

CoEVOLUTION

An Interplanetary Adventure

by **Alec Newald**

Extracted from Nexus Magazine
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from [NexusMagazine](#) Website

Alec Newald first contacted us in 1995 about publishing his book, [CoEvolution](#), describing his incredible ten-day round trip to his abductors' homeworld, [Haven](#), and the Earth-based controversy it created. We found Alec's story particularly fascinating; and, having met him and had him speak at the 1996 NEXUS Conference, we have no reason to doubt his integrity. Here we publish some intriguing excerpts from his recently released book.
--Editor.

In 1989, **Alec Newald's** life-path took an unexpected turn when he was abducted by a group of benevolent aliens for ten days and transported to their home-world.

His amazing experiences have great significance for the future of humanity and our galactic cousins.

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Alienigena

Conversations With Zeena

Excerpts from book

THE EARTH SEEN IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT

I must have gone to sleep almost immediately.

When I opened my eyes again, Zeena was sitting opposite my cubicle.

"Verva," she said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a rock," I replied.

"Curious expression," was her reply.

"How long has it been?" I added, enquiring as to the length of my sleep.

"One half of an Earth day--twelve hours," she answered.

"What's 'verva'?" I asked.

"Oh, 'good spirit, fresh energy to you'. It is a greeting we use a lot, like your 'hello'," she explained.

"What's on the schedule?" I enquired.

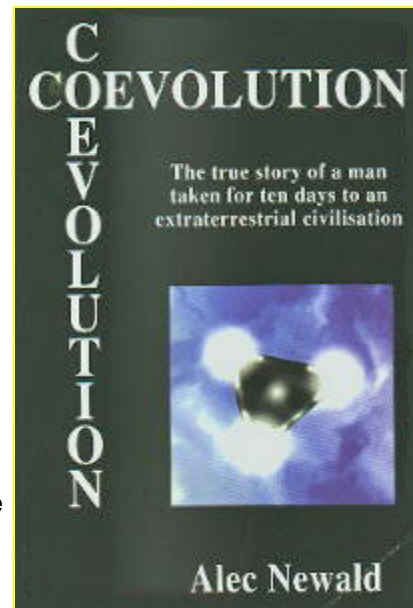
"Some more liquid replacement for you," was her reply. "Come on. We have only two more of your Earth days and there is much to learn if you desire, and quite a few questions I have for you, too, before I return home."

Zeena appeared most anxious, but how could she be more inquisitive than I? Even though, I was still reeling from awakening to find myself 'dream-bound' and not back on Earth as I had expected.

"Her home! Now there's something I'd like to know about," I thought to myself but realized almost immediately that Zeena would read it.

"About the size of the planet Mars in your system," she replied, right on cue. "But it is not in the best of health, for our sun is slowly dying and we are being roasted with radiation. We are also losing our atmosphere. We can patch that up to a degree, but not for ever."

"Doesn't sound good. What are you guys doing about it?" I asked.



"Well, we have been looking for a new home for many of your years. The best bet is still Earth, but we cannot take your gravity, among other things. That has always been the major factor but it is also not of the right conformation for us yet. It used to be, but we are not quite like we used to be."

Zeena hesitated, as if pondering whether to go on with this topic. She chose not to continue.

"There is every chance that the Earth is about to change in the not-too-distant future," was her revised answer.

"Change its conformation?" I enquired, startled.

"It shall [mutate to a different density level](#), as you would understand it. It's no big deal. It's happening all over, all the time," she replied.

I think she might now have been trying to downplay it all after she noted how panicked I must have appeared.

"It'll what?" I queried, looking at her in amazement.

"Well, that is another of those long stories I promised to tell you about. It is best we get comfortable first and you get some fluid intake."

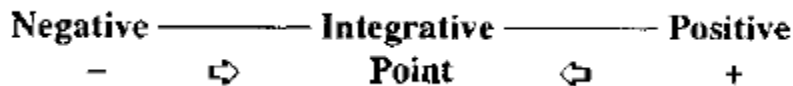
ANCIENT HISTORY LESSONS FROM THE FUTURE

"Now, how shall I start?" Zeena asked. "Perhaps with **the Elders**."

"Elders?" I chipped in.

"Like the Guardian you have met. They are each many hundreds of Earth years old and have a very ancient lineage. Their ancestors, who are my ancestors, are also very distant ancestors of yours; at least in part they are. Now do not interrupt!"

Zeena headed me off at the pass, even before I could get the thought out of my head.



"This is going to be difficult enough to explain without interruption. I will make room for questions a little later," she added. "These distant common ancestors of ours came to Earth many times, but more important to you was the visit of two million years ago, your time-scale. They were not the first [aliens] to visit. In fact, they and others have lived in and explored what you call your solar system for hundreds of millions of years.

"These travellers tidied up some earlier attempts to manufacture a race of humanoids on Earth, the end result being *Homo sapiens*. I will not go so far as to say these ancient ancestors of mine were *solely responsible for your race*, for that was indeed a **joint effort of many ETs**, all of which at some time have laid claim to manufacturing your race. This is not a deliberate lie on their behalf--just a slight exaggeration of the facts. Do not interrupt yet, please. I shall explain all in due course.

"In many ways you have manufactured or at least fine-tuned your own race, and it continues even at this very moment. This is mistakenly called '*evolution*'. 'Natural progression of the species' is a fine turn of phrase uttered by one of your kind's more enquiring minds some years ago. It was thought by many to explain the path of evolution, and there is an end to it. But this thinking leaves more questions unanswered than answered, for how and when did a butterfly obtain its wings? I shall not pursue this subject for there are more important things to discuss, but no doubt you see my point. Perhaps there will be a time at a later date.

"I will, however, tell you more of your own race's personal history, for it is important that you should

know your own past, and that evolution as you understand it is a myth. The changes are never slow but they are always planned. Later I shall show you that nothing in this Universe--past, present or future in your time-scale--is left to chance. Forgive me, for I diverge from our chosen path.

"Some of my ancient **Elders** stayed with your developing race. Others moved on. From time to time there were conflicts with other ET races as to what was best for one or the other, just as there are conflicts on your planet now, among your own kind. You must understand that Earth is a very special place. It is very beautiful and there are many who have desired to own it. I would not go so far as to say this is no longer the case, but you should always have your wits about you! Even we, although we do not wish to own it, would like to live there. But we cannot--indeed, we must not--interfere with the processes that are happening on your planet right now. That is not to say there are no other ET races that will not interfere, and that is why you must have your wits about you.

"Some of those processes which are occurring, or are about to occur, are the direct result of that seeding by **our ancient Elders**. Even the pyramids are ancient legacies left behind by our Elders to help you awaken when the time is right. They are very important to you, and it is from this front that progress of a most unexpected kind will manifest itself to your race in the not-too-distant future.

"All knowledge will be made available to your race in good time and in accordance with the laws of evolution. There has yet to be a force artificially manufactured in any universe that my people know of that is more powerful or wiser than this natural law. Trust me when I say this, for my race knows well the cost of interfering with the laws of evolution. We would warn your own people, if only those in control would listen. Alas, that approach appears to have fallen on deaf ears, so we shall now attempt to pass on the message in a different way.

"There was indeed a time upon your planet, not so long ago in the context of this history lesson, when a 'force' came down upon it and did in fact claim it [the Earth] and all upon it as its own. That force--and I know you will find this difficult to accept, Alec [Zeena used my name for the first time]--that force is still among you. It is indeed now a part of all of you, so I suppose you could say it still does own the planet in some way.

"After this force won your planet, it realized it would have a continuous fight on its hands, for you were not as you are now. *You were well on your way to enlightenment*, with a very strong spiritual base. You were actually almost as strong as this force itself. It had to trick you in order to master you, and while you were down it altered your make-up, your very structure; your **DNA**, in fact. It crippled you and stunted you, and set you back many thousands of years. It made you into what you are today, which is only a portion of the greatness you can be, for you have not yet even fully recovered. And if that force has its way, you never will!

"That force is known to most as the '**force of darkness**', for it is indeed the enemy of enlightenment. You will please understand that this is a very simplistic description of a most complex entity. Even we do not understand it in its entirety. It is in the air that you breathe and everywhere about you. It has aligned itself to the planet and you. It beats to the pulse of your very planet, for you and the Earth are one and the same. This is one thing your peoples do not seem to comprehend, but you can use this union of the whole to do wondrous things, just as we have.

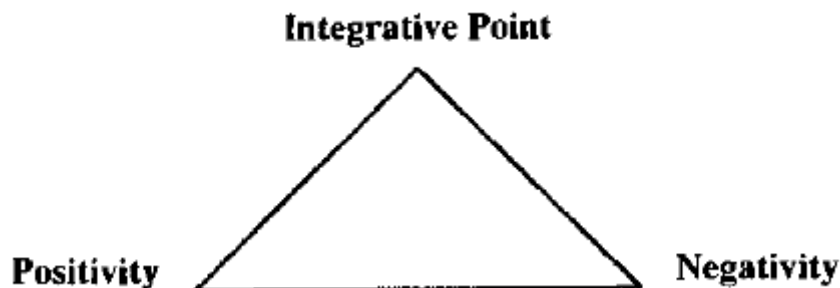
"Unfortunately, most of your kind fight the natural forces of your wondrous planet. By this I mean you bend them, even break them, to fit your needs. It need not be this way. If your people will just open their minds and hearts to your planet, as many of your ancient races have done in the past, it will show you the way. All is not lost; it just needs to be recalled. Until this is done, we have much need for concern. It is not just Earth planet you are violating as you bend and break Nature in your whims of fancy, for all of all is connected. This is really very basic knowledge. It has been ignored because it suits those who would play with power to ignore it. We and others are indeed benevolent to your race, as we all are connected, but soon something must be done before your play does meaningful harm to us all!

"We find that there is a need to teach you more about the dark forces that permeate you. You would do well by your people if you take great heed of this lesson and pass on your findings to those of your kind who would listen. The dark force vibrates at a level that is compatible with your brainwave

patterns. This much you should already know, but others of your kind have kept it from you.

"In spite of this, some, like you, Alec, are building a resistance to this alien intruder. This is one of the reasons why you find yourself thinking differently from the majority around you. It has enabled you to see more clearly the error of your ways and what must be done. You shall continue along this path a while longer yet, and even doubt your own kind from time to time. Be patient. This is all I can suggest, as inadequate as it may sound. We have been working on these things with you for many a year now. All of your people will find their way with the passing of time.

"As you find with all afflictions, they are easier to contend with if you understand them. I am doing my best to explain all this to you in terms you will understand. Please interject from here on if you do not understand some point, for we do consider the following to be most important.



"Some on your planet have aligned themselves with this 'force'. Note I have said 'aligned' and not 'allied', for there is a difference. Do you understand this? [I nodded.] They have gained much power from the force, and some are even foolish enough to think they have it under control. This is naïve, of course, as the force or alien entity is feeding off these people or, rather, feeding off the conflicts these people create in their bid for wealth and power. As long as this suits the dark force, it shall continue; for the 'fear' emotion is what it lives off.

"The easiest way to defeat this force is to remove fear from your societies. This will, in effect, starve it out. It will then go elsewhere, looking for easier prey. You see, your human race is one of the very few that lives with this most unusual thing called 'emotion', which is why the force came here in the first place. We, too, had emotions once, so I am told, and some are saying we can now experience them again, thanks to the new breeding program we are experimenting with. Forgive me, I digress again.

"You will find some of your kind are trying very hard to harness this most dangerous force. Unfortunately, they do not fully understand that it is an entity in its own right and that this is a very dangerous mistake to be making. They think they are playing a game and that they are winning this game. We have tried to warn your people more than once in the past, but no heed has been taken. As your people say, 'it is your life'.

"The worry we have is that your planet breathes with you, in harmony even with your thoughts. To attack the people by using the force in this way is to attack the planet. Be it on your own heads if you invoke the wrath of your planet. There would be little or nothing we could do for your people should that happen. Perhaps you can help us with this message. We have an idea to put to you, but that shall keep until another time, for there is still much to be related on other subjects.

"Your societies, right from the very beginning, have engineered fear into your lives. Most of it is *an artificial fear of society itself*; in other words, you fear your very own laws. Your high priests from long ago shouted down to the common masses, describing what wraths would be set upon them if they did so much as dare to cross the all-mighty gods of their time. Forgive me if I make what you call a 'joke' of this, for these *all-mighty gods* they describe were people like me or the Guardian, whom you have met. Do you fear me, Alec, from where you stand?" Zeena asked.

"I feel no fear," was my answer.

"So you see how your masses were manipulated in our absence by those who would gain from it?"

she asked again.

"I can see how a lie could fool the uneducated," was my reply.

"And you think your people are better educated on this subject today?" she asked once more.

"If you ask what we know of *God*, then perhaps not," I replied.

"Exactly my point," Zeena stated.

"And so the intimidation goes on, only you have a hundredfold the number of laws today. These are not the laws of Nature, however; just of your manipulators who in turn have been manipulated by the force.

"The laws of Nature you break every day as you drive to work in your disgusting machines. It is even more curious to us that you all know these things but you continue to allow them just the same. Why is there not a law against it in your society? Does pollution not kill? Are your people so blind they could not see what would happen with the proliferation of these strange machines? You need not answer, for we know the reasons. This is just, as you might say, an example.

"You will perhaps tolerate our confusion, though, when we fail to understand what we have observed in your so-called Western societies in which thousands of your money are spent to save but one life, while millions of your kind die in other far areas for the sake of small amounts of this money. Are you not all one people of the same flesh and blood? For this question, we ourselves do not have such an answer. Could you perhaps help us in the reasoning of this?" Zeena asked, looking at me in a most perplexed way.

"My own people sometimes embarrass and confuse me. No, I have no answer to that question," I replied.

"Very well. Why do your people take such time and interest in a single tree, should it be cut down in your cities, while they allow large areas of many-years-old trees to be removed from the forests which are out of their sight? Please take this question home with you to put to others, for we also find this most confusing."

I have since duly completed that request.

Zeena did have some encouraging news. She suggested that the force would soon feel the weight of an invasion from above, and there would be battles fought at sea and underwater, and also in the skies high above. Most would know little about these events, except those caught within the by-product of the battles. By this she meant that the Earth would experience **storms** of gathering intensity, and where these storms would once have been confined to the vortex points of our globe (the *western Atlantic-Bermuda area* and the *western Pacific, south-east of Japan*) they would now appear randomly **all over our planet**. She did not say who or what might be behind these battles or be the cause of them. However, when the way is clear and some portion of the fear has been removed, we may indeed see other races of the Cosmos openly visiting and interacting with us here on Earth!

"In the due course of time you will awaken from this 'sleep' that the force has had you in, with a little help from your friends," she added. "Being a sailor," she said, suggesting I watched the weather, "you will know what to look for. Trust in your instincts."

This is all she was prepared to say on the subject.

"Your race is nearly strong enough to fight back and win its rightful place in this galaxy of ours. We will help you and your planet to do great things again, for we love all life. Even the dark force is a form of life and we must and do respect it. Do you understand, Alec? This is very important."

Zeena at last let me have a say.

"Yes, I do. But how do we fight this force if we cannot see it or know where it is?" I asked.

"**It is within your very soul.** You fight it with knowledge and understanding. But only each and

every one of your kind can help yourselves. Nevertheless, to know that it exists is half the battle, and you can pass on this knowledge to all who should care to listen. Your race is about to change, become more aware--well, most of you are. It is an unfortunate fact that the ones upon your planet who truly understand what a great hold this force known to you as **fear** has over your people, are the very ones who are using it against you--and always have. They only understand its power, not its reason for being. That is why we have chosen this time to explain to you, and others of your kind, what we are here for. We have come to help enlighten you and, in so doing, perhaps free you from this force. We also understand that there will be some among you who will resent this knowledge being made available and will do their best to belittle and downplay its importance to your race.

"We may also need things from you and your planet. Call it a trade if you like, but I would prefer to use the word '**coevolution**'. We both can grow. We both need to change. You will become more like us, while we need to become more like you. We can truly become great friends once you learn to break free. We have been waiting a long time for this to happen, and you, Alec, are part of this very special event that will happen, as are many others. You will find them and they will find you. Just let it be known that you are a child of the light, whenever you feel the time is right. You will be amazed at what will happen from then on."

As Zeena finished this part of the lesson, I really did not know what to say. How could I reply to what she'd just said? Her narration had brought up more questions than answers, and quite frankly I did not know where to begin. Even though most of what she'd just said was totally amazing, it was as if I had always known it was so! For that reason you may think my next question out of place.

"The thing that worries me the most," I replied, "was your earlier comment before this lesson began about the Earth 'mutating' into something. Where will that leave us, the people?"

"You have no fears there. It will be you, the people, who help the Earth to transform. You will already have passed over to the next level of density, or be in the act of doing so, which in actual fact is evolution--true evolution, as it just so happens; not the form of change that you may have associated with that word in the past. I am sorry, here, because there has not yet been time to ground you in that knowledge. The Earth, too, will evolve along these same lines, and that is what I meant by 'mutate'. I am sorry for the use of that word if it has caused you concern," Zeena quickly replied.

"I have more questions," I said, looking at Zeena and hoping I could continue to ask them. Her indication was that I could.

"What happened to those early ancestors -- the ones who stayed on Earth, the ones who helped us in the past?"

"Some of them eventually interbred with your kind, although there was resistance to this initially. The offspring of these unions became our common ancestors. All who were pure of our blood eventually died of an unknown illness or left the planet. Their life-span should have been many hundreds, perhaps even thousands of your years. Some say they simply died of premature ageing. There are many possible reasons why this may have occurred, but it is not necessary for us to discuss that now. The few who escaped this fate and left Earth are now lost to us; where they may have gone, my people do not know, for that was indeed a long time ago. But while we are on the subject of interbreeding, there are a few questions I would ask of you, if I may," Zeena requested.

I nodded my approval, knowing I would get more chances to ask the hundred-and-one questions I was waiting to ask.

Her first question took me a little by surprise.

"Have you bred on your home planet?"

"That's an interesting question," was my startled reply. "By 'breed', I suppose you mean have I any children of my own?"

I couldn't believe she didn't already know the answer to this question. Perhaps she was just being polite.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, I have a son who is fourteen years old and is fit and healthy. He doesn't appear to have too many problems, except that he could be without a proper father from now on."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I was in the process of leaving my family unit permanently when you guys zapped me up here!" I replied. "Don't ask why. It's very complicated, and I'm not sure I know the answer anyway."

"This breeding process, in the form you Homo sapiens use, I have studied as much as I can from our records, but there is still much I wish to know. I have been selected for a modified reproductive process when I return to my home planet. We as a people are running out of time to develop offspring which could survive on any other planet apart from our own without life-support systems. By this I mean we have not yet found another world that is compatible with our specific and rather unique needs. I may be able to elaborate on this point a little later. For now, it is enough to say we have few options, and may have to adjust to new environments such as planet Earth--which we still like to call our second home, even though we are far removed from being able to live there full time," Zeena finished, sounding rather distressed.

"Our planet is rather full already," I commented, not really wishing to add to her burden. In spite of what I had already witnessed and been party to, I was in no way prepared for her reply to my statement.

"Oh, we have already had communication with Earth governors on that subject; since the 1950s, in fact. They know of our desire and need. We have even made a trade, as you might call it. I cannot elaborate on it at this time. But not everyone has lived up to their agreements since then."

"Why does nobody know of this on Earth?" I asked, my eyes wide open.

"Your various **governors**, in their wisdom, decided that the Earth's general population was not then ready for the message and knowledge we had planned to give your people. If you think back to the subjects we have recently discussed, it is hardly surprising, is it? They feel you are still not ready, and we will not tell your people a half-truth to suit others. So we have this situation--what do you say?--a stalemate," Zeena concluded.

"What did the governors say when you said you would like to return to Earth at some time in the future?" I asked.

"All they wanted were the 'lollies'," she commented, without expanding on that subject.

"There are not that many of us," Zeena continued. Fifteen million is but a small total, is it not, among your billions? And our technology trade-off would make life so much easier for your population. If I dare be so brave as to say history could repeat itself, you may find we interbreed to become one race again, as happened so long ago in your past histories.

"At this point in time there are still some important things that we must physically do here on Earth: some repair work, as it were; a legacy from the past which I am not permitted to discuss at this time. We must correct that which is in a state of disrepair. Just by way of coincidence, that work is now almost completed. This is no small thing, for repairs have been going on for many of your years. Time is now short, for next will come the changes--your awakening."

She answered my question before I could ask it. There was not much I could do but sit in silent amazement.

"You must realize," she continued, as I couldn't think of any worthwhile thing to say, "that we are quite a primitive race compared to other extraterrestrials that may communicate with Earth people from time to time. That is one of the reasons we are so attracted to Earth and to you as a race. We feel a real kindred or bonding for your people. We also think Earth is a most beautiful place."

"Where would you like to live on Earth if you had a choice?" I asked.

"We have an area that we call *our own*."

Zeena explained to me that they were already using an **underwater base** in the general area of this land that had been set aside for them, although she would go no further in describing where that might be. She was then called away, promising to return as soon as possible to continue our conversation.

SURVIVAL STRATEGIES

Upon her return from duty, Zeena was keen to continue her explanation of what they were doing and were about to do on the new breeding program, and why it had become such a priority to her people. In order for me to understand, or try to understand fully, another lesson was apparently necessary, so she suggested once again that I make myself comfortable as it was likely to take some time.

"For you to understand the problems that we have, it is best that I tell you a little more about the world you live in. Some of this will be a little hard to understand, but some other aspects will ring a bell when you start to look at them in a different light," said Zeena, who was sitting opposite my sleeping cubicle.

I had just finished another small nap to make up for my forty-hour marathon without sleep.

Zeena continued.

"You will remember some time ago I promised to tell you about the other side of yourself. This concerns the cycle of the atom, the part that is still little understood by your people, or, should I say, not yet fully understood by them. When this is understood, a whole new dimension, or dimensions, will open up for you; for in this instant of time between the pulses of atoms lies a world within worlds. They are in fact parallel dimensions to your own--at least to the one where most of you live your 'now'. These dimensions are so close to your real 'now' that you can slip in and out of them without even knowing you have done so! There are sometimes little clues that tell you what has just happened. This dimension-slipping has been going on since you first walked the Earth, only now it is becoming more common to your people. It can happen almost every day to some, but they are basically unaware of it. This is happening because you are awakening to your true selves.

"You are close to a major dimension-leap, the like of which you have never before experienced; a leap that will bring you closer to my people. This is what we have all been waiting for! How many times have you searched for something in a room and could not find it? You go back some time later and there it is, right in front of your nose; there is no way you could have missed it when you searched. You see, you are not always where you think you are. The trick is to be fully conscious when you make these mini-leaps and be aware of where you have gone. You will be very surprised, I think. It is a place not far from there that you will find us.

"**We basically come from your future.** It does not matter if it is six minutes into your future or six years; if you can get to one, you can get to the other. But, for us, it is not as simple as that, for **we also come from another dimension**; not quite the one you will shift into, but close. So we are what you would call dimensional time-travellers. Sounds like a good movie, does it not? Your Mr Spielberg would love it!"

I had to laugh at that one.

"We--myself and others like me--are in fact a whole new race, or, to be more accurate, a newly reconstituted race. Further modifications are still required before we can achieve our goals as a people. This is one of the reasons for our travel to your time zone, and, indeed, the reason for others being here who are also experimenting with their biological make-up, although they have far different goals behind their experimentation than we do.

"The reason behind so many abductions occurring on your planet over the last few years of your time is that this is the last chance for our race--and other races of **ETs** with problems similar to ours--to interact with you as a race before you change to a form that will no longer be of use to us. Yes, it is that close! My own surrogate mother was of your time and race..."

"We could go further back in time, but it is this now that we need. I will not complicate matters by trying to explain that; we would be here for many more days. My race still has a problem to overcome. We must breed a race with stronger limbs and oxygen-processing units."

"**Lungs?**" I enquired again.

"Yes. We have been using a mixture of your species' DNA and chromosomes, along with our own. Our blood used to be very similar to yours--and still is, with a little modification--although we really only have one type as you would know it; well, two, but they are both very much like your **A-negative**. We can modify most things, but what it adds up to is that we are not going to go looking for problems--we already have enough of them.

"We have approximately only five per cent of your male population to work with, notwithstanding health, age, etc. There is a very special, shall I say, '**X-factor**' which must be brought into this equation, which in fact brings only about one per cent of this already small group into our calculations--that is, if we should require a male to help us. The fact that we are not of the same vibrational plane is the major problem. This is part of that *X-factor*, and is related to *health and disease resistance, biological balance in relation to birth location, previous adaptability tests*, and so on and so on.

"I cannot begin to explain the complications we have had. It has stretched our technology to its limits and beyond. The end result is what you see before you now. I may look good to you, but I still could not live on your planet without our technology to help me constantly. The bottom line is that the process has been too slow, and up to now has not done the job. At the present rate, it may take more time than we have to spare on our crippled planet! We now need to start taking some risks to speed up the process."

"What kind of risks?" I asked.

"Well, up until now we have been more concerned with preserving our mind-generated energy distribution abilities--which I don't expect you to comprehend just yet--but now we need to concentrate on the physical aspects, the strength and endurance, even if we lose a little of the other abilities."

"Become more like us?" I chimed in again.

"Yes, we must," Zeena replied. "We already have, as you noticed earlier," she said, with what almost appeared to be a smile on her face. This was the first hint of an emotion I had seen.

"Now there needs to be a step--a big one--even further down that road. There is a chance for me to become part of that step," she added. "That is why I wish to ask you more questions about your breeding processes; procreation--would that be a better word for it?"

"You would be surprised at some of the words we use for it," I replied. "Even I don't know where some of them come from."

"I understand it is most primitive and basic in its natural form. It is possible that I may be able to be fertilized and to carry the foetus almost full-term within me. That may not sound much to you, but no female of our race has carried a child within her for many hundreds of thousands of years. The artificial methods we have been using are too slow and hard to change. They may even be impossible to use if we settle on a planet like your Earth.

"I have been designed to take the place of what you would call a synthetic birth process. There has been quite some progress just lately. Even a hundred years ago, your time, one of our type could

not have interacted with your species on this level. That is how much we have evolved in different directions since the early colonists left your planet. Now we find it necessary to take a step in another direction."

I noted how she diplomatically skirted the suggestion that they might be going backwards on the evolutionary tree. I could not really understand what knowledge she could want from me, and I doubted there was anything I knew that she did not already know...

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Alec Newald

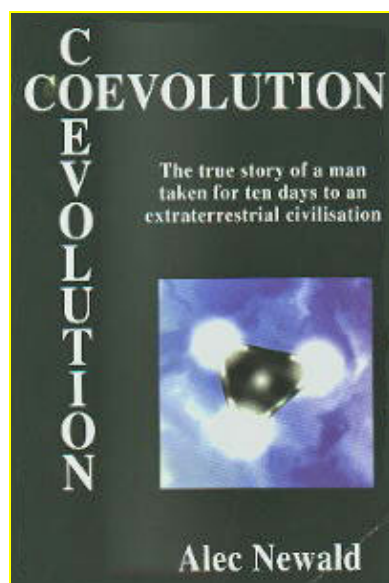
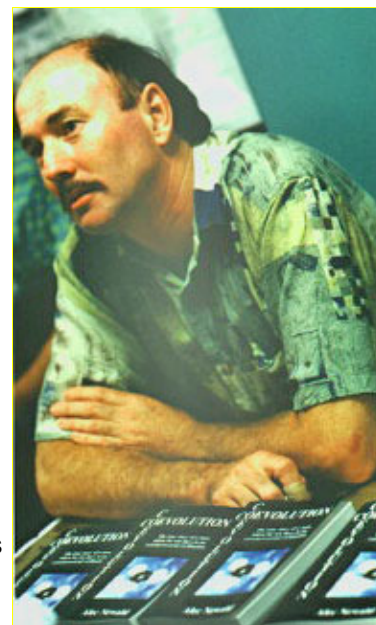
"The True Story of a Man Taken for Ten Days To an Extraterrestrial Civilization"

from [KarenLyster Website](#)

One Monday in mid-February 1989, **Alec Newald** set off on what should have been a three hour drive from Rotorua to Auckland, in New Zealand.

He arrived in Auckland feeling tired and confused, but was even more confused to learn that Monday was now Thursday ten days later, and that he had no idea of what had happened in the meantime!

When **Alec** did retrieve his memories of those missing ten days, he realized his life had changed forever. Early on in that fateful trip, while driving through a foggy mountain pass, Alec was whisked from the road by beings from an extraterrestrial civilization.



What he learned and experienced during his stay with these friendly beings has profound implications for all of us here on earth.

Soon after his "return", Alec received strange visits from "*government scientists*" wanting to know about his experience.

Among other things, they were keen to learn what he had noticed about the capabilities of this alien race. Alec was uncooperative and soon found himself in "hot water".

It was obvious that these "*scientists*" knew all about Alec's abductors' and expected they would return to Earth one day - soon.

Through Alec's experiences he has written a book called "Co-Evolution". Which is what the following information will be drawn from.

Of course it is quite impossible to relay to you all the entire contents of the book itself, so I will be focusing on some of the events that transpired, during his Abduction and a little of what happened on his return.

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"Introduction"

The Hidden Reality

There is much about this planet's history that has never been told. I do not speak here of yet to be discovered historical facts, but only of material that is already known by a select few within our communities.

Most of this knowledge has been carried through the ages and jealously guarded by the few secret sects that were privy to it from its inception, but these sects were not necessarily "secret" at the time this information was first placed in their trust. The original intention was that this ancient knowledge would be shared with this planet's inheritors, en masse, when the trust holders deemed it appropriate.

The species slated for inheritance of this knowledge is known as Homo Sapiens. For your information, Homo Sapiens and the Cro-Magnon precursor species were artificially engineered!

The final pieces of the *Cro-Magnon jigsaw puzzle* were put together approximately 70,000 years ago. This was not the first humanoid creature to walk planet Earth, but it was the first type ever to be constructed to act as a receiver or container so that a second "bodiless" entity could cohabit with this humanoid form to experience physicality through the actions of its host's solid outer body form! You may recognize this entity if I refer to it as the soul or spirit.

This new species was designed to be able to take on board all the stored information that awaited it at any time in the future. In other words, it was already fully developed in its mental capabilities and required no further improvements or evolutionary developments at that point. All the knowledge that would ever be needed by this race, up until its next evolutionary step, was already present on the planet and in the safekeeping of the trustees.

These trust holders have long since broken their vows to the givers of the knowledge, and I think that until very recently they had even forgotten the identity of their ancient benefactors. Perhaps a day of reckoning is close at hand for the trustees.

It may now be a little clearer to you as to why the secret sects or governors of our planet would prefer that the anticipated visit from the "Landlord" did not take place!

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From here on in, I will be focusing on some of Alec's drawings that he made upon his return, and giving a brief summary of each one. Alec's experience is one of the most documented and intriguing cases in UFO Abductions that I've come across. The knowledge he gained from the experience is beyond any price on earth.

Below are actual quotes from Alec's book "Co-Evolution"

"Meeting the Guardian"

Looking up, I realized we were being approached by three aliens, the tallest of them looking like my female escort from earlier on. The second one was just a little shorter and was male as far as I could tell. The third was smaller, much smaller, and walked ahead of the other two.

He, for want of a better word was slightly built with a roundish head and rather unusual, squinty eyes which were well spaced and placed rather lower down than are our own. He had a very small mouth, but I did not notice any ears or much of a nose. His physical appearance, however, was of almost no consequence, for I was immediately struck with an almost overpowering feeling of his presence. I cannot say it was hypnotic; if anything, the opposite. It was as if his energy was being projected and absorbed by my body.

There is no way I could ever adequately describe this sensation to you, using mere words. Those who have had this experience will know just what I mean! His communication with me was also much stronger and clearer than I had experienced with any of the others.

This was still not the "alien" I had read about or seen graphically illustrated in various magazines or papers.

The size was about right - four feet in height with a slight frame.

"Welcome", he said. "I am the designated **Guardian** of this section. Anything that you feel you might need to make your stay with us more pleasant, ask and I shall do my best to supply it. The suit you have been given will make it possible for you to understand us, and us you".

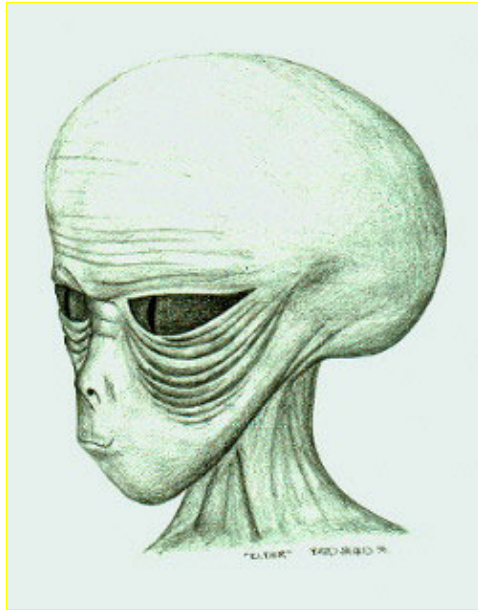
He must have read my mind as he entered the room, for I had just asked about the suits.

"We do not speak as such, as you will have noticed by now. Sometimes a verbal sound message is necessary in long distance."

"I will not enquire if you wish to stay or return at this time. I would hope you may desire the chance to absorb more knowledge and understanding before you make that decision. There are things we cannot tell you at this point in time.

You will understand I hope. Nevertheless, you will have the chance to acquire some considerable knowledge on a wide variety of subjects, including your own kind, before you make up your mind up on this.

However, some or all of this knowledge may have to be removed from you, should you decide to leave us and return to your own planet."



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"The Arrival"

The first most striking thing about the city was it's neatness and order; the second, it's immensity. Even from well up I could not make out the boundaries.

There may well be bigger cities on Earth, but where I come from this place would be rated big, VERY big. It stretched out in both directions, following the coastline out of my line of sight. There seemed to be only a thin strip of land that was not coastline or desert, and the city was sandwiched within it.

As we dropped in altitude, the sea lost it's bluish look and turned almost black. There could not have been much wind as it looked very glasslike. I could make out a dark outline not too far off the coast which presumably was a deep drop off from the coastal shallows.

The last thing really to make an impact upon me was the lack of tall buildings, save for the odd tower or two, and the dominance of a small circular shapes among a few larger pyramid shaped constructions.

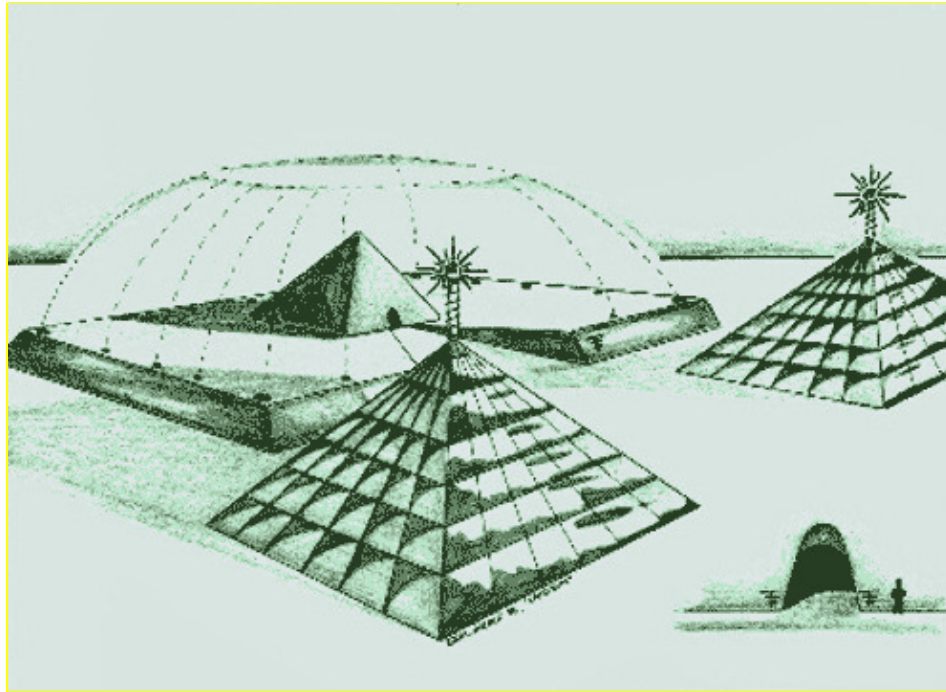
Hardly more than a minute had passed since we had entered the atmosphere, but now the craft had already settled. There was a mixture of apprehension and excitement within me. Now that I was here - wherever "here" was, just what had happened to me really started to sink in. Would I ever see home again? Was anyone looking for me?

My panic soon eased, however and curiosity won the day. I eagerly scanned the viewer for my first close look at the alien landscape. What I could see was an area of level ground, similar to a courtyard, leading to two pyramid

shaped buildings.

They appeared to be made from a material that looked just like tinted glass or semi-transparent plastic. I couldn't quite see the apex of these buildings from my vantage point, but later I was to find that they were capped with a spiral tower or antenna arrangement. The height of the tower added approximately twenty five percent to the buildings overall height. Each building in turn was topped with what I can only describe as a large light bulb. As peculiar as it may sound, I was sure I had seen something like this before, in the distant past.

These bulbs glowed day and night, and upon closer inspection appeared to be of a net or mesh construction rather than being glass spheres.

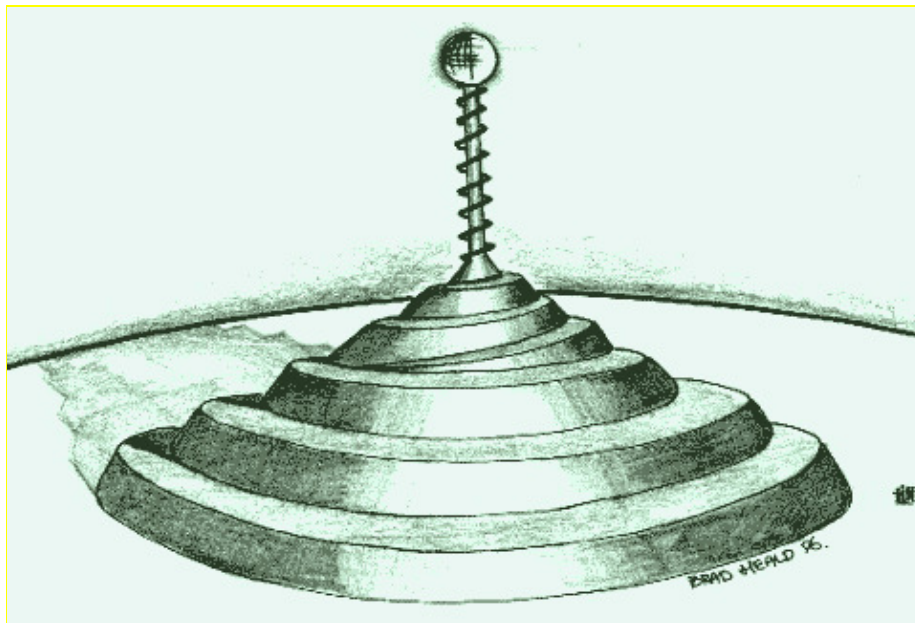


"There appeared to be some form of electromagnetic grid or shielding device above the actual landing site, possibly a force field or energy gathering device."

There was a short walk to one of the large structures which I had seen from inside the craft.

The air was still and amazingly quiet. Indeed, it was not until I had stepped out of the transporter that I realized there must have been some sort of background noise on board although I'd not noticed it at the time.

The surface upon which I was walking was not unlike cork, it appeared to be porous and slightly yielding underfoot.



"Spiral Tower Building - Possible Energy Transmitter or Receiver"

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"The Dwellings"

I was at a loss as to which way to look for awhile, such was my curiosity and awe at what was around me. Some buildings resembled those on Earth, but the outer walls were sloped back at approximately thirty-degree angles and set back some distance at each floor level, making them look more like steps up a hill.

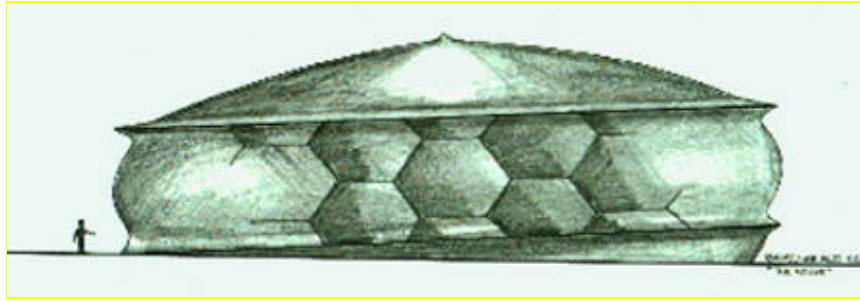
Most of the buildings were circular or tube like in shape. They were laid out in a spiral pattern with the tallest buildings in the centre, but the heights became progressively lower as the buildings spiraled out. All the buildings appeared to be made of glass or plastic.

Access to the upper levels of the home I was staying, was by way of a gentle sloping spiral ramp which skirted the curved perimeters of the walls. This ramp could also be seen from the outside of the building. My personal observation of this feature is that it could have been a form or frame or reinforcement for the dwelling.

The rooms or, rather, the various levels were lit by some form of diffused lighting, both day and night, but I could find no direct source to explain this light. As we reached the second level, their main living area, I was stunned by the beauty and layout. No matter how hard I try here, my description cannot do it justice.

The color was predominantly pearl white with perhaps a touch of silver grey within. This may have helped remove any glare, for I can assure you there was none. Reflected from even deeper within were all the colors of the rainbow, not unlike a mother of pearl seashell. The soft light I mentioned earlier appeared to radiate from everywhere.

To say it was a truly amazing sight is grossly inadequate!



"Variant of Dwelling or House, also Three Storey high - Hexagonal Crystalline Pattern Within Walls"

I'm not even sure if it was the color that was the most stunning aspect of the interior, for I was equally smitten with the molded flow of form from one section, shape or partition into the next.

It was as if the whole dwelling, including every item of furniture, had been constructed simultaneously. Again there appeared to be no joints or seams that I could distinguish. However this dwelling had been constructed, similar techniques to those used in the transporter must have been employed. The floor, a smooth, padded rubber, was soft to walk on; the color, just one or two shades darker than the walls.

The furniture looked to be made from the now quite familiar glass or plastic substance. Although it was slightly tinted or smoky, all the colors of the rainbow seemed to be deep within it.

These colors could be changed by a person's thought patterns, so if you were excited there was no way to keep it a secret as the room's colors would dance about right through the color spectrum. When a person was in meditation, the light level would drop and only the softer tones would come through.

The central space of this room upon the second level was circular and used as a general purpose area, including for meditation. Bedrooms as such had been made totally redundant, with meditation having entirely taken the place of sleep.

These meditative states would last for an hour or two each day.

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"The Transport"

Like most other items that were not made from natural products or grown, the car appeared to be made from a plastic like material. Even here, there is room but doubt in my mind as to whether this plastic was indeed a synthetic product of some natural substance, the like of which we do not have on earth. The reason for this doubt shall soon become apparent to you.

The top half was transparent but heavily tinted, the bottom, opaque and greyish brown. I guess you could say it was even vaguely pyramidal in shape, but it had a squashed and stretched out look compared to a conventional pyramid. There were no wheels, and it sat a few inches above the ground, even though it was not yet in motion.

If you could imagine a stealth fighter cockpit without wings, you would not be far off the mark.

"How does this thing work? I asked.

"Part mind power, part magnetic repulsion" I was told.

I decided perhaps I wouldn't ask too much more about it's internal parts.

"Well, how can I drive it then?" was going to be my next question, but before I could even ask she responded.

"You guide, I'll provide the power", she said, sliding back the top section. "Like this". She was reaching over and moving a slider from side to side. "That is the manual way of doing it. I don't think you're quite up to doing that by pure thought yet Alec".

"I doubt it", I was thinking to myself without sending the thought to her. Yes, I had at least learnt to keep some thoughts to myself!

"Looks easy enough", I said confidently as I got into the car.

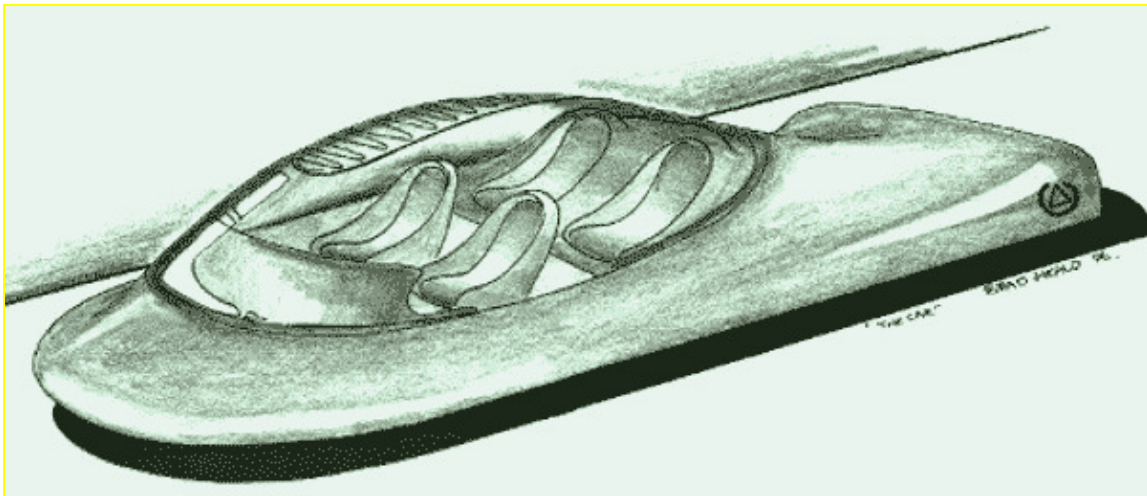
"Just set the slider.... that's right. Straight ahead is in the middle, sliding it to the right side will turn us right at the next available intersection. Don't worry", she emphasized, "it won't turn until the road guides let it. Then it will reset to the middle, awaiting the next instruction. I'll navigate", she said.

I was hesitant. "Come on let's go" she added impatiently, "and do not forget your extra eye protection".

These glasses or goggles were an event in themselves. The only way to describe how they were attached is to say they simply stuck to your face of suit-covering material without any other support. There was some sort of interaction of materials, as far as I could tell.

The car's guidance system had me puzzled. As the vehicle did not actually touch the ground, how did it know when to turn? It was suspended above the road by a form of magnetic repulsion, the details of which I did not get into but which didn't seem all that complex.

I'm sure it could be reproduced here on Earth without too much trouble. In some way, the vehicle would have to set up an electromagnetic field, or charge some particles and not others, in order to find its way around corners and so on without being instructed to do so.



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"Speculations on Future Technology"

My objectives in writing this book was to give a factual report on an actual incident. While I have tried to keep any speculation on my part to a minimum, if I have included any it was not my intention.

Wherever possible, I have tied to remain neutral, at least as far as the off planet segments are concerned. However, my demise at the hands of terrestrial authorities has made it difficult for me to remain neutral in that area. Perhaps you will forgive me this transgression.

What I'd like to do here is unleash upon you some personal speculation (albeit based on fact), as to how some of

what you've just read might be more easily understood in the world of terrestrial reality.

The year **1947** (coincidentally, the same year as the now infamous Roswell saucer retrieval incident) heralded one of the biggest single technological breakthroughs of this century when, on the 23rd of December at the Bell Laboratories, inventors **John Bardeen**, **Walter Brattain** and **William Shockley** unveiled the first point-contact transistors.

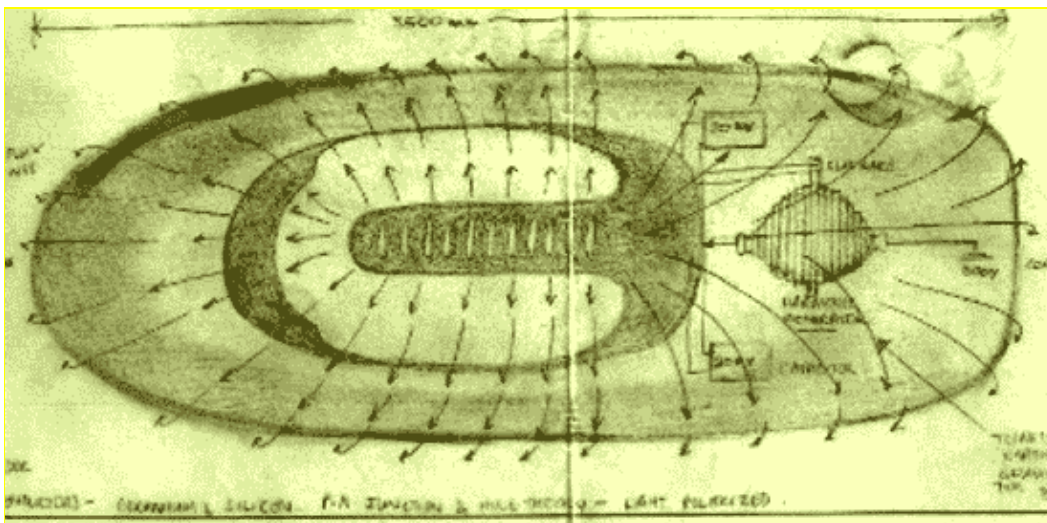
Shockley followed up a year or so later with his junction transistor development. This amazing new technology amplified electrical signals by passing them through a solid semiconductor material - basically the same operation performed by present day junction transistors.

What resulted from this invention has been little short of miraculous, even "out of this world", dare I say. Following on from here, we end up deep within the next subject.

Most substances can exist in three different states, solid liquid and gaseous. Temperatures and pressures determine which state is adopted. The solid state is usually crystalline.

Differences between the three fundamental states are often depicted by simple diagrams in which atoms are represented by circles. Usually these circles are clustered together in a roughly spherical layout, at least with the solid and liquid states. However, when the atoms are replaced by molecules that are elongated in one direction, a peculiar intermediate state of matter arises: the *liquid crystal*.

We must therefore conclude that there are more than just three states of matter.



"Another Viewpoint of The Transport That Alec Used"

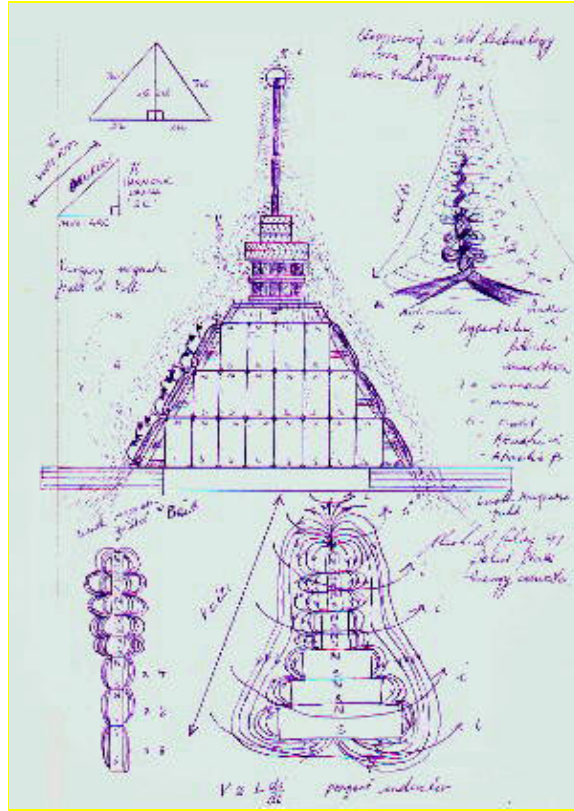
Another related subject concerns a group of organic superconductors known as Bechgaard salts, discovered in 1985. I mention them here because they have interesting characteristics in relation to UFO sightings.

If light is shone at the crystal but is polarized parallel to the conducting direction, it is reflected, this giving the crystal a characteristic metallic luster. Polarization in the transverse direction produces a dull gray appearance. If the power supply is turned off, the material disappears from sight. How about that! Conclusion: just because something looks like it's made of metallic substance, this does not necessarily mean that it is!

Since 1989, I have had two thirds of a jigsaw puzzle in my head. I knew that my aliens' craft could have changed shape on command and that these craft were in fact living entities in their own right.

I knew that some form of crystalline technology, possibly using a pulsed resonance or vibrational frequency along with temperature variations, was being used to go interdimensional.

What I did not know or understand was how all this could be put together, but since [the white powder gold](#) article appeared in "[Nexus Magazine](#)". I may possibly have found the missing link!



"This is a Drawing Made by Alec Upon His Return to Earth, it was of a Generator that he saw, and this is his depiction of it"

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"Closure"

Upon **Alec's** return to this Planet, it was obvious from the start that some governmental agency knew about his "off world" experience, and wanted to get as much information out of him as humanly possible.

Two New Zealand **DSIR scientists** visited him wanting to know rather a lot of information about things they should never of even known about.... It soon became apparent that these two "gentleman" were not **DSIR** (Department of Scientific & Industrial Research) at all.

The harassment continued and intensified, with his flat being broken into several times, even though **Alec** continually changed address's to try and shake these people off his trail. Their demeanor was always threatening and when **Alec** refused point blank to cooperate with these individuals, they really started the to play "hard ball!"

As I stated at the beginning of this review of Alec's experience, there it is not possible to do this story justice in just a couple of pages. The entire experience is one that will utterly amaze you. From start to finish it one of the best documented and illustrated abduction experiences that I have ever read.

During **Alec's** experience he had access to ancient records of earth's history, which in itself spins a story that will put a lot more of the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle together on how this planet evolved.

This is a Book that "everyone" should read, and I urge all of you to get Alec's book "[Co-Evolution](#)", and read this amazing and fascinating experience for yourself. I assure you, you will not be disappointed!! I have absolutely no financial interests or ties to Alec's book....

I just truly believe that this is a book that everyone interested in informing themselves on what is happening "right" now to this planet, "must" read this book.

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then, finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

"Sir Issac Newton

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CoEVOLUTION

An Interplanetary Adventure

by **Alec Newald**

Extracted from Nexus Magazine
Volume 4, #2 (February - March 1997)
from [NexusMagazine](#) Website

Alec Newald first contacted us in 1995 about publishing his book, [CoEvolution](#), describing his incredible ten-day round trip to his abductors' homeworld, [Haven](#), and the Earth-based controversy it created. We found Alec's story particularly fascinating; and, having met him and had him speak at the 1996 NEXUS Conference, we have no reason to doubt his integrity. Here we publish some intriguing excerpts from his recently released book.
--Editor.

In 1989, **Alec Newald's** life-path took an unexpected turn when he was abducted by a group of benevolent aliens for ten days and transported to their home-world.

His amazing experiences have great significance for the future of humanity and our galactic cousins.

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Excerpts from Book

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Alienigena

Conversations With Zeena

Excerpts from book

THE EARTH SEEN IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT

I must have gone to sleep almost immediately.

When I opened my eyes again, Zeena was sitting opposite my cubicle.

"Verva," she said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a rock," I replied.

"Curious expression," was her reply.

"How long has it been?" I added, enquiring as to the length of my sleep.

"One half of an Earth day--twelve hours," she answered.

"What's 'verva'?" I asked.

"Oh, 'good spirit, fresh energy to you'. It is a greeting we use a lot, like your 'hello'," she explained.

"What's on the schedule?" I enquired.

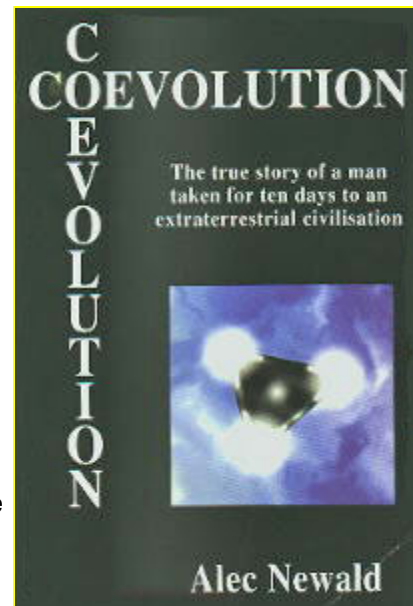
"Some more liquid replacement for you," was her reply. "Come on. We have only two more of your Earth days and there is much to learn if you desire, and quite a few questions I have for you, too, before I return home."

Zeena appeared most anxious, but how could she be more inquisitive than I? Even though, I was still reeling from awakening to find myself 'dream-bound' and not back on Earth as I had expected.

"Her home! Now there's something I'd like to know about," I thought to myself but realized almost immediately that Zeena would read it.

"About the size of the planet Mars in your system," she replied, right on cue. "But it is not in the best of health, for our sun is slowly dying and we are being roasted with radiation. We are also losing our atmosphere. We can patch that up to a degree, but not for ever."

"Doesn't sound good. What are you guys doing about it?" I asked.



"Well, we have been looking for a new home for many of your years. The best bet is still Earth, but we cannot take your gravity, among other things. That has always been the major factor but it is also not of the right conformation for us yet. It used to be, but we are not quite like we used to be."

Zeena hesitated, as if pondering whether to go on with this topic. She chose not to continue.

"There is every chance that the Earth is about to change in the not-too-distant future," was her revised answer.

"Change its conformation?" I enquired, startled.

"It shall [mutate to a different density level](#), as you would understand it. It's no big deal. It's happening all over, all the time," she replied.

I think she might now have been trying to downplay it all after she noted how panicked I must have appeared.

"It'll what?" I queried, looking at her in amazement.

"Well, that is another of those long stories I promised to tell you about. It is best we get comfortable first and you get some fluid intake."

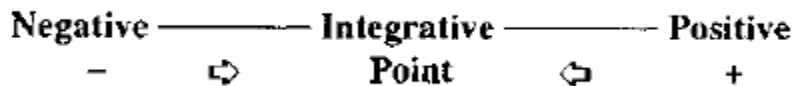
ANCIENT HISTORY LESSONS FROM THE FUTURE

"Now, how shall I start?" Zeena asked. "Perhaps with **the Elders**."

"Elders?" I chipped in.

"Like the Guardian you have met. They are each many hundreds of Earth years old and have a very ancient lineage. Their ancestors, who are my ancestors, are also very distant ancestors of yours; at least in part they are. Now do not interrupt!"

Zeena headed me off at the pass, even before I could get the thought out of my head.



"This is going to be difficult enough to explain without interruption. I will make room for questions a little later," she added. "These distant common ancestors of ours came to Earth many times, but more important to you was the visit of two million years ago, your time-scale. They were not the first [aliens] to visit. In fact, they and others have lived in and explored what you call your solar system for hundreds of millions of years.

"These travellers tidied up some earlier attempts to manufacture a race of humanoids on Earth, the end result being *Homo sapiens*. I will not go so far as to say these ancient ancestors of mine were *solely responsible for your race*, for that was indeed a **joint effort of many ETs**, all of which at some time have laid claim to manufacturing your race. This is not a deliberate lie on their behalf--just a slight exaggeration of the facts. Do not interrupt yet, please. I shall explain all in due course.

"In many ways you have manufactured or at least fine-tuned your own race, and it continues even at this very moment. This is mistakenly called '*evolution*'. 'Natural progression of the species' is a fine turn of phrase uttered by one of your kind's more enquiring minds some years ago. It was thought by many to explain the path of evolution, and there is an end to it. But this thinking leaves more questions unanswered than answered, for how and when did a butterfly obtain its wings? I shall not pursue this subject for there are more important things to discuss, but no doubt you see my point. Perhaps there will be a time at a later date.

"I will, however, tell you more of your own race's personal history, for it is important that you should

know your own past, and that evolution as you understand it is a myth. The changes are never slow but they are always planned. Later I shall show you that nothing in this Universe--past, present or future in your time-scale--is left to chance. Forgive me, for I diverge from our chosen path.

"Some of my ancient **Elders** stayed with your developing race. Others moved on. From time to time there were conflicts with other ET races as to what was best for one or the other, just as there are conflicts on your planet now, among your own kind. You must understand that Earth is a very special place. It is very beautiful and there are many who have desired to own it. I would not go so far as to say this is no longer the case, but you should always have your wits about you! Even we, although we do not wish to own it, would like to live there. But we cannot--indeed, we must not--interfere with the processes that are happening on your planet right now. That is not to say there are no other ET races that will not interfere, and that is why you must have your wits about you.

"Some of those processes which are occurring, or are about to occur, are the direct result of that seeding by **our ancient Elders**. Even the pyramids are ancient legacies left behind by our Elders to help you awaken when the time is right. They are very important to you, and it is from this front that progress of a most unexpected kind will manifest itself to your race in the not-too-distant future.

"All knowledge will be made available to your race in good time and in accordance with the laws of evolution. There has yet to be a force artificially manufactured in any universe that my people know of that is more powerful or wiser than this natural law. Trust me when I say this, for my race knows well the cost of interfering with the laws of evolution. We would warn your own people, if only those in control would listen. Alas, that approach appears to have fallen on deaf ears, so we shall now attempt to pass on the message in a different way.

"There was indeed a time upon your planet, not so long ago in the context of this history lesson, when a 'force' came down upon it and did in fact claim it [the Earth] and all upon it as its own. That force--and I know you will find this difficult to accept, Alec [Zeena used my name for the first time]--that force is still among you. It is indeed now a part of all of you, so I suppose you could say it still does own the planet in some way.

"After this force won your planet, it realized it would have a continuous fight on its hands, for you were not as you are now. *You were well on your way to enlightenment*, with a very strong spiritual base. You were actually almost as strong as this force itself. It had to trick you in order to master you, and while you were down it altered your make-up, your very structure; your **DNA**, in fact. It crippled you and stunted you, and set you back many thousands of years. It made you into what you are today, which is only a portion of the greatness you can be, for you have not yet even fully recovered. And if that force has its way, you never will!

"That force is known to most as the '**force of darkness**', for it is indeed the enemy of enlightenment. You will please understand that this is a very simplistic description of a most complex entity. Even we do not understand it in its entirety. It is in the air that you breathe and everywhere about you. It has aligned itself to the planet and you. It beats to the pulse of your very planet, for you and the Earth are one and the same. This is one thing your peoples do not seem to comprehend, but you can use this union of the whole to do wondrous things, just as we have.

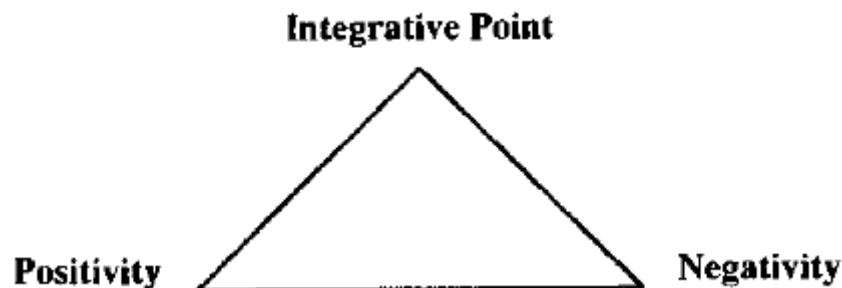
"Unfortunately, most of your kind fight the natural forces of your wondrous planet. By this I mean you bend them, even break them, to fit your needs. It need not be this way. If your people will just open their minds and hearts to your planet, as many of your ancient races have done in the past, it will show you the way. All is not lost; it just needs to be recalled. Until this is done, we have much need for concern. It is not just Earth planet you are violating as you bend and break Nature in your whims of fancy, for all of all is connected. This is really very basic knowledge. It has been ignored because it suits those who would play with power to ignore it. We and others are indeed benevolent to your race, as we all are connected, but soon something must be done before your play does meaningful harm to us all!

"We find that there is a need to teach you more about the dark forces that permeate you. You would do well by your people if you take great heed of this lesson and pass on your findings to those of your kind who would listen. The dark force vibrates at a level that is compatible with your brainwave

patterns. This much you should already know, but others of your kind have kept it from you.

"In spite of this, some, like you, Alec, are building a resistance to this alien intruder. This is one of the reasons why you find yourself thinking differently from the majority around you. It has enabled you to see more clearly the error of your ways and what must be done. You shall continue along this path a while longer yet, and even doubt your own kind from time to time. Be patient. This is all I can suggest, as inadequate as it may sound. We have been working on these things with you for many a year now. All of your people will find their way with the passing of time.

"As you find with all afflictions, they are easier to contend with if you understand them. I am doing my best to explain all this to you in terms you will understand. Please interject from here on if you do not understand some point, for we do consider the following to be most important.



"Some on your planet have aligned themselves with this 'force'. Note I have said 'aligned' and not 'allied', for there is a difference. Do you understand this? [I nodded.] They have gained much power from the force, and some are even foolish enough to think they have it under control. This is naïve, of course, as the force or alien entity is feeding off these people or, rather, feeding off the conflicts these people create in their bid for wealth and power. As long as this suits the dark force, it shall continue; for the 'fear' emotion is what it lives off.

"The easiest way to defeat this force is to remove fear from your societies. This will, in effect, starve it out. It will then go elsewhere, looking for easier prey. You see, your human race is one of the very few that lives with this most unusual thing called 'emotion', which is why the force came here in the first place. We, too, had emotions once, so I am told, and some are saying we can now experience them again, thanks to the new breeding program we are experimenting with. Forgive me, I digress again.

"You will find some of your kind are trying very hard to harness this most dangerous force. Unfortunately, they do not fully understand that it is an entity in its own right and that this is a very dangerous mistake to be making. They think they are playing a game and that they are winning this game. We have tried to warn your people more than once in the past, but no heed has been taken. As your people say, 'it is your life'.

"The worry we have is that your planet breathes with you, in harmony even with your thoughts. To attack the people by using the force in this way is to attack the planet. Be it on your own heads if you invoke the wrath of your planet. There would be little or nothing we could do for your people should that happen. Perhaps you can help us with this message. We have an idea to put to you, but that shall keep until another time, for there is still much to be related on other subjects.

"Your societies, right from the very beginning, have engineered fear into your lives. Most of it is *an artificial fear of society itself*; in other words, you fear your very own laws. Your high priests from long ago shouted down to the common masses, describing what wraths would be set upon them if they did so much as dare to cross the all-mighty gods of their time. Forgive me if I make what you call a 'joke' of this, for these *all-mighty gods* they describe were people like me or the Guardian, whom you have met. Do you fear me, Alec, from where you stand?" Zeena asked.

"I feel no fear," was my answer.

"So you see how your masses were manipulated in our absence by those who would gain from it?"

she asked again.

"I can see how a lie could fool the uneducated," was my reply.

"And you think your people are better educated on this subject today?" she asked once more.

"If you ask what we know of *God*, then perhaps not," I replied.

"Exactly my point," Zeena stated.

"And so the intimidation goes on, only you have a hundredfold the number of laws today. These are not the laws of Nature, however; just of your manipulators who in turn have been manipulated by the force.

"The laws of Nature you break every day as you drive to work in your disgusting machines. It is even more curious to us that you all know these things but you continue to allow them just the same. Why is there not a law against it in your society? Does pollution not kill? Are your people so blind they could not see what would happen with the proliferation of these strange machines? You need not answer, for we know the reasons. This is just, as you might say, an example.

"You will perhaps tolerate our confusion, though, when we fail to understand what we have observed in your so-called Western societies in which thousands of your money are spent to save but one life, while millions of your kind die in other far areas for the sake of small amounts of this money. Are you not all one people of the same flesh and blood? For this question, we ourselves do not have such an answer. Could you perhaps help us in the reasoning of this?" Zeena asked, looking at me in a most perplexed way.

"My own people sometimes embarrass and confuse me. No, I have no answer to that question," I replied.

"Very well. Why do your people take such time and interest in a single tree, should it be cut down in your cities, while they allow large areas of many-years-old trees to be removed from the forests which are out of their sight? Please take this question home with you to put to others, for we also find this most confusing."

I have since duly completed that request.

Zeena did have some encouraging news. She suggested that the force would soon feel the weight of an invasion from above, and there would be battles fought at sea and underwater, and also in the skies high above. Most would know little about these events, except those caught within the by-product of the battles. By this she meant that the Earth would experience **storms** of gathering intensity, and where these storms would once have been confined to the vortex points of our globe (the *western Atlantic-Bermuda area* and the *western Pacific, south-east of Japan*) they would now appear randomly **all over our planet**. She did not say who or what might be behind these battles or be the cause of them. However, when the way is clear and some portion of the fear has been removed, we may indeed see other races of the Cosmos openly visiting and interacting with us here on Earth!

"In the due course of time you will awaken from this 'sleep' that the force has had you in, with a little help from your friends," she added. "Being a sailor," she said, suggesting I watched the weather, "you will know what to look for. Trust in your instincts."

This is all she was prepared to say on the subject.

"Your race is nearly strong enough to fight back and win its rightful place in this galaxy of ours. We will help you and your planet to do great things again, for we love all life. Even the dark force is a form of life and we must and do respect it. Do you understand, Alec? This is very important."

Zeena at last let me have a say.

"Yes, I do. But how do we fight this force if we cannot see it or know where it is?" I asked.

"**It is within your very soul.** You fight it with knowledge and understanding. But only each and

every one of your kind can help yourselves. Nevertheless, to know that it exists is half the battle, and you can pass on this knowledge to all who should care to listen. Your race is about to change, become more aware--well, most of you are. It is an unfortunate fact that the ones upon your planet who truly understand what a great hold this force known to you as **fear** has over your people, are the very ones who are using it against you--and always have. They only understand its power, not its reason for being. That is why we have chosen this time to explain to you, and others of your kind, what we are here for. We have come to help enlighten you and, in so doing, perhaps free you from this force. We also understand that there will be some among you who will resent this knowledge being made available and will do their best to belittle and downplay its importance to your race.

"We may also need things from you and your planet. Call it a trade if you like, but I would prefer to use the word '**coevolution**'. We both can grow. We both need to change. You will become more like us, while we need to become more like you. We can truly become great friends once you learn to break free. We have been waiting a long time for this to happen, and you, Alec, are part of this very special event that will happen, as are many others. You will find them and they will find you. Just let it be known that you are a child of the light, whenever you feel the time is right. You will be amazed at what will happen from then on."

As Zeena finished this part of the lesson, I really did not know what to say. How could I reply to what she'd just said? Her narration had brought up more questions than answers, and quite frankly I did not know where to begin. Even though most of what she'd just said was totally amazing, it was as if I had always known it was so! For that reason you may think my next question out of place.

"The thing that worries me the most," I replied, "was your earlier comment before this lesson began about the Earth 'mutating' into something. Where will that leave us, the people?"

"You have no fears there. It will be you, the people, who help the Earth to transform. You will already have passed over to the next level of density, or be in the act of doing so, which in actual fact is evolution--true evolution, as it just so happens; not the form of change that you may have associated with that word in the past. I am sorry, here, because there has not yet been time to ground you in that knowledge. The Earth, too, will evolve along these same lines, and that is what I meant by 'mutate'. I am sorry for the use of that word if it has caused you concern," Zeena quickly replied.

"I have more questions," I said, looking at Zeena and hoping I could continue to ask them. Her indication was that I could.

"What happened to those early ancestors -- the ones who stayed on Earth, the ones who helped us in the past?"

"Some of them eventually interbred with your kind, although there was resistance to this initially. The offspring of these unions became our common ancestors. All who were pure of our blood eventually died of an unknown illness or left the planet. Their life-span should have been many hundreds, perhaps even thousands of your years. Some say they simply died of premature ageing. There are many possible reasons why this may have occurred, but it is not necessary for us to discuss that now. The few who escaped this fate and left Earth are now lost to us; where they may have gone, my people do not know, for that was indeed a long time ago. But while we are on the subject of interbreeding, there are a few questions I would ask of you, if I may," Zeena requested.

I nodded my approval, knowing I would get more chances to ask the hundred-and-one questions I was waiting to ask.

Her first question took me a little by surprise.

"Have you bred on your home planet?"

"That's an interesting question," was my startled reply. "By 'breed', I suppose you mean have I any children of my own?"

I couldn't believe she didn't already know the answer to this question. Perhaps she was just being polite.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, I have a son who is fourteen years old and is fit and healthy. He doesn't appear to have too many problems, except that he could be without a proper father from now on."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I was in the process of leaving my family unit permanently when you guys zapped me up here!" I replied. "Don't ask why. It's very complicated, and I'm not sure I know the answer anyway."

"This breeding process, in the form you Homo sapiens use, I have studied as much as I can from our records, but there is still much I wish to know. I have been selected for a modified reproductive process when I return to my home planet. We as a people are running out of time to develop offspring which could survive on any other planet apart from our own without life-support systems. By this I mean we have not yet found another world that is compatible with our specific and rather unique needs. I may be able to elaborate on this point a little later. For now, it is enough to say we have few options, and may have to adjust to new environments such as planet Earth--which we still like to call our second home, even though we are far removed from being able to live there full time," Zeena finished, sounding rather distressed.

"Our planet is rather full already," I commented, not really wishing to add to her burden. In spite of what I had already witnessed and been party to, I was in no way prepared for her reply to my statement.

"Oh, we have already had communication with Earth governors on that subject; since the 1950s, in fact. They know of our desire and need. We have even made a trade, as you might call it. I cannot elaborate on it at this time. But not everyone has lived up to their agreements since then."

"Why does nobody know of this on Earth?" I asked, my eyes wide open.

"Your various **governors**, in their wisdom, decided that the Earth's general population was not then ready for the message and knowledge we had planned to give your people. If you think back to the subjects we have recently discussed, it is hardly surprising, is it? They feel you are still not ready, and we will not tell your people a half-truth to suit others. So we have this situation--what do you say?--a stalemate," Zeena concluded.

"What did the governors say when you said you would like to return to Earth at some time in the future?" I asked.

"All they wanted were the 'lollies'," she commented, without expanding on that subject.

"There are not that many of us," Zeena continued. Fifteen million is but a small total, is it not, among your billions? And our technology trade-off would make life so much easier for your population. If I dare be so brave as to say history could repeat itself, you may find we interbreed to become one race again, as happened so long ago in your past histories.

"At this point in time there are still some important things that we must physically do here on Earth: some repair work, as it were; a legacy from the past which I am not permitted to discuss at this time. We must correct that which is in a state of disrepair. Just by way of coincidence, that work is now almost completed. This is no small thing, for repairs have been going on for many of your years. Time is now short, for next will come the changes--your awakening."

She answered my question before I could ask it. There was not much I could do but sit in silent amazement.

"You must realize," she continued, as I couldn't think of any worthwhile thing to say, "that we are quite a primitive race compared to other extraterrestrials that may communicate with Earth people from time to time. That is one of the reasons we are so attracted to Earth and to you as a race. We feel a real kindred or bonding for your people. We also think Earth is a most beautiful place."

"Where would you like to live on Earth if you had a choice?" I asked.

"We have an area that we call *our own*."

Zeena explained to me that they were already using an **underwater base** in the general area of this land that had been set aside for them, although she would go no further in describing where that might be. She was then called away, promising to return as soon as possible to continue our conversation.

SURVIVAL STRATEGIES

Upon her return from duty, Zeena was keen to continue her explanation of what they were doing and were about to do on the new breeding program, and why it had become such a priority to her people. In order for me to understand, or try to understand fully, another lesson was apparently necessary, so she suggested once again that I make myself comfortable as it was likely to take some time.

"For you to understand the problems that we have, it is best that I tell you a little more about the world you live in. Some of this will be a little hard to understand, but some other aspects will ring a bell when you start to look at them in a different light," said Zeena, who was sitting opposite my sleeping cubicle.

I had just finished another small nap to make up for my forty-hour marathon without sleep.

Zeena continued.

"You will remember some time ago I promised to tell you about the other side of yourself. This concerns the cycle of the atom, the part that is still little understood by your people, or, should I say, not yet fully understood by them. When this is understood, a whole new dimension, or dimensions, will open up for you; for in this instant of time between the pulses of atoms lies a world within worlds. They are in fact parallel dimensions to your own--at least to the one where most of you live your 'now'. These dimensions are so close to your real 'now' that you can slip in and out of them without even knowing you have done so! There are sometimes little clues that tell you what has just happened. This dimension-slipping has been going on since you first walked the Earth, only now it is becoming more common to your people. It can happen almost every day to some, but they are basically unaware of it. This is happening because you are awakening to your true selves.

"You are close to a major dimension-leap, the like of which you have never before experienced; a leap that will bring you closer to my people. This is what we have all been waiting for! How many times have you searched for something in a room and could not find it? You go back some time later and there it is, right in front of your nose; there is no way you could have missed it when you searched. You see, you are not always where you think you are. The trick is to be fully conscious when you make these mini-leaps and be aware of where you have gone. You will be very surprised, I think. It is a place not far from there that you will find us.

"**We basically come from your future.** It does not matter if it is six minutes into your future or six years; if you can get to one, you can get to the other. But, for us, it is not as simple as that, for **we also come from another dimension**; not quite the one you will shift into, but close. So we are what you would call dimensional time-travellers. Sounds like a good movie, does it not? Your Mr Spielberg would love it!"

I had to laugh at that one.

"We--myself and others like me--are in fact a whole new race, or, to be more accurate, a newly reconstituted race. Further modifications are still required before we can achieve our goals as a people. This is one of the reasons for our travel to your time zone, and, indeed, the reason for others being here who are also experimenting with their biological make-up, although they have far different goals behind their experimentation than we do.

"The reason behind so many abductions occurring on your planet over the last few years of your time is that this is the last chance for our race--and other races of **ETs** with problems similar to ours--to interact with you as a race before you change to a form that will no longer be of use to us. Yes, it is that close! My own surrogate mother was of your time and race..."

"We could go further back in time, but it is this now that we need. I will not complicate matters by trying to explain that; we would be here for many more days. My race still has a problem to overcome. We must breed a race with stronger limbs and oxygen-processing units."

"**Lungs?**" I enquired again.

"Yes. We have been using a mixture of your species' DNA and chromosomes, along with our own. Our blood used to be very similar to yours--and still is, with a little modification--although we really only have one type as you would know it; well, two, but they are both very much like your **A-negative**. We can modify most things, but what it adds up to is that we are not going to go looking for problems--we already have enough of them.

"We have approximately only five per cent of your male population to work with, notwithstanding health, age, etc. There is a very special, shall I say, '**X-factor**' which must be brought into this equation, which in fact brings only about one per cent of this already small group into our calculations--that is, if we should require a male to help us. The fact that we are not of the same vibrational plane is the major problem. This is part of that *X-factor*, and is related to *health and disease resistance, biological balance in relation to birth location, previous adaptability tests*, and so on and so on.

"I cannot begin to explain the complications we have had. It has stretched our technology to its limits and beyond. The end result is what you see before you now. I may look good to you, but I still could not live on your planet without our technology to help me constantly. The bottom line is that the process has been too slow, and up to now has not done the job. At the present rate, it may take more time than we have to spare on our crippled planet! We now need to start taking some risks to speed up the process."

"What kind of risks?" I asked.

"Well, up until now we have been more concerned with preserving our mind-generated energy distribution abilities--which I don't expect you to comprehend just yet--but now we need to concentrate on the physical aspects, the strength and endurance, even if we lose a little of the other abilities."

"Become more like us?" I chimed in again.

"Yes, we must," Zeena replied. "We already have, as you noticed earlier," she said, with what almost appeared to be a smile on her face. This was the first hint of an emotion I had seen.

"Now there needs to be a step--a big one--even further down that road. There is a chance for me to become part of that step," she added. "That is why I wish to ask you more questions about your breeding processes; procreation--would that be a better word for it?"

"You would be surprised at some of the words we use for it," I replied. "Even I don't know where some of them come from."

"I understand it is most primitive and basic in its natural form. It is possible that I may be able to be fertilized and to carry the foetus almost full-term within me. That may not sound much to you, but no female of our race has carried a child within her for many hundreds of thousands of years. The artificial methods we have been using are too slow and hard to change. They may even be impossible to use if we settle on a planet like your Earth.

"I have been designed to take the place of what you would call a synthetic birth process. There has been quite some progress just lately. Even a hundred years ago, your time, one of our type could

not have interacted with your species on this level. That is how much we have evolved in different directions since the early colonists left your planet. Now we find it necessary to take a step in another direction."

I noted how she diplomatically skirted the suggestion that they might be going backwards on the evolutionary tree. I could not really understand what knowledge she could want from me, and I doubted there was anything I knew that she did not already know...

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CoEvolution

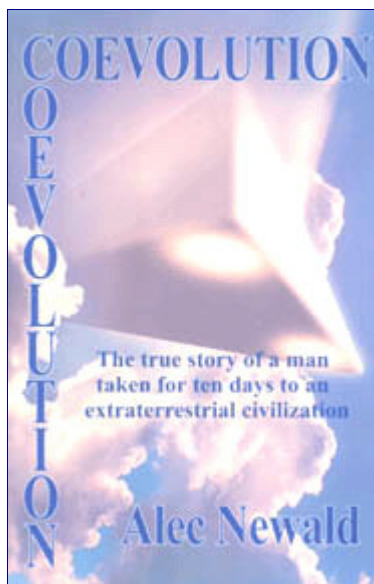
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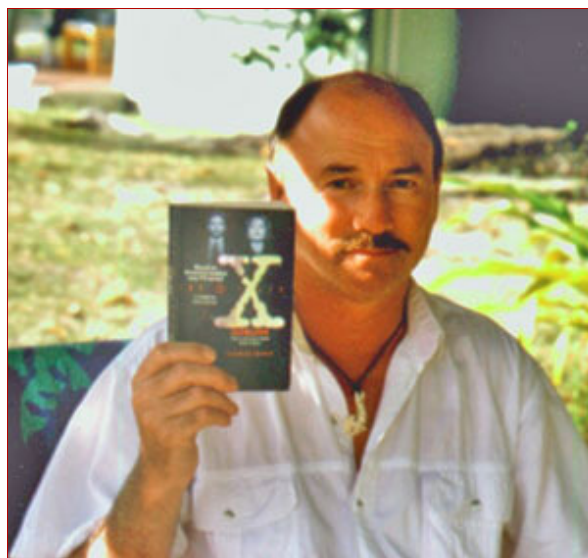
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

"....It is a disturbing fact that the people of this planet have been living in a world of carefully engineered deceit for many thousands of years. It appears that the perpetrators of this deceit have left no stone unturned. Contrary to popular belief, as we move into a so-called '*new age of enlightenment*', their careful manipulation of science and technology has allowed this deceit to grow, not diminish. Perhaps my biggest personal disappointment was to discover that those responsible for much of this **deception** are the very ones who claim to be our *mentors*.



"This may sound a little confusing and far removed from the subject matter suggested by the cover of this book, especially to those readers who are novices to the world of **UFOs** and related information. Others, perhaps more experienced with or better informed on the subject, will know only too well that a great deal of information on UFOs and other equally controversial topics (such as alternative, cheap power-generation sources that should be available to us on this planet today) has not only been suppressed, but its existence has been totally denied. Moreover, anyone suggesting otherwise has been labeled a 'mad scientist', or worse.

"....In short, it's very difficult for me to know where to start, for this adventure (and I call it that in its purest form) is predominantly concerned with an interaction between a person born on this planet Earth and a group of people non born on this planet. I can only hope that, by the time you have finished reading the account of this interaction and its subsequent backwash upon my life, you will see that the subjects of suppressed information, UFOs and the evolution of the human race are so closely interrelated as to make their boundaries seem indistinguishable. To my way of thinking it is therefore inevitable that all these subjects should end up in the same book.

"The **deception** I mentioned before is so rife upon this planet that it means the only way we can be sure of finding the whole truth in any matter is to select our sources of information most carefully and/or draw our truth from personal experiences.

"This book represents just such a personal experience, and thus, at this point in time, it is my truth. I would never suggest that you adopt it as your own truth until you are as sure as I am of the facts presented."

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DEDICATION

Only the Poem is mentioned on Site.

COURAGE

"Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace. The soul that knows it not, knows no release from little things;

Knows not the livid loneliness of fear, nor mountains heights where bitter joy can hear the sound of wings.

How can life grant us boon of living, compensate for dull-grey ugliness and pregnant hate, unless we dare the soul's dominion?

Each time we make a choice, we pay with courage to behold the restless day, and count it fair.

Amelia Earhart, 1927

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PREFACE:

THE AWAKENING

"I kept telling myself that with paper and ink I was never going to be able to give you the message as I received it; that the enormity of this interaction would be lost when laid flat on paper. So please bear with me in my struggle to do justice to this event.

"To start with, just believing that it could happen is a big enough hurdle - and I speak here of convincing myself! Thank goodness, there are clues all about me as to the authenticity of this message. The simple fact that the situation has started to change on this planet with regard to our self-awareness and concern for the environment is a clue in itself. It all appears to be connected with timing - but the point is, why now?

"...Throughout our very short, recorded history it would seem that every few thousand years we are visited by someone who tries their very best to show us how to clean up our act. I have little doubt that the form this person (or persons) will take next time around will be very much different from what we may have seen in the past. As it has indeed been 2,000 years since anything like this last happened on our planet, perhaps a visit of sorts is overdue.

"Now, with this next statement I am privileged to have a little inside information. Those in control of this planet (and I am not referring to governments here) seem to have an each-way bet amongst themselves on whether this visit will take place or not. Let me explain. Firstly, they fear such a visit will indeed eventuate, so they're trying to clean up as much of their mess as possible. Secondly, they are trying with all their might and stealth to prevent such a visit from occurring.

"There is more than enough proof, if you care to seek it out, that military forces from at least one major world power have been engaged in a clandestine war against one or more groups of off-planet visitors for quite a number of years. If all this sounds like sci-fi to you, read on, for I assure you it is not! What's more, this is one war from which we could well benefit if the "home team loses!

"During the approximate time of my interaction or contact, this planet was in the midst of a UFO flap of immense proportions. Many or even most of the craft involved in this flap were of triangular configuration.... possibly even pyramidal.... also reported to be able to change shape! The significance of this will be revealed as you read on, and will help to verify the authenticity of my account.

"In making this statement I should point out that I knew nothing of this UFO flap at the time, for news of it was being very carefully kept from the general public....

"...During the course of this narration you will have the opportunity to learn a little about a group of individuals wishing to share the residency of this planet with us. From my experiences with them, I cannot help but feel this would be to our overall advantage.

"You will also have the chance to learn a little of our own heritage, some of which you may find as amazing as I did....

"...In relating the details of my own experience, I hope I can somehow convey to you that the unknown need not to be something to be feared. Personally, I am looking forward to whatever the future has to offer the human race.

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INTRODUCTION:

THE HIDDEN REALITY

"There is much about this planet's history that has never been told. I do not speak here of yet-to-be-discovered historical facts, but only of material that is already known by a select few within our communities. Most of this knowledge has been carried through the ages and jealously guarded by the few secret sects that were privy to it from its inception, but these sects were not necessarily 'secret' at the time this information was first placed in their trust. The original intention was that this ancient knowledge would be shared with this planet's inheritors, en masse, when the trust-holders deemed it appropriate.

"The species slated for inheritance of this knowledge is known as Homo sapiens. For your information, **Homo sapiens** and the **Cro-Magnon** precursor species were artificially engineered!

"The final pieces of the *Cro-Magnon jigsaw puzzle* were put together approximately 70,000 years ago. This was not the first humanoid creature to walk planet Earth, but it was the first type ever to be constructed to act as a receiver or container so that a second 'bodiless' entity could cohabit with this humanoid form to experience physically through the actions of its host's solid outer-body form! You may recognize this entity if I refer to it as the *soul* or *spirit*.

"...All the knowledge that would ever be needed by this race, up until its next evolutionary step, was already present on the planet in the safekeeping of the trustees.

"These trust-holders have long since broken their vows to the givers of the knowledge... Perhaps a day of reckoning is close at hand for the trustees. It may now be a little clearer to you as to why the secret sects or governors of our planet would prefer that the anticipated visit from the 'landlord' did not take place!

"...Some of this knowledge had been lost to us as a result of natural catastrophes over the many millennia that have passed since the information was first entrusted. Just as much has subsequently been discovered, more often than not by sheer accident.

"However, if any of this rediscoveries grossly affects profitability of business run by the ancient trust-holders' line of descendants (who have since become our behind-the-scenes governors), you can be sure it will be placed in some bottomless pit somewhere - to be remembered as just another suppressed invention, but only by the few who may have been lucky enough to see it before it was hidden from view.... It sickens me to know that so many inventions that would indeed ease the burden of pollution on this planet have been suppressed.

"...Perhaps our governors would care to clarify for me any doubts I may have - as they were only too keen to have me do for them. For instance, could they tell us what they really intended to do with the **nuclear device** or devices that they dispatched from our planet in April 1970 for use on our Moon? Perhaps they could also tell us what they are really doing when they test nuclear devices underground, for it is rapidly becoming general knowledge that such things as nuclear bombs would never be very practical if it came to all-out warfare.

"All I can suggest to you, the reader, is to seek out additional, alternative sources of information on these

subjects. Whether the material is suppressed or not, if you search long enough and hard enough you will find much that will astound you. From my own experience, knowledge that must be hunted down holds more credence than knowledge obtained without effort. In any case, to include it all here would detract from my real reason for writing this book.

"You should realize, however, that the same forces that would deny us the knowledge of our heritage also are trying to deny us access to the truth regarding UFOs and off-planet visitors....

"This group of *governors* I speak of is not large but is all-powerful. I call them "**The Dark Overlords**", just to be dramatic and perhaps 'polite', for a true description would be unprintable. Their interwoven networks reach out worldwide, even to a quiet little place like New Zealand, the place I call home. If they have their ultimate way, they will soon be able to reach into our homes and our private lives whenever they choose.

"This can only happen **if we allow it to happen** - and we are! We have to stop living in fear. We must unite with our friends and protect each other....

"Finding concrete proof of this conspiracy is another matter....

From rare confrontation with people like myself, vital information sometimes escapes them. Much to their dismay they find that some of us cannot be bought or scared off.

"...The story I describe within this very book could easily have become just a little more suppressed information, lost to the world until those in authority considered it prudent for that information to be divulged - and that may be never! At least now, you can be the judge of whether or not it is worthy of further attention. I would hope that if you do think it worthy, you will relay what you find here to others.

"At this juncture, I owe you a brief description of the one who is making these startling allegations. To start with, pre-1989 I was no subversive - in fact, far from it. That portion of my life I had spent trying not to be noticed, and it seems that I succeeded! It was my good fortune to have been raised in an unpolluted area of this planet - a factor which could have had more bearing on my experience than even I realize.

"It was certainly an advantage to grow up with parents who were not regimental in their outlook of life.... I feel they gave me wings and I have used them, but I don't have a need to return to the nest whence I flew. I hope they take this as the compliment it is meant to be.

"...Until that day [of adventure] I couldn't have cared less or known less about the happenings I have outlined above. To me, a **UFO** was just that - a UFO; and everything I knew about the subject I could have fitted on this page with room to spare! The New World Order could have been a chain of grocery stores, for all I knew about it!

"...In February 1989, all that changed forever. The only really strange thing about this statement is that now I feel as if my life has just started and that this is what I meant to be doing all along!

"...I would like to explain a few points which you might otherwise find puzzling, particularly in reference to the dialogue you will encounter in this story. The conversations I relate are not necessarily to be taken as 'word-for-word' accounts. While I have done my best to record them, I have mostly conveyed just their general meanings.

"...As strange as it may sound, during conversations with my off-planet friends we hardly spoke any words (that is, words in a form we would recognize). We certainly didn't use the English language, but there is no language on this planet that can adequately compare to the one transmitted during the course of these conversations. Their outstanding telepathic communication system deserves further explanation, so I have devoted a separate section to it at the end of this book

(see [Appendix 2](#)). You may wish to read it first before proceeding with the story in the sequence presented.

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PART ONE

Chapter 1

TEN DAYS GO ASTRAY

"I used to love driving long distances. Driving a car is one of the few things I seem to have a natural talent for doing. In stating this, it is not my intention to be boastful, but simply to inform you that I feel very comfortable behind the wheel of a car - a car.

"....I do not usually have to pay much attention to the technical aspects of driving a motor vehicle. In other words, I have the tendency to daydream a little when I'm driving.... I have found this more likely to happen if the trip is one that is especially familiar to me.

"Upon further study, I now know this is not a totally uncommon phenomenon. Perhaps you have experienced it occasionally yourself. If so, try to imagine a similar feeling stretched out over a ten-day period. This may give you some idea of how I felt upon reaching my destination at the end of my 200-kilometre drive in the summer of 1989.

"Auckland City, a major metropolis in the northern region of my homeland, New Zealand, was my destination on that trip, while my starting point was a small but very popular tourist town called Rotorua. I had been living in Rotorua with my family for just over a year but had spent the rest of my life in or very close to Auckland City.



Views of Rotorua, left; Auckland City, right

"The Rotorua-Auckland drive should have taken three hours at the most - on any other day but the one in question, as it turned out. The fact ten days had somehow slipped by during the course of this journey was something I did not even realize at first, though it wasn't long before it became blatantly obvious to me.

"....I can remember that when I arrived in **Auckland** I was feeling extremely tired; my heart was racing and my mouth dry. If I didn't know better, I would say I had just run the marathon! As is understandable under the circumstances, my stomach had a knot in it the size of a cow! I had the feeling that this was not really happening to me. I was truly in a daze for some time, and nothing seemed quite 'real', as hard as that is to explain.

"Things seemed to [be] happening around me in slow motion, but that was only half of it. Crazy things were going on even days later - things like turning right at intersections when I should have been turning left.

Because of this I was getting lost in the city - a place where I had spent the greater part of my life growing up. Smaller things, like not knowing in which hand to hold my knife or fork, and other coordination difficulties I dismissed in the end as just part of the overall side-effects of my marriage breakup. This went on for some considerable time, and I would have to say I am not altogether clear of it now. It was almost as if I had been turned inside out or back to front!

"Amongst the confusion of all the above manifesting itself upon me, I made the 'minor' discovery that the middle of February had now become the end of February.... I had left Rotorua on a Monday, so the following day in Auckland should have been a Tuesday. As it turned out, the following day was a Thursday! What had happened to the Tuesday and Wednesday? As I was investigating this puzzle I found that I was residing in the last week of February, which was impossible because it was only mid-February when I had left **Rotorua** on the Monday three days before! It appeared that I had lost not only Tuesday and Wednesday of one week, but the Tuesday and Wednesday of the previous week and all the ensuing days as well!

"....I could not explain how I had fed myself for those **ten days**. When I left Rotorua I had \$100 in cash on me. Of that, I spent \$40 putting fuel into my car, and I'm sure I still had all the rest, \$60, in my pocket on arrival in Auckland. I did not use my Bankcard! I did not have ten days of bearded growth on my face, either! Where had I been and what had I been up to for those ten days? Why could I no longer tell my right from my left? Why had the clock in my car stopped working and why did it show the same time as my wristwatch which was also no longer operational? They had both stopped at approximately 10.30 am!

"....All this time, one particular phrase kept running through my head: "an interest in motor sport". What it was doing in there I did not know. I definitely have an interest in motor sport, but why should I remind myself of it? Surely I had more important things to think about?

"At that stage I had still not found a flat or place of my own and was staying with friends. Sleep was not easy to come by and I spent many a late night sitting up in bed reading.... One night, while searching a weekly newspaper for accommodation advertisements as much as anything else, I came across a section which contained ads from people looking for partners or friendly contacts....

"....I was skimming down the columns when one particular ad caught my eye. It read: "Interests include motor sport..." I got a funny sort of feeling deep down inside. I had to reply to this one! And so Gaewyn was introduced into my life. If I told you she has incredibly large, sky-blue eyes and is only a touch over five feet tall, it would probably not mean too much at this point in my narration, but I'm sure you will get the connection in good time.

"Finding a place to live was more difficult than I'd first thought, and right about then, as if in sympathy with me, my car decided that it, too, would go through a rough patch. Trouble had already started with the fuel injection system even before the trip up from Rotorua was over. I'd quickly had to deal with that problem, but over the next few weeks other problems appeared, mainly with hydraulic seals.... so I decided to sell it. As it turned out, this was my first in a long series of mistakes that would alter my life for ever more!

"Not long after selling the car, I had a rather mysterious and uninvited visit from two gentlemen who claimed they were scientists from the **DSIR** (*Department of Scientific and Industrial Research*).... Of all things they wanted to know where the car - and I - had been of late; whether it had been in an accident involving a power pole of high-voltage electrical fields, and whether any electronic welding had been done on it in the recent past. They even wanted to know if any one had worked on the fuel injection system recently....

"....To say they took me by surprise would be an understatement, and I could only answer no to most of their questions....

"....When I could tell them nothing that would satisfy their curiosity, their attitude changed markedly, and not for the better. They showed me a photo, supposedly of my former car's injection fuel-air mix circuitry board but it was an exact mirror-image of what should have been fitted, or so they said...!

"....I was about to mention the odd things I'd been experiencing over those past few weeks.... when something within made me stop. No, this was not the time, and these were not the people to be discussing it with! I almost took a step back myself as this puzzling but dominant attitude took residence in my head. So I kept quiet about the unusual side effects I was experiencing - not to mention my most recent discovery that ten days had disappeared from my life on a 200-kilometre drive up from Rotorua...!

"...One of the two men had shown me a card with a duly-stamped DSIR or similar logo upon it. On the other side of his leather cardholder was a card with a very impressive seal or crest. It read as something along the lines of the "[Royal Institute for International Affairs](#)", as best I can remember. Since then I have discovered that such an institution [does exist in Great Britain](#).

"...This particular man certainly spoke with an upper-class English accent. There was something about him, though, that grated on me, possibly because of the way he was almost speaking down to me. I'm not sure, but the feeling lingered long after they had gone.

"I have since found out that 'scientists' were probably the last thing these gentlemen were! However, I shall continue to refer to them as this because I have no other appropriate name or description for them.

"These two scientists promised to return.... I had visions of having to refund all the money to my recent buyer and having to take the car back, but I had already spent some of that money and could not replace it. If such a scenario were to take place, it would be somewhat embarrassing financially!

"....I decided to up stakes and leave.... If I had to move, I thought it best in this case to leave no forwarding address and to make it as difficult as possible for anyone to trace me....

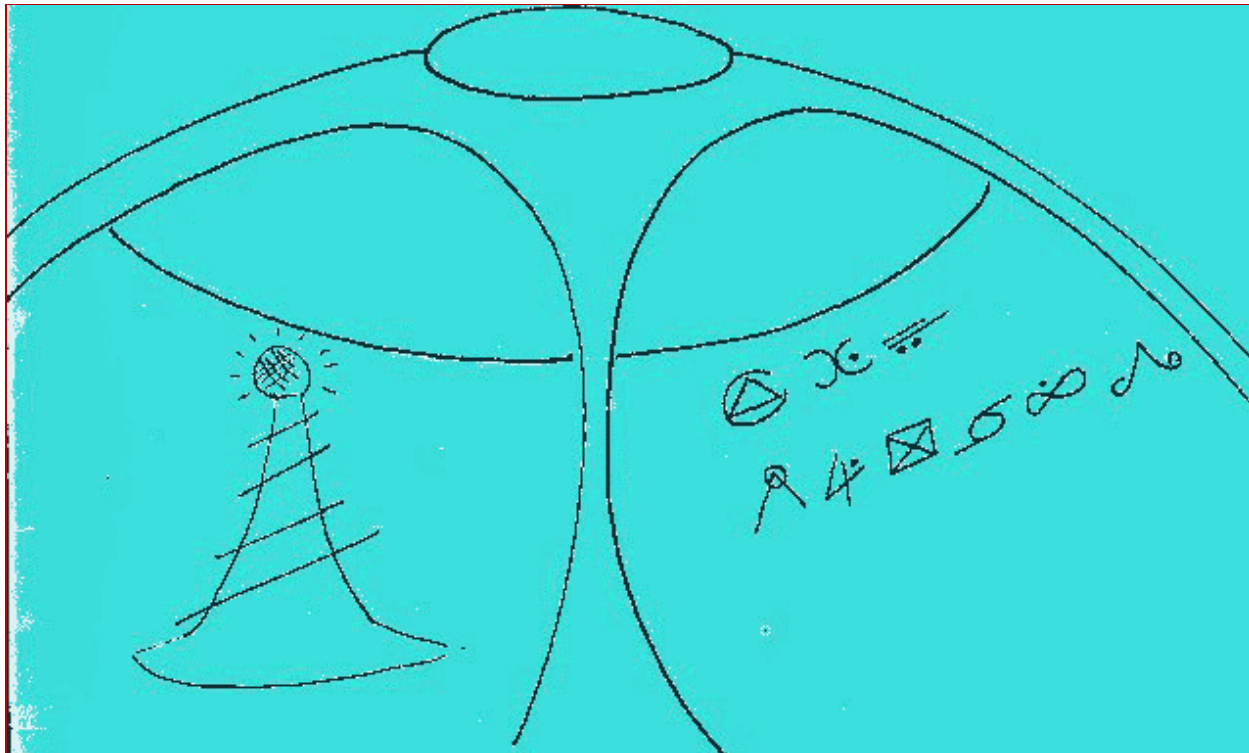
"....The vibrations from the last encounter and interview were different from anything I had ever before experienced. There seemed to be something different about the way I perceived things. It was if I could see right through the false front put up by my visitors. Of course, at the time I had no idea it was a false front. I had always been a quite trusting person, so I found this newly acquired skill - or, rather instant distrust - a little bewildering.

"That feeling seemed to be more than justified when a few weeks later, to my surprise, the same two scientists appeared at my doorstep. This time they seemed even more sinister and much more insistent. I have no idea how they found me so quickly, but it troubled me to think that they could.

"....I told them there was nothing I could remember that would add to our previous discussion, and asked them to leave me alone. They gave me funny looks and left reluctantly.

"A day or two later I was sure my flat had been broken into.... a curious little crystal was missing - one of a pair that I found in my car after that very long trip up from Rotorua.... They were of the type known as **iron pyrites**, shaped like a cube or dice and the colour of gold. It may even be known to you as *fool's gold*.

".... On closer inspection, I realized that some of my papers were missing. Amongst them were some sketches and odd doodles I had been making lately....



Some of Alec's Sketches.... and "doodles" well before writing his book.
 On the right above, the symbols of numbers, of which Alec speaks about on his "[Appendix 2.](#)"
 More Sketches on following pages.

"I think I should mention at this point that I have since read all about the mysterious 'men in black' who reportedly so often turn up after **UFO sightings** or similar events, and I would have to say that these fellows [my visitors 'scientists'] did not really seemed to fit the bill....

"The moving seemed to have worked this time. Weeks went by and my mystery men did not return.

"...But then I was having strange intrusions from a different source: a dream that would not go away. Not since I was a young boy had such a persistent dream haunted me. In the context of this adventure I was yet to find out that there is no such thing as coincidence.

"...But it was not the dream so much as the persistent night-time headaches.... When these headaches awakened me, I was always partway through the same dream.

"...Eventually, intrigued by the message that seemed to be contained in the dream, and with the consistent vivid reality of it all making me feel like I was really there, living in this 'other' world, I took to keeping notepaper by my bed.... A feeling of great loneliness encroached upon me.

"I was so disturbed and uncomfortable at night that in the end I asked Bob, the friend with whom I stayed on first moving up from Rotorua, if I could once again impose on his hospitality for a few days.... This worked up to a point, but the dream persisted....

"Meanwhile, back in the bedroom, I had amassed quite a stack of scribbling from my ongoing nightly episodes. then one night, out of the blue, I received an important new message which ended this sequence of dreams....

"...I felt I was free at last (at least at night I was), but strange things were still happening to me in a physical sense. If I chose to wear a wristwatch, its battery would go flat in just a few weeks. (This was still happening to a lesser degree even as recently as 1993.)

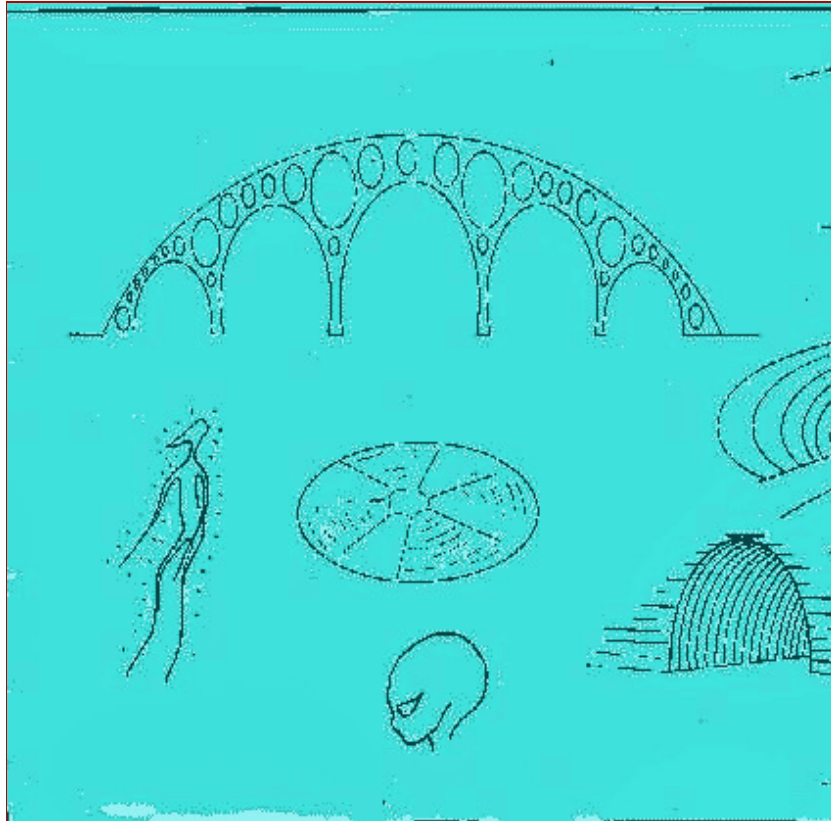
"...I had a distinct feeling from within that something was quite wrong, both medically and mentally. A subsequent medical test suggested nothing was amiss, apart from the fact that I had a slightly unusual blood type.

"...At home I played around with my scribbling from the dream, trying to make some sense out of them. There were a few clues that seemed to tie it to those lost ten days, but I was still far from putting all the pieces together. As with all dreams, it darted about and it was hard to find a common, consistent theme to it all.

"...One time soon afterwards.... it was as if someone else was guiding the pen: the gaps began to fill; the story started to flow and make sense. I could hardly believe what I was writing!

"This is how I believe my adventure began . . .

More sketches from Alec, below



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Chapter 2

GHOSTS IN THE MACHINE

"It was approximately ten o'clock on a midsummer's day when I set out on this journey. I remember the first section only too well, and do not need prompting from dreams or any other outside influence. The weather was passable when I left Rotorua, but my route took me through some rugged hill country, and a fine misty rain set in at this higher altitude.

"Those of you who have gone through a marriage separation will not need to be told how it feels.... I felt numb, sick.... and in some sort of daze. It really did feel like there were two parts of me: an inner part and an outer portion. The innermost part was heavy, very heavy; the outer part seemed to be in slow motion, assessing the options. There was no deep thinking going on here, just options being considered....

"The weather now seemed to be in the same frame of mind, for what at first was light rain and low cloud was now a mixture of thick fog - unusual for that time of day. It appeared to be sticking to the car as if trying to hold it back.... I didn't really wanted to leave the area, even though I knew I had to. If my other, outer self was sending out a message for help, I suspect it would have been heard in the next galaxy! Perhaps it was.

"....Visibility was now no more than 50 or 100 meters. It was almost like being in a dream....

"....Slowly, an even stranger feeling came over me. The best description I can give is that it felt like I was being immersed in a slow-setting glue. My vision became blurred and the steering wheel began to hum in my hands. There is a vague notion in the back of my mind that the road itself was vibrating! Then I got the fright of my life. The steering wheel appeared to lock solid!.... There was no time to debate the issue, for a large rock-face was looming up in front of me and there seemed to be no way I could avoid hitting it.

"This is all I can remember of the physical trip in a reality that could be described as conventional, apart from my eventual arrival in Auckland ten days later. What happened in those **ten days** of 'missing time' I would now like to share with you.

"Having for all intents and purposes passed through the cliff face, I found myself devoid of car, and, what's more, devoid of body!... All the solid things appeared to have gone, yet there was still a feeling I could walk....

"Looking down, I noticed that a glassy or icy type of substance was prevalent. This ice-like floor had a whitish look to it, as if lit from below. I got the impression it was cold, but I was not sure if I had the necessary equipment to sense temperature. This was curious because there also appeared to be heat involved, perhaps emanating from the ring of soft, blue light that appeared to surround me, even if this light source looked to be some distance off.

"....Before long I found I could travel in any direction simply by looking that way and pushing forward with what would have been my head - if I had possession of such a thing.

"....Eventually, and most likely because I was becoming acclimatized to the low light level and whatever other transformation my body may have been going through, it was possible for me to make some ghostlike entities moving about in the far distance. There seemed to be a faint golden glow about them. I looked down to see if there was any similarity between them and me, but it was difficult to be sure....

"...As time passed it became easier for me to see, almost as if a fog was lifting around me. Other distant objects came into focus or view in more and more detail....

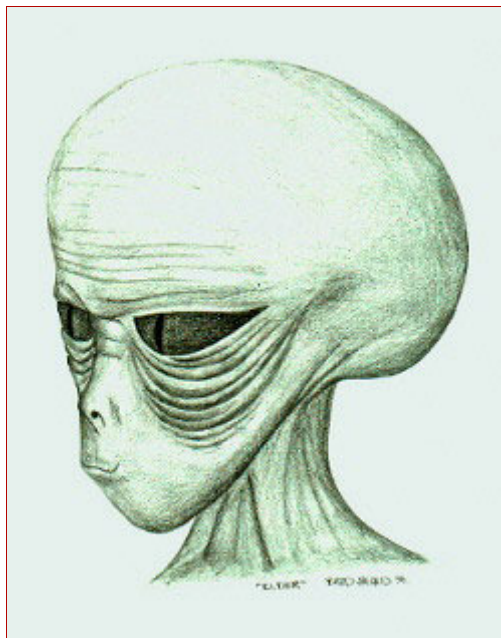
"...There was no way at that time to be sure just how large an area this may have been, but I should think that a football field, or even two, could have been placed within it. No doubt this blue ring of light was responsible for the bluish haze that appeared earlier.

"...I thought I could detect the very faint smell of ozone, as if the air had been ionized, as well as that carbon-type smell emitted by electric motors while they are running....

"...I seem to be taking this very well," was the last of my conscious thoughts before I had the distinct feeling that someone was tapping me on my shoulder. Turning around, I found myself face to face with two of the ghostlike entities.

"Throughout this entire procedure, if I am correct in calling it that, there was an air of complete tranquility....

"...If culture shocks were the order of the day, they were not over yet! As we passed the ring of neon light that seem to encircle us, I suddenly regained a normal type body and so did the other entities - or at least that's what I thought at the time. There seemed to be some time-loss factor here and, quite likely at this time, there were other things that I was not aware of that may have happened to me. It was a little embarrassing to realize that my clothes had not come along for the ride, but it definitely was the 'me' I had become used to over the last forty years....



"...The two humanoid creatures I followed appeared to be female - or, should I say, they had all the parts that the females I'd most recently been in contact with have! All these parts appeared to be in the right places, too!

...they only wore what looked like some sort of plastic coating or very tight-fitting suit.... Their entire bodies were, head to toe, a **light blue-grey colour**. The covering certainly did not leave anything to the imagination! I remember finding this rather comforting at the time! In amongst this very strange and alien environment, they, their colour aside, were at least vaguely familiar to me. They had some other features that were unusual and of note, including a lack of noticeable hair on any part of their bodies, and a slightly disproportionately larger head and eyes than I would consider normal for a human.

"One of the entities moved toward what looked like a clear glass cabinet, indicating she wanted me to step in it. As I did so, it adjusted to my chin level. At the same time something else came down

from above, but I couldn't see it clearly.... Then, on looking down, I found that I, too, had gained a plastic body-suit or skin and taken on a blue-grey appearance. From this I deduced that my female companions may well have a skin colour similar to mine beneath their suits. Interestingly, I now had no body-hair. It was not so quite clear to me what would happen should I desire to go to the toilet - perhaps there would be no need from here on in. This later proved to be a good guess. There was no way I could know if the plastic skin covered my head as it did theirs, and there was no mirror handy. The entire suit was also impossible to feel. For all intents and purposes it wasn't there, but it gave me complete freedom of movement.

"....Although I had regained my body, there was no way I could make any sound come out. Eventually one of them made contact with me. The taller of the two somehow put the thought inside my head that, should I like to follow her, she would take me to a place where it would be more comfortable and possible for me to communicate with others of my time-span....

"....There are two ways to describe this creature who stood before me. If I were indeed dead, she might be an *angel*, albeit without wings. (Whether this meant I had gone up or down, I didn't know!) If not an angel, then what - an alien? This would be the harder of the two options to check out, I thought. After all, what should or does an alien look like? She most certainly did not look remotely like descriptions I had seen and read about in the odd magazine or Sunday paper. These sources gave descriptions of aliens that were only four feet or less in height, mostly with quite *large heads* and *huge black eyes*, hardly any nose, mouth or ears, and stick-like arms and legs. Apart from the fact she was rather small in stature, this (dare I say) beautiful creature was almost five feet tall, with alluring violet-blue eyes slightly wider apart than usual and turned up at the outside. They were almost oriental in appearance, but much, much larger, not unlike those Egyptian wall paintings. She had a fine-featured, impish face with a narrow jaw-line and small but well define mouth and lips. Her neck was rather longer than usual for her size, but it was accentuated by her sloping shoulders.

"The body suit, if that's what it was, enabled me to see a perfectly formed set of small breasts, followed by a very fine waist.... She had fine, long-fingered, five-digit hands and rather frail-looking legs, once again more in keeping with those of a young child. Her head was a bit fuller at the back, but there was not that much which could not be passed off as pure terrestrial.... I was later to learn that her appearance was not the only thing about her that was more than outstanding.

"On following her, we eventually arrived at an area that looked rather like a bowling alley. It had ten or so pathways leading off a semi-transparent floor. There was a strange resistance emanating from most of the alley-ways, but none from the last. It was at this one that we stopped.

""You may wish to link with some of your fellow beings in here," she said without actually saying anything. "I will be back in a short space of your time with some helpful instructions from my Guardian."

"....She continued on her way without looking back, leaving me somewhat stunned and standing at the junction of the path leading to the last alley-way. At no stage of my interaction with these creatures did I receive any direct order; only suggestions....

"....I did not yet fully comprehend what had happened or was still happening to me. The fact that I had been left alone in a strange place without a guard meant that either they trusted me or there was little I could do that worried them; probably the latter.

"This just had to be a dream - what else could it be?" I thought, trying to reassure myself. In the morning I'd awaken at home as usual with the family, and all I would have would be a fading memory of this crazy stuff.

"Her Guardian?" My mind was sliding back to the present situation. "Wonder what that means. Sounds a bit formal."

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Chapter 3

TRANSPORTS OF DELIGHT

"At the end of the pathway was what appeared to be a solid door.... I waited for a short time, half expecting it to open automatically. When it became obvious this was not going to happen, I began pondering my options....

"....I decided to reach out and run my hand over the door.... On doing this, I was startled to find that my hand went right through the door! Again I pondered my options. In the end I threw caution to the wind, and through the door went all of me.

"I was now in an area that was more familiar to me, in as much as the odd glasslike structures from before had been replaced by a less-translucent material, more like solid plastic than anything else. I was in a room with items of furniture that looked like tables and chairs. The only things that were strikingly different about them was their rounded, smooth appearance with no sharp corners. Even the room, if you could call it that, was circular in shape....

"....There were figures across the far side of this 'arena', and I made off towards them with a little more confidence than I displayed the last time I saw figures in the distance. In this instance, they appeared to be wearing the same sort of plastic-type bodysuit as I had been fitted with. Encouragingly, they also appeared more human in proportion than my recent escort.

"Welcome!" was the message that entered my head....

".... A woman seemed to be communicating with me. She was standing next to a table-like piece of furniture upon which was something that could only be described as a circular three-dimensional picture display....

"My name's Millie." she added.

Once again I attempted to speak, but nothing came out.

"Don't try so hard, just think it," she suggested.

"What...am...I...doing...here?" I managed to get out, so I was told.

"You're just lucky, I think," said Millie....

"...."You're aboard a **lightship**, a transporter; well it's more complicated than that," she said, but did not explain any further. "I'm here because I chose to be, and because of the length of time I have been here I can no longer go back - to Earth, that is," she added.

"What about me? Can I go back?" I asked.

"I should think so, but I'm not sure. Only the Guardian can tell you that."

"Why did you not go back?" I asked.

"I chose to stay because that is what I wanted....

"...."This Guardian fellow - who or what is it?" I asked

"Well, there's more than one, but I'm not sure how many. They run the ship, in fact. They are not only of a higher rank but they are quite different. I must warn you, Guardians are not at all like the *Mark 2 models*, as we call them - the ones you would have seen when you came aboard. They are only responsible for general duties. These **Guardians**, or **Elders**, as they are sometimes called, are very powerful but you need not fear them."

"....It's only when they come to our atmosphere (Millie continued) that you can get sucked in here. As close as I can describe it, it's a bit like being sucked into a radio signal or, in your generation, a TV signal, and then spat out into the viewing room. You were unlucky to be zapped in here on an outward trip - unless, of course, they planned it that way.... if you will look here...."

"She pointed to the three-dimensional device I'd spotted earlier.

"That small dot there is probably our Sun, and that's how I knew we were on an outward journey. I'd been following our progress just before you came in. Once we get clear of our system you'll be able to see the other side of yourself, just for a short time. Will that ever be a surprise! You'll know when it happens, believe me, but I'll let them explain what that's all about. Then we'll be close to their home base or planet. That should be a sight for you as it's your first time with us," Millie suggested....

"....How long will I have to wait 'til they come back?" I asked hesitantly.

"Well, not as long as you may think.... Was anyone expecting you? Have you family waiting?" she asked.

"....Some friends in Auckland, but I did not say exactly when I would arrive - at least I don't think so. It all seems to be a long time, like it was in some other lifetime....

"....Even though I was in the middle of this conversation with Millie, it didn't really feel like it was me who was there standing talking.... Now I'm talking to someone who's about a hundred years old and doesn't look a day over forty! Look at that viewing screen - that's out of Star Trek or beyond. I've never seen anything like it before in my life.

"Are you still with us?" Millie asked, interrupting my daydream. "As I meant to add before, **the Elders** have been experimenting with some form of genetic engineering on these *Mark 2 models* - well, they are *Mark 3* and *Mark 4*, actually. In my own way I have helped them with this, but we won't go into that now. These beings are now a lot closer to our own kind than *the Guardians model*, if I can put it like that. No doubt, all this will be explained to you in due course," she assured me.

"....Looking up, I realized we were approached by three aliens, the tallest of them looking like my female escort from earlier on. The second one was a little shorter and was male as far as I could tell. The third was smaller, much smaller, and walked ahead of the other two.

"He.... was slightly built with a roundish head and rather unusual, squinty eyes which were well-spaced and placed rather lower down his head than are our own. He had a very small mouth, but I did not notice any ears or nose. His physical appearance, however, was of almost no consequence, for I was immediately struck with an almost overpowering feeling of his presence. I cannot say it was hypnotic' if anything, the opposite. It was as if his energy was being projected and absorbed by my body.

"There is no way I could ever describe this sensations to you, using mere words. Those who have had this experience will know just what I mean!.... This was not the 'alien' I had read about or seen graphically illustrated in various magazines or papers. The size was about right - four feet in height with a slight frame - but where were the *big black eyes*? Perhaps he'd left his sunglasses at home! I joke here, but later this was to prove not too far from the mark!

"Welcome," he said....

"....I am the designated Guardian of this section.... The suit you have been given will make it possible for you to understand us, and us you."

"He must have read my mind as he entered the room, for I had just asked Millie about the suits.

"We do not speak as such, as you will have noticed by now. Sometimes a verbal sound message is necessary in long-distance communication, or if we wish to play a little with your own Earth astronauts."

"....He continued

"I will not enquire if you want to stay or return at this time. I would hope you may desire the chance

to absorb more knowledge and understanding before you make that decision. There are things we cannot tell you at this point and time. You will understand, I hope.... However, some or all of this knowledge may have to be removed from you, should you decide to leave us and return to your own planet."

"I have assigned **Zeena 5**, here, as your assistance communicator and guide until you learn to find your own way around.... You may be interested to know that Zeena 5 volunteered for this assignment...."

"He was gone, leaving Zeena behind, before all this could sink in. I never saw him again.

"Haven't we met before? I asked, enquiring only to be sure that it was Zeena who had escorted me earlier.

"Yes, more than once, but you will not remember the first time," she replied. "That was a long time ago."

"....I also wish to learn from one of your kind, so I took this opportunity to do so.... I shall show you around my second home, our transporter."

"I was hardly in a position to refuse, so I said goodbye to Millie for the moment, then turned and follow Zeena from the room.

"Have you ever tried to ask ten questions at the same time?

"....I will answer them.... " " In approximately ten of your Earth's days is the answer to the question that is in top of your mind."

"The question uppermost in my mind was, "How soon could I get back home?"

"....No sooner would a thought enter my head than Zeena was reading it. This could be very embarrassing, at least for me," I thought to myself. I was not at all sure if Zeena knew about Earthly things like embarrassment.

"And how should I feel if I were embarrassed?" she quizzed.

"Well, you'll have trouble going red in the face, I should think," was all I could think to say.

"I also had no idea if she understood our Earth-type humour. Her reaction suggested that did not.

"What did Millie mean by seeing the other side of myself? I asked....

"I don't think you would understand that one fully right now," Zeena replied.... "Suffice at this time to say that your very make-up, and the make-up of everything you can see for that matter, is split into two cycles. The **negative** or **alternate** one of these cycles is not known on Earth except by a few, and most of them work for the military. This *negative cycle* can defeat all the laws of physics as you know and understand them, and this includes time travel. Perhaps you have heard of antimatter? Your other self, the other side of you, is not much different from that concept. But you must not think that you have antimatter within you. You see, it is very difficult for me as you have not yet had the grounding in this knowledge."

"....What are these other alleyways for?" I asked.

"Yours is not the only planet we visit from time to time".... "but I cannot take you into any of those, I'm sorry."

"....Why have you come to Earth?" I kept on eagerly.

"Once again, that's a long story which I will be pleased to answer for you, but perhaps later...."

"We don't all know about these things on my planet," I replied, rather like a schoolboy who has just

been ticked off by his teacher for being inattentive in class.

"Do not suggest I have overestimated you, for once again I am sure of my facts," she continued, as if I was holding out on her.

"This was a most puzzling attitude, for surely I was not supposed to be knowledgeable in time travel. I thought it best just to leave that subject where it lay.

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Chapter 4

REST AND RECREATION

"The first stop will be your sleeping area.... I personally find an hour's synchronized meditation is enough each day. We can try that together a little later, **Zeena** added.

"We arrived at another of those doors I had trouble with early on. As we passed through it we were engulfed by a dull, red light.

"You may use that area nearest the entrance. Just inside you will see a light circle on the wall. If you touch it firmly, I shall be aware that you need my presence. Our power system prevents me from reading your thought patterns when I am out of the room."

"That's a relief!" I thought to myself.

"....I was momentarily embarrassed yet again, thinking back to the way I was looking at her when I saw her for the first time, knowing now that Zeena must have been able to read my mind at that point.

"Oh that's alright," she said, embarrassing me for a second time in as many minutes. "We are not used to it, but I think I quite like the idea that someone may actually like the shape of my body. I will have to give that some more thought."

"The sleeping area I was allotted was probably no more than two meters (seven feet) square.... I jumped up on the 'bed' and to my astonishment I found it was soft and comfortable. It seemed to be able to mould itself to my shape no matter how I sat or lay. Perhaps this trip was not going to be too bad after all!

"It was obvious their construction materials and techniques were well ahead of anything we use on Earth. Most items appeared as if they were all part of the whole, or made as one unit....

"Next stop, entertainment and recreation, as you would call it," were Zeena's words as we exited the sleeping area.

"What's that over there?" I asked, pointing to the blue light.

"An antistatic device, among other things," she said. "We pick a lot of that entering and exiting atmospheres. It is also one of our receiving antennae for energy-collecting. You may wish to spend most of your time in here," she suggested, ushering me into one of the biggest single areas I had yet seen on the transporter. She seemed keen to change the subject whenever technical material was being discussed.

"There will be others from your home planet in here, plus some of our crew who are off duty...."

"I still have a million questions, **Zeena**, but I must confess to feeling more than a little tired. Could I just rest for a while?" I asked....

"Not a problem. Is that how you say it? I will take you back to the sleep area, but first I should get some liquid for you. We are approaching transition sector and it would not do for you to go through that in a dehydrated condition....

"I was just too tired to be bothered even asking what the transition sector might be. Later, perhaps. Zeena then returned with a piece of information that quite amazed me, even in my drowsy condition.

"It has been thirty-six Earth hours since you entered our time space. For one of you type, that is quite some time without rest, is it not?"

"....It's a little longer than optimum," I replied....

"....Arriving back to my 'bed', I must have gone to sleep almost immediately.

"When I opened my eyes again, **Zeena** was sitting opposite my cubicle.

"Verva," she said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a rock," I replied.

"Curious expression," was her reply.

"How long has it been?" I added, enquiring as to the duration of my sleep.

"One half of an Earth day - twelve hours," she answered.

"What's 'verva'?" I asked.

"Oh, 'good spirit' fresh energy to you"....

"....Some more liquid replacement for you.... Com on. We have only two more of your Earth days and there is much to learn if you desire, and quite a few questions I have for you, too, before I return home."

"Zeena appeared most anxious, but how could she be more inquisitive than I? In any case, I was still reeling from awakening to find myself 'dream-bound' and not back to Earth as I expected.

"Her home!

"....About the size of the planet Mars in your system," she replied, right on cue. "But it is not in the best of health, for our sun is slowly dying and we are being roasted with radiation. We are also losing our atmosphere. We can patch that to a degree, but nor for ever."

"Doesn't sound good. What are you guys doing about it?" I asked.

"Well, we have been looking for a new home for many of your years. The best bet is still Earth, but we cannot take your gravity, among other things. That has always been the major factor, but it is also not of the right conformation for us yet. It used to be, but we are not quite like we used to be."

"Zeena.... chose not to continue."

"There is every chance that the Earth is about to change in the not-too distant future," was her revised answer.

"Change its conformation?" I enquired, startled.

"It shall [mutate to a different density level](#), as you would understand it. It's no big deal. It's happening all over, all the time," she replied.

"....It'll what?" I queried, looking at her in amazement.

"Well, that is another of those long stories I promised to tell you about. It is best we get comfortable first and you get some fluid intake."

"I don't feel at all hungry," I commented, still feeling more than a little worried about her previous statement.

"No, you should not need any solid nourishment while you are with us. We take only a little liquid now and then, drawing most of our energy from the *forces* around us with the help of our *transporter's interchanger*. That's one of the major tasks performed by the suit you are wearing." Zeena explained.

"Do you ever take them off?"

"....There is no need, except to renew, for sometimes they do get damaged....

"We entered the recreation room and headed for a side exit.

"In here," she explained, "is the nourishment room for this sector.... I would suggest the strongest of them for you right now. That would be the same as you had before your sleep period."

"She pointed to the station to the far end of a row of seats and said, "Let me show how to use it."

"As she was attending to my needs, two other crew members entered the refreshment room. I cannot be one hundred per cent sure that I was the cause of their reaction, but they took one look at me, turned, and left the room.

"The fluid was unusual: not so much the taste, which was quite sweet and left one with a rather warm feeling not unlike the after-taste of ginger-beer, but its colour was a glowing gold, almost luminescent.

"I should now start to answer some of those questions of yours," Zeena continued.

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Chapter 5

HISTORY LESSONS FROM THE FUTURE

"Now, how shall I start?" Zeena asked. "Perhaps with **the Elders**."

"Elders?" I chipped in.

"Like the Guardian you have met. They are each many hundreds of Earth years old and have a very ancient lineage. Their ancestors, who are my ancestors, are also very distant ancestors of yours; at least in part they are. Now do not interrupt!"

"....This is going to be difficult enough to explain without interruption. I will make room for questions a little later," she added. "These distant common ancestors of ours came to Earth many times, but more important to you was the visit of two million years ago, your time-scale, They were not the first [aliens] to visit. In fact, they and others have lived in an explored what you call your solar system for hundreds of millions of years.

"These travellers tidied up some earlier attempts to manufacture a species or race of humanoids on Earth, the end result being **Homo sapiens**. I will not go so far as to say these ancient ancestors of mine were solely responsible for your race, for that was indeed a joint effort of many ETs, all of whom at some time have laid claim to manufacturing your race. This is not a deliberate lie on their behalf - just a slight exaggeration of the facts....

"In many ways you have manufactured or at least fine-tuned your own race, and it continues even at this very moment. This is mistakenly called 'evolution'. 'Natural progression of the species' is a fine turn-of-phrase uttered by one of your kind's more enquiring minds some years ago. It was thought by many to explain the path of evolution, and there is an end to it. But this thinking leaves more questions unanswered than answered, for how and when did a butterfly obtain its wings? I shall not pursue this subject for there are more important things to discuss....

"....I will, however, tell you more of your own race's personal history, for it is important that you should know your own past, and that evolution as you understand it is a myth. The changes are never slow but they are always planned. Later I shall show you that nothing in this universe - past, present or future in your time-scale - is left to chance....

"....Some of my ancient **Elders** stayed with the developing race. Others moved on. From time to time there were conflicts with other ET races as to what was best for one or the other, just as there are conflicts on your planet now, among your kind. You must understand that **Earth is a very special place**. It is very beautiful and there are many who have desired to own it. I would not go so far as to say this is no longer the case, but you should always have your wits about you! Even we, although we do not wish to own it, would like to live there. But we cannot - indeed, we must not - interfere with the processes that are happening on your planet right now. That is not to say that

there are not other ET races that will not interfere, and that is why you must have your wits about you."

"Some of those processes which are occurring, or about to occur, are the direct result of that seeding by our *ancient Elders*. Even the Pyramids are ancient legacies left behind by our Elders to help you awaken when the time is right. They are very important to you, and it is from this front that progress of a most unexpected kind will manifest itself to your race in the non-too-distant future.

"All knowledge will be made available to your race in good time and in accordance with the laws of evolution. There has yet to be a force artificially manufactured in any universe that my people know of that is more powerful or wiser than this natural law. Trust me when I say this, for my race knows well the cost of interfering with the laws of evolution. We would warn your own people, if only those in control would listen. Alas, that approach appears to have fallen on deaf ears, so we shall now attempt to pass on the message in a different way.

"There was indeed a time upon your planet, not so long ago in the content of this history lesson, when a 'force' came down upon it and did in fact claim it [the Earth] and all upon it as its own. That force - and I know you still find this difficult to accept, Alec [Zeena used my name for the first time] - that force is still among you. It is indeed now a part of all of you, so I suppose you could say it still does own the planet in some way.

"After this force won your planet, it realized it would have a continuous fight on its hands, for you were not as you are now. You were well on your way to enlightenment, with a very strong spiritual base. You were actually almost as strong as this force itself. It had to trick you in order to master you, and while you were down it altered your make-up, your very structure; your **DNA**, in fact. It crippled you and stunted you, and set you back many thousands of years. It made you in what you are today, which is only a portion of the greatness you can be, for you have not yet even fully recovered. And if that force has its way, you never will!

"That force is known to most as the 'force of darkness' for it is indeed the enemy of enlightenment.... It is in the air that you breathe and everywhere about you. It has aligned itself to the planet and you. It beats to the pulse of your very planet, for you and the Earth are one and the same....

"....Unfortunately, most of your kind fight the natural forces of your wondrous planet. By this I mean you bend them, even break them, to fit your needs. It need not be this way. All is not lost; it just needs to be recalled.... It is not just Earth planet you are violating as you bend and break Nature in your whims of fancy, for all of all is connected. This is really very basic knowledge. It has been ignored because it suits those who could play with power to ignore it. We and others are benevolent to your race, as we all are connected, but soon something must be done before your play does meaningful harm to us all!

"....The dark force vibrates at a level that is compatible with your brain-wave patterns. This much you should already know, but others of your kind have kept it from you.

"....As you find with all afflictions, they are easier to contend with if you understand them.... Please interject from here on if you do not understand some point, for we do consider the following to be most important

"Some on your planet have aligned themselves with this 'force'. Note I have said 'aligned' and not 'allied', for there is a difference.... They have gained much power from the force, and some are even foolish enough to think they have it under control. This is naive, of course, as **the force or alien entity** is feeding off these people or, rather, feeding off the conflicts these people create in their bid for wealth and power. As long as it suits the **dark force** this shall continue, for the 'fear' emotion is what it lives off.

(Zeena continues)

"The easiest way to defeat this force is to remove fear from your societies. This will, in effect, starve

it out. It will then go elsewhere, looking for easier prey. You see, your human race is one of the very few that lives with this most unusual thing called 'emotion', which is why the force came here in the first place. We, too, had emotions once, so I am told, and some are saying we can now experience them again, thanks to the new breeding program we are experimenting with....

"You will find some of your kind are trying very hard to harness this most dangerous force. Unfortunately, they do not fully understand that it is an entity in its own right and that this is a very dangerous mistake to be making. They think they are playing and that they are winning this game. We have tried to warn your people more than once in the past, but no heed has been taken....

"The worry we have is that your planet breathes with you, in harmony even with your thoughts. To attack the people by using the force in this way is to attack the planet. Be it on your heads if you invoke the wrath of your planet. There would be little or nothing we could do for your people should that happen. Perhaps you can help us with this message. We have an idea to put to you, but that shall keep until another time....

"Your societies, right from the very beginning, have engineered fear into your lives. Most of it is an artificial fear of society itself; in other words, you fear your very own laws. Your high priests from long ago shouted down to the common masses, describing what wraths would be set upon them if they did so much as dare to cross the all-mighty gods of their time. Forgive me if I make what you call a 'joke' of this, for these all-mighty gods they describe were people like me or the Guardian, whom you have met. Do you fear me, Alec, from where you stand?"

"....I feel no fear," was my answer.

"So you see how your masses were manipulated in our absence by those who would gain from it?" she asked again.

"I can see how a lie can fool the uneducated," was my reply.

"And you think your people are better educated on this subject today?" she asked once more.

"If you ask what we know of *God*, then perhaps not," I replied.

"Exactly my point.... "And so the intimidation goes on, only you have a hundredfold the number of laws today. These are not the laws of Nature, however, just of your manipulators who in turn have been manipulated by the force.

"The laws of Nature you break every day as you drive to work in your disgusting machines. It is even more curious to us that you all know these things and you continue to allow them just the same. Why is there not a law against it in your society? Does pollution not kill? Are your people so blind they could not see what would happen with the proliferation of these strange machines?....

"You will perhaps tolerate our confusion, though, when we fail to understand what we have observed in your so-called Western societies in which thousands of your money are spent to save but one life, while millions of your kind die in other far areas for the sake of small amounts of this money. Are you not all one people of the same flesh and blood? For this question, we ourselves do not have such an answer....

"My own people sometimes embarrass and confuse me. No, I have no answer to that question." I replied.

"Very well. Please take this question home with you to put to others, for we also find this most confusing....

"....I have since duly completed that request.

"Zeena had some encouraging news. She suggested that the force would soon feel the weight of an *invasion from above*, and there would be battles fought at **sea** and **underwater**, and also in the **skies** high above. Most would know little about these events, except those caught within the by-products of the battles. By this she meant that the Earth would experience storms of gathering intensity, and where these storms would once have been confined to the vortex points of our globe (the western Atlantic-Bermuda area and the western Pacific, south-east of Japan) they would now appear randomly **all over our planet**. She did not say who or what might be behind these battles or be the cause of them. However, when the way is clear and some portion of the fear has been

removed, we may indeed see other races of the cosmos openly visiting and interacting with us here on Earth!

"...Being a sailor," she said, suggesting I watched the weather, you will know what to look for. Trust in your instincts."

This is all she was prepared to say on the subject.

(Zeena continues)

"Your race is nearly strong enough to fight back and win its rightful place in this galaxy of ours. We will help you and your planet to do great things again, for we love all life. Even the dark force is a form of life and we must and do respect it. Do you understand, Alec? This is very important."

"...Yes, I do. But how do we fight this force if we cannot see it or know where it is?" I asked.

"It is within your very *soul*. You fight it with **knowledge** and **understanding**. But only each and every one of your kind can help yourselves. Nevertheless, to know that it exists is half the battle, and you can pass on this knowledge to all who should care to listen.... It is an unfortunate fact that the ones upon your planet who truly understand what a great hold this force known to you as fear has over your people are the very ones who are using it against you, and always have. They only understand its power, not its reason for being. That is why we have chosen this time to explain to you and others of your kind what we are here for.... We also understand that there will be some among you who will resent this knowledge being made available and will do their best to belittle and downplay its importance to your race.

"We may also need things from your planet. Call it a trade if you like, but I would prefer to use the word '**coevolution**'. We both can grow. We both need to change. We can truly become great friends once you learn to break free.... you, Alec are part of this very special event that will happen, as many others. You will find them and they will find you. Just let it be known that you are a child of the light, whenever you feel the time is right....

"Her narrations had brought up more questions than answers, and quite frankly I did not know where to begin.... it was as if I had always known it was so! For that reason you may think my next question out of place.

"The thing that worries me the most," I replied, "is your earlier comment before this lesson began, about the Earth 'mutating' into something. Where will that leave us, the people?"

"You have no fears there. It will be you, the people, who help the Earth to transform. You will already have passed over the next level of density, or be in the act of doing so, which in actual fact is evolution - true evolution, as it just so happens; not the form of change that you may have associated with that word in the past. I am sorry, here, because there has not yet been time to ground you in that knowledge. The Earth, too, will evolve along these same lines, and that is what I meant by '**mutate**'. I am sorry for the use of that word if it has caused you concern," Zeena quickly replied.

"...What happened to those early ancestors - the ones who stayed on Earth, the ones who helped us in the past?"

"Some of them eventually interbred with your kind, although there was resistance to this initially. The offspring of these unions became our common ancestors. All who were pure of our blood eventually died of an unknown illness or left the planet. Their life-span should have been many hundreds, perhaps even thousands of your years. Some say they simply died of premature ageing. There are many possible reasons why this may have occurred, but it is not necessary for us to discuss that now. The few who escaped this fate and left Earth are now lost to us; where they may have gone my people do not know, for that was indeed a long time ago. But while we are on the subject of interbreeding, there are a few questions I would like to ask of you if I may," Zeena requested.

Her first question took me a little by surprise.

"Have you bred on your home planet?"

"That's an interesting question," was my startled reply. "By breed I suppose you mean have I any children of my own?"

"I couldn't believe she didn't already know the answer to that question. Perhaps she was just being polite.

"Yes," she said

"Well, I have a son who is fourteen years old and is fit and healthy. He doesn't appear to have many problems....

"....I was in the process of leaving my family unit permanently when you guys zapped me up here!" I replied. "Don't ask why. It's very complicated, and I'm not sure I know the answer anyway."

"This breeding process, in the form you Homo sapiens use, I have studied as much as I can from our records, but there is still much I want to know. I have been selected for a modified reproduce process when I return to my home planet. We as people are running out of time to develop offspring which could survive on any other planet apart from our own without life-support systems. By this I mean we have not yet found another world that is compatible with our specific and rather unique needs. I may be able to elaborate on this point a little later. For now it is enough to say we have few options and may have to adjust to new environments such as planet Earth - which we still like to call our second home, even though we are far removed from being able to live there full time....

"Our planet is rather full already," I commented....

"In spite of what I had already witnessed and been party to, I was in no way prepared for her reply to my statement.

"Oh we have already had communication with Earth governors on that subject; since the 1950s, in fact. They know of our desire and need. We have even made a trade, as you might call it. I cannot elaborate on this at this time. But not everyone has lived up to their agreements since then."

"Why does nobody know of this on Earth?" I asked, my eyes wide open.

"....What did the governors say when you said you would like to return to Earth at some time in the near future?" I asked.

"All they wanted were the 'lollies'."

"....There are not many of us," Zeena continued. "Fifteen million is but a small total, is it not, among your billions?"

"....At this point in time there are still some important things that we must physically do here on Earth: some repair work, as it were; a legacy from the past which I am not permitted to discuss at this time.... This is no small thing.... Time is short, for next will come the changes - your awakening."

"She answered my question before I could ask it. There was not much I could do but sit in silent amazement.

"You must realize," she continued, as I couldn't think of any worthwhile thing to ask, "that we are quite a primitive race compared to other extraterrestrials that may communicate with Earth people from time to time. That is one of the reasons we are so attracted to Earth and to you as a race. We feel a real kindred or bonding for your people. We also think Earth is a most beautiful place."

"Where would you like to live on Earth if you had a choice?" I asked.

"We have an area that we call our own."

"**Zeena** explained to me that they are already using an underwater base in the general area of this land that has been set aside for them, although she would go no further in describing where that might be.

"She was then called away, promising to return as soon as possible to continue our conversation.

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Chapter 6

SUITS AND SUITABILITY

"....My initial shock from that first encounter had now passed and slowly my mind was beginning to function.

"....All about me there were things well worth my trying to remember, but, if I were only going to take note of the overall picture or concept, these important details might be lost to me later.

"Just how big is this thing?" was a question that had been in my mind since arrival, so I decided to try to work out some form of scale for the whole apparatus.

"I paced out the main recreation room as it was the largest single area I had been able to get into after my initial induction. If only I could remember these measurements and those of other rooms I was allowed to use, I thought that later I might be able to construct a map or plan of the layout - and who knows what I could learn from that!

"The areas were constructed in such a way that the curved walls and unusual, defused lighting made size rather difficult to estimate using sight alone. Back then I had no idea just what material was used to construct these rather strange-looking walls, but I noticed there was a honeycomb-type pattern deep within them. I was also puzzled by the fluorescent blue-white light that was emitted by these same walls and the domed ceiling, for it seemed to have no direct source.

"I paced 62 strides of approximately one meter's length in a set direction. The room appeared to be circular, but just in case I also paced out the direction perpendicular to it. To my surprise this was as near as possible to 90 to paces. So, in reality, the room was an oval shape. But this did not help me to estimate any overall size as there was far more to this 'machine' than the room where I was currently standing. Still, it was a start.

"The entry portal - the area where I had first 'materialized' - would be bigger yet, I thought, and I made a mental note of its approximate direction in relation to the recreation room. There was also the spiral aspect, which suggested more than one layer or deck. However, it is possible that this latter aspect was an illusion, for curiously enough I do not recall a lift or any other mechanical means of getting up or down or from one area to another. Yet I still feel that more than one level was involved here.

"There was gravity, but it was not great. It also appeared to fluctuate. There were times when solid objects, such as the walls and even my body, appeared to be very *translucent*. They would take on a glow and become transparent. When this happened, they flashed all the colours of the rainbow and were almost entirely lost to view before coming back into what I would call focus! These periods seemed to come in waves or pulses, and usually at the same time as the gravity fluctuations....

"....At one end of the recreation room was a large version of the three-dimensional device I had seen earlier when I met Millie. On asking, I was told it would show pictures from outside the ship upon leaving and approaching various planets; at other times, images of the home planet or various things of interest....

"....There were devices that I was able to use more easily, however. These were more like a one-on-one type of personal device with no screen, and seemed to be capable of projecting a picture or imagery right into my head in 3D. I was able to hear or interpret this system very well. While I've not had the opportunity to use terrestrial virtual reality projectors, I should think that they

would be lucky to come anywhere near these devices I was using.

"....I made my way back to the 'bowling alley' area. It fascinated me probably all the more because **Zeena** would not discuss its function in any detail. I took courage in both hands and decided to have a little wander into forbidden territory....

"....The first alleyway I chose to try was furthest from my own, simply because that's the way I operate or think.... The slight repulsion or force that I'd felt when walked past this point on other occasions soon became so strong that I was unable to proceed further than half the distance along the passageway. I then realized why I had not seen any locking devices on entranceway doors. Perhaps they were not quite as trusting as I'd first thought!

"Using little logical deduction, I concluded that if the resistance was highest at this end of the alleyways - and it did appear that there was a variation in the resistance levels - then perhaps I should try to effect entry into one of the doorways closer to my designated one. It was a long shot but worth a try. I made it right up to the door this time, although it was akin to walking up an icy slope. Getting to the door was only half of it, though, for I could not pass through it as I'd hoped. It was as solid as you would normally expect a door to be.

"Thwarted, I decided to return to my own reserved area, for I still had many questions to ask, if I could find anyone to put them to....

"....Have you ever tried to look at yourself all over without a mirror? There was nothing that even remotely resembled such a thing around the transporter. In fact, I could not find one reflecting surface, so for the facial examination I had to make do with looking at others and asking **Zeena**.

"As far as the body suit was concerned, from personal examination I found it to have a neat, even fit, just like a second skin. There was no way I could separate from my own skin. The strangest thing about it was that I could not actually feel it at all.

"One thing that I discovered about it, by accident at first, was that if I gave my leg a sharp slap with my hand, this would generate little sparks. I could achieve the same by clapping my hands. Mind you it had to be done very hard. I rubbed my hands on other surfaces to see if this would have any effect on the suit, but I was not able to damage it in any way.

"As close as I can describe the texture, apart from it being like a second skin, it was perhaps similar to Teflon, a very smooth, even substance. The fingertips, however, did seem to be ribbed ever so slightly. Whether this was some form of reinforcement or just to aid one's grip. I could not say.

"The facial covering was of great wonder to me as it did not cover the eyes, or, if it did, it was transparent. It did not cover the mouth, nose or ears. As far as the eyes went, it covered the eyelids in detail all around the eyes but left the eyeballs untouched. I don't know how this was done, for the covering showed no sign of peeling or delaminating that I could see. The same was true of the mouth, but the covering over the lips stopped just inside it. I still have a mark or dividing line on my lips which shows up from time to time, even after many years - such was the ferocious radiation from their sun. Another notable factor was that the suit completely covered the lower orifices, as the body did not need to excrete waste products in the usual way. However, the suits could be removed if necessary, but only for limited periods of time and under controlled conditions....

"....The suits not only supplied nourishment for the body through an energy-transfer link with their collection devices, but, in reverse transference, conducted body wastes away as well. A by-product of this transference was the instant dissolving of body hair, hence the loss of all hair upon being fitted with a suit.

"**Zeena** nonchalantly informed me that my fingernails and toenails would eventually dissolve, too, if I should stay with them for any length of time. Indeed, she herself did not have any fingernails.

(As an aside, it seems that my own nails are now much thinner than they used to be, and will probably ever grow back to their thickness of yesteryear!)

"Upon her return from duty, Zeena was kin to continue her explanation of what they were doing and were about to do on the new breeding program, and why it had become such a priority for the people. In order for me to understand, or at least try to understand fully, another lesson was apparently necessary....

"....For you to understand the problems that we have, it is best that I tell you a little more about the world you live in. Some of this will be hard to understand, but some other aspects will ring a bell when you start to look at them in a different light," said Zeena, who was sitting opposite my sleeping cubicle.

I had just finished another small nap to make up for my forty-hour marathon without sleep.

"You will remember some time ago I promised to tell you about the other side of yourself," Zeena continued. "This concerns the cycle of the atom, the part that is still little understood by your people, or, should I say, not yet fully understood by them. When this is understood, a whole new dimension, or dimensions, will open up for you; for in this instant of time between the pulses of atoms lies a world within worlds. They are in fact parallel dimensions to your own - at least to the one where most of you live your 'now'. These dimensions are so close to your real 'now' that you can slip in and out of them without even knowing you have done so! There are sometimes little clues that tell you what has just happened. This *dimension-slipping* has been going on since you first walked on Earth, only now it is becoming more common to your people. It can happen almost every day to some, but they are basically unaware of it. This is happening because you are awakening in your true selves.

"You are close to a major dimension-leap, the like of which you have never before experienced; a leap that will bring you closer to my people. This is what we have all been waiting for! How many times have you searched for something in a room and could not find it? You go back some time later and there it is, right in front of your nose, there is no way you could have missed it when you searched. You see, you are not always where you think you are. The trick is to be fully conscious when you make these mini-leaps and be aware of where you have gone. You will be very surprised, I think. It is a place not far from there that you will find us.

"We basically come from your future. It does not matter if it is six minutes into your future or six years, if you can get to one, you can get to the other. But, for us, it is not as simple as that, for we also come from another dimension; not quite the one you will shift into, but close. So we are what you would call dimensional time-travellers....

"....We, myself and others like me - are in fact a *whole new race*, or, to be more accurate, a newly reconstituted race. Further modifications are still required before we can achieve our goals as a people. This is one of the reasons for our travel to your time zone, and, indeed, the reason for others being here who are also experimenting with their biological make-up, although they have far different goals behind their experimentation than we do.

"The reason behind so many abductions occurring on your planet over the last few years of your time is that is the last chance for our race - and races of **ETs** with problems similar to ours - to interact with you as a race before you change to a form that will no longer be of use to us. Yes, it is that close! My own surrogate mother was of your time and race; in fact, you have met her."

"Millie?" I enquired.

"Yes," she said.

"I wondered about that because of something she'd said earlier," I replied.

"We could go further back in time, but it is this now that we need. I will not complicate matters by trying to explain that; we could be here for many more days. My race still has a problem to overcome. We must breed a race with stronger limbs and oxygen-processing units."

"Lungs?" I enquired again.

"Yes. We have been using a mixture of your species' **DNA** and **chromosomes**, along with our own. Our blood used to be very similar to yours, and still is, with a little modification, although we really only have one type as you would know it; well, but they are both very much like your A-negative. We

can modify most things, but what it adds up to is that we are not going to go looking for problems: we already have enough of them....

"....I cannot begin to explain the complications we have had. It has stretched our technology to its limits and beyond. The end result is what you see before you now. I may look good to you, but I still could not live on your planet without our technology to help me constantly. The bottom line is that the process has been too slow, and up to now has not done the job. At the present rate, it may take more time than we have to spare on our crippled planet! We now need to start taking some risks to speed up the process.

"What kind of risk?" I asked.

"Well, up until now we have been more concerned with preserving our mind-generated energy distribution abilities - which I don't expect you to comprehend just yet - but now we need to concentrate on the physical aspects, the strength and endurance, even if we lose a little of the other abilities."

"Become more like us?" I chimed in again.

"Yes, we must," Zeena replied. "We already have, as you noticed earlier," she said, with what almost appeared to be a smile on her face....

"....Now there needs to be a **step** - a big one - even further down the road. There is a chance for me to become part of that step.... That is why I wish to ask you more questions about your breeding processes; procreation - would that be a better word for it?"

"You would be surprised at some of the words we use for it," I replied. "Even I don't know where some of them come from."

"I understand it is most primitive and basic in its natural form. It is possible that I may be able to be fertilized and to carry the foetus almost full term within me. That may not sound much to you, but no female of our race has carried a child within her for many hundreds of thousands of years. The artificial methods we have been using are too slow and hard to change. They may even be impossible to use if we settle on a planet like your Earth.

"I have been designed to take the place of what you would call a synthetic birth process. There has been quite some progress just lately. Even a hundred years ago, your time, one of our type could not have interacted with your species on this level. That is how much we have evolved in different directions since the early colonists left your planet. Now we find it necessary to take a step in another direction.

"I noted how she diplomatically skirted the suggestion that they might be going backwards on the evolutionary tree....

"....My mind went back to Millie for a few moments. There were some most unusual coincidences about her and me, and I now knew her direct connection with Zeena. I wondered if my being here had anything to do with that. Millie was exactly forty years old when she arrived on board the transporter - the same age I was at the time of my induction. She told me she had feared for her life moments before being brought aboard.

"Millie's life has been more adventurous than mine, but we both liked to be different, unconventional. We were both born out in the country, far away from the city with all its pollutants, and we both had one younger sibling of the same sex. Perhaps the most unusual thing was our *strong German ancestry*, which might suggest common bloodlines or relations. Even our parents were similar in that they were not blessed with large amounts of money. Neither of us has smoked, nor consumed alcohol but for small quantities.

"This was all part of history now; not that it really mattered. Were there too many coincidences? I later wondered if Millie's blood type was A-negative...

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Chapter 7

PYRAMIDS OF LIGHT

"Zeena suggested I concentrate on the issue at hand.

"My knowledge of terrestrial artificial insemination is almost zero," I admitted.... "but I do know a little about the other kind. Just ask me what you want to know."

"....We have tried artificially inseminating several of your females. The results, as I have said, are before you now. I and others like me, whom you may have seen around the transporter, are only a means to an end, we hope. Now it is the deemed time to try the alternative method. I volunteered, for it is a tremendous chance for me to help my kind," Zeena concluded.

"You are very brave," I replied.

"I fear more for my race if this does not work! I have asked enough of you for now, and I thank you for that information which shall be of assistance at some later date," she said, after it was obvious there was nothing left for me to add on the subject.

"I am on duty again soon, but I shall introduce you to some of the crew members who are not. You may be able to get some more answers to your questions," she said.

"Very little information was forthcoming from these sources. However, what I did managed to find out was big news for me and caused me much unrest and consternation.

"I now put this information to *our great world leaders and keepers of the faith*, but if they already know about this (**that I now realize they have known about it all along**), they should hang their heads low in shame!

"Electromagnetic energy naturally surrounds and permeates most planets, including our Earth and the planet I was about to visit. This energy can be used as an endless, inexhaustible power source which is very cheap to access. In the case of my newfound friends, it has been their power source for many thousands or perhaps even millions of years. This energy can be tapped in the simplest of ways with technology we have right here on planet Earth **now**. Indeed UFOs use this energy source to power their craft when they visit Earth! It is so prevalent that our bodies pick it up unintentionally....

"....This **power source** does not require generators as we know them; hence nuclear, hydro, coal and oil power generators or stations could be dispensed almost overnight. It appears there is no need for wires to transmit this power, for each user could have its own inexpensive receiver, similar perhaps to a radio or a TV. In total the costs would be minimal.

"The question is, why aren't we tapping into this power source right now? The right sort of people knew about this back in 1940 - well, in 1900, if you really want to get accurate in reference to scientist [Nikola Tesla](#). There should never be, and should never have been, a power shortage on this planet.

"The disgust I have with some of my fellow human in powerful positions is the main reason why I did not and I will not cooperate with the planetary establishment when questioned about my experience. I simply do not trust them in any way with any information on any subject, let alone with what I may have picked up in my travels!

"Now on to more agreeable subjects. There was an aspect of this interaction that really confused me. If these **ETs** were of a different dimension or vibrational plane, how was it possible for me to be interacting with them right now? This was one of the first questions I put to Zeena on her return.

"She suggested I should ingest more fluid.... the fluid intake was obviously a most important factor. In any case, I was ingesting a thinner mix by this time. While taking it in, Zeena explained how this multidimensional interaction could take place.

"Our vibrational plane is a little higher than yours. There is really not that much difference. Soon there should be none, as we attempt to change our base vibration. Perhaps you could compare it to

air and water on your planet. If, for example, you were the water and we were the air, by heating the water you can produce steam or water vapor. This gaseous substance can then mix with the air about it on more or less an even basis, as you are now doing with us. Some people on your planet may even be able to perceive us in our 'original' form, but we are now of much denser substance than we used to be, although we would still most likely appear as wisps of smoke or as *ghosts* [as I had seen upon my induction to the transporter]. When we first brought you here, we had to modify you to make you a little more like us. What you are now is a possible future you. Do you understand so far?" Asked Zeena.

"Yes, very well; our race could change, become less dense," I replied.

"You will not have remembered the process of transformation. You could not. You would just have perceived that at one moment you did not have a body, and the next moment you did. The whole process just takes over twenty-four hours....

"....Why me?" I asked.

"That is not for me to say. Perhaps you will be able to answer your question by the time you leave us, for you still have much to learn. Leaving may not be what you ultimately desire after you are fully versed in your selected role here with us....

"....These colonists, the ones way back in our past - how much do you know about them?....

"....A little," she replied. "I studied their history as part of the breeding program I have volunteered for. We are not quite like some of the other ETs whom your people have been interacting with. We do not have a *central knowledge pool* or *collective intelligence* to call on. I told you earlier we are just a little primitive compared to some.

"....The point of first landing and colonization was very carefully selected, for there were other alien influences on Earth at that time. There always have been. They picked a somewhat remote area, not at all fashionable at the time. It still is not. No, it would not be prudent for me to say where this might have been, in light of recent developments. They did interact with native tribes in due course, but that was much later, as was travel to other parts of the Earth.

"Egypt?" I suggested, remembering her earlier reference to the pyramids.

"The **Mediterranean** and **North Africa** were places quite popular with early visitors, yes," she replied. "It is interesting to see how the people of that area worshipped our ancestors long after they had moved on."

"In what way?" I asked.

"It is understandable, I suppose," Zeena replied. "Our early explorers had a life-span seven or eight times as long as your average native people of that time who simply thought them immortal. They were *gods*, or so they must have appeared to your primitive tribes. If I know our early explorers, they would have played up to that title just a bit, as well," she said with a half grin.

"We, or they, left a blueprint or model upon which to base your later ascension - and by that I mean all aspects of ascension - **physical** and **spiritual**, as you would understand it - plus technology for space time dimensional travel, but your people seem to have *overlooked* it. Perhaps they think they could do better. It is taking a while for this 'better' idea to come to pass, though."

"What model?" I excitedly asked.

"The pyramids! They could hardly be more obvious, could they? Some of our opposition sure did a good job closing you Earth people down, I think," she added.

"How do you mean, time or space travel? What's this got to do with pyramids?" I asked.

"Well, you are in one now," she replied nonchalantly.

"My jaw almost hit the ground.

"Why do you think the ancient Egyptians were so keen to try to build copies, and Pharaohs so keen to call them their own. They knew the connection with time and what they believed to be immortality. They also knew our people could travel off to far-distant lands in them and they thought the Pharaohs might be able to do the same. Some of the early Pharaohs were very closely related to our people and knew the secrets the pyramids could teach them about life."

"I'm in a pyramid?" I had to make sure I had this right.

"Yes, well, not exactly, but it will become one when we stop moving," Zeena hinted....

"Our transporters can change shape when we need to gather energy from a planet, whether it be Earth or any other," she continued. "The pyramid is by far the most efficient shape to do this with, and a cone is another shape we can use if we wish. What happens if you spin a pyramid very fast? Does it not look like a cone? If you spin it even faster it will flatten out in appearance like a disc. Spin it faster still, and a thin line will appear, then it is gone from your perception. Does that not sound familiar?"

"Do you remember a dunce's hat? A witch's or wizard's hat? How long your people's memories are, but never for the right principle! Yes, **you people have had the knowledge**. You just choose not to remember. That is one of the reasons you are here, Alec, so we may remind you. Wait until we get to **Haven**. I will show you many pyramids, all of which are houses of great light and learning. You will never look at life in the same way again, I can promise you.

"This turned out to be an accurate prediction!"

"Haven?" I enquired. "What's that?"

"Oh, I am sorry. I have not yet introduced you to a dear old friend, **Haven**, light of my life - our home planet! You would have seen it on the knowledge viewer. Perhaps it was referred to as '*Nirvana*'. Sometimes the language mix is confusing even for us."

"...Zeena was indeed becoming more than a tutor as we discussed more and more personal things between us. Her desire to know the Earthly way of life was just as keen as my desire to know of hers. The family unit was of most interest to her because they have no real parents on Haven. Their early life is as adopted children. Now, there's nothing wrong with this as such, but even those on Earth have a desire to seek out their real parents at some stage in their lives. With Zeena, this was not possible because a machine was responsible for her birth!

"I explained to her that even with a close association with one's children they were still capable of surprising you with their abilities....

"...**Zeena**, however, had cause for concern. She might well become the first real mother their race has seen for many thousands of years.

"Her interest was also in the relationship of marriage. I tried to explain it but found to my surprise that it was difficult to put into words.... Yet I felt that Zeena loved all with a gentleness that we could not understand or even live up to....

"...I moved the topic back to that of Haven and her childhood. It was amazing to find that she could remember back to almost her first days. As is usual practice, *Haven children* are given out to their foster homes when they are approximately one year old, by which time they can communicate reasonable well and are just starting to levitate!

"I think that is why our growing stations want to get rid of us," she said with a smile on her face, "and is perhaps the most trying time for our new families as well."

"Zeena's foster parents lived right on the water's edge, next to one of the three large seas. Her love for the water was evident by the stories she told of her early years there. They hadn't developed sailing boats on **Haven** because with their mind power, they didn't need to make use of the wind, but Zeena had played around in boats of their own design right through her growing years. Even now she loved to sit out on the water during days of stillness, just to clear her mind.

"I knew exactly what she meant, having done the same thing numerous times myself. A spark was lit within me, perhaps we were not so different after all! I then told her of my early years and how I'd developed a passion for sailing.

"Zeena spoke about their schooling, which was more an individual type of tutoring, or at least it was in small groups of about four. The same tutor or tutors stay with them for many years. Their school years number about thirty, but learning as on Earth goes on all throughout their lives. Their knowledge span is immense.

"Her family unit included a brother of approximately the same age, and a slightly older sister whom I never met because she was stationed on another transporter which was not due back until long after my own return to Earth....

"...Before I could ask any more questions, **Zeena** had a request of her own.

"We would very much like to conduct several tests, but these must be done with your full cooperation. If you have any doubts or queries, we will be pleased to explain. There is no pressure here - you must know this.

"There are wave patterns within you which we would like to monitor. These are similar to what you may understand as brainwaves. Also, mitosis cell division counts are important to us at this time in our studies. Yours are of particular interest, and we would wish to see if there has been any variation in these counts since you have been with us in your altered state. There would be no danger involved with any of these tests and they would be of tremendous help to us in our research."

"Well...okay," I said rather hesitantly, my mind going back to all the worst sci-fi movies I had ever seen.

"As it turned out, my fears were ill-founded. All I had to do was sit in a special chair which was fitted with a wraparound headrest.

"Their technicians commenced the procedure and positioned the headrest. It was tight-fitting around the head and came well forward just above my ears. They then proceeded to show me a range of flashing pictures. I have no memory of what they were about, or whether they were projected onto a screen or placed directly in my head. How long this went on, I do not know. I'm not sure if they took a blood sample, but they did put one of my fingers into a tube-like affair for a time while the pictures were being shown.

(I've included another note about these tests in [Appendix 1.](#))

"Zeena did not discuss the outcome of these tests, other than to say that **the Elders** would judge the results. She said she would pass on anything of interest that came out of them at some later date.

"In any case, our subsequent discussions were to have a dramatic effect on both our lives in the not-too distant future!

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Chapter 8

A WORLD BETWEEN DIMENSIONS

"...I regarded receiving each new update as a compliment, for it must have meant either they trusted me or consider I was intelligent enough to assimilate this material.

"This next update seemed to suggest the reasons for their interest in the Earth were far more complex than I was led to believe in the beginning.

"**Zeena** seemed to have a confession to make - not that she worked it as such. She suggested that if I made myself comfortable once again she would tell me a story of foolish endeavor.

"First she asked me to recall the recent explanation of the differences between my original vibrational plane and theirs, and how that level **had been raised** so that I could interact with them

on an equal level.

"That is only half of what we can do," she explained. "There was a time, you see, a long time ago, when a group of very restless people wanted more than they had. They were very intelligent for their age and evolutionary development. They soon mastered the art of space travel in its basic concept. That was easy for them, but they wanted more.

"They were also keen to master [the art of time travel](#), but to master that art in the form they wanted required that they alter something about themselves. Indeed, this 'something' was their actual physical make-up, their vibrational energy. This change would have come naturally with time had they waited for it, but these people were impatient in the extreme. They decided they would force the change artificially. What I am saying here is they were about to force the pace of evolution synthetically - something that had possibly never been done before in the history of their universe. As it turned out, there were very good reasons why others had not attempted this feat. However, at this point in their development they were confident in their wisdom that they could achieve this goal."

"...Events were set in motion to achieve this goal," **Zeena** continued. "Once started, they could not be stopped. The situation could be compared in a very simplistic way to set a large boulder in motion atop a very steep mountain slope. Forces were involved here that might describe as awesome and yet at the same time microscopically subtle.

"What they were trying to do was change their very reality, their plane of existence. They wanted to change from what you currently know as a three-dimensional hard-interface reality into the fourth or next higher dimension! This next reality is in fact only very slightly different from your own, but it is a softer, airier plane where objects can intermix more easily. There is not so much of your world's hard-line boundaries, especially as far as body form is concerned. Also, time can be stretched more easily in this domain. By this I mean that time travel is less harsh on biological entities and is achieved with fewer of the nasty *side-effects* your people are about to have to contend with.

"This people knew all this before they attempted conversion. Alas, premature conversion of non - biological entities had side-effects they had not foreseen and are paying for to this very day!

"As I mentioned before, these people were very advanced technically, and they did indeed succeed in transmuting themselves out of their three-dimensional reality. There was more to it than that, however, for they also needed a place to live - a planet that vibrated in a like resonance to themselves. It was not beyond them technically to alter their existing planet, and this is what they set about doing.

"To keep harmony and balance in their solar system they decided that the sun would need to be subtly changed, but their wisdom was not so great as to realize the sum total of the effects upon their old system when they projected themselves out of it and into other realms of existence. They envisaged that just the shadow or non-physical portion of their planet would be projected into this new domain, but this was not what ultimately happened....

"...Their main problem was that they did not quite get over to the fourth or next balanced dimensional plane - at least not the one where natural evolution would have sent them. They became **trapped** in a halfway house - call it dimension 3.5. They had now solved their time-travel problems, but at what costs? They could not interact with other life-forms as they used to, and they were now living in a world or density occupied by no one. For some reason this meant that *natural evolution passed them by*. They **stopped evolving**, and could only watch as other groups and races changed densities and evolved about them....

"...The artificial change in the density level of their planet had somehow caused an imbalance in the rate of energy their sun was receiving from other sources. This in turn accelerated the sun's rate of decline, making it age much faster than it should have. They were now trapped in their *custom-designed* planet with a sun that was going out on them, and it appeared that there was nowhere for them to go!

"Then someone remembered a beautiful planet far off in a distant part of the cosmos which they could access using their time-travel technology. This planet was not yet in fourth-dimensional resonance, but from their studies they believed it was soon to become so. It was a planet whose people were not that far removed from themselves, thanks to their early explorers' tinkering with genetics. Yes, they had travelled to that planet in the distant past.

"So they came up with a great plan. What if they could backtrack their evolutionary cycle just a little and retrace their steps? What if they could reintroduce into their population some of this **original DNA**? These genes were seeded upon this planet by ancient explorers who at that time had not gone through the dimensional changes that now dogged their race. These genetic blueprints were still carried by some of the natives on that special planet called **Terra**. If they could mix the old with the new and deprogram themselves in some way, then there was a chance they could survive on the planet long enough to be there when the expected evolutionary leap occurred - a leap that would take them where they'd wanted to go many long years before.

"You will know by now that this is my very own people I am discussing here," Zeena suggested. "It is our dream, our goal; but we would need the help, understanding and cooperation of your people before we could even achieve it, Alec!

"I did not know if the last part of Zeena's story was asking a question or presenting a plea. If it were either, there was very little that I, one solitary citizen from planet Earth out of a population of some 5.5 billion or so, could do to help the cause, except perhaps present their case to you in an am-biased manner. If, at some later date, you were to encounter this very same topic and had a chance to lend your weight in some way in any related decision-making, you would at least have some honest facts before you to help with that ultimate decision.

"**Zeena** continued with a rather depressing description of present-day Haven.... They were rapidly reverting to being the underground race (or at least one that only came out at night) from which their ancient ancestors supposedly developed....

"....The population was determined not to become prisoners on their own planet - a planet which, not so long ago, must have been very much like our own Earth. According to Zeena it once had vegetation similar to our own, and very little desert area. The sun they had inherited or manipulated (I'm not quite sure which is the correct interpretation) was now nearing the end of its useful life. Its radical and soon-to-become violent pulsations would eventually put an end to their planet's ability to support biological life-forms.

"A problem which Zeena's people would now have to address if they were to establish themselves on any planet larger than Haven was the gravity factor. **Haven** is a tiny globe even by Earth's standards. Its gravity is approximately half to one-third of Earth's and its atmospheric pressure is also lower, although I do not know the exact factor.

"Zeena's ancestors were an ancient race, and in those distant days they were stronger and more resilient than now. Haven was not their ancestral home planet, but one they moved to when some catastrophe befell this other planet. According to Zeena, this was so many years ago that records of such a move are long since lost to them. This factor, however, has been the catalyst for many a story or myth growing among her people. (One of the more accepted of these stories is featured [Chapter 14](#).)

"....In our own Earth's solar system, planets like Mars or even the Earth's present Moon appealed because of their size, despite the Earth being far more luxuriant.

"The main reason Zeena's ancestors eventually had to tolerate Earth's gravity was to help establish intelligent life on our planet....

"....Some of our scientific investigators have doubted that any extraterrestrial race would wish to colonize a planet like **Mars** while a sparkling jewel such as the **Earth** was so closed.

"In part this is true," she said, "but surely they must realize that Mars was not always as it is today

[that is with low-density atmosphere and very little water]. To some degree they miss the point, for what do they know of our reasons for seeking Mars in the first place? For one, you should know that we seek our own past, just as you would do, no doubt if you could travel there in body as we can, for you know that our histories are connected.

"Most of your scientists approach the riddle from the wrong perspective - their perspective. It is hardly of any consequence for them to think of going to a planet with half or less than half the gravity of their own planet, but what would they think of moving about on a planet with twice or even three times the gravity of their own? I believe they would think very much about it!

"As for the density of your atmosphere, my people has always needed breathing aids to assist them in this respect on your planet. Also, of late, we have been living in a form of self-contained body suit which has made my people a very much altered and further weakened race. However due to our present living conditions, there is very little we can do about that."

"Turning to another sensitive subject, **Zeena** suggested that the feminine side of the human race owes a lot of its early development to those first colonists and their interbreeding.

"The finer features of those early explorers have come out predominantly in the female offspring of their unions. Even to this day, Earth females show a higher rate of ambidexterity than do the males, as well as higher ability to work from instinct and intuition or sixth sense. Your young females also have an ability to concentrate and absorb knowledge at a faster rate. The tendencies towards self-preservation and non-aggression in Earth females are all traits of the Haven civilization, and even the feminine appearance is more of our kind than yours."

"....Most of what **Zeena** said sounded logical and made good sense, and started me thinking that there are indeed almost two distinct human races on Earth - the female and the male! The ironic twist to this whole theory seemed to be that *Haven's people now needed more Earth male-type attributes* to help rebuild their race.

"At last there was a chance for more questions from my side of the ledger and during this time **Zeena** and I discussed our mutual love of the sea.

"Do you use your planet's oceans for travel, as we do on Earth?" I asked.

"No, not as you do. Maybe long ago in our past, but not now. We do, however, play about on it as you do, but that does not include swimming; just in craft," was her reply.

"Why don't you swim?" I asked.

"In this suits! I do not think so. They are not compatible with complete submersion in water," Zeena replied.

"What if you get caught in the rain?" I quizzed.

"Rain we can deflect from our bodies, but solid water all about us removes us from contact with the energy source. This would not be a good thing," she replied.

"Can you elaborate on this energy source, please? I requested.

"Sorry, not at this time. This subject is a little sensitive to our people now, especially where Earth relationships are concerned, but not you, Alec; only your Earth military establishments," came her reply.

"I remember reading a report back on Earth that **UFOs** have been seen entering and exiting the sea. Could those craft sometimes be yours? " was my follow-up question.

"It is possible for our transporters to take many shapes to suit us. One of those shapes is indeed an underwater configuration. You may also need to know. You may also wish to know that we can split our Earth atmosphere craft into more than one vehicle. You must understand, however, that what you are in now is not such a craft.

"For your own interest, if at some point in the future of your time on Earth you should see what is called a UFO, then it may be one of our craft if you see it **divide** by three or by five. With formations in the shape of a triangle, or if five craft are involved, you will see for sure a rectangle with always one craft in the center. This is the formation that so intrigued some of your ancient tribes and is called a 'quincunx', I believe."

"**Zeena** then went on to mention something about an undersea grid network which allowed them to

travel underwater with ease.

"Later, upon my return to Earth and after much diligent study on the UFO subject, I was surprised and delighted to find in one of [Bruce Cathie](#)'s books on *Earth harmonics and UFOs* that there is almost irrefutable proof that some, if not all, alien spacecraft are plying our oceans and skies using an **electromagnetic power grid system**.

"This grid appears to surround our planet in a manner quite similar to the way one might wind up a ball of string. A very crude example of how this system might be tapped of its power is seen in the way old-style electric tramcars used overhead power-lines to pick up electricity to run their electric motors. They did not need to carry the power source with them; they had only to reach up above and it was there.

"For a more detailed account of the [Earth grid system](#), I suggest you read one of Bruce Cathie's many books on the subject.

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Chapter 9

THE ARRIVAL

"....I had already been told much about **Haven** and seen many pictures of it, but this was the real thing. First we had to pass around their sun, so it would still be sometime before I could sight the planet.

"I'd also been told well in advance to stock up on my liquid intake before this event took place, although, as with many other instructions throughout this entire experience, the reasons for doing so were a little harder to come by. I decided that now was the time to head for the drinks so I could be back in time to watch the big event.

"We completed our arc of the sun, and as we approached Zeena's home planet it became visible in the three-dimensional viewer. There was confusion on my part at first as to what was Haven and what was not! For of all of the pictures of three-dimensional representations I had seen up until then, none showed Haven to be the junior partner in a twin planetary system. What's more, I'd not even been told that this was so. This was rather puzzling, but at the time I was more or less transfixed by the sight on the viewer before me and did not give it too much thought. I was seeing it all now, and that was not the only thing that counted for the moment.

"By a twin planetary system I mean that **Haven** looked to be a small planet in orbit around a much larger planet - perhaps similar to our Earth and its Moon, but with the *roles reversed*. Haven seemed to have the water and some clouds, while the larger globe looked very much like our own Moon - dry and barren. The only real difference seemed to be that on Haven there was a predominance of *blue-black seas* and *reddish-brown land*, rather than the blues and green-browns mixed with abundant cloud cover as on Earth.

"....Apparently the two planets orbit a single sun, somewhat similar in size to our Earth's Sun but much older. This orbit or year takes approximately two-thirds of one Earth year, and the distance from Haven to its sun is a little less than from Earth to our Sun.... Even though Haven's orbital trajectory around its sun is of a faster pace than that of Earth's, its rotational speed is slower, or, in other words, its day is longer. Their days are divided into twelve segments, each of it being equal to approximately four of our Earth hours. This means they have a forty-eight-hour day.

"As we got closer I could see that, although impressive in size, most of the land mass seemed to be desert, similar to the outback of Australia but much more severe. Zeena had told me that most of it is uninhabitable, but it has not always been that way.

"As I understand it, most if not all of their development has occurred on the shores of their three main polar seas. At first this had the effect of splitting their population three ways, each group developing its own culture. They later found that by combining their knowledge they could make more rapid progress in all fields of endeavor. This is possibly why they have advanced to such a high level of accomplishment.

"Just before our descent to the planet's surface, it was suggested that I might like to return to the lower level viewing room, as the area we were in was to be cleared before we began landing approach procedures. The reason of this was never explained to me.

"It was not long before we descended through their atmosphere and I got my first sighting of Zeena's home town, Nepalesa....

"...**Zeena** had given me a fairly extensive rundown of how the planet as a whole was run and governed. It sounded very simple - far simpler than anything on Earth, especially when you consider that this was the entire planet they were running, not just a country. Each major district - and there are three of these as I have explained before - elects three citizens to represent them on the high council, making a total of nine high councilors, who are empowered to make all major decisions concerning the planet's well-being. By-yearly, a new councilor is elected in turn from one of the three districts and takes his/her place with the other nine. The councilor who has been standing the longest, steps down and becomes a general overseer. This way there is a new council member every second year and a constant flow of new ideas. No member can sit again once he has stepped down. So there is stability, and fresh ideas keep coming through. It works, and works well: their progress as a people is proof of that. The cities are run on a similar basis, just a step or two below the general council....

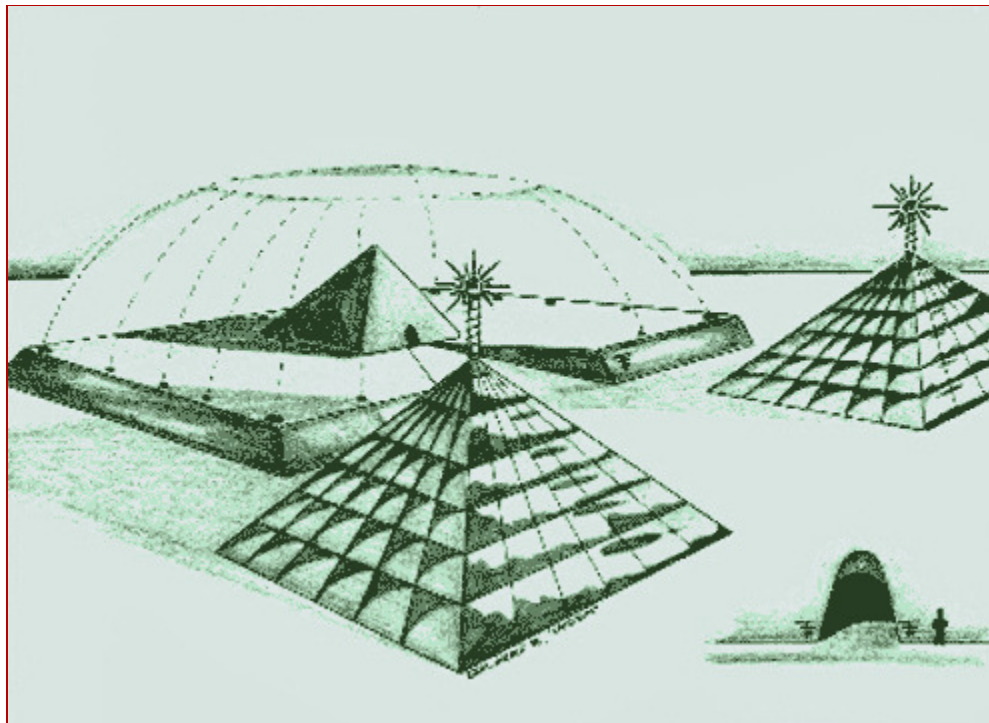
"...The first most striking thing about the **city** was its neatness and order; the second, its immensity. Even from well up I could not make out the boundaries. There may well be bigger cities on Earth, but where I come from this place would be rated big - very big. It stretched out in both directions, following the coastline out of my line of sight. There seemed to be only a thin strip of land that was not coastland or desert, and the city was sandwiched within it....

"...The last thing really to make an impact upon me was the lack of tall buildings, save for the odd tower or two, and the dominance of a small, circular shape among a few larger pyramid-shaped constructions.

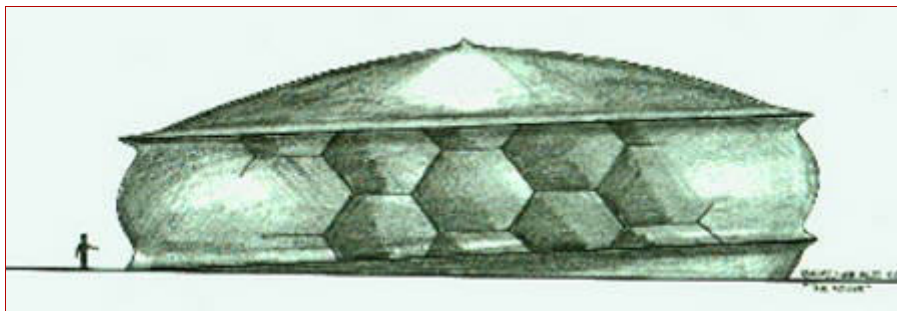
"Hardly more than a minute had passed since we had entered the atmosphere, but now the craft was already settled. There was a mixture of apprehension and excitement within me. Now that I was here - wherever here was - just what had happened to me really started to sink in. Would I ever see home again? Was anyone looking for me there? What if I never made it back, ever? I had no idea what horrors might await me in this new land.

"My panic soon eased, however, and curiosity won the day. I eagerly scanned the viewer for my first close look at the alien landscape. I could see little of interest, and only at short distance as the viewer must have been at ground level.

"What I could see was an area of level ground, similar to a courtyard, leading to two pyramid-shaped buildings. They appeared to be made from a material that just looked like tinted glass or semi-transparent plastic. I couldn't quite see the apex of these buildings from my vantage point, but later I was to find that they were capped with a spiral tower or antenna arrangement. The height of the tower added approximately twenty-five percent to the building's overall height. Each building in turn was topped with what I can only describe as a large light-bulb. As peculiar as it may sound, I was sure I had seen something like this before, in the distant past. These bulbs glowed day and night, and upon closer inspection appeared to be of a net or mesh construction rather than being glass spheres.



"There appeared to be some form of electromagnetic grid or shielding device above the actual landing site, possibly a force field or energy gathering device."



"Variant of Dwelling or House, also Three Storey high - Hexagonal Crystalline Pattern Within Walls"

"Zeena had earlier asked permission for me to stay with her family as a guest, and I was to wait on board until her duties were completed and then accompany her to her home...."

"....I still had no real idea of the external shape the craft, apart from a suggestion much earlier on that was pyramidal. I was very eager to see for myself. Time passed - how much, I could not say - but at last I would have my chance.

"Zeena was the only one who exited the craft with me, but I barely gave that a second thought for it was like stepping into a dream-world. I forgot about the craft, for what caught my eye as I stepped outside was the sky. Even though it was broad daylight outside, the sky was almost black, or at least indigo! only on the horizon could I see a streak of blue and orange.

"It was at this point that I remembered having been given what could only be described as sunglasses. They were more like wraparound goggles, but the instructions that went with them were: "If the sun is out, wear these. No exception!" I put them on.

"I had obviously been conditioned to Haven's gravity on board the transporter, for I felt no appreciable difference outside compared to what I had experienced inside the craft.... the air was still and amazingly quiet.... The surface upon which I was walking was not unlike cork; it appeared

to be porous and slightly yielding underfoot.

"....we made our way towards the buildings closer to us. Here we were fitted with new and totally different suits. According to Zeena, this was always a necessary practice after dimensional flights in space.

"....The most noticeable difference was that the colour was neither yellow nor gold but something of a hue between both colours. Later, in the sunlight, they reflected more of a golden hue which was quite spectacular. We were also given extra protection for our feet. I suppose you could call them shoes, although they were really reinforcements of the suit itself.

"The blue suits (actually, more like a blue-grey).... When I enquired as to what exactly happens to them, the reply was so vague as to suggest that the whole thing was either too complex for me to comprehend, so why should they waste their time trying to explain it, or that they would simply prefer I did not know too much detail of these things.

"....At that stage it was not **Zeena** I was speaking with, as she was nearby having her new suit fitted.... Zeena might well be the only one interested in my welfare in this strange land.... This was perhaps just the second time in my interaction that I realized how vulnerable I was. I'll tell you now that I'm not too brave a soul; to say I felt a little uncomfortable would be an understatement!

"As we left the building, Zeena put her hand over my shoulder, it was the first time she deliberately touched me, and I'm sure it was because she sensed my apprehension.... her hand did tell me I was not quite alone.

"Outside again, I could now look at the transporter. The colour.... it was gun-metal grey now, but I'm sure that earlier it looked more the colour of silver or polished aluminium. However, this vehicle was not constructed from any metallic-type product, so I had been told. It was in fact a bionic device, although I'm not quite sure if this is the correct terminology.... I'm sure there's nothing like it on Earth - yet!

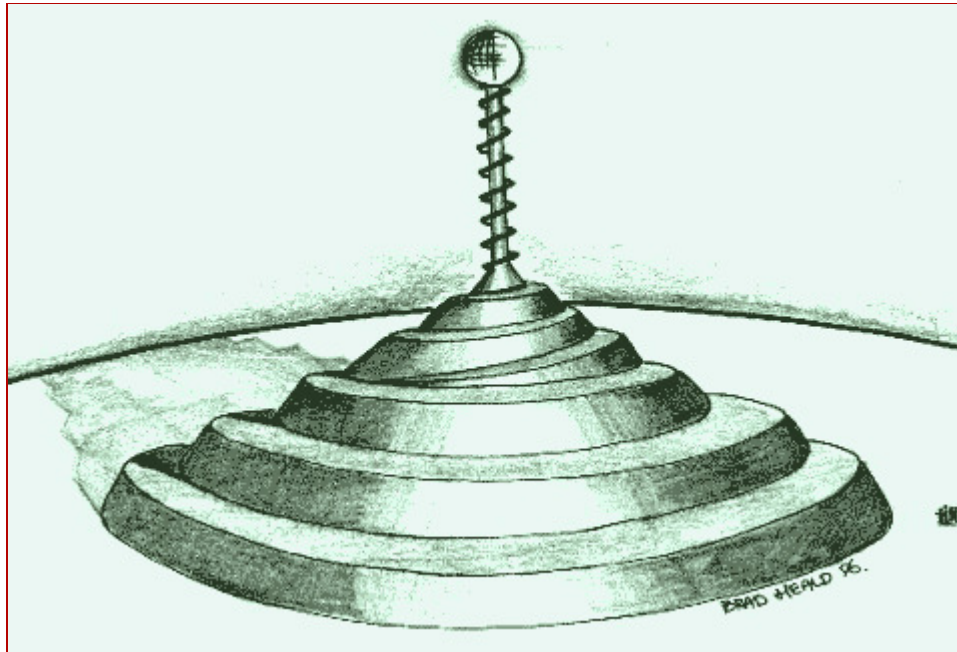
.... I remember **Zeena** saying it could change shape, but she did not mentioned anything about size. That question I stored away for a later date, but if my memory serves me correctly I never asked it.

"Even though the transporter was of a general pyramid-type shape as I had half expected it would be, the corners were rounded as if molded. It took on a smooth, even-flowing shape, almost like liquid. I began to question if it was in fact solid. That question was never satisfactorily answered, either.

"....This type of shape-shifting phenomenon I was to see more than once in the next two days on Haven. My eyes may have been playing tricks on me but the craft appeared to shimmer in the *Haven sunlight*, like a mirage in the desert. It seemed to dance around on the spot as if it were only a projected image, not the real thing standing there. This was another common phenomenon I noticed during my short stay upon Haven.

"The sky, too, gave off an impression of being only a projected image.... I would have to say it was like being inside a 3D movie some of the time!

".... Some buildings resembled those on Earth, but the outer walls were sloped back, at approximately thirty-degree angles and set back some distance at each floor level, making them look more like steps up a hill. Most of the buildings were circular or tube-like in shape. They were laid out in a spiral pattern with the tallest building in the center, but the heights became progressively lower as the buildings spiraled out. All the buildings appeared to be made of glass or plastic.



"Spiral Tower Building - Possible Energy Transmitter or Receiver"

As I gazed about me I was reminded not to look directly at the sun, even though I was wearing protective glasses.

"**Zeena** led me the short distance from the transporter base to where we would be taken by a mass transit system to a point closer to her home.... The only thing missing was the transport, for there were no buses or trains - only cubicle-like arrangements, which like most other things were made from the semi-transparent plastic. Coordinates were fed into these cubicles for set destinations, and a few moments later you were there....!

"Upon disembarking, I quizzed Zeena about the lack of sound outside.... There were no birds, animals or insects that I could see or hear.

"We have no other life-forms on the planet. That is the way it has always been," she said "except for some very simple types which live in the sea."

"....Nothing else could live in this dimension - this artificial dimension. The sea life that was here now had developed since this planet changed dimensions!

"....We were still a distance from Zeena's home and it turned out that I was to get a tour of the surrounding area in something Zeena suggested would be a little more familiar to me than the transport systems that had played host to my movements up until then.

"One of Zeena's foster parents was waiting for us to arrive and was to be our chauffeur for the remainder of the journey.... I had seen futuristic projections of the transport devices we might use on Earth at the far end of the twenty-first century and perhaps even beyond that. This "*Dan Dare Special*" we were to get around in had no wheels, it didn't even touch the ground! I shall describe one in depth a little later!

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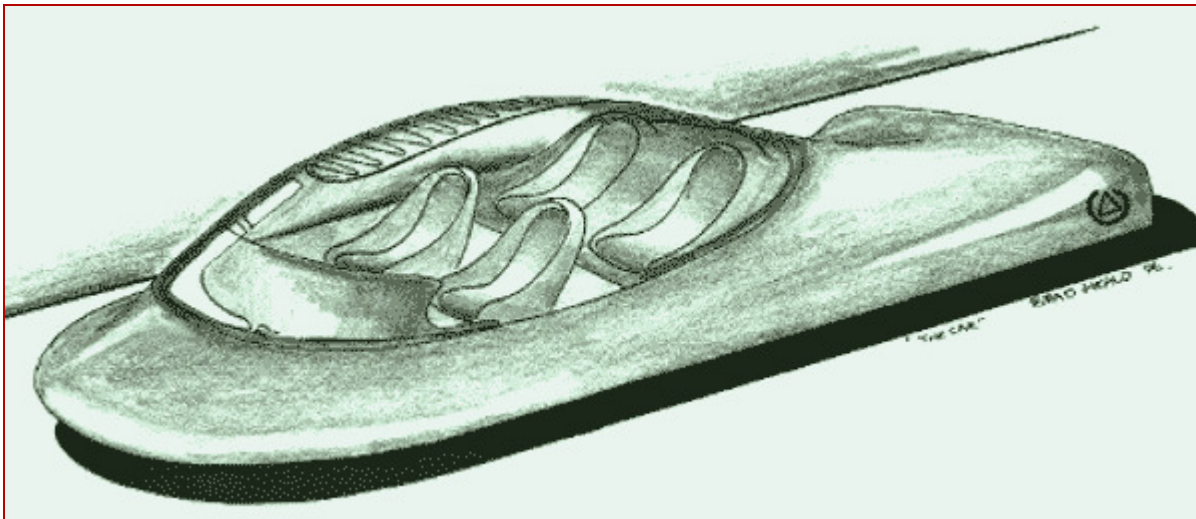
Chapter 10

HOME AWAY FROM HOME

"Zeena introduced me to Jarze, one of her parent Elders....

"....Jarze was seated in the transport vehicle, so I could not get a good a look at her at the moment of our introduction. I say "her" for I felt a distinct feminine thought-line in her conversation.... There was no way to tell her gender on looks alone. In any case, these people seemed to place very little, if any, importance on gender, so the issue was ever raised from their side of the conversation.

"The "Dan Dare Special" had seating for four. It was a bit of a squeeze to get into, but with some adjustments I managed to fit into it.... The 'car' (I'll use this word from hereon in to save confusion with other forms of transport) was being 'driven' on a grey-brown surface similar to the cork-like material I described earlier. This 'road' was approximately 10 meters (33 feet) wide and did not appeared to be kerbed, but the outline side was so precise it looked as if it had been cut with a sharp knife.



"On the way to the dwelling which **Zeena** called home, I was given a little tour.... I was soon to discover that Zeena's dwelling was only a few meters from the water's edge and that we could drive right in under the building. As dazed as I was with the amazing sights of the city, I was not prepared for the visual symphony and associated sensations that awaited me within this most spectacular of dwellings.

"As we exited the car I had a better chance to take note of Jarze's general appearance. I found her very small in stature, possibly not even four feet tall. Her eyes, which were only visible after the removal of her protective goggles, were quite large and dark.... a very deep blue or indigo - curiously enough, almost the same colour of the sky overhead. These dark eyes showed no sign of any white, but the pupils within were quite difficult to distinguish. It was much later and only in a brighter light that I noted they were elliptical on a vertical axis! Dare I say this? Yes, you have it right - just like those of a **cat**! However, this was not a feature of Zeena's eyes, apart from their size they were very similar to our own.... They had four-digit hands with fingers proportionately twice as long as ours, but then their hands were small compared to ours. The thumb was almost as long as the other fingers, and, of course, they had no fingernails! Arms and legs had very little shape or muscle development, but the toes were unusual. Once again, they had only four digits.... Their heads were rather more square than round in appearance (but don't take that too literally; it was just a general observation), due partly to a large lobe overhanging at the back of the skull. They obviously had ribs or a rib-cage similar to our own, as the ribs were plainly visible to me.... I would think that the power of the Elders' minds could flatten a tank at half a mile - and this is a conservative estimate!

"**Jarze** would have to be the most gentle, considerate soul I have ever met.... She, more than anyone on Haven, **Zeena** included, allayed my private fears and in some respects made my decision to return home, when that time came, just a little more difficult....

(At this point the Author describes the interior of the home, only part of this description appears here)

"....The furniture looked to be made from the now familiar glass or plastic substance.... all the colours of the rainbow seemed to be deep within it. This colours could be changed by a person's thought patterns.... When a person was in meditation, the light level would drop and only the softer tones would come through.

"....Bedrooms as such had been made totally redundant, with meditation having entirely taken the place of sleep. These meditative states would last for an hour or two each day.

"With no need to prepare solid food.... they did have a drink station, but this was no more than a circular table with curved sitting around it. The drinks were served through straw-type devices....

"....My room was on the next level up and was normally used by **Zeena** for her studies and private times. Because I was still in need of a little sleep now and then, it was decided this would be the best room for me as I would not be disturbed by anyone moving around the house....

"....The top two levels of the dwelling had outside viewing terraces. On one side was the view of the city; on the other, a view of the sea. They afforded great views, even though to some extent neither terrace appeared necessary....

"I say this in all puzzlement, for I do not fully understand whether what I am about to describe to you was totally an aspect of their technological achievements or a partial side-effect of this strange dimensional world which seemed to hint of illusion as much as cold, hard reality. The point was that if one stared at any wall long enough and hard enough, eventually one could see right through it!

"When I queered Zeena about this phenomenon she seemed surprised that I'd even asked, suggesting it was a perfectly natural occurrence that the building should want to accommodate my wishes. Evidently, the suits helped align the wearer's frequency or life-pulse to that of the biological portion of the building. The best I can do for an explanation is that the building - a living entity in its own right - considers that the occupant's **thoughts** are its own thoughts and obeys any commands instinctively. This would also explain the colour variations within the house, for they appeared to respond to personal different moods just as if they were the building's own moods. I guess this would encourage the occupants to keep up a cheery outlook, and might say also something of the state of mind of these highly intelligent people that they could conceive and design such wondrous abodes.

"....After I'd been shown about the house, Jarze offered us some liquid refreshment. Zeena and I then went outside so I could look around and take in the local sights at my own pace. This was the first time we had been truly alone. At no time in the transporter could it be said that we had any real privacy, not that we sought it especially.

"We ended up at the water's edge and walked for some distance along it.... I do love being by the water's edge, and its proximity on this occasion made me think of my home planet all the more.

"Later we returned to look at Zeena's water vessel. It was a type of *catamaran* or *twin-hulled craft*, comprising two elongated bubbles which were totally transparent and fitted with sliding covers to keep out the weather. As mind-power or telekinesis was its sole form of propulsion, it had no need of engine or sails.

"We began to discuss the sea once more.... the minerals in suspension are a natural phenomenon and have not changed very much over the thousands of years that records had been kept.... The wavelets that were coming ashore looked tired, travelling almost in slow motion.

"As I suspected from my earlier aerial observations, the area where we were standing was artificial and

similar to the road surface, a type of synthetic cork....

"...We would be travelling to the outskirts of the urban area and clear the artificial coastline the following day, time permitting. Zeena was keen for me to meet her other parent Elder who was involved in the testing and development of their new-version bodysuits. We would wait a little longer in the hope that I would have the chance to meet 'him' before going on a small tour Zeena had scheduled for me.

This seemed to be the right time for a lesson in synchronized meditation.... Now I wasn't at all sure about this *meditation stuff*, never having had any experience of it before - on or off planet Earth! The sight of **Zeena floating six inches off the ground** on the other side of the room from me was an introduction that could probably unnerve the best of us, let alone an uninitiated rookie. Needless to say, I didn't get off the ground, no matter how hard I tried! And I am yet to succeed, even though I try every now and then when no one is looking....

"A short city tour was next in store for me. This involved the use of the '**vibe station**' the device I described earlier, which allows the traveller, upon entering the destination coordinates, to achieve almost instantaneous travel.... The cars were legacies from the past and only used to access the more out-of-the-way areas which the vibe stations did not reach - or "just in case", as Zeena said without elaboration. I suppose even alien high-tech devices can break down....

"...These city centers were open continuously but there were no shops as such, even though there was much on display. Nothing was bought or sold over the counter, and cold, hard cash did not exist. Their society is more closely allied to what we would call *Communism* on Earth, but seemingly without the drawbacks that appear to be rife with terrestrial forms of this style of government. If I have it right, from what Zeena told me, there is a credit allotment of some kind for time spent on community projects, which could encompass almost anything including space travel. However there is a maximum level to which these credits can accrue. In other words, if you're a workaholic, most of your extra hours on the job will be unpaid....

"...Of course, I can see this going down like a lead balloon with certain factions on Earth. While I have a neutral opinion on this idea, I guess you would have to try it to know if it worked for you or not.

"Anyway, goods would be ordered, and when available they would be delivered, but nothing was ever sold over the counter. The exact reasons for this I do not know. They don't seem to be materialistic people anyway, and they appear to have no great desire to own things. This would apparently place them in a different plane of thought from ours.

"I marveled at their buildings. They looked as if they belonged there. They were no where near as tall as ours. Mind you, ours are products of high-priced terrestrial real estate. That was not a factor on Haven....

"...Perhaps the greatest sight of all among this wonderland of new experiences were the huge, white, glass or crystal pyramids. I was told they contained all the knowledge of these amazing people.

"My excitement intensified when I was told we could access one of these buildings and that I would be allowed to study some of their history.

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Chapter 11

HAVEN ON EARTH

"It had been quite clear to me on more than one occasion during this interaction that the Haven I was currently visiting was not in the same time-frame as present-day Earth.... it was in our future.

"It was therefore plainly obvious to me that if I were to try to study anything of Earth's ancient history

using these archives, I would have to access some extremely old Haven records....

"At last I can reveal some details of what I found in those ancient records.

"....Approximately 12,000 years ago in Earth's history - or 10,000 BC, if you like.... It just so happens that *Haven historical records* become more than a little confused at about this time, which clearly suggests that something unexpected happened to them or their planet during this period.

"....And if our geological records are to be believed, Earth also went through a very rough patch approximately 12,000 years ago.

"I have every reason to believe these Haven records constitute the **true history of that time period**. This is not a misinterpretation of Haven records or speculation on my part, for many ancient Earth artifacts, from stone megaliths to calendar systems, also suggest this scenario to be our true history. If you would care to re-examine some of this evidence in a new light after you have read this account, you may well agree with me....

"....I was astounded to learn from the *Haven archives* that our Earth did not always have its present Moon and that, indeed **this present Moon is a recent acquisition** - possibly as recent as 12,000 years ago! However, Earth already had a companion satellite before the arrival of this new Moon.

"....Apparently, this moon was not a moon as you might conceive of one. It was actually a small planet - a mini Earth!.... It was inhabited by life-forms similar to those on Earth today, but some were more advanced.

"These more advanced life-forms had 'rocket-ships' tens of thousands of years before the meaning or concept of rocket was understood here on Earth. The distance these rocket-ships had to travel to Earth, was but a stone's throw, and could have been achieved with technology no better than we have on present-day Earth.

"....I do not hold much sway in what terrestrial scientists tell the ordinary folk of this planet, but I do believe them when they say that long-distance space travel by conventional means (that is, *rocket power*) is impossible or highly improbable because of the vast distances of space involved and the time factor required with this manner of travel....

"....By now you may be thinking, "Okay, then, where did this 'other' or older moon go? It is clearly not orbiting the Earth now."

"....Many think this moon crashed into the Earth, thus forming the Pacific or Atlantic Oceans and at the same time causing a great flood which no doubt you have all heard about....

"....If the Earth managed to survive such a holocaust, what of the fate of the human race?...

"....Not only does geological evidence point to our having had this larger or closer moon at that time, but it also suggests that one moon was swapped for another. Some of the evidence even suggests there was a time when the Earth had no Moon at all! If you'd like to look into this further, I suggest you consult a fascinating book, [Our Cosmic Ancestors](#) (Temple Golden Publications, Arizona, USA, 1988), by former **NASA** space expert **Maurice Chatelain** (recently deceased).

"As I stated earlier, Haven also went through a transformation or dimensional leap 12,000 years ago (*Earth time*). This not only sent them to another time (the future?) but also to another realm of existence in this or even some other universe. If you can put two and two together here, you may get the same answer I got. Yes, our other moon or mini-planet was Haven!

"It is not only the planets of Haven and Earth that appear to be tied. The peoples of ancient Earth who still had Haven blood coursing through their veins well have been involved in a disappearing act when Haven leaped into this other dimension. In other words it is as if they were somewhere, too - and the Earth tried to follow!

"Well, the **Earth** could not or did not follow but the event sure caused a commotion.... I believe it may even have damaged this grid system that alien visitors use to power their spacecraft when they roam our skies and oceans....

"....Thanks to researchers like **Bruce Cathie**, for his theory of [Earth grid harmonics](#), and [Richard Hoagland](#), for his presentations on interplanetary archaeology and geometry. I would hazard a guess that some of these points would have to be close to latitude 19.5 degrees north and south on our globe. One area which fits into both the latitude 19.5 degrees north scenario and the ancient cultured theme - and so would have been hit very hard by this vortical onslaught - is the piece of water which encompasses the southern end of an area known as [the Bermuda Triangle](#). The area was not all water at the time of this onslaught, but in fact was part of the great land mass called **Atlantis**.... [Atlantis](#) did exist, but was finally lost to us approximately 12,000 years ago.

"....The disappearance of something the size of [Haven](#) from our solar system caused more than just a disturbance to planet Earth. To fill the space, [a new moon was drawn into the orbit of Earth](#). Our present **Moon** had arrived! But this only occurred after the planet **Venus** came rushing past the Earth, seemingly from nowhere! Yes, [Venus](#) is also relative new to us.... Even the people of **Haven** do not know how Venus arrived here.

"....I have heard comment from here and there that the [planet Venus had our new Moon in tow](#) when it was rushing by the Earth, but lost it to Earth's gravity field as it passed.... I could find no reference on Haven as to the origin of Venus. However, I most certainly discovered how we acquired our new **Moon**.

"....You will remember the whole point of their experiment was to evolve to a more advanced state in their natural evolutionary cycle. It is obvious, I think, that this could only have happened to them as a race if they had skipped over some time. And as they took the whole planet with them, everything was now in a future place. But here's the catch: there can be no two Havens displacing exactly the same frequency in time and space, can there? The answer would appear to be no!

"And guess who acquired the displaced and once-future Moon in the *vortical vacuum or space* that the now-absent Haven had left in its wake? Yes, we did. **We now had a very old Moon from our future!**....

"....It would also appear that when [Venus](#) came rushing by us at this same time in our history, the exact reverse of what some historians suggest happened actually occurred. Instead of Earth capturing a moon in its tow, Venus almost stole our Moon from us, and that is why our Moon now has a wider and slower orbit around Earth than it once had.

"....since the astronauts first went to the Moon in the late 1960s and brought back [samples of Moon rocks](#) for analysis, it has been accepted that [the Moon](#) is indeed older than the Earth. However, no explanation of how this could be so has ever been forthcoming from scientific academia....

"....In my view, there is still more exciting evidence such as that recently presented by **Richard Hoagland**.... these revelations suggest that the [Moon was once inhabited](#) by an extremely advanced race. I use the word "*once*" here, for it is evident that the remains, or *artifacts* as he calls them, are quite possibly millions of years old.

"If I have unlocked the door of curiosity for you, you must now open it, and step through it for yourself!

"....According to **Zeena** I had already seen more than some would have wished me to see!.... Zeena almost had to drag me off the building....

"....Of all the buildings I had visited up until then, this **pyramidal construction**, where I studied the [Haven records](#), housed the most plant life....

"....Upon leaving the building I could not help feeling that some of the plants looked vaguely familiar.... I couldn't help but think I had been here or at least touched these plants before, in the past!

"I looked over to where Zeena was standing, and even though she sent no thoughts my way I felt she was trying to encourage me to remember something from deep within, but without interfering with the

process. We exited the building without exchanging any further thoughts.

"In my travels about the city I had noticed some rather strange-looking devices at the entranceways of the buildings. This turned out to be dust compactors.... They seemed to work quite well, as all the buildings were immaculate inside.

"When showing me over the city, Zeena was full of enthusiasm.... I could tell she loved her home town with possibly more gusto than I had for anything of the like back on Earth. I could see it in her eyes and in her hands movements as she described various aspects of whatever had caught my attention. I found myself spending more and more time watching her and her movements, absorbing the delightful way she had of conveying thoughts to me.

"....before the forthcoming expedition to the desert area.... I excused myself to both Jarze and Zeena and retired to my room on the third floor.

"....It was now becoming apparent that my desire for sleep was more a *reflex action*, my body still having in mind the need for it because a set period of time had elapsed. Zeena had suggested earlier onboard the transporter that my need for sleep would diminish.... so this state seemed to be manifesting itself upon me at last....

"....Because I didn't [have] to sleep, I now had a little bonus time.... this was a good chance to have a three-way discussion about many things to mutual interest. Out of this discussion came the topic of other life on the universe, and how our search for it from Earth has not yet produced any real evidence apart for the occasional UFO.

"**Jarze** was quick to ask if we had looked for it in realms other than the physical.

"We have used radio telescopes, I believe," was my reply.

"Good idea," Jarze replied, "but not very many other life-forms use that form of communication. It would be best for you to use what we have used in the past, and that is a device which is activated by the intelligence levels emitted from various planetary systems."

"How can you do that?" I asked. "On board the transporter I was told that all things, even the energy known to us as *atoms*, contain a certain level of intelligence."

"Correct," replied Jarze, "but **conscious intelligence**, such as you or I, emit far higher readings than non-conscious forms - to the order of many of your Earth numbers, if you understand me, perhaps ten-thousand fold as much emission would be a conservative number, I think. This form of detection has other advantages, too. For instance, life-forms that you may not physically see can be detected in this way....

"....There is one device upon your planet which can read this intelligent thought-patterns very well and could do even better if the owners of these devices would train themselves a little better in their operation. The endowment all you humans were born with, and which you call your **mind**, can do the job very well if you would only let it. Since the dawn of your race's time on Earth, we and others like us have been trying to contact you in this way, but you keep trying to make it into some kind of *religious experience*. We have been passing on ideas to help you evolve for aeons of your time, but very little is ever taken on board by your kind. Still, we try," Jarze concluded.

"....Near or far, it makes very little difference if you have control over this means of contact or communication. It's the receiver at the other end that we usually have trouble with," was Jarze answer.

"So other planets could be right next door, too, and we would not see them, and perhaps we would even pass through them without knowing it," I suggested.

"Of course, this could happen if they were totally out of phase, for there not even any small parts to anything, like some of your Earth scientists believe and spend so much time trying to find. Nothing is solid; it is just an illusion. You know this, Alec," Jarze replied.

"Here we go again," I thought. "Have they got the wrong guy here? I don't know these things. If I'd had a class earlier on about this stuff, I must have slept through it."

"Thank you," I said. "That explains much that has puzzled me over the years."

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Chapter 12

AMAZING ESCAPES

"... the morning of my only full day on Haven had dawned, we decided this was as good a time as any for our planned desert trip.

"...Zeena and I were to use the "car" and, more interestingly, I was going to have the chance to drive it....

"...Like most other items that were made from natural products or grown, the car appeared to be made from a plastic-like material.... there is room for doubt in my mind as to whether this plastic was indeed a synthetic product or some natural substance, the like of which we do not have here on Earth....

"...The top half was transparent but heavily tinted; the bottom opaque and greyish-brown. I guess you could say it was even *vaguely pyramidal* in shape, but it had a squashed and stretched-out look compared to a conventional pyramid. There were no wheels, and it sat a few inches above the ground, even though it was not yet in motion. If you could imagine a stealth fighter cockpit without wings, you would not be far off the mark. (Now isn't that a coincidence!)

"How does this thing work?" I asked.

"Part mind-power, part magnetic repulsion," was Zeena's reply.

"...You guide, I'll provide the power," she said, sliding back the top section. "Like this." She was reaching over and moving a slider from side to side. "This is the manual way of doing it. I don't think you're quite up to doing that by pure thought yet, Alec."

"I doubt it," I was thinking to myself, without sending the thought to her. Yes, I had at last learnt to keep some thoughts to myself.

"Looks easy enough," I said confidently as I got into the car.

"Just set the slider... that's right. Straight ahead is in the middle, sliding it to the right side will turn us right at the next available intersection. Don't worry," she emphasized, "it won't turn until the roads guides let it. Then it will reset to the middle.... I'll navigate," she said.

I was hesitant.

"Come on, let's go," she added impatiently, "and do not forget your extra eye-protection."

"These glasses or goggles were an event in themselves. The only way to describe how they were attached is to say they simply stuck to your face or suit-covering material without any other support. There was some sort of interaction of materials, as far as I could tell.

"As we made to leave, Zeena's other parent arrived home and I was introduced to him. His name was **Theurus**, but don't hold me to this name or any other name as it is an appropriate interpretation only.

"...The car's guidance system had me puzzled. As the vehicle did not actually touch the ground, how did it know how to turn? It was suspended above the road by a form of magnetic repulsion, the details of which I did not get into but which didn't seem all that complex. I'm sure it could be reproduced here on

Earth without too much trouble....

"....Anyway, I'm sure it knew where it was on the road. Perhaps it used a form of satellite navigation, of GPS (global positioning system) as it is sometimes known here on Earth - if they still had something as primitive on Haven! Unfortunately, I could not interpret the symbols that I saw on the dashboard as the suits were only good for interpreting the thought language.

"The car was of particular interest to me as I've been involved in all aspects of motor-sport back on Earth. It seemed to be capable of immense speed, not that I could have read a speedo even if it had one.... we would have exceeded speeds of 160 kph (100 mph).... it was more like being in a low-flying aircraft. Later when we were travelling on these high-speed sections of road, I noticed a small light was blinking on the dash but it would go off whenever we slowed down.... I think we may have been exceeding a predetermined speed limit. Knowing **Zeena** as I did by then, this wouldn't have surprised me at all!

"Meanwhile, not too far into the trip, **Zeena** thought it timely to discuss some delicate issues with me.

"Now that we are alone again," she said with a more deliberate and much slower thought pattern than usual, "there is something I would like to ask you to consider. It is both personal to the both of us and yet far-reaching at the same time. I do not expect or want an answer immediately.

"With the tests you took on the transporter, I said I would get back to you when the results were analyzed. Well, I have seen them, and they are just what we hoped they might be. Your immune system is of much interest to us, as we expected it to be. We have tested others from your planet. There are others like you, but they not all are compatible. There are many factors to be considered. While it is of much interest to some of **the Elders** who are involved with the breeding program, health stability is not the only important consideration. We have also been searching for other qualities - qualities which have been lying dormant in most of your race since its inception. Those who can now use these qualities, as you can, are more suited for our cause. You know of what I speak?

"She paused as if expecting me to say something, but at the time I could not think of anything appropriate or related to the subject.

"You must have some idea about them; you must know," she continued.

"You might have to help me here," I suggested to her.

"What was it with this people, was I out the last time they called, or something?"

"There was a flash of ideas across my mind - images which left me with some almost long-forgotten memories. There is nothing more certain. I have had a few close dices with death throughout my life, but I have never really given them much thought, except on terms of looking back, and thinking how lucky I was to have survived.

"How did you know about them," I asked.

"From the tests," she answered....

"The first *near-death experience* that was reconstructed for me occurred when I was fifteen or sixteen years old. I used to hang the mast of a small yacht I owned upon the wall inside my father's garage. There was a fuse-box and power points on the same wall at about the height the mast would be placed....

(And Alec continues explaining this most incredible challenge of survival in his book)....

"My second dice with death came a few years afterwards, and repeated itself in an almost carbon-copy episode at a slightly later date. It makes you wonder if whether someone thought I needed the practice!.... I really do feel I went somewhere outside my body during these two experiences.

"I was sailing; dinghy racing, this time....

*

"...Ten years on.... I was racing again, but this time a single-seated race-car. The construction techniques back then were more aligned to light weight and speed rather than safety. The car also had an open cockpit, just like a Formula 1 car.

"I had just spun off the track (well, I was learning) and was in the process of rejoining it at perhaps a faster pace than was prudent.... (and Alec, again, explains his incredible experience....but I am sorry, as the book is still current I will not reproduce the whole description on line)

"It would appear that as a race of beings we have the ability to interact and influence our immediate environment using only the power of our minds. At this stage in our development, this ability apparently only manifests itself under extreme circumstances, such as in life-threatening situations.

"...The ability to leave and return to the body while still alive is not an uncommon phenomenon, I should think. To me, this would suggest there is more to us than the physical self. If we can leave the body while we are still alive - and I think I have - then surely we can leave the body when it is dead. There was a link between this out-of-body phenomenon and their interest in me, but I cannot expand on it for it is something that is outside my knowledge pool.

"Zeena still had this question to ask.

"I would like you to think about joining the breeding program along with me. There is much yet we have to learn and much we have yet to do. I do not want you to think that this was the only reason why we have given you this experience with us, for you are here for your own reasons as well as for anything you may be able to help us with. If you turn down this request, I and the others will not think less of you. I know you do not know who we are, or, more accurately, you do not remember who we are, and you humans rather think your bodies are important. I know and understand this better than most around me, for I, too, have a feeling about my own body that the Elders do not understand."

"It took me a full five seconds to say yes to her question.

"Now, Alec, this is serious," Zeena stated earnestly.

"Too right," I replied. "I've already thought about it, ages ago, when you first mentioned the scheme to me back on the ship, er, transporter."

"Thank you," she said, looking straight at me. "Now I want to show you my favorite spot in the desert. We can talk more about the program tonight at home."

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Chapter 13

DESERT SURPRISES

"...On Haven, they do not need to farm the land, so they have left most of it untouched....

"...The plant life was scarce though.... there were no trees that I could see and, stranger still perhaps, no real mountains or higher ground, just gently sloping-hills....

"...Gradually at first, but after a few more miles it was as dry as I had ever seen anything to be on Earth.... We appeared to be climbing for the last 20 miles or so. The terrain was now a reddish-brown colour and quite rocky, possibly not unlike the planet Mars in our own system. The Haven sun had a red tinge to it, so this perhaps was helping turn the landscape this unusual colour. There was no vegetation at all, this far out.

"Take the next right," Zeena indicated. "It is not far now."
"...."This will do," Zeena said, opening the roof and jumping out.

"The first thing that struck me was the **heat**. It was ferocious out there, and, to make it worse, there was no wind.... Our suits carried their own insulation for protection against both heat and cold, but the intensity of this heat went through that insulation barrier. We both put on an extra layer of eye protection....

"Do not worry - there is shade from the sun at my lookout point," **Zeena** said, obviously picking up on my uncomfortable interaction with the environment.

"At this point I was not tempted to pick any of the interesting rocks that were lying about and protruding from the ground, as I usually would do.... Their appearance was more of opaque glass than anything else, and some looked like glazed pottery. The ground was covered not in sand but in a fine powder which swirled about our feet as we walked through it.

"Once again, there was an eerie silence that seemed to dominate the land. If I ever needed confirmation that I was not on Earth, this was it.

"....At last, sheltered from the burning sun, I picked away at some of the glazed outcrops of rock that projected from the face of the cutting. There were no layers as you might expect. It was a mix of different but smallish pieces which were almost in suspension, more like a fruitcake mix.

"Come on," she said impatiently, ushering me forward. "You're always picking at something or other. There's time for that later. Wait until you see what is around the corner."

"It was just a short walk before we were perched upon a cliff-top with a view that almost defies description. Before us lay a vast rift canyon which I suspect would be more than twice the size of the Grand Canyon back on Earth, although I have not had the privilege of seeing that mighty landmark in real life.

"....For the first time, **Zeena** went out of her way to sit close to me.

"Oh, man!" was all I could think to say on looking over out the canyon.
"Another curious response," I heard Zeena say in the back of my mind....
"How far down?" I asked....
"Almost four of your miles at the deepest point," she replied.

"Impressive, is it not? It was opened up in a monumental earthquake, some time around those dimensional experiments you were studying last night. There have been no recorded earthquakes on our planet now for thousands of years and we are not expecting any more. I have been coming here for twenty years, since my early days. We came out to study the composition of the rocks down there on the valley floor," she said....

"....I was unable to do anything but marvel at the various rock strata that lay exposed before me.
"In any case Zeena took my mind off the view in front of me.

"May I try something?" she asked. "It has been a puzzle to me since one of our talks on the transporter."
"Whatever," I replied.

"She lent over and, out of the blue, kissed me right on the lips! She then withdrew with a puzzled look on her face. Just as puzzled, I was looking back at her.

(Dear Reader, I hope one day you will satisfy your own curiosity and find yourself absorbed in the pages of Alec's Book; what did or did not happen at this point in Alec's narration will not appear on line, sorry).

Alec continues:

"Please remember, this was just an experiment as far as **Zeena** was concerned, and she was soon explaining other facets of the great rift canyon to me.

"As we were leaving the canyon area, I spotted some interesting rocks.... Curiosity killed the cat, so to speak, and as I was trying to reach them I slipped and fell a small distance, grazing my face and damaging the suit in the process.

"Zeena was most concerned, but I told not to worry as this type of thing happened back on Earth all the time.

"It is not the fall that concerns me most," she stated. "Out here, with this sun and no suit, you would not last very long. Quick, cover that side of your face with your hand."

"It's only a small area," I pointed out.

"Cover it up," Zeena reiterated most insistently.

"I obeyed. And just as well, too, as I still have a patch of skin in that area which will not heal properly. If I wanted to bring proof of my adventures, there were surely less dangerous ways of doing it! That little act necessitated a new suit for me, and I lost some of my sightseeing time because of it.

"Later, back at the house, Zeena's parents welcomed us. They, too, were concerned about my accident. There seemed much fuss over what, to me, was a non-event at the time.

"We entered into a discussion of the state of the Haven atmosphere, which was brought on by all this attention over my slight injury. My thoughts, though, drifted back to Earth and the problems with our **ozone layer**.

"I couldn't help but wonder, if they were ever to make it back to our planet in some form, would they be jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire?"

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Chapter 14

DREAMS MADE OF LEGENDS

"As I sat together with Zeena and her parent Elders, we discussed many things. It was indeed a strange situation. You could say that my presence in the home of these people was an experiment on their behalf. But the experimenter was also observing those who would propose to do the experimenting!

"These observation I made while in their company may be worthy of your attention:

- 1) The entity known to me as **Zeena** was as much as a mystery to her parent Elders as she was to me. This new breed was exhibiting emotions on a scale never before encounter by these people.
- 2) **Zeena** herself, up until that time, was no more aware than her parents of where these emotions might lead her. In effect, she was navigating uncharted waters.
- 3) It seemed to me that these amazing beings (the **Elders**) were almost looking to me for advice on how to deal with this little-understood phenomenon.

"That last statement may not sound so dramatic, but these were super-intelligent beings.... Even Zeena's intelligence level was far higher than my own.....

"....Our discussions were not always so serious, however, and because of this I cannot confirm the importance or accuracy of this next piece of information. Just like us, these people are not without their legends and time-honored stories. One such legend was both startling and disturbingly coincidental to me, but before I relate it to you it would be best if I explained why it had such an effect on me.

"Around the age of ten I had a repetitive dream, not too dissimilar in content and presentation to the legend I'm about to relate. But for some reason, the location - my family home in Papakura, a small town to the south of Auckland City - seemed to be the key.

I cannot remember having the dream but there....

"....Although twenty-five years have passed since I last had this dream, it is still clear in my mind. I would now like to share it with you and, after that, compare it with a most interesting legend of Zeena's people.

The dream. . .

"Our airborne survey craft slid silently and smoothly over the jungle below. The succulent green overlay of tropical rainforest was beginning to look as if it was not going to provide us with any area large enough to land in, let alone set up our seismic and geothermal gear. From a height of 1,000 meters (3,000 feet), the heavy cloud cover was not exactly a help, either.

"Arriving in the humid tropical afternoon, we knew it would be this way: hot and wet - conditions not on the top of our must-experience list. There were even doubts as to why we were surveying this area at all, as it was not compatible with our biological systems. The silence on board was so intense as to be almost pervasive. Now that we were here, we would do what had been asked of us as quickly as possible and then leave. The craft was thermionically insulated, but some of us would have to spend time on the surface and we were not looking forward to it!

"This was the first time on this visit that we had ventured any great distance from our base camp far to the south. It was situated in an area with cooler climate, chosen because it was more in keeping with the native conditions of our upbringing.

"The valley to be surveyed run roughly in a north-south direction, with a range of highly active and somewhat intimidating volcanoes to the west - far too close for comfort as far as this survey party was concerned. To the east, some low hill country ran on down to the sea, which was some distance off and out of sight to us from our current position.

"We'll have to launch the scout craft and get down a little closer to the surface to find an area, or we shall be here 'till next sunrise," was the thought from the flight deck.

"I'll go and load it up, then," I can clearly recall replying.

"As I was loading the seismic gear into the tight confines of the surface interface or scout vehicle, for some reason I looked up and caught my own reflection in the highly polished night-landing light reflector. What I saw gave me a start! How could that be me? What was going on here? All that was around me appeared familiar, but the face and body in that reflector were not!

"For one, my entire body, even the face, was a light blue-grey, and the whole affair was rather frail-looking as well. I looked down at my hands, and as if seeing them for the first time I stood up and held them out in front of me. The three fingers and thumb on each hand were long and delicate and had no nails. I looked up at the reflector. The two eyes that looked back were a deep, dark blue, set about halfway down the hairless head, which looked oversized to what I felt should have been there. I reached up and touched that head. Was it really mine? Yes, I could feel it - and then the moment was gone! I was loading the rest of the equipment as if nothing had never been amiss.

"It was decided that just three of us would descend, as we needed no more than that to set up the equipment. There was no need to risk others on the ground with volcanic eruptions imminent. As I was in charge of the equipment, that meant that only two from the flight deck would be required to accompany me. It was decided that only males would be considered, even though the best geologist on board was female. We had too few females with us on this trip and we were not about to put any of them at risk. Most of the on-site information would be fed back on board anyhow, so we should be able to analyze it almost immediately. If there was going to be any danger to the ground party, there would be almost no delay in relaying the information back to us. We would not need any encouragement to clear the area.

"As we exited the mother ship we could see her silhouetted against the now clearing sky, her silver-blue bulk shimmering as she reflected the sun's rays. The huge pyramidal shape was familiar and reassuring to us as we descended to a height just above the tree tops. Evening was not too far away, and the shadows in the trees below made it difficult to find a suitable place to land.

"Looks a little better over there to the right. If we give those volcanoes as much room as we can, I'll feel better about it," came the thoughts from in front of me.

"No arguments here," I replied.

"Look! See that? . . . It's gone . . ."

"What was that? . . . Did you see it?" came the questions from up front. I had two faces staring at me in wonder.

"Don't worry," I replied, "the monitor will have picked it up. I'll replay when we're down."

"Everyone's thoughts merged as all eyes were diverted to the viewing ports. We'd been here before, but there was always a surprise or two on planets that were still in their basic evolutionary infancy.

"I thought all the really big stuff was extinct. . .," I commented, waiting for someone to convince me this was so.

"Some space right below us now. Not very much but it should be sufficient," came the thoughts from up front again.

"You both realize that it will be dark by the time we get all this equipment laid out," I added.

"This statement was followed by an uneasy silence.

"As you have not lived in my dream before, it is best I give you some background to it. This information seems to come with the dream, even though I do not know quite how I learnt of it.

"This planet we were researching for future colonization and seeding was average in most respects, but larger than we'd prefer to have been working on. It was about four billion years old - just settling down, as it were. It was the second planet out from its sun and nicely situated as far as climate goes - if you don't mind to be cooked alive!

"We, as such, had originally come from the fourth planet of this same system - a planet we called Khyber which had formed and matured many millions of years earlier than this planet we were now on. But that fourth planet no longer exists: it was lost to us many millennia ago. Only a precious few of us made it off in time, and some who did ended up on what was the third planet of our system at that time. This planet you will know by the name **Mars**. In fact Mars was known to 'us' from then on as **Mirdi Khyber** ("*mirdi*" meaning "*second*"), our second home.

"However, it was always only a temporary solution. The destruction of our original planet also severely damaged the atmosphere of Mars, but at the time our technology was not so great and we could not risk travelling further than the red planet. To have made it even that far was considered a miracle then. After the passing of much time, we developed our technology to such an extent that we now travel the galaxy and beyond.

"Mars was already a dead planet as far as surface life was concerned, and had been for many years, although there were still a few of our kind trying to eke out an existence there in underground bases. We went on to colonize a few other planets, but this system was still home to us. We had been waiting for this second planet, known to you as Earth, to settle and cool. Colonization had been tried here in the past but it was destroyed several times due to the over-eagerness of settlers and the instability of the crust. Things were now looking a little more encouraging. This time frame would be of an age known to you as approximately two million years B.C.

"Seeding was also our intention. By this I mean that we would genetically modify an existing species to perform tasks for us like manual labour, with the idea that eventually they would colonize the planet in their own right. There were a few candidates for that task on this planet and some work had already been done on these entities by those earlier, unsuccessful colonists. Our task at that moment, however, was only to find sites for possible future re-colonization.

Back to the dream itself . . .

"The scout craft landed vertically in an area on the eastern side of the valley, approximately 10 kilometers (seven miles) distant from the line of active volcanoes.

"Within an hour we had set all the instruments in place. At ground level it was now dark. We used lasers to clear the area but had set them to cut only the light vegetation, leaving the trees in place. No one saw or heard anything out of place during this time. To protect the instruments from accidental damage by wandering native livestock, and for our own peace of mind, we had set up laser intercept lines around the external perimeter of our camp. These lasers were not set on such low cutting levels! We were there for the night, so were taking no chances.

"Protecting ourselves from the dangers of geothermal activity was not quite as easy, however, as the ground was rocked by minor tremors almost constantly. Despite our choosing this unstable valley for our survey, it was as stable an area as any on the planet. It was also rich in the mineral deposits that the new colonists would need in the future.

"For your reference, the area of land I am describing to you is that which used to lie to the north of what is now known as Trinidad, Tobago, Barbados and Martinique. At that time this area was part of one large land mass. A little further to the south there was a large inland sea or lake.

"It was always about now that I would awaken from this dream, as if the next portion was best not

remembered. I can even recall trying to write about it many years ago, but it had no context; perhaps it still does not.

"Always, though, it has been the same green, steamy rainforest with me looking up at the canopy of trees and succulent tropical plants, knowing that this was Earth in some other time frame; but I was never able to remember what came next.

"Did I die back then due to some catastrophe of nature? Is that why I am here on Earth now - to complete my life cycle on this planet? Who could know?

"You may tell me this is only typical of any ten-year-old dream-world, but why should a dream last for fourteen years without changing? And why did I have this recurring dream only at the one address?

"Before comparing my dream to the Haven legend, I shall digress briefly to relate something that happened to me at about the same time this dream became such a large part of my life. I should say they must be related, but is everything ever that certain in our lives?

"This other event is even more bizarre and makes the dream pale into insignificance, for it happened in the physical world and in real time. It involved my taking a trip to hospital due to suspected appendicitis, which was confirmed as such after my arrival was confirmed. I was made ready for an operation, but while I was waiting in the ward I was visited by the strangest of *apparitions*.

"The *apparition* was of a small girl, not more than a meter tall. She appeared pale, almost transparent, and looked thin and sickly. I did not doubt for one moment that she needed to be in hospital. She had the most unusual eyes, however, that were quite large for her size, but the most striking thing about them was their colour. Until very recently I had never seen their like before. They were blue, but not blue; in fact, they were much deeper than that. With the advantage of hindsight, I would now say they were violet. I could not be mistaken on this account as she moved right up to me and touched my stomach. As she did this, she looked right into my eyes as if to understand my pain. In a blink she was gone - and so was that pain!

"I never had the operation that day. You might say I'm still waiting to have it! I do not know if this kind of miracle cure happens often with appendicitis cases, and nothing was ever said about it again at home, from what I can remember, so perhaps it does. I'd forgotten about it until I began putting all this together a few years ago.

"That is not the only unusual thing I can remember about childhood and sickness, though. All my cousins had the usual run-ins with viruses, mumps, chickenpox, measles and so on, and as was customary at the time I was dumped in to get it over and done with. It was expected that all children would catch these bugs sooner or later - sooner being better than later, I believe. Just to be different, I caught none of them....!

The legend . . .

"According to my hosts, their history spans many millions of years. However, as I already suggested, having studied some of their records, there is a span time of unknown length in which some details are missing.

"A very interesting legend has grown up around the fragments of historical fact that these people do have of that missing time period. This legend reaches across the vastness of space and touches our own history on this planet Earth....

"....Strangely enough, their original planet went by the name of **Khyber**, but it was originally the fourth planet from our Sun. This was before the arrival of Venus into our system. Khyber orbited in a slightly elliptical manner outside the orbit of the Planet Mars. It was predominantly a watery planet, smaller than but not unlike the Earth in most respects. The water was mostly frozen, as Khyber was much further from our Sun than the Earth. In its elliptical orbit, in some stages it would get almost as

close to the Sun as Mars - and we must remember that the Sun was just a little hotter in those early days.

"The land masses along the equatorial regions at these times of the year were quite conducive to life as we would recognize it. At other times, these same life-forms that had been seeded upon this planet would simply go **underground**. Some hibernated, while others used the planet's natural resources, such as thermal heat, to keep themselves warm. After a while, some of this life-forms hardly ever came to the surface; there was no need to, as they had constructed huge underground bases with all the comforts of home. Because of this, too distinct races eventually emerged. Both were intelligent but had very little to do with each other.

"The **surface race**, if you could call them that, preferred to live the simple life. Even though they were very intelligent by Earth standards they shunned technology altogether, opting to live in complete harmony with Nature. If you didn't know where to look for them, you would think they would not exist at all. They were so attuned to nature that they developed what we would call *psychic abilities*. Their outward appearance would be considered primitive by Earth standards, in that they had a somewhat hairy or furry outer cover to protect themselves from the cold.

"**The other race** was almost the complete opposite. These beings, too, were highly intelligent but they were also technologically advanced - a necessity due to their living underground. They became a race smaller in stature and more delicate than the surface-dwellers, and after aeons of time they ended up with no body hair at all.

"If you saw the two races together, you wouldn't think for one moment that they were direct relatives. The only really obvious common traits were that they both had two arms, two legs, and a head. Yes, just like us!

"It was the more inquisitive, subterranean group that discovered space travel, but this was when everything started to become undone for them. Their first step in space exploration was to one of Khyber's moons, and in due course they visited all three moons. They later turn the moons into 'space stations', with the intention of using at least one of them at some future date as a vessel to colonize the far-distant stars.

At about this time, they were conducting experiments on the planet itself to do with travel of a slightly different nature: dimensional travel.

"Somewhere along the way, something went terribly wrong with experiments and the planet Khyber was totally destroyed.

"However, the subterranean group which caused this catastrophe did have warning of what was about to happen - enough time to launch a ship to one of their moons before the planet was lost to them. On this ship they took with them a group of the hairy surface-dwellers and several other life-forms that lived beneath Khyber's abundant but cold waters.

"The subterranean beings acknowledged their responsibility to the other life-forms of their planet and tried their best to save as many as they could (perhaps in a scenario that somewhat parallels our own *story of Noah's Ark!*)

"On arrival at the moon or moon station, they hastily finished converting it into a spacecraft. They then used this most unusual vehicle to travel the relatively short distance to their nearest neighbor, the planet **Mars**. And so it was that Mars inherited a second moon.

"At this time in our solar system's history, **Mars** had an atmosphere and water, but the destruction of the planet Khyber and the subsequent after-effects were to spell the end of the Martian atmosphere. This was a gradual process taking many thousands of years, but eventually, as we all now know, much of that atmosphere was lost. However, even to this day, a large volume of the red planet's water remains frozen beneath the surface, waiting to be used!

"In the ensuing period, both humanoid groups lived side by side on the planet, while the aquatic

types lived in the Martian seas. However, these entities knew they would have to find a more permanent home sooner or later. There was one obvious choice: **planet Earth and its Moon!**

"The hairy and aquatic beings were given the chance to settle Earth first as they were more suited to the prevailing conditions.

"The smaller, subterranean entities used the Earth's Moon as their home base. Over time, they improved their space technology enough to be able to go wherever they chose. A small group of them remained on Mars but was forced to live underground. This was not really a hardship for them, as it was the way of their ancestors. This small group, I understand, is still living on **Mars!**

"Eventually one of the subterranean splinter groups returned to settle on Earth (my recurring dream?). At first, these beings chose the colder areas of this planet - the north and south polar regions, where they still have **underground or underwater bases** today! But they were also using other areas (as they still are), much to the consternation of some regimes that would call themselves the *unelected leaders* of planet Earth.

"As I listened to this fascinating legend - and remember, at this time it was only a legend - I felt like butting in with some small additions from my own dream.

"How could that dream of mine fit so well into a story I had never heard before? The universe is truly a mysterious place. . .

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Chapter 15

AN ALIEN AMONG FRIENDS

"My first introduction to one of **Zeena's** closest friends was to one who went by the name **Mahirishi**....

"...Mahirishi, also female, was slightly shorter than Zeena, as they all seemed to be, but only by an inch or so....

"...Mahirishi worked for the recently formed hydroponics laboratories (as close as I can describe it) which was created as a contingency plan in case solid food became necessary for their experimental offspring in the various breeding programs underway.

"...it was interesting to hear what Mahirishi felt about Zeena's volunteering for the above program....

"I am sure Zeena has calculated everything out very carefully. She always does,""I only wish I had the same courage," she added. "I should really be on it, too. I probably will, once we see how Zeena gets on."

"Her second friend was male, although, once again, shorter than Zeena. He was of more help as he worked on a portion of the breeding program.... When Zeena was otherwise engaged, I spent every spare moment pumping him for information on the project. Even though he was hesitant at first, when I explained I could possibly be introduced into some part of the experiment he did give me some reassurance: my part would involve no risk at all.... He did admit though that they were running out of ideas to speed up the development of a stronger race.

"He (it's "he" because I can't remember his name) seemed a nervous enough sort, anyhow, always twiddling his long fingers or playing with his liquid dispenser. He kept looking around the room as if trying to find someone. His long neck rather reminded me of a giraffe trying to look over a high fence at the zoo. His head seemed a little bigger in proportion than most, anyway, I wondered to

myself if he had problems holding it up! I had to be very careful that none of these thoughts slipped out as I conversed with him....

"I was amazed at how nonchalant the crowded entertainment area was about having an alien, namely me, in their midst.... Their contact with the likes of Millie must have made me old news.

"....some very curious to know, of all things, how we managed to tolerate such short day/night periods on Earth. And with our having to sleep a third of it away as well, they seemed to be of the opinion we wouldn't have time to get anything done!...

"Others could not comprehend the enormous population growth on our planet. I explained that the country I came from on Earth was sparsely populated by world standards. This seemed to make them even more confused. I had to confess I had no answers. I'm sure I could see their estimation of Earthlings fall by the minute, and who could blame them?

"I pumped **Mahirishi** as much as I could for information about Zeena....

"....Their bigger immediate concern was that no one was sure how long the new breed, like Mahirishi and Zeena, would live.... There was concern that any quickening of development, such as in the direction they were presently going, could severely reduce their life expectancy, not to mention their mental powers.... This is what was holding back development at this point. Only now did they realize that any more delay could spell the extinction of their race.

"**Zeena** had always been near the top of her classes.

"You should have seen her," said Mahirishi, "arguing with her tutors, never accepting anything unless they could prove it right in front of her. Then she would spend the rest of her spare time trying to come up with another better way of doing something, just to annoy them."

"Sounds familiar, I thought to myself.

"As Zeena progressed through her schooling and continued to outstrip the other students around her, she was carving an inevitable path toward her involvement in the Earth relocation plans. Even though all major decisions were, and still are, made by the Elders, it was obvious they themselves would never be able to settle on Earth and would have to make way for the new generation that existed, or would exist in the near future.

"Zeena's first and only trip to Earth had occurred approximately one year before this adventure of mine. This second trip had been to test her abilities aboard ship; at exactly what, I was not told.

"....Eventually her friends left, and we were alone with **Jarze** and **Theurus**. A rather enjoyable chat ensued - the first time I had been with them without something else going on, if you could call a mind-link transference a chat. For all their imposing appearance and intelligence, they were easy to get on with, asking me details of my life on Earth and events leading up to my appearance in the transporter - details that up until then I had not even discussed with Zeena....

"....They were indeed a gentle and understanding race. I couldn't help but feel that the Earth would be a better place for having them, even without the wealth of technical information they would bring.

"Every moment I spent with these people was weakening my desire to return home....

"....We talked on through the night. Zeena and I were planning to leave on our coastal trip at first light so as not to waste any of our last half-day together....

"....Zeena and I decided to push off in her boat, and sit and contemplate our fate as the sun slowly rose above the lazy-looking Haven sea.... I only hoped that by the time Haven's sun finally did its thing, Zeena's people, perhaps just the next generation of them, would be far away on Earth or some other planet they might yet find.

"In spite of these thoughts, it was pleasant sitting out on the water, listening to the gentle clink of the wavelets on the side of the boat as a soft, warm breeze started to ruffle the water around us. We were only a hundred meters or so from the shoreline but it may as well have been a nautical mile as we both sat back with our own thoughts....

"....Better get started," Zeena said, breaking the silence, "if we are going to get any distance down the coast this morning...."

"I would have been quite happy to stay out there all day....

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Chapter 16

LAST MEMORIES

"....The car was set on automatic mode. Evidently these vehicles are not meant to be used on the manual setting, but that didn't stop us the day before. **Zeena** had let me have a go, knowing my love for fast cars.

"How does it compare to your Earth machines?" she asked.

"Do you know of one of our expressions, 'chalk and cheese?'" I asked in return.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, we drive a lot of chalk back home," I suggested.

"We both laughed.

"....The sea brought back memories of when she, **Mahirishi** and another friend, **Myron**, had set themselves the task of traversing an arm of their local sea - a distance of approximately 1,000 nautical miles to the nearest land, save for a few small islands. This was to be done without the help of any external power source, and with their mind-power alone.

"The idea ran into trouble almost before they started, when Mahirishi discovered after just half a day's travel that she was prone to seasickness (they had allowed five days for the trip). Secondly, the boat started to leak, and in their over exuberant attempts to repair it they made it worse. Such is the nature of plastic boats.

"This rather interesting adventure took place when Zeena was fifteen years old.... Like all teenagers, they knew everything and had all angles covered - or so they thought!

"They spent the first night trying to stop the boat from sinking, with Mahirishi trying to stop herself from feeling she was going to die. They eventually made it to a small island but were determined not to ask for help, as both sets of parents had told them not to go....

(I hope one day you will get to read Zeena's whole hilarious adventure from Alec's book, and find out how the crossing of the sea went!)..

"....As we left the developed areas behind, the coastline became more natural in appearance. I asked Zeena to stop at the first beach we came to, as, apart from the desert, I had not seen anything else on the planet that was not artificial or 'man-made.' I was eager to explore. We duly stopped and got out onto a grass verge. The grass, or the like, ran down to the beach line.... The coastline itself was very rocky, but on the beach there was sand, brown in colour, very fine, and nice to walk on. We sat on it after a short time of my poking around just up from the water's edge. It was great just to seat there. We didn't have to say much. The sound of the sea lapping up the beach soothed the two of us, I am sure.

"....I knew we both felt a little sad. It rather reminded me of school holidays long ago, when, for all the fun that was to be had, the last day or two always lost its gloss because you knew it would end soon. I wasn't too sure, but I thought I caught site of a tear in Zeena's eye. I know there was one on mine as I looked off in another direction.... We were as different as that chalk and cheese metaphor I had used a few miles before....

"....That's an interesting peninsula just up ahead," I said. "Do we have time to take a closer look?"

"...."I should think so," Zeena replied....

"....We left the beach and walked back to the car.

"It did not take us long to reach the peninsula....

"I had acclimatized to the Haven gravity, but it was still difficult for me to downgrade some of my movements... I could almost have jumped to the top of the rock-face, but held back just in case **Zeena** needed a hand. She was more precious to me than gold.

"Speaking of gold, it looked like that was what I had found.... Zeena set me straight.

"It is iron sulphide which has been crystallized. That makes it look like gold. No need to pick at it, Alec; I have some at home that you may have."

'These crystals were the two I later found in my car after the long drive home - the only things I know about that came home with me.

"I continued my exploration of the stream itself, right to the point where it exited the plateau in a small but exquisite waterfall.... Some of the more sheltered side-shoots of the stream still had ice in them, so this gives an idea just how cold it got at night.

"Our time was up, and we had to rush to get back to the city for our appointments, for there were still a few small tests we both had to undergo. I would be leaving that night and needed to report in several hours before hand.

"Zeena had earlier told me that, as with all newborn experimental babies, her child would be put into simulated Earth-type conditions as soon as practicable after she or he was born. If the tests were encouraging, the baby would then be transported to Earth for further tests.

"If I knew Zeena, she would not be far away and would probably insist on accompanying her child to Earth. I suggested she call in for a coffee as they passed overhead! That was worth a laugh!

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Chapter 17

THE RETURN

"Alone in my room later on, I was examining the rock samples I had collected out in the desert.... my initial cursory inspection suggested these were samples of glazed pottery, but I realized on closer examination that the samples exhibited all the characteristics of a plastic material.

"....Most rock or stone is cold to the touch, but this material had a rather warm feel to it, more in keeping with an insulator.... I thought some of the samples worth hanging onto.

"....I'm no geologist, but I'd never seen anything like it on Earth.

"As I sat in my room, I reached another conclusion, but it was not a happy one. I wondered if this material could be the residue of annihilation. Could artificial structures, made from this material,

once have existed out in that desert area and been destroyed in some holocaust so catastrophic that their only remnants were the shrapnel-like pieces I had picked up out there?....

"....I remember **Zeena** saying that the great rift canyon was created in a monumental earthquake around the time of some of their early dimensional experiments, but I was puzzled. Had there been more to the desert trip than just sightseeing? Zeena had gone out of her way to show me this area of land but she hadn't exactly elaborated on any major catastrophe. Was I reading something into this that she hadn't really intended? Somehow she'd already known of my interest in rock-hounding, so had she been hoping that my interest would help me discover these catastrophic facts accidentally after she had pointed me in the right direction? But what facts were they? If annihilation had indeed occurred, what was the message? Could this be the future fate of planet Earth?.... Why had she not just come out with it?

"....I was still not entirely sure why they had singled me out from five-and-a-half billion other Earthlings. Zeena would not answer that question for me, but kept on insisting I would be capable of answering most of my own questions in due course! In any case, once I became truly involved in the complexities of the breeding program, some of those answers came blatantly obvious. My thoughts now turned in this direction.

"....Soon, my rather beautiful golden bodysuit would have to be removed and replaced with the blue version - a procedure that had to be performed under controlled conditions in an underground laboratory.

"....Zeena had let it slip earlier that the gold colouring was a reflection of the fairly high gold content. I remember commenting at the time that perhaps I could take one home with me.

"Many people back on Earth believe that gold worn next to the skin is beneficial for health and well being, but I know there was much more to the Haven suits than this....

"....I have found that gold leaf not only conveniently absorbs blue and violet light, but its texture surface strongly reflects yellow and red - hence its colour. Curiously, this then leaves us with the green sector of the spectrum which is neither absorbed nor reflected....

"....This might suggest that if a suit could be designed to incorporate a thin gold compound, it would have all the necessary properties to make a great UV sunscreen, heat reflector or insulator, with possible inbuilt health benefits as well - and all this while letting in the gentler solar rays.

"The second type of bodysuit, the blue one worn on board the transporter, is an even deeper mystery to me....

"....Lapis lazuli, the stone that was held in high regard by the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt, is also blue. I have seen several photographs of ancient Egyptian wall paintings that depict people who appear to be entirely blue in colour. As most Egyptian art is representative of people's daily lives, I would consider it very unusual for the Egyptians to have drawn such figures in this colour if they had not been trying to represent something that they regarded as familiar or had seen in the past. Whatever reason these alien people had for their past interactions with Earth races, they could not have been more important than the reasons they have for interacting with us now!

"Their aims with their breeding programs were never going to be easy to achieve, complicated as they were by the lack of compatible donors from our side.... It could just as easily have been any other male from our planet to fit the bill - except the real problem was the *rarity of compatible males*. Evidently it did not seem to matter if a female from our planet was not entirely compatible, provided that she was 'utilized' only the one time, curiously enough. If compatible in all aspects, she could be involved more than that one time as a foster mother. I do not know the reasons for this. The male was a different story and had to be right on every count....

"....**Bruce Cathie** may have unwittingly touched on this subject in his latest book, [The Harmonic Conquest of Space](#) (NEXUS Publishing, 1995). If you are at all curious about the technical aspects of harmonics, space and the Earth grid system, I recommend you read this book...

After quoting a paragraph from *Bruce Cathie's book*, Alec continues:

"....Add to that the vagaries of **A-negative blood**, and how many are there from whom to choose? I began to see the importance of my childhood interactions, being singled out at an early age and nurtured simply because there were so few of us that they wanted to be sure we were available when needed! There was no coincidence or luck involved in my abduction, it would seem. They knew all about me, even before I was taken aboard.

"The clinical precision and long-term planning of this operation made me think they would not tolerate for long the buffoonery of the human race back home on Earth. I decided that if they did arrive on our doorstep one day, life on Earth was going to be very interesting.

"My final hours on Haven went by very quickly, and before I knew it we were on our way to the transporter terminal. Zeena had accompanied me so that we could say our last goodbyes.

"Our last trip together was indeed a somber affair.... but this time I knew there might be future opportunities for space travel, time travel or both - possibly the dream of half the population of Earth! It was a strange turn of events: I felt like I was leaving home, not returning to it.

"The act of leaving was more emotional for me than I could possibly have imagined just a few days before. Some of the happenings immediately prior to this final act on alien soil had rather taken me by surprise. Perhaps one day, when experiences such as mine are no longer considered controversial, and ridicule does not flow so readily from non-believers' lips, I may summon the courage to tell you the complete story of my adventure.

"....I could hardly believe that just six or seven (Earth) days had passed since my involuntary induction into the Haven transporter and my meeting up with Zeena....

"....I was saying goodbye to the most important part of the adventure, standing before me standing in the guise of a four-foot-ten-inch alien. An exquisite creature in every way, there was nothing more certain than the fact that I would never again meet anyone quite like her in my lifetime....

"We had already said all there was to say, so we just stood there and let the silence say the rest. Finally, I turned and entered the building where I was to be fitted with my new blue new suit. I knew that **Zeena** would be watching me as I walked out onto the flat field in front of the transporter, and would keep watching until the transporter eventually disappeared from sight. My eyes were more than a little damp, but I could not bear to look back. I entered the transporter as quickly as possible so as to not be tempted.

"Now there was no turning back. I was going home.

"Once on board, the few things that I had been able to bring with me were placed in my sleeping area - not that I would use it for sleep, but it was a place I felt was my own private space. As I was making my way to this area, Zeena's last few puzzling words were still uppermost in my mind:

"Forget the abomination you have seen here. When you get home, with all caution and commonsense, let the Sun see your eyes. In spite of what others may say, do not hide yourself from a friend."

"I am not sure whether this was the same craft I had arrived in, but it looked identical with the same arrowhead-type insignia above the entranceway. (Alec explains more about this insignia at this point in his book).

"....We did not depart immediately. However, my judgment of the passage of time had been affected throughout this interaction. I had no timepiece or even a frame of reference. In other words, they did not ring a dinner gong every few hours.

"Eventually there was a gentle bump, and the next moment we were well above the city.... We were out of the atmosphere in what seemed only a few seconds. I watched until Haven and its oversized

moon were fast- disappearing dots. A few hours later, so was their sun. There was a slight surge in gravity, then it eased off.

"...Before I left Haven, **Zeena** had given me a severe lecture about the dangers of dehydration with this particular form of travel and had told me to have liquid at regular periods, whether I felt the need or not.

"...I was hoping I would now have the opportunity to interact with some of the crew members, if only they would communicate with me. There was still much I didn't know about this form of travel and I was about to try to remedy that.

"...The thing I most wanted to do was to get a look at the control room, if they had such a thing. I realised this was going to be a fairly tall order unless I could get in with someone who had some clout...

"...Eventually I came across **Yarvitie**... was also a hybrid, I guess; at least he was similar in appearance to **Zeena**. This was his fourth trip to our time sector, as he put it, and I had many questions for him. Some of the answers were complex in the extreme and there is every possibility I have misinterpreted some of the answers. Still, I feel it is an interesting field of study for us here on Earth, and worthy of including at this point rather than leaving it out just because I may have misunderstood a small portion.

"If you have made mistakes in the past, and you can time-travel, why don't you go back and correct them?" I asked.

"That could be an even greater mistake," he replied, for then you would have no control over your 'now time."

"...You may end up in limbo, as your Earth people say. You may find your present time does not exist any more when you get back to it, or it is no longer where it should have been. You would become lost in time, as I believe some of our early travellers were," Yarvitie cautioned.

"From this I deduced that they had indeed tried to go back in time to change things.

"What is time anyway?" I asked. "Do you have the same unit of time as used on Earth?"

"We measure it in a similar way. There is a small unit of time that we use because it is a natural rhythm that can be found throughout this universe. Crystals can be made to vibrate at a rhythm, which makes it easy to measure time in this small unit. This measure of time was given to your people by friends of ours tens of thousands of your years ago. Your people used it back then, so it is not strange to you, but it was lost for some reason. You have recently rediscovered this unit of measure and, much to our amusement, you now call it your own! It is known by you as a 'second' of time," he explained.

"A friend of mine, **Zeena 5**, who is one of your people, told me that you had to change your density level before you could time-travel over great distances. That seems like a lot of trouble to go to just for time travel," I suggested.

"To understand the subjects of time travel and matter transfer through space, you must first understand that nothing in this universe is solid.... Perhaps the best way for you to understand what I am saying is to imagine the universe as being constructed only of wave-forms - microscopic vibrations or small waves of energy that are too small to be seen....

"...Matter attracts matter, or, in reality, these small waves are a form of electromagnetic energy that appears to travel in thread-like lines of ribbons of force.... As matter is formed, some parts of it become more compressed than others - so you have the different elements, as you may know them, in the universe. However, if you stop and pull all these elements apart, you will find they are nothing but small energy-waves once again and have no real, solid form.

"....Our studies have shown that these waves at their inception are nothing more than a very intelligent and powerful **thought**. That is why your thoughts are important: they become one with the universe and make what it is....

"....So you see, it is true when they say that all things start with a thought. When you travel through time or space you are no more than travelling through a thought....

"Yarvitie continued, but with a slightly different theme.

"Time travel also made space travel instantaneous for us, and we now no longer use the old methods of gravity manipulation. It is not a good thing to play with antimatter in this way. It would be a good idea if your own people stopped playing around with it, also! We have lost many craft and personnel in the past by using it, and if you heard some of our ancient legends while you were on Haven you might have guessed there is every possibility our parent planet Khyber was destroyed by some overzealous experiments with this substance.... That is one of the main reasons we have tried so hard to achieve space travel outside of gravitational manipulation.

"....If you think about it for a moment, if you started a long trip through space and then projected yourself forward in time to the point where the trip would end, no matter how long it should have taken you could arrive there almost instantaneously if you wished it so. On the return journey you could set yourself to arrive back at your home base at whatever time you wished it to be.... For instance, if this expedition that we are on now to planet Earth took thirty of our days to complete in real time, excluding the time travel aspect, we would prefer to arrive back after those thirty days have gone by on Haven. That keeps us in synchronization with our life cycle at home - that is, we do not age at a different rate to those who remain behind in Haven...."

"The catch," he added, "is to make sure you do not arrive back before you personally have left. There are two reasons for this. There will be two of you in almost the same place at the same time, and much confusion. We have since found that one of those two people or items, if it is items that have been sent through time, will be catapulted into the past and will occupy that vortex or space that was created back there by these overlaps in future displaced time. Please do not ask me to elaborate on that, this journey is not long enough...."

"Why was it necessary to become dimensionally variant to time travel?" I asked.

"If you remain in a lower order of vibration, such as you would normally be in [he was referring to me personally], you would only find it possible to time-travel within your own lifetime - your third-dimensional lifetime, that is, which will be the only one you can perceive at this time, as I understand it.... It would be an unreal world for you - perhaps similar to the way you perceive a dream, which is one that you can access the future even now," he explained.

"Do you mean, then, that we could time-travel right now on Earth if we had the technology?" I enquired once more.

"Yes, why not, but what do you mean if you had the technology? For you surely do," Yarvitie suggested.

"....No one on Earth can time-travel. We fantasize about it a lot, but no one that I know of has done it yet," I replied, slightly puzzled.

"Well, then - how is it you say? - someone is pulling the wool over your eyes," was his answer....

"Do you communicate with other alien races?" I asked trying to find some other subject that he felt comfortable in discussing with me.

"Yes, when we feel it may be appropriate, which is not often," was his reply.

"Like who, then?" I asked....

"Well, you have some close neighbors. I believe they are interacting with you more frequently than we are," he commented.

"What do they look like and where do they come from," I asked eagerly.

"Well, from your mind's eye you already know what they look like. [Zetas or Greys - the aliens I had read about in the magazines.] They come from, well, shall we say, not too far away - at least the

ones that are presently interacting with your people."

"....How close? The Moon?" I pushed on....

"....Something like that, but no, not that Moon!" He backed off the subject, almost startled....

"Well, then, why do they come to Earth?" I asked.

"Much the same as us. They perhaps need your understanding as well as help. They have been around a long time. They are mostly a very gentle race, but they do not really understand you at all. You have changed since they were last there in numbers. In spite of that, there is every chance they may be among you openly, sooner than we will be!" was Yarvitie's most unexpected reply.

"May I ask if there are other reasons for your most frequent visits to Earth, other than for breeding purposes?"

"Yes you may. We are at the present time preparing for a major repair and correction that is to take place in your 1993. It will change a few things - all for the better, you should know. It is of our doing, long ago, that some of these repairs are necessary, it is a payback, if you like. It is for our own good, too, should we be lucky enough ever to share your planet with you," he replied.

"....A little voice inside me kept wondering why I had not asked these questions of **Zeena**. I was only just beginning to realize how strong her influence had been over me, now that I was free of it! Somehow I was starting to get the feeling that I was only able to ask the questions she was prepared to answer. There were some strange emotions at work here. To say I was confused would not tell half the story!

"What are the others [aliens] doing, then, apart from genetics? I asked....

"Some are also assisting with the repairs, some are doing things with your governments. There is much distrust, mostly from your side," he said.

"How do you feel about all this?" I asked.

"We try to stay distant. We do not like some of what is going on, but we must not judge."....

"What if I were to tell my people back home of all this?" I suggested.

"You may tell whom you like. Those who believe, already know. Those who will not, will not."

"There was no arguing with that logic.

"What is important to us," Yarvitie continued, "is that you know we are here and who we are. When we call on you to help us, you will know who we are and what we are trying to do. That may just make the difference in the end."

"I thought that now would be a good time to ask about a tour of the control room.

"Would it be too much to ask if I could see how you steer this thing? The transporter, I mean."

"Control centre ... hmm ..." He thought about it. "I will get back to you on that," he added....

"....I rested, rehydrated, and then searched for more people to cross-examine - not very successfully, I might add.

"I had some long talks with **Millie** who had been told this would be her last opportunity to see Earth for quite a number of years, so she was going to make the most of it.... We got along very well for two people who were more than a generation apart.

"Time passed and eventually I was informed that preparations were underway for my transmutation back to a lower density. I would undergo a similar course of events as had happened on my way in nine days before, but of course, in reverse order. It was a process that would speed up or slow down my metabolism; I'm not sure which. Just before this took place, I had to consume quite an amount of a very salty liquid - not the best experience of the trip.

"The total time for this transmutation process was approximately twenty-four hours. The sequence of events was explained to me beforehand, as it would not be possible to communicate with me once the suit had been removed. What this meant, in fact, was that for just over twenty-four hours I was to become a golden ghost again!

"From this point on, things are a little sketchy. I did arrive in Auckland eventually, as you already know from the sequence of events at the beginning of my narration. However, little did I know that my adventure was not yet over, in fact, it was just beginning to warm up! What I had been through was the prelude to, and the reason for, an equally bizarre series of events which were to occur right here on home ground.

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PART TWO

Chapter 18

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!

"The experience I have described is now historical fact, certainly as far as I'm concerned. Denying it will not make it go away. However some people were about to come into my life who wished this historical fact would pack its bags and hide exclusively in their computer files - possibly forever....!

"...For almost twelve months after the initial run-in with the alleged **DSIR scientists**, I lived quite carefully and kept very much to myself....

"...Those previous run-ins with agents, possibly in the keeping of the **Dark Overlords**, were fast becoming a fading if still somewhat unpleasant memory.... I had to make a living, as life in a cave for the rest of my life did not really appeal. But if I had known what was awaiting me in the not-too-distant future, perhaps cave life would have seemed a little more attractive, for coming out in the open was perhaps the biggest mistake I was yet to make!

"...I should have realized that something was up the day my landlord, John, reported that the police, or persons representing themselves as police, had called around to question me about a car I had once owned (not the one involved in the *UFO encounter*)....

"...I guess, with hindsight, they were checking to see if the address they had for me was the correct one. I would like to think that the police of my country do not do the legwork for the **SIS** or, even worse, the **CIA**. Hopefully these alleged policemen were not the real thing....

"...I had noticed more than once during the course of the next few days the same car parked at the end of my street, usually with two occupants but sometimes with only one....

"...I moved again, but it was not because I was running: it was personal choice this time. I had decided enough was enough. Whatever came out of the next confrontation with these people, I would just have to wear it and that was that! I had found someone I wanted to settle down with, and that relationship had given me just enough courage to face my pursuers head on.

"Why they were just watching me at that time I did not know. But when they finally made contact they left me in no doubt that they knew quite a lot about the particular group of off-planet visitors that had interacted with me. Evidently they had run across them in some earlier, ill-conceived and quickly aborted time-travel experiment - or was that mind-travel experiment....?

(For the more curious, you may find some research in this direction most enlightening. I would suggest you start with [The Philadelphia Experiment](#) and follow it right through to its conclusion in the mid-1980s)

"...they now decided to try to appeal to my sense of patriotism - at least as far as planet Earth and the human race were concerned. They suggested that what I might know about these off-planet visitors was important to the defense of planet Earth and all the people living upon it!

"Had they sounded the least bit genuine, I might even had conceded to tell them a few things, but their approach was all wrong.... In other words, I could read their motives like a book!

"A friend once told me, "It's a wise man who can recognize his enemies," and "There's a great abyss between being smart and being wise." I may never be very smart, but I am truly extremely hard to be wise. I believe a great deal more than we can yet imagine depends on our developing some form of wisdom before we leave this Earthly plane of existence.

"Someone else, and it may even have been my father, suggested to me a long time ago that prisons are only full of criminals who have been caught, and that the really clever ones are still out there working right alongside us....

"....my ancestry on my father's side can be traced back to Germany, and I carry the surname of **Newald**, which I believe is a misspelling of an old German name, Newall. If what my mother said is true, I was born a blue-eyed blond. I have seen a lock of my hair from my first haircut, which would suggest that perhaps my hair did change from its original colour in those early years. I've heard many a tale as to why our eyes and hair change colour. In my mind, the most convincing reason is that it is due to fright after we realize exactly where we are and what we have gotten ourselves into on this Earth plane! This may suggest that the sooner our hair changes colour, the wiser we become....!

"....I happen to be a second-generation Kiwi (New Zealander), and the ancestry on the German side of my family was barely mentioned while I was growing up and still living at home....

"....Taking all that into account, when a stranger came to the door at my new home address and suggested, among other things, that my loyalties should lie with my ancestral lineage, you could surely excuse me for being a little bewildered.... Whatever research they had done on me, they had got that section completely wrong....!

"....They maintained that a debriefing was necessary so that what had happened could be understood and evaluated by all. Just who this 'all' was, they did not say. I can remember telling them, "I'm quite happy with things the way they are".... The stubborn streak within me may not be my best asset or most endearing feature, but it is the sole reason I'm able to tell this story now.

"They said they could make life very uncomfortable for me if I was uncooperative. However, there didn't appear to be anything they could do to me at that stage, so I said, "Thanks very much for the friendly advice," and shut the door in their faces. That was another grave mistake on my part.

"....They were obviously more than just curious, and you could say they seemed to be taking this whole thing very seriously.... At that time I thought it was all over and I had won my freedom from interference and harassment. Yes, I was still a little naive back then.

"....When you are 'set up', as I was, and your only defense is your story, you do not have an instant compulsion to tell everyone about it in an attempt to save yourself, believe me - not unless you like white coats, doctors and strait-jackets!

"In the years immediately prior to the events I have related, I had been a motor vehicle dealer, at least until 1987 when the stock-market crashed no longer made that a viable trade in New Zealand....

".... Even though I was no longer a licensed motor vehicle dealer per se, I would still buy and sell the odd car privately....

"....At about this time, a gentleman introduced himself to me while I was attending a well-known car auction in Auckland city. This gentleman said he had recognized me as the one-time partner of a mutual friend and that we had met some time ago when my partner and I still used to run the same car-yard....

"....He said his name was Jeff Wright and that he had access to cheap Japanese secondhand imported cars, which were wholesale stock that was not required or was surplus to dealer needs.... there was no reason for me to doubt what he said.

"...I didn't ask too many questions before I began to buy the odd car from him. This eventually proved to be another big mistake on my part!

"...Eight or nine months must have passed. Jeff would ring me whenever he had a car that he thought I might be interested in buying. Sometimes I would buy them; other times, if I did not have the money, I would turn them down....

"...These guys [**DSIR scientists**] were very clever, and perhaps Jeff didn't really know the full story, for, in spite of my newfound ability to sniff out deception, I could not see through what Jeff was up to. The cars he had been supplying me with were, without exception 'hot' (stolen), or so it appeared to the courts.

"...There needed to be more than one if they were going to get this little game of theirs up and running properly. In the end, there were six cars involved in this set-up. Unfortunately the police got so enthusiastic about it all that they even tried to prosecute me for cars that were not stolen....!

"As I've suggested, the police were eventually tipped off, and there was no talking my way out of it. The agencies had done a fairly good job. They cunningly let me stew on things for quite some time before they visited me again.

"It was just as you would expect: "Cooperate, and we will fix things up for you with the police."

"I was determined to ride their bluff to the end....

"I'm not sure how long a straightforward case such as mine should take before it is acted upon in a court of law; six to eight months would seem like a good guess to me, perhaps even less. But not my case. It was like a slow death in the end: two years of recurring court appearances - over twenty in total....

"...My accusers' exceedingly thin excuse was that they were not ready to proceed.... from day one of my arrest they appeared to panic and they applied overkill - at least I think they did....

"...This people were meticulous and seemed to be able to reach into every corner of my life. There was no doubting they had done this type of thing before - but to whom and for what reasons? How many before me had been subjected to the same fate?

"I was rapidly losing faith in every part of our so-called 'justice' system. I knew it was just a game for them, but this was my life they were playing with. Losing my car meant I did not have transport to get to the police station every day, and of course I had no money to hire a lawyer [Alec had been made bankrupt, as all his assets had been taken away]. My brother-in-law lent me a few hundred dollars so that I could buy a cheap car to get around in. I refused to go on welfare - I was not going to sink that low.

"...With each (voluntary) court appearance I would end up locked up out the back of the courthouse until my bail was reprocessed. Sometimes this would take many hours. It was a humiliating and degrading experience. Maybe it was a game for them, but I think you will agree it was not a very nice one. In the end, I believe it was more for spite than actually to achieve anything. By now they must have known I would never talk to them about my interaction with the aliens.

"After some eighteen or so court appearances it got to the point where a District Court judge said to the police, "If you do not bring forward your charges at the next hearing, I will throw this case out." I really thought that this is what would happen, and it had all been a bluff. But no, they had other things in mind for me.

"My lawyer (appointed by the court because I had no money) was about as useful as a bucket full of holes, bless his cotton socks. I don't think he could believe his luck. If he got paid every time we went to court, he should have made a fortune out of the case!

"Needless to say, we lost!....

"....Some of my friends tried to help me, but I think the result had been written on the judge's report papers before I had even arrived in the courtroom. The trial [Alec had decided to make it a jury trial case] took place in the main Auckland District Courthouse and actually lasted for a full week. that fact alone should have attracted some media attention, you would think - not that I wanted any of it at the time. The fact that no reference to the trial never found its way into the local papers, as far as I'm aware, seems just a little strange to me.

"....Apart from my own account, no other explanation was ever brought forward to describe how these stolen cars arrived at my doorstep! I was not charged with stealing them, just receiving them. All these cars I had sold openly, in my own name if I had owned them, or, alternatively, openly from my home address if they had been in some other person's name. There was never any attempt on my part to be subversive, but this did not seem to count for much with anyone.... Other illegal, fraudulent paper-work was proved to have been done by others and not by me, and descriptions of these other people were presented at the trial.

"....Four of my friends were prepared to stand up in court and defend me over some very conflicting and none-too convincing police evidence, but it seemed to make very little difference, much to their own dismay. Sadly they did not know the full story, and this book is going to be as much a surprise to them as it is to anyone else.

"I had to serve half of my twelve-month sentence following the trial. What it meant, in fact, was plenty of time to re-appraise my situation with regard to writing this story in all its detail. It was no longer a private affair: the world had a right to know. It was now July 1993.

"At about the same time all this was going down, on the other side of the world something was happening that must have had the very people and agencies persecuting me, in a real tiz. It may even have been the reason they wanted information about my star-based friends so badly and urgently.

"The following news items only came my way in June 1995, and in many ways it confirms what I had been told earlier in 1989 aboard the transporter. You may remember I had been told that 1993 would see the return of those from Haven to undertake urgent repairs and adjustments to certain things upon this Earth. If my story needs outside confirmation, surely this is it!

Reports appearing in Chapter 18 of CoEvolution

"This news items that from late December 1992 through to mid-1993, British, American, Russian and Icelandic naval forces were involved in a major operation to hunt UFOs!

ICELANDIC UFO SAGA WITH MISSING AMERICAN WARSHIP?

The following is a summary of events related at a **UFO** conference in February 1995 by well known author, **Anthony Dodd**.

20 December 1992

Mr. Dodd received a telephone call from one of the Icelandic naval sources reporting that three UFOs had been tracked coming down and entering the sea off the east coast of Iceland, near Langeness.

21 December 1992

Icelandic fisherman report incidents of large, fast-moving underwater craft with flashing, coloroud lights. These are accompanied by a glowing airborne object overhead. Heading on a course toward Scotland, the vessels moved through the water, damaging the nets being trawled by fishermen.

Accustomed to seeing submarines in the area, fishermen say that these vessels were unlike any submarines they had ever seen. Icelandic authorities ordered escorts by the Icelandic Coast Guard.

23 December 1992

An Icelandic Coast Guard vessel and two gunboats are ordered to take position on the north-east of Iceland at Langeness where previously, three days earlier, three UFOs were originally tracked. This operation is done in secrecy, causing cruise apprehension.

Also arriving was a major force of British and NATO warships, described as a "naval exercise."

British newspapers report that during the "exercise" they tracked a very large underwater craft, thought to be one of a new generation of Russian super-submarines.

24 December 1992

Two crews of British nuclear submarines are recalled from their Christmas leave. Both HMS Endurance and HMS Warrior, of the hunter-killer-type class, are sent to link up with the surface fleet in Iceland. Icelandic Coast Guard vessels are ordered to take up positions at Alice Fjord on the east coast of Iceland.

Further information is disclosed from contacts that four more **UFOs** have been tracked descending and entering the sea in the same quadrant as the first three UFOs sighted on 21 December.

Sources confirm that the operation is linked to tracking alien underwater craft. Also disclosed is a massive rescue-search for a missing surface vessel, being conducted in great secrecy.

30 December 1992

Icelandic radio broadcasts that many UFO sightings over the mountains near the coast of Iceland are being reported.

12 January 1993

Terrible weather conditions hold up all Icelandic vessels at Langeness Fjord. Fjord residents are terrified, having reported seeing strange, small figures running around the area at night.

6 February 1993

Weather improves and all ships are ordered back to sea. Icelandic vessels resume previous positions on observation duty through to 24 February.

25 February 1993

In early morning hours, all vessels are cautioned to stay at least three nautical miles away from the American destroyer flotilla operating near the Arctic Circle.

While waiting outside the three-mile zone, ship radar picks up sixteen airborne contacts over the American fleet. Sixteen balls of yellow light are reported seen descending and hovering over the warships.

15 April 1993

All vessels in area of the Arctic Circle are looking for - in a secret operation - a missing American ship. Only two destroyers are now in that area, both having had their visible markings removed; crew can be seen wearing full battle-dress.

Civilian vessels, including gunboats and coast-guard vessels, are ordered to stay away from the prohibited zone.

16 April 1993

British media report that joint American and Russian exercises are about to take place. The press report that, for the first time since World War II, joint exercises between elite American and Russian troops are about to happen on Russian soil. The operations are to be in Siberia, and the arrival of American troops is to be at Tiksi.

On the map, Tiksi appears to be the Russian seaport near the area where all this naval activity is taking place.

21 April 1993

Crew of an Icelandic Airlines flight travelling from London report they are aware of two **UFOs** as they pass over the north coast of Scotland. Two large balls of brightly glowing light take up positions either side of the aircraft toward the tail end, hold position all the way to Iceland and fly off as the aircraft lands at Keflavik airport.

15 May 1993

Information surfaces regarding Icelandic gunboats searching for two Icelandic fishing boats. The crews are apprehensive and disturbed by the appearance of white tubular fluorescent-type lights which appear in the night sky hovering over their vessels. When this happens, ship radios fail to function, and then resume when they move away. The search for the missing vessels is called off after many days at sea.

The authorities are angry that this information has been leaked out. All ships' crews are warned of the severe consequences of divulging any information about events of the previous few weeks.

[From [NEXUS Magazine, vol. 2, #26, June-July 1995](#)]

"If this is a factual report (and I have no reason to doubt that it isn't), the term "mind boggling" could be considered an appropriate description. Some of you may not be prepared to accept the report as fact so easily, and I don't blame you, but I have done a little detective work of my own.

"The military must have been fuming about all the comings and goings of craft over which they had no control. If they'd lost a ship, that would really have rubbed salt in the wounds. I have not the slightest doubt they would want to find out in detail what was going on up there in those polar regions. If they needed to spy in those regions twenty-four hours a day, I also have no doubt what they would have used to do it: a satellite.

Research was called for here, so what did I find? In the *New Zealand Herald* of 7 October 1993 was this item:

SATELLITE FAILS TO RESPOND

Vanderberg Air Base [a US Air Force base 200 kilometers north of Los Angeles]

- Ground controllers were unable to establish contact with an Earth Observation Satellite after it was launched into orbit on a United States Air Force Titan 2 rocket.

The satellite is operated by the Earth Observation Satellite Co., under contract with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. The satellite company is a joint venture of Hughes Electronics Corp. and Martin Marietta Corp.

Air Force officials said ground controllers were trying to establish contact with the satellite, called Landsat 6, as it orbited the Earth. The satellite, which lifted off nearly a week late, was to settle into a polar orbit and spend sixteen days taking high-resolution pictures to study the global environment, land use, water flow patterns, mineral deposits and timber lands . . .

The satellite failed to respond to commands.

"Is that 'two, nil' to our alien friends? Hang on here! Did they say Air Force officials reported the loss of contact? This was a civilian operation, wasn't it - or not? It sure was a busy year!

More reports appearing on Chapter 18 of CoEvolution

"This next report was also published in October 1993 in the *New Zealand Herald*. I will not quote it in its entirety, but please note the quite humorous and very carefully selected wording. Taken at face value there are no lies here, but reading between the lines, well . . . !

MEMO ET: DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU!

Reuter - Funding for the America space agency's galactic search for radio signals from alien civilizations has been cut from the federal budget by House-Senate conference-committee . . .

Senator **Richard Bryan** spearheaded congressional opposition to the search, deriding it as a "green Martian chase" and a waste of taxpayer dollars.

"We've already spent millions on this project, and no one has landed and said, 'Take me to your leader', and no flying saucers have applied for flight clearance." [And all this from Mr Jim Mulhall, Press Secretary for the Nevada Democratic Party!]

"We have yet to bag a single little green fellow," Senator **Bryan** recently told his colleagues. "The government," he said, "could not justify the money at a time of tight federal budgets."

"**Dr Drake**, who was heading the search and had not yet caught on to all this, was quoted in the Reuter report as saying: "It's upsetting to have the whole thing yanked out from under us and for purely political reasons. What a sad commentary on the state of American Government."

"Come on, Dr Drake, wake up! They haven't landed an asked to be taken to our leader. Well, do we have one leader? And if we did, would he/she be speaking for all of us?"

"No flying saucers have applied for flight clearances. Why should they? If they stopped and waited for one, they would more than likely be shot down!"

"We have yet to "bag a single little green fellow". If you forget about the inaccurate colour, I believe they have bagged more than one little fellow. (You should read about the 1947 Roswell and Socorro, New Mexico incidents, for a start!)

"And anyway, why waste money for something that you already know exists? The only one not up to speed here is Dr Drake!"

"November 1993 saw me in a place called South Camp Rangipo, a new minimum security prison in the central north island of New Zealand, not far from the tourist town of Taupo."



Lake Taupo



Rangipo Desert

"It was here that the agencies decided they would have one last go at me. If I were a good boy and cooperated with them by giving them information, I might get out of prison in time to be home for Christmas! "Big deal," I thought. "Five months' goal instead of six!" I knew what they could do with

their one month!

"They even accused me of trying to write about things I did not properly understand.... but at that point in time I hadn't told anyone I was writing anything.... Then my mind went back to that one time I thought my flat had been broken into....

"Back then, I had not yet recalled all the details of my off-planet interaction, but I knew enough to be sure that I was going to do something about it all. The only variable was that it wouldn't be with the people who were sitting across the table from me in that little room in South Camp Rangipo.

"The surprise about this last interview was not what was said, but by whom, for one of the gentlemen conducting the interview spoke with a distinct South African accent, although I feel he did his best to disguise it from me.

"Some of my earlier writings from the first few dreams which I put to paper had the odd symbol or two on them, but I had no idea back then and none now, what they might have meant.... this gentleman with the South African accent showed me some very similar symbols, and for some reason he seemed to think I should know what they meant.

"There was an indirect link with South Africa which came to light almost a year after this interview in Rangipo. It concerned the two iron pyrites crystals which I found in the car after completing my trip from Rotorua.

"I had shown the one remaining crystal from that set to a new friend I had just made, named **Daisy Kirkby**. She suggested I asked a geologist where such crystals could be found.

"....His reply (remembering that this was only a phone inquiry and he had not actually seen the crystal in question) was that it was possibly quite rare and at least only found in South America or South Africa! He gave no indication that such a crystal could be found in New Zealand.

"If there is or was, a message for me in those crystals, I have yet to realize it.

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Chapter 19

CHANCE CONNECTIONS?

"This chapter marks the start of another adventure altogether....

"....By nature, I am an inquisitive person, and once I fully realized that nothing that had happened to me over those last few years had anything to do with hallucinations or medical malfunctions on my part. I began some very earnest research into my off-planet adventure. As far as I was concerned, this interaction had to have been with some alternative form of biological intelligence not of this Earth. But if they were frequenting the Earth, then surely I was not the only one to have seen or interacted with them. Somewhere, someone else must have had an experience similar to mine.

"....As I mentioned briefly earlier in this book, before my incarceration I had been fortunate enough to meet someone who thought I was worth waiting for - a terrestrial angel, this time, who went by the name of **Gawyn**.

"By mid-1994 I was more settled, so I decided it was time to do something seriously about the pile of handwritten notes.... But as I had no frame of reference or comparison, the only thing I could do was to start reading about other people's reported abductions and interaction experiences with aliens. However, I soon found that nothing seemed to fit with my own experience. This was puzzling.

"Who were these [blue people](#)? (Well, sometimes they were blue!) And why was my experience so

different from all the others I had read about? Were they actually aliens or not? If not, then who or what had abducted me? And why had I just spent six months in gaol?.... There was only one thing I could think to do.

"....**Daisy Kirkby** turned out to be as nice a person as one could ever hope to meet.... Daisy encouraged me to read about and discuss anything related to the subject. She lent me numerous books over the following year, and from these I was able to draw many comparisons, some of which I have included in this book.... I cannot thank Daisy enough for her help and encouragement in my quest for enlightenment on this most complex subject....

"....It was in an attempt to probe even deeper that **Daisy** introduced one of her contacts into this scenario; a hypnotherapist by the name of **Lorraine Carter**. Did that ever open a new whole can of worms! The discoveries I made out of these sessions are scattered throughout this book. Once more I was fortunate. Lorraine proved to be one of those rare individuals who exudes gentle patience - no doubt a necessary attribute for the job.

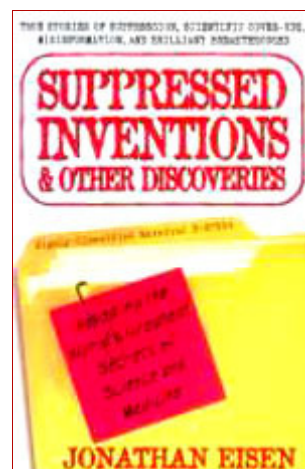
"At this stage of my narration I must make a noteworthy point about the quality and sincerity of the people who are drawn to this most puzzling phenomenon. I cannot help but think this is an issue worth studying in its own right. Or is this just another coincidence?

"My discoveries about self, the human race, our spiritual basis and many aspects of the off-planet interaction that did not initially manifest themselves, now follow in these last few chapters. Some of these discoveries came from hypnotherapy, but just as readily they came from the gradual awakening of my own inner consciousness, bearing in its wake a flood of information that I felt must be shared.

"Although you should make allowances for any misinterpretations on my part, I would suggest you use what is contained in this book as a basis for further research into our other selves, for my own studies are far from complete at this point. But beware: there are *powers upon this planet* that would **intercept** your receiving information along these lines if they could. The reasons for this I leave to your own interpretation.

"The following item demonstrates one of the many possible ways they can intercept information before a person like myself can deliver it to you (as if they hadn't already tried hard enough to stop this in my case!) This snippet comes by way of a book I recommend to you: [Suppressed Inventions and Other Discoveries](#), edited by **Jonathan Eisen** (Auckland Institute of Technology Press, 1994).

"The United States has in place a law (Title 14, Section 1211 of the Code of Federal Regulations, adopted in July 1969) which permits the authorities to gaol any US citizen automatically for a year and fine them US\$5,000 if it can be proved that they had contact with extraterrestrials. Not bad for a government that doesn't even acknowledge that ET exist! Still worse, it appears that a **NASA** administrator is empowered to determine, with or without a hearing, whether a person has been '*extra-terrestrially exposed*', and impose an undetermined quarantine under armed guard which cannot be broken even by court order!



"....There is also another form of contact - channeling - but I knew nothing of this phenomenon when I first put pen to paper.... Channeling is best described as a means whereby an extraterrestrial entity is able to speak through a human contact or receiver. This person, while in trance or meditative state, can actually allow the alien entity to speak through him/her and answer questions. This process is usually done under controlled conditions, sometimes with a public audience.

"....as I've just explained, I knew nothing of channeling or channelers. Nor did they know of me, yet the similarity of reported events and descriptions are startling in the extreme! I had at last found some information that fitted with my own experience! Note that it was long after I had written of my own experiences that the following descriptions came to my attention. More coincidence?

"No. 1: The strange Blue Light. Right at the very start of my abduction you may recall I became suspended in a blue light. Now some **ETs** themselves have suggested to abductees that if they wished to alter the abduction experience and be more of it without being victims, they should try to project a blue light around our bodies... Some ETs have actually suggested they would prefer it this way, as they would rather have meaningful interactions with us that the type most commonly reported.

"...I certainly had no conscious knowledge of what the blue light could do. It has been described in one publication as an "intense, electrical, blue energy field."

"No. 2: The Glowing Entities. You will recall my mentioning that as I became accustomed to the low light level, the first visual contact I had was of ghostlike figures in the distance. Channeled information suggests that groups of aliens from **the Pleiades** (note that there are possibly many different groups from the Pleiades) and other star systems exist on a different vibrational plane than we do, and they would therefore appear at best as *ghostly images*... It appeared to be just such a vibrational variation of adjustment that my physical body went through on entering and exiting the transporter.

"While on the subject of the transporter, it is interesting to note that the **aliens** who abducted me always referred to their base as a transporter, not a *spaceship*... Could such a device be housed in an underground base right here on Earth? Or might it be lurking somewhere within our solar system?

"In 1988 the USSR launched two probes to **Mars**. One was lost on the way there; the other arrived in late January of early February 1989. In March of that year, this probe encountered a large object, some 25 kilometers in length and shaped like a pencil or cigar, located very close to Phobos, one of the small moons of **Mars**. This object showed up on radar, and some images of it were transmitted to Earth just before the probe was seemingly put out of action by some unknown force!

"The timing of these events fitting in so well with my own interaction is at least incredibly coincidental, you would have to admit... even when this information was leaked to the West, it never exactly became public knowledge. Most certainly, I did not know about it until much later. The **Mars** and **Phobos** connections I believe are very relevant to my interaction. It's obvious that someone out there does not want us nosing around!

"No. 3: Skin absorption.It would seem to me that nutrient absorption has moved several steps further down the road, if my own experience with aliens is my guide. This suggests to me that my contacts come from perhaps much further into our future than do the Pleiadan contacts recorded up until now.

"...By this I mean that we may only now be seeing scout groups of their kind, rather than fully-fledged traders or emissaries, and that they have visited us only very rarely in the recent past - but I think that is about to change. Their needs appear to be much more urgent now because of the state of decay of their sun.

"No. 4: Inside the Craft. Back to transportation again, this time with a channeled contact from *Zeta Reticuli*. This is a different extraterrestrial race, commonly known as the **Greys**. This channeled entity, describing the interior of his craft, suggested we would find it encircled with a band of light. The **Greys** apparently prefer a dull-red light as the most comfortable light in which to operate.... As a point of interest, **Zetas** also reportedly absorb energy through the skin.

"No. 5: Projected Images. A 'gaoled' abductee in the USA said that in one of his excursions with ETs he was taken to a place where everything looked a little artificial, as if the images were projected..... This feeling I also had from time to time on my visit to Haven.

"No. 6: Female Instructors. Another quote from our 'gaoled' friend: "I was asleep, but

came awake while sleeping. My instructor was female, and I remember telling myself that she wasn't half bad for an alien. At this she laughed and said, 'I'll take that as a compliment!' She knew my thoughts and was very free with information given. She had deep, dark, liquid brown eyes and small teeth."

"...The abductee also stated: "I have a feeling that some ETs wanted me to know what was going on, while others did not!"

"No. 7: Structures. More channeled material here. The structures that some ETs have described as their homes have likened to the shape of a spiral shell. I cannot help but feel the similarity here with what I experienced in the pearl-like interiors of 'my' alien hosts' home, with spiral ramps running about the perimeter.

"No. 8: Hybrid Immune System. In some channeled material I have read of an *immune-system deficiency* affecting various hybrid strains of **ETs**. Other reports suggest that some of these hybrids, which are a human-ET mix of unknown proportions, have actually conceived and given birth - around the year **1990!** All this ties in very much with the experiments I was involved. These reports suggest that these hybrid aliens are trying to strengthen their children's immune system by using portions of human systems mixed in with their own.

"There are just too many coincidences in these reports - so many that these coincidences might just be facts! However, that's for you to decide.

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Chapter 20

THE OTHER SIDE OF REALITY

"...According to **Dr Mirai** [Japan's leading neurophysiologist], "Meditation is not merely a stage between mental stability and sleep, but a 'condition' where the person is relaxed but ready to accept and respond positively to any stimulus that may reach him."

"Research has confirmed that brainwave rhythms correspond to certain states of consciousness. This suggests that individuals capable of altering their brainwave patterns can have significant control over their mental and physiological functioning....

"...Biofeedback researchers have found that people that enter the theta state expand their state of consciousness, acquire super-receptivity to new information and demonstrate a greater ability to 're-script' material on a subconscious level.

"One effect of this experience was that it made me want to re-examine life and the simple act of living in a little more detail. As I was doing this, it appeared that things were not quite straightforward as I had first thought, especially regarding birth and death. My in-depth investigation even suggested that some engineering and choices might be involved in this respect, especially as regards birth!

"...What I had learnt from my terrestrial studies I then combined with information I had been told during my off-planet experience. It soon became obvious to me that some-behind-the-scenes organizing goes on, which we do not seem to remember while we are in bodily form down here on planet Earth.

"...It goes even deeper than this.... I do not fear death for I believe there is much more to come after this life. This could end up being a very dangerous attitude to life, I might add, and should not be encouraged in the young! I think, though, that we have a natural, inbuilt reflex action which helps us defend our bodies against possible injury or death.

"Most certainly when I was very young there was no way I could consciously have been in charge of the auto-alert mode I mentioned earlier. An example of this was my sudden (and, at the time, unexplained) rejection of milk as a food source. During the early 1950s the Americans were testing nuclear weapons in the atmosphere over the Pacific Ocean, and not far to the north of my homeland, New Zealand. In 1954 they tested their first hydrogen bomb in the area of the Marshall Islands. This released into the atmosphere a tremendous amount of radioactive material which eventually found its way into the pasturelands of New Zealand in the form of strontium-90 and worse. From there it made its way into our cattle and, following the natural chain from there, to our milk - which in those days was given free to all schoolchildren during their lunch or play time. It was as if a bomb had gone off inside me! My body began to reject milk at just this time as if it were pure poison (which it actually is!). I have not drunk straight milk since.

"Arguably, I could say that the first kind of 'pollutant' I'd come across was the terrestrial school education system.... Something told me this was not a good thing and I was not going to go! Of course, I did go, but not without a fight.

"As coincidence would have it, I recall that it was about at this time that I had my first interaction with something that may have not been terrestrial, at least not in the manner in which you and I might initially perceive it....

"....On my way to school on one of those very early days, something happened that made school just a secondary place of learning and no where near as much fun for me....

"....The distance to school was possibly more than a mile, on the way I had to pass by a park. (This was in the days when it was safe for a five year-old to walk to school alone!) We lived not far from the sea....

(Alec at this point relates his incredible interaction of his childhood, with beings, whose memories came through much later, when he had hypnotherapy sessions, and also through subsequent dreams. I just cannot give these brilliant episode away on line.)

Alec then continues:

"....I had forgotten most of the above detail over the course of the years, and perhaps most of it would have remained in the recesses of my mind had it not been for a piece of information....

"....One day in my local library searching for information on human blood and the existence of different blood types, a book by **Fred Alan Wolf**, titled *The Body Quantum* fell off a library shelf and almost hit me on the foot! It just so happened that this book had a little information about blood types, so I took it home.... I came across something so relevant to the possibility of an vegetable-animal cross that I must share it with you now.

"Quite simply, what I found was that there is very little difference between the structure of chlorophyll and blood hemoglobin....

"....As soon as I read this, I knew that what I'd seen back then as a child had been real. This in turn brought my more recent 1989 experience into light.

"This brings me to another Fred I quite like: **Sir Fred Hoyle**.... Sir Fred thinks that chlorophyll may not even be a native of planet Earth! If it grew up here, he states, it should not be green. *Green is altogether the wrong colour!* He asks why chlorophyll should choose to miss out on the best part of the colour spectrum for supplying converted energy to its parent plant. By reflecting green light, it cannot use it; and, as you most likely know, green falls right in the middle of the light spectrum on this planet. Surely this is a foolish mistake on Nature's part? But it would only be a mistake if Earth Nature were responsible for it in the first place. According to Sir Fred, **chlorophyll on this planet should be black!**

"If our plant life did not originate here, perhaps the same could be said for other forms of life.

Remember that Fred Wolf said: both plant and animal life could have a common ancestor.

"Once I had accessed that lost memory, a lot of long-forgotten material came back to me. Some of this material concerned pyramids, but not necessarily the ones on our planet.

"The **pyramids** I do remember had many functions, one of which was as a school of learning.... within the pyramid there are very special forces at work that can tune the mind and extend one's understanding of all things. The pyramid could also be used as a doorway to other worlds, and it was through one of these doors that I had been brought on my many visits....

"....I cannot remember what happened when I came home after these first interactions at around age five.... There is a vague recollection I have of sitting on the back steps of a local church one day when I was very young. I was alone and perhaps should have been at school....

"....I wouldn't argue with the explanation that some children just have very active imaginations and live in fantasy worlds. But do we really know what fantasy is? Is it a door to distant worlds, perhaps? And why is it that adults seem to close themselves off from such doorway? One of the main objectives of the terrestrial school system that I was trying to escape, would seem to be the removal of such worlds from young imaginations. "*So that we might concentrate our efforts on this 'real' world we are all living in,*" would seem to be the reasoning behind their actions. But could there be hidden, ulterior motives?

"In answer to my own question, I would suggest this is done partially to keep us from discovering our true selves.... But to access this potential we must involve the use of the inner mind - that part which is denied the light of day by the very system which is supposed to bring out the best in us!

"....Attributes such as an open mind and sustained, positive thought are sometimes the equal of a high-class education, if some of mankind's greatest inventors and inventions are anything to go by.... The ability to 'think outside the square' cannot be taught, and perhaps fewer than one in a million of us is allowed to or has managed to retain it.

"One of the greatest minds of this century (or any century, for that matter), was a scientist by the name of Nikola Tesla. Quite possible most have not heard of him, and in many ways this confirms exactly the point I want to make. Jealousy and fear.... These are also two of the main reasons why overactive young minds are snuffed out in our terrestrial school system. There cannot be too many geniuses running around: that would undermine the power base of *the select few* who fancy they own this planet and us along with it!

"....Even though Tesla did not invent electricity itself, he may as well have. He discovered how to create and harness an alternating current which was a vast improvement over the direct type currents that had been in used up until then....

"....It is what he discovered a little later that caused *Nikola Tesla's name* to be **scrubbed** from the history books. He found a simple and inexpensive way to extract the unlimited supply of electrical energy in our atmosphere and within the Earth itself, and then transmit it without wires to anywhere in the world! The dream of all mankind! . . . except those who profit from present-day methods!

"....He died in 1943 under mysterious circumstances and in abject poverty [he had turned the military down during World War II because of his ethics and attention to detail], as so many top scientists seem to do when they fall out of favor with the military or behind-the-scenes power-mongers.

"**Tesla's genius** has only been rediscovered in the last decade or two.... enough people now recognize his potential....

"....Perhaps his work may yet help us unlock the doors to these other worlds that I'm sure exist alongside our own. One day, may be we'll see another Tesla come along and do just that.

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Chapter 21

A NEW UNDERSTANDING OF SPACE-TIME

"From what I've been able to decipher, galaxies are not scattered willy-nilly all over the universe as you might imagine. They seemed to be linked by threads of energy and arranged in rows which run in many directions. Moreover, not all galaxies are linked together by the same threads of energy.

"Deep space can be likened to a many-ribbed highway, where these 'ribbons' of energy can be used to navigate the heavens. Some *space travellers* 'fire' their craft down these highways at fantastic speeds **using the natural energy of the universe**. The technique is akin to using an optical fiber filament. Indeed, the spaceship becomes no more than a pulse of electricity or light as it utilizes these filaments of pure energy.

"On this planet I have heard these types of ships referred to as "*lightships*."

"...A **lightship** is a marvel of technology and Nature combined. It is an exercise in cybernetics well beyond our understanding. As with their houses, [alien's] these ships are partially living entities. A few people on this planet have suggested that some type of alien craft are powered by giant crystals. This may be correct for some, but the craft or transporter I was privileged to board was a **living crystal-based entity** in its own right!...

"...In other words, the body - and whatever else accompanies it - must carry a natural blueprint within it so it may reassemble itself in the proper form after the event or transformation....

"...It must suffice for us to understand that, as with the ship, the human body must as well reassemble itself after one of these transmutations. It just so happens that the pyramidal shape is custom-made to accomplish this task. The primary function of a pyramid, whether it be on or off this planet, is to reconstitute matter to a present form.... We have only to study the effects of a pyramid on a blunt razor-blade to see that we already have the proof, right before our eyes. It is not sci-fi: this is real!

"Because a lightship is a living thing, it has many benefits we can hardly imagine.... [Alec explains several here]. Today's science fiction is tomorrow's reality, but what you see today has been played with for years behind those very same close doors....

"...The way light and other base elements interact with one great variable in the universe is what helps 'make' what appears to be a 'solid' object. That variable is known to us as magnetism.... It is curious that the force of magnetism is one of the least understood.... It is almost as if this last realm of science has been denied us because we are not yet ready for the responsibility that this conquest may bring. For sure, if magnetism is misused it could have devastating effects on us all - as could well have happened at some earlier period of our history!

"Light is an excellent conductor. A conductor passed through a magnetic field can, or should, create an electrical field. Now we have three major 'players' working towards the construction of planets, suns, and all that is out there in the sky at night....

"...If I have it right, everything can be constructed from light. Its interaction with the vagaries of the magnetic phenomenon helps create all known substances.

{Alec also explains how 'black holes' exist in two realities}

He then continues:

"...Our Sun is constantly being fed energy from a black hole at some other point in time and space, possibly even from a universe parallel to our own.... Even those in our solar system like Saturn,

Jupiter and Neptune - receive energy this way. This energy may not necessarily be recognized for what it is as it radiates out into free space. It could arrive here in a form foreign to us and we would not notice it at all, for we Earthlings do not yet understand **pure light energy**. It may be that this energy is arriving here from another dimension, so the way it manifests itself could well be difficult for us to track down with our present state of technology. Only time will tell.

"....If this energy that is making its way into our solar system is undetectable, planets and perhaps even suns made of this material could exist right alongside our own world and we would not even be aware of them! So much has been made of this other dimensional worlds from so many different quarters that I'm inclined to think that where there's smoke there is quite often fire!

"From what I understand, this transfer of energy can also be used to advantage as a form of high-speed space travel. Once the chosen vehicle has been processed into a form of pure light or some compatible energy, these doorways in space become open to the traveller.... There is very little more I can add to this, except to say that if my own experience is anything to go by, much work must be done on the human body before it can enter these portholes in space. It might well have been that I had to leave my Earth body behind in storage before I could undertake such a trip through time and space.

"Ever since I was told that **Zeena's** people could have originated in our own solar system - and, more specifically, on what could have been the fifth planet from our Sun, if such planet existed today - I have been interested in finding out more about something that is still out there, in what could have been the approximate orbit of a fifth planet. This 'something' is the asteroid belt.

Alec gets into astronomy theories to then continue:

"....Out in the asteroid belt there are several other [Ceres and Vesta having been mentioned] large lumps of matter with diameters ranging around 200 to 300 kilometers, plus thousands of smaller ones. To me, this describes a planet in bits - not a collection of rocks that had no where else to go when our solar system was formed. What's more, parts of this planet have been falling our way for quite some time now, but no one is quite sure just how long - maybe as long as 400 million years.

"....Most of these meteorites are made up of the same basic materials as our own Earth, and in just about the same proportions, too. This could mean that our lost world was very much like Earth - which is all good for the legend!

"Some stony meteorites contain microscopic bubbles of carbon dioxide and water. Others even contain small diamonds (which, as we all know, are formed under tremendous pressure), so these rocks must have existed deep within a planet at some stage, not just floating in free space as rocks all their lives!

Alec continues explaining new findings in meteorites, including the presence of fossilized once-cell organisms.... which inhabit the waters of lakes and seas!

Then he continues, mentioning the controversial rock-from Mars....

"....Here is the catch with the *rock-from-Mars*. Most of you will know that this rock was supposedly blasted off **Mars** by the impact of an asteroid many millions of years ago and arrived on Earth by good grace and luck in 1984. Now, why did it take these scientists twelve years [it appeared on the News in 1996] to find these organic carbon-based molecules, or, rather why have they waited twelve years to tell us about them? If that rock had been *blasted off Mars* all that time ago and somehow made its way to Earth, where are all the rocks that must have been blasted off our own Moon in much the same way? After all, the **Moon** is so much closer and has lower gravity than Mars (or does it? - something else for you to read up on!). To my way of thinking, everyone's backyard should be full of Moon rocks if we are lucky enough to have any rocks from Mars on Earth. Or did that rock arrive in some other way?

"....Most of our modern-day scientists are happy to suggest that all of the approximate 200,000 'complex' enzymes that help make up the human body evolved by *pure chance* on this planet

millions of years ago. They state that all is self-generating; in other words, given the right conditions, life just has to happen!

"However, there seems to be just as much proof - and by more than one eminent scientist - to suggest, at least mathematically, that chance had nothing to do with it at all!.... What I am trying to say here? To make it simple, life appears to need a kick-start, dare I say, **intelligent intervention!**

(At this point Alec presents a short chart of the infinitesimal chance an enzyme has to pop out of the primordial soup!)

He then continues:

"....If we care to go even further back in time than the formation of the Earth and life upon it, we might find that this 'great hand of chance' was at work then, too.

"....We are carbon-based life-forms. Making carbon is almost impossible unless you have the recipe and all the hardware. Carbon nuclei come into being as a result of a very rare, simultaneous collision of three separate helium nuclei. Firstly, two nuclei must collide and, while still in a very unstable state (beryllium) which lasts for just a very, very, short time, a third helium nuclei must strike with just the right force so as to become attached also. **Carbon** is thus formed, but only if all this happens at just the right vibrational rate and temperature. It just so happens, by some wondrous act of chance, that this state is reached in the interior of your average star. Lucky us!

Alec explains here the full process of the manufactured carbon, which in brief is:

- * it must not mix with other elements like oxygen
- * oxygen abounds in the fiery interior of a star
- * oxygen vibrates in a slightly lower rate than carbon
- * oxygen and carbon do not mix....

"....The manufactured carbon is then ejected far and wide when the star explodes in a supernova. **Sir James Jeans** said it all when he remarked: "Our bodies are formed from the ashes of long-dead stars."

"You will surely allow me the right to ponder the possibility of a **Master Intelligence**.... the building blocks of life (carbon).... and a place for it to grow (Earth).... We have a nice, safe umbrella called an atmosphere that purely by chance, according to science, happens to take ninety-nine per cent of our Sun's most harmful rays and at the same time lets all the useful parts get through to us that we need for our growth and development. The process involved in this protective atmospheric umbrella are staggeringly complex. Anyone who thinks it got there by pure accident should reconsider its composition - in a little more detail, this time.

"It scares me to think that the military is tampering with this fragile safety screen.... Anyone interested in finding out more on this subject should investigate [HAARP, the High-frequency Active Auroral Research Program](#) based in **Alaska**.

"Continuing with this theme of the possible existence of a Master Intelligence or driving force within the universe.... There are many names for this force, but some call it "The All That Is", or "God."

".... Some of our **ET friends** believe in it, too! They believe that in the beginning there was only this Intelligence, which in its wisdom decided it would like to experience life in as many diverse forms as possible, all for its own growth and enlightenment....

"....Each of us is but one small part of that experience, as in each of our ET brothers and sisters....

".... I do not expect or want you to believe blindly in this explanation. Most likely you have not had an experience like mine to draw upon.... it is rather nice to think we may be part of a grand plan - even an important, integral part of that plan. Surely this helps explain much that has puzzled

mankind about self, destiny and the world for many a year.

"Cosmologists and astronomers.... In effect, they have had to live the lie, even to the point where they cooperate in building spaceships and using radio telescopes to search for other intelligences whom they already know to exist - and with whom they are quite possible already in contact! These same scientists are quick to put down all other reported contacts, especially those like my own, saying, "No, no! It can't happen that way! We think it should happen like this . . ."

"The skies are not the only place with secrets that have been kept from us. This close-knit scientific community is also pretending to look for the so called *missing link* in [our evolutionary past](#), knowing full well they will never find it.... Despite this, some scientists who have not been able to find this *missing link* have even stooped so low as to invent one! Is that what science is all about? Tricky?... The next and last example exposes one of the biggest scams of the 20th century.

"...This scam concerns the destructive capabilities of the atomic and hydrogen bombs. While these bombs are certainly capable of wholesale destruction, the much-projected scenario of multiple-strike nuclear weapons detonating simultaneously across the globe could never happen!

"Nuclear devices require time-frames for successful detonation. Each predetermined area of our globe is compatible with nuclear detonation at a different time, and this timing needs to be calculated to the fraction of a second. Compatible harmonic 'windows' for detonating nuclear devices in different parts of our globe can be days or even weeks apart! (Of course, if a number of nuclear bombs did happen to explode across the planet over an extended time period, the effect would still be one of total devastation.)

[Alec also mentions the function of nuclear subs....]

"...This raises the question of what some nuclear nations have been actually been doing in their supposed underground testing of recent times. Could they be carrying out [antimatter testing](#) rather than *nuclear testing*?

"More details on the nuclear subject and much more can be found in **Bruce Cathie's** fascinating and informative book, [The Harmonic Conquest of Space](#).

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Chapter 22

THE RISE OF THE HUMAN RACE

"The history of the human race is but a mere blink of an eye in the long-drawn-out gaze of evolution....

"...Even the notion that **Neanderthal** man progressed to the more modern **Cro-Magnon** man in less than 100,000 years is hard to handle. One hundred thousand years is only yesterday on the evolutionary time-scale....

"...Common sense and logic suggest that something is going on here which does not fit with what we have been told about the evolutionary processes at work on this planet. I am not taking into account any information that alien intelligences may have suggested happened in our not-so distant past. If we truly seek the whole truth to our amazing heritage we must look deeper than mainstream anthropology and archaeology want us to. But there is no need to take my word for it, for there is a wealth of enlightening literature available....

"...I should point out that I don't consider myself a religious man, but all this is a puzzle and a source of great wonderment to me. If what I have been told is the truth - and I certainly believe it is - then my dilemma is that perhaps I should be a religious man!

"...The human brain grew rather like a dry sponge dropped into a bucket of water from about one-and-a-half million years ago. It progressed through several different but quite mysterious growth binges - mysterious, for there was no obvious need for it to have grown past its size of 750 cubic centimeters just one and a half million years ago. Diligently used, a brain of that size could suffice for us right now, maybe even with a little to spare! So why did the brain of early man continue to develop, eventually to double its size to what it is today? Why did primitive man need to keep pushing this development?

"...Could we be different for other reason? The answer I was given on this question was irrevocably "Yes!" We are different because as *Homo sapiens*, the end product in this brain race, **we are a manufactured species!** Our species has been fine-tuned to receive a soul or spiritual body. We are really two entities in one. If this is not too surprising, it is because we all instinctively know this anyway. To realize that our cohabitant is a bodiless, *alien entity* might be a little frightening, but we have been friends with these entities for almost a hundred thousand years, so this is not the time to abandon ship.

"...We are not the only curious beings in this universe, I can assure you. In fact, the desire to run faster, jump higher or swim further comes from the one within, who is without body. Once again, deep down inside, we already know this. It is that magical voice from within, desirous of bigger and better performances, which is the source of strength for all champions. Let any champion tell me to my face that this is not so! I, too, have heard my own inner self, and I know what it likes.

"Our other ethereal selves have been very patient. They have known all along that we, as 'animals', have all the primordial instincts of aggression and self-preservation that other similar species have on this planet. They knew that we would need time to work these instincts out of our systems, but maybe they have decided our time is **now** up.

"There have been several times in human history when we have approached a similar level of sophistication to today's, but for various reason we have not been able to complete our evolutionary course. It has also been suggested that we have had some *form of civilization* on this planet for at least 40,000 or 50,000 years....

"...Whether 40,000 or 50,000 years is enough time to get 2,000,000 years of primordial instincts

out of our system is neither here nor there. It would seem that the decision has already been made for us. This is it! It is as if a script has been written for us, and things are about to happen according to that script!

"I have reason to believe that within the next few years of our lives here on this planet, there will be open contact with extraterrestrial beings! It has been suggested to me that this will happen within my own lifetime upon this planet.

"It is expected that a group of extraterrestrial beings of many different races will openly approach a selected group of humans, comprising civilians as well as military personnel. This human group will have been contacted prior to the meeting, initially by subliminal message, then, as the time approaches for open contact, via telepathy in order for more details to be passed on....

"....As I understand it, in the near future some other major event is expected to take place on or about this planet, possibly in the sky. There has been much preparation for this event and there is still some cause of concern, but I do not know the exact details. When I know, you will know - that much I promise!

"....I have suggested there is more to life and death than meets the eye, and I did promise earlier, in Chapter 12, to describe in a little more depth a near-death experience I had as a youth....

"....Some people say that when death is near, your life flashes before your eyes. Well, I was still quite young then; maybe I missed that part! As you may recall, I was in the family garage storing away the mast of my sailboat when the rigging made contact with the exposed metal pins of a power lead only partly connected to the fuse box. I got zapped!

"What I do remember of the experience is that at first there was just black. Then I saw stars. You might say, "Well, what do you expect?" But no, I do not mean that sort of stars. These were the type you see in the sky at night, but they were bright and clear.... I realized I was inside some kind of ball of light. I now felt very safe. I also felt like something or someone was pushing me.... I found I could look both up and down, so I must have been suspended in some way. Still, I felt this pushing. The next sensation was that of rushing through the air at greater and greater speed. Then I was back in my body at home, saying, "Ouch! That hurt!"

"It was some time later that same day, I believe, that I had the distinct feeling someone was standing behind me. There was never anyone there when I turned around, yet the feeling persisted for most of the day. That night I had a dream....

"....It's been thirty-plus years and still I remember it, such was its impact upon me....

"....In the meantime, I have discovered that this feeling of having someone standing behind me is not a curiosity unique to me. The Indian yogis have claimed for many centuries that man consists of several bodies. In addition to the physical or crude body, they identified at least three more bodies telescoped into each other. One of them is the astral body, the repository of imagination and sensuality. The followers of Zoroaster claim that man has two souls - the higher or reasoning soul, and the lower, sensual soul. He who could learn to control them could change his shape into that of an animal, for instance. The ancient Egyptians believed in the existence of man's energetic doubles, and depicted them in their drawings as standing behind the physical man!

"The Russian professor, **Boris Iskakov**, of the *Moscow Polytechnic Institute*, suggests that any concentrated mental effort, or an effort of will, emits an impulse into the surrounding space. It takes the shape of tiny material particles, known as leptons, which, at a certain concentration, can assume concrete shape - for instance, the shape of a person. What is more, this impulse can move through space and time in *lepton streams* at incredible speeds....

"....Another Russian, **Victor Meshalkin**, claims that he can create his own *lepton double*, visible only to the participants in the experiment, and that he can help others do the same.... Interestingly, from my point of view, as a result of these journeys of doubles staged by Meshalkin, participants reported that their pains and diseases had gone away. According to Meshalkin, any disease is a

consequence of negative thoughts or actions that might even have been initiated by a distant ancestor....

"....I would like to describe a few ideas about the afterlife from a very interesting area of our globe....

"....Almost thirty years ago, **Irene Nicholson** wrote a fascinating book titled *Mexican and Central American Mythology* (Paul Hamling Ltd, 1967).... By studying the myths of this astute peoples - the Huastec, Maya, Mixtec, Nahua, Olmec, Tarascan, Totonac, Zapotec - it can be interpreted that they indeed 'rubbed shoulders' with the 'gods' from the stars. As I read through this book and others like it, it was not hard to see more than one meaning to the interpretations of these great myths. They will be coloured in this instance by my own beliefs, but I make no apologies for this as I feel my own interpretations are as valid as any that have gone before.

"....the Nahua peoples of Central America. They demonstrated that these so-called 'primitive' tribes understood at least 2,000 years ago the beginning of creation and time on a level at least equal to that of our own modern scientific era, and may well have understood it on an even higher plane.

"The sacred book [[Chilam Balam of Chumayel](#)] speaks not of when there was neither heaven nor Earth, but of where. It speaks of *a place beyond time*, not merely of a period when time was not. In Maya terminology, this is the 'first time' outside material creation. *The God Above All* had to descend into the second time before he could declare his divinity. The Maya also envisaged an end when creation would return to its beginnings, with all moons, all years, all days, all winds, all people reaching their completion. They measured the time in which they could know the Sun's benevolence. They measured the time in which the grid of the stars would look down upon them and, through it, keep watch over their (and our) safety. The gods trapped within the stars would contemplate the people.

"....Note the reference to the gods trapped within the stars, for this could apply to my people, the people of **Haven**, trapped in a dimensional warp within their own system. However, it also intimated that the supreme *God* was free, while further suggesting that lesser gods were subject to the laws of time and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. Freedom was thus relative and depended on the exact position of any particular god in the heavenly hierarchy. Some gods might be aloof from the long, cycling procession of all created bodies; others would be inside it, fulfilling their duties in smaller cycles.

"The **Maya** accorded special and miraculous significance to time and space.... However, they considered that space-time does not exist of necessity, for on the highest possible level it merges with the absolute being of the all-powerful god - The *All That Is*. My word for this god is Nature, in its purest and simpler form. Nature's intelligence is accessible to all living creatures through what is known to us as instinct.

"According to the myths, the deceased of the Nahua people could progress into and through three different heavens. The first and lowest of these was Tlalocan, land of water and midst, a kind of paradise.... of a very Earthly variety....

"....Next there was Tlillan-Tlapallan, the land of the black and the red, signifying wisdom.... the paradise of the initiates who had found a practical application for the teachings of the god-king Quetzalcoatl....

"....The third heaven was Tonatiuhcan, land of Tonatiuh, house of the Sun. It was reserved for those who had achieved full illumination in the quest for eternal happiness.

"So here we have a series of *three paradises*, each more 'perfect' than the one below and to be attained only by ever more intense spiritualization and sacrifice of the gross physical world. In fact, this message has been about this planet since before man could write, but has only ever been heeded by a few. How long it will take for the message to sink in?

(Alec continues with the legend of the Nahua people, how they may have interacted with a race from the stars; the interfering through **DNA** from this star people with and Earth creature to recreate a helping hand, because at

their arrival to Earth mankind had vanished due to one of the non-so-infrequent calamities occurring on the planet. Arriving to the appearance of the god Quetzalcoatl. Certainly my explanation here is not even close to the rich writing of Alec's!)

Towards the end Alec continues:

"Quetzalcoatl has been known by more than one name down through the ages. Votan, or Pacal Votan, and Kukulcan were two other names. A self-confessed '**serpent**' of unknown origin, **Votan** was ordered by the gods to go to America to found a culture. It appears he may have tried to return to the heavens or his homeland. As the story goes, it seems that a tower was being built to reach the heavens (spaceship?) but was destroyed because of a confusion of tongues among its architects. However, Votan was allowed to use a subterranean passage in order to reach the 'rock of heaven' (most interesting!)



"...As we leave Mexican and Central American mythology, there is just one small clue remaining which points towards my own encounter with '*the gods*'. At one time, Mexican gods who stood at the cardinal points of the compass were all Tezcatlipocas (god of matter). Oddly, the colour of these gods did not always fit with the normally accepted compass colours - white, north; red, east; yellow, south; and black, west. Black, red and white were used, but for the **south** - which I believe is the direction from which settlers from **Haven** would have moved into the area the colour was **blue**. This *blue* Tezcatlipoca was also depicted wearing what looks very much like goggles (image right) or some form of glasses. It also appears that blue was commonly used to depict priests or wise ones.

"I leave you to form your own conclusions.

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Epilogue:

SPECULATIONS ON FUTURE TECHNOLOGY

"...What I'd like to do here in this final section is unleash upon you some personal speculation (albeit, based on fact) as to how some of what you've just read might be more easily understood in the world of terrestrial reality....

"...At this point I have to thank a new friend, **Jonathan Eisen** (editor of the book, [Suppressed Inventions and Other Discoveries](#)), for allowing to bounce some of these ideas off him at short notice. I appreciate his impute on the matters discussed here.

"...Most substances can exist in three different states: solid, liquid and gaseous. Temperatures and pressures determine which state is adopted. The solid state is usually crystalline. Differences between the three fundamental states are often depicted by simple diagrams in which *atoms* are represented by circles. Usually these circles are clustered together in a roughly spherical layout, at least with the liquid and solid states. However, when the **atoms** are replaced by **molecules** that are elongated in one direction, a peculiar intermediate state of matter arises: **the liquid crystal**. We must therefore conclude that there are more than *just three states of matter*.

"...you may be excused to thinking that all forms of liquid crystal are modern high-tech substances, for they are not. Liquid crystal, in various forms abounds in most living things - plants, animals and humans. Perhaps the least understood of all these liquid crystals is the one known to us as **water!**

Personally, I have only one word to describe water: magic!

"....If **LCs** [liquid crystals] are placed within a modified field or device, they can be made to respond to an electrical field. An example of this would be the LC numerical readout on your wristwatch or calculator.... The shape and layout of LCs can be altered very easily, even with our primitive terrestrial technology.

"Can you imagine what a more advanced race might be capable of doing with this substance? Need I add that LCs and transistorized technology fit together very well?

"....Just by way of a little clue as to why we are on this subject, how often have you seen a **UFO** show up in a photograph taken with a Polaroid filter, where the UFO could not actually be seen at the time the photo was taken?

"....During the last year or so I have met many interesting people involved with the UFO phenomenon.

(Alec gives the name of the following gentleman in his book, I will refrain giving it here on line)

He, who lives in Queensland, Australia (the person Alec is referring), has had many interactions with **ETs** over the years. On one occasion, he and a friend had cause literally to bump into an invisible ET craft. Not actually being able to see it, they could at least feel it. He described to me how the outer surface felt more like a liquid and was malleable enough for him to be able to push his hand through the surface layer! He could then feel a more solid surface beneath that outer layer.

"Now, a step sideways. Quite recently in the USA, a substance known as white powder gold (actually, one of several **ORMEs** - *orbitally re-arranged monatomic elements*) has come to light.... This substance is little short of mind-blowing and I suggest you read about it if you haven't already done so.

Alec also suggests reading NEXUS Magazine, Nov., 1996.

It is a **superconductor** extraordinaire and appear to become multidimensional when heated at a specific temperature for a particular period of time. Can you believe that?!...

"....Since 1989 I have had two-thirds of a jigsaw puzzle in my head. I knew that my alien's craft could change shape on command and that these craft were in fact living entities in their own right. I knew that some form of **crystalline technology**, possibly using a pulse resonance or vibrational frequency along with temperature variations, was being used to go interdimensional. What I did not know or understand was how all this could be put together, but since the white powder gold article appeared in NEXUS I may possibly have found the missing link.

"....We are now going to have to take the biggest sideways step of all. Some of you may not agree with my findings in this section because they are not as well documented as some of the material that has gone before. All I can say about this is that, as far as I'm concerned, what follows is fact. If you choose not to believe it, then that is your decision.

"Plant life on this planet has an intelligence level that has been sorely underestimated by mankind for millennia. Plants can read or sense human intent.... Plants can communicate with each other.... They can even identify specific individuals.... Should it be such a far-fetched idea that a race slightly more advanced than we are - and more attuned to Nature and, thus, plant life - could have some affinity with plants and cooperate in joint projects?....

"People more astute than myself have already commented on the close relationship between **chlorophyll** and blood **hemoglobin**, some even suggesting that chlorophyll is not native to planet Earth. Maybe we've already been invaded by extraterrestrials and they are green!... In my time on this planet I have never met a more benevolent life force than that of the plant kingdom.

"....It then follows that we could create a craft which is at least *part vegetable, part liquid crystal*, and

part white powder gold or some off-planet equivalent. If we could communicate telepathically with the craft's plant content, it might provide us with some form of control. Perhaps we could alter its shape at will by manipulating the liquid crystal portion with electrical stimulus and activating the dimensional capabilities with application of heat.... As I say this, I would like to make clear that none of this technology is totally beyond us here on Earth, and is possibly under development right now!

"....

After a most incredible suggestion for us, and then a short quote from [Isaac Newton](#), Alec ends his incredible real-life story with a promising sentence:

TO BE CONTINUED....

But "**CoEvolution**" ends here!

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APPENDIX ONE:

THE TESTS

"What you are about to read I had not intended to include in this book. For one, I do not believe in *scaremongering*. I think the human race has enough things to be concerned about without my adding to its woes. In any case, the purpose of this book is to enlighten, not frighten!

"Some people around me have expressed an interest in knowing more about these compatibility tests which were required before I could enter the so-called breeding program on **Haven**. With respect to certain 'events' that are about to take place on planet Earth, perhaps it would be not such a bad thing to put a few things into perspective. I hope I have some of this wrong, but I doubt it!

"We have never been alone on this planet. Another race - you can call them "**Greys**" if you like - has been here longer than we have. They seem to have been content to live mostly underground up until now. Somehow, quite recently (I don't know exactly when or why), their agenda seems to have changed. Linked to this change in agenda is some tie-in with factions of our Earth's military-industrial cartel (if that is the right term for it). This agenda, according to my alien hosts, is "to let loose or introduce a new breed of so-called humans onto this planet we call our own."

"Now, before you start to jump up and down over this revelation, there is some controversy even in my own mind as to how we got here in the first place. It may have been just a move long ago which brought about the species called Homo sapiens - you and me! If you think we are such a nice lot, please find me a Neanderthal man or woman - the species we superseded on this planet.

"You may ask how such a thing as a new race could be brought about without our resisting it. Quite simply, build a new race that has a resistance to a certain lethal virus and then let that lethal virus free amongst the general population. You see, all the best plans are simple ones! If you don't believe that a new race of humans is being constructed on this planet right under our noses, I suggest you start reading some alternative literature.

"So, what has all this got to do with the testing I was undergoing on **Haven**? Once again, it is quite simple. There have already been some preliminary tests done on this planet Earth to see how these viruses work! I could quite easily have been carrying one of these viruses, as any of us could. Some of the tests were not to see if I had any viruses, but, rather, to see if I was resistant to them in the long term! There would not be much point in those on Haven building a race to come to Earth, only to be killed off immediately by some deadly virus.

"By now, you must surely **see a bigger picture emerging**. It's going to get very interesting down here on Earth in the next few years. I would suggest you start looking after your body and start

eating properly, for you will need to be in the best of health if you are going to be around to see how all this works out. Yes, you can beat it if you are healthy. The human body is a wonderful thing - very resistant and resilient.

"It may now be a little more obvious why a worldwide shutdown of access to natural health remedies is being implemented lately through various trade agreements. Once you understand the big picture, all the little things fall in place. Again, I can only advice you to become educated on the subject, **Knowledge is power!**

"Back to the tests. It appeared to me as if they were testing every part of my body as if each segment or organ had come from a different place! Now that is a scary thought. The tests also seemed to include areas that were outside my physical body.

"Maybe this interaction between **Zeena** and me was also to be a true union of the souls. At that time I had no idea what might be in store for me, but the tests were extensive and seemed to be on a molecular level, or so I was told. My only doubt is I hope I'm not working for the wrong side here!

"There is not much more I can tell you about the tests. I'm no medic, but it seemed that I met all the criteria that had been set. Because of reasons of personal privacy, though, I have opted not to divulge any more details about what exactly was required of me in the breeding program.

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APPENDIX 2:

COMMUNICATION

"According to reports, the primary form of communication used by our star-based brothers and sisters is almost universally acknowledge to be **telepathy**. It is also reported that there are many different groups in contact with us. However, as I have met only the one group, my experience is just with them.

"...It is absurd to think that each and every ET group would be using the same means of communication.

"...All that I really know for sure is that my head was continually full of pictures, colours and sounds when my *Haven friends* were connecting with me.

"...They were also able to transfer their raised energy levels to me, and I found that just by being in the same room as one of them seemed to charge me up in some way.

"...Most of us may think of telepathy in terms of the spoken word, but why should this be so?

"...The **telepathy** I encountered was truly a *dynamic means of interaction*, tenfold more precise than any language on Earth. You will have heard the expression, "a picture is as good as a thousand words". Therein lies the answer to the ultimatum 'language'. With the transference of a dozen pictures or diagrams in as many seconds, bookloads of information can be passed on in a very short time.

"...This alien language has an extra dimension to it. By adding colour codes and a corresponding, almost musical, resonance to match and back the pictures or icons, they prevent their communications from being misread. It is worth mentioning here that this '*sound*' has a definite resemblance to some of our most melodic languages of the East.

"...Their numerical system: it does not appear to be metric! It seems to be built on a system of twelve. Instead of going up in tens, they repeat in units of twelve, e.g., 12, 24, 36... 144... 228, and so on. These are values that coincide with those present in Nature.

"....I can recall that they would always express part numbers as fractions of the whole - not as tenths of decimals. For example, **pi** would be 22/7, not 3.141592 as in our decimal system.... The six colours of this number sequence are red, orange, yellow, green, blue and a purplish indigo or violet.

"Their alphabetic system uses a similar but more complex technique, and I cannot do it justice here in black and white. The colours are split many more times and can have dark, medium or light shading.... In turn, the resonance accompanying each colour is indispensable.

"....this is really just substituting colours for letters.... I probably don't have to remind **UFO** buffs about certain film, made in the late 1970s, that featured a similar form of communication. I can assure you my memories have nothing to do with that movie. However, I cannot say that the example shown in the movie did not come from someone else's real-life experience that could have well parallel my own.... the name of the movie is *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

"I have to be a little careful about divulging the form and possible meaning of certain hieroglyphs I saw on and about their craft, for these symbols have already caused me more than enough strife with some people on this planet! Numbers, however, are different and I see no danger in presenting some examples here [*graphics appear on Book*].... I make no apologies for the fact that several of these symbols look very similar to some of our own.

"The symbol or insignia I've shown representing our number twelve has a little story attached to it. It is actually a very revered symbol on Haven. For all intents and purposes it is **their unified or national emblem**.... [also of] their still incomplete evolutionary cycle.... dimensional travel.... this symbol stands at the head of their numerical system.

"A point of interest while on numbers is that they would always telepathically communicate the value zero, or the symbol that it represents, as white in their colour range. When they use white in the alphabetical sense, it is as a spacer between sequences of colour, defining words and sentences.

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