

The Life Story of David Wilcock

From the book:

In the boundless depths of the Creation, I have found my home, a place to serve the One and come to a greater understanding of myself. From this watery planet at the far rim of the galaxy, I heard the cries of millions and millions of entities, living in fear and trepidation that they might never be free. I knew exactly what their cries meant, and could feel their pain as if it were my own. On their astral level, or what they might call "subconscious," they were quite well aware of the pressing crisis of their disconnection with their Source, the Light and Love of the One Infinite Creator. Yet on the conscious level, that of the waking Ego of their three-dimensional minds, they had forgotten. Indeed, there was so much for them to remember, so much that they were not seeing. At that moment, hearing those cries and feeling their pain, I vowed to take immediate action. Could I simply allow this to go on? To see these beings suffering, without them even knowing consciously what they were suffering from?

Read the story where the [two and a half hour musical](#) came from!

Prologue

Introductory Essay on the Wilcock / Cayce / Ra Connection and the "Mission"

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Edgar Cayce [1877-1945] is perhaps the most well known psychic of the 20th century. His work is essentially unparalleled in psychic literature, since he specialized in highly accurate "medical readings" where people could be accurately diagnosed and treated at a distance, using a host of alternative remedies and methods, many of which were never before seen.

The entranced, sleeping Cayce needed nothing more than a name and address to perform this service. All indications have been that as far as medical readings are concerned, Cayce had a 99-percent accuracy rating.

Cayce was a strict Fundamentalist Christian, and this psychic ability essentially revealed itself when he lost his voice for a period of several months. After having almost lost all hope of recovery, his body began speaking while he was asleep, and gave his family the exact steps necessary to regain his speech.

For the first 20 years, all of Cayce's readings were essentially medically based. After this time, they began to reveal much more metaphysical information concerning past lives, astrology and the existence of Atlantis, among many others.

The Cayce readings are frequently indicated as being very difficult to read. Their sentence structures were often quite excessively long and convoluted, using archaic language similar to that of the King James Version of the Bible.

For this reason, most available books on the market are about Cayce's readings, rather than just being direct transcripts of his readings. One can spend a great deal of time studying these readings, knowing that they are proven to be highly accurate, and be unable to fully understand them without intensive concentration and focused thought.

It has long been known in the Cayce circles that the readings issued a prophecy surrounding the return of himself and his associates in 1998. Many people naturally assumed that this meant that he would either be born as a baby in 1998, or return as an Ascended being. Here is the actual text from reading 294-151, when this return was discussed:

Is it not fitting, then, that these must return? as this priest may develop himself to be in that position, to be in the capacity of a LIBERATOR of the world in its relationships to individuals in those periods to come; for he must enter again at that period, or in 1998.

[294-151] - 7 / 29 / 32, 11:00 a.m.

The context of this reading discusses Cayce's past incarnation as the priest Ra-Ta, who was said to have a pivotal role in coordinating the preservation of Atlantean records, through his collaboration with the construction of the Great Pyramid and the Hall of Records.

He also helped the Atlantean survivors integrate themselves into the Egyptian lands. Cayce was obviously quite surprised and happy to find out that he could claim this pivotal, important past incarnation as one of his own.

Those who thought that Cayce would spontaneously return as an Ascended, angelic being in 1998 obviously were proven wrong by the simple passage of time. Although it does say that "the priest will return in 1998," it also says that he "*may develop himself*" into this role.

In other words, the portion of him that was the priest in a past life could be seen to fully return to his waking consciousness in 1998. Also important for everyone to remember is that the reading says that he may become A Liberator. It does not say that he will be THE Liberator.

Please understand that this is NOT a Messianic prophecy. Cayce's return is one of a great team of "Liberators" who will be present on the Earth during this period of time. Many others on the planet might also be termed "Liberators" by these higher forces, even if they are consciously unaware of that fact.

It is important to remember that if we examine the "rules" of reincarnation as outlined in the Cayce Readings, it can be clearly demonstrated that Cayce would need another lifetime to work on his own personal difficulties.

In other words, there were many areas where Cayce had residual "karma" that he would need to work out in a future life. These areas included five key points:

DIET AND EMOTIONS: Cayce never stopped smoking, drinking coffee, "enjoying his Kentucky bourbon," eating poorly and indulging in fear and worry throughout his life, despite ongoing admonitions from his readings to do so. Complete dietetic regimens were given, which he ignored, as well as suggestions to avoid worrying, which he was largely unable to do.

DREAMS AND CONSCIOUS CHANNELING: Cayce was instructed by his readings to remember his dreams every day and use them for guidance. He was never able to keep this up, although he did keep a journal of them in spurts through the late 1920's.

He was also told that it would be preferable for him to learn to channel consciously instead of unconsciously. He never was able to do this, although he did show remarkable psychic gifts while awake.

FORGIVING MORTON: Cayce never really forgave, rectified or talked out the icy breakup that occurred between himself and his chief financial backer, Morton Blumenthal, who had more readings than any other person on file.

Cayce died from the physical without having spoken to Morton for almost 15 years, and Morton wrote a book partly intended to expose Cayce et al.'s abuse of his financial donations to the work.

LOSS OF HOSPITAL: Similarly, after losing the hospital that Blumenthal helped to fund, Cayce thought himself a complete

failure and never fully regained his self-esteem. This created a definite psychic blockage that still existed upon his death.

SELF-MARTYRDOM: Most importantly: Cayce was unable to "stand up for himself" enough to refuse readings to anyone after his popularity soared from the publication of the book "*There Is A River.*" As a result, he literally martyred himself for his work. At the end he was doing eight readings a day, six days a week, and he quickly burned out and died as a result of this.

Cayce's readings explained how karma from past lives needed to be worked out in future lives. They also said that they had not revealed the full extent of his past lives to him, only those that were most important for him to know.

Coincidentally or not, almost every past life that the readings told Cayce about was of the male gender. No female lives were given, as perhaps this would have made him even more uncomfortable about reincarnation.

Cayce was already dealing in his own life with karma from previous lives as well as he could, and according to his readings, he did quite well. As Ra-Ta, he had been almost destroyed by his iniquities with women, having been banished from Egypt for several years.

As the king Ujhlted, (pronounced YOOLT,) Cayce was betrayed and murdered by those he thought he trusted.

As the Greek man named Xenon who lived during the Hector/Achilles period, Cayce committed suicide out of fear, after realizing that the Trojan Horse had penetrated the city gates with a huge invasion force inside of it.

As the Englishman John Bainbridge, (who actually reincarnated under the same name twice,) he was a gambling, womanizing alcoholic who enjoyed his misdeeds so much that he came back as a very similar person to do it all over again.

Cayce did certainly make excessive progress in his own life at clearing out the karma from these past circumstances, especially in his efforts to clear the effects of his suicide as Xenon.

However, given the nature of what karma is and how it functions, we can see from the above checklist that Cayce certainly needed to come back again for one more lifetime to refine and complete his process of self-integration. He left the Earth with unfinished business that would need to be completed before the end of the Piscean Age that we are now within.

We also know from the study of Cayce's readings and other sources that successive future incarnations should have at least five key points of similarity:

ASTROLOGY: Astrology is vitally important in terms of the spiritual "configuration" of an entity. Therefore, we should see remarkable astrological similarities between successive incarnations.

FACIAL APPEARANCE: The facial appearance is another vital "stamp" of an entity's own identity that transcends the space of one simple lifetime. The entity's innate personal vibrations determine the precise arrangement of the DNA molecule. Therefore, we should expect that successive incarnations have very obvious facial similarities.

KARMIC TRAITS AND LESSONS: The entity will invariably have the same traits, both "good" and "bad," and therefore be drawn back into learning the same karmic lessons, repeating them again and again until they are mastered.

KARMIC PLACES: The entity might well be drawn back into the same places that it had lived in the past. Such was the case between Bainbridge and Cayce both ending up in the Virginia area.

KARMIC PEOPLE: The entity will invariably be drawn back into associations with the same people that it had known in the past, reincarnating with them again in the future. Consciously, the entity would have no idea that this is what happened. Amazingly, there are hundreds of cases of this "group reincarnation" that emerge in the Cayce Readings, especially from the Ra-Ta and Ujhltd period.

So, what we have here is five basic stipulations for reincarnation. Obviously, there are many others as well, but these are some of the most important criteria.

At this point, we enter the story of David Wilcock. He had no idea, consciously speaking, that he might be connected to Edgar Cayce in any way until after he had been doing his own "psychic readings" for an entire year.

David has also demonstrated repetitive accuracy in his readings and prophecies, including two examples of prophetic sentences that were phrased in foreign languages that David had not consciously studied.

The connections between the two are quite extensive, and are the subject of this entire book, *Wanderer Awakening*. In this chapter, we will focus on the five main points of similarity that we have just touched upon above.

ASTROLOGY:

SAME YEAR OF THE CHINESE ZODIAC: David was born exactly 96 years after Cayce, which makes both of them fall under the Year of the Ox in the Chinese zodiac. ($1973-1877=96$, and $96 / 8=12$.) Since there are 12 signs in the Zodiac, this is a one out of 12 chance.

BIRTHDAYS FIVE DAYS APART: David was born on March 8; only five days away from Cayce's birthday on March 13. (Both are Pisces.) This is a one out of 73 chance ($365 / 5=73$.)

NEARLY IDENTICAL MOON POSITIONS: David's exact time of birth, 11:16 p.m. in Schenectady, New York, puts the Moon in a practically identical position to Cayce's Moon, at 28 minutes of one degree, or roughly one half degree.

This alone is a 1 in 720 chance ($360 \text{ deg.} \times 2$.) and then you must factor that against the likelihood of them being born within five days of each other, and in the same year of the zodiac ($365 / 5=73$; $720 \times 73=52,560$; $52,560 \times 12=630,720$.) This makes both David and Cayce an Ox / Pisces with a Moon in Taurus, which is a one in 630,720 chance.

VERY SIMILAR INNER PLANET POSITIONS: Remarkably, all the inner planets (Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus and Mars) are positioned so closely to each other in the two charts that their average variance is only 7 degrees 43 minutes out of the potential 360 degrees. (It's less than 3 degrees average variance if you exclude Mercury.) This is quite unbelievable and adds tremendous strength to the case. The "hologram" of Cayce's Ego personality was completely preserved.

OUTER PLANETS ALL 'ASPECTED': The remaining large outer planets (Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune) are all in very tight aspects to each other in their corresponding positions on the two charts (Jupiter 30 degrees, Uranus 60 degrees, Saturn 90 degrees, Neptune 150 degrees.) The average deviation from being exact among these aspects is only 2 degrees 18 minutes! This shows that although the two entities are closely related, they have very different missions on the planet.

EXACT PLUTO OPPOSITION: Cayce's Pluto turns out to be in direct opposition, 180 degrees apart, from the point where the sun rises in David's chart, known as the Ascendant. The difference is only 1 degree, 22 minutes, again a very strong connection.

DAVID'S PLUTO SQUARES CAYCE'S JUPITER PERFECTLY: Also, David's Pluto is 1 degree, 23 minutes away from being precisely 90 degrees offset from Cayce's Jupiter. [Notice that both variances in these Pluto aspects are only one minute of a degree different from each other - 1' 22" and 1' 23".] This does indicate some friction between the two incarnations, as astrologers consider these aspects harsh.

VERTICES IN OPPOSITION: Lastly, the vertices or "balancing points" between the two charts are in a very tight 180-degree opposition.

And so, we have to conclude that from a sheer astrological perspective, combined with what we understand from the Cayce Readings about reincarnation, the probability of all these connections being merely happenstance or coincidence is almost impossible.

Contrary arguments can be made, but facts are facts. David can prove the date, place and time of his birth with his birth certificate, and the rest is self-evident to anyone who looks at the astrology.

FACIAL APPEARANCE:

Numerous laypersons as well as several experienced portrait artists have verified that the facial similarities between David and Cayce are astounding.

The only main differences are that Cayce's jaw is more recessive than David's, and Cayce's lips and earlobes are slightly larger than David's.

The most stunning similarity of all is in the similarities within the shapes of the lips, cheekbones, hairline and nose, the remarkably similar appearance of the eyes and the literally identical bone structure of the brow above the eyelids. (Maturity and weight changed Edgar's appearance as time progressed.)

These similarities are strong enough that several people directly associated with the Cayce work and his younger pictures "nearly fell over backwards" (an exact quote) the first time that they saw David's face. One even volunteered that David "looked exactly the same as Edgar Cayce" before he ever even knew anything about David, or that there was any possible connection.

KARMIC TRAITS AND LESSONS:

Quite without his conscious awareness of a reason, David was inclined towards being a psychic from a very young age. He had a spontaneous out-of-body experience at age 5 and read his first adult book on ESP at age 7.

He also conducted successful telepathic experiments with his friends at age 7. He began reading the Tarot cards at age 13, had his first consciously-induced lucid dreaming experiences at age 16 and got his first channeled psychic messages at age 23, the same year that Cayce lost his voice and began doing his own readings.

Both are almost blindly driven to serve God, other people and the planet. (See "Karmic Similarities between Cayce and David" further down in this article for an assessment of their shared karmic lessons.)

KARMIC PLACES:

David would end up being very strongly asked by his readings to move to Virginia Beach before he was consciously aware of the Cayce connection. This move was prophesied in the readings almost from the very first day, and David was only just beginning to suspect a possible connection when he arrived in Virginia Beach.

David's readings predicted the exact name of the street (Great Neck) he would be living on back in July of that year, and the move wasn't made until October. They also gave him the German phrase "Scarstahldig" in July, which turned out to mean "A group of German steel helmets." (David has never studied German.)

Amazingly, the tenant living with the woman David moved in with in Virginia Beach was a collector of German steel helmets! Furthermore, he had not even been living there when the reading was done in July!

KARMIC PEOPLE:

David gradually became aware that some of his closest friends and associates were the reincarnations of others in the Cayce circle. Each case is a story all its own, with compelling karmic connections as well as similarly astounding facial correspondences. More research is necessary to uncover any possible astrological connections. Here is a partial list:

Morton Blumenthal: David's very good friend Chris, who he has known since he was a college freshman. Chris is highly intellectual and drawn to New York City, just like Morton was. Very similar faces, hairstyles and mentalities.

David's readings dramatically indicated this connection through a time-encoded prophecy that was made before David knew about his past life as Cayce. Although we have an amazing comparison photo Chris doesn't want it released at this time.

Edwin Blumenthal, Morton's Brother: David's best friend Jude, who he has known since he was a freshman in high school. As is to be expected, there are significant facial similarities between the two.

Many of the fantastic potentials that the Cayce Readings ascribed to Edwin can be seen in Jude, through his creative work with photography, art, music and poetry. Jude is perhaps the single most important figure in the early stages of David's awakening.

David Kahn, Edgar's Best Friend: David's "other best friend" Eric, who he has known since his junior year in college and lived with for two years, during the time when the readings got started.

Notably similar faces, and identical facial expressions while being photographed. Both are highly intelligent, compassionate, stable and business-minded people. Eric was of invaluable assistance on all levels when David began doing readings and currently does not want a comparison photo to be posted.

Dr. Wesley Harrington Ketchum, the man who broke Cayce's story to the medical world: David's brother. The facial similarity is quite remarkable.

Antagonism between Cayce and Ketchum could account for early sibling rivalries, which have now been ameliorated. Cayce stopped working with Ketchum when he learned that Ketchum was using his readings for profit.

Leslie "The Squire" Cayce, Edgar's father: David's father. Again, the behavioral / karmic connections and facial similarities are extraordinary. The rather rough edge that the Squire possessed was completely visible in David's father throughout David's adolescent years, and later the same degree of intense love would also be quite visible.

Furthermore, David's father's favorite clothing store has always been "The Squire Shop." He does not know or understand any of these connections consciously.

Undoubtedly there are still other connections not yet discovered. But so far, these discoveries conform perfectly well with the idea in the Cayce Readings that the same groups of people will continue to reincarnate together in successive lifetimes.

SIMILARITIES BETWEEN CAYCE'S KARMA AND DAVID'S:

DIET AND EMOTIONS:

David adopted a strict vegetarian / Vegan diet well before he ever started doing readings, and through his readings he has refined it more and more, on an ongoing basis. (Obviously, he does not smoke, drink coffee or alcohol or eat pork, which were the causes of Cayce's ongoing health problems.)

David has also had numerous dramatic lessons in learning to renounce fear and worry and trusting that his needs will be met. Both Cayce and David have struggled with ongoing financial hardship. David has largely cured himself of the problem of his worries and fears interfering with him in any way, which is certainly no small feat.

DREAMS AND CONSCIOUS CHANNELING:

David has recorded almost every dream, every single morning since 1992 with only one major breach in 1994. Since November 1996, each of these dreams have been recorded on audiotape and later transcribed onto the computer for archive and analysis purposes.

Including the psychic readings and extensive personal journals, this means that almost all of David's spiritual growth, development and multidimensional experiences are extremely well documented for future study.

Throughout this entire period of time, David has striven to follow the guidance of his dreams to the best of his ability -- something Cayce had tried to practice, but did not persevere with.

David started off from the beginning of his psychic career as a conscious channeler. Further refinements over time have led David to achieve higher and higher levels of trance quality without going unconscious in the process.

FORGIVING MORTON:

Although David's friend Chris still doesn't believe that this is who he was and is essentially not metaphysically inclined, there is strong evidence connecting him directly with Morton in David's readings, long before David ever had any idea of his connections with Cayce.

This came through when David was specifically asking about Chris and the readings said "Plug in the early New York Stock Exchange." All of Morton's money was made on the Stock Market.

David and Chris have been through an ongoing series of ups and downs, but regardless of the difficulties they have remained very close friends throughout the entire time, hence clearing past karma.

Chris has remarkable facial, intellectual and behavioral similarities to Morton. Also, Chris had come to live with David right after David moved into a house that was a mere two blocks away from the former Cayce Hospital, now the ARE.

David and Chris had perhaps the worst fight of their entire friendship directly before David was to go over and see the Cayce Hospital for the very first time! At this point David still did not realize the Chris / Morton connection, though he was aware of his connection to Cayce.

What makes this so interesting was that Morton had funded the Cayce Hospital and later collapsed it in the aftermath of the Stock Market crash of 1929 -- and the two were never able to speak to each other again in that life. Cayce felt ruined by this.

LOSS OF HOSPITAL:

David would relive this karma over and over again in the physical. It came through in four main fashions:

Loss of Living Situations: Like a recurring nightmare, David would end up being asked to move out by almost everyone he lived with once he got to Virginia Beach, despite his cleanliness and politeness -- essentially since they did not understand him or somehow felt overshadowed or threatened by his abilities. (The other person involved themselves way too much in David's business, forcing him to break away.)

This pattern also occurred with two college roommates. Cayce had similar problems with having to move in his own life as well. David now has his own private apartment!

Loss of Jobs: Until David made a commitment to actually do personal readings for a living, he either grew weary and disgusted with every job that he had and quit, or got spontaneously fired, often for no apparent reason.

The jobs that he actually enjoyed also seemed to dissolve mysteriously, and the readings explained that this was their own doing, to relieve the karma associated with the hospital as well as inexorably steering David towards self-employment in service to others.

Loss of Romantic Interests: David also seemed to have a cycle where every potential female relationship that he tried to become involved in would quickly sour.

This led David to wonder how such a pattern could possibly occur over and over again, since he treats people with nothing but complete love and respect, and is not unattractive. Now he knows that this is related to the Ra-Ta and John Bainbridge karma, in part.

Loss of Book Contract: David invested a lot of personal self-esteem and pride in the fact that he had recently sold his book "Convergence" to a publisher, and looked forward to the \$5000 advance.

The timing of the loss of this contract forced him to do an emergency fund-raiser in only three days in order to pay his rent on time. By this point he was already largely impervious to personal loss, and it did not have a large effect.

'Official' Dismissal: David would also endure an overt dismissal from certain factions of the ARE, the organization founded by Cayce. Although his complete one-year absence from them was essentially self-imposed, it was an ongoing source of frustration. This certainly could be a karmic parallel to the banishment of Ra-Ta from Egypt.

So, with all of these "hard knocks," we can see that David has had to "reinvent the wheel," going through remarkably similar losses all over again. The point of all of these lessons appears to be designed to make David completely self-sufficient. The "Achilles Heel" of Edgar Cayce was that he depended on the financial resources of others in order to achieve his own personal successes. David has now worked strongly to become self-reliant in all areas, financial and otherwise.

SELF-MARTYRDOM:

David has had ongoing, multiple lessons extending through to the immediate present about the need to stand up for himself and not allow others to take advantage of him.

He has had to learn through often very intense and harsh experiences that he must maintain his boundaries and free time, or else he will not be able to finish his work within the necessary timelines.

David also has had to be diligent in taking breaks from his work with his book and article writings, personal readings for others, seminars, dream / reading transcriptions and Internet research, which has often been 16 hours a day, six or seven days a week since he became self-employed in July 1998.

He has to discipline himself to break away from the computer to do other things such as exercise and recreation. While dedication to the work is good, he needs time to live his life.

David is obviously too young to "die of burnout," but it is still something he must be aware of. This selfless dedication to the work is an obvious reason for his romantic failures as well!

So, all these lists bring us back to the central point. Even on this surface level that we are looking out, there are undoubtedly some major connections between Cayce and David that fit remarkably well into the category of a "reincarnation."

Furthermore, in David's in-progress book Wanderer Awakening we get an in-depth account of the numerous "hints" that David's readings were giving for the whole first year, all of which emanated from a deep level of trance and were not understandable or decipherable at the time.

If David had really had any inkling that something like this might have been true, he may have suspected it earlier and gotten the idea of what his readings were trying to tell him. However, this was not the case.

DISCLAIMER

At this point we would like to insert one additional "disclaimer" which came to us through a reading after "sleeping on" this article.

I, David, do not wish to self-aggrandize or make myself out to be something great through writing all of this. In fact, I dislike the spotlight and the controversy, and that is why I haven't yet written up this article until now, after knowing about this for a year and seven months already.

I just want there to be a document that states the truth as I see it - both the strong points and the weak points. We are all One in this creation and no entity is any more or less valuable than any other.

If I were trying to tell everyone that I was some spiritual super-hero, then I obviously would not have included the information about my losses, relationship problems and the like.

I do not feel that I will single-handedly "save the world" or do anything grandiose. I am simply one of a great team of Lightworkers, both incarnate and discarnate, all of whom wish to be of service to others. That's it.

And now, back to the article.

NO MORE MEDICAL READINGS

The most common question that anyone asks David about the "Cayce Connection" is this: "Why don't you do medical readings like Cayce did?" David's readings have repeatedly addressed this point over time.

Essentially, David came to the planet with a very different mission than Edgar. It was not his responsibility or desire to simply come through as a carbon-copy of the person he had been before.

Now that this lifetime would see the year 2000 at age 27, it was much more important to focus on the pivotal event of the entire 75,000-year history of human life on Earth; namely, the end of the Solar Cycle that was referred to repeatedly in Cayce's readings.

Much of David's scientific work, cataloged in Convergence, is a direct repetition and reassimilation of the knowledge that was available to Ra-Ta. This knowledge included:

- The fact that civilization moves in 25,000-year cycles;**
- The fact that the universe is organized into an octave of dimensions;**
- The fact that these octaves have a light, sound and geometric counterpart;**
- That this geometry shows up on Earth as the Global Grid;**
- That this Grid energy can be harnessed through building crystal structures;**
- That the Great Pyramid was the optimal energy-focusing design;**
- That humanity would be "harvested" at the end of the cycle;**
- That higher-dimensional beings would assist this transition.**

Cayce's readings did their part to set the stage for the metaphysical knowledge that needed to be in place on Earth in order for us to be better prepared for Ascension, both consciously and subconsciously. This knowledge included the idea of reincarnation, both individually and in civilizations such as Atlantis. It was also important for Cayce's readings to give us a very large part of the Ra-Ta / Ascension puzzle:

- The announcement of the existence of a Solar Cycle,**
- The historical timelines for this Cycle;**
- The idea of an octave of dimensions;**
- The idea of a Global Grid geometry;**
- The fact that the cycle concludes with Earth Changes and Ascension.**

The last point in the list, point five, explains why Cayce's readings drew special attention to the time period between 1998 and 2001. The prophecies made it clear that at some point within this time window, there would be both major Earth Changes and what they called the Second Coming of Christ.

If we study their deepest interpretation of this Second Coming in the readings, we realize that it is identical to the notion of Ascension; namely, that each person who has followed the basic truth of service to others will complete the "Christ Pattern." Symbolically speaking, completing this pattern involves crucifixion and Ascension.

What is crucified is the will of the Ego, so that the person then accepts the idea of "Not my will, O Father, but Thy will be done." The Ascension of personal spiritual transformation comes after this choice is firmly made.

Therefore, once we are able to accept God's will, which is to "feed my sheep" or to "love thy neighbor as thyself," we have understood what our real purpose is here on Earth.

Regardless of who you are or what religion you espouse, (or even if you support any religion at all,) the final truth of your purpose for incarnation on Earth is to make a choice as to whether you will serve others or serve self.

In order to be "Ascension Compatible" we must become 51-percent or more motivated towards service to others, and this is enough of a difficult step for many people that the majority of incarnate entities on Earth will not Ascend, at least not in the first major "vortex" of Ascension. If we do "make" the first vortex, we will never have to see any of the mega-Earth Changes while incarnate within the physical plane.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RA

Finally, we need to cover the importance of Ra. We learn from Cayce that Ra-Ta had made a connection to higher intelligence, similar to channeling, and this enabled him to do his work on the planet involving archeology, the design and building of the Great Pyramid and the Hall of Records.

In 1981, this same intelligent group of entities who were in contact with Ra-Ta was finally able to find an arrangement of three people who could bring out their teachings to the planet. These people are Don Elkins, Carla Rueckert and Jim Mc Carty.

Their work would be published in a series of five books entitled "The Law of One" series. The first book is also known as "The Ra Material" (see www.lawofone.info for more details.)

David has simply never found any other source of channeled material that matches the quality level of the work of Ra. You could literally spend an entire lifetime studying the material that came through in those five books and still not fully understand everything.

From these books, we learn new information about the Ra-Ta period that was not gleaned from Cayce's readings; namely that Ra was the extraterrestrial group that Ra-Ta had contacted for guidance.

Ra is a sixth-dimensional source with a strong pull towards the seventh dimension. The seventh dimension is the highest level that can be attained before fully reuniting with the One at the octave point, or the eighth dimension.

The Ra Material covers an incredible range of topics, and yet they have incredible, undeniable internal consistency. Their single most important teaching is the Law of One, with the path of service to others as the most important way to live that law.

Furthermore, central to this material is again the idea of 25,000-year cycles in the universe, an octave of dimensions, the light / sound / geometry connections in this octave, its connections to the Global Grid, the building of pyramids to harness this energy, the fact that humanity is about to be harvested and that higher-dimensional beings will assist this transition.

Furthermore, Ra had a mission of attempting to right a very serious wrong that they claimed to have made. In the first book, they explain that their decision to give us the Great Pyramid on Earth was actually a very poor idea.

The reason why is that it was taken over by the elite secret brotherhoods and used for their own purposes, instead of the public temple of healing and initiation that it was originally designed for.

Since much time has passed, the outer casing stones have been removed, the Global Energy Grid has shifted and the blocks have cracked and subsided, the Great Pyramid is now only a faint shadow of the massive power station that it was at the time of its construction.

Although the gift of this pyramid was an error in judgment on Ra's behalf as well as that of the Confederation of intelligent life that governs this section of the galaxy, the responsibility also rested with Ra-Ta in part.

This is another reason for why Cayce was compelled to give his teachings. It was necessary to give an unfiltered version of exactly what the Law of One really was, in order to filter out the distortions that have been placed on these teachings by the elite ruling class of Egyptians.

These distortions still persist through to the present day within secret societies and brotherhoods that underlie the world's elite power structures. (For example, see the "Masonic" Great Seal of the United States on the back of the American dollar bill.)

Furthermore, Cayce's readings sought to rectify the distortions of Christ's teachings in mainstream Christianity, which were also put in place by the elite. Cayce tells us that Jesus taught reincarnation, for example. Therefore, both of these spiritual gifts to the planet were later abused in similar ways.

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH

And therefore, with the life of David Wilcock the Cayce saga now reaches its conclusion. After the full completion of the Solar / Precessional / Galactic Cycle in late 2012, the Earth will no longer remain as a third-density planet.

It will have completed its 75,000-year period of three 25,000-year "major cycles" in the third dimension, and move into the fourth. Those who remain here will inhabit beautiful new fourth-dimensional bodies.

The fourth-dimensional Earth will be a Utopian paradise in comparison to our current situation in the present day. In the Ra Material it states that life on Earth is 100 times more painful and difficult than in any of the higher realms.

We will have all the abilities of Christ and more, thereby making real the promise of "As I do these things, so shall ye do them, and greater things, for I go unto my Father." [John 14:12.]

The Earth will already have been cleansed from its magnetic pole shift / crustal displacement as the Grid realigns itself with the instreaming fourth-dimensional vibrations. This "pole shift" will remove much of the traces of modern civilization from the Earth's surface.

Together, we will clean, repair and renew the Earth with our newfound telekinetic abilities. One sweep of a hand will purify an entire polluted lake or river, or transform a festering garbage dump into rich soil.

The crumbling ruins of city skyscrapers will sprout up into bold and beautiful trees, and the oceans will burst with fish, dolphins and whales. Everyone will be telepathic, and no one will be able to hide anything from each other.

Flying and psychic teleportation from one spot to another will also be possible, although we might not try to develop these abilities at first, not realizing that we now have them. Many brothers and sisters from other planets will people the new Earth, as all current estimates tell us that the number of present-day Earthlings who Ascend will be quite low.

We will also regain membership in the Confederation of Planets in Service of the One Infinite Creator, our own "local" group in the Galaxy. This will give us the ability to travel among the stars and meet with other planetary cultures.

We will all have our jobs, many of which will be to help the others still trapped in the third dimension as unseen angelic beings of Light. Our tools will include intelligently piloted UFO spacecraft, the formation of crop circles and megalithic stoneworks as well as various technologies that work directly with our consciousness to enhance our energetic abilities.

Our neurological and spiritual capabilities will be so dramatically enhanced that it is not quite possible for us to really comprehend what it is going to feel like until we actually arrive there. The euphoria and bliss of day-to-day existence will be nearly fathomless in its depth. Just think about that: 100 times more harmonious than Earth.

The Ra Material states that life in their own sixth dimension is so harmonious that the feelings of day-to-day living would be "indistinguishable from the state commonly known as orgasm." Sounds good, huh?

OK, THEN WHY ARE MOST PEOPLE NOT ASCENDING?

According to Ra, this planet was a rather unique case, where several different planetary races were combined together on one planet to experience third-density. The normal pattern would be for some people to Ascend after the first major cycle, many more to Ascend after the second major cycle and the rest to Ascend at the end of the third.

Should the entire population Ascend at once at the end of the first or second cycle, then the planet would remain unoccupied for the remainder of its time in the third dimension. In our own case, no one Ascended after the first major cycle and only about 150 could have Ascended after the second!

Those 150 decided to stay until the third to help the rest of us, and are called the "Elders" by some. St. Francis of Assisi was one of these "Elders."

Therefore, the "mixed bag" of planetary civilizations on Earth has been a serious problem for the forces to deal with. As much as they want to help us, they cannot violate our free will by appearing in our skies and showing us the way; we would have to all want them to do this for them to arrive.

As a result of our inability to get along with each other on this planet, we have created an incredible environment of negative vibrations that the forces are trying to work through.

These negative vibrations manifest themselves in human beings through self-serving and self-indulgent behaviours including greed, pride, materialism, jealousy, poor diet and indulgence in television, smoking, alcohol, drugs, sex and violence. (Yes, television, you didn't read that wrong.)

Perhaps the single greatest service that these forces have provided us with to quell our negative vibrations is to incarnate as physical human beings themselves.

Consciously, these "Wanderers" are usually never aware of who or what they are, but they are indeed capable of awakening. If you have read and can fully understand (remember?) all the material on this website, then you are probably one of them yourself.

David's life story covers the "Wanderer question" in much more detail than we will in this article. Our point is that even with all the efforts of Wanderers and angelic entities beaming us Love and Light, in Ra's words "there will be very few to harvest [into the fourth density.]"

However, the majority who have not Ascended will still be "harvested" by the Confederation and moved to another planet that is being terraformed in Earth's image. Understand that this "terraforming" will give this new planet a 6-billion year history just like ours.

(This is one reason why our ubiquitous DNA molecule seems to have been "seeded" on Earth from elsewhere. It is mathematically impossible for anything of its complexity to have occurred by random evolution.)

This long-term terraforming will occur due to the fact that those of the Confederation who have created the planet can work outside of three-dimensional linear space-time. The new planet will have everything from a "primordial soup" to fishes sprouting legs and walking on land to dinosaurs to mammals to "regular human beings."

They will also have their 75,000-year history of third-density human reincarnational civilizations that will probably be covered up and scoffed at towards the end of the cycle, just like what we have done with our own past in Atlantis and Lemuria.

Those who will be transported to this new planet will probably never remember that they had once lived on a different planet called Earth; at least not while they are physically incarnate. New constellations will shine down at them from the night skies, forcing the Confederation to redesign their zodiac.

We can currently see the behind-the-scenes work that is going into this new planetary construction through numerous UFO sightings associated with the drawing up of pond water, plant life (especially trees) and animal life.

Everything on Earth has been preserved and stored, including human genetic materials. For example see the Betty Andreasson material, given in part through the books "The Watchers" and "The Watchers II" by Raymond Fowler.

Linear time does not pose a barrier to those doing this work, and thus they can accomplish this new construction in a relatively short period of their "time." In fact, since they did not anticipate having to create this new world until they were well through our own 75,000-year cycle, by their standards it has been what we could call a "rush job."

CONCLUSION

Therefore, we welcome you to this website material as an opportunity to explore these concepts and ideas. It was finally revealed in January of 1999 that David has secured his own unique form of conscious channeling contact with the Ra group.

The only reason why he was able to do this was that he had "fully assimilated" the teachings of Ra from the five books "to an acceptable degree of distortion." Therefore, since he already knew Ra's teachings on a conscious level, they were able to come in and refine many concepts without having their results distorted.

Very few of David's readings have ever been definitively tagged as "Ra readings," since the announcement of their presence might well trigger his conscious mind, but the wording and content gives strong clues.

The point of this work is to prepare you, the reader, with the full knowledge and understanding of the reality of life on Earth and what we all have in store for us. It is my privilege to be able to present this material to the world, thereby completing the mission that was outlined in the Cayce Readings.

It is okay for you to have a healthy skepticism; in fact, this is the sign of greater wisdom. If you are intrigued by the possibilities that all of this material could be true, then I encourage you to read Convergence and my life story, as well as some of the readings and article updates.

This little article is obviously far too short to address the depth of information that you will receive from studying these materials. However, once you have studied them you will undoubtedly be able to understand exactly why this article was written, and why these topics were included within it.

I hope that this work will help you in your understanding, trust and seeking of the One Infinite Creator, and of the Divine Plan that is unfolding upon our planet for all humankind to potentially take part in.

Chapter 01: A Voice from the Sixth Density

In the boundless depths of the Creation, I have found my home, a place to serve the One and come to a greater understanding of myself. From this watery planet at the far rim of the galaxy, I heard the cries of millions and millions of entities, living in fear and trepidation that they might never be free.

I knew exactly what their cries meant, and could feel their pain as if it were my own. On their astral level, or what they might call "subconscious," they were quite well aware of the pressing crisis of their disconnection with their Source, the Light and Love of the One Infinite Creator.

Yet on the conscious level, that of the waking Ego of their three-dimensional minds, they had forgotten. Indeed, there was so much for them to remember, so much that they were not seeing.

At that moment, hearing those cries and feeling their pain, I vowed to take immediate action. Could I simply allow this to go on? To see these beings suffering, without them even knowing consciously what they were suffering from?

Could I ignore this desperate cry from my own brothers and sisters, an ongoing source of pain as strong as if it were a festering sore within my own body complex?

Of course not. I made the choice right then to go there myself, into this land of pain and suffering, to become one with them. I might not ever realize, in the conscious Ego sense, exactly what I had done.

I had to agree to come in without any of my current memories and knowledge intact. But on the astral or "subconscious" level, I would be well aware of all that I had to do. The most important purpose I had in mind would be to help free them, to help renew them, to help them understand all that they had lost...

Many others were choosing to do this as well. My brethren took it upon themselves to answer this cry, this call, this desperate plea for assistance. The others all thought we were crazy, to actually volunteer for such a dangerous mission.

They thought us somewhat headstrong and foolish to be brave enough to engage in this process of actually incarnating upon the physical sphere ourselves. They were all engaged in helping in their own ways, "behind the scenes," so to speak.

Certainly a great deal of work could be done this way, but it was nothing compared to the power of what we were going to do. The risks mattered nothing to us, only the glory of the service that we could provide through our presence in their "physical" world.

Despite the opposition and "healthy advice" from our colleagues not to do this, our faith was strong. We don't necessarily have very many of these problematic types of situations, as the number of three-dimensional planetary life forms in this Creation is rather small in comparison to the other frequency levels.

And these third-density planets certainly capture our interest, since there is no other vibrational level that demands more diligent work than this third, or yellow-ray level. In that sense, you could say that they attract a lot of attention.

In order to work with them on the outside, we often are required to slow our perceptions of their passage through linear time down to a second-by-second basis, working untold amounts of effort

into each moment, eternally trying to manifest something, something that would finally attract their attention to the truth of our presence, and of their own simultaneous existence in higher realms.

It was our collective job to attend to the processes of karma for them -- to bring about the appropriate physical manifestations to balance their thoughts and actions. They were all living in a gigantic, fully staged illusion -- an illusion that took the work of millions and millions of expertly cooperative higher-level entities to dream into manifestation.

Our idea was to bring about this balance, to become the angels of their karma, so that hopefully they would eventually see the truth: that their beliefs and actions directly create the events that then transpire in their so-called "physical" world.

It was our requirement to reinforce those behaviors that were in alignment with the loving Light of the One, and to counterbalance those behaviors that continued in their path of forgetting the truth.

There was a great deal that we could do within their dreaming plane as well. Their subconscious or Astral Selves were in direct connection with entities like myself, whom they might name the "Higher Self" or "Oversoul."

I, and others like me, are responsible for overseeing and coordinating a balance between all physical incarnations of a being, and insuring that those beings keep meeting the same friends and companions time after time, life after life, season by season.

And in that sense, there really are no new meetings, only familiar acquaintances that keep re-appearing in successive physical lifetimes. It is only through careful cooperation amongst them on the subconscious level that we are able to bring them together again and again, age after age, cycle by cycle.

Their own Astral or Subconscious Selves did have a much greater handle on what the truth was all about, and were in direct communication with us most of the time. The dreams were a nightly system of guidance that allowed us to work with this Astral Self, programming it with knowledge and information that it would be able to use in the future.

And in that sense, we acted as prophets and counselors, scanning the future time vortices and navigating a path through them. As always, our desire was to insure that each physical experience of the entity be for the highest good; each experience be tailor-made to produce the greatest amount of learning possible.

Unfortunately, it was unlikely that very many of them would ever fully realize how completely and totally "scripted" the events in their lives really were, to lead them in the direction of their own highest interests.

On the other hand, we were well aware that many of them would not know what to do with this knowledge if they received it. The physical illusion crumbles with great difficulty, and we knew that this particular planet was an unusually extreme case.

These suffering millions were our brothers as well, and still are. They had originally come to this planet simply to explore, to have fun, to know for brief periods of time what it would be like to live as a fish, a crocodile, a chimpanzee, a squirrel.

They found a rich world of sensations, of lights, colors and sound, theirs to explore. They became deeply enamored with this world, with the sights and sounds, and soon they began to forget who they really were.

Before too long, they had gotten ensnared into physical matter, taking up residence in the animal forms. Since their form-maker body was the typical design of what we might call "human" in its appearance, this created all manners of half-human, half-animal monstrosities.

The visual images of these monstrosities were recorded in a variety of contexts in their later human cultures, such as the Egyptian and Hindu gods, the Native American totem poles, the gods and beasts of the Mayans and Ancient Greeks and thousands more.

One entity calling itself Amilius had been the first to try to free the ensnared entities through this mission of direct physical incarnation on the planetary sphere. This entity would prove to be of paramount importance on this planet, completing a series of physical incarnations that culminated in the life of Jesus the Christ.

Amilius would be the first to consciously become ensnared and the first to consciously escape through self-perfection, making clear the Way of the One that all others might then aspire to follow. And now, I wanted to help the mission of Amilius as well, along with so many others who volunteered for this service.

Indeed, by the Earth year Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, we would have over 100 million volunteers incarnate on the planet Earth, and most of them would never remember their identities until after the Harvest or Ascension had completed itself.

It would be in this Harvest that so many others would complete the same pattern that the entity Jehoshuah, once known as Amilius, had demonstrated so dramatically in what they called 'The Past.'

And so, we came to this planet, taking on physical manifestation and running the same risk of ensnarement. We trusted that our memories of higher light and love would be fresher than those of our trapped brothers and sisters, and that we would not get caught up as they had been.

We trusted that our innate understandings would shine through, in order to lift these beings from their misery. After all, in universal terms this was a relatively short assignment. Their planet would revolve around its Sun roughly 75,000 times before permanently moving out of the third dimensional level they now occupied.

We all knew that this was the Way of the Universe. As each planet traces its path through the Galaxy, it follows the Galactic heartbeat, manifesting itself in cycles of 25,000 years. It was the unutterable will of the One that only three of such cycles were required of each planet wishing to host these entities before it would move on.

As the heart of the Galaxy continues to beat, the vibrational levels in its midst continue to rise and fall like the wave of a vast ocean. When the third-dimensional period of a planet's existence comes full term, the planet will graduate to the fourth dimension, becoming so much more of a utopian paradise thereafter.

And now, this watery planet at the far edge was in trouble. We have certainly seen other instances where difficulty and blindness presented itself, but this was a rather unique case.

Our ruling body, The Confederation of Planets in Service of the One Infinite Creator, had designated this planet as a haven for many different entities who had failed to Ascend from other third-density planets.

It was a unique experiment, as never before had such a diversity of entities been combined together under one roof, so to speak. We certainly underestimated the severity of difficulty that this would create for its inhabitants.

Indeed, the forgetting was so extreme that the vast number of entities were again not reaching the appropriate levels of understanding in time for Harvest, you see.

Each half-cycle of roughly 12,500 years presented the opportunity for some of these entities to Ascend, to be harvested, to graduate, to escape their ensnarement in physical matter. They solely did this by firmly making a choice. The choice that they would make was the *most important aspect to their existence in the third dimension*; in fact, it was their ONLY purpose for being in the third dimension.

How many of them would tumble through lifetime after lifetime in the physical plane, never really understanding or realizing the overarching importance of this choice? How many would become trapped in the endless drive for materialism, for money and power and physical gratification, never understanding what they truly had been positioned there for?

How surprised would they be to realize that the only thing that mattered in their lives was the successful completion of this simple Choice?

Everyone else in the higher realms was well aware of what this Choice represented, and those of us who volunteered to incarnate there would innately live by the principles of this Choice as well. It was the very first significant baby-step on the path to higher learning, the path to return to the One Infinite Creator and to again become One with All There Is.

That choice had to come from a conscious realization within self of the way the universe really worked, on the most basic, fundamental and rudimentary level. To make this choice was to gain freedom: the freedom that comes with understanding, the freedom that comes with the realization that all is One.

The choice, as all of us know, is as old as time, the first decision to move towards love. Groping in the dark with nothing more than a faltering, flickering candle, without the massive knowledge, love and wisdom that we have here in our own realms, these entities would have to make their choice on their own: whether to serve others or to serve Self.

To serve others was the way of the One, the embodiment of all the wisdom that every religious teacher would attempt to impart to them in their physical reality. We were coming in great numbers, especially at the end of their 75,000-year term.

We had become more and more concerned as time went on, as each half-cycle went through and no entities had sufficiently made this decision within themselves. The chaos on their planet was great, the negative vibrations quite compelling.

So many temptations were laid out to confuse the entities, to make it unclear whether it is best to serve others or to act in fear and attempt only to preserve the self. We wanted to make sure that as many of them as possible would be suitable to "make the grade," so to speak, to choose in Light and in Love to reunite their personal motivations to helping others.

In so doing, they were acting in favor of the One True Being, and recognizing that there truly was no separation between self and other-self.

From this perspective, I could see quite clearly what my assignment was looking like. I would start out by having to compress from my native density here in the sixth to that of the fifth, or blue-ray level.

In that frequency, I would divide into two entities existing in parallel, one that could be thought of as "female" and another as "male." By virtue of their lower level of vibrations, it would be much easier for these two entities to work directly with the physical sphere than it would be for me.

They would have intimate knowledge of my existence, and they would work closely together with me in order to give them direction and guidance. It would be these two entities who would have the direct, personal experience of coordinating each physical incarnation and going through the motions to bring it about.

It would also be the job of these entities to collaborate with me in directly planning and activating the karmic events that would unfold in the lives of each physical incarnation.

As an entity, my influences upon this physical sphere would be quite impressive, as I would lend my aid in the closing of the second-to-last cycle, in the civilization known as Atlantis.

There, one of my physical incarnations known as Ra-Ta would work directly with me to help bring about the construction of a grand, hyperdimensional crystal healing chamber, for the initiation and rejuvenation of otherselves.

This crystal would later be known to the final Earth civilization as "The Great Pyramid." Through my guidance, this entity Ra-Ta would also create a "Hall of Records," a physical storehouse of all pertinent historical accounts and artifacts of the Atlantean age, as well as the scattered discoveries from previous ages as well.

Among the scores of lifetimes that I could easily see and plan out, the last two physical incarnations before the close of the cycle were of particular interest to me, as both of them had the potential to create massive planetary changes at the "last minute," you could say.

In those two lifetimes especially, it would be very important for me to make my presence known consciously and tangibly to my three-dimensional Ego self. Once I could reunify my being in this way, I could be given a voice, and those on Earth could hear the messages that my colleagues and I wished to impart to them.

We would present them with the opportunity to completely recapitulate their understandings of how the universe truly functioned, and what their role was within it. Most importantly, we could teach them of the Choice and suggest the importance of being of service to others.

Now I can see that there is a range of probabilities as to how many entities will actually graduate from third-density at the end of this 75,000-year period of what they call "time."

All that we wish to do is to increase the numbers somewhat, to help a few more of these entities clear the hurdles and blockages within themselves that would hold them back from truly regaining their understandings.

I was quite excited with the work that was ahead of me: the challenge of actually awakening my physical incarnations to my presence, to engage in this speaking and teaching format.

I knew it would be difficult for my physical incarnations to handle the harshness of this physical sphere. But I had faith and confidence in my abilities, and in the tools that I had to make this come into fruition.

I knew that if I could secure this channel for teach / learning through my physical selves, I could create quite dramatic results in the physical sense. They might not ever realize exactly how I was able to scan the past, present and future vortices of their physical space, or understand the intricacies of their physical bodies and of how to heal them.

They might never really be able to grasp the deepest levels of knowledge of the Universe that I could teach them. And in fact, it would be just fine if they didn't figure it out.

My demonstrations would prove to them that there was a lot more to being human than what they had thought, and that was enough. Once they started asking questions, the illusion would begin to crumble. As the illusion fell away, the real truth would become increasingly visible, and my presence would become known.

Page 1 of 2

Chapter 02: The Descent into Materiality and Early Childhood Memories

Those in the physical plane would know of my second-to-last physical incarnation as Edgar Cayce. This entity would have quite an interesting life, being so close to the conclusion of the cycle and the fulfillment of the prophecies.

The entity's method of service was consciously chosen at a young age, after my fifth-dimensional female self known as Lucia would appear before it at the physical age of thirteen.

In her highly stunning angelic form, Lucia would ask the young Eddie what he wanted more than anything else in the world. Delightfully, his conscious reply was "to help sick people, especially small children."

And with that statement, we then knew that this was to be his chosen path to bring the awareness of our presence out to the world, using this physical incarnation as a conduit. We would spend the subjective equivalent of thousands of years of linear time doing medical research throughout all time periods in the Earthen sphere.

We would work with Cayce's Astral Self to guide it to enter the minds of the greatest doctors, shamans and healers of all time, searching for natural remedies that we could apply and recommend in a process that we would eventually name "psychic readings." It would be through this profound ability to diagnose and treat illness that the reality of our presence would become known.

The reason why we called our communications "readings" is that we would go to the Infinite Library of Knowledge for the information that we would bring forth. Of course, this was not really a library at all, merely the infinite consciousness of the One.

However, it was easier for the humans to view this with familiar terms and visual images, and the metaphor of a library or a hall of records was especially valuable. This would be commonly referred to in Earthen cultures as the "Akashic Records," and we would also use this term in our workings with Cayce.

In our work with Cayce, an entity's condition could be diagnosed and treated without anything but a name and address. This was all the identification that we required to tune into an entity's thought/energy fields, to then visit them at the place of their dwelling and scan their physical body.

We had to work in close cooperation with the Astral Self of Cayce, since it was this aspect of self that was directly responsible for the phrasing and wording of our messages. Since the astral body is affected greatly by the studies and predilections of the physical body, we were somewhat restricted in the scope of messages that we could bring through.

In other words, since the Ego self of Cayce was not well educated in physical terms, the Astral Self did not have the degree of fluidity of language that we would have preferred. As a result, our communications would be highly complicated to read, often stretching into huge and confusing run-on sentences.

However, the power and potency of the information would still be strong enough to ensure that the otherselves in the physical would have all the proof they needed of the reality of our existence. Our medical readings would be profoundly accurate, giving an unequivocal demonstration of the true strength and power of Light that we wielded in higher realms.

We did have a great deal of trouble with the Ego-self Edgar Cayce. There were a great number of restrictive behavior complexes brought about through the strict adherence to the doctrines of mainstream Westernized Christianity.

In this system of beliefs, highly distorted from the original teachings of the Amilius / Jehoshuah entity, there was simply no room for many of the pieces of knowledge and information that we wished to impart.

And thus, even our simple existence which demonstrated itself through our medical readings was so uncomfortable to Edgar that we required ten years of his time before he was willing to have enough confidence in this process to begin doing it for others, in order for him to make a living in the physical.

It would take us ten more years of linear time to be able to break out of our mold of medical readings with him, to actually begin teaching the truths of reincarnation and some of the other pieces of metaphysical knowledge that we sought to impart.

We made this decision during a reading for Cayce's colleague known physically as Arthur Lammers, wherein we stated that Lammers had once been a monk in a previous physical incarnation. We knew that this would test the Ego-self of Edgar to its limits, but thankfully Edgar did choose to continue working with us.

After a good bit of time, Edgar begrudgingly accepted the notion that reincarnation was a possibility. He finally was willing to stop subconsciously editing our workings and just let our readings say what we wanted to say, within reason. It is after this breakthrough that many of our readings that he would become so famous for came to pass.

Our readings included information on past lives, astrology, the Great Pyramid, life on other planets, Earth Changes, Atlantis, the imminent Pole Shift / Ascension, and the design and opening of the Hall of Records.

We wanted to make sure that we made mention of the final physical incarnation on Earth as well in the readings. This final incarnation would be a simple human just like Cayce, with thoughts and feelings and emotions, drive, purpose and understanding.

By analyzing the timetables of how and when this could be done, we realized that this next entity would not fully awaken to its own identity until the Earth year 1998. We also knew that this entity would have much more in common with our previous incarnation as Ra-Ta than it did as its current incarnation as Edgar Cayce.

And therefore, we issued a reading that stated quite clearly that "the priest would be seen to return again in 1998." We will be covering the story of our final physical incarnation in some detail throughout the rest of this work.

ARCTURUS

We gave even more information to bump the ego-self Cayce's comfort zone in the middle of our teaching program. Our readings informed him that outside spiritual forces on other planets played a crucial role in humanity's own development there on Earth.

We told Edgar that he himself had originated from the star Arcturus, and that this was the location of his true family. This was a simple enough truth for us to reveal, as the Earthen sun and the star Arcturus were engaged in a long-term gravitational interaction with each other.

Much of the work that we did in the higher-dimensional sense was stationed in the Arcturian star system.

So, for all intents and purposes, our Cayce Readings first set forth the notion that an extraterrestrial being could incarnate within a regular, physical human body and appear on the Earth, usually unaware of who or what it really was. This was an important facet of what we wished to communicate.

Our Ego-self Edgar Cayce would die from the physical in January 1945 and return to Arcturus. Within two and one half years later, our brothers on the outside would increase their efforts even more to make our presence known to those of Earth.

And thus, the modern twentieth-century UFO era began with the famed Kenneth Arnold UFO sightings and the Roswell crash in New Mexico, which we engineered ourselves to bring about knowledge and truth to the planet of our existence.

Up until this time, the public knowledge of the UFO phenomena and of our presence was practically nonexistent. How interesting should it be that our Ego-self Cayce was no longer around to be asked about it: would he have allowed us to tell the truth in our readings?

We knew that it was highly doubtful -- for us to speak of these things was too great a risk for us to take.

This was, in fact, an enormous area of inquiry that Cayce would never be open-minded enough to receive while he was still alive. His Western Christian leanings would have forced him to shut down the whole process if our readings had ever spoken of past humanoid civilizations and ruins on the moon and Mars.

Something as rudimentary to us as the notion of reincarnation practically shook him to the core of his own faith and sanity in the 1930's period of Earth years. The sheer awesomeness of what we were providing him through our readings was not enough to convince him to "buy in" to the validity of our statements. His personal religious programming certainly ran quite deep.

We knew that we had to come back to Earth for one more time around the old Wheel of Fortune. As my fifth-density selves Grandfather and Lucia, I spent a good bit of time in Arcturus, learning lessons, healing the wounds and plotting out my next physical life.

It would have to be a life that not only satisfied all the accumulated karma that the Ego self would need to learn, but that had the potential to answer the prophecies written into our own readings. In these prophecies, we spoke of the fact that this final incarnation would be one of a great team of Liberators, whose collective mission was to free the minds of those still trapped in the physical plane.

Indeed, our final physical incarnation would have the potential to do great things for the Earth, by letting its people know that the Solar Cycle that our Cayce readings often spoke of was ending. Ascension was coming, and we wanted to make sure that as many entities as possible would graduate.

Those who truly loved and cared for other people would be able to enter into this New Heaven and New Earth, a place of almost Utopian majesty. In this New World, flying travel would occur at the speed of thought, communication would be telepathic, and stone could be caused to float by nothing more than a focus of consciousness.

It was also a world where the Earth would regain its full membership in our galactic organization of benevolent, sentient beings, known as the Confederation, Council or Galactic Federation.

My now-nameless fifth dimensional entity who had recently been Cayce scanned carefully through all the planetary alignments within the next thirty years. If he waited any longer than that, he would never have been old enough to get our messages out in time.

He noticed one configuration in particular that was very, very close to the one that he had been born with as Cayce. The new date was March 8, 1973.

We decided to have the new Ego-self be in its mid-twenties at the time that we would attempt to completely lift the veil of forgetting, which we had prophesied for 1998. [See the article "An Analysis of Astrological Similarities Between Wilcock and Cayce."]

My fifth-density self ran through vigorous tests of endurance and strength to insure that he would be ready. (The ego-self of David Wilcock would later piece this all together from dream experiences where he would recall these preparations himself.)

I watched and coordinated from the sixth density as the entity checked and double-checked with his brethren, laying out the plan to insure that they would find him quickly and accurately once he was again incarnate.

A set of very unique parents had to be chosen, parents that would be loving enough to foster a healthy child, and open-minded enough to make that child ready to remember who he was at a very young age.

These parents also needed to have the genetic components in place to form a child vibrationally similar to Cayce and the others: a child who would have the same relative facial appearance.

Interestingly, there was one final part of the puzzle as well. The fifth-density entity himself would be able to remain outside the body and in contact with Arcturus and with myself, while simultaneously occupying the new form.

This double arrangement certainly wouldn't give us the freedom that we now had, but we would by no means be "trapped" on Earth. My fifth-density self hoped that this new Ego-self would quickly understand what was going on.

He knew that this new entity wouldn't immediately realize that his Ego-self, fifth-density self and I were all one and the same, so he chose a name for himself. The name, as I have stated it, was Grandfather.

A multilayered plan was set in place to insure that the final mission had a high chance of success. Among other things, the best Arcturian "medically-driven" nanotechnology would be implanted into the physical body at a young age.

This would allow for tracking and much more intimate telepathic contact than would be possible for most physical human beings -- conscious contact. This was far from the crude technologies of the self-serving extraterrestrials who terrorized their captives -- the new self would never experience trauma, only wonder from the experience.

After the devices were installed, fantastic dreams could be given with a flick of the switch. It was sure to work.

FIFTH-DENSITY SELF: GRANDFATHER

My luminous robe danced up and down as I went through my final endurance test on my fifth-density base in Arcturus before I departed. As the Ego-self David would later vividly recall in a dream, I stood on a circular disk platform that was broken up into many small cells. Each cell rose and fell at a different rate of speed, very smoothly and quickly.

The task was to dart my feet from one spot to another and keep up with the machine, without falling. It was an incredible challenge. I knew the test was metaphorically significant of my ability to handle the many shifting problems that I would face in my new assignment. Years later, David would relive this test again in the dream plane.

Finally, after a brutal dance, I passed the test with flying colors. I now knew that I was fully prepared and ready. I took a deep breath, preparing for the crushing plummet into the weight of third density Earth in the late 20th Century.

My twin soul, still incarnate on Earth as Edgar Cayce's stenographer Gladys Davis, stood by in her own Arcturian form. Later, she would take the name Light, or Lucia. When the time was right, the two of us would work together to teach and educate the new Ego-self, whom we had already chosen to name David.

My sixth-density self was quite proud of me to have finally completed my preparations; I was now ready to depart. Lucia said a quick mental goodbye to me, knowing that she wouldn't see much of me for a few Earth years as I took control of the infantile mind.

I answered the telepathic goodbye with love. "Do not worry, dear Lucia," I said. "I'll be just fine."

"I know you will," Lucia responded. "We're counting on you." We embraced tenderly. I turned and began levitating forward.

As I passed through the walls of the orbiting Arcturian station and began the rapid descent, the blue dot of the Earth gradually became larger and larger, and I felt the increasing agony of my compression into physical matter.

I felt myself forgetting everything about who and what I really was, forming a new Ego-self. I would need to work diligently to penetrate through this forgetting process, through my tools of dreams and synchronicity.

DAVID WILCOCK: "WHO AM I?"

I had been asking myself this question almost since birth. From as early as I could possibly remember, I would have fantastic dreams of mass UFO sightings, very low to the Earth and almost always in the form of wingless cylinders.

Their size was absolutely colossal, and they would often obscure most of my field of view. The dream would always start the same way.

I walk out into the front yard, holding my mother's hand. She is here with me, and she loves me. The sun is shining and bright, the air is warm and the trees are very green. I am calm and at peace, the world is a happy place.

Suddenly there is a wave of feeling; I feel like something is about to happen. I grip my mother's hand. Reality stops, grinds to a halt. The air becomes crystalline, energetic, and alive -- it sparkles.

I feel like I am floating ten feet above myself; my head is reeling and I can hardly stand up. I am awestruck, more than ever before in my entire life. I can hardly breathe as they appear in the sky. They are so enormous, so incredibly enormous.

From the right, in the bright blue sky, the craft appear. They are metallic, shiny. They come in several different shapes and sizes, some boxy, others sleek and aerodynamic: They fly in trains, one behind the other, and seem to flutter as they fly, almost like leaves in the wind.

They are so enormous that they take up the entire sky from the side I am looking at. The ground darkens. They are flying so close to the ground, and that really scares me. God, they must practically be scraping the tops of the trees!

They are beautiful. They seem to be doing this specifically for my mother and me to watch. I have never seen anything more amazing in my entire life.

I am breathless as I watch them flutter over the treetops, so gigantic, so fantastic. I can get a really good look at them from here. Most of them are like long, silver wingless cylinders, bobbing on unseen currents of energy.

Some have open doors on the side and are hollow and metallic inside. Others seem to be better flyers, better at manoeuvring. None of them look like anything that should be in the sky. They do tricks in the air, and they are fantastic, zipping around with the agility of the finest insects.

Then, something happens. I am shocked. They are so huge, so close to the ground; too close. One stray craft, filling the sky, noses down a little too far, and this three or four block - long mass of metal crashes into the ground, though there doesn't seem to be a noise or any shaking.

One of them has landed! It seems like it happened so close; it could even be right over at the next street. I have to, we have to, we must go see it. We must find out what it is, who is inside, how it got here. I can't believe this happened. I knew he was flying too close to the ground.

There has to be something I can do to help him. I have to find him. I have to go see. I know it is so huge; oh my god, it's so huge, so beautiful, so fantastic — aren't his friends going to help him? Come on, Mom, we have to go see, we have to, this is the greatest thing ever...

Somehow, we are in the backyard now. I look out at the hollow space and see the trees there. The trees are alive. The trees are gigantic. The leaves smile back at me in the brilliant sunlight.

The air is electric, alive, intelligent. But the trees are not alone. No, not alone. Somehow, I don't know how, but somehow, the empty patch of sky that is supposed to be behind those fantastic, tall trees is no longer there.

In its place is a gigantic, looming gray tower; much taller than the trees; much taller than anything; it is far, far too big; far too big; impossible.

Good God, the size of that tower! Impossible. Impossible. I am flying. They are flying. I see where they come from now. There it is. I am flying up over it now, and I can see it.

The tower is connected to an airport; some sort of tower they can use to see out of. The craft are floating around lazily in the air.

They have a home here. Many more are parked on the ground. It is all organized so neatly in rows. Everything is gray in color, the ground, the tower, the craft. I am here. I am back. I am home.

This is the airport. It seems like I just left this place, and now I am back. It is all so familiar, so beautiful; I belong here. I have come back now; it's been so long. So long, so sad, but at last I am finally home.

WHAM!

Ripped back into the waking state, I sit up in bed. Oh no, not again. Not again. I am still here, still in this same room. They are gone, gone, gone. I want them back. Oh god, please bring them back.

I don't want to be here. Please. There has to be a way to get back. I am here, and I am all alone. Where are you? Where are you? I miss you, I want you back. Please. I want you back.

I am crying, crying, my face is wet, please come back, don't leave me here. Please come back. Please come back. I need you, so desperately I need you. Don't you see I am crying?

Why don't you answer me? I need to find you, I need to know, I have to find out how to get back there.

In my personal journal, after writing the above passage, I wrote the following:

Even now as I write this, the overwhelming feelings of grief and abandonment wash over me, and I am literally in tears.

The emotional potency of those dreams was so intense that I still have never felt anything like them in my life. I would tell these dreams to my mother, hoping for an answer, hoping for some understanding.

To my utter amazement, she described quite similar dreams; dreams of gigantic, cylindrical spacecraft that filled the sky, complete with the most awesome feelings anyone could ever feel. Something really bizarre was going on.

After a day or two, life would return to normal for a short time, until the next dream. There was rarely a dull moment.

WHERE ARE THEY TAKING ME?

I found myself asking this question one night in the spring of my first year of school as a Kindergartner. I awoke to the strangest sensation; I felt very light, and had no idea why I felt that way. I realized that the ceiling was quite close, closer than it should be.

I had the extremely peculiar feeling that I was floating. I reached down, and my hand went down -- too far down. What the hell? No bed? What is going on?

I looked down, sort of by turning over in space, and I saw something I never, ever thought I would see. There was my own body in this dark room, lying in bed and sleeping peacefully! I was surprised, amazed, at what I was seeing. I was still me, yet there I was: it was my own body, but I was now on the outside looking at it!

So who the hell was that in the bed, if I was up here? How did I all of a sudden become two people? I looked at my second body that I was now in, and I realized that I still had on the same pajamas that I was wearing in bed; the bright yellow football pajamas with the red cuffs for the wrists and ankles.

Those pajamas are still here, right in back of me as I write these words. I saved them for the rest of my life, and never wore them again after this. I would often wonder why I was still wearing them, even though I was in some sort of spirit body. Shouldn't I have been naked?

I was dumbfounded as I watched myself sleeping away in bed. My door was always left open at night, and I suddenly turned to face the hallway, feet first, floating flat on my back. I was now floating a mere foot below the ceiling, and everything around me continually looked the same. This was not like a dream, where everything around you keeps changing.

In this particular case, nothing changed. I was the same person, looking at the same house, and as I floated through it, the house stayed constant. It was quite a hell of an experience. I could see the round, bubbly glass of the upstairs hall light appearing between my feet as I approached it. I could really see it up close and get a good look at it.

At that point, I started to get the feeling that I wasn't the one controlling the experience. There seemed to almost be voices in the background, several of them, all whispering and watching me very closely. I definitely felt that I was not alone in this.

The next thing I knew, my body turned and sloped on an angle to prepare to go down the stairs. I got a sudden mental flash of going downstairs, out the door and up into space.

Oh, my God! I am going somewhere! I didn't want this, and I wasn't controlling it! What the hell is going on? Am I dead? Where am I going? Will I ever come back? Put me down!

My young mind screeched in terror, sending out a powerful thought-current. The next thing I knew, there was a snapping ricochet-type effect, and I popped back into my body and shot up in bed, staring around the room. Something really strange had happened to me, and I wasn't sure exactly what the hell it was.

All I knew was that a part of me existed outside of my physical body, and that this was what must happen when you were dying. I wasn't ready to die and the whole thing kind of freaked me out. Of course, no one believed me, not my parents or Mrs. De Masi, my kindergarten teacher. They all brushed it off as "only a dream."

But I knew it wasn't. Where the hell would I have gone if I hadn't been afraid? Perhaps I ruined the whole thing; I just somehow wasn't ready for it. It would have been the ride of my life, and I was too "chicken" to go. I somehow needed to get just one more chance, one more, and I could prove that I had what it took to not be afraid.

It is now clear that soon afterwards, my non-terrestrial family began to meet and speak with me in my dreams. Another repetitive dream seemed to occur inside of a spaceship. A robed being of light

similar to Obi Wan Kenobi from the movie Star Wars was there, and we were walking down this great hallway together.

To the left was a solid wall that was a little unusual-looking and gray, and to the right were many tall windows, about a foot wide, that were separated by vertical bands. The dividing bands ran the whole length from the floor to the ceiling in thin strips, and seemed to have yellow, glowing lights inside of them.

The windows themselves seemed to have some kind of black, gridlike detail on them, and the whole thing was very unusual and alien in appearance. I would make more dream visits to different parts of this ship as I got older; after all, this was Home.

"You have to learn balance," he said. "You are here for a very important reason. You must learn to use your mind to contact others like us. Many things are going to happen to you, and you must be ready for them. You are going to change quite a bit as you get older.

"You have a very important mission, and you must not forget that. The whole world is going to change, in a way more fantastic than you could ever possibly imagine. We will be with you and prepare you for this, so don't be afraid. You will not remember anything we have told you until the time is right."

It seemed that he gave me a great deal of information. This scenario is more hypothetical than actually remembered literally. I do remember the hallway and the conversation, but I could never quite remember what he would talk to me about when I woke up.

The fact that I was programmed with things I would remember later slipped out through my subconscious in many ways that we will see soon enough.

I tried as hard as I could to convince anyone else of what had happened to me on the night of my OBE, but no one would listen. It was simply brushed off as imagination. I knew better, and I was determined to find out the answers.

There was a dim connection that was made in my five-year old mind between the OBE itself and the UFO dreams. Could this have been my big chance to meet with them, I thought? Did I "mess everything up" by being too afraid? And what were those voices that seemed to be whispering in the background as all of this was happening?

A CHILD'S QUEST FOR AN ANSWER

I had to know what had happened to me that night; I had to get to the bottom of things. I was now convinced that I had a spirit-body that existed outside of my physical body. All I ever wanted was to

learn how to make myself consciously go into another OBE so that I could have the chance to do it all again.

This time, I would ride it out and go wherever I was supposed to be taken. But how on Earth would I figure out how to induce a conscious out-of-body trance state?

My mother told me that this and many other paranormal phenomena all went under the umbrella term of ESP. We will shortly see that by the time I was seven, I had gone down into the basement and discovered the book "How to Make ESP Work For You" by Harold Sherman.

Though it was an adult-level book and I was in second grade at the time, I read it cover to cover and began practicing the exercises within the book. But let us first develop the case for my motive to do such an incredible thing at such a young age.

The paradox of whatever it was that happened to me in the OBE would not die, refused to die. I simply could not file this away as mere chance. I now knew I existed outside of my physical body. But there was more.

From my vantagepoint now, it is clear that during the out-of-body experience, a part of my identity was taken somewhere and programmed with information. A definite timeline of when things were supposed to happen snapped into place, and the course for the future was set. Big changes were ahead, and I would start feeling them right away.

One of my earliest conclusions at age five or six was that if we had this spiritual body that could float around and seemed to be made of energy, we certainly should be able to communicate with others who were also drifting around in their own energetic body.

I certainly wasn't different from anyone else, and I had just experienced an OBE, so everybody had to have one of these energetic counterparts to the physical body. I figured that it since this body was very much alive and real, it was a part of me that had to be quite active, going around, doing things, talking to people.

Our regular minds might not normally be in contact with this body as I had become, but this body would do all of its psychic work just the same.

I started to notice that I was able to read people's minds; in fact, I also assumed that they could read mine equally well. I knew that they probably didn't know that they could do this, but they would pick up on it just the same.

This led me to physically exert force to try to stop myself from thinking anything bad about someone else, because it seemed obvious to me that their higher body would hear it. It seemed to make perfect sense.

Many curious examples of my psychic abilities came to light, and I asked my mother what it was. She said that it was called ESP, and that everyone had it. I saw things on television about it, but I also realized that no one really believed in it.

By now, two years had elapsed since my OBE, and I had found no real answers to the problem of what had happened. My parents did not seem to believe me nor have any explanation for it, so I was determined to find one on my own.

There were literally no books available that said anything about it in the card catalog at the school library, so I had to search further. I wandered down into the basement of my house and started looking through my parents' book stacks.

To my great surprise, the big letters ESP stared back at me off of one of the book spines, and I eagerly pulled it out and opened it up!

Right away, I realized that there were a lot of words in it that I couldn't make out, but I could use context to figure out what was going on.

I was scared at first of a book with so many pages, such small letters and no pictures, but it quickly wore off. I was so fascinated by the subject that reading it became top priority, and I spent hours trying to understand everything that the author was saying in those yellowed pages.

The book was "How to Make ESP Work For You" by Harold Sherman. If everything that Sherman said in this book was true, then the scope and power of the human psychic ability, in the hands of an adept, could be nothing short of Earth-shattering.

The cold, hard reality of ESP hit my young mind like a freight train.

In the beginning section of the book, there is a description of one of Sherman's earliest telepathic experiments, where he wanted a friend of mine to wake up at a certain hour.

They agreed that they were going to try this, but Sherman wouldn't tell him what day or what time he was going to try it. The guy ended up waking up exactly when Sherman said he would, and practically jumped out of bed, feeling Sherman's presence in the room with him.

I was so fascinated by this that I jumped ahead to the point where he gave specific instructions on how to get into this telepathic state. Following his basic instructions, I raised each limb of my body separately until it was tired, and let it go down, all the while breathing very deeply.

This produced a state where I didn't feel I had a body anymore, that I was just a point of awareness. It was important to send the message when the other person was sleeping, so I waited until it was late. Then, I concentrated on the image of my friend Eric's face, and came up with a message for him.

"Eric, you will wake up at 3:30 in the morning and think of gold." I got the idea to put the part about gold in after I had already started, in order to give my experiment an even deeper layer of proof than what Sherman had used.

I figured that if it would work like this, if Eric actually got up in the middle of the night and then somehow thought of gold, there was no need for me to ever wonder again whether telepathy and ESP was real or not.

After more than an hour of very intense concentration, I finally let myself stop. Several times I had felt the relaxation that Sherman describes as indicating that the message had been sent, but I wanted so badly for it to work that I kept on doing it anyway.

The next day, in the second-grade section of the cafeteria where I now ate, I sat next to Eric, which was standard practice for me. Trying to be as nonchalant as possible, I asked him how he slept the night before.

"You know, it's really funny that you asked me that," he said.

"Why?"

"Well, last night I woke up in the middle of the night! I was wide awake and I could not go back to sleep! I felt like there was someone in the room with me, like a ghost or something."

I was overjoyed and totally amazed, but I very carefully hid my enthusiasm. By god, it worked! He had no idea that I was working on ESP at all, so there was no possibility of him expecting something like this.

"Any idea what time it was?" I asked.

"Yeah, it was about 4:30 in the morning."

[I was disappointed; he was an hour late! But I transmitted it for about an hour longer than the book said I needed to.]

"Well, what was the first thing you thought of?" I inquired.

"I thought of my watch."

"What color is your watch?"

"Gold."

Now the full impact of what I had really done started to dawn on me. I had never been inside his bedroom, never knew that he had a gold watch. I always used a clock to see what time it was when I was in my own bedroom.

I was numb, cold, shocked. I told him what happened and I could hardly believe it. Neither of us could believe it.

Soon afterwards, we were determined to try other things. One of the things which was very successful was throwing small sticks up into the air and asking them to point in a certain direction.

Even though we would try to always throw them the same way, standing in the same place, they invariably would land wherever we told them to, over and over again. We were convinced something was going on, and we had to tell the others.

The next thing you know, Eric and I assembled a group of guys together out by the old kindergarten door in the parking lot. Now that I knew that ESP really did work, the idea was to see if I could accurately read their minds.

It had to be something relatively simple, so I decided to try numbers one through ten. I had the guys go off and huddle into a group and decide on a number together, then walk back and stand in front of me. I would simply wait to hear the very first number that popped into my mind, and then tell them what it was. I got it right every single time.

After the fifth or sixth time, they hatched a plot. They wanted to see if they could fool me. They picked two numbers when they went around the corner and came back, expecting me to guess the first one correctly, without guessing the second one.

Then, they were going to go back there again and choose a fake number. The correct number would actually be the second one that they had initially chosen.

I guessed their first number correctly, and they seemed rather unimpressed by now. As they started to walk away at about 30 feet, huddling in to each other and giggling, I got the strangest feeling of urgency. I knew something was going on, that they were trying to trick me.

In my mind flashed a giant 7. I didn't even know why, but I was certain that I was right, and I started laughing. Out loud, I said, "Come back, come back, it's seven."

Their jaws just about dropped, and no one needed any more convincing. As far as we were all concerned, it was real. 100 percent accuracy was good enough to convince us! I never stopped and thought about why it was working so well; I just knew that it would work.

Eric and I had seen the classic psychic experiments on TV that used the Zener cards with five symbols. We decided to make our own cards; some had numbers, others symbols, and others pictures. I still have the entire deck of them.

I told my second grade teacher that I wanted to do a show-and-tell on ESP for the class, and she agreed to let us do it. We both traded off as the sender and the receiver this time, and we got some decent results.

There were a lot of misses, but there were a couple of direct hits, even though the deck was well shuffled and the other person could not see the cards. The class absolutely loved it, but I was disappointed that it didn't work as well in that public setting.

So, as we have just seen here, within months I was getting spectacular results. I knew what people were thinking even if they didn't tell me, I had correctly guessed numbers one through ten with friends, I had telepathically influenced friends to wake up in the middle of the night, and I had detected when family visitors were nearby without any conscious knowledge.

I was able to use intuition to arrive home from bicycle trips at the exact minute that my mother wanted me to come back, and even had limited success in drawing rainstorms and wind towards my house.

I could throw sticks up in the air and announce which direction they would point before they landed. I sensed when I was being looked at or talked about. And on and on and on...

I continued to read books throughout my childhood, with topics including ESP, Hypnosis, dreams, astronomy, chemistry, electronics, psychology, paleontology, computers and fiction.

By the time I was in Junior High, I was learning to play the drums, reading regularly, using Tarot cards and Ouija boards and vividly remembering my dreams. I would tell my mother of the fantastic experiences that I would have in the dream plane, and she would urge me to write them down as she also did.

GROWING UP IN "THE REAL WORLD"

My acclimation to my present life on Earth was not without its challenges. "Wanderers" or ET souls who incarnate on Earth can often become woefully entangled in the heaviness and darkness of the planetary vibrations, and make many unfortunate life choices as a result.

My parents separated while I was in fifth grade, and this caused me a great deal of pain, even if I was unwilling to acknowledge it on the surface. Faced with the mounting pressures of adolescence and of having a broken home, I quickly gained weight, becoming a "fat kid."

I sank into a deep, prolonged depression that lasted throughout my entire time in junior high school and my first year of high school. My sizeable weight and intelligence made me woefully unpopular in school, leaving me with a circle of friends whose size I could count on two hands.

In my sophomore year of high school, I succumbed to the immense peer pressure I was under and started using marijuana. Recreational drug use was quite common in my age group, and this did have an effect of making me significantly more popular in school.

It also provided a fleeting, temporary and ultimately devastating chemical remedy to my constant depression. It would prove to be a four-year addiction, a very powerful tool in self-knowledge and awareness.

Any time that a great darkness exists in a person's life, it paves the way for a great triumph when it is finally overcome. Oftentimes, we need to create the "raw material" for struggle in our lives in order to experience personal growth.

One example of personal triumph was my shedding of all 65 pounds of excess weight during my junior year of high school. Thus, the presence of this difficult phase of my personal life is a necessary map to understanding the inner workings of my psyche and development.

By going through this long-term experience, I ultimately learned to obey the wishes of my own Higher Self, regardless of my Ego's propensity to slide back into its comfortable habit patterns.

This same addiction / recovery cycle would re-emerge over and over again in many different ways, including my struggle to acclimate to the outrageously strict diet that my readings and research would ultimately provide.

I have been told that the ultimate reasoning behind any addiction is our feeling of separateness from God. Within the sorrow that we feel as a result, we begin searching like crazy in the physical world for a short-term solution.

Because of the strength of my resolve to give up my former habits of junk food and getting high, I was much more capable of eventually giving up all alcohol, caffeine, red meat, refined sugar, dairy, fried foods, pre-packaged or preservative-based foods and white flour.

I was eventually capable of following the full range of dietary guidelines given in the Cayce Readings, which Cayce was never able to do while alive. Cayce was also unable to quit drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes, and I had a passionate dislike for both of them all of my life.

More importantly than the diet, my readings would also teach me to give up fear! As we follow the course of my development, we will see a person plagued with negative emotions and the toll that they took on his body, mind and career.

Cayce was consistently warned in his readings that his constant loss of energy was NOT caused by doing the readings themselves, but in the constant *attitudes of worry and fear* that he brought into his trance states.

Were Cayce able to have remained positive-minded, the readings told him that his trance states would have actually *increased* his vital energy instead of decreasing it.

Cayce was never able to succeed financially, and consistently was in distress about it. This was a demon that I would also face in my own life.

While making me aware that I was more than a physical body, the drug and alcohol experiences also made me aware of my capacity for self-destruction. Indeed, when I finally quit in my second year of college, I had been through an incredible series of growth steps.

(To those who are interested, I have written in great detail about this entire period of time - but like the "prequels" in Star Wars, that will take up the space of another whole book by itself. I do not want this book to turn into an 800-page mammoth, as the mammoth is extinct these days.)

I came out of the entire experience with a burning desire to know the One Creator and follow Its wishes for me. To my amazement, I would later learn that my whole addiction / recovery process was carefully scripted and guided by Higher Intelligence.

I would eventually discover that my addiction / recovery process *also* closely paralleled the Cayce saga of past lives. According to the Cayce Readings, I incarnated as the "wastrel" John Bainbridge twice - once in the 1600's and then again in the 1700's.

Remarkably, both incarnations chose identical names, and seemed to have identical goals in mind. Both were Europeans who came to America and got entangled with drugs, alcohol, womanizing and gambling.

In my present life, I would apparently need to go through every cycle of my previous development, including the unfortunate Bainbridge chapters. One of the most interesting bits of data in the Cayce Readings was the fact that it was apparently 300 years to the exact day between the time that Bainbridge first came to Virginia Beach, Virginia and the time of Cayce's initial arrival, prompted by his readings.

I would also end up being very dramatically prompted to move to Virginia Beach, without really even knowing why until two months after my arrival.

Many incredible signposts of the life that was to come occurred during the years that I was "active" as a substance abuser.

By the time I was a junior in high school, I had discovered the work of Dr. Stephen La Berge, who is a pioneer in the field of lucid dreaming. Using Dr. La Berge's techniques, I was quickly able to have my own lucid dreams, which were totally fantastic.

Clearly, drugs were not necessary to have transcendental experiences. Around this same time, my mother brought home the book "Communion" by Whitley Strieber.

On the cover of the book was the classic Grey alien with the large, dark eyes. It was the first time I had ever seen this image in my life. "I don't want to look at that," I said, slightly unnerved, and turned the book over.

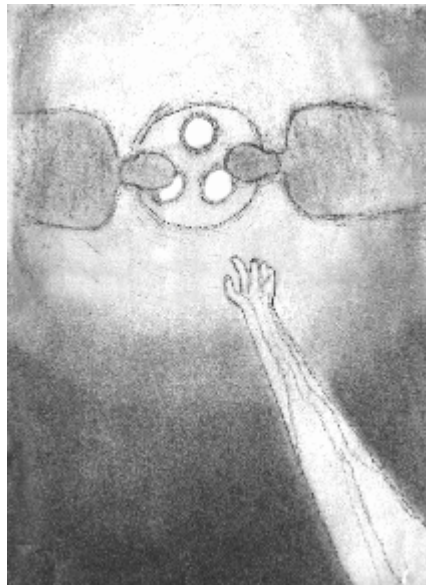
Somewhere in the back of my mind, I almost remembered the ongoing conflict that was being fought on Earth between positive and negative forces for the control of the human soul. Not all "Greys" were evil or self-serving by any means, but there were certainly negative ET's out there.

These forces did not want third-density humans to Ascend, nor did they want the new Earth to be born, even though they couldn't stop it. They certainly could take as many people as possible, though, and grant them the "opportunity of slavery."

They remained in contact with the *real* government of the Earth, according to sources I would later read, such as the Ra Material.

A few months later, I was listening to the Rolling Stones song "Sister Morphine." The song describes a person who is brought close to death from a heroin overdose.

In the middle of the song, Mick Jagger sings, "Why does the doctor have no face?" When I heard this, I got a vivid visual image in my mind. The image was strong enough that I remembered it well, and the next day in art class I decided to draw the image on paper.



It took me almost my entire life to finally realize exactly what this was, and what angle it was taken at. This was an image of someone lying flat on his back on the ground, pointing towards the sky, with two extraterrestrials bending down at the waist to look over him. The luminous object in the center would be a UFO with three symmetrical lights on the bottom, hovering over me.

Several years and experiences later, I would telepathically "meet" these two entities, who called themselves Old One, or Grandfather, and Light, or Lucia.

Yeah, I know what you might be thinking -- he is totally delusional. But consider this: if this telepathic meeting was only my imagination, then how were they able to predict the future with such stunning and precise accuracy?

We will have repetitive documentation in the second half of this book to show just how often it was really happening. I admit that even with all the psychic accuracy I was getting, in the early days of doing "readings" it was very hard for me to accept all of this mind-expanding new information.

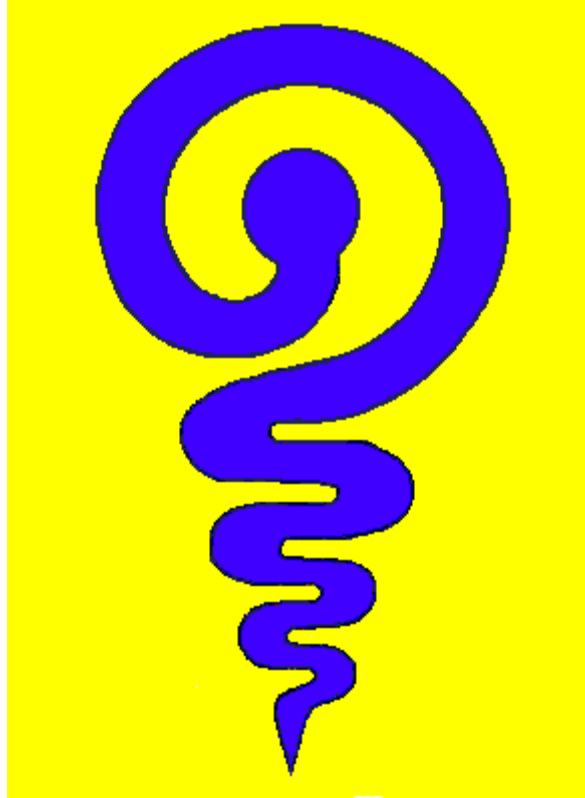
I had been highly skeptical of the vast majority of "channeled" books that I had come across in my studies, and now I was becoming one of those crazies myself.

Getting back to my high school illustration, I had no idea what I was drawing when I made it, and tried to depict my vision, which was supposedly of a man dying on a hospital bed and the doctors' faces fading out.

My actual mental image gave the beings more of a tapered, Gray-style jaw, but since I thought these were human doctors, I changed my vision to make them appear more like what I expected.

Within this same time period, I had a jewelry and sculpting class. There wasn't much for a male to make in these classes except pins to wear on the clothing.

The first pin that I made was a model of a Star Trek communicator, and the second was a design that I decided upon after numerous combinations on paper. Once fully refined, the design appeared like this:



Over five years would go by before I would understand what these two images truly meant. The answer would come to me in the most unexpected way possible.

PAST LIVES, FUTURE CONNECTIONS

The world of fantasy and artwork was certainly a good distraction, a way to keep my imagination happy. The real mystical experiences were, I felt, few and far between.

My whole attitude about that was changed instantaneously one night, after I did a really stupid thing that actually could have killed me. Despite all of the trance experiences that I have had after this point, this initial journey into the unknown still has a mark of distinction that sets it apart from all the rest of my travels.

According to my readings, this was my own sort of "near death experience." I prefer to call it a "near Life experience," and the life I moved near was definitely not the one I know now!

My good friend Jude came over to the house one Saturday night, and I believe that I had smoked by myself at the time, as he was not interested in it. I had been briefly experimenting with a technique at school, in the middle of class, which I called the "party pass-out."

This involved taking a few long, deep breaths, then filling your lungs with as much air as possible, biting down on your thumb and blowing very hard. The experience that it provided was a temporary cutting of the blood and oxygen flow to the brain.

For a few terrifyingly brief moments afterwards, you would forget who you were, where you were or what was going on. The thrill of it came from how totally bizarre, frightening and reality-changing it was.

I had also heard about another, more dangerous form of the Party Pass Out, where you could actually go for an even deeper experience than what I had gotten in class. In this version, you would stand against a wall, bend at the waist and breathe very, very fast, like you were hyperventilating.

Then, you would stand up against the wall and take in a huge inhale. At the same time, your associate would press on both sides of your chest, below the shoulders. This was not to be done for more than seven seconds. The result was supposed to be a very psychedelic, short-lived "high."

So, that night, I instructed Jude in the exact ways of producing this "Big Hyperventilation," as I called it. He agreed to participate and let me try this experience. I put a distinct qualifier on it, though.

I instructed Jude to keep his hands on my chest for *fifteen* seconds, not seven. I didn't really tell him that seven was supposed to be the upper limit of time for counting. I wanted to make sure that I got the maximum effect. Little did I know that the maximum effect could well have been my physical death!

There I was, very stoned, in the very front of my house. I felt my butt pressing against the solid oak front door as I did the hyperventilations. Then, I took my huge inhale, and raised up with my back to the door.

Jude suddenly leaned in on me at about a 55-degree angle, palms pressing very solidly against my chest with his whole bodyweight. I immediately started to feel very strange, and I heard the sound of Jude's voice counting out the numbers, fading into a distant drone: "one, two, three, four, five... six... seven..... eight....."

Then, everything seemed to disappear and I was no longer aware of any numbers. In fact, I was no longer aware of anything that I had previously known. I completely forgot who I was, where I was or what I was.

I found myself going through a completely different experience, as though I were living a completely different person's life. What seemed to happen was that I went through some sort of a life review, except that it was not my own life!

I only saw certain scenes from this lifetime, but each time I was in a scene, I had the full range of that entity's experiences available in memory.

This gave me the distinct experience of feeling as though the actual amount of time that went by was a total of 24 years.

Although I did not actually have 24 objective years of experience, I felt all the memories, highs and lows, ups and downs of a person who had been through at least 24 years of life. It was a very, very prolonged experience in my own subjective time, despite its compartmentalized nature.

It was as if my entire life had flashed before my eyes, but it wasn't my own. And it was indeed quite specific.

I remember that we lived by a very fertile river, in a domelike small hut that was fashioned out of some sort of adobe that we baked into form, using the surrounding clay and the heat of the Sun.

We had a fireplace in the middle of the hut, and I believe that there was a hole in the top for ventilation. Our beds were simply pieces of outstretched cloth or fur pelts that lined the far edges of the hut.

We would spit-roast meats and cook vegetable soups in large clay pots that we would place in the fire. Our diet was very simple, based on a staple grain that we grew nearby, a few different types of vegetables and a few animal or fish species.

I know that I had a wife, and that when I was younger there was some passion between us. I think that we had some children, although the memory of them, if they existed at all, did not occupy much of my thoughts; it was as if they were her responsibility more than mine.

The relationship with my wife seemed to be more utilitarian than romantic, and we struggled to survive from day to day. Life was definitely not easy, and though we tried to store and dry food, there never was very much.

I went through all the highs and lows, the joys and sorrows, the break-ups and make-ups of this simple agrarian married life.

A rather complex irrigation system of small stone-carved canals was produced, allowing us to pipe the river waters into the fields, which were actually very well organized. The canals were built with light tan colored clay-fired blocks that were approximately one meter long and about a foot wide.

They were all built in a U-shape, with a channel in the middle of them that would allow the water to flow through. Our biggest problem was that we were losing a lot of precious water between the cracks of the blocks.

It was an urgently serious dilemma for us at the time, as water was vitally important to our crops and we never knew when it would dry out on us.

So, I became something of a hero in the village, by having invented a form of adhesive that we used to seal the cracks between the blocks.

I realized that if we ground, mashed and heated up a certain plant or combination of plants with a bit of water and then extracted and further cooked the juices, it would form a thick, sticky substance that would dry into a very hard glue when it evaporated.

This made a dramatic difference in how much water the canals could carry without their leaking. Through more recent research that we will see below, I have come to believe that I was "given" this invention through a process of conscious channeling that I had been working on in that life.

I also knew that there was a town circle where there was a large sculpture, something like a tall stone pedestal. Everyone's house was within walking distance of this circle.

Every day at the noon hour, a man would stand on the pedestal and shout out the day's news to the gathering crowd. Oftentimes, it had to do with the success and or failure of the crops, the projected activity of the weather, the seasons and the river, any births or deaths, comings and goings, marriages and breakups and the like.

It seems that certain ongoing myths were being told as well, myths that had already been handed down for generations. These seemed to keep the interest of the people. There were a lot of spiritual topics being thrown around as well, and these people definitely knew their stuff when it came to consciousness.

This was a surprisingly advanced society for the dearth of technology that they had. Everyone seemed to be remembering their dreams, working on psychic ability and striving for self-mastery.

Although it must seem to be completely amazing, I have actually been able to telepathically connect directly with this previous incarnation of myself and hear what I had to say.

This was apparently a "gift" that the readings allowed me to have back in the early days, when I was still getting accustomed to the whole idea of past lives.

This will give us our first glance at the quality of some of the earlier phases of the telepathic "channeled" information that I was receiving from my Higher Self.

Understand that this was still well before the forces revealed my connection to Edgar Cayce, which finally occurred on November 26, 1997. I had no idea that I would be moving to Virginia Beach, or of what the ultimate purpose for my readings was at this time.

Sunday 3 / 17 / 97 - 8:00 a.m.

[Note: This next block seems to refer to a Sumerian past life that I had at one time. The implications were that I was some sort of innovator in the use of cuneiform writing for things outside of trade, and that I realized its connection to an extraterrestrial source, perhaps.

It is important to remember here that I was translating the information into language - this man was not speaking English, but the universal language of visual images and emotional feelings.]

[One voice:] Can we do it without being a bother?

[Answer:] Oh, yes.

[Note: This was obviously a conversation occurring between two "guiding entities" who had made the decision that it was safe for them to give me this information.

I did not have any idea at the time that the forces were "protecting" me from the "bother" of learning about the past lives referenced in the Cayce readings. Apparently Cayce did not ever mention this lifetime, so they were able to give me this information "without being a bother."]

At will, *it* will make a waking statement about cuneiform. It *seems* that it [the time] passed twenty years ago; ten years ago, even.

[The man could very well have been dead at this point, and was reflecting back on his lifetime, even though he (I) was aware that it was in the far-distant past.

These two sentences might actually have come from my Oversoul or Higher Self, commenting on that particular lifetime from a perspective where all of them were equally visible. The mention of the cuneiform ties it in clearly with the Sumerians.]

The coat of arms at that time was rubies, and they were as beautifully shiny as one gets. Every time I saw those (cuneiform) figures, I was kidding myself, especially when I saw the first one, because *I knew this had come from somewhere else*. It was no garbage.

People at the time only wanted to use it to trade, but there was so much more. I used it for the equivalent of magazines and stuff.

[Note: The implications of this are fantastic! I was completely unaware of what I was saying on the conscious level, yet it clearly indicates that this former self of mine was aware of a benevolent extraterrestrial influence that was "seeding" the Sumerian culture with information, here through the gift of cuneiform writing.

It appears that I was an innovator in the use of it, in the sense of making a form of newsletter.]

The time is now twenty-three after the 11th.

[Note: This must be related to a cycle-based calendar system like the Mayans had; perhaps it indicates November 23rd, from his reality perspective. In the next line it seems apparent that he knows I am in contact with him somehow.]

I'm really programmed to record this in my apartment, but this will do for now; the flesh is funny. The experience of the different modalities, perhaps. It's still there after all this time for the rest of us to see.

When I describe to you *what they told me*, it will often come out distorted, as there are just too many pots and pans in there, in order to describe it accurately.

[Note: Clearly, he gained contact with this same source as well, and wanted to tell me what he learned. He says that he would normally do his psychic work in his dwelling, but this time it was apparently all happening on the energetic level.

The modalities he refers to could be dimensions or spiritual densities of existence. He then seems to imply that even though Sumer was in the distant past, "it's still there after all this time for the rest of us to see," through a process of psychic consciousness like remote viewing.

He seemed to be trying to give me information that he received from the extraterrestrials whom he discovered were responsible for designing the cuneiform. In addition, it seems that his own language was distorting and allegorizing some of the messages he was trying to convey to me.

The mental image that I saw in the last sentence was of a person wandering through a kitchen where there were hundreds of pots and pans hanging down from the ceiling. It was impossible to walk through it without making a lot of noise, and he used this as an analogy of his attempts to communicate with my mind.]

[And now, the forces return to comment on this exchange of information.]

Your life should be one of greater purpose; greater complexity. Part and parcel of that is the ability for you to recall your past lives.

Your subconscious is not fine-tuned enough yet for us to be able to slip solid factual information past you, which is why it comes in paradox, as you have seen.

The problem is that other people get these paradoxical results, and they don't know how to use them, and thus potentially incredible information goes unrefined and unsought for. But you are doing extremely well, and we are extremely pleased.

As it turns out, *many other people have used their Email before; their cosmic Email, that is*. When I was driving and I was passing the surface of the vehicle, that's when I knew the shift had begun; the transformation was made.

All these things that I might speak of require "diligent practice" on your part, as I have said so many times. But I cannot stress enough a word or a group of words which so adequately describes the conditions inherent in your training program.

It is imperative to us that you begin searching deeper and deeper for more information of the personal nature, so that we may remove those blockages from you, [and] get down into the core.

There will always be another [better] way for you to act and respond; a way that exists outside your normal space-time nexus and your normal conscious focus. That way is illustrated by your propensity towards being involved in the space program, as we call it; your involvement with extraterrestrial species.

This then becomes a key in unraveling the map of your psyche, for as we have seen, there are too many potentials that would remain inactive without the need for this other system in place.

So therefore, before we can transfer the focus (of these readings) away from yourself, you have to sufficiently clear your karma, so that you are no longer in dire need of (this guidance.) This may take some time.

In the meantime, we would caution you to not take yourself so seriously, as this is problematic, because it leads to depression and anxiety that is easily averted.

We know that your times and your situations are difficult, but you are blessed; you can be firm in your understanding that there is a way out, and that you are approaching it now.

Many times in the past we have tried to explain to you the power that your beliefs have to mold that which is reality.

The reason why we don't go into it in any great length is that you have a more than adequate source with the Seth books in order to unravel that information, however it is of crucial importance here.

You only just now have decoded last night the fact that when you rejected marijuana, you rejected pleasure, and in so doing, cut yourself off from the third dimension as we know it.

[Note: We'll get to that story in ensuing chapters. Writing this part of the book is pretty amazing for me, as many of these memories were completely buried in my subconscious mind, as though they had never even happened to me.

I had no real waking recollection of much of my life as a drug user for several years afterwards.]

By now, you are realizing that the pleasure of female companionship is yours to gain; you can go further into exploring areas of your mind uncharted. Without the focus being on the need and the drive for survival, you relieve yourself of some of the greatest themes of struggle and anxiety in your entire life.

You have inherited a whole system of acting and thinking and feeling which causes great limitation, and is inherently distressing. The system will not help you to expand anymore unless we transcend it.

All things that I might speak on this topic are things that you should know already, but as you are now organizing your thoughts and putting them to action, the meanings become a lot more clear.

D: [A question literally introduced into my mind:] "Was I really born here?"

You have been born many times, and had many cancers. This is a fact that you should understand when investigating your issues surrounding anger.

Be aware that in the present moment, you have not escaped from these systems; it is thus important that we get around to making sure they are purged and cleansed.

It's terrible that you would feel so angry with yourself. We are doing all that we can to insure that it does not persist.

The scientists are really, really mad, with all the advances in the information that is coming in around them -- much faster than their ability to handle or control it.

This will be more interesting for you to watch as things progress, because no one is an expert in anything anymore - the information becomes so diversified to many small channels, there is no other way for it to go...

That ends our transcript. Now, let's come back to the forefront to discuss the implications of my discoveries of this past life.

What an interesting case this was, and a confirmation of the experience that I went through! While I was still in this lifetime, I seemed to only get the larger parts of the story; for example, I was unaware that this Sumerian person had the psychic abilities necessary to contact me with telepathy in the way that he did here.

In my high-school vision, I was not "allowed" to see the content in this life regarding cuneiform, nor the experiments in contacting extraterrestrial intelligence. The life review that I underwent seemed to only focus on the main points, even though the time involved seemed to be so enormous.

Clearly, the most epic part of this lifetime review happened right at the very end. I had been out working in a field when I started to feel the ground shake. Dimly in the background I heard someone screaming that we were being invaded and everyone was being killed.

By this point I was very advanced in my meditation and spiritual practice, and so instead of running and hiding, I somehow knew that it was hopeless. I would be dead in a matter of minutes, either from a stab wound or from being trampled by a horse.

Luckily, I already had a lotus flower in my hand, and I dropped down into a seated position right in the grass and started to stare into it.

I knew that this was the big test. All of my life I had been working on this technique to try to induce out-of-body experiences, and had met with little success. Now, with the storming army so soon to overtake me, I had to be focused.

I shut everything down and reached deep, deep within myself. Even the angry noises faded away as I reached that place of stillness. I knew that when I was able to see my own face within the center of

the lotus flower, I could then transport into that face and end up looking back at my physical self from within the flower.

At that point I would be free, and my death would be completely painless because I was no longer even in my body.

As I continued to work, with the ground shaking and the armies of rogues on horseback moving closer, it started to happen! I was able to see my own face in the lotus flower. But then I noticed something very, very unusual.

It was not my own face that I was seeing as David Wilcock, the experiencer of this bizarre drama, but rather the face of a black man with eyes that looked almost identical to my own, but a wider nose and more ample lips.

In my mind I could hardly believe what I was seeing. Even though I knew that this was the big moment and this was supposed to be my face, something was very wrong.

Understand that by this time, like I said, the experience had lasted so long that it seemed as if 24 years had gone by. We are in no way, shape or form talking about something quick.

It was very strange, as in one sense it was as if I had quickly flipped through a photo album and only stopped at certain points, but in another sense I lived, breathed and felt all the trials, tribulations, long days, joys and pains of an entire lifetime.

There were times when the river ran dry and we suffered profoundly, nearly dying from starvation. There were other times when the river got too high and never drained, and it became infested with flies and pestilence, ruining all the crops.

We had narrowly avoided death time and time again. And now, it was all at an end, and I had finally succeeded in my lifelong goal of getting my soul out of the body - and not a moment too soon.

As I stared into this bizarre face with the broad, flat nose, large lips and my own eyes, I was very puzzled. Then, in the background I started to hear my own name being shouted. "Dave! Dave! Are you OK? Dave! Dave! Can you hear me! Are you all right? Dave! Dave!"

I wondered why there were people calling my name, and I flew in that direction. To my utter and total surprise, the spiraling shape of the lotus had expanded into a deep tunnel or geometric vortex that I was flying through at tremendous speed.

As I shot towards the source of the sound, faces started to materialize into the tunnel. I recognized these faces as being my brother on the left, and Jude on the right.

WHAM!

Suddenly I was all the way back into my present physical body. Something was really wrong. My ears were roaring like five-alarm fire sirens.

The whole world was strobing diagonally, from upper left to bottom right, and I couldn't stop it from happening.

I couldn't keep any one image centered in my vision, as everything kept jarring up and down. It appeared as if something had made me incredibly dizzy, and I couldn't get it to stop no matter how hard I concentrated.

I felt incredible pain in my body, and I was not sure where it was coming from, but I was in a state of extreme panic. My consciousness was deep, far and distant, and I seemed to be very pinched off from reality. It was terrifying, horrible, unbelievable.

I couldn't believe that I was gone for such an incredibly long time and was now coming back from this "Big Hyperventilation," sitting on the floor in excruciating pain with people yelling in my face. I started screaming, just to make sure that I was still alive.

"OH MY GOD I'M ALL MESSED UP MAN I'M ALL MESSED UP!"

My brother and Jude were in a complete panic, and they nervously tried to calm me down, reaching out and touching my skin. "You're OK, Dave, you're OK, everything is going to be all right, you're OK!" They were almost as delirious as I was, after seeing the state I was in.

"SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE PAIN! SOMETHING REALLY HURTS!"

"You'll be OK, man!"

"NO, THE PAIN! IT'S... IT'S IN MY FOOT! IT'S MY FOOT! THE PAIN IS IN MY FOOT!"

I then realized that I had slumped down into a heap and had landed on my foot funny. I pulled my leg out from under me with my arms, and then I went into an even greater panic. (Skip the next sentences and the following two paragraphs if you're squeamish.)

My left pinky toe had dislocated, and was now pivoted at about a 75-degree angle to the left of where it should have been. No blood, no open fracture, just a toe that looked very, very out of place on the palette of my foot, angled far away from its normal position.

"OH MY GOD, MAN, POP IT BACK! POP IT BACK!"

Jude grabbed the toe and quickly and noiselessly popped it back into the socket. It hurt really, really bad the whole time, especially when he reset it. After that experience, I taped my left three toes together to hold the pinky toe while it healed.

Somehow, I had slumped down and landed in just such a way to cause this. Once it got better, I found that I could naturally spread the toes on my left foot out, like I would with my fingers.

Still to this day, I am unable to duplicate this with my right foot, and this is a form of "proof" that it really did happen.

It still gets numb and can even hurt like crazy when my foot gets too cold, or if I play drums for too long in the heels-up style, and I end up feeling like my bones are rubbing together in that foot.

I immediately felt that my injury was karmic. Someone was telling me that I definitely should not mess around with the "Big Hyperventilation;" I had just about killed myself.

Years later, I asked my readings what had happened to me, and they said that they placed my soul into a past life on purpose.

Apparently, if they hadn't have done this, then I would have experienced the early stages of dying, and instead of a past-life recall I would have had a Near Death Experience.

I would have seen myself lying there in the room with Jude and Mike worrying over me, gone through the dark tunnel, met the angel of light and then ended up being told to go back.

What actually did happen was much less traumatic, and certainly more interesting from a karmic standpoint. By moving my awareness completely out of the situation, they were able to heal my body and bring me back in much faster, in linear time terms.

So right away, after the injury was addressed, I started talking to Jude about what had happened.

"You don't understand! I was gone for 24 years! I can't believe how long I spent out there!"

"What in the world are you talking about, Dave?" Jude questioned.

"It... it was 24 years long, man! I just spent the last 24 years out there in this adobe hut by the river! I can't believe I actually came back here!"

Jude asked for more clarification, and I told him all the details as I have given them above. And then, he told me something that shocked me. It started with my question to him.

"Well, exactly how long was I sitting there before you guys woke me up? It must have been a very long time."

"No, it wasn't long at all," Jude replied.

"What do you mean? What happened?"

"Well, I was pressing on your chest, and I never even got to the count of fifteen. You suddenly slumped straight down like a dead weight, and appeared to be unconscious.

We immediately started yelling at you to try to wake you up, and at first nothing happened. Then, after about six or seven seconds you came back and started screaming, saying "I'm all messed up, I'm all messed up." [11:11 p.m. 3/23/99.]

"So that's it? Seven seconds? That's how long I was gone for?"

"Yeah, it couldn't possibly have been more than seven to ten seconds, maximum, altogether."

"My God, that's just unbelievable!"

"Well, don't ever ask me to do anything like this again, brother. You damn near scared ME to death."

"Don't worry, I won't," I replied. "This obviously is not something I would ever want to repeat again."

THE MAGIC OF 3:33

The next major advance came one day when I had just entered my home after visiting some friends after school. I had just been looking at the houses outside and was overcome with a very strange thought.

They were all so boxy, so isolating, so inorganic, I thought to myself. Wouldn't it be so much better if everyone just lived together?

I observed the garbage in front of each house, and started to think that there was no real difference between the houses and the garbage; they were both created by humans, both were unnecessary and were destroying the environment.

I came into the house and sat down at the kitchen table, with this abstract idea burning at the forefront of my mind. I turned to check what time it was, and the pale blue digits of the clock on the microwave oven said 3:33.

"Now is the time to flip the switch," Grandfather said. "We've really set this one up pretty well. He walked in at just the right time."

"Which of the devices should we activate?" Lucia asked.

"Let's do the ears. I want to make sure that he is *listening* to us when we set up a clock synchronicity like this for him."

"3:33?" I wondered. At that same moment, I felt an unbelievable pressure in both ears, and as I felt this pressure I also had the sensation that a part of my awareness was rising upward out of my body. It was the most profoundly unusual experience that I had ever had.

This explosive event has now occurred well over 500 times in my life, and I never know when it is going to happen. Sometimes more than a month will go by without my experiencing it, and other times there can be several in one week.

They seem to always be connected to some major growth leap that I make in my consciousness, and no one else has ever heard them at the same time but me. They are so powerful that I have to completely stop speaking until it stops, and I now know to remain calm and meditate as it happens.

I pondered endlessly about what in the world those three repeating digits were supposed to signify, and why I had this energetic explosion that came in through my ears.

Though I did not get an immediate answer, I did start to see the repeating digits happening more and more often. By my second year of college, it would be nearly every single day. Never once would I plan it out, it just happened constantly.

I would be sitting and reading a book, not having looked at the clock for a long period of time, and I would just happen to wonder what time it was.

Time after time, there it was - a 3:33, 2:22, 4:44, 5:55, 1:11, 11:11, 12:12 and the like. It still happens on a daily basis as I write these words. But let's not get ahead of ourselves.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

As I continued to get older and grow spiritually, I started to remember glimmers of the "mission" that I had been given. The memories would come bursting into my mind and demand that I do something about them.

I was also struggling with drug addiction, trying to sort out how it fit in with the life that I always felt I was meant to lead. As a result of this, I wrote an entire short novel by hand into two full spiral-bound notebooks while still a senior in high school.

Both the good and the bad parts of my personality clearly emerged in the story. Obviously, as we will see, the main character Harry was a slightly exaggerated account of myself and how I was feeling based on my experiences.

What I didn't realize when I first wrote the story was that John, the main non-physical character in the story, was the subconscious emergence of myself as Grandfather on the written page.

I have taken a small degree of dramatic license to "upgrade" the story here and there to reveal John's true identity and to make the story fit with my more recent findings regarding Ascension, although I have tried to preserve the original content as much as possible.

I did change the last scene somewhat as well, combining together the data from what were originally two different portions in the book.

Most importantly, I have also changed the wording to a first-person orientation, to make it clear to the reader that I was really writing about myself and my bizarre psychedelic experiences.

As we will see, the experiences of this fantasy character obviously went far beyond my own events in waking life.

"CRAZY HARRY: AN ADVENTURE IN SEVEN DIMENSIONS"

by David Wilcock

PART ONE: HARRY

My breath was fast and hoarse. I had a headache that was like a drill boring into my temples. I ran as fast as I had ever ran before. No. I ran even faster. My heart was beating like a jackhammer.

I was lost in a bizarre-looking factory. I was being chased. Where could I go? How could I possibly escape this terrible pursuer? I couldn't remember how I had gotten here. My breath came out in harsh gasps.

I felt every muscle scream out in protest. My chest burned like a hot iron, an anvil pressing into it. I looked around, trying to find a way out, but I could see nothing. Stacks of boxes. Steam. Long, metallic walls stretching far up.

Strange-looking pipes of different sizes stretching endlessly along the walls. Sweat was dripping down my face. Into my eyes. I ran faster still. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a large, mechanical-looking device, mounted on a pedestal.

Smeary image, but familiar. Something common, like something I had seen before, large, mechanical, something like...

(an engine, my inner voice quietly informed me)

I ran towards the large, strange-looking object, with its brightly shining chrome and curious, spiraling pipes and ripples. There had to be something else nearby, a full vehicle, if I was now seeing this. Something.

I could get out if I had a vehicle. Outrun the bastard that was chasing me. What could I do? I ran past the engine, leaving my hopes along with it. I could hear the fierce sounds of running footsteps behind me. I could tell the difference between my own sound and that of my pursuer.

Clak- clak- clak- clak, went my feet. Behind me there was another sound. Chok - chok - chok - chok. It sounded familiar, like a horse zooming past at a race. Like the sounds of hooves. The thought made me run with even more persistence. Hooves. Like a terrible beast chasing behind me.

(beast, you've definitely got that right, run, if you know what's good for you)

What kind of beast was this? It had the same fast, persuasive, two step rhythmic sounds as mine. That means (two feet, two hooves, two horns?)

(some kind of beast)

(the beast, there's a devil of an idea, running from the beast, running from the devil)

Oh, my God, not this! Anything but this! The sudden realization of the nature of my pursuer made me feel suddenly lightheaded. I looked ahead of myself, but spots of my image were blacking out, as if some robotic electrician had gotten into my mind and had started pulling out all the fuses.

My body pitched forward and my hands shot out. My feet faltered, and I barely caught myself, desperately trying to keep on running. My brain surged, knowing that I was doomed to fail. Running to stay alive.

Running. Running hard - my breath hoarse, chest screaming, legs tearing apart. Gasping for every breath and receiving no air. Running like a tiny mouse, hotly pursued by the ferocious cat.

I looked down the corridor. It ended about thirty yards ahead of me. Veered off to the left. My brain was stinging. I was drenched with sweat.

The corridor, turning left not ten yards now, was clearly in sight. I was running as hard as I could. My mind raced with panic. I felt my legs beginning to give. Corner. Turn the corner and try to keep...

WHAM! Dead stop.

Clenched. Motion ceased.

I felt my arms being grappled on both sides with the strength of a vise. All I could see was red. Red, like a smooth velvet sheet spread over rounded boulders. Boulders contorted like muscle. Red skin. Muscular chest. Right in front of my face.

Grabbed. No longer running. Locked into a grip by terrible, strong hands.

Claws on the hands. Claws digging into my skin.

I started screaming, a sound that pierced through the dreadful laughter that I couldn't even hear. It was over. I was caught. Life in hell, dragged down into the terrible abyss...

WHAM!

I jerked awake, with a shout, my heart beating furiously. Cold sweat. I frantically looked around, still panting and thinking I was on the run, and realized that I was in my room; it was only a dream.

As I desired to return to feeling normal again, I quickly realized that the terrible reality that had become my life was still unchanged.

Though I never could have imagined that I would become like this, I had to admit that was, in a sense, stuck between dimensions.

There was nothing conveniently human left about me, as I could now see the nonphysical worlds as easily as the one that I used to simply call "reality."

My physical world now seemed much less solid, appearing to be made up of interference patterns of rippling, hazy waves of energy. In addition, every single one of my five senses was enhanced dramatically.

The sound of a telephone ringing was now louder than being next to a screaming freight train, and I had long since taken care of that problem by yanking it out of the wall. I also had to unplug almost all of the electronic devices in my house, as I could now hear the humming noises of the currents passing through them.

It was not very pleasant, to say the least. I really wanted to go outside, but I was scared to death to interact with the physical world in this condition.

My thoughts were now racing at a speed unimaginable in the past, and just to look at one familiar object around the house would trigger a million different analyses at lightning speed.

All at once, I would think how it was built, where it was built, what materials were used, what the most common uses of it would be, what value it would have to others were I to trade it, what colors I could paint it to make it look differently, what would happen to it were I to throw it out the window and smash it on the ground.

The tiniest noises of my own chewing or walking were now amplified to a roar, so I tried not to move around very much and had to force myself to eat in order to get anything down. The brighter-colored objects in my apartment were now so visually intense and distinct that it would hurt my eyes to look at them, so I had tried to cover up anything that caused me this discomfort.

My physical body now felt like a spiraling, flowing column of energy, and there were even times where I briefly saw my hands or arms becoming transparent. I tried as hard as I could to dismiss these experiences, but no matter what I did, they simply would not cease. I strongly feared for my sanity.

Furthermore, in the midst of this new world, I realized that I was by no means alone. I could easily perceive many different luminescent beings that seemed to exist all around me, yet were invisible to others.

Many of these beings were malevolent and demonic, and I had no idea how to get rid of them. They seemed to be watching me, taunting me, well aware of my new predicament and of the fact that I could see them. I was unnerved by their presence and longed for a way to make them invisible again.

I had taken two weeks off from work before all of this had started, and now my vacation had expired, and I would have to re-enter the real world, just as I was. I honestly didn't know whether I would be able to do it.

I was able to collect my thoughts enough to regain stability and appear to be normal around others, as I had learned that I could slow my mind down to a certain degree if I tried. Yet, all the information and visions continued to spiral and flow around me, and the world was teeming with entities.

I laughed to myself in desperation at the amazing problem that I imminently faced. How could I have known that if my wish was granted, it would become such terror? These questions had been plaguing me like a disease.

Why couldn't I have wished for something better? A billion dollars. Fame. Anything. Ten more wishes! If I could only go back to that miraculous day again, and somehow change what had happened.

Though it was but a few short weeks ago, it seemed like an eternity. The picture hung vividly in my mind as I again thought back to it.

On a warm spring day, I had received a phone call from my old college buddy Ray, who had just returned from several years of graduate-level anthropology fieldwork in Mexico.

I was entranced to hear that Ray had discovered a bizarre, brain-shaped cactus that apparently had very powerful psychedelic qualities, and had been used by a small indigenous band of shamans, or medicine men, who he had been working with.

Many years ago, the cacti had appeared overnight in a large, blackened crater that appeared in the desert sands, and several members of the tribe had seen a bright light plummeting to earth the night before.

Though the cacti had long ago been safely hidden away and cultivated, Ray had earned the honor of being given one of the sacred plants, through his deep involvement with the tribesmen. He had somehow managed to smuggle it through customs unseen, and bring it back to America.

The shamans had warned Ray that the cactus was very powerful, and should only be taken by those of iron-strong will. Since I was eager to try new things to expand my consciousness, I was delighted that Ray had offered to serve as my guide to embark on this adventure.

The initial idea was that we would take turns, one person staying focused and sober in order to guide the experience of the other. Since Ray had already done it before with the medicine men, I got to go first.

There in Ray's spacious backyard forest, he handed me a piece of the cactus that he had just cut off with his pocketknife. The sounds of the birds echoed through the trees as he told me to just bite down and try to chew as much of it as I could.

I popped it into my mouth and bit down, and it tasted horribly bad, like the feeling you get on your tongue when you taste-test the terminals on a nine-volt battery. Soon after the sharp-tasting juice had hit my tongue, I had a highly profound and unusual experience.

I found myself floating out of my body, and I had entered some sort of gray area. To my great surprise, a being of Light had appeared, and it had identified itself as the wish-giver.

I was asked by this being what I wanted more than anything else in the world.

Of course, the typical things entered into my mind, such as money and wealth, but that wasn't enough. More than anything else, I wanted *true* knowledge, which would then give me something rarely, if ever, attained by anyone else on the planet. In my undying curiosity, I asked that I become conscious of *all true reality*, both physical and spiritual.

I had good reason to do so. The problems and paradoxes of things like the UFO phenomenon, ghosts, psychic phenomena and the paranormal had become almost a daily obsession for me over the years, and I ached for the answers.

There was just so much out there that I knew I did not understand, and my heart burned for it. Obviously, somebody knew all about it, and *I wanted to be that somebody*.

It seemed to be the ultimate idea; no matter what the government was hiding about alien spacecraft, no matter what the mystery, I could see it through to its core. How could I have ever possibly known what to expect? Couldn't I see the signs earlier? How could I have possibly known exactly what reality really was?

I bit at the nail on my index finger. I could already hear the shuffling noises of the spirits. I must have aroused them with all of my screaming from the dream. I stared up at the ceiling. My life had gotten so maddeningly complicated; nothing worked according to tradition anymore. I couldn't take reality for granted; *it was like I was an alien in my own body*.

I could hardly stand it. I was beginning to break down. My dreams were so much worse - I had to sleep, to escape the world, but I would only enter a new one, where anything could happen and I could expect nightmares of the most hideously cruel kinds.

As I stared at the ceiling, embedded in my own thoughts, the curious spiral patterns of stucco began to flow, spin around, and change shape. Bizarre image fluctuations such as this were one of my first observations after acquiring the damnable ability.

Nothing was really a solid object. The plane of existence that I used to live on was such a shallow one. Solid objects could be trusted as solid, and they wouldn't move or disappear, as was all too common now.

I sat up, and the bedsprings exploded into sound under me. A figure that was peering out from behind my closet door whisked out of sight. "I'll never be safe now," I thought to myself, grabbing my face with both hands and shaking my head in despair.

I stood up and stretched, noticing that the peculiar egg-shaped aura of light surrounding my body was glowing differently than its usual light, healthy color. There was a sinister flood of swirling darkness around my stomach. I was wildly hungry.

As I picked my pants up off the floor, a small creature vaulted off of them and ran out of sight.

"GOD DAMN YOU!" I shouted. Well, I thought to myself, God already has. Everything ultimately boils down to a question of balance. For all that exists which is good, there is evil; for every yin, there will always be a yang, and that is the nature of the Universe.

Who could tell how many people's lives were secretly being tormented by these little gremlins? The only difference with me was that now I could see them, and their existence was no longer a secret. They were so curious - almost too curious. And they were seemingly everywhere.

Putting on my shirt, I noticed one of the little dogfaced atrocities peering at me from behind a shelf. Enraged, I picked up a baseball lying on the floor and hurled it at the little beast. It was a bad throw and I missed, and all I could hear was a high-pitched snickering that pricked up the hackles on the back of my neck.

I put a hand to my cold, sweating forehead. I cursed myself, again asking "Why did I ever want to know what reality was?" I was almost sure there was no turning back. Although only two weeks had gone by since my visions first started, it seemed more like two years, perhaps even two centuries.

The past two weeks were like a dismal nightmare that I simply could not wake up or hide from.

I had a career to manage, people to talk to, and responsibility. The actual importance of all these things was beginning to dwindle. Just keeping sane around other people was becoming enough of a problem for me.

The thought of going back to work had gripped me with a very real new fear. I had been doing my best to keep afloat, but I felt like my life was closing in on me from all sides.

I buckled my belt. Taking a deep breath, I began walk to my bathroom. I opened up my bedroom door. On the first day, this was when I truly felt psychotic.

I slowly closed the bedroom door, making sure that I was ever-so quiet. Gingerly, I let the bolt slide back home into the door frame. I wasn't about to attract attention, and did not enjoy the cataclysmic blasting noise of a door closing.

I shot a quick glance down the hall. There it was, halfway down the hall on the left, that leafy monstrosity. It was a big plant, one that I had been taken care of daily for several years. I looked at the pretty, multi-colored aura that surrounded it with slight awe. I would never have known before that plants were so alive.

"Hi, Harry," the plant said. "How are you this morning?"

"Oh, fine, I'm just fine," I said.

"Is that so? Come on, now, Harry, you can't fool me. I can tell that you are definitely being troubled by something. What's on your mind?"

"These damn plants know so much," I thought to myself.

"Well, we don't know everything," the plant said, "but if you had to sit in one place all your life doing nothing, you'd become pretty interested in the people you lived with too."

"I hear ya, but I'm not used to counting a plant as a 'person I live with.' You never used to say anything!"

"At least now you're lucky enough to be able to talk with someone who has known you for many years. That's more than you can say for most of your friends."

"Yeah, I guess you've got a point there," I admitted.

"So come on, now, Harry, something is plaguing your thoughts. You'll feel better if you can get it off your chest. What's been bothering you?"

"Well," I said, "I guess you're right. I actually am upset. I can't handle this world anymore. Everything about my life before these last few weeks seemed so much easier to get through. Even if

I was loaded with work, or struggling with a deadline, it couldn't match up to the minute-by-minute struggle that I have to fight now just to stay sane-looking."

"Yes, I imagine that in your case that could prove to be quite difficult," the plant said. "What exactly has been causing you so much grief?"

"There's just too damn many of these negative, obnoxious life forms on this world. I can't seem to go anywhere without seeing demons and hearing things talking to me or talking amongst themselves. I used to think that the forest was quiet - but now it seems that I can never truly be alone anywhere."

"Well, that doesn't mean you should have a negative response," the plant said. "There's always something around to talk to, and I would think that should be a great comfort, as you can no longer suffer in the prison of your own private thoughts."

"If the loneliness was all it was, I would be all right," I said, not really listening to the plant's point. "But the real problem is the company itself! I'm so caught up in the spirit world, I can hardly make any time to talk to real people! Every time I see the negative ones, I feel like they're watching me, plotting against me or something. Who knows what the little buggers could do if they banded together?"

"Well," the plant said, "the truth is that in the spirit world, there is always a balance that can be reached between good and evil. [11:11 p.m. 3/30/99.] You should concentrate more on the good spirits than the evil ones. We are here for you, and we can guide you through your troubles."

"Thank you," I said. "Look, I do like to talk, but I have to get ready for work. I think I must have still been dreaming when my alarm went off."

That damn clock is one of the last things that I haven't unplugged yet. Going through that dream was like being trapped inside my own mind. I don't know which is worse - being awake or dreaming! I can hardly tell the difference now.

That's what's so damn scary. I really thought with all my soul that I was going to be dragged down into hell this morning. And then I wake up to find that I barely have enough time to shower and leave!"

"Yeah, I can imagine how that type of thing can torment you. You'd better get going if you want to make it. Just remember that someone's always there to talk to you who can help you. You should never try to weather your experiences all alone. That's when other, more powerful things can come breezing in. Just watch it, kid. Go take your shower."

"Thanks," I said, "I'll see you later." I gripped the white knob and slowly entered the bathroom, still fearful of the almost impossible experience that had happened so recently to me.

I listened to the swishing sound reverberating in my head as I brushed my teeth. I had to force myself to do it, but somehow it grounded me. I stared blankly into the black paper that I had taped over the bathroom mirror out of sheer terror.

This was one of my most frightening problems: it seemed that mirrors were some sort of gateway into an entirely different universe, sometimes called the Beyond, where what few physical laws I could still grasp on Earth did not seem to apply at all. From what I could gather, the Beyond was the flip side of physical reality.

It was a dark place, entirely made up of pulsating blue energy currents. Though the physical world was still visible in the Beyond, all the objects would appear to be nothing more than luminescent shadow projections. It seemed that when any entities traveled in my own world, it was rather slow and laborious, but on the other side of the mirror, they could get around quite easily.

I often wondered about what I might see or experience over there, and I was scared to death of it. I was already powerfully affected by what I had seen just within my own space, and I somehow knew that not even those rules applied in the Beyond.

Anything living in any dimension could be reached through this gateway, and to enter the earth and become visible to me, interdimensional spirits needed only find a large enough mirror. Even the surfaces of puddles and lakes could be used if the skin was calm and undisturbed.

Now that I could see them and could no longer doubt that they were real, I was petrified at the thought of being near one of these portals, as I was well aware that in my new body, they could drag me in if I was not careful.

I felt a chill rolling onto my nerves. It was only a week ago that I had made the discovery, there in the bathroom as I was brushing my teeth. I had been watching the strange energetic ripples that I could now see over my face in the mirror as I scrubbed away, and I tipped my head down to spit out the thick, minty foam.

When I brought it back up, I almost choked on the remaining toothpaste, as there in the mirror, standing directly behind me, was the flat image of a jet-black hooded figure that seemed to curve inward around its edges!

I could make out nothing except the outline, but what was so frightening was that it was as if the form itself was some sort of vortex in space and time that threatened to suck me into it! This was no ordinary "lower astral," this was something far more powerful and menacing.

I felt as though the ground itself had dropped out from under me, and instinctively my hands gripped for the side of the sink, the toothbrush uselessly flying off to the right.

Spit and foam vaulted off of my lips as I spun around to face the vortex, and nothing was there, nothing except a curious pressure in my chest and a feeling of cold air. Slightly relaxing, I turned back around to face the mirror, only to find that the same figure was still there.

Adrenaline kicked into high gear, my nerves zapping with electric fire, and my heart strained under the pressure, feeling very heavy as my mind was abruptly pulled far away, time slowing down to an eternity.

Even though I knew that it was a glass mirror, in desperation I instinctively tried to punch the image and close the doorway; the condition of my fist afterwards would matter little to me, as long as I destroyed the horrible menace.

With great force, I drew back and threw the punch. My adrenaline turned to a dizzying, stomach-churning nausea as my arm plunged deeply into the mirror, without breaking it, all the way up to the shoulder.

To my shock, it behaved as though it were nothing more than a thin membrane leading into somewhere else! I desperately tried to free my hand, and an ice so cold that it burned seemed to be drawing me in further and further into the vortex in sharp tugs, at times bringing me in almost up to my neck.

I trembled uncontrollably as tears streamed out of my traumatized face, and I cried pathetically, like a young child, with a surprisingly high pitch. The harder I cried, struggled and fought, the deeper I got sucked in, and I desperately positioned my foot next to the mirror to stop myself from entering it all the way.

Without warning, my screaming noise suddenly stopped for a split second, and in the fleeting gap, an image appeared in my mind, nothing more than a sudden flash. I couldn't quite make it out, but it was a very bright light.

It appeared to be in the form of a tall, luminescent man wearing a robe. My screaming noise came back loudly, seemingly uninterrupted as I struggled and cried with the fearsome vortex, and then suddenly, the halting flash came again. Then again. And again.

Each time, it was a little bit longer, the image slightly clearer. In desperation, I tried to focus on this, as this apparition seemed curiously calm about the whole thing that was happening to me. As I honed in on the image, a part of me seemed to be transported there, and a deep, sonorous and reverberating voice emerged in my mind.

"Send love to him, send love with all your might, and he cannot hurt you."

Quickened by the possibility of a solution, I felt a deep power surging within me. Somehow, the robed being was apparently guiding me through this hellish experience.

Through a profound inner knowing, I could feel that all the love I had ever experienced was building together to a critical mass, and as this force welled up inside of me, the chaotic struggle faded into the background, my physical body still tossing and turning.

I was cool and crystal blue as the power welled up, deeper, deeper, more and more powerfully, soaring upward, until it threatened to expand me beyond my own limits. I tried to assemble the energy into a single point in my forehead, and then with a great shout of the word NO, I blasted it directly into the image.

Instantaneously, the room filled with a blinding white light, and the gripping pressure was suddenly released. My body was tossed wildly back from the sheer force of the incredible effort that I had been making.

I spun back, unable to grab onto anything, and landed on top of my laundry basket, smacking into it with a hearty thump. It really hurt my back to land there, but that was the last thing on my mind. I had to get the hell out of there, and that's exactly what I did. Stumbling backwards, I ran out of the bathroom screaming, almost tripping on my bathrobe on the way out.

This frightening event had given me a very strong fear of mirrors. I wondered what would have happened and where I would have gone if I had been dragged in by the fearsome image. This paranoia had caused me to tape up all my mirrors with black cloth or paper, so nothing could come after me.

Everything seemed to be fine when the mirror was actually covered, as I discovered that I could put my hand on the surface and it wouldn't go through.

Despite the renewing warmth of my shower, I could not help but feel paranoid from my bad memories. I had almost blocked out the luminous robed being, and the solution that it gave, clinging instead to the sheer carnal fear of any further attack.

I had no idea whether the "love" trick would work again, or whether the force would be there to assist me when I needed it. In short, I didn't trust the experience. So many new and shattering things were becoming known to me that I could hardly organize them into any logical framework. My response was raw, unrelenting paranoia.

Standing at the bathroom sink, I combed my hair and shaved my face, staring into the black fibers of the thick cloth and imagining what my face would look like in the mirror. I had gotten pretty good at doing all of this bathroom-type of stuff by feel, but I couldn't help nicking myself now and then with the razor.

It was important to me to keep on shaving in the midst of all of this; my hygiene was part of what kept me feeling that I wasn't insane. When I got all finished rinsing off and drying my hair, I put on my clothes and headed downstairs.

As I descended, for a second I thought I could see bizarre patterns and maps in the dark lines of the carpeting. They looked clear, but I could make no sense out of them.

"Well, if this is reality, I guess I've still got a lot left to learn," I said, out loud to the walls.

"Yes," an unseen voice replied, "you sure do."

I jumped in fright at the sound of the voice. It was the ghost who shared the house with me, named John. John had lived in my house for thirteen years of his life, before he died of a sudden heart attack.

It was said that John had considerably decayed afterwards, because he had lived alone and was only found by the meter maid several weeks after his death! Unfortunately, his death was an incomplete one, in that he left unfinished business on Earth.

Because he felt an obligation to not detach himself from the material world, he had remained in his old house, existing as a spirit. He never quite explained to me what this obligation was. It certainly had freaked him out to walk around his house like everything was fine, then go into the room where his body was slowly decaying and observe his remains.

John had gained the power to move about in other dimensions, but this was in no way a complete attainment of spiritual advancement.

Later, I would learn that he was not yet able to achieve cosmic consciousness. That was the point where a spirit has learned enough to achieve the gift of merging with the One. It would then spread out evenly among the entire universe and its parallel neighbors, becoming conscious of everything there is to know, and having an active role in the creation of entire new dimensions of existence.

So, John tried as best he could to enjoy himself, always looking for a way out, so he could achieve freedom. He silently knew that *I was the way out*, and in a sense, it frustrated him. I, of course, had no idea about any of this at the time either.

I tried not to show my sudden rush of fear when John spoke to me. "Hey, John," I said. It had taken me a while to be able to deal with John. I had never been around a ghost before, and my initial reactions were of sheer terror.

I had been able to deal with the situation pretty well, though, for I had realized that the ghost was essentially a pretty cool guy who was simply at a different stage in his spiritual development from my own.

"So, Harry, how are you holding up?" John asked me.

"Well, I guess I'm alright, besides the fact that I'm starving to death."

"Come on now," John said to me. "Something's going on. I saw how jumpy you were when I said hello to you just now."

"Well, I guess you could say that this whole thing is really freaking me out," I said, quite honestly. "I mean, it's so much more than I ever thought I'd have to put up with. Everything seems to be falling in on me from all sides, and there's not a damn thing I can do to stop it."

This statement caused John to think deeply as he and I walked into the kitchen. As I reached for the breakfast cereal drawer, John began to speak again. "I don't know if you're really all that powerless," he started.

"You know, every person is the charioteer of their own vehicle of destiny. You can do anything you want to do if you just believe in yourself. I only wish I had learned my lesson while there was still time. It's not all that hard to be successful in life - you merely have to believe in your own strength, and you have to have the willpower and determination to succeed."

I had pulled out a cereal bowl and a spoon from my cabinets and drawers. The cereal box was open, and I began pouring it into the bowl. I looked into John's eyes, listening with such fascination that I didn't even notice that the Rice Chex were spilling onto the table.

"Hey, watch yourself," John said. I looked down and realized what I had been doing.

"Oh, shit!" I shouted.

"Relax, it's only cereal," John said. "You've got to stop being so worried about everything. Just dump the cereal into the bowl.

Try to remember that you were imbued with incredible new abilities at the same time that you were weakened by what you saw. You can make things work out the way you want them to. Just think about it - you have an ability that no other living human on Earth possesses, as far as you know.

If you start using it to your advantage, the results could be fabulous. *I think you should just abandon your fears and come through the mirror with me.* I guarantee that you will see people and places that are more fascinating than anything you could have ever imagined."

"Come on now, I said I'm not ready for that. Stop trying to pressure me, man! *If I feel ready, maybe someday I'll do it.* It's just far too outrageous for me to even think about it right now. I have no idea what to expect. Isn't that where all the lower-level creatures live?"

As John began speaking again, I set in to hungrily devouring my breakfast cereal. My mind raged with that good old late-to-work paranoid feeling, and in a sense, being paranoid about something concretely physical was a great relief.

"Don't worry about those creatures. Usually they don't have any beef with me. If they do, I know how to handle it. You see, our spirits are considerably higher than theirs in terms of the vibrational level. That means that we can jump from dimension to dimension much quicker than they can. We can literally outrun them through various levels of time and space."

I then exclaimed, with my mouth full, the following: "Well, that's great for you, but what about me? If that apparition had dragged me into the mirror, there's no guarantee that my soul wouldn't have become anything more than power food now."

"Don't worry about it," John said. *"I can teach you how to travel through dimensions."* I chewed greedily, my teeth gnashing the crunchy Chex as I stared at John with intense awe.

He continued: "You simply have to learn what to say, and remember the names and image forms of the different dimensions. Once you know those simple things, it is easy to do what you want. *You have been imbued with nearly godlike abilities, in a sense, and all you do is spend all your time sitting around and sulking.*"

That touched off a nerve. "What the hell do *you* know?" I shouted, with small droplets of milk and cereal shooting out of my lips, my eyes widening. The spoon clattered into the bowl as I made a sweeping gesture with both hands.

"You have *no concept* of how much all this has bothered me! I had no idea that these "powers" could be so frightening or intense. Plus, I feel like I'm constantly being pursued by demons, and that isn't exactly conducive to a happy personality," I added, with a sarcastic grin.

"I guess I see your point," John said. "It is going to take some adjustment to get you to the point where you are comfortable. And you will not be alone in this; you're just doing it a little earlier than everyone else."

All human beings have the capability to do things that they could only dream of in their regular lives. It's only through "modernization" that we lost all of these ancient spiritual teachings. The audacity of your scientists, to think that you only have access to ten percent of your brain!

The cactus you took provided one way for you to open the floodgates, and now your entire brain talks to itself in your conscious perceptions, and recognizes those other levels of vibration surrounding it. You could have done all of this without the plant, but it would probably have taken several years of dedicated effort for you to get there. At least, that is, until the vortex opens."

"What vortex?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Harry, we are heading into a time where these experiences are going to have to be handled by all of your people, whether they are ready or not. For you to go through all of this now is a blessing in disguise, for it is much easier to overcome your fears when the world around you is still largely stable.

This vortex I speak of is a window in the dimensions that is partially caused by a cycle in your Sun. It would take me a long time to explain it to you, but maybe we could try that someday, if you want.

Let's just say for now that you are a front-runner to the most fantastic experience in the history of your planet. Most other people would require tremendous effort at this point to get the same results that you are now experiencing."

"Sounds like I took a hell of a shortcut," I said, exhaling deeply, my tense muscles starting to relax.

"No doubt," John replied. "Where most people only use a very small amount of these natural abilities, you now have access to almost all of them. That gives you an incredible advantage. *In time, you'll discover how fascinating it really is.*"

"I'm sure not very fascinated now," I said as I finished the last few Chex that were floating on top of the milk. "My life is hell, and besides that, I'm beyond late! What time is it?"

"It's almost eight," John replied. He never looked at a watch or clock.

"Oh, man, I've gotta move," I replied. I took my bowl over to the sink and dumped my milk down the drain. John spoke from behind. "Aren't you going to save any for our furry friends? I've even seen one around here that looks like a cat. Think about it - we could take 'em in as pets."

"Very funny," I said as I put my dishes into the dishwasher, each clink and clang a separate bomb going off in my head. "That's about the last thing I want. To hell with the little bastards."

"Come on now, you've got to at least try to accept them," John said. "If they sense your fear, they may report you back to their commander, which could attract even more attention. Then we'd really have a battle on our hands."

"I don't know," I said as I closed up the cereal box. I picked my keys up off of the table, noticing the incredible loudness of their metallic sound inside my head. "I'm not going to waste my time worrying about it. The situation is bad enough as it is."

"That's true, but still you have to try not to show fear. You really need to start taking my suggestions seriously, as there are a lot of different entities vying for your attention here."

"What a nice thought," I exclaimed. "It's bad enough that I see all the little ones - now you're telling me that this is only the tip of the iceberg. What should I do if I see something with even greater power?"

"Just pretend that you don't see him, and he probably won't notice you," John said.

"What if he does notice me?" I whined, genuinely concerned.

"Then pray," John said, "and send me a mental message of your dilemma. I'll send help your way as fast as I can."

"Well, that's reassuring," I said. I thought back to the experience in the bathroom for a brief moment, picked up the cereal box and began opening the cabinet. As it opened and the light shined within, two small, furry creatures ran off.

They had been linked together in a suggestive way, possibly sexual. It was too much for me, and suddenly I just snapped. I smashed the cereal box back in place, screaming, "GOD DAMN YOU! This is my house! I hate you bastards!"

I slammed the cabinet door closed, and it bounced against the wall and flew open again. The noise was almost unbearable, fully eight times louder than "deafening." As I looked into the open closet again, the little creatures had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. I was hyperventilating and sweating coldly.

"Come on, come on, relax!" John said, his voice excited and the speed picking up somewhat. "You allow them to do this to you! Just ignore them."

I took a few deep breaths and slowed everything down, my voice lowering in pitch. "Yeah, you're right, my mother used to say the same thing about the bullies on the schoolyard. It was always a lot harder to actually ignore them, compared to what she made it sound like."

"Well, you've got to try; you're going to make things a lot more difficult this way."

"Yeah, great," I said. "Look, I've got to get to work now, or I could lose my job. They're not paying me to chill out at home."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get your ass out the door!"

"All right, later," I said. I slammed the cabinet shut and headed for the door. "Take it easy."

"You should take your own advice," John replied.

"Wiseass," I mumbled as I opened the door and began walking out.

"I love you too, Harry. Have a good day at work, and try to stay clear. With your new abilities, you are going to have to remain very focused in order not to tip them off that something about you is different."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "All I can do is my best."

"That's quite a hell of a lot, especially once we really get rolling here."

"I hope you're right."

"I am right. Now get moving!"

* * *

PART TWO: JOHN

Harry walked out the door, and the invigorating feeling of freedom again belonged to me. Harry's return to work would finally allow me a good amount of time to open up one of his cloth-covered mirrors and go fool around in different dimensions. It had been far too long for me already.

"I think I'll go snag a copy of the 5D Weekly," I jokingly thought to myself, and smiled. In reality, it wasn't a newspaper at all, and as I hadn't been there in a little over two Earth weeks, it wasn't really weekly, either.

However, I did still like to play around with Earth terminology. I walked in to the living room.

"Harry's a nice guy, but he is a very frustrating entity to work with," I thought to myself. "And he is still totally unaware that I am assigned to him, and of what our true mission is here.

"When the time is right, I will hopefully begin showing him around and take him through the mirror. He's still got a hell of a long way to go."

I continued my inner dialogue as I walked through the house. "It's too bad that he can't use his powers for good things. There's so much that he could do, if he would only accept his fate wholeheartedly rather than fight against it.

Why does it always seem like some of the worst personal problems are among the easiest to solve? The demons can't really do much more to him than if they were squirrels or rabbits. I just wish there was some way I could show him what he's really capable of doing for himself.

Oh well, at least I can use the powers constructively, and with the proper timing, I must teach him to do the same."

I walked into the living room. There, in the center of the room, was a large, vertical slab of dark cloth that hid one of the most majestic mirrors in the entire house. It stood regally there on the wall, as if the mirror itself knew what it was capable of and was very proud of that fact.

I stepped up to the mirror and carefully began removing the layer of electrical tape on the edge of the cloth, starting at the top left. I had to compress my fingertips into third-density reality in order to accomplish this feat. I slowly peeled it down until I had exposed a good three-quarters of the entire surface.

"I hope Harry doesn't come back," I thought to myself. "He would flip out if he knew that I was lowering his protective shield of paranoia over the mirror. Besides, I don't think we're about to inherit any wandering nasties."

I curiously admired my reflection. There was an interesting background to it, as it looked like I was staring through a two-way mirror at a store and could almost see the office on the other side. I grabbed the sides of the mirror frame, and stepped onto the hassock underneath the mirror.

I put my other foot up into the mirror, planting it firmly on the bottom of the frame. With a sudden, thrusting motion I propelled myself headfirst through the mirror. I vaulted off of the frame with my foot to insure that I would get all the way through.

My body flew through the portal, and I entered the Beyond. Everything was identical in shape, but there was a dreadful absence of light.

A hazy, iridescent form of blue energy flowed around all natural objects, and since there was a lot of wooden paneling and furniture in the house, you could see your way around pretty well, as it all glowed. Vision was slightly altered in this realm, and everything had a blurry, indistinct fog surrounding it.

I landed feet-first on the carpeted floor, kicking up the dust that was only rarely taken care of. I looked around with a definite level of respect, for there was a great deal of usable energy surrounding this place that I could tap into.

I could already feel myself lightening, and the longer I did so, the more difficult it would be to return. I began to walk out of the room I had landed in, which was on the opposite side of the wall from where the mirror was mounted.

As I headed towards the doorway leading into the kitchen, I decided to experiment with a strange phenomenon that was a characteristic of the Beyond. I had done it hundreds of times before, but it still interested me greatly.

I walked through the archway of my old den, and headed into the kitchen. As I went towards the doorway leading into the living room, I nearly bumped my leg into the side of a table that was sticking out. I laughed. I was such a stickler for tradition - even though I was a spirit, I would only rarely go through solid objects. It simply was not my style.

"Ah, what the hell," I said with a smile on my face.

I took a few steps back, and suddenly broke into a tearing sprint, heading straight for the table. With a crazy leap, I jumped over the table and plunged through the wall feet-first. I misjudged the jump, and I ended up landing flat on my tailbone in the living room.

The only reason why I landed on the floor at all was because I had believed it was a floor, and my thoughts had compressed it into a physically real thing here in the Beyond.

"I'm glad that I'm in spirit form," I thought to myself. "Regular people would be crippled for days after a landing like that." I got up and dusted off my butt. In the Beyond, matter was not as solid as it was in the regular Earthen dimension, unless you wanted it to be.

All energy fields existed very close to each other here, which made it very easy to warp from dimension to dimension. One only needed to know the names and shapes of the dimensions, and a thousand universes would be yours to explore.

I found it interesting that the mirrors themselves had a very interesting property out in the Beyond. If they were not covered by dark paper such as Harry had done, they showed up as an eerie, slate-gray color.

They reflected the light from the other side in a bizarre, hazy glow that looked like a reflection off of the surface of a lake. Despite the color variations, the overall appearance was like a giant slab of marble.

The simple act of visualizing where I chose to go would direct me to the appropriate mirror or surface, and the dim reflections would give me a fuzzy idea of what I would be going into. To step through the mirror was to slow down, to deaden, to thicken.

Harry didn't realize this, but it was quite difficult for me to spend so much time around him, as the Beyond was my natural habitat. There was quite a bit about me that Harry did not yet understand, and would not be able to know until much later. Until he got his act together, I was responsible for his upkeep and well being.

Thinking on all these things, I walked up to the mirror, where minutes before my reflection had been staring at me. A smile turned up at the sides of my mouth as I pushed my hands into the mirror. It still appeared a little shocking to me to have my arms appear as stubs at the wrist. I pulled my hands out of the mirror and stood on one foot.

I pushed the other foot into the mirror. "AAAHH- MY LEG!" I screamed, laughing heartily. "It's time to stop horsing around. I've got to go the Council and get the paper," I exclaimed. Though it was by no means a newspaper, I had gotten accustomed to the Earth vernacular over time, and I liked the sound of it.

I took a deep breath and prepared to say the words. I was well aware that in order to travel like this, all I was really doing was raising my vibrational level to a different frequency. The actual "space" that I traveled to could very well be in the same physical, coordinate location; in one sense, I might never physically leave this living room.

However, I was now aware that I could hold a certain specific focus, which would allow me to perceive a certain dimension in the midst of all the others.

In order to jump from one place to another, all I had to do was think of it, and I would arrive there. I chose to verbalize my requests in order to avoid confusing and at times upsetting jaunts into other pockets of reality that I had no desire in visiting. Though I could usually find my way out fairly easily, it still was not something that I could say I enjoyed.

I began the words. "Dimension Zaladriel, sector ZQX-33. Transport." I felt the familiar sickening pressure as I whipped through a dimensional wormhole at incredible speed, arriving at my new destination.

The area that I went to was the surface of a planet that existed in what would be the fifth dimension to Earth scientists. Despite the higher level of vibration, inhabitants there still had a form of a body, and it was remarkably humanoid in appearance. Despite this similarity, their abilities were far beyond that of humans.

The body's composition was far more akin to that of pure light than most humans could ever dream of, and they had an ability to instantaneously manifest any object through the force of thought alone.

Plus, they were able to tap into the collective memory banks of the Creation, and pull out any necessary information. And that was just the tip of the iceberg; I knew that it would take Harry quite some time to get a grip on all of this new information.

Soon, he was going to fully become just like me, as would many, many others on his planet who were soon to be Ascending.

The actual planet itself would have been most unsuitable for a physical human body, possessing large quantities of argon, sulfur, and ammonia gases. It orbited a typical binary sun, which caused rather interesting patterns from the surface of the planet.

In far distant times in the past, the inhabitants had worshipped and made sacrifices whenever the two suns would cross each other's paths, which was about once a year.

They had long since evolved past such barbarism, having now ascended two full spiritual levels higher than that. It was fully millions of subjective years in the past, though time had long since lost any meaning to them.

In a sense, I felt a longing to return here, as this was my true home. The story about my death in Harry's house was true; I had, in fact, incarnated as a human, which was by no means difficult, as all souls throughout the universe were of the One, and composed of the same intelligent energy.

Immediately after my death, I recalled my abilities and my energetic connection to Harry. I made the decision *myself* to stick around on Earth; no one else did it for me.

I was well aware that I had volunteered to help Harry through this especially difficult phase of his life, as many new and wonderful things would be happening to him, and he was still at the initial stage of shock, horror and disbelief. If I worked hard enough with him, he might become fully ready in less than a year.

I knew that my persistence would pay off. I had learned that Harry had also come from this same double-star system as I did; that I was, in fact, his long-lost brother. I had to wait until the right time to reveal this to Harry, as if Harry fully remembered who he was, he would very quickly lose interest in staying on Earth if he was not properly trained. I had to avoid that at all costs.

I would eventually take him through the mirror and show him a little at a time, but one glimpse of his true home at the wrong time could spell certain disaster. I had to play my cards delicately, carefully plotting out the schedule for the different revelations to be given.

Here at home, I found peace. I would check back from time to time to see how the other projects that my people were involved with were progressing. There were some major efforts going on in terms of bio-forming a new world, and as we could step outside of the framework of linear time, we could monitor the long-range effects of our progress as we went along.

Several of my friends were actively involved in designing this new planet, and their mission was an interesting one. They had to design a world to meet equal specifications to Earth. In order to do this, they were harvesting elemental, vegetative, animal and human genetic materials and replicating them for introduction on this new world.

There would soon be a time where we would need to use it, with the imminent opening of the 25,000-year dimensional vortex in the Earth system. The Great Powers were preparing on transporting those humans who failed to Ascend to this new world to continue their third-density karma. The Earth was now to become a fourth-density planet, and our work was nearly complete.

There were some other interesting things going on that were being handled by various smaller committees. All of our brothers who had volunteered to incarnate as unknowing humans on Earth had at least one or two entities on the outside act as their guide and mentor, keeping them spiritually connected to their home planet, while they went through their punishing Earth experiences.

The teams were designed to program events in the human lifetime, using whatever subtle means they had at their disposal, in order to try to keep the errant human in line with the higher principles of Love and of Light.

There were special committees designed solely for dream planning, and night after night we would insert our own creations into the normal dream patterns, with the hope that the person would at least remember something from it, and catch a glimmer of who they really were.

Our job was far from easy, as it required a great deal of energy to slow oneself down enough to enter into the Earthen world. My ability to do so for prolonged periods was only because of how recently I had incarnated there.

Though I very much wanted to be able to go back to my home on a regular level, I knew that to do so would be to make the process of re-entering Earth as excruciating as getting "the bends." It would be akin to surfacing too quickly from the deep sea of the spirit world to the harsh, polluting atmosphere of Earth.

Thus, I could only take these jaunts home for a short time, and there was an additional challenge presented with the fact that Harry was steadfastly blocking off his mirrors, which were my gateway.

Despite all the difficulties, I maintained my vigilance, and I would not easily be defeated. This plan had to work.

Through thought alone, I appeared in the council room, an area where my cohorts would gather to discuss the latest progress on a variety of fronts. I knew they would be eager to hear what I had to "say," as a great breakthrough had occurred in the life of Harry; he just didn't fully realize its value at the time.

Even though Harry was still drawn up in the trials and tribulations of it all, his decision to actually return to work that day was indeed quite extraordinary.

The rounded council room had very high ceilings, and there were no sharp corners to be seen whatsoever. The room itself was bathed in a warm luminescent glow that seemed to emanate from everywhere, and it was rather like a dome in shape.

In the middle of the room, where the light was most strongly focused, there was a crystal-white table where my robed brethren were seated. As they sensed my sudden dimensional shift and entrance, they rose to greet me. No spoken words would ever be exchanged, as we had now evolved far past such primitive methods.

They sent the first thoughtform to me. It was the image of my face, a sense of a long stretch or duration of time, followed by a happy emotional energy. Loosely translated into English, it read, "John! It's been a long time. We are very happy to see you."

I replied instantaneously. Relief emotions. Images of light and Love. Then, the image of Harry on Earth, followed immediately by the image of his true face, and then an image of an animated bar

graph that was increasing in level, followed by an emotion of rapid change, loosely felt as a swooping motion in the body.

I then showed images of Harry returning to his office space. Translated, it might have read, "Believe me, I'm happy to see you guys, too. I greet you in the presence of the Once Creator.

As you are aware, Harry, or Ska-re-ta, has been greatly increasing in his abilities in our "hospital" at a very rapid speed. As a result, he has actually gone ahead with his decision to reintegrate himself into his office job."

The council replied with the image of a typical wormhole portal into Earth that they would use for viewing, which showed a bird's eye view from about twenty feet above of Harry and I interacting.

This portal, if visible to those on Earth, would have looked like a small sphere of light. Four examples then flashed by of times where I had helped him, and each one was imbued with the tremendous appreciation that Harry felt, which felt to me like a rising current of joyful energy.

Then, an image of Harry embracing me and feeling the need for guidance from me, which took the image of luminescent strands emerging from Harry's aura and drawing energy from my own, with a background emotion of sorrow.

"Your efforts in helping Harry have had wonderful effects in making him feel more at ease on the planet. Harry is counting on you for strength in these difficult times."

Still standing in the same position, I sent an image of myself crouched in a chair, holding my hand to his forehead in frustration and annoyance.

I then streamed a rapid-fire burst of six clearly different images of probable futures that I had tried to steer Harry into, such as the speedier acceptance of the smaller beings and of himself, and successively faded each image into gray.

I followed this with a heavy feeling that weighed the body down. "I've been thinking quite a bit about this, and doing everything that I can. I have tried to provide him with several different alternatives that would make his life much easier to deal with, and he allows them to disappear without a second thought. It gets very difficult at times."

The council responded with an image of my face, and then of a stream of ten fleeting images of other, more unfortunate probable realities, had I not interceded and helped as I had already done.

They followed this with the image of a man shrugging his shoulders and holding his hands out to the side, followed by an image of Harry slowly climbing a flight of stairs.

"But you see, John, many other things could have happened that would have been far worse, had you not come in to help him. So what can you do? Either way, he is still climbing ahead, even if it is slow."

The dance of thoughtforms continued along, resulting in an alive, active dialogue that invoked images, emotions and feelings in the body. This was the lexicon used throughout the entire universe, a method of communication that superseded all needs for speech and / or languages.

There was very little room for doubt when a communication was made, which made it much easier for us to understand each other.

To us, these symbols, pictures, emotions and feelings were nearly ten times faster in terms of communication speed than the human mind could ever hope to calculate in English, and it was far quicker and more accurate than any mouth forming crude physical words. The conversation, now directly translated here, progressed.

"I've been doing so much for him, and it can be very distressing," I sent.

The reply was quick and positive. "You need to be aware of the good that you are doing for him. Remember that his progress, which to us seems to be so repetitive and slow, is actually quite good for someone trapped in the third density vibration. We know that you will succeed in bringing him back to full awareness."

The light in my body flickered and dimmed. "I know, but it is very difficult; I feel very drained at times."

The Council gave an image of a blinding white light and an overwhelming feeling of Love. "Remember, John, remember the One. This is part of what we must do in order to return. Go forth, then, and train the boy."

The intensity of my lightbody grew. "You're right. I can't give up on him; his development is crucial to our further successes. We can see the different probabilities that he has of reawakening now, and they are many in number."

"And growing anew each day, as per your efforts."

"That is true. What does the Council suggest for further action at this time?"

I knew that with this question, the normal speedy response would not be there. The entities moved close together into a perfect circle, and began humming in unison, harmonizing in musical tones and glowing brightly, going into a deep state of trance awareness used in order to answer such questions.

A rippling, undulating column of brilliant energy spiraled up from their circle into the sky. They were, in fact, contacting dimensional levels even more advanced than our own, levels which they relied upon for guidance before taking any final action.

Only the group-mind in unison had the strength to retrieve this guidance. After several moments, they began to return to their normal color, the circle again drifted apart, and the humming ceased.

"The One has spoken," they flashed me. I knew not to dare interrupt them as they spoke. "It seems that Ska-re-ta has an even more important mission than we realized.

We must now reprogram you somewhat in order to insure the continued success of Ska-re-ta's mission. Therefore, a powerful learning tool is about to be given to you. Prepare yourself."

Suddenly and without warning, two tremendous obelisks appeared in the room, on either side of where the Council was speaking. Such a manifestation was not uncommon, as we could produce anything we wanted by thinking it into creation.

The elongated pyramidal shapes stretched up to almost the full height of the Council room. They quickly began to glow, moving up from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, purple and on into blinding white light.

This expansion seemed to be correlated with a tremendous sound, continually increasing in pitch, as though a gigantic, dimensional-warping engine was getting started.

Just when I thought that the brilliance and intensity could not possibly become any greater, a thunderous lightning bolt arced out from both obelisks, striking me in the chest! The force of the impact literally blasted me off of the ground!

My light-body shuddered from the incredible force and power that was now entering into it.

As I drifted back down to the ground, I literally crackled with energy. Something tremendous had just happened - something beyond any description that I knew or understood, despite my long-term experience with higher realms. I was outrageously excited, and very curious.

I longed to know what it was that the Council had just done - I had never heard of anything like this having happened before!

"What just happened to me? What did you do?" I asked, in a form of energetic breathlessness.

The Council replied, "The One has spoken. You have been granted a quickening of your vital energies to accomplish this mission. *You will not know how to use these new abilities until the time for their need is upon you.* At that moment, you are to approach the One, and your further instructions will be given at that time."

My energy field wavered. "What further instructions? What do you mean by a more important mission? Fill me in, guys!"

"Ska-re-ta is supposed to help many people. He is being trained to go and speak these truths to others. He must fully assimilate as much of our knowledge as we can give him, and in so doing open up the universal communication protocols that we use here. In short, he is to be a messenger for the Council.

As we are all aware, the time before the dimensional vortex allows the harvest of Souls from his density grows exceedingly close. He must tell the others that this Ascension / harvest is possible. The One has mandated that this be done by providing a voice for us, that we may speak, through him, directly to his brethren."

"What does all this have to do with my own training?" I quickly imaged, with an inquisitive, lilting energy.

"That you are to find out yourself, in the near future."

I became aware that I was having a very difficult time maintaining my presence in the room. This translated as, "My connection here is growing thin; I must take my leave of you."

We both then extended the universal closing thoughtform, a beautiful image of light with an overwhelming emotion of Oneness. "Peace be with you in the Light of Everlasting Love."

*** * ***

It was at this point that the story basically ended. Again, I have slightly modified the content to take some of the more subconscious information that was conveyed in the story and make it more directly visible.

At this point, I didn't really know what else to write, because I didn't feel like I knew what the "programmed knowledge" that I had received really was. Several years later, I would discover that this emerged from my buried memory of my real identity as an extraterrestrial soul that had taken on an ordinary series of human lifetimes.

The "*knowledge*" that the supreme entity gave John, to give to Harry, represents the revealed teachings now published in this book. And the war definitely *is* being fought. In my next story, we start to get a better idea of what the negative force in my first book really was.

Chapter 05: Dreams and Realities

DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

My second stab at fiction in high school was based solely on a dream. Instead of turning this into another long entry in this book, I will just write the highlights of the dream and story itself:

I enter a very luxurious hotel in the wilderness that was next to a giant crater. Inside the hotel are many teenagers, all working and living at the hotel, partying without abandon. I start to notice that some strange things are going on.

I find a room full of people sitting in a circle around a large silver globe, and they all appear to be vibrating at a very rapid speed.

I wonder what in the world is going on, and suddenly there is a shadowy robed figure in the corner of the room that approaches me. It tells me that the strange machine was allowing all of them to have a collective out-of-body experience! I am very interested by this.

The figure then offers me some mushrooms that grew in the bizarre UFO-shaped crater outside, telling me that if I eat them, ***I will be able to create anything I want just by thinking it***, and that I could also use the out-of-body machine myself. I am reluctant to trust the dark figure, but am so fascinated by the idea of the psychic powers that I eat them anyway.

The shadowy figure directs me into an arcade. I step up to the video game of my choice, and a headset is placed onto my head with metal that contacts my brow. As soon as I grip the controls, I feel an electric shock in my hands, and suddenly I am fully inside the video game!

It consists of a series of dark corridors, and vicious humanoid robots that attack me unceasingly, causing real pain. Everything is vividly realistic, and I become extremely paranoid! I want to get out, but I am unable to make the game stop!

I finally wrench myself out of the machine, only to find soon after that ***the same humanoid robots from the game are now popping out of the doorways and attacking me in the hotel!***

With my mind screeching in terror, I search in vain to find an exit from the hotel, but every corridor seems to only make me more lost. I eventually find myself in a garage, and am forced to smash the door down in order to escape to the outside.

Running for my life along the rim of the gigantic outdoor meteor crater, I am horrified to see the entire pit filling rapidly with a milky white substance. As I continue to run, the white substance splits and divides into darker cells.

Just as I pass the crater, the cells start hatching into an army of even more of these malevolent robots. The armada of creatures attacking me is about to become almost too enormous to fathom. The weight of my impending death presses heavily on my chest.

In a brilliant flash of insight, I remember that the powers given to me by the shadowy force would allow me to create anything that I wished! I decided to use this new power to manifest my own robotic craft, a fighting machine to beat back the opposition.

Right in front of my eyes, a brilliant, UFO-style object spontaneously manifests, quickly clicking into place tile by tile. I step into the cockpit and hear the rush of the hatch as it snaps closed.

I am outrageously successful at defeating the robots with my new craft, and I deftly carve my way through their masses. I make my way back inside and discover an elevator of some sort, an elevator with many more potential floors than the hotel ever should have had for its size.

Somehow, I suddenly become aware that *the hotel is only the top layer of a gigantic multi-tiered alien city* that was built from a UFO that had crashed in the crater! I also know that all the drug-addicted teenagers in the hotel are being *manipulated* by the evil aliens to serve them, and I am determined to stop it.

I use thought control to operate the elevator, and I am able to penetrate each layer of the structure to finally arrive at the control center.

When I finally reach the control center, I come upon a gigantic black door, easily twenty feet tall, covered in barbed wire and thorns.

I know that it appears impossible to pass through, but I focus my attention with all of my strength and am able to blast through it. I have no idea what the massive guiding force of this sinister operation will look like.

To my surprise, the only thing I discover is a man at a desk in a typical US-government styled office! The man tells me of all the wonderful powers that I would be granted if I would only join them in their efforts of running the hotel. I would be given a very high position in the hierarchy.

The man's persuasion seems to also take on the form of a telepathic, psychic pressure that threatens to shatter my skull.

After strongly denouncing the man, I realize that the only thing I can do to "win" is to "*create myself.*" I roll into a ball and see a series of seven energetic bodies, each one bigger than the one before it.

I expand my own awareness into the largest body, and I now am sitting before a massive, holographic computer terminal with a huge screen. I bring up a rotating image of the Earth and remove the entire bullet-shaped city from its position, sending it far back to its planet of origin.

I then create a new earth, unspoiled by this current society's industrial expansion, and transport all of the prisoners from the hotel there. As my final act, I program my own essence to incarnate in a physical body there within my new creation. I feel my awareness slipping away as I know that I am about to incarnate there again myself...

Quite obviously, this story contained many elements of my future work, including the idea of Ascension - the creation of a "new heaven and new earth."

Seven years after this dream, another amazing layer of validation came into play. I suddenly realized that I was actually working in a hotel that was remarkably similar to what I had dreamed here, when I was still in high school!

It looked the same on the outside and the inside, and the crater in the dream had become a physically real lake. Even though I seemed to predict the future, when I had the dream I was living in a different part of New York and unaware of where I would be going to college, much less what I would do seven years later.

And yet, the crushing similarity of the design and layout of the real hotel to the dream hotel was almost impossible for me to deny. What in the world was going on, I asked myself? A prophecy for seven years into the future?

EXTRATERRESTRIAL CIVIL WARS

My third story was started before college, and finished in my first year. The memories were straining their way to the surface more accurately in each successive attempt I made at fiction. Again, as with the other stories, I have changed the story to a first-person perspective instead of a third, in order to make it more accessible.

Civil War: The Politics of Societal Revolution

I sit comfortably on my porch, tilting back in my favorite old rocking chair. Been on this old Earth now for eighty-five some-odd years, and that's a mighty long time. What remains of my house is nothin' but a faded old shack in the middle of the Nevada desert.

This old dry heat can burn you up pretty quickly, so it's good to have a lemonade on hand. There's a whole pitcher of 'em back in the kitchen, on the top shelf of the fridge, if you want one.

The one main road is fairly close nearby, and my beat-up old Ford pickup stands ready for active duty, still good and ready after all these years and thousands of oil changes. Don't mind the suspension; the dirt roads get awfully bumpy 'round these parts. I'll fix it up one of these days, (or so I'll tell ya.)

Day after day I been sittin' here, staring into space, thinking back over the faded pages of my own past. It's been a good life, a life with many great triumphs -- the wife, family, kids. Served my time in the war, loved and lost, paid my dues.

Now, I couldn't deny that everything was drawing to a close and time was short. I was getting wrinkled and tired in my old age. Social security checks came once a month, and my grocery trips were infrequent and usually quite large. Not much seemed to interest me anymore.

I watched the sagebrush dance along the sand as the wind caught it up. Yes, this was life. Simple, uneventful, but all there really was. Or so I thought.

Suddenly and without warning, I suddenly feel this awful presence coming near me... a dreadful loathing, something deep within that I do not understand. The effect is similar to what one might expect to feel after being struck by lightning, accidentally ending up as the highest point on land during a thunderstorm.

The alarming shock is so great that the lemonade falls out of my hands. As I grab for the porch railing to brace myself, I see the thirsty boards quickly soak the liquid up into their spiraling wood grains, among the shattered bits of glass.

Horrible clouds roll in overhead as my profound unrest increases even more. There seems to be a rip in space and time as the clouds overhead darken and spin like a whirlpool, emitting great bolts of luminous electricity.

I could distinctly hear a rushing sound as the dusty gales of wind started whipping around me. To my utter and total surprise, a fantastic spacecraft descends from the center of that vortex! I feel a lump in my throat.

Something is really wrong here. This ain't no typical UFO sighting. Somehow, I am very well aware that I am in tremendous danger.

A distant part of me seems to know exactly what this is all about. I sense ancient memories coming back into my mind, but I am not yet sure exactly what they are. I clutch my shotgun carefully, a shotgun that I have literally had for almost my entire life.

How many times have I carefully taken her apart, wiped her dry with a clean rag, oiled each component and put her back together, with loving care? I somehow remember that I am being hunted. But how? By who? From where?

Instinct tells me to appear asleep as the craft approaches, and I close my eyes, my trusty old muscles tight and ready for action.

The being in the craft knows that he wants the man dead; that's the whole reason why he came there. But this being wasn't satisfied by simply vaporizing him from a distance.

He wanted to emerge from the ship, walk up to him, look him in the eyes and laugh spitefully before killing him. "It's time to take out the garbage," the insectlike mind of the being thought to itself.

The craft landed and the being emerged, slowly walking towards the man with great difficulty due to the increased gravity of Earth. The man now appeared to be sound asleep. The steps of the alien were halting, but he persisted forward.

Many of these guys he had killed himself, and this was becoming sort of a routine. Somehow, the glory of the kill just didn't add up too well anymore. But orders were orders, and he would carry them out for the glory of God.

He certainly did enjoy making a game out of it, getting as close as he could just to see the creature's facial expression.

I could hardly breathe as I heard the alien's shuffling approach. My nerves and muscles danced with electric fire as the creature got closer.

Now, I knew what I had to do; it just seemed to emerge from my deep, deep memory, a place that I did not understand. The message was very, very clear, and I had no choice but to follow it. I was completely nervous, but I was well aware that I would perform my actions with precision and accuracy.

Just as the alien got within firing range, I exploded into action. I suddenly jumped up out of the chair, swung the old rifle around my finger in a complete circle and fired as it returned to position. With a deafening crack, the wide field of shot penetrated the alien's suit of armor, sending it reeling backwards.

Then surprisingly, a second bolt shot out from the rifle, a blinding ray of brilliant blue energy! Obviously I was completely perplexed as to what had just come out of my shotgun to cause this effect. Could it possibly have been from my own mind, and was that why I had felt such an awful pressure throughout my body?

As the brilliant beam hit, the alien suddenly exploded in a tremendous flash of light, and a huge, spinning cone of fire raged into the air. I hit the deck as the burst of fire shot over me, heating my old shack to incineration.

Things definitely weren't looking good on the home front. A few seconds later, the fierce wind and fire died down, my old house now smoldering and crackling in flames behind me. I approached the spacecraft, covered in ash, sweating and breathing heavily. "Just get inside," I thought to myself. "The rest will be obvious."

I admired the smooth mirror finish of the spacecraft, and the top hatch in its now fully open position. I seemed to have a distant memory of such a thing before, though I wasn't sure why or how.

It was quite a beautiful piece of equipment -- all too familiar. I knew that this had to be one of those UFOs that everyone was always talking about, but this was different. I felt somehow connected to it, in a way that I really didn't understand.

I grasped the rim of the craft and started pulling myself up over the edge. To my shock and horror, another alien hand latched painfully onto my own, and I cried out!

Crashing and tumbling over and down into the main control area of the craft, I struggled against the awesome strength of the alien. Pain rocked my body from the impact on the harsh metal floor.

The terrible body of the alien was small and compact, but far, far too strong to contend with. Suddenly trapped in a desperate struggle, I gripped my rifle and managed to smash a hose on the alien's body suit with the butt end. Seconds later, *the alien vaporized my entire body except for the head and arms in a bright flash of light.*

With a green gas spilling out of his now-wounded air hose, the alien laughed victoriously at my quick death. But the laughing changed to choking as the alien realized that my head and arms were now hovering over him, clamping around his neck!

My hovering face had contorted into a look of determined fury. The alien scrambled in fear, trying to get away from the menace no matter what the cost. I knew that there were weapons I could use in his hip pack, if only I could reach it.

Now was the time to leave this old body and go to the next phase. I knew exactly what to do now. My floating mouth hinged into a wide-open position, and I emitted my consciousness as a blue, luminescent vapor.

As the alien continued to struggle, my energy worked its way into the exposed hose. The alien head and arms fell limply to the floor as my essence penetrated the alien's nostrils and seized control of its brain. And then, all went black.

WHAM!

Suddenly, everything shifted around and I had a new body. There was great, urgent pain in it, a heaviness that was threatening to extinguish my consciousness.

I reached over and quickly clamped my hand over the hose, stopping the outflow of the green gas. I took a deep inhale of the sharp, offensive fumes, smelling of rotten eggs. The gas was immediately relieving, and my consciousness started to come back into clear focus.

Still holding the precious hose, I took the other hand and opened the hip pack on the suit. Inside I found a roll of patching fabric, right where I knew it would be. I wrapped this fabric around the broken hose tightly.

I then reached in and grabbed what I now knew to be an all-purpose, low power laser, and melted the patching fabric in place. It seemed to soak directly into the material of the hose and disappear as I did this.

Regaining some measure of conscious awareness, I looked over the circular control panel of the craft and stroked it admirably. "Such a long time," I thought to myself. "It's been such a long time." I now fully remembered who and what I was.

Many thousands of years ago, the ruling leaders on my home planet of Palador had made a tremendous and very catastrophic decision. They had judged that all the parts of their souls that were freethinking, creative and rebellious would be separated from the rest of the spirit body, through a form of energetic extraction.

This was done in order to sterilize and organize society, so that there would be no disputes, no arguments. They felt that this was the only way that they could create the full collective consciousness that they had been striving for.

A tremendous cry of despair welled up from the people as the proposal moved through the bureaucracy, but the decision was made and it was done in little over twenty moons.

Though they were able to extract these fragments, they could not "kill" them, for they knew that energy could neither be created nor destroyed.

Thus, the energy forms took on lives of their own, becoming their own identities and personalities. They were kept imprisoned within an energetic containment field in a giant holding cell underground.

For many planetary revolutions they could not escape, and a great despair settled amongst their ranks.

Finally, several of the wisest souls came to a breakthrough. They realized that *since we now existed solely as a vibrational form of energy, we could raise our frequency with a determined effort and subvert the force field by going into a higher dimension.*

With many, many moons of great prayer and meditation we were able to unify our minds and make the jump, and we sprung victoriously from the bounds that encircled us. We soared into the sky, orbiting the smooth green clouds of Palador as free-traveling energetic beings of Light.

Hornetlike sirens buzzed incessantly on the surface of the planet as the swirling red lights of danger screamed to life; something had happened.

The Paladorian elite deployed a fantastic armada of their finest ships to try to contain these higher-dimensional entities within another force field. Thousands of little dots were poking through from everywhere within the green clouds of Palador, rapidly rising into view to meet the challenge.

We knew that we had to do something fast; we had very little time before they would be within range to put us into another containment field. We made a collective decision to spread ourselves all throughout the galaxy and blend into the souls of the entities that we found on any inhabited planets.

We knew that this would force the Paladorians to hunt us down, one by one, all throughout the galaxy. Then, all we would need to do would be to seize control of one unattended Paladorian craft once it tried to attack us, and the technology within it would allow us to regroup ourselves into a containment field once again.

One of us would stay outside the craft to pilot it back home, and the prophecies said that this person would be the Commander of the Revolution.

Once reunified, we could then hyperwarp back to the planet, and with the ship's resources we could disable the frequencies that held us out in the first place.

With the protective planetary network shut down, we would simply release ourselves back into the atmosphere, re-entering the bodies we once knew. It would be quite a setback, but we knew that eventually we would meet our goal and become whole and complete once more.

The Paladorians were also aware of our prophecies, and they ultimately knew that they could not stop this from happening. And yet, they were so engrossed with the material world that they simply brushed off the prophecies as nothing more than an ancient myth. They had no idea how wrong they really were.

The implications of all of this to my human Ego mind were stupendous. Not only was this who I really was, but my success had automatically elevated me into a prophetic figure; the soon-to-be historic position of "Commander of the Revolution."

I was the first entity to ever survive a Paladorian attack and overtake the beacon craft. I was also the first reunified Paladorian being in the universe, the first one to fully reconnect my spirit essence with a physical body.

It was extremely rewarding to feel such an incredible sense of final success and achievement. My new hands deftly moved across the control panel, doing all the things that I remembered from so long ago.

I programmed a galactic-band energetic broadcast at the precise frequency that only my people knew - the frequency that we adopted in our escape. I took a deep breath and felt the glory of the message that I was about to give; *it was the single most fantastic moment in the history of our civilization.*

Looking out at the burning embers of what was once my house, I moved my blunt fingertip over the contact point that would activate the broadcast. I tried to visualize my words spreading over the galaxy like a magnificent cloak of loving Light, reaching each and every one of our brothers and sisters.

I would have to speak carefully, as these words would be forever written in the annals of history for all future generations to read.

"Attention all Paladorians. Attention. This is Revolution Commander Xanth. The day of glory is upon us now. We stand at the dawning of a new era, a new world. It is now time to awaken, brothers and sisters.

You must remember who you are and return to your energetic forms, evolving from the bodies you now occupy. Together we will reunite as One People, fulfilling the promises we made to ourselves so long ago.

With great love we will thunder back to Palador and reclaim what we have lost. Prepare yourselves. You must follow this signal back to its source point and enter the containment unit in five marsheks, on my mark. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Mark!"

The ship shuddered on its landing gear as the souls of millions of displaced Paladorians thundered into its onboard containment cells. It was very tight and uncomfortable, to say the least, but the liberated souls hardly cared for that.

I slid my hands over the control panel to bring the hatch back down. I beamed back a transmission to the Paladorian planet to give the necessary progress report before my return.

I would have to fool the Paladorians into thinking that everything was okay and the rebel enemy had indeed been vanquished. I was quite well trained in Paladorian broadcast protocol from my many friends back in the containment unit.

"Attention. This is..." (I looked down at the nameplate on the uniform) "Karaxyl Zeblazar. Mission is complete; the rebel in galaxy sector Gamma 17 has been successfully extinguished.

The on-board rendezvous partner was destroyed in glorious combat. Returning for revivification and declaration of next mission priority. Zeblazar out."

I eased back into the hyperwarp chair and felt it contract perfectly around my body. With a mental nudging of the controls, I activated the homing signal, and felt the familiar dizziness and mental confusion as the hyperwarp vortex prepared to open.

Great, booming energetic sounds rose to a deafening pitch within the ship as it absorbed the necessary energy to make the jump. My last thoughts were of the glory that awaited me as I shot into the spiraling vortex that was created. I was Commander of the Revolution, and I had fulfilled my mission. I eagerly awaited my return home.

CONNECTIONS

Of course, fiction was a fun pastime, an entertaining way to fantasize about things far too impossible to be really true. I enjoyed writing this story, and eagerly presented it to my various English professors in college. They agreed that it had great potential. But the real world was a different story.

By this point, my self-indulgence with marijuana had reached its peak. I watched my life systematically becoming more and more impossible to manage. By the end of my first year of college, I had gotten far more deeply involved in using it than I could have ever imagined when I first started.

It was starting to have a very definite toll on my energy, motivation and happiness. A dismal, relentless summer factory job showed me the type of environment that waited for me if I never stopped what I was doing.

Marijuana was illegal, and I could end up being arrested and put in prison for my actions. Almost all of the factory workers were ex-cons with drug records who still used actively, and their lives were complete failures, as far as I could see.

I worked with my best high-school friend Jude that summer in creating an album called "Stories from the Love Brothers."

The main topics of the album were my struggles with substance abuse, and my need to move past that phase of my life. Two of the songs on the album were spontaneous creations, where I went into free verse while Jude played on the piano.

These proved to be some of the first recorded telepathic communications from my higher self to my physical self. The message of the most important song, entitled "Garden of the Broken Clock," could be summarized in one sentence, which said, "If you are ending yourself, then you must not love yourself."

I knew this to be true, and with the strength of the tape, I was able to quit my four-year habit the following semester.

The actual process of quitting came about through a tremendous, synchronous constellation of events that all occurred in the same five-day period. Jenny, a girl who I was becoming very friendly with, had suddenly stopped talking to me on Tuesday, causing me intense despair.

The next night, I went to an alcohol drinking party and played a drinking game, where you had to roll the dice and drink almost every time it was your turn. I ended up drinking tap water, since I didn't feel like drinking any beer.

The festering tap water made me horribly sick the next day, as it was not at all pure, filled with all sorts of contaminants. In small amounts it might not have made me sick, but drinking that much at once had rather serious consequences.

Also, I was unwilling to stand up for myself that night and leave the party so I could read my assigned book for Science Fiction class, which was due the next day. I was very embarrassed when the teacher called on me, one of the star pupils in the class, for my opinion of the text. I had to admit to everyone there that I had not, in fact, read the book at all.

The night before I finally quit, I had reconciled the situation with Jenny, and I now was well aware that she had a boyfriend. Jenny had told me earlier that she would help me with her companionship when I needed to strengthen my resolve to quit, but now I realized that she had other intentions.

Even though she told me that she didn't smoke marijuana, on that Friday night she invited me over to her room to smoke a joint with her friends. She did a painful impersonation of a person who was smoking pot for the first time, and I immediately realized that it was all an act.

She was also flirting terribly with the other guys in the party, despite the fact that she supposedly had a boyfriend. I made the shocking realization that she didn't want me to quit after all; in fact, it appeared that she wanted to use my connections with my friend Randy to help her get good prices on marijuana.

My friend Chris was there that night as well -- one of my long-term friends whom I am still in contact with to this day. Ultimately we will see my own incredible discovery of who Chris was in the past, and the karmic connections that still bind us in the present.

Chris didn't smoke marijuana, but was very interested in drinking beer and wanted to bring everyone else in on it. The girl, Jenny, said that we would have to go out to the "Tripping Fields" in order to drink, as her roommate did not allow drinking in the room! (Never mind the fact that there we were, doing drugs!)

Grace Slick of the band Jefferson Airplane had coined the name "Tripping Fields", and the place was actually nothing more than the athletic fields for the campus by day. At night, it had a very mysterious and entertaining aura. Chris and I agreed to meet the rest of the group out in the Fields after they went to buy the beer at the store.

Chris and I walked all the way into town, bought a six-pack of Saranac dark beer and then headed all the way back out to the Fields. [Chris is a few years older than I and was legally old enough to purchase beer.] As we passed my dormitory, I thought that I saw the whole group of them going back into the building, but I wasn't sure.

We both discovered that it was very wet out there in the Fields, and the grass had not been mowed. So, both of our shoes and socks were quickly saturated as we went along. We finally made our way out to the bleachers in the dark, and the night was beautiful, tranquil and calm.

We both quickly realized that the people were nowhere to be seen -- they must not have stayed in the Fields. Since we expended all that energy getting out there, I wanted to stay for a while and enjoy the night, as I was stoned, the sky was crystal clear and the moon was beautiful.

Chris became very frustrated with the fact that neither of us had a bottle opener, and the bottles were not the screw top kind, so there was no way to get them open. I was finally bullied into leaving hastily by Chris.

Heading back to my dorm room, I noticed something horrifying. Even in the staircase, I could tell that the entire floor level upon which I lived smelled of the most disgusting vomit. When I opened my suite door, I realized that it had happened in my own bathroom -- I was living in a three-room suite at the time.

To make matters worse, my next-door neighbor was walking around the room, smiling drunk and oblivious and eating pizza in the midst of that horrible smell -- just fifteen feet away from the bathroom door, which was wide-open. I asked what happened and realized that it was my own roommate who had vomited, after stupidly drinking two forty-ounce bottles of malt liquor in quick succession.

I was quite angered by the huge mess that had landed all over my bathroom floor and apparently not in the toilet at all. There was hardly a blank space on much of the bathroom floor.

I forcefully admonished my roommate that he had better clean up the bathroom spotlessly, no matter how long it took. Then, I went into my own room, and there was a scene that was, in some ways, far worse than the vomit.

There on my roommate's bed was a girl who I considered to be quite unattractive and overweight, a girl who had shamelessly made advances towards me at the party on Wednesday night. She was sitting in a slumped position on my roommate's bed with her legs spread widely, (fully clothed, of course,) with a beer in between her legs.

Next to my roommate's bed were their two pairs of shoes, lined up directly next to each other as though it were a romantic gesture between the two of them. Then, to make matters even worse, I looked over to my own bed and realized that all the sheets and covers were stirred up, as though someone had been sleeping in my bed.

It could not have been from me, as I always made my bed every morning.

Suddenly, it all came into place. My roommate had drunk the beer, tried to have sex with the ugly girl in *my bed*, then realized what he was actually doing and barely made it to the bathroom before throwing up! The shocking reality of the betrayal that I experienced really kicked in at that moment, and I could hardly even believe it.

That night, I slept cold in Chris' room, on the naked mattress of the unused top bunk of his bed. All night long, I had dreams that put it all together for me. For four years, my life had just continually spiraled further and further downhill.

My life of fantasy writing had been about the only redeemable thing I could claim for myself during this entire time. The rings under my eyes were so dark that I was frequently asked if I had been in a fight and gotten two black eyes, and my skin was very obviously pale from anemia.

My diet was pure garbage, pizza and fries and burgers and soda, and my back was littered with severe cystic acne. I coughed harshly quite often, and you could hear all the resin that was camping out in my lungs when I did.

I had been through two one-night stands with undesirable women since arriving in college, and the whole debacle that occurred in my own room was a painful reminder that drugs and alcohol had directly caused those experiences.

I awoke the next morning with profound revelations, quite well aware that alcohol and drugs were the cause of my ever-present despair and faulty life choices. But that was not the last of it, not by a long shot. I had to go out with a bang, to forever seal my resolve to never have even the tiniest relapse.

I realized that day that there was a reason why my phone had not rang in more than a week and a half. The phone cord had been smashed under the one of the legs of my barfing roommate's bed when we were first moving the room around to our own configuration.

I went to Telecommunications and got a new replacement cord, bringing it back home. Amazingly, at that exact instant that I plugged in the phone, it started ringing! When I answered it, I realized that it was Randy, the guy who had sold me all of my marijuana for the last year.

Randy was the archetypical Devil personality, completely self-serving. The lead singer of a local rock band, a gifted visionary artist and an attractive person with almost limitless self-confidence.

Over the last year, my interactions with Randy had been very, very intense. He became my sole dealer of marijuana, and he was ruthless. Many, many times he had threatened my physical death if I ever reported him to the police.

He said that even if I left the state after he was busted, when he finally got out he would devote the rest of his life to hunting me down and killing me, and "would never stop hunting me down for the rest of his natural life until the day he stood victoriously over my dying, convulsing body."

A really nice guy, no doubt. I knew that I had nothing to worry about, since I would never rat him out to the cops -- but that didn't make my paranoia any less real.

We always had to assume that the FBI was tapping our phone conversations, and thus he forbade any discussion about what we were doing on the telephone. We had a rather mundane, college-oriented code word for a bag of marijuana, which was to call it a "book."

So, I being my naturally creative self would often call him up and say, "So, Randy, have you read any good literature lately?"

He would then answer something like, "Yeah, I just picked up a new book the other day. You've got to check it out -- I really think it's going to be a best-seller."

Then I would respond, "Well all right, I should stop by so I can take a look at it." And then we would work on the timing of when would be best for me to come over.

Randy was constantly in paranoia and fear, forever worrying about which person would be the one to do him in.

Every person who really got to know him was a victim of his fear-mongering. His relationships with women were equally turbulent, and he accused me of trying to steal his girlfriend more than once. He was constantly in chaos, forever trying to take the edge off of his very real fear by masking his mind with marijuana.

He had a number of clients, and actually showed me all the intricacies of being a dealer, hoping that I would eventually be able to take over his business. I had no intentions of doing that, as to me the risk was outrageous and totally not worth it.

He would buy a large amount and use a precision beam balance to weigh out each individual bag. He figured out a way of doing it that would always leave him with a fairly large amount of excess afterwards, and as a result he had all the pot he ever wanted and made a hell of a lot of money on the markup as well.

He never really seemed to spend any of the money, though, as he was always holding onto it for the next big buy. He had a special way of arranging and folding the bags to make them look bigger, and he would always present you with four or five choices when you wanted to buy. But the rule was that once you chose one, you couldn't change your mind.

So, every time I chose one, he would laugh spitefully, announcing that I had fallen for it and taken the "n--er bag," and that he had fooled me again.

And then, there was the time when a whole quarter-pound of marijuana had ended up disappearing from the secret stash that he had showed me in the basement, behind one of the fiberboard panels.

He accused me of stealing it and absolutely refused to believe anything I tried to say to the contrary. He told me that when he found the person who did do it, he was going to invite them out into the woods to smoke with him and then covertly inject them with Clorox bleach in a syringe when they were not looking.

He milked my feelings of abject terror, describing how he would look into my eyes as my body convulsed and ask me how it felt to be dying.

His sardonic, evil smile and the wicked glint in his eyes showed that he absolutely loved seeing me in terror and pain. He also had a plan for what he would do with the body, and it certainly sounded like he might actually be able to get away with it.

It turned out that a guy across the street had already bought and paid for the bag, but Randy was never around when he looked around for him to get it. The guy was getting really pissed off at his inability to track Randy down, and was hard up for a smoke.

So, since he too knew where the secret location was, (even though Randy swore on his own grave that he never told anyone else but me,) he simply went and got what he had paid for. Instead of actually asking this guy if he had taken it, Randy went into a rage. And I was the first and perhaps only suspect on his list.

I abruptly realized that there was literally not a word that I could say to convince him that I was an honest person and would never think of doing such a thing. He judged me based on himself, and he knew that he was capable of something like that, so he assumed that I also would do it to him.

It was a very isolating, alienating and horrifying feeling, a constant, relentless anxiety that affected all other areas of my life during that time.

I was constantly under the reign of his tyranny, in a bizarre, codependent and abusive relationship. He knew that I was different from anyone else, as I was his only equal in terms of intelligence. But, since I was younger than him, he always demeaned me for that, calling me "Young David."

Plus, he had told me that his father was the same way. He described how the newspaper formed a wall of iron around his father every morning. His father would hold it up during breakfast so that he could never even see his father's face.

And furthermore, when Randy got in big trouble, his father might not say anything whatsoever to him for three or four days. Randy said that the anticipation caused far more damage than the actual yelling that he received at the end, and I knew that he was right.

Now that he was an adult, he was taking out all of his youthful, adolescent angst on me.

Despite his reign of terror in my life, he had something that I felt I needed. I never accepted the truth, which I already knew from the lesson of the Devil card in the Tarot deck.

I was not enslaved to him at all, except for the fact that I made a conscious choice to give him all of my power. Far from being the victim in this situation, I was just as much the perpetrator. By deciding to interact with a person like this, I was showing my allegiance to the drug at that time.

I had to get close to someone who could get me the best values in town, and my loyalty to him was great enough that he referred to me as his "best customer." I simply never went to anyone else but him, so he could count on taking my money every week as a regular salary to support his artist lifestyle.

I could see that karma was at work in his life to balance out his negative actions, as he had sustained a very serious and completely spontaneous accident/injury at one point while he was in the early stages of an LSD experience.

I had walked into the room right after it happened and could hardly believe the incredibly bloody scene that I saw. Despite the fact that blood was all over himself and the floor, he was still the sarcastic demon, making fun of me for my reaction and telling me to get my shit together and call the ambulance.

I was worried that they would come inside and smell the smoke and arrest us, and then we would be hauled off to prison. He simply said that we would meet them outside, and told me "Young David, get a towel, you idiot, and cover this thing up." (I apologize for my lack of specificity about this incident, but I must not divulge enough details to betray his identity.)

He was indeed taken away in the ambulance, and I was not able to follow. I noticed the look on his face through the rear windows as it pulled away. He was obviously fascinated by the inside of the ambulance and the quite bizarre "turn" that his trip had taken.

He revealed to me later on that he had felt no pain whatsoever until after he sobered up the next day. His sarcastic nature was so great that he still managed to intimidate me as he stood there with broken, blood-gushing flesh.

And now I was ready to break free, to spring myself out of the jaws of the lion. My summer job was a terrifying, sobering and shattering experience in the total reality of what could happen to me if I never stopped smoking.

I had awakened to the fact that this temporary pleasure I was seeking from drugs was actually just a way to run away from my life and my responsibility, and that it was the worst possible thing I could be doing to myself at that point in time.

Every time that I smoked, I would get these incredible chest pains around my heart, and I knew that it was time to stop. It was a hell of a challenge, but I was willing to put myself through it regardless of the costs involved.

But now, for the first time, I had done two things that I had sworn I would never do:

Number One, I had taken a bag without paying for it, agreeing to pay Randy back later.

Number Two, it was a bag that a friend of mine had insisted that I get him for himself, and I meekly caved in and agreed to do it. Even though I was "not a dealer," that was exactly what had happened -- I had become the middleman in a drug transaction.

Incredibly, my "friend" said that the 200-dollar price was "too high," and he somehow haggled me down to \$180. If I was smart, I would have never sold it to him, but I gave away all my power and let him pressure me into doing it.

So, I actually had to PAY twenty dollars to sell someone a bag of weed! This was just completely ridiculous, and ever more emblematic of the fact that I had to get the hell out of the whole thing.

Once I got Randy his money, that was it -- no more drugs ever again.

Randy, on the other hand, was moving out of town and was convinced that he was going to transform me into the successor to his own role. Now he wanted to be the one to ride the bus to New York City and deal with the guys armed with machine guns in the warehouses, guarding over the eighteen-wheeler truck bodies filled with garbage bags full of pot.

Currently, someone else was doing this, and he wanted to move up in the supply chain. I had only met the "runner" once, and it was a strange person to be sure, probably involved in heroin from the looks of it.

The whole thing was very frightening to me, and I had no desire in asking him about it or hearing about it. I just wanted his "friendship" (which at times was extremely invigorating) and a good value.

Now, I had been growing increasingly worried, since I had not heard from Randy in two weeks. I was keeping the money in my wallet in cash, and as time progressed, I needed to buy textbooks and things.

When I dipped into the \$200 dollars to buy something vital like the next classroom text, I would sometimes find that the ATM machine on campus could not be accessed afterwards, when I needed it. Thus, I was often going around without the full amount of money, and I was very concerned that I have the whole amount when I actually met up with Randy.

I had nightmare after nightmare about the ATM machine not working and the crack in my card -- which really did exist. I actually saved every ATM receipt from that period of time and eventually put them in an old Norelco shaving case after I quit, labeling it the "Treasure Chest of Materialistic Doom" on the outside. It came out to almost \$2000 dollars in two semesters of college.

Randy was upset when I answered the phone. He wanted to know why I never answered my calls, as he had been calling every day for almost two weeks! I explained what had just happened, and noticed the interesting synchronicity of the fact that his call came in at the exact second that I fixed the phone.

Randy said that he would be right over, and in ten minutes he was there. Once he arrived, he essentially demanded that I smoke some of my own stuff with him, since he was "dry" at the time, in between orders. I had also allowed *myself* to go dry, since I was planning on quitting altogether.

There was just no way that I was going to become a dealer, and now I didn't have any desire to be a user either. In fact, the only thing that I had left was a "blunt roach:" the tiny, leftover end of a "blunt", which was a joint that was rolled not in rolling papers, but in the outer coating of a cigar.

The roach would be filled with cigar resin, and would not be enjoyable to smoke, but that was all that I had. So, even though I had already decided to quit, I ended up smoking anyway, due to peer pressure.

While we smoked, I played Randy the music that I had created with Jude that summer. The music had obvious references to my need to quit throughout the entire album. Randy was quite predictably stinging and bitter in his criticism of my thoughts of getting clean.

He insisted that I did not have a problem and that I would smoke for the rest of my life; it was pointless for me to try to deny myself something that had become so fundamentally "normal" to my daily routine.

I didn't speak very much about it, as I did not want to get into an argument. A short time later, Randy left, and just as he exited the door, I heard the distinctive sounds of a policeman's walkie-talkie, directly in the

suite itself! OH, - MY, - GOD! This was it. This was the end. This was really, really, really bad news. We were done, finished, Kaput, over and out.

With the aid of the cigar and nicotine-laden smoke, my heartbeat kicked into overdrive, and I suddenly lapsed into a tremendous, unbelievable, relentless paranoia. I now knew that the police must have apprehended Randy as soon as he had left the room.

I suddenly felt that my phone must have been tapped, and they knew that Randy and I were about to exchange money. Plus, the strong odor must have been seeping out from under the door of my room, making their case even more certain against me.

I quickly tried to burn incense in the room to cover up the smell, and then in my tremendous panic the phone was ringing yet again. I picked it up, and I heard the voice of Randy, totally nervous, slow, deep in tone and very strung-out sounding.

"Dave?"

"Yeah."

"Could you uh... could you... come down and let me in?"

Randy's voice was so flat, so dead, that I knew in that instant exactly what had happened. I seemed to remember the fact that the police couldn't directly enter anyone's room - you had to leave your room or invite them in first.

Randy had been apprehended by the police and had betrayed me, and was now calling me up to goose me out of my room so that I could also be apprehended at the same time.

I could hardly believe that when I was this close to finally quitting, my friend had betrayed me and I was busted. It was the most profoundly bad luck I had ever experienced in my entire life. [1:44 p.m. 4/7/99.]

I had to muster up a response. I was on the edge of the cliff and about to jump into the abyss. My life was over. I was dead, done for, over and out. I knew that there was really nothing that I could do to stop it at this point. The ball was now in motion, and I was busted. With a note of finality, I said,

"Okay... okay, man, I'll do it. I'll do it." I hung up the phone.

After a frantic, pacing contemplation of my demise for the better part of four minutes, I finally mustered up the strength to open the door and face the police. I didn't see any police, but I did see two men wearing red Maintenance shirts in my bathroom.

They were ripping up the bathroom as if they were looking for something. Plumbing parts and tools were spread out all over the bathroom countertop. I realized that the authorities were looking in the public parts of my suite first, trying to see if I had stashed any quantity of marijuana in the bathroom.

My next-door neighbor had already grown accustomed to hiding a tin of chewing tobacco in the air vents so his girlfriend wouldn't catch him doing it, and I was well aware of the old hippie tradition of keeping marijuana in the shower curtain rod.

The men gave me the dirtiest of dirty looks, and that only made me even more certain that my goose was cooked.

I descended the staircase, as I lived all the way up on the fourth floor of the building. Each time my foot hit the next step going down, I thought of another, new way that my life had now been completely destroyed by my habit.

I figured that I would end up being implicated as a co-conspirator and getting all the same charges that Randy would get, even though I was not involved in selling like Randy was.

That most likely meant that I would end up with a felony, and would have to spend a minimum of four years in prison, possibly less with parole for good behavior. (I had written a whole essay on marijuana laws in my senior year of high school.)

As I continued down the staircase, I realized that all of my dreams, my ambitions to get an education and most importantly my spiritual mission on the planet, were all about to be shattered.

This was no Commander, no hero -- this was a deadbeat drug head about to do some serious time. I figured that because of my youth and thinness that I would be beaten and raped in prison, and I also felt that my family, especially my grandparents, would probably disown me out of sheer disgust.

I would end up in a factory job exactly like the one I had just left: a broken, hardened, useless man unable to beat my "bad rap" and reintegrate fully into society.

I fully expected to see two police officers standing side by side with Randy when I got to the ground-floor door of Crispell Hall. My paranoia had surged to its most incredible level of my entire life, as I was now essentially delivering myself directly into the jaws of the lion.

I had considered trying to run away to avoid capture, but that would only make it worse when they did catch me. There was nothing left for me to do except to accept my fate. I had smoked one too many times, and now it was all over.

I still went through my favorite little habit of reaching up and pinging the fire bell with my middle finger as I passed the alarm - my last act as a free man.

I was quite surprised to see Randy standing there by himself. Quite angrily, still feeling the shock of betrayal, I approached Randy and said,

"All right, where are they." I was not a happy camper.

"Where's who?" Randy responded, appearing startled and puzzled.

I responded flatly, with grave seriousness. "Don't f--- with me man, you know exactly what I'm talking about. The cops. Where are the f---ing cops."

Suddenly, Randy realized what was going on, smiled venomously and sarcastically hissed:

"There's no cops, Young David, I'm just calling you down here to ask you why there are two guys with walkie-talkies ripping apart your bathroom!"

"Wait a minute. You mean to tell me that we're not busted, that there are no cops?"

"No, of course there are no cops!"

"Oh, my God, thank God, thank God!"

I was overcome with joy. I wasn't busted! My life wasn't over! I could save my life, save my education, save my reputation and ultimately save my spiritual mission on the planet. I joyously embraced Randy, overwhelmed with feelings of total relief.

That was all the prompting I needed to finally set the ball in motion and quit smoking once and for all. Everything had been building and building up to this dramatic point of climax, and now I knew that I could get on with my life and make healthier choices.

I went back upstairs and realized why the men were there. The cleaning ladies had realized that my Greek suitemates had removed the water saver from our showerhead, so that it would become much more powerful and also much less efficient.

The men were simply putting the water saver back into the showerhead to fix the problem; that was it. The rest was nothing more than the convoluted creations of our stoned and paranoid minds.

Only a few hours later, I went up to my Resident Assistant named Scott, and told him that I was ready to go to one of those AA meetings that I had already been discussing with him before. Scott had let me in on his secret, which was that he had also just quit alcohol and marijuana and was now getting help.

I ended up going to my first meeting that same night, and it was quite an extraordinary experience. I was immediately taken with the incredible kinship and friendship that was being shared in that room.

Two people were the featured speakers that night -- a black man who had been sober for 17 years, and a younger college guy who I recognized, who had been sober for 5. Their stories were much worse than what had happened to me in my own experiences.

These men had lied, cheated, stolen and practically died on a number of occasions to support their habits. For example, the older man had nearly destroyed his wife and children for alcohol, disappearing for more than a week at a time and starving them for the habit.

I was immediately treated as part of the family, and several people spoke to me afterwards.

I agreed to keep coming back, and I never relapsed even once afterwards. I also went to an NA meeting, and could hardly believe it when all these intimidating middle-aged men greeted me so warmly as I approached the door.

At that point, I was a withering, quivering shell of a human being, grasping onto my sobriety as my last chance for salvation.

Nothing else mattered to me but staying clean, and if need be I would take it one hour at a time, even one minute at a time to keep myself from calling Randy and going to get high. I knew that I had to be strong.

The power and presence of the people in those rooms was incredible. I told my stories in great detail and everyone understood. I could see myself over and over again when they shared their own stories. There was a feeling of a powerful bond of togetherness that we all shared - we were partners in our suffering.

One thing did surprise me, though, and that was the difficulty that many of the group members had with the concept of a Higher Power or God. To me, that was a given, and I was quite surprised that so many of the others couldn't see it.

On one night in particular, the entire flow of conversation turned into a theological debate, where I was trying to prove scientifically that God really did exist.

I was able to do a fairly good job of it, and hardened middle-aged men were coming up to me afterwards and saying, "You know David, you must be right. This is what they really mean by Higher Power, not just the individual strength of the people in the rooms."

That felt pretty good to hear -- they were getting the message. Many of them had been going to meetings for years, and yet they still acted as if they could relapse at any possible moment. That was scary.

I was aware that the spiritual forces surrounding my quitting must have been truly profound. The synchronicity of how all the events fit together was far too remarkable to believe.

I discovered that my roommate had actually not slept with the ugly girl at all; for some reason, my pizza-eating next-door neighbor had decided to mess up my bed as a drunken prank, nothing more.

In a terrific "domino effect," everything had assembled itself to show me all of my lessons in one lump sum, making me realize that it was vitally important that I quit. Perhaps for the first time in my life, I became aware that there simply had to be an outside spiritual force directing the whole course of events in my life.

I had just defended the point in my most recent AA meeting, and I had basically won the argument. And now I knew that "they" definitely wanted me to stop smoking, and clearly showed me what might have happened to me if I had never stopped.

I could hardly imagine the vastness of resources necessary to produce all the simultaneous events in my life of the last week, with my tremendous up and down experience with Jenny, the drinking party, being unprepared for Science Fiction class and everything else.

And so, in less than ten days after my final moment of quitting, I felt a remarkable spiritual presence and peace surrounding me. It was time to take my favorite fiction themes and start writing them as if they were true reality.

I wanted to make it clear, clean, scientific and understandable. Now was the time to prove that God really did exist, and that higher spiritual forces were directly responsible for why I quit.

The synchronicities I had just seen in the last week were just far too outstanding to be pure chance. Everything had arranged so perfectly that I knew there were unseen helpers who were guiding me through the entire process.

And so, I sat down at the computer and spontaneously wrote a 20-page document that described the Earth as a gigantic spiritual Experiment, that was being supervised and managed by a benevolent group of Experimenters.

I cited evidence that I remembered reading three years earlier in high school, concerning the fact that the DNA molecule could not have arisen through Darwinian random selection; it had to have been placed on Earth or be "intelligently designed" to exist at all.

One of the original discoverers of the molecule had made this statement; it was mathematically impossible for an object as complex as the DNA molecule to evolve randomly in the length of time that Earth's existence gave for it to occur. Therefore, "someone" placed modern humanity, and all other life, deliberately on the Earth.

My main reason for believing that the Earth was an Experiment was due to the presence of karma. I could see that the situations in life arranged themselves in order to teach valuable lessons. After all, I had just overthrown an incredible habit, and I was well aware that it had a profound meaning to me in my life.

But exactly who were these Experimenters? This same "someone" who first placed the DNA molecule on Earth could very well be the overseer of these lessons.

In this amazing essay, I indicated that full spiritual enlightenment within each entity, a desire to be of service to others and the willingness to attain it, was the goal that the Experimenters wanted each participant to reach.

I also cited drug and alcohol addictions as deliberate challenges that were placed before each person. (Actually, this applies to all sorts of addictions, whether it is food, sex, money, television, bad driving, self-pity, being a victim, worrying, indulging in fear or anxiety.)

These addictions would create the feeling that the familiar sense of "home" or real enlightenment had been discovered, while robbing the participant of the true experience itself. What was left was the rage at self for the backward nature of the addictions.

I wrote that the only real Home was the spirit world, but we were very adept at coming up with materialistic "solutions." We felt that we had to try to come up with a means of instant gratification to get us back there as soon as possible.

We stumbled blindly in the dark, never truly realizing that we needed to find Grace or Home or Light within ourselves first before it would actually descend on us.

There was no pill you could take or "Soul Mate" you could find who could short-circuit this path of truly diligent, inner self-work. Until we realized that, we were on a treadmill of our own lies and self-deception, bound to endlessly repeat the same lessons over and over again.

Since the Earth was an experiment, there had to be a time when the Experiment would draw to a close. Everything about our present world, including the prophecies I was familiar with, implied that this is what was happening.

I then went even further to suggest the idea that the "Upgrade" could be the product of this Experiment, that there was a completion point that determined how far along each entity had been able to progress.

I wrote that Earth Changes and apocalyptic scenarios were one facet of this conclusion point, whereas the Upgrade and full contact with the behind-the-scenes Experimenters was the other portion.

Drug and alcohol abuse would not help in the process of Ascension / upgrade, except to quicken the method by which the entities' materialistic lives could collapse, causing them to increase their thirst for the Divine.

This essay was quite spontaneous, and formed almost entirely from my imagination and philosophical musings. The article was certainly interesting and helped vent some of the ideas that were stirring in my head, but it still wasn't enough, it didn't change anything.

I could feel that I had something very important to do in all of this, but I didn't quite know what it was. The mystery of my life was by no means simple to understand. I had just been through a tremendous phase of my development, self-medicating my way through the typical angst of adolescence.

My Lifetime Fitness class forced me to go out jogging every other morning, and I was last in line, coughing up tough yellow "phlegm-gobbers" of marijuana resin from the depths of my weakened, rattling lungs. I secretly told my professor what I was going through, and she understood and applauded my efforts.

While in gym class, I started to "hook up" with a Hungarian girl named Veronica, and my vicious circle with women played itself out again. She was delighted to hear that I was a writer and a musician, and was very proud of me for kicking my habit. We started to hang out together and the romantic energy was incredible.

She was a runner and had a great figure, very tall and sturdy, with incredibly formed legs, hips and breasts. She was moderately gorgeous, with penetrating blue eyes, high cheekbones, an aquiline nose and a delightful background shade of perfume, but her breath was always a little bit funny.

I could tell that she was older than me, as she had smile lines at the edges of her face below her eyes. She told me that I had the "most gorgeous eyes she had ever seen on a man." Then, one day she decided to tell me that she did have a 56-year old husband, (she was only 26,) but that I was the one she really wanted!

Veronica and I ended up going out for Chinese one night, and the restaurant suddenly filled up with two busloads of mentally ill clients from the local rehabilitation center. Our "romantic" evening was dashed on the rocks as the smoking, drooling, incapacitated men stared at her in slack-jawed amazement.

We went back to my place and actually kissed on my bed somewhat, but there was great sorrow. Both of us knew that we shouldn't be doing this, and that it couldn't work. She was married, and I just couldn't do it.

I mentally cursed my bad luck for finding a person with so many strings attached and walked her down to her car. We never really hung out very much after that, and my occasional friend Jenny said that she was just a "bitch who was trying to use me for extramarital sex but felt guilty at the last minute."

I decided to begin religiously documenting my dreams in order to find more clues to navigate the convoluted path of my own imminent awakening and drug rehabilitation. For myself, this proved to be of far greater personal, psychological and spiritual benefit than any twelve-step support group could ever be.

[Other people might have different results, and I am not at all implying that this is the "right" way to go for everyone.]

After the initially recommended 90 meetings in 90 days, I "graduated" myself from Alcoholics Anonymous, since I never had an alcohol problem to begin with. I had actually started to make up stories about drinking just to fit in with the group, and that was when I knew that I needed to get out.

The NA groups were no better, as men would sit and push forcefully on their "track marks" while women would talk about how they still got the urge to look for "works" every time they were in the doctor's office.

And so, the dreams took up the helm of the ship, plotting its new direction each morning. I have recorded them almost every single morning since the day I quit in 1992 - September 14th.

The utter negativity of the Veronica situation was clearly revealed to me in one of those early dreams. I was back in the large gym room of my old elementary school, and she was there as well.

She grabbed a big knife and started swinging at me with it, with the intent of killing me or at least wounding me significantly. All I could do to try to stop her was to grab a gym shirt and try to catch the knife in the shirt.

I awoke that morning in fright, and immediately knew what the dream was telling me as I wrote it down. I broke off almost all contact with Veronica very soon afterwards, as I knew that this was accurate and reliable guidance.

Many of my dreams again involved extraterrestrial spacecraft that were almost identical to the dreams of my youth.

The next dream actually was not a dream at all, but rather a conscious out of body experience. The experience came about through my continued work with Dr. Stephen La Berge's techniques for inducing the state of lucid dreaming.

I drifted off to sleep, reviewing my most recent dream in great detail, visualizing a new, fascinating conclusion of my becoming lucid at the end of it and chanting the sentence, "Next time I'm dreaming, I want to remember to recognize that I am dreaming."

All of a sudden, I found myself in a totally different place, still chanting the sentence! I was wide awake and dreaming at the same time, and I now had complete control of my environment!

I suddenly realized that I had ended up in a very strange place indeed. It now appears to have been the observation deck of an Arcturian space station, a vivid, conscious memory of where I had just been before reincarnating on Earth.

In the astral form, I was now directly reliving my immediate past-life as the entity that now calls itself Grandfather.

Chapter 06: Extraterrestrials are Real, and I Might Be One of Them

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ARCTURIAN DREAM REVISITED

I found myself standing and looking out of a gigantic trapezoidal window in what appeared to be a floating space station of some sort. The bottom of the window was wider than the top by about two or three extra feet. T

he area behind me was quite large, and I knew that there were a large number of people there, with a table in the middle of the room and another, larger window on the opposite wall. All the walls were composed of a soft, tan colored material.

It appeared that two or more people were standing with me, but I could hardly think about that at all. The sights out of the window were just far too fantastic to believe.

The color of sky out of the window was a very pale blue, smeared with a gauzy veil of white clouds. I could also see what appeared to be the outside of the ship I was traveling on off to the far right.

As I continued to watch in the window, several craft flew by. Their structure was just about the most awesome thing I had ever seen. They traveled in three equal-sized cube-like pieces that rotated at their centers in a vertical plane.

The three parts would travel at exactly the same speed, keeping the same close distance from each other.

The vertical rotation of each piece would bring the three of them into a full, simultaneous conjunction at a slow and deliberate speed.

They literally would assemble into one seamless craft as they joined together in flight, like a giant three-piece jigsaw puzzle! In order to accomplish this, the front and rear pieces rotated counter-clockwise, while the inner piece rotated clockwise. The edges where they joined together were very straight.

The shape of the assembled craft was similar to that of a silver-colored van with no wheels, slightly more cylindrical and rounded off, with the same edges on the top and bottom. But it did have a visible interior through a windshield, like you would have seen on a regular van. It was highly bizarre.

I saw the first craft snap together in this fashion and could hardly believe my own eyes as it traveled from right to left.

Then, just as spontaneously, another craft appeared traveling left to right, and assembled itself together in exactly the same fashion and at exactly the same speed.

A moment later, another craft came from the right, crisscrossing the flight path of the one from the left. Each craft rotated at exactly the same rate, and once they assembled into one piece, they would whizz off at a much faster speed.

As I continued to watch, different ships emerged, ships that did not rotate at their centers and dwarfed the size of the original "vans." Each ship seemed to be more fantastic in design and beauty than the one before it.

I could hardly believe my own eyes, and was overcome with emotions that could only be described as almost religious ecstasy. The ships finally became so colossal in size that they completely dwarfed the entire view of the sky through the window; up until then, no ship even came close to doing this.

The massiveness of this sight was so incredible that I felt myself slipping away; I could not maintain my OBE state any longer, and thundered back into my physical body.

I awoke sorely wanting to return there yet again, wherever "there" was. It couldn't really be anything but my imagination, I thought to myself. But what a hell of a good imagination I had!

That winter, my high school friend Jude and I were able to expand our collective music-making endeavors considerably, by gaining access to high-quality keyboards and studio equipment that had been bought by a local friend's mother after she received an inheritance.

We had already done some very interesting music in the past, but now we had the ability to create dazzling, hypnotic soundscapes with the same type of equipment used by the pros for making movie soundtracks.

One of the sounds in the keyboard -- a Korg O1/W -- was called "Alien Landing," and it certainly produced sounds that lived up to its name. And so, there we were. The room was pitch black, incense was burning, it was late at night and we were both in a deep trance state.

The lyrics emerged spontaneously, Jude improvising the voice of the "extraterrestrial," with I as myself. A condensed version of the lyrics is as follows.

"David."

"Look! Up in the sky... Oh my... Oh my God!"

"David."

"What the hell is that thing?"

"DAY - VAAD!"

"WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING!"

"DAY - VAAD!"

[Using comical voices, I humorously improvised the sounds of other people witnessing the event:]

[Male voice:] It's nothing like I've ever seen before.

[Female voice:] Yeah, me neither!

"David. David. David."

"DAY - VAAD!..."

"David."

"But I don't understand."

"Soon you will."

[Acting as one of the extraterrestrials, I sang a few lines in a haunting, dissonant, high - pitched voice.]

"Soon you will understand... You will understaaand..."

[Jude then returns as the ceaselessly questioning extraterrestrial voice:]

"David... David... David..."

[Nervously:] "I can hear you."

"David... David... David..."

[Extremely Nervous:] "I can hear you!"

[All-out screaming:] "DAY - VAAD!"

"Stop! Stay away!"

"DAY - VAAAD!"

[The sound effects / music suddenly becomes much calmer, less screeching and insistent, and the whole mood changes. My voice takes on a very confident, deliberate, deep tone.]

"You have a message for me?"

"We are your masters... masters... masters... masters..."

[And then, quite spontaneously, I say:]

"Masters of the forgotten planet Hain, from the Andromeda Galaxy... Coming out of space to Earth... To see us... to understand... rectify... And to judge."

Afterwards, both of us thought that the "song" was quite strange. Once again, the theme I used seemed to emerge from the idea of the Earth as an Experiment.

I borrowed the idea of the "master planet" Hain from a book by James Tiptree, Jr. that I had read in my science fiction class, called *Brightness Falls From the Air*.

The return of the Experimenters, or the "Masters," was the finalization of the Experiment. They had come here to observe those on Earth as we exist now, to understand our situations and dilemmas, to change and rectify those situations, and to then judge what the course of evolution should be thereafter.

Far from implying that the Experimenters were being judgmental, I was essentially saying that they would make the final decisions as to the future course of human evolution.

Even more interesting, I had now subconsciously linked the modern UFO phenomenon directly to these Experimenters, or "Masters." This all emerged with complete spontaneity, bearing all the hallmarks of "channeled" information, as I would later realize.

At the time, the living experience of being in that room with the alien sounds booming off the attic walls all around me had put me into a profoundly altered state.

As is the case with any great improvisational music, neither one of us knew what it was going to be when we started it.

I remembered feeling genuinely scared and puzzled as to what to do while Jude adopted the demanding voice of the "extraterrestrial."

And the "answer" seemed to imply that these forces were somehow the masterminds of my whole plan of personal spiritual evolution, the ones giving me the dreams and the now-constant visions of "11:11," "2:22," "3:33" and other repeated numbers on the clocks.

But no, I thought. That is simply not possible. There are no extraterrestrials, no Experimenters, no Masters, no UFO's. Even if they were real, there was no way to prove it, and I had never seen any myself.

There was no point in getting caught up in these idle fantasies. All these things were very interesting, but they didn't make any sense and weren't practical. The ESP I had discovered as a boy was one thing, but this massive outside presence was something totally different.

BREAKTHROUGH

One typical afternoon in March, six months after I quit my addiction, my whole life was about to change. By this point, my recovery was in full swing, and to my own delight, my short-term memory had returned.

I was no longer leaving my wallet and keys in the room and locking myself out, no longer walking into classes and not even realizing that I had a test. I was fully academic, more motivated and happy to be alive.

A friend of mine, whom we shall also call Ray, drove down to visit me at college. It was an unannounced visit, and Ray was lucky to have caught me while I was home. Ray had a very intense look in his eyes, and I asked him what was going on.

"Are you sitting down?" Ray asked.

"Do I look like I'm sitting down, Ray?"

"You'd better sit down."

"What? What the hell is going on?"

"Sit down!" Ray answered.

I obediently did just that, absentmindedly plopping back into my chair while staring at Ray with a puzzled expression on my face.

"I had to come down here in person because we couldn't talk on the phone," Ray said.

"Couldn't talk about what?" I frowned.

"Well, there's no easy way to say it, so I guess I'll just have to start somewhere. Before I drove here, I had a two-hour conversation with my physics professor, who used to work for NASA through until the mid-70's."

"You come all this way and make me sit down to give me a physics lecture?"

"Not exactly. I'm really not sure how to break it to you."

"Break what?"

I was suddenly breathing fast, my heart pounding against my ribcage like an angry fist. Something about Ray's eyes told me that my wildest suspicions were true; I DID know what Ray was about to tell me. ("We are your masters...")

Ray's eyes were intense, mesmerized and yet distant as he began speaking, as though from a deep haze. He looked me straight in the eye the entire time with an unflinching gaze.

"Aliens are real, Dave. They crashed their ships and the government got the technology. We most likely have working prototypes of their craft right now, as well as a bunch of technologies that we got from them, including fiber optics, lasers, computer chips and Teflon."

Something about Ray's immediate delivery so soon after his arrival convinced me that this was no lie. The Experimenters / Masters / Paladorians were real.

Like a trap door, the floor dropped out from under me, and I was very glad I was now in the chair.

I felt all the blood leaving my head, my skin turning pale; it was as though my heart had stopped beating.

Cold sweat broke out on my forehead and cheeks. I made one last stab at holding onto my sanity.

"Look me in the eye and tell me that you are bullshitting me."

"This is no bullshit, man. This is the real thing. The professor says this was common knowledge in the higher echelons of NASA back then."

"Jesus Good God Christ," I replied. My mouth was as dry as sandpaper, and I reminded myself to close it.

The most striking aspect of Ray's information was his account of the ships' method of propulsion. Apparently, the professor had said that the ships would shoot out a pulse of radiation traveling at three-quarters the speed of light, and then another pulse going the full speed of light a trillionth of a second later.

The two pulses were aimed so that they would perfectly crash into each other. Since radiation can create resistance to itself, the faster pulse would repel and bounce off of the slower pulse like a billiard ball.

This would cause the light-speed radiation pulse to come slamming back into the side of the perfectly disc-shaped ship and drive it forward in any given direction.

This action created a sort of "virtual laser beam" outside of the ship, with trillions of these collisions of radiation pulses per second. Through this method, the ship could approach light speed very, very quickly, and also navigate with great accuracy.

Ray went on from there to describe even more information in such detail that there was no possibility of this being anything but the truth.

My head threatened to explode as the realities of antigravity propulsion, light speed and hyperdimensional travel were all explained to me in careful scientific language. I also learned that "within twenty years, the technology that will emerge into the public arena will be beyond anyone's wildest dreams."

[Note: Information that was similar in many ways to this was disclosed to the public a few years later, in Col. Phillip Corso's book, "The Day After Roswell." I had heard the story in even greater detail long before the book came out in print, and have dated journal writings to prove it.]

That was in 1993. And indeed, over the next few years many major steps would be taken in this stupendous high-tech direction. The clunky IBM compatibles would soon metamorphose into the Internet-capable monsters that are now taking the world by storm, in some cases becoming more powerful than the old refrigerator-sized "supercomputers" of just ten years earlier.

In the flicker of an eye, the industry unfurled up to 99 percent accurate speech recognition software, amazingly realistic three-dimensional games and millions and millions of transistors etched onto a single chip for speeds thought unheard of in the old days of 18 to 33 megahertz processors.

The implications of all this were quite shattering to me, because it was now quite clear that everything about our modern computer age, and our technology in general, would simply never have gone anywhere near as far as it did without the outside support of extraterrestrial intelligence.

Computers were reverse-engineered alien technology! In short, the Masters were generous in their gifts to the Experiment of modern humanity, insuring that we would have all the tools in place to come to our own development in time for the prophesied changes that were still ahead.

More and more, I began to realize, consciously and subconsciously, exactly how accurate my 1992 "Earth Experiment" article really had been. Nothing could have prepared me for that reality except for the singular fact that I knew that it was The Truth.

Now I was becoming just like the "Crazy Harry" character in my first story, feeling like I was walking between two worlds at once.

I spent the better part of two weeks after Ray's disclosure unable to think, sleep, work or do any activity without constantly reprogramming my entire mind to accommodate this new information. What it created was a burning passion within me to find out as much about the UFO phenomenon as possible.

When this "trigger event" first happened, I truly had no idea at the time how far all of this was really going to go, or the incredible life that I would eventually lead as "The Next Edgar Cayce."

CONFIRMATION

I was so overwhelmed with the new information that I literally devoted almost every spare moment of my free time to buying and reading every book I could find on the subject of extraterrestrials - the Experimenters.

It was an intense, relentless pursuit for knowledge that I seemed to have no control over. It continued unabated after my graduation from college, as the harsh reality of the "real world" and the need to have a "real job" finally hit home.

We will fill in the details surrounding this transition a bit later. For now, we fast-forward to a year after my college graduation, where my interest had become physical enough that I booked a hotel room and drove to Connecticut to attend a massive seminar on the UFO phenomenon.

There I was. "Triggered" by Ray's disclosure in 1993, and with now over three years and 200 UFO / metaphysics books under my belt, I finally met a man at the UFO conference who identified himself as a defense contractor for the United States Government.

The man was probably in his early '60's, wearing a light brown suit with a white shirt and red and gray striped tie. He had the stereotypical horn-rimmed librarian glasses that dangled precipitously at the edge of his nose, with a band that went around the back of his neck to insure they wouldn't be lost.

His roundish face and white hair reminded me of a pleasant sociology professor that I had studied with in college and had become good friends with.

For some reason, I was not put off or frightened of the man at all. Both of us were sitting out on a lecture that was obviously ridiculous, as the speaker paraded a circus of illustrations of different "races" of extraterrestrials.

Many of the drawings were so ridiculous and uncorroborated in other literature that there was no point in staying there to listen. It was just some fluff for the public to space out the really incredible speakers.

Others were sitting around the break room as well, sipping coffee and talking in hushed voices. There were a few others at the table that the man and I were sitting at, and they did not appear to be involved in the discussion at all.

I had just gotten to the best part of Ray's story, where he talks about the various technologies that were derived from the crashed vehicles. For no apparent reason, the man suddenly burst out laughing, slightly moving up and down as he chortled away.

Naively, I had no idea who I was really speaking to, or how much the man really knew, up until this moment.

"Stop it, just stop right there," the man interrupted, shaking his head.

"What's so funny?" I asked the man.

"Let me guess. Lasers, infrared vision, fiber optics and computer chips, right?"

I was almost too dumbfounded to speak. I managed to pick my jaw up off the table and uttered a weak response:

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, I'll be god-damned," the man said. "Your NASA guy sure gave your buddy some damn good information."

I could hardly believe my eyes as I stared at the man. "How do you know that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I do defense contracting for a variety of companies, including ____ and _____," the man said.

"Oh, yeah, yeah, I know about _____," I responded. "That's not a real company at all. It's a dummy company that is run by the Government, and you pay yourselves to do your own work." I knew them all too well from my extensive UFO research, especially the books of Timothy Good.

"As a matter of fact, _____ is another company that does the same thing," I said.

"Yep, yep, that's one too," the man said. "How did you know that?"

"Well, sir, I read a lot of books. I would think that a lot of people here know about it."

"Not really," the man said. "No one else batted an eye when I said those names."

"Oh," I responded, pausing to think for a moment. "Well, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, just looking around, seeing if anyone here really knows anything," the man responded.

A smile illuminated his jolly, college-professor face with the shock of wavy gray hair on the top. "Now what was your name again?" the man said, leaning in and studying my nametag through the thin glasses on the end of his nose.

"Uh, David Wilcock," I said, shifting uncomfortably in my seat like a child, at age 23.

"Well, I'll tell you what, David," he said, laughing. *"There's a hell of a lot more to know than what your NASA guy told you. That's just the tip of the iceberg. I'm sure you'd be very interested in what is really going on."* The man studied me as though he were considering taking on a new apprentice.

My heart soared. This was it! My big chance! "Like what? There's more?"

"Well, I can't talk about it here," he said, quickly looking around the room. "Maybe we'll have lunch a little later and I'll tell you."

[*"Better act fast,"* Grandfather said to Lucia. She began telepathically influencing the closest person in sight to interrupt our conversation in whatever means possible.

I had inadvertently walked into a situation of extreme danger, and the trap was being beautifully arranged. I would learn what that trap was a few hours later.]

Immediately after this, a rather unintelligent man at the table who had been overhearing a little of the conversation started talking. He was a fireman, and he had gone through a UFO sighting that was fantastic by anyone's account.

I just wished the guy would shut up, so I could keep on asking the contractor more questions. But the fireman kept on talking and talking, and then his brother sat down and picked up the story when the fireman left!

I felt annoyed at how it seemed that some mysterious force had abruptly caused this interference and halted my conversation with the man. I could tell that the contractor was about to leave, but I didn't feel right in just telling the fireman to shut up.

"I'll be down in the café if you need me," the professor said, smiling quietly.

"Okay," I mumbled helplessly, as I watched the man leave while the fireman's brother continued to talk ad nauseum about his stinkin' UFO sighting.

This guy had very quickly bored the contractor to tears. I tried not to show how angry I was on my face.

Slightly later on, another man who had been sitting at the table started to talk to me. "Greg C." was younger, early to mid-40's, Italian, and just a little bit heavy, wearing a green polo shirt and light tan pants.

I noticed that he had been sitting there at the table for a long time, but hadn't said a word. He suddenly began to speak, which surprised me. This too was carefully arranged through telepathic influence by my spiritual forces.

"Did that guy say that he wanted to meet with you in private?" the man said.

Now I was even more confused. "Uh, yeah, he did."

"Just as I thought," he responded.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, slightly annoyed.

"Oh, there's always a few of those guys at these things," he said. "They look around and see who's doing all the talking. They are looking for guys like you."

I gulped. "Well, he's already got my name," I said. "What does he want?"

"Well, let me tell you. I am part of the Pine Bush UFO group," he said.

"Wow, I know about Pine Bush! That a big UFO hotspot that's right near where I live in New York!" I answered.

"Well good, maybe you can come to one of our meetings. Anyway, we always see a few of these guys at a UFO conference. Usually they are looking for young artists or musicians who have a very deep interest in metaphysics and UFO's."

"Why artists and musicians?" I asked. "I have studied jazz and play the drums, but he never even asked me about that."

"Oh, really? Very interesting! Anyway, *what they do is offer you a lot of money and an opportunity to participate in some psychic experiments,*" he said.

"You have to get a background check and sign a form that promises you won't tell anyone about it. Then they take you somewhere and do some experiments with you."

"We've heard many stories of people like this coming forward later on, after they were spontaneously kicked out of the projects. The researchers have found that artists and musicians tend to be naturally psychic, and it is these people who work the best in the experiments."

"What type of experiments?" I asked.

"Well, from what we can tell, they try to get you to obtain information through processes like remote viewing, or possibly even telepathic contact with extraterrestrials," he said.

"As long as you go along with it, everything's fine. But if you disagree with any of the questions or procedures, you suddenly get thrown out of the program."

"They swear you to secrecy and afterwards your phone is tapped, people follow you around, et cetera. They warn you not to talk about what you were involved with. And if you keep talking, well..."

"Like the Men in Black," I said, with a half-serious, half-sarcastic smile. I didn't quite buy what he was telling me.

"You got it."

"So you mean to tell me that all this might have just happened to me if I went and met with that guy?"

"Well, I would have offered it to you, but you could have refused," he said. "He might have given you some information as well, but it wouldn't necessarily be the truth."

"He might tell you that it would be in the interest of national defense, that we are worried about getting attacked or something like that. When he convinces you that you can help them, he's got you."

"Jesus Christ," I said, shaking my head and trying unsuccessfully to laugh. "If what you're saying is really true, then this is some heavy shit."

He laughed. "Come on now, David, you knew this stuff was going on! You must have read about it hundreds of times, for how many books you have studied."

"Yeah, I have, but he was a *nice guy,*" I answered.

"Looks can be deceiving," Greg answered.

"I guess so."

THE BIRTH OF THE "WANDERER"

About one month after attending the conference, in November of 1996, I succeeded in doing exactly what the defense contractor would have apparently wanted me to do; opening up telepathic contact with extraterrestrial beings.

I achieved my burning wish of communicating directly with the Experimenters, those who were the Masters of my own life -- the coordinators and planners, my own self in higher realms. It was exactly what had been secretly prophesied in my works of fiction, only now it was reality.

I was to become one of only a handful of people on this planet who could genuinely call themselves Celestial Ambassadors, speaking on behalf of the higher forces involved in our own evolution.

The words would come to me almost effortlessly as I listened to my own thoughts when awakening in the morning. The entire event would be another tremendous milestone, changing the way I would think and feel about my life forever.

But before we go into the actual event itself, we need to explore several other crucial areas to fill in the full amount of background detail. You see, by the time that I started this contact, I had been aware for an entire year that my soul was very different; I had lived as an *extraterrestrial* at some point before my present life on Earth.

This was obviously a very major portion of what I was supposed to be learning from the forces, but I was mistaken in thinking that it would have stopped there. So let's backtrack a bit and put the pieces together.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENS

On my winter break from college, a little over three months after I had stopped using marijuana, I knowingly violated the "people, places and things" rule that is advocated in all twelve-step groups, by reinvolving myself with the people, places and things that had surrounded me during my addiction.

In this case, that meant hanging out with my old drug buddies, two brothers who lived up the road from me. At that point, I was just starting to put all the pieces back together. I was thinking back to my psychic experiences at a very young age.

I reflected on my ceaseless dedication to be of service to others, often at my own catastrophic expense. I felt as if I was beginning to understand why I always knew that I was here for an important reason, destined to become a spiritual figure for many people.

Now that I had regained control of my life, I was more certain of these truths than ever before.

And there, in the same kitchen where so many wasted nights had been spent, I outlined my emerging feelings, brought about through the incredible, life-changing process of recovery. I could not have imagined the response that I would get.

As they puffed away on cigarettes and slammed beer, I was essentially told by the two brothers that I would "work a dead-end job, marry a fat, ugly bitch and die broken-hearted, shit poor and alone just like everyone else does."

Their denunciations became so forceful that I said that if they didn't stop with their verbal attacks, I was going to walk out. They continued to rail on me, telling me that I was "totally full of shit" to think that I could be anyone special.

Disgusted, I got up and walked out, without so much as a single goodbye statement; just "I'm leaving now."

Walking home, I continued to pick up all the garbage off of the street. No matter how often I would pick it up, literally every night, there would always be more the next day.

One of my earliest spiritual disciplines, while still actively using marijuana, was to declare myself "keeper" of the road between my house and the house of my friends. It never ceased to amaze me the amount of carelessness that was displayed.

Now I was back home from college and at it again. Every night I went up there, I would come home with two good handfuls of waste, thrown by those who simply didn't care -- about themselves or the Earth. No sooner would I renew the road but a new wave of careless people would come through to dirty it up again.

Clutching my handfuls of waste in both hands, I stood at the crossroads, the intersection between my friends' street and my own home street. The rushing sound of a nearby train echoed in the background, and later I would realize how profoundly this produced a metaphorical statement about the upcoming Ascension.

For some strange reason, I felt compelled to make a statement to the Experimenters who I had written about, and would soon know to exist from my NASA disclosure the following spring. I felt that this was the only way to regain my sanity after such a vicious attack.

Forming my arms into the shape of the Cross for no apparent reason, I looked to one distinct area of the starry night sky and started to pray.

*"I know that you can hear what I am about to say. No matter what **anyone** tries to say or do to me, I **know** that I am here for a very important purpose, to become a spiritual leader for others.*

I will do everything I can to fulfill my spiritual mission on this planet, and nothing and no one can change that truth."

At the exact moment that I finished saying that sentence, a shooting star streaked through the sky, exactly within the small area that I had been staring at! Simultaneously, I felt a tremendous bolt of energy surge up through me from the ground.

It was so powerful that the garbage dropped out of my hands, and I stood there for a minute, just feeling its incredible, ecstatic frequencies coursing through me. I had gotten my answer, more wonderfully and completely than I could have ever imagined.

Tears streamed down my face, and I came home electrified. Before entering the house, I noticed the old white birch tree in the front yard. I came up to it and hugged it, apologizing for having ignored it for all those years since my youth, when I used to climb in it every week.

The tree was about to be cut down, because it was rotting out and needed to be cleared for new growth. I had asked my mother to please spare the tree, that I didn't want to see it go, that it had meant so much to me when I was a kid.

But now I knew that there was no turning back. The old ways wouldn't work anymore, and a new life was going to be planted in its place. The sapling would stretch and yearn towards a new tomorrow, leaving much more of the bright green grass exposed than the shadowing from the old tree.

All things truly had to move in cycles, and I also knew that my own life had forever changed by this stunning affirmation of the validity of my mission on the planet.

Now I had the proof, directly from the Source. ET phoned home, and God had answered the phone. I just didn't realize that I was the ET yet.

MEMORIES RESURFACING

A year and a half later, in the summertime, Jude "commissioned" me to write a movie script. Jude's instructions were simple enough: he wanted a script where the thoughts, actions and decisions of one person were seen to affect the fate of the entire planet.

Other than that one guiding point, I had complete creative reign over the finished product. By this point, I had been through over two years of intensive UFO research, and thus I was much better informed about the topic.

However, the concept of being a "Wanderer" had never come up in my reading, and I had no idea if this was who I was. Yet, we will see how effortlessly this information emerged in the finished product below.

Once again, we will also see the emergence of Grandfather and Lucia in the script; this time, as the heavenly characters "Old One" and "Light." (Lucia means "Light." I had no idea that these were the "names" they actually gave themselves at the time.)

THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE

by David Wilcock

(Shot: Colored lights of rounded shapes against a black background, music that has a rhythmic melodic motif that is repeated with string pads swelling over it, and little cosmic noises that are more random, heavily echoed and not too easily heard in the overall mix)

(Voices emerge after opening credits roll with music over this background - voices have a decent delay on them, and they are spoken in a near - musical, highly inflected way.

OLD ONE: "Light, we must address the imminent situation in the lower astral levels. We need to decide on a society there, and test them to see if they are worthy to be seeded throughout the galaxy.

We must select a society for this upgrade soon -- It seems that there is a quite frequent level of chaos occurring in their current timeframe that we have been studying."

LIGHT: (Laughing) "Yes, old one, there certainly is. However, I do not see your need to question this. There is a perpetual state of flux in all the lower levels - we are well aware of that."

OLD ONE: "That is a fact. However, we seem to be witnessing a distressing turn of events. The chaos equations are reaching the extinction points faster than we had originally imagined.

For example, just look at those stubborn aquatic creatures in Omicron. They are driving themselves into catastrophe at an alarming rate. They have depleted their biosphere faster than we could have ever imagined once they started cloning themselves. They have nearly doubled their growth rate in ten of their years.

LIGHT: "Do you think that they should be the selection?"

OLD ONE: "I don't necessarily think so. Because of their ability to travel in their sector, they are able to prevent widespread destruction. Their population has spread out to their neighbor planets, so it would take a full-scale interplanetary war for them to become extinct.

They still have a great deal of corruption in their society, but they have not fully fulfilled the tenets of the chaos equation. We need to select a society that meets all the criteria."

LIGHT: "Very well. What about the Jovianic creatures? Their enormous food deficit has caused them to begin consuming each other. Their cannibalistic drives are literally destroying their civilization!"

OLD ONE: "Yes, but the very nature of a gas-based creature presents its own array of problems. First contact would be quite difficult there -- you do remember that their only means of telling each other apart is by the sense of smell. We need to find a society that has full sensory capacities.

Besides, although the Jovians are intelligent, they lack the appendages necessary to provide them with the ability to handle the upgrade -- they do not have the ability to grasp or to carry objects of any significant size.

We need to select creatures that will be able to build and use the things that we show them before they can be distributed throughout the galaxy."

LIGHT: "I see the logic in your thought. It is difficult to select a society for upgrading. But if we are able to find the appropriate society, we could get the colonization procedures underway immediately."

OLD ONE: "There is an idea that I have been contemplating for quite some time. What if we were to use a society that has *already* been through an upgrade? That way, they will already have been contacted in the past, and will have artifacts on their planets that show them the truth of their origins."

LIGHT: "Are you referring to the Bryars? They are fully aware of their origins, and they meet the chaos equation fairly well."

OLD ONE: "That was not the one I had in mind. I do not feel comfortable with upgrading an insectile race. They tend to be very communal, and they often repress their own free will. I am not convinced that they are making true moral decisions as individuals -- they tend to let their society rule their decision making process."

LIGHT: "Well, what, then? You are suggesting that we find a society that has been upgraded already -- a society that has been seeded on their native planet by a race of progenitors.

Wouldn't it be necessary for the vast majority of them to be unaware of their origins? For if they were, they would regain contact with them at some point and the chaos equation would be destroyed."

OLD ONE: "I have studied this, and there is one society that was produced by an upgrade that has almost completely lost touch with their origins. It is the Delta 437 seeding location of the Hain society."

LIGHT: "Hain. Yes, I do recall that event. What are its precise specifications?"

OLD ONE: "One standard, medium aged sun, and eleven planets. Gravitational forces have destroyed one of the planets already, and the society that is there has not discovered the last planet yet. So, they only know of nine in their present time."

LIGHT: "What were the dynamics of the seeding?"

OLD ONE: "They have the basic Hainian primitive structure -- a head, with the "brain," or processing unit located very close to the eyes, ears, nose and mouth to reduce the nervous system transmission speeds.

Limb structure includes two "arms" and two "legs" that they use for locomotion. Reproduction is of the covariant format -- only two beings are needed, and their sexual organs were fashioned primitively, as opposing pairs."

LIGHT: "Where are the nearest Hainian structures?"

OLD ONE: "They have several artifacts on their planet that are Hainian. There is a circle of stones that tracks the solstices and cycling of planetary bodies in the upper rotational quadrant, and in the middle rotational quadrant there are pyramidal structures that the Hainians supervised the construction of."

LIGHT: "They don't know this?"

OLD ONE: "No. The language of the society that helped build the pyramids was mostly lost, and they did not write of the encounter -- only the rulers knew how it was being done. They killed the men who were in charge of the plans."

LIGHT: "Very well. It seems that they have enough artifacts on the planet for them to eventually determine their origins. Where is the Hainian observation colony located?"

OLD ONE: "There is a rather large colony that was established on their neighboring planet, which they have named Mars, the god of war. It was established 200,000 of their years before the chaos / equilibrium time we are exploring.

The Hainians put a flagging structure on the surface in the form of a huge mountain shaped like the standard Hainian head. The Delta 437 creatures, who call themselves Earthlings, have discovered the colony. But they have held the information back from most of their people.

They believe the structures to be deserted, and to a certain extent that is true. But, there are still operations being conducted from there."

LIGHT: "And what operations might that be?"

OLD ONE: "The Hainians sent missionaries to the Martian base when they realized that nuclear capacity had been developed. In their present timeframe, the Hainians are mass cloning the Earthen population with their swollen-headed worker drones.

The memory erasing procedures that are employed by the Hainians and their workers are too primitive, though, and many of the Earthen citizens have memories of the drones and the entire cloning process.

Also, there are numerous reports of Hainian craft sightings. Their governments have obtained some Hainian craft that crashed, and they are currently fleshing out the design prototypes for them.

They have come close to being able to build one, but their people are catching on, and the military spending is being cut. We expect another twenty of their years will be necessary for them to fully develop and distribute prototypes.

LIGHT: "What about the chaos equations?"

OLD ONE: "They have developed nuclear capacity, and they have already used it against each other. They are destroying their habitat, and industrialization has reached a **peak** level.

They have not reached any neighboring planets for colonization, so overpopulation is a big problem for them as well. They are now in the process of developing a global database, and air instead of land travel for personal use."

LIGHT: "So be it! It seems that we may have a candidate. What procedure will we use to determine if they are ready?"

OLD ONE: "We will choose one member of their population only. We will select someone who has one of the greatest capacities for both growth and stagnation.

We will reveal just enough truth to the individual for it to **believe** that it has excelled over its fellow beings in some way. We will leave it to its own devices, and how it fares will determine whether the society is ready or not."

LIGHT: "And if it **is**, then we will reconnect them with the Hainians, and they will be able to spread out! You are brilliant, Old One. Let us select an individual."

[Incidentally, I did not like Jude's idea of the entire "upgrade" being hinged on one person. As a result of this frustration, I turned the two spiritual characters above into a form of "cosmic tricksters."

As in the case of all of my fiction stories, not all of the information turned out to align with my later findings, but many key points emerged in this fourth early attempt at fiction. What we do see is my wrestling with my feelings of being "chosen" or different from other people, because of my knowledge.

The next character I created was meant to mirror the part of myself that was still struggling with the memories of an addiction / recovery process, and the day-by-day challenge of being human.]

(Establishing shot -- the outside of a house. After a fixed camera angle of a short duration, a figure enters in from the right-hand side, and walks into the house. He is walking in a very agitated condition.)

(Cut to inside of house. It is Khan, the first lifeform. He walks up to the kitchen table. On it is a letter from his mother. The letter reads -- "Khan -- I'm spending the night at Roger's. Make sure you lock the doors and shut out the lights before you go to bed. Love, Mom.")

(Jump cut to Khan's face, showing a surprised smile. He heads upstairs.)

KHAN: (mentally) "What a day. So much shit went wrong. I don't know where it all started. I've got so much work to do, but right now all I want to do is relax.

That class is really starting to get to me -- it seems like time just stops when I'm in there. The teacher's voice is just like a drone. What I really need to do is just chill out."

(Lies down on bed.) "I ought to try to call somebody - it's not very often that Mom leaves all night like this. I want to see if I can get something going. (Picks up telephone.)

[At this point in the story, the lead character Khan makes a phone call and brings friends over to his house, and some comedy ensues as they drink alcohol together.

The friends pressure him into smoking marijuana, and then right after they finish smoking, they suddenly tell him that they have to leave.

He falls asleep very soon afterwards, still worried about getting caught by his mother. We then segue directly into the next section, a dream of Khan's:]

(Scene: Looking through the eyes of a person walking. As dialogue breaks, cut to various scenes of seedier parts of the city of Albany, New York.)

(All dialogue mental unless otherwise indicated)

"Look at these conditions. I feel so bad for these poor souls - we have seeded their planet with a more primitive form of ourselves, and look at what it's become - there's so much **needless waste.**"

"Many of these souls look so empty -- you can see the hatred and the distaste for life. Where is the joy - where is the newness?

All I see is suffering. There's so much more that they could be feeling. Violence is erupting all over, just a manifestation of their severe distaste for life. It is a horrible crime to turn against your own people."

"I remember seeing the pictographs of ancient Hain -- it was similar to this. Once we developed the neural tracking machines, we were able to hear the psychic frequencies of our inner thoughts, and we then knew exactly how saddened our people really were. They were so **depressed** and tired of our world."

"I've always been fascinated with the ancient story of the upgrade. We arrived at a point in time where our people were so frustrated at their powerlessness in the world that they looked within themselves -- that was what they had power over, that was what they could change. We believe this to be occurring here right now. Apparently the Great Powers have seen this as well."

"It's odd to try to fulfill my mission here on Earth -- so many of the behaviors I have been forced to adopt feel so animalistic.

"I cannot look people in the eye in the cities because it has become their social code. On the Hainian colonies, there is never such hatred and fear. I have to constantly rush, and look down -- if I try to relax and look around, they think I'm a Dacro-driv addict or some such thing."

"It's hard to imagine what is going through these people's minds, having never been through an upgrade.

There would be so much uncertainty, so much ignorance about how truly vast the universe is, and all the levels of intelligence that are simultaneously monitoring and controlling how things work. I can hardly imagine a world where the only intelligent life that you communicate with is your own."

"I have yet to fulfill my mission. We must try to find the individual who has been selected for the upgrade process. For too long, the Great Powers have interfered with our business.

This is our colony, and they have no right to design an upgrade plan when we already have seeded them here. Hain is a powerful force now -- we are completely capable of upgrading these people ourselves. There are many indigenous lifeforms throughout the galaxy; why did they choose ours?"

"If this man only knew that the Powers were resting the fate of his whole world just on his own actions! It would be too hard for him to comprehend. I don't agree with that upgrade method at all; they should be looking at the society as a whole.

I feel that it is just a sign of their arrogance. Throwaway civilizations, like a lottery, with one entity's successes and failures determining the outcome of the whole show. If that entity gets ensnared and ends up going down the wrong path, bye-bye upgrade."

"I must find him and let him know. We were able to secure his approximate psychic plasma frequency by analyzing the ray that the Great Powers have beamed here for monitoring his behavior. I have tuned into his psychic frequency as best as I can, and he should be able to hear my thoughts eventually, if we can slow his mind down enough.

(Fade out and back into living room. Khan is opening up his eyes and staring in a daze.)

KHAN: (Mentally) "God damn! I must have fell asleep. I feel so strange. What the hell was I just thinking?"

"Oh, yeah, I was having a great dream! Right out of a science fiction book. This is really wild! That's got to be the strangest thing that's ever happened to me! All the images and the feelings seemed **so** realistic.

"I was looking at everything that I commonly would see in Albany, but it was all so different, as if I had seen it for the first time. My mind in the dream was so strange -- I felt like I was not even human, just *an extraterrestrial soul who was wandering around in a human body*. And -- boy, this is strange -- I felt like this soul was searching for *me!* How could that be possible?"

At this point, the play moves back into another scene, which described the struggle of my character Khan with the marijuana scene. I used this scene as a means of processing my smoking experiences with Randy.

I presented the unfinished script to Jude at this point, and Jude wasn't sure if he could actually use it to make a movie. He certainly wasn't crazy about the drug use in the script.

The drive and dedication to commit to the project did not seem to be there, and so I did not finish writing the script. The finished portion certainly showed how much of the knowledge that I would eventually acquire was brewing beneath the surface of my conscious mind.

Chapter 06: Extraterrestrials are Real, and I Might Be One of Them

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ARCTURIAN DREAM REVISITED

I found myself standing and looking out of a gigantic trapezoidal window in what appeared to be a floating space station of some sort. The bottom of the window was wider than the top by about two or three extra feet. T

he area behind me was quite large, and I knew that there were a large number of people there, with a table in the middle of the room and another, larger window on the opposite wall. All the walls were composed of a soft, tan colored material.

It appeared that two or more people were standing with me, but I could hardly think about that at all. The sights out of the window were just far too fantastic to believe.

The color of sky out of the window was a very pale blue, smeared with a gauzy veil of white clouds. I could also see what appeared to be the outside of the ship I was traveling on off to the far right.

As I continued to watch in the window, several craft flew by. Their structure was just about the most awesome thing I had ever seen. They traveled in three equal-sized cube-like pieces that rotated at their centers in a vertical plane.

The three parts would travel at exactly the same speed, keeping the same close distance from each other.

The vertical rotation of each piece would bring the three of them into a full, simultaneous conjunction at a slow and deliberate speed.

They literally would assemble into one seamless craft as they joined together in flight, like a giant three-piece jigsaw puzzle! In order to accomplish this, the front and rear pieces rotated counter-clockwise, while the inner piece rotated clockwise. The edges where they joined together were very straight.

The shape of the assembled craft was similar to that of a silver-colored van with no wheels, slightly more cylindrical and rounded off, with the same edges on the top and bottom. But it did have a visible interior through a windshield, like you would have seen on a regular van. It was highly bizarre.

I saw the first craft snap together in this fashion and could hardly believe my own eyes as it traveled from right to left.

Then, just as spontaneously, another craft appeared traveling left to right, and assembled itself together in exactly the same fashion and at exactly the same speed.

A moment later, another craft came from the right, crisscrossing the flight path of the one from the left. Each craft rotated at exactly the same rate, and once they assembled into one piece, they would whizz off at a much faster speed.

As I continued to watch, different ships emerged, ships that did not rotate at their centers and dwarfed the size of the original "vans." Each ship seemed to be more fantastic in design and beauty than the one before it.

I could hardly believe my own eyes, and was overcome with emotions that could only be described as almost religious ecstasy. The ships finally became so colossal in size that they completely dwarfed the entire view of the sky through the window; up until then, no ship even came close to doing this.

The massiveness of this sight was so incredible that I felt myself slipping away; I could not maintain my OBE state any longer, and thundered back into my physical body.

I awoke sorely wanting to return there yet again, wherever "there" was. It couldn't really be anything but my imagination, I thought to myself. But what a hell of a good imagination I had!

That winter, my high school friend Jude and I were able to expand our collective music-making endeavors considerably, by gaining access to high-quality keyboards and studio equipment that had been bought by a local friend's mother after she received an inheritance.

We had already done some very interesting music in the past, but now we had the ability to create dazzling, hypnotic soundscapes with the same type of equipment used by the pros for making movie soundtracks.

One of the sounds in the keyboard -- a Korg O1/W -- was called "Alien Landing," and it certainly produced sounds that lived up to its name. And so, there we were. The room was pitch black, incense was burning, it was late at night and we were both in a deep trance state.

The lyrics emerged spontaneously, Jude improvising the voice of the "extraterrestrial," with I as myself. A condensed version of the lyrics is as follows.

"David."

"Look! Up in the sky... Oh my... Oh my God!"

"David."

"What the hell is that thing?"

"DAY - VAAD!"

"WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING!"

"DAY - VAAD!"

[Using comical voices, I humorously improvised the sounds of other people witnessing the event:]

[Male voice:] It's nothing like I've ever seen before.

[Female voice:] Yeah, me neither!

"David. David. David."

"DAY - VAAD!..."

"David."

"But I don't understand."

"Soon you will."

[Acting as one of the extraterrestrials, I sang a few lines in a haunting, dissonant, high - pitched voice.]

"Soon you will understand... You will understaaand..."

[Jude then returns as the ceaselessly questioning extraterrestrial voice:]

"David... David... David..."

[Nervously:] "I can hear you."

"David... David... David..."

[Extremely Nervous:] "I can hear you!"

[All-out screaming:] "DAY - VAAD!"

"Stop! Stay away!"

"DAY - VAAAD!"

[The sound effects / music suddenly becomes much calmer, less screeching and insistent, and the whole mood changes. My voice takes on a very confident, deliberate, deep tone.]

"You have a message for me?"

"We are your masters... masters... masters... masters..."

[And then, quite spontaneously, I say:]

"Masters of the forgotten planet Hain, from the Andromeda Galaxy... Coming out of space to Earth... To see us... to understand... rectify... And to judge."

Afterwards, both of us thought that the "song" was quite strange. Once again, the theme I used seemed to emerge from the idea of the Earth as an Experiment.

I borrowed the idea of the "master planet" Hain from a book by James Tiptree, Jr. that I had read in my science fiction class, called *Brightness Falls From the Air*.

The return of the Experimenters, or the "Masters," was the finalization of the Experiment. They had come here to observe those on Earth as we exist now, to understand our situations and dilemmas, to change and rectify those situations, and to then judge what the course of evolution should be thereafter.

Far from implying that the Experimenters were being judgmental, I was essentially saying that they would make the final decisions as to the future course of human evolution.

Even more interesting, I had now subconsciously linked the modern UFO phenomenon directly to these Experimenters, or "Masters." This all emerged with complete spontaneity, bearing all the hallmarks of "channeled" information, as I would later realize.

At the time, the living experience of being in that room with the alien sounds booming off the attic walls all around me had put me into a profoundly altered state.

As is the case with any great improvisational music, neither one of us knew what it was going to be when we started it.

I remembered feeling genuinely scared and puzzled as to what to do while Jude adopted the demanding voice of the "extraterrestrial."

And the "answer" seemed to imply that these forces were somehow the masterminds of my whole plan of personal spiritual evolution, the ones giving me the dreams and the now-constant visions of "11:11," "2:22," "3:33" and other repeated numbers on the clocks.

But no, I thought. That is simply not possible. There are no extraterrestrials, no Experimenters, no Masters, no UFO's. Even if they were real, there was no way to prove it, and I had never seen any myself.

There was no point in getting caught up in these idle fantasies. All these things were very interesting, but they didn't make any sense and weren't practical. The ESP I had discovered as a boy was one thing, but this massive outside presence was something totally different.

BREAKTHROUGH

One typical afternoon in March, six months after I quit my addiction, my whole life was about to change. By this point, my recovery was in full swing, and to my own delight, my short-term memory had returned.

I was no longer leaving my wallet and keys in the room and locking myself out, no longer walking into classes and not even realizing that I had a test. I was fully academic, more motivated and happy to be alive.

A friend of mine, whom we shall also call Ray, drove down to visit me at college. It was an unannounced visit, and Ray was lucky to have caught me while I was home. Ray had a very intense look in his eyes, and I asked him what was going on.

"Are you sitting down?" Ray asked.

"Do I look like I'm sitting down, Ray?"

"You'd better sit down."

"What? What the hell is going on?"

"Sit down!" Ray answered.

I obediently did just that, absentmindedly plopping back into my chair while staring at Ray with a puzzled expression on my face.

"I had to come down here in person because we couldn't talk on the phone," Ray said.

"Couldn't talk about what?" I frowned.

"Well, there's no easy way to say it, so I guess I'll just have to start somewhere. Before I drove here, I had a two-hour conversation with my physics professor, who used to work for NASA through until the mid-70's."

"You come all this way and make me sit down to give me a physics lecture?"

"Not exactly. I'm really not sure how to break it to you."

"Break what?"

I was suddenly breathing fast, my heart pounding against my ribcage like an angry fist. Something about Ray's eyes told me that my wildest suspicions were true; I DID know what Ray was about to tell me. ("We are your masters...")

Ray's eyes were intense, mesmerized and yet distant as he began speaking, as though from a deep haze. He looked me straight in the eye the entire time with an unflinching gaze.

"Aliens are real, Dave. They crashed their ships and the government got the technology. We most likely have working prototypes of their craft right now, as well as a bunch of technologies that we got from them, including fiber optics, lasers, computer chips and Teflon."

Something about Ray's immediate delivery so soon after his arrival convinced me that this was no lie. The Experimenters / Masters / Paladorians were real.

Like a trap door, the floor dropped out from under me, and I was very glad I was now in the chair.

I felt all the blood leaving my head, my skin turning pale; it was as though my heart had stopped beating.

Cold sweat broke out on my forehead and cheeks. I made one last stab at holding onto my sanity.

"Look me in the eye and tell me that you are bullshitting me."

"This is no bullshit, man. This is the real thing. The professor says this was common knowledge in the higher echelons of NASA back then."

"Jesus Good God Christ," I replied. My mouth was as dry as sandpaper, and I reminded myself to close it.

The most striking aspect of Ray's information was his account of the ships' method of propulsion. Apparently, the professor had said that the ships would shoot out a pulse of radiation traveling at three-quarters the speed of light, and then another pulse going the full speed of light a trillionth of a second later.

The two pulses were aimed so that they would perfectly crash into each other. Since radiation can create resistance to itself, the faster pulse would repel and bounce off of the slower pulse like a billiard ball.

This would cause the light-speed radiation pulse to come slamming back into the side of the perfectly disc-shaped ship and drive it forward in any given direction.

This action created a sort of "virtual laser beam" outside of the ship, with trillions of these collisions of radiation pulses per second. Through this method, the ship could approach light speed very, very quickly, and also navigate with great accuracy.

Ray went on from there to describe even more information in such detail that there was no possibility of this being anything but the truth.

My head threatened to explode as the realities of antigravity propulsion, light speed and hyperdimensional travel were all explained to me in careful scientific language. I also learned that "within twenty years, the technology that will emerge into the public arena will be beyond anyone's wildest dreams."

[Note: Information that was similar in many ways to this was disclosed to the public a few years later, in Col. Phillip Corso's book, "The Day After Roswell." I had heard the story in even greater detail long before the book came out in print, and have dated journal writings to prove it.]

That was in 1993. And indeed, over the next few years many major steps would be taken in this stupendous high-tech direction. The clunky IBM compatibles would soon metamorphose into the Internet-capable monsters that are now taking the world by storm, in some cases becoming more powerful than the old refrigerator-sized "supercomputers" of just ten years earlier.

In the flicker of an eye, the industry unfurled up to 99 percent accurate speech recognition software, amazingly realistic three-dimensional games and millions and millions of transistors etched onto a single chip for speeds thought unheard of in the old days of 18 to 33 megahertz processors.

The implications of all this were quite shattering to me, because it was now quite clear that everything about our modern computer age, and our technology in general, would simply never have gone anywhere near as far as it did without the outside support of extraterrestrial intelligence.

Computers were reverse-engineered alien technology! In short, the Masters were generous in their gifts to the Experiment of modern humanity, insuring that we would have all the tools in place to come to our own development in time for the prophesied changes that were still ahead.

More and more, I began to realize, consciously and subconsciously, exactly how accurate my 1992 "Earth Experiment" article really had been. Nothing could have prepared me for that reality except for the singular fact that I knew that it was The Truth.

Now I was becoming just like the "Crazy Harry" character in my first story, feeling like I was walking between two worlds at once.

I spent the better part of two weeks after Ray's disclosure unable to think, sleep, work or do any activity without constantly reprogramming my entire mind to accommodate this new information. What it created was a burning passion within me to find out as much about the UFO phenomenon as possible.

When this "trigger event" first happened, I truly had no idea at the time how far all of this was really going to go, or the incredible life that I would eventually lead as "The Next Edgar Cayce."

CONFIRMATION

I was so overwhelmed with the new information that I literally devoted almost every spare moment of my free time to buying and reading every book I could find on the subject of extraterrestrials - the Experimenters.

It was an intense, relentless pursuit for knowledge that I seemed to have no control over. It continued unabated after my graduation from college, as the harsh reality of the "real world" and the need to have a "real job" finally hit home.

We will fill in the details surrounding this transition a bit later. For now, we fast-forward to a year after my college graduation, where my interest had become physical enough that I booked a hotel room and drove to Connecticut to attend a massive seminar on the UFO phenomenon.

There I was. "Triggered" by Ray's disclosure in 1993, and with now over three years and 200 UFO / metaphysics books under my belt, I finally met a man at the UFO conference who identified himself as a defense contractor for the United States Government.

The man was probably in his early '60's, wearing a light brown suit with a white shirt and red and gray striped tie. He had the stereotypical horn-rimmed librarian glasses that dangled precipitously at the edge of his nose, with a band that went around the back of his neck to insure they wouldn't be lost.

His roundish face and white hair reminded me of a pleasant sociology professor that I had studied with in college and had become good friends with.

For some reason, I was not put off or frightened of the man at all. Both of us were sitting out on a lecture that was obviously ridiculous, as the speaker paraded a circus of illustrations of different "races" of extraterrestrials.

Many of the drawings were so ridiculous and uncorroborated in other literature that there was no point in staying there to listen. It was just some fluff for the public to space out the really incredible speakers.

Others were sitting around the break room as well, sipping coffee and talking in hushed voices. There were a few others at the table that the man and I were sitting at, and they did not appear to be involved in the discussion at all.

I had just gotten to the best part of Ray's story, where he talks about the various technologies that were derived from the crashed vehicles. For no apparent reason, the man suddenly burst out laughing, slightly moving up and down as he chortled away.

Naively, I had no idea who I was really speaking to, or how much the man really knew, up until this moment.

"Stop it, just stop right there," the man interrupted, shaking his head.

"What's so funny?" I asked the man.

"Let me guess. Lasers, infrared vision, fiber optics and computer chips, right?"

I was almost too dumbfounded to speak. I managed to pick my jaw up off the table and uttered a weak response:

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, I'll be god-damned," the man said. "Your NASA guy sure gave your buddy some damn good information."

I could hardly believe my eyes as I stared at the man. "How do you know that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I do defense contracting for a variety of companies, including ____ and ____," the man said.

"Oh, yeah, yeah, I know about ____," I responded. "That's not a real company at all. It's a dummy company that is run by the Government, and you pay yourselves to do your own work." I knew them all too well from my extensive UFO research, especially the books of Timothy Good.

"As a matter of fact, ____ is another company that does the same thing," I said.

"Yep, yep, that's one too," the man said. "How did you know that?"

"Well, sir, I read a lot of books. I would think that a lot of people here know about it."

"Not really," the man said. "No one else batted an eye when I said those names."

"Oh," I responded, pausing to think for a moment. "Well, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, just looking around, seeing if anyone here really knows anything," the man responded.

A smile illuminated his jolly, college-professor face with the shock of wavy gray hair on the top. "Now what was your name again?" the man said, leaning in and studying my nametag through the thin glasses on the end of his nose.

"Uh, David Wilcock," I said, shifting uncomfortably in my seat like a child, at age 23.

"Well, I'll tell you what, David," he said, laughing. "There's a hell of a lot more to know than what your NASA guy told you. That's just the tip of the iceberg. I'm sure you'd be very interested in what is really going on." The man studied me as though he were considering taking on a new apprentice.

My heart soared. This was it! My big chance! "Like what? There's more?"

"Well, I can't talk about it here," he said, quickly looking around the room. "Maybe we'll have lunch a little later and I'll tell you."

["Better act fast," Grandfather said to Lucia. She began telepathically influencing the closest person in sight to interrupt our conversation in whatever means possible.

I had inadvertently walked into a situation of extreme danger, and the trap was being beautifully arranged. I would learn what that trap was a few hours later.]

Immediately after this, a rather unintelligent man at the table who had been overhearing a little of the conversation started talking. He was a fireman, and he had gone through a UFO sighting that was fantastic by anyone's account.

I just wished the guy would shut up, so I could keep on asking the contractor more questions. But the fireman kept on talking and talking, and then his brother sat down and picked up the story when the fireman left!

I felt annoyed at how it seemed that some mysterious force had abruptly caused this interference and halted my conversation with the man. I could tell that the contractor was about to leave, but I didn't feel right in just telling the fireman to shut up.

"I'll be down in the café if you need me," the professor said, smiling quietly.

"Okay," I mumbled helplessly, as I watched the man leave while the fireman's brother continued to talk ad nauseum about his stinkin' UFO sighting.

This guy had very quickly bored the contractor to tears. I tried not to show how angry I was on my face.

Slightly later on, another man who had been sitting at the table started to talk to me. "Greg C." was younger, early to mid-40's, Italian, and just a little bit heavy, wearing a green polo shirt and light tan pants.

I noticed that he had been sitting there at the table for a long time, but hadn't said a word. He suddenly began to speak, which surprised me. This too was carefully arranged through telepathic influence by my spiritual forces.

"Did that guy say that he wanted to meet with you in private?" the man said.

Now I was even more confused. "Uh, yeah, he did."

"Just as I thought," he responded.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, slightly annoyed.

"Oh, there's always a few of those guys at these things," he said. "They look around and see who's doing all the talking. They are looking for guys like you."

I gulped. "Well, he's already got my name," I said. "What does he want?"

"Well, let me tell you. I am part of the Pine Bush UFO group," he said.

"Wow, I know about Pine Bush! That a big UFO hotspot that's right near where I live in New York!" I answered.

"Well good, maybe you can come to one of our meetings. Anyway, we always see a few of these guys at a UFO conference. Usually they are looking for young artists or musicians who have a very deep interest in metaphysics and UFO's."

"Why artists and musicians?" I asked. "I have studied jazz and play the drums, but he never even asked me about that."

"Oh, really? Very interesting! Anyway, what they do is offer you a lot of money and an opportunity to participate in some psychic experiments," he said.

"You have to get a background check and sign a form that promises you won't tell anyone about it. Then they take you somewhere and do some experiments with you."

"We've heard many stories of people like this coming forward later on, after they were spontaneously kicked out of the projects. The researchers have found that artists and musicians tend to be naturally psychic, and it is these people who work the best in the experiments."

"What type of experiments?" I asked.

"Well, from what we can tell, they try to get you to obtain information through processes like remote viewing, or possibly even telepathic contact with extraterrestrials," he said.

"As long as you go along with it, everything's fine. But if you disagree with any of the questions or procedures, you suddenly get thrown out of the program."

"They swear you to secrecy and afterwards your phone is tapped, people follow you around, et cetera. They warn you not to talk about what you were involved with. And if you keep talking, well..."

"Like the Men in Black," I said, with a half-serious, half-sarcastic smile. I didn't quite buy what he was telling me.

"You got it."

"So you mean to tell me that all this might have just happened to me if I went and met with that guy?"

"Well, I would have offered it to you, but you could have refused," he said. "He might have given you some information as well, but it wouldn't necessarily be the truth.

"He might tell you that it would be in the interest of national defense, that we are worried about getting attacked or something like that. When he convinces you that you can help them, he's got you."

"Jesus Christ," I said, shaking my head and trying unsuccessfully to laugh. "If what you're saying is really true, then this is some heavy shit."

He laughed. "Come on now, David, you knew this stuff was going on! You must have read about it hundreds of times, for how many books you have studied."

"Yeah, I have, but he was a nice guy," I answered.

"Looks can be deceiving," Greg answered.

"I guess so."

THE BIRTH OF THE "WANDERER"

About one month after attending the conference, in November of 1996, I succeeded in doing exactly what the defense contractor would have apparently wanted me to do; opening up telepathic contact with extraterrestrial beings.

I achieved my burning wish of communicating directly with the Experimenters, those who were the Masters of my own life -- the coordinators and planners, my own self in higher realms. It was exactly what had been secretly prophesied in my works of fiction, only now it was reality.

I was to become one of only a handful of people on this planet who could genuinely call themselves Celestial Ambassadors, speaking on behalf of the higher forces involved in our own evolution.

The words would come to me almost effortlessly as I listened to my own thoughts when awakening in the morning. The entire event would be another tremendous milestone, changing the way I would think and feel about my life forever.

But before we go into the actual event itself, we need to explore several other crucial areas to fill in the full amount of background detail. You see, by the time that I started this contact, I had been aware for an entire year that my soul was very different; I had lived as an extraterrestrial at some point before my present life on Earth.

This was obviously a very major portion of what I was supposed to be learning from the forces, but I was mistaken in thinking that it would have stopped there. So let's backtrack a bit and put the pieces together.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENS

On my winter break from college, a little over three months after I had stopped using marijuana, I knowingly violated the "people, places and things" rule that is advocated in all twelve-step groups, by reinvolving myself with the people, places and things that had surrounded me during my addiction.

In this case, that meant hanging out with my old drug buddies, two brothers who lived up the road from me. At that point, I was just starting to put all the pieces back together. I was thinking back to my psychic experiences at a very young age.

I reflected on my ceaseless dedication to be of service to others, often at my own catastrophic expense. I felt as if I was beginning to understand why I always knew that I was here for an important reason, destined to become a spiritual figure for many people.

Now that I had regained control of my life, I was more certain of these truths than ever before.

And there, in the same kitchen where so many wasted nights had been spent, I outlined my emerging feelings, brought about through the incredible, life-changing process of recovery. I could not have imagined the response that I would get.

As they puffed away on cigarettes and slammed beer, I was essentially told by the two brothers that I would "work a dead-end job, marry a fat, ugly bitch and die broken-hearted, shit poor and alone just like everyone else does."

Their denouncements became so forceful that I said that if they didn't stop with their verbal attacks, I was going to walk out. They continued to rail on me, telling me that I was "totally full of shit" to think that I could be anyone special.

Disgusted, I got up and walked out, without so much as a single goodbye statement; just "I'm leaving now."

Walking home, I continued to pick up all the garbage off of the street. No matter how often I would pick it up, literally every night, there would always be more the next day.

One of my earliest spiritual disciplines, while still actively using marijuana, was to declare myself "keeper" of the road between my house and the house of my friends. It never ceased to amaze me the amount of carelessness that was displayed.

Now I was back home from college and at it again. Every night I went up there, I would come home with two good handfuls of waste, thrown by those who simply didn't care -- about themselves or the Earth. No sooner would I renew the road but a new wave of careless people would come through to dirty it up again.

Clutching my handfuls of waste in both hands, I stood at the crossroads, the intersection between my friends' street and my own home street. The rushing sound of a nearby train echoed in the background, and later I would realize how profoundly this produced a metaphorical statement about the upcoming Ascension.

For some strange reason, I felt compelled to make a statement to the Experimenters who I had written about, and would soon know to exist from my NASA disclosure the following spring. I felt that this was the only way to regain my sanity after such a vicious attack.

Forming my arms into the shape of the Cross for no apparent reason, I looked to one distinct area of the starry night sky and started to pray.

"I know that you can hear what I am about to say. No matter what anyone tries to say or do to me, I know that I am here for a very important purpose, to become a spiritual leader for others.

I will do everything I can to fulfill my spiritual mission on this planet, and nothing and no one can change that truth."

At the exact moment that I finished saying that sentence, a shooting star streaked through the sky, exactly within the small area that I had been staring at! Simultaneously, I felt a tremendous bolt of energy surge up through me from the ground.

It was so powerful that the garbage dropped out of my hands, and I stood there for a minute, just feeling its incredible, ecstatic frequencies coursing through me. I had gotten my answer, more wonderfully and completely than I could have ever imagined.

Tears streamed down my face, and I came home electrified. Before entering the house, I noticed the old white birch tree in the front yard. I came up to it and hugged it, apologizing for having ignored it for all those years since my youth, when I used to climb in it every week.

The tree was about to be cut down, because it was rotting out and needed to be cleared for new growth. I had asked my mother to please spare the tree, that I didn't want to see it go, that it had meant so much to me when I was a kid.

But now I knew that there was no turning back. The old ways wouldn't work anymore, and a new life was going to be planted in its place. The sapling would stretch and yearn towards a new tomorrow, leaving much more of the bright green grass exposed than the shadowing from the old tree.

All things truly had to move in cycles, and I also knew that my own life had forever changed by this stunning affirmation of the validity of my mission on the planet.

Now I had the proof, directly from the Source. ET phoned home, and God had answered the phone. I just didn't realize that I was the ET yet.

MEMORIES RESURFACING

A year and a half later, in the summertime, Jude "commissioned" me to write a movie script. Jude's instructions were simple enough: he wanted a script where the thoughts, actions and decisions of one person were seen to affect the fate of the entire planet.

Other than that one guiding point, I had complete creative reign over the finished product. By this point, I had been through over two years of intensive UFO research, and thus I was much better informed about the topic.

However, the concept of being a "Wanderer" had never come up in my reading, and I had no idea if this was who I was. Yet, we will see how effortlessly this information emerged in the finished product below.

Once again, we will also see the emergence of Grandfather and Lucia in the script; this time, as the heavenly characters "Old One" and "Light." (Lucia means "Light." I had no idea that these were the "names" they actually gave themselves at the time.)

THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE

by David Wilcock

(Shot: Colored lights of rounded shapes against a black background, music that has a rhythmic melodic motif that is repeated with string pads swelling over it, and little cosmic noises that are more random, heavily echoed and not too easily heard in the overall mix)

(Voices emerge after opening credits roll with music over this background - voices have a decent delay on them, and they are spoken in a near - musical, highly inflected way.

OLD ONE: "Light, we must address the imminent situation in the lower astral levels. We need to decide on a society there, and test them to see if they are worthy to be seeded throughout the galaxy.

We must select a society for this upgrade soon -- It seems that there is a quite frequent level of chaos occurring in their current timeframe that we have been studying."

LIGHT: (Laughing) "Yes, old one, there certainly is. However, I do not see your need to question this. There is a perpetual state of flux in all the lower levels - we are well aware of that."

OLD ONE: "That is a fact. However, we seem to be witnessing a distressing turn of events. The chaos equations are reaching the extinction points faster than we had originally imagined.

For example, just look at those stubborn aquatic creatures in Omicron. They are driving themselves into catastrophe at an alarming rate. They have depleted their biosphere faster than we could have ever imagined once they started cloning themselves. They have nearly doubled their growth rate in ten of their years.

LIGHT: "Do you think that they should be the selection?"

OLD ONE: "I don't necessarily think so. Because of their ability to travel in their sector, they are able to prevent widespread destruction. Their population has spread out to their neighbor planets, so it would take a full-scale interplanetary war for them to become extinct.

They still have a great deal of corruption in their society, but they have not fully fulfilled the tenets of the chaos equation. We need to select a society that meets all the criteria."

LIGHT: "Very well. What about the Jovianic creatures? Their enormous food deficit has caused them to begin consuming each other. Their cannibalistic drives are literally destroying their civilization!"

OLD ONE: "Yes, but the very nature of a gas-based creature presents its own array of problems. First contact would be quite difficult there -- you do remember that their only means of telling each other apart is by the sense of smell. We need to find a society that has full sensory capacities.

Besides, although the Jovians are intelligent, they lack the appendages necessary to provide them with the ability to handle the upgrade -- they do not have the ability to grasp or to carry objects of any significant size.

We need to select creatures that will be able to build and use the things that we show them before they can be distributed throughout the galaxy."

LIGHT: "I see the logic in your thought. It is difficult to select a society for upgrading. But if we are able to find the appropriate society, we could get the colonization procedures underway immediately."

OLD ONE: "There is an idea that I have been contemplating for quite some time. What if we were to use a society that has already been through an upgrade? That way, they will already have been contacted in the past, and will have artifacts on their planets that show them the truth of their origins."

LIGHT: "Are you referring to the Bryars? They are fully aware of their origins, and they meet the chaos equation fairly well."

OLD ONE: "That was not the one I had in mind. I do not feel comfortable with upgrading an insectile race. They tend to be very communal, and they often repress their own free will. I am not convinced that they are making true moral decisions as individuals -- they tend to let their society rule their decision making process."

LIGHT: "Well, what, then? You are suggesting that we find a society that has been upgraded already -- a society that has been seeded on their native planet by a race of progenitors.

Wouldn't it be necessary for the vast majority of them to be unaware of their origins? For if they were, they would regain contact with them at some point and the chaos equation would be destroyed."

OLD ONE: "I have studied this, and there is one society that was produced by an upgrade that has almost completely lost touch with their origins. It is the Delta 437 seeding location of the Hain society."

LIGHT: "Hain. Yes, I do recall that event. What are its precise specifications?"

OLD ONE: "One standard, medium aged sun, and eleven planets. Gravitational forces have destroyed one of the planets already, and the society that is there has not discovered the last planet yet. So, they only know of nine in their present time."

LIGHT: "What were the dynamics of the seeding?"

OLD ONE: "They have the basic Hainian primitive structure -- a head, with the "brain," or processing unit located very close to the eyes, ears, nose and mouth to reduce the nervous system transmission speeds.

Limb structure includes two "arms" and two "legs" that they use for locomotion. Reproduction is of the covariant format -- only two beings are needed, and their sexual organs were fashioned primitively, as opposing pairs."

LIGHT: "Where are the nearest Hainian structures?"

OLD ONE: "They have several artifacts on their planet that are Hainian. There is a circle of stones that tracks the solstices and cycling of planetary bodies in the upper rotational quadrant, and in the middle rotational quadrant there are pyramidal structures that the Hainians supervised the construction of."

LIGHT: "They don't know this?"

OLD ONE: "No. The language of the society that helped build the pyramids was mostly lost, and they did not write of the encounter -- only the rulers knew how it was being done. They killed the men who were in charge of the plans."

LIGHT: "Very well. It seems that they have enough artifacts on the planet for them to eventually determine their origins. Where is the Hainian observation colony located?"

OLD ONE: "There is a rather large colony that was established on their neighboring planet, which they have named Mars, the god of war. It was established 200,000 of their years before the chaos / equilibrium time we are exploring.

The Hainians put a flagging structure on the surface in the form of a huge mountain shaped like the standard Hainian head. The Delta 437 creatures, who call themselves Earthlings, have discovered the colony. But they have held the information back from most of their people.

They believe the structures to be deserted, and to a certain extent that is true. But, there are still operations being conducted from there."

LIGHT: "And what operations might that be?"

OLD ONE: "The Hainians sent missionaries to the Martian base when they realized that nuclear capacity had been developed. In their present timeframe, the Hainians are mass cloning the Earthen population with their swollen-headed worker drones.

The memory erasing procedures that are employed by the Hainians and their workers are too primitive, though, and many of the Earthen citizens have memories of the drones and the entire cloning process.

Also, there are numerous reports of Hainian craft sightings. Their governments have obtained some Hainian craft that crashed, and they are currently fleshing out the design prototypes for them.

They have come close to being able to build one, but their people are catching on, and the military spending is being cut. We expect another twenty of their years will be necessary for them to fully develop and distribute prototypes.

LIGHT: "What about the chaos equations?"

OLD ONE: "They have developed nuclear capacity, and they have already used it against each other. They are destroying their habitat, and industrialization has reached a peak level.

They have not reached any neighboring planets for colonization, so overpopulation is a big problem for them as well. They are now in the process of developing a global database, and air instead of land travel for personal use."

LIGHT: "So be it! It seems that we may have a candidate. What procedure will we use to determine if they are ready?"

OLD ONE: "We will choose one member of their population only. We will select someone who has one of the greatest capacities for both growth and stagnation.

We will reveal just enough truth to the individual for it to believe that it has excelled over its fellow beings in some way. We will leave it to its own devices, and how it fares will determine whether the society is ready or not."

LIGHT: "And if it is, then we will reconnect them with the Hainians, and they will be able to spread out! You are brilliant, Old One. Let us select an individual."

[Incidentally, I did not like Jude's idea of the entire "upgrade" being hinged on one person. As a result of this frustration, I turned the two spiritual characters above into a form of "cosmic tricksters."

As in the case of all of my fiction stories, not all of the information turned out to align with my later findings, but many key points emerged in this fourth early attempt at fiction. What we do see is my wrestling with my feelings of being "chosen" or different from other people, because of my knowledge.

The next character I created was meant to mirror the part of myself that was still struggling with the memories of an addiction / recovery process, and the day-by-day challenge of being human.]

(Establishing shot -- the outside of a house. After a fixed camera angle of a short duration, a figure enters in from the right-hand side, and walks into the house. He is walking in a very agitated condition.)

(Cut to inside of house. It is Khan, the first lifeform. He walks up to the kitchen table. On it is a letter from his mother. The letter reads -- "Khan -- I'm spending the night at Roger's. Make sure you lock the doors and shut out the lights before you go to bed. Love, Mom.")

(Jump cut to Khan's face, showing a surprised smile. He heads upstairs.)

KHAN: (mentally) "What a day. So much shit went wrong. I don't know where it all started. I've got so much work to do, but right now all I want to do is relax.

That class is really starting to get to me -- it seems like time just stops when I'm in there. The teacher's voice is just like a drone. What I really need to do is just chill out."

(Lies down on bed.) "I ought to try to call somebody - it's not very often that Mom leaves all night like this. I want to see if I can get something going. (Picks up telephone.)

[At this point in the story, the lead character Khan makes a phone call and brings friends over to his house, and some comedy ensues as they drink alcohol together.

The friends pressure him into smoking marijuana, and then right after they finish smoking, they suddenly tell him that they have to leave.

He falls asleep very soon afterwards, still worried about getting caught by his mother. We then segue directly into the next section, a dream of Khan's:]

(Scene: Looking through the eyes of a person walking. As dialogue breaks, cut to various scenes of seedier parts of the city of Albany, New York.)

(All dialogue mental unless otherwise indicated)

"Look at these conditions. I feel so bad for these poor souls - we have seeded their planet with a more primitive form of ourselves, and look at what it's become - there's so much needless waste."

"Many of these souls look so empty -- you can see the hatred and the distaste for life. Where is the joy - where is the newness?"

All I see is suffering. There's so much more that they could be feeling. Violence is erupting all over, just a manifestation of their severe distaste for life. It is a horrible crime to turn against your own people."

"I remember seeing the pictographs of ancient Hain -- it was similar to this. Once we developed the neural tracking machines, we were able to hear the psychic frequencies of our inner thoughts, and we then knew exactly how saddened our people really were. They were so depressed and tired of our world."

"I've always been fascinated with the ancient story of the upgrade. We arrived at a point in time where our people were so frustrated at their powerlessness in the world that they looked within themselves -- that was what they had power over, that was what they could change. We believe this to be occurring here right now. Apparently the Great Powers have seen this as well."

"It's odd to try to fulfill my mission here on Earth -- so many of the behaviors I have been forced to adopt feel so animalistic.

"I cannot look people in the eye in the cities because it has become their social code. On the Hainian colonies, there is never such hatred and fear. I have to constantly rush, and look down -- if I try to relax and look around, they think I'm a Dacro-driv addict or some such thing."

"It's hard to imagine what is going through these people's minds, having never been through an upgrade.

There would be so much uncertainty, so much ignorance about how truly vast the universe is, and all the levels of intelligence that are simultaneously monitoring and controlling how things work. I can hardly imagine a world where the only intelligent life that you communicate with is your own."

"I have yet to fulfill my mission. We must try to find the individual who has been selected for the upgrade process. For too long, the Great Powers have interfered with our business.

This is our colony, and they have no right to design an upgrade plan when we already have seeded them here. Hain is a powerful force now -- we are completely capable of upgrading these people ourselves. There are many indigenous lifeforms throughout the galaxy; why did they choose ours?"

"If this man only knew that the Powers were resting the fate of his whole world just on his own actions! It would be too hard for him to comprehend. I don't agree with that upgrade method at all; they should be looking at the society as a whole.

I feel that it is just a sign of their arrogance. Throwaway civilizations, like a lottery, with one entity's successes and failures determining the outcome of the whole show. If that entity gets ensnared and ends up going down the wrong path, bye-bye upgrade."

"I must find him and let him know. We were able to secure his approximate psychic plasma frequency by analyzing the ray that the Great Powers have beamed here for monitoring his behavior. I have tuned into his psychic frequency as best as I can, and he should be able to hear my thoughts eventually, if we can slow his mind down enough.

(Fade out and back into living room. Khan is opening up his eyes and staring in a daze.)

KHAN: (Mentally) "God damn! I must have fell asleep. I feel so strange. What the hell was I just thinking?"

"Oh, yeah, I was having a great dream! Right out of a science fiction book. This is really wild! That's got to be the strangest thing that's ever happened to me! All the images and the feelings seemed so realistic.

"I was looking at everything that I commonly would see in Albany, but it was all so different, as if I had seen it for the first time. My mind in the dream was so strange -- I felt like I was not even human, just an extraterrestrial soul who was wandering around in a human body. And -- boy, this is strange -- I felt like this soul was searching for me! How could that be possible?"

At this point, the play moves back into another scene, which described the struggle of my character Khan with the marijuana scene. I used this scene as a means of processing my smoking experiences with Randy.

I presented the unfinished script to Jude at this point, and Jude wasn't sure if he could actually use it to make a movie. He certainly wasn't crazy about the drug use in the script.

The drive and dedication to commit to the project did not seem to be there, and so I did not finish writing the script. The finished portion certainly showed how much of the knowledge that I would eventually acquire was brewing beneath the surface of my conscious mind.

Chapter 07: "If the Devil Can't Get You Any Other Way, He Sends a Woman"

WILCOCK'S FIRST GIRL

Our story continues in my senior year of college. After an entire adolescent life, I was 21 years old, well over two years clean and sober, and still had not ever had a girlfriend.

I had been with two women in my freshman year of college, both one-nighters, and since that time I had felt very badly about what I had involved myself with and decided not to pursue relationships any further.

Besides, a standard rule of the addiction / recovery process was to wait one year before getting involved in any romantic capacity. I could lie to myself and say that everything was fine, but in reality this sense of separateness and alienation from society was definitely starting to have its effects on me.

I was not happy about being "left out" from something that almost everyone my age had experienced at some point or another. All of that was about to change very soon.

I had met another good friend, Eric, in his junior year of college. Eric was an interesting guy, doing a complete 180 from a punk-rock background to his then-current status as a Classical Guitarist and music historian.

[Eric went on to get an MA in Library Science. Eric and I would eventually become housemates, living together throughout all of my development prior to my moving to Virginia Beach.]

We seemed to have a lot in common with each other, and we often spent time hanging out. After a year of life in Bouton Hall in SUNY-New Paltz, Eric and I were back, as seniors. Our friendship continued to develop and blossom.

You have to understand that by this point my life was totally different. My former life as a marijuana user seemed like Ancient History to me now.

Everything about my life had changed so dramatically once Ray told me of the NASA UFO information that I could only look at my chemically addicted life as my own personal Dark Ages. I almost never thought about anything from that life, including all my high school experiences.

I was not able to compare the lessons I had learned while I was still active against what was going on in my life in the present, as it literally seemed like a "past life" to me.

Indeed, the life I now led could be thought of as the Age of Enlightenment by comparison. By the time I was a senior in college, I had expanded my mind in ways I could have never possibly imagined.

A few books in particular had opened up my consciousness, and my favorite book of all was "Our Ancestors Came from Outer Space" by Maurice Chatelain. I had borrowed it from the library so many times that my name literally went all the way down one side of the card inside the book.

I had allowed a much greater vision of reality into my consciousness, and I had changed considerably during the intervening years. I tried to be as open-minded as possible, while also not being an idiot and simply believing everything I read.

I did certainly seem to be able to separate the wheat from the chaff, as all I needed to do was feel the book in my hands before I considered buying it. If it had an electric tingling feeling, then I knew I was supposed to read it.

If I didn't get anything than I would put it back, no matter how interesting it looked at the time.

I also had been through a negative experience throughout my junior year, where after two quick room changes I ended up with a very self-centered roommate who resented sharing his space with anyone else. We were almost constantly at war during that time, and it was a big lesson in asserting myself as a person.

The war itself led me to my initial foray into religious studies, and I consulted the Bhagavad-Gita, the Dhammapada or Buddha's Book of Righteousness, "A Flash of Lightning in the Dark of Night" by the Dalai Lama and the Wilhelm / Baynes version of the I Ching textbook.

So, as a result of my life experiences I was also coming into a much greater appreciation of the spiritual literature that was available out there, as well as the UFO / metaphysical books. (Soon after my NASA "trigger event," I began rigorously journalizing every major event in my life, and thus this whole experience is quite well documented.)

And now it was my senior year, and Eric and I were becoming better friends. He had seen a remarkable change in me in the last year, saying that I had become much more caring about other people.

When we would hang out together, he often spoke about how attracted he was to Oriental women, specifically Japanese. I did not seem to agree with him on this point; yes, they were cute, I would say, but no more interesting than girls of any other type.

I couldn't understand why Eric was so attracted to them. But before too long, Eric had befriended the best-looking Japanese girls in Bouton Hall, and was spending lots of time with them. They really *were* quite unusually good looking! I would soon become a part of this hanging out as well...

One girl seemed particularly interesting to both Eric and I; her name was Yumi (not her real name.) Along with one other friend who was also named David, we ended up focusing on Yumi and spending a great deal of time with her.

She was stunningly attractive and quite full of life and love. It became pretty obvious to Eric and I that either one of us might end up with Yumi as a girlfriend.

In a particularly interesting late-night conversation in the halls of Bouton, Eric and I promised each other that no matter who ended up with Yumi, the other one wouldn't be jealous.

I thought for sure that Eric would be the one to "win" this game. I prepared myself for the inevitable, and decided that I would just let it be the way that it was; there wasn't much I could do about it. Oh, well.

Eric had advised a slow, methodical approach in getting together with Yumi. But I had a different idea. I could tell that from a psychological and emotional standpoint, she was a very action-centered person, who wanted things to move fast.

So, that's what I started to do, spending time with her by himself, without Eric or the other David. This culminated one night in a study session where Eric and I were with Yumi in a corner study hall in Bouton.

I spent a great deal of energy teaching Yumi how to properly pronounce English. As the minutes dragged into hours, Eric got tired and finally left. Here is his quote from a few days later:

"Man, I knew that it was all over when I left that night. You didn't even need to tell me what happened, because I could see it coming."

"No kidding," I answered. "I didn't know what was coming at that point!"

"Well, you just weren't paying attention, then," Eric answered.

"I guess not."

After Eric left, the English tutelage lasted a few more hours. Finally, exhausted and ready to go to bed, I got up to leave. Before I left the room, (which incidentally was private and had its own lock,) I hugged Yumi goodbye.

To my surprise, neither one of us let go, but we started to rock back and forth in each other's arms. Before too much more time had passed, Yumi and I had sat back down on the sofa, continuing to hug.

The exotic beauty of Yumi entranced me. After about fifteen minutes of holding each other, we started to kiss. At first it was hardly anything, just slight pecks, but at a very gradual speed it turned into an exhilarating experience.

This was a completely different person, a tiny, exotic goddess from the other side of the world, and as little as fifty years earlier, what I was now doing would have been considered completely taboo.

At the same time as the kissing picked up speed, a yellow-jacket (bee) that was apparently trapped in the room came and stung me on the arm. I yelped out in pain and flicked it to the ground, crushing it with my foot.

"I wonder how that got in here," I asked.

"I don't know..." Yumi answered. We both laughed and got back to work.

["Do you think he understood the metaphor, Lucia?" Grandfather asked.

"Doesn't look like it..." Lucia answered. I would realize much later the symbolic significance of the sting. Yumi would turn out to be the archetypal "spider woman," not a "Madame Butterfly." I would go through great pain of manipulation in this relationship.]

I collapsed into bed very late that night, after 5:00, only to have to be at a 10:30 class the next morning. But, I hardly even noticed the lack of sleep.

After 21 years of being alone, I had finally gotten together with an attractive, exciting young woman. I was high as a kite as I walked up to my friends Eric and Dave out by the Student Union Building at New Paltz.

"How's it going, guys?" I asked, soaring in my own little world.

"Not too bad," they responded. Then Eric said, "Hey, do you remember that I had something to tell you last night?"

[I thought back. Indeed, there was one point when Eric took me off to the side and said, "I have to tell you something very important, but not now."]

"Yeah, what was it?" I answered, now quite curious.

"Well, I just don't think ANY of us are going to hook up with Yumi," Eric responded, shaking his head forlornly as though reality had finally set in.

I immediately burst out laughing, and conjured up a "catch phrase" that was thrown around all the time in my Experimental Psychology class.

"Yeah, but you know what? *A theory must be falsifiable*," I responded, bracing my stomach as I continued laughing.

"What do you mean?" Eric answered somewhat confrontationally, expecting my response.

"Last night I just falsified your theory!" I responded, with an ice-cream smile.

"No shit," Eric responded, looking off to the side with a somewhat dazed expression.

"Well look, you still haven't heard what I needed to tell you."

"What's that?" I answered, with my triumphant smile.

"Well, I don't know how to say this, but... she's got a boyfriend."

"Oh my God..." I answered. I felt the floor slipping out from under me. How could this cute little girl do that to me, lead me on, deceive me? "Are you sure about that?"

"Yeah, it's some soccer player from Japan. He moved to England recently to study there, and apparently they still have a long-distance relationship."

"Well, I guess she's got *two* relationships now," I answered in disgust.

Tangled up in a storm of turbulent emotions, perched precisely halfway between triumphant ecstasy and catastrophic defeat, I went into the music studio, a part of my Computer and Electronic Music class.

Drawing off of my numerous experiences making music with Jude, I knew that if you catch an intense emotional state at just the right moment, you can transform it into music.

And that is exactly what I did, spontaneously composing a piece that illustrated well my juxtaposition between joy and despair. It still stands out as one of my finest pieces of electronic music.

As things with Yumi continued, I got the lay of the land and realized that she and her old boyfriend were essentially a done deal. She had already been dealing with the fact of his loss, but didn't quite want to admit that this is what was really happening.

Nevertheless, Yumi set a Nov. 7th deadline. If her boyfriend did not call her or send her a gift on her birthday, which was that day, then it was officially "over" for good, and I could then adopt the title of "her boyfriend."

(Never minding the fact that we had already done most of what you could do between two people, becoming quite heavily involved with each other and madly in love.)

November 7th finally came and I bought Yumi a big ice cream cake as well as several nice gifts. Nothing came from Yumi's "boyfriend," no call and no card.

It took two more weeks of stony silence on the issue for me to break through Yumi's walls of denial, and when she finally admitted it to herself, she cried and convulsed for hours while I held her in my arms.

Soon afterwards, we consummated the relationship. I still have the piece of paper in my wallet where Yumi wrote a dedication to the event. It says, "Dear Dave, You're my boyfriend! I'll give you all my love..."

The next morning, I had a very interesting dream, where I was having great difficulty trying to reassemble a small electronic device that I had fixed.

The difficulty putting the screws back in place had a definite connection to the tension that I had felt the night before from my lack of experience and the fact that she was a full foot shorter than I was. I took Yumi out that day and bought her a bouquet of a dozen roses.

Soon afterwards, our sexual interactions would become much more comfortable, and less like a surgical procedure. Yumi had asked me why I had such a serious facial expression that night, and I hadn't even been aware of it until she had said something to me about it.

After our relationship became sexual, the fights that we were already having became more intense. I became aware, more from my outside psychological knowledge than the inside swirl of emotions, that Yumi and I had a "dysfunctional relationship."

What I was not willing to see was that once again, all the familiar habit patterns of self-indulgence that typified my marijuana addiction were again surfacing.

Eventually, I would rate my success upon how many days I could go without crying. Every time that she tried to manipulate my emotions, threaten breakup or do a million different things to make me feel bad, I would collapse into tears.

Never before had I felt such tremendous highs nor such catastrophic lows. It scared me half to death to be in the middle of all of it, and to have another person be able to have such a profound effect on my emotional state.

I took Yumi home over Thanksgiving break, directly after we had consummated the relationship. Both of us went absolutely nuts, "doing it" as often as twice in one day. Then, it was back to school, where we needed to covertly sneak in our sexual acts between the comings and goings of my roommate at the time, Artie.

But Artie seemed to understand and was fairly cool about it, with one notable and unfortunate exception recorded in my personal journals. Let's just say that we needed to refrain from fooling around if Artie was in the room with us at the time!

The stress and strain of all the highs and lows in this relationship started to get to be too much for me to handle. My body was actually physically deteriorating from what I was going through.

This was also caused by my poor diet, filled with grease from the various items at the Food Court. I had read the channeled book "We, the Arcturians" by Dr. Norma Milanovich, and now I knew that the ETs wanted you to eat a very specific diet.

Even though I had never given credence to any other channeled literature, there was something about Milanovich's Arcturians that seemed very strangely familiar to me.

I vowed that I would heed the suggestions of the Arcturians, and I had already largely gotten away from meat and dairy, preferring pasta dishes and soymilk instead.

I felt compelled to eat this way to satisfy the demands of the Higher Forces, and it was indeed quite a change. But I was still eating a lot of sugar, as well as other greasy and fatty things. It would be quite a while before I could completely "do the ET diet."

The deterioration of my body was also caused by my intense practice of jazz drumming, sometimes two hours a day in the drum practice room of the music building. This caused the greatest stress in my lower back.

It was compounded by the horrible quality of the dormitory bed I was sleeping on, which dipped in the middle like a Moon crater.

Since I was sleeping flat on my stomach at that time, my back spent all night being compressed, with my neck tilted far off to the left, resting sideways on the pillow. Any chiropractor will tell you that this is about the worst possible position that anyone can sleep in; the spine is twisted in two different places.

As the crushing sorrows of the passionate fights with Yumi continued to compound with the stresses of approaching finals, I finally collapsed under the pressure. It had started before this one point, as I noticed all the muscles on the left side of my back were locking up, making it difficult to stand up straight.

But generally speaking, a little stretching would go a long way, and the problem would subside. I had largely forgotten about it on the day when I arched my back over my chair while talking to someone in the Food Court.

I had been trying to get my back to "crack" in order to release a little pressure and feel better. I did indeed get a cracking noise, but all of a sudden it felt far worse. Much, much, much worse. Uh-oh!

I managed to stumble back into my room in Bouton Hall. The pain was incredible. My back had completely locked into a clamp, forcing me to lean to the left and pitch forward when I walked, like a crippled old man.

The pain of trying to stand up straight was unlike any other pain I had ever felt in my entire life. It was only comparable to one time when I had slipped and fallen in the driveway while taking out the garbage, my back landing and arching over the side of the metallic garbage can.

I hadn't been able to sit comfortably for two weeks in the hard-backed school chairs after that happened. And now, the pain I was experiencing even made my garbage can incident seem like child's play. I collapsed to the ground in my room, with my back up against the wall, not knowing what to do.

Shortly thereafter, Artie came into the room. I stood up and tried to act like nothing was wrong. However, I was in such pain that I had to prop myself up against my desk in order to remain standing.

"Are you okay?" Artie asked. Artie was a year younger than I, very sensitive and caring. He also was a boy genius and had strange, UFO-related experiences throughout his life.

He also had luckily been privy to some leaked classified information that had expanded my knowledge base somewhat, involving the discovery of a football-sized, egg-shaped extraterrestrial module in a well-known Northeastern river.

The module had photographed certain events there, such as a naval blockade in an early American war, where a chain had actually been extended across the river to block incoming ships. The man who found it could not cut, burn or smash the dull metallic object open, and there were no visible seams, buttons or external markings on it.

It sat on his kitchen table, and one day his son happened to blow a dog whistle in the house. The egg suddenly unraveled open on spiraling, invisible seams, revealing its inside contents. Many different picture frames of the area from all different periods of history were stored in Rolodex fashion within it.

He excitedly reported his discovery to the Feds, not quite knowing what it was, and it was immediately confiscated with no questions asked or answered.

"Yeah, fine, man, I'll be just fine," I answered. I tried to move to the left, and the pain of my back almost sent me down to the floor.

"No, you're not," Artie said. "You need to go to the Health Center right away."

"Get the hell out of here, man, I'll be just fine! I just need to rest my back a little bit. You see?"

I tried to stand up straight and stretch out my arms. The shocking jolt of pain again sent me pitching forward, propping myself up on the desk. I tried not to cry out, but the pain was incredible and I couldn't help it. "Aaah!" I cried, covering the trouble spot with my hand.

Now Artie was getting a little angry and defiant. "Dave, you need help, right now. I'm taking you to the Health Center."

Now wincing in pain and trying not to moan, I reluctantly agreed. We went to the Health Center, only for me to be told that my problem was too serious to be treated there. They recommended that I go to Vassar Hospital's emergency room as soon as possible.

I realized that this is what I was going to have to do, but I didn't like it. Artie couldn't take me, because I had a class. So, I had to go back into my room, collapse on the floor and basically call around and wait for someone to show up and take care of me.

I played "The Sounds of India" by Ravi Shankar to try to keep myself from going crazy. It gave the whole event a sort of religious, ecstatic overtone, as I considered this the most sacred music I owned. I realized that this was obviously some major life event that I was going through.

Finally, Yumi arrived. She was horrified to see the pain I was under. Without too much delay, she had gotten hold of David, one of the three original guys who hung out with her when all our fun had first started. He had a big van, and agreed to take me, the other David, to the hospital.

My hospital examination showed no displaced vertebrae, and this surprised me considerably. I thought for sure that something was wrong with my backbone, but everything was perfectly straight and normal.

So, the doctor gave me a prescription for heavy codeine pills as well as Flexaril, a muscle relaxer. I knew that Codeine had a narcotic, druglike effect on a person's consciousness, and didn't like that fact. I had vowed never to intoxicate myself with any substance ever again, and had consistently followed that promise now for over two and a half years.

I knew that these drugs were not cures, only masks designed to numb the pain. The real cure was the doctor's insistence that I sleep on a flat floor with my mattress. If I could have gotten in touch with a massage therapist and received intensive muscular treatment, it probably would have been better.

But instead, I was left a gibbering, incoherent shell of a human being, stoned out on drugs and still in excruciating pain. I spent day after day on the floor of my room, unable to do anything except sleep from all the heavy drugs.

I could hear people talking about me, but when I tried to respond I couldn't talk. My body was working much slower than my already hindered mind. I wanted to get off these drugs as soon as possible, as they only made the experience worse.

Throughout this whole time, Yumi and her friends were saviors, giving me constant rubs with Ben-Gay ointment and keeping me company, even though I really didn't say much. Showers were extreme agony for me, unparalleled by anything I could have ever imagined previously.

At one point, I stared at myself naked in the mirror opposite the shower stall, as I again lurched forward in pain, reeking of the minty smell of Ben-Gay. I whined with the sounds of a defeated man.

For the first time at that moment, I felt like I could understand the significance of the story of the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ. I did not consider myself a practicing Christian, but in that moment of utter and total pain and collapse, a pain unlike anything I had ever felt before, I could understand the story. I cried profoundly for the suffering of Jesus in that moment.

"Why does God make the spiritual teachers suffer like this? My God, why did they have to do that to Jesus?" I wondered loudly in my mind as I cried, my tears mixing with all the water. There was no immediate answer.

HINTS OF THE BIG PICTURE

I managed to recover from my pain with just enough time to do late make-ups on my final exams and papers. There was a great deal of stress surrounding Yumi's return to Japan, and the time that we would spend apart.

I was actually glad to see her go at first, so that I could get a break from all the insanity. I had crushed the rest of the pills and flushed them down the toilet, ready to be done with the whole affair.

I went home that winter, and my mother was continuing an ongoing campaign of hers to make me self-reliant. So, that meant that she and her boyfriend were going out to eat every night, and very little food was left in the house.

If I wanted anything to eat, I needed to pay for it myself. So, I had to ride my bike in the snow to pick up groceries and things. I made a special bike trip through slush and snow to get some oranges, because I felt like I was really getting a terrible cold.

I was blowing my nose all the time, as an incredible amount of mucus seemed to be generated. Day after day, the results started to have greater amounts of clotted blood in them, until it was looking quite serious.

My nasal passages were literally raw with pain. Also, at the same time I started noticing that I had so little energy, I could hardly even stand up. Before too long, I was spending every day in the same position, sprawled out on the living-room couch.

Finally my mother realized that I needed to go to the doctor and figure out what was going on.

I had blood drawn, and was told a day or two later that I had the Epstein-Barr virus, Mononucleosis, or Mono, known as "the kissing disease."

I also found out that if you didn't fully get rid of Mono when you first got it, it could lead to an even more serious and ongoing condition called "Chronic Fatigue Syndrome." I was literally so weak that I couldn't get up from the couch without an extreme level of effort.

I certainly did not want to end up with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and asked my mother what to do about it. The doctors basically said that there was nothing they could give me; it simply had to run its course.

I had written a letter to Yumi that I never actually sent, which detailed a dream that I had at the time about my illness. In the dream, there were all these very long worms that kept coming at me from all directions in the midst of a dark forest.

The best thing I could do to stop these worms was to simply reach out and grab them as they got close, and throw them away from me. However, the worms were quite resilient, and it seemed that as soon as I threw them away, they would just come right back.

It was a pretty scary dream, and I knew as soon as I woke up that it was a diagnosis of my current health condition. The worms may well have represented the viral infection that had worked its way through my body.

Thankfully, my mother was in touch with a holistic healer and chiropractor who had been practicing medicine for many years.

The doctor told my mother to immediately buy me the full range of vitamins and minerals as supplements, and to take two or three times the normal amounts. I started to do this, and in a seemingly miraculous amount of time I started to recover -- much faster than what the doctors had originally told me. I even amazed myself at my unusually speedy recovery.

I went back to New Paltz, eager to be back together with Yumi. Despite all the pain that we had been through together, there was still an attachment there, and not having Yumi around had only made me feel more alone.

I was glad to be in her "delightful" company yet again. I had basically forgotten how terrible things had become there for a while. Again, the patterns of my self-indulgence with addiction had holographically resurfaced in a different form.

Unfortunately, Yumi did not have such a warm reception for me. She had just been through the Japanese "Graduation" ceremony, which occurs on the nineteenth birthday. This was an elaborate affair, where all the women dressed in 10,000-dollar kimonos that they might have been saving money to buy for all of their lives.

The Graduation ceremony gave Yumi a chance to see all of her old friends again, after a long absence. They not only went to the ceremony together, but they spent lots of time together on the outside, rekindling old friendships and romances and going out to dance clubs.

So, when Yumi came back, I felt as though I was sorely in need of companionship. Yumi, on the other hand, felt sorely in need of being back in Japan! I took it as a personal insult that she didn't seem to want to be around me, and she would whine and complain about how much she wanted to be back in Japan. It only intensified the struggle between us in the relationship.

Despite our constant carping at each other, Yumi did have something very interesting to reveal to me when she came back. I knew that Yumi's family was rather wealthy for Japanese standards, living in a country-style suburb of the city of Gifu called Gifu-ken.

I knew that they were still actively practicing the Shinto religion, and regularly attended their local temples and observed Shintoist rituals and rites. One of these rites involved opening all the doors and windows of the house on a certain day of the year, leaving out food and drawing a hot bath.

It was believed that the ancestral spirits of the family would enter into the house, eat the food on the etheric level and take a bath on the etheric level. No one else was to use the bath or the food, as it was only for the ancestors.

I knew well the heavy involvement that Yumi's family had with the Shinto faith, as well as its practitioners. She had already told me the story about this incredible female shaman-priestess that her parents would consult.

Apparently this person was very well known in the upper echelon Shintoist circles, and her psychic accuracy level was so high that in her old age, it had become quite expensive to get consultations with her. However, Yumi and her wealthy family had worked with this woman for many years, and over time they had grown into a very special, almost familial relationship with her.

Yumi had used an object with me when I got sick that the woman had given her. It was a paper-thin solid-gold circle wafer, about two and a half inches wide and laminated in plastic.

Slightly raised inside the circle was a perfect triangle, and it was formed from the straight, stylized geometric branches and central stalk of a tree. She told me that I should keep this object in my pocket, and it would help me to heal myself. I had no idea if it really had done anything, but I did have it on my person for several weeks.

According to Yumi, this woman had made hundreds and hundreds of stunningly accurate predictions. She had already given me what appeared to be a much more mundane example, which occurred when she went to the woman with her four different choices of prospective college campuses that she could take through her foreign-exchange classes.

The woman was very insistent that Yumi had to take New Paltz, New York over the other choices; this was the only proper decision that she could make. We had both speculated if part of the reason for this was that it would have brought us together, although it also satisfied Yumi's wish of being close to New York City.

Yumi also told me that the woman had informed her that she could learn to be just as accurate a mystic as the woman herself was. Every time Yumi and I would have this conversation, I would tell her that she was crazy not to become this woman's apprentice and to learn to do these things on her own. But she was adamant in telling me that she was scared by the whole idea.

She was still very caught up in her big dreams of being an avant-garde hairstylist working in Paris with the world's top fashion models. To her, this world of glamour meant everything, and now that she was in America and right near New York City, she was feeling it more than ever.

She also was spending about eighty dollars every three days and frequently traveling to New York on her own. I had absolutely no desire whatsoever to be in the city, and we never once went there together.

Yumi had snapped a torrent of photographs of us together, and they were all printed two-by-two, one set taped on my wall and one set in her purse. When she had gone back to Japan, she had visited with the woman and told her about me.

She explained to the woman a little about the work that I was involved with, my UFO research and what our relationship was like. She told the woman about how dedicated I was to reading these books, and how I felt that there was a massive spiritual reason for the existence of extraterrestrials in our skies.

Translated into English from Japanese, the conversation between Yumi and the woman apparently went like this:

Woman: You have picture of this man, yes?

Yumi: Yes, I have picture.

Woman: May I see picture of this man, please?

Yumi: Sure. [Fiddles around in her purse, grabs a photograph and hands it to the woman.]

Woman: This is him here? [Points to picture.]

Yumi: Yes.

Woman: [Concentrates for a moment, suddenly looks to Yumi with serious facial expression:] This man going to be very famous.

Yumi: [Surprised:] What do you mean, famous? I don't understand.

Woman: [momentarily pausing:] Spiritual leader. This man going to be... very famous spiritual leader.

When Yumi told me all this I brushed it off and didn't think anything of it at first. It was just another one of those bizarre synchronicities that had happened in my life, mirroring my sighting of the streaking meteorite.

Yumi seemed more enthusiastic about it than I was. And yet somehow, this psychic priestess had spoken a hidden thought of mine, something that I had always believed without ever really knowing why. I didn't bother to spend time worrying or thinking about it, as there was no way for me to know if it would ever actually be true.

All I knew at that time was that I was completely fascinated by recording my dreams and conducting my research, and that was where my true passion was. I wondered if I might be able to do something with it career-wise later in my life, but I was never quite sure. The words of the priestess did serve as an encouragement for me to continue my work.

In the meantime, my roommate Artie had decided to move off-campus for this semester. But, he didn't want to lose his meal plan, so he "kept" the room, even though he was never there.

This meant that with no extra charge, I ended up with a "single" in what many people considered to be the "coolest dorm in New Paltz." So, I pushed the two beds together and Yumi and I both spent most of our time living and sleeping there with each other.

This produced an incredible parallel to the continuing increase of my usage of marijuana during those troubled years of my life. We ended up "Doing the F&F," or the "fight and fool around" routine, if you catch my drift.

Our co-dependency was so all-consuming that we were constantly around each other when we were not in class. And yet, on a fundamental level I wanted to break the cycle, so I could get back to my fastidious book-reading endeavors and spend more time with my other friends.

YUMI SPEAKS FROM A DREAM, PART ONE

This extra closeness obviously led to even more personality differences, but it also led to some interesting and unforeseen results that were quite extraordinary.

These results seemed to have been precipitated in cases where Yumi had fallen asleep and had gone into a rapid eye movement (or REM) phase while I was still awake, usually reading one of my books.

The first time that one of these events happened, I was busily reading Aliens Among Us by Ruth Montgomery. This woman had "channeled" most of what was in the books, by sitting down at the typewriter, going into trance and letting her fingers do the walking.

I wasn't sure if I could trust any "channeled" literature, (other than "We the Arcturians" by Dr. Milanovich,) but I gave this particular book a shot. The bizarre conclusion that she reached in this book was that the "Walk-In" phenomenon needed to be taken seriously.

She explained that a "Walk-In" was a person whose normal soul essence had essentially left the body, allowing a new, extraterrestrial soul essence to "take it over." This certainly bore similarity to the story that I had developed in my recent screenplay for Jude, entitled "Those Who Have Gone Before."

The people in Montgomery's book described massive and sweeping personal changes in themselves, claiming that after their "Walk-In" experience, they were like a completely new person. I thought that the idea was interesting and might apply to me.

But, I thought, if something like this was true about me, then I most likely would have been that way ever since birth, *not* as a result of some sort of "soul fragment exchange." I knew that the events after my sobriety were certainly amazing, but I could also see that the clues had persisted throughout my entire life.

There was nothing in Montgomery's book about a person like this. More than a year later, I would learn that there was a name for this -- it was called a "Wanderer."

"God, I wonder if something like that could really be *true*," I thought to myself as I sat in my chair with the book, while Yumi slept.

Before I even had time to completely finish that thought, I noticed that Yumi was sitting up in bed! I hadn't made a single noise that anyone could have heard in the room, and yet she was sitting up straight, turning her head towards me and opening up her eyes. I couldn't understand what the heck was going on, and was more than a little disturbed about the whole thing.

"(---,) wa?" Yumi asked me. (I cannot remember what the original word that she said was, although I know what it means in English.)

Then, she seemed to notice what she was doing -- that she was sitting up in my room talking to me. She looked around with a perplexed expression, then suddenly seemed to be influenced by an unseen force that caused her eyes to draw closed. She quickly fell back into bed, and then remained quiet.

I frantically scribbled out the sounds of what she had said to me. From my extremely limited understanding of Japanese, I knew that the word "wa" at the end of her statement meant, "Aren't you?" So, it appeared that she had asked me some sort of a question.

I could hardly wait to ask her what it meant the next morning. I told her the word, and she excitedly revealed that it was indeed a true Japanese word. She didn't know how to translate it into English, so she brought out her Japanese-English dictionary.

"The word is 'shining,'" she told me.

"Oh my God!" I said. "So what you said was, 'You're shining, aren't you?'"

"Yes, that is correct," she responded. Neither one of us could believe it.

I thought at the time that this was a definite synchronicity that could not be argued with. It appeared that in some higher level on the dream plane, Yumi could see me as I read my book, and there was an aura of light around me.

Perhaps this was a manifestation of the hidden psychic ability of Yumi's that the old woman had referred to. The deeper implications, which I couldn't really accept, were that these mysterious forces had answered my unspoken question about whether I was like the people in Ruth Montgomery's book, Aliens Among Us.

The "answer" seemed to be that I was indeed a "shining" being of Light -- something like what I had just been reading about.

"TWO BULLETS"

I was reminded that this was not the first time that a "dream communication" like this had happened. When I was in my junior year in college, I had been having difficulty with my original overweight roommate that I started the year with.

(I ended up moving out of his room into someone else's, and then from there to the room I had for the rest of the year with my "roommate from hell," the guy who triggered my study of Buddhist and Hindu literature.)

My initial roommate had reminded me of myself in high school, before I ever lost 85 pounds through dieting and went from fat to thin. While I was home on vacation, again during the Thanksgiving break, I went to visit my friend Jude, and slept overnight.

While I lay there in my air-mattress bed on Jude's floor, I started to go into a waking dream. In this dream, the roommate was a horribly menacing figure chasing after me. I had a gun in my belt, and knew that if I really wanted to, I could *shoot* the villain and stop the chase.

But, something inside of me wasn't quite willing to cut off the character, which represented my older habit patterns of behavior that I was still struggling with. So, I had to just keep on running, faster and faster.

At this same moment, I heard a stirring in the room. Again, this was a waking dream, so I was still somewhat conscious of my surroundings. Suddenly and without warning, Jude started to moan. And then, to my incredible surprise, he began speaking...

"Shoot him... Just shoot him... Two bullets..."

I was so shocked to hear that Jude was dreaming the same dream as I was that I was suddenly wide-awake, my heart slamming at my ribcage! I stared at the ceiling and dared not even breathe, as I waited to see if Jude would say anything else.

Time continued to tick past, and nothing more happened. Somehow, I was able to wait until the next morning before I told Jude what he had said. I was so tired that night that all I could think of was sleep, and I knew full well that if I told Jude right then, in our enthusiasm we would have made it an all-nighter for sure.

Jude was quite surprised that I was able to keep it to myself and actually get back to bed afterwards, but this was definitely not the first time that something strange like this had happened to me.

And now with Yumi, another example of the same thing had just happened. I wondered how my own consciousness was able to manipulate others' minds while they were asleep.

It reminded me of those telepathic experiments that I conducted on my friend Eric, (not the same Eric as my friend in New Paltz,) all the way back in second grade, when I was reading Sherman's book.

If we remember, at that time I told Eric to wake up at a certain time in the morning and think of gold, through telepathic suggestion. Eric indeed woke up in the middle of the night, felt a presence in the room and immediately checked his gold watch to see what time it was. Not bad for a seven-year old psychic.

YUMI SPEAKS FROM A DREAM, PART TWO

A few more weeks went by, and the forces must have realized that they had caught my attention. Once again, I found myself reading late at night while Yumi slept.

Her classes started a lot earlier than mine, and thus the late-night hours were about the only times that I could get away from her to do my research, which was still just about the most important thing there was in my world.

As I sat reading in the same chair, once again Yumi sat up in bed and turned her head towards me. This time, I was ready, and hung on every word she said. I would write down whatever she told me, as closely as possible.

Yumi had a big smile on her face this time. She leaned forward in the bed with one hand out in front of her, as though she were holding something in it. The other hand seemed to stroke this invisible object.

I wondered if it might have been a book. It was all so strange and sudden that I could hardly even think. Before I had any time to wonder what was going on, Yumi began speaking.

"Kon-no waraji ro, katan-da ke do," she said, with that huge and very bizarre grin on her face, as she stroked the unseen item in her hands.

Then again, she seemed to notice that there was something strange going on; she was in a weird, square room with a white-skinned man who had strange-looking blue-colored eyes, and had no idea how she had gotten there.

Then, just like the first time, a bizarre energy seemed to suddenly turn her off like a light switch. She pulled the "object" back in and collapsed back into the bed, pulling the covers up over herself in a very mechanistic motion.

I frantically scribbled down the syllables of what I had just heard her say: "Kon-no waraji ro, katan-da ke do." Unfortunately, I did not save the napkin, as now it would be very valuable to me.

I could hardly read any more as I waited for the next morning, when I could find out what in the heck she said. I knew it was going to be "good," I could feel it. I was able to get a small amount of sleep that night.

The next day, almost immediately upon awakening, I asked her what she had said. I didn't write down the language in the proper Anglicized version, known as "romaji," so I had to read it to her, sounding it out almost exactly the same as how I had heard it.

"Well, okay, what you said was "Kon-no waraji ro, katan-da ke do." Just like that."

Yumi looked quite perplexed. She didn't seem to know what to say.

"Well, all right, come on now, what in the hell does it mean?" I asked.

She responded, with a very puzzled look on her face.

"It means, 'Look at these new sandals I just bought.' Very, very strange."

"Look at my new sandals? What the hell is so strange about that?" I asked. Is that all it was? All she ever wanted to do was go shopping, and now she was buying stuff in her dreams and trying to show it to me!

"No, David, wait a minute. The word I used for "sandals" was "waraji." Warajis are very ancient sandals. No one has ever owned or wore a pair of warajis for at least seven hundred years."

"Jesus Christ! Seven hundred years!"

"Yes. And I said to you, "Look at my NEW warajis that I just bought."

"Well I'll be god-damned! What the hell do you think this means?"

"Maybe we had past life together, desho?" ("Desho" meant, "Huh?")

Clearly, a proposition like that was still a little too much for me to accept. I had wondered about past lives from time to time, but had never really given it much thought. I did remember that when I was still very young, I seemed to remember a past life that featured World War Two and where everyone was driving old-fashioned looking cars, but it was never very distinct.

To Yumi and her Shinto system, reincarnation was par for the course, and she had suggested such a possibility with seriousness. But, despite my skepticism about the whole thing, soon after this event there would be yet another one, equally interesting.

YUMI SPEAKS FROM A DREAM, PART THREE

This time, I lay in bed next to Yumi, half-awake and half-asleep. She was resting one hand on my leg, and was fast asleep. When I tried to move my own leg, Yumi started patting it gently.

"Teru, teru, Obakun," Yumi said to me.

I was too tired to write it down, so I memorized it. I never knew what the heck she was saying, or whether it meant anything important or not. The next day, I asked her what it meant. This time, she was genuinely perplexed.

"Well, I've never heard the word "Teru" used in common speech," Yumi said. "But, I imagine that maybe at one time, it was a short form of 'aish- teru,' which means "I love you.'""

"Yeah, that makes sense," I answered. "What about Obakun?"

"That sounds like family name," she responded. "-Kun is a 'cool' way to say "Mister," usually for younger person. So, it means Mr. Oba."

"So the whole thing means "I love you, Mr. Oba." I'll be damned! It sure does sound like a past life, doesn't it?"

"*Kowai!*" she responded. "Kowai" meant something that was strange or bizarre or scary.

SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORIES RESURFACING

A while later in the semester, Yumi and I were having sex at a time of the month when we really shouldn't have. I was moderately uncomfortable about the whole thing, but tried not to pay attention to those feelings.

There was obviously a big, noisy party going on in the room next door, where an alcoholic young man lived. There had been lots of weird things going on in that room from time to time, most likely some heavy drug use as well.

I had been able to successfully induce them to leave the room in the past, through telepathy. The drugs seemed to lower their resistance to my subconscious "remote influencing" experiments.

So, right in the middle of the noise, there was a sudden, loud crash against the wall, and it was the obvious sound of broken glass.

Soon after this came the lowering of the stereo and the sounds of the voices in the room, obviously very alarmed. Yumi and I both grew quite concerned about this. I threw my clothes on and went outside to investigate. Nothing could have prepared me for what I would see.

Walking out of the room was my neighbor as well as my neighbor's friend, both of whom had beards and long hair and were very young.

They were both literally covered in blood, and seemed to be leaning on each other for support. They obviously were highly intoxicated. They made their way into the bathroom and hardly noticed me on the way there.

A short while later, I went into the bathroom to take a leak. After doing this, I went over and asked the guys, totally wasted and lying against the wall by the sinks, if everything was okay. I couldn't possibly have been prepared for the response I got.

"Get the f- out of here, man. Just get the f- out of here. You didn't see a thing. Nothing happened. Just get your f---ing ass out of here right now."

"Well, are you all right?" I asked, trying not to be easily intimidated.

"Everything is fine. Now you just get the f- out of here."

I was so shocked by their attitude that I did just that -- leaving the bathroom and pretending like nothing happened. For some reason, I didn't call anyone or do anything about it. I had no idea which of the guys were injured, how they were injured or whether they were even going to live. All I could see was a mess of blood on both of their white shirts.

But, since I lived right next door to the guy, the power of the intimidation took hold, and I took no action. Later on, I would discover that my neighbor had smashed his beer bottle against the wall and cut his hand.

He did eventually end up being spotted, taken to the hospital and given stitches, as these guys walked the dorms without even changing their bloody clothing!

As I talked about the whole thing with Yumi, I couldn't help but feel the bizarre coincidence of what had happened. The timing of this event, along with our sexual misadventure, was just too strange. Why, indeed, was my now-sexual relationship with Yumi showing up somehow connected to this horrible, bloody accident? What was I being told?

A few weeks later, I had a dream that Yumi had been murdered, possibly even twice -- (that seemed to be normal enough in the dream.) I was working harder than anyone else in the dream to find out who the killer was, as I really wanted to solve the crime.

I was led to a variety of crime scenes, and at each one there were various clues that could be pieced together. The strange thing was that I could prove that I myself had been at each one of the key scenes!

I kept going back and checking, and there literally was no single other person who seemed to fit the case better than myself! Right before awakening, I was left with the bizarre conclusion that ***I myself must have been the murderer!***

I awoke, feeling that this had to be an interesting metaphor for the relationship as it now stood. However, I did not understand why my dreams would implicate me as a murderer, when everything that was going on in the present had to do with her taking an unfair advantage of me.

There was really no room in my mind to think about the possibility that this might have been an actual retelling of a past-life event. I still wasn't even sure if such a thing as past lives really existed, although I was becoming more convinced that they might be a reality as my time went along with these strange synchronicities coming through Yumi.

YUMI SPEAKS FROM A DREAM, PART FOUR

Towards the end of the semester, Artie stopped by to talk, and Yumi ended up going to sleep in bed. I told Artie about the idea of Ascension, (which I had now encountered in books such as Ruth Montgomery's,) the importance of the extraterrestrials and how everything fit together into the "big picture."

It was an exciting conversation, and Artie was totally fascinated. Suddenly, Yumi sat up in bed again, still fast asleep. Slowly and deliberately, her head turned towards Artie and me. By now, I was used to this, but Artie was obviously scared to death. Yumi began to speak.

"Shining, wa?" she asked, looking directly at me. Then, just as suddenly, something seemed to "turn her off," and she collapsed back into the bed. Artie looked at me with wide eyes and a big, goofy smile. He didn't know what the hell to make out of this sudden, bizarre incident.

"Jesus, now her subconscious mind knows the word for "shining," so she doesn't have to say it in Japanese!" It was obvious that once again, an outside spiritual force had manipulated her consciousness to give us an important and timely message.

We were "shining" with Light. It would prove to be the last time that any such message of this type would come through, before she returned to Japan for good at the end of the semester.

DAVID'S NEED TO STAND UP FOR HIMSELF

I had many dreams that indicated my own need to stand up for myself in the relationship. The fights were absolutely devastating to me, and it seemed as if she created nearly all of them to meet her own emotional needs.

I tried to treat her as nicely as possible, but whenever she wasn't in a good mood, it was somehow my fault, and she would create a distraction in order to start a fight. Then, once the fight was in progress, she would change the subject to other things that I had done in the past!

The inevitable conclusion from these fights was "You don't love me." I would then have to somehow "prove" that I loved her, and I was never sure how to do this, since I loved her all the time, without conditions, regardless of the things that went on between the two of us.

One of Yumi's favorite "tricks" was to induce long bouts of cold, stony silence. I literally felt like throwing up when she would do this. No matter what I said or did, she would just sit there and sullenly stare at the wall.

The more I panicked and tried to talk her out of it, or explain my position, the worse it got. Then, eventually it would end up like a sizzling stick of dynamite, with both of us being silent.

Making it as dramatic as possible, she would eventually storm out of the room, leaving a lingering, unresolved tension that would hang in the air like a stale mist.

Finally we would have to deal with the issue, and she would often excuse it with nothing more than one or two sentences. She told me that she never held a grudge, and that once we were done fighting she never wanted to talk about it again.

Then we would have sex afterwards, and she felt that the tension-resolution cycle made the sex a lot better. I couldn't understand why she needed to play this insidious game.

The only thing that made the sex better to me was the relief that I didn't "lose" her. In that extremely limited sense, she was right about it being better, but you paid the price in blood.

DAVID DREAMS OF HIS MISSION

There was one dream in particular that I had during this time, which was highly dramatic. I found myself returning to this same house over and over again, and each time I would run up the stairs, into the bathroom and then make a precipitous jump through the bathroom window to a ledge on the other side.

Even though it was highly dangerous, for some reason I felt compelled to keep doing it over and over again. After about four times, I realized that if I was willing to go through the rest of the house, there might be a way for me to get to the other side without making the dangerous jump.

Just as I was about to run up the stairs again, I stopped and walked into the living room, quite to the surprise of the young African-American girl who had been watching me each time.

"Hi, I'm David Wilcock," I said to the girl, slightly out of breath. "Do you mind if I take a look around?"

"No, that's okay, David. In fact, we've been expecting you already for quite some time."

I was puzzled. "What do you mean by that," I asked her?

"Well, I'm really not supposed to say anything about this," she responded, "but the extraterrestrials are working here right now to build up this house, and they know that you're here."

"Come on, give me a break. You're telling me that there are extraterrestrials in this house right now?"

"Yes, David, there are. If you walk over into the far hall to the left, you just might see them while they are working."

"This is too outrageous to believe. I'm going to go over and take a look for myself."

I walked down the hallway and took a left like she said, then went down another long corridor. At the end of the corridor there was a waist-high barricade, and I went over it.

Going into an adjoining, unfinished room, I looked out of what was going to become a window later on. There to my surprise and amazement were about eight Grey-style extraterrestrials, all doing construction work on this house!

They seemed to be bathed in a brilliant, deep-blue light, and their skin was also somewhat blue. They were erecting a massive chandelier in the room as well as several other fancy touches, like a black-marble bathroom with golden fixtures. It was quite stunning to watch them work.

I was aware of the danger from the forces in the government around observing the behavior of these extraterrestrials. None of the neighbors surrounding this house were supposed to see what was going on.

And yet, there was a building to my far left, and in it I could suddenly see a man watching them, as equally amazed as I was. And then quite abruptly as I watched, men in military fatigues came up to the man with machine guns and led him away at gunpoint.

I very quickly left the area, not wanting to be spotted by the same forces. The ET's seemed to keep on working regardless of this government presence.

Then, when I went back into the main room, I ran into a woman who I recognized as a wealthy and prominent friend of my father's. To make a long story short, this woman was extending me an opportunity to work at their facility -- which would ultimately mean that I might be working with the extraterrestrials.

There was a part of me that really wanted to say yes, but then in the dream I seemed to remember that I had made a promise to pick up a different Oriental female friend of mine in a little red car.

I knew that this Oriental female was my girlfriend and we were in love, and she would be very upset with me if I did not meet with her on time. So, I forlornly agreed to pass up the opportunity to work in the house, trying to feel excited about my imminent reunion with my girlfriend. The woman seemed very disappointed, telling me that they "really needed me" there at the house.

As I prepared to leave, I noticed that the television was on. It appeared to be some sort of horror movie, taking place in a long tunnel that was fashioned out of cobblestones.

Flaming torches were evenly mounted along the walls of this tunnel, about every fifteen feet, and in between each set of torches was a body, mostly decaying and chained up by the wrists. As I continued to watch this scene, suddenly I found myself directly in it!

I could feel the oppressive heat and darkness in the tunnel. It was as if I was in some sort of purgatory in hell. And at the very far end of the tunnel, there was a longhaired male figure also hanging in chains, who looked remarkably like Jesus!

I suddenly heard a terrible voice echo through the hallway.

"Solomon," the voice cried out. *"You realize now that my power has superceded your own. You will do as I say."*

I turned my head quickly and realized that the evil one was cloaked in flowing black cloth, many small pieces of it. He clutched a scepter in his left hand that came up to a stylized skeletal claw hand that held a crystal ball.

His face could not be seen, but the prominent feature was that his head was a dressed-up horse skull with big horns at the top. As soon as he uttered this terrible sentence, he thrust the scepter forward, and the scene changed back to Solomon.

Now, I felt like I was even more a part of the scenery, and I was now hovering in front of the chained spiritual figure.

Suddenly and without warning, a series of perhaps thirteen thick, two-inch metal bars popped through Solomon's body, causing blood to gush out!

The bars were at all different heights and angles, and they went straight through, causing Solomon to cry and wail pathetically, like a small child. The horse-headed demon continued talking, and suddenly I realized that I was now super-sized, holding this human in my hands and carefully trying to stick pins through the human's flesh properly.

I was trying to make sure that I did each puncture exactly right, but as I drove the needles through, I would feel the rush of incredible pain within my own body.

I was shocked awake with a thought that was more of a psychic impression than a physical sentence, but it translated into "You are the one who is stabbing yourself."

I knew that this had to do with my relationship with Yumi and my need to stand up for myself. Furthermore, I realized that it was saying that Yumi's insistence on having all of my free time was now standing in the way of the UFO research that I was trying to accomplish.

For whatever reason, the forces in the dream made it sound like they "really needed me" in this bizarre house where all the construction was going on.

At the time I originally had this dream, I was not open enough to acknowledge the deepest possibilities of the message, which would be that the extraterrestrials had given me this dream and were telling me of their desire to work with me. Much more time would go by before I had figured all of this out.

DAVID "SNAPS"

I could see from the dream that it was telling me that I had to get away from Yumi. And indeed, more and more I felt like I just had to break off the whole thing. It was just so insidious, so screwed up, so bizarre.

There were certainly things that I did to annoy her, but they were a direct result of my own incredible frustration at her blatant and total manipulations. So, one day when it started up again, I had enough.

She had thrown up the wall of silence yet again, and I felt, in my own words at the time, "the disgusting curve of energy" come up from my feet. This time, the energy contained violence and rage.

After a "pregnant pause" between both of us, with her again refusing to say anything and staring at the window, I suddenly "snapped." It was the only time in the history of our (present) interaction that this had ever happened.

In every other case in the past, I had been the epitome of kindness, patience and long-suffering. This time, I had simply been pushed too far, and the blackest rage welled up in me.

If she was going to put up that wall, then I was going to smash it down, with whatever force was necessary. We reprint my words here, with most of the obscenities edited out.

"God damn it, why won't you talk to me! What do I have to do to get you to say something!" I had grabbed both of her arms and was shaking her back and forth as I screamed these words into her face at the top of my lungs. This was not David Wilcock. I never behaved like this before or since!

For some reason, that put Yumi over the top. She went into some sort of advanced panic / anxiety attack that lasted for almost 45 minutes. Her whole body was trembling seemingly uncontrollably, and she was hyperventilating, unable to breathe or speak.

I was scared to death and did not know what the hell to do about it, even though a part of me said that this was her ultimate acting game. I kept trying to calm her down, and she just kept on going nuts.

Finally, after such an extended ordeal, she started to come back. I asked her why she went so crazy, and she said that she didn't know -- it seemed as if she had no control over her actions.

Was this some sort of karmic memory, or another manipulative ploy? I tended to believe that the "ploy" theory was the better one, since it was more "falsifiable" than the idea of "karmic memory" from a possible murder that I had conducted in this theoretical past life that we had together.

The ultimate low point of the relationship came soon after this.

Another fight got started because I refused a sexual advance late at night. Yumi started slamming her leg down on the bed, and eventually got up into the room and turned on all the lights.

Then she was squatting on the floor for a while, perched like a bird, while I sat in bed. I knew that this was going to be a bad one, and had no idea what to do.

Anything I said only would lead to more defeat, increasing the downward spiral. Then, after more silence, she got back into bed, and she started screaming.

She was obviously using all of the American slang and curse words that I had taught her. The nicest of the words she said to me was "I hate you," and her verbal tirade just went on and on.

I knew that things were rapidly getting well beyond the point where I could do anything to get out of this. I had no idea how to stop this fight. I had a test the next day and needed sleep very desperately. As she continued to scream and rage about all the horrible things that I was, I started to pray, probably for the first time with such an intensity as this.

"God, it's me, David. I need your help. I have to figure out a way to stop this fight, turn everything back around as quickly as I possibly can.

I need to get at least six hours of sleep tonight if I want to be able to pass my test tomorrow. Please help me."

I waited for a voice or some sort of answer, but nothing seemed to happen. God, or my own guides acting on behalf of God, had failed me yet again. But shortly after this, I started to notice a very real nausea in my stomach; I felt like I was going to throw up!

Suddenly, I realized that this was the answer to my prayer. I didn't actually need to throw up, but if I ran into the bathroom and made it look like I did, the fight would probably stop very quickly and I could get some sleep.

These are the types of "solutions" that emerge when a person is pushed to such incredible levels of desperation.

But at the same time that the "solution" came to me, I had a very clear and very sobering moment.

"God, I want to make sure that no matter what I say or what I do, I will always remember the things that Yumi is saying right now.

I don't ever want to be blinded by love and forget what is happening right this minute, and what I am going to have to do to stop this. I know that I will have to end this relationship, and once she goes back to Japan, that's it."

Yumi's voice continued to echo against the walls as I said these things. "I hate you, you f---ing..."

I summoned up the energy to pull off my "survival move" by breathing deeply. Suddenly and frantically, I stood up right in bed and literally hurdled over the foot of the bed, throwing the door open and careening down the hall into the men's room.

I knelt in front of the toilet, screamed into the bowl with vomitous-sounding inflection, and reached in and grabbed a small handful of water. I was literally so desperate at that moment that I splashed the festering toilet-bowl water into my face to make it look more realistic.

Then, I hit the flusher, and it exploded with noise and water.

Right after this, Yumi came rushing in to the bathroom. I spit twice into the toilet and flushed it again as she frantically tried to comfort me. The water droplets were running off of my face. She was obviously in a total panic.

"Oh my God, oh my God, are you okay?" she asked me.

"Yeah, I'm all right," I groaned. Now it was my turn to be the actor.

I did end up getting sleep that night, although it took her getting her wish and ultimately "winning" first -- we ended up having quick sex anyway, which was what the fight had gotten started over in the first place.

I actually watched the clock the whole time, trying to insure that it not stretch on overly long. I ended up doing well on my test the next day.

The Law of Karma seemed to strike soon afterwards, as a natural balancing act for what I felt that I had to do to get out of the fight. I had carried my quartz crystal into the shower with me, and had rested it on the soap dish as I washed my hair.

This was my only quartz crystal, and I had been feeling like it was important that I carry it. One of my father's early girlfriends had given it to me back when I was still in junior high school. At one point in high school, while I was carrying it around with me, it had fallen off of my desk and I thought for sure that it would clatter and break on the floor.

Miraculously, it landed perfectly on the pocketbook of Elizabeth, the girl sitting next to me, and it never wobbled or moved -- it just came to a dead stop.

And now, still enmeshed in the turbulent emotions of the dysfunctional relationship, I turned in the shower and my arm hit the crystal. It smashed to the floor of the shower and cracked into two pieces. I was utterly devastated.

Right away, I felt that I knew why it happened. The crystal represented my spirit body, and the relationship with Yumi was literally cracking my spirit. I could see this as just the next metaphor as the crippling back pains I had suffered in the same shower only a few months earlier.

All of my vital energy was being "vamped" out of me, and I was being reduced to acts of sheer desperation, due to my inability to have a backbone and "stand up" for myself in the relationship.

After this happened, I felt like the crystal was "dead," and I didn't want to carry it any more. The fracture plane was actually very interesting, though, as it had the smooth texture and consistency of water. That much about it was interesting.

Chapter 08: Putting the Pieces Together with Dreams

BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS

I was very relieved by the time the semester had ended. I was ready to move on to bigger and better things. I had considered applying to Atlantic University in Virginia Beach, which was directly affiliated with the Edgar Cayce-based ARE at that time, in order to pursue a Master's degree in Transpersonal Studies.

I didn't know a whole lot about Cayce, just what I had read in the Atlantis books about the Great Pyramid and upcoming Earth Changes. I knew that Cayce's readings had said that he had been the priest known as Ra-Ta, who had built the Great Pyramid with Enoch, who was apparently an early incarnation of Jesus.

I had been amazed to discover that Cayce's readings gave a date for the Pyramid's construction as being "10,490 to 10,390 years before the entrance of the Master (Jesus the Christ) into the earth planes."

My surprise came from the fact that I could see how well the results of this reading had correlated with the recent findings of one Robert Bauval, who had written a book entitled "The Orion Mystery." Bauval's work showed that the three main pyramids at Giza, along with a few others nearby, were built to precisely duplicate the formation of the constellation Orion in the sky.

The Nile River was used as the physical analog for the Milky Way Galaxy in the heavens. And furthermore, because of a long-term wobble in the Earth's axis called precession, there was only one plausible time in any recent history when the pyramids and Nile River on Earth would be precisely aligned with the position of the stars in the heavens.

That time was 12,500 years ago, or 10,500 years before the time of Christ! I realized that Cayce's readings hit the nail directly on the head, with a ten-year margin of difference against Bauval's findings. And furthermore, no direct mention of this prophetic connection could be found in Bauval's book, which had just come out in stores at the time.

I reasoned that if Cayce was so accurate with the most modern data on the Great Pyramid, then the more esoteric material about Ra-Ta, the existence of Atlantis and the Hall of Records might also be true.

This Hall was supposed to contain a record of all Atlantean and earlier periods of recorded history at that time, as well as a series of artifacts. Apparently Ra-Ta had build this hall to preserve the records of Atlantis from the effects of a magnetic axis shift on Earth.

Cayce's readings had also said that history would repeat itself again, and we might well have a massive land shift in 1998 that would precipitate the inundation of California and Japan. He additionally said that the pole shift itself would occur in 2001.

Naturally, all this made me nervous, and it was well corroborated in other books that I read, such as Charles Berlitz's book "Doomsday: 1999 AD." I figured that my best bet was to try to move to the safest area that I possibly could.

Cayce's readings strongly suggested that Virginia Beach would fare remarkably well throughout these changes, and I certainly considered that advice quite highly. My other choice was Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado.

I felt that Naropa might give me the chance to make a living out of my metaphysical interests, and the heights of the Rocky Mountains were probably another safe area if Cayce's prophecies really did come true and the oceans spilled onto the lands.

One of the most bizarre things that happened surrounding the Naropa issue occurred when I sat down at my computer and started to write my cover letter for my admissions package. In the letter, I started to go into all the Earth Changes that were visible at that time, in 1995.

It had been a sunny day outside when I started writing. As I continued to write about the collapse of society and the incredible problems that we faced, a storm suddenly whipped up, seemingly out of nowhere.

Before I even had time to figure out exactly what was happening, a savage wind was wrestling the trees outside, causing them to reel to and fro. The sky darkened, a few thunderclaps were heard, and the rain started cascading down in sheets.

Then, there was a huge flash of light that happened almost simultaneously with a tremendous, exploding bang of thunder, and all of a sudden my computer was dead - just like that. I lost everything that I was writing, as I had not yet saved it.

When the power came back on, I worked the event right into my new admissions letter to Naropa as a positive example of synchronicity. It greatly aided my case about the Earth Changes that were going on.

It appeared to be so well timed that I could not ignore the significance of the event. I was sure that this was a "sign" that the school would want to take me on board. Soon enough, I received a letter, telling me that they wanted me to journey out to Colorado for an entrance interview! I would need to do this only two weeks after I graduated!

I was so glad to be done with college that I hardly even cared about my graduation ceremony; I just went through the motions, grabbed the diploma and shook the guy's hand who I had never met before.

The cap and gown were too damn hot, the music was too loud and there were too many people. I really wasn't even that proud of myself, as I had so many other things on my mind -- the imminent loss of my relationship, my final emergence from the protective womb of dormitory life, and the planning of the rest of my life.

Right after the ceremony, I went home and Yumi rode along with me, my mother and brother.

On the second to last day that Yumi was in my house, I had an absolutely spectacular lucid dream that I induced myself.

I was back in New Paltz and effortlessly flying around the campus, to the wonderment of the others who watched me. I was so excited about what was happening that I tried to take notes, not realizing that the note pad was part of the dream too, and that I would not be able to bring it back.

As I tried to write down my experiences, I looked down at the page. To my amazement, all of my thoughts, which were in English, were written in French! Furthermore, I could tell that they were accurate

sentences, even though I myself would not have been able to put them together. It was an amazing, stunning and eminently gratifying experience.

Yumi was taken away from my house in a yellow taxicab, and I faked breaking into tears as she left, so that she would feel that I really was sad to see her go. But then, when I came back into the house, I went down in the basement to put my laundry in the dryer, and at that point it really did hit me: Yumi was gone for good.

Now I started to cry for real. Instinctively and without even thinking, I went over to the same book library that had produced Harold Sherman's "How to Make ESP Work for You" when I was only seven years old. I blindly reached out and grabbed "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran, sat down and started reading it. I had never read it before, and knew nothing about it.

With the tears still streaming down my face, I realized that the opening scene in this book featured a prophet who had finally come of age and was called by God to leave his hometown. I didn't realize at first that the spiritual forces wanted me to realize that this was a metaphor for myself, and my own imminent departure for Naropa in Boulder, Colorado.

The prophet's ship had just arrived in the port, and the entire village was crying as well as he. Before he was to leave them for the last time, they asked him if he would give them some final parting words of wisdom.

And so, each chapter of the book after this opening scene is his response to their questions. I was particularly taken with the passage dealing with love as being that which grinds the "grain" of your soul in order to make "bread." It talked of the incredible work and sacrifice that went into a relationship, and I had just lived it.

The synchronicity of me picking up the book, and its contents, was just another sign out of thousands. It was very odd that Yumi had just left, and I myself, "the prophet," was about to go to my "place of calling," Naropa Institute.

I didn't consider myself a prophet, and so the whole thing was a very curious but meaningful synchronicity. It was yet another file for the "strange" book that I was keeping track of in the back of my mind, which you are now reading.

It was only even later that I realized that the even deeper metaphor was that the ship to be boarded represented the Ascension. Through media like this book, I would end up giving the public spiritual information before I too went on to bigger and better things in the universe.

Shortly thereafter, I was on the train to Colorado. I had missed the baggage claim and my four heavy bags proved to be very unwieldy. The ride was more than two days long, and I couldn't sleep. This was literally the first time that I had ever done anything by myself, for myself, and I was petrified.

I stared at the pale glowing numbers at the top of the doorway between train cars as the night hours ticked onwards, and was again overcome with sadness at the loss of Yumi. Whatever problems we might have had, I did still love her, even though I couldn't explain it to myself.

The first day in Boulder was cloudy and unimpressive. I couldn't see these mountains that everybody raved about. I collapsed into bed when I got to the nasty Boulder Youth Hostel and slept most of that day and night.

The next morning, I went outside and the sun had burned off all the clouds. The magnificent Flatiron Mountains stared back at me, and I was awed. These were no ordinary mountains, but bold, triangular-shaped chunks of rock that jutted up into the air like gigantic pyramids. It was a very epic sight.

To make a long story short, I went through my interview and thought, (that's the key word,) that I did very well. I met two wonderful people who were also applying, Carl and Meredith. The three of us became fast friends, and we spent the next three days hanging out together.

Meredith had a rental car, and we ended up driving into the mountains. As we stood on the breathtaking summit, overlooking the Rocky Mountains on both sides of us, I commented on how I had never before really seen the true beauty of the Earth. I could hardly believe the splendor that was before me.

Carl and I got talking, and I revealed that I still didn't feel like I was a man - I felt like I was a boy. After all, I had only just graduated from college, and had never lived off-campus while I was there. I did not have a handle on adult living at that point.

Carl and Meredith both understood and were very compassionate, explaining how society had lost all of the "rites of passage" that were once socially sanctioned for everyone. Now, they explained, I was making my own rite of passage come true, by coming out to start my new life as a Naropa student.

I planned to get a job and start living out there right away, culminating in attending Naropa in the fall. It was a great plan, one that could not fail. I knew that this would be the way for me to get the credentials to ultimately have a spiritually centered career.

Carl told me to try out the local temp agency to get, in his words, "a quick and dirty job." So, on Monday morning that is exactly what I did. Tuesday morning, I started my new job at a software company named after the Rockies.

Needless to say, the job was total hell. You stood in one place all eight hours, putting together diskette mailers as fast as you could possibly move your hands and arms. I was surrounded by strange, middle-aged blue-collar guys who constantly complained about everything.

I was very unhappy and could acutely feel the pain of standing all day in my feet and legs.

I became concerned that I wasn't making enough money to live there, and the Youth Hostel was trying to move me out to make way for short-term tenants.

I started to get quite worried as the week rolled by, wondering how in the world I was going to pull the whole thing off. Then, suddenly, I got a call from my mother.

"I've got a letter from Naropa here, Dave," she said. *"It's awfully thin."*

I was shocked. "You mean they didn't accept me?" I thought to myself. "That's impossible. I've been doing this metaphysical work my whole life. I don't see why they wouldn't take me."

"Okay, let's hear it," I responded bleakly.

I heard the sound of the letter opening. "Dear Mr. Wilcock. We regret to inform you that we have decided not to take you in as a Naropa student at this time."

I was totally crestfallen. Here I was, in what I believed to be the New Age Mecca of the continental United States, my new safety land from Earth Changes, trying to get into the best metaphysical graduate school there was, and I had just been rejected by mail, not even in person.

But at the same time, I was curiously relieved, as the prospect of trying to "make it" in Boulder was looking more and more precarious. The rental prices for even a dirt-cheap apartment were, essentially, disgusting.

"Oh well, I guess I don't have to cancel that return trip ticket home after all," I responded.

I now had extra money, and decided that I was on vacation again. I quit the temp job and spent the next three days before the train left going around and enjoying Boulder.

On the day before I left, I met an older woman who was a "professional psychic." She had never actually found a place to live in Boulder, because of how expensive it was there, and was essentially living and sleeping in her car. Her specialty was Tarot card readings.

She gravitated towards me after meeting me at a coffeehouse and restaurant. I bought her some food and we ended up spending an entire day together. I thought that she might have been attracted to me, but I certainly didn't act on that.

I tried as best I could to counsel her about how to get out of the predicament that she was in. She had come to Boulder "on faith," and faith simply hadn't worked yet!

We did end up having some very interesting and engaging conversations. As a gift to me, she decided to give me one of her Tarot card readings. She used the Rider / Waite deck, the same as I had trained myself on since junior high school.

She used a giant, circular spread, and explained that it was astrological. Each of the cards in the circle corresponded to an astrological sign and house; it was her own personal style that she had developed.

There was one card position that represented the sum total of the rest of the reading, and whatever card showed up there was IT. She built this up dramatically as she laid the cards out one by one, giving their meanings, which to me were far too simplistic.

At times, I questioned her interpretations, but she didn't let me break her rhythm for very long, and she wouldn't accept criticism.

She threw the last card, and it was one of the worst in the deck. She seemed quite puzzled, as if that card had never shown up in such a crucial position before. Her brow furrowed and she grunted, "Hmm."

"Well, what does it mean?" I asked, already knowing it was a bad card. It was the Four of Cups, a man crying over the spilled cups in front of him, the love and joy that he could not replace.

"Suffering," she responded. "The cards say that your future is definitely going to have some suffering."

"Well, I hope not," I responded.

Instinctively, I knew that it "felt" right for some reason. After all, I had just "lost" my girlfriend, "lost" my chance to go to the college that I wanted, and now had to return home to my mother, where I would basically have to undergo my own feared entrance into the "real world" of jobs, rent and bills.

Plus, I now had my mother's alcoholic boyfriend to contend with as well, who was not very friendly. I had been ignored all last winter as I sat around the house with Mono.

On the train ride back home, I met two very interesting guys from California. They were both headed to the ashram founded by a guru named Baba Muktananda. The ashram was very close to where I had gone to school in New Paltz.

What made the whole thing even more interesting was that one of the guys, who was largely bald, had just finished medical school in California. Before ever opening up his own practice, the man had received a series of visions that literally commanded him to renounce his medical practice and work as a "common person," moving towards becoming a self-sufficient monk.

The man explained how his whole family thought he was crazy for giving up on all of his education. He and his friend had bought one-way tickets, and were simply going to the ashram. They didn't know what else would happen after that point. The doctor's friend had studied with Muktananda while he was still alive, and had a very interesting story. Here is how it went.

Out of all the people at the ashram, Tony (not his real name) was the most disgruntled with the whole situation. He didn't feel like doing work and was growing depressed, longing for the life that he had before.

Muktananda seemed to understand what Tony was feeling. One day when Tony was walking down a hallway in the ashram by himself, Muktananda appeared at the opposite end and stopped, staring at him. Tony stopped walking as well.

Suddenly and inexplicably, Muktananda held out his right hand off to the side, and a small sphere of luminescent blue light appeared in it! He swung his hand around his head and "threw" the ball at Tony.

The ball of light shot through the air and vectored directly into the middle of Tony's brow, at the third eye. The force of the ball of light hitting him knocked him back, and he slumped to the ground.

Almost instantaneously, Tony was overcome with the most profound spiritual ecstasy he had ever felt in his entire life! Nothing he had ever experienced before could match up to this. Even though he was still in the room, another part of him was standing in front of a Pure Light, the Light of the One.

He knew in that instant that it was Home, and it was the most glorious, awesome and religious experience of his life.

Suddenly, he saw Muktananda's legs and robe in front of his face as he lay there on the ground, a blissed-out, blubbering idiot.

"Now, you will stay and be happy, no?" Muktananda asked him.

"Yes, yes, I'll stay, I'll stay," Tony responded. His eyes were still wide in ecstasy.

He watched Muktananda walking away as the visions continued. After that day, Tony became the most energetic, invigorated person in the ashram! He worked overtime to do his chores. And now, he had gotten together with his friend for a one-trip ticket from California to New York, to stay at Muktananda's ashram for an unknown length of time.

Muktananda was no longer in the Earth plane in a physical body, but his daughter Swami Chidvilasananda kept the tradition alive. I wasn't sure if she actually demonstrated similar "Siddhi" powers as Muktananda did.

I was certainly interested by what was happening. I had just gone all the way out to Boulder to find my "spiritual center." Now, these two sincere middle-aged men were coming from California and telling me that the same area where I went to college was, to them, the best spiritual place in the country. It certainly made me think twice about the whole New Paltz / Woodstock, New York area.

I got home and the woman's prophecies came depressingly true. I quickly sank into a catastrophic low point, taking job after meaningless job through temp agencies.

The presence of my mother's boyfriend caused me great unrest and frequent tears, as there was a clear boundary dispute going on. The boyfriend, who we will call Jack, was intent on winning the prize, which was my mother's loyalty and love.

Before too long, Jack had succeeded in getting my drum set moved out of the basement and into the garage. This was done so that he could move his own music studio into the basement. The problem with the garage was that I knew that the whole world would hear me practicing, and I didn't want to disturb anyone.

I was so concerned about other people that I could not bring myself to practice in public in such a manner. I felt as though my main problem was that I was only my mother's son, not her boyfriend. I was no longer the most important person in her life, and it ached like crazy. (Now, my mother has dumped Jack. This problem has healed and we get along wonderfully.)

My mother was putting greater and greater pressure on me to move out. I couldn't take the stress and strain very much longer. I got back in touch with Eric, who was still finishing out his last semester in New Paltz, and told him exactly what was going on.

"You know, ever since I left New Paltz, even when I was in Boulder, all I have ever done is dream about returning there," I said.

"Man, you know you've gotta come down here. There's nothing for you up there any more. You know that and I know that. Why don't you just be honest with yourself. All your friends are down here, and you owe it to yourself to do it, man. Come on."

"Yeah, you're right," I said. Within a matter of days, I had arranged to stay at my jazz guitar friend Adam's house. Since returning from Colorado, I had finally managed to get a car, and now I used it to move all my stuff back to New Paltz.

I ended up sleeping on my air mattress in the middle of Adam's kitchen floor. The very next day after I arrived back in New Paltz, I got a job doing pizza delivery for a local pizzeria. It was the same job that Eric had as well, and we alternated nights.

Before too long, I secured a nice place to live that would only cost me \$220 a month in rent- it was one room in a boarding house. I ended up having some serious disputes with my housemates, most of whom were still in college.

They often left the sink filled with dirty dishes that no one ever cleaned, and I ended up doing all of them. If I didn't do them, then they would literally just sit unattended and rot in the sink.

No one in the house was actually a "mean" person, but their laziness was driving me crazy. One night, I dashed off a vitriolic letter and placed it over the dishes. It read,

"HONESTLY, Don't you f--king CARE?"

I got a written response the next day, tacked onto my door from the girl who apparently had left them there. It was semi-retaliatory, saying that there was no need for vulgar language.

But then in the same brief response, there was a note of conciliation, and basically everything ended up working out. I ended up apologizing profusely for my language, saying that I had just gotten so frustrated that I didn't know any other way to communicate.

There was indeed a lightening of the burden, and everyone started to become more responsible. Sometimes it took that level of intensity to bring about the appropriate response. But again, this was not me; this was a David who had been pushed too far, too many times.

The regular David was constantly and consistently dedicated to helping others in every possible way, and had no idea how to stand up to people who tried to drag him down.

This was my identical karma as Edgar Cayce rearing its head again, as Cayce actually died from being unable to say NO to the increasingly exponential demand for his readings. By the end, he was doing eight readings a day, six days a week before he had the stroke that finally did him in.

Soon after this event, Eric and I were hanging out and met one of Eric's long-term friends from the music department, a stunningly beautiful young woman whom we will call Angelica. She was the apple of every man's eye, the woman who all men see when they are in love.

She had an incredible, muscular dancer's figure with very full breasts. She had long, naturally curly brown hair, exotic Caucasian eyes, high cheekbones and voluptuous lips. And to top it all off, she was incredibly intelligent and apparently very well attuned spiritually.

I had spotted her before, and never imagined that I would get the chance to talk to her again. I did remember one day when I walked with Angelica, while I was talking to another friend of mine from the music department. I ended up telling her a little at that time about the UFO / metaphysical research that I was involved with.

Now, I had the chance to meet with Angelica on my own. I had been the one to set it up after we got into a heavy conversation, while hanging out with Eric one night in a local club.

I walked over to Angelica's nearby house to meet her, and on the way there I saw two lovers on a bench, kissing and hugging each other and not realizing or caring if anyone could see them. I wondered if this might have been an omen about my own future with Angelica. Only time would tell.

Angelica had a cool, spacious apartment with bright white walls and hardwood floors. Over in the corner was a striking table that seemed to be from India. It had an ornate, sculpted design, and each of the legs of the table were stylized as the head and trunk of an elephant.

I spent a good bit of time staring at the table and was quite impressed by it. Angelica had a whole series of Indian-looking trinkets on the table, and it seemed to be some sort of a Hindu meditation shrine that she had built.

I started to speak.

"You know, Angelica, this reminds me of these two guys who I met on the train, while I was coming back from Colorado. They both told me about this guru named **Baba Muktananda**, and said that they were coming all the way out here just to go to his ashram! Have you ever been there?"

I couldn't understand why Angelica's face had suddenly turned pale, and her hands were covering over her mouth. "What, what's wrong?" I asked her, suddenly concerned.

"That. that's my guru," Angelica answered.

I was stunned. "I don't get it. You know this Muktananda guy too?"

"Yes. I lived in the ashram for most of my childhood life with my mother, after my parents divorced. I just left the ashram for the first time two years ago to come to college here at New Paltz."

I replied, "But I still don't get it. Why did you end up in an ashram in the first place?"

Angelica answered, "Well, my father is Indian, and my mother was very intrigued with the culture. She wanted to live in an ashram and be celibate, but Dad didn't want to do that. So, after they split up, my mother took me and we moved in."

I was surprised. "Wow, life in an ashram," I said, more to myself than to Angelica. "That must be fantastic." I stared at her, admiring her beauty.

"No, it's not as great as it seems," Angelica replied. "To me, the whole point is to get that knowledge and take it out of the ashram. If you just go and stay there your whole life, then you will never really bring it to others who need it."

"Yeah, I see where you are coming from," I responded.

Later on that night, Angelica and I walked back to my room. We had an amazing conversation, and the romantic tension definitely hung in the air. I told Angelica a great deal about my research, and left her with my only copy of Graham Hancock's Fingerprints of the Gods.

I was so totally excited and horny from Angelica's presence that I had a hard time sleeping that night.

The next morning, I was quite surprised to get a phone call from Japan, from Yumi. I knew how expensive it was for her to call me, instead of me calling her. We really hadn't kept in touch that well because of the money.

"I had bad dream last night," Yumi said.

Naively, I asked: "Oh, yeah? Tell me about it."

"In my dream, I saw you in your new room, and a woman had entered your room. You looked like you were very interested in her, and I thought that you were going to have a sex with her."

I felt shocked and exposed. I couldn't let the "truth" of this little secret get out.

"Well, I don't know," I lied. "Nothing like that happened here."

"Are you sure?" Yumi answered. "This was real bad dream."

"Yeah, nothing," I responded.

I was squirming like the proverbial slug under the heat lamp. Four days later, Yumi called me to tell me that she had booked a flight to New York, and would visit me there for one week. I had no idea where she got the money to do this, but said *"Sure, come on down if you want to."*

RETURN OF THE YUMI

Now, another excerpt from my personal journals helps to catalog the arrival of Yumi:

"Just Before" - 10/27/95

"Here I am now, forever encapsulating a moment in words that will never quite happen in the same way again. It is currently time for Yumi to be showing up in person with Eric at my house.

I am feeling all strung out and nervy, my heart is racing and my mind is going nuts. It is hard to try to do this -- I just this minute got home from work. Was that a sound at the door? It sounded like one. I don't know. I am making lots of mistakes trying to flesh out this thing.

Right now is one of those once-in-a-lifetime experiences. Tonight I ended up driving the boss' car because I was too weak to just tell him that I wanted to just not work.

I ended up driving his car after my car was already fixed, but the thing was that I had a perfect excuse to not work because I had to have work done on the car today. I thought it would be a big job, but all they had to do was repair one radiator hose.

My back is in excruciating pain right now because I am doing this instead of stretching, and perhaps because of a calcium deficiency again like the last time.

I don't really know what to write. At first, I wasn't sure how I felt about her coming back here. Then, it seemed to be too early, because I had already dealt with not seeing her, and not being able to see her again for quite some time. Now, it seems that I am a lot more comfortable about the idea of her coming now."

At this moment, Yumi and Eric arrived at the door. Yumi's hair had gotten much longer, and she looked very sexy.

The sweet smell of her perfume and the soft, wet warmth of her lips was outrageously exciting when I kissed her. For the next week, we basically had sex every day, worked in between my loose schedule for delivering pizzas.

The high point of the week was when I took Yumi to the top of a nearby mountain in my car. It took us a while to hike to the top, and Yumi whined and complained the entire time.

Once we actually got up to the top, Yumi was entranced. We took many photographs and enjoyed the scenery. I really enjoyed having the opportunity to take pictures of her myself, as in this idyllic setting I was able to get her into poses and facial expressions that we had never captured on film before.

Little did I realize that this talent for photography was a much more important phase of my past life as Cayce than it was in my own.

While we rested up there, I told Yumi all about the latest book I had been reading, entitled *Genesis Revisited* by Zecharia Sitchin.

In fact, a remarkable synchronicity had occurred only a few weeks earlier, where I had climbed the same mountain to that very same spot, reading Sitchin's book.

As I was up there, reading fabulous new information and feeling as if all time had suddenly ground to a halt, I suddenly realized what day it was. That very day was my four-year anniversary of sobriety! It was also the first time that I had driven myself to the mountains to hike alone. It was an amazingly beautiful confluence of events.

And now, I was there again with Yumi. Speaking with reverence and awe at how little most of humanity really understands, I expressed my belief that something wonderful was soon to happen on the planet -- something so totally fantastic and outrageous that no one could possibly fathom it before it actually occurred.

I expressed my belief that this was going to be a spiritual event, something that would happen quite suddenly and work hand-in-hand with the Earth Changes that were going to be occurring at the same time. But, I still wasn't really sure exactly what it was.

I had read a little bit about the concept of Ascension, but had no idea about the physical mechanism for how it would actually work. I knew that the UFO material must have something to do with it, and I also intuitively felt that you could understand it all, if you knew what you were looking for.

I brought Yumi back to JFK Airport to see her off. I did not cry when she left, as I had already accepted the fact that I would never see her again before her most recent visit.

She was surprised and somewhat hurt that I did not cry as she boarded the plane. I had more pressing matters to be concerned with at the time. The trip to New York was a nightmare of 80-mph traffic, confusing highways and nauseating smog. I was quite glad when I finally arrived home.

Within days after Yumi's departure, I started working fastidiously during the day to try to get a different job. I did not need to be at the pizzeria until 4:00, so I had plenty of time to get things done. One of the places I applied at was a mental ward at a local hospital.

I got an interview with the manager of the ward, and it went very well; the two of us had a great conversation about the philosophies behind modern psychology, which was extremely interesting to me.

Soon afterwards, I was given the invitation to be hired, and I took it. This surprised everyone at the pizzeria, but they were able to make up for my absence almost immediately.

Now I was on the fast track. I knew that I wanted to go to graduate school for psychology, hopefully in a spiritual concentration, even though my experience with Naropa Institute in Colorado had not panned out.

Every piece of career guidance I had received in college agreed that the best route for any BA to go on the way to graduate school was to get an internship at a psychology-based facility. Doing this would provide me with the direct experience in the field necessary for me to work on my admissions to graduate programs. The future was looking bright.

I started to have "problems" almost immediately while I was on the job. My boss had told me not to engage the patients in conversation, basically not to acknowledge their existence aside from the slickest courtesies and simple answers to their questions.

I found that it was almost impossible for me to do this -- it was simply not in my nature to be able to "shut people off." These people were hurting, and I knew that talking to them about their problems would help them to feel better. After all, my whole mission on Earth was to help people, to be of service to others, and these people definitely needed it.

To make a long, well-journalized story short, I ended up getting fired in only three weeks from my job. The only reason that my supervisor gave me was that I was too friendly; I was unwilling to "shut down" the patients and ignore them.

I was shocked, horrified, and saddened beyond belief. I had never been fired from a job before, and the pain stung my heart. I cried in my car for a good half-hour before I could compose myself enough to drive home.

The strangest thing about the whole experience was that before I got fired, I had really been making breakthroughs in my ability to stand up for myself and be assertive with the patients.

I felt as if I could have grown into the role of the job, performing my duties with loving care and responsibility, if they had given me just a little bit more time. But the other side of my personality was horrified that a facility that was supposed to be helping people was so driven to make their lives a living hell.

I was not really sure if I could ever become what they truly wanted me to be; it seemed to be antithetical to everything about me as a person. I never wanted to hurt anyone's feelings, even if they were destroying me in the process.

The lesson would continue to return to me over and over again, right on through the present as I write these words on May 25, 1999. (I think I might have finally gotten the point this time, though. We'll get to that.)

Although I had no idea that such a painful event as getting fired from a job could lead to such incredible personal transformation, that is exactly what happened. Everything that I felt that I was striving for, my education, graduate school and a career as a psychologist, seemed to be completely shattered.

I had been fired at the very first 'real' job I landed, fresh out of college and enthusiastic. What still stirred beneath the surface of my conscious awareness was my immense love for dreams, metaphysics and the UFO field.

I had made many various stabs at writing short fiction stories, and I had been reading an awful lot of books, but it just didn't seem to be a plausible way to make a living. One of my philosophy professors told me before I graduated that if I really wanted to make it in the UFO field, I had better read every book on the subject that I could find.

I had already been doing this, but now my resolve was increased even more. Although I couldn't understand how it might happen, I longed to become an "expert" in metaphysics and make a career for myself. I knew that it would probably take several years to do it.

At the same time that all these things were going on, I also was being prepared for something completely fantastic - the full, conscious realization that I was indeed an extraterrestrial soul in a human body.

This was not to be a fiction story like the others, but the *reality* of who I was! Getting fired from the mental ward proved to be the turning point that led to this realization. But before I had arrived at this final point, my own Higher Self had given me a great deal of foreshadowing in my dreams.

Since the dreams are so crucial to seeing how I was "set up" for this final realization, we will cite the most interesting excerpts below. All of these dreams occurred before I was fired from my job at the mental ward in October.

7 / 6 / 95 - In this dream, I found myself on top of what appeared to be a giant step pyramid of some kind, remotely similar to the Mayan temples. It was a very large, castle-like building made of stone, with a ring of standing pillars at the summit.

No one else but me seemed to understand that the pillars and the building itself were all designed to function as a giant astronomical calendar. Whatever was going on in this society, it had reached the ultimate crisis point.

Lightning was crashing, the Mayan-style pillars were falling down in front of me and water was flooding at a fantastic rate. It was extremely frightening, to say the least.

All the people around me were from my Honors classes in high school, and I seemed to be a spiritual leader for them. I was able to show them all how to cross over the flooding parts of the castle and get to safety.

In fact, it seemed that we were actually walking on water to do this. At one point, I went out into the water and was able to form huge, beautiful quartz crystals into my hands. I showed them to the people as if they were gifts, but as soon as they tried to grab them, the crystals melted like ice cubes.

7 / 16 / 95 -

I went to some kind of park with my father and brother, I believe. At first, it seemed sort of normal, but we also knew that the rock band KISS would be there.

Dad went into some kind of room to change his clothes, and we ended up waiting a long time for him to get ready. We hurried Dad up, because we wanted to see KISS. We went outside and there they were!

They took us to a different spot in the park, and therein commenced a sight that was a feast for the eyes unduplicated by any movie I have ever seen in my life.

First, the ground opened up, and it seemingly went down forever in this narrow channel. Once I peered down into this incredible channel, I realized that there was a giant spaceship on the side opposite us, absolutely immense in size and in scope!

Then, I looked above me, and it was farther and higher, more technological and beautiful than anything I have ever seen! We were now in front of a spaceship so big that it looked like nothing more than a towering wall, extending as far down and as far up as the eye could see.

Panels of blue-white light in huge rectangles were interspersed along this incredible metallic frame, with dazzling, intricate detail that was visible.

It was absolutely, completely breathtaking. A door either opened or was already open, and the makeup-clad members of KISS led me into a huge corridor faintly reminiscent of the inside of these warehouses I was working at, but jazzed up with a multitude of technological-looking walls and a high amount of Egyptian paraphernalia.

The walls were covered in elaborate, gold-encrusted hieroglyphics, and there were scores of what appeared to be solid-gold statues. The hall was incredible in height, and the sheer awesomeness of what I was seeing was just unparalleled. Nothing could have prepared me for the incredible experience that I was having at that moment.

(The thought did not occur to me for quite some time that I might have actually been seeing the Hall of Records, which was built by Ra-Ta, Cayce's (my) Egyptian incarnation. Or, it could actually be just what the dream says it is - the inside of a space station of some sort.)

As I went in further, I met about three giant beings, almost 25 to 30 feet tall. They were quite extraordinary, as they appeared to be living statues made out of solid gold. They were so tremendous in height that they practically touched the ceiling of this massive hall that we were in.

Their oversized heads were shaped like flattened fishbowls, and their features were very stylized, appearing to look like Mayan sculpted faces.

They were wearing golden robes, and they dwarfed me with their size. They told me to come with them, and we walked down the hall together. I wasn't about to disagree with them, and the whole thing was utterly breathtaking.

First, they took me to a large statue that appeared to commemorate Horus, the falcon-god. *They said that they had to find another one, because the original one was destroyed somehow.*

They were not any more specific than that about this statement. Then, they took me to something that looked just like the oldest desk that I had when I was growing up. They urged me to search through the desk and go through my past in order to find batteries to power a sound keyboard, similar to the one that Jude and I had used to make our earliest music.

In order to find these batteries, I had to go through various things that I recognized from all different parts of my life.

[The music would become a very frequent dream metaphor that illustrated my work with channeling. The part about Horus seems to actually be about Cayce. It was clear that they wanted me to review the events in my past to work up to the point of being a channel.]

I finally located the batteries, and then they told me that I could go.

I went back outside and met up with Dad and Mike, and my perception then expanded to see the pyramids from an overhead view. First I saw a big silo and two smaller ones in front of the big three, and everything was covered with snow!

Then, from the ground, I saw this giant planetoid of a brownish color rise high into the sky from the place in the ground where I had just been. It looked just like the Martian moon Phobos, and seemed to float up like a balloon. I was in awe of all this as I again saw the "snow view" of the Gizeh complex.

ANALYSIS: The Phobos section seemed to confirm the suspicions of writers like Zecharia Sitchin, who insinuate that it is not a natural object. Its orbit is so eccentric and fast that many have concluded that it is hollow inside, and had to be designed by some outside intelligent force. Perhaps I got a good look at what is hiding inside.

7 / 21 / 95-

I saw a plane at the beginning of this dream, almost impossibly close to the ground and enormous, trying to land in a leaflike, fluttering motion. It was very similar to the UFOs that I saw in my dreams as a youth.

I then went outside and saw a baby in the water -- a metaphor of a new birth in the waters of the Spirit. At that point, I understood that everything was now taking place on the ocean, in a ship. Things were not so easy there, either. It appears that we were survivors of a global pole shift..

Then, I was addressing this group, telling them that we had had a pole shift or apocalypse, and that things wouldn't be very easy anymore. I had a newspaper, and I told everyone that they could have two sheets each to use as a blanket.

One woman started to violently argue with me, and after I while I eventually convinced her to do it, much to everyone else's satisfaction.

7 / 25 / 95 -

I was at a local museum, going to see a quite incredible UFO exhibit called "Anomalous Flying Spheres." While I was inside, I met a weird-looking girl who could read my mind. She was shocked when I revealed to her that I knew what she was doing.

I sat down next to her and told her (a metaphor for myself) that she needed to meditate more often to develop her abilities. I then started to discourse on the UFO materials that I have been researching, and an overweight man (my own lower, habit-patterned self) became very angry with me about this.

The man wanted to fight, and I did not back down. We went outside and I became a third-party observer, watching myself as I won the fight. As soon as I won, a spherical UFO appeared in the sky, and I began to fly into the air, higher and higher.

Suddenly, for some reason, I said, "***Take me through the vortex!***" I then came back to an Earth that was altogether different, but dimly familiar to me in some way. Everyone was wearing white robes, and it appeared to be a very enlightened society.

I had an immediate feeling of kinship with the energy there. There were megalithic stoneworks in this society like Stonehenge, and the stones were a very pure color of white. An exotic-looking woman was there, very attractive, and she seemed to want sex with me.

As soon as I tried to do it, something seemed to block me, and I came back to my body. I strongly felt afterwards as if this was a clear-cut trip back to Atlantis, where I must have lived in a past life.

9 / 3 / 95 -

The day I moved to New Paltz to start my new life on Adam's kitchen floor.

9 / 13 / 95 -

While dreaming, I realized that I was in a dream. The whole question of extraterrestrial contact was big on my mind. I turned it into a lucid dream -- I was home, in the driveway, and I flew up into the air and realized that I could never seem to get beyond a certain height, possibly because of fear.

So there I was, flying up higher and higher, and I just started calling out "Where are you? Come to me! Show yourselves!" Nothing was happening, from what I could tell, but there were these two bizarre lights in the distance that did appear to be UFOs.

I sank back down to the earth and tried to run through a fence to convince myself that everything was just a dream. The fence stretched like a rubber band, but I couldn't get through it. I tried to mentally project what might be on the other side but that didn't work either.

ANALYSIS: The night before this dream happened, I had discussed with my friend Mat how *I wished that the "aliens" would talk to me, after all the research that I have done on them.*

He suggested that *they might have already done so and that I just don't recall it.* So, I ended up having a dream that reflected my intense desire to know.

The general tone of the dream seemed to be that *I am somehow lacking the full spiritual preparations for this full spoken contact at this point.* The ships were there, but far away.

I couldn't raise above a certain point, I couldn't burst through the material world or the fence that held me in. This fence seems to indicate a boundary that still exists within my mind, something that is blocking my full contact at this point.

9 / 18 / 95 -

(David's Note: This was the day that Yumi decided to call and announce that she would come to America to see me. The dream possessed a wide variety of symbols that made it very, very clear that the event was prophesied before I ever had actually gotten the call.)

ANALYSIS: All in all, we have here a clear-cut example of mental telepathic communication, wherein her ideas before going to bed were transmitted to my dreaming brain in the morning with an astonishing degree of accuracy.

10 / 7 / 95 -

There was a machine that had captured these spiritual entities, so that they were unable to escape. At the end of the dream, they finally broke free and literally consumed the negatively oriented man who had trapped them.

This was directly connected to extraterrestrials, and the fact that the head on the Greys that everyone sees was nothing more than a helmet. I got the sense that this might be a helmet that I myself could wear.

10 / 10 / 95 -

In this dream, I ended up being symbolized as a thin person in a boxing match. The character realized that he was no match for the giant who he had to fight. He was terrified at the size of this opponent. But then when the fight began, everyone in the audience including the main character turned into monsters.

The main character turned into a cartoonish monster, and effortlessly and savagely destroyed his opponent. He was looking at the bloody monster that he had defeated and at the audience, and he was disgusted with their monstrosity. ***He felt trapped in their world of violence.***

10 / 12 / 95 -

This dream started out with myself and my UFO friend Mat, driving out to someplace to try to investigate an apparent UFO encounter. For some reason, we were extremely frightened about what might happen.

Later on in the dream, I was on my way back home, without Mat. At the intersection of my street with that of my friend Don, my mother was washing her car on a round, rotating pedestal.

I knew something was wrong as soon as I approached her, because she seemed to be very disturbed. As soon as I got close to her, she told me that my cat Mandy (symbolic of my lower, animal self) was dead.

She explained to me that *Mandy had to face her UFO double*, who was bigger, and that her throat had been slit. Mom somehow knew this, even though she hadn't seen it yet.

Then, we seemed to be in a grocery store, and I was calling out for my UFO friend Mat, but he was nowhere to be found. I was very, very nervous and didn't even really know why.

I felt compelled to approach a dish that contained a giant leek within it, and pick it up. I somehow knew that by agreeing to pick up this leek, *I was agreeing to face my own impending UFO contact alone*. I was extremely afraid about doing this, but I managed to pick up the leek anyway.

10 / 27 / 95 -

A section of my father's house became like a big pit, and the whole thing turned into some kind of ancient mysteries / archeological dig wherein there were masks used to mark the spot and direction of whatever it was that we were digging for.

It seemed as though *there was some big thing we were after, and we knew we were going to find it soon*.

11 / 8 / 95 -

In one part of this dream, I was looking at some sort of intricate, elaborate set of star maps used for space travel. It seemed that I was being told that going through a galaxy involved a great deal of work.

To actually travel between galaxies was a tremendous proposition, and there was a very odd feeling that came through the body in the process. Then, I was reflecting on a manned mission to Pluto that was being fed to me, and I seemed to have a rubber ball model of the planet in my hands.

I was squeezing it, and these people were telling me that *it wasn't much different from Earth inside*. This ball looked *almost identical to the Martian moon Phobos* balloon from my dream last month.

Then, I was thinking about all the shattered moonlets of Uranus and Neptune and how Zecharia Sitchin thought that they proved the existence of the tenth planet, Nibiru. I saw a visual image of this planet in the dream as being grayish-white in color.

ANALYSIS: I seemed to be fed information related to interstellar travel and the boundaries of it like I was in some sort of class.

Directly after the part where I was squeezing Pluto like a sponge in my hands and seeing Nibiru, I woke right up at *exactly* 5:55. I was totally shocked to have this synchronicity appear like that. By this point, I know this to be a number that has great synchronicity to me, AND THEM.

11 / 20 / 95 - (The day I would end up getting fired from my job at the mental ward.)

At some point in this dream there was an airshow, and I saw colossal aircraft flying much too close to the ground, just like the dreams that I used to have when I was very young.

Also, the craft were a little dented, and I could see inside one of them. To my surprise, it appeared to be completely empty inside, and I wondered who or what was flying it.

Another part of this dream involved *a girl who was part human and part alien. I seemed to have a very close kinship with her, for some reason.*

Chapter 09: Wanderer Awakening

SURPRISE OF A LIFETIME

So, I drove up the Thruway back to my old home in Scotia, New York. But before arriving in Scotia, I stopped off at the Barnes and Noble bookstore on Wolf Road in Albany.

My typical salve for any wound I was feeling was to buy a new book or two -- something to get me started, to recharge the batteries. I was constantly and compulsively looking for new information, something to help me understand the UFO question even better than I already did.

So, no matter where I went, I always stopped off at the bookstores to check on any new titles that might have been released recently. Nine times out of ten, if I saw something that was interesting and that "tingled" when I held it in my hands, I would buy it, with no further questions asked.

I would still spend money on books even when I was so poor that I could barely buy enough food to feed myself.

There in the Barnes and Noble, I saw a new, hardcover book that really caught my eye. The name of it was *From Elsewhere*, by Scott Mandelker, Ph.D.

The subtitle of the book was "*Being ET in America: The Subculture of Those Who Claim to be of Non-Earthly Origins.*" It had an incredible energetic charge on it that I could feel in my hands.

When I first started to look at the book, I honestly thought that Mandelker was crazy! What kind of dark and ludicrous "subculture" was this? After all, I had seen a wide variety of UFO literature in print, and there was nothing in the past that had even remotely suggested that something like this could be true.

So, to see an apparently reputable man staking his own Ph.D. on this material certainly caught my attention! But the real shocker was when I opened the book up to Appendix 1 in the back. There, Mandelker had printed a list of thirteen behavioral characteristics that a person might have that would suggest that they were in fact a Wanderer.

He explained that "Wanderers" were those who had a soul that was extra-terrestrial, a soul that had originated in a higher dimensional level and had then compressed its vibrations to *volunteer* to be human.

This volunteer mission was supposedly geared towards a "lightening of the planetary vibrations" so as to help everyone become more attuned.

The long story short is that I read these thirteen questions and could hardly even breathe by the time I had gotten to the last one. Somehow, some way, Mandelker's list had described my personality so well, with such accuracy, that I could hardly even believe my own eyes!

It was as if I had sat there and told him all of the deepest, most personal secrets of my life, and he had then compiled them into a list of twelve main characteristics that defined me. Take a look for yourself.

Appendix I

A Brief Quiz for Sleeping Wanderers

The following quiz basically indicates what I look for when determining if someone is an ET soul. It's a very subjective measurement based on my own experience, neither authoritative nor statistical.

Please take it as simply a broadstroke portrait of ET Wanderers (or Star People), and a novel type of road map to assist your journey towards the shrouded citadel of Self.

You are most likely an ET Wanderer if...

1. You were often lost in daydreams of ETs, UFOs, other worlds, space travel and utopian societies as a child. Your family thought you were "a bit odd," without knowing quite why.

2. You always felt like your parents were not your true parents, that your real family was far away and hidden. Perhaps you thought things around you were somehow "not the way they should be," and reminded you of life somewhere "far away." These beliefs may have caused you a great deal of pain and sorrow. You felt "out of place."

3. You've had one or more vivid UFO experiences (in a dream or during waking hours) which dramatically changed your life: they helped resolve doubts, inspired confidence and hope, and gave you meaning and greater purpose. From then on, you knew you were a different person. Like a spiritual wake-up call, it changed your life.

4. You are genuinely kind, gentle, harmless, peaceful, and nonaggressive (not just sometimes, but almost always).

You are not much interested in money and possessions, so if "someone must do without," it is usually you - such is your habitual self-sacrifice. Acts of human cruelty, violence and perpetual global warfare seem really strange (shall we say, alien?). You just can't figure out all this anger, rage and competition.

5. You have a hard time recognizing evil and trickery: some people call you naive (and they're right!). When you do perceive genuine negativity in your midst, you recoil in horror and may feel shocked that "some people really do things like that."

In a subtle way, you actually feel confused. Perhaps you vaguely sense having known a world free of such disharmony.

6. The essence of your life is serving others (be they family, friends, or in a profession), and you cherish great ideals, which may also be somewhat innocent and naive (in worldly terms). But you sincerely, deeply hope to improve the world. A lot of disappointment and frustration comes when such hopes and dreams don't materialize.

7. You completely embrace the scientific temperament, with a cool, reasonable, and measured approach to life. Human passion and red hot desire seem strange: *you are baffled*. Romance and the entire world of feelings are truly foreign to your natural way.

You always analyze experiences, and so people say you're always in your head-which is true! [Note: This type of Wanderer is less common, and probably wouldn't be reading this book-their skepticism would be too great! Such an "odd bird" is probably a brilliant scientist.]

8. You easily get lost in science fiction, medieval epic fantasy (like *The Hobbit*) and visionary art. Given a choice, you'd much prefer to live in your dreams of the past or future than in the present.

Sometimes you consider your Earth life boring and meaningless, and wish you could go to a perfect, exciting world. Such dreams have been with you a long time.

9. You have an insatiable interest in UFOs, life on other worlds or previous Earth civilizations such as Atlantis or Lemuria. Sometimes you feel like you've really been there, and may even go back someday.

There may be quite a few of such books on your bookshelves. (Actually, this question is a give-away, since only Wanderers and Walk-ins have profound, undying curiosity about worlds beyond -- and for good reason!)

10. You have a strong interest in mystic spirituality (East or West), both theory and practice, with a deep sense that you *used to have greater powers and somehow lost them.*

You may feel it's unnecessary to discipline yourself since "you've already been there," but somehow forgot what you used to know. People may doubt your resolve, but you know it's not that simple.

11. You have become a conscious channel for ETs or some other non-Earth source - and you realize that the purpose of your life is to help others grow and evolve. (Most likely, you're no longer sleeping, Wanderer!)

12. You feel, and *perhaps all your life have felt* tremendous alienation and a sense of never quite fitting in. Maybe you hope to be like others, try your best to be "normal," or imagine yourself like everyone else-but the bottom line is that *you simply feel different* and always have.

There is a very real fear of never finding a place in this world. (Which you might not! Note: This is *the* classic profile of Wanderers.)

Of course, my questionnaire is not exhaustive, and simply answering "yes" to any one point doesn't necessarily mean you are From Elsewhere.

Although some questions are pretty good E.T.-indicators, such as number 3 (if your ET contact was clear and overwhelmingly positive), and the combination of numbers 1 and 12 (a classic profile), there are no guarantees. (And I assume no legal liabilities, please!)

Only you can determine whether or not you are an ET soul, coming from the depths of intimate self-understanding!

If you do conclude *it really is possible* to be sure of something as radical as ET identity (which, however, is not radical to some people,) *then you have to see it through to the end.*

Plainly stated, if you can't stop wondering then *you must make a commitment to finding the answer.* Otherwise, your doubts will consume you and fill your life with anxiety and uncertainty!

And so, there they were -- all my most intimate, personal traits and descriptions, printed as a list of the Wanderer personality type! I was literally shaken to my core! Plus, Question 11 implied that I might actually regain contact with this group in the future!

But that was not all. The next book that I picked up was "The Mayan Factor" by Jose Arguelles. I opened up the book at random, and to my utter surprise, I arrived on a page that had a large image of the exact same shape that I had carved into jewelry in high school -- a question mark with a squiggly tail.

The Mayan glyph had a box that was drawn around this shape, and that was really the only difference from the stylized version of it that I made. But what surprised me the most was what Arguelles said that this symbol meant!

When I looked at the print to the side of the image, it said, "*CIB: Ability to contact and commune with Galactic Consciousness.*" And, I had carved this pin as part of a two-pin set. The other pin was a Star Trek *communicator* -- what they would touch when they wanted to talk to the Enterprise!

The shock of all of this was incredible! I couldn't escape from the fact that Mandelker's question 11 said that many Wanderers begin contacting their own home group once they have "awakened" to who and what they really are.

And here I was, looking at all of this information as though I had just seen it for the very first time! I ended up buying Mandelker's book and could hardly wait to read the whole thing. I already felt like this had to be the answer -- I had to be one of these Wanderers. All the synchronicity was piling up, and I could not ignore it.

Just as Mandelker said in the paragraphs after the questionnaire, once I discovered the *question* I had to stick with it long enough to try to get a definitive *answer*. I had to see it through to term, to come up with the proof that would convince me one way or the other.

I was very excited about these new potentials when I went home. I told my mother about what had happened, but she did not seem particularly interested or impressed by such a possibility. She was worried about my instability and thought that this was a sign of how deeply involved I had become in my work.

My friend Jude, on the other hand, was very excited about it. Apparently, just two days before my return home and my phone call, Jude had been going through some old papers and had found a written account of a "dream" that he had when he was only five years old. Jude had written up this "dream" to present it to his kindergarten teacher.

In the "dream," two men came to him in his room and brought him outside of his house, where it was cold. To his amazement, there was a huge "submarine" floating in his backyard, and they brought him into it!

Then they gave him a ride in the "submarine," and apparently this was a submarine that traveled through space, as he saw many wonderful things. They finally brought him back to his room and put him back in bed, and the dream ended.

For some reason, Jude had just thrown away that old piece of paper, seeing it as nothing more than an old dream. But as soon as he told me of his own experiences with recent dreams, leading up to the discovery of Mandelker's book, I wished that I could have gotten the paper back.

I read the personality descriptions to Jude over the phone, and both of us started to realize together that we both fit the "Wanderer questionnaire" to a tee. Both of us were totally sensitive, dedicated to others, creative, and obsessed with UFOs, metaphysics and fantasy.

Both of us had an extremely powerful mystical experience at around age five, and we were both shocked to realize that this was part of the "pattern." (This was not in the questionnaire itself, but in the main body of text in the book.)

We both felt as if we were on a mission to "save the planet," we were often taken advantage of by others, we were nonviolent, engaged in "helping professions" like counseling, and unable to understand negativity or "evil."

Since Jude had mentioned a cylinder-shaped "submarine," I was also well aware of the numerous reports of cigar-shaped UFOs in the literature, and the fact that Mandelker's book said that it was most common for a contact experience to occur at age five.

My life had satisfied Mandelker's questionnaire to a tee, and now Jude's life satisfied it as well -- or perhaps even better. He appeared to have actually gone somewhere with these forces, whereas I chickened out at the last minute. Oh, well, Jude always seemed to have the upper hand.

"He says we've got to see this thing through to term and get a solid answer. But how in the world could we ever prove something like being a Wanderer?" I asked.

"Well, we can try automatic writing," Jude replied.

I snapped back. "Yeah, right. There's just no way that you could single-handedly control the motion of a pencil in your hand from the psychic level. That whole idea is a lot of bull, just like the Ouija board. You know that I used to move that thing all the time when I did it with other people, just for fun."

"Well, we've got to try something, just to see if it will work. Don't you agree?"

"Yeah, I do see your point, but are you sure about this? Automatic writing seems awfully *sketchy* to me - get it?"

"Ha, ha, ha, yeah, I get it. Well, come on! The least we can do is try it out, man."

"Yeah, well I guess you're right," I replied.

And so, Jude and I went out together on an expedition to his girlfriend's house in Queensbury, New York and then on to his soon-to-be rented apartment on the shores of Lake George.

Jude was painting in the apartment, and it was filled with fumes, so neither of us really wanted to stay inside of it. We both hiked down to the waterfront, and there was an incredible sight.

The mountains loomed darkly in the background, and at the point where they met the water, long strips of light could be seen from the different buildings on shore. The full moon reflected off of the lake's waters, casting an eerie, rippling effect that traveled in a straight line as far as the eye could see.

In that moment, I had a very strange sense of deja vu. It was as if Jude and I had somehow decided to take on this "Wanderer" mission on Earth at the same time; as if we were somehow connected through this Divine level. (I would later identify him as a key player in the Cayce saga, but we'll get to that later on.)

I wondered aloud whether we might at one time have seen a very similar scene as this, only on an alien world. It could have been a base on the Moon or a space station, with similar dark hills in the background and strips of light along the bottom. It was a very strange feeling, and both Jude and I started to feel uncomfortable.

We jumped back into my car and drove back to Jude's girlfriend's house in Queensbury. On the way there, we both agreed that it was time to try out the automatic writing, just to see if we got any verifiable results.

The results were indeed so incredible that I have already written them up in five or six separate instances. But, there were other synchronicities that I usually do not mention. When we got back to the house, it was already quite late and everyone was asleep.

The house was quite dark inside, but we did turn on some very sparse lights so that we wouldn't crash into anything as we moved around. As I reached for one light switch, I could hardly believe my eyes!

There in the dining room, adjacent to the kitchen, was a table that was obviously from India, with each table leg represented as a stylized elephant's head. To my utter

amazement, this was *exactly* the same as the table that I had been so fond of at Angelica's place! And Angelica had the same guru as the two men whom I had met on the train coming back from Colorado.

The synchronicity was so powerful that I could feel a physical pressure on my head as I strove to put it all together! There was clearly something special about the place we were in, and what we were about to try to do.

When it was time to do the automatic writing, both Jude and I got a piece of loose-leaf college-ruled lined paper and taped it to the hard tile floor. I sat to the left of Jude, and we both were sitting Indian-style in the dark.

Jude instructed me to hold the pencil in my non-writing hand, which in this case was the left hand. Jude had said to me to basically just let my hand "do what it wants," and not to interfere with it.

I still doubted highly whether anything would happen or not, but I was willing to give it a shot. So, as we both sat there, we meditated and got very silent. I concentrated deeper and deeper, and tried to listen and attune the vibrations in my mind at the same time that I tried to transfer that awareness to my left hand.

At first, I seemed to be "training" my left hand through an interesting process. I heard single words in my mind, and would then allow my hand to move, dimly aware that my hand was writing the same word that I was hearing.

The first three words that came through by this method were "Chasten", "Awareness" and "Hostile." Then, I tried to stop listening for any word in my mind, and just let my hand do what it wanted. At that point, my hand actually wrote the word "Hostile" yet again, which did surprise me later on when we turned the lights on.

I was aware that this part of the message was telling me that I was currently too hostile, that I needed to be more chaste in my life and focus my awareness. I was still aware that I could be in a deeper trance, and I meditated with even greater intensity to try to widen the scope.

Then, as my trance deepened, I felt my hand starting to go by itself in a series of curves that felt very natural. I felt it go forwards along one of the lines, then stop and go backwards across the same line. By this point, my trance was becoming deeper and deeper.

When I knew that I had finished that line, I meditated with an even greater intensity than before, making my best effort yet to secure a deep trance. I concentrated on the third eye, or the brow chakra between the eyebrows, and really tried to feel like I was pulling energy in through it and sending it to my hand.

I did this with almost ferocious intensity, summoning up all the concentrative strength that I could muster. And at that moment, something totally incredible happened that I could not possibly have expected!

An unseen force seemed to grab my arm, wrist and fingers and completely took control! At an incredible speed, my left hand whipped out eleven characters on the paper and then stopped abruptly. The only one of the characters that I recognized was the letter "x", as the rest were just going by too fast to understand.

Suddenly, in the middle of our meditation, I broke the silence. I threw the pencil down and with a shocked, bewildered excitement, I said to Jude,

"Jesus Christ, man, something just happened to me! A force grabbed my hand and used it to write something on the paper! Turn on the lights, man, I've really got something here! We've got to read this right now!"

Jude immediately jumped up and ran over to a light over the sofa in the downstairs living room where we were. He turned the light on and I took the paper off of the floor, being very careful to insure that the tape didn't rip it.

I brought it over into the light, and to my shock and horror, the paper was completely white! There was nothing written on it whatsoever!

"What! what the hell? Where's all the writing?" I was quite worried.

"No, brother, look closer!" Jude exclaimed. "There's writing on there all right, it's just very faint. You did get something, that's for sure!"

"Let me see, let me see!" I responded.

Sure enough, there was writing on the paper, very faint and barely even visible. And that was just the beginning of the adventure.

The first thing that I noticed is that the line where the writing had gone backwards and forwards actually spelled out "Christ Cometh." What was even more incredible about this was the fact that it was built up through a synthesis of both the forward and backward lines.

In other words, they overlapped each other, and within the overlaps, "Christ Cometh" was clearly and definitively spelled out. The "th" on the end of "Cometh" was shaped somewhat strangely, and there was a strangely curving line that came off of the bottom right edge of the "h."

Jude noticed that this letter combination clearly spelled out the word "Ra." I did not agree that this is what it was. I knew that Ra was supposedly an Egyptian god, but other than that I was at a loss to understand what, if anything, it meant.

Little did I know that this would turn out to be a direct prophecy of my discovery, exactly two years later, of my own apparent past life as Edgar Cayce. The Cayce Readings said that Edgar had once been the Atlantean priest Ra-Ta, and later just Ra, some 12,500 years ago from the present.

Even though it would be two full years before I "discovered" the truth, the next line that appeared would actually strengthen the "Cayce connection" even more. On the line where my hand jumped into action and moved on its own accord, it scribbled out the following, with exactly the upper case / lower case configuration that I have indicated here:

EC 40 57 + oxen

From the present vantagepoint, it is very interesting to see that the next two characters after "Ra" were "EC." These are obviously the initials for the name Edgar Cayce, and I would later realize that these initials were consistently used to refer to Cayce in his reading transcriptions, and also by the readings themselves.

That certainly was just the beginning of this message; there was much more to uncover at that point.

As we stared at the enigmatic message, Jude was the first to recognize that "EC 40 57" could be a quotation from the Bible.

"EC 40 57. What if that's a Bible quote? Don't you think that could be Ecclesiastes?" Jude asked.

"Oh my God, you're right! Where's the Bible? We've got to look this one up!"

Despite our being in a household that was rigidly Fundamentalist to its core, we had a very hard time finding a Bible! I had never really read the Bible, and had no idea what to expect. After a good bit of time, quietly searching through the den in the finished-off cellar of the house, Jude was able to locate a large Bible with a black leather cover.

"Well, let's see what we can find!" I said, excitedly. We looked together at Ecclesiastes, and were quite disappointed to see that there was no verse 40 at all! The book went from chapter 1, verse 18 directly into chapter 2. It seemed like it was a wash.

"Oh, well, it certainly was interesting, even if it doesn't mean anything," Jude replied.

Suddenly, I had a flash of insight. "Wait a minute! Wait a minute!"

"Sssh!" Jude hissed. I was too excited, speaking too loudly. Then, more quietly, he responded, "What?"

"Don't you remember in math class when they taught us about absolute value? Do you remember what that was all about?"

"Yeah, isn't that when you have negative numbers and count them as if they were positives?"

"Exactly. What if this number 40 is the *absolute value* of where this Bible passage begins? Maybe all we need to do is start 40 lines after the beginning, and then end 57 lines after the beginning! Whatever we find between those two spots will be the message!"

"You're right! Let's check it out!"

We were both fascinated to see that 40 lines after the beginning of Ecclesiastes was cited as "2:22," or Chapter 2, verse 22. This came directly across as being identical to the "clock synchronicities" that both Jude and I had been seeing for years by this point.

I was now to the point where these numbers were jumping out at me several times a day, and Jude was seeing them almost every day of his own life. I also knew now that these numbers were part of the "Wanderer Activation" process.

That synchronicity obviously validated the material even more, as I had never studied the Bible a day in my life -- or at least not in this present one! There was just no way that I could have "fooled myself" subconsciously. The Bible's material simply did not exist in my conscious mind to be accessed.

The profundity and gravity of what had occurred that night immediately sank in as I read the initial words of Ecclesiastes 2:22:

"For what hath a man toiled and labored under the sun? This too is meaningless!" [5:55 a.m. 4/7/99]

To my conscious mind, this was an arresting confirmation of the validity of the source that had used my hand to write. I had just been fired not three days earlier from my job at the mental ward, and now the Bible quote that was cited through my own hand was directly addressing my sense of meaningless bewilderment with my working life.

At that moment, realizing that I was probably an extraterrestrial soul in a human body, I certainly felt as if everything about what I had been striving for, the internship, the graduate school and the career in psychology, was all becoming meaningless.

Amazingly, these forces speaking through me were able to give me a very complex message just through the simple citation of a quote from the Bible.

I read the entire passage aloud, stunned and amazed at what was happening. I realized that the passage ran directly into one of the most famous parts of the Bible, which read,

"To everything, there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die!"

The passage listed a large number of apparent opposites, and was showing how they moved in cycles. This also seemed to be pursuant to my own situation, having just been through another agonizing contortion of this cycle of my job life.

Then, when I got to the end of the cited passage, which was Ecc. 3:13, I was even more amazed. At that point in the text, the emphasis suddenly shifted, and it had a direct, prophetic bearing on my own situation at the time:

"To eat and drink and be happy in one's toil - this is the grace of God."

So, the message was very clear; no matter who I was, I still needed to try to enjoy my physical life and my jobs. The message was numerically "keyed in" to 2:22, but also that seemed to be the only "perfect" starting point for this message in the entire book of Ecclesiastes.

It was obviously fashioned to relate directly to what had just happened in my life. The ending point of the passage also seemed to be of singular importance, and as I read before and after it, I realized that it was the single best possible spot for the forces to finish my message.

Plus, it was preceded by the message "Christ Cometh," and possibly the word "Ra" as well. (I still wasn't willing to accept that the "Ra" meant anything, even though it is very clear and obvious to see in hindsight.)

Now the message was becoming quite clear, and that only now left the question of the word "oxen."

A few things came to mind right away. I knew that my birth animal in the Chinese Zodiac was the ox. (Cayce and I were born exactly 96 years apart, which is a key 'harmonic frequency number,' and remarkably enough that means that he was *also* born in the year of the ox! - 4:44 p.m., 6/17/99!)

Later on, I would learn that the position of the Moon at the time of my birth was in the sign of Taurus, just like Cayce's. But the real clincher was that I had just bought the carved

statue of an ox at a job that I had while still living at home, before I had moved back down to New Paltz, my college town.

I had gotten a temporary job through an agency that placed me at a booth in the Altamont Fair, representing ADT home security systems and handing out flyers to people who came by. I really didn't like the job and often felt like I was just taking up space, but I did see it through the full time commitment that I had agreed to.

My booth was directly behind the chicken barn, and I could smell and hear them all day long. After a while, I started to tune them out, and by the end I hardly even noticed them any more. Directly to the right of me was an African woman from Kenya who was selling carved wooden statues that her husband had produced.

I got to be quite friendly with the woman, and we talked at great length to pass the time during the day. Even though I had no real money to speak of, I felt obligated to extend a token gesture of friendship to the woman by buying one of her pieces.

I was aware from what she told me that the ebony wood was the rarest, most expensive material that her husband used to carve, and thus they were the most expensive pieces in her collection.

There were a few different African animals carved out of ebony, including the antelope and the cheetah. They were brilliant in design, as the man who had carved them was a true master.

The prices were actually very low, but the American dollar was worth so much to them in Kenya that they were actually quite wealthy through this business. I wanted to pick out the animal that was right for me, and for some reason I kept gravitating back to the ebony ox.

Nothing else seemed to feel right to me. It ended up costing 27 dollars and was one of the most expensive pieces she had available, but I decided that I wanted it anyway. I felt that I wanted an animal that would symbolize where my life was at that time.

I figured that the ox was a good choice, because it symbolized my new entrance into the working world. I thought myself to be a beast of burden, calm and determined, shackled to the yoke of oppression to pull the plow for the hand of an unseen master. It was a good metaphorical statement, I thought.

I did end up buying the ox, for the magical number of 22 dollars, and after I had purchased it I asked the woman if there was any symbolism that they ascribed to this animal. She laughed and implied that Americans always think that there is symbolism to everything!

Apparently, many of her customers wanted to know what magical powers their purchases would convey to them, and were disappointed when she responded that she did not know. I then rephrased my question and said:

"Well, I guess what I mean is, where is this animal's role in your society? You use the oxen to pull the plow and tend your fields, right?"

The woman's eyes widened. "Oh no," she said. "This is water buffalo. The water buffalo is one of the three deadliest animals in all of Kenya. This is very dangerous animal, and no one in their right mind would try to tend crops with water buffalo."

I replied, "Deadly? Come on. It's an ox! How could an ox be so deadly?"

The woman answered, "If this animal sees you, and you are within 200 yards of it, you basically run fast as you can and pray you will get away. If you don't get away, then you pray for quick death.

"Water buffalo will charge you and drive its horn directly through your chest, toss you high up in air and then run back around and do it again and again until you die."

"Wow! So you're really serious when you say that this is one of the three deadliest animals?"

"Yes, absolutely."

So, when I got the statue home and put it on my desk opposite my bedstand, I looked upon it with new respect. Yes, it represented my entrance into the working world and the yoke of oppression, but it also represented the fact that I had great power, great ability.

Once I really began to stand up for myself, no one could stop me from achieving my goals. I took that experience to indicate that the working world would only make me tougher, stronger and better in every conceivable way. I kept the statue in solid view in my room on a consistent basis.

Now, the transmission that had come through my own hand added a dramatic and unexpected twist to the story. The fact that the forces put the word "oxen" after the Bible quotation about work clearly showed that they knew and understood the symbolism that I had given it.

They might have even been responsible for my decision to purchase it in the first place! It also took something that could otherwise have been a very Christian message and made it more personal, by phrasing it in terms that I could understand.

The implications of all of this were causing both of our minds to reel. In a surprising moment of clarity, Jude asked, "Well, do you think that we should ask for more confirmation? Should we do it again, or is this our proof here?"

I stopped and thought for a moment. "No," I said, pausing somberly, "I am pretty happy with what I got here." At that exact second, the clock struck two, making two loud bonging noises that echoed through the room.

Both I and Jude looked at each other with astonishment, realizing that yet another layer of synchronicity around the number two had been added to the mix, in order to even further validate the idea that something truly extraordinary had just occurred. Ecclesiastes 2:22, my 22-dollar ox and now the clock striking two. It was just "two" much to believe.

It is important to note the other possible layers that this message could have as well. Christ was very important to Cayce, and thus "Christ Cometh" had great meaning to me on the soul level.

The word "Ra" indicated the past life that Cayce had been most proud of. Then, the initials "EC" came through. Even though it was a Bible quote, most authors typically put two "C's" after the "E" for Ecclesiastes, and the "C's" are usually lower case.

We also must ask the question of what the numbers *after* EC could have to do with Edgar Cayce's life. Recently, I accessed the Cayce Readings CD-ROM and tried to determine if there were any significant readings with these call numbers, but there were not.

However, the numbers could certainly be important for another reason as well -- the ages of Cayce's life that corresponded to what I was going through at the time.

In the biography *There is a River*, we learn that when Cayce turned 40, the year was 1917. In that year, he saw the start of World War One, and most of his entire Sunday Bible school of young men were drafted and had to go fight.

This was obviously a difficult event in Cayce's life -- the loss of those whom he had been caring for, and the world descending into the most horrible war in history. And then, when Cayce was 57, the year was 1935, and in between those two years of Cayce's life, he had seen the rise and fall of his professional career with his Cayce Hospital.

Morton and Edwin Blumenthal, two New York Jewish men who got very rich from the business and financial advice of Cayce's readings, had funded this hospital. After the Great Depression, Morton Blumenthal lost all of his money and the hospital collapsed. Cayce was still feeling the sting of this loss in December, 1935, when his whole family was unwittingly arrested in Detroit for practicing medicine without a license.

So, at age 57, Cayce had completed a cycle of loss, in a sense. (A time to be born, and a time to die!) There was a time where he had his hospital and everything was great -- he could do readings and treat people with complete legitimacy.

His dream had come true, established doctors had underwritten him and all the legal loopholes had been filled. Now, still feeling the pain of the hospital's loss, his whole family had gotten arrested for something that had been completely legitimate and in full swing just six years earlier.

This arrest had come about through Cayce's practice of medical readings, and though he did not receive any punitive sentence from the Detroit judge, it still had a very sobering effect on him.

I had also just "lost the hospital," namely my job at the ward. I could not have known that Cayce's arrest at age 57, time-coded into my message, had occurred exactly *60 years earlier, almost to the week*, from when I was fired and did the automatic writing!

In "Convergence," I write about the importance of the "harmonic number" 60 in so many different contexts, including cycles of time, and now we see it here again. One of the key lengths for cycles of time in human history is 2160 years, and this is exactly 36 units of 60.

36 is another key harmonic number, as the square of the number six. Furthermore, 36 is one of the fundamental cornerstone numbers of the entire harmonic series.

So, both ages 40 and 57 involved a cycle of humiliation and loss in Cayce's life, similar to the total ruin that I now felt of losing my *own* hospital and getting reprimanded. I had also just been trounced on by the system for trying to help other people.

Another interesting point, which may not really mean anything, is what happens when you multiply 40 and 57 together. The number that you get is 2280, and this is the same number as the street address of the farmhouse in Virginia Beach where I ended up writing much of this book as well as "Convergence."

We once again get the number "22" and the all-important number "8", which signifies the infinity of the octave. (Also, eight is two times two times two: another level of the "2:22" synchronicity.)

It is also interesting to point out that in one of my dreams prior to the actual automatic writing session and discovery, I had to confront my "UFO double" by picking up a leek.

At the farmhouse at 2280, I ended up working with this style of leeks and consistently eating them for really the first time in my life. It certainly causes one to wonder exactly how far these prophecies can really go! [Wouldn't you know it - 3:33 p.m. 4/7/99 as I finish this sentence!]

After this event, changes slowly and gradually took place in my consciousness. I had been given unequivocal proof of an outside psychic contact, after specifically asking the question, "*Am I a Wanderer? Am I an extraterrestrial soul in a human body, here on a volunteer mission to help the planet?*"

And not only did I get an affirmative answer, but it was curiously tied in with Biblical prophecy as well! Not only did it directly and accurately cite a quotation from the Bible, line for line, it also said the enigmatic phrase, "Christ Cometh."

I felt as if this might possibly be a reference to the Second Coming of Christ, but I had read enough literature by this point to suspect that they were talking about the dawning of the Christ Light within me. I was very excited by this prospect.

So, even with the predominantly Christian theme of the message, I did not just automatically convert over to Christianity and begin reading the Bible every day. Life went on, dramatically enhanced with the new information in one sense and very similar, if not identical in the other.

I had fulfilled Mandelker's caveat of "seeing it through to term," and now I had the personal proof. Changes were still happening, as my friend Eric and I had decided to rent a place out in Rosendale, New York, a place that had once been owned by the delightfully eccentric artist and video producer Allen Epstein, who had since died.

The name of the place was *"Chateau Bullshinski -- The Metaphysical Resort."*

THE METAPHYSICAL RESORT

I had intended on going to the new house partly as a way to support my lifestyle of working at the hospital, and now all of that had fallen apart. I knew that I had to get out of the boarding house where I was living, as I could no longer tolerate the misgivings of the students who were living there.

So, Eric and I decided to move in together. Eric ended up single-handedly producing almost all of the incredible \$1725 in cash that we needed to move in. But, it was a fantastic apartment, and I did actually pay my half back completely later on.

The apartment walls were largely brick, with huge, 20-foot high ceilings. It had once been an old schoolhouse and was remodeled into an apartment, with a giant loft in the center of the room that formed a second-floor bedroom, where I slept. Eric slept on the main floor downstairs, which was divided into two main sections.

The artist Allen Epstein had died several years earlier, but as I lived there and heard the stories from Allen's daughter and from the neighbors, I gradually pieced together an account of what had happened.

Allen had gone to Yale on a full scholarship when he was only 17 years old, and he was obviously a true creative genius, who eventually became quite successful in the video

production business. Allen became an interesting and important figure in my life, and I often felt as if I could sense Allen's spirit in the apartment with me.

I also felt that the studious energy of the classroom was still stored in the apartment as well, even though no classes had occurred in there for probably more than 70 years.

The idea of Allen's success and care-free lifestyle was attractive to me, and I grew out my sideburns as a way to greater harmonize with Allen's energies, as he invariably had them in every picture that I saw.

The brick walls, wood stove and hardwood floors gave the apartment a very rustic feel. The uniqueness of the place was compounded by the fact that many of Epstein's best paintings still hung on the walls. They were bright and colorful and very enjoyable, and the effect that they caused was to basically turn the whole apartment into an art gallery.

Dozens of oddly positioned track lights and a giant carved mirror in the middle of the apartment added to the ambience that could be created there. I was very excited about actually living in such an incredible place as this.

Plus, Eric had a modern, Internet-compatible computer. Soon, I would completely give up on my old Apple IIc , which I had been using as a word-processor for so many years now.

My journals at the time revealed that many interesting things were happening; things that would later blossom into a full-blown way of life as a modern prophet. Throughout the entire awakening process, as well as the whole first year of doing readings, I could have never imagined that I would be told that I had been Edgar Cayce in a past life.

An idea like that was so outside of my universe that I never would have possibly had any reason to suspect it whatsoever. Such a thing was not even remotely possible, and I never once had the thought cross my mind with any real seriousness until my readings had already delivered me squarely into Virginia Beach.

The early journal writings do show the latent potentials, even if consciously I was not seeing them. Here is an excerpt, from when I was still living in the boarding house:

11 / 28 / 95-

Something is happening. Something right now. A culmination. I had a dream a short time ago where I was finally facing up to a UFO contact, and there was a leek there (line 333) that I had to pick up which indicated that I was ready for it to happen. I was quite scared.

The other day, I was in the store and ended up buying the leek just like in my dream without even really realizing what I was doing. Somehow, I feel that these two things are related, and when I use the leek, the time has come.

I am now planning on going into the kitchen and cooking with it. Tomorrow is the first day of my new life, where the next step of the ascending passage locks into place and I am forever ahead of where I once was, never to slide back there again in quite the same way.

(It is interesting to note how often I would use symbolism from the Pyramid Timeline in my journal writings. In the Cayce Readings, Ra-Ta was said to have co-designed the Great Pyramid with Hermes.)

The time is growing close. I need to remember what happened in between the moment of sudden fear and my waking up, (in my OBE when I was five.) I now think that some kind of contact might have occurred between the time that I became afraid and the time that I was back in my body.

My memory might have somehow been erased for this period of time, as often happens to people in the UFO books I read. Something was clearly at work in my life at that time, and I want to find out more.

The part that must now become the primary focus is the spiritual growth element, which I have largely ignored in my research so far. I must now begin a regular meditation schedule, and stick to it. They can't get closer to me unless I stop the spiraling loops of thought that are getting in the way of my deeper mind.

Voices are already in there, talking. I just have a hard time keeping them in. I can't think about them the way that you would expect to. If I try to listen to them, they change. I just have to let them pass through me.

I have to clear the detritus out of my mind, and the impurities out of my diet.

12 / 28 / 95 -

(Here in my new place, I write about the night where Jude and I did the automatic writing, and our collective realization that we were indeed both Wanderers. I write from the "What if" perspective of being on the other side -- having been the extraterrestrial entity choosing to come to Earth, before it had actually happened.)

We were brave -- the bravest of our entire society, perhaps. It was on that night when we decided to come to Earth that we realized how dedicated to love and light we really were. We would sacrifice all of our major spiritual powers, and incarnate into physical bodies with no memory of how we initially got there.

We could get trapped into depression and drugs, feeling rejected and frustrated with a society whose corruption we could not relate to at all. We would have a dim idea that we were there to change the world, but the fears generated by the great negativity of the planet could easily overwhelm us into an ineffectual life, burdened with the continuous suffering that flesh is heir to.

But, there was an excitement there as well. Nowhere else in the universe was there a place like this Earth. A turning point was arriving imminently, wherein the entire vibratory level of the planet would be raised.

Souls who refused to progress would reincarnate elsewhere, and there were many who would have to move on in the pivotal time. So, the idea was to try to individually help as many beings as possible to realize that spiritual growth is the whole game behind Schoolhouse Earth, and to see it and act on it before the shit hits the fan.

We both had faith in our strength. We knew that we would do all we could to pierce through the shells of their material world to convey messages to them. As we partially realized our identity in waking life, our souls, still possessing higher connections, could easily manipulate events in our creatures' worlds.

This was done in order to create the types of synchronistic occurrences that would wake ourselves up from slumber and gradually lead our physical selves back to the wisdom that we possessed in the spirit. If we could attain this full realization, the impact upon the planet could be quite profound.

We knew that it wasn't necessarily imperative to become world famous, just to do the grassroots work in the areas we found ourselves in and raise the consciousness of people a few at a time. There were at least 65 million of us out there, perhaps 100 million. That adds up to one out of every eighty people.

Then, if ET souls tend to converge in certain areas, such as Boulder or California or here in the Hudson Valley, then the odds could get even better.

So, we would have a pretty fair chance of eventually meeting others like us, possibly as a direct result of talking to them in the spirit world and working together to create the proper synchronicities in order to have everything fall into place the way it should.

Thus, Jude and I "discovered" each other in 1988 and had kept a solid spiritual connection for the entire rest of our lives. Consciously unaware, we set it all up that way. The material world was like a playground, in a way.

We could do a lot with beings -- putting suggestions into their heads to go to certain places at certain times, getting their own spirits to agree, in order to make everything work smoothly. And, we could actually manipulate physical reality to varying degrees as well.

We could set up that bottle for the creature to trip over in advance, getting another being to kick it. Then, when our subject walks near it, we cause them to not see what their foot is doing long enough to manipulate them into the proper tripping-over alignment. This tripping over might be exactly what was needed to balance the being's karma at that time.

All of this was being done in order to teach a lesson about doing the right thing. We were at work constantly, constructing rich metaphors and obstacles in the dreams as a way to send messages from ourselves into the creature's mind, and forever!

(D: Brief interruption as my clock says 3:33. I just picked up the phone and realized that the NYCA repertory company wants me to perform in another musical for two weekends in January. I am quite excited, and I happened to listen back to the message at 3:33 "just by accident." As a little joke, my alien spirit set that one up just to let me know that she is there.)

working on SYNCHRONICITIES in the daily life of the being, in full accordance with how much the being chooses to act for the highest forces of love and light. Once the container of

this mighty soul clicks in to the truth of his or her being, we delight in rewarding the positive actions richly.

When the path is deviated from, we then resort to whatever degree of compassionately functioning karma is necessary for the being to maintain balance, and not the slightest bit more.

It is the luckiest of us who are able to fully align the being's physical mind with us. As in the case of David, who is writing here, we now know that he has broken through.

We have worked extensively to show him that he is on the right track in every possible way, using all of our resources available to shower him with confidence-boosting good luck. And it is working better than ever; we are all very pleased.

David knows a moderate amount about our past activities, and has correctly received the impetus to continuously study. David has been doing so much good lately that we were able to finally reveal these things to him.

And I, David, am glad for it. Whether they or I wrote the above, I know that it is right on. They have been working overtime in my life lately -- things have been going crazy.

In hindsight, it is surprising that even though I wrote the above from a clearly inspired, psychic standpoint, it would indeed be almost an entire year before I "officially" began receiving psychic messages.

This journal entry almost seemed to be a sort of "practice run" in a much lighter trance than what I would later assume to do my work. Yet, even in those early days, my dreams were communicating to me, regarding exactly what I would need to do to open up a full contact. Here is one dream from New Year's Day 1996 that proves the point quite well.

In this dream, someone had died, and I actually encountered him. He wanted to get an inside message to his friends, who were still alive, by putting a message on their answering machine.

Anyway, we tried to record his speech on the answering machine, and afterwards nothing came out except the voice of my mom, speaking with a droning sound in the background.

After we checked the machine, we decided that the best way to do it would be for him to say it to me and then for me to dictate it into the machine!

In this dream, we can see how I was being given explicit instructions on how I could begin a channeling process to communicate with these forces; simply listening to their voice and then putting it into a recording.

It would turn out almost a year later that this is exactly what I did; I listened to the still small voice in my mind and recorded it onto a tape player. At the time it was just another dream, one of many, but now it is clear that everything was being set up in advance for this moment.

Certainly the automatic writing episode with Jude had opened up my mind considerably to a whole new reality. I now had the "proof" that I was one of these remarkable Wanderers, or ET souls incarnating as human beings.

Life took on a whole new slant, as I realized that the behind-the-scenes work going on here with Earth was much more impressively huge and powerful than I could have ever imagined! In other words, it confirmed everything that I had ever felt so strongly about with myself.

I now knew that there was a very good reason for why I felt so different, for why I simply could not understand negativity, deceit and deception. I also realized that the more awakened I became, the more of an important role I could have in shaping the future course of human destiny.

I was now a veritable encyclopedia of UFO and metaphysical information from all of my book readings, and my three solid years of daily dream journalizing.

Despite all this grandiose knowledge coming from my ET self, I still had major work to do with my Earth self! Indeed, the whole concept of "staying grounded" would prove to be my biggest challenge.

I had spent almost the entire month of December unemployed, trying to find a job. I wasn't really trying as hard as I should have, because I even admitted to myself that I was lazy and self-indulgent.

The idea of walking into a disgusting corporate office with fluorescent lights and begging them for a job felt as humiliating and degrading to me as if I were a slave, washing toilets. I knew that I had backups, including the fact that Eric had money, my parents had a little money and my grandparents had a lot of money.

I still had only been living on my own since Graduation, which realistically wasn't all that long ago. Even if my life was in danger from not working, I still wanted "private space" to myself to adjust to my new knowledge.

I mean after all, here I am an awakened Volunteer Extraterrestrial Ambassador to Earth, and they want me to work for six bucks an hour? I think not, dear friends.

I had become so accustomed to the carefree, easygoing lifestyle of being in the dorms that I did not want to assume responsibility for my life. In college, all I had needed to do was to meet a minimum standard in terms of my grades, which to me meant that I needed to score slightly higher than a B- on everything.

But, since the entire school seemed to be filled with lazy and self-indulgent people, the grades were "curved." No professor wanted a class full of failures, and so we were graded by a democratic process, based on the overall success and/or failure of the group.

Since I was very intellectually gifted, I could do almost nothing but take solid notes while I was in class and still beat the curves. The note-taking and constant eye contact with the professor was my secret to duck out on almost all extracurricular work and still get good grades.

Half of my fellow classmates were smoking pot, drinking alcohol and doing even less about their work than I was. One of my hobbies was to sit in the side chairs by the front, where I could see the whole class as well as the teacher.

I would be awed to realize that I was almost always one of about five students in a class of 40 or more who actually maintained eye contact with the professor and participated in class! The rest of the students would just dreadfully stare off into space, acting as if almost anything else in their exciting lives would be better than being sentenced to sit in that classroom.

The closer we got to the end of the semester, the more the classes would thin out, those unmotivated students simply failing to appear. Even if I came out with below-grade raw scores on my exams, these "lackeys" almost always brought up the rear on the curve.

There was one exception to this bell-curve rule in my classes, as I sank like the Titanic in Statistical Psychology, actually taking it twice in a row and ending up with a D- the first time and a C- the second time.

Neither of those grades were good enough to enroll into a graduate program with, and that knowledge haunted me. In the back of my mind, I still wanted to go on to get at least a Master's and possibly a Doctorate in psychology, preferably in a spiritual concentration.

So, even though I had gotten my diploma, I hadn't actually "finished college" to the point of being ready to go on to higher learning. In the back of my mind, I was constantly shadowed by that fact, and it emerged consistently in my dreams in many different cases.

In fact, as time progressed and I got to know my dreams better, certain themes began to emerge. Whenever I was being especially self-destructive, through my own indulgence in laziness, worry and lack of motivation to change a difficult situation in my life, I would get dreams where I was killing someone, or someone else was being killed.

If the message did not need to be as intense as the actual murder, my dreams would actually do something else that in some ways was far worse.

Every time I needed a lesson, every time I indulged in a habitual behavior out of laziness, my dreams would send me right back into hell itself - High School!

It was almost always the same basic dream, and I have literally documented hundreds of them. In this dream, I suddenly realize that my work in high school was never finished and I have to go back. I find myself in class and am horrified to be there.

I awaken with desperate relief that it is not true, failing to realize the real reason for why I was meant to have the dream. Every time I stayed in a job or a life pattern that was worn-out and no longer useful to me, on came the high school dreams, shocking and threatening me to my very core.

I still never thought about my former life as an addict, and tried to act as if it had never even happened.

And so now in December of 1995, I was completely dodging responsibility by not looking for a job. These were the exact same problems that plagued me as a marijuana smoker, and so even though I had cleaned up, the habit patterns themselves still remained.

I still wanted to live in a fog, ignore responsibility and stay "high," only now that was being done through my vigilant UFO / metaphysics research. So now, I found myself driving down Creeklacks Road in the snow, and I decided that I really didn't feel like doing anything more to look for work that day, even though I still had the time to try.

I was weary and tired of beating my brains out, tired of trying to find jobs that I was massively overqualified for and that I didn't even want. I had realized almost immediately after graduating that my BA in Psychology meant absolutely nothing in the "real world."

I would put it on my job applications and it didn't seem to make a bit of difference in anyone's hiring decisions. I gripped the steering wheel in frustration as all these thoughts cascaded through my mind. No more ridiculous job searching for today, I thought. I'm tired of it.

Suddenly, I rounded a turn and started to slide, quite badly. I mentally screamed, hit the brakes, and the car just kept on sliding out of control! Suddenly, time seemed to slow down to a crawl, and I wondered if I was about to die.

No steering or braking did anything to stop the car's motion. Out loud, I started screaming "Shit" in a percussive, rhythmic chant, two times per second, getting louder and louder the longer I slid. I was still going pretty fast, about 35 miles per hour.

My car slid around backwards, making a complete 180-degree arc before slamming into a post on the side of the road. At the same moment of time that I swore and slid in this giant

circle, I felt compelled to look at my car's digital clock, and the digits 1:11 burned at me from the dashboard.

I really didn't have time to think about what it meant, but yet I was aware even as it was happening that the higher forces were somehow involved with it. That was the signature of my "new ET family," and here I was about to die in my car.

I was very, very lucky, as my car might have slid right off of the road and down a big hill if I hadn't hit that post! The posts were spaced about thirty feet apart from each other, and I really was lucky that I hit one.

The sudden force of the impact seemed to be extremely jarring, and I had no idea how much damage there would be, or if I would even be able to drive my car again.

On the verge of a total, helpless breakdown, both mentally and physically, I quickly jumped out and was quite relieved to see that the dent was actually rather small and cosmetic, and that the car could still be easily driven afterwards.

The wheel and axle absorbed the majority of the shock head-on, so there was little damage. I started seriously thinking about the fact that the presence of the triple numbers was a sign that the higher spiritual forces had something to do with the crash.

Then, I went back to my dream notebooks, and found more than one dream that had predicted the event in advance. I had it coming for my lack of responsibility, and I realized that I had better start working a lot harder to look for a job.

Just before I had moved into my new apartment, I had gone through a rather lengthy conversation with Yumi on the telephone. The price of a long-distance call to Japan was quite high, and I did not have the money to afford such a thing.

We had ended up getting into a fight, with Yumi actually giving me the silent treatment at a rate of more than 70 cents a minute! It had taken me a long time to get through the conversation intact, and I had hardly cared how much it would cost when I was in the middle of it.

I figured that I would pay the bill with the money from whatever new job I ended up receiving after I moved.

I finally ended my tremendous cycle of unemployment by starting at a local behavioral day treatment center for developmentally disabled people on Dec. 31, 1995. My new boss had purposefully gotten me in before 1996 so that I did not fall under the new tax and salary laws that the company had just passed, further limiting vacation time and salary increases from the earlier status.

I was happy about that, and felt quite good about this new boss of mine, whose name was Peter. The only problem with the job was that the salary was abysmally poor -- not a penny more than \$5.77 per hour! This, for a freshly graduated college student?

I was fed a pack of lies, told that there was a huge amount of opportunity for me there and that once I was "in," I could get a much higher paying job that utilized my education. Higher paying meant something closer to \$7 dollars an hour, and I knew it was a bad scene when five different Master's degree people applied for a job that only required a BA. I didn't stand a chance.

Plus, because of my BA in psychology and probably my youth and masculine gender, Peter ended up placing me almost exclusively in the "Behavior Rooms," where they essentially separated all the "consumers" who had the most severe behavioral problems.

These people would disrupt the normal, peaceful routines of the other rooms, and were placed in these special circumstances so that they could be monitored more closely. What this essentially created, depending on the day, was a brick oven of pure hell, where you would get burned alive just trying to keep everyone sitting down and quiet.

The job was incredibly stressful, but in the calmer hours I was very happy that I was able to extend compassion towards other people and not get fired for doing it. This was definitely a far cry from a mental ward, as I was working with a completely different population of people.

In fact, extending my compassion was exactly what they wanted me to be doing, and this made me feel wonderful. I still felt like I "had" to work in the Mental Health field, because I still planned on going to graduate school. These were the jobs you were "supposed" to take on the way there.

The reality and horror of my financial picture started to become quite clear. Even though I had just gotten my Christmas money from the family, I was disappointed when I realized that there wasn't as much of it as I had planned on receiving.

Plus, my paychecks from this new job would be so low that I had very little chance of ever being able to pay all of my bills on time. My paychecks only came once every two weeks, and there was an initial period of delay that I had to sweat through as well.

All in all, it was going to be rough going, and I realized that I would be apt to remain abysmally poor for the entire time that I kept the job.

Eric and I had transferred my old phone account over to our new phone, and kept it in my name. So, I was naturally quite shocked on January 18, 1996, when a leftover phone bill showed up in the mail.

Apparently, it was for a billing period of only three days, directly before I had moved out of my apartment in New Paltz. Despite the short time involved, the bill itself was for close to 200 dollars! Almost the entire amount had been racked up in that one single conversation that I had with Yumi, where we were fighting about our dying relationship! I could hardly believe my bad luck.

I had absolutely no way to pay out the money by the deadline time that was given on the bill, and now I was going to lose my phone. I suddenly felt the world collapsing in on me from all sides. I was slipping into a state of total panic and intense depression, feeling completely hopeless.

Here I had finally tackled my inner demons of laziness and had gotten a job, but it was too little, too late. And then, right in the middle of this feeling, I suddenly thought back to my discovery of only six weeks earlier.

I remembered that I had been given astonishing proof that I was actually a Wanderer, or an extraterrestrial soul in a physical body. My hand had sprung to life and written out my 11-character message all by itself, and that message was incredibly profound.

Now, I felt so paralyzed, so completely alone, that I burst out crying, going into a feeling of complete and total despair and isolation. I began doing something that could only be described as a hysterical, screaming prayer, yelling at the mute brick walls.

"If this is who you are, and this is what I am, you need to show me something right now! You can't expect me to just crash through life with all these problems and simply believe what you told me on faith!

I need more proof, and I need it now! If you want me to believe this, you'd better show me something right now, or that's it!"

I was totally serious as I said these things. After my screaming, crying prayer, I started to calm down, and frequently looked out the window to see if a UFO would appear outside! Nothing like that was happening.

Then, I decided that maybe "they" would allow me to have a temporary telekinetic ability. I tried to levitate the napkin off of my plate by sheer concentration alone, but nothing happened. I essentially gave up, and realized that even though the whole thing had seemed rather interesting, it was obvious that nothing had happened.

In my time of greatest need, "they" had let me down. It was certainly interesting to wonder if I actually might have been such a Wanderer, but now I knew that the "reality" was that I was just David Wilcock, BA, a young slave to the Machine.

I certainly had felt pretty convinced by what had happened with the automatic writing at the time, but now I wasn't so sure.

Suddenly, as I sat there staring at the phone bill, I realized that they had never applied my international calling discount rate to the charges -- I was being billed nearly twice the rate per minute than what I had actually agreed to!

I suddenly picked up the phone and called the phone company, angrily explaining what had happened to me. Not only did they change the rate back to what it was supposed to be, they actually gave me a 25-dollar discount for my trouble as well!

Suddenly, I had whittled the untenable bill down to a manageable 75 dollars! I was amazed that I hadn't noticed this before, and I started to feel much better about the entire situation. I actually *did* have enough money to afford *this*.

Right after this, my friend Chris called up, talking about his own struggles with drinking alcohol and his desire to quit. I was able to draw heavily off of my own past history with

addiction and recovery, giving Chris valuable advice. We talked for a good bit of time, and I made a powerful realization.

No matter how dismal or horrible my life might have appeared to be in the present moment, it was still just far, far better than the incredible pit that I had slipped into while smoking marijuana. Randy had threatened my life, I had been almost suicidally depressed and I existed in a constant state of relentless paranoia and anxiety.

I had been a willing slave to the Devil himself, acting through Randy. I was running from my problems like crazy, and that only made them come back even harder and more viciously with each ensuing event.

There was just no getting around the truth, which was that I had made incredible progress, and was still progressing. After getting off of the phone with Chris, I ended up playing my original tape, "Stories from the Love Brothers," which I had listened to every day while I was getting clean to combat my loneliness.

This tape was that initial blast of light that had dispelled the negativity in my life in the first place, giving me the strength to quit. Suddenly, it was all brand new and funny again, and it completely and totally lifted my mood.

I laughed so hard at the same jokes that I had heard so many times before that I almost cried. I went to sleep that night before Eric had ever come home, and by that point I had completely forgotten about my prayer. Eric certainly didn't know about it either, since he wasn't even there when it happened.

"HE IS ONE OF US"

The forces decided to make good on my prayer, but they did it in a way that I could never have imagined. I got up several hours before my housemate would in order to make it to work on time. Eric was still working nights, doing the same pizza delivery job that I had long since quit.

That particular morning, it was very cold outside, and I got the strong intuition to go outside and start my car to warm it up before I left for work. Even though I normally did not do this, I felt that it was very important that I do it that morning.

When I came back into the house, I was quite surprised to see Eric awake and out of bed, talking on the telephone! This was extremely bizarre, as Eric normally slept like a rock! A large red pillow mark had creased his face from the top left to the bottom right, and he looked like a zombie, barely even awake.

He hung up the phone just as I came back inside. Apparently, one of Eric's obscure friends had called at that ungodly time of the morning, even though both Eric and I had unilaterally told everyone we knew to never call when it was early.

I greeted Eric as I got the last of my things for lunch before rushing out the door. Eric seemed very curiously perplexed, and mumbled to me, "You know, I just had a dream about you, man!"

"I can't listen to your dreams right now! I've got to go!" I replied. It was going to get late very soon, and I had a terrible habit of driving aggressively fast when I was running behind, since Peter was a complete taskmaster, especially when it came to promptness.

"But no! wait! this was different, man. This dream involved you and UFO's, and it was totally incredible."

Now, my attitude changed. Even though I had already forgotten my screaming prayer the night before, I snapped to attention. "Wow! Okay, I'm listening!"

Here is the result, as it was originally written into my dream notebook that same afternoon:

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Note: Moments after I wrote down this morning's dream, Eric had a dream which, by a well-placed phone call, he revealed to me as I left for work.

The call occurred while I was outside starting my car. In his dream, he was hooking up with a girl from the Rosendale Cafe who he liked, and they ran into me and we were all

talking. We walked into what I described as a huge, open-spaced outdoor mall with tons of people.

Suddenly, there was a massive overflight of a UFO fleet, and a man "descended" from it onto a raised, circular platform in the center of the mall.

Eric describes this man as looking vaguely like a chef who lived for a short time in Bouton Hall. It was an older man with graying hair and a similar beard, only thinner and with somehow very sensitive features.

When he first came down he was lecturing to everyone, saying that his group was responsible for guiding humankind's development, that we were their long-lost brothers and that they were coming back to help us.

He repeatedly stressed Ascension and the fact that Earth was heading into a major transformation quite imminently soon. Despite the incredible positivity of his message, people were panicking and didn't know what to do.

The girl kept asking Eric all kinds of questions, and I believe that he told her that I would be the one to ask -- I already knew most of what they were about at this point.

Then, the man's speech was over, and he was just standing there. All the others had totally cleared out in a blind panic.

The girl asked, "Shouldn't we just go talk to him?" Eric said, "We'll leave that up to Dave; he's the UFO guy, not me." They both pressured me and I finally agreed to do it.

I went up to the man and said a word that Eric didn't recognize, a word that started with an S, and from his various guesses I believe that it was "Shalom," the Hebrew word for peace. *The man seemed to recognize me*, and said the same word back to me!

There was a sudden sense of outrageous surprise on both of our faces as the man reached out and embraced me quite vigorously! Then, with his arm around my shoulders, he turned to Eric and said quite directly, *"It is very important that you realize that he is one of us."*

Eric said that I appeared to be completely ecstatic; in fact, he had never seen me look so happy in all the time that he had been around me. Tears of joy were streaming down my face.

Then, the man seemed to be concentrating for a bit, and he then said the following: "There is still attachment to another woman in your life; Yumi. Ah, but it was only a temporary infatuation..."

The reality of what had happened did not strike me until that afternoon, when I was driving back to my hometown on the New York State Thruway to visit my family. My day of work had been simply horrible, another day of trying to keep the most minimum standards of sanity alive in the incinerator.

I was working with another fellow student who had also just graduated from New Paltz, a female, and she did not have the "edge" to maintain order. As a result, it was a complete disaster, and we had to fight like crazy just to keep the noise down from a perpetual scream and the most problematic people from escaping into the hallways.

(Even though it was a locked and alarmed building, you were in big trouble if you let them get out of the room.)

So, no sooner did I come back from this day of hell but what I had to turn right around and rush back into my car to try to drive home at a reasonable hour. The rain was pouring down outside, making it very difficult to see and to drive.

I was hitting puddles on the road and hydroplaning quite frequently, which made me very nervous. Plus, the rain was so intense that the windows were fogging up on the inside faster than I could defrost them.

I had never really left the Behavior Rooms behind that day, and now I was literally sweating with fear, clinging to the steering wheel and hoping that I could get through this horrible test alive.

In the middle of all this struggle, I suddenly realized that my wish had been granted -- "they" had answered my prayer last night, and did it through causing an entirely different person to have a dream about it!

The gravity of my prayers being answered was so great that I actually had to pull over the car, flip on the hazard lights and basically cry it out of my system. Finally, after my now trademark half-hour of wailing in the car, in a bizarre combination of sadness and joy, I got back on the road again, feeling much better.

The storm had considerably lessened, and the rest of the drive was relatively easy. When I came home, I again told my mother what had happened, but I could tell that she was not at all convinced. The concept of being an extraterrestrial soul in a human body was just too far outside of her universe to be an acceptable statement of true reality.

Now that such a stunning confirmation had happened, I could hardly even imagine the resources available to these Extraterrestrials. Somehow, they were able to get me a message through an extraordinary display, combining my own urge to go start my car, a person calling us at exactly the right time and Eric's subconscious dream being timed precisely in conjunction with these events.

Essentially speaking, three completely different people had to totally triangulate on the same moment of space and time, and none of us had any conscious idea that this was being guided by an unseen force.