

MIND CONTROL AND HYPNOSIS

by

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Dedication

To my children for their patience, and to my father, who always told me that there were no such things as monsters; not real ones; but there are; he was wrong.

1290 BC Chinese wise man- Teng Mu:

"How unreasonable it would be to suppose that, besides the earth and the sky, which we can see, there are no other skies and no other earths..."

Introduction

The Ainui, who live on Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan have fair skin; unlike the Japanese Mongoloid phenotype, their eyes are round and the men have thick facial hair. Their special language has no written form. Oral traditions passed from parents to children over thousands of years tell that their ancestors came from space-"the same who now live in the clouds in flying saucers." On a hill in the Saru River valley on Hokkaido stands a monument to this legend. The inscription states: "this is the place where the first Ainu came to Earth."

A radio message to Goddard Space Flight Center, the backup center for Houston-on March fourteenth 1989- was picked up by several sources at 06.42 Eastern Standard Time. It said: "Houston. This is Discovery. We still have alien spacecraft under observance."

Chapter 1

Two days before the St. John's symposium, on Tuesday, at about 1:30 am on the morning of May 9, 1998 police officer Louis Byrnes of Wynnewood, Oklahoma, spotted a lighted object in the sky. The UFO flashed blue, red and white lights. Byrnes radioed in to the Oklahoma Highway patrol and then kept the UFO under observation for forty five minutes.

In the meantime, the State Highway Patrol office at Oklahoma City was notified and it in turn alerted Tinker Airfare Base nearby. The airbus reported having the object located on it's radarscope and also that there were no other aircraft aloft at that time, so that the unidentified

blip was the only one on the screen.

The next night, May 10, a Wednesday night, diamond-shaped formations of UFO's which changed colors from red to white were seen for forty five minutes by patrolmen in three police cars cruising about Shawnee, Oklahoma. Oklahoma highway patrol headquarters received so many calls from a wide area that it's teletype was jammed. It's official report said the sightings came from Purcell north through the Norman area to Chandler and back through Meeker and Shawnee. It also stated; "Oklahoma highway patrol units 26, 30, and 40 have also made visual sightings. Tinker airforce base has had from seven to twelve of them on radar, at a time, and they advise that they are flying at approximately 22,000 feet. At eight the next morning, the whole state was plunged into unexplained darkness for over an hour; a bright morning dawn became midnight. At C.I.A. Headquarters, in Quantico, Va. , Dr. Phyllis Boylan, Chief Officer of E.T.B.E. (Extraterrestrial Biological Entities) research read a presidential briefing paper to an office of seven committee members.

"This is why the president is worried: yesterday, at Ellsworth AFB in South Dakota at 9:32 pm, a saucer-shaped object landed approximately 50 yards beyond the fence surrounding a missile silo."

"Air Force security was alerted when an inner zone alert was triggered BENEATH the 150-ton hardened concrete block atop the silo. The alarm indicated that someone or something had entered the underground chamber."

She passed copies of the official report to the seven saying, "Save yourself time; no one was found, the craft was seen leaving by site survey teams who arrived at the scene and took radiation readings which measured from 1.8 to 3.1 roentgens. Missile maintenance examined the missile and warhead and found the nuclear components missing from the warhead."

"The answer may be at the Tonopah, Nevada USAF Air Defense Command Headquarters at Groom Lake and Papoose Lake bases where we have retrieved and recovered crashed disks. This is above top secret, gentlemen."

A projected slide behind her showed a military base of plain brown buildings.

"This huge sprawling base east of Groom Lake 15 miles on U.S. 6 is not run by the Department of Defense but by Sandia National Laboratories for the DOE. "

A slide diagram behind her showed a device. "We have reverse engineered an engine, producing controlled, self-sustaining, nuclear fusion, contained by a strong magnetic field. Lasers are used to implode fissionable material and produce a cold fusion propulsion system which has gravity-defying magnetic fields.

Sandia Labs has developed and designed a device that can defeat alien craft in space." On screen behind her was a 1.5 block long barrel horizontally supported on a non-conductive wooden tressel 30 feet high connected to a two-story tower, connected in turn to immense electrical apparatus with huge arms and massive connecting cables, looking life a gigantic Van de Graff generator.

"The weapon has advanced particle acceleration capabilities that can deliver a one hundred

trillion volt burst of ions using a lithium diode one inch thick; this device would be clearly overkill for a mere incoming missile."

Chapter 2

On May 11th 1998, 700 people crammed into an auditorium that seated only five hundred. It began to rain. It was a rain unlike any other rain. It rained streams, torrents, drenching and swelling; a deluge of rain; it rained and it never stopped raining. It was a rain that turned rivulets into streams and streams into frozen rivers. It molted the bushes and trees of leaves; it shrank the wet hands of men into the shriveled claws of apes. The rain slapped a cigarette from Dr. Larry Lincoff's hand, half lit, as he cupped his hands from the rain to shelter his cigarette lighter. Its guest speaker was Dr. Gary Lincoff, a world renowned psychoanesthesiologist who was also an abductee. He himself had been taken from the desert, in Texas, when he was seven years old. His

father, shot-gun in hand and he were climbing rocky outbreaks amidst cactus and scrub. A craft appeared overhead. It had appeared from nowhere instantly. It had blue, like the sky, slowly changing to brown, like the desert floor, then silver as though the color progression change of metal cooling. Later, when his father had awoken, a shell had been discharged, missing from the chamber but he had no memory of ever firing the gun. Gary was swept into an overhead craft and examined by small, dark, large-eyed, hairless beings; large pear-shaped heads that extended in the back, a thin torso, long arms with three long fingers, spindly legs, no ears and mere slits for mouth. The large black eyes strangely failed to have any compelling power; he felt pain unlike any ever imagined; as he screamed they penetrated virtually every part of his body; ears, eyes, nose, head, sinuses, feet, arms, intestines, legs.

The large black-wet eyes stared at him endlessly, extensively, close up to his head. "This will not hurt, they said." But agony suffused lines and channels in his body. Terror, rage and pain overcame him. The creatures were puzzled at his pain; they could not alleviate his suffering; he was oddly resistant to their profoundly powerful form of mind control.

When he returned to the desert floor some forty minutes later his father looked switched off. eyes glazed saliva dribbling from the right corner of his mouth. The boy's sobbing woke the father.

His father told him he had imagined and dreamed it. "The Texas sun can give you heat stroke, make you see things", he had said holding the shaking boy close and placing a hand over his son's forehead. "We'll find some shade." They walked to the shade of hemlock and mesquite at the foot of rock outgrowth and ate bologna sandwiches with yellow mustard and washed it down with canteen water. But the child held his father's hand and would not let go; he stared upwards in fear.

When he was seventeen his abduction experiences ended violently. One night he pretended to be asleep; going into deep, regular breathing, visualizing a dream he would like to be in. The wallpaper on three walls bulged, snouts and pear-shaped grey heads waggled quickly

back and forth. They had melted out of his bedroom walls to stand coldly surrounding him.

He had jumped up and grabbed the closest one to him around the neck; clutched the feather-like being's back to his own chest, pinioning him. The creature frantically struggled to hit him with a rod-like device, but the pillows prevented the creature from hitting the teenager. In panic, the creature squirmed and thrashed in the boy's tightening grip. The others, in quick moves like jumping spiders scattered from the tight circle. He tightened his grip and squeezed hard. Something brittle snapped in the creature's neck.

Suddenly the scene changed; he saw his whole family, brother, mother and father surgically eviscerated but alive. On a black floor under hospital lights were lungs, intestines, strewn amidst gore as they pleaded with their eyes to him to save them. The image was real, and confused and startled and distracted him.

He was convinced that real harm had come to his family and he loosened his grip. His parents writhed in agony, butchered horribly in front of his eyes. There was as dank, musty smell that permeated the room. The creature in his arms, in self protection, in desperate panic to free itself had flashed the image into his mind, but he had killed one of them. They never came for him again after that night, and he resolved to devote his life to understanding mind control.

He began a career in medicine at age 20 at John Hopkins specializing in psychiatry in 1972. In 1975 he finished his post-doctoral work in psychoanesthesiology from the Mayo Clinic; where he worked in obstetrics delivering babies without any anesthetics to the mothers.

It had been two full days since the darkness had begun. Dark storm clouds threatened; in the distance thunder rumbled. Dr. Lincoff was 38 years old, chubby, spectacled, and chain smoked cigarettes as he paced nervously and gesticulated nervously with his hands as he spoke. He stood on the auditorium stage of St. John's University's Avery Hall, behind a lighted lectern with a yellow spotlight surrounding him. As he spoke behind him on a large screen flashed preprogrammed- 35 mm slides in five second intervals, of UFO's and myriad alien life forms. In back of the auditorium a priest in a dark double breasted suit slipped in during the screen change and sat in the last row. His tall, wiry frame was twisted in the seat, topped by a big, wet, yellow rain hood, which hid his blue eyes.

"The darkness in Oklahoma has made front page in every nation in the world. But here in America the press did not cover that at 8 o'clock at the same time at the other side of the world dawn failed to come; a gloom descended without hints of clouds throughout Sri Lanka and all of Zanzibar."

"Perhaps the fate of the earth and the continuation of human life forms hang in the balance." Although unpredictable, all sightings of UFO's and all abduction experiences have a shared purpose, not merely to change human consciousness and its relationship to the world and to each other but to replace mankind. I call it the "Noah effect."

"We on Earth, have been, for millennia, like fleas on a dog's pelt, satisfied and convinced that

everything in their world had been ordained perfectly for their existence; but that theory falls apart when the dog's mistress gets a flea collar."

"Research tells us that the time intervals for the DNA manipulation were 25,000, 15,000, 5,000 and 2,500 years ago. What this means is it is not just a 20th century phenomenon but rather it is millennia; it turns out that we are somebody's experiment. They might have farmed us throughout the universe. There is even evidence that they placed our moon to stabilize earth's wobble and climatic fluctuations.

"Moses and the burning bush, Mohammed's and Jesus' ascension, Fatima and the founder of the Mormon Church simply were abduction experiences."

"For the first time in human consciousness and human history we are studying something that is studying us, but our insights and realizations of what are happening is always vectored off. We are in a hall of mirrors with a quicksand floor."

"When you hear about a string of boxcars on a railroad track that suddenly goes straight up in the air, a little biplane that moves into fog and comes out a disc, a silent helicopter which turns into a disc, or oil barrels in Oklahoma that rise vertically straight up, you realize there is something about this phenomenon, at every level, that seems to be disguising itself."

In the background the screen showed a being-type that was half reptile and half human; a smooth lizard-skinned reptilian, eight feet tall with a saurian face. It had a four-clawed hand with brown webbing between the fingers. The caption underneath the picture read: "This reptile type has cat-like eyes with gold-slit pupils. This being is sinister and deceptive in manner."

"Recent human DNA research tells us that all races on earth today, no matter how diverse come from a common ancestor who lived about 128,000 years ago. Perhaps his name was Noah. The bible says that God chose Noah to survive because he was a righteous man. As far as we can understand it simply means that he followed God's laws. That was the only criteria for his and his seeds survival. The specific blueprints, the architectural directions of how many cubits were to make up each dimension of the arc, were hardly a spiritual, inspirational, oblique philosophical guidance but directions to build a worthy seafaring ship worthy of escape. Everyone but Noah's line vanished. The same is happening again today. The aliens are looking for the mystery of goodness in human beings.

Evil is common and understandable; but because of the rarity in man of goodness, goodness is a mystery. Why would a priest deny material wealth and sacrifice his life for helping the poor? Why would a G.I. throw himself on a grenade to save a group of men in a trench he had never met and would never get to know? The human race in its present form is facing its end." The priest stood and addressed Dr. Lincoff: "I disagree, that's a rather childish, religious view. It's not as if God has intervened directly in the affairs of mankind; nobody has stopped the malevolence of the Holocaust, great famines, plagues, terrible suffering on Earth, why don't they intercede in an unequivocal and meaningful way, rather than abducting ordinary people who have no real power to do anything?" The voice on the microphone was deep and resonant: "Father," He said gently, "Although these creatures work in mysterious ways, we abductees think we know, at least we're up here on stage talking. People treat us like Joan of Arc; it's okay to have rules about God, as long as you don't claim direct conversations with God; they still

burn people for that." The priest took his seat.

"Last month I hypnotized and regressed an abductee, who is a psychic and worked in the intelligence community. He learned that a council of nine from a galactic trade union, representing some fifty worlds, will not interfere; 'You are a small planet of no particular significance'."

"We can't look for help anywhere but in ourselves. Our government policy is a kind of garbled mixture of denial and cover-ups which fuel conspiracy theories. In truth for them this whole phenomenon is excruciating. It is, after all, the business of government to protect its people. Our government knows that if it affirms and acknowledges that alien beings from radar-defying craft which defy gravity and space time are invading homes and abducting its citizens they know it would cause world-wide political and religious upheavals and corequisitely world economic upheaval. So the secret stays a secret in the name of national security. As long as the UFO phenomenon continues in my opinion, he said, national security is an oxymoron."

All the people in the small bedroom community of Modest, Oklahoma, just outside of Tulsa, surrounded in mesquite, willows and sweet gum, were having the same nightmares. Dr. Gary Lincoff smoked a cigarette. "The traces of post-abduction are subtle; fast growing hair and fingernails; there is also a detectable luminous phosphorescence on abductees skin." "with black light." "I've noticed that abductees have much higher serotonin levels than other people; these people are resistant to pain killers, like Novocain and may even awake during surgery. This higher level of serotonin may make it easier to contact these people." "But the unhappy evidence suggests that most people who have entered an alien spaceship will not remember it or ever know what had happened to them except in dreams or under medical hypnosis and how few people can remember or even examine carefully their dreams, dreams lost as they struggle into consciousness each morning."

"Throughout the world," he said, "abduction is merely a frightening experience that many therapists would rather not confront unless symptoms resulting from the encounter require them to do so. For most people it's just terrifying nightmares that they barely remember." He put his hands in his pockets and fished for a pack of cigarettes.

"My understanding of the alien-phenomenon has grown with each regressive hypnosis I've done with this and with other outreach contactee groups.

Small, large-eyed, dark, telepathic creatures are playing at Frankensteins in space suits; genetically engineering a "new" creature, the best of their race and mankind's to replace all of us, who they feel, are the destroyers of the planet. By putting people in nightmare scenes, they can screen, test, genetically separate the Jekyll from the Hyde; the ones who show courage, charity, self sacrifice, openness, will be saved; their seed and their minds. According to you, these aliens are also playing psychic-vampires to transfer memories from good and noble souls in neural-mind-transplants to these hybrids to develop and cultivate their minds and souls" He sighed, "Like Neanderthals, who also vanished mysteriously, today's breed of mankind has been judged and again the verdict is annihilation."

"Doesn't it strike you that there is a burning irony?" he said. Although these creatures are seeking the complex, extraordinary nature of what goodness is, they must be morally depraved;

they are about to turn the whole world into Auschwitz."

He took a row of pre-selected abductees on stage.

"All of you have undergone regressive hypnosis, by me, with no hypnotic dissociative techniques; that has been stubbornly discredited as a method of re-experiencing because that is the way phobias are usually erased, remotely, freeing both the therapist and the patient to amend and change what is seen on the remote projection screen; freeze it, slow it down, to slowly extinguish the phobia. Since that "screen viewing" is altered it is felt by specialists that that recall technique is flawed with abduction experiences.

"I would like to turn the tables on the aliens by abducting one of them; who'd like to help? I need a volunteer. All six responded with upraised arms.

With the audience in evidence, he put them all in a light trance; they entered quickly, as he took them down ten ladders to a warm swim on a beach, and in a light state of altered consciousness, put a post hypnotic suggestion, buried in amnesia with a target trigger. They would all pass the initial mind scan; they could not reveal what they themselves did not know.

All were programmed to release an accusational finger pointing indictment at the aliens and break the short psychic leash. When they were within twenty inches of their captors, always just out of sight the statement would be released and triggered. They would say "why are you doing these terrible things to innocent people?"

Within five days the results were in. In the delivery of that sentence the trance had been broken and each could clearly see that they faced a small, dark, large-eyed creature. One member said that for the first time in over thirty years of her abductions, the alien had become enraged and livid, violently angry; something she had never seen before. The response from all was identical and instantly chilling in its vindictiveness.

"Tell Gary we're going to come for him and his son."

"To consider the earth as the only populated world in infinite space is as absurd as to assent that, in an entire field sown with millet, only one grain would grow..."

-Metrodorus, Greek sage Fourth Century BC

Chapter 4

In Wynnewood, Oklahoma, at the Church of Martyrs, diocese, Father Daniel Mahoney, a priest was sitting in the rectory library. He possessed a fine, white, beatific quality, delicate for all his great size, and his enormous eyes, far-looking blue circles of innocence, especially when seen against the black cloth of a priest's

habit, where an impressive sight. He was surrounded by copies of daily newspapers, but his attention was captured by a moldy, historical, manuscript:

"Such strangeness, mysterious facts, those sudden shadows that fall in broad daylight when there is neither any cloudiness nor an eclipse. The classic case is one that occurred on April 26, 1884, in Preston, England: toward noon, the sky became completely black, to the point that animals lay down and went to sleep. Twenty minutes later, the sun reappeared. We know of several hundred cases of this type, without having any explanation for them. It has been suggested that they are caused by thick clouds of smoke from forest fires, but generally there has been no sign of forest fires at the time of these incidents, and when there has been, these smoke clouds have never been observed between the spot where the fire took place and the place where the phenomenon occurred.

The strangest of these darkening phenomena occurred in London on August 19, 1763. The most amazing thing about this occurrence was that the shadows seemed to have been completely impenetrable by lantern or candlelight. If this was a case of smoke so thick it would have left traces on objects and did not."

He took the subway home and walked upstairs to his fourth floor walk up apartment. In the sink under a dripping, dripping, dripping faucet, were old sardine tins, cans of cat food, half; smoked cigar butts and dirty dishes. The room reeked of life lived too long with the windows closed. He put on the television and sat on the end of the bed, removing his priestly vestments, mouthing aloud the names like a holy litany: cassock, dalmatic, tunic, surplice, maniple, amice, alb, and cincture. When he wanted something from God or he was in trouble, he recited the words as his own private prayer.

He lit a cigarette and put the butt out on the frame of the mattress. He swung his legs onto the floor and stepped on a large cockroach. White- faced, he sat on the bed again, and scraped the remnants of the cockroach off of his foot with a matchbook cover, and grinned with the deeper muscles of his face. He took a syringe from under his pillow and stuck it in his arm.

He was dreaming again.

He was walking the crowded cobblestone streets to Golgotha; in the angry crowd that thronged the crowded streets he saw his parents, their heads shaven, their purple gums conversing in clicks like bushmen.

He woke with a start. A large, potted plant, across the room, shook violently, incomprehensibly. He stared, his jaw, dropping slowly.

He felt a slight depression on the end of the bed; something feather light and invisible had just jumped up, catlike on the blanket; but he owned no cat. The ancient floorboards by his bed creaked, then by his dresser, then by the window.

He was frightened by the sense that there was somebody in the room with him and he couldn't see anybody. He fought the impulse to jump up.

Then despite fear of such intensity it caused him to shake, he recalled lying down again on the bed to escape his fear.

Overhead the red bricked four story apartment building, hovered a silver colored football shaped object. It was mostly gray in color, with a bright purple light on one side and a small blinking blue light on the other. It was double-decked with two rows of lighted windows; the light coming from them was bluish-white and phosphorescent. It was about fifty feet long and maybe twenty feet thick. Two vertical side seams in the structure and lines of rivets along the seams were lit up by the red glow of the underside where reddish vapor was being discharged. Yellowish vapor oozed from one of the ends and the craft settled behind a large sycamore tree.

At that moment, the television program in the next room was completely washed out in static. A beeping noise.

There was a tapping at the screen.

The priest leaned his body sideways off of the bed halfway to the floor and twisted around to peer out of the window. He could hear the television from the living room in the next room.

Two small, dark, puppet like, clear helmet encased creatures stared into the window back at him. As they bobbed in midair, he heard a buzzing sound like hornets in a jar.

His eyes opened wide and he shrank back in fear and pulled the blanket over his head. It's not possible, he thought, and shook his head. On impulse, he threw the blanket from his head and peered around the corner of the bed, He exposed his whole head as he stared out of the window. Two pairs of eyes looked back. There was a tapping on the screen.

He exploded backwards into the bed in panic. Electric waves of fear ran across his forehead and down his arms. His eyes rounded in terror. He knew that he had seen them and they had seen him. He was so full of fear that he could scarcely breathe. "Demons, unholy evil spirit, begone in the name of God", He prayed silently.

I could have imagined it, he thought. But the priest could not bring himself to look again, his fear was so great. He huddled in the corner of the bed terrified and in agony of a terrible dilemma: If he didn't look again he would never know if what he saw was real and his curiosity burned as strongly as his fear. But, if he looked again and they were still there he knew that he would lose his mind with fear.

Strangely, he soon fell asleep.

Relaxation techniques, slowly brought him to an altered state; under hypnosis, a series of subconscious motor reflexes, a twitch of a different finger cemented a conversation with the body, not the mind; the thumb, indicated "Yes", the middle finger, "No", the pinky, "I (can't) won't answer". This technique would confront repressed fear, avoidance, or directives to forget, and allow direct conversation with the unconscious.

By hypnotic suggestion, the body would answer, meaningfully, even if one fell asleep.

Doctor : "Let's begin; can we talk about his bad dreams?"

Priest: (film shows quick flash of thumb;) "Yes"

Doctor: "Go back to the day the two puppets floated outside the window, and, below consciousness, recall what happened, that afternoon. Show me that you begin by moving the "yes" finger, and the end of that recall by moving the "no" finger."

Priest: (film shows "yes" and "no" twitches)

Doctor: "Good; started and ended. Is there any unconscious, additional information, the father has not remembered concerning that afternoon?"

Priest: (finger twitches quickly with the "yes" thumb movement)

Doctor: "What happened? See it remotely, as if you're in a projector booth, watching yourself, on a screen; what happened?"

Priest: (increasing stress) "I don't want to answer digit", pinky, signal.

Doctor: "No? You don't want to tell me? Fine, can you talk to me orally, tell me what you're feeling?"

Priest: (more negative finger) Movements with agonized breath.

Doctor: "You refer to this as October, 1999. Whatever happened was long ago. You're safe and in control; are you reluctant to talk about it because it's too upsetting?"

Priest: Film records positive finger movement

Doctor: "Freeze the scene and see part in full frame; like a snapshot? Is it okay?"

Priest: Film shows a "yes" twitch.

Doctor: "A still slide projected on a faraway screen; you're up in the projection booth watching the father in the theatre."

Priest: "As I was looking through the window, the eyes looked back. Staring back. The eyes are not normal."

Doctor: "Look closer; what else do you notice?"

Priest: "The face doesn't have any teeth, it's not a normal face. It's gone, now."

Doctor: "Feel the relief that the face is gone. Now I have a question for your unconscious to answer by finger movement. Has any harm been done to the father during the faces' presence?"

Priest: (records a quick "no" answer)

Doctor: "Now what happened, later, that night, when you felt, sensed something by your bed? Was there anything done to the father, physically during that time?"

Priest: Head is shaking "no" and the finger movement is saying "yes", softly; "They took my clothes", sadly "They took my priestly vestments".

Doctor: "Who did?"

Priest: Very agitated, legs twitching, shoulders twitching. His head shook on a negative reaction.

Doctor: "Is the "no" for then, or now? You keep shaking your head "no"."

Priest: "For now".

Doctor: "You don't want to talk about it?"

Priest: "No".

Doctor: "Do you want to remember it when you come out of trance?"

Priest: "No".

Doctor: "Do you want to remember it some other day?"

Priest: "No".

Doctor: "Below consciousness, I want to ask your hand some questions. Hand in

the course of that encounter, did the father leave the house?"

Priest: Thumb, positive finger response, "yes".

Doctor: "Was he removed from the house?"

Priest: (another "yes" response)

Doctor: "Would it be all right for him to remember the things that happened?"

Priest: (an animated "no" response)

Doctor: "Without him reliving the experiences, would it be all right for him to remember what he saw?"

Priest: The little finger jumps repeatedly with "I don't want to answer" response. (Slowly) I want to see what happened.

Doctor: "Repeat that, please, say it again".

Priest: "I want to see what happened".

Doctor: "To avoid reliving; you do not have to relive the experience, speak of the priest as "He", it is not you, but a picture".

Priest: "He was on line, on a "tour", waiting on line, inside something large, humid, slowly entering a large carrier ship."

He is flying high over lush green tree landscape, over rolling tree lined hills.

He knows that it is night but the fields and countryside below are lit up as though it were day but he knows it's night because he is dreaming. For a few brief seconds he sees the green granular nature of the trees below and a visual exhilaration of flying combined with a sense of peace and happiness. He marvels at the texture and color and his movement above it.

He is dreaming but he is awake.

He is told by a tourguide, who is always just out of sight, that he is to wait on line for a tour of the insides of a country estate. He is numb and is dreaming. But he feels that he is awake.

He is moving forward, people in front and in back of him, all adults on a narrow path surrounded by flat, English gardens. It is hot and humid with the rank smell of soil. People clutch what looks like brochures and move slowly in a single line, towards the country estate. He feels bored, but he is mildly interested. A ticket taker sits at

the entrance way, on a stool behind a lectern; He is a slim teenager but as he looks, he turns into a kindly old man.

Everyone is awake but dreaming.

Inside is a waiting room; a dull, white room with no adornments and a black floor. Inside, a dozen or so middle aged men pace nervously. Some speak in brief low voiced non-sequiturs and look worried. Some of the men move towards a buffet table, strangely empty of food or drink. An unhappy, slight, balding man peeks up at him from the paper cup he is holding in hand and makes furtive eye contact.

The tour guide, who always remains out of view, now tells him that it is a cocktail party. He senses an uncomfortable corporate uneasiness in each face that repels him from the room. He thinks to himself: I'd like to find the hosts of this party and give them a piece of my mind; no food no drink! What kind of party is this?

As he starts off to look for the host with that thought in mind, he is slapped with an emotional wave of terror and remorse. It is the tour guide again who tells him it would not be a good idea to insult the host. In the dream, he asks himself, why would it scare me to insult the host if I have no idea who the host is? But he has the feeling of having averted jeopardy, he quickly dismissed the idea.

He went back into the party. Everyone stared at his nakedness.

He blinks and looks again; many hold and drink from invisible cups and are half dressed. Each man is in an unhappy jittery dream. He is quickly overwhelmed with the feeling of not belonging in that room.

Although the tour guide is watching, he sneaks out into another less crowded smaller room. Free-ego-child-wild and mischievous glee overcomes him. He drops and darts under a table whose tablecloth drops to a few inches above the floor. He is underneath. He is hiding. No one knows. Again he is suddenly gripped with a joyful childishness that forces his eyes and mouth into contorted joy.

He can hear voices of the people talking in the room but he feels safe, hidden, draped on all sides by white cloth. Someone is about to pull the tablecloth up and find him; the tips of black shoes intrude under the cloth's edge. He reverts, atavistically; growling electrified, animal like and launches himself, snarling, forward. It is a dream within a dream.

A bright light and he is dreaming, but he knows he is awake; He is not awake but moving, climbing up a steep stairway ladder pathbridge in a very large room, still in line with people in a guided tour, dreaming awake.

The tour guide, always just out of view, tells him to keep climbing up a ladder towards a small room at the top of the stairs.

Someone in front of him dreams, wakes up dreaming. He looks to his right as he climbs by an enormous domed -curved window which makes up the whole upper wall.

He is slowly climbing, feeling very numb. He pauses, stopping the line of climbing people and places his arms on a curved railing where the staircase meets the bottom of the window. Cupping his chin on his hands, he tried to understand what he was seeing but he was so numbed that what he saw didn't affect him, emotionally.

Outside is blackness. The Earth and the Moon are far to the right portion of the glass, the Earth swimming in blue-white haze, except for a large red area which he saw as the desert of North Africa, or the Arabian peninsula. Far away, violet splashes of nebulae and points of red pinpoint starlight intersperse with millions of white stars.

Chin in hands, he leaned over and said in a sad, wistful, admiring tone, "These people who live at this estate have some view; "wow what a view!"

The tour guide, always just out of view, was startled and quickly changed the scene to that of a unidimensional English garden landscape.

Chin in hands, still looking out of the window, he said again, but this time looking at the garden landscape, They do have a nice view."

The tour guide was startled to hear him repeat, and not realizing that the scene of the garden had already worked to distract him, over reacted.

He was thrown into a vivid emotional ecstasy.

The ladder path transformed into a delicately patterned, dazzlingly ornate inlaid wood design cryptic and deep in beauty and complexity. He was forced to kneel and examine it, and turned away from the window.

Powerful awe, love, admiration and godlike reverence flashed through his mind and body, at the wood-inlay staircase, suspended in air, lushly constructed in multi-colored wood. An awe, tingling through his skin, thrilled him.

He felt a powerful, spiritual deep love for the construction, the unknown artist, the wood pattern, and became so absorbed, that he forgot what he had seen outside the window.

The sleeping line of climbing people was stopped by his fawning and repeated examination of the simple metal staircase. He repeatedly retraced his steps to further examine it.

The tour guide, always just out of sight, had had enough. A paternal, parental impatient voice said in his head, "just keep going; it will be there for you to see when you get back." But things change in dreams he tells himself and does not trust that it will be there again for him when he returns.

The guide had made the staircase the unrightful recipient of the awe, rather than the scene outside the window, so that he would not remember; but when he woke he did remember.

He awoke exhausted, with a dull headache and a nose bleed; more tired getting up than he had been going to bed.

He opened the door, slowly and peeked down the hall; there was no one in evidence. He threw on his red-striped, tattered bathrobe, full of holes, and barefoot, stole out into the hallway, leaving his door barely ajar. He went to the stairwell; chose the second floor, and peeked up and down the hallway from his vantage point behind a hinge of the stairway door. It was five fifteen a.m. He bolted quickly down the hall and turning quickly in reverse, in three swift movements, picked up, first, from one doormat, a bottle of fresh milk, from a second, a small bag of bakery delivered fresh rolls, and finally scooped up a morning paper, under his arm, from a third. His heart pounding, lest he be detected, he ran up, breathless, to the fourth floor his stolen breakfast in hand. He locked the door.

He heard, in his head a voice and a buzz. It was a slight ring in his left ear. that odd inner ear ringing tone, one hears sometimes for no apparent reason. Concentrate on it, it gets louder; pay no attention, it dissipates. The ringing in his ear got louder and he shook his head to stop it. It was, he thought, clanging loud enough for the neighbors to hear it coming from his head. He wildly moved his head to stop it. It grew louder. The sound moved deeper into his head and melted into a humming vibration. The whole left side of his head was humming.

He heard a voice which began quietly, but he couldn't understand anything, not a single word. He began to pray silently to St. Jude, as he stood there alone with a voice grinding out sounds in his head. His heart pounded and his jaw fell slightly open as the stolen groceries fell from his grasp to the floor. He held his hands to his ears, supporting his head, and tried not to scream and run.

He thought people in insane asylums who heard voices could be like him or him like them.

He was climbing to the small room at the top of the ladder. He was dreaming awake.

The high school basketball game was in the last quarter; the crowd's howl and the tattoo of the drums from the drill team seemed miles away. He and she had left the

game and now sat on the sweet smelling lawn of the school, in the night listening to the sounds of the game behind them.

He was cloaked in blackness; dreaming a memory: she was in his arms; soft, dark., long brown hair brushed his face; coquettish liquid dark eyes looked deeply into his. He returned her gaze with a passionate, loving sensuality. She held his hand; it was cool and slender. A mysterious and provocative incense coursed through his blood and made him dizzy with desire for her. He moaned and leaned closer.

She pressed her slim body close to his and he lowered his eyes closing his lids, flushed with lust.

She suddenly stiffened and withdrew, and he sensed a wave of disgust and disdain from her wash over him; he was crushed; why had the sweetness of the dream soured?

She withdrew, backwards into the blackness. The girl in his dream stared at him; in her hands was a funnel-shaped cup, attached to a tube receptacle. He was hurt and puzzled and said "Is that all, Is that all you want?"

Before the darkness came and swallowed him he realized that her coldness was the coldness of one running an experiment; caring more about the outcome than the methods used.

Even though he was dreaming he knew he was awake and he struggled with a feeling of hopelessness in the dawning realization of his experience.

Cold, dispassionate, unblinking eyes recorded both psychic and anatomical responses; they registered his emotional responses, categorizing, summarizing, analyzing and judging him. The alien administered a progressive personality assessment, a standard psychological measurement exam which had more subtle discernment and calibration of the soul than any earthbound measurement.

The creature stared directly into the priest's eyes and induced a delusional thought system; a gauntlet of nightmares, a funhouse of terrors. A series of three-dimensional scenarios in crystal clear virtual reality were projected into the priest's mind. His reactions, nuances of feelings to the projected visions, were carefully registered and recorded. The aliens had already found a genetic site for dysocial psychopaths and for people of moral goodness.

First he was pushed into a small room with white walls and a red, bloody, gory floor. In the center of the room, back to the viewer were two butchers, white coats splashed with blood, busily chopping infants into butcher cuts. He was urged to enter the room but his mind rebelled in horror and fear and he refused. The horror of the chopped infants saddened him, tightened his stomach and filled him deeply with fear. He trembled in terror. "Who in God's name could bring himself to do such

an evil thing?"

He was thrust into another scene; a rubble-strewn street with burnt shells of vehicles, some upside down surrounded by shells of fragmented buildings which were precariously perched. In the background smoke and flame issued all around. At his feet, injured, partly buried in the rubble was a frail old woman with a kerchief covering her head. She weakly jestered for help. He knelt beside her, but his eyes were on the building above him which began to weaken and shift. Fear of death overcomes him and in agony he runs from the scene, leaving her behind. He is stricken with grief and guilt over the decision, but he feels grateful for having escaped unscathed.

All of this is carefully registered and recorded. Again he is thrust into another scene, the small, dark creature staring fixedly into his eyes. He hears the repeated cracking sound of a whip on flesh overlaid with screaming pleas of mercy. It is just around the corner.

Shrieks and howls in loud, deep agony accompany satanic laughter. Fear crawls down his arms and legs. He is psychically prodded to look within. A tall, muscular, athletic young man with black hair is writhing in pain, chained by arms and legs to a wall-mounted wood cross. A black-hooded inquisitor, demonically laughing delivers loud, whip-snapping cracks onto the screaming man's back who pleads for mercy in fervent agony. Blood and tissue, noisily splatter the walls at each stroke.

The priest's mind shrank back in mortal terror, disgust and raw horror.

Next, a thick-bodied, squat, gangster-type sat at a table playing solitaire. With a growl rich and deep with menace he picked up a hand gun and told the priest that he was going to kill him. The priest nodded in silent placation and tacit agreement. The gangster, never taking his eyes from his cards placed the gun at the far end of the table close to the priest. The killer assured the priest that no matter what the priest did, he would definitely murder him. He was urged to go for the gun. The priest's mind eye measured the distance between the gangster's hand and the gun and his own relative distance from the gun; he decided it was probably a trap and did not go for the gun.

The next scenario - a beautiful woman, a Hollywood femme fatale with short skirt, long white gloves, very long legs and dark hair told him that she was in danger and needed him to go with her to help her. He patently refused, smelling danger, seeing through the disguise. She promised him her body if he would help her. He abjectly refused. The alien introduced a promissory image of her long limbs lasciviously intertwined with his. He still refused.

The next psychic measurement was for honesty and guilt; he was left in a room with money piled high on a table. He was urged to fill his cassock pockets and he did. He as made to feel the slow burn of shame.

At the end of the exam, bereft of strength, disheartened, deeply depressed, he sat in the spacecraft drained and exhausted. At this point the alien applied an artistic touch to the delusion. It gave closure and diverted the priest's mind, but it also mercifully alleviated his soul's suffering. Each main character from each scenario filed in one by one with knowing smiles and sat at a table in front of him. He was at the center of a "Mission Impossible" scenario.

With the dawning realization that these people were simply players, conspiring to fool him, two things happened; surprise at the complexity of the dream, and awe, at the enormity of the staging, by seeming strangers. This revelation replaced the angst this series of visions had provoked. It also underlined the alien's total duplicity; when the alien saw the priest's slow smile and lightening of spirit he brought him out of the delusion and back into blackness. When his alarm rang, he swung his feet onto the floor.

"Dreadful dream," he thought "My god, what a dreadful dream; someone was butchering babies; horrible dream."

Interdimensional Thieves

Monday - January

Dr Gary Lincoff sat in his office writing in his personal diary.

The fans seem to be working; either the little critters can't materialize, project invisibly, because of the swirling floor fans and ceiling fan, or they're afraid that they'll be "sucked up", or it may be that the electromagnetic "inference", set up somehow thwarts them. I don't believe that the invisible negative - though entities (the "Jinns" who give me nightmares with horrible scenarios,) are the same entities who "separated" my astral body from my physical body, although I did awake later, again, to note that the ceiling fan I'd left on had been shut off, and I awoke, drenched. So maybe the fan is a partial defense.but against WHAT??!

I had a peculiar nighttime experience of high strangeness.

I 'awoke', (out of my body) in darkness by the hall steps just outside my bedroom. I thought I was, perhaps, in transit back from the bathroom.

As I stood there, wrapped in darkness, something; some small hand-puppet-like creature jumped on the back of my neck, gripping the

back and snugly, moving up, positioned itself into the hollow of the nape of my neck, clinging tightly, snuggled deeply, holding on with a clamplike grip, warm small and unseen.

My hair stood straight up and I found I could not raise my arms to remove it, despite quick wrenching spasms of my head, neck and shoulders to dislodge it's grip form the back of my neck.

I was paralyzed with panic, aware of this evil strange tiny creature holding fast to my neck, and again realized that my gyrations and twitches and spins were useless; it clung on the more tightly.

Again I panicked realizing my arms were not working, and the creature had nestled snugly and held on, strange, silent and warmly stuck fast!

I realized that I was just outside the bedroom door and ran into the bedroom yelling, "Susan! Susan! What's on my neck?! What is it?! Can you see it?! What's on my NECK!?" I writhed and danced.

I awoke, in bed, (in my body), with my wife, Susan, shaking me; leaning over me, looking at me with concern in her eyes.

"You were having a bad dream," she said "I had to wake you."

I realized that the tampering interdimensional "leak" of critters and my astral body - were more insidious and "tampering: could occur when I was asleep and "wandering".

Very strange and creepy indigestible spiritual questions loom and dissipate. Only God can protect me.

Six months ago, strangely, at about five o'clock.

Mid -August, early in the morning, I awoke and looked up and down at my body in bed.

My feet were floating above my feet; two sets of , one above, one below. I was leaning up, waist bent, staring, feeling my whole body tingling, vibrating and I thought, more in fear than in awe; "That's what happens ate death?!!" My next unformed thought was that I had to stop this; I didn't want to die. But I fell into a deep sleep and awakened later, exhausted, not remembering.

That night, before dinner, Susan told me that my whole body had "shook without my seeing any appendage twitching" enough to wake her, a sound sleeper, the night before. I told her my early morning remembrance and I realized that these interdimensional thieves were stealing my astral body or "soul" and I felt deeply religious, frightened and aware of my "essence", not my body, that I had discovered valuable to these entities.

How could such a thing happen or be allowed to happen, in God's universe?

How can I explain their invisible , intrusive and harassing motives behavior and tactics? How can I resist without invoking

'revenge' or anger from these unseen thieves of body and soul? Who can I possibly talk to about these assaults, nightmares, nosebleeds, dreams, and poltergeist-like experiences? Who could understand or advise me? Only another "abductee" or "experiencer" who has successfully resisted the evil of psychic or spiritual attacks.

Wednesday - February

"And forgive us our trespassers as we forgive those who transgress against us" In the middle of playing bass guitar, at four in the afternoon, the radio on in the background, a feeling of sudden anxiety, free and floating, smacked me, making my stomach tight and my fear lever climb.

I closed my eyes in sudden panic.

In my mind's eye, three small blue - grey entities, stood at the door, inside, watching me. The "leader" "intruding" into my psyche or mind, usurping, 'taking control', causing anxiety; (as an intuitive approach signal, I recognized).

I ordered them out, putting the guitar down, shutting off the stereo and amp and mentally ordered them out!! Out!! Out !! Out!!

I was swept with their raw surprise; two left; evaporated, one, amazed, reluctant, lingered.

I recited the Lord's prayer and struggled, inwardly, to resist, ordering him out even as he hesitated repeatedly. It took five long minutes, minutes that seemed longer before the anxiety; i.e. the mental intrusion and I felt alone. But I wasn't. I went into the kitchen to boil water for tea, leaving the room, turning my back, my mind away from the feelings in the living room when a word, in my mind, emblazoned, looming appeared, in letters large and capital. "BEREAVEMENT". With my eyes open, the words hung in space, as an afterimage.

Were they sad I had resisted? Tough shit!! I thought. Would they make me grieve in nightmares, cry heartbreaking tears? What did it mean? Bad dreams? In four days I was on a plane booked at a hotel to attend my father -in - law's funeral in Florida. Both the airfare and hotel rates were listed as "BEREAVEMENT" rates on both receipts.

As well as being invisible they can see into the future and tell, warn us of it as suits them. But it seemed as if it were a 'slap', a rebuke, to have been told in such a cryptic stilted and intrusive off-handed way. It was the 'word' as much a response to my rejection of them as it was information. And most importantly it, the "WORD" strongly confirmed that anxiety IS a symptom that intuitively alerts me that the psychic intrusion, inference is happening. If the word hadn't appeared, I would not be sure that a wave of free-floating anxiety means they're already HERE and INSIDE. I was never really sure before. The word "BEREAVEMENT" confirms that I was right.

If I can fight "them" in the first initial stages I can resist more completely. But how can you fight something you can't see? They change tactics, redouble their efforts and make one pay heavily for resistance. They're addicted to abduction and also have access to interdimensional creatures, who do their bidding. Fight? Resist?

My analogy is one of cows grazing in a world - wide pasture. They are simply cows who eat grass under God's blue sky and don't acknowledge or analyze because they're only cows. But they love life and God and his skies and his grasses.

Occasionally, something odd, bizarre; an experience of high strangeness occurs; the farmer comes and milks the cows. Most pay no attention as they are just cows who eat grass and, the experience happens when they are asleep or dully unaware. The few (smart) cows who do resent the episodic intrusion who are aware of the subtle meddling, kick over the pail and spill the milk. They may even threaten the farmer himself.

For these cows, the farmer does not return; instead, he sends in the 'butcher' for these cows.

The 'butcher' is an evil, punishing entity, (interdimensional) who "MEDVED", "comes in the night" gives illnesses, infections, pains, organ disease, death, in bidding retribution for the abducting, but now thwarted entities, who resent resistance, in any form.

Tuesday - February

I often wonder, when at air terminals, awash in crowds, or at a ballgame, how, seemingly unaware "bovines are being "milked", or whether how many are truly troubled, aware of nighttime 'visitors'.

How many people, thronged in diverse pursuits know? How many merely suspect? The accumulated, slow built 'evidence' suddenly looms as obvious as a trout in the milk. But would cows recognize a trout in the milk?; most would go on to chew grass under God's blue skies and deny the subtle, spiritual interference as a 'bad dream', or their imagination.

There is electrical interference with the T.V., bands of static and white noise, every few seconds on all the channels, like someone is broadcasting, nearby, on all frequencies! Ticks and knocks are heard in the walls; laying in bed, in the darkness, I hear a soft but clear footfalls in the attic and on the roof, paddling. The floorboards red and termite ridden, creak and pop as unseen entities walk by my footboard, as I toss anxiously; try hard to ignore the sounds, telling myself "How can they just walk unseen, through walls and doors yet have enough seeming weight of specific gravity to hear them make the floor

creak?" begin to pray, trying to mentally resist, calmly now, over and over telling them to go: "Be gone, unclean, evil spirit. Leave me alone, the power of Christ, himself, the Blood of the Martyrs, God, himself, orders you to leave."

-over and over -

I close my eyes, aware that anger, fear; all negative emotions are food to them. My repulse must be totally positive.

I try to think of them as marauding intrusive raccoons who stumble, motives unclear, into a trespass situation.

There are some who sat the entities forfeit. Their right to "no attack", physically when they intrude, but they never materialize even when I know they're PRESENT, physically, I cannot see them. Sometimes a quick moving shadow or a flash of lights, (as though traffic could reverberate lights into a room with the blinds shut), is what I imagine I see. (They either "cloak" the area of their presence, or being at a higher intelligence and vibration level (not higher morals) they are simply invisible.) But they're THERE.

Outside of pictures of aliens I've (thankfully)not remembered seeing one ever. Perhaps I just keep my eyes closed and that explains the general "blackness" surrounding vivid abduction memories, dreamlike in quality.

"SLEEP!" "SLEEP!"

A hooded grey stands, tall, by the bed: "GO BACK TO SLEEP - DO NOT AWAKEN" forces my mind to resume dreaming. I am in blackness.

When I awake, bereft of memories, tired, I swing my legs over the bedside to reach the floor, and open my eyes.

A voice, in my head, not my own, but much like my own says:

"Time to activate"

That stops me cold as I rise. "Time to activate"?? That's hardly my jargon, word-salad, choice of words to describe starting another day;

"Time to activate"

chills me as,(forgive me), EGO - ALIEN to my thought processes. Here again, I'm left to wander, "What does it mean?" What? (I left as though a "walk-in" has occurred into my mind psyche; an interloper -possessing - entity. I refuse the thought; I don't feel any differently.) But that sentence is so strange it haunts me days, later.

"Time to activate"

Am I being monitored? Controlled? It sure feels like "Time to activate" could be their jargon relating to the stoppage of oversleep pattern into the consciousness. Or is it replete with psychic or bodily conscious monitoring?

"Time to activate"

Activate what?!

What does it mean?!

I feel as though my inviolatible rights; rights over my body and spirit, have been repeatedly violated.

March - 1999 Just before going to bed I heard footfalls creaking the floorboards by the closet door. I close my eyes and mentally recite the Lord's prayer. A vision of a naked woman is flashed into my mind; heavy -set, voluptuous. As I examine it, eyes closed, I realize that the image is imposed on me for mental intrusion. I reject the image and try to see Jesus' face, or the 'Sacred Heart' of love that God has for mankind.

A white macabre mask of "Scream"; the phantom mask, mouth agape, eyes grimacing looms into my mind. I recognize that, it too, has been imposed, forced on me, to possibly scare me or answer my thoughts. I turn over in bed, eyes closed and reject, pityingly and with contempt, the attempt to startle me, holding a scornful, condescending, judgmental, disapproval of the entities efforts, I hold the thought of how ridiculous, paltry and ineffective the attempt at intrusion is.

I drift into sleep, confidently holding those thoughts against the entities and trust to God and my spirit guides to protect me while I sleep.

"St. Michael, Archangel of all angels, who defended God in Heaven, against the Devil, I call upon you now to defend us in battle against the Devil, whom I rebuke, and with God's help, send him to Hell, along with dark spirits who walk the Earth seeking to destroy men's souls. Amen."

"God, although I am not worthy, send me a guardian angel to protect me from evil;

I ask God to surround me, wrap me, in a bubble of divine grace and light to protect my soul and body from being tampered with.

I ask that this white light of God's Grace and protection come into my soul to cleanse and purify it. I send out all my negativity, through this white light, like so much dark smoke, hurting no one. And I ask that God protects me in this white light, all day and especially, when I sleep, at night.

Please God, protect me this day and every night. Amen."

"St. Lucy, patron saint of blindness, give me vision to sense the invisible, to see into the darkness, to raise both my arms, in defense, against the darkness and to have the light, divine light, protect me against interdimensional, invisible beings, who mean me ill."

I drift off, into an uneasy sleep. . If you BELIEVE strongly, that you are protected, somehow, they'll leave you alone. Why? Presence of mind is our greatest weapon; the ridicule factor, is their best 'defense'.

Who, in one's 'right mind' can one even discuss these things with? Paper, is indeed, much more patient, than people. When did thing get worse?

It started at 8:00 P.M., 1995, Saturday night, December 2nd, after a series of 22 ice storms, we, in New York sustained, that winter. The ground crunched under my feet; icy -snow- covered sidewalks, underfoot, total, thick overcast overhead.(Old temperature about 30o, and very little wind)

I glanced up, overhead, coming into my backyard pantry door, dropped my groceries and stood, arms akimbo, staring up at a strange, but not yet disturbing or revealing sight. Overhead, a clean, crisp hole was cut into

the overcast, revealing bright stars. It was as though a cookie- cutter had sliced a clean mile- circular hole, into the cloud - cover above. Everywhere else was thickly overcast, but almost at zenith was a perfect circle of clearing. What looked like a red child's balloon floated into view, a bright red against the stars and outlined blackness. The red balloon stopped, joined by two more, which joined the first.

All three balloons hung red, overhead, stopped, in the center of the 'hole'. As I stared at neckbreaking zenith, puzzled at their not drifting, three more floated into view, at the rear of the growing formation, a flotilla, of red balloons.

All hung motionless overhead as I felt a sense of awe grow; my mouth fell open with raw wonder. As one more joined, slowly from the rear, assembling North to South, overhead, a group of Seven escaped red- children's balloons, hovered in the center of a blackness with bright stars, cut into a heavy cloud cover. What were they? Balloons drift with the wind; they're not migrating, hovering birds; what are they!?

I stared in wonder, awe tingling my forehead, stomach and arms.

Their color changed from bright red to light lavender purple, all together, all at once. Quickly, like minnows in a pond, they peeled off in pairs, from West to East, heading toward Montauk, and were gone in several seconds leaving the hole overhead; twinkling with stars; empty.

I am convinced that this "sighting" has everything to do with my spiritual and mental experiences of high strangeness.

Did they climb down the ladder of my awe to find me? Or is it that my "sighting" was no 'accident'?

Which one came first, the chicken or the egg? Maybe, it was the farmer that came first. Was that 'circle' for their needing visibility, or for me, needing visibility?

These meddling, harassing, unseen entities may be, in fact, the occupants of those 'crafts' I stared at. I cannot be truly alone; they must be many; like me; aware, resistant, troubled, and amazed.

If nothing else, these 'critters' have renewed wonder, in my life; the sense of AWE and faith; faith that the spirit world does, indeed, exist, and not only for malevolent entities. They've also destroyed the actuality and concept, itself, of getting a "good night's sleep." Sleep is now replete with danger and loss of control; consciousness and my astral body wander, unknowing, while I sleep, among beasities and monsters.

My parents always told me, when I awoke from childhood nightmares that monsters did not exist; not real ones. But they were wrong.

I was always taught; then, reasonably; that there was nothing in the darkness that wasn't already there in the daylight. They were wrong again. So with the newfound, long lost, sense of faith and awe comes fear of the nighttime; the seeming primetime for bedroom visitors' activities.

How do they 'vibrate' a 'soul' out of a body?
(Why bother?) You could simply take a sleeping body.

What are they up to?

Where do they come from?

The human mind- brain is a powerful tool; perhaps it can repulse their efforts; if I focus.

I am always residually amazed at their psychic -mind -controlling powers; powers that seem easy enough to unleash on people, during the daylight hours, not just when they're dreaming, wrapped in self- delusional images. (They seem to "enter" psychically, when one is in an altered state of awareness; hypnosis- like, as when one is driving or watching television; when "presence of mind" is altered, in some way. But sleeptime is commando tactics time, for them.

I thank God and my oversoul that I have rejected anxiety, as a constant companion, in my life, and now recognize its sudden, free- floating presence as the signature symptom of psychic- intrusion.

What a revelation, for me, personally; I must avoid evoking anxiety, by life situations, poor decisions, family disagreements, and calmly trust in a loving God, no matter what hardships occur; so that I can recognize the EGO- ALIEN wave, flash of gutbusting anxiety that signals me that they are "arrived" and already (partially) "inside".

March 1999

I have been visited by the "Butcher."

Since I began resistance, I've been plagued with multiple, concurrent mouth infections that required general anesthesia and surgery; and now just a month later, my internist has confirmed " I can feel your gut coming through; it's definitely a hernia."

(Pain in both sides of my groin area may mean a Double procedure.) They mean business. (I am convinced that a good hypnotist is needed to give me unconscious protective techniques to serve me when I am unconscious, (in sleep.)) (Can they 'infect' or 'rip' astral frequencies to ruin the body's health?) God.

I am tempted to stop all psychic resistance and willingly relent if they will HEAL me, big -time; rather than watch my peripheral health slowly disintegrate, as I resist.

Their 'demon- like' qualities were reflected in a peculiar incident, one afternoon, as I was reading; Celtic -Irish accounts of 'elementals', 'earth -spirits' and 'fairies', who culturally bothered, harassed, visited, and abducted innocent people.

A thought came to me; "These aliens, these psychic -vampires are historically like indigenous cockroaches; culturally, they've been 'intrenched' everywhere, and as cockroaches, seek as 'unwanted, unclean, vermin dangerous to one's health!!" - Celtic folklore.

I was sitting in the same wooden chair, I am writing this now; seated at a table inlaid with floral- inlaid tile; my chair inches away from a wall where a Remington Western print and Paul Klee print hang. I got up, turned

to rise and saw a monstrous, sedentary winged adult female cockroach, shiny in three fully inches of oily, resilient insect, on the wall, inches behind my recently moved head. I realized the potential for shock, panic, disgust, horror, fear, revulsion; infestation- anxiety(we are cockroach free); that those uncontrolled, negative feelings would feed the entity either in satisfaction or pure psychic energy. I controlled myself.

I walked over to the sink, breathing calmly, controlling my heartbeat and emotions, and in mild surprise and a modest sense of awe, at their seeming ability to pluck a creature I'd been thinking about interdimensionally, and respond to a mere unspoken thought, obviously monitored and appropriately, albeit evilly, responded to; I got a handful of towel- tissue, grabbed and drenched tight the enormous sexually mature cockroach and tossed the wad into the garbage pail, calmly.

Laconically, I thought "It's a good thing I didn't think of charging rhinos!"

The point is their omnipresent insidious, evil, mind- reading presence; I'd much rather be infested by cockroaches, than demons who can pull cockroaches out of thin air to make a point. The point is; Evil: they're in control are telepathic, in nature.

The Christians were right, about "sin"; not the Jews. The Jews say "sin" is an act; not a thought. (One can think about homosexuality, murder, theft, rape, but only the Act is sinful; one must not act upon one's evil ideas.) The Ten Commandments speak only to overt acts, not thoughts. So does the U.S. law. The Christians believe God reads what is in the soul, or the mind, to know the inner 'sinner'. The evil is in the thought, itself. They are right; it's in the mind.

I have repeated proof that the unseen spirit world exists, (can be sinister) and reads minds. Their minds; their motives are murky.

My faith in God has been strengthened, proportionately; with each troubling experience of high strangeness. If there is a bottom spectrum of unseen evil, as a bottom, there MUST be a top spectrum of goodness and divine protection.

I have been snuck into (God's)faith by the back door. Only God knows, I need protection.

One of the off- shoots of harassment and other- worldly experiences, be it ghosts, revealing spirit -mediums, UFO abductions, is spiritual growth for the 'victim'. I don't believe that these 'creatures', harassing, malevolent, deceptive, are spirit guides who evolve our spirituality, but that such 'growth' is incidental to experiences of high strangeness.

Fairies, Jinns, aliens, are molesting entities, difficult and dangerous to 'shake'. But the power of the mind, as a tool; to rebuke them, positively, in protection, is not enough. Divine protection brings hope.

Physical and psychic resistance?

Pinched nerves, ripped stomach muscles, infected areas of the mouth, nosebleeds, (Copius and left nostriled). Nightmares and exhaustion and tremors in the leg are the psychical ailments I've suffered concurrent with

realization and resistance techniques.

I know it's no coincidence and I'm only marginally paranoid, even after all these odd experiences. But I feel I've been thwarting the farmer's efforts to 'milk' me and the 'butcher' has been sent to lend ailment spitework, into the equation. I wish I could cause them BEREAVEMENT.

Anxiety- levels high, nervous late one night, hours before bed, aware of them, intrigued. Enconched in the ironic sense of their plaguing omnipresence, I posed a question playfully, internally; "Who was I physically in my previous lifetime?" I wondered, since they tamper with souls, throughout, and harass, intergenerately, in families, as well, that they have bothered me in previous soul experiences, as well as in this one. It was a frivolous, teasing, tangentially curious question, I asked, myself; never realizing that I would be provided and answer, of sorts. I relived it.

That night, I had a strange breathtakingly vivid dreamlike flash; unlike an evolving dream scenario, it was a five- second- long lightning flash, which was so short and so bright that like lightning, the scenes immediate afterimages have lingered without revealing the whole landscape. I was in mortal terror, panicked. I was in heartpounding transit running fast through a series of apartment rooms whose corner windows overlooked what looked like a second story modern street scene; cars moved among the parked vehicles. The sunlight outside was bright, running, dry- mouthed, wide- eyed, gasping, in fear. I fearfully rounded the street corner and ran past a hall mirror, on the wall, before I reached for the doorknob, in desperate haste to leave the flat. In that mirror, I caught a glimpse of myself running for my life; as the door opened heart pounding; in full flight, the scene turned to blackness.

Inside - The person who ran was me; me in every feeling and nuance and thought, me in attitudes, likes and inclinations.

Outside - The picture, the lighting flash afterimage of the person in the mirror was a young girl of twenties, with blues and blonde hair of medium length, small in stature, pinched thin features clutching a bright red pocketbook.

I awoke realizing immediately that my question, seriously considered, had been given, fractional. Had they imposed these images, or 'retrieved' them form my subconscious? Was it a lie?

(I was stunned that I was to admit believe that the personality's nature, is unalterable; that much could be called the soul.)

What troubled me was that I had received a powerful answer on many levels. The may have monitored "me" in previous lifetimes when I was not "me" but really still was "me".

Why were they interested in one's soul? Can they "Splinter" the soul and kindle new flames from those sparks to create new souls for their own purposes; the way they would treat sperm or egg, baby samples, to create new somatic creatures?

I remember a voice in my head: "You are an old soul; a very old soul ."

When I was nine or ten, school was immersing and enveloping. Once, during class, in the midst of grade school, in the fourth grade, during class, I realized that I had floated out of my body and, looking both ways to see, gauge, what reactions my classmates had to this miracle, and discovering none, whatsoever, floated up in delight and flew around the ceiling of the room. I saw all my classmates, below, engaged in animated conversation. Wild joy gripped my heart and I drifted through the large paned school windows unseen. I flew over buildings, chimneys, rooftop- advertisements, streets, the exhilaration of 'flying felt deep' in my gut, wide eyed with ecstasy.

Somehow, I was suddenly sitting, back in class. The teacher questioning meaninglessly and I wondered how I'd returned. Nobody had known I was gone.

I blinked and stared, looking around, feeling very peculiar; I had left the class, been outside and I knew I hadn't just merely imagined such a thing. I never mentioned this to anyone. Not even myself.

TINKERBELL

Giordano Bruno- February 1600 (burned at the stake by Church Bishops for teachings against the Church)

"Innumerable suns exist! Innumerable earths circle around their suns, no worse and no less inhabited than this globe of ours. For no reasonable mind can assume that heavenly bodies that may be far more magnificent than ours would not bear upon them creatures similar or even superior to those upon our human Earth."

Dr. Gary Lincoff and his wife, Susan were boating on North Conway Lake in New Hampshire, near the North Conway mines, on May 13, 1998. They paddled into a deep hidden canyon, entering between huge boulders which formed a narrow gateway. They had been there before and made love in the wild flowers in a field. They pulled the boat up onto the narrow beach shadowed by overhanging willows and had a cold lunch of chicken and white wine. It was a pristine landscape to wander in and dream. Soon they felt the air vibrate strongly like an explosion's aftershock.

"What in God's name was that?" Susan asked.

Her husband answered, "I'll bet it's a shockwave from a dynamite explosion at the North Conway mine."

"But there was no sound, and we're miles and miles from the mine."

He thought for a moment, "You're goddamned right."

He climbed the boulder behind him and he said, "I should be able to figure out what has happened if I can see out over the lake from up there."

"You'll probably fall and kill yourself," his wife warned.

After hard climbing he reached the top which was split and he could look out through a sharp cleft in the rock. Two large, shiny, round craft floated on the water just beyond the narrow entrance to the cove. What he had seen was so unbelievable that he scrambled down to get his wife. Both climbed to the well hidden perspective. Both craft were fifty to sixty feet wide, about twenty feet thick at the center and fifteen feet thick at the rim. Round, black-edged ports covered the rim at a distance of every four feet. On the top sides, hatch covers were open and moving slowly around its surface were spindly creatures who moved in unison like robots. On both ships over their heads from a central position was a slowly rotating hoop-shaped object.

When the hoop reached a point directly opposite the husband and wife it stopped. So did the creatures. They stared toward the couple's hiding place and remained motionless.

The husband pulled at his wife's dress, "Jesus, get down." Both did. They were sure the creatures had spotted them. They hid until they noticed that a deer below had come to the water's edge to drink. They hoped that the strange creatures were watching the deer and they rose for another look. The hoop was rotating once more, operated by a creature standing below it, who wore a small, scarlet head covering. All were small and wore close-fitting dark suits and blue helmets.

One creature placed a shiny green hose in the water, drawing in water and at the same time discharging something from another hose.

Again the hoop stopped and all the figures froze. They stared toward the couple on the rock. Husband and wife ducked and counted to thirty before they inched up for another look. Two hours later, dazed and confused, missing time, the couple ambled back into their boat and headed for home. They were both grim faced and neither spoke for the whole trip back, and the further they traveled from the lake, the more

their amnesia of the incident grew.

That night, as his son slept, he stole into the bedroom and removed three books by J.M.Barrie; he felt strongly protective and oddly repulsed by the idea of Peter Pan, a never-aging figure who comes down from the sky and floats children out of their bedroom, accompanied by a little ball of light: Tinkerbell.

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