is because this loop was a type C and therefore its existence depended on its neighbours. Without its connection to its neighbours it is no longer a complete sequence. No longer able to repeat its pattern, the force of its own internal motion moves linearly into the void of non-space.

This event is what we call the "Big Bang" and everything that I have written about up until this point affects every natural law and force that we recognise in the Universe that we are more familiar with.

Chapter 10:

The Birth of our Universe

So our type C loop has just unravelled and its energy has been lost to the cold harsh nothingness of the infinite void of non-space.

Or has it?

To answer that, we need to imagine what exactly would happen if you were to release an undefined amount of energy into a dimensionless and timeless void?

Without relative position, we don't have a set of relative dimensions. So there is no direction for this force to travel.

Without Time, this event cannot have a beginning nor an end.

There are no directions for the force of the broken loop to move in, so it expands along three axis simultaneously. I believe is a reflection of the geometry of the original loop. Every loop within the Protoverse has an internal relative geometry. This internal geometry is not shared among the interactions with other loops, but is a factor of the dynamic internal position of phenomena within the loop.

I believe that the path of the initial loop moved along three axes and so our Universe inherited these literal dimensions.

When our loop began to unravel, there was an inside of the event, but beyond the event itself, there was and still is nothing but the timeless void of

non-space. The event behaves like a loop and can only interact with its own internal structure. This new type of Space follows the Triad of Existence, by having relative Position, Time and Space. The outward Motion of Expansion defines relative Space and the Motion of the Expansion generates a linear span of Time. We must remember that Time is simply the perception of motion through Space. The fact that the motion of our Universe is a Linear Expansion, means that Time is perceived as a linear procession, with a single direction, giving us an unbreakable Past, Present and undefined Future.

This inception of our Universe must occur, because the rules of non-linearity insist that the energy of the broken loop must continue to exist, but once exorcised, the loop must define its own rules to continue existing.

I must add a slight complication at this point. Although our loop was broken because the interactions that it once made within the Protoverse were broken, it managed to maintain one link. Our loop connected at least two other loops within the Protoverse. When our loop was broken, it was because the type D loops found a way to advance the complexity of the Protoverse by reconfiguring the loops that our loop was interacting with. This reconfiguration separated the loops that our type C loop was interacting with, in such a way that prohibited the links that our loop depended on. This meant that our loop had to separate from at least one loop. This separation broke the continuity of its looped cycle and thus its looped motion converted into expanding motion. The complication lies in the fact that our loop was not forced to separate from all loops and did in fact remain attached to one other loop. I will return to this later and provide evidence throughout the following chapters, but for now it is just something to keep in mind.

During the first moments of our Universe's life, the Space that was previously contained by the broken loop was too large to be contained by the amount of relative space in the first moments of its new linear incarnation.

This was because the loop that created our Universe was able to support its own existence as a loop while adhering to the rules of the Triad of Existence and therefore was able to dictate its own size as a loop. When that loop was broken, its size was dictated by the part of itself that existed within the Protoverse. Every other part of itself did not have a relative position of its

own, that is until the motion of Expansion imbued it with enough volume to contain its previous volume. Until that occurred, it had to rely on the Protoverse to give it a relative position and the Protoverse can only ever perceive the part of our Universe that it is interacting with.

This meant that every part of our Universe that was not overlapping its neighbouring loop suddenly found itself locked into a loop that occupied far less relative space. As time passed this pressure was relieved as the motion of Expansion literally increased the volume of space that our Universe contained. This did not solve the immediate problem however and so an alternative solution was found. Similar to a compressed gas, our Universe had to find another state in which to exist in. A pressurised gas will condense into a liquid when a certain pressure threshold is reached, and similarly the Space-Time that was our Universe changed its state. Without Space to contain the volume of relative Space that the looped iteration of our Universe once contained, our Universe converted this excess volume into Time. If we remember that to a looped instance of Space, Time is experienced as the rate of motion through its own cycle, we can begin to see how this conversion manifested itself.

At the birth of our Universe the relative velocity of its previous looped incarnation, determined the velocity of Expansion. The excess Space at the birth of our Universe was forced to follow an alternative vector. In its compressed state, it followed the only other pattern of motion that was available to it by overlaying this excess volume into the part of itself that still existed as part of the Protoverse. In other words it created looped instances of Space-Time. Unlike looped instances of Space Time in the Protoverse, these instances were created within a linear Universe and thus were subject to its rules. This meant that they are subject to entropy.

We would recognise these entropic loops as Subatomic particles. Matter is made up of units of space and time that are temporarily spinning along an undefined axis. At the end of an Atom's decay the Atom simply unravels, expelling its composite parts in all directions, which themselves will eventually unravel thus returning their energy to the force of Expansion.

At the first moments of the Big Bang our Universe created highly energetic particles, but as the Expansion of our Universe relieved more and more pressure, lower energy particles were created. This process furnished our Universe with a variety of different particles, which then became the

fundamental building blocks of all matter. This is a perfect solution for packing large amounts of Time and Force/Mass into minute areas of relative Space. Atoms exist as matrices of mini loops of Space/Time similar to loops that exist within the Protoverse. The key difference is that matter was created within a linear medium of Space-Time and therefore must also experience an end to their existence in this form.

Before the Big Bang the Protoverse was experiencing a period of constant growth and increased complexity. With the birth of the linear continuum of events that we call our Universe, we introduce a new concept into existence, the concept of Entropy.

The Expansion does not have a beginning or an end, From inside the Universe, we can observe a start, but externally, our Universe has always existed, once as a loop, but now as an incredibly dense and complex sphere of Space and Time. Externally the size and shape of our Universe is meaningless. In a dimensionless vacuum, form is irrelevant. The fact that from within our Universe, Space seems to be expanding is not something that can be observed from the perspective of the Protoverse. Our Universe's interaction with the Proteverse is limited to the simple fact of its continued existence. I will go into more detail on this interaction in a later chapter.

At the end of the lifetime of our Universe, when the last remaining sub atomic particles unravel their matrixes of motion and time into the flow of Expansion, there will only be the unmeasured motion of Expansion. When that happens, the whole show will begin again. The reason behind this, is that once Expansion can no longer be measured by any phenomenon within the Universe, then subjective, linear Time will no-longer exist. With the death of linearity, time reverts to its original looped state, and a new coordinate system is established, beginning with a single point, kicking off a whole new Big Bang. The driving force of our Universe is Expansion, every force and phenomenon within our Universe is an abstraction of that primary motion. As soon as relative position of phenomenon within our Universe can no-longer be established, then our whole coordinate system collapses and is restarted in the same instant. It is less of a Big Crunch and more like a warped vinyl record, skipping to the start of the track, "The Big Skip".

This new Universe, our Universe operates under the same rules as the

Protoverse, but with one huge exception. Our Universe is Linear, whereas every part of the Protoverse is locked in an infinite cycle of loops.

When the repeating cycle of our Universe was broken, the force of its motion lost its structure. The motion continued, but in a dimensionless medium it moved in every direction simultaneously. The initial structure of the loop became the shape of the outward force of the explosion of the Big Bang. You could think of this as a seed number.

In computing, a seed number is an initial value that is used to generate large procedural simulations. Games like 'Minecraft' and 'No Man's Sky' use seed numbers to generate almost infinite simulated Universes that players can explore. The seed number is simply a random number that the algorithms of the game apply rules and simulated forces to, to generate vast environments. The shape of our incomplete loop ensured that the Universe formed asymmetrically, with a random scattering of matter which would eventually form the stars of our night sky. As a type C loop, our Universe lost its symmetry once it was expelled from the hierarchy that created it, this is because part of it remained within the Protoverse. Remember that a type C can only exist as a loop, when it is linked to at least two other loops.

A looped unit of Space and Time, like the one that created our own Universe, is by its very nature symmetrical. That isn't to say that it possesses two identical halves, like a cricket ball, but rather each loop is identical to the one that preceded it and also to the one that follows it. It is easy to think of these loops as circles, but that is a mistake. They do not have a tangible, three or two dimensional shape, because they do not exist within a shared medium of Time and Space. Their structures are defined by their own internal requirements and set of rules. The structure of the Protoverse is strictly governed by the structure of every loop within it, because as soon as a loop is changed, it immediately ceases to exist. There is an emergent continuum within the Protoverse, but it is completely at the mercy of the loops of existence that it spawned from.

The internal structure of the broken loop that created our Universe set the values that determined the physical laws and limits of our linear reality.

The speed of light was determined, by the rate that the loop repeated itself. This value was determined, by comparing this rate, to the rates of every other loop within the Protoverse. It would seem as if determining this value would take time and be hard to pin down within an infinitely complex and

shifting system, such as the Protoverse, but we must remember that every loop exists within a strict hierarchy that dictates the precise structure of the Protoverse. Every event and shift within the Protoverse is determined by every aspect and structure of every loop within it. At first glance this seems vastly overwhelming and complex, but we must remember that as yet, there is no shared medium of Time and therefore, every event no matter how miniscule can take an undefinable amount of time. Like cogs in a vast clock; the size, speed and shape of every cog directly affects every other cog within the clock.

The rate of the broken loop's cycle exists on a vast spectrum of rates, or tempos, from the slowest loop to the fastest and it is upon this scale that every aspect of our broken loop is weighed.

The tempo of the repeating loop also set the rate of Expansion as well as the speed of light.

It is no accident that I called the loop that created our Universe a type C, because the speed that our Universe is expanding is also C. That is to say that it is the Universal Constant, also known as the speed of light.

I can give more evidence on this in a later chapter, but for now it gives us a value for the velocity of the initial loop that birthed our Universe.

If we return to the analogy of the procedural, simulated realities found within certain Videogames such as Minecraft, we can see that once the seed number is generated that every other aspect of the game is determined by a complex set of algorithms. This is also the case for our non simulated Universe. The structure of our Universe is governed by the structure of the Looped event that preceded it, but every force within our reality is also set by the same forces and constraints that existed for our Non-linear Loop. These forces can be thought of as algorithms, that set the physical laws for our reality. As we examine these algorithms, we will eventually see how these forces are not only influenced by the laws within the Protoverse, but we will see that they have not changed in any way.

There is one exception to everything that I have written so far. There is a phenomenon that does not seem to follow the same set of rules that exists for

all other phenomenon in our Universe. That is the phenomenon of light. Light is made up of Photons and Photons don't seem to play by the same rules that seem to exist for the rest of the Universe.

The closest cousin to a Photon is the Electron, but Electrons differ from Photons in some rather fundamental ways.

Photons do not seem to have mass, whereas Electrons do, even though it is a minute amount. Photons move through a vacuum, at the speed of light, whereas Electrons can get close to the speed of light, but can never reach the speed of light. Electrons can be categorised as matter, whereas Photons can behave like matter, but are really just bundles of electromagnetic energy.

A big clue to why Photons are so different from all other phenomena in our Universe is the fact that Photons do not seem to have a lifespan. They can be absorbed by matter, but they cannot be destroyed. They are the messengers of the Cosmos, they transfer energy between phenomena in our Universe. The energy that they can carry can vary across a broad spectrum, in fact it is the original spectrum, that is to say the Electromagnetic spectrum.

Photons are mysterious wonders that allow our Universe to exist. Without them, matter would not be able to exchange energy across large distances and our Universe would not be able to exist in one large continuum of Time and Space.

So what makes Photons so different? and how do they affect the model of reality that I am sharing with you right now?

I will answer those questions with a teaser for the next chapter.

Photons represent our Universe's interaction with the Protoverse and their existence provide strong evidence that the model of reality that I am sharing with you is accurate.

Chapter 11:

Light

So now we move onto the phenomenon of light and here I will explain why Photons differ from all other phenomena in our Universe. This explanation will not only reinforce the validity of the model of reality that I am illustrating right now, but it will answer questions on the nature of Quantum Physics that have remained unanswered since the inception of this whole field of study.

I gave the teaser that photons represent our Universe's perception of the Protoverse, so now I will explain what I mean by that.

When our Universe began its existence, it did so by breaking away from the Protoverse. When it did so, a part of it was left, connected but unable to fully interact with the Protoverse. Likewise the Protoverse is unable to interact with any phenomenon within our newly formed Universe, but its existence can be inferred by very existence of all phenomena within our Universe.

Just as the continued existence of our Universe is important to the continued existence of the Protoverse. The existence of our Universe's previous looped incarnation is an integral part of the structure of our Universe. The thing that changed when the Universe separated from the Protoverse is that phenomena within the Universe can no longer effect phenomena within the Protoverse. The Universe can be thought of as a fixed

number from the perspective of the Protoverse. A remainder in the vast mathematical equation that is the Protoverse. It is a number that is important in the evolutionary history of the Protoverse, but it is not included in the final figure.

The same can be said of the Protoverse from the perspective of our Universe. The Protoverse can be perceived as a fixed phenomena within our Universe that cannot be effected in any way that could change it. It is a phenomenon that is unaffected by the passage of time, it has a velocity that does not change and it contains no mass. Its existence is essential to the story of our Universe, without it there is no Universe and yet nothing we can do can affect the Protoverse, because any exchange of energy from a linear time frame would; by the prerequisites of existence as dictated by the 'Triad of Existence' instantly destroy a looped unit of Time and Space, signalling the demise of the Protoverse and all of existence as we know it.

A photon is a unit of energy that can act as a carrier of energy between phenomena in our Universe. When it is separate from matter, it moves through space as a wave of probability. When it interacts with matter, it collapses and behaves as a particle. There is nothing we can do that will change or destroy a photon. We think of them as energetic particles, but it seems more like they are the carriers of energy rather than being the source of energy. Their energy is perceived as the wavelength of their oscillations. The faster that their oscillations are, the higher the energy, the slower they oscillate the lower the energy that they seem to carry. That is an oversimplification of wavelength, but it will be sufficient for our purposes.

Our Universe exists in a linear time frame. That is to say that Time moves in a single direction. To do this, it has to exist within a linear continuum. A continuum is simply a word for the fact that one event follows the one that preceded it.

To exist within a continuum, information in the form of energy has to be shared by phenomena across large distances. This creates a perceivable Space Time Continuum.

For Space to exist, we must perceive Time and this would not be possible without the exchange of energy across Space. There is a problem with this and that is that once energy separates from the electro-chemical interactions that occur within matter, it ceases to exist from the perspective of all matter

within our Universe. For any phenomena to continue to exist once it is no longer physically attached to a mass, there needs to be a consensus between all phenomena within our Universe that something has changed. The speed of light prohibits that change from being experienced by any neighbouring body sooner than the speed of light could allow, but we must have continued consensus within our Universe for it to function as a continuum.

From the Protoverse's perspective, our Universe exists as a single event. The internal mechanisms of the Protoverse cannot effect the mechanisms of our Universe, but our Universe's existence as a single event is undeniable. The loop that our Universe remains attached to owes part of its existence to the continued existence of our Universe as a single event and so from the Protoverse's perspective, our Universe is and always will be a continuous event.

The broken loop that birthed our Universe had a value. That is to say that within the hierarchy of loops that is the Protoverse, our Universe had an energetic value that represented its place on the spectrum of values that exists for all loops within the Protoverse.

From the point of view of the Protoverse, that value has not changed. It is a value that is the single constant that we can perceive within our Universe. There is just one constant within our Universe and that is the speed of light.

The speed of light is the highest velocity possible for all phenomena within our Universe. It is value of the force that created our Universe. It is the rate at which our Universe is expanding and it is also the speed that we would have to travel in order to stop our relative motion through the Universe.

In other words the Speed of light is the single value on which all phenomenon within our Universe is can be measured against.

If we think of the speed of light as a fixed number, it is the number that was expressed into the void of non-space during and since the Big Bang. When it was first expressed, it was shaped by the triad of existence into a unit of expanding Space and Time. As a linear unit of Space and Time, it had to start from a single point rather than as a continuous loop. From within the Universe, there was a starting point for time, and so there was also a single starting point of space. The fixed value of C (the Algebraic symbol for the speed of light) represented both the speed of Expansion and the energetic

value of the Universe. At the very start of our linear time frame, the internal volume of our Universe was far greater than the relative volume of space imbued by our Universe's continued interaction with the Protoverse. As stated in the previous chapter, this led to the condensation of Space-Time into matter.

Once the circumference of the border of our Universe was sufficient to be moving away from its farthest border faster than the speed of light, matter began to be separated by the motion of expansion and the condensation of Expansion energy into matter all but stopped. When this occurred the structure of the continuum of our Universe was maintained by the existence of light. Any kinetic value, below the speed of light does not have any effect on our Universe's placement within the hierarchy of loops within the Protoverse, but if we were to exceed this limit, our Universe would have to be repositioned within the hierarchy, which simply cannot occur within the Protoverse. This is because it would mean that the Protoverse would perceive linearity, which cannot exist within a matrix of looped instances of Space-Time.

I mentioned above that the condensation of matter ceased or at least drastically reduced, when the Universe was large enough for its border to be expanding faster than the speed of light. This would seem to be a contradiction, because in the same paragraph I made it very clear that nothing in our Universe can exceed the speed of light. This is because there is a handy loophole to prevent this from becoming a problem. The loophole exists because of the nature of our linear continuum. Our continuum is supported by light to maintain relative position of all phenomena within it.

Light passes energy between objects in our Universe. This allows everything within the sphere of influence of a light source to be able to perceive that source. Expansion provides the limit for this sphere of influence. Expansion does not have a single point of origin. All points in space are expanding equally. This means that over a larger distance the rate of Expansion increases. In short, large volumes of space expand faster than smaller volumes. This means that the borders of extremely large volumes of space can move faster than the speed of light. A star that is sufficiently far from our sun would seem to be moving away from us faster than the speed limit of our Universe. This illustration also provides us with a clue as to why

this is not a problem. A star that is so far away from us that it is moving away from us faster than the speed of light would be completely invisible to us. Any radiation that the star emitted would only be able to move at the speed of light which is slower than the speed that the star is moving away from us. This means that the light would never reach us, because even light emitted in our direction would still be moving away from us. Once we are completely unable to perceive that star, then it has left our continuum. From our point of view, the star no longer exists.

The star now exists in a different continuum to us. It is still part of our Universe, but it is essentially lost to us. It exists Within a sphere of influence that does not include us. This means that we cannot perceive the fact that it is moving at or beyond the speed of light, and that is the nature of the loophole. The star in this model is not moving through space, which means that it is not moving toward anything at or beyond the speed of light. On the opposite border of its continuum, it is also moving away from objects faster than light. It is space itself that is moving and therefore nothing is breaking the fundamental law of the Universal Constant.

The Expansion of our Universe is the driving force for all phenomena in our Linear Space Time.

If we imagine a vast network of pipes with water constantly flowing through them, we could use this model to represent the complex matrices of the Protoverse. Now imagine that one of the pipes has been removed to create a leak in the system and beneath this leak there is a puddle that is slowly spreading across the floor. This puddle represents our Universe. The water is Space-Time and unconstrained by the sealed pipes, it is slowly spreading its volume across a wide area similar to the way that our Universe is expanding over time. Our puddle-Universe's growth is constantly being fed by the flow of energy/water from the closed system of the Protoverse/pipe network. The water in the pipes is exactly the same as the water spreading across the floor, but without the constraining factor of the pipes/loop network, it is behaving in a very different manner.

The water pressure of the pipe system has not changed, because the leak was created when a small connecting pipe was removed. The flow of water

through the small pipe was exactly the same as the flow of water that is moving through the hole that created the leak. From the pipe network's perspective, nothing has changed, but from the water's point of view, everything has changed.

This illustration shows how the speed of light remains constant and also why the energetic value of the lost loop was the same as the speed of light.

From the Protoverse's point of view, the energy of the lost loop is still present, just as the pressure of the water flowing through the leak is identical to the pressure that was previously flowing through the pipe in my leaky pipe metaphor.

From the Protoverse's point of view our Universe appears to be identical to the loop that preceded it. We might be fooled into thinking that the Protoverse is losing energy from the leaky pipe metaphor, but this is not the case. The Protoverse cannot lose energy. A loss of energy represents a linear progression of events. From the Protoverse's point of view our Universe is a fixed value. Under normal circumstances, the energetic value of the loop would simply generate a repeating pattern of Time and Space, but unconstrained; the energetic value of our broken loop is free to increase in complexity over a linear span of time. Like all broken systems, our Universe will eventually reach a point when the processes that are keeping the system running will eventually break down. This will happen when our Universe is so massive that energy can no-longer be passed between phenomenon within it. When this happens our Universe will simply begin again, as I illustrated in the previous chapter.

If we remember that the Protoverse is form and shape from infinite nothingness we can begin to understand that the potential complexity of our Universe is Infinite. Our Universe has a fixed value, but that value can be divided infinitely to generate a infinite amount of complexity from that fixed value.

So what does this have to do with the nature of light? Simply this, in our pipe metaphor, light can be thought of as the floor that our puddle Universe is spreading across. Light is our perception of the Protoverse and therefore it does not move with the flow of Expansion like everything else in our

Universe, just as we can tell the size and depth of a puddle by measuring it against the surface that it is on; light gives us a fixed unit by which we can discern all form, motion and it gives us something to measure the span of Time against.

Here comes the real brain twister, in the model of reality that I am illustrating to you, light does not move, in fact it is the one thing in our Universe that never moves.

I'll just give you a moment to finish calling me all manner of bad words.

Ok let me explain how and why I don't believe that light moves.

From the Protoverse's perspective, our Universe possesses the same geometry that it possessed as a repeating loop of Space-Time. The Space and Time that we perceive is unique to all matter created within the Universe. The Protoverse cannot perceive anything other than its own interaction with our Universe. We perceive the Protoverse in exactly the same way; we perceive it as an unchanging phenomena within our reality. Photons represent our perception of the Protoverse, but from our perspective photons change all the time. They exist on a broad spectrum of differing energy levels/wavelengths. They also seem to move through space, in fact they are the fastest phenomenon that we know of because they always move at the speed of light as long as they do not encounter matter in their path.

I am here to tell you that that is actually a trick of the light. Sorry I couldn't resist, but it is an extremely accurate joke.

Photons never change, in fact there are no Photons, there is just one and we are witnessing the same object countless times from countless perspectives.

It is not the photon that changes, it is our perspective that has changed. If you recall what I said about continuums, you might remember that a star at the centre of a continuum is moving away from objects on the border of its own continuum at the speed of light. This is true in every direction, which means that the star in this model is moving in all directions at the speed of

light. That isn't just true for the star in our model, but it is also true for all matter and phenomenon within our Universe. Right now you are simultaneously moving in every direction at the speed of light.

I know, it is a real mind bender.

From the Protoverse's perspective, you are not moving. You are still attached to all matter in the Universe. From your point of view, there is a separation between yourself and all other matter in the Universe. This separation was created by the flow of Expansion that is constantly moving all matter within the Universe apart. From the Protoverse's point of view, linear time does not exist. It perceives our Universe like all phenomena within the Protoverse, as a looped, repeating matrix of Space and Time. From within the Universe, Time does not repeat, rather it moves in a single direction in three dimensional Space. I was careful not to say through Space there, because it is an aspect of Space, not something that exists within Space.

The force of Expansion is simply the kinetic energy of a spinning matrix of Space-Time. From the Protoverse's point of view, that is still what our Universe is. The isolation of our Space-Time has resulted in an alternative perspective, a perspective of linear time. All loops of existence within the Protoverse are completely blind to the inner workings of every other loop. They can only connect as the surface level, as this is the only way to perfectly preserve the repeating cycle of their inner processes. This is how our Universe is able to sustain an existence that is so exotic from a Protoversal point of view. Externally our Universe appears to be a simple Loop of Time and Space, but internally the asymmetrical nature of our broken loop has generated a linear medium of existence that we call reality.

Light behaves as if Space and Time do not exist. It acts as if all matter is locked together in a vast looped matrix. From a Photon's point of view, Expansion does not separate matter, it instead represents the Mass or Force of the Universe as an eternally spinning, looped event.

We perceive Expansion as an outward flow of Space and Time.

The wavelength of a photon is not an aspect of the photon itself, but rather our perception of the Space-Time that the photon is immersed. Space does not exist as a medium, yet we perceive Space as the separation between all matter. When a photon moves from an energetic event to a less energetic

one, the energy from the more active event is transferred to the less active one. We perceive this as the wavelength of the photon, but to the photon, it is the two different pieces of matter that it has been transferred between that has changed, not itself.

Expansion is merely motion, as is heat. Matter is simply a restructured form of Expansion. When matter becomes energetic/hot it is simply another form of Expansive, kinetic force. A photon perceives all of space as one thing, whether it is in the heart of a star or out in the cold of deep space. Photons are unable to change their velocities, because they are not actually moving. We can perceive them as repeating loops of force, but that is all we can perceive them as. When a photon travels from the surface of our sun onto the surface of your skin, it changes the composition of your skin because of the energy that it carries in its wavelength has been dispersed and integrated into the matter that is your skin. From our perspective a photon that carries the wavelength of ultraviolet light has travelled at the speed of light from the sun, to the surface of your skin.

In my model a Photon has been created through the process of Nuclear Fusion and has sat suspended in space until your arm came crashing into it at the speed of light.

The photon's wavelength is merely our perception of the energy that created it.

A photon is created whenever a transfer of energy or an energetic process, loses energy beyond its own structural matrix.

In reality a photon is never created, rather the lost unit of energy simply sits suspended, until it encounters a physical mass. Luckily, thanks to the motion of Expansion and the fact that all matter in the Universe is constantly moving in all directions at the speed of light, the energy can simply sit there until something comes along and hits it. We perceive the object as a photon, but really we are perceiving a looped instance of Space and Time, which as you will remember is the natural state of existence before our Universe. The reason that the energy defaults into this state is because, while travelling through a vacuum it is not participating in the process of linear Space and Time. It is not communicating with any phenomena at all. When this happens, it defaults to the primary rules of existence and creates a looped instant of Space-Time. We experience a linear passage of time because we are constantly being affected by the force of expansion in some way. Matter

is just a bottled up version of Expansion and as long as we are being affected by matter, we remain part of the linear flow of time. If we are exposed to light, we are experiencing the transfer of energy from matter in direct line of sight to us and thus are experiencing an aspect of Expansion. All of these things keep us locked in relative, Linear, Time and Space. As soon as phenomena stops interacting with other phenomena, it creates its own continuum. The default continuum of all phenomena, is a repeating, looped matrix of Space-Time. We perceive this looped matrix as a wave of oscillating energy. This is how we perceive photons.

Photons do not exist in our linear time frame. As a Protiversal phenomenon, they perceive Linear Space-Time as a single loop. Photons are only created when energy is lost from a mass that is too small to be affected by Expansion. When any phenomena is unaffected by Expansion, it is ejected from the linear Space-Time continuum.

When we perceive the wavelength of an energetic photon, we are simply perceiving a different energy level of Expansion energy that spawned that particular photon. Photons are how all matter remains in contact with all matter in our Universe. When an energetic photon is ejected from our Sun, it seems to have a higher wavelength because to it, Space and Time were moving at a different rate. We are not perceiving the photon itself, but rather the Space-Time that created it. It is important to remember that everything that exists in our linear reality is an aspect of Expansion. All matter is just a compressed form of Expansion. That means that electrical charge, strong and Weak Nuclear forces are aspects of Expansion. Heat is a form of Expansion energy. Photons experience Expansion as a single value, the same value as the speed of light. When it is ejected from matter it defaults to that value and when it is reincorporated into matter it represents the frequency, or wavelength of the force of Expansion that created it. If that wavelength is higher than the unit of matter that receives it, then the photon disperses more energy into that matter.

When photons are incorporated into matter their energy is received by electrons within that matter. When a photon strikes an electron, it excites the electron into a more energetic state. This can cause changes to the structure of the matter and generate an electrical charge in some materials.

The fact that photons are unable to move at any velocity other than the speed of light, prevents them from transmitting their imbued kinetic force in

any other way than through wavelength. The wavelength of a photon can be thought of as its velocity. If we imagine a bullet that has been fired from the barrel of a gun, the kinetic force of the bullet is dispersed throughout the object that it hits. The bullet has gained a large amount of kinetic force from the violent chemical reaction within the firing chamber of the gun. That kinetic force was carried by the bullet until it was able to transmit that energy into its target.

If we think of a photon as the bullet in this illustration and bare in mind that all matter and force within our Universe is perceived as Expansion energy by the photon then we can begin to see that from the photons point of view, that it is simply moving through different geometries of expansive force. The photon experiences Expansion as a fixed value, therefore the value that does change when it travels from an energetic process is time. In other words the photon seems to move faster, which we perceive as a higher wavelength, but really we are simply perceiving our own Space-Time in relation to the unchanging speed of the photon. When a Photon connects an energetic event to a less energetic even, we are simply observing the differences between the two events, the photon has not changed, it is simply our perception of it that is different.

You may be asking yourself, if a photon is seperate from linear reality, how is linear phenomena able to take advantage of photons whenever they use them to exchange energy between masses? The answer is that although photons represent our perception of the Protoverse, they are also the part of our reality that exists within the Protoverse.

If we remember that our Universe is still connected to looped instances of Space-Time that exists within the Protoverse we can see how photons represent the part of our Universe that exists as a looped event within the Protoverse. Photons are a part of our reality that exist in a completely different type of Space and Time.

Whenever energy is released that is too small to be affected by Expansion it is no longer part of our linear continuum of Space-Time and so it becomes part of the Protoverse. As part of the Protoverse it is no longer governed by the same rules that govern all phenomenon within our linear continuum.

When a photon moves between matter, it has been observed through scientific experimentation to travel through space as a wave of probability.

This is because it is unmoored from the linear continuum of events that governs all things affected by Expansion. Without mass, the photon remains in place while the Universe moves around it.

The path of the photon is dictated by the vector of the event that created it. This is the last time that this energy was part of our linear continuum and so the photons vector follows its most probable course through space. The photon follows the outward vector of expansion as the Universe drifts past it. It seems to move at the speed of light because this is the speed limit of our linear continuum, this is the apparent speed of Expansion.

The Protoverse is completely blind to our linear time frame, so the differences between different events in our Universe are manifest as as a single event to the Photon. The differences are only perceived by phenomenon within our Universe. When we observe a photon we only perceive its increase of kinetic energy as it passes from a faster time frame to a slower one. The fact that photons can only travel at a fixed speed means that we perceive this increase as an increase in wavelength. This extra 'Time' is passed onto the electron shells of any matter that it interacts with and this excess energy pushes the electron to a higher orbit, or can even force it to become a free electron, or ion. Any extra energy/time from this interaction is released as a lower energy photon.

It is important to remember that matter is simply made of compacted Space-Time. Sub-atomic interactions are redistributions of Space and Time. When more Time is added to this delicate balance, it causes shifts and structural changes within the atom's matrix.

In the next chapter I will explain how the existence of matter as bottled up Expansion energy generates the force that we recognise as Gravity.

Chapter 12:

Gravity

At the start of chapter 2, I described how matter condensed from the Expansion energy in the first moments of the Big Bang. In this chapter I will explain how this explanation for the formation of matter also gives us an explanation for Gravitational force.

If we remember that matter is simply an altered version of Expansion, we can begin to see how the mere existence of matter could effect the motion of objects near to it.

Perhaps if we look more closely at the process of the condensation of Expansive force into matter, we can begin to understand how gravity actually works.

In the first moments of our Universe's existence, there was insufficient space to contain the volume of our Universe's previous incarnation as a looped instance of Space-Time.

There was and still is a part of our Universe is unaffected by Expansion. That is the part of our reality that exists within the Protoverse. We observe this part of our Universe as light because photons are literally the part of our Universe that exists within the Protoverse, but their existence is also registered by all phenomenon within our linear reality.

In the first moments of our Universe's life, Expansion force that could not be expressed due to the insufficient volume of linear Space, was diverted to the only alternative vector for this force to follow. That is to say that it mimicked the motion of the Protoverse and looped itself. In this way it was able to occupy the smallest space possible and condensed into a single point. It was able to transfer the trapped force into an almost closed matrix of looped Space-Time. In this way it could transfer the excess energy into a different rate of time. Imagine a vortex of spinning force, the more energy that is fed into the system the faster the vortex spins. Unlike Protoversal loops, the Expansion force loops were limited by their immersion in a linear Space-Time. This meant that although the new loops superficially behave like Protoversal loops, they are subject to entropy. In other words they have a limited life span and will eventually lose their structure, returning their energy to the flow of Expansion. If we think of Protoversal loops as perfect circles, then these new loops are more like extremely tightly wound spirals. They are constructed from linear space and therefore have a starting point and an end. This gives them a lifespan which is reached when the compressed spiral of time runs out. Until that occurs this compression of Expansion force has an effect on the literal shape of Space-Time in our Universe.

As I mentioned before, Space and Time are actually our perception of Expansion. The linear inflation of our Universe gives us our perception of linear time and the outward motion of Expansion also describes a three dimensional volume of space. When we interfere with Expansion, we also interfere with the geometry of Space and Time.

If we imagine a subatomic particle as a huge volume of space that has been compressed into a single point, we can begin to see how this might affect the force of Expansion.

Matter acts as a kind of dam against the flow of Expansion.

The act of compression directly conflicts with the motion of Expansion. If we imagine a large volume of space that is flowing outward with a small area that is not moving, we would observe a braking effect, where the outward flow surrounding the static area is moving slower than an area farther away from it.

With this illustration we can see how the relative density of different areas of Space-Time affect the motion of Expansion, but what happens when we apply this model across vast distances and scales?

In our Universe, every point in space is generating a miniscule amount of inflation force. In other words every point in space is constantly expanding. At the scales that we are used to, this effect is so small that it is almost impossible to detect. We can only observe the effects of Expansion when we use high powered telescopes to observe distant galaxies. When we do this, we can observe that the farther away that we look, objects such as galaxies seem to have a reddish hue. This is because these distant objects are all moving away from us with the motion of Expansion. The reason that they seem to turn red, is because they are moving away from us so fast that the light from them has been affected by a process called red shifting. This effect is generated by the fact that the source of the light is moving away from us fast enough so that the wavelength of the light from that object is flattened, pushing it toward the low end of the light spectrum, in other words reddening it.

The reason that we can observe this effect is because all points in space are constantly expanding, meaning that the larger the volume of space, the greater the effect of Expansion that we can observe. If we extend this to the limit of our continuum, we find that there is a point in space where Expansion not only reaches the speed of light, but beyond our continuum, it even surpasses it.

If we were to imagine ourselves on the border of somebody else's continuum, we could see how we are also moving at the speed of light from their point of view.

This means that all points in space are constantly moving with the force of expansion measurably all the way up to the speed of light in all directions from the point of view of every possible angle.

That was a mouth full, simpler put; everything is moving relative to everything else.

Now if we add this fact to the concept of slowed Expansion surrounding matter we can begin to see how Gravity works.

To us on planet Earth we perceive Gravity as a constant and powerful pulling force. Unfortunately I am about to pull the rug from beneath your feet again and tell you that this is an illusion. Gravity is not pulling you toward the Earth, rather Expansion is pushing you away from Space.

If we remember that matter slows the effect of Expansion, we might imagine that it is still pulling all things apart, but if we remember that we are moving with Expansion all the time we can begin to see that a slowing of Expansion would seem to become amplified and reversed in the presence of matter. Our galaxy is moving with the flow of Expansion, but the matter within it is diverting the kinetic force of Expansion in such a way as to create an attractive force.

If we imagine a fast moving stream, we could say that this stream is similar to the flow of Expansion. The stream is particularly useful because rather than moving in all directions the stream is flowing in one direction, which simplifies things for us.

Now if we imagine that a tree stump has been caught in the flow of the water and is rapidly moving downstream, we could say that this stump is like our planet.

I will add another detail to this metaphor and say that this is all occurring during the Autumn and there are leaves floating on the surface of the water too.

Now if we watch carefully, we might notice how the leaves seem to be attracted to the log for some reason. As they move with the water, whenever they get close to the stump, they seem to drift toward it and find themselves surrounding it in great numbers.

The tree stump is not drawing the leaves toward it through some kind of magnetic force, rather the flow of water around the log is drawing them to it. The heavy stump is moving slower than the water and therefore the water around the log is flowing slower than the water farther away. The leaves are simply giving us a way to see this by getting caught in the flow. The difference in flow seems to be generating an attractive force that is pulling the leaves toward the stump. The log does not have to halt the flow of the stream to generate an attractive force it just needs to generate drag in the water, slowing it slightly and altering its flow.

This is exactly how Gravity works. Just like the log, our planet is moving with the flow of Expansion, but unlike the water, Expansion is flowing in every direction at the same time. We are still moving with the flow of Expansion, but the slowing effect that the Earth has on this force, is drawing us toward the Earth's surface. By slowing the flow of Expansion, the Earth is

creating a kind of eddy in Space that is drawing matter toward it.

Expansion works across unthinkable massive scales so it seems unlikely that something as small as a planet could generate such a powerful force, but if we consider the vast amounts of energy trapped inside every unit of matter for unimaginable spans of time, we can begin to see how every single subatomic particle is a concentration of a truly vast area of space. Then when we consider the size of the Earth, we can begin to see how our planet could generate an effect that is felt across a truly massive volume of space. As we get closer to the Earth the force is amplified by the smaller localisation of an effect that is felt across light years of space.

Evidence of this model of Gravity can be found in the mystery of Dark Matter.

Dark Matter is a hypothetical material that is needed to explain how massive objects, specifically Galaxies are able to maintain their structure, despite lacking the mass needed to generate enough gravity to hold themselves together.

The problem is that galaxies spin and the kinetic force of the mass within them should be enough to disperse their stellar material in such a way as to make them fly apart.

The Milky Way should be more of a vast, uniformly dispersed, fog of stars, rather than the dense ribbon of light that we actually observe.

To explain this phenomenon, Dark Matter was conceived of. It was decided that there must be massive amounts of an invisible matter present in nearly every galaxy that we have observed. This mysterious matter could provide the extra mass needed to hold our galaxies together.

There are a few holes in this theory, not least of which being that for this theory to be true, it would mean that 80% of all matter in our Universe is Dark Matter. If that is true, then why have we never encountered this stuff, let alone seen it? I know that it is supposed to be hard to detect, but I feel that we would have more evidence for its existence if it truly was so abundant.

In my model of Gravity we don't need to invent Dark Matter to explain the shape of galaxies. In my model galaxies are held together by different densities of Expansion force. It is true that gravity as we currently understand it would not have enough power to hold together a spinning galaxy, but differing rates of Expansion would generate much greater gradients of force

across much larger volumes of space. The mass of a galaxy affects an area of space that is expanding much slower than the area of space surrounding it. This means that empty space expands much faster than densely packed volumes of space. This creates areas of different pressure throughout the Universe and allows galaxies to maintain their shapes.

This effect could be overcome, by insufficiently dense galaxies, dispersed across too wide an area and I believe that such a galaxy has recently been discovered. A galaxy named NGC 1052-DF2 was discovered in March 2018. NGC 1052-DF2 is unusual in that it is spread across a vast volume of space. It is believed that this is an example of a galaxy that is lacking Dark Matter, but I believe that it was insufficiently dense to sufficiently effect the flow of Expansion enough to generate the kind of pressure envelope that encases most massive stellar objects.

Another mystery of physics that could add weight to this model of Gravity (pun intended) has to do with Expansion itself.

In 1998 it was discovered that the Expansion of the Universe seems to be accelerating. This observation was made by comparing the light from similar supernovae (exploding stars) at different distances from us and comparing their redshifts.

It was discovered that the farthest supernova had less redshift than expected. The reason given was that the light from the farther object was emitted at a time when the Universe was much younger. The time that it had taken the light from that object meant that we were observing it at a much earlier stage in the Universes development. The hypothesis that was put forward was that the smaller redshift was evidence that the force of Expansion was slower this far back in our Universe's history.

I agree with this hypothesis, but I believe that the reason for this anomaly is that the Universe was much denser at this point in its life cycle. The relative closeness of matter within the Universe would have inhibited the flow of Expansion to the degree that it would seem to have accelerated in the huge span of time since the light from the supernova was emitted. If we remember that Gravity is simply an effect of Expansion we can see how empty space would seem to accelerate the force of Expansion. The force of

Expansion is the same across our Universe, but it is affected by matter to the degree that it has different densities throughout Space. This change in density could affect the rate of Expansion depending on the concentration of matter throughout our Universe.

Using the traditional model of Gravity, Gravity simply pulls space in every direction. The range of this force is potentially unlimited, but the gradient of the force has a steep fall off close to the centre of mass of the object that is generating the force. In my model there is a second gradient surrounding empty volumes of space. This increase in repulsive force is the hidden mechanism that holds galaxies together and also gives us the illusion of accelerated Expansion over time.

In physics, G Force and Gravitational force are identical effects of different forces. G Force is an effect of acceleration. If an object changes its velocity or even its course through space, the object experiences a kind of drag that seems to pull it in the opposite direction to the motion of the acceleration. It is believed that Gravitational fields are something different. The current model is that inert mass is able to attract other masses through some kind of unknown field, the source of which has eluded Science. In my model G Force and Gravity are both generated by the same mechanism. I believe that Gravity is a result of a change in kinetic energy. You can think of the drag effect that the Earth's mass has on Expansion as a kind of deceleration. That deceleration is what is generating the G Force that we perceive as Gravity. Our planet is slowing just like a car when you hit the brake pedal. The difference is that we are braking in every direction simultaneously and therefore Gravity pulls us toward the Earth's core.

If at this stage you have not experienced vertigo or felt sick to your stomach, you are doing very well. This stuff has a nasty habit of messing with my basic view of the world.

I will leave it there for Gravity. If you have been able to follow my clumsy attempts to explain this stuff, you hopefully will have a fairly complete understanding of the forces that shape our physical reality. Either that or you have been able to completely dismantle everything that I have written and are in a position to let the world know that I am a fool.

I wish that I could write more on the nature of matter and electrical charge, but unfortunately I have very little knowledge on this subject. I have pieced together that subatomic interactions and electrical charge are a result of a hybridisation of linear Space-Time and looped Space-Time. Subatomic material moves in a looped time frame, but is influenced by linear time. Anything with mass is made from Expansion energy and therefore is affected by linear time. Photons are the exception, just because they fully inhabit the Protoverse. We perceive them because they are part of our previous incarnation as a looped unit of Space time. Matter mimics Protoversal phenomenon, but is subject to linear Space-Time.

Everything that we perceive is a result of linear Expansion interacting with the Protoverse while abiding by the laws of the Triad of Existence.

In a way this is a theory of everything, it just lacks mathematical proof to legitimise it. It is my hope that somebody will be able to do this and that this book will help advance Science.

As it is, it is just a collection of bizarre concepts from a potentially delusional man. Sure they are pretty compelling concepts, but until someone who is qualified to talk about this stuff actually seriously looks at this stuff, it will remain in the field of Pseudoscience. My own motivation is simply to share this information. I don't know if it has value, but if it has any and I didn't share it in my lifetime, then that would be a tragedy.

Now having said all of that we are going to dive deep into the woo-woo of Pseudoscience and talk about souls and the nature of consciousness.

Strap in, hold onto your crystals and give a prayer to mother Gia, because we are about take a leap down the rabbit hole and things are gonna get real weird.

Chapter 13:

Soul Science

I suspect that this chapter will be one of the most popular. We are about to tread into dangerous territory here. There is so much about this subject that affects the close personal beliefs of so many people that I think those that read it will either take it to heart or completely reject it. The reason I think that this will be so popular is that I am about to share with you, a rational and seemingly scientific explanation for souls, the afterlife and even speculate on the nature of God. I think that there is a real hunger in contemporary culture for some kind of spiritual revolution. It feels as if we have sacrificed our spiritual connection and practices in the name of Science and technological advancement.

This is something that makes me wary to include this chapter, just because as a species, we have a habit of getting a little bit carried away when it comes to our theological concepts and beliefs. I can give endless examples of this and I am sure that you could think of many more, whether it is the medieval crusades, the Spanish Inquisition, the Jonestown massacre or the current bloodshed in the Middle East, we have a tendency to go a little nuts when it comes to our deep spiritual beliefs.

I am slightly worried that I am about to add fuel to a fire that burns within all of us. A fire that has the power to incinerate whole cultures. It is a fire that is fed by our desire to transcend our limits as transient beings. I think that we fear death to the degree that has the power to drive us insane.

It would seem as if my model of our reality has removed the potential for any kind of spiritual essence or higher power, but remember that this information all sprang from my experiences as a witness to the paranormal. As an abductee, I have been exposed to psychic communication. I have had an out of body experience and I have been exposed to intelligences that take all of this stuff for granted.

Toward the end of Chapter 8, I gave a small clue to the nature of consciousness.

I mentioned that type D loops in the Protoverse potentially exhibited traits of consciousness and hinted that they may in fact be self-aware.

I will now elaborate on this subject and share information that I believe that I have been exposed to during my years as a Close Encounter experiencer.

When I described the Protoverse in Chapters eight and nine, I mentioned that it is a vast, complex system of looped units of Space and Time. I don't think that I did it justice with this description.

I think that I may have been given a glimpse of the scale of the Protoverse when I was a small child.

At the end of Chapter one, I described an event that occurred when I was eleven years old.

I described waking up one morning in an incredibly disoriented state.

I awoke on that particular morning feeling as if I had somehow become unstuck from time. I felt as if I was somehow out of sync with my surroundings. I had an extremely vivid image in my mind that was so clear that I could see it in perfect detail whenever I closed my eyes. The image was of a vast network of spinning loops. As I looked at it, I could feel it pulling me into it. It felt vast and ancient and somehow aware of my presence. I was terrified by it and felt as if it was somehow going to swallow me up. In Chapter one, I described it as a giant fractal, except unlike the brightly coloured fractals that were popular in the nineties, this thing had structure and depth to it.

I think that this experience was a result of the aftermath of being shown how the visitors perceive the Protoverse. I don't remember anything about that particular encounter other than this image. I do not think that this was a memory of a dream because the image presented itself to me while I was awake. I was witnessing this vision in real time while I was trying to navigate myself through my bedroom in order to seek help from my parents.

I think that this event is evidence that I was exposed to the information that I have presented in the second half of this book at a really young age. It makes me wonder what other information might be sitting in my subconscious memory, waiting to be uncovered.

What really stands out to me from this memory is how terrifyingly vast the image seemed at the time. I felt like a dust mote floating through an unimaginably vast room. The image was incredibly detailed, but also incredibly vast. It was a similar experience to seeing the Milky Way on a really clear night. The sense of scale made me feel incredibly small and fragile.

From our perspective the Protoverse is unimaginably vast. I think that our Universe is minute compared to the Protoverse.

I think that it is important to remember this so that when I tell you that life does not originate in our Universe, but that life in our Universe is actually a construct of consciousnesses in the Protoverse, you hopefully won't throw your hands up and stop reading right now.

That statement generates a lot of questions, for example how can intelligences in a reality that cannot experience linear time, influence phenomena in our linear Space-Time?

How can consciousness arise in a matrix of closed loops of Space-Time?

What would be the point of spawning life in a medium that you cannot experience or influence?

There are probably more, but I hope to answer those questions and more that you might have throughout this chapter.

The first thing that I need to do is explain how life arises in a system of

closed loops of Space-Time, so I will start by describing how the type D loops achieved consciousness.

In the chapter eight: Before the Big Bang, I mentioned that although I had only categorised four loop types; that each of these categories come in infinite varieties. If we imagine an infinite variety of the simplest loop, the type A loop and then complicate things further by mixing these varieties together as type B loops things start to get a little complicated.

When you add the type C loops, which can intersect the A and B loops in an infinite number of ways, then the variations of those interactions become incredibly vast.

By the time that we get to the type D loops (just to remind you that a type D is not really a loop, but a ribbon of Space and Time that is free to travel along the surfaces of any other loop), things get incredibly complex.

The primary difference between a type D loop and every other loop is that type Ds can incorporate any geometry into their own matrixes. The fact that they do not have to repeat the sequence of their own internal events means that they are basically linear. They can even integrate their inner structures and share data between other type Ds.

They can prevent their motions from interfering with the closed loops precisely balanced structures by perfectly mimicking their matrixes. They copy the structure of every loop that they encounter and incorporate it into their own flowing pattern.

Type Ds were spawned, because they were useful for restructuring loop interactions within the Protoverse, allowing loops to conjoin that would not have had the opportunity to come together if it wasn't for the type Ds.

Whenever the type Ds were successful they would have the added bonus of moving higher up the hierarchy of loops, because their existence reinforced the interactions of the Protoverse, making them more real.

This advancement kickstarted a kind of evolution. The more successful a type D became at finding interactions, the higher up the hierarchy it would move, giving it more power to make improbable leaps between loops.

This evolution took the form of pattern recognition, predictive intelligence and the ability to plan complex manoeuvres and interactions.

It is not hard to see how this evolutionary path could generate a form of

consciousness.

Things get stranger still if you consider that the type Ds also have the ability to work together or even merge themselves to become vast, complicated, shifting networks. Eventually the whole mess of type Ds could come together as one single network. A network that is constantly reconfiguring the whole Protoverse and adding new loops to build more intricate and stable systems. This new consciousness could become a kind of vast architect, using the full resources of the Protoverse, both to reinforce and advance the entire Protoverse, while also adding to its own complexity and ability to make changes to the system as a whole.

In this way the Protoverse could become not only sentient, but unimaginably more advanced than us. A single mind that is unimaginably vast, intelligent and complex.

I don't know whether this is all true, whether a Pan-Protoversal mind was able to use the full resources of the Protoverse and whether it did become one vast intelligence. This could all be being twisted into some pseudo-christian narrative by my own upbringing.

I do know that there are intelligences in the Protoverse, but that does not necessarily mean that these intelligences merged to become a single, vast entity.

I believe that such an event occurred, but this is pure speculation on my part.

I believe that what we think of as God is this unimaginably vast mind. A mind so large that our whole Universe is just a miniscule part of it.

I also believe that this mind has begun a process of breaking itself apart, and that our Universe and others like it are playing a role in the introduction of a new kind consciousnesses into reality.

Before we get lost trying to unwrap the motivations of an omnipotent being, maybe we should try to figure out what kind of influence, if any, an intelligence within the Protoverse could exert on our Universe.

It is important to remember that life in our reality and consciousness in the Protoverse exist within incompatible mediums. The looped events of the Protoverse are unable to interact with linear Space-Time and all phenomena within our Universe is subject to entropy, so an infinitely repeating loop can

only have a tenuous existence within our reality. We know that such phenomena exists within our Universe in the form of photons, in fact the existence of the Protoverse provides us with a good explanation for the strangeness surrounding Quantum phenomena. So we can see that Phenomena within the Protoverse influences all aspects of our reality, but there are some rather extreme limits to these interactions. We are unable to influence the internal mechanisms of photons. Any change that we make to a photon is simply an alteration of our relationship to a fixed value. Photons cannot change or influence our reality in any way that defies the continuity of our linear Space-Time Continuum. In this way we find that there is a break in the lines of communication between the linear and looped realities that are the Universe and the Protoverse.

That is until biological life enters the equation.

Before I explain that statement, I just want to explain how life within the Protoverse both perceives and is also able to influence our linear reality.

The type D loops have a super power within the Protoverse. Unlike all other phenomena within the Protoverse, they are immune to the negative effects of linearity. The fact that they never have to repeat their own patterns means that they are as free to experience time from our linear perspective as they are to experience it in the more familiar looped form without being subject to entropy. The fact that time within the Protoverse does not have a single direction gives the Type Ds the ability to run instances of linear time, over and over again. They can even take snapshots of phenomena from our Universe and run those events infinitely forwards or in reverse. This ability is important to the type Ds survival, because they are constructed from loops of space and time. The ability to break off instances of linear Time and Space and twist them into loops allows them to reconstruct events from our Universe within the Protoverse. This is how they perceive our reality, as ribbons of looped units of existence. From within, the experience Time would always seem to move in the same direction, but from the outside, the event could seem to move in either direction or even in both directions simultaneously. The eccentricities of the Protoverse give rise to some very counterintuitive phenomena.

Linear time would be extremely fascinating to the type D loops. It would have the power to introduce them to a wealth of unlikely interactions and forms of existence. Within the Protoverse, the type D's would weave their own linear paths, but within our reality, they would simply experience them passively.

It is similar to the difference between writing a story narrative and experiencing a real event. If we write a completely fictional story we are unable to be surprised. It is almost impossible to learn anything new from a personally constructed narrative. When we venture out into the real world however, we relinquish control for the opportunity to experience spontaneous and unpredictable events. We learn from life experiences. A writer that has never ventured out into the real world will be condemned to write terrible and predictable stories, whereas someone that has a wealth of life experiences is able to draw from a lifetime of adventure.

Within the Protoverse, the type Ds are able to predict every event before it has happened. Every decision is based on a complete understanding of the outcome. They are able to map out every aspect of their own existence, but within our Universe they are able to experience chaos.

From the point of view of the closed loops of Space-Time within the Protoverse, our Universe is a simple closed loop. The closed loops are unable to perceive the vast wealth of data that our linear reality contains. Fortunately for the Type Ds, they are able to access this side of our reality due to their non repeating matrixes. To them our reality must stand out like a shining beacon of complexity, filled with unimaginable potential.

Imagine being an unimaginably complex and intelligent being, trapped in a reality that you have complete control of. To such a being, concepts like danger and anticipation would be completely alien and incredibly compelling. Intelligences such as these would do almost anything to experience reality from a perspective within our linear, chaotic Universe. The type Ds needed a kind of vessel to be able to better navigate and perceive our reality. Something that would be subject to forces and events within the Universe, but would be able to translate those experiences into a form that would be easily accessible from the Protoverse.

You can see where I am going with this and you won't be surprised when I tell you that biological life fulfils the necessary requirements for such a

vessel.

To understand how Protiversal intelligences created life within our Universe, we must first understand what kind of influence if any that they could exert on our linear reality.

If we remember that our linear time frame was bestowed upon our Universe by Expansion, we can begin to see that anything that is affected by Expansion is locked within a single linear continuum. This means that Protiversal events and forces can only have a limited effect, because anything from a different continuum would disrupt our literal continuity. Every event within our Universe is a result of the events that preceded them. Any outside interference from an external time frame would break this continuity and thus break the coordination of all matter and events within our Universe. To exist within a continuum, every event and phenomenon has to be fixed in Space and Time. Without a shared coordinate system, the whole system of Space and Time breaks down. These are the rules of the Triad of Existence and therefore anything that breaks them simply cannot occur.

So how do we get around this problem?

We get around it by moving away from Expansion and the best way to do that is to look at reality at the smallest of scales possible.

When we do this, things start to get strange. Matter and forces at the smallest scales seem to operate on a different set of rules to phenomena at larger scales.

This is because at these scales, interactions between phenomena are barely affected by events at the macro scales. Within a glass of water an Oxygen atom has no idea that it is accompanied by two Hydrogen atoms, let alone that it is surrounded by billions of similar groupings, or that it is sitting in a glass on a table waiting to be drunk.

Matter at these scales is mostly governed by the default set of rules for all phenomena that exists, the rules that we know as the Triad of Existence.

A single Hydrogen atom receives very little input from our macro scale reality. Changes in an atom's electrical charge occur at the farthest reaches of the atom's electron shell and these changes do occasionally pull the atom into a linear time frame, but mostly the atom only perceives the repeating matrix of its own internal motions. Our scientific institutions recognise the disparity

between phenomenon at different scales as the differences between Newtonian physics and Quantum physics. Albert Einstein brought us most of the way to bridging the gap between these seeming incompatible sides of our reality with his work on Relativity, but without the very unscientific leap of faith necessary to define the Triad of Existence, he was unable to complete his unified theory of everything.

The type D loops are able to exert influence on matter that is small enough to be affected by both the Protoversal and Universal continuum. Matter at quantum scales moves through linear space as a wave of probability. Protoversal consciousnesses are able to influence matter at these scales, because while the particle in question is behaving as a probability wave, it is not under the influence of the Macro-Linear continuum.

In this way Protoversal consciousnesses are able to encourage certain chemical bonds by influencing Quantum units of matter before they collapse into particle form. They are literally able to influence the probability of seemingly random chance events.

Our whole Universe is based on a loophole that was necessary to exploit in order to continue existing within a set of laws that were already in place since the inception of reality, after something had occurred that pushed those laws to breaking point.

The disparity between phenomena at different scales shows us that we exist within two different realities. As we move through the different scales of matter we discover that there is a whole spectrum of influence of the seemingly contradictory laws of physics that govern our reality.

The smaller the phenomenon that we observe, we see more influence of the basic laws of the Triad of Existence. This means that smaller scale events are trapped within repeating matrixes of existence, unable to perceive influences at larger scales.

If we pull back to observe matter at larger scales, we begin to observe that all matter is moving in a single unified medium of Time and Space. The linear motion of Expansion is able to define a volume of shared Space and the outward motion also defines a linear, mono-directional span of Time. The larger the volume of space that we observe, the greater the influence that we can measure from this force of Expansion. If we remember that matter is simply a form of Expansion force that has been reconfigured into a closed

matrix of Space and Time, we can see how all matter amplifies the force of Expansion and defines it by generating an observable effect that we recognise as Gravity. The more that we can feel the effects of Gravity, and perceive light, the more that we are influenced by Expansion. If we were to shrink to the size of an electron, we would not feel the effects of expansion at all and so we would revert to a form of existence that is purely influenced by the Triad of Existence. Electrical charge itself represents a strategy for maintaining a closed matrix of looped existence within a linear medium of Space and Time. Electrons are exchanged by atoms to maintain their looped matrixes whenever they are influenced by linear interference.

I would write more on this, but I am reaching the limits of my understanding of this phenomena.

I have had almost no formal education in these fields. I am able to build these seemingly advanced models of existence, because I have been furnished with the tools necessary to fill in the gaps in our scientific fields. I believe that I have been shown how all of this stuff fits together, but without a formal education, there are huge gaps in my knowledge that I am unable to bridge. Quantum Physics represents one of those gaps. I am able to see why there is a disparity between Quantum Physics and Newtonian Physics, but I am unable to delve into minutiae of sub atomic interactions. I am a simple layman that may have been given a glimpse at a more complete model of reality than our current level of scientific understanding has reached.

Either that or I am a deluded conspiracy nut with an overactive imagination.

That is something for you to decide.

The point that I am trying to make is that matter within our Universe is equally influenced by the Triad of Existence and Macro-Linear reality. Macro-Linear reality is simply my way to label all phenomenon that is influenced by Expansion.

If we remember that the type D loops, within the Protoverse are a kind of phenomena that exists within the looped matrixes of the Protoverse and yet are linear, we can begin to see how they might be able to influence reality in our Linear Space-Time.

The type D loops are able to incorporate unconnected or isolated loops within their own matrix and connect them with other loops. They literally

build new structures within the Protoverse, using useful loops that they are able to find.

Our Universe is filled with new loops of Space and Time, that themselves exist within new matrixes of looped Space and Time with similar loops. We would recognise these loops as subatomic particles and their shared matrixes of existence as larger particles that are the result of combinations of smaller particles and even atoms.

Even though we think of our Universe as separate from the Protoverse, we exist within the same dimensionless medium of reality. Type D loops are as capable of discovering loops within our Universe as they are of discovering any other type of new loop. In fact our linear medium of existence provides the type Ds with a handy coordinate system for finding and integrating with new loops and matrices within our Universe. A new matrix could be in the form of a chemical bond, or even the physical structure of an entire planet. To a type D loop they are all simply new patterns of existence.

As the type Ds navigate our reality they find themselves being reshaped by it. In order to effectively take advantage of our new medium of existence, they find themselves adapting to build better strategies to make use of it.

They become a kind of hybrid phenomenon, that is at home in the Protoverse as they are in our Universe.

They eventually learn how to influence phenomena within our Universe, by affecting the probability of certain subatomic interactions. They do this by forming bonds between structures within our reality. This is much harder for them, because these bonds require close proximity within our three dimensional coordinate system, but if we remember that the type Ds represent an unimaginably vast intelligence and that they would be able to influence our reality at any point in time, then we can see that they would be able to make unlikely and elegant changes to our reality. The fact that subatomic matter is able to be equally influenced by both Protoversal interactions as they are Universal interactions gives the type Ds a window through which to influence our reality.

The type D loops create mirror structures that are able to exist in both realities.

Structures that repeat their behaviours, existing in an infinitely repeating matrix of interactions, that are also adapted to existence within a linear

medium.

Biological life is that structure.

If we look closely at biological processes we can begin to see how they would be useful to consciousnesses within the Protoverse.

Biological material exists within a system of cycles. Every biological process exists as a cycle, from respiration, sleep, digestion and even reproduction all exist within a matrix of cycles. Most of these cycles eventually break down, but then each biological system exists within a larger cycle of continuous reproduction.

Biological material is able to adapt itself to a variety of different environments, moulding itself to exist within a wide range of ecological niches.

Biology is an infinitely repeating system of interactions that is perfectly adapted to existence within linear reality. We represent a method of interacting with linear reality at larger scales than would be possible by influencing Quantum interactions. The human brain is an advanced tool for converting miniscule interactions into large scale changes and linear events. We are a type of force multiplier for Protiversal intelligences. From the perspective of the Protoverse, biological matter is a kind of technology, providing the type D loops with a window into linear reality.

By influencing reality at minute scales, the type D loops have been able to engineer a form of matter that gives them the ability to experience reality as macro-scale units of matter within our linear reality.

Human beings mirror the abilities and functions of type D loops. We are able to adapt perfectly to our environment, we can make intelligent changes to matter to aid us and we are able to come together to form civilisations to pool our resources and abilities as a group.

These examples are almost a perfect reflection of the abilities of the type D loops.

They adapt to the interactions and structures of less complex loops. They are able to reshape and connect new structures within the Protoverse and they can come together to pool their abilities and resources. These are just a few examples, the similarities go much deeper, from their ability to plan and

problem solve to the fact that they are both cyclical and simultaneously linear in the way that they process time.

I do not think that they are able to influence our reality very well at our scale of existence, but they are able to experience it.

Every thought that you have, everything that you feel or witness is available for scrutiny by intelligences within the Protoverse.

The human brain effectively converts Macro-Linear events and experiences into minute packages of data that can be processed by the type D loops.

If this all seems intrusive, I am about to put your mind at ease by informing you that you are not the victim of this partnership, in fact you are the voyeur witnessing your life from the perspective of the Protoverse.

We all are born with a sense that we are more than the sum of our parts. We have an undeniable sense that we are embedded in our reality and yet are somehow outside of it.

This is because you are the physical embodiment of a type D loop.

Your body and mind are shaped by physical reality, but the experience of your existence within linear reality extends beyond our linear Universe and into the Protoverse. Every thought that you have and every event that you experience is being woven into a vast tapestry within the Protoverse. This tapestry represents your life within linear reality, but it also has a solid existence within the infinite matrices of the Protoverse.

Every event in linear time that a type D loop interacts with, permanently becomes a part of its loop. Therefore every loop that it touches adds to its ribbon of existence. This includes loops within the Protoverse, subatomic particles within our Universe and even the cycles of our lives. Every memory that you have is not only recorded by the electrochemical structures and interactions within your brain, but they are also imprinted upon the structure of the type D loop's internal matrices that are linked to your physical mind. Your very existence is providing the Protoverse with a perfect snapshot of reality within our Universe. Your very reason for existence is to bridge the inconceivable gap between these incompatible realities. As we become more advanced and our technological advancement increases, so does the ability for the Protoverse to affect our reality. As we become more aware of our embodiment within two realities, we will be able to consciously extend the

influence of the Protiversal intelligences within our Universe.

You might be asking yourself whether this is a good idea, but if we remember that these intelligences exist in a reality without entropy and that they exist to bring harmony and complexity to their own reality, it is difficult to imagine any negative consequences to their embodiment within our reality. It is also good to remember that you are a type D loop, so the real question is do you trust yourself?

I believe that this is the ultimate goal of most intelligent species within our Universe. It is the task of all sentient lifeforms to observe, preserve and reinforce the complex and diverse systems of existence within our Linear Universe.

I was told by a member of the race of beings that we call the Greys during my last hypnotic regression, that everything that they have done during their interactions with humanity was done to save us.

I was also told that sentient species are a rare and precious phenomenon in our Universe and that our continued survival is a priority for all sentient races within reach of us.

I believe that as we become more advanced, that the influence of our Protiversal side increases. In this way advanced cultures develop the same goal of preserving and maintaining complex and diverse systems of existence, such as life and other less developed sentient races.

I think that the reason that the Greys seem so strange to us is because they are equally motivated by consciousnesses within the looped fractal matrixes of Protoverse and their biological framework within the Macro Linear procession of our Universe.

While biology does bring macro-scale matter into focus from the perspective of consciousnesses within the Protoverse, it is still shaped by its immersion within a linear frame of Space and Time. Our base survival instincts have developed over a vast span of time in response to existence within the medium of three dimensional space and linear time. Our cyclical systems are at constant battle with entropy, therefore seemingly destructive behaviours and strategies have developed over time through the process that

we would recognise as Evolution.

The traditional secular view of humanity is that we are a species of great ape that is at constant odds with our violent, primate nature. I would agree with this description, but I would add that our conscious minds are also embedded in a much vaster reality and that we are moving toward a point in our evolution when we are able to better embody and express this greater consciousness out into the world.

I believe that sentient races in our Universe all eventually reach a point in their development where intelligent design replaces natural adaptation and evolution. I think that if sentient species are able to survive their own technological development, that they all reach a point where they engineer themselves to better suit their environment. I think another part of this reshaping of biology is also geared toward bringing their Protoversal selves into linear reality.

I think that the Greys are an example of a race, possibly a race of humans if my last regression is accurate; that have engineered themselves to such a level that to us, they seem almost inconceivably strange.

Many of the abilities that the Greys exhibit that seem supernatural to us could easily be explained by considering how consciousnesses within the Protoverse would behave if they were able to manifest themselves within our Macro-Linear reality.

Whenever I am around the Greys, I feel as if I am immersed within a tangibly different medium of space. As if I am moving through a liquid that is filled with motion and activity that is just outside of my perception.

It almost feels as if I am under the influence of some kind of drug, a drug that generates a sense that the space around me is somehow filled with mass and activity that is just outside of my ability to fully perceive. When the Greys communicate, they do so without words. Instead they seem to hijack my own internal sub-vocal thoughts. They use my own voice in my head to say things outside of my own control. I have also observed that they can even extract my consciousness from my body and give me access to their own minds.

After some of my close encounter experiences, I have had instances when I have been able to literally hear the internal dialogues of the people around

me. Other times in dreams, I have witnessed events from my own future. Events that seemed unfamiliar and extremely unlikely at the time, but have manifested in my life years later.

These things all make a lot more sense if we consider what might be possible if we were able to access our consciousnesses in the Protoverse as easily as we could access our biological minds.

Protoversal consciousnesses would have the ability to move in any direction through time, therefore anything that my consciousness comes into contact with throughout my life would be available for access at any time. These consciousnesses would also be able to come together and communicate without the need to utilise any physical means of discourse.

Once this form of communication has been initiated, Protoversal minds would be able to access each other freely and could even access each others physical embodiments and material minds.

I think that last ability may even be the source for this information that I seem to have gained access to.

I believe that I have been inside the minds of the visitors and this later section of my book is my meagre attempt to process and share information that I have been exposed to within the minds of Extraterrestrials.

I can also find evidence that the visitors utilise Protoversal cognition in the limits of their abilities. An example of this is when I asked a Grey, what they call themselves? The being was unable to articulate an unfamiliar word using their usual method of communication and therefore presented me with the image of itself writing each letter on a blackboard, so that I could eventually read the word “Nythma” on it.

I knew the letters that it needed to articulate the word, but I believe that the visitors communicate with us by using our minds as a kind of encyclopedia. Therefore anything that did not exist in my repertoire, was not available for use.

This would make sense if our Protoversal minds were the parts of us that are in dialogue. In this situation, there is no physical interaction occurring between us, therefore the conversation is being relayed to my physical mind via my own Protoversal consciousness. The incompatibility between the two versions of myself would limit my Protoversal self to only be able to reshape the data that is already present within my physical mind. If we remember that

while the Type D loops are easily able to incorporate information from our reality into themselves, our physical incarnations are limited by linear causality so that we can only receive information presented to us in our linear framework of Space and Time.

I believe that the visitors are able to put us into an altered state, so that these rules can be bent somewhat. I think that the residual effects of this altered state is what has allowed me to both glimpse my own future and also into the minds of the people around me.

I suspect that the visitors are simply using our physical manifestations as a landmark, so that they are able to find our parallel selves within the Protoverse. I am aware that the Greys will often ask me to look into their eyes, either to initiate communication or to completely remove my consciousness from my body.

I think that this activity is to provide the visitors with a connection between our Protoversal consciousness and our material minds. Once we look into their eyes, they simply have to find themselves reflected back at themselves within the Protoverse to find us. I think that this creates a kind of feedback loop that makes it extremely easy to locate minds from the perspective of the Protoverse.

I think that their form of communication reinforces our connection with our Protoversal selves.

I believe that in normal day to day life that our physical minds are constantly receiving minute adjustments from our Protoversal minds. I don't think that our mirror selves are able to make alterations that we would normally be able to detect, rather they encourage very specific neural connections, reinforcing beneficial behaviours.

When we are around the visitors however, I think that once they have located our consciousnesses within the Protoverse that they are able to turn this metaphorical whisper into a shout.

By merging their own consciousnesses and existing with a foot in both our Universe and the more abstract Protoverse, they are able to transfer information much easier between realities.

I think that when they interact with our Protoversal selves, that they are able to use their ability to transfer information between realities to communicate effectively with our physical minds, via the Protoverse.

They use a kind of brute force to open the lines of communication between realities within our minds.

When I think back to every bizarre and seemingly paranormal experience in my life, I find that every single one of them could easily be explained by considering the possibility that these events were indicative of my existence within two realities.

Whenever I have interacted with the visitors, I have found myself being momentarily pulled toward the Protoversal side of my nature.

Whenever this has occurred, I have found myself with a new point of view. A point of view that is able to shift backwards and forwards through time. One that perceives the thoughts and perceptions of other minds almost as strongly as my own.

A point of view that is even able to shift from my physical form, to move and interact with my immediate environment directly.

That last one is how I believe that my out of body experience occurred.

I think that I was briefly able to directly perceive my surroundings from the perspective of the Protoverse. In other words I was not really in our Universe, I was instead observing my own tapestry within the Protoverse. That means that I was able to perceive every atom and photon that I was interacting with in that snapshot of time. I think that this is why I could see a strange gauzy shifting in the air around me. I think that I was literally perceiving the air around me.

Our interactions with the visitors makes us reassess what it means to be human. I think that this is part of the visitor's goal. Whenever we interact with the visitors, we become more than our physical incarnations.

If only part of this book is accurate, then our species is presented with a choice.

Do we continue on our present path as animalistic beings, being mostly driven by our base, survival instincts?

Or do we endeavour to embody our Protoversal selves better and live our

lives in constant balance between realities, to find harmony between chaos and order?

I will elaborate on the pros and cons of both of these choices in the next chapter and will also highlight ways to become more Protoversal in our day to day lives.

Chapter 14:

The Afterlife

In the previous chapter, I told you that biological life is the result of subtle interactions between Protiversal consciousnesses and our linear reality.

I also told you that you are the literal embodiment of one of these consciousnesses within our Universe.

This all begs the question, What happens to our consciousness when our physical, linear manifestation dies?

To answer that question I will draw from all of my experiences and conclusions as an abductee, from my discoveries on the Protoverse and from my past-life memories that I recalled during my final hypnotic regression.

I am going to start by sharing information gained from my last regression, specifically information involving my previous physical incarnations.

This is tricky for me, because I find that regression and specifically the part involving my past-lives to be the hardest to believe of all of my experiences.

My issue is that I have no way of knowing whether the information that I was relaying during that regression was real, or simply coming from my own imagination.

The thing that is making me so skeptical is that my previous experiences with hypnotic regression were incredibly vivid. During my hypnosis sessions

with Eric I re-lived tangible memories of events that had seemingly been wiped from my mind. My more recent regression with Hilary seemed to be something entirely different. During this regression it was almost as if I wasn't fully involved. I was aware of the things that I was saying, but they didn't seem to be coming entirely from myself. I felt as if I was merely a mouthpiece for someone else. I think that this may have been because I was communicating as a linked entity. In other words, my mind was in direct communication with the visitors.

This hypothesis is very compelling, but a more rational explanation could be that I was simply creating a stream of consciousness narrative and that my altered state in combination with the setting of the event allowed me to improvise a long story about past lives and the secret history of alien contact with humans.

The fact that a lot of the things that I said didn't seem to be based on my own memories prevents me from fully accepting it all as objective truth.

I keep coming back to the things that I said and they do have the feel of truth about them. I have had dreams and nightmares about the stuff that I said during my regression throughout my life, going all they back back to early childhood.

It is little things like this that keeps me from dismissing the whole event as some kind of fantasy concocted while I was in the dream like state of guided hypnosis.

The most compelling coincidence involves a recurring dream that I used to have when I was a young teenager. In the dream, I would find myself in a large, but shallow pit, in an open desert. The dream would follow various narratives, some would involve my home, others would revolve around my school and my friends there, occasionally the story would add elements from TV or movies. The end however would always be the same. For some reason I would end up in the pit in the desert and a loud noise would cause a huge rock-fall that would crush me to death. I would wake up at the moment that I realise that I am about to die, often gasping for breath.

If my final regression is accurate, that dream is the result of a specific past life memory, because that is how I died during my most recent

incarnation. A compelling detail of that regression was that I was fourteen years old when I died in the rock fall, which coincides with the age that I used to have nightmares of almost identical events.

An Alternative theory is that I used that death in my narrative, because it is something that I used to have nightmares about.

You see my problem here.

I think that my main issue with this last regression is simply that after I had failed to recall any of my abduction experiences, I started by recalling events from my past lives.

My hypnotic therapist described herself as a past-life, hypnotic regressionist. This simple fact is the main point of contention for myself. I am sure that she did not lead me in any way, but I do find it very suspicious that I started with an account of my past lives. I am worried that I started there just because I was aware that it was Hillary's specific area of expertise. If that is the case, then maybe I created the whole narrative in my eager to please, suggestible state. I have very little memory of the things that I spoke about, so maybe they were just off the cuff inventions created in the spur of the moment.

I keep coming back to it because it all does fit perfectly into my model of reality. Also there are points within the narrative that make a lot of personal sense to me.

In the decade since my most recent regression, I have made my peace with it and have decided to use it to better understand the nature of human consciousness. I have done this by holding it up to the things that I have already learned about reality and also by comparing it to my experiences with the paranormal.

Personally there are a lot of reasons to dismiss the whole experience, but there are probably more reasons to assign value to it.

The coincidences and anomalous events surrounding and during the session keep tugging at my curiosity.

I will list these events here in chronological order.

There is the fact that Hillary seemed to have had the phenomenon of Close Encounters touch her life so close to my regression in the story told to her by her friend.

Throughout my time with Hillary, there was the odd sense that there were other entities sharing the space with us. This manifested as the feeling of being watched also there was the feeling of movement just outside of the normal range of perception.

This experience felt familiar to myself, from my close encounter experiences, but it was completely new to Hillary, so much so that she commented on it just before my regression started.

I also had a moment when a vision of the visitors seemed to intrude on my psyche.

This occurred while I was washing my hands in the bathroom, minutes before my regression started. The image of a visitor's face flashed before me and I was given the impression that they were pleased that I was about to enter an altered state in my pursuit for information concerning my abduction experiences.

After that moment, I seemed to receive constant little pieces of dialogue from the entity that had appeared before me.

This is how I learned that sentient life is considered as an incredibly rare and precious phenomenon by all intelligent life in the Universe.

I have recently come to the conclusion that my regression probably represents a kind of guided dialogue between myself and the visitors.

I still have my reservations concerning the whole event, but the strangeness just prior and after the actual regression prevents me from fully dismissing it.

The strangeness after the event comes in the form of the UFO sightings that were reported in fairly close proximity to Hilary's house two days after my visit there. I personally don't add too much value to this coincidence, but it is at least noteworthy.

If we are to treat my final regression as a real paranormal event, or at least

as an event that is linked to the paranormal, what can we learn from it concerning the afterlife?

The fact that my regression started with a recounting of my past lives should provide us with lots of information about life after death. With that in mind, I will explore my memories of the most relevant lifetimes that I recalled during my regression and I will use my conclusions on the nature of consciousness to shed more light on what happens to us when we die.

Probably the most important past life and the one that I am most uncomfortable talking about is the first of the three that I recounted during my regression.

I have some images of this life from my regression, but mostly my impressions of that version of myself come from nightmares that I have had throughout my life.

These nightmares are always incredibly gruesome and often leave me shaken for the entire day after I have experienced one of them.

My impressions of this person that I have gathered from my dreams and from my regression is that he worked as some kind of torturer for some variation of the Christian church.

I remember that he wore heavy robes and had some kind of facial deformity, probably an untreated cleft palate.

In my nightmares I am being tortured by this figure, but toward the end of the dream, I always find myself switching places with this individual.

This switch always occurs at the moment that I, as the victim, die of my wounds. At that moment I find myself standing over the victim with the tools of my terrible trade still in my hands.

The contrast between the individuals is the worst part. I find myself switching from the dire desperation of the victim, to the cold, indifferent curiosity of the victim's tormentor.

It seems to be this contrast that haunts me, as if there is some part of me that cannot come to terms with the shocking disparity between the two points of view.

I think that this internal struggle of mine gives us a big clue as to the nature of Protiversal consciousness.

From the point of view of the Protoverse, there is no border between

individuals. Minds are free to merge and separate at will. We are like rivers branching toward a single sea. As our lives flow back toward the ocean, we lose our old constraints and become one.

Imagine how such minds would process acts of extreme cruelty and violence. These acts would be completely inconceivable to such intelligences.

In a reality that does not experience entropy, there would be no place for cruelty or needless acts of destruction and violence.

I believe that these acts scar us in ways that are hard to imagine as biological entities.

I think that this cruel incarnation of myself may have experienced a version of Hell after he died.

When we die, we become separated from the Macro-linear Universe and as a result we lose all of the petty motivations and biochemical processes that drove a lot of our behaviours. In addition to that, we suddenly find ourselves in a reality that cannot function with the process of entropy. This means that every part of ourselves that was dependent upon the process of entropy is unable to be incorporated into our new state of being. We become like fish cast upon dry land, suddenly the ability to breath water and swim effectively are not useful adaptations to our new environment. Just like a fish's ability to thrive in water, our existence in an Entropic Universe has forced to use adapt in ways that do not help when we transition into a non-entropic environment. After we die, sometimes we are able to justify the negative behaviours that we may have engaged in during our lifetimes as being caused or provoked by our immersion in an entropic medium of Space and Time. This includes behaviours that are governed or controlled by instinct or are a direct result of the negative influences of other consciousnesses. This forces us to shed or discard parts of ourselves that can no longer function within the Protoverse. Within the Protoverse we exist as looping, dynamic and adaptive constructs of data and when we transition from a linear stream of time into a fractal one, we have to radically change our programming. Anything that doesn't function within this new medium of Time and Space has to either be adapted or discarded. All of the parts of us that are discarded are processed as environmental factors. We remember them, but they are not a part of us, rather they are a reflection of the linear Universe. The reward for separating ourselves from these interactions and events is the freedom to explore and interact within the new reality that we find ourselves. Failure means

permanent isolation and not only that, but this expulsion forces the tapestry of our lives to become a looped event of Space and Time. We are forced to relive the events of our lives, again and again. This only occurs if the very existence of our consciousness is dependent upon the entropic motivations that drove us during our existence within Macro-linear reality.

Imagine that you own an old computer that has a hard-drive that is nearly full. Now imagine that you want to install a programme that is too big to fit on the out of date storage device. You might start deleting old and unnecessary files and programmes. You discover that this is not enough, your tired old hard drive is tiny and you start to experiment by deleting files that you don't recognise. Files that prompt warnings whenever you try to delete them. It is entirely possible that you could delete something important, something that is necessary for the running of your computer. This is similar to the dilemma that we face when we die. If we find that we cannot maintain who we are as individual consciousnesses within the Protoverse once we remove all of the entropic behaviours that developed as we grew as a person, we become isolated. We become condemned to spin through the events of our life, trying to find a way to unravel the Gordian Knot that is the negative and harmful behaviours that we engaged in during our lifetime. We gravitate toward the worst examples of entropic behaviour that we exhibited, in our countless attempts to be at peace with the events of our lives. Within the Protoverse we exist as the events of our lives in a non local manner, this means that we exist, not just as the sensory data that we gathered, but as the memories, emotions and sensations of those around us. Remember that you exist as a ribbon of Space and Time both within the Protoverse and the Entropic Universe, this means that every action that you made within the Macro-linear Universe shaped you in this reality and the next. Within this Universe we think of ourselves as individual units of existence. We gather data through our senses and emotions. We are isolated by the surface of our skin, but if we learn to view ourselves objectively, we can see that our actions have the power to shape events on the macro scale. We may exist as linear, isolated bags of meat, but we also have a greater existence that spans space and time. We exist as waves in time and during our lifetimes we reshape the continuum around us with every action that we take. Whenever we do something that impacts other people, we have effected Time and Space.

Every action that we engage in alters the flow of events as Time passes. Those events don't just change you, they are what you are. You are a unit of Time and Space trying to navigate within two much larger mediums of existence simultaneously. We gather data from the Macro-Linear Universe through our physical senses, but in the Protoverse, we discover that our bodies were just the part of ourselves that exists within Linear reality. Your body is a sensory organ that is dipped into the Linear Universe so that you may experience existence as a finite being. The real you exists a vast ribbon of Space and Time. This grander existence imbues you with the abilities of consciousnesses within the Protoverse. Within the Protoverse we have access to the sensations of every individual that is part of our own tapestry of linear existence. Your life is a single thread in a tapestry of all of the lives that you have effected during your time as a human. When we die we continue to exist in both realities as the effects of our time in Macro-linear reality are allowed to run their course. The difference is that when we die, we can no longer make changes to the effect that we have had on the world. Whenever your actions are shaped by compassion, you become greater. You do this whenever you consider the feelings of someone else before you engage in any action. For a brief moment you become both yourself and those that you help. If these actions help people to grow and experience joy then you become expansive and joyful as a consciousness. If your actions are negative and intended to harm others, you become entropic and your actions isolate you as a consciousness.

In reality Empathy is not simply the act of considering the feelings of others, it is a form of perception. Whenever you consider the effects that your actions have on other people, you are simply observing your own effect on Time and Space. We are all responsible for ourselves and others because we are all parts of a single event, the event of human existence. This event will eventually expand and join the event of sentience within our Galaxy and in this way we will become greater, but only if we can come together for mutual benefit and help one another become greater than we are when we are alone. This is the reason that we exist, we are here to retrieve and incorporate as much of the Macro-Linear Universe as possible into the Protoverse, but we can only do this if we learn to exist as Proto-Universal consciousnesses within the Entropic reality that we find ourselves.

When we serve our own selfish desires, our consciousness shrinks in on itself. We become no better than our primate ancestors. Our need for self preservation has mutated into greed and isolation in our safe and comfortable civilisation, but like all large systems and constructs, our civilisation can only exist with constant maintenance and support. If we all try to simply grab as much resources and wealth as we can while we are alive, all of our civilisations will eventually collapse. We become agents of entropy and as such we harm ourselves and those around us both in this life and the next. A much more harmful act however is when we knowingly harm others to serve our own interests. These actions are completely anathema to existence within the Protoverse. If we devote our lives to the acquisition of wealth while knowingly harming others, we find that there is almost nothing of ourselves that can exist within the expansive medium of reality that is the Protoverse. In this scenario we are given a choice, discard everything that we are to have a shared existence, or live forever within the reality that we have made for ourselves. This may sound attractive, especially if you have lived a long life in luxury and comfort, but you may be forgetting that in this version of your life you will personally experience the effect that you had upon the reality that you have left behind. You will find that you have become the great antagonist of your own story. You will experience the torment of every person that you have hurt, unable to discern who you are in the nightmare of your own life, because such distinctions are meaningless when you exist as a sentient loop of Space and Time.

The most harmful form of behaviour by far are acts of wanton cruelty. To cause suffering and harm to others purely for personal gratification is by far the most toxic and self destructive form of behaviour from the perspective of the Protoverse.

These acts create a huge dilemma for Protoversal consciousnesses. They isolate us into realities that are centered upon our worst actions. They create loops of existence that are incredibly close to the classical vision of hell. We find ourselves reliving the worst of our crimes over and over again. Unlike the classical view of Hell we do not find ourselves in this terrible situation because of the judgement of some all seeing power. We find ourselves in this situation because we simply are unable to function within the medium of Space that we find ourselves. Unmoored from the shared existence of the Protoverse, we find ourselves spinning endlessly through the events of our

lives, drawn like moths to a flame toward the parts of our lives that have twisted us into this form of existence as we try to find a way to justify our negative interactions.

I believe that I have experienced this form of hellish existence. I think that my own recurring nightmares are the afterimages of this experience. I think that the visitors may have helped me to uncoil the closed loop that was my existence. This is all pure speculation on my part, but it feels true. If my hellish visions of this previous incarnation are accurate, then I engaged in the most self-destructive form of behaviour possible and experienced the fruit of my labours within the Protoverse.

As destructive and traumatic as my first life seems to have been, it provided me with a measurable extreme by which to compare my other lives.

In both of these other lives, I had engaged in violent actions and even killed several individuals, and yet neither of these lives had scarred my soul enough to force me to become an isolated loop within the Protoverse.

In my mind, the act of killing someone should surely guarantee some form of damnation in the afterlife. During my regression I learned that the reality is much more complicated than that.

As a Japanese soldier, I was acting in response to the culture in which I was embedded. I learned that in situations such as these, that acts of violence can be separated from the soul. These acts are processed as environmental factors. A soldier on the battlefield is not consciously engaged in the act of killing, rather he is reacting to the environment that he finds himself. The soul that is responsible for these acts of violence is the one that feels the full weight of the event. This means that politicians, kings, tyrants and generals may find themselves being killed and obliterated upon countless battlefields in the afterlife. They get to experience all of the fear and horror that they unleashed upon the world during their lifetime. If they are unable to find a way to justify their actions, they are forced to experience these events over and over until they are able rationalise their actions as Protoversal consciousnesses. In the Protoverse we are an embodiment time and as such we directly experience the effects of every decision that we made during our lifetimes.

During my third lifetime, I had killed as a criminal, working under the

influence of my father. During that life, my actions were a survival tactic. I did not steal and kill to feed myself. I engaged in these actions to survive the wrath of an abusive parent. Once again my actions could be rationalised as environmental factors. My father however undoubtedly had a much harder time justifying his actions.

As humans we can intuitively sense actions that are harmful to the wellbeing of our nonlinear consciousnesses. We label these actions as cruel or evil, but as linear, biological entities we are also able to rationally justify insidious acts by simply lying to ourselves.

Our Protoversal selves lack the ability to deceive because we exist as waves of Time and as such can only process events as objective truth.

Our physical biological minds are adept at self delusion, but the driving factors of our actions can offer us a reprieve in the Protoverse. A person employed as a torturer for a brutal political power remains unaffected by their actions as long as they are powerless to escape from their role. Even if the individual finds a perverse enjoyment in their work, they will be able to justify their actions as unavoidable. However the instant that they indulge their dark urges and change their behaviour in such a way to cause more suffering to their victims, they condemn themselves to relive their crimes non-locally in the afterlife. The experience is non-local because they will not be able to differentiate themselves between the tormentor and the tormented. As the active participant in the event, they experience every aspect of it in the afterlife, from every perspective. The condemned individual can only find escape from their self imposed prison if and when they are able to justify their own actions and find peace with the decisions that they made throughout their lifetime.

I believe that such individuals can receive outside help from much more evolved consciousnesses.

A condemned soul exists as an isolated loop within the Protoverse. Within the hierarchy of loops this designates it as a type B. We are all type D loops, with the potential to enforce change within the Universe from the perspective of the Protoverse, but if we allow our path through linear time to become too influenced by entropy, we isolate ourselves within the Protoverse. In this way we become looped, only experiencing our own repeating matrix of existence. We effectively move from a type D loop, down

to a type B. The primary difference from a regular type B is scale. Our ribbon of existence connects with other loops countless times, but our ability to move through these connections becomes limited by our own perspective.

As long as somebody is able to remember your existence, in the Universe or the Protoverse, you will always remain within the continuum of the Protoverse. Also the mere contact of the atoms of your skin to any surface within the Universe is enough to anchor you to a continuum. This prevents us from reverting to type A loops. A type A loop is a loop that remains isolated from all other phenomenon within the infinite vacuum of non-space.

In this way there is always the potential that we could be rescued from our self imposed prisons.

The difference between the afterlife of a self-condemned soul and a non-condemned soul is that the non-condemned are able to pass data between individual loops. As a loop this information never changes, but it is infinite in diversity and the individual is free to explore all aspects of it.

We experience this as a coming together of individuals that we were close to or simply familiar with during our lifetimes.

There are countless anecdotal reports from people that have had Near Death Experiences that recount moments when they come face to face with friends and family members that have previously passed on. I believe that these individuals are simply coming together to expand their realities. By sharing experiences they expose themselves to a wider continuum. Within the Protoverse, novelty is a valued commodity. In the afterlife most people initially find themselves trapped within the tapestry of their own lives. Fortunately escape is fairly simple and comes in the form of every connection that they made with other people throughout their lives. Deep and meaningful connections create richer and more diverse pathways to explore through the Protoverse. When we perceive the feelings of people in our lives and work to help them, we generate a kind of buoyancy in the afterlife. This gives us the freedom to exist at the surface of our own loops and thus switch and share experiences with our neighbours. Every person that you have shared an experience with remains connected to you for eternity. If you initiated a negative experience with someone, and forced them into a situation where they were effectively powerless, then in the afterlife, that experience becomes

your own. The victim will lose all connection to that event in the afterlife, because they were not an active participant. As a Protoiversal consciousness your existence is as a literal ribbon of Space and Time. When we expose ourselves to a linear continuum, like our Universe, we reshape ourselves whenever we make changes to that continuum. This means that every action that you take alters your Protoiversal consciousness in some form. A victim of a traumatic event, whether it be natural or at the hands of another individual, will not relive that event in the afterlife. Unfortunately this also means that if you live a completely passive life, that you will be barely changed by your time in our Linear Universe.

This doesn't negatively affect your soul, but it does seem like a wasted opportunity. As corporeal beings, we are given the rare opportunity to advance ourselves in ways that are unimaginable within the Protoverse alone. We are always gaining new experiences whenever we become embodied within linear time, but we also have the opportunity to advance our consciousness in other ways while we exist within the Macro-Linear Universe. We are able to learn within Linear time. This seems obvious to us, but from the perspective of the Protoverse, learning is much harder. Within the Protoverse, type D loops, must accumulate data, and advance through the Protoverse by finding similar patterns of data. In this way they can create pathways and new links between phenomena within the Protoverse. These links can only take hold if they do not create conflicts within any other loops within the Protoverse. This constant trial and error process means that learning from the point of view of a type D loop is a glacially slow endeavour.

By immersing themselves within an entropic medium like our Universe, the type Ds have the ability to advance themselves simply by existing with the illusion of linear Time and Space.

In the chapter 8: Pseudoscience, I explained how our linear Universe actually has a cyclical cycle. At a far off point in the future, when our Universe is so vast that information can no longer be exchanged between phenomena, the Big Bang will restart. This is because from the Protoverse's perspective, our Universe has a set energetic value.

From the Protoverse's point of view this is perfectly normal, but from a linear perspective it seems impossible. Once our Universe enters complete darkness, our Universe will no longer have a shared point of reference and so

our reality will briefly revert to a cyclical system just long enough to restart the whole system.

The fundamental structures of the Protoverse only experience this whole cycle as a repeating value. It is blind to all of the vast diversity of phenomenon that occurs during the cycle of birth and death that occurs during the lifetime of our Universe. This means that each cycle of our Universe's lifetime can be filled with new events and timelines.

As long as the mass, lifespan and energetic value of the Universe remains unchanged every cycle can be different.

The only phenomenon within the Protoverse that is able to experience this diversity of existence are the type D loops.

Their open ended and complex ribbons of existence are able to process a broad range of experience that all other phenomena within the Protoverse is blind to.

This allows them to build new structures and find connections within the Protoverse that would be unthinkable without the ability to learn from experiencing the shared medium of Space and Time within our Universe.

There is a pitfall in the form of entropy. All negative and entropic forms of existence are recorded as simple loops. As closed loops, their matrixes are unable to be processed by their neighbours and in this way they are prevented from spread harmful patterns throughout the Protoverse. A suitably advanced type D loop can often find positive advantages that outweigh the negative effects of some interactions. When this occurs the type D in question adds the new solution to its arsenal of tools for finding new patterns or links between loops within the Protoverse.

This is how we learn as souls in life and in the afterlife. We expose ourselves to entropy, so that we can better learn to counteract it.

Negative experiences are accumulated like weights to the ribbons of energy that are our Protoversal consciousnesses. As we become weighed down by them we find that the force of our will becomes weakened. This prevents us from seeking new connections and links in the Protoverse. This is because our conscious mind has become tainted by entropic motivations. We no longer wish to explore and find new patterns of existence for the sheer joy of it. We find that fear infects our motivations, so that we become concerned that the next connection will harm us. All of the petty motivations that drove

us toward making bad and harmful decisions in life begin to infect us in the afterlife. This is because our negative actions remain unresolved and until we can lighten the load of entropic loops by unraveling them, the force of our will remains weakened.

This weakening of will prevents us from being able to shape our linear lives from within the Protoverse. We transition from being riders to mere passengers. It is the difference between watching a movie and playing a video game. In the first scenario, you are passively witnessing a set narrative. In the second, you are an active participant and could potentially guide a playable character to several different outcomes.

Our time as linear beings is extremely precious. While we are alive we are able to address issues in our own Protoversal consciousnesses. Our ability to view ourselves both objectively and subjectively allows us to analyse and reassess our behaviours and actions. We have the ability to learn from our own impact on the world and the people in our lives.

When we die, we have the events of our own lives and a perspective of complete objectivity. It would seem like complete objectivity would be a bonus, but how do you justify irrational actions from a position of absolute fairness? When we engage in unfair actions that serve our own interests at the cost of others, we find that we must isolate those actions from the ecology of the Protoverse.

When isolated the memory of these events become looped, and in this state they leach at the force of our will as Protoversal beings.

As we spend more time as biological entities we accumulate more and more looped events which act like weights tied to the ribbon of consciousness that is our soul.

There is hope though. Our time as biological entities offers us a way to unravel these knots of psychic trauma.

While we exist within a shared medium of linear time we can experiment. We can observe the effects of our own actions and analyse the motivations for said actions. We can rationally adjust our own behaviours so that we move away from entropy. The act of learning from our mistakes gives purpose to those mistakes. In the afterlife we can now justify our negative actions as a necessary step in our journey toward enlightenment.

In the closed matrix of the tapestry of our past lives, every interaction is set in stone. We cannot undo what has already been done and if we die

without learning from our mistakes, we find that it is nearly impossible to justify those mistakes.

While we are alive we have the magical ability to shape time through our actions. We can engineer specific outcomes through careful consideration of our actions and their effect on the world.

When we fail to do this we find ourselves shaped by time, like a polished river stone we become featureless. We have little impact on the world and in this way we become indistinguishable from all other phenomena within the linear Universe. When individuals that live passive lives find themselves in the afterlife, they find that they have barely been shaped by their existence in the linear Universe. This is not a terrible outcome, but it is considered to be a wasted opportunity.

We can think of the Linear Universe as a kind of college for souls.

Individuals that enroll are given the opportunity to gain an education and to reshape themselves physically by using the facility's gym.

Students that work hard emerge with new skills and gain new physical abilities as well.

Less disciplined students emerge without gaining any benefit whatsoever.

Our time in the Universe does not automatically reshape us as souls, but it does offer us the opportunity to advance ourselves in unimaginable ways.

When we are alive, we can resculpt ourselves as if we were made from fresh clay. When we die, it is as if that clay has been baked hard and we lose the ability to change ourselves.

If we use our time in the Universe well, we have the opportunity to sculpt ourselves into something wonderful. We also have the ability to twist ourselves into something horrific by engaging in our darkest drives and desires. If we choose neither outcome, we could simply allow ourselves to remain as shapeless masses by remaining as passive observers of both realities.

If we wish to reshape ourselves in the afterlife, we have the opportunity to reincarnate ourselves into a new life.

In doing so we must abandon our current form and start fresh by losing all of our memories of our previous incarnations. Our past lives do remain

part of us, but our inability to form complex structures in our new host mind blinds us from the Protoversal side of our nature.

While we live we are unable to blend our lives into the complex forms that exist within the Protoverse. This means that while we live, we lose most of our ability to perceive the Protoverse.

Part of this is due to the fact that it is extremely difficult to reshape physical matter in our Universe from within the Protoverse, but our main roadblock is that our lives quickly become desynchronized with phenomena within the Protoverse. This is because we are immersed within an entropic medium and our lives are open ended. Once we die, we are able to close the loop and thus isolate the entropic phenomena within our lives. If we are able to elevate our consciousness during our lifetimes, so that we remain unaffected by the entropic nature of linear existence, we regain the ability to access the Protoversal side of our consciousness. Our souls do not simply passively record reality within the Universe. We are more like poets or authors, sent into a strange world, so that we can report on the things that we find there. If we return with terrible stories or uninspired poems, then we may find it difficult to find an audience for our tales. This demonstrates how our consciousnesses may find it difficult to reintegrate with Protoversal matrices both during our lifetime and after it. If we are able to elevate the story of our lives by becoming paragons for good, we may find that we begin to perceive our lives from both sides of reality during our lifetime.

If we can learn to simply think Protoversally, we may find that we are able to access a side of our nature that usually remains hidden to us.

Chapter 15:

Into the Light.

From the point of view of a recently deceased individual, we find ourselves pulled into the light. Light is simply how we perceive the Protoverse. Remember that light is the literal embodiment of the Protoverse within our Universe.

At the moment of death, we lose our ability to perceive three dimensional space and linear time and so our reality becomes a looped 2 dimensional plane. We perceive this as a tunnel and as we lose our ability to perceive linear reality we move through it toward the Protoverse, or as we perceive it in our last moments within linear reality; as a bright light.

We seem to move through the tunnel, but what is really occurring is a collapsing of space as we transition from three dimensional space, to a looped two dimensional plane and then into a single dimension of a looped point of closed existence. Within that point, we may experience three dimensional space, but from the point of view of linear reality within the Universe, we appear as a single point of existence. We would recognise this point of existence as a photon.

Once we enter the light, we lose all of our previous burdens, this is because we have become completely detached from linear reality. In this new realm, there is no future to worry about. All space and time within the Protoverse is accessible.

When we emerge into the light we perceive our own lifetime almost as a super vivid dream, the only things that have the power to pull us from that dream are the people in it that have already passed on and also the people in our lives that still exist within the Macro-Linear Universe. We find that we are able to interact and will often find ourselves switching places with individuals that have already passed on and experience events from our own lives from their own perspectives. Together we begin to weave a new continuum that we are able to explore. The fact that we are no longer part of linear reality means that our new reality is fixed, but our interaction with it is not. As open ribbons of existence we are able to move freely throughout our reality. We quickly learn that we are unable to change the events of our lives, but we do find novelty and new experiences by interacting with other souls. We are even able to observe the lives of those that we know that are still alive, but only the aspects of their lives that we are familiar with. As beings within a non-linear medium of reality we are unable to observe actions that are alien to us. We can only observe the things that align with our perception of the world as it was before we died. It is extremely difficult for non linear entities to create new impressions within the Protoverse. These new impressions create new structures within the Protoverse and therefore have the ability to expose it to entropy. We can have entropic lives and are forced to work through these events once we pass on, but we cannot share these experiences with others. The more entropic that our lives are, the more isolated our reality becomes, because these events are unable to integrate with other phenomena within the Protoverse. The event itself is not entropic as long as it remains in a closed loop. The fact that a closed loop will always return to the point before the negative event occurs keeps it balanced and prevents it from spreading itself into the wider Protoverse.

As we observe linear reality we find that we can explore events that we may have unknowingly, but positively influenced and thus we may find that we can continue to move outwards and experience a version of our Universe holistically from numerous perspectives. We are able to be surprised in the Protoverse, but only events that we directly influenced and generally had a positive effect on the world. In other words, we can only perceive events that are not entropic.

The non-linear structure of the Protoverse creates a dream like

experience. Events and places link together in unnatural ways. We find that our perception of places from our past affect how they seem to be geographically presented to us. An example could be that you step out of your childhood home only to turn around and find yourself on the doorstep of a house that you lived in much later in life. Things like this can occur because you are navigating through a perfect recreation of your life that you created. Your motion through this recreation is dictated by your own perception and memories. This means that events and places that are linked in abstract ways in your own mind become similarly linked in your reality.

This is why people that engaged in dastardly behaviours find themselves returning to those events over and over again. They are driven by their desire to escape these events and therefore they find themselves being presented by them over and over again. Their preoccupation with escaping their self imposed prison is the very thing that prevents them from leaving it. These events lock themselves into a closed loop of entropy that they must learn to unlock if they are to expand out into the larger structures of the Protoverse.

As Protoversal entities we perceive positive and negative events similarly to the way that living beings feel sunlight and shade. The contrast between the two is palpable. Our Protoversal minds are structured to find joy in finding new passages and patterns of existence. From a linear perspective we create new patterns and passages whenever we engage in actions that make the world better in some way. When we engage in acts of kindness, we bring people and their lives away from entropy. We encourage the growth of complex systems and events. The most complex system on Earth right now is the human race. Every individual contains a data processing engine that is as complex as our own galaxy and we all exist within a complex society that we have constructed over thousands of years. When we help each other to thrive and achieve our goals in life, we work toward the growth and development of complex and diverse systems. Humanity has the potential to achieve unimaginable goals and when we help each other, we move our whole species a little closer to reaching those heady heights. Everytime you help a friend or stranger, you move further away from entropy. When we move away from entropy we encourage the growth of complexity within our Universe and this growth is mirrored within the Protoverse. This creates vast structures that we can interact with and explore. We find that we are given the ability to perceive events that we helped shape even after we died in the

linear Universe. For most people this occurs for events involving our offspring. We find that in the afterlife, we can perceive events when our children engage in actions that we helped to shape. We hear the moments when they think of us because all of these occurrences are part of us as entities constructed from units of Space and Time.

Our ability to perceive the passage of time in the Universe begins to fade as our effect on linear reality also fades over time. We slowly become blind to the linear Universe as events that we helped to shape run their course.

This eventually leads to an overwhelming desire to add to the complexity of the tapestry that is our pattern of existence by returning to the Macro-Linear Universe.

To do this we feel our way to a life that is compatible with our pattern of existence. This endeavour is a risky gamble and we may find ourselves placed into a life that pushes us toward negative and entropic behaviours, but the potential benefits are also huge.

Another reason for returning to the Universe is that we have become adapted to life in Macro-Linear reality. This makes us ill adapted to navigate existence within the Protoverse. Without the lense of linear time through which to perceive the shapes and forms that surround us we slowly lose the ability to expand and explore the wider Protoverse. The farther we move from our own bubble of preserved time and space within this new medium of existence we find that reality within the Protoverse is strange and difficult to understand and even perceive. We become like fish trying to learn to breath air. Unlike fish trying to breath air, it is possible for us to adapt to existence within the Protoverse, but it is much easier to simply return to the medium with which we are more familiar with. We do this by finding a similar pattern of consciousness to our own within the linear Universe. This is similar to buying a new car. If you are used to a manual gearbox, then you are more likely to try to find a car with a stick shift. You have developed your skill as a driver with a certain control configuration, therefore you are probably going to look for a similar configuration when it is time to transition to a new vehicle.

When we decide to return to linear reality we try to find a body and mind that we can map ourselves to. This is not simply a matter of biological compatibility, there are other factors to consider. As Protoversal beings we

are able to glimpse at the opportunities and choices that the life ahead of you may present you with. We do not literally see these events, but we can sense whether the life is a good fit for our souls. You can think of it as two gears that are spinning. If the gears are spinning at a similar rate and are of compatible size and shape, then they will be able to combine and spin together. If they are not compatible, then no amount of force will allow them to come together.

As Protoversal consciousnesses, we are able to recognise patterns of existence that we are familiar with. We are shaped by our time in the Universe so when we return to it, we simply have to find a biological mind that is a good fit.

We map to the patterns of biological cognition as we would map to the ordered, looped matrices of existence within the Protoverse. I will return to this in the next chapter, because this information presents us with some interesting strategies for drawing our Protoversal consciousnesses into our lives to allow our true selves to better influence our lives.

When we emerge into the linear Universe we temporarily have to discard everything that we were in the Protoverse. Our pattern of existence remains intact, but our attention is now drawn to the constant barrage of sensations that come at us through our physical senses. The linear nature of these sensations prevents us from being able to integrate the two sides of our nature, that is until our lives end and we can close the loop of our lives and begin to perceive non linear reality within the Protoverse again.

Our souls are able to generate impressions and feelings within our biological minds, but the level of control necessary to reconstruct decades of previous life experiences simply does not exist for most of us. In this way we forget our previous existence and are born into a new life as literal newborns.

During our lifetimes we may be able to give our physical selves glimpses of our previous lives in dreams or other altered states that push our awarenesses toward the Protoverse, but these are not real memories, rather clip shows of memories filtered through our biological minds.

Our souls are like addicts, we are addicted to the sheer wealth of new experiences and structures that Linear existence is able to furnish us with. We feel this addiction when we have fully explored every aspect of our previous

lives and interacted with every acquaintance in the afterlife. Once the flow of new data from the Universe stops we feel an intense desire to re-open the valve that provided us with so much novelty of experience.

We could spend an eternity exploring and unraveling the labyrinthian pathways of our lives so that we could better integrate and expand out into the Protoverse, but we are drawn to the shear torrent of new experiences that linear Time and Space offer us.

As our culture and Science grows, we may reach a point in our history when we are able to integrate our Protoversal selves into our short linear lives. As we are currently, we have almost no knowledge of this hidden side of ourselves. Our religions and spiritual institutions try to blindly grope in the dark for some insight that may unlock some fundamental truth, but they have barely touched the tip of the iceberg when it comes to understanding our infinite selves.

Fortunately a lot of our current spiritual practices are extremely useful for drawing our Protoversal consciousnesses into our Linear lives. Meditation, rituals and even living a moral life have the power to draw the two halves of our being closer together.

The benefits for doing so are huge. A more Protoversal society is a society without war or famine. Our Protoversal selves do not distinguish between individual rights. To our grander selves, we are all one and are all responsible for the wellbeing of every person currently alive. If we were to unlock our Protoversal perception we would feel each other's pain, distress, love and joy as our own. In this state of being, it is almost impossible to willingly inflict pain on one another.

This is the future that is on offer to us, if only we can grasp it.

If we were to initiate contact with our Extraterrestrial neighbours, I believe that their mere proximity would be enough to bring the two halves of our nature together so that we could benefit from existence as an awakened, sentient species. This is because the visitors routinely interact with reality from the perspective of the Protoverse. This interaction reshapes Linear and Protoversal space, bringing the two halves of reality closer together. The effect that this has on us, is that communication between our Protoversal selves and our biological minds becomes much easier.

The problem with that scenario is that over time, our culture would become subsumed by theirs. Why build our own culture when one already exists that functions perfectly.

The visitors would much rather let us build our own future. A future in which we have created a working society that is distinct from all others.

In order to reshape our various cultures in such a way as to prevent us from annihilating ourselves before we have a chance to make contact with other sentient species, we first need to learn to access our Protoversal nature. One of the benefits for doing so would be that we would become more averse to conflict. Our various world cultures would be able to share and exchange ideals and yet be able to maintain their distinctiveness and historical identity. We would see an increase in compassionate interactions and our unlocked instincts would help us to navigate life gracefully.

There are ways to draw our Protoversal selves into our lives using techniques and practices that already exist in our culture. I can offer a few more, but my additions are just minor modifications to pre-existing techniques.

Chapter 16:

Becoming more Protoversal.

Up until this point, I have talked about the nature of consciousness in a dualistic reality and along the way I have hinted at how the twin mediums of our reality may explain some aspects of the supernatural. You may be wondering whether it is possible to take advantage of the fact that you exist with a foot in two very different continuums. The answer is most certainly a yes. I know this because I have spent time in the company of entities that are able to routinely access their Protoversal nature. I myself have experienced small instances when I was able to perceive reality from the perspective of the Protoverse.

From my own experiences, I know that perception of the Protoverse allows us to glimpse our future, perceive the emotions of others as if they are our own, hear the sub-vocal thoughts of those around us and even view snapshots of our reality from outside our physical bodies.

I believe that the first step in opening our perception to this hidden reality is simply to know of its existence.

Simple knowledge of it allows us to pay attention to insights and stimulus that we may receive from the Protoverse.

Linear reality allows us to receive a constant and dense stream of information that floods our senses every second of every day. Protoversal reality demands that we engage with it, before it will endow us with even the slightest trickle of information. Simply imagining the Protoverse can be

enough to inspire your mind to seek and engage with it. While reading this book, you might have found odd random thoughts entering your mind. These might have come in the form of detailed images that flashed in your mind for brief instances of time. Alternatively you may have heard phantom sounds, or voices that seemed to come from nowhere. These images or sounds would have been incredibly vivid. The images would have been like seeing a colourful and detailed panorama flash before your face, and the sounds or voices would have seemed to come from right by your ears, possibly uncomfortably loud. Some other seemingly paranormal effects could be that you have started to experience vivid dreams, possibly of your own future, or maybe your dreams have started to be visited by loved ones that have passed on.

These are common side effects that I tend to experience for a few weeks after a close encounter with the visitors. I believe that they are a direct result of my exposure to Protoversal reality.

You may not have experienced a close encounter with the visitors, but your biological mind is processing the possibility that the Protoverse exists. Part of this process involves imagining what the Protoverse is and how it works. The models that you construct of the Protoverse in your mind will be familiar to your Protoversal self and as you seek the Protoverse within yourself, your Protoversal self may just try to initiate a kind of contact through your new understanding of reality.

It is possible to push open the door between realities much further, although it requires time, practice, patience and discipline.

You may have guessed that meditation is the best way to open the door between realities, but I can share with you some useful techniques that I have personally used to maximize my own sensitivity to Protoversal stimulus. To do this, I will describe my own path to show you how I developed my own methods for reopening my own perceptions of Protoversal reality.

I started to experiment with meditation when I was 14 years old. My best friend at school “David”, (the same David that I was staying with when I had my traumatic close encounter event) David developed an interest in hippy culture. He grew obsessed with a band called “Gong” and part of his obsession involved meditation. He encouraged me to try it and so after I had

visited him on the day that he told me this, I started to meditate in my own room that night and many more afterward.

I did this for a couple of years. I would normally meditate for about three days a week.

At this age I generally could not hold down a hobby for more than a day or two, but for some reason meditation really resonated with me.

As a fourteen year old boy in the early nineties I would carry my personal cassette player around with me wherever I went. Almost as soon as I started to meditate, I found that my preferred method was to have my favourite music playing in my ears while I meditated. To many serious practitioners of meditation this might seem antithetical, but please bare with me. A typical cassette album would last around forty minutes and I would then sit in silence for another twenty minutes.

This meant that I would meditate for about an hour roughly three nights a week and I did this until I was nineteen years old.

I pretty much stopped meditating around this age because at nineteen I became aware of the presence of the visitors in my life.

I grew paranoid and started to believe that by entering into altered states of consciousness, that I has somehow lighting a beacon for the visitors. I truly believe that the visitors do not mean to harm us, but their presence is extremely hard to bare. Even today, I occasionally find myself awake in the early hours of the morning in a panicked state where every noise in the house is perceived as evidence that the visitors have returned and are about to take me. I believe that the visitors are benevolent, but that doesn't stop me from being terrified of them.

Part of the reason for my change of heart concerning meditation is that I believe that I have discovered a part of my mind that is in constant contact with the visitors. It is like a low frequency hum, that when I notice it, it becomes louder. I used to believe that if I allowed myself to be led by this sensation that I would be in danger of triggering the same paralysis that the visitors use to subdue me during my abductions. I am also concerned that I may accidentally trigger another bout of abductions. The reason that I associate this hum with the visitors is because when I feel its presence, the feeling is similar to the altered state that I find myself in around the visitors. It is a sort of expansive opening of my mind. It feels like I am slightly outside

of my own head and also like I am not the only one that is looking through my own eyes. You can perhaps understand why I would find this sensation so creepy.

During my final hypnosis session, I entered into this strange altered state almost as soon as I stepped into Hillary's house. At the start I thought that it was just because of the strangeness of the whole situation, but as time went on, I began to realise that I was actually sensing the presence of the visitors.

I can now initiate this sensation at will. Simply remembering the feeling of it is enough to activate it. In the past I have attempted to follow this feeling and immerse myself in it, but it never really changes, it is always just there at the back of my mind like a light that never goes out. It seems to get louder when I notice it, but it is similar to tinnitus, in that the sound doesn't really get louder, rather your perception of it becomes more acute. I am very aware that I keep describing the sensation as a sound, but it doesn't have a noise associated with it. It is a kind of vibration that exists in my mind that when I notice it, it seems to engulf me. My awareness of it generates a odd feeling of unrealness to the world too, as if my normal reality is a paper thin and fragile illusion.

I am not sure whether this sensation is available for everyone, or whether it is specific to me, so I will abandon this thread now. Back to the business of helping you to unlock your awareness of the Protoverse.

Since I was young I have always found that I could enter into altered states with the help of rhythmic sounds and patterns. This started with my musical meditations, but also included almost any rhythmic beat. A good example is that I am able to put myself into a deep meditative trance when I run. The sounds of my own breathing, footsteps and heartbeat are enough to allow me to lose myself to the music of my own body.

I have found that I am able enter into what I have identified as the zone, if I let myself become lost in the rhythms of my own activities. When I was younger and fitter, I could begin a run and lose all track of time by immersing myself in the sounds of my own rhythmic patterns. I would run for up to an hour and feel as if mere minutes had passed since I had left the house.

I began to realise that I seemed to respond to repetitive beats and could put myself into a trance like state at will, simply by listening to my own pulse or the pattern of my own breath.

In the altered state that I seem to be able to initiate, my own internal stream of thoughts and internal dialogue shuts down. I become completely preoccupied by the constant flow of the rhythms that I am perceiving.

I believe that my ability to lose myself in this altered state is partially due to my exposure to the visitors, or more accurately, exposure to how the visitors interact with the Protoverse.

I believe that rhythmic perception is one of several the keys to interaction with our Protoversal selves.

The Protoverse itself is a matrix of constantly repeating units of Time and Space. Our Protoversal minds exist in this medium and I believe that utilisation of, and navigation through this granular form of Space must involve some form of perception, recognition and manipulation of rhythmic interactions between loops of Space and Time. Our Protoversal minds must be incredibly adept at recognising and categorizing incredibly complex and dense rhythmic patterns of data. I believe that our enjoyment of music and dance may be a manifestation of our ability to perceive and navigate through complex repeating patterns of existence. To your Protoversal self these patterns have an attraction about them that has the ability to synchronise the two very different versions of our conscious minds.

When our minds become synchronised we may find that our perception of reality changes. We see how living matter has a much deeper and more complex relationship with reality than we would otherwise have guessed. People seem to glow and emit a kind of warmth that is hidden to us normally. We begin to hear the constant chatter of their minds and their attention pulls at us like a magnet.

Inert matter has form in linear reality, but within the Protoverse its shape and configuration is much more dynamic. Biological matter is constantly reshaping itself both within the Protoverse and the linear Universe. We have a constant and dynamic relationship with both sides of reality. When we synchronise our two halves, we are able to perceive these interactions.

In my early twenties I had a period of my life when I really pushed hard to see what would happen if I shifted my consciousness to how I perceived reality during my close encounters.

This was a time of my life before I had developed my ideas about the

Protoverse, so I was simply trying to access this side of myself through my memory of this state of consciousness.

I spent a few months meditating, although I did not use music. At the time I thought that music was distraction and was something my younger self had used because of my shorter attention span.

At this point in my life I had become passionate about running. I would run three and a half miles to and from work every day. I would often listen to music during these runs and soon found that I could put myself into an altered state as I ran.

I would run without music just as often as I did with it, because I had found that the rhythms of my own body were much more effective for entering into an altered state. Another factor was that during this time, I had a portable MP3 disc player that I would listen to on my runs and it would skip and jump tracks as my body bounced. Eventually I found it so annoying that I abandoned the music altogether.

I became more and more adept at entering into what I thought of as the zone. I found that my thoughts would drift away, swept up in the tide of my own footsteps.

When I got to work after my meditative runs, I noticed that my perception of the space around me was much more acute. My movements had a grace about them that was new. I could feel the warmth of people around me as if they had become heat lamps. I would occasionally hear the sub-vocal thoughts of my workmates and I could perceive their emotional states.

At this point in my life I would regularly have prescient dreams, most of which have since come true.

Unfortunately this period of my life was also riddled with what seemed like botched close encounters with the visitors.

This was the same period of my life when the visitors led me downstairs to my living room only to have me snap out of my trance and damn near lose my mind. It is also when they had used my son's voice to get me to open my bedroom door to let them in, only to have them rush me.

These events eventually caused me to cancel my experiment with new states of consciousness and I stopped meditating and eventually stopped running to work.

It is now fifteen years later and have started to meditate again, but my methods have changed and developed as I have become aware of the strange nature of our existence in a bifurcated reality.

Now I explore my own physical senses. I feel the weight of my presence in the world by perceiving the physical sensation of each part of my body. I start with my feet and then move my awareness up my legs to my thighs. Then I move my attention to my hands and follow my arms up to my shoulders. Once there I transfer my awareness to the small of my back and move upwards, then over my head and face, down my torso and I end just below my navel. From my navel I expand my awareness to encompass my entire body. Then I sit and listen to the rhythms of my body, the slow, deep motion of air into my lungs and the pulse of blood as it moves around my body. At this stage I have become acutely sensitive to these sensations so I am able to lose myself to these rhythms. Sometimes I am unable to feel my own pulse, so I just listen to my breath and this is enough to occupy me for usually around an hour.

When I am finished, I feel as if my mind is vast and peaceful. I become vastly more aware of my surroundings and of my place in the world and I feel a much deeper connection with the people that I communicate with through the rest of my day.

I follow a similar protocol when I run, except I find that I do not need to move my attention through my body. I am already focused on my body when I run. The act of running forces me to do so already. I simply listen to my breath, feel the blood run through my veins and listen to the sound of my footsteps. Eventually my sense of self evaporates and I feel completely at peace.

This is how I currently meditate, I am not an expert on the subject and you may have a better method that works better for yourself. If so I would simply add the sensation of losing oneself to the rhythms of your body. I think that this extra step has the potential to help you re-familiarize yourself with a form of cognition that is non-linear and thus can help you connect with your Protoversal consciousness.

I have shared with you the first of three keys to unlocking our Protoversal minds and will now move on to the second.

Just to remind you that the first key is rhythmic perception. I will return to this and explain it some more later, but for now I will share with you the second key. The second key is simply a holistic sense of self.

This sounds very abstract but is actually fairly simple. It is simply my way of describing an opening our my sense of self to include my perception of reality.

This is a kind of meditation that I engage in during my day to day life.

To initiate this exercise, I simply try to perceive my reality through all of my senses, while expanding my sense of self to include my surroundings. This sounds difficult and counterintuitive, but in reality it is fairly easy.

We may find that we do something similar when we find ourselves in a place of natural beauty. In such a scenario we often try to simply absorb as much of our surroundings as possible. Remember a time when you looked at a beautiful view as you felt the sun on your face and the wind against your body while you listened to the soft surrusation of the wind against the grass or trees. Your experience may not completely match this, but I am sure that most of you have had a moment when you have endeavoured to capture as much of an experience as possible by becoming acutely aware of your sensations as the experience occurred.

During these moments you may or may not have become aware that your sense of self momentarily faded as your perception expanded. We spend much of our lives locked behind our eyes, existing a reactive animals as we move through our lives. This is how we experience our linear selves and in this state, our Protoversal selves have almost no ability to influence us as we move through our lives.

In this state we are completely at the mercy of linear reality and the likelihood of us living a positive or entropic life becomes completely random and out of our control.

It is like getting into a car and trying to drive it through heavy traffic, this is a fairly standard exercise except in this scenario you are sat in the back seat. Hopefully you will only get into a few knocks and scrapes, but you are just as likely to kill yourself or get somebody else killed.

I have found that the remedy to this limited form of existence is to use my sensation of my surroundings to expand my sense of self.

When I do this I find that the sense of my body seems to disappear. This

seems totally counter intuitive, but as I try to experience every sensation of my body, my perception shifts to my surroundings rather than my physical self.

In practice I begin by trying to feel the air move through my airways as I draw breath. This is much easier if I am slightly cold. I also try to feel the air as it passes over my skin. Next I will open my perception to the full cacophony of sounds that surrounds me. Visually I will try to open my awareness to include the full image of everything that I am seeing so that my focus is broader than usual. I become more aware of my peripheral vision, but not acutely so. Most of my awareness comes from my physical sensations, starting with touch and heat, then to sound and finally on my vision.

When I do this, I feel as if I am expanding like a mist. I become my reality rather than simply my physical embodiment in it.

This may seem like an illusion, but this is how we experience reality as Protoversal beings. We exist as non local waves of Space and Time. You are not simply your physical body, every part of your reality is mapped into the matrixes of the Protoverse and therefore you are able to explore every event that occurs around you, from the largest to the smallest interaction of matter and energy that surrounds you.

If you are aware of the Protoverse and are able to perceive your life as a non linear event in a vast matrix of similar events as you expand your sense of self to include your surroundings, you may begin to shift your consciousness into a hybrid version of yourself that is able to combine the two aspects of your life into one experience.

In this way your consciousness can become more Protoversal.

This is the second step of three to opening yourself to the hidden part of your consciousness.

To recap the first step was meditating to rhythmic sounds or sensations to enter into an altered state.

The second step is development of a holistic sense of self through the broader and less focused perception of your senses.

The third and final step is non-entropic engagement with reality.

Once again this sounds abstract but a simpler if less accurate description would be to live a moral life to better embody your Protoversal consciousness.

This is probably the simplest step, but also possibly the most difficult to stick to.

As a Protoversal being, you existence as a thread of Time and Space. Every decision that you make while you live shapes your soul. If you are able to avoid entropic actions while you live, you will find that the force of your will has much more power in the Protoverse. Entropic actions create isolated loops of time within the Protoverse that are unable to connect with the wider Protoverse. If we think of the tapestry of our life's timeline as a maze, the life of a cruel person would be mostly made from dead-ends. Alternatively a life lived in the service of others would be fully integrated into the infinitely complex map that is the Protoverse. This type of life gives the consciousness that created the more open and connected maze the freedom to explore and influence the Protoverse.

The effects of living a moral life doesn't just affect us in the afterlife.

When our actions and decisions match those that our Protoversal consciousness would make, we are able to bring the two sides of ourselves closer together. The effects of this is that our Protoversal minds are granted the freedom to exert a greater effect on our biological minds.

Professor of Psychology, Jonathan Haidt uses a useful metaphor in his book “The Happiness Hypothesis” that I will now borrow to illustrate the dynamic relationship between our base instincts, our logical mind and our Protoversal selves.

Jonathan’s original metaphor concerns the relationship between an elephant and a rider on the creature’s back.

The elephant represents our base instincts, drives and automatic processes that affect our behaviours. The rider represents our rational and logical minds, the part of ourselves that we consider to be our conscious selves. The side of us that actively dictates all of our major decisions. In Jonathan’s book we quickly learn that many if not most of our major decisions through our life are most likely dictated by the older more primitive parts of ourselves. The metaphor elegantly demonstrates that without training and discipline that

the part of ourselves least capable of guiding us through modern life (in this model represented by the elephant), is more than capable of ignoring and overriding our more rational, logical selves (represented by the will of the rider).

With careful mindfulness and training we can learn to be both more skilled riders and better behaved elephants, but at this point I would like to complicate matters somewhat by adding a third figure to the metaphor.

If the elephant represents our animal instincts and base emotions like fear, rage and envy and the rider represents our newly evolved, more advanced cognitive abilities, like compassion, foresight and ability to adapt and learn, then we need to add a third character to represent our Protiversal selves.

This character will be represented by a small hummingbird. As a bird it is able to fly to a great a height and is free to explore our surroundings. It possesses the freedom to view our lives in respect to our world and our place in it. The rider upon the elephant's back already has a better view than the elephant from their elevated position, giving us the ability to plan and chart a path through life objectively. The bird however has the ability to observe events and obstacles that exist out of our view, well beyond the horizon.

Unfortunately for the trio, there is the problem of communication. To warn the rider and elephant, the bird must use its delicate beak to peck its messages in order to get their attention.

The elephant's hide is way too thick to detect such messages, but the rider has a bare patch of skin on the back of their neck that is perfect for receiving the bird's communications.

The bird is extremely small and has a delicate beak, so to receive the messages, the rider must be constantly vigilant and take the time to learn what each sequence of taps actually means.

This means that all three elements of this metaphor have to be in tune to take advantage of each others abilities.

The elephant must be well behaved so that the rider can navigate effectively while paying attention to the bird's messages whenever are received.

The rider must train his steed effectively to allow it to properly fulfil its role.

The rider must also possess enough skill navigate and steer the elephant well enough so that he can also pay attention to the bird.

Finally the bird needs to feel that it is able to help its two counterparts, so that it can be trained to work with them.

If the elephant and rider are rampaging through a forest, the bird would risk breaking its beak if it were to try communicating at that point.

This is similar to how living an entropic life has the ability to remove the ability of our soul to communicate with our material bodies.

As we become more entropic, we destabilise the structures of our nonlinear consciousnesses. We become a mess of closed looped instances of entropy and lose the power to effectively enforce our will.

If we can endeavour to live lives of compassionate action, through skillful control of our more destructive emotions and instincts while also learning to pay attention to our Protoversal selves, we may find that we have the ability to become much more than we previously considered possible, both during our lifetimes and afterword.

By drawing our Protoversal selves into linear reality, we are able to reshape ourselves so that we can retain the ability to effectively navigate through Protoversal structures in the afterlife.

In this way we are granted the ability to make the unconscious parts of ourselves conscious, which has the ability to greatly augment our lives in this reality and the next.

I believe this is the next step in our development as a sentient species. As our biological minds evolve, becoming more complex and dense with minute and sensitive structures, the potential for our non-linear consciousnesses to play a more active role in our lives increases.

I know that we have already reached a sufficient level of complexity to interact with our Protoversal selves. If we hadn't, people like myself that have experienced close encounter events would not be able to communicate with the visitors. Whoever or whatever the visitors are, every part of their lives are affected by their awareness and utilisation of the fact that they exist in two very different mediums of reality. The only thing preventing us from awakening to this much vaster and diverse side of reality is our preoccupation with our animalistic nature.

We live on the border between two forms of existence. We are intelligent enough to be aware of our own mortality, but we are yet to discover the limitless bounds of our subconscious minds. We have the potential to discover a much vaster, more complex reality, but our old instincts and behaviours keep drawing us back.

Many of our interactions are governed by fear or anger and thus we find ourselves engaging in entropic actions.

When we awaken in the Protoversal tapestry that was our life after we die, we find that to grow we must return to linear reality.

We are caught in a constant cycle of death and rebirth, abandoning everything that we were in order to gain new experiences.

If we could learn to explore the Protoversal side of our nature while we still have access to the incredible sensory processing machine that is the human body, we may find that we are able to reach a new stage of our species development where we are able to embody both realities, both before and after we die.

If we were to achieve this, life and death would no longer hold any mystery for us and dying would become as mundane as sleeping.

I know this because this is how the visitors view reality and I think that they may simply be a version of us that have walked a different path.

I myself have tasted what it means to exist while receiving sensory input from both realities. During these times I have been able to sense the emotions and occasionally hear the thoughts of people around me, I have had prophetic dreams where I was given glimpses of my own future, I gained an acute awareness of my surroundings, which granted me a grace of movement that was alien to me, last but not least, when all of these things were going on, I felt a peace and contentment that I still carry with me to this day.

Currently I am not meditating regularly. I still have the fear that my efforts to recover these altered states may encourage the visitors to re-enter my life. I do not feel that I am ready for them yet. Face to face encounters with these beings feels like facing your own death. Their method of communication completely dissolves your ego and sense of self. In the moment this doesn't just feel like dying, it feels like being completely obliterated. As much as I would like to exist with the freedom to explore all

of my conscious and subconscious processes, my animalistic fears keep pulling me back.

Even if I am not following my own methods, I hope that I have at least provided some people with a new path to achieve beneficial states of consciousness.

My reluctance to follow my own advice makes me a terrible teacher, but my method has the advantage of targeting very specific goals. Unlike most spiritual practices, I can explain why each step is important and break down the effect that each discipline has on our conscious minds.

The goal is simple, to become more Protoversal. This means that the active process of cognition takes advantage of the fact that it is affected and affecting two parallel mediums of existence. You can think of your consciousness as two different radio wavelengths. The process of your cognition is the needle on the dial of an old radio. The needle represents this moment, that is to say the point in time that you are experiencing right now and your changing consciousness in that moment.

Normally if you tune a radio dial so that it is equally between two different broadcasts that are close enough to be heard at the same time, we hear a garbled mess of conflicting sounds. We are able to focus on one melody, or the other, but not both at the same time. However, if we tune in just as the music on the airwaves from the two broadcast are playing similar melodies, we may find that we hear something new and beautiful in the sounds from our radio. We observe new and interesting harmonies as the sounds compliment and reshape each over into new and dynamic melodies.

This is similar to becoming more Protoversal. We are able to bring our Protoversal consciousness into our lives, by engaging in actions that are identical to how our Protoversal selves would act, while we also open ourselves to a kind of more Protoversal perception of our reality. In this way, we are able to match the frequency of our physical consciousness to that of our Protoversal consciousness. This allows us as the cognitive needle on the dial of our metaphorical radio, to pick up the two parallel radio wavelengths of our consciousnesses.

When we engage in entropic activity we move away from the goals of our Protoversal self and thus become blind to this side of ourselves. This is because the wavelength of our two consciousnesses become too different,

preventing us from hearing any harmonies between them. As physical beings trapped in a linear continuum, we are unable alter the wavelength of our Protoversal consciousnesses, but we are free to reshape the conscious processes of our physical minds, through discipline and repeated activity.

Ironically the three major monotheistic religions of our world all seem to possess one part of my method, but none equally put importance on all three methods.

Christianity teaches us to engage in charitable actions, by following the golden rule “Treat others as you would have others treat yourself”. It puts importance on putting others before yourself and not engaging in negative activities that could harm people. This is almost identical to preventing ourselves from engaging in entropic actions. By only engaging in charitable activities we have the power to match the will of our linear consciousness with that of our Protoversal consciousness thus becoming more Protoversal.

Islam encourages us to partake in daily rituals and steers us away from harmful activities. It provides us with a strong framework for an ordered and holistic society.

Your personal goals are never more important than your spiritual goals and therefore followers of this faith are able to dedicate a part of their lives to their grander selves. The repeated ritual and harmonic chanting puts us into a frame of mind that is similar to the looped matrices of the Protoverse and thus has the power to awaken our Protoversal selves.

Buddhism teaches us to think Protoversally by obliterating our illusion of self. It encourages us to minimise our egos and think of ourselves as simply part of reality. Most Buddhist meditations teach us to open our minds to achieve a holistic sense of self. This is similar to how our Protoversal consciousnesses perceive reality and thus Buddhist meditation has the power to harmonize our dual consciousnesses into a single frequency, simply through matching our perception of reality.

All three religions do use all three methods, but each put very different emphasis on each. Christianity encourages to seek God by only engaging in

moral activity as he would wish us to act.

Islam teaches us to surrender to God's will, by living our lives in devotion to a higher power through repeated ritual and prayer.

Buddhism teaches us to open our awareness by not thinking of ourselves as separate from all other things in the world.

Enlightenment is achievable through any of these paths, but is much more likely if we place equal importance on all three.

I am most certainly not advocating for the founding of a new religion. Religions have a horrible tendency to discourage their followers from questioning their teachings. In this way they prevent their disciples from thinking for themselves by only accepting the answers that have already been given to them.

Religions are monolithic and almost impossible to change in any meaningful way. For a religion to change, it must create new branches, allowing followers to choose between the new way or to follow the old way. These branches are created through schisms when two opposing views create such conflict that they must separate to preserve and share their own interpretation of a religious teaching. Such schisms tend to be bloody and horrible affairs resulting in moments in history like “The Hundred Year War”.

I would only encourage people to follow my method as a hobby for self improvement or self discovery. Treat it as you would treat a diet or a new hobby like painting. Something that you want to get good at through disciplined and repeated activity. There is a goal, but not an end goal. You may become more Protoversal, but it is not something that you can master. If you stop pursuing it, you will lose some of the benefits as I have. I no longer have prophetic dreams, and I cannot hear the stray random thoughts of those around me, nor can I perceive the emotions of people around me.

I do think that I am generally happier than most people, but this is probably because I still do constantly engage in one of the three activities. I always try to put others before myself and I always think of myself as part of my reality rather the center of it. This seems to put me in a good mood, I'm not sure why, but it works very well for me.

I really hope that my three path method helps other people. Even if you are not able to gain a new perspective on reality, I am sure that you will gain other benefits that you might not be aware of yet.

I also hope I did not go too far by comparing my method to the three major monotheistic religions of the world. By the way I did not include Judaism, partially because both Christianity and Islam are Abrahamic religions and therefore both are descended from Judaism. Another reason is that if we rank the monotheistic religions in order of number of followers that they have, it goes Christianity, Islam and Buddhism, in that order. It is surprising how few Jewish people there are in the world. I only picked three religions, because I was comparing them to my own three path method to achieving a new state of consciousness, also I don't know if you noticed but the power of three is a bit of a theme in this book.

It is here that I will end my book and all that is left is for me to summarize and conclude the messages that I have endeavoured to put out into the world. I hope that you have enjoyed the ride and that I have not left you bewildered, confused, angry or all three.

Afterword

So that was my book, it was a pretty wild ride wasn't it? I hope it wasn't a crazy ride, because that would mean that it was probably cooked up in a crazy mind. My intention of writing this book was almost entirely to put these concepts out into the world and to share my own perspective with other people. A much smaller goal, but one that is important to me, is to conclusively find out whether I am simply delusional or not. Are the things that I think that I have learned real and therefore important? Or are they simply the meaningless product of an unwell mind?

I am open to both possibilities, just because I have vacillated between either possibilities throughout my life.

There is one thing in my life that has prevented me from dismissing my experiences as delusion.

It is the single moment that inspired this entire book and is the one concrete event that I have been unable to dismiss throughout my whole life. It is that moment right at the start of this book, when I lucidly saw a single grey floating outside my bedroom window when I was a very young child. I keep coming back to that single moment. It is the one thing that I can never truly discount. The fact that I tried to figure out what the creature was by looking through my mother's wildlife books means that I knew that the thing was real. If it was a real animal, then logically, such a remarkable creature would

be in a wildlife book that displays all of the significant fauna on the British Isles. The fact that I saw this creature years before I was exposed to an image of an archetypical grey in the media prevents me from dismissing this event as imagined. This event has stuck in my mind like a splinter and my attempts to extract this irritation has kept me on the path that has eventually led me to write this book.

I have never been able to fully dismiss my experiences or the strange, abstract impressions and concepts that are attached to them.

My failure to abandon the part of myself that I could not fit into my day to day life has driven me to express that part here in this book.

As I have put these things down onto the page, they seem to have crystalized in such a way that their relationship between each other seems to have reinforced the likelihood that each section of this is book is based in truth. That is how it seems to me, but then I am undoubtedly biased. Before putting my abduction memories on the page in relation to my more abstract impressions and conclusions, I hadn't realised how perfectly everything seems to fit together. There has always been some doubt in my mind that my abduction memories were authored by my mind during a time when the subject of alien abduction was particularly popular. I had my alien centered revelation a year after the TV show "The X-Files" was initially aired. If I did concoct the whole thing then my insights about the nature of reality and our relationship with the visitors probably represents my attempt to build a narrative that rationalises my invented experiences.

Once again the one piece of the puzzle that refuses to comfortably fit with this scenario is my first vivid abduction memory that predates any exposure to the subject of alien abduction. There is no doubt in my mind that this early memory is real. At the time it was so startling that it has remained vivid after over thirty years. This doesn't discount the possibility that I have authored the more abstract aspects of my experiences in an attempt to rationalize them. I still worry that this is the case, but the act of writing these things down has me mostly convinced otherwise. It all seems to fit together so perfectly, while at the same time appearing to help us explain mysteries concerning reality and our place in it. I really don't think that I am clever enough to author such a complex and dense story.

So my personal goal for releasing this book to the public, to finally

discover once and for all whether there is any merit to these abstract yet seeming perfectly interlocked concepts, or whether am I just an imaginative person with a tenuous grip on reality will hopefully soon be answered.

In my wildest dreams, the concepts within this book will radically alter our view of reality and help us to live more peaceful and beneficial lives both now and deep into the future. I know that this is pie in the sky thinking, but there is nothing wrong with a little bit of optimism every now and then.

Whatever the outcome, it feels good to finally have this stuff out on the written page. If I was to die tomorrow, it does not necessarily mean that this information will die with me. As cynical as that may seem, it really does feel like a weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I am yet to even look into the business of getting this book published, but the knowledge that this information exists in some other format other than locked within the fatty tissues inside my own skull is a huge relief.

There are some things that I have left out of this book, some of which were omitted for personal reasons and some were left out because I worry that their release could have negative consequences for the human race. That sounds rather overdramatic, but if there is any truth to my conclusions concerning reality, then the omitted information is best left as it is, so that it cannot to be used for harm.

That is until such a time as we can be sure that our species has evolved beyond the desire to inflict harm on its own members.

If I am still around at that time, it might be time to write an new book with the goal of realising everything that I know to the public.

I personally cannot imagine a reality where that is possible but then who knows what the future may bring.

With all that said, I hope that you enjoyed my book and if you made all the way through, I thank you for your patience and hope that my words have a positive impact on your life.

Failing that I hope that getting here wasn't too difficult, whether it be because of my insufficient attempt to share this stuff or just the abstract nature of these concepts.