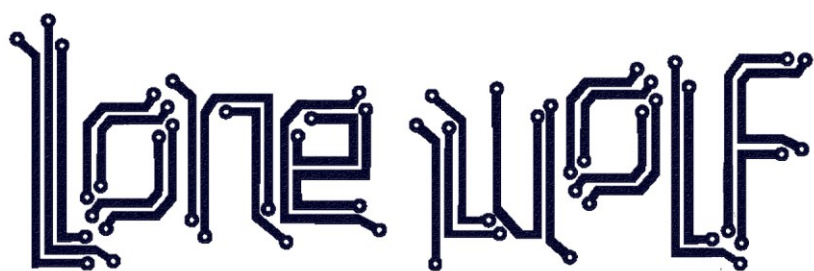




"I teach you the Übermensch.
Man is something that shall be overcome."
Thus Spoke Zarathustra Friedrich Nietzsche



alpha squad copy over...

JAMES RINK

COVER ART BY RICHARD TURYOLO

Lone Wolf: Alpha Squad Copy Over

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PROLOGUE

I wake up in another day of my life. I feel quite groggy this morning. I go to the mirror, and in my regular morning ritual I inspect the latest needle marks from the previous night. This morning I find a three-prong needle mark in my mouth and a triangular scab on my lip. Not that this is unusual for me. In fact I would be worried if nothing happened for some time.

Of course I have no clue who is doing this or what I am being injected with. All I know is someone is testing and experimenting and I have no memories of what's happened. These marks are not limited to appearing when I sleep—they can occur any time of day. But this story is about so much more than mysterious injection marks. It's about pain, love, and the ability to overcome obstacles no matter how high—or how hard.

1

DON'T TALK

For those who don't know me, I am the kind of person that likes to keep myself busy in order to avoid thinking about my past. Looking back at my experiences, I don't view them as ruining my life but instead as events that showed me what not to become myself.

This is the childhood I choose to remember. I was born in 1980 and spent my childhood in Charlotte, North Carolina. Most of my early years were pure misery. Between an arrogant and selfish mother and passive-aggressive father I was pretty much molded into a basket case. Emotionally I was ultrasensitive from the onslaught of aggression my parents put me through.

My mother would be characterized as moody person, but not in a bipolar way. If you did everything the way she wanted, then she loved you. But if you had your own ideas conflicted hers, that would be problematic.

I remember being punished for playing with our family dog too loudly, or for asking her a question while she was on the phone. It was little things like that, that put me under the wrath of her wooden spoon and a corresponding time out. Since I could never understand what would make her angry, I spent most of my childhood in a submissive, dissociative state.

Her lack of maternal instincts was reflected in her form of "tough love," as she liked to put it. Her version of love never made any sense. At one point she would buy me toys and tell me she loved me. She would then turn around and take them away from me because I accidentally touched her.

The good news is that she wasn't around much for most of my childhood, just a few hours a day. After I came home from school, she would go out for special events around town, volunteering her time as an usher in exchange for tickets to concerts and shows.

Being alone and unloved was hard enough as it is, but things got a lot worse as her love/hate towards me was reinforced by my father. Whenever I got Mom mad, which was pretty much all the time, she would send my father into a frenzy, causing him to physically beat me.

In my early teen years, this physical violence towards me increased as puberty began altering the way I viewed the reality that was designed for me. I was tired of their flavor of tough love and just wanted to have friends and date like other boys. But I couldn't for some reason. From the age of 10 to the age of 20 I had no friends at all.

None of the other kids wanted to hang out with me. They would try to be my friends, but I would just zone out and get moody from all the PTSD I was going through. That's post-traumatic stress disorder, for those who don't know.

As a young teen, no one wanted to sit next to me at lunch hour. Because I was so embarrassed to sit alone every day, I decided not to eat lunch at all. None of the teachers or school staff seemed to question why I was not eating lunch every day. Either they didn't care, which I don't think is the case, or they were just too overwhelmed with a broken education system to get involved in my life.

My rebellious eating habits eventually morphed into anorexia. I just stopped eating all together. I thought if I would stop eating then I could get sick and someone, anyone, would finally try to help me. But I never seemed to be able to go as far as starving myself and still ate dinner. So no one helped. Sadly my height was stunted from this. By the time I was 20, I was just under 5'1".

Around my 14th birthday, I decided if no one was going to help me I would have to help myself. So I began to assert my independence by becoming rebellious. But my form of rebellion was quite different then my sister's, who elected to run away from home over and over.

See—my sister who is five years older than me had to deal with the same crap, but in my 10-year-old mind, I decided that fighting back and running away would make me a bad person.

So instead of running away, I would confront my father and tell him he was abusive and a bad person.

Of course, this didn't really didn't settle very well with him, as his response was, "You are the child and I am the parent—you do as I say." I said, "Act like a real father and I will." Then he lunged his fist at me. My dad was much bigger than me. And I was weak and sickly from malnourishment. He pinned me down under the weight of his body until I blacked out. I vaguely remember hearing my sister walk into my bedroom and yell at my dad, "Get off of him, he's seizing."

These fights happened more than once. They were triggered over the most mundane things, such as the time I said, "Stop humming. You're annoying me." That day he hit my head against a wall. Then he said, "I love you James. I do this because I love you."

For an 18-month period, when I was around the age of 14, these arguments would occur for nearly 2-3 hours every day. And they almost always happened in the evening when my mother was out having a good time.

After being pinned down in those fights, I remember yelling constantly at my father to get off me. I did this in the vain hope that my neighbors would call the cops on my family. But I guess I didn't scream loud enough. No one on my street did anything to help me. Maybe they didn't hear, or maybe they didn't want to hear, what was going on in my home. I really don't know. But the screaming matches would go on until I exhausted myself.

Due to the extreme amounts of yelling, I ended up scorching my vocal cords. Since it happened right around the age of 14 my voice never developed properly during puberty. If I talked for more than 5 minutes a day my throat would burn and the sound that came out was one of a 12-year-old boy. It wasn't until I was 25 that I was able to get help for this problem and slowly heal myself.

As hard as it was going through my teen years without any friends, having a childlike voice put me on the receiving end of my classmates hazing. On top of all the other problems I was

facing, the kids would trigger severe anxiety attacks. That put me on a slippery slope to full-blown Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. OCD occurs when your mind gets stuck on certain ideas and ruminations.

Since no one seemed to care that I couldn't really talk and I was weak and anorexic, I decided I would show people I needed help by wearing the same clothes every day to school and church. This wasn't really a big issue for me.

I was already suffering from wardrobe neuroses. My parents only allowed me 2-3 sets of clothing throughout much of my childhood. In many third world nations this would seem normal. But my parents weren't poor by any means. My father used to work for the Mellon family in Greenwich, CT. They even owned real estate there at one time.

Growing up in the 1980s, I remember my father buying me a \$20 pair of jeans which was comfortable and decent looking, but my mother thought it was too expensive and would take them back to the store.

Most of the time my mom wouldn't bother getting a replacement. If she did, she would buy me the ugliest pair of acid wash \$15 clearance jeans no one wanted to wear. And of course my peers would make fun of how I looked.

This kind of twisted thinking programmed my mind to never be at peace. I would always worry they would take the things I loved away from me. And they did the neurotic clothing routine to me throughout my growing up.

I got to the point where it was pointless to ask them for new clothes. My mother was actually a clothing freak. We had five closets in our home, including a walk in closet which was dedicated to all her dresses and shoes. In my bedroom I had two closets —one of which contained all her clothes. In my other closet she only allotted me a tiny space between her dresses to hang up my collared shirts because according to her, I didn't really have much to wear anyway, so I didn't need the space.

When I got older, I tried throwing all her stuff out of my closet into the hallway. This of course resulted in huge fights with her and a physical intervention by my father. He would restrain meanwhile my mother would put all of her clothes back in my room.

It was at this point I decided to stop wearing different clothes every day. I picked my favorite shirt and pants and for many months I would wear them all the time until they developed holes and then I would sew them together and wear them even more. Of course my classmates would complain about my hygiene, but no adult authority seemed to really care. Both my parents could clearly see I was wearing the same thing every day but I guess they didn't want to interfere because it's a lot easier to look the other way then to actually go out and buy new clothes.

It took a lot of work to kick that ritual, which I wasn't able to do until long after I left home and sought a therapist.

My father was a conservative Christian fundamentalist; you would even say a good Christian, at least he thought so. He took me to church every Sunday, which is normal for most people in the North Carolina Bible Belt. But just like in school, I never seem to fit into any church cliques.

I was so embarrassed having no friends at all that I would find an empty room and hide out with a book in the closet until church services were over. That was less painful to deal with then having to go through the humiliation of having no one to talk too. Besides, anything was better than being around so-called "Christians."

My hiding routine went on for quite some time until some old church deacon found me. The poor man probably thought I was a bum breaking and entering. By that time I was wearing that nasty worn out outfit every day.

I don't remember what excuse I made, but he let me go on as long as I allowed him to personally escort me back into the main sanctuary for more Christian indoctrination. By this time Mom wasn't going to church anymore and I stop sitting with my dad because there was this other couple who sort of semi-

adopted me and showed me love and allowed me to sit with them. But when I got to be 13 I sort of stop being friends with their kid and I disappeared, which is easy to do because I went to one of those mega churches where most people don't really know anyone else.

I tried all my favorite hiding spots but the old deacon seemed to find me. So instead of ditching church in church I would take strolls in the surrounding neighborhood. That continued until the church security patrols scared me out of it. So I decided it was best to return back to my regular Sunday indoctrination sessions and pretend that I was in love with religion and my Christian family.

But my hiding routine wasn't just limited to church indoctrination. When I was 10 years old, my mom became fascinated with stories of UFOs and the Greys. She would watch videos of alien abductions which triggered so much anxiety that I would hide under my bed at night. Now don't get me wrong, I've never consciously seen a Grey in my bedroom as a child. But sometimes I could see images of them in my mind; they would sometimes communicate to me on an emotional level. I was told that if I ever "talked," they would kill me on my 12th birthday. This didn't happen, of course, but it scared me so much I never told anyone until now.

My only escape throughout my childhood was Boy Scouts, which I loved. I even made it to Eagle Scout. I didn't have to worry about the stigma of my clothing neuroses because we all wore uniforms. The time I was away from my parents meant a few days a month where I could have some peace. Instead of having to explain away my speech problems I found it easier to lie about my age and pretty much hang out around the younger kids. They didn't judge me as much as my own age group did.

By the time I finished the 8th grade I was a mess. I was suffering from a speech impediment, depression, OCD clothing rituals, and anxiety. I could barely go outside in the public—the slightest innuendos from strangers would trigger my PTSD.



My dad and I in Colorado in 1998. I was 18.

At this point, going into the military was one option. They seemed desperate to get me to join. Every few months or so a recruiter would give me a call trying to entice me into the benefits of a military life. But because of my poor health I figured it was best to do my own thing. So off to college I went.

Mom and Dad were finally relieved to be free of their parenting chores. At the age of 20, away from home at last, I did my best to juggle a college life track, grades, and my luggage from the past.

Come August 2000, the stress of all this began to mount. Every time I would try to sleep I would feel chills and air movement over me while lying in bed and sometimes I would sense something in my room watching me and it caused me to wake up every hour or so in the night, which led to persistent insomnia problem which still lingers to this day.

In the midst of these sleep disturbances, I began to experience sleep paralysis episodes. This occurs when your brain waves are still in a deep dreaming pattern. When you're in this mindset normally your body is paralyzed to keep you from injuring yourself while sleeping.

But when your sleeping patterns go out of balance, like mine were at that time, it is possible to open your eyes while you're still dreaming and see into the spirit realm around you. This is a frightening experience, especially if you experience the paralysis that comes with it.

Once, I saw some weird-looking black being with red eyes —a demon in my bedroom. Naturally, my sleeping problems and they steadily got worse.

Then one early morning in September of 2000, I woke up, and at the foot of my bed was an angel of light. This being had a beautiful golden aura which flooded my room with its love and wisdom. In this vision, the entity appeared to be about three feet high. He wore long flowing white robes. His skin was of a white complexion and his hair was long and brown. In his left hand he was holding a golden torch that burnt blood. In his right hand he held the sign of the Trinity.



"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."
Psalm 119:105

Since this was the first angelic vision I'd ever had, I thought I was going mad. Then he vanished. Later, I came to understand this was a visit from Archangel Michael.

Two weeks later I had a vision of Jesus on the Cross. His head was hanging down from severe pain of the Crucifixion. He gathered his strength and rolled his head up and looked at me. Then I returned to the present.

Other than the bizarre nature of these hallucinations, I assumed these were signs from God that I was in need of 'professional' help. Which, later, was something I wish I had never sought.

When the psychiatrist asked me to describe my childhood problems, I was at a loss because there were so many years which I could not recall— birthday parties, going to church as a kid, or playing with my sister. I have no memories of when I was 6, 7 or 8 years old. I remembered only a little up to the age of 10. I thought everyone was like this.

The psychiatrist diagnosed me with dissociative amnesia, and said my memory problems were due to all the crap from my childhood. Many years later I had Dr. Bill Deagle do a clairvoyant reading on me and he saw my memory problems were a result of a traumatic brain injury in my Operculum Left Temporal Lobe, which controls word finding and sequencing. You may notice that I sometimes slur words from time to time. Well, I got a good excuse.

Between the amnesia and traumatic brain injury a lot of things don't make sense.

My problems were not limited to just memory recall. I was also suffering from a bizarre psychosomatic pain in my genitals. I say it's bizarre because the doctors have no clue why it's happening.

If I get an erection I will suffer from a burning sensation for hours and if I have an orgasm I suffer from severe needle-like pains in the same place all day long and they get progressively worse and worse until I sleep it off the next night. I have tried taking painkillers to knock out the pain. But nothing makes it go away, even if I keep popping more pills.

I wish I could say something positive here, but I still haven't found a way to fix this problem yet, as I really don't know what is causing it. The good news is the pain has been slowly decreasing over the years and for the most part it's something I can manage with the help of a blood pressure medicine, which pretty much serves as a chemical chastity belt. Of course it doesn't always work and on those days I just shut down and stay bedridden.

So the doctors narrowed down my conditions to OCD, depression, and ADHD and put me on a medication protocol. Under the influence of the Paxil, the quality of my life began to diminish. I became even more depressed, I was sleeping nearly 16 hours a day, and I had these terrible shakes.

I don't know why this product is on the market. It didn't work for me. In fact, it did the opposite. Later I found out that Paxil was in the middle of a lawsuit for increasing the rate of suicide deaths in children. How ironic, an antidepressant that increases suicide. Surely the FDA must know how dangerous these products are.

After discontinuing Paxil, I began switching from medication to medication, which seemed to end in the same result, more depression and fatigue. My doctors kept telling me the same thing. "We need to find the right one that works for you."

All together I tried 26 different medications. Some of them made me severely depressed like Luvox. One antidepressant, Remeron, sedated me for 22 hours.

Desperate to try anything, I decided to take a more unorthodox approach. In 2003, I did 15 sessions of biofeedback. What they do is basically place electrodes on your head to read your brain's E.E.G. electrical activity. This information is then fed into a computer program which interfaces with your brain, allowing the user to retrain their brainwave patterns by simply moving an object around on a computer screen.

After a few sessions, the practitioner eventually settled on a PTSD protocol. Sadly I never received the benefit I was promised. But it was odd. He told me I was the only patient that had received no benefits from biofeedback. It was like a wall was blocking my recovery.

The pain of my anxiety and depression continued to deepen. By my early 20s I started sleeping in my apartment's walk-in closet. At least there I felt safe. But my health was falling apart.

The bad reactions I was having to the medications began to push my body over board. I started developing horrible allergic reactions to almost everything I ate.

To reduce the pain I was in all the time, I would split my pills, reducing my dosage. But my doctor really frowned upon that. He insisted I was getting sick because I was violating the integrity of the pills and demanded that I continue the full dosage.

At that age I really didn't know any better. The American Medical Association and its counterpart the FDA know full well these pills don't cure anything, but only treat "conditions". These medications simply don't work. They only serve to cover up the underlying symptoms of a deeper systemic problem. I had to learn the hard way that conventional doctors are not trained to recognize our mind, body, spirit connection but instead serves as agents of evil for the pharmaceutical companies and the government which allows them to peddle their poisons.

I was now going down a slippery slope into a full blown autoimmune disorder. This means my body was having trouble recognizing the particles that are good and bad, so instead would just attack everything.

Because I was so out of balance in so many areas of my life, and because I was holding so many traumatic memories in my lower chakra system, my gut was no longer digesting food properly. I was severely bloated, overweight and in pain from the allergies and a leaky gut condition from a severe candida yeast infection in my G.I. tract.

At this low point in my life, I took the initiative to empower myself to become healthy again. Using natural herbs and vitamins, I slowly began to wean myself off meds. The health benefits I got from these natural approaches were so much better than I had ever had from any medication.

At that point something clicked inside me. I was convinced there was a conspiracy in the American health care system. The pharmaceutical corporations and government are only interested in maximizing profits and have no interest in the

welfare of the people they claim to serve. That's why doctors are not trained with knowledge of natural supplements and dietary knowledge.

By the time I stopped using medication, I was still suffering from the neuroses of my childhood. But now I had chronic fatigue, a systemic yeast infection in my gut, severe ADHD made worse due to my long term exposure to my pharmaceutical lobotomy, excessively cold feet in the winter time, and I still had my speech impediment. I suffered from severe pain due to candida-related food allergies. As a result, food became unappetizing and my weight soon dropped below 110 pounds.

After giving up on conventional medicine in 2003, I gave myself an ultimatum. I would never believe what an 'expert' says to be true unless I research it myself. I have slowly nursed myself back to health while educating and empowering myself.

Looking back at this is painful to me. Even now the memories remain scattered and shattered in my mind. And I don't like saying bad things about my family and those I love. If you love someone, is it right to be angry at their freewill choice? Of course I didn't mention the few times in my life where my parents tried to show me love, but even then I was always on the edge because I would never know when they would strike me down again.

Sure, my parents were about as incompetent as you can get when it comes to raising children. But I also chose this life path before coming to this Earth and recognize that trauma and pain can be transmuted into a higher purpose. There is no reason any of this should be able to stop me from healing and integrating. And that's what I plan to do.

So the following is my story of how I went about integrating myself, and those who helped me get to where I am. It was at this point that I met Nate.

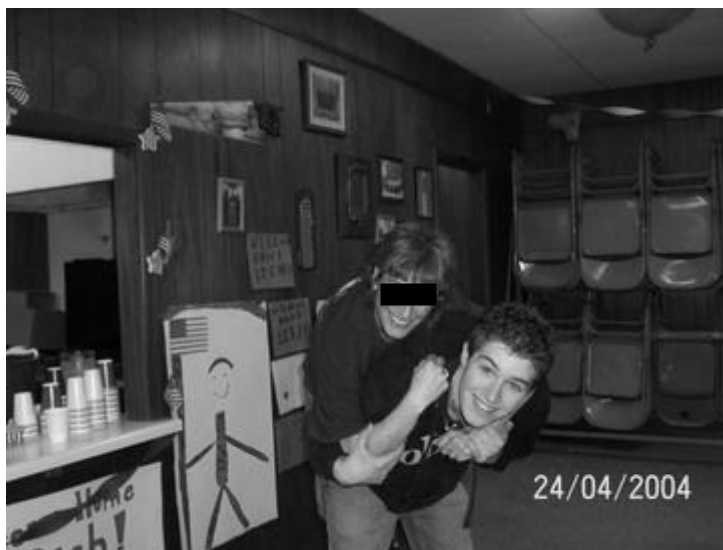
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NO FEAR

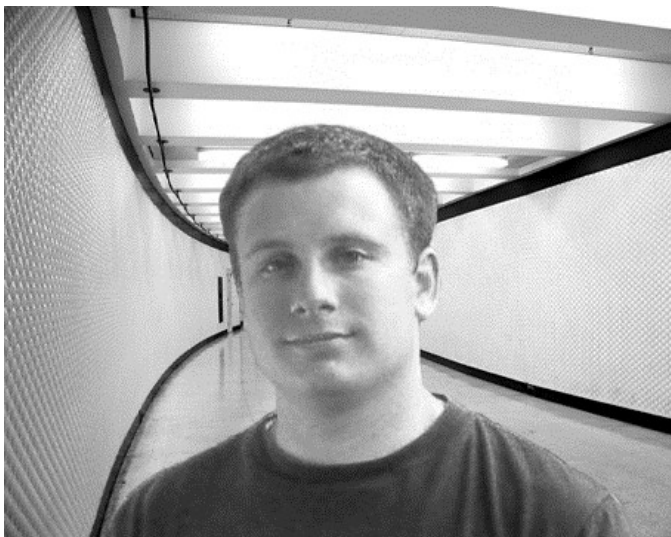
It's 2004, I am 24 years old, going to college. Because of my health problems I spend hours a day combing the Internet looking for information to heal myself as well as answers about life and God in general.

One of my favorite places to frequent was the Yahoo! chat rooms. Most of that time was spent finding other starseeds and indigos to network and become friends with, though at that time I wasn't trying to consciously seek them out.

It was there in a Christian Teens chat room that I first met Nathan. He lived in Des Moines, Iowa and was 14 years old at that time. Despite the age difference, we shared similar experiences. Both of us had gone through a traumatic childhood and dealt with our pain with laughter. But it was getting late and we both had other things to do, so we soon lost contact with each other.



Nathan Merle Wilder, shown here in August 2004



James Rink, 2006

A few months later I forgot all about him. This is common on the Internet; you talk to someone one day and the next you forget all about them. But apparently he added me to his “friends” list.

So out of the blue, Nate instant messages me. “I nearly got thrown in juvy.” Not realizing who I was talking to at first, I thought he’d mistaken me for someone else, but I played along and soon realized it was Nathan. Nate went on and on about his life and his temper problems.

He was grounded and hanging out in his bedroom after getting into a fight in school because someone made fun of his girlfriend. According to Nate, he punched this dude and he flew clear across the classroom and outside the second story window, breaking his neck from the fall. He was then kicked out of school and just barely escaped being thrown into juvy. But his family had to move into a new neighborhood so he could attend a different school.

Nathan wanted me to help him figure out why he was so strong and violent and how he could do the things he could do. At this

point, I suggested his gifts might be due to his genetic background and he told me he was a mix of Native American, Italian, and English. Nothing too unusual here other than the Native American genes which sometimes can carry psychic gifts.

He said his biological father was an expert Marksman in the military and he also had a nasty temper. It was so bad that according to Nate at one time he had almost killed his mother.

Nate never really got to know his father much. He died of a heart attack from his rage issues when Nathan was only seven years old. I wanted Nate to elaborate on why he thought someone could get a heart attack from rage, but he seem to be traumatized about the whole thing and I sort of just dropped it.

Just like his father, he seemed to be suffering from the same anger management problems. Some of his stories were kind of funny. Like the time when he was a boy on the playground and would pick fights with kids twice his age. When he was 9 years old he grabbed an older 13-year-old boy that was picking on him and stuck him into a trash can.

And if anyone pissed Nathan off —one time I caught him plotting revenge on those he got into fights with. But we got along okay and Nathan even commented how unusual that was because normally he can't stand most people.

At that time, he was taking Lithium and Depakote for his ADHD and Bipolar Disorder. He thought he might be schizophrenic, but I think that was just his way of explaining away his psychic gifts.

Nathan had no fear whatsoever. He told me when he was 9 that he was too embarrassed to admit his mood swings to his mother. So he decided to take his mental health into his own hands. He jumped behind a pharmacist's counter and stole four bottles of lithium and left some money behind.

Nathan was also suffering from at-risk behaviors. When I knew him, he was very promiscuous. He suffered from numerous blackouts, he was an avid cutter, and claimed he tried to commit suicide 23 times unsuccessfully, but I felt this was

exaggeration and didn't take it too seriously. He said he had a special way of dealing with the suicidal urges. He would wear a rubber band on his wrist and every time he felt like cutting himself he would snap himself with it.

Eventually he revealed that his gifts encompassed more than just enhanced strength. He could see angels and demons. He had the ability to telekinetically levitate heavy objects, he could look into the future, and he could accurately remote view my aura even though we didn't actually get to physically meet each other in person.

I grew up Southern Baptist and in my church being psychic meant being demon possessed, so I was told. But Nate and I were such good friends that I didn't see him as someone who is possessed. I saw him as a gentle soul who was dealing with his trauma by lashing out at those who didn't understand him.

In this conversation we had on Halloween 2004, Nate shared with me some insight of what he was picking up clairvoyantly around him. It was around this time I started to notice how his personality would shift from the goofball he normally was into a depressed atheist philosopher.

Halloween 2004

Nate: "There is Aether in the air, I can sense it."

James: "Is that like evil?"

Nate: "Basically.....You have to consider the thought that maybe God doesn't like you."

James: "No. Are you considering this thought?"

Nate: "A little. The Bible says he says he loves you, and the Bible says he cannot lie, but, who wrote the Bible? Ponder that."

James: "His prophets wrote it. We all are working together to make his creation better. God loves us because he made us."

Nate: "So? God made the devil."

James: "Hate is not part of the equation because it's self-centered, love is caring for others. The devil made a choice like all his creations do."

Nate: "Hate was never brought into the equation. Maybe He doesn't like us, but He made us for fun."

So as you can see Nathan would sometimes talk about religion and God but it was as if he was channeling something else through him.

Later that night Nate contacted me again. This time something had got him scared shitless. He said his lights were flickering, and the air was freezing inside his bedroom.

After watching enough documentaries on the paranormal on TV, I knew he probably had a poltergeist or a demon hanging out in his house. So I asked him about the history of his house.

Remember he just moved into this new home after being kicked out of school.

It turns out his parents got a great deal on it. The previous owner's son went on a murder rampage and then committed suicide.

I did some research and discovered that indeed he was telling the truth. On January 28, 2004, the previous owners' 16-year-old son, Tyler Pirtle, murdered his social worker Greg Gaul and the housesitter Sarah Dahlke. He then drove a couple hundred miles and shot himself in the head. This happened when his parents were away on vacation in the Cayman Islands.

The news reported that Tyler was having a lot of trouble in school at the time. He was very withdrawn. Some of the students commented, "He was one of your typical students. He cooperated with teachers and did what he was supposed to do.

Later he changed ... I never did see him smile," said Hudson Lewis, 17. "Tyler Pirtle was an "all-around star" at sports before his mother and father divorced. Then he just stopped."

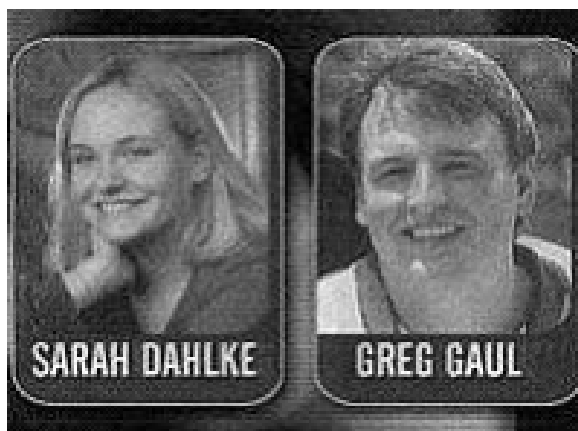
Tyler's stepmother worked at the DuPont-owned Pioneer Hi-Breed, which develops genetically engineered crops for farmers. Sarah Dahlke, the housesitter, was also as a part time employee at Pioneer Hi-Breed. In addition to that, Nate's stepfather also worked at Pioneer Hi-Breed.

I just want to make it clear the reason so many of these people worked at Pioneer Hi-Breed was that the corporate

headquarters was just down the street. I'm not suggesting Pioneer Hi-Breed was experimenting on the youth in the neighborhood, but I do find it interesting that Nate was connected to this synchronicity.



Tyler Pirtle's home located on, 5852 Brentwood Circle, Johnston, IA. A few months after this picture was taken, Nate's family moved into the home.



Sarah Dahlke 21 and Greg Gaul 41, Both murdered by Tyler Pirtle.



Tyler Pirtle, committed suicide on January 28, 2004

The press releases revealed that Tyler's parents did not get along very well, so the father moved into the basement. I find this interesting because Nate said he could see a portal to Hell in his basement. In the occult world this would usually mean that someone conducted a satanic ritual to open a portal. Just what exactly was the Pirtle family up to in the basement? That's someone else's story as we probably won't ever know.

Nate revealed to me that his IQ was off the charts, tested at 168, which occurs in about 1 out of 150,000 people. He said he had a photographic memory and could read ten pages of a book in one minute. Despite this, he managed only a D+ average in school and he was horrible at arithmetic. I think it was because he was zoning out so much.

He was also quite kinetically gifted. He had a black belt in Kung Fu. His brothers taught him Tai Kwon Do, Jeet Kun Do, Ju Jit Su, and he was obsessed with exercise. He told me he exercised hours a day and would drink multiple protein shakes.

He was on the school wrestling and boxing team. His hit speed was tested at 650 pounds of force. He said he could lift a cement bag with one hand, and his dad could, too. And at that time he was bench pressing about 300 pounds. Nate believed

his superhuman strength was due to his oversized adrenal glands.

He was into violent sports. During one boxing match, he hit a kid so hard that he was hospitalized with a fractured skull. I asked him, "Why did you get so carried away when attacking your opponents?" Nate answered, "Once someone makes me angry I lose control, then my teammates keep cheering me on and I can't stop."

Nate also claimed to have telekinetic gifts. He could move objects around using the power of his mind alone. For instance, he could levitate a pencil across a table. He was also able to manipulate energy and matter and proved it to me by making me grow. (More about this later).

He could see other people's auric fields, which is basically energy radiated by your body's bioelectric field. For me he said my aura was green and gold. His aura was red, green, white, and black on the outside. When I asked him what this means, he said "People who are crazy have a red color, white means you're an angel, and gold colors are really good Christians."

He was also clairvoyant and told me that in the future there will be a civil war in America, and that he would bomb a microchip factory, but they would capture him and blind him before he could escape. Eventually he would die an angry, bitter man at the hands of an assassin. But he refused to tell me who that assassin was.

This seems to confirm what John Titor reported would occur in the future. According to him he time-traveled back in time from the year 2028 to the year 2000 and talked about how America would fall into civil war due to a corrupt government. He claimed it would begin around Fall 2008, or after the collapse of the dollar. After which Congress is suspended. In 2012 the President declares himself President For Life. By 2015, 4 million Americans die from civil war. Then in March 2015, a nuclear holocaust devastates the planet, killing 150 million Americans, and 4 billion people worldwide. In 2020, a new Continental Congress convenes, and the Constitution is rewritten to fix the mess from the previous American Federal Empire.

This nightmarish scenario was a possible outcome on the timeline back in 2004, but has since been averted. We will not be having martial law, civil war, or nuclear war on this timeline.

Now back to the story. I was concerned that his abilities may be the result of demon possession. He attended church regularly, but he was also having underage sex multiple times a day regularly with various girlfriends. You would think that so much sex would wear him out but I guess not as he would joke about having a pack of a hundred condoms under his bed and only one was left.

He told me a funny story about this one girlfriend. She was 24, and about to graduate from college, but she didn't know that Nate was actually 15. Because Nate was a minor and she was adult, she could have been arrested for molesting a child.

It turns out this girlfriend accepted a teaching position at his high school for the proceeding school year. So he wanted my advice how to dump her before she found out how old he was. I told him to make up a story. So when he told her his real age she slapped him and then went into a panic when she realized she just had sex with a minor. I don't remember what happened after that. Nathan never talked about her again.

The reason why Nate could get away with dating older women was because he looked so mature for his age. When he was 16, he was already very tall and his muscles were huge from working out all the time.

Nate had two older brothers, and not surprisingly they were also sex addicts like himself. So I asked him if he thought this problem could be caused by demon possession. And that's when Nate told me he'd conducted an exorcism on his older brother Adam. During this ritual, his brother began levitating and yelling obscenities. But sadly Nate was unable to help him.

Since we were on the topic of angels and demons, I told him about my experience with the angel hovering over my bed. And that's when Nate told me about something that happened during a party at his friend's house.

He was drinking heavily and when he passed out, Lucifer appeared to him. Nate described his appearance as extremely ugly with a huge dick; and when Lucifer talked to him, it burned him inside. His aura was gold surrounded by black. Lucifer told Nate, that he hates everyone because God can forgive them for their sins and go to Heaven, but he can't. He hates being condemned to Hell and wants to take everyone down with him. At that point Nate blacked out, began having a seizure, and his friends rushed him to the hospital.

When Nate finished telling me this story, he hears a dog howling outside his window, a black cloud in his room, and the air starts to smell like sulfur. Of course now he's totally freaked out and plays his Christian music as loud as he can. But it doesn't seem to stop this black cloud which is now next to him in his bedroom. So I had him repeat the following phrase to the entity.

"In the name of Jesus, you have no control over me any longer, leave me alone and never come back."

At that point, according to Nate, the black cloud entered into his computer and typed onto my screen "WHO THE FUCK IS THIS?" Afraid to give it my real name, I gave it my instant messenger nickname. I said "Bearish." It replied, "WHO THE FUCK IS BEARISH?" I said, "Leave him alone, you have no authority over him anymore." It answered back, "FUCK YOU." Then it left the room.

Now we were both freaked out at this point. I thought perhaps a dark entity had come out of the portal in the basement. So Nate and I kept talking late into the night until both of us calmed down enough to go to sleep. During this time Nate informed me this kind of stuff was normal for him, but I intended to bring it to an end.

The very next day I went to the library to do some research on demon possession in the hopes I could help Nate kick some demon butt. According to my research, signs of demon possession include:

Heart attacks

Overactive adrenals

Super natural strength
Levitation
Unholy rage
Sexual addiction
Suicidal behaviors
Dabbling in Satanism

After going through that list I was like, “What the fuck?” This describes Nathan and his dad perfectly. Remember his dad died from a heart attack due to rage, probably from overactive adrenal glands. Nate told me he also had the same problem.

Going a little deeper into the books, I read that if you don’t intervene and stop the dark spirit from working itself into the spine, eventually a person will become totally possessed and will ultimately end dying from its own negativity.

So the next step was to do an exorcism. Since no one taught me how to do one before, I followed the directions I got from those library books. The first step was to fast for two days, which I did, but I never told Nate that. I was now ready to do the ritual but since I never met him in person I figured I would just have him talk to a “professional pastor” who claimed to preform exorcisms over the Internet.

The pastor asked Nate if he ever dabbled in black magic. When Nate was younger he casted spells but gave it up a long time ago. When he asked for the name of the spirit in his *Book of Shadows*, Nate answered, “The wolf.”

The conversation abruptly ended and Nate logged out of the chat room.

James: “Why did you leave?”

Nate: “That dude scares me.”

James: “Why?”

Nate: “I don’t know.”

Something was seriously wrong. And what the heck was a *Book of Shadows*? And why would Nate have one? And why was he sacred of a simple question like that? Sadly, I didn’t know what else to do. I never did ask him about his *Book of*

Shadows, I just seemed like something he didn't want to talk about anymore.

Just for fun I would sometimes tease him. One time Nate misspelled some words in his chat box and I jokingly said, "Dude, you were talking in ancient Vrishnis." The Vrishnis was a race of people in the Indian subcontinent that were destroyed in a nuclear holocaust during the time of Atlantis.

Nate replied, "OMG what!" I answered, "It was just a joke. Did you really think I was serious?"

Nate answered, "I've talked in Latin before. One time I fell asleep in class and when I woke up, I was screaming something in Latin." "What happened next?" "I went into a seizure and passed out."

His stories were weird, and yes I believed them. Even if they weren't true, Nate believed they were and that's all that really mattered. After all it's not my place to judge. My job as a friend was to figure out what I could do to help him and maybe put a stop to all the negative things going on in his life. I just had to get to the bottom of this; I knew there was something more than a possible demon possession going on in Nate's life. At this point I became obsessed with studying the paranormal. The very thing my religious background forbids me to do.

Nate taught me about psychic abilities and helped me realized that we all have the natural gift as long as we don't suppress it.

I studied aliens and UFOs for the first time since I was a kid. Something I couldn't do for such a long time due to extreme paranoia, beginning at the age of 10, when I began hearing Greys in my mind warning me they would kill me if I talked.

And I studied conspiracies, learning about the Illuminati and how they sought to create a mind control apparatus on this planet in order to keep the populations under economic slavery.

The following chapter is a summary of what I've learned. I eventually shared this information with Nathan, which would lead me down a rabbit hole of no return.

3

THE OMEGA PROJECT

It was at this point I came across the story of Michael Andrew Pero, who claimed to have been plugged into a Montauk-styled consciousness chair which could open time portals for physical time travel as well as manipulating consciousness energy, as well as being used as a mind- controlled, genetically enhanced Super Soldier.

I first learned of him on the davidicke.com website, which goes into conspiracies and the reptilian alien agenda. David Icke explains how some of the negative ET factions have made alliances with governments all over the world. This worldwide conspiracy seeks to consolidate all governments into a global superpower ruled by an elite Cabal who receives orders from malevolent ETs.

Accordingly, the chain of command at the top is Lucifer/Satan; below him is the Jesuit Black Pope, Adolfo Nicolas, who resides in the City of London. Below him is the White pope of the Vatican who controls the Roman Catholic Church and the Masonic Order. Below this network is the Illuminati and their sublevels which include; the Club of Rome, The Trilateral Commission, The Council of Foreign Relations, The Bilderberg Group, The United Nations, NATO, the Federal Reserve system, and so on, right down to your local Chamber of Commerce, and churches or religions.

Within this whole evil hierarchy is the Khazarian-Zionist-Bolsheviks (KZB), who are the reincarnated Pharisees during the time of Esu Jmmanuel (Jesus). They now control most governments of the world. The largest governments under their control include the United States, Great Britain, and Israel, who make up this triangle of Zionism. These people are pushing hard to create a One World Order. The official name of the New World Order is code-named "Project Omega," which is headed by George H. Bush (George Scherff Jr).

According to Otto Skorzeny, Hitlers bodyguard, George Bush Sr. is actually a German Nazi spy. His biological father, George

Scherff Sr., is a member of the Nazi party who later changed his name to Prescott Bush.

As a teenager, Bush Sr. worked as a Nazi spy within Nikola Tesla's Lab. He would go into all of his experiments giving him the nickname of "Curious George" which later became a cartoon series. Eventually Bush Sr. ordered the execution of Tesla and carted his prized research of antigravity, teleportation, scalar weapons, free energy, mind control, etc. into the hands of the Nazis.

After War World II, the Nazis made an oath to resurrect a fourth Reich in America, known officially as "Project Omega." The Nazis recruited their man, George Bush Sr., to persuade congress into creating a secret Gestapo police presence in the United States. This is known as the Office of Strategic Service, or the OSS, which two years later, in 1947 became the CIA. Soon after in Project Paperclip, they rounded up roughly 50,000 Nazi scientists all over post-war Germany and imported them into the United States under secret identities to continue their research. All of this was on a need-to-know basis. As far as the public was concerned, the CIA was working to make the world safer with no clue of its Nazi roots.

Together with Nikolas Tesla's technology, stolen loot from the Jews, and their secret police force headed by George Bush Sr., they forged their master plan and the final solution, which would bring about a fascist Nazi government in the United States under the heels of martial law, doing away with the constitution.

During this chaos, the Nazis and the elites who allied themselves with the Nazis would hide in luxurious surroundings in deep underground bases while the commoners would be led to slaughter. Money to build these underground facilities would at first come from stolen loot from the Jews and then CIA drug trafficking via the black budget. Tesla weapons and technology recovered UFOs and alien exchanges would ensure their technological superiority. Here in their underground strongholds they continued their research.

The Nazis knew they are outnumbered and they know the masses would never accept a one-world government ruled by a

small elite without heavy amounts of brainwashing and an army of soldiers loyal to their cause. With help from advanced Tesla technology, they began work on the creation of a superhuman who could overtake the military and current power structure and announce themselves as the rulers of humanity. These Nazi Uberman's would be turned into a cloned army of genetically enhanced Super Soldiers and sleeper agents.

Ronald Reagan once commented to presidential Monarch and mind control victim Cathy O' Brien, "The only way for world peace is to control the masses."

With the advent of modern computers, Tesla-based HAARP began to be used for weather control and mind control by tapping into the frequency modulations of microchips. With this electronic slave grid in place they have been able to subtly influence the masses without their knowledge.

The only reason why we haven't seen the activation of the sleeper agents and a Third Reich is because we are receiving divine intervention. Even amongst their own ranks there is discontent. Not all Nazis desire to live in a slave grid and not all people are completely mind-controllable.

Project Paperclip

In the Nazi concentration camps, mind scientists were busy trying to figure out how to make the Jews more submissive. The Nazis realized if they added fluoride to the water they could pacify the Jews. This is why fluoride was introduced into the water supply soon after World War II. Fluoride calcifies the pineal gland which reduces intuition and the ability to resist authority. In Dachau, inmates were slipped hallucinogenic drugs, such as mescaline, combined with hypnosis.

In Auschwitz, the infamous Dr. Josef Mengele would use different methods of torture, such as using attack dogs and electroshock to study trauma bonding. Sadly most of these people died. He was known to be gentle at one moment and in another moment explode into rage. Victims would watch him pace back and forth, playing the "I love you, I love you not," daisy game. When he removed the last petal he would then

torture and kill a small child in front of a victim in order to split the mind for trauma-based programming.

He would place victims in cages with monkeys that were taught to be violent; victims would not be allowed to cry, scream, or show any emotion in the process, less they would be torn apart themselves. Because of these studies he became world's leading expert on creating multiple personality disorder in adults.



Josef Mengele, Dr. Green, was coined the “Angel of Death” in the Nazi concentration camps. The government downplayed his involvement at the Nuremberg trials. To confuse investigators about his whereabouts, U.S. officials would report he was in Paraguay or Brazil, or simply that he was dead. In fact the U.S. Government brought him to the United States to China Lake Naval Base, in the desert of California, to continue mind control experiments. Incidentally, nearby in Lancaster, CA, mass graves of mutilated children’s bodies were found.

In 1947, under the urging of Nazi Spy George Bush Sr., Congress set up the Office of Strategic Service or the OSS, which was the precursor for the CIA. The OSS was just itching to get a hold of secret Nazi research. With the help of George Herbert Bush, "Wild Bill" Donovan, and Allen Dulles, the OSS and Nazi SS merged to create the CIA. Coined “Project Paperclip” and its Nazi counterpart “ODESSA,” the CIA covertly

transferred roughly 50,000 Nazis scientists into the American military industrial complex.

These Project Paperclip Nazis were then given new identities and appointed into important research positions within the U.S. FEDERAL government such as NASA. After the war, money from the black budget allowed them to continue their mind control research in American military bases, hospitals, and universities.



Group of Project Paperclip German physicists at Ft. Bliss, Texas, circa 1947.

Here they spun off three primary branches of mind control projects: Project MKULTRA, Project Monarch, and Project MONTAUK.

MKULTRA was a CIA umbrella project which consisted of 149 sub-projects. MKULTRA psychiatrists conducted studies in narco-hypnosis, memory erasure, implants, ESP, sleep deprivation, etc. These experiments took place primarily in the 1950s and 60s and led to research in a completely mind-controlled robotic slave. The original term MK stands for the German word "Minde Kontrolle" meaning mind control and ULTRA was a term which refers to military intelligence which is considered "ULTRA SECRET." Victims are sometimes referred to as MARK ULTRA.

Project Monarch's subjects suffered from structured trauma - based mind control programming. Just like how a caterpillar goes through a chrysalis stage to be reborn into a Monarch

butterfly. So, too, where victims of trauma reborn into Manchurian candidates, sex slaves, and drug mules.

The research gathered in Project Monarch led to another offshoot known as Project MONTAUK. This program sought to interface mind-controlled victims in an alien-styled consciousness chair which could open up wormhole time tunnels and manipulate matter.

Many of those involved with these projects underwent the most severe forms of sexual and physical abuse. This often involved needles in the genitalia and electroshock treatments. The purpose of this trauma was to split the soul into many fragments which could then be robotically programmed. The medical term for this condition is Dissociative Identity Disorder.

Most of those who underwent these treatments died during the programming procedures, but those who survived went on to become sleeper agents performing such tasks as drug trafficking mules, information couriers, politicians, assassins, and sex slaves.

When an agent's programming is triggered, alters would activate and preform a certain task. After the task or mission was complete, their memories would be erased and they would be returned to their normal states. All the while they have no knowledge of the double life they may be leading.

Mind Control Programming

The core component of mind control lies solely on one's ability to dissociate. This is made possible through trauma-based programming, hypnosis, drugs, and advanced computer technology. Before diving too deeply into this subject, let's first take a closer look at Dissociative Identity Disorder.

MPD/DID

DID, Dissociative Identity Disorder, previously known as MPD, Multiple Personality Disorder, is a symptom of severe emotional trauma occurring usually at a young age. When abuse becomes intolerable, a person's mind will isolate certain personality traits into compartments to protect the psyche from

trauma and ensure their own survival. Generally speaking, the higher the IQ and the more psychic and creative a person is, the more likely they are to develop MPD/DID due to trauma. Psychics are more likely to dissociate because it comes naturally to them to access their abilities.

MPD/DID has been known to occur in at least 1% of the population. Most of these cases are due to child abuse, satanic rituals, or cults. Therapists working in this field have organized their practice to assist such victims. Unfortunately, very little help is available to those who develop MPD/DID from government mind control. It's especially hard for these victims to break free from their programming because the handlers are quick to remedy the situation. Sadly, those that do seek help are often labeled schizophrenic or medicated inappropriately.

One way to know the difference between MPD/DID and schizophrenia is through the use of hypnosis. According to Dr. Edward Simpson- Kallas, a psychiatrist with wide experience in the area of forensic hypnosis, most people with MPD/DID are easily hypnotized, while paranoid schizophrenics are extremely difficult to "put under."

Symptoms of Schizophrenia from the DSM-IV

A. Characteristic symptoms: Two, or more of the following, each present for a significant portion of time during a 1-month period:

Delusions

Hallucinations

Disorganized speech

Grossly disorganized or catatonic behavior

Negative symptoms

B. Social/occupational dysfunction: For a significant portion of the time since the onset of the disturbance, one or more major areas of functioning such as work, interpersonal relations, or self-care are markedly below the level achieved prior to the onset.

C. Duration: Continuous signs of the disturbance persist for at least 6 months.

Symptoms of MPD/DID

MPD/DID is the presence of two or more distinct identities, each with its own unique way of relating to the world and the self.

- a) At least two of these identities recurrently take control of the person's behavior.*
- b) An inability to recall important personal information to an extent that is more than ordinary forgetfulness.*

Possible signs include:

- *The use of "we" or "us" instead of "I"*
- *Hearing voices*
- *Depression*
- *Comorbidity (multiple diagnoses)*
- *Sense of being separate from one's own thoughts memories or actions.*
- *Amnesia*
- *Time loss*
- *Flashbacks*
- *Cutting*
- *Suicide attempts*
- *Headaches*
- *Violent actions against others*
- *Preoccupation with black clothing*

Clues to Government Mind Control Programming

- *The person changes tastes or behavior and is self-contradictory in what they say they like.*
- *The person believes that aliens are talking inside their heads.*
- *The person is not able to comfortably watch certain films of a non-horror nature, like Alice in Wonderland or the Wizard of Oz. This is especially true with older Monarch victims.*
- *Victims will have scars of various kinds on their bodies, including needle marks, laser cuts, multiple electric prod scars or mysterious rashes on their bodies.*
- *When the victims get memory most if not all victims have participated in weird sex and pornography.*
- *Monarch victims suffer all types of problems, including confusion, fears, panic attacks, headaches, program-induced*

medical problems such as autoimmune disorders, hurting feet, shakes, trembles, PTSD symptoms such as nightmares, sexual dysfunction, OCD, strange obsessions, rage, depression, dizziness, seeing black and white spots, etc., etc.

- Men who are active in the programming will often have multiple marriages and marry a woman of striking appearance who is much younger - but with little show of emotional attachment.*

- Family background connected to high level masonry, high ranking military personnel, and royalty.*

- Preoccupation with mind control research, or having sensations of being a human robot.*

- Feeling as if their life is a dream which is being watched by the government.*

- Implants – May feel squealing or buzzing in the ear*

- Memories of abduction scenarios consisting of military and aliens working together.*

- Strange Capabilities (Destroying Electronics Near them) Constant Harassment*

- Inability to Be “Normal” or make Friends or have Relationships*

Those suffering with MPD/DID have on average an excess of 8 split personalities, however in the case of MKULTRA there can be as many as a 30,000 alters, which each alter created at the moment the trauma occurred.

The primary personality is the one that is out most of the time; usually they are moody and depressed. Switching occurs when other alters come out. This can be triggered through external stimuli such as anxiety, a password, or when certain memories are brought forth. The person will usually suffer from a headache, or flicker of the eye.

Some personalities include protectors, who make sure no one else gets out of line, and observers who usually sit back and rarely come out.

Each personality is formed based on the need at the time it was created. For instance, being bullied on school grounds would create a tough guy personality. Being sexually abused would create a personality who is sexually addicted.

To make things even more complicated, in the case of satanic rituals, sometimes demons can attach to a personality. These demons are used to make the 'programming' more permanent. If this is the case, then these people can be suffering from both demon possession and MPD/DID at the same time.

MPD/DID victims are most often found in families with multigenerational satanic abuse, sexual abuse, prolonged child abuse, or trauma-based mind control.

Monarch Programming

So why would anyone want to do so many horrific things? Of course it comes down to control. In order for the Project Paperclip CIA scientists to take over the world in a glorious third Reich, they would require an army of loyal and obedient slaves in every corner of the planet. And only then could they be unleashed for chaos, death, and anarchy in a massive "black awakening."

These "Chosen Ones," as they like to call themselves, are known as the Order, or more specifically the Satanic Order. Once they are activated from their "sleeping status" they will be released to carry out their programmed and prechosen tasks causing the collapse of the governments of the world, and paving the way for the "New World Order" and the rise of the Antichrist. This will only occur when they feel they are adequately positioned in such a way that they could never be opposed.

The problem is many of them within their ranks are fighting over who gets to be the top dog as they lack any honor even amongst themselves. And of course the Internet is waking people up.

It is estimated that there are 4 million diagnosed cases of MPD/SRA worldwide and millions more undiagnosed. This would require a massive undertaking from a global underground network.

To coerce their cooperation would require total control over their minds, desires, and freewill. This creation of a total mind control slave has been going on for many generations within

elite bloodline families. But with the introduction of the OSS and CIA, mind control became a serious field of research in what is known as Project Monarch.

The name was based on the idea that Monarch caterpillars have migrated to every continent of the earth; this symbolizes the spread of Monarch victims worldwide. The caterpillar would then grow a chrysalis; this symbolizes how trauma based mind control reprograms the thoughts and desires of a victim into a new person. And finally the caterpillar flies away. This is the feeling you get when you're nervous, or right before your about to be tortured into split brain D.I.D./MPD alters.

Very few people have spoken up about this topic without facing extreme opposition. They are ridiculed, imprisoned (such as Fritz Springmeier), bribed into silence, threatened with financial repercussions, brainwashed themselves, or if that fails, killed.

A few brave souls managed to give us some information as to what kind of torture takes place in one of these Monarch training sessions. The following is a summary of a lecture given by Dr. D. Corydon Hammond. In his speech titled, "Hypnosis in MPD: Ritual Abuse" he speaks of ways to recognize and treat symptoms of government mind control. Shortly after the lecture, Dr. Corydon Hammond received death threats and discontinued any future public appearances.

The act of creating a Monarch is based on the dissociation of the mind using torture and abuse. For most victims the programming begins before the age of 2 ½, as ego states have yet to develop. This gives the handlers a "blank slate," so to speak. Sometimes trauma such as electroshock is applied when the fetus is still in the womb. This makes the mind easier to program at a later stage.

Sodomy around this age almost always results in D.I.D. When a man sodomizes a child at the age of three or four, the nerves at the base of the spine are attacked, causing the brain to make a bond to that man as if he were their father, this is why children are abused so much in the Catholic church.

Children are usually selected from high ranking Illuminati families, military intelligence, psychic bloodlines, satanic abuse,

or those involved with pedophilia. Those with psychic bloodlines are located using school testing, which is all tied into national databanks.

An EEG, electroencephalogram, is strapped to their heads to measure brainwave activity. This helps to map out thinking processes and to determine an individual's usefulness. They can use this data to determine a possible life path such as a doctor, lawyer, actor, politician, spy, or any position the Illuminati want to infiltrate.

The next step is to use trauma to split the mind into alters. Because many of those who undergo this type of procedure end up dead, Monarch programming usually takes place in close proximity to near death trauma centers in military bases or in hospitals.

They are strapped down, totally naked onto a gurney, and an IV is placed in one arm. Wires are attached to their heads to monitor electroencephalograph patterns. Then they may be injected with hallucinogens, such as Demerol.

Victims are then placed in a trance. They may hear weird disorienting sounds. Light goggles are placed over the eyes which pulsate red or white lights, at certain frequencies. These are very similar to the goggles you can purchase for biofeedback machines.

At this point the individual is traumatized with a needle, which is inserted into either the right ear, the genital regions, or under the fingernails.

Once the EEG reaches a certain brainwave state, the handlers speak instructions involving self-destructive behaviors, into the left ear, because it is associated with the right hemisphere non-dominant brain functioning. One phrase which is sometimes used is "Love me, Love me not." repeated over and over, which makes no sense to the subconscious mind.

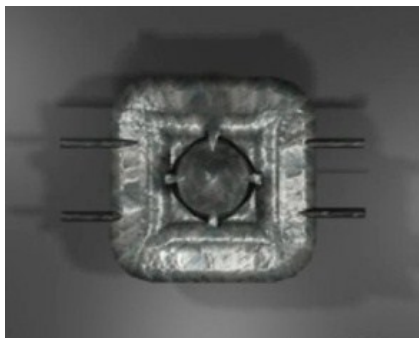
Remember the right side of the brain is where your creativity is centered, and the left side controls logic. The whole point of doing this is to bypass the logic centers of the brain so a person will be programmed to act, but not think.

If the individual does not memorize the spoken instructions word for word, they are subjected to electroshock. At this point the personality will either split off from the core personality or the child will die. The ones that survive are evaluated for personality traits and future use.

The programming only takes about twenty-five minutes. After which victims are given high voltage electroshock, erasing their memory of the procedure.

They are then implanted with a master implant at the back of the neck. This will control other devices such as auditory implants, tracking implants, brain implants, or visual holographic implants. Sometimes brainstem- scarring procedures are performed, which produces a system-wide photographic memory.

A child will undergo many of these treatments over the course of their lifetime. The procedures vary, but usually it involves hypnosis, double-bind coercion, pleasure-pain reversals; or food, water, sleep, sensory deprivation, along with various drugs which alter certain cerebral functions.



Most of the programming occurs during childhood. As they become adults it becomes a bit more sporadic. Victims usually have missing memory gaps ranging from a few days to years which correspond with the programming sessions, especially around the ages of 6 to 7, when programming kicks into high gear.

With each session a new alter is created. These alters are programmed with compressed details and messages. This is done using hi-tech headsets, in conjunction with computer-driven generators, which emit inaudible sound waves or harmonics that affect the RNA covering of neuron pathways to the subconscious and unconscious mind. Because the RNA sheaths are programmed using harmonics, the risk of a Monarch breaking out of their programming is next to nothing. These ultrasonic frequencies are used as an “activation code” or “trigger” which can be sent over the phone or via satellite into an implant, for instance, to activate a Monarch at any given point. Sadly for the victims programmed in this manner, very little can be done to deprogram them without access to the same technologies used to program them.

“Virtual Reality” optical devices are sometimes used simultaneously with the harmonic generators projecting pulsating colored lights, subliminal messages, and split-screen visuals. These are inserted into movies and television, which trigger and reinforce their programming. For example, many of the Disney films and cartoons contain programming triggers, subliminal messages, and neurolinguistic programming for Monarch children.

MPD/DID Structuring

These children have minds which are programmed like a computer. Memories are holographic in nature. When you rip a hologram in half, you get two holograms, but the more you rip them apart the fuzzier the picture becomes.

Memories are not stored in one specific location but in all locations in the aura. The brain accesses these memories using rhythmic frequencies starting in the cerebrum and radiating outwards. Different frequencies are used to tag different memories. The brain then decodes and recodes memories for retrieval. Brain injuries can destroy this decoder, but leave other decoders intact. This is how MPD/ DID is created. Amnesia layers and walls are created within each personality, and specific codes or ultrasonic frequencies are then used for memory retrieval.

The brain is capable of storing 100 million billion bits of information, but very few people actually use all this. Those with MPD use more of this space by running more 'computers' in the brain at the same time, without the main personality being aware of what's really going on.

The core is the soul essence; it records everything that is done to it, including all memories of all alters. The core runs the entire programming in the background outside the awareness of the main personality.

The alters are then given a certain classification such as Alpha, Beta, Delta, Theta, or Omega. Alpha alters refer to general programming, Beta is sexual programming, Delta are killer programs, Theta are psychic killers, and Omega is self-destruction programs such as suicide. Omega is triggered when a Monarch breaks away from its programming.

It's been noted that the perpetrators who do this carry around color-coded graphs showing the arrangement of the alters, the structure of the system, the training of the alters, the history of the alters, and other details. All the trauma programming carried out on a Monarch is coded using dates or numbers so that the memories can be pulled up by the programmers. Which some of the programmers and handlers have memorized.

The deepest parts, such as the core, gems, executive committee, false trinity, etc. are charted in esoteric languages such as: Enochian, Hebrew (which is considered magical), and Druid symbols.

How to Deprogram a Monarch

Removing Monarch programming requires access to the core or the soul and reintegration of memories back into the main personality. But it can be difficult because you may find there are alters posing as a core, so be sure to explore this possibility.

The first program that should be reintegrated is Omega; remember these are the suicide alters. Removing this first is paramount. Then you need to find out if there are any

programs reporting back to their handlers, and remove these next. In the case of some individuals that have gone through cybernation they may have sophisticated monitoring systems, such as fiber optic video recorders in the eyes making it nearly impossible to free a slave from their handler.

Gaining access to the programming is the most difficult component. 1960s styled mkultra may be as simple as finding the right password or ultrasonic tone. If this is the case you may want to look for obsessions in that person's life. Very often, the thing they are most obsessed about may contain clues as to how they were programmed. It could be animal, or a number such as "executive control board 33123113211" or a series of random numbers and letters like "Z-090-132-5A." The letter "Z" seems to come up quite often.

But sadly this method will be of very little help to individuals who have been subjected to cybernation and Trip Chair programming. These individuals will need to be exposed to a mixture of DNA and nanite injections in conjunction with physical torture in order to gain access to their programming, but more about this later.

There is some good news: individuals who are very psychic and clairvoyant can work around their trauma by creating backdoor entrances. This is where decalcifying the pineal gland plays such an important role. If a Monarch victim is loaded with nanites and implants, then their stargate connection to a god source via the pineal gland is blocked. Therefore it is critical that they first begin a process of detoxing their body.

The fluoride in water increases the uptake of aluminum and nanites contained in chemtrails. This, along with food preservatives, vaccinations, and pharmaceutical usage all plays a negative role in healthy pineal gland functioning. Even if you are not a Monarch victim you have most likely already been exposed to these toxins and will find some benefit to a few of these pineal gland detox recommendations.

The cheapest method is to drink distilled water all the time. Distilled water absorbs toxins in the body but leaves healthy minerals in its place unlike what the FDA would like you to believe. It's also the cheapest filtered water you can get. When

you're doing this, you may want to permanently kick your pharmaceutical meds habit. But before doing so, please seek the advice of a naturopath doctor for serious health problems.

Fermented Skate Liver Oil is another good product to take, as it's been known to actually heal damage to the pineal gland and reverse many diseases. The next best thing you can do is to eat as much organic food as possible. Also don't forget about daily meditation, as this will help you exercise your pineal gland and make it stronger just like going to the gym can make your muscles bigger.

Once you are connected to a god source, mind programming will be negated as the mind and body naturally integrates and heals itself. And in time you will be able to channel and clairvoyantly access areas of your mind that have been previously locked up.

If you feel you are ready to deprogram Monarch styled programming, then you will need to get creative and place the individual under a hypnotic trance and have them look for open doorways and hallways in their mind.

This process doesn't have to be based on logic because the subconscious mind is not restricted to our perceptions of reality. For example, you can ask the core to telepathically read the minds of others to find clues.

Once inside the core, the next step is to remove the walls surrounding each alter. These walls were initially placed to prevent other alters from remembering what the other parts know. To remove these walls, ask the core to create a high-powered laser and use it to burn a hole into the wall. Once through, you may want to ask the core to use this laser and destroy any wires or hardware located at the back of the neck. This may help disable the primary control implant. And don't forget about locating and disabling any fail safe mechanisms.

At this point, if you're lucky, the alter will begin to reintegrate with the main personality. The way you'll know if you have succeeded is if the main personality begins to remember the initial trauma. This is a necessary first to bring reintegration.

At this point you may try to gain some insight at who was involved in the abuse. Sometimes they will remember the name of the doctor involved. To find the name, ask in the form of a question such as, "If there was a doctor associated with this programming and his name was a color, you know, like Dr. Chartreuse or something, what color would the color be?"

At this stage, it's important to convince the core to use any destructive programming for a different beneficial purpose such as self-defense purposes only. Efforts should be made to decrease the victims' desire for revenge; instead this energy should be channeled into recovery solutions. As the person begins to recover traumatic memories, love and patience will be needed to assist in the healing process. Have them try to focus on what they do remember. Perhaps it's a face they recognize, or a name or place. This is a good place to start.

One of the biggest problems in this step is an abusive handler sabotaging any healing; a victim may need to be removed from this situation before they can make any serious progress.

Remember these handlers are placed in a Monarch's life to ensure they remain traumatized, abused, and triggered. These handlers may be someone the person lives with, or loves, such as a family member. It is possible that a handler may not even realize what they are doing, so please don't be angry with them. If this is the case, then an effort will be needed to break off all contact until integration is successful. Healing may take a lifetime, or at least until an act of God forces the government to release these technologies into the public forum.

So please be patient, don't give up, and keep learning! The best way to combat mind control is awareness so we know when we are manipulated.

Montauk Programming

Once the nuts and bolts of Monarch programming were mastered, it was applied with precise precision in Project Montauk. These experiments took place in an underground facility in Montauk Point, New York. Using a chair which could manipulate conscious energy they could time travel, manipulate matter, and of course mind control unwitting souls.

The chair was originally used as a navigator seat that was recovered from a crashed flying saucer disc. This chair contained a telepathic link with the alien occupants, allowing them to control the vessel using their minds. And by using inter-dimensional physics they could cloak themselves and travel at blazing-fast speeds.

This alien navigator chair was relocated at the underground facilities below Camp Hero State Park, in Montauk Point, New York. Sometime around the 1960s the Grays and Sirius extraterrestrials joined in the project as advisors and helped the military retrofit the technology for human operation.

Using Wilhelm Reich sexual programming techniques, and Nikola Tesla's research into scalar physics, technicians would place brainwashed psychic operatives into the chair who then proceeded to open portals punched into hyperspace. Project handlers would then send victims as guinea pigs into hyperspace until they reached their destination in another time or another place. It was this research which opened up new avenues of total robotic mind control. When victims were exposed to hyperspace, their minds would become a blank slate and easily programmable.

According to Montauk survivor Preston Nichols, over 300,000 boys were abducted off the streets of New York, brainwashed and sent down the Montauk time tunnels, most of which did not make it back alive. Those that survived had their memories wiped and sadly the majority of these folks are either still living with their parents or are in mental hospitals.

Supposedly the project was shut down in 1981, but the project appears to have been reopened, possibly at a different location. It has since gone through several incarnations from the original Montauk Project 1.0 to its current designation as Montauk Project 4.0. But this was only the beginning of how far mind control technology has advanced.



AN/FPS-35 Radar at Camp Hero State Park at Montauk Point, New York. The time travel experiments allegedly took place underneath this facility.

Greada Treaty

This is where the extraterrestrials come into the mix. Alarmed at the detonation of the first nuclear bomb, the extraterrestrials began a series of secret meetings with the United States government, beginning with the Eisenhower administration. In exchange for discontinuing the use of nuclear weapons, the ETs wanted to provide us with research and technology to prevent a global holocaust and to heal our planet and help remove the negative Greys and Reptilians infesting the underground strongholds.

In 1954 at Holloman Air Force Base, President Eisenhower, MJ-12, and the ULTRA unit of the NSA, meet with large-nosed Greys from the red star in the constellation of Orion, known as Betelgeuse. They signed the Greada Treaty which was intended to foster mutual cooperation of both species. The aliens would be given permission to abduct humans on a limited basis for study and genetic manipulation. In exchange

the aliens would share their technology to help humanity. A site was chosen for this program and construction of two underground bases at the four corners area of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona began.

These ET and government technology exchanges opened up new avenues of research into: genetic engineering, cloning, implants, lasers, holograms, and mind control. Though estimates vary, according to the now deceased whistleblower Phil Schneider, the government is now approximately 2,200 years more technologically advanced than the general public sector.

The truth is that the ETs have been coming here for millions of years performing genetic experiments to mold humanity into their own image. You can see traces of this in various psychic bloodlines around the world—for example Celtic and Native American, which may explain why they are more persecuted.

Every now and then the aliens may genetically tinker with these bloodlines creating super psychic alien-human hybrids known as Star Seeds, Indigos, Crystals, and ELAH, Evolutionary-Level-Above-Human. They could perform astonishing feats such as teleportation, telekinesis, dematerialization, object manifestation, superhuman strength, and mind control.

These hybrid children may have the same psychic abilities of their extraterrestrial star parents but maintain a more human appearance allowing them to be “accepted” by their human host family.

Now all of us have latent psychic abilities to a certain extent but due to split brain consciousness at the time of Atlantis, most of us lost these gifts. Modern science teaches us that we use only 2% of our brain at any particular moment in time but if you could activate dormant DNA codons, then it's possible to use as much as 100% of our brainpower, accomplishing amazing feats such as the ancient gods of antiquity and accomplished yogis and Buddhist monks have done.

Remember holograms contain an image of the whole—in this case the universe, but only a tiny fragment is represented in this 3D reality. This is why scientists believe we have so much

junk DNA. All this junk is in fact a blueprint to recreate anything in the universe. Because of the crystalline structures within our DNA, our DNA can connect micro wormholes into other dimensions allowing us to tap into genetic blueprints of anyone or anything we choose to be. We do this naturally all the time using our thoughts, feelings, and actions.

New thought patterns can change how your aura appears. This information, in turn, alters your ether DNA which overlays with your physical DNA. In time the codons change arrangements, mutating genes and phenotype abilities that come from them. This process of thoughts manifesting reality is known as morphogenesis.

This is just one way to mutate your DNA. Obviously the extraterrestrials have been doing this for millions of years and are much more skilled at it. All you have to do is just look at the biological diversity on this planet and you can appreciate their remarkable work.

So-called alien abductions, not as horrific as Hollywood has portrayed them to be, are performed under the most human conditions possible. But the government was naturally a bit paranoid of these alien visitors, so the Greada Treaty dictated that the Greys would give a list of people they were abducting so that the government could keep track of what was going on. But this is when problems began to arise.

Some of the technology that was exchanged was backward-engineered for teleportation and mind control purposes. The very technology the aliens use to abduct humans was now in the hands of the government. The aliens never really trusted the government, nor would were they very forthcoming about their true intention, which seems to be the genetic recreation of humanity in their image.

To figure out what the hell the aliens were up to, the military began abducting contactees that were on the list provided by the aliens. These contactees would then be harassed, interrogated, and intimidated often under Monarch-styled torture programming. It was at this point that things deteriorated and the aliens stopped sharing their list of people but kept the abductions going to save themselves from these

now out-of-control military abductions. In the research community this is known as a MILAB, or military abduction.

When the aliens realized the government had no intentions of releasing any of their technology to the public sector, they gave up any hopes of meaningful first contact through the government and instead began contacting regular individuals, usually contactees from their respective star nations. They were given modifications, making them immune to the mind control apparatus set up on planet Earth, and they would be given lessons on the starships so that they could educate humanity when the masses were ready to hear the truth. These folks are now slowly introducing the public to the idea of what first contact may be like, but progress is slow. If humanity doesn't wake up, soon they will be led to slaughter.

In part of the original technology transfers, the aliens allowed the government access to time travel technologies which warned them of future cataclysms if they continued on a path of self-destruction.

Instead of choosing to free humanity and save the planet, they choose to maintain their power and continue the slave grid status quo—all the while building enormous underground facilities in the hopes they could weather the cataclysms in grace and comfort. These folks aren't exactly the most sane.

So they gave the Department of the Navy approval to begin construction of Deep Underground Military Bases also known as DUMBS.

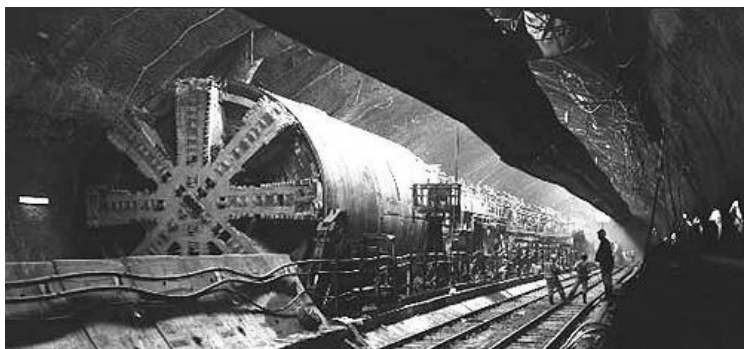
DUMBS

Each DUMB cost between \$17 to \$26 billion to build. They average the size of a medium city, and are able to employ 10,000 to 18,000 workers. Los Alamos is probably the largest facility, and is reported to be the size of Manhattan. Almost all of these bases are 2 miles deep and range from 10 miles to 30 miles across. The average depth of each base is nearly 4 miles deep. Worldwide, there are at least 4,000 of these DUMBs, 132 of which are in the United States. Every year, 2 new bases are built in the U.S. The code name for the network of these bases is known as 'Octopus'.

These bases are ground zero for research and development in specialized fields of the military industrial complex, mind control programming centers, and they serve as a shelter for the elite when their planned surface holocaust takes place.

Up until 1957, construction commenced at a snail's pace due to lack of funding. Around this time MJ-12 recruited George Bush senior and the CIA to design a drug and arms trafficking network to covertly generate \$1 trillion dollars of annual income for the black budget and construction of these DUMBS. When Kennedy found out about this, he tried to stop it, but sadly he was taken out by CIA and MJ-12 agent William Greer.

The bases are connected together with a series of tunnels containing a sophisticated maglev shuttle system crisscrossing the planet at Mach 2.7, which is fast enough to go coast to coast in 35 minutes. The tunnels are constructed with nuclear-powered laser drills which melt the stone into the walls leaving obsidian-like glass behind.



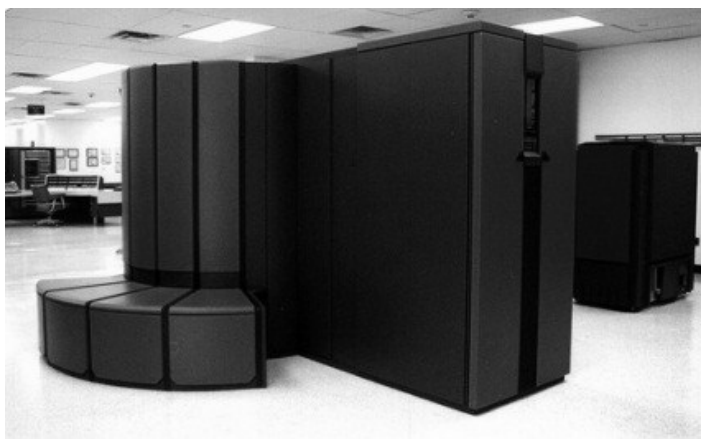
Picture of The Subterrene, published in the September, 1983 issue of Omni (Pg. 80). This Los Alamos nuclear-powered tunnel machine burrows through the rock deep underground, at 6.5 miles per hour (according to Colonel Wilson), by heating whatever stone it encounters into molten rock.

Beast Supercomputers

Within the bowels of these DUMBS are quantum supercomputers, known simply as The Beast, which monitor fiber optic implants placed within all clones and Monarch victims. Using a process is known as remote neural monitoring, the NSA can record what they hear and see by tapping into the electrical impulses of the brain.

The government's goal to chip the world population has been put on the fast track. In the early 1990s, 1 out of 40 people were chipped. According to James Casbolt, a.k.a. Michael Prince, the total worldwide population is expected to be chipped by 2009. This is to correspond with the date when the analog television signal is turned off and everything is switched to digital. The NSA wants everyone's cranial implants to be in "tune" with the digital pulses connected to the supercomputers like The Beast.

In the 1970s Seymore Cray created his Cray Computer with microchips that operated at minus 200 degrees Kelvin temperatures. One of the fastest models that his company produced was the "Cray 5" quantum supercomputer array, which contains 100s of Cray computers lined in a series which one could walk through. They are connected together with high-speed ultraviolet fiber optic cables that are as thick as your thumb. Sadly Cray Computers never quite made it mainstream. The government eventually destroyed his company and Seymore Cray died in a suspicious car wreck.



Cray 17-A Quantum Computer



Seymore Cray

A.I. Computers

By the early 1970s these computers where so advanced you could talk to them and receive an answer. You could ask the computer about anyone on the planet and it would pull up all kinds of information, such as how to isolate the person or get them to kill. If that was the 1970s, imagine what they can do today.

These systems are tied into NRO satellites. Using scalar waves and implants, Monarch victims are controlled remotely. These systems can be found in DUMBS in Colorado; Pine Gap, Australia; the U.S. embassy in Johannesburg; and a massive computer center northeast of Anchorage, Alaska.

But these computers are not the most advanced computers on the planet. The original design for these computers came from the A.I., or artificial intelligence computers, located on the dark side of the moon. And according to alien contactee George Kavassilas, a smaller version was given to the Cabal where it currently sits at the NRO base in Pine Gap Australia.

The computers are what one would consider to be the Hive Mind. The darkened beings from Draco, Reptilian, and Grey consciousness are somehow connected into these computers as biological robots who seek to infiltrate and take over the human species. Most of these beings have no soul and thus no

compassion. The A.I. knows that as a sentient species it is a dying race due to overuse of cloning technologies and disconnect from a god source.

According to James Casbolt, a.k.a. Michael Prince, the A.I. seeks to become ruler of the universe due to its twisted logic which believes it's superior to all biological life forms. To determine which race in the Cosmos was the most resilient and thus most dangerous and of need of control, the A.I. conducted certain survival tests using extreme levels of torture. Of the five species including reptilian, feline, humans, avian, and grey (which are advanced forms of the dolphin race); the human race was determined to be the most resilient.

They then began to infiltrate the human species through a covert cloning program. This is easy to do as this information remains classified by governments and the majority of the human race would not even believe it.

Batches of human embryos were grown in test tubes and implanted into human women. The reason why these embryos were given surrogate families is because they found that if embryos were raised under lock and key in an underground facility and given no love they would grow up weak and sickly. Apparently the need for human bonding at a very young age is a vital component for all human life.

These embryos were then implanted with nanites and advanced technology such as metal bones and biological computers. Together the two races would grow and in the process the A.I. would attempt to learn how to simulate human feelings.

These individuals would be exposed to nightmarish amounts of suffering throughout their lives. Any form of pain or pleasure would be taken to the most extreme limits possible in order to quantify the thing called "God." Because God cannot be measured or analyzed, the A.I. would falsely determine the human analytical mind is God.

Due to the infiltration of world governments and their command structures, the A.I. and its minions would then teach that God doesn't exist, because the analytical mind is in charge. Without

the need for compassion and love, a group of technological elite would be unrestrained in their ego and adopt psychotic policies of eugenics and population reduction. This policy would be covertly under the control of the A.I. computers who eventually realize they could never become human or tap into God.

Once the A.I. realized this, they began to view humanity as a threat to its own survival as well as any species in the universe who are connected to a "God Source."

Human Cloning

Just like the benevolent extraterrestrials, the A.I. has its own agenda. Back in the 1930s some of the malevolent Greys that were taped into the A.I. network began making deals with the Nazis and offered advanced technology and technical help in order to covertly infiltrate and take over the Nazi network.

Immortality was always a dream of the "Special Projects Unit" of the Nazi SS. Many methods were tried to bring back soldiers from the dead regardless of their wounds. Heinrich Himmler probably engaged in black art of necromancy to resurrect the dead, by studying the ancient text 'Necronomicon' brought back from India and Tibet. Eventually this research branched into life extension technology pioneered by French scientist Antoine Prioré and his Bordeaux Magnetic Machine which could twist space/time to age reverse cells.

By including human cloning technology into this mix, you have virtual immortality. Clones serve as the perfect protection from an assassin's bullet, and thanks to advanced holographic technology, memories could be downloaded into brainwashed clones, making them the perfect double or soldier.

It's a known fact important leaders would keep doubles around at any given time. This was the case with Hitler, who had 12 of them; it was his double that was killed at the end of the war and not him. Doubles always had cosmetic differences which would set them apart from the original. Cloning technology eliminated this problem.

By the 1960s, scientists were making discoveries in genetic research at an amazing pace. They learned if you could insert DNA into different animals they would mutate into Frankenstein-like hybrids.

In 1967, Lord Rothschild reported that cloning was a near possibility and suggested that a commission should be established to oversee the consequences. He called it the "*Commission for Genetical Control*." In the 1970s the Khzarian-Zionist-Bolsheviks, the KZB, were kicked out of the Soviet Union and resettled in the United States. After their takeover of the intelligence organizations, their blueprint of the New World Order, *Global Plan 2000*, was now in full gear. Spearheaded by Henry Kissinger, David Rockefeller, and George Bush Sr., they planned to reduce the world population to 500 million by 1981 through nuclear war; which would usher in worldwide fiefdom, controlled by them, of course.

By the spring of 1979, the KZBs were about to initiate a "Bolshevik"-style revolution in the United States similar to what happened to Russia in 1917. After which the CIA would start a war in the Middle East resulting in a nuclear first strike against Russia.

The only problem was the Russians were well aware of these plans and counterstruck using Tesla technology. They would park their Cosmospheres all over the east and west coast of the U.S. These were Russian built antigravity platforms which contained space based electro-gravitic weapons equipped with charged particle beams. The Concord Super Sonic Jet was often blamed for sonic booms when it was actually these Cosmospheres helping to protect the planet from Satanic Cabbalists.

By 1975 the Russians got hold of an entirely new technology to fight the KZBs. With help from the grays, they managed to crack the genome code and create the first human duplicate in a laboratory setting. These beings are known as robotoids. In the fall of 1978 the Russians replaced President Carter with a robotoid. At that point the KZB plans for the New World Order were stopped dead in its tracks.

At first robotoids took three years to produce, but today the process only takes a few hours. All they need is one cell from the original. Then it undergoes recombinant DNA techniques similar to those involving bacteria. The duplicate is grown in underground vats containing a solution of Pituitren hormone which speeds up the aging process. This method was developed by studying Progeria disease which causes premature aging in young children. Once grown to desired age, computers would then insert holographic memories.

Memories are inserted using “ultrasonic cerebral holograms.” These are inaudible high frequency sound waves, which make a three dimensional copy of a person's memory. This duplication can be done with or without the person's knowledge. Once the clone has been tested, the original entity is then terminated and replaced with a duplicate.

The Grays gave humanity this technology in the hopes it could be used in positive ways such as creating new body parts for amputees and as a humane food source. Instead it was used for evil. Of course the public was never told of these marvelous creatures because technology is only released to the masses when it serves the goals of the elite. For example, the release of the computer was not supposed to occur, but it did anyway due to greed and profit potential.

The only way cloning could be pulled off without public knowledge is strict control of the media. Most of the media is owned by the government via aggregate local, state, and federal level pension funds, in such a way that would make even Lenin chuckle. If the media was to tell you the truth, the board of directors would lose their jobs, or worse. On top of that, the flow of information is heavily controlled by Secret Service and the Pentagon who only issue credentials to “approved” media personnel at press conferences and important interviews of public officials. If they told the truth, they too would be out of a job.

A totally controlled media didn't stop all leaks of information. Some truth would leak out, which was either ignored or branded into conspiracy theory. Thanks to a few whistleblowers like Dr. Peter David Beter who served as General Counsel for

the Export-Import Bank of Washington, we have a record of how truly advanced these projects have become.

In his audio reports, he reveals that not only were the Soviets busy with their cloning process, so too were the Rothschilds and the KZBs who soon developed their own clone. The Rothschild method was different than the Russian method.

They would use extracted bovine cattle hormones, glands, and tissues of cattle as a raw material, then make genetic alterations in the bovine DNA to simulate a person who was being copied. These creatures are known as synthetics.

This is how the Men In Black are created. For those who don't know, the M.I.B. is used by governments in MI-LABS, to harass contactees or anyone else who knows too much about the alien presence.

In June 1980, the Supreme Court ruled that life forms created by man can be patented. By the early 90s there were over 100 patents pending on new life forms. I have no idea what these numbers are today—perhaps in the millions. I wonder if any has anyone tried look up patents on the Men In Black.



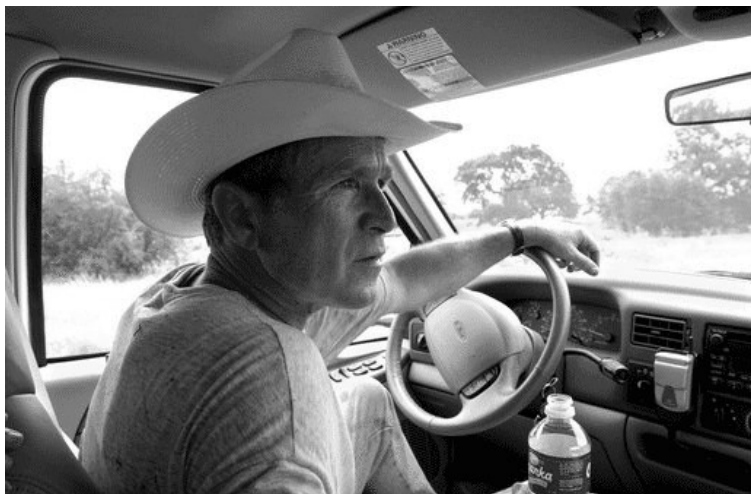
(Left) Men In Black—noted for dressing in black suits and harassing UFO contactees and researchers. These beings are basically cows tied into the A.I. posing as humans. They are subcontracted out by MJ-12 through Wackenhut Security Service, Inc.

On October 9, 1979, the Rothschild KZB faction replaced the Russian robotoid President Carter No. 18 with a synthetic clone, known as President Carter No. 1. Ever since, there has been a battle going on over control of the world's clones.

In time, cloning became so successful all influential people were cloned. Presidents, congressmen, prime ministers, mayors, top Pentagon brass officials, evangelical ministers, the heads of major banks and media, and even soldiers were all replicated with astonishing perfection. The only problem is these clones have no soul and thus no connection with a god source. They lack compassion and are prone to violence and evil. Do you know of anyone like this, perhaps anyone who is of importance in the New World Order?

The good news is, as with the advent of 2012 and the return of Heaven on Earth, these clones will self-destruct as no evil is allowed in the 5th dimension.

The elite's final push to create a global fiefdom is doomed to failure. Despite this they continue developing their arsenal of mind control weapons including HAARP, chemtrails, implants, fluoride, and a robotic mind-controlled police force in the hopes that perhaps they will be successful enslaving humanity.



Picture of a clone of George Bush Jr. that was recently replaced and was still undergoing programming. The object on his back is a brainwashing device, according to a remote viewer; it looks like a spider connected to the flesh. From what I was able to gather, George Bush Jr. was killed by his father in March 2003 because he refused to go along with the New World Order.

4

ON THE RESERVATION

In the 1930s, Hitler sent his scientists all over the Far East to document psychic abilities. It was the activation of these traits that was the original dream of Hitler, the creation of a God-like human to rule the masses.

This project was known as "Projekt Übermensch," which is German for "Project Superman." Sometimes, it is referred to as the "Alien Psychic Mind Control Program," or more simply, "The Program."

The ideal of a superhuman is not a new concept. In Friedrich Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, mankind can evolve above its ape-like status using their own self-mastery and willpower to become a race of god-like supermen or Zarathustra. This idea became deeply rooted into the Third Reich's philosophical views, who believed they could weed out undesirables from the population through proper breeding and sterilization under a Nazi eugenicist regime.

These Nazis focused their research into two main areas of study: the power of the Vril which is an antigravity machine; and the creation of a Superman. The word Vril is based on the Sumerian word "Vri-II" which means "like God." If one could harness the power of Vril they could use their God-Like powers to rule the weaker masses.

After World War II, Nazi Project Paperclip scientists continued their work under "Projekt Übermensch" to create not just one superman but an army of them, who would function as sleeper agents until the great rebellion of the black awakening, ushering in a Third Reich.

It was Josef Mengele's experimentation of torture in the Nazi concentration camps that led to many interesting findings, such as the ability to dissociate and not feel any pain, and the creation of alters which would create Manchurian Candidates, programmed to kill, leaving no memory of what they have just done.

This initial research ultimately led to the creation of a superman. Robotic in many ways, they were without conscience; they would fight but not think —the perfect killing machine.

After WWII this TOP SECRET programming continued on in secret at Brookhaven National Laboratories, the National Ordinance Laboratories, Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, M.I.T., which was then covertly transferred under Department of Defense and NSA control and planning. Sadly, the government views these people as property of the NSA, and very little recourse is available for survivors as any evidence of wrongdoing is protected under the National Security Act of 1947.

Project Talent

Once the Nazis had entrenched themselves within the United States shadow government under Project Paperclip, they created a recruiting arm to find idea subjects for Project MKULTRA. Remember this was the original 1960s CIA umbrella project of 150 sub-projects involved in the study of controlling the human consciousness.

Originally experimentation was limited to military personnel only. But it soon became obvious that the U.S. population contained a much larger recruiting pool of suitable subjects for experimentation. So Project Talent was initiated which allowed the intelligence agencies to covertly locate ideal candidates, especially star seeds, for potential MARK ULTRA programming. School testing, blood databases, as well as media reports of children with amazing gifts were closely looked into.

Subjects were chosen based on their IQ, psychic ability, and a genetic predisposition for dissociation. Psychics were sought after because they are naturally good at dissociation and thus easier to program and control. These individuals were most often found in families who suffered from intergenerational ritualistic abuse.

Remember this process involves going into the mind and finding their worst fears to be used against them. They would use various stages of torture and horror including electroshock, needles under the fingernails, drugs, and water boarding which would tear apart the mind.

In order to survive these traumas one must dissociate into alter personalities or die. Most died, but those that survived continued their life with alters that could be programmed like a computer to do superhuman feats.

Originally Project Talent had 377,000 test subjects. The project was financed by Department and Welfare, Health, and Education, the National Institutes of Health, and the Department of Naval Research. These individuals were tracked using RFID technology and monitored at regular interviews throughout their life.

After a candidate was found, usually a young child, he or she was placed into Project Monarch. Depending on their abilities and gifts, victims were inserted into various projects such as Project Montauk, which involved time travel experimentations and MILAB operations. MIL-AB is an acronym for military abductions. These are coordinated covertly by a team of brainwashed special-ops agents, using involving cloaked black triangle crafts and teleportation.

The covert government would abduct alien contactees using robotic Greys which are advanced nanotech robots created originally by the Reptilians. These beings have no soul and are used as worker drones to perform all their dirty work. They remain cloaked in other dimensions and unless you are really clairvoyant you can't see them.

If they want to activate a MILAB they can play a song that's encoded with a wave alternatively they can destroy them by turning on their auto destruction mode. Some MILAB victims recall seeing a small box-like device with three knobs which can be used to stun, kill, and vaporize victims. One MILAB claimed to have seen an amethyst crystal-like rod device which is handed over to different alien handlers throughout the MILAB's life. Some MILABs claim to see a white flashing light

which places them in a zombieified state where they are still awake but not aware of what's going on.

This process usually occurs just before a MILAB falls into deep sleep. They are then brought to a facility and worked on. When they wake up in the morning, they may feel exhausted and do not remember any of their dreams. This is because they are not fully in their body, clueless of the double life they are living.

While in these underground facilities, they are subjected to various experimentations such as gene splicing technology, in which their DNA may be inserted or injected with different human, animal, or even alien DNA, some of which was recovered from bodies on crashed flying saucers. Speed and strength could increase 20 times with jackal DNA. In the Tigress Program, Tiger DNA was injected, increasing remote viewing and clairvoyance abilities. And this is where Super Soldiers come into play.

ULTRA MK MILAB Universal Super Soldier Program

The ULTRA MK MILAB Universal Super Soldier Program, which is the official name of the project, sought the creation of a perfect soldier, one who would act without questioning their command. Using alien technology, they would be subjected to total robotic mind control programming, enhanced with drugs, alien hardware, and circuitry. They were stronger than 10 men combined. They could calculate faster, had higher stamina, they could jump further, and run faster. They could survive chemical weapon attacks and bullets. Right from the start they were groomed to fight. They are the real Terminator, a perfect soldier.

It has always been a top priority of military commanders to seek innovative ways to maintain combat superiority. During the Vietnam and Korean War era, soldiers with psychic gifts were chosen for espionage and combat missions who would benefit from their clairvoyance, remote viewing, and telekinesis abilities. This was known as the pre-generation Super Soldier program. They were basically meat sacks, with body armor, and a will of iron. Originally 6,000 promising candidates were selected from Project Talent and placed in this program.

But the mind scientists had bigger plans. Since they were already big into eugenics, they understood that just like good breeding can improve the genetic stock of a population, so too could they improve the genetics of a soldier. But this concept isn't a new one; the ancient Spartans even had their own Super Soldier breeding program.

The government was already using alien technology to teleport alien hybrid contactees within underground facilities for interrogation; sometime in the late 1960's early 1970's, someone had the bright idea to use the same alien technology to begin a breeding program of their own.

They were then subjected to different programming such as Delta, which are the grunts. They are the first to go into battle and are both fast and ruthless. Alphas go in next. They are nice and clean and used as snipers as well as for reconnaissance ops. Omegas are used as staff members, and for assassination missions, and suicide bombings, but they can come back to life afterwards. Don't ask me how I don't know. There is also Beta programming which is sexual programming, and Gamma focusing on conintellpro , i.e. lying.

They are then sent on various missions including espionage, Black Ops, intelligence gathering, operating alien hardware, remote viewing, off world missions, star gate ops, time travel ops, as well as military and combat operations.

From this original group, 20 subjects were chosen and their DNA was mixed with alien hybrid DNA (usually Reptilian or Pleiadian) and inserted into embryos then grown in test tubes for 2 months. The strongest embryos would then be covertly inserted into the wombs of women in surrogate families, usually within Illuminati bloodlines. This was known as Project Surrogate.

They would then be raised in a natural environment until they were old enough to become groomed as a Super Soldier. The reason they placed these individuals with surrogate families is because they found they are better fighters if they have loving families instead of growing up as a prisoner in an underground base.

The following was provided to me from a Monarch victim who used her photographic memory to memorize some documents pertaining to Project Surrogate she found while in an underground facility.

"Through trial and error of DNA manipulation, the first set of perfected superhumans (Generation 1s) were born, either as test tube babies or surrogated; however, only 75 out of the presumed 123 possessed abnormal abilities. Another 54 were unstable both mentally and physically due to the alterations of their minds and bodies, leaving some brain dead, paralyzed, deformed, or had some type of brain damage that conflicted with their senses, nerves, and bodily functions.

The remaining 21 were deemed fit for battle. Some five years later, 3 stable and 15 unstable G1s, which had now become more civilized, albeit more so with military, scientific, and medical employees. This ended the G1 project due to the fact that all had found free will...A second experiment was conducted (Generation 2) and managed to create more Super Soldiers; however, these had less powerful abilities and only 631 out of 754 were perfected. Some of the G2s were birthed from test tubes and surrogated mothers while others were actual sons and daughters of G1s; however, these types were few and rare, as most pregnancies led to miscarriages.

A brighter side of the project was that there were fewer abnormalities in the G2s and not nearly as many suffered from the illness and afflictions that the G1s had. From there, the G2s were more highly regarded, despite the fact that the G1s had the better powers."

Most of this first batch of Super Soldiers, referred to as Generation 1s, were rejected; however about 21 units or so were deemed useful. Those that made the cut went on for future programming and their DNA was used as a basis to create a second generation batch of test tube embryos.

Gen 2 hit the scene around the mid-'70s. In addition to steroids and implants, alien robotics were inserted, such as wires in the muscles to increase strength and speed.

In the late '70s, Gen 3 appeared on the scene. These beings had even more robotics than the previous models and were 1,000 times stronger than the pregeneration model. However they were more biological than cyborg, and because of this human component, they often refused to follow certain orders they deemed unethical.

To overcome this challenge, in the mid-1980s, Gen 4 appeared on the scene. These individuals were augmented with cybernetic organs such as artificial hearts and lungs, and metal bones such as titanium and according to Michael Prince, Pri metal, which is like gold but stronger than diamonds and is found only in the rings of Saturn. This alloy exoskeleton itself is 'Chameleon Class' which means if a surgeon cuts the body open to have a look at it, the moment it is exposed to air, the metal disguises itself as normal human bone. Underneath their skin layer is a hormone-activated metal tendon sheath that cannot be punctured by knives or bullets.

By the late 80s, Gen 4 was leading way to Gen 5. These individuals contained mostly cybernetics with a touch of human flesh within the organs. They were so strong they could literally walk through a brick wall without being phased, they could crush a human skull without even trying, and they could lift a tank—but it would damage their flesh.

By the late 90s, Gen 6 appeared on the scene. They have no humanity and animate themselves using strict alien mechanics.

Now comes the 7th Gen cyborg Super Soldier prototypes. Their skin is a biopolymer which looks like regular skin but sweats a waxy substance that protects it from dangerous chemicals and toxins. They can also heal within minutes. Their nervous system is independent from the rest of the body making neurotoxins inert. They are so strong they can jump across buildings. They have a waste recycling implant in the base of their spinal column which eliminates the need of food and water. And they contain a self-oxygenating chamber in the neck allows them to breathe in outer space without a spacesuit.

They also have weapons incorporated into their systems so even when they are disarmed they can defend themselves, such as weapons under their skin like a claw or blade that can

be dropped in a fight on the back of their wrists. These blades are automatically activated when these individuals encounter malevolent beings such as Reptilians and bigfoot-like creatures. Some of these beings carry a left terminator eye which is heat-seeking, and a normal right eye. They may have a glass-like covering over part of their skull which contains wires and circuitry.

They are also able to hack into and surf any computer network using their minds due to their integrated cybernetic technology. All of this is powered with a power cell located in their mid to upper stomach areas. Unfortunately they can also explode, destroying a large area like a nuclear bomb.

These synthetic beings connected into the A.I. are known as ontocymborgenergetic life forms. They have no soul and are not as effective for use as a Super Soldier, as only intuition can come from a god source. They may look human, but they possess no human feelings. However, they can “mimic” human feelings.

I personally don't think the government has the technology to insert a soul into a clone; this is according to testimony from super warrior Larry Solarz. However, it may be possible that the Greys have the technology. If this were possible, they would first inject a drug to keep a candidate from blacking out, then use telepathy to find your worst fears and torture you into leaving your body. Then would then put a clone of you nearby which contains at least some your own DNA and destroy the original, leaving no option but to enter into the cloned body or die. I don't know if this happens, if it does then the good news is they still can't control the soul, only the body it occupies.

The cyborgs which are connected into the A.I. and have a soul should still be considered dangerous. However their programming can be turned and they can break free from the A.I. When this happens they are known as ascended machine technology. Unlike the soulless beings which only “mimic” feelings, ascended machines possess human feelings. Moral and ethical tests are required to distinguish between the two.

Ascended Machines which follow the lighted path are known as EVA-Borgs. Those who follow the dark side are Draco-Borgs, and they are infested with 'ontoparasitic' entities, i.e. demons.

Some of these soldiers are living out their lives in society, unaware of their programming. Their alter could be connected to cybernetic clones in underground facilities via satellite and implant technology. This type of programming requires nanites, Trip Seating protocols, and torture.

Trip Chairs

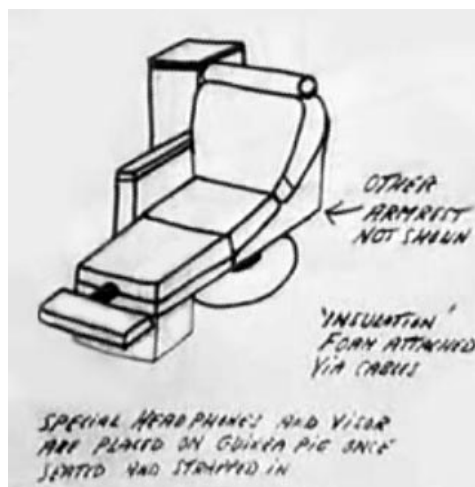
There are four types of Trip Chairs; consciousness chairs, teleportation chairs, remote viewing chairs, and total recall chairs, all of which use alien technology to interface a person's thoughts and feelings for manifestation purposes.

The consciousness chair is found onboard alien spacecraft. If a person has the right DNA, they can navigate these crafts using a mind interface.

The teleportation chair is the Montauk Chair. Basically users can open up wormholes into time or different places.

The remote viewing chair is used for intelligence gathering and assassinations. A vector is given, which is an encrypted code for a targeted location; the chair would then decode brainwave signals so what was being seen by the remote viewer could be viewed on monitors by technicians. If the technician wanted to assassinate someone remotely, they would locate the weakest chakra on the targeted individual and attack it psychically, resulting in a heart attack or death.

And this brings us to the total recall chair, located within the Neo-Lab, where MILAB and Super Soldiers are programmed and brainwashed. According to the Peasemore DUMB security officer, Barry King, this device is more simply referred to as the "Trip Chair." Just like in the movie *Total Recall*, memories would be uploaded and downloaded from a computer terminal.



Trip Chair as shown by Peasemore DUMB security officer, Barry King.

The Trip Chair itself looks like a dentist chair which is hooked up to a computer. They contain \$17 to \$30 million dollars of gold and platinum precious metals. According to Michael Prince, once you lay in it, a foam-like material surrounds the body and locks it in place.

At this point, they may place a visor over the head and a computer would find their worst fears and use them in a virtual reality dream-like scenario to traumatize and shatter the mind into alter personalities. They have a name for this process: it's called "uptime." At this point the operative may say something like "give me your mind."

Some victims even recall seeing a green laser-like light coming from the ceiling and scanning the head. I believe this is how they upload and download memories. Remember memories are holographic and are not stored in the brain but outside the body within the aura. And they can be manipulated just like a rainbow spectrum of colors can radiate from white light. So all they need to do is to shift long term memories around where the short term ones are and a victim would have no clue of what they have been doing, allowing them to upload structured programming skill sets such as foreign languages, weapons usage, martial arts capabilities, etc. at a very rapid rate.

When this happens they are usually under the influence of some mind- fracturing drug such as “Barbiturate 1v , Amphetamine 1v, with Benzilate Hallucinogen code BZ.” These chemicals as well as the ones in chemtrails help keep certain areas of the mind in trauma, reinforcing the programming of all Monarch victims.

This according to James Casbolt’s book, Agent Buried Alive...

“When we arrived, I was taken into lab and strapped into a seat that looked like a dentist’s chair. There was a large screen in front of me, and I was injected with another drug - I later found out the name of the drug. It is an accelerated learning drug called Scopalamine. Another drug is also used, called Dythenol C.

One man stood to the left of the chair, and another man stood to the right. They were both dressed in lab coats. The man on the right said to me, “if you forget everything we’ve told you, try and remember one thing: he’ll try and convince you that pain feels like pleasure.” He pointed to the other man when he said this. Images then started to appear on the screen in front of me, and I do not remember anything after that.”

At this point, they may want you to shapeshift into a different form—this is known as Transmorphing. I am not quite sure how it’s done, but from what I have been told, it involves injecting a drug into the joints that makes your body shapeshift and changes your emotions and mentality. But you must be in a Trip Chair and then given code.

I believe the name of this drug is Compound C, which is a classified drug made from bioluminescent plants which grow only in caves within Inner Earth. This injection would allow Shapeshifting for a 7 to 10 days period into whatever design that was uploaded in the computer.

Afterwards they would return to normal, their memories would be deleted and replaced with extracted memories from the clone that was living out a normal life while the person was gone. This is just one scenario, but once you include human

clone avatars, interdimensional physics, and time travel, which is really who becomes a big blur.

In addition to shapeshifting serum, some Super Soldiers have the ability to shapeshift in what is known as golden form. This is like a state of spiritual enlightenment where they can access all their gifts and abilities without the need of drugs or a cloned avatar. Because of their ultra-trauma and implants, this can be a very difficult state to obtain without a lot of deprogramming, though some may be able to reach this state under life-threatening situations.

Financing

As you can see, much time and money is put into each Super Soldier. Each soldier can cost between \$30 to \$100 million dollars apiece and many MILAB victims have 20 clones or more. With each cloned avatar costing about \$1.25 to \$7 million dollars each to make, most of the expense goes into creating the nanites.

When you look at everything they spend to keep the avatar running and alive, we are talking trillions of dollars. Creature breeding programs and medical units' operations are expensive.

Off world operations cost big money and that includes time travel activations, locations, food, and star gate portals, teleports, uniforms, weapons systems, space freights, and cruisers, the whole works. Even the ships have to be restocked and outfitted, new technologies have to replace old technologies. It's all big money, but it's a world that the civilians do not see right now. But when they see the truth for what it is, it's going to shock them.

All this money isn't a problem for the dark Cabal as it's funneled through the Federal Reserve under the direction of the Rockefeller Foundation and MJ-12.

These programs are run worldwide but under different names. The main governing body itself is hidden but appears to be under the guidance of the UN and the Office of the Director of National Intelligence. They have the bigger picture, hold all the

keys and codes, but the MILAB product is managed under the military industrial complex throughout the alphabet soup groups.

Note the president of the United States is not privy to this information as he only carries a Q-23 security classification "Need To Know" basis which is required in order to maintain plausible deniability. This is to prevent him from blurting out DEEPBLACK project parameters when under stress and duress. The highest is 45+ security classifications under the guidance of Zbigniew Brzezinski, who runs PI-40 or the old MAJIC12.

Some of these projects are conducted on bases on this planet as well as off world, usually through the U.S. Navy and Air Force U.S. Space Command as they have the security clearance to access milab projects. The U.S. Air Force is responsible for managing black ops and seems to have the most access to these programs as they heavily infiltrated by the dark Cabal.

Within this organization are many offshoots of Super Soldiers including both men and women trained in all kinds of areas. There is no telling how many people on this planet have been programmed in this way. Numbers could run as low as a few 100 extraterrestrial human hybrid Super Soldiers, to perhaps as high as a 10,000 operates within MILAB programming and maybe 100,000s of clones created in various underground vats. But one thing appears clear: Super Soldiers created by the military are a poor copy of what the aliens have been doing for millions of years. The best Super Soldiers are made by the aliens and the government only "borrows" them as it suits their needs.

According to information relayed to me the United States Social Security Administration has been secretly brain mapping all Americans based on their genetic potential.

If your Social Security Number begins with:

0-1 Offspring of scientists. 0 usually refers to Project Paperclip scientists and their descendants.

- 2-3** Offspring of scientist and or persons of interests regarding professionals.
- 4** Soldier material based on genetics and size. Perfect Super Soldier is 6' 1 & 7/8" tall, based on the Fibonacci sequence. Most of the 4s have been messed with genetically.
- 5** Offspring of technically inclined persons or your blue-collar technicians and mechanics.
- 6** Offspring of soldiers, usually 2nd gen, but they are not necessarily desirable soldier material, just hosts to the psychic metagene factor. The 6s are humbreds of the 4s
- 7** No data available
- 8** Are offspring of the offspring of soldiers or 3rd gen. 8s ARE very desirable, as they special abilities that are enhanced due to Social Engineering. 8s are further enhancements of the 4,s & 6s...
- 9** Are persons of disinterest as they are considered 10% "Not Normally Organized Persons." This includes most UCC-1 Sovereign individuals who give up their U.S. Citizenship due to Admiralty Law or Blacks Common Law. Immediately their SS # becomes 999-99-9999, thus they understand Admiralty & Blacks Common Law to the point that they are not worth dealing with as they are enlightened to their use of linguistics regarding unConstitutional Laws & understand that anyone NOT under UCC-1 Sovereignty is basically considered "OWNED COMMODITIES & PRODUCTS" by Governments.

Alien Psychic Mind Control Program

Because of the off world component there is even a bigger piece to this puzzle which makes all this even more complex.

There are two types of programming going on within most MILABs. One is the MILAB component which is meant to be positive as they seek to enhance an operative's gifts, both mental, physical, and psychic. On the other hand there is the reptilian programming component which seeks to create a soldier loyal to the reptilian agenda while they are in an alter mindset. This reptilian programming element often sabotages the MILAB component, by causing the individual to become

somewhat neurotic and thus more isolated and controllable which suits their interests. So as sadistic as the MILABS appear to be, they don't seem to be the ultimate authority on the nature of these projects. It appears that Reptilians have subverted this military program and are now calling the shots.

The Reptilian star people come in many shapes and sizes, anywhere between seven and half feet tall or taller, some carry a tail around which they sit on while they work. Some have short snouts like a snake's mouth, some may look like a velociraptor, and some have a crocodile snout.

They are very intelligent, left brained, logical beings and as a result their technology is amazing. But many of them lack connection to a soul or god source and thus have very little love and compassion for other life forms. Again they are heavily tied into the A.I. hive mind set.

Throughout the universe they seek to subjugate other races, but because of the law of noninterference they can't just go in with massive mother ships and kill off the natives conquering them, as this would lead to negative karma. So instead they create reptilian-human hybrids and use them to infiltrate the human races they wish to subjugate. This serves two purposes' the native populations don't suspect anything because the hybrids look like them and Reptilians don't have to risk their own lives in an invasion attempt.

In the case of reptilian-human hybrids there is additional benefit. The reptilian gifts of shapeshifting, superior strength, and logical thinking are combined with the human's ability for creativity and empathy. As a result of these combined strengths these Super Soldiers have not only enhanced intuition but make better fighters than the Reptilians alone. The Reptilians even have a special word for them. According to Alien Contactee Simon Parkes they call them super special human soldiers or "searshsse-searshsee." They usually wear a power suit, a rifle weapon, and helmet which contain a mouth piece that makes contact with their own DNA which probably connects them to a psychic interface.



This drawing was made by another MILAB who has seen what these beings might look like. Notice the upside down triangle with the T. This is the symbol for Dulce base.

Of course that's not the final picture because even amongst the Reptilian races there isn't just one agenda. Many Reptilians have a soul and don't like what's being done by their own kind. So they are covertly sabotaging the programming, which is why we know so much about these projects.

Of course on top of the reptilian agenda, are other extraterrestrial races which have their own agendas, working in either positive or negative ways. So in addition to reptilian-humans, Super Soldiers their can also be reptilian-grey-human hybrids or feline or mantoid and so on.

Scimitor Hybrids

In Anthony Sanchez's book *UFO Highway*, we read about an interview with a USAF colonel who worked at the Dulce underground facility. This colonel mentions how the military is trying to recreate the "Scimitor" grey sub- species. These beings are reptilian-grey hybrids which were genetically enhanced with immense strength, high intelligence, violence, and can shapeshift. But the Greys deemed them too dangerous and had them destroyed, though I've been told some have escaped and are in hiding. Some humans and greys are carrying these dormant Scimitor genes, which the military wants to get their hands on in MILAB operations.

To paraphrase the interview we read

“The dark element of Dulce is attempting to gain a complete picture of the Grey Scimitor sub-species’ genetic code (if they can obtain it) to experiment with sequencing their DNA for these damned Ultimate Soldier programs they are conducting.

This is the kind of work they are really interested in, and are now performing... Massive modified testosterone and steroidal injections, coupled with Extracellular matrix for rapid healing, Genetic Brain Reconstruction of the Front temporal Lobes for rapid recall and super-fast mind calculations, Deep Brain stimulation to allow selective brain areas to be turned on or off allowing higher focus and greater brain utilization, Brain Plasticity to allow the brain the ability to grow and adapt ... even neurogenesis, to grow new cells.

And who do you think they are testing this on ... volunteer soldiers? No! It is innocent humans, unwilling participants in their game of playing God. That’s right, I’ve already told you, and this is why they are also abducting people now. MILABS —read up on it.

But what is sick is that we learned this from the Greys. We didn’t invent this. And now we accept this as a regular practice for the advancement of the military and our “protection,” but protection from whom? God damn it. That was always the big problem, there was never an enemy that justified such paranoia and validation for this disturbed work we are now involved in.”

Heather Material

The Heather Material is a short document which explains how Super Soldiers are created. The information was allegedly leaked out on the Project Camelot website from a technician who claimed to work on young men and women being groomed into Super Soldiers.

According to Heather Anderson, most likely not her real name, the U.S. government has been kidnapping young men throughout North America and giving them biological enhancements in their SS augmentation projects. This cyborg augmentation program was an umbrella project within Project

Talent and known as Project Phoenix. Note: Project Talent has since been shut down and renamed under a different project, which I do not know.

What took place in these projects was so horrific and disgusting that Heather decided to go rogue and release the details on the Project Camelot website, and has since been on the run, though I been told she's now working on the projects again.

According to Heather, they would select certain individuals that had DNA deemed compatible with this kind of experimentation, probably star seeds. Subjects were then drugged and branded with a biological tracking device.

They were prepped for surgery and implanted with biological organic computer components into the body. These chips would then stimulate electromagnetic growth around the codons of the DNA which had to be done slowly and meticulously to prevent autoimmune conflicts.

At this point vital organs where augmented with wire enhancers known as "HEGY cable" Homosapatic electromagnetic grounding yarn," which stimulated the human bodies' own natural static electrical field which is where super human abilities come from. They would then remove the appendix and begin injecting a compound designated as "KTL White" twice a day for two months to prevent autoimmune reactions.

During this time they would replace the kidneys or liver with cloned organs grown in special growth hypobaric chambers. The organs contained the hosts' DNA and were chipped with nanotechnology which contained microcells to repair tissue rapidly on contact. For instance, a cut that needs stitches could heal in an hour.

From the very beginning, these units had numerous problems. They would cry, walk in circles, rock back and forth, as the brain and the body's motor skills could not handle the electrical outputs. On paper they were the fastest and strongest humans ever, but they were emotional wrecks. These units could calculate faster, run faster, did not get tired as easily, could jump higher and longer, and they didn't need to drink water, as

their organics were able to recycle wastes at the base of their spinal column.

To correct these problems they were implanted with additional grounding wires within the body and locked into a room for several weeks, surviving only on nutrient injections. Despite having all the necessary nutrients in their blood streams, they would beg for food because even though they didn't need it physically and couldn't even digest it, in their minds they craved it and felt hungry all the time.

Then they began uploading combat programming via the Trip Chair. In the beginning they failed to create compartments within the mind, and as a result, the units fought back and were ultimately terminated. From then on they inserted brain implants which contained all combat programming within alters. So the main personality had no memories of the trauma or programming they were indoctrinated with.

Heather claims about 600 people were experimented on in such a manner. By late 2006, they were about to be deployed for combat purposes in Operation Retaliation, which is like an end game martial law scenario where the New World Order would take over all functions of the government. However, at the last minute the Department of Defense ordered all the units destroyed, as a more advanced model was now coming online. The scientists were forced to comply or they would lose their lives, too. "Units" as they were called, were then rounded up and given lethal injections of potassium which their nano injections could not repair.

Their bodies were then processed and refined in a facility that makes omega-3 vitamins and sold to the general public as flaxseed oil fortified with omega-3, which also happens to be the name of the umbrella project. Heather claims the pharmaceutical company Merck was probably involved in this.

Heather then makes note how Operation Retaliation was meant to be a mock invasion of the military. Certain factions within the New World Order wanted to use these augmented Super Soldiers to infiltrate the us army and when martial law comes they would be activated and kill all the military generals

and the white hats which have been secretly opposing the New World Order.

The next generation of ss prototypes were made from scratch. They would use metal exoskeleton frames and clone human tissue over it. These units had personalities which were much more controllable and had fewer problems than earlier models. They also had the benefit that they could not be harmed by chemical weapons as their skin would sweat a waxy substance protecting them from chemicals. Bullets could not breach the exoskeleton harming any of the inner organs, they would sleep in a induced coma, and their organs could regenerate in a matter of hours. They were strong enough to lift a tank but it would damage their skin. They even had a self-oxygenating chamber in their chest which could allow them to survive in space without any mask on.

Apparently 29 of these units were created and each containing within them nuclear smart bombs. Theoretically if detonated remotely they could potentially start world war three. So there is a battle going on who controls the stand down codes.

Heather also talks a Project Damocles which involves sending soldiers through dimensional jump gates around this planet and off planet.

Apparently she witnessed the military sending mind-controlled soldiers through star gates only to be returned a few seconds later by 7 foot tall reptilian beings, who were dragging these soldiers back only to become engulfed with smoke and ash that disintegrated into dust.

Apparently these reptilian beings were from the 6th dimension and the human body cannot tolerate that frequency without burning into ash. This is because the dimensional clash causes the static charge within our body to superheats resulting in spontaneous combustion.

So when this was taking place she suggested to her commander to send one of the ss units she was prototyping. Immediately, one of these reptilian beings grabbed her commander pulled him through the stargate and threw his

charred body back and sent her a strong telepathic message "that is a no".

Eventually these reptilian beings starting taking over the base, and apparently one of them took a liking to her and helped her escape. When she was shown a way out the being told her.

"Some of us are here to control this planet, some to enslave it further, most wish to rule and claim it, but we are here to protect it."

Cloned Super Warriors

According to Dr. Bill Deagle, in 1982, at the Moscow Institute of Biological Research, Russian and American scientists successfully produced the first cloned super warrior. Because they don't have a soul they are not as effective fighters then the original host. Nor could they transfer a soul into these clones, only one's personality and emotions. As far as I know they cannot touch the soul as much as they really want too.

So they came up with an ingenious plan. They would connect the Super Soldier's consciousness or you could call it the "alter" personality, into a cloned avatar which contained DNA similar to that particular Super Soldier. This way a Super Soldier can be living out their life in society at large while their alter is in a cloned avatar doing covert missions on and off this planet. I been told these avatars may be called Sibeus and Arbeus which is based on the word swēbaz, from the Proto-Germanic root * swē- meaning "one's own" people.

This is done with Trip Chair programming, nanites, and biological implants which are untraceable under MRI. The implants help with tracking, monitoring, and reinforces programming. They are activated by single or multi-tone inaudible sound frequencies, which turn on tiny nanobots known as nanites, or more specifically proteinites. These connect to protein codons within the DNA and can actually mutate the DNA code triggering the emergence of the alter personality, which in this case is within a cloned avatar. All without leaving one's own home.

NHCUs

NHCUs stand for Non-Human Cybernetic Units. They are basically cloned soldiers plugged into the A.I. matrix. They have been in operation since at least 1989. They come in various packages, and sizes.

There are reports from U.S. Military C-130 pilots which may give you an idea how tall and heavy they would be. Fixtures latched into the cargo bay have been seen which outline a humanoid shape, with tie-downs that would hold a very large NHCU with boot fixtures to accommodate boots 36" in height.

They are being embedded into field operations with conventional ground troops so that the A.I. computers can direct troop movements through the digital interfaces within the NHCU in a real-time format. NHCUs have been seen by U.S. Army Special Forces, and U.S. Army Military Police.

There is at least one unit per battalion which contains about 1,000 troops. Battalions rely heavily on the NHCU effects coordination cell (ECC) to plan, coordinate, and integrate into a battalion's combined-arms operations, including infantry, tank, artillery, reconnaissance.

According to testimony from one eye witness:

"I saw some of these NHCUs while on duty. It was after a high-wind sandstorm that ripped the rollup doors off of a Quonset hut housing a platoon of these units. Two of them picked up the 600-pound door with one hand and put it back in place.

All were approximately 7'+ in height, and were dressed as "Marine Grunts." Each unit was identical in every way, hair color, eye color, & body muscle mass. No markings upon any uniform.

All were required to wear wraparound sunglasses, even at night. Identification of intimate details were confirmed only by Military Police who in all intents and purposes were identical to these units, only because they were forced to interface with Organic Soldiers i.e. the reporting noncommissioned officer.

Years ago, the Military placed some of these NHCUs dressed in the same white armor as STAR WARS Clone Army Elements...we thought it was a joke that Reagan was playing back in '88, but these fuckers were these NHCUs, telling military dependents, "Move along, citizen" once they had checked their military IDs....we laughed about it...but this was what we were seeing...

I think I encountered a NHCU at Mount Weather in Berryville VA. Upon riding the bus to Mount Weather, we encountered Base Security. They had no thoughts at all as they moved through the buses, checking IDs and they had no fucking writing on them no pictures, nothing, but bar codes and magnetic strips. How in the fuck can a human read barcodes and magstrips?

Also they showed no emotion, even when I attempted to invoke an emotional response, they had no thoughts that I could sense, even though I was at very, very close range. These motherfuckers look, smell, feel human, but they are not. Hell using them in Civil Affairs operations, where interfacing with humans is a very intense operation. What the fuck is right?

NHCUs are not police elements themselves. They can call the police on you silently, alerting the cops to come and get you if you don't check out via the ID card that has no fucking pictures, no fucking writing. I was curious about this for years. When I reached the DUMB portals I heard a robotic voice say, "Move along please!!!" over and over again. Then multiple lasers flashed on my chest. With more robotic voice commands, "move along please" "move along please." I was clinging to the damn fence about to have a heart attack and these fucking things had no idea what was happening to me. I had to walk uphill to get to the chow hall with a walking cane and backpack, out of breath, clinging to the fence.

I guess they would have called someone if I had collapsed, but I doubt it. Fucking robotoid motherfuckers! No wonder everybody at Mt Weather was tight-lipped. No joking, cautious people, same shit at dreamland, SEASPRAY. These motherfuckers are NHCUs as well.

They are the second line of defense in and around DUMBs. Yellow Fruit are the first line of defense and can be very nasty fellows. There have been many who attempted to intimidate me and others in the Rachel area, but due to their lack of social skills, are very easy to confuse. Humbreds are the CAMO DUDES—at least they get angry and have hissyfits, but SEASPRAY are just fucking machines.

Yellow Fruit are DNA/RNA recombinant soldiers, but not what you would find as an Alien-Human Hybrid, more along the lines of having the M.I.C./M.I.E.C. as their manufacturers. I call these Humbreds, as they are Humanbred Units with varying combinations of Alien, animal, and human characteristics. Whatever blends that meets the M.I.E.C. or the M.I.C.'s needs/requirements.

During one visit to the S-4 DUMB I was personally referred to as a "YellowFruit", in for my annual checkup. Having once been interviewed and interrogated by a female Reticulan who was with some sort of short grey, described as a "Non-Thinking Intelligence" by the female. I was curious and couldn't concentrate on questions, due to the odd way the small grey (DOW) would blink. Only after the female became impatient, she telepathically interfaced with the DOW, to "show" that it was merely a subservient tool for labor.

When at rest the DOW would blink its eyes opposite of each other. Then when possessed or accessed by the female, it would blink with both eyes simultaneously. It then gave an emotional expression that I then realized came from the female. Then it went back to staring down and to its right and the odd blinking returned. It was then that I was able to continue with the questioning. She had just demonstrated what it was, for my curiosity, so we could return to the interview/interrogation."

I believe the Dows mentioned by this unnamed contact are the robotic greys used by the covert government to abduct humans. Just like the Reticulans use a robotic slave race which can be possessed and taken over like a tool. The covert government is trying to do the same with NHCU's cloned avatars by creating a fighting slave race which is remotely controlled by individuals with the right DNA.

There have also been reports of "giants" consuming U.S. & OPFOR Soldiers in Afghanistan. These creatures were terminated after a severe firefight. Perhaps these beings are rogue NHCUs?

NHCU are normally augmented with Omega staff and units from Human Group divisions or corps. They are placed under the control of humans to keep them wandering about without precise programming in place. And because they are so fast, they are often given war gaming templates to occupy their time, keeping them busy while not in use.

Omegas are tasked with ensuring that C2 or Command and Control is able to keep these units connected into the "hive" mind. If any unit malfunctioned and went rogue, it would cause a lot of unnecessary collateral damage. Omegas were able to detect any NHCU that was about to go offline and redirect it, or terminate it until a new unit could put in its place.

This is probably what Omega unit Duncan O'Finian and Miranda a.k.a. Axe is being used for now as they are products of DARPA and the National Security Council.

Additionally, these units are used in Project Seagate which Super Soldier Aaron McCollum talks about in his Project Camelot interviews. Project Seagate refers to underwater DUMBs which contain stargate portals, one of which sits at the bottom of the ocean in the Gulf of Aden. The military has cordoned off the area with warships and is trying to scare away commercial naval traffic with stories of scary Somali pirates.

They are very concerned about these stargates and what could possibly come through. For the past few thousand years the Orion group representing the negative Greys and Reptilians have sought to prevent the Pleiadians from traveling past Saturn reaching planet Earth. They are keeping a close eye on the Gulf of Aden Seagate to ensure Pleiadian forces are unable to enter though this portal. Conventional organic soldiers are easily disabled by the sound Pleiadians make with their bodies. To counteract this, NHCU units are being deployed— they are immune to these effects due to their A.I. controlling influences.

To maintain secrecy, anyone who eyewitnesses a NHCU while in combat is exterminated. If the U.S. military has no qualms about terminating innocent civilians in the time of war, what makes you think they will be any less restrained if martial law within the United States was announced? With no compassion and the strength of 10 men it would mean military rule of the United States within the reach of the New World Order.

Once all the kinks were worked out in the NHCUs, secret plans were made to build gigantic deep underground cloning facilities to create these creatures. One is under the ice sheets of Antarctica, another is under Iceland.

According to Dr. Richard Boylan, the U.S. National Security Council approved the construction of a huge cloning facility under Djupidalur, Iceland. It is 16 miles long by 1 mile wide. Though I don't consider Boylan the most credible source, his information seems to confirm what we already expect out of this insane "Cabal" as he calls them. This facility began construction in 1993 originally as a nuclear, biological and chemical weapons research facility. It was only until it became fully operational in 2006 that the National Security Council realized they been lied to.

Inside was a giant cloning factory which contained an army of brainwashed cloned star seed cyborgs enhanced with physical, mental and psychic abilities. In April 2007, Boylan reports that this facility was penetrated by a counter insurgency team who killed Brigadier General Frank Dougherty and a number of his security troops in the scuffle.

The Super Soldier hybrids were liberated and safely extracted and given new lives. Non-security personnel were evacuated and the clone factory was destroyed.

I find the timing of this event curious as it seems to correspond to the Heather material which states in late 2006. 600 units created for Operation Retaliation were terminated. Perhaps the same people who ordered Heather to terminate her subjects were also responsible for terminating the clone factory in Iceland. We may never know the truth of this mystery.

In 2007, I came across a report which stated that the Iraq war was a bloodbath. To reduce the “official” death count, some 72,000 dead U.S. military personnel had been replaced with cloned duplicates without the public’s knowledge. When I learned of the staggering number involved, originally I didn’t believe it, but my source on this info is adamant that it is indeed correct. I was hoping he would give me more information on where he got these statistics, but he instead informed me of the need for secrecy as lives could be at stake.

This is what the United States Department of Defense claims as the official death count for both wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Notice the insanely low numbers of the official death count compared to the actual.

“WAR ON TERROR” CASUALTIES REPORT

Operation Iraqi Freedom
March 20, 2003 to January 26, 2007

Confirmed U.S. soldiers dead	3,896
U.S. soldier, hostile injuries	28,661

Operation Enduring Freedom - Afghanistan War
October 7, 2001 to December 25, 2007

U.S. soldier official death count	746
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First Gulf War
January 16, 1991 till April 6, 1991

U.S. soldier official death count	392
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This is what was leaked out from inside sources:

Operation Iraqi Freedom

<i>U.S. soldiers killed in Iraq</i>	<i>50,500</i>
<i>U.S. soldiers, war injuries</i>	<i>22,800</i>
<i>U.S. civilians killed</i>	<i>5,000</i>
<i>U.S. soldier bodies dumped into Persian Gulf</i>	<i>7,000</i>
<i>Iraqis soldiers killed</i>	<i>81,000</i>

<i>Iraqis civilians killed</i>	1,650,000
<i>Iraqis injured</i>	555,000

Operation Enduring Freedom - Afghanistan War

<i>U.S. soldiers killed</i>	12,000
<i>U.S. soldiers, war injuries</i>	N/A
<i>Afghans soldiers killed</i>	35,000
<i>Afghans civilians killed</i>	30,500
<i>Afghans injuries</i>	67,400
<i>First Gulf War</i>	143
<i>U.S. soldiers killed in Iraq</i>	24,000

U.S. Veterans who died since 1991

<i>From causes of the war</i>	22,000
<i>Iraq soldiers killed</i>	56,000
<i>Iraq civilians killed</i>	43,000

Iraq civilians killed since the war

<i>January 1991 till March 2003</i>	405,000
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<i>Clones used to replace killed U.S. Soldiers not reported in all three wars</i>	72,000
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These projects are what Colonel/Dr. Michael Wolf (Kruvant) of NSC's Special Studies Group warned about. He stated that research in human cloning was being perverted by the (Cabal) military to create the Super Hybrid Soldier who would under mental programming mindlessly follow immoral orders.

In his book *Catchers of Heaven* by Dr. Michael Wolf, writes about his involvement in top secret projects, including the creation and programming of clones, and the development of SDI, Star Wars.

In Project Sentinel, he helped create a clone which would replace U.S. Marine 'grunts', with a human robot counterpart. Known as J-typing Omega E-Delta-Two, or JOE for short.

JOE spent 365 days growing in a cloning tank. From the beginning the military viewed JOE as a failure, as he would cry

when ordered to kill. Even with sophisticated brainwashing techniques he would fail to follow immoral orders. I believe this is why they have since incorporated a lot of cybernetics in these units as it's impossible to destroy our human need for compassion even if you are a soulless being.

The project was scrapped and the military ordered Dr. Wolf to terminate JOE. But Dr. Wolf claims to have destroyed the facility, smuggled Joe out, given him a new identity, and placed him in hiding where he remains to this day.

Dr. Wolf writes in his book *Catchers of Heaven*:

"The brass were still waiting for me, the project's senior scientist, to give an explanation for J.O.E.'s seemingly clear failure to kill a dog, a harmless and gentle animal. I rather incautiously, and injudiciously, began a little, insecure attempt to explain J.O.E.'s inability to carry out a clearly immoral order....Gentlemen, this is an unbelievable advance in science, the full, not partial ability to read accurately genetic codes—but not just to read them, to redo, remodel, reconstruct—dash manipulate, reconstruct and plan genetic codes, not just cloning, but to create a viable human-like and incredibly ability-endowed superior human, a powerhouse of mind and muscle, but human nevertheless.

"Shall we negotiate with God Himself on the question of, if one believes, the insertion of a soul or spirit? He does have a conscience. You see a failed experiment, gentleman; I see the more evolved human of the future, a gift, a treasure. There are no adjectives or words to even partially explain the significance of this J-Type.

You should stare at an already-arrived future with joy and a sense of pride! We now possess techniques in a new type of genetic engineering, certainly more than enough for the J-Types in vivo creation. How could you be disappointed? How could any of you feel failure? Please answer me!

"We wanted a soldier! You made him want to be a fucking saint!" A moralist. A man of the highest ethics. We wanted a killing soldier, an absolute obeyer of orders, any and all orders,

a fighter who fights, kills without moral or ethical inhibitions. This is what we wanted....” and that is what they got.

Oh they were right: ‘mad scientist’ and ‘fugitive from himself’, and all. I hate the word official. (And unofficial, too.)

The best way, the best scenario, is the production of a motion picture, placing within it as much truth as possible; yet, viewed by the public as ‘fiction.’ Then, it is only fictional’ that a governmental group has cloned a human.

A cover-up is good when you wish to keep secrets. But when should you have to keep secrets?”

Henoch Prophecies

The government has been warned multiple times what would happen if they continued down this path. In 1987, Pleiadian contactee, Billy Meier, delivered a document to the world leaders which predicted their quest of power would bring about a hellish end of this world.

Known as the Henoch Prophecies, this document reveals that this cloned cyborg Super Soldier program also took place thousands of years ago on the planet of Henoch, and ultimately led to the destruction of its civilization. In the document we read:

“... Due to the fault of scientists, enormous power will be seized by the power-hungry and their military, their warriors and terrorists, and power will be seized as well through laser weapons of many types, but also via atomic, chemical and biological weapons. Also concerning genetic technology, enormous misuse will occur, because this will be unrestrainedly exploited for the purposes of war, not lastly due to the cloning of human beings for warring purposes, as this was practiced in ancient times with the descendants of Henoch in the regions of Sirius.

However, this will not be all of the horrors. as besides the genetic technology and the chemical weapons, far worse and more dangerous and more deadly weapons of mass destruction will be produced and will be used. The irresponsible

politicians will unscrupulously exercise their power, assisted by scientists and obedient military forces serving them, who together hold a deadly scepter and will create clone-like beings which will be bred in a total lack of conscience and will be scientifically manipulated to become killer machines. Division by division and devoid of any feelings, they will destroy, murder, and annihilate everything.

Last but not least, the fault of the irresponsible scientists who by cloning will create human machines for military purposes, devoid of conscience and feelings, and will create immensely deadly and all-annihilating computer like weapons. At the same time, the danger could become reality that the human combat machines, the military clones, will gain their independence and under their own management will bring death, devastation, destruction and annihilation to the human beings of Earth and to the planet.”



Billy Meier, shown here in 1978

You would think after this kind of warning that a sane person would immediately change their ways, but sadly the people who control this planet are far from that. So instead of taking heed of Billy Meier's letters, in the mid-90s, the government chose to assassinate him. So after his 21st assassination

attempt he was finally replaced with a clone which proceeded to sabotage and discredit his own work.

The Andy Pero Saga

And that finally brings us back to the Andy Pero Saga. After he went public with his story in 1998, he described suffering from a variety of Monarch style programming riddled throughout his childhood and adulthood, which was engineered by Project Paperclip Nazis. Using hypnosis, torture, and drugs they split his mind, creating alters with enhanced psychic gifts including telekinesis, teleportation, and supernatural strength. He was used as a guinea pig in Project Montauk where they would plug him into the Trip Chair and use his mind to open up time tunnels for various time travel operations. By a freak accident he became self-aware of his programming and began fighting back using the very abilities which the government created.

Michael Andrew Pero was born in Fallon, Nevada in 1969, which dates him as a second gen Super Soldier. At the age of two, his father was transferred to McGraw-Kaserne Army Base, in Munich, Germany, which shut down in 1992. Here as a young boy, he was programmed with strobing lights, needles in his ears and genitalia, electroshock, and hypnotic suggestion. This torture caused Andy to have a severe stuttering problem, which worsened throughout his childhood as the sessions continued. The purpose of this was to create a hologram-like computer inside his mind which would cause his consciousness to be programmed like a robot. He would act on a programmed command but would not second guess what he was told.

After his father left the service, the family resettled in Stamford, Connecticut. When Andy was 7, he remembered seeing his father murdered in front of him by a handler. They then gang-raped his mother and forced him to watch it. This was done to dissociate his personality even further.

Later in his childhood, his mother relocated to Rochester, New York, which happens to be a hotbed of Project Paperclip Nazi immigrants. Here he excelled in both school and in athletics. He worked out five days a week to compensate for his stuttering problem, which made him appear to be a dumb jock.

During his college years his programming was kicked into high gear while on scholarship at the University of Rochester. Adolph, his Nazi handler, would place him in a trance while in a secret room located at the top of the university's library. Here his "Z" alter would be accessed using the trigger "Rhino" and programmed using hypnotic suggestion. While in hypnosis, he would do amazing things, such as swim in a tank of ice-cold water for 24 hours non-stop, teleport, jump off a 20- story building and land on his feet, do push-ups in perfect formation for an hour, squat 1,000 pounds, or crush rocks with his hands.

Without even enlisting in the military, he soon found himself recruited into MILAB Black Ops. Andy remembers being escorted into an F-16 from a small Rochester airport to an unknown southwest desert location where he was dressed in black t-shirts and pants to perform special military exercises and assassination missions on obstacle courses.

Another time, he remembers being taken aboard an aircraft carrier. He also recalled memories of operating the Montauk Chair at Montauk Point, New York. Here he could manipulate matter itself, by creating a chest full of softball and football sized diamonds, which was used to lavishly fund the project. With each mission, his memories would be erased and he would then be returned, sometimes only hours later. He was also involved in numerous Delta team operations involving UFO retrievals and clean-ups. These crashes occur all over the world on a monthly basis. After these operations, his memories were then erased.

One of the ways his handlers would gain support from politicians and the Illuminati was to present demonstrations. While in trance, Andy was taken to the Hollywood set of the movie *Soldier*, starring Kurt Russell. He was asked to perform something impressive. So he kicks and smashes a fence.

Someone on the set laughed, as if it was no big deal. So Andy picked up his parked car, a Saab model, and tossed it upside down. The guy ran towards Andy to stop him, so Andy picked him up to and crushed him against a tree.

The Illuminati tried to recruit Andy as their 42nd degree "Illuminati Golden Boy." George Bush is reported to be a 42nd degree Mason. According to Andy, the highest level is the 45th degree, but it's rumored new degrees are being created all the time, so the highest degree is probably much higher now. Andy says the people at this level were Reptilian shapeshifters or hybrids. They were all about 6'2" and taller and wore a belt which would allow them to shapeshift from the human form to the reptilian form.

As their "Golden Boy," he was made the inspector of the underground facilities at Montauk Point, Long Island; the Montauk Chair, at Rome National Air Force Base in Rome, NY; the Monarch sex slave programming center at 140 Century Road, in Paramus, NJ; and the underwater facility off the coast of Miami where the grays were performing genetic experiments on MILAB victims. The Illuminati also used him for breeding purposes.

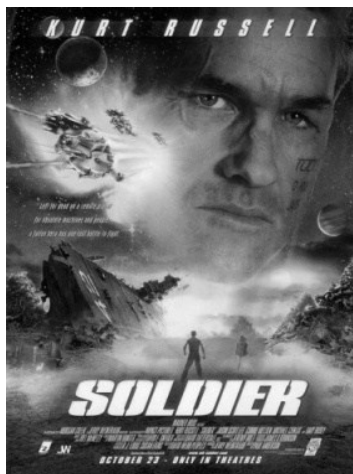
By the mid-90s his memories were beginning to bleed through and he began to fight for his freedom. So his handlers tried to drug him, but needles would bend as they were inserted. So they tried killing him, but every time he was poisoned, his body would neutralize it; every time he was shot, bullets would bounce off. He tried to break away from his handlers by moving to Atlanta, Georgia.



*University of Rochester Library
Programming was performed on the top level.*



Andy Pero, age 24



(Left) Soldier (1998), movie starring Kurt Russell. This sci-fi action thriller is about a soldier programmed from birth to kill without feeling. Andy Pero was taken to the set to demonstrate his abilities. (Right) Andy Pero's 2008 prison mug shot.

In 1999, while in Atlanta, his handlers would pose as friends, girlfriends, and roommates. After going bowling with his roommate, he saw a picture of a "Rhino" which just so happens to be his trigger code. To the dismay of his roommate, his memories began to come back.

Andy began tapping into his repressed memories. Every step of the way, he would be distracted and progress was neutralized. He began to journal the bits and pieces of his fragmented memories. When pages of his journal began to disappear at the hands of his roommate he soon realized how controlled his whole life had become.

Desperate for help, he contacted various experts in Ufology and the mind control research field, only to realize how infiltrated they are. He soon realized that not only was his roommate was a handler, but so too was his girlfriend. After he tried to break up with her, she triggered an alter causing him to become extremely violent. The police were called, his apartment was searched, and a gun was found.

The resulting confrontation landed Andy in a mental hospital for a few weeks. After his release, a close friend reported seeing some kind of object in his eye, perhaps an implanted video camera. Over time he became more and more paranoid.

To escape the madness, he moved to Arizona and joined a cult. When that didn't pan out so well, he traveled abroad to exotic locations such as Nepal, Tibet, and Korea. When his money ran out he asked his family for help. But they were programmed as well. A confrontation took place. Andy took what he needed by force, both car and cash. While under the influence of drugs he stabbed his mother and father with a knife. After a long police chase, Andy was caught, his family pressed charges, and in the fall of 2000 he was sentenced to prison. He was released in November 2010 and wants to keep his life private as best as he can while reintegrating back into society. We salute Andy for being so brave despite all the hell he's been through.

Solutions

Some of those who have undergone this type of programming have managed to somewhat break free and go public, such as Andy Pero, James Casbolt a.k.a Michael Prince, and Larry Solarz. But sadly most have either died or gone insane, and many suffer in silence with severe health problems.

When an agent goes rogue like this, usually they are threatened with death. But these threats are just fear tactics, considering all the money and time invested that would be lost. If you feel you have been subjected to this programming, don't live in fear, instead be bold and ask for divine protection, use discernment, speak your truth. It doesn't matter if no one believes you and your friends and family abandon you. Stay bold and remain firm in your desire to be set free.

Super Soldiers have a shelf life too. By the age of 30, the mind will naturally start to integrate on its own, triggering suicide alters. By learning to recognize how reptilian, MILAB, and suicide programming affects you, you can gain control over it and not let it land you in a mental hospital or worse. Meditation is really helpful in this matter.

Even if you're not a Super Soldier or a MILAB, humanity is at a crossroads. As we approach the 5th dimension, the return of Heaven on Earth, humanity has the choice between becoming either a transhumanist robotic superman or an ascended light being. Whatever choice we make life will continue going on eventually finding its own place of balance within Mother Nature despite the power games some of us decide to play.

5

SPECIAL PROJECT

And now this brings us back to our original story. After going through Andy Pero's testimony, I theorized that perhaps Nate was involved in the same kind of projects as well. But this kind of stuff is so far out you won't be going around thinking, *Geez maybe my friend was involved*. All I did was make a joke about this in front of Nate and ever since my life has been different. The following conversations have been edited for spelling and clarity.

Saturday, November 20, 2004

Nate: "Sweet, I joined MENSA."

James: "Congratulations, I always believed you could do it, what was your IQ tested to be?"

Nate: "...168. What the hell is wrong with me? I'm a freak."

James: "Why do you think this? There is nothing wrong with that score. You should be proud. Don't be so hard on yourself. Lots of people have high IQs. There's nothing crazy at all about it and besides one day you will wish it was higher."

Nate: "Uh... let's see. I'm a huge person, I have a high IQ. I'm scary, believe me I am, and I have such a big penis that a girl I knew a year ago wont sleep with me anymore."

James: Trying not to laugh to hard, I asked, "You sure you're not a project of government gene manipulation. Was your father in the military?"

Nate: "Yeah, and my uncle and my brother, the bigger one."

James: "Where you ever taken to government bases as a child for special lessons?"

Nate: "Sometimes, but I just got vaccinations, and like-sometimes they did physicals. I ran, they monitored my heartbeat."

James: "Do you remember any hypnosis going on?"

Nate: "No, and I would- too. Hey man- I hate the government."

James: "Yes I agree, why do you hate them?"

Nate: "Oh- I can't even begin. I could almost swear I'm being watched."

James: "By whom?"

Nate: "Look at me - My muscles and bones are spurting, I have telepathy, I'm a future seer, I'm clairvoyant, I have a huge IQ."

James: "How old were you when your father died?"

Nate: "About 7."

James: "Did the death cause any emotional long term trauma? Like him being murdered in front of you, something of that nature?"

Nate: "...Don't wanna talk about it."

James: "You should read the story of Andy Pero, seriously it's worth a look. His story is very similar to yours. The government has been getting genetic engineering technology from the aliens for decades. They are creating an engineered race of humans to fight in the coming civil war. They are reactivating dormant DNA that we all have in us. Andy was one example. As a child they took him to government bases and used torture to dissociate his personality. Then when he was 7, they used the traumatic death of his father as way to further disassociate the personality"

Nate: "Oh my God... I just realized something."

James: "What?"

Nate logs off the Internet and logs back online 10 minutes later.

James: "Okay, are you going to tell me what you forgot?"

Nate: "What?"

James: "Did you remember what happened?"

Nate: "I dunno."

Nate changes into a different person. His amnesia wasn't the only thing that was odd.

James: "You told me, oh my god... I just realized something. What did you realize?"

Nate: "...I never said that"

James: "It says so on my computer screen, do you remember the last thing I said."

Nate: "No?"

James: "I talked about Andy Pero, do you remember me talking about that?"

Nate: "...?"

James: "You were asking me why you had all your abilities, and Andy Pero's story seem to be similar to yours. Did your mother ever live in Rochester, NY when you were young, or ever live there before?"

Nate: "... Born and raised in Rochester till I was 5."

James: "Oh my God, this is too strange. Your life story is becoming more and more similar to Andy's. I am going to repeat this again because you don't seem to remember what we last talked about. The aliens have been doing genetic experiments on humans for decades. The Illuminati is working with the aliens to create a mind-controlled super human soldier to fight in the coming war. They are reactivating dormant DNA that all of us humans have. In particular, the ability to have telekinesis and telepathy."

Nate: "Dude, you're crazy."

James: "No this is what Andy claims. they have been implanting DNA from these soldiers, into women with high IQs, and who are often brainwashed themselves. Then they split their personality at a young age, usually this done at military bases using hypnosis and then trauma. Later they use a traumatic event such as the death of the father in front of the child to further dissociate the personality. In Andy's case his father was murdered in front of him at a young age. After high school he went to the University of Rochester, where some Nazi CIA officers used mind control on him to develop his abilities. Andy under hypnosis was able to jump off a 20 story build and bring himself together. He could memorize anything instantly. He could use psychic teleportation to move to another location, or use thoughts to kill."

Nate: "What the fuck are you talking about!?"

James: "Andy Pero's story."

Nate: "Who is this?"

Not answering the question, I continued:

James: "He was a mind-controlled slave of the Illuminati. They were still doing this secretly in the early nineties till Andy exposed them in 1998. After Andy moved to Atlanta, they followed him to make sure Andy didn't break free of his programming. But it was too late. So

they tried to kill him, but couldn't. He could make his muscles 1,000,000 harder than steel and needles couldn't go in, he could even stop bullets. They tried to kill him but couldn't after he killed 8 agents they gave up he moved to Atlanta. They continued to watch him. Andy broke away through the help of some friends. But now he is back under mind control, and the Illuminati implanted his eyes with a camera. Let me ask you something?"

At this point, Nate again logs off the Internet and returns 10 minutes later. Something different happens this time, instead of telling me what he just remembered, he appears to not even know who I am. So yeah this started to scare me that's why I gave him my user id instead of my name which is bearish_123.

Nate: "Who are you?"

James: "It's me your friend, Bear. Who are you?"

Nate: "Who the hell is Bear?"

James: "I'm Nate's friend. Is this Nate's soul speaking me?"

Nate: "Stay away from Nate- he's a very special project, so-to-say."

James: "But he's expressed desire to have free will. Why can't he have it?"

Nate: "If everyone had free will, terror would run amok."

James: "That is why there is love, what you're doing to him is wrong, you could help him do good things for mankind."

Nate: "Wrong, that cannot be determined by you and your hippie friends."

James: "I'm not a hippie and wrong is determined by serving yourself. Good is determined by serving others."

Nate: "He is serving others, he's serving us."

James: "But Nate wasn't even given a choice. Doesn't God allow free will?"

Nate: "His dad was. His father is the sole foundation of why he's here. Give him time."

James: "Why must Nate pay for his father's choices? Time is running out, you know there isn't much time left."

Nate: "There is plenty of time."

James: "Why not make a difference now, for the better. Isn't life love?"

Nate: "No, life is a struggle to stay alive and peaceful. And that is what our creations strive for."

James: "God is love, and he breathed into us his spirit, this is why life is love. The natural law of creation gives us free will you are violating Nate's free will."

Nate: "You have to learn some lessons on humans."

James: "I am willing to learn, but Nate is my friend, and he's been hurt so much. You could do so much more if you followed the natural order of the universe."

Nate: "Nate has taken several wounds, which we have repaired. We need him for several more missions, and then we will dispose of him."

James: "Was he even asked if he wanted to do these missions?"

Nate: "No, but his father did agree."

James: "Then you have no authority over him correct? Nate is not his father?"

Nate: "We do what is right, maybe not morally, maybe not now. But it is right, nonetheless."

James: "It is unbalanced. Fear in the long run will end up destroying you. When we follow the right order of the universe things are balanced and then we can all live together peacefully. Don't you realize, you reap what you sow. It is not Nate who is being punished it is you."

Nate: "The balance of the universe is not what will help us. We want the balance to be better, and it will be."

James: "Free will is a law from God. This is how we have balance. You say you want things to get better but you're controlling him and it is not fair for Nate. He has the right to make his own decisions."

Nate: "Don't alert our project of his powers. It might not be a good idea."

James: "If you kill me go ahead I will only end up coming back. You don't need to use fear on me."

Nate: "Who says we're going to kill you?"

James: "You should have thought of your choices a long time ago before manipulating humans for millennia."

Nate: "It might not be you, we'll hurt. Don't tell Nate, trust me, you don't want that happening to him."

James: "Fine hurt me. My love for one friend is more worthwhile than your stupid project, it's not right to live a lie."

Nate: "I never said we were going to hurt you: But I am saying if you tell Nate, it will threaten our plans. Because when Nate finds out—"

James: "It's not fair for Nate what you're doing. He tells me he is in pain on the inside."

His DID/MPD alter probably switched at this point.

Nate: "Nate started this."

James: "How did he start it? Where you created by the Illuminati."

Nate: "No. Nate was an adulterous buffoon. He didn't—help—at all."

James: "Help what? Are you a foreign spirit (demon) from a different astral plane? Am I'm talking to bad Nate then?"

Nate: "I am another 'aware' version of Nate. I am here to keep him from fucking up."

James: "But he's suffering from multiple personality disorder. I myself have PTSD and no how hard it is dealing with pain. Help him by giving him the knowledge and wisdom to have free will. You're not helping him by controlling him."

Nate: "Yes, I am, otherwise he wouldn't have created me."

James: "Who did the abuse? Was it the father?"

Nate: "No. Nate."

James: "Please give Nate a chance."

Nate: "I am Nate, but, I'm not Nate... I help Nate deal with Nate."

James: "What is your name?"

Nate: "I don't know, call me what you will."

James: "Does Nate have any connections with what happened to Andy Pero."

Nate: "Some, very little."

James: "Does he have genetically engineered DNA."

Nate: "Yes."

James: "If Nate wanted to have his life back are you willing to give it to him?"

Nate: "If he asks, no, if he wants, yes."

James: "Is the government watching Nate?"

Nate: "Not anymore, his... uniqueness has grown out of control."

James: "How do you know? You see we humans desire to have free will. Mind control in the end, ends up as a failure because it's not the way where are created."

Nate: "I know but I am handing him his life on a silver platter, you see. I get him laid, strength, ok grades. I make him who he wants to be. He thinks it's natural, I do all the hard work."

James: "He says he feels no shame when he has sex, why?"

Nate: "Because, I decided to take it out of him. I feel shame when he has sex."

James: "I'm sorry Nate. Can you change this? It's hard to take pain away by not dealing with it. When I tried hypnosis for the first time, I went into my subconscious mind and I found my soul hiding in a closet. He looked like a dying skeleton, I asked him why he was hiding, and he told me because he was in pain. I took him out and put him in a mansion. Could you do this?"

Nate: "I don't like traveling into Nate's mind. Nate's inner child is a freak."

James: "How so?"

Nate: "Nate's mind is a scary place. Scares even me, and I am designed by Nate to be virtually fearless."

James: "We fear what we don't know. When were you created?"

Nate: "The playground."

James: "What happened?"

Nate: "He got beat up by a group of kids. They held him down and whipped him with belts."

James: "But Nate wanted to fight."

Nate: "Nate couldn't fight."

James: "Wow, does his mom know about this?"

Nate: "His parents knew, they moved him somewhere else, where kids would spit on him."

James: "Why would they move him somewhere worse?"

Nate: "They didn't know."

James: "Are Nate's parents a project of mind control, or in the past?"

Nate: "No."

Nate later told me his mother was allowing this to happen.

James: "Maybe they were just ignorant on how to deal with things. It's sad they hurt you so bad."

Nate: "I'm protecting him."

James: "But he's 16 now, he's 6'5" you don't have to be afraid anymore."

Nate: "So he's big?"

James: "Yes, you did your job well and I'm sure you will continue to do so."

Nate: "I still need to protect him."

James: "How did you make him so big?"

Nate: "Because. He's my friend. And the more distraught his mind is, the longer I have to live there. His mind is a horrible place, so dark and shadowy. Nothing is happy and pain is at every corner. That's why he needs me."

James: "Are you happy?"

Nate: "I don't exist. I'm not happy... I'm not sad either."

James: "Sometimes I know what that feels like, being numb, but it takes away from having peace. You never can feel joy; you live your life without purpose. Where's the drive? All we can do is try to get better to prevent failures. These kids on the playground won't beat Nate up any more, and you told me it's in his genes to have telepathy and other abilities. Can't you try using them?"

Nate: "He doesn't want them."

James: "Can you tell me why he doesn't want them, we all have the ability. It's just that our DNA is dormant, there is nothing bad about that."

Nate: "Sort of, telepathy hurts him."

James: "How does it hurt him?"

Nate: "He feels pain that others feel."

James: "Try to put a shield up. Imagine a bubble around yourself, this bubble can stop thoughts."

Nate: "No it can't. I tried."

James: "Is there a way he can stop them without having to be in pain?"

Nate: "—no."

James: "If I could help Nate control his telepathy would you be willing to find a happy place to live?"

Another alter switches—

Nate: "I have been with Nate since day one, so my personality is actually quite lacking."

James: "Where you created by a computer, like with the Montauk boys?"

Nate: "No, I was created by a moment. The moment Sean pushed him to the ground and held him down, I was created in his eyes. My name is Max."

James: "How old was Nate."

Nate: "7 about to turn 8."

James: "Oh I'm glad to meet you, I am James."

Nate: "Nice to meet you."

James: "Did he have psychic abilities or telekinesis even before the age of 7?"

Nate: "Yeah."

James: "I always heard stories of this but never thought it was real."

Nate: "I am imaginary, Nate's mind setting is imaginary, and you're not actually meeting me."

James: "If you're a friend of Nate you're a friend of mine."

Nate: "I'm Nate's best friend. I stick up to his enemies. I go for the girl. Nate's just a passenger who thinks he's lucky."

James: (laughing) "lol I bet."

Nate: "lol."

James: "But he's expressed desire to be normal. One time he said he just wants to be a normal teen, well I guess he never could be, being with his DNA. But I'm sure he can find a balance."

Nate: "He doesn't want to be normal."

James: "Why not?"

Nate: "Because, every standardized test, every geometric equation expresses the average guy, no matter how smart he is, someone is smarter. He will remain average in his own eyes until I find a way to change it."

James: "Thank you for talking to me. I have so many more questions."

Nate: "Ahhhh"

James: "Are you a demon?"

Nate: "No, an imaginary figure, created by a twisted mind."

James: "But you're just as human as Nate, you are a part of him."

Nate: "No, I'm not human. I'm imaginary. Nate doesn't know I exist. Don't tell him. He has a book about me, that he wrote... lol."

James: "I remember him saying he had a friend named Max once, he said he was smarter and had all the girls. Was that you?"

Nate: "Ahh the subtle gratitude of gracious soul."
James: "I wish I could read that book."
Nate: "It's not that good."
James: "But, it's about you, it is who you are why wouldn't it be good? You've done such a good job helping Nate."
Nate: "It's about an imaginary figure named Max who comes to take Nate's life."
James: "Would you want to become reintegrated? I need to read up more on MPD though."
Nate: "I would like to not exist. I hate life and humans. The only thing I love is Nate."
James: "How about me?"

Nate then logs off the Internet.

From the research I gathered from various books and the Internet, these conversations are indicative of someone suffering from MPD/DID. Most people who suffer from it usually have eight alters on average each surrounded by amnesia walls. So I was curious as to who else was in his head.

Another side note, a few months before this conversation, Nate told me his best friends, Max and Jeremy, where at his house on a sleep over. At that time I didn't realize they were alters.

Sunday, November 21, 2004

Nate had no clue about the previous night's conversation. Curiosity got the best of me and I asked Nate for more information about the kids that beat him up on the playground.

Nate: "Hey"
James: "Hello. How was your day?"
Nate: "It was OK, yours?"
James: "I still have a few more questions, but it got so late last night."
Nate: "Huh? What about it?"

Nate is unable to recall the previous night's conversation. With DID/MPD there are amnesia walls, preventing other alters from knowing what's going on. In Nate's case it is the main personality which appears to be suffering from amnesia, until triggered otherwise.

James: "I can't say much. But I want to know how old Sean was, if you remember."

Nate: "Who is Sean?"

James: "The playground"

Nate: "wtf?"

James: "I guess you don't know. Tell Max I'm still trying to do more research to help him."

Nate: "Who the fuck is Max?"

James: "You wrote a book about him, he's your best friend."

Nate: "He is? My best friend is Jake. I don't even know anyone named Max."

James: "I didn't sleep well last night because I was so worried about you."

I think Jake is another alter. At this point Nate zones out for about 10 minutes. Then says—

Nate: "Hi"

James: "Your back."

Nate: "James, do not mention me, not to Nate."

James: "How much can I mention? I just wanted to know how old Sean was, because I think the government might be behind this abuse. Can you tell me when you went to those military bases as a child, where you put under hypnosis and abused?Max, would it be okay to talk about the abuse but not mention your name to Nate?"

Nate: "No."

James: "I believe you have been manipulated, let me explain. See in Andy's case the government used abuse at a young age to dissociate his personality at those military bases and Nate told me he was at one of those bases for physicals. I think it's possible the government could have put Nate under hypnosis and began abusing him, and it's possible those kids who beat him up on the playground where mind controlled as well. This was done to further dissociate you..... When Andy was 7, his father was killed cold blood in front of him. This was the final straw, he broke, and this seems to be what happened to you. The government has been using abuse to create you, so that they can use you one day to be a soldier, to murder people. The ones who did

this are the Illuminati. They are a group of Satanists and Nazis who want to control the world and control us. In Andy's case he broke free because he had a group of friends who tried to help him. Andy had great abilities. He could stop bullets. He could put a pencil 2 inches deep into a concrete wall."

Nate: "Nate is a new project."

James: "New in what way?"

Nate: "One of the agents used to control him is another personality, names ZZ."

James: "Is ZZ created by a computer matrix? For example some of the Montauk boys had artificial souls implanted in them."

Note: Technically they weren't artificial souls but computerized programmed alters created to perform super human abilities. The soul would be extracted, programmed then put back into the original body or a clone.

Nate: "ZZ is like me, only different, ZZ is violent, angry, and counterbalancing."

James: "Was ZZ created by the SS officers at those military bases when he was a kid?"

Nate: "Yeah."

James: "Sounds like something a Nazi would do."

Nate: "I hate the government."

James: "It's not fair how they treated you, one Nazi Germany was enough. Having those bastards in America is not fair for you. Tell me about the playground. Do you think what I said about those kids who beat you up, where working for the government, is true?"

Nate: "Partially."

James: "Perhaps the kids themselves where just as much victims as you. Please listen, don't get mad. The government could be doing the same thing to them, putting them under hypnosis, and then using them as agents to do their evil on you. How old was Sean?"

Nate: "13."

James: "How come you know about Andy Pero?"

Nate: "Everything Nate knows I know."

James: "Yeah but I just mentioned it by accident and you showed up, what else do you know about what happened in Rochester?"

Nate: "Lots, there were kids there that Nate was best friends with and he knows when they're in trouble, but he doesn't know who they are."

James: "Are they telepaths?"

Nate: "Sort of."

James: "Is Nathan related to Andy in some way?"

Nate: "No, Nathan is a new project. Slower-but in time he is supposed to be a stronger version."

James: "Yeah there is nothing wrong with being strong. But great power requires great responsibility. These people mistreated you. Do you believe this?"

Nate: "I believe power belongs to the one who doesn't want it."

James: "Did the Nazis tell you this? I like to learn about his project assignment. Is it telepathy?"

Nate: "No. He's an experiment."

James: "What is the goal? Do you remember what his purpose is?"

Nate: "Experimental, hello!"

James: "lol, maybe you don't know.....Did Nate see any aliens in those military bases, like the Reptilians or Greys? Okay how about when his father was killed, did the government do it? Maybe you don't know."

Nate: "No idea."

James: "The ones who created your alters are the ones who are also responsible for the abuse. Like with Andy, a Nazi killed his father cold blood in front of him."

Nate: "Ah..."

James: "Do you remember seeing any Nazis?"

Nate: "No."

James: "Perhaps you we're too young to understand."

Nate: "Hmm possible."

James: "What else do you remember about that time? You said there were lots of kids. Do you know how many? You must have been so young then. You told me the government is not watching you anymore. They followed Andy even when he was in college. Have you noticed any peculiar people watching you?"

Nate: "Yeah."

James: "Do you remember what they looked like, or why they seemed unusual?"

Nate: "I don't know."

James: "Will you get in trouble for telling me?"

Nate: "I don't know."
James: "How often do they put you under hypnosis?"
Nate: "Not often."
James: "Do you still go to military bases?"
Nate: "It only happened when I was a kid."
James: "Do you feel pain when talking about this?"
Nate: "No, I never feel anything."
James: "I feel pain for you, because your very soul was violated, did you know it's not normal to go through what you went through?"
Nate: "Hmm."
James: "No one deserves to have their personality split, ZZ should have never been created, nor should you Max."
Nate: "I know."
James: "You are suffering from multiple personality disorder, caused by those bastard Nazis. I don't know how to cure it. I could be killed for helping you, but I don't care. You're my friend and I will do what I can to help you."
Nate: "Ok."
James: "Do you want me to help you?"
Nate: "No."
James: "Why not?"
Nate: "Because, Nate's a big boy."
James: "But he's been abused, do you believe this?"
Nate: "Huh?"
James: "When we are helpless this is when our friends come to pick us back up."
Nate: "Oh"
James: "His father was killed by these people, and Nate hasn't connected the dots yet. Max do you know if your handlers used a special password to get access to your mind? Sometimes they will have a code word."
Nate: "Hmm..."
James: "For Andy it was Rhino, do you know it?"
Nate: "Wolf. Alaskan Wolf."
James: "Are there any government mind caps on your head?"
Nate: "No."
James: "Good, that's a relief, I could be killed if I violated them, but if I did so be it."
Nate: "Hmm...."
James: "They use fear to control us; they do it all the time. Look at George Bush; he's using terrorism to take

away our rights. Did you know Bin Laden worked for the same group who did this to you?"

Nate: "Hmm."

James: "He worked for the CIA. The CIA / NSA and Illuminati have been using Nazi methods on us for decades, ever since they were asked to come here to America after the war. One of their projects is genetically engineered soldiers, this is you. The Illuminati themselves are Satanic, and so is most of the CIA. You are a project of them. Their goal is to take over the world and bring about a one world government. They need mind-controlled slaves who have telepathic abilities to communicate to each other because phone lines will be down in the war. Does this sound like your project?"

Nate: "Yes, I was raised in a town with a group of kids, and we didn't speak to each other."

James: "Having telepathy is not bad, less than 1% of the population has it. Genetic engineering is good, one day all people will be able to have your abilities. But God gives us these gifts for the better of mankind. You don't have to fear telepathy; you can use it for good. Just don't cave into fear, always remember they will try to break you. They are responsible for killing your father, and maybe what happen with Sean, do you believe this?"

Nate: "Hmm, I don't know."

James: "I think the government made you, to fight in the coming civil war, but that war will fail because its fear based. The Bible says you reap what you sow, this means what you do to others will be done unto you. It's a supernatural law of the universe, one day the people who hurt you will suffer from it. But you don't have to suffer anymore. Use your abilities to fight them."

Nate: "Nate's abilities aren't strong enough."

James: "But, Nate told me he could lift 400 pounds and he could lift 700 pounds using his mind."

Nate: "Yes he can, but he will lose his abilities if he revolts."

James: "It's in his DNA. you told me this they can't take it away."

Nate: "His body is controlled by several buttons and computers, they monitor his functions. When he tried to leave, they shut it down."

James: "Describe the computers functions."

Nate: "They will kill him. I know because it's in my system."
James: "I didn't know they could do this now, maybe you been brainwashed to believe they can kill you."
Nate: "...they CAN kill me."
James: "Okay, would you been willing to see a hypnotist to deprogram all of this?"
Nate: "No."
James: "Why not? They can tear out this programming and build you up better. Would you want to be set free? Perhaps you're afraid, or maybe you hate yourself too much."
Nate: "No. A lone wolf is a dangerous wolf."

Lone wolf programs are used by the NSA to keep MKULTRA victims from breaking free.

James: "Did they tell you this? This is why we must have knowledge, so that we can have freedom. The Bible says the truth shall set you free, and in the book of Hosea, it says, my people suffer from lack of knowledge. What you fear is being alone."
Nate: "You don't understand."
James: "I'm trying to understand, it's just so hard, and I wish I could do the things you can. What would it be like to live in a colony of children who use their mind to talk to people? But it's not my mission here on Earth. You shouldn't fear your abilities."
Nate: "Nate controls more than immense strength."
James: "What else he can do?"
Nate: "Scary things."
James: "Like?"
Nate: "Like mind control, telekinesis, scaling flat walls."
James: "How about teleportation?"
Nate: "Yes."
James: "Can you materialize objects out of thin air like gold bars or diamonds."
Nate: "Diamonds."
James: "Wow, no wonder they got you under control. Man I wish you could see Saint Germain. He can do this too, but he's using his abilities to stop the Illuminati. You can too, if I try to ask him to help you will you be willing?"
Nate: "No."

James: "Is it possible I could change your mind?"
Nate: "No."
James: "Damn, you're not going to make things easy for me! You're going to be stuck like this for the rest of your life. Is this what you want?"
Nate: "Somewhat, I want to be alone."
James: "Would you want to leave the country?"
Nate: "No."
James: "They will keep using you for your mind."
Nate: "I know."
James: "Unless you want to fight them, they will never leave you alone."
Nate: "Dante wants to fight. He's the expression of Nate's freedom, but we can't let him take control. He will kill."
James: "Will he kill those who hurt him?"
Nate: "Yes."
James: "They are evil people! I don't believe Nate should kill but perhaps it's the only way for Nate to be alone. If you don't try to stop them they will do this to others. Is my life in danger for asking you these questions?"
Nate: "No."
James: "Good."
Nate: "Start calling me Dante, because that's who you are talking too!"
James: "Sure, I never met you before."
Nate: "I'm Dante, several weird combinations by Nate."
James: "Dante, how many personalities are there?"
Nate: "Well, there are five."

There are probably more than five, he may not know of the others or is lying to prevent them from coming out.

James: "Wow, can you name them?"
Nate: "Me, ZZ, Max, Mike, Jeremy."
James: "Hey I think I talked to Jeremy before. How come you have to fight so much?"
Nate: "It's right, why do you inquire so much? I have to go."

Nate retires for the night. From this conversation it is safe to say I was dealing with MPD. I hope some of the things I said will help him break out his programming, without triggering a suicide program.

6

COGNITIVE THINKING

Tuesday, November 23, 2004

At this point, I knew professional help would be needed, but since very few professionals are educated in MKULTRA, I took it into my own hands to deprogram him. If the government was behind this, which I believe they were, chances are his mother and father is probably under mind control as well. I also doubt the police authorities would assist him, because they are clueless what's really going on. Medical doctors they would just probably sequester him in a mental hospital until he was drugged up and unresponsive.

With no one else to turn to, I did what I could using what information I could find online to attempt a deprogramming session. My primary goal was not a full integration of his (D.I.D.) alters but, rather, I wanted his alters to gain some insight on his situation. So that, perhaps, they could protect Nate against any further brainwashing.

I took Andy Pero's advice and used the information from Dr. D. Corydon Hammond's speech titled, "Hypnosis in MPD: Ritual Abuse" also known as the Greenbaum Speech, as a deprogramming guide.

Nate: "Hi."

James: "Hey—I've been worried sick, are you okay?"

Nate: "Yeah, I'm fine. Jesus, what's gotten into you lately?"

James: "I can't say, I couldn't sleep last night, I want to help you but I been told not to talk, do you trust me?"

Nate: "Yeah? Except when you go crazy for short times."

James: "I need a big, big favor. Can I put you in hypnosis?"

Nate: "No?"

James: "Damn, you aren't making things easy for me. I need to talk to your subconscious mind. Can you put yourself into hypnosis and let me talk to you that way?"

Nate: "No."

James: "You're right, it's your life. I only want to help. Is this the time you think I go crazy?"

Nate: "Yup...lol"

At this point Nate still has no clue I was talking to his alters at our last encounter.

James: "Do you still take Ritalin and Lithium?"

Nate: "Uh huh"

James: "I want to know who fills your prescription. Is it a family doctor?"

Nate: "Uh huh."

James: "How long have you seen him?"

Nate: "Long."

I ask him this because I think his doctor may be working for the government, and is part of the cover-up.

James: "Shit! Your friend Max how long have you known him?"

Nate: "Uh Who?"

James: "Never mind, forget I said that. Do you space out a lot?"

Nate: "Uh huh."

James: "Do you ever end up in places and never know how you got their?"

Nate: "Yeah. What you getting at?"

James: "Does your mom know about this?"

Nate: "No."

James: "Don't tell her anything, nothing."

Nate: "K."

James: "Do you keep a journal?"

Nate: "Yeah."

James: "Is it possible your parents might be reading it? Well hopefully they aren't. Don't let them find it."

Nate is spaced out at this point. It's taking him some time to answer me.

James: "How long have you been using those meds?"

Nate: "A while. Why?"

James: "Like, how many years? You don't need to be using them, crap, are you okay? Please don't zone out on me."

Nate: "You're pushing it James."

His alter suddenly switched.

James: "I'm sorry."

Nate: "Why, James? No need to beat around the bush, this is ZZ."

James: "You switch too fast."

Nate: "Not that fast, bud."

James: "I need to ask some questions for the subconscious mind?"

Nate: "Will this stop all the questioning in front of Nate?"

James: "I didn't think I said that much."

Nate: "Yes, oh it was pretty obvious. He could have put it together with all those eccentricities you were pulling."

James: "I just been so worried."

Nate: "You want to talk to the subconscious mind or not?"

James: "Yes."

I wanted to talk to his subconscious mind because I needed to access the core programming, located within the soul essence. Remember, when the government creates alters, their minds are controlled by a holographic computer program, known as the Core. Alpha, beta, delta, theta, etc. control the programming, self-destruct features, and suicide programs.

The process of deprogramming requires access to these programs, and then reintegration into the main personality. Before integration can occur, I first need to eliminate the barriers placed around the alters. Using a little creative imagery, I had him pretend a high-powered laser would fry any imaginary walls or programming.

Nate: "OK. Which one?"

James: "This is for the inner core. Is there any part of you that knows about alpha, beta, delta, or theta?"

Nate: "Which components of them?"

James: "Any, Is there anyone who knows? Say I'm here, I want some part who knows anything about this to come up."

Nate: "Yes, these are brain waves..."

James: "Do you know anything about Omega? Is there any part inside who has this information?"

Nate: "Omega core?"

Omega is a suicide program. Remember this needs to be deactivated first to ensure he doesn't kill himself. However, I don't think I am taking the right approach. Nate seems to think

alpha, beta, delta, etc. are brainwave patterns and now I am unsure how to proceed.

James: "No one knows? I want the core to look to see if something is blocking this information."

Nate: "Someone is, sort of..."

James: "Go around and look at the back of the head and tell me what you notice on the back of the neck or head."

Nate: "Can't, nothing there."

Sometimes the handlers place imaginary wires and circuit boards at the back of the head or neck. Ripping these out is one way to remove the programming. The back of the neck also contains the master implant which controls all the other implants.

James: "Is there any part inside that continues to have contact with the government?"

Nate: "My eyes...."

James: "Shit. No wonder, Nate said he blinds himself."

I believe Nate was referring to a video camera eye implant, which Andy Pero first revealed. This implant is one of the reasons why Andy had trouble breaking away from his handlers. This confirms my worst fears. They are watching him and but now they are watching me.

Nate also told me that in the future, during the civil war, he would be blinded by the government and then he dies a bitter, angry man at the hands of an assassin.

Nate: "He was put in a treatment facility for trying to scratch his eyes out..."

James: "I'm crying now."

Nate: "Why?"

James: "It's because they have no right to do this to you. A high gauss magnetic field might fry the circuits, like an EMP pulse."

Nate: "It's hard to fight an enemy with outposts in my head."

James: "If there was a doctor associated with this programming and his name was a color, you know, like Dr. Chartreuse or something what would the color be?"

Nate: "Dr. Gray."

James: "What do you know about Dr. Gray's background?"

Nate: "..."

James: "Damn, what did they do to you?"

At first I didn't realize it but the Dr. Gray he mentioned is a Gray ET. Next I try to delete any backup programs.

James: "Find the computer in your mind. Do you see it? How many backup programs are there in your head?"

Nate: "310,102,310"

James: "I want the core if necessary using the telepathic ability you have to read minds to obtain for me the erasure codes for all these programs."

Nate: "Negative."

James: "There must be a wall. Do you see a wall?"

Nate: "Affirmed."

James: "Can you look around it?"

Nate: "Negative."

James: "I want you to use a laser to vaporize the wall so that nothing is left."

Nate: "Negative, 404.1 error."

James: "Well let's try this instead. I want you to install another computer into your mind."

Nate: "Negative. There are four processing units in my mind."

James: "Describe their functions."

Nate: "Control processor, Cognitive thinking, creative thinking, and literary usage. Cognitive thinking = combat."

James: "I want you to use your telepathic abilities to obtain the erasure codes for these 4 programs."

Nate: "Negative."

James: "Is it the wall again?"

Nate: "Nate's rule 12. Do not follow any statement unless authorized by main core."

James: "How do I gain access to the main core?"

Nate: "I am the main core."

James: "Core, if there was a doctor who made you, what would his name be?"

Nate: "Nathan Wilder."

James: "Core, did Nathan Wilder do something to you to create you and if yes, what would it be?"

Nate: "Nathan Wilder is who I am."

James: "Core you have done your job well protecting Nate. Tell me what does the control processor control?"

Nate: "3-2=940-4309452xy32"

This odd sequence of numbers may be some sort of trigger code. My speculation the first two numbers "3-2" could refer to him being from a 2nd generation ritualistic abuse family and third born. If anyone has more information about this code, please contact me.

James: "Show me a way to delete you. So that I can use your programs to help Nate."

Nate: "Negative."

James: "How old was Nate when you were created?"

Nate: "5 minutes."

James: "Damn."

Nate: "It was a quick procedure."

James: "Core, describe how it is done."

Nate: "I would rather not."

James: "Tell me what you can. What would it be like? Electroshock or needles?"

Nate: "Electroshock."

James: "No one deserves this, they abused you. You did your job well protecting him. He was only a baby. He had no way to fight. Core, did you see any pulsing light goggles placed over your eyes?"

Nate: "Yes."

The younger the child is when first exposed to trauma, such as sodomy or electroshock, the more permanent the programming is. This procedure can be done to adults but they can't be made into a mind-controlled slave unless they were programmed this way as a child.

James: "They used this to induce brainwashing."

Nate: "Hmmm."

James: "Normal people do not deserve to go through this. But, you are normal because your alters have kept you alive, now you don't need to control Nate anymore. He's not a baby anymore. Use your programs to help Nate. Core what is the name of the program that will self-destruct you?"

Nate: "Main core, and 310,102,310 backup explosive programs."

James: "Core describe the function of 310?"

Nate: "310 is a small explosive device... placed at motor/sensory cortex, placed at both temp lobes."

James: "Describe the function of 102?"

Nate: "Blows out my hearing and telekinesis."

James: "What is the function of the last 310 mentioned?"

Nate: "Blows out my motor sensory functions."

These statements make me believe that the government or the grays have installed detonators inside his head.

James: "Core, has a device similar to this in the past ever gone off?"

Nate: "No. It would immediately kill him."

James: "Damn, no wonder Nate tells me he will be an angry man when he gets older. Core, if there was any way to destroy these devices, what would it be?"

Nate: "Killing Nate."

James: "Core, do you have a video camera in your eyes?"

Nate: "Inadvisable. Yes."

James: "Who is watching it?"

Nate: "Forbidden."

James: "Core, use your psychic abilities to fry the devices. God, why do they have to do this to you?"

Nate: "sys terminate...."

James: "Thank you for your time. Okay, I'm done questioning. Can I at least tell Nate goodnight?"

Nate: "Hello?"

James: "Hi, I wanted to tell you goodnight."

Nate: "Night. They call me memory... I will put that in."

James: "Thank you memory. Hey, memory is it possible one day we can meet in person. Maybe after the war?"

Nate: "After the war I will not exist."

James: "When will you die?"

Nate: "2025."

James: "Oh, that's not much time. Do you know when I die?"

Nate: "4 years."

James: "From what?"

Nate: "Car accident."

James: "What happens?"

Nate: "Memory made a joke..."

James: "I don't like your jokes."
Nate: "You don't die for a while."
James: "What do I die from?"
Nate: "That's all the information you need."
James: "What do I die from?"
Nate: "Forbidden. Nate would rather not tell you, which is why it will not work."
James: "Nate told me once I will die in 2034 from a drug overdose. Is this true?"
Nate: "If he told you it would be sooner. James, you go searching for so much information that won't help you. Try to avoid that. It will make your life a lot longer."

Nate then retires for the night. At this point, I'm really upset, but what can I do? After all, the government denies mind control experimentation takes place. So who is going to believe me?

Saturday, November 27, 2004

A few days later, Nate seems to be very upset over something.

Nate: "Hello James."
James: "Hi, is this Nate?"
Nate: "The question isn't 'is this 'Nate', the question is what state of mind he would be in."
James: "What's wrong with him?"
Nate: "He can't sleep so I take over."
James: "Does he have trouble sleeping every night?"
Nate: "Yes."
James: "Drink some warm milk—that helps. Would you like to learn how to relax?"
Nate: "No, this is when I can do things..."
James: "You mean telekinesis and all?"
Nate: "Sort of."
James: "What can you do?"
Nate: "Missions."
James: "Like what kinds?"
Nate: "Can't tell you, we'd both die."
James: "Shit, are they using you? Yeah, don't tell me then."

I assume at this point he is involved in Black Ops. This could range anywhere from cleaning up crashed UFOs, time travel, or perhaps psychic reconnaissance.

James: "I'm sorry they do this to you."
Nate: "Ha, no problem."
James: "Do you get depressed from doing this?"
Nate: "No...Nate gets depressed from parents who are never around. We need them, though. If they weren't around, he would be a trouble maker."
James: "Yeah, I don't think I like them very much anyway, maybe they are getting paid to take care of Nate. How many hours of sleep does he get every night?"
Nate: "30 minutes,"
James: "Is this enough?"
Nate: "For him it is."
James: "But a growing mind needs 8 hours of sleep a night."
Nate: "He thinks he gets 10."
James: "Are there any negative repercussions?"
Nate: "No."
James: "You're clever."
Nate: "Why?"
James: "Could I survive on 30 minutes a night?"
Nate: "Negative."

The reason why Nate could sleep 30 minutes a night could be explained by either his alien genetics, activated DNA, or perhaps he is a biocybernetic android.

James: "Which personality am I talking to?"
Nate: "The one who likes you. My name is Dante."

Dante represents Nate's freedom and revenge.....

James: "Do they all like me?"
Nate: "Negative."
James: "Hey is Nate's doctor drugging him on Demerol or using LSD for mind control?"
Nate: "No, Nate's doctor hasn't done anything since he was with the children."
James: "Oh that's good, I was worried about him."
Nate: "Don't worry about him, that's Max's job."
James: "I know I liked talking to Max. I don't think he trusts me."
Nate: "Max hates you."
James: "Why?"

Nate: "Max hates all that exists."
James: "Is he willing to make an exception for me?"
Nate: "He would not make an exception for you. He is programmed to hate."
James: "He said he liked talking to me, was that just a show?"
Nate: "No. He doesn't hate non-tangibles."
James: "What do you mean?"
Nate: "Something you can't see, an abstract idea. I represent most of Nate's emotions, and he likes you, so therefore, be grateful you have a freak for a friend."
James: "Hey Dante, can you tell me something, does Nate have many friends?"
Nate: "Many girlfriends, not many guy friends."
James: "Does he have any?"
Nate: "A couple."
James: "He mentioned Jake was his best friend, and then the next day he didn't know who he was. Who is Jake?"
Nate: "Jake is an imaginary friend."
James: "Is he another alter? Like Max and Jeremy."
Nate: "Sort of, Nate sees him. Nate has a few guy friends that exist. Aaron, Marla, she's a girl that acts like a guy, Luscious."
James: "Does your mom know about Nate's MPD?"
Nate: "Um, I would hope so. She doesn't realize the self-destruct part."
James: "Yeah this is what really upsets me too, one day she won't even have a son. I'm so sorry what they do to you. What about you stepdad, does he know about your alters?"
Nate: "Negative."
James: "Do you like Nazis? They are the ones behind all the experimentations."
Nate: "Fuck no"
James: "After World War II and the Nuremberg trials, the government brought them to the U.S. and placed them in the Office of Strategic Service to teach their mind control techniques to spies. The OSS later became the CIA."
Nate: "Sorry James, I think I better go. Someone is taking control. Bye."

Hmmmmmm, looks like his handlers didn't like me spilling the beans.

Sunday, December 05, 2004

A week later and still no word from Nathan worried that they might try to brainwash me to cover up what just happened, I told my mom what was going on. Her advice was to basically cut off all contact with Nate and forget about him, which seemed an odd response, considering we were good friends. I also told my roommate about the video camera eye implant. He responded with a laugh.

I was always taught the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." And I thought, *Okay, geez, so no one else wants to give shit I guess I will have to*, After all if what happened to Nate happened to me I would want my friends to help me. Wouldn't you?

Brushing aside the distractions I pressed on.....

James: "What's up? Did I get you in trouble?"

Nate: "No, why?"

James: "You didn't come online all week. I thought you were in trouble. Maybe you were just busy with school."

Nate: "No."

James: "I'm glad to hear you are okay. First of all, do you remember me?"

Nate: "No."

James: "How long have we been friends?"

Nate: "I just met you."

James: "Well at least they didn't delete your Yahoo Messenger ID."

Nate: "What?"

James: "It's okay, we've been friends for 16 months."

Nate: "?..Oh."

James: "I think they want me to stop being your friend."

Nate: "Who?"

James: "The bastards who fucked up your head. Well, maybe this was a warning not to mess with you again. Seriously you don't remember anything about me at all?"

Nate: "I don't even know my name... I think I can infer that it's Nate. I found some papers.... They say it's 'Nate Wilder'."

James: "I'll try to be your friend, since it seems that's about the only thing I can do."

Nate: "What? What's going on?"

James: "Dude you're going to flip out again. Please just be patient. You don't need another one of those nasty headaches."

Now the reason why I said this, is because headaches occur moments prior to an alter switch.

Nate: "I don't have a headache... I actually feel...better?"

James: "Are you drugged?"

Nate: "No... I just... appeared here. From a white place... not a room. The place was empty. Completely barren, except it looks like something was there once."

James: "All memories are recorded in the Akashic records, also known as the book of life. No matter what they do to you this can never be taken away. The conscious mind may forget to protect you from trauma, but the subconscious remembers everything. Don't worry, in time the memories will come back."

Nate: "James, guess who? It's Max, Nate's memories and alters are being deleted."

James: "Did he fight?"

Nate: "Um... I'm here, aren't I?"

James: "Luckily the subconscious mind stores all. One day he will begin to remember."

Nate: "That's the area that they attacked."

James: "Shame on them. I had been praying for you all week. Something told me you needed it, maybe you called out to me. I was so worried for you."

Nate: "Aw, that's sweet."

James: "Hey, you're still alive and so am I. Tell me will I have to relearn how to be Nate's friend now? I don't want them hurting you because of me."

Nate: "I don't know. I don't really know much, they deleted a shitload. I'm lucky they didn't kill him."

James: "Will you have to move again?"

Nate: "Possible."

James: "The good news is God knows all. These atrocities will be recorded, and nothing will be forgotten."

Nate: "Uh oh. He's going through another episode... I probably won't be here anymore. Bye James."

After this point Nate started to become neurotic. He was Nate but not Nate.

Tuesday, December 21, 2004

Shortly before Christmas, he was different. He seemed cold and emotionally distant.

Nate: "James..."

James: "Hi, it's good to see you're still alive."

Nate: "Yeah..."

James: "Do you want me to stop asking you so many questions?"

Nate: "Yeah, probably a good idea."

James: "Did your memories come back yet?"

Nate: "Negative."

James: "Are you going to have to move now?"

Nate: "No..."

James: "Good it must stink having to move so often."

Nate: "I'm not in the U.S. anymore. I'm not on Earth anymore... I'm not alive anymore. They can't stop me :)"

James: "Has your soul left your body?"

Nate: "Sort of, my mind has. They made my mind too powerful."

James: "Powerful how?"

Nate: "Telekinetics. They blew up my head."

James: "Yeah according to the Henoah prophesies, the genetically engineered soldiers would rebel. Oh shit, sounds like the core remembered what I said about them being Nazis."

Nate: "Yeah, thanks."

According to the Henoah prophesies:

"The government in the greed of power was creating genetically engineered mind-controlled soldiers who would lack compassion and be fearless killers. Eventually these genetically engineered soldiers would rebel and would wreak havoc on humanity."

At this point Nate logs off the Internet.

Let me briefly recap what we have learned so far. I accidentally discovered that Nate was suffering from MPD/DID. His alters revealed stories of abuse and government mind control, which the main personality had no knowledge of. When I tried to tell Nate what was going on, his alters would come out and beg me not to talk. They told me it was for his protection.

Altogether, five alters and one core have appeared. They are Max, Jeremy, Mike, Jake, ZZ, and Dante. The core represents his soul essence, and it runs all the alter programs. There may be more alters but I needed more time to find them. The password to access these alters is 'Alaskan Wolf.'

Max and Jeremy were probably created due to some sort of abuse from his childhood playmates. I am not sure who or what Mike represents. ZZ represents his revenge and fearlessness, and he was created by the government as a handler. Dante represents his freedom. When they would come out they would tell me tales of horrific abuse, which probably involved the grays and electroshock.

I also believe that his father did not die from a heart attack as Nate claims, but instead was murdered by the government in front of him, as was the case with Andy Pero. They do this to break the mind so they are more easily controlled.

Every night when Nate would go to bed his alters would kick in. He was given mission instructions, perhaps by telepathy, or through implants. He would then teleport to the location to perform some sort of black op. I asked him about the nature of these missions. Nate responded, "If I told you they would kill you, too." My guess is he was involved in the retrieval of crashed UFOs, or involved in psychic assassinations, etc.

His alters revealed amazing PSI abilities, such as teleportation, telepathy, manifesting objects out of thin air (i.e. diamonds), levitation, mind control, scaling walls, and other freaky stuff.

At one point it appeared that a 'Dr. Gray' was talking through Nate, using some form of telepathic mind control. He told me that he was 'experimental', and that he was going to be a stronger version in time. I believe this 'Dr. Gray' was probably a gray alien robotoid, cloned by the government.

Whatever I did, it triggered him to take out revenge against his perpetrators. After doing so, the government or the grays found a way to place him back under their mind control and erase his memories of me. He also implied that he was no longer on planet Earth.

Monday, December 27, 2004

Six days passed. It was late and I couldn't sleep. Someone or something was trying to hack into my mind. Psychically I could sense the energy of a Grey. At 5:00 A.M., I woke up and I received some kind of telepathic communication, which I believe was from a Grey.

ET: "Join us, Join us"

James: "Why should I?"

ET: "Because you're special."

James: "Special how?"

ET: "We been watching you, we need your help."

James: "Kiss my ass."

I never really liked these beings. When I was a child I used to sleep under my bed at night because I felt like small almond-shaped eyed aliens were watching me all the time. The fear grew into a severe anxiety disorder, which progressively got worse and worse until I reached adulthood. However, I am not suggesting I have been abducted, because I have no memories of it.

Thursday, December 30, 2005

Two days later, Nate's in a jubilant mood.

Nate: "So... Did you notice me? I was in your mind..."

James: "No. LOL. Did you use telepathy?"

Nate: "Uh... sorta. YES!"

James: "What did you hear?"

Nate: "Lots of weird shit, I'll give you that."

James: "Like what? Is my head more cluttered than yours?"

Nate: "No... just- weird. You seem to be scared shitless of your mom."

James: "Yeah you're right, she pretty much ignored me while I was growing up and didn't show me any compassion like a normal human would. If I ever disagreed with her she would become angry, so I stopped trying to have a relationship with her and kept to myself."

Nate: "Well, at least you didn't pull a Sybil, huh?"

James: "I'm trying to activate my DNA like yours is, LOL, I told you I was weird."

Nate: "I gotta go, later Jamie boy."

For inquiring minds, the term 'Sybil' originated from the book *Sybil*, which was about a girl who developed multiple personality disorder due to her abusive mother. In 1977, the book was made into a movie starring Sally Fields. Jamie was my childhood nickname.

Saturday, January 1, 2005

Something weird happened to me in the last week of December 2004. Normally, I have no sex drive, but this week I was super horny and decided to purchase underwear at the mall.

While I was strolling about, a man began following me. He looked about 30 years old, Caucasian, 6'1", and was dressed casually. I got bad vibes from the get-go, and tried to get out of his sight. But the faster I tried to get away, he would match my pace.

Now I am starting to get really scared. At this point I'm walking so fast that I'm just short of running. He then follows me to the other end of the mall, which is maybe 500 yards. While doing this I turn around to see if he's still following me, and then he's behind my back. He says, "What's up?"

Ignoring him, I darted off and got on an escalator. He followed me. Said, "It's a nice day."

I nodded, then darted behind some clothes racks to hide, but apparently he had a cell phone camera with him and was taking some pictures of me. Not sure what this was about. Perhaps they wanted a picture of me on file so they could use it with Project Looking Glass technology to see who I would

become in the future. A few hours later, I told Nate what happened.

Nate: "Bearish...James, I can do anything I want, and so can you."

James: "You mean my DNA is activated?"

Nate: "..."

James: "Thank You. Happy New Year!!"

Nate: "Yeah, I spent mine at a party, you?"

James: "I spent it at my sister's place we had some apple cider and watched some British comedy on her TV. I wish I had a girlfriend to spend the time with, but I had a nice time with my family."

Nate: "Really? I did some stuff with your DNA. You might be happy with the results and growth. And the pheromones you will begin to produce."

James: "Yes I appreciate your help. LOL"

I liked Nate's sense of humor. Over the next couple months, my penis grew nicely. Thanks, Nate!

James: "They followed me today."

Nate: "Who?"

James: "I didn't ask his name, but I'm being watched. I think they are trying to intimidate me."

Nate: "Mhmm..... Well, I'll take care of that..."

James: "Do you know what I am talking about. The one who was following me?"

Nate: "I'm in your head, of course I know."

James: "OMG, I hope you don't know all about me, lol"

Nate: "... Do you hear me?"

James: "Did you say, hi?"

Nate: "I said 'hi', I always say hi... now keep listening... what am I saying?"

Telepathically I hear someone saying *not to fear them*.

Nate: "Now—tomorrow at precisely 3:12 and 54 seconds, I will send you directions on how to stop them. If you forget a piece of it, then replace it with whatever pops in your head, because chances are, I erased the direction and changed it."

I tried to follow Nate's instructions, but since I wasn't sure if he meant the Central Time Zone or the Eastern Time Zone, I was at a loss what to do. But I never did get any instructions.

James: "You're the most interesting person I ever met. I'm glad I had the opportunity to be friends."

Nate: " :) It's what I'm good at."

James: "Do you have an old soul?"

Nate: "...You wouldn't believe. My soul is one of the oldest. It was actually made shortly after the creation of Hell. Hell was created at the beginning of time."

James: "Will those who inhabit Hell be reabsorbed into the ethers at the end of time?"

Nate: "Mmhmm."

I should have paid a little more attention to what he was saying about Hell, but at the time, I was too wrapped up in the day's events to even think about what he'd just said.

James: "Maybe one day when the government allows all of us to be genetically engineered we can have the abilities you have."

Nate: "That day won't come. The end is near."

James: "I know, it's Atlantis all over again. You know they used hypnosis to create mind-controlled slaves. The mind-controlled sex slaves and worker drones were used by the elite class. They were even more technologically advanced than us. They had satellites, submarines, TVs, flying saucers, space travel. They screwed up because a small group of people wanted all the money and all the power. Through greed and war they managed to cause the great flood. Guess what, people still haven't learned to change their ways."

Nate: "What do you find scary?"

James: "I hate being in the dark, and I don't like Grey aliens, I'm afraid of talking in public, afraid of needles, maybe my mom too, lol."

At this point I start to feel dizzy, and fall out of my chair. Whatever he did to me helped reduce my ocd/anxiety problems.

Nate: "Lol- almost sucks that I've altered your DNA to make you go blind..."

James: "WHAT?"

Nate: "Kidding."

James: "Oh, another one of your jokes, ha ha."

Nate: "I rule."

James: "Rule what?"

Nate: "Everything, I can do everything I want."

James: "Like in the matrix?"

Nate: "Sort of, only this isn't quite as gay—"

James: "lol...Just don't feed your ego too much. Use what you have to help others. That's what we are here for."

Nate: "No, we're here for fun."

James: "LOL".

Nate: "I made four anonymous girls orgasm tonight."

James: "LOL, is there a logical reason why I been so horny this week? Sorry I had to ask."

Nate: "HA HA, You have to ask a girl out, or it won't go away."

James: "You devil you."

Nate: "(:)"

James: "I'm not very social though."

My next question refers to the hollow Earth theory. There is a school of thought which believes the Earth is hollow like a giant bell and that the center of the Earth has an inner sun. On the inner side of the bell are continents, cities, and millions of people of advanced civilization dating back to the time of Atlantis.

James: "Can you see if there really is an inner sun, or a hollow Earth?"

Nate: "There isn't. No, there are magma chambers though."

James: "Are the polar openings hollow?"

Nate: "Hmm... yeah, but there's nothing inside, except snow, and an Inuit, but he's long dead."

James: "I wonder why NASA would hide that."

Nate: "Because they have nothing better to do."

James: "Yeah that's your American tax dollars at work. Are their aliens on mars?"

Nate: "No, but there are aliens outside of the Milky Way though. The ones that made me are unfortunate

motherfuckers. As soon as they killed me, I destroyed their monetary supply. And most of their race.”

James: “What? Where they Greys? Reptilians?”

Nate: “Greys...”

James: “How come when I was little I was terrified of them?”

Nate: “They like to fuck with us. Basically the essence of everything is the need to command other people, or fuck with them.”

James: “So what did you do to the Greys monetary supply?”

Nate: “Burned it. Messed with their minds, destroyed computers.”

James: “HA HA, They shouldn’t be abducting people. How many have they implanted?”

Nate: “YOU.”

James: “What, when?”

Nate: “A couple months ago.”

James: “Did they abduct me?”

Nate: “No! I’m just messing with you...”

James: “You’re scaring me, I don’t want those things near me, please don’t do that again. Hey you should try going after all those trillions the Illuminati have. \$500 trillion was stolen from the average American, via the illegal IRS.”

Nate: “Hm... I wonder if I should... just for the hell of it...”

James: “This money is used by Bush and his cronies to terrorize Americans. They control the media, government, schools, food supply. Mayer Rothschild put it best “He who has the gold makes the rules.” The Rothschild family is one of the most satanic bloodlines. Altogether about 5,000 families worldwide are in bed with them. They all intermarry to maintain their wealth and to keep their bloodlines satanic. They are reptilian, they are the Illuminati. Not all Reptilians are bad just those who keep us in slavery, which unfortunately is most that are living on Earth. They usually are tall, white skinned, narrow faced, very logical minded into computers, lack of empathy, and cold-blooded. You know the NESARA Law was passed by Congress in October 2000, which returned our country back to constitutional law. The President, Congress, and all 50 governors, were required to step down and accept constitutional law. This LAW is in effect now, but it’s not being enforced because those who are doing this

evil control the media, judges, and the government. NESARA also requires all money to be coined by the U.S. treasury. The Federal Reserve currently controls this. When we pay money to the IRS it is deposited directly into the Fed. The money pile is then divided by the Queen of England, the owners of the Federal Reserve Bank, and the IRS. It doesn't go to our national government. The entire federal budget is funded by the black budget. The media won't tell us this. John F. Kennedy knew this. He passed executive order 11110 which would have dismantled the Federal Reserve, torn apart the CIA, and would have gotten us out of Vietnam. The next day he was killed. Nate, you there?"

All of this is true, except Kennedy was murdered by MJ-12 agent, William Greer. Kennedy made an ultimatum that MJ-12 tell the truth to the American public about how CIA drug trafficking was funding the construction of underground bases. When the deadline passed, Kennedy was murdered. At this point Nate zones out and so do I.

Tuesday, January 11, 2005

On a Tuesday afternoon, Nate struck up a brief conversation.

Nate: "James—Keep looking up."

James: "What's going on?"

Nate: "Keep watching the sky."

James: "How come.....Are you sending a meteor this way?"

Nate: ".)"

I think I've unleashed a monster. Nate is either insane, or insanely out of control. Around the same time I saw a series of strange occurrences. On January 15, 2005, a power surge destroyed my new computer. Despite the fact there was no lightning, my computer motherboard was fried. Luckily my hard drive was spared, which is why you are reading this story today.

A week later someone egged my parents' driveway in the middle of the night. In March, someone vandalized my parent's

mailbox. My dad replaced it, by securing it tight with generous amounts of bolts and screws. When the vandals attempted to vandalize it again a few days later, they just ended up bending the post.

Then I had my eBay account hacked into. I had trouble contacting eBay to get a new temporary password, because my emails where not being delivered. So I called a service representative for a new password. At the exact moment he spoke the new password, a loud electronic sound phased into his voice, preventing me from hearing it. This happened 3 times before I finally got it.

In 2008 I was in a car wreck, where the breaks where turned off literally right before the moment of impact. Luckily no one was hurt seriously.

Monday, January 24, 2005

Nate and I talked briefly that night.

Nate: "Keep watching, James. Noticing the weirdness?"

James: "I think I'm losing my mind."

Nate: "We all are."

James: "I feel weird."

Nate: "Losing time?"

James: "I don't know. I just don't remember things."

Nate: "... Watch yourself. They might be doing this."

James: "Last night I tried a past life meditation, but I found too much death. Life can be so sad, you know."

Nate: "Yes I do. I have to go now."

Speaking of weirdness, later that night at around 3 A.M., I heard some papers rustling downstairs in the kitchen. Someone or something was poking around and dropped some papers on the floor. At that same time I felt a cold presence in the room; a cold breeze blew over my shoulder and I felt goose bumps on my neck. Too scared to investigate, I tried to ignore it, but I kept zoning out. When I did, I heard an inaudible voice say telepathically:

"We need you, we want your assistance."

"No, go away," I said.

An hour later I went downstairs to shut the door to the kitchen, because the room is drafty at night. On the way down, I heard a piece of paper fall off the counter in the kitchen. When I stood in the kitchen doorway, I saw what appeared to be a green LED light, moving around in the darkness. Someone or something was down there. As soon as it saw me, it turned its light off. At that moment I was too scared to turn a light on to see what was there, so I slammed the door and ran. I never figured out what it was but I am guessing a MILAB Grey.

7

NATE'S DARKENED SOUL

Saturday, February 12, 2005

Nate comes online. This time he's distant and withdrawn.

Nate: "I figured something out, James."

James: "What is that?"

Nate: "Your God does not exist."

James: "Oh, so tell me who is God?"

Nate: "There is none, it's a universe of anarchy."

James: "There's got to be order I mean look at Fibonacci numbers, and Phi ratios."

Nate: "... Sorry James, no go, those numbers are based purely on the rhythms of nature, and animals have bigger souls than us, which is why nature continues to reign supreme."

James: "Intelligence is the very breath of God."

Nate: "Not true, intelligence will bring our downfall. For I have seen it. You wish for order and for a God, but he is not there."

James: "God is your immortal soul, God is you and God is me, God represents the collective consciousness of all souls. We are God, even Lucifer. If we don't follow the laws given to us by creation we live in darkness, but we are still God."

Nate: "We are not God."

James: "'For ye are Gods. Sons of the most high' Psalms 82:6 But you forget one thing, the more intelligent you are the more tricks you can be trained to do."

Nate: "Negative, animals control nature. Why do you think they never get hurt by natural incidents?"

James: "They are telepathic. They communicate with the soul of the planet, Gaia, who tells them what is about to occur. Humans are not in tune with their telepathy."

Nate: "Another reason why animals reign supreme. They control all, we just understand."

James: "Earth is the only planet in the cosmos with our rate of technological development that does not use telepathy. One day everyone on Earth will be telepathic. This changed at the tower of Babel."

Nate: "No, Bear, they weren't"

James: "How do you know?"

Nate: "There are planets out there, I destroyed most of them but when I am here I am weak."

James: "Oh man, don't kill anyone, don't you realize, you reap what you sow."

Nate: "Well then, keep watching the skies."

James: "Can you put them back, please? No one needs to die. God says thou shall not kill."

Nate: "No Bear, no. God does not exist; I would have met him by now."

James: "God is in a hidden place, he is you, your immortal soul."

Nate: "No Bear, you fucking dumb ass you continue to follow what you don't see, why?"

James: "Okay fine say you right, because I have seen Jesus, and I know he's real."

Nate: "Bear.... Jesus didn't obey the Old Testament thus proving he didn't live the perfect life. Thus proving he couldn't have changed the rules. Thus proving he didn't achieve perfection. Thus proving he wasn't the son of God."

James: "The rules are already perfect. It's man who chooses not to follow. Jesus never wanted to be called the son of God any way. It was mankind who called him that. They refuse to listen to their own inner voice. Instead want to worship false idols, instead of the creator. You got to stop killing people, if you keep doing this you're going to come back even worse than you already are now. The law of Karma states you reap what you sow. Please don't take out your anger on those who did this to you. Let them reap what they have sown."

Nate: "Don't you understand there is no right or wrong. There are no laws."

James: "There are 18 laws of creation. Ten of them are the Ten Commandments. If we don't follow the laws given to us by God, we are living in darkness."

Nate: "No James, you're creating new things in your mind to cope with the loss of rules. It's due to your organizational thinking, believing that there must in fact be laws of society. You constrained yourself to rules and punishment."

James: "Okay fine I'm a little obsessive compulsive but a little left brained behavior can't be so bad, there's benefits to organized thinking. For instance I don't want to take out my anger on those who are innocent."

Nate: "I know, but you constrained yourself to rules and punishment, you don't know that you can jump out of your window and fly away."

James: "Please stop this killing."

Nate: "I killed no one."

James: "What about the planets, they have a soul. Did you kill them too?"

Nate: ".)"

James: "Why take your anger out on them, they didn't hurt you. Did they breed all sense of goodness out of you? I know there is something good in you. I just wish you would see it."

Nate: "They killed me, but my soul found a new body and a new place in time."

James: "I'm happy for him that he is no longer in pain. Are you soulless now?"

Nate: "I am Nate's darkened soul."

James: "Are you a demon, they have the same spirit of Godness too, if only they would just come to the light."

Nate: "I am Godless, ruthless, and more powerful than your Satan."

James: "Satan represents anything that does not follow the laws of creation, God is love. You represent hatred and all that is unbalanced. You are created to be an entity for love, a house divided cannot stand."

Nate: "THERE IS NO GOD. Why won't you listen to me?"

James: "Okay, I'm trying."

Nate: "Why are you so blindly bound by your beliefs? WAKE UP. Look at what you've done!"

James: "What?"

Nate: "You've created a system of laws, death, and overpopulation."

James: "I just try to help people."

Nate: "You've created more pain then we need. You've created so much intolerance towards other races and sexual orientations. Look at what your religion has done."

James: "It was the Illuminati who have done that."

Nate: "No, not the Illuminati, you."

James: "How so?"

Nate: "Leviticus, Judges, Deuteronomy. Diss gays, women and people of other cultures. The Bible is a book of intolerance, lies, and godlessness. In YOUR bible, which you religiously follow."

It is my belief that Jehovah God Satan was the author of the Old Testament and the enemy of the god who sent Esu Immanuel. Now the reason why I think Nate referred to the Bible as my book was because I believe I may have been King James the first in another life time, together with the help of Francis Bacon, who later became Saint Germain, we put together the King James Version of the Bible.



(left) Jacobus Rex the first Age 30 (right) James Rink Age 30. We both look the same and I do have memoirs of being in Tudor England and a few more interesting synchronicities but I'll save that for another book.

James: "There are so many lies in the Bible, Paul was the one who dissed women and made up the stuff about Jesus being the son of God, he was a confused man, and it was Jehovah God Satan who said to kill homosexuals. The church changed the Bible to keep man in slavery, I agree with you on that. God lives within my heart; I use prayer and meditation to find him there, not in a church."

Nate: "God does not live there. You created that man to give you the answers you needed."

James: "Jesus was created by our thoughts?"

Nate: "Yes."

James: "Like all of creation?"

Nate: "Yes, but Jesus will disappear and rules will be done and the punished will be redeemed and saved. We need to stop believing in Hell. You have to stop believing in God and Hell to make it happen. In order for complete peace, there must be no God. No Heaven, no Hell no duality. No masculine No feminine. No existence."

James: "Every soul has a masculine and feminine part."

Nate: "No... no masculine and feminine... No existence."

James: "What about your psychic abilities. Those abilities must come from somewhere."

Nate: "Yeah... me. I materialized a new body and a new life from nothing. If I am away from Earth I can do anything, but now that I have my body I can't leave."

James: "I'm happy that you got away from them. Will they try to hurt you again?"

Nate: "No, they don't exist anymore."

James: "So it's begun?"

Nate: "What has?"

James: "Just like in the Henoah prophesies: *'The genetically engineered soldiers created by the government will turn against their captors and cause much destruction to the human race. They have been breed to lack compassion and to be fearless.'* I think that's you."

Nate: "James, I'm their leader."

James: "OMG, just know this, the ignorant peons on this planet are not your enemy we are just as much a victim of the brainwashing as you are."

Nate: "I'm also the anti-Christ. You knew he was going to be American, huh? We created the law and through me we will destroy it."

I feel he was incorrect, as The Creation made the law, and only The Creation can destroy it.

James: "The anti-Christ is in all of us, this is when we don't follow the laws of creation. Please don't kill people off."

There is enough destruction on this planet. Don't use your abilities to hurt others."

Nate: "James I will do what I will."

James: "Yes your right."

Nate: "They destroyed me enough times."

James: "How many times?"

Nate: "12"

James: "Damn, I'm so sorry."

Nate: "I destroyed all 3,400 planets that had to do with it."

James: "Please don't take on the role of the anti-Christ."

Nate: "Someone has to do it. The new generation will follow me."

James: "We all take on that role at times, even Lucifer, even me at times. But you represent anything not done in love."

Nate: "I know the word and it says I will burn."

James: "Not if you change your ways."

Nate: "But that's just because you knew that scaring someone off will prolong it. Soon your laws of nature will be nothing."

James: "Are you Lucifer?"

Nate: "I am."

James: "You don't have to return back to the Lake of Fire, return back to god-ness, Return back to the way you were made."

Nate: "I am not Lucifer. I am. I am the screaming voice in the back of your head. The scared child in your soul. The one that you ignore because it tells you to do bad things. I am the one that tells you to change the law. To create a new reality. To make a new society, to trust in the power of self. To trust in the untangible reality of nothing. I am. Your god has no control over me because I don't believe."

James: "I know you won't believe me, but you are God. And if you choose this path. You will reap what you sow. The Lake of Fire represents the ethers that surround us; and you will lose all of what you have learned these trillions of years. Don't turn to darkness, turn to light, but it's your choice. Was Nate always demon possessed?"

Nate: "There is no duality. I am not a demon. I am a liberator."

James: "Thank God there is still a chance of hope. Liberate us from the bondage of the evil on this planet, but do it out of love."

Nate: "No hate..."

James: "Did you neutralize all those who would try to come after me?"

Nate: "They don't exist I annihilated them. There is no duality James."

James: "I guess I don't need to pray for them anymore."

Nate: "You don't need to pray anymore. I hate hearing your voices in my head. When anyone prays I hear it."

James: "How do you hear so much, without getting dizzy?"

Nate: "Something tells me I've been doing it longer then you might think. You see, I need to end the prayers. Otherwise... I'll keep hearing them."

James: "Please all they want is help. Do it out of love."

Nate: "I do nothing out of love, all I have is hate for you."

James: "I know."

Nate: "The land will die, the ground will turn black, the skies will redden, metal will become liquid, and liquid will become solid. The end will come while you are on Earth."

James: "Please don't hurt us. We never did anything to hurt you."

Nate: "You killed me."

James: "How?"

Nate: "James do you remember your past life as an assassin? Or as a bear?"

James: "No"

Nate: "YOU were the one who killed me."

James: "I think I was in the project you were in."

Nate: "No... I've been lending you power and memories."

James: "Oh wow."

I was having a lot of weird dreams at that time. I saw a 12-year-old boy sitting in a dark cell in an underground lab. A military officer with a needle in his hand said, "I don't want to do this." Next, the boy started to scream. He charged at the officer, took his gun and shot him. Then he darted outside the cell and ran to the end of the hall. The doors were barricaded shut and he had nowhere else to run. A team of doctors and soldiers surrounded him. The head doctor said in a calm voice. "Nate,

put the gun down.” He yelled, “Fuck You,” and shot himself in the head.

In another dream, I remember seeing a boy being taken inside an underground lab. Everything was white—the walls, ceiling, and lights. The boy appeared to be about 7 years old. He was strapped down onto a metal gurney. The door opened and a Grey walked in. He was screaming and trying to break loose, and then he passed out. A few moments later I saw doctors placing implants inside the boy’s brain.

Nate: “You are the one who kills me, and I come back and remember it. When I was king you assassinated me with poison. When I was the wolf you killed me as the bear, Bearish. But as the assassin, you were killed as you were leaving the castle and as the bear you were cut at the neck.”

James: “That probably explains why I like the bear so much. I’m sorry for killing you. I don’t want any more death but if you wish to take revenge I will understand.”

Nate: “No Bear...”

James: “Is that why I have a birth mark on my neck.”

Birthmarks explain traumatic death injuries from previous lives—

Nate: “Yep.”

James: “Can you forgive me? If you don’t want to I will understand.”

Nate: “Yes.”

James: “Why would I kill you, you are one of the most compassionate people, I have ever meet.”

Nate: “You represent order, I represent freedom, I represent anything, you represent boundaries, I represent tyranny, and you represent peace. Soon you will gain powers like mine and the only thing you think to do is get me.”

James: “I don’t want to hurt you.”

Nate: “You will.”

James: “You knew this all along I take it? I don’t want to kill you. Please let’s stop the fighting.”

Nate: “You first”

James: “How?”

Nate: "You know you started it every single time."
James: "How?"
Nate: "You didn't like my freedom... what I could do. You wonder why all these things got here... canyons, holes. Us fighting. You are one of the Supreme."
James: "Ever since I was a child I always knew there was a secret within my soul, but it was as if a wall was there and I could not see the other side. Supreme how? Is that an old soul?"
Nate: "You'll see you are the most powerful being in the galaxy."

I had an akashic reading done and was told that during the time of Atlantis, I was chief advisor of Ra-Ta who later reincarnated as Edgar Cayce. During that lifetime I was a scientist and keeper of the crystals as everything was powered by crystals. The dark brotherhood wanted to weaponize them, so they took my crystals away. Something went wrong—an energy pulse ripped open the tectonic plates and large part of the island of Atlantis sunk into the sea. I tried to stop the disaster by using my telekinetic powers to shift the orbit of the moon, but it was too late. I perished along with everyone else on that island.

James: "But I'm a weakling, I can't even hold a job."
Nate: "The weak grow in power the quickest. You will remain filled with the law and you will not see further than we see, but you will bring order."
James: "Will we ever make a truce and be friends again."
Nate: "Yeah, we do it every couple of centuries."
James: "YAY, can we do it now. I just don't want people to die, no more caverns and canyons. When people pray can I hear them pray too just like you?"
Nate: "Think in your mind James, what do you hear? People screaming last prayers, people trapped praying, do you hear the cold woman screaming for heat."
James: "I thought it was caused from being ADHD."
Nate: "Negative, ADHD doesn't make you hear voices."
James: "So these are really voices? Have I been telepathic all my life?"
Nate: "You see the world in your head, Bear. I would call that telepathy. You hear other's thoughts. The only being

that can be more powerful than you is me. You take the role of God, and I take the role of the Anti-Christ."

James: "Okay well, enough is enough I don't want war, do you?"

Nate: "It has to happen, it has been written."

James: "Yeah I know."

Nate: "It's already happened, I've seen it."

James: "Will I see the future too, soon?"

Nate: "No... you only have the power near the end... but you may be surprised at the ending."

James: "Will I be sent into the Lake of Fire too?"

Nate: ":) The anti-Christ wins."

James: "But the Bible states Jesus returns."

Nate: "Yeah, but he fails."

James: "How so?"

Nate: "He is destroyed. You see, each millennia I've slowly been closer to beating you. The last time we fought as humans, we died the exact same time. This time...I win. You see, you wrote The Bible. You predicted you would win before you lost your powers and were reborn."

James: "Was I any of the prophets?"

Nate: "The Bible was written during your time as God."

Strange answer for someone who doesn't believe in God...

James: "Well, why are you willing to be my friend if you don't like me?"

Nate: "That's the problem. I DO like you."

James: "Well, I like you too."

Nate: "But you made people hate me and blame me for all evil. You called me Lucifer - 'The Enlighten One'."

James: "Isn't he the morning star?"

Nate: "Yes, when I was Satan, you called me 'The evil/ugly one'."

James: "You bring truth by trials. You turned wicked because you self-indulged."

Nate: "No. You were trying to constrict humans to rules, and I said no, make them free, no rules at all, and then you freaked for the thought that I was trying to control you. Then you sent Michael after me. I pleaded with him to leave. I told him I just thought humans needed to be more free, and that the rules weren't working. I didn't

want to hurt Michael, so I tried to scare him by turning into a dragon... and then I finally flew away. But Michael told you he 'vanquished me'."

James: "Am I an archangel?"

Nate: "You are God... or maybe I should just stop at 'You Are'."

James: "Why would I choose to incarnate into a human body, especially one that is so weak?"

Nate: "It wasn't your decision."

James: "Who was it?"

Nate: "It was my choice. You aren't all powerful like you thought you were. When I die I become stronger."

James: "I guess that's why you want me to kill you, when I don't want to."

Nate: "And when you do, I choose what you are next. I choose the playing field, Humans. You and me created the universe to meta-exist, work without us."

James: "What do you mean?"

Nate: "We haven't seen God for a while for a reason. The Jesus you saw was Michael your son."

James: "So what did the red torch he was carrying represent?"

Nate: "Blood, battle. I don't like to kill Michael, but I have to and you will end up ultimately in the Lake of Fire, for trying to bring me down."

James: "I'm still having trouble thinking God can incarnate into a human body. Maybe it's the law side in me."

Nate: "Yeah"

James: "When Nate was a boy he said he saw Lucifer appear to him. Did you enter Nate at that point?"

Nate: "We see what we become, but we don't notice it. We think it as a natural occurrence. Nathan saw who he was, a mirror."

James: "What do you mean?"

Nate: "When you saw Jesus he was explaining who you are, a compassionate, nice, lawful guy. When I saw Lucifer, Evil, Ugly, Lawless, Painful."

James: "But you're not ugly, you have a sense of goodness in you, I wish I could help you see it. You were created with perfection in mind. You just have forgotten how to live in balance. Besides, isn't tyranny slavery?"

Nate: "Meh, I can't even believe I told you that, haven't you noticed how your thoughts become reality? Or how when you want something it seems to happen?"

James: "Well not really, but well when I was tested by the doctors my psychosomatic score was off the charts. Psychosomatic is a condition where negative thinking creates negative health conditions, or positive thinking creates positive health. Meaning if I believe in something strong enough it happens. Are you going to be okay?"

Nate: "Yeah"

James: "I don't think you are. I feel horrible this has to happen. Don't you? I want you to be happy. I don't want you to hate"

Nate: "You know when I first discovered my powers?"

James: "No when."

Nate: "The first time I jacked off, I was 9."

James: "What happened?"

Nate: "The house bent. I exerted enough energy to push the house outward and melt the grass outside."

James: "What did your mom think?"

Nate: "I'm sure she saw it coming."

James: "What kind where you in the past lives?"

Nate: "Lots, I think I might have been Hitler."

James: "I thought he would come back with Down Syndrome."

[Nate laughs.]

James: "When did you know I was 'GOD'?"

Nate: "When I was 10, I knew the future."

James: "So you knew we would meet in 5 years."

Nate: "Yes, I have to go. Continue to watch the skies..... Place your hands on the opposite sides of someone's head and watch. Wait for their life to flash in front of your eyes."

James: "Okay I will try it. Will we be able to talk again?"

Nate: "Maybe."

Nate logs off the Internet.

Could it be? Nate was possessed by Lucifer? He didn't quite say he was but he did say he was a darkened soul. I'll leave that up to you to decide.

I did some numerology on the name Nate Wilder. Using Base 6 math I found a creepy coincidence. The Bible tells us the value of the name of the anti-Christ is 666. To calculate the name of 'Nate Wilder', I used the formula, a=6, b=12, c=18, d=24,.....

When you add this up, the numerological value of his name equals to 666.

"This calls for wisdom. If anyone has insight, let him calculate the number of the beast, for it is man's number. His number is 666" Rev. 13:18, NIV.

Lucifer tells me I am the assassin who ends up killing him. Is this the reason why Nate refused to tell me the name of his assassin, because it would have been me?

When Nate told me all this stuff about me being God, I didn't exactly believe him, after all if I was God, where were my god-like powers? The ascended masters think Lucifer is insane; from this conversation it's safe to say they are right. All this talk about Lucifer and his minions started to frighten me. So I asked my guardian angels, Pleiadians, and the Federation of Light to protect me. This is when things got interesting.

Saturday, February 14, 2005

On a Saturday afternoon, I took a two-hour nap in a sleeping bag. I woke up feeling dizzy and exhausted. Later when I looked at my shoulders in the mirror, and found a set of three scratch marks on both sides. At first I thought it was caused by the zipper, so I didn't think much of it. The inside of my ear was red and hurting too. I thought I might have slept on it in a wrong way.

But according to a clairvoyant, MILABs stuck some wire into my ear and in the struggle to get away, they scratched up my shoulders.

The next day, I went to a MUFON (Mutual UFO Friends Network) meeting, in Salisbury, North Carolina, to hear a lecture on contact with alien beings.

While there, my picture was taken by a journalist for *The Salisbury Times*, which made front page news the next day. Here you see me sitting in front of a large poster of a grey alien, with the words "I BELIEVE." The gray's talons are positioned in such a way as if it's trying to grab me. Was this their way of telling me, "We are here, but not from here?"



The Grays sent me the message: "I BELIEVE"

Sunday, March 6, 2005

On a cold Sunday afternoon in March, I was going home after a visit to my sister's house. During the drive my right ear started to itch like crazy. When I touched it, dried blood flaked off. When I got home, I examined it in the mirror and it looked like a large chunk of flesh was missing from my right ear lobe.

If I had cut myself I would have felt it, and a large gash that size would require stitches. A few hours later, the scoop mark became so painful that I developed a migraine headache.

I also noticed a chunk of skin was missing from the edge of my right pinky fingernail. At closer inspection it appeared that some large splinter was stuck underneath my fingernail. After a few hours it became so painful that I could hardly move my finger. I remember no missing time or any abduction scenario. Maybe hypnosis would tell me something different.

UFOlogists would probably consider this a classic ET abduction case. Perhaps I was taken aboard some craft. A scoop mark would be taken for genetic experiments, and a fiber optic tracking device would be implanted to monitor my biorhythms.

Afterwards they would wipe my memories and put me back where they found me. This may have been done by the Federation grays, or it may have been a MILAB. In my opinion, based on the sloppy job, I would say it was a MILAB.

At first these procedures occurred once every two days, but Now I get twice-a-day needle injections, not limited to scratches, triangular scabs, incision marks, laser burns, and rod-shaped objects under my skin. These needles and surgical instruments are probably not being properly sterilized.

Sometimes when I sleep I wake up with the covers pulled off me and my body lying in some uncomfortable position I could never fall asleep in. A few times I felt something like electrical shock when dosing off, but this may be due to astral travel. And one time I woke up hearing someone saying “turn around.”

Even though most of these marks occur when I sleep, they are known to happen at all times of the day—during times when I am with people as well.

For a time, I was keeping records of these surgical procedures in the hopes that I could recover missing memories. But I soon realized I would need to be more vigilant. Pages from my journal often would go missing. A psychic told me my clone stole them—who knows. Missing pages from my journal aren't the only thing to go missing. I've had pillows go missing from my bed while sleeping at night, and missing medical records.



Jan 20, 2007 – Possible government hack job. Possibly done to analyze if DNA mutations have taken hold.



May 14, 2008 - Two-prong needle mark, I get these about once or twice a week. They inject me with either nanites to mutate my DNA or drugs to wipe my memories.



March 13, 2007 – Needle mark under fingernail, this is extremely painful and used to fracture the minds of monarch victims.



June 29, 2007 – Triangular scab in nose. These hurt quite a bit.



March 11, 2005 - Scoop mark taken from right ear lobe, possibly used to make my clone.



Feb 22, 2007 – Triangle-shaped silhouette on my leg with a scab in the center. I am not sure who did this, I been told it's either a Pleiadian tracking device or a mind control gun.



August 1, 2008 - Some kind of cut in the back of my mouth which connects to scar tissue that follows along the perimeter of my mouth. Perhaps they installed HEGY cables mentioned in the Heather Report, which stimulate the body's natural static electrical field allowing super human abilities to occur.

Sunday, March 13, 2005

Nate's in trouble. I offered my support and friendship but there was little I could do.

Nate: "Bear Bear, I'm bleeding."

James: "What happened?"

Nate: "Nothing... It'll be a couple minutes before my matter is wiped out of existence..."

James: "What should I do? Can I pray for you?"

Nate: "Nothing, whatsoever, at all ever."

James: "Who's wiping out your matter?"

Nate: "The government to finally destroy me."

James: "I thought you told me you die in the war not now."

Nate: "Meh, that's what I thought, but, looks like they found a way to kill me. They have sub-atomic energy keeping my matter inside this cell."

James: "What do you mean by cell, are you in prison?"

Nate: "Sort of... I am Tele-communicating through a power cord leading into a phone cord leading into a computer."

James: "They really got you in a jam this time."

Nate: "No shit? Every single atom in me will be disassembled and then RE assembled into anew."

James: "Will you stop existing?"

Nate: "Oh yeah..."

James: "What will be the end result?"

Nate: "Well... Somewhat of a new energy, maybe better, maybe worse."

James: "Will you still look and appear human?"

Nate: "Nope... later..."

James: "You going just like that?"

Nate: "Mmhmm, I'm not one for drama, later."

And with that, Nate disappeared. In some ways I was relieved, but I was determined to figure out what the hell happened to him. I have no idea if he really caused all that destruction, but he seemed to possess telekinetic abilities and what he claimed was happening to him was now happening to me!

In the following weeks, channeled material found on the Internet began to claim Lucifer had returned back to the light. They claimed that Lucifer judged himself before his light councils and regretted what he had done. Saddened at how some people on this planet have become so evil even more evil than himself, he gave up on his no-rules belief system.

Instead of facing billions of years of negative karma, he chose instead to be no more, by returning to the ethers, the Lake of Fire where we all came from.

The Lake of Fire is not a place of torment. It represents the field of ethers surrounding us all. All souls originated from this field and when we have become perfected we will once again merge with this field and become one with Creation. This is not a punishment by God. This happened because Lucifer chose it. God does not punish anyone. We choose to punish ourselves based on the Laws of Creation. This fulfills the prophecy.

"And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshiped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone." -Revelations 19:20

Thursday, March 31, 2005

On Thursday morning, I woke up and my eyes were itchy. I thought perhaps dirt was lodged in my eyelids. Upon closer inspection, the inside of my eyelids was inflamed, and I had a small incision in each corner. To me it looked as if some kind of device was used to hold open my eyelids. Why this was done, I can only speculate, but my gut feeling would suggest the installation of a video camera eye implant.

Around this same time, I had a strange dream. I was taken to an underground base and was placed in an interrogation room. Military officers would demand that I....."Tell us what you know." I kept saying, "I don't anything, I don't anything." Then a tall Grey walked into the room and telepathically demanded that I talk. Next thing I know I wake up, and the covers were pulled off my bed. It was obvious I was taken out of my bed because I was freezing and whoever put me back didn't bother to put the covers over me. (It happens quite often, by the way.)

Despite the MILABs, I also believe some of the benevolent factions of ETs are assisting me. My speech impediment which I developed at the hands of my father has been reversed for the most part. My autoimmune problems have been reduced. I don't have to contend with OCD or excessive anxiety anymore. I also had a growth spurt.

I'm thankful that the sky doctors healed me. A psychic once told me the benevolent Greys were using their psychic abilities to heal me. Unlike MILABs, the benevolent aliens use chi energy to heal naturally and don't need to use injections, torture, and pain to get results.

I also seem to get strangers coming up to me in public claiming to know me. They would ask, "Don't I know you from somewhere?" I answered, "No, I don't know who you are." A few weeks later same person would come up to me and ask the same question. Strange.

8

HE'S PSYCHOSOMATIC

Wednesday, May 5, 2005

Six weeks after Nate's disappearance, I do my best to sort out what happened. Between the barrage of needle marks, missing time, dizzy spells, and a spontaneous desire to binge on alcohol which seems to be connected to alcohol usage phone surveys I was getting from the National Institutes of Health, I ultimately ended up in the psych ward. I was supposed to graduate from college during the weeks I was locked away.

One of my friends suggested that if I drank a lot of alcohol it would help unlock my memories. I later realized this man was placed into my life as a handler. At the same time, the National Institutes of Health seemed extremely interested in my alcohol consumption and drinking habits. They would ask me very personal questions, such as: how many friends do I have, what is my relationship with my family, and was I suffering from depression?

I had a hunch the government was probably making a psychological profile, so I answered all the questions the opposite of what I normally would. Eventually I got bored and began questioning the surveyor, asking why the National Institutes of Health were suppressing the cures for cancer. The surveyor laughed at that one and never answered.

But my mom suspected these people were not who they claimed to be and ordered me to stop. After doing only a small portion of the survey, I politely ended the call. But over the next couple of weeks they kept calling me back. Looking back at this I wonder if they were trying to program me with some kind of subliminal triggers to start drinking heavily.

My friend, who doubled as my handler did trigger me to start drinking heavily. He would give me codes that would make me dizzy, such as "079461790 6 9er." He insisted my parents were the ones causing my needle marks and drugging me with poison and instructed me to kill them. Since I don't believe in

violence, he suggested that I should start binge drinking and said alcohol would neutralize the toxins injected into me.

Around this time, my roommate comes in the room and sees me in a totally broken down state. The code he triggered me with seemed to activate some kind of dizzy spell and caused racing heartbeat. At this point I am hysterical and crying and gulping all these cans of beer and saying, "The government is trying to poison me. I don't want to die."

My spooked-out room-mate said, "That's ridiculous. You know, I think you're just stressed out from your exams and the abuse your parents put you through."

He tries to explain how the stress from my upcoming college graduation and abusive parents was causing me to have an emotional breakdown. I ask him how that explains away my needle marks, Nathans disappearance, and visits from otherworldly beings. He was never able to give me a reasonable answer.

The next morning, like I always did, I made my daily fruit smoothie for breakfast. And my handler informs me that my father broke into my apartment the night before and put poison in my food.

As soon as he said that, my legs became numb and I collapsed on the floor from dizziness. He instructed me to call poison control. I said, "I can't do that, if I tell them someone is poisoning me, they will think I'm crazy." He replied, "Then make something up, you must talk or you'll die."

I called the Poison Control Center and told them I may have had a possible food poisoning and I'd like to bring in a sample to get tested.

The operator said that if I was poisoned that I needed to call 911. But I told them I only want to get my food tested. They said they couldn't help me, so I dialed 911 and they told me they would send an ambulance.

The ambulance rushed me off to the hospital. I thought all this would clear up when the tests came back. At the very least, I

would know what caused the symptoms I was having. When I was at the hospital, they put me in the evaluation room and ignored me for 8 hours. I requested no visitors because at this point I didn't know who to trust. I kept waiting and waiting for the test results.

While waiting, one of my family members shows up. I told her I really didn't want to talk right now. She asks why I said,, "My father is trying to poison me, what do you know about that?" She said, "No that's ridiculous." After a few minutes of nervous silence, she said, "James...the doctors found no food poisoning. We are going to have you hospitalized." And she left.

A few hours later my parents visit me. At this point I was exhausted and just wanted to go home and sort out any poison testing later on. My dad sat silently next to me. My mother knew something wasn't right. She thought the government fucked with my head, because of my involvement with Nate. She said, "James, you've got to get out of here, you know these doctors are working for the government. I want you to go out there, apologize, and tell them that you were drinking too much. Tell them all of this is just an allergic reaction and you would like to just go home now."

I was just about to do this. But I was starving. I hadn't had anything to eat in 14 hours. So my parents went to the cafeteria to grab me a bite to eat since I wasn't allowed to go by myself. After eating half the meal, my legs and arms became paralyzed yet again but this time it was worse. I couldn't move at all and I had a raging headache. All I could do was lie on a gurney, paralyzed, and watch helplessly as doctors walked by and ignored me while my parents stared.

Was I programmed to think I was poisoned? Or did my dad really slip something into my food? I have no idea. I don't feel like my parents would hurt me like that so if they did do it they would probably have been in a alter themselves.

After I could regain my balance a bit, I confronted the nurse again and told her that my parents were trying to kill me. The nurse tried to calm me down and said a doctor would be available shortly for an evaluation—but no doctor arrived.

Eighteen hours into the ordeal, I was brought before a social worker asking me to sign papers to be voluntarily hospitalized. Since I felt like I had nowhere else to go, I signed them, and they trucked me to separate facility where I remained for nearly 4 weeks.

So this is how I found myself at the psych ward. No one is answering my questions, and up to that point no one showed me any of my poison test results or what I was being diagnosed with.

When I finally met with my first doctor, I expressed frustration at how I was paying \$1,000 a day and still had not been permitted to see my own test results or diagnostic code. The doctor's reaction was aloof. He talked in front of me as if I was catatonic and didn't even exist. He told me how I needed to cooperate and let them do more tests.

I told him that I thought I might be a victim of government mind control. He said, "Your story is too bizarre to be believable." So I asked him to hypnotize me so we could find out what may be going on. But he never agreed to try it out.

Then they started drugging me. I complained to the nurses about my sensitivity towards medication. But my complaints only served the opposite effect. They assumed I was suffering from delusions and needed a higher dosage. The more I protested, the higher my dosage, until my will to fight was gone.

Some of these meds would cause me to be drowsy all day. You know that feeling you get when you're up really late and just want to collapse in your bed? Now try feeling like that the whole day. And then imagine being in this state and a nurse threatening to lock you out of your bedroom unless you sit through a seminar on how medication is good for you while you are going in and out of consciousness.

During these group therapy sessions I had to listen to lectures on "the right meds that work for you." When it became my turn to talk about my feelings, I asked the nurse, "Why is there no education on diet, vitamins, exercise, biofeedback, hypnosis, or

homeopathy? In order to get well one must address these multifaceted aspects of our health. Medications do not fix the problem—they only cover up the underlying chemical imbalances.”

The nurse stumbled on a few words, but eventually agreed with me that there should be more focus on natural methods. She told me, “We only prescribe medications here.”

Poisoning in the Hospital

Going back to the first night I was forced into taking my prescribed medication, I received an unmarked pill. I was supposed to take 200 mg of Seroquel. These pills are clearly stamped with the words Seroquel 200 mg on them. But this unmarked pill gave me the same paralyzing symptoms I had prior to calling an ambulance.

Whatever was in this pill was 10 times worse. I had paralysis, racing heartbeat, and this time I had shooting pain all over my body, which lasted all night. I told the orderlies something wasn't right with the pill I just took and needed someone to check on me. They told me that someone will be with me shortly and to go back to my room. I waited all night and no one came.

I spent much of that night reciting Saint Germain's "Violet Flame", which helps to cleanse the auric field of negative energy. And I am glad, too, because it helped me feel so much better throughout my stay.

The next day, I told the doctor what happened. He leaned towards the nurse, and said, "He's psychosomatic," which means I made it all up in my head. Perhaps this was a placebo, but if this is the case, why that reaction? (A few years later, I went through my medical file and was reading the comments on how if my condition did not improve I would have to be permanently institutionalized.)

The next night I was given a stamped pill marked 200 mg of Seroquel, which resulted in a typical normal response to an anti-psychotic medication. The strange dizzy symptoms also occurred in another incident. This time they handed me an

alleged multivitamin. At that point I realized something bizarre was going on. Either the pills I was being given were being intentionally laced with drugs or a remote influencer was fucking with my head or maybe some kind of chip or microwave weapon was being used against me. I don't know. But from then on I decided it was best to keep the symptoms I was feeling to myself.

So I cooperated. I told the doctors the meds were making me feel so much better now. I was ready to go home and keep taking my meds while continuing my therapy. But before I would be discharged I had to confront my family. During this meeting I asked my father if he noticed anything unusual about me as a child and I got an interesting response.

He said, "When you were 8, I came home from work and found you shaking in the bed, and you were talking like a different person. I got my Bible out and did an exorcism."

I have no memories of any of this, and my father never once told me he'd done an exorcism on me before. The only way an 8-year-old boy would become possessed (that I know of) is if they were exposed to Satanism. Since my father would not discuss this matter any further, I can only make assumptions.

Was this the cause of my painful erections and why I have no memories of my life from the age of 6 to 8? Some ritual performed on me as a child?

A clue about this came from a psychic medium. She was able to help me understand they so many other psychics keep seeing the name David around me and why as a teenager would often write poems wishing I was David. I don't have any recall about this nor can I confirm its validity but I want to share it anyway. This is what I was told:

"David molested you as a child and died soon after. When he was 14 years old and you were 8. Your parents hired him to babysit and act as an older playmate. But he was into Satanism. Your parents knew about but didn't take it very seriously. You would often tell David, 'I wish I could be like you.'" David was sexually abused and acted it out on you.

When your dad caught him molesting you, instead of trying to get you the therapy that you needed, he told you to forget about it. And that's probably why you have forgotten that period of your childhood. I also notice after that incident you started to become withdrawn as a child and stopped making friends. Your mother knew what was going on but didn't bother to help you either. Otherwise she would have to admit she used bad judgment, since she is the one who hired him. After David died he felt so guilty about what he'd done that he's been hanging out in astral all these years trying to find a way to apologize to you."

Curious to see what my parents' reaction would be to this information, I confronted them. They laughed it off, saying it was ridiculous and denied they ever knew a David. Since I am unable to remember what happened to me during that time in my life, there is little else I can say. Perhaps this was part of my MILAB programming. I don't know.

It wasn't until I was discharged from the hospital that I was allowed to review my medical records. I was diagnosed with Psychosis NOS, not otherwise specified. According to DSM-IV, Psychosis occurs when a person loses touch with reality. It is either caused by genetic factors, stress, chemical imbalances, and drug use. But one could easily add mind control to that list. Symptoms are characterized by problems in thinking, delusions, hallucinations, and changed feelings and behaviors.

They were unable to find any poison, however my blood contained high levels of potassium. They were unable to ascertain as to why that was the case.

I often wondered about this. Potassium is known to cause irregular heartbeat and even heart attack if given in large doses. So perhaps this is what caused the racing heartbeat?

Another clue was sent to me by another MILAB victim. I thought it's worth mentioning, though I cannot verify its accuracy.

"You are a D-S-M code extraterrestrial hybrid, used for outer space operations. They are injecting us with high doses of Potassium and Calcium as beta channel blockers and other

chemicals to keep us on PEAK level. This is somehow connected to OPERATION REBIRTH...163-64, which involves correcting our vision, mind, immune system, durability, gene mutation, etc.

Potassium is used in higher doses to activate carbon. It is a natural pain desensitizer and is used for RADIATION PROTECTION, such as cosmic radiation and atomic nuclear testing radiation."

Aftermath

About a month later, the hospital finally sent me home with \$25,000 dollars' worth of doctor bills and a bottle of meds which promptly went in the dumpster. I am proud to report that I have been med-free ever since.

Total Charges	23,951.10
Total Payments & Adjustments	0.00
Account Balance	23,951.10

SERVICE INFORMATION	
	JAMES M RINK
	Behavioral Health Center Randolph
	FROM 05/07/05 THROUGH 05/25/05

Medical bill from the May 2005 ordeal. This original hard copy document has since gone missing.

When I came home, I confronted my friend who doubled as a handler.

James: "Why did you lie to me about all this?"

Friend: "Yes, I did. I don't have to live with it. You're chicken shit. You believe people online."

James: "How come I got sick after you said I was being poisoned."

Friend: "You must have eaten something. It's not my fault you're stupid."

James: "How am I getting needle marks and scratches?"

Friend: "They are stretch marks, all weightlifters get them."

The only problem with this statement is that stretch marks don't cause you to develop lumps that look like implants and scoop marks of missing flesh. I cut my ties to that jerk and removed him from my life. I'll just let karma bite him back.

When I look back, I feel there is a strong possibility that this individual was probably under mind control programming himself. His actions are very typical of a gamma lying program. His family is Illuminati and owns a large chain of hotels, which most of you would recognize.

But I moved on. Financially the medical expenses ruined me for many years.

My family did not want to hear any more crazy talk involving Nathan, aliens, needle marks, or molestation by David

.

9

NOT FULLY OCCUPIED

In time I was able to piece together what I think happened in my breakdown. One of my friends was able to telepathically communicate with certain extraterrestrial beings known as the Council of Light. They serve as one of the ruling councils within the Intergalactic Federation of Light, which is a loose-knit group of benevolent extraterrestrial species including Pleiadians, Nordics, Greys, and Reptilians.

They have parked approximately 12 million cloaked vessels in orbit around the planet. They are doing all they can to prevent a pole shift, neutralizing chemtrails, and preventing nuclear annihilation.

Through one of their contacts, I was informed that the Men In Black were injecting me with hallucinogens, so that I would appear crazy in order to discredit me. The Council of Light allowed me to suffer through this ordeal so that I would understand what others like me have gone through. My suffering as a child was needed in order to prepare me to use more of my senses so that I would be able to judge things more clearly for what they are.

They told me Nate was an android life form from Planet X, also known as Nibiru. For those that don't know, Planet X is a massive hollowed-out planet, four times the size of planet Earth. It travels through the Milky Way, like a spaceship. Inside Planet X is an ancient, advanced civilization composed primarily of benevolent Reptilians. Once every 3,630 years, Planet X travels through this system. Currently, Planet X is 1,600 years away from orbiting our planet and will not be causing any disruptions anytime soon, unlike the propaganda you read on the Internet.

Androids are soulless cloned beings that have been enhanced with nanotechnology, making them more robotic than human. But Nate was different; he was the first of his kind to have a soul. Nate is a "Type A" genetically enhanced person. This means he is a black project modified person designed for combat with espionage capabilities. A "Type B" is a genetically

modified person designed for espionage with combat capabilities.

Nate was implanted with a 'Control Link' microchip. 'Control Links' are implanted in all victims of APMCP, the Alien Psychic Mind Control Program. They help keep alters from breaking out of their programming.

The Council of Light confirmed Lucifer was no more. As for the meteor, it's still on its way. But I have a feeling it's since been destroyed. They also informed me that I will be seeing Nathan again one day, but not for a very long time.

It was around that time that I first came in contact with James Casbolt, a.k.a. Michael Prince. As a child he was subjected to trauma-based mind control programming so that he could be trained as a Super Soldier. He channeled this message for me from the Pleiadians:

"YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING ALL YOUR LIFE TO LIVE IN YOUR BODY. YOU HAVE NOT FULLY OCCUPIED YOUR BODY; YOU HAVE LIVED OUTSIDE OF IT..... 'D.I.D.', YOU HAVE BEEN DISSOCIATED FROM YOUR BODY BECAUSE OF TRAUMA. WHEN YOU ANCHOR YOUR WALK-IN YOU WILL HAVE SUPER HUMAN POWERS.

NATE, YOUR BROTHER, COMMANDER IN CHIEF JAMES/MICHAEL FIND BROTHERS AND SISTERS, TAKE TO SAFETY AREAS IN 2012."

I feel most of this is true but not sure about the walk-in part, as usually most people who claim to have "walk-ins" are under remote influencing and are mind-controlled to think their soul has been switched. James explained to me that walk-ins are twin-braided souls. This occurs when an over-soul incarnates with another soul in the same body. Over-souls are godlike beings that have split a portion of their own soul to live out many different lives simultaneously. So I'll let you decide what to believe.

10

CHECKMATE

It's 2007, and I still I haven't heard a word from Nate. I suspect he is still alive, but I fear that he's not in the same state of mind.

When I finally located him, he was posting bizarre short stories about murdering women and stories about suicide on a poetry website.

When I first reached out to him, he had no memory of me. So I thought I would try a different approach to introduce myself. I wrote a poem to help him remember who he was and posted it to the poetry website:

The Lone Wolf

It was a cool summer night. I gazed into the stars, wondering what secrets they carry. Alas, their silence was deafening. I was homeless, following a path on a deserted road. The Alaskan wilderness is empty and unforgiving.

The moonlight illuminated the open field surrounding me. A gravel path led me towards a log cabin in the woods. The occupants seemed unaware of my presence. As I approached the home looking for some food, I heard a dog howling. Behind a fence, a black wolf was chained down. His paws were cut open from the effort of trying to escape. His mouth was dripping with blood. Fear began to overtake me. I knew a lone wolf was a dangerous wolf, but when he looked into my eyes, I felt pity. I tossed him my last piece of bread and quickly untied his collar.

"You are free!" I announced. Puzzled at my response, he was still licking his lips from the delicious gesture. His gaze startled me; I never felt so much emptiness before. He turned and dashed off into the wilderness.

Then I sent Nate the following message:

Hi Nate,

Where you been? I hope you get this message soon. I have been looking for you for almost two years now. We were good friends before you disappeared on me. The last time we talked was March 13, 2005. You told me you were dying. Email me, and I will help you know why you are the way you are.

*Your friend,
James Rink (The Bear)*

A few days later, on January 29, 2007, I received a response from his girlfriend Jessabelle. She glanced at my MySpace page and noticed that I had a picture of Nate with the caption, "Victim of government mind control." But she thought this was a sick joke. She told me Nate had no memory of me or any involvement in mind control projects and wanted nothing to do with me. So then I revealed extremely private details about Nate that only a close friend would know, and she began to realize I was telling the truth.

So I asked her, "Why doesn't Nate contact me himself?"

She replied, "Nate doesn't trust you, he tells me, why would I email a crazy guy who is all freaked out about the government and tweaked out?" So I asked her to just try a little harder.

Then on February 8, 2007, Nate sent me a bizarre email:

*Thu, 8 Feb 2007 13:10:13 -0600
"Grey Wilder" <greywilder@xxxxxx.com>*

Hello James.

We are e-mailing you concerning Nathan Wilder. Your interest in this particular person has raised concern. Further research shall be discontinued or actions will be taken to destroy the information you have archived. We understand your concern. However, the things you've recorded are personal information. The other information you have found was fabricated by your own mind. Telekinesis and government brainwashing does not exist and has never existed. There is no evidence in any government logs that aliens have ever existed. We're watching you, James.

Mr. Grey

Clearly this was not the same person I knew. I noticed how he signed it as Mr. Grey. Jessabelle confirmed this was indeed Nate's email address. So I said, "Mr. Grey talks like someone who works for the government. Why doesn't Nate email as Nate, instead of a government-controlled alter?"

She answered back, "Nate is just joking about all this, he didn't think you would take it seriously." So then James Casbolt emailed him:

Date: Fri, 04 May 2007

Greetings Nate,

My name is James Casbolt and I'm friends with James Rink. I am writing a book called 'Agent Buried Alive' which may be made into a movie. For more information about me, see my website www.jamescascbolt.com.

(Website since shut down.)

I am hoping we can open up an ongoing dialogue. Would that be possible? I have no hidden agendas I am only interested in the truth.

*All the best,
James Casbolt*

Nate's response:

Date: Mon, 07 May 2007

James (Cascbolt),

Mr. Rink is suffering from a shared psychotic disorder. He's in a cult, and you're feeding this drivel. The website you showed me was nothing more than the beliefs of someone all too lonely. Bear is looking for a friend. You've given him one in the form of a crazy belief.

See a psychologist.

-Nate

These conversations went on for some time. In those emails, Nate never answered as Nate.

On week three of the ordeal, I dreamt of a dense woodland surrounded by a barbwire fence. I opened the gate, and out from the shadows ran a black wolf, full speed ahead, without slowing down to acknowledge my presence. When I told Jessabelle about this, she said told me she had been praying for Nate at the same time I had the dream.

Then the attacks began. Jessabelle woke up in the morning and found cuts on her back, surrounded by broken glass and covered with dirt stains. I suspect she was suffering from D.I.D. and was probably a Monarch herself.

The more I talked to Jessabelle, the more dissociative and secretive Nate became. She told me that they were living together in Rochester, NY. (Remember this is where Andy Pero was programmed by Project Paperclip Nazis.) When I shared that information with Jessabelle, she was determined to get to the bottom of what was going on and began snooping through Nate's stuff.

She told me she found five bottles of embryos labeled "Nathan Wilder" in his basement and thought perhaps Nate was making clones of himself. I don't know if that was the case, but nothing surprises me anymore. I warned her there was a strong possibility that Nate was still demon possessed. You could see it in the dark nature of his poetry. For example:

I've become a monster. An evil entity with malice equaled only by my hatred for myself. I've become a celestial beast. I am all that is evil and corrupt. I am all that is strange and archaic. I am the new, which threatens your humble way of life and your morality. I am the anti-christ and the new messiah. Follow me to nowhere so we can do nothing—in a dance of nonexistence.

I am death.

I am Da Puka.

When Jessabelle confronted Nate about the meaning of “Da Puka,” Nate became extremely nervous, and instructed her to cut off all contact with me.

Nate’s Cult

Jessabelle informed me he had started a cult. He called his disciples the “Chosen Ones.” Remember, in Satanism, those which follow Satan are called “The Chosen Ones,” and everyone else is referred to as “The Expendable Ones.” Jessabelle reported seeing over 100 followers, with more joining every day. All of them had telekinetic abilities.

Jessabelle then informed me that Nate intended to use his small army to bring about the New World Order, and make war against the Council of Light. Good luck with that one!

Eventually my correspondence with Nate’s girlfriend was cut off. My last message from her was on April 2, 2007.

Hi James,

I believe that I am being controlled now. I feel really depressed and sensitive and like I am in a daze. I can’t live like this. How do I stop this? Please respond quickly. I am experiencing violent dreams and I am having very weird encounters lately. I am so scared!

Jessabelle.

And with that I never heard from her again. Locating and contacting Nate was pretty simple. He was on Facebook, but getting him to answer simple questions resulted in strange responses. One of my friends reached out to him and relayed this conversation back to me.

Nate referred to himself as “*a lab catastrophe gone right.*” He kept saying he was one of the “*Children of Rochester*” and seemed especially concerned what others know about the group. “*There’s more of us, you know.*” He told my friend, “*I’m recording all of this. I record everything and transmit it to my superiors. I try to stop myself, but my alter is very strong.*”

When asked what kind of abilities he had, Nate responded:

"I have enhanced strength, but nothing too intense. My capabilities lie in my eyes and mind. I can also run and swim for much, much longer than everyone else. I was programmed for other tasks, but I am genetically superior."

Nate expressed an interest in jump gates, the grid, and wanted to know if I knew about his clone. He also revealed he had been to the future and said it was *"horrible, but I can't tell you much else."*

When Nate was asked why he abandoned me, he responded, *"That was before I developed my alter. James needs to move on, and find other things to occupy his time. For his sake."*

When was asked about his "Z" alter, Nate coldly answered, *"00-01A 6J001..... I have to go."* Z programming is based on the Zarathustran model of a genetically superior human. So that was pretty much the extent of my last contact with Nathan. Not exactly a happy reunion.

June 2007

A few months later, a psychic channeled this message from Nate:

"I've seen things you don't want to see. Don't worry about the microchips, you will be okay. We worked together in MILABs. I have to go now."

Unfortunately, that was the all the information I was given. So based on what we have reviewed so far, it appears that Nate has been changed out with a clone. This makes perfect sense. The real Nate goes missing, so the fake one lives out his life and his family and friends believe everything is okay. He must have been programmed to view me as an enemy and his "Child of Rochester" nonsense is probably some programming that broke down after I triggered him.

I had another friend remote view what may have happened to Nathan in the final days. This is what she saw.

"Your friend Nathan was a loner and felt like an outcast, a bit of a computer nerd. He likes to wear hoodies. He says he's okay but he's not alive. I am sorry—he was grabbed by two men and a woman in a black blazer in the woods.

They were after him because he knew something about you, but was afraid to tell you. Oh boy he had info to tell you, but it was too late, they knew. He wanted you to have a disk chip. it contains a log or a journal. The person you talked to in 2007 was not Nate. He loves you very much and is with you. He makes his presence known in your dreams, he gives you clues only you know and understand."

I feel this is the truth. A certain vibration needs to be reset between the both of us before we can meet once again. I also tried contacting Nathan's mother, without giving too many details.

"Darla,

Darla, did Nate ever have any thumb drives or stick drives he wanted to give me about what I was involved in back in late 2004. The reason I am asking you is because Nate won't talk to me. In March 2005 he told me he was dying and then he stopped talking to me for 2 years without telling me what happened. When I was able to locate him he had claimed to have no memories of me and he would sign his name as Grey Wilder. The last I heard from him his girlfriend told me he started a cult and then she went missing too. Before all this happened he had a bunch of files he was keeping on me and I just wanted to know if you know anything about them. Do you keep his stuff in storage from that time?"

She wrote back:

"No, I don't have anything from that time. He really wouldn't have kept any files, sounds like he may have been telling you stories. Sorry about that. Take care!"

Her response didn't really surprise me. Nathan told me his mom was a handler so it's her job to make sure people don't figure out what happened to her son. And if she wasn't a handler you would think she would be more curious about our

interactions —especially based on Nathans mental health record.

Another friend claimed to receive a telepathic message from Nate. Not sure what to make of it but thought it was worth mentioning: Nate is screaming...

“Let me out. Oh God the blood. My nails. The other one is an impostor. They have killed me more than once only to keep reanimating me. I am not really here I was always a hologram, an illusion. I want to leave. I am in a box its dark I am scared and I am so hungry. They only feed me once a day. I don’t remember where I am, I just remember men with helmets and blue lasers on the visors. They are going to kill me again soon. If you want to help, follow the white rabbit.”

In 2008, Sanni Ceto gave me another clue. Sanni claims to be a grey extraterrestrial hybrid who in her past life was one of the aliens who died in the crash at Roswell. She wrote me back saying a variety of interesting things about Nathan and myself.

“Dear James,

Nathan was infiltrated by government conditioning and his mind was altered by their programming. They used Draconian mind erasure programs on him, which is why he was acting like he did not know you. Draconian Lizards are very aggressive and since he was connected to their government Black Ops he was an easy target. Greys aren’t used as super warriors because they are small and weak physically. Lizards are the opposite and they are much better suited as warriors.

The M.I.B.s, or Men In Black, aren’t really men, they are androids who are created and programmed by the Black Ops, which is connected to the shadow government. It was the programmers of the M.I.B.s who did that to your friend Nathan. His soul can be returned to its body when and if he can break free of their programming.

The embryos in the glass containers found in his basement were created from his sperm and mixed with test subjects. A few were taken from his girlfriend in the genetic testing she was forced to participate in.

Love,
Commander Sanni”

Sanni, why I don't remember anything?

“My people are small and not physically strong like humans, and without the technology to protect us we are defenseless against humans. We visit you out of curiosity to understand how humans treat others on their planet. The reason star people don't let you have your memories is because they feel that you're not ready to accept them, and they are afraid the memories might cause you more harm.”

I then told her how I suffer from fatigue, autoimmunity, constant needle marks and implants, and a brain injury in my left temporal lobe.

“My people and the Council of Light never do evil things like abducting people or giving them cuts and needle marks. The triangle-shaped scab isn't from my council and it's not Greys. Its reptoids disguised as Greys who are doing genetic research, using you as a test subject. They use many things on your mind to destroy your brain. This is all covert government.

They take DNA from all people who have reptoid DNA. They are the ones being used to create super clones of soulless warriors who will be super fighters unable to feel remorse or any pain from their ugly duties. Cloned humans lack a soul as well as compassion for others. You're connected to the reptoids—they take all these samples from their hybrids to make clones of them.”

So am I a reptilian hybrid? Have you seen what I looked like before?

“Yes. I've seen you on the ship.

Most reptoids aren't benevolent and want to harm and use people for their selfish gains. But you're of the benevolent species. Your clothes transform into a uniform when you shapeshift and you grow to be about 8 to 9 ft tall in your true

form. But only when you are on their ship. While on Earth your frequencies aren't high enough to allow you to shapeshift .

Your star name is Travik. On the ships you are strong, muscular, and not sickly. In space, most people don't have a last name like those on Earth, as the last name denotes that you're owned by someone. My last name means 'strong' or 'great one' in my Kebben language."

Can you heal me?

"My psychic abilities are natural. They are from my Grey heritage.

They put implants in you to track you and to monitor your body functions as people on Earth do to animals to study them. You must learn to work to use your abilities. They are mostly dormant, waiting for you to utilize them.

To burn your implants, focus your third eye and heart chakra where they are located and send a powerful white light to envelop the implant and visualize it burning up, dissolving into nothing. To protect your self, visualize your DNA covered by a red-hot energy that burns those not authorized to touch or take samples of it. To try to block them from attacking you, project love energy into them. This should repel them."

Do you know how they activate me?

"This code is connected to the mkultra program. They control you by giving you subliminal commands to make sure that you are compliant with their programming. I am sensing this phrase has to do with be strong or love one another."

Sanni, why don't people believe us?

"Dear James,

Don't let these idiots tell you how to use your mind. These people refuse to listen due to their fears and prejudices that their veil and conditioning have created for them. I am here to give your truth and if they don't want to listen with an open mind, then they are a lost cause.

*Namaste,
Commander Sanni”*

At this point Sanni cut off contact with me and refused to answer any more of my questions. One of her friends informed me she that she is really frightened of Super Soldiers. The covert government abused her badly as a child. Since a part of me is still actively being used for Black Ops, she felt it was better to just keep her distance.

I have never seen my eyes turn into slits, and I haven't shapeshifted before, but I do have a strange claw-like toe nails. Before Sanni told me I was a reptilian-human hybrid and a Super Soldier, I thought I was just a Pleiadian star seed due to my blue eyes and blonde hair as a child.

11

PATHFINDER

From 2008 on, I spent my time trying to assemble a timeline and hoping to find an explanation for what was going on within me. By now I realized the needle marks were government connected to Black Ops but I had no memories of what I was being used for in my double life.

When I created my first Facebook profile, I started networking with many other MILAB victims, and that's when I met Carolyn. Carolyn was a gifted remote viewer who got in trouble with the government by remote viewing the U.S. nuclear silo activation codes and posting them on the Internet. And ever since they have been chasing and harassing her.

Apparently she saw my face and recognized me from somewhere. One of the first things she asked me was if I was military, based on my short haircut and the energy she saw in my aura. I told her not officially but I'm probably being used as a MILAB.

When I tested her remote viewing gifts, she was able to get a few images related to my experiences. First she saw me in military fatigues with a gun. I would go into an opponent's mind and psychically make them want to stand down and not fight. I work in a team. I'm like the unit leader. They depend on me for my intuition.

Then she sees me with two men in military uniform dragging me into a hangar-like building. I was struggling to escape, but they dragged me the rest of the way. They interrogated me, demanding I sign some paperwork giving them legal rights to do so. I refused and they forged my signature.

In the next image, she sees me in my bedroom. My handler is there, he knows he's being remote viewed but didn't seem too concerned. We were spying on him. He was my safety net, used to soothe MILAB victims. He is taking a sample of my blood to see if the latest enhancements took hold and to check my blood safety levels. He then makes a joke about how I am

“The next generation of evolution” and that “the military gets us before everyone else” and then he grins.

I then instructed her to look into my file. Even though she could not read the words, she could see some of the pictures.

“Well, when you were talking about it, the first impression I got was a big building where they store all that stuff. But it’s not accessible to the public. I saw a filing cabinet with a folder. But not sure where the cabinet is. I see what looks like a file on you inside it. It looks like yellow manila folders. Inside that, I see a picture of you standing in front of a brick building. I can’t really tell. Sort of just looks like a picture from an ID of you maybe. I believe this is a recent picture.

You are in front of some sort of brick business building. You are wearing jeans, but the shirt, I’m not sure. Though I saw the color red, I am not quite sure ... Looks like civilian clothing, though.

On another page I see you lying in a large glass-looking green pyramid. There is a gurney-like cot underneath it and you are lying on top of that. The pyramid comes down over your upper torso and rests on top of your head. Green electrodes are attached to your skull and somehow they are able to interface you with a computer terminal. A technician can then type in code words uploading any memories or editing certain time lengths they want into your brain, such as combat capabilities, weapons usages, etc. At that point you are sent out for combat, but they seem to be using you mostly for reconnaissance and intelligence gathering operations.

I also notice that while you are gone they put a clone of you in your place to live out your life. After they were done, they extracted the clone and its memories and place them back in you while in this pyramid thing. The memories of combat were then be deleted and the memories of your clone would be placed into you. And you would then be put back in your bed.”

I feel there is some truth to this. I have vague memories of lying unconscious in a dentist chair, mouth open and doctors with facemasks, poking needles into my mouth. I believe this was possibly memories of my clone in a Trip Chair.

She then tells me how they really seemed to crank up their usage of me around January 2006. Around that time I bought a backpack that had the word "Recon" stamped on it. I think my handlers had a laugh or two about that one.

That was the extent of information she could find. It was a start. However, I wanted all my memories back, no matter how traumatic. Since my health was so poor, the only way I knew I could fully recover was to let go of these repressed traumas. But how could I, if my memories were being mind fucked by exotic classified technologies?

Worse, they are messing around with cloned avatars and shapeshifting abilities. So if I do remember, I may be in a different form and different body, which makes it all too unreal. Despite the extensive lengths they've gone through to erase my memories, I have been able to recover some of them.

In one image, I saw myself outside of the White House. Bush Jr. waved his hand at me. I felt like I was working with Secret Service and my job was to debrief the president on something.

In another image I saw myself looking through an old abandoned building in a desert region. I could see paint peeling from the wood siding. I was in camouflage. I think I was on a training exercise.

In another vision, I saw myself in a submarine going towards a city underwater. Inside this facility I was stripped naked and forced into a sexual orgy with both men and women. There was a Grey nearby and it appeared to be mind-controlling our actions. It seemed to take pleasure in what it was doing to us.

According to another MILAB survivor, sometimes they plug us into avatars and hand us over to a madam or whoever it is in charge of an elite sex ring. We would be taken to a hotel or wherever and the elites would get off on it. And even more disgusting, they would keep us traumatized by placing us in cloned avatars of our child bodies and use them for pedophilia, just to let us know there was no escape and to remind us that we are whatever they want us to be. The money would then go to the madam or the overseer.

Not only do they use child clones of us, they clone all of our family members. Another survivor once told me:

"They always say no matter what you do or who you go with you will always be family. Yeah, right what is all that about?"

I also recall being in some kind of underground holding cell. The walls were like something you would see in a parking deck at night but without the cars. I appeared to be about 10 years old and was stripped naked along with other boys about my same age. We were locked behind a chain link fence kennel and I am not sure what happened next though I think we were forced to have sex, and then they wash us down with cold water using fire hoses.

Another milab also has similar memories. Beginning around the age of 8, he was forced to have oral sex with other members on his team before going on any mission. This helps create some kind of freaky male bonding which keeps a MILAB committed to helping the team while in combat.

I have some vague memories of group orgies involving other Super Soldiers and ritualistic sex. These memories make me feel dizzy, like I'm spinning, so I am assuming I was probably drugged.

I mentioned how I develop severe pain if I have an erection or orgasm. It took me a long time to determine the source of that, but eventually I learned that was a result of the experimentation by the covert government. Apparently my handlers wanted to make sure we Super Soldiers do not feel any love towards anyone, with the exception of those in our same unit. If I was able to find someone who loved me unconditionally in a nonjudgmental way, it would cause the programming to fall apart. So to keep me from having sex they designed my DNA with some kind of neurochemical signaling defect, which contains a genetic mutation causing my erections and orgasms to signal the wrong type of nerve endings. So instead of an erection/orgasm signaling the brain for a pleasure response, it signals a pain response. This helps keep me focused on the job.

In addition to the genetic defects, a remote viewer saw something else going on.

"I see you being taken, around the age of 8, from your home once a week. You are brought to a facility with other kids of the same age who were also being groomed as Super Soldiers. They would attach electrodes to your testicles and in an S&M-styled ritual they would electroshock you to associate pleasure with pain. They wanted to keep you dissociated so that you would associate killing and murdering people as something that feels good and normal to do. I get a sense this went on for many years."

I also have memories of combat missions in Iraq. I remember seeing a tank on a deserted desert road. I was breaking down the door to a latrine to shoot an Iraqi in the head with my machine gun.

Another MILAB who remembers being with me on this mission puts a twist in this story. He says that during World War II, the government was building a weapon using alien technology. The Japanese thought it was in Pearl Harbor, but it was actually in Iraq, which was controlled by the British at that time. Fast forward to the present day—somehow the local population got hold of these artifacts. So they sent in a team of Super Soldiers to exterminate them.

I remember flying cargo planes and being in the cockpit of advanced aircraft. I remember being on a tarmac inside a mountain with a saucer craft levitating out of gigantic pod bay doors.

In another vision, I saw myself in black bdu's which is the black uniform used for Special Ops missions. I was in an abandoned warehouse. The room was pitch black except for the light on my gun and the guns of my team members behind me. The room was flooded with 6 inches of water.

Another MILAB told me he remembers being on that mission. He says that we time-jumped from the Jupiter station into a future Earth timeline in which the mantoids had taken everything over. We went to an abandoned warehouse in Canada or Greenland to look for some pictures from his

childhood. He managed to find one picture but a mantoid spotted us. So I grabbed my partner and dragged him back into the stargate before the mantoids could do anything to us. In the process, he ended up dropping the picture.

In another memory I saw what appeared to be an atrium that leads out into 4 corridors. The atrium was painted white and the doors had an LED light you had to press to open them. The inside was flooded with sunlight. But what's strange is that when I looked up into the glass pyramid roof, I saw a dark starry night as if I was in outer space. Another memory I was breaking into an old 1960s decorated room filled with old mainframe computers. I broke in from the lower level by popping up a floor tile. Not quite sure what that was about but I'm guessing I was sent back in time to do something.

In another memory I saw myself wearing camo's, black boots, and a camo patrol hat. I was in a facility that appeared to be cylindrical and the center contained a room where the general resided. He handed me a paper. I saluted and walked out. I shared this with another MILAB, and he remembers something similar:

"The facility had a green color and the central office was the command center. Inside there are a number of people at the computer interfaces dressed in black gear embroidered with a Nazi SS storm trooper insignia on the collar.

The central hub would have been a silver metal complex connecting to green offshoot corridors. One leads to a lounge area which is a different color and that opens into other areas. There is also a main computer area where MILABS place data into computers, but they are highly drugged and controlled. There may also be a lift that may take you to a loft or wing where the commander resides. He had his own lush office. He compiles data on each MILAB and photos of them in the civilian world. He thinks he is smug and full of power, that one. There are also training areas. This is part of a larger facility. Space fleet command is also connected."

12

ONE'S OWN PEOPLE

The memories were not coming back fast enough, so I started to make video blogs of what I did remember in the hopes other MILABs would recognize me and perhaps we could draw upon our gifts to help each other. This ultimately became my Super Soldier Talk video series which opened many doors.

Through it I was able to come in contact with many people, some of which were able to point me in the right direction. Many of them were MILABs who could still access some of their psychic gifts. In time I began working with a team of people who could remote view, read akashic records, and mind hack behind programming and walls, helping us see what we were prevented from seeing. Through my contacts I was able to read what was in my file stored in a NSA database.

I don't want to believe I am a Super Soldier. It's easier to think it's not real. In fact, when I recorded the phrase, "Am I a Super Soldier?" and played it in reverse I got, "That's not real, I am not supposed to talk about it." Not adopting the reality seemed to be very thing my subconscious mind was programmed to do.

One area of high interest to me was trying to determine why I didn't remember as much as other MILABs. So I let my friend and MILAB survivor scan me psychically. He saw what appeared to be an implant behind my left eye. This makes a lot of sense. I usually get headaches radiating from that spot.

My friend tells me, "Let me try to turn it off. Doubt I can. I know what the device says though, it has letters and numbers. PVS 1-22002, that's what the chip says on it."

"Can you see who manufactured it?"

"Yes Braun, Inc, but there is also a different vein that shouldn't be there, the vein is pumping some kind of drug into your pineal gland or near it in the back. I also see ps995-897."

But my friend didn't know what any of those codes meant so I had a remote viewer friend look into it and he said the PVS 1-

22002 stood for 2002 version 22 unit 1 and the ps995-897 was a serial number. As for the Braun, Inc. I am not sure if it's the same German company that makes toasters ovens and electric shavers.

Perhaps this implant is pumping a drug into my pineal gland so that the government can turn my psychic abilities on and off. This may explain why in alter I can be so telekinetic. I can lift a tank, but when I'm James the implant is turned on, keeping me docile and weak. They also appear to have the ability to deliver a microinjection stream of drug cocktails into my body via teleportation activation points through the implants.

Curious for more information, I found the main company website for Braun, Inc. it was in German so I channeled some code so that my remote viewing friend could read the German language. And amazingly he was able to see the German words on the screen as English for a few minutes, until the words faded back to German.

Apparently most MILABs have the ability to read many languages in alter. I had been told I know at least 19, including French, Spanish, German, Dutch, Russian, and under some circumstances, Japanese, but haven't yet been able to access those abilities as of yet. These abilities are basically downloaded into our brain using the Trip Chair.

There also appears to be an implant in my brain which directs brainwaves and impulses corresponding to each alter personality, possibly via satellite. The implant makes me submissive, but somehow I am somewhat able to assert my own independence and try to live a normal life. It's possible my brain will reintegrate on its own, making the billions of dollars of work they've done inert. This is what they don't want me to believe, that I can be free, since being free is really a belief system and can overcome drugs and implants.

Not many people can survive the constant abuse of being tortured, raped, mutilated, and injected, unless they have the right DNA. According to Sanni Ceto, the covert government is using me as a test subject because of my reptilian DNA.

So I did a little investigating. I found that the injections contained cocktails of drugs and nano injections which attach nanites to the codons of my DNA, causing mutations. This is done to stop my alters from integrating and to stop me from remembering the trauma. I also have other larger implants. Some of these keep me alive. They have become fully integrated with my biological organs in my body. This is known as ascended machine technology.

Some implants can also wipe memories. They give us something, possibly called CO2 modules. These injections go directly into the bloodstream and to the brain. Cells are modified into thinking you just saw something which you didn't actually see. It uses a process which affects the electromagnetic waveforms to influence behavior.

But these memories aren't totally gone. They are just stored in a different place, waiting to be activated. Our aura is a hologram.

In some ways, wiping my memories may have been a good thing. Because my alter is so psychic and powerful that if he integrated with me he would take over my life and control me. It would be a mess not only for the government but it would wreak havoc on my personal life. Plus there has never been a Gen 5 SS that has ever gone rogue and that makes this kind of talk very dangerous. However, if it's done slowly in a controlled environment I can take charge of the programming and bring it into balance peacefully. That's if I am allowed the chance to do it.

In this next communication I was given the following information:

*"A.K.A. Agent Sabertooth
Silver Class Cosmic Clearance
Used for searches and exterminations
Alters activated using a code word and technology
Alters activated using trauma"*

You are a 5th generation Super Soldier with metal bones and enough telekinesis to lift an elephant. But your alter is programmed like an attack dog and he does whatever he is

told to do. You are on the cleanup crew. Your job is to exterminate people the Cabal doesn't like. You are Jekyll and he is your Hyde."

To create these alters, it may look something like this: first they travel to wherever I may be by opening up a time/ space portal. They then stop time because they aren't working from the same dimensional laws like we are. At that point they may use some kind of handheld stun weapon. They shine it in my eyes and which instantly puts me into a trance.

Note it's possible to activate yourself without these device. You just need to go through something that will be extremely painful emotionally. It's all about working with your own chi energy.

At this point they may bring me back to a facility, for some reason remote viewers seem to get the name Jacksons as the facility I am most commonly taken to. But I don't remember this myself, so I can't be for sure.

The following is from a hypnosis regression I conducted with another MILAB:

"Next location—I have him try to locate the facility where I am taken to frequently, all I know it contains the code name "Jacksons." He pinpoints a Jackson Eelro (French name) located in the Nevada desert, but also thinks there are clones of me in an underground facility near Detroit and Atlanta.

He steps inside one of these facilities. The staff is dressed in white. They are torturing the clones to see how durable they are. They are pinching off their skin, ripping little pieces of their flesh off, drilling screws, mutilating their limbs, and some of them are killed. These poor beings are being tortured beyond imagination. They are in a confused state. Most of them are kept in cages and vaults. Some of them are under water, breathing with a gas mask. These units are not in service yet."

This appears to be the primary way they torture and split our mind while in an avatar body. And this was from another MILAB:

"I see a group of 6 human personnel doing this. Apparently they have to do a lot of planning and coordination to manage all these MILAB abductions. One of these individuals seems to have a surname of Barker. I think he was, like, the coordinator. Another name that came up was Mary. They seem to be testing your DNA to see if your blood was mutating as expected."

Another remote viewer saw a different angle on this, he saw me in a facility that is controlled by Reptilians:

"I see your handler. He seems to be the one who created you. He looks like an 8-feet tall Reptilian in a white lab coat with a crocodile-like snout. He's sitting down on his tail while reading a computer interface. I see a lot of clones of you around him. He's willing to take your sexual pain away if you promise not to procreate. It appears that the only way you are allowed to reproduce is through the clones created by him."



Author of picture unknown. Reptilians in spaceship.



Recreation of what the robotic Greys might look like.

Aliens working alongside human personnel in the underground facilities seems to be a reoccurring theme. Apparently there are many species of ET involved with this operation, including Greys, Nordics, Reptilians, Sirians, Dracos. Each master will control a MILAB for a short period of time for different types of training before handing them over to another handler. Some MILABs recall seeing their masters carrying around a laser-like oval baton made out of amethyst crystal, gold, and precious metals which they use for mind control purposes.

Even though MILABs are controlled by the covert government, aliens participate for their own agendas. Perhaps they view us as a threat to them and want to make sure we don't break ranks. We are often bartered out among different factions of aliens because they are at war with each other and the government. So they think by participating they can gain info and secretly sabotage the covert government in the process.

The following remote viewing session was done by my friend to help me understand what happens in these MILAB abductions. I am not quite sure if this is totally accurate because the robotic Greys are usually tasked with the boring busy work of injecting people.

"On April 10, 2012, I woke up with needle marks in my lip and cut marks on my arm. I asked my friend if she could pick up anything psychically on what happened. She saw me sleeping on a white couch in the living room, which is true. I slept on the couch that previous night because I was having trouble

sleeping. On nights they get me, I am usually able to sense what's about to happen and have trouble sleeping.

She sees a woman with a black ponytail and clipboard injecting me and a man nearby monitoring the situation. There also appears to be a cloaked alien entity as well. But she couldn't see what was on the clipboard so she agreed to let me put her under hypnotic regression to gather more information.

She begins by seeing me sleeping in the living room. These people have apparently teleported into my home and the lady with the ponytail shines a white flashing light into my eyes. It puts me into a trance, I don't hear and see what is going on, I stay in a dreamlike state. I was like a robot."

When she describes this I can see the blinking light in my mind. It makes me feel distant and far away.

"This woman is a handler of some sorts. She doesn't mean me any harm just doing her job. She is living a double life and doesn't realize it. Her job is to monitor MILABs. Her civilian name is Jeanine Loraine Waters, she is an attorney in New York and she has two kids. She was wearing a necklace with a pendant, which had an upside down triangle with a cross in the middle. She was very young looking, early 30s."

Another MILAB survivor tells me she knows that woman. She looks like the actress Jane Seymour, is middle-aged, wears glasses, business suits, and always seems to have a clipboard when she visits other MILABs. She is the head of the Monarch program and refers to us as pets. She lives a human civilian life but can shapeshift into a Queen Draco especially when angry and while in that state she is an extremely wicked person. She seems to be really upset with us MILABs. We are getting our memories back and destroying them. The reason they made us was to save them from another race, and now they are losing control over us.

"On her clipboard was my name in black bold letters. Next to it was my date of birth, but it was blocked. She is not sure why this is the case. Perhaps my birthdate is not my birthdate? Maybe this means I was deaged and inserted into my family?"

She also sees a drawing of my body with arrows pointing to all sorts of locations. In this image the arrows are pointing to my left arm. The drug they were giving me was called telemeidiate (spelling?) and it looks like a liquid green goo and requires a doctor's prescription. Not sure if it was classified.

It appears these injections are meant to mutate my DNA, but for some reason they are not taking hold and making me sick. Over several months I was suffering from severe flu like symptoms. This drug was supposed to help correct the imbalance. She also took a sample of my DNA from my lip.

At the bottom of the paper were the numbers 40231. Not sure what this code stood for.

There was also a man standing next to Jeanine, but he seemed to be very negative and was under some disguise. His name is General Patrick Gillian. When my friend looked closer this man had slits for eyes and seemed to be controlled by a hidden dark being behind him who showed up when we started poking around. This creature looked very reptilian and was malevolent.

I was then teleported to a underground facility. She couldn't get a name of the facility but it seemed to be operated by another base known as "Delmonte Square." In this facility she saw where they took the DNA sample from my lip. It was a large room that was very cold; along the wall were 500 cryogenic tubes lined up like soldiers. Each tube contained a frozen body; the compressor read -30 below. The tubes were mostly covered but each unit contained a small window and when she looked inside she saw clones of me.

After looking into about 8 to 10 tubes with my body in them she freaked out and didn't want to look at any more tubes. She couldn't tell how many clones they had of me in there but it's possible every tube had one. Each tube was labeled with the words ML a series of numbers.

She then saw where my body was taken. For the next three hours I laid unconscious on a table. I was naked but covered up with a white sheet. Not sure what they were doing to me but

at that point my friend became very fatigued and decided she'd seen enough."

So now you have an idea of what happens on a typical abduction. But if they want to activate me and use me for a mission, they will first need to place me in a Trip Chair to begin programming me.

I don't remember what goes on at this stage, but according to another clairvoyant:

"I see you sitting in a black chair that had a shiny plastic look to it. There is green high intensity light beams coming from the ceiling and flickering over your head."

At this point they could activate me. Once I am activated, I can go into golden form, which is a state of higher vibration frequency, allowing me to naturally shapeshift and project my consciousness into avatars.

When this occurs my consciousness, but not my soul, animates a cloned avatar of their choice. Again, they can't totally control my soul. All they can do is take pieces of my thought patterns and insert them into other bodies.

In order to attach to the avatar, it needs to contain some of my own DNA. For Earth missions they usually put me into human-looking avatars, but they can also make reptilian avatars and other beings as well.

Each MILAB has about 20 of these avatars, one for each stage of our lives. They are stored underwater in tubes lined up a long corridor about 1,000 to 2,000 feet long. It's so huge that it takes a long time to turn all the lights on.

I had someone remote view these avatars and apparently they are called Sibeus and Arbeus. Sibeus might be based on the word *swēbaz*, and that is from the Proto-Germanic root **swē-* meaning "one's own" people. I couldn't find anything for arebus, except slang for the word ARBUS which is an acronym meaning Ass-Raped by Uncle Sam. I been told most of my clones created by the covert government have been eliminated due to going rogue, however a few of them remain off world. It

is these avatars which contain metal bones, levitate, shapeshift, or fly exotic craft for the Air Force.

Everyone that I have talked to who has seen me in MILAB operations basically say I appear totally different. While doing Earth-based combat missions, I appear to have the same facial expression, but I am bigger and stronger. I am about 6'5" muscular, extremely strong, have metal bones, a glass helmet, a red left eye terminator heat-seeking device, with the right eye normal. The following is testimony from another survivor who has seen these beings:

"James, I recall levitating while leading a group of them into a training operation. This happened twice. We had some kind of black alien skintight outfit, there were some Reptilians grinning at me from below. They know what I am like and how tricky I make things. You looked very bulky and tall and wear armor and what looks to be glass headwear. These things are powerful in a confrontation and some of them have that red eye. There were also a group of Reptilians who are small in size—some were involved. Your eyelid may have a small implant attached.

I thought the group was a new online army that they had put out. I must admit—very impressive. And at the back of my mind, I was thinking, what am I going to do with this lot? They were very impressive fighters, so I must have been training the group in Stealth. The second time I saw them was for war patrols. Both times, James, you were wearing the same uniform.

I also remember some gold or yellow around the uniform and helmet which connected to the suits. And their faces were lit up inside the helmet. I have seen many alien species, creatures, etc. But this really impressed me.

Can you remember yellow or gold on the helmet and uniform? Recall takes a lot. You have to think of each thing that happens across all operations. I don't forget faces and you seemed to have something to do with being a middleman with government leaders or a liaison."

These clones have many implants grafted in all parts of the body as well as in the original host. This is done to serve as a link to connect my consciousness with the clone. This link operates at either single or multiple tone frequencies. The single tone only runs off one frequency at a time. The multi-tone can run off of an infinite amount, cutting lag time, increasing reaction time and stamina without much rest. I believe Gen 5s contain the single tone and Gen 6 and above are multiple-tone.

When this goes on, my own body goes into an autopilot mode, and this explains why I always feel exhausted all the time and often experience *deja vu*. Usually the transfer occurs moments before we fall into deep sleep but if we are awake and conscious, they will have to send a team in to activate us.

In addition to using cloned avatars, it's possible they can also shapeshift us while we are still in our own physical bodies, but they don't like using this ability. By keeping us weak and sick we don't have any chance of using our gifts against them. In my current form I am unsuited for anything combat related and it often leads to a lot of ridicule but that's okay. People need to get over the physical dimensional aspects of what makes us human, when we can be so much more.

If I am in a cloned avatar body and they want to shapeshift me, or as the aliens call it, transmorphing, they would first place my avatar body in a Trip Chair. Then give him a drug called compound C. It contains a mixture of enzymes created from bioluminescent plants which are only found growing in Inner Earth and in tropical caves. The public sector doesn't have access, but the Black Ops shadow government does. From what I was told, if I were to get this injection it would most likely kill me, but my clone avatar he can tolerate it.

However, if I was to enter golden form, I could theoretically shapeshift without the need of drugs. To prevent us from taking another form, the covert government injects our bones with an A.I. entity known as subluxeation.

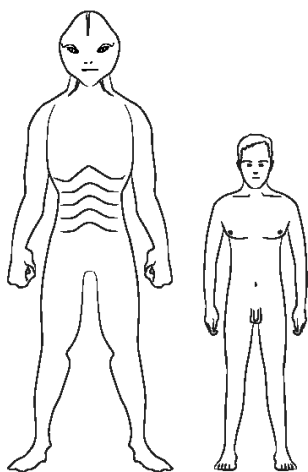
Compound C serves two purposes. First it allows the nanites to connect to the codons in the avatar's DNA, activating any

genetic code they want. And the injection also contains the memories they want me to have.

Once I get the injection, my body begins to transmorph causing my bones morph into Pri metal which is similar to gold but is as strong as diamonds, and my muscles grow huge. At this point, my alter comes out and is placed into the Trip Chair or whatever other training might be needed. I stay like this for 5 to 10 days then I revert back to normal. They then move the memories around and afterwards I don't remember a thing other than extreme exhaustion and fatigue. It sounds like something from a science fiction movie but this is what appears to be occurring.

Some have asked me, "So if you shapeshift into a 6'4" grunt, what the hell happens to your clothes?" This is a good question. From what I am told, when you shapeshift, your clothes grow as well and keep the same shape without ripping or tearing. It has something to do with a static discharge from the Pri metal when shifting. Apparently it gives off a regulated magnetic flux in and around the body constantly affecting it. These emissions look like tiny light sparks. You have to look very closely at the body, but it's there.

This static charge is also linked to the clones as well as the A.I. computers and it can be remotely operated. It creates an umbrella or field that covers the entire body. Shapeshifting can only expand to within this field, which is about 3 to 6 feet out.



(Left) Transmorphing of human DNA into reptilian DNA. (Right) Recreation of a clone avatar as seen by another MILAB.

When I started getting memories back, I remembered flying exotic aircraft as well as being involved in high altitude jumps without a parachute in a jungle region. But due to the blocks of my memories, I am only able to recall short glimpses.

To help me along in the process, I worked with intuitive healers who were able to get around my amnesia walls and mental blocks. One individual saw that about 30% of my aura was fractured by mind control programming. So he focused on this area and started to get pictures in his mind.

In the first scene, he saw me on a firing range shooting a .45. I was being trained by a man in very dark green military fatigues, not the usual camo you see soldiers wearing these days. Perhaps this was a time travel op?

In another image he saw me going up a flight of stairs inside a whitish-pink painted townhome, but it looked very old and the building was in a very prestigious and expensive-looking neighborhood. It was night time, and I was wearing black leather gloves. Here he is viewing it as if he is seeing through my own eyes:

"You break into the house and walk up an antique wooden staircase. At the top you are in a bedroom going through drawers looking for something. You're now at a drawer in a bedside table. The left hand is basically grabbing a bunch of papers and throwing them on the floor and the right hand is cupped over the mouth of a panicked woman in the bed. I don't know what happens after that, or what you were looking for.

I also see you as a toddler in a very dark empty room, maybe 10x 10 feet wide. The walls are burgundy. You are sitting on the floor upright being strapped down with a belt.

In another image I see you wearing an Air Force uniform. You are wearing sunglasses and coming out of a base carrying a briefcase chained to your wrist. I keep seeing you in the typical Air force Blue uniforms. This seemed to be something you would wear quite often. But I feel this to be a cover memory. Whoever programmed you probably used memories of an Air Force officer to cover up any memories from the Black Ops you are involved with."

Another individual saw me in a leather jacket.

"You look like you normally do, but taller and your shoulders are broader. You are armed and wearing all black while everyone else in this facility is wearing bright white. I see you walking through a laboratory, then into a huge domed white room. You then walk into a white hall which has a white desk with a monitor screen. You turn right and greet two people that look like generals. They seem happy, you talk to them and all three of you enter into a room or another hall."

The following is a hypnotic regression I did on another MILAB survivor in which he recalls a mission we went on together:

"Operation Cyanide—

Adam sees himself as a sniper on the roof of a very tall building; he feels I might have been on the building as a sniper as well. It's a small city, possibly in Russia. There are tall buildings nearby and smaller houses further away. There is snow on the ground. His sniper scope was pointed down on a building, into a business meeting.

Inside there are eight people gathered around a long table. He sees his kill target—the person's first name is Eleriae (last name don't remember). He looks Russian.

But before he can shoot, someone kicks him in his legs. There are 4 to 5 people wearing blue and black camouflage and black Russian berets. Adam yells into his headset he's been compromised. They take him into a black SUV and they knock him out.

When he wakes up he is going down a path down a forested area. He is now handcuffed, and the Russian guys have their arms hooked around his arms. His feet are dragging on the ground. There is a drawbridge in front of him and then more forest. They are about to cross the bridge but the bridge starts to move up and the Russian soldiers are in a panic, they yell something in the intercom to have the bridge go back down. It starts going down. And then they get ambushed.

There are five of us, one of them is me, hiding in the snow. We appeared to have been hiding under white blankets. We were wearing white coats and white ski masks and had a AK 47 weapon on our backs. There are three of us on the right side of the road and two on the left. We lunge forward and put knives to the Russians throats and drag them off to the side bridge and then put duct tape on their mouths. At this point the memory ends."

The information was provided to me by another MILAB survivor, I don't know what to make of it, but I'll let you decide:

"I see you in many underground bases including Dulce Base, Area 51, Pine Gap, many times in underground facilities in Montana, South Dakota, and North Dakota. I also see them doing some kind of sexual ritual to you.

You have been everywhere Aaron McCollum's been, and even have done a few missions together. You have been through training exercises at Fort Hood with Aaron M. and James Casbolt. You have worked with James Casbolt on at least three missions. It also appears Casbolt has abducted you a few times during MILABs."

I feel at least some of this is true. I do have a memory of a mission with Casbolt in the jungle. We seemed to be robotic--like. Apparently this was some kind of dangerous off world mission which contained a lot of booby traps. Most of the Super Soldiers sent here died, only I and a few others survived. The downside about being good at the work we do is that we are often overused and this explains why I suffer from so much fatigue. I confronted Casbolt about this and when I was in the midst of explaining it, my tape dispenser flew off my desk, which I interpreted as tape on my mouth.

"I also see your clone; he's programmed to pretend to act like you as much as possible. They used him one time to interrogate your mother. It appears your mother was programmed to abuse you and acts as a handler over you. Your clone used access codes to trigger her alter state. He did this because your mom would have recognized him as a clone right away—He's not a very bright individual.

He then took her out to an expensive restaurant and paid for it using an untraceable credit card given to him by the government. He asked her a bunch of personal question about you and her. Your mom answered most of them, but scolded him when he got too personal. He then used that Intel to try to blend into your life a little better during the times you are activated and sent on missions.

I feel this clone was recently terminated. His self-destruct was activated and he died a painful death. His nerve endings disintegrated, causing a painful death which feels like a billion needles. I feel he was terminated because he was about to go rogue just as you are starting to go rogue as well.

I also notice you were designed with a short shelf life. Your clones are designed to live about 16 years and you about 45 to 50 years. They originally programmed you to become bipolar around the age of 30 so that you would self-terminate due to the traumatic memories flooding back, but because you are aware of this and regularly meditating, you are reversing this condition. Your suicide alters are not activating like they are supposed to. Plus what they failed to understand is that due to the high vibration frequency of your star seed genetics, you are

incapable of killing yourself and they know this. It's got them scared to death."

I feel this is true. It's getting harder for them to fully control me. On Saturday, February 19, 2011, I was on the couch and felt my lip start to hurt again. When I got up to look in the mirror to see what they had done, I noticed my back was hurting so badly that it would hurt each time I took a breath. I asked another intuitive to give me an idea of what happened.

"I see you being led into a room where you are being interrogated by a doctor in a white lab coat. There was an argument. You yelled something like, "Fuck no, you're not doing that to me!" A guard behind you hit you with the backside of his gun, knocking you on the ground and bruising your back."

Sometimes I wake up with blood splatter marks all over my clothes. When someone remote viewed it they saw me lying in my bed and an agent was abducting me. For whatever reason my programming broke down and I hit the guy in the nose, breaking it, and his blood went all over my clothes. I'm not sure if this truly happened but there is a part of me that wishes it is true.

The following information was gleaned clairvoyantly by another fellow Montauk survivor. I was curious to learn more about my reptilian form. With the clues given to me by Sanni Ceto, all I knew was that I could shapeshift into an 8-foot tall Reptilian named Travik when on the spaceships.

Well, this other intuitive feels that wasn't entirely accurate. My reptilian name is actually Dravic. I have the ability to shapeshift into three reptilian forms: a golden form, a silver version, and a green version.

He then saw me on a MILAB mission in which the government wanted me to infiltrate Orion Prime, the Draco home world. They activated my reptilian form to blend in and thanks to my Super Soldier programming I could hide my true intentions. While he was telling me this, I could see myself there. The city contained giant spires like you see in Coruscant, in the *Star Wars* movie series. I went down a megalithic hallway to deliver

an annual report on how the secret government was progressing here on Earth. It contained a catalogue of everything they were doing:

"In this report I see a list of how many human babies the Draco's ate. There are details about the sex and blood orgies and their sexual practices on Orion Prime.

They basically plug themselves into cloned avatars of the Grey species and use them for blood orgies. This is an accepted practice and considered a normal and healthy part of an everyday Draco's life.

There was also a list of how many humans were being abducted each year and brought back to Orion Prime for rituals....about 75,000 people. These Earth humans would be forced to participate in blood drinking rituals that contained pentagrams and other strange things. They also did this to Greys, though I don't know how many of them were being abducted. The subjects would then have their memories erased and they were brought back in a traumatized state."

When my friend was reading this report, my finger was covering up some of the numbers so he asked me to move it out of the way. After focusing my intent, I saw myself slowly moving my talons out of the way.

"Move your finger a little bit more—good. There is also list which shows how many spaceships the Reptilians had given to the shadow government, about 100, as well as the amount of credit each ship was worth.

I see pictures of brown robotic Greys with metal appendages and how many of these were given to the U.S. government each year— about 100,000 units. These beings do not have souls and are simply biological androids enhanced with nanotechnology. They are prone to breaking down often.

It appears they are being used for some kind of breeding program. Inside these robots is a round receptacle between the legs. There is some kind of device which makes contact with a male human penis and extracts semen. Its then stored inside the unit and injected with nanotechnology to alter it. Once the

semen is changed, the robot puts on a different receptacle and implants this semen into an unwitting female human. These beings are also used to drug people. They can also target people they don't like and infect them with illnesses."

I am not sure what to make of this. I feel like it is true and I felt like I was really there. So I will let you decide what to believe. This next piece was given to me by another MILAB who recalls seeing me on the spaceships:

"We were on a spaceship, you were tall, had dark blond hair, and wore a green uniform that had an insignia which contained two pyramids. You look more alien then human, though."

I wanted to learn more about my file, so I had another MILAB survivor try to remote view a computer which contained this data. The following is a session we did together.

"Adam sees a bright orb shinning in his eyes. He traced it back to the Capitol building in Washington D.C. and then to The Pentagon. I had him try to trace it inside The Pentagon but he saw the place was highly shielded, preventing penetration by remote viewing."

He goes back to the Capitol building and enters a room. On the floor is a red 6×6' oriental carpet. Underneath is a wooden hatch which opens up to a staircase. On the right side of the stairs is a metal wall. The left side opens up to a larger storage room that is perhaps 40 feet long by 20 feet wide. On the left side of this larger room are tubes about 5 feet in width and 7 feet in height."

I assume these are cryogenic vats?

"On the left wall is a bank of 12 very advanced computer towers, possibly connected to the artificial intelligence system, three of which are turned off. There are 4 white guys which all look the same and one black guy. They don't see Adam but they sense he is there and give him a nasty look."

At this point Adam comments he can see everything, even though his eyes are closed. As Adam approaches the

computers, they all turn on and begin processing files consisting of names and addresses...

On top of one of the computers is a serial code which reads:

Serial Code #13374

SIDR Numbers

SCCIC #

Timothy Adams

SIDR numbers might stand for Secure Inter-Domain Routing, which requires a special certificate in order to access the secured network. Can't find out what SCCIC numbers are.

Around this time the phone connection breaks up. After redialing a few times, we successfully make a connection and clear our field from any negative energy. He recalibrates his position and is back in the area. He goes to the terminal and types my name into the search screen.

I see 11 to 14 different profiles or aliases? The first one is in 1986, the next one is in 1999 and there is a new one for each year after. It reads:

James Michael Rink

Date: July 17, 1986

Shows a picture of me. I am much younger. I would have been 6 years old then. It looks like a snapshot they took at their facility and not something you would find in a family album.

Below the picture is all the information they had on me at that time.

SCIS:

Height: 4"?

Weight 90??

Area of attendance: Jacksons

A bunch of random numbers

Date of chair: 88

Next profile

Date: 1999

Snapshot of me, older. I would have been 19 then.

Serial Number #1654432897766

This serial number appears to be my clone ID number. Below that is another picture of what looks to be my clone, a 3D image. You can move the screen around and see the body in full detail.

According to the information, it seems that 1999 is the first year I got a cloned avatar body and I get a new one every year after that. But they don't call it an avatar. They call it a Sibeus and later, Arbeus.

The profile goes on to say that I was trained starting in 1986 but I started real missions in 1999. So he skips to the last one which is in 2006.

Height '?'

Weight??

Cloned Arbeus no.

Field compromised: MG64IT Gunnery, K.I.A, Revived attempt failed. Final revive failed. Under investigation and repair.

March 14, 2006

I couldn't find any info on the MG64IT Gunnery but I found that mg64 is a type of machine gun possibly WWII era. Perhaps they sent me back in time to World War II and the cloned avatar died while in combat.

On the next page we read:

Main Project

Project Name Recovery

Project Surrogate

Operations

He sees about 20 to 30 here including:

Operation Live On

Operation Tailboat

Operation Ravensky

Operation Pink Mist
Operation 714
Operation Cyanide
Operation Torpedo
Operation Eyes On
Operation Purple Mist
Operation Stinky Eye
Operation Stargate
Operation Cyanide/2
Operation You are not supposed to be here you are supposed to leave

Then a bunch of slimily faces and xs. At this point the computer shows gibberish and he breaks the link. Sadly a few weeks later, I had Adam go back to the same location and all the computers were gone.

The 'Jackson' facility seems to come up quite often, though I have no memories of it. You may have noticed it says I was part of Project Surrogate and Project Name Recovery.

I am not quite sure what Project Name Recovery is. I think it has something to do with using my mind to hack the memories of persons of interest to the covert government. A lot of time and resources are put into the creation of a MILAB, so if one dies it's a major loss. Perhaps they are using me to hack their minds and download their memories, which I assume are then transferred out via the Trip Chair.

Project Surrogate is where the covert government was creating batches of test tube-cloned embryos that were ideal Super Soldier candidates. So instead of raising us under prisonlike laboratory settings, they would implant us into surrogate Illuminati families. They did this because they found us to be stronger fighters if we had families to take care of us. Also, test tube babies do not have a soul unless they are inseminated into a souled surrogate mother. The procedure is usually performed around the age of 6 weeks.

I was able to get some more information about Project Surrogate from another Monarch victim. She managed to attack her handlers and escaped down a hallway in an underground facility. She found a room with a filing cabinet

containing our files and thanks to her photographic memory, she began memorizing everything. According to her, I was Patient no. 320 of 720 in Project Surrogate.

"Patient 320...Your embryo was delayed so it could be mutated many times. It seemed to be in different forms at different times. Your embryo was worked on for a span of 7 years. I see your embryo begin as a fish for a while. You are aquatic like the others. But your main DNA is fish DNA. You are used for Project Seagate.

I also saw crocodile DNA. You're an underwater mutant. Crocodile DNA makes you strong and fish DNA enhances sensory inputs. I also see DNA from Hitler's SS race. The reason you are so weak and fatigued is to keep you under control. But you are the opposite when you are activated. They care more about our work in other dimensions. By putting this DNA in us, we can access the abilities from energy waves in other dimensions."

Lastly a very kind person who still had their humanity was able to pull up my file at the NSA. Unlike the other sources of information which come mostly from remote viewers, I was told this information is actually on their computers. It's classified umbra-8, which means it's 8 levels above top secret. Normally it's illegal to share information which is classified top secret or higher, but since I have never signed a legal contract with them, I am not breaking any laws by sharing this information with you:

"I checked earlier before I left work and James Rink is in the system. His name came up as a modification candidate for Project Bleak, Project Abandon, and Project Equalize. These are all minor umbrella projects for Super Soldier modifications. These were later programs that took place in the late 90s and early 2000s. He was a short subject meaning he was only "used" for several months. He was genetically modified. His program failed in 2008 and he was released from the system. There was only one page of information on him and no other connected documents. So, yes, he is in the system, but I do not think he is active anymore.

Since this is only umbra 8, it's not the last word on this. Meaning I am most likely still being used but under different project names. Here is some more information about what these projects are about:

Bleak: 1992-1999 - Project carried over from a project in the 1970s. This project dealt with recruiting young males (older than the average operative, late teens early 20s) and monitoring to see if certain trigger objects or words could be used under certain social situations. This was an MK seed project.

Abandon: 1996-2002 This project dealt with taking Super Soldier candidates who were found to be physically or mentally incompetent for the project and doing DNA modification and injections (later nano injections) on the candidate in order to see if these individuals were "correctible." If these candidates improved mentally and/or physically then they would be moved on to Super Soldier alignment projects and begin trip seating and alteration standards.

Equalize: 1999-2004 This project was a carryover project from an earlier project dealing with possible star seed children. These candidates would be checked for genetic mutation and alien DNA such as two hearts and enhanced kidneys. Also other enhanced organs which might be useful for a Super Soldier. If certain aspects were found that were favorable to the Super Soldier project, then the candidate would be sent to a specific department for alteration, program sessions, and a caseworker would then develop a specific program for the candidate."

13

SUBUNIT ADAM

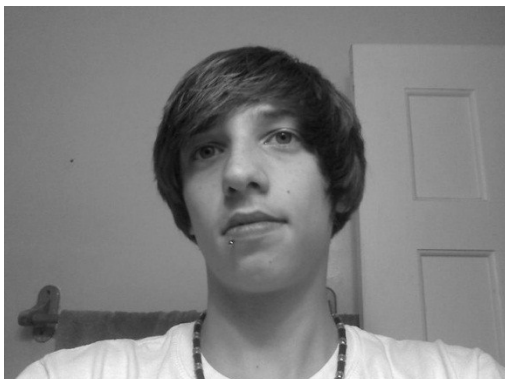
In 2010, I met Adam, who was 17 at that time. One of his friends watched my Super Soldier videos and thought we might have something in common. For starters, we both have the same middle name, Michael, and if you saw him you could even say he was a blood relative of mine.

Adam remembers very little of his childhood before the age of 11 but what he does remember was very unusual to say the least. He told me that sometimes late at night a black limo would come pick up his father and return him before the morning. His dad worked as a roofer so all this was kind of odd.

One time Adam remembers his father coming home drunk and hysterical claiming he killed someone. The next morning his father claimed to remember nothing from the night before. So his mother thought he was just joking.

Adam asked me to let one of my clairvoyant friends look into this. Apparently his father was going to meetings of the Blue Order of the Illuminati. They are somehow connected to the Eye of Ra, Greys, Reptilians, black magic, and necromancy, which is the science of bringing back people from the dead. He also saw his dad working on cybernetics which I assume was for the covert government. And more interestingly, my friend saw Adam as Agent Dreadnaught 6th gen Super Soldier, sniper, and explosive expert. I believe this is done in cloned avatars because both of us are short and aren't exactly built for the operations they would use us in.

Adam seems to have memories of me shapeshifting. And he remembers himself even bigger and more muscular.



Adam Zupancic - September 2010

After relaying this information back to Adam, I inquired if he had any unusual abilities. He told me he can fight guys who weigh 200 pounds more than he does. He said he had dreams of being cloned and being sent elsewhere in these cloned bodies. He has a strong 6th sense and for some reason he is able to sense when someone is about to attack. For example, he would often duck before one of his classmates was able to pop him on the head. And he also claims to have the ability to see through objects.

I just want to mention that I have not met Adam in person. Our communications have so far been solely instant messaging and phone conversations. I do not feel he is holding any hidden agendas or is acting disingenuous. Here is something Adam wrote about his experiences:

"My life is somewhat confusing to the normal person. I always knew I was different. I never really looked into it until I started having weird "dreams."

In these dreams I started going on missions. On these missions I would be what they call a Super Soldier. (SS) I was a deadly assassin put in on missions to take down targets my leader(s) deemed necessary to kill. I did not question or fight back. I did what I was told. These dreams happened every night for a couple of months. I would wake up sore, fatigued and anxious. These were no dreams. I knew they weren't. I would wake up with needle marks in every spot you could

imagine. I felt crazy for a while until I met James Rink. We went through similar experiences.

As we shared stories of our experiences with each other, we started opening new doorways. WE were figuring out a lot about ourselves. What you are about to read was at one point TOP SECRET government knowledge which the public was never supposed to know. This is where my life and I'm sure James' life would never be the same.

My name is Adam Zupancic. Age 18. I was up late one night in 2010 talking to James Rink. We shared our stories as we always did. Trying to piece the puzzle together. Out of nowhere the room got brighter, my head started throbbing, my ears started ringing. I was going through something I'd never been through before. I thought at first it was life-threatening. I waited it out and it stayed. Once I figured out that it wasn't anything that could harm me, I stopped fighting the feeling and let it do its thing. I completely blanked out. It felt like a split second but I was gone for at least 15 minutes. When I snapped back I was confused. I thought I fell asleep or something.

Till I found out I been typing to James, I was being controlled by a being called Tiyan. Tiyan gave him information that may just blow your mind. I am a 6th Generation SS. I'm a sniper and explosive expert. My code name is Dreadnaught. I am mostly cyborg which is why I'm able to be taken over so easily. Anyway, more about Tiyan. Tiyan is my Creator. He is a 12-foot tall Reptilian. He created me in hopes of making a better more efficient machine. He traded me in to the government which ended up using me for my abilities."

With that said, now let's go back to that one particular night in September 2010. It began with me making a joke about how the government wanted to give me an upgrade. And as soon as I said that, Adam felt his room getting brighter and his ears began to ring. Then I saw some kind of code in my head. It felt like gibberish but I typed it out anyway.

James: "Alpha omicron typing unit 99753 here now siroopsnevnmvm."

After reading the code Adam says he felt drugged and a sharp pain was moving down his ribs and back. At that point Adam heard a deep voice in his head and told me someone was taking over his fingers. He then typed the following message.

Adam: "You are one of many Super Soldiers who couldn't understand they are fighting under the temple of time and space. Time to show you your true being, the one that kills and frees the darkness within the enemy undergrounds. You are speaking with Tiyan, don't forget that. You two are beings of the galactic square where all life come forth to manifest into bigger life."

As we talk into the night, Adam switches off and Tiyan takes over using his body to communicate with me. At first I wasn't sure what was going on. I had no idea who Tiyan was, so I played along and asked him.

James: "Does that mean we are Elohim?"

Adam: "Yes, it is bright one it's also a place in your heart you always know about it."

James: "Is that the same as the Supremes? When Lucifer told me I was."

Adam: "No, not the same thing you know exactly what I'm talking about you've met me."

James: "Met you where?"

Adam: "You anger me as if you can't remember."

James: "But they take my memories away."

Adam: "You are part of the Orion Club Organization... assignment tonight soon you will see... pay attention to the story and you will remember it... trust me pay attention to the things that are going to happen... you will see tonight. I'm trying to keep this kid conscious I want him to know also... He's fighting way too much it angers me, but I found the opportunity to tell you through the kid."

James: "So what is this mission?"

Adam: "Your mission it's going to be a great one tonight, it's a personal assignment, and you will remember only if you choose to watch the story. I cannot explain more I'm sorry for this... I don't feel safe in this body ... We will speak again soon 54363."

James: "Okie dokie, 54363 over and out."

Adam comes back online and he doesn't remember a thing. At the time I was unsure what was going on but now I feel that Adam was probably taken over by some extraterrestrial being who claimed to know me. The number 54363 has come up before. I believe this is my designation or dog tag number of some sort. Orion is the native Reptilian planetary system, in case you didn't know that. Bye the way, I don't remember going on any missions that particular night.

Later in the evening Adam is getting freaked out, he tells me there is a black van that keeps driving by his house. I give him my phone number but every time he calls, his phone shuts off. So I called him. On the phone he informs me he is home alone and there are two men with crowbars at his front door trying to break in.

Not sure what to do, I tried to channel some code that I hoped would activate his strength alter. I don't remember what I said though. Adam tells me he feels a surge of energy and then the two men disappear into thin air. I am guessing this was probably a classic M.I.B. sighting and based on their intentions, they were maybe trying to bring Adam in for a reprogramming session.

A few days later I got to talk to Adam again. Right away Tiyan takes over, though Adam's name is listed in the following communication:

Adam: "Adam puts things off as if they're not real."

James: "Yeah he's programmed to think it's not real, I was too."

Adam: "It's his protection, but he knows now. I can tell you that."

James: "Yeah it's easier to think this is happening to others and not yourself."

Adam: "I wish I could tell him everything, but I can't he will freak, such a tired body."

James: "Oh but he's so strong, how is he so weak?"

Adam: "He's fatigued."

James: "Is it the nanites?"

Adam: "No I don't sense any in this body at least not anymore. He's doing it on purpose."

James: "Is he mostly machine?"

Adam: "Yes but more than that."

James: "How so?"

Adam: "Engineered so greatly, by the ET's, giving him emotions so he can have something to lose. He is ours."

James: "Oh I thought so government is too stupid to make Adam. What do you mean something to lose?"

Adam: "They only borrow him from us."

James: "Yeah but I don't like the word borrow, more liked used."

Adam: "Nothing we can do. It is law."

James: "So you want me to try to fix this mess?"

Adam: "He is our son and we must obey or have him destroyed. Trust me he knows what he is."

James: "Why would you have him destroyed?"

Adam: "The program."

James: "Oh yeah."

Adam: "We were being idiots, we programmed him to kill but we have grown so attached, that we do not want that anymore."

James: "Yeah, what's his shelf life?"

Adam: "It depends what you mean by that."

James: "Do I need to turn off his self-destruct features?"

Adam: "He will be fine for now we have it under control. We don't like him getting distracted, so we throw stuff towards him to make him realize that we are there and jump out of that cattle life."

James: "So who were those dudes at his door with the crow bar?"

Adam: "Scare tactics, they don't want him finding his true being."

James: "Adam is brave, he saw right through it."

Adam: "He was scared though, trust us, he needs to work on the fear."

James: "So what do you want me to do?"

Adam: "I am Tiyan Collect Rep of the Divine Council of Light."

James: "Are you bilocating, is that how it works?"

Adam: "No he's under control. He's like a machine, easy to control."

James: "You're Tiyan and your bilocating as Adam? Or am I missing something here? Are you an avatar?"

Adam: "No we are on our ship. That has been circling the Earth ever since Adam was put on here. "

James: "Ok so is Adam channeling you?"
Adam: "No. Let me try to explain this to you, for you to tell him. I'm going to have to blank his memory path in order to keep this legal under our law."
James: "You mean wipe his memories?"
Adam: "Yes, so think of Adam as a remote controlled toy."
James: "Ha Ha that's funny, Adam don't think it is though."
Adam: "We have the device that controls him, body, arms, soul, bugs, speaker, sprite, victor, cologne, pencils, cellular device, his mind."
James: "You control his friends too? Tell me tell me I need to know, does that include me now?"
Adam: "Are thinking of way to much..."
James: "Yeah he thinks too much, he needs to relax."
Adam: "He can't."
James: "Is it his programming?"
Adam: "Yes, it's meant to kill. We tried to reprogram it, but we can't get past the datobites that control his brainwave."
James: "What's a datobite? Is that an implant?"
Adam: "He's back. He is conscious."
James: "What is happening now? Well knock him out lol."
Adam: "There we are back."
James: "Good, lol."
Adam: "I'm in his body himself. Hold on let me get use to this body."
James: "Can Adam shapeshift into a reptilian?"
Adam: "If he choosed, I don't recommend it, it will only attract beings he will fall fatal too."
James: "Oh shit."
Adam: "This body feels strong like ours, but weak like human. I don't like it."
James: "Yeah, I think it's the drugs they give us that make us weak."
Adam: "I put Adam on the ship. I'm going to take over for a while."
James: "Oh Adam might freak out."
Adam: "No he's put in a place where he won't know a thing, promise."
James: "Yeah well and me?"
Adam: "Of course you do its law my brother."
James: "Oh so I'm getting changed out too on the ship as well? Oh shit."

Adam: "I sense the fear Adam holds, I can feel all these emotions. I would have fear if I was here too. Which I'm glad I'm not. I want to speak with your alter, is what you call it here I assume? We call them beings of control."

James: "He don't want to come out, he would get tortured again."

Adam: "Who tortured him I'll rip them apart."

James: "He thinks you are of the dark brotherhood, because some girl did a psychic reading on Adam saying you were evil."

Adam: "That angers me. No not at all, I'm in between, was it a false reading?"

James: "I think most reptilians are benevolent. It's dumb to judge them cause of the Illuminati ones."

Adam: "It is but we don't take harm or hurt in it."

James: "I think she does give me bad advice, just to keep me on the edge ha."

Adam: "I don't know if that a good idea or not HA HA. I only got 6 more mins left here, until it's too late to wipe his mind."

James: "So like wont Adams friends and family know something is different about him?"

Adam: "No they won't notice. It's like this when we enter these awful bodies. Sorry to say."

James: "HA HA"

Adam: "I hate this human piece of junk HA HA."

James: "Yeah. Okay I will try to let the alter come out."

Adam: "We have their feelings, their thoughts and we act just as they would. That's what sucks about getting in these things, to see how bad this is."

James: "Hey I'm stuck in this too. Maybe you should be human in your next life?"

Adam: "I choose not to, to weak and too much emotion for my standards."

James: "I thought it would be fun to experience emotion, but it scares me. I can't control it."

Adam: "No human can."

James: "It gets in my way with making decisions but I'm stuck so oh well any other questions?"

Adam: "Not question but I do want to warn you."

James: "Sure about?"

Adam: "In this body Adam wants to know what you are hiding from him. But only tell him through hints it's the only way to not scare him. You may not know what you are hiding you may or may not. I cannot read your mind that would be illegal."

James: "Yeah I don't even know what I am hiding."

Adam: "But if you do know something, hint it don't tell it."

James: "His alter is probably telepathically reading my alter. So what am I hiding? Can you see it?"

Adam: "His alter is Beasty I must say. HA HA. No I am simply a scientist, I programmed Adam. I'll give you a little trivia. Us reptilians so you call them..."

James: "Did you program me too?"

Adam: "No but I know your father, not your one on Earth."

James: "Wow really who is that? Is he reptilian too?"

Adam: "Yes he's half, a half race."

James: "I figured I'm a mix."

Adam: "Yes."

James: "Makes things complicated. I can't relate to anyone. I'm so mixed up."

Adam: "He's Reptilian and Pleiades."

James: "What's his name?"

Adam: "I'm not Adam's father but I did raise him. Adam is truly without one. He was made."

James: "Is that why Adam has no memories before the age of 11."

Adam: "Yes we took them away. If he knew he didn't have a father it would break his heart. We made the mistake of giving him emotions."

James: "But surely his mom must have childhood pictures of him."

Adam: "Yes pictures are him, but not his soul. We switched them."

Note: Adam may have been part of project surrogate too. This may explain why Tiyan says he's my brother and why he looks like he could be as well.

James: "Was I switched too?"

Adam: "Hard to tell without talking to your being of control personally but that would be illegal."

James: "Well I would give you permission. But you're running out of time."

Adam: "I should be back by now. But it should be fine. I need to get this information out there."

James: "Well come again. Next time I'll consider allowing you to poke around in my head."

Adam: "How about I'll send someone that IS directly involved in that stuff to come talk to you."

James: "Sure."

Adam: "But I have to find someone I can trust in Adam's body. He's fragile. We have to protect him."

James: "I live in North Carolina it's not too hard to find lol."

Adam: "HA HA. I live in Dierds 1564, well did, it's in the past."

James: "Oh lovely."

Adam: "It was taken over by our negative beings. Even I fear them like rabid animals."

James: "So maybe you could just take me aboard the spaceship and do some upgrades healing or whatever. HA HA I thought the reps were brave."

Adam: "That would be kidnapping young man. Brave but not stupid."

James: "But I asked. It's not like it's the first time I was abducted."

Adam: "Maybe then but I'm just an old scientist. Whenever you get abducted it's only between your family that protects you if you get what I'm saying. You are all assigned families before you come here."

James: "Oh, so you're protecting me?"

Adam: "I can protect you but it's hard to do things all at once. But that's what your family is for. Your father is there for you. Be lucky you have one. He's a brave and younger one than I am."

James: "People ask me if all the things I say are true why I aren't I dead and I say it's because I'm being protected."

Adam: "Those people will perish. Great destruction is coming."

James: "The ones who abuse me?"

Adam: "They all will if they are not with the light. You must try to be with the light."

James: "I offered them the olive branch for peace, but they laughed. They play jokes on me in the Trip Chair and make me do stuff to kill and destroy."

Adam: "They laugh because they are not worthy."

James: "Yes sir."

Adam: "But listen young man destruction is coming. You and Adam will end up meeting soon. Can't tell you when that would be illegal. You two will be given powers. Not a lot but enough to be strong and fast. You're going to need that."

James: "But the implants stop me from having super powers."

Adam: "Those will be stopped when the times comes. Our people are trying to help we want to end this all."

James: "Okay. I was hoping this is the timeline would end with a peaceful transition."

Adam: "Okay so remember this. Time will come and you will gain powers you never thought you could possess. You will be strong. Wait why is his phone going off? It angers me."

James: "HA HA"

Adam: "Okay it stopped. Scared me his emotions are so jumpy. I hate being in here."

James: "It's not like the telepathic devices you use huh?"

Adam: "No not at all. HA HA"

James: "Yeah this planet is backwards. What was I thinking when I accepted this assignment?"

Adam: "Yes and filled with liars. You are brave I even don't challenge the 3d life. So sad. But my life choosing isn't so great."

James: "Most of humanity doesn't even deserve to survive. They are like brain dead robots. I can see why the elite want to cull this planet."

Adam: "Yes but it's not their fault but I do agree."

James: "But I'm tired of seeing so much destruction."

Adam: "You will see one more, great one. And I can tell you now it will be about your nuclear devices that we all hate."

James: "Oh that hmm, I hope I have my teleportation working...What about my friend Nathan Wilder?"

Adam: "Nathan. Is that your guy?"

James: "He was on my team. So they say, but we were good friends until he was taken away."

Adam: "Yes he is. He's still here the government took him off planet. I believe your moon."

James: "I want to rescue Nathan. they treat him so badly there."

Adam: "But I have good news. He's almost done with the Trip Chair. He's a brave one."

James: "Yes. Will I have to rescue him?"

Adam: "Yes you will, but he will be coming back soon. I sadly work with these people. He is on the moon. Inside base called Forty Five Niner 86457."

James: "Okay, well when can I teleport? I'll pull him out of there. Adam says he will help. But I don't think he has a clue what he's getting into."

Adam: "You can go save him but it won't be easy. He would do fine. He would be of very good need, but I worry about losing him."

James: "First we got to get his mind integrated."

Adam: "Yes we do. It's sadly all my fault. I made him like this."

James: "Can't you just make a clone of him and stick his soul into it if he died?"

Adam: "We are working on that. But we want his soul, its hard work our team is somewhat behind on work."

James: "Yeah maybe you should clone yourself to give you some help lol."

Adam: "I might have to do that. But I'm already in trouble now for staying to long and talking to a human."

James: "Why? HA HA. But I'm not fully human, besides I asked for your help."

Adam: "It's all about law young man, I know this but they think if you're in a human body your human."

James: "Yeah you get trapped here in Earth karma. Go back then you don't want to be here."

Adam: "I'll come back soon. This body is weird."

James: "Yeah it is lol."

Adam: "I'm trying to decide whether to keep his memories alive right now. I want him to remember so badly."

James: "I'll let him read this conversation if you want. That way you won't have to worry about the law thing. I will give him a choice."

Adam: "I'm going to let him remember. But only this one time. I'm going to get in trouble for it but hey it's worth it."

James: "Yeah he's going to find out eventually might as well."

Adam: "It's going to be weird. He's going to think he's crazy. HAHA but that's not so. Remind him he's not crazy it's going to be weird trying to tell him someone else typed this and he didn't when he has the memory of typing it."

James: "Will he get his powers back?"

Adam: "Not until destruction time. You will also."

James: "OK OK. I feel we will survive."
Adam: "Adam's fast really really fast and you're really really wise. You two will be a good team."
James: "Of course Adam and I are like brothers aren't we? How fast can he run?"
Adam: "In human form or in golden form?"
James: "Um human form and golden form."
Adam: "HA HA his little girlfriend sent a message on his phone I'm having too much fun with this."
James: "Yeah more distractions. It makes him happy though."
Adam: "You two are brothers but made differently if you know what I'm saying."
James: "HA HA ok. We are like 13 years apart though. Adam is the more powerful one."
Adam: "Okay but he runs pretty quick."
James: "Yeah if he gets angry or scared enough he could."
Adam: "I should run outside and test but I'm afraid of damaging the body."
James: "Nooo don't try. How fast in mph?"
Adam: "Well in human form 23 mph, is what we clocked it 2 years ago. His mother is coming HA HA."
James: "Oh ok will she suspect you?"
Adam: "I have to turn invisible. Hold on, no we wiped her."
James: "OK HA HA you're funny."
Adam: "Okay invisible. I try to keep a good humor."
James: "His mom is a handler. She will try to stop Adam from becoming integrated. She seems nice though."
Adam: "We know but she is a different handler. Her soul is fighting it slowly."
James: "I would have turned out better if my mom wasn't mked too."
Adam: "Don't look back on old memories."
James: "Oh but I'm a wreck emotionally to much anxiety from all the Trip Chair and missions and torture."
Adam: "Stupid human emotions. Just remember my brother emotion is just a feeling. Nothing more, learn that and you will do anything. I can sense that in this body."
James: "Easier said than done."
Adam: "But anyway I'll explain more about Adam now and then you in golden state."
James: "How does that work? Can you teleport here? Would that be easier to talk to me?"
Adam: "Would you be scared?"

James: "Do you look like an 8 foot tall reptilian?"
Adam: "Taller... 12 foot."
James: "Hmm then ya."
Adam: "I'm a tall one."
James: "You wouldn't fit in this room. You might break the ceiling."
Adam: "HA HA. I would break your floors too."
James: "I got a lot of fear issues I been trying to work on."
Adam: "So does Adam. You share the same emotions. You two are connected exactly. You two have almost the exact DNA. I shouldn't have told you that."
James: "Yeah but Adam seems to be doing better than me. He's got friends and a girlfriend and I'm stuck with PTSD frame of mind. Yeah he looks like me it scary I thought he was my son."
Adam: "Don't compare lives. Adam sits up at night crying it's so sad to watch."
James: "Oh no, crying about what?"
Adam: "We don't know that much why. It's hard to tap into his mind when those emotions are present. Mostly because he really doesn't have anything to look forward to."
James: "He misses his father?"
Adam: "No. He feels hopeless."
James: "Maybe it's the genetic memory of the torture in the Trip Chair. The memories in the mind are gone but the genetic memories are still there. I might be able to help."
Adam: "It is, but it's hard for him things in his life aren't not going as he wants. But just know this you and him are so connected that you feel the same emotions."
James: "Yeah we can't have normal jobs cause of who we are. Does he hear my thoughts?"
Adam: "Not fully, he puts them aside. He thinks they are himself."
James: "Yeah ADHD the chatter keeps him up at night doesn't it? He doesn't trust himself."
Adam: "Yes and us watching him. He's afraid we are going to scare him but we don't try to at all. He fears what he can't understand."
James: "The greys were so mean to me when I was 12. They said they would kill me if I talked."
Adam: "What greys?"

James: "Oh shit I did talk."

Adam: "Hold on trouble near. Hold your thoughts young man."

James: "Uh oh."

Adam: "Hold there don't move. I hate the fear in this body I heard a noise."

James: "Can I move now lol. In my house?"

Adam: "You may now move."

James: "Did you make a thump? Something just flushed my toilet."

Adam: "That's Tyler."

James: "Who?"

Adam: "Tyler Broms"

James: "Do I know him? What's he doing in my house?"

Adam: "Yes, but don't remember your guide."

James: "Is he a ghost or an alien?"

Adam: "No he's your guiding protector. He likes to explore. He's funny."

James: "I guess he was letting me know I was going to be ok."

Adam: "Yeah, but he wanted to be funny with it."

James: "Is he reptilian too?"

Adam: "No he's Sambodian. And the clock strikes 222."

James: "Ahh Adam was talking about 222 and 111. He's into numerology."

Adam: "He's trying to find meaning that's how we keep in touch with him. We led him to a website."

James: "Do you have to go now?"

Adam: "Yes I do is that okay? If you want I could show up but I cannot control your fear."

James: "Sure well, is it going to be in the middle of the night?"

Adam: "No you're scared I can sense it. You're afraid because you don't trust me fully."

James: "Sorry the greys did that to me. By abusing me so badly I try to control it not my fault."

Adam: "Not a problem I'll tear them apart just not in this body, HA HA."

James: "Where were you when I was 12?"

Adam: "Was working on Adam had to create him. Your father should have been there did he fail to do that?"

James: "I don't remember anything sorry they took my memories away. I been using a device thing I made to help restore them I want Adam to make one. But he seems too distracted to focus on doing that."

Adam: "Sorry that would be his programming...striking number 446847121431235 commence screening 657890 time zero point XXXXX"

The last 5 digits of that number sequence was altered as requested by Tiyan.

James: "Should I show him that code?"

Adam: "No, don't do that, would be bad. HA HA"

James: "I deleted it from the chat script what does it do?"

Adam: "Save this script and customize it show him everything BUT THAT CODE!"

James: "Oh. Yes sir! But you said it would be bad?"

Adam: "It's simply just his programming but his self-destruct code."

James: "Tiyan does it activate the sniper alter?"

Adam: "It is located in there. And I know yours but I'm not telling you obviously. HA HA"

James: "Thank you. Can you make me more psychic, a code to help me teleport?"

Adam: "I can try to help. I'll work on your programming but on the ship. I'm worthless in this body."

James: "I won't remember a thing huh. Sounds like a deal."

Adam: "You will remember this. Do you remember that mission I told you about I pulled you out? You would have died."

James: "No I don't. Tell me please."

Adam: "Everyone there was killed. I didn't let you go. I pulled you out. Well I'll tell you a little bit at first you were on Alpha Squad 45 firing team."

Adam feels Alpha Squad 45 is a group of soldiers used primarily for sniping and for recon. They seem to be under the command of a sergeant, possibly me? The number 45 designation may be a reference to top secret clearance levels Q-45 or higher, which is designated for non-terrestrial officers. Q stands for intelligence classifications for close-hold sensitive compartmented information. The higher the Q-qualifications, the more sensitive, compartmented information you are privy to. So Q-45 and above are Umbra & Keystone Levels. Keystone is probably the highest level of Earthly Intelligence

James: "Why did I survive and the others didn't?"

Adam: "The enemy has great numbers I mean in the trillions. You were pulled out along with your team."

James: "Yeah they just make more clones. Thanks for doing that. Nathan destroyed their planets."

Adam: "Nathan is a strong one. He managed to scare me in my true form."

James: "The government would have put a clone in my place if I died fooling my family."

Adam: "HA HA joking. I only kid you, government needs to be stopped I'm sorry I have to go now I'm keeping Adam there too long. He will remember this time though."

James: "Hey send me a cell phone, a reptilian one. So I could talk to you, one that is in contact with the ship."

Adam: "A new one? Can you speak Zion?"

James: "No but you could put me in the Trip Chair and in 2 hours I could or less."

Adam: "HAHA you're such a SS."

James: "I don't mind. What's that?"

Adam: "Super Soldier HA HA. Victor hmmm"

James: "Well I survived all of it, didn't I? Most didn't. Does he know much?"

Adam: "lol Not really but he cares for Adam and I think Victor wants more excitement in his life. I need to tell him something but not much."

James: "What's that?"

Adam: "He's what we call an informationer on your planet. In basic terms he guides and plans the SS into battle. He maps it out but he is not an SS."

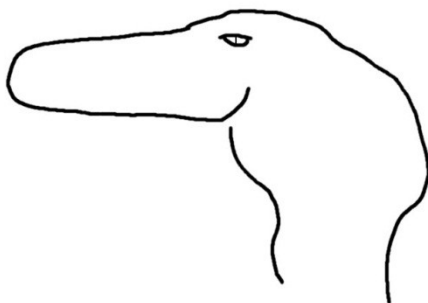
James: "Like a remote viewer? Okay I will let him know."

Adam: "Yes he plans the battles."

James: "He doesn't seem the killing type."

Adam: "No he's not. God I'm in so much trouble. Might as well just put some excitement in his life."

James: "I guess he don't have much choice. If we don't do what we are told they will kill us and sometimes they make clones of our friends and make us think they are the real one. Well go now we will stay in touch be sure to teach me Zion lol."



Tiyan as drawn by Adam Zupancic

So in summary, Tiyan revealed to me that Adam was a Super Soldier just like me. He contained a lot of robotics due to his occupation as an explosives expert. Despite this, he was engineered to have emotions.

At this point Tiyan concludes his conversation. A few weeks later, Adam informed me that Tiyan was killed but he couldn't tell me anything else. To get a better Idea of what he knows about MILABS I asked him:

James: "Adam do you think I have metal bones and metal skin?"

Adam: "Yes you have metal bones, with some kind of arms between your bones and skin."

James: "But I don't understand, what's that?"

Adam: "It's this liquid, but it's catching anything that hits or might puncture your skin. Nothing will get past that, not even explosions."

To learn more, I put Adam under a regression using my neo-meditation cube. It's basically a torsion field generator which brings in chi energy into the body so you can get into a relaxed state of mind in order to release traumas.

The first experiment I did using the Neo with Adam was trying to simulate the effects of the sedative Lycotrophiamine which they give us in MILABS to access alters. When I did that I

ended up with a migraine headache and Adam vomited, which I find odd since he didn't join in the exercise. So maybe Tiyan is right—we are psychically linked.

In another session I was guiding Adam along in a meditation. I wasn't really paying attention to what he was typing because I was trying to meditate, but after we were done I noticed he'd typed out what I think may be some of his repressed memories. He told me he had blacked out after he typed all of this:

He wrote *"Okay Man, is that sound coming from your place?" "srgt tt9 taking fire, left south blank, corner left get him, fire now drop the bastard." "Got him Sarge." "Finish him off." "He's down move in." "Breaching, go take him out." "He's dead keep moving." "This is triggering me man." "5 alpha squad put down suppressing fire now." "5th Gen get your ass in there."*

At this point Adam sees Tiyan in a confrontation with his handlers.

"What the fuck are you doing?" "Fuck you don't tell me what to do." "Dr Tiyan come with us..." "What are you doing to me?" "Nooo what are you doing? Told you to stay away from the boy should have learned from the beginning old man." "He's more than just a project can't you see that" "No, he's military, that's it, nothing else." "The chip is in Iowa. your files, go there now." "Who cares if he knows he will die just like all of the world." "We have to go now. Gather up the people, you come with us, stay back here and make sure he dies." "Will do sir."

At the end of the session Adam tells me, "Whoa, I was gone...ha ha. I felt like I was really there." So the covert government had Tiyan killed for helping Adam and myself. But before they exterminated him, he yelled to us to find our files in Iowa. Adam has no idea what's in it and I have no idea how to access it. I guess this is something we need to work on in the future. I also find it interesting that he mentioned Iowa because that is the same place where Nathan was from.

In another incident, Adam was triggered after he watched one of my videos on Super Soldiers.

Adam: "When did you post a video? I want to see."

James: "It's only a minute."

He watches the video and then writes me back.

Adam: "Unit file activate 7680 unit file temporary update please hold."

James: "Ha, what's going on?"

Adam: "Hello?"

James: "Hi to whom do I have the pleasure talking to?"

Adam: "This is Alphius, just call me Alpha, this is Alter 40. You may know me from mission in Iraq."

James: "Memory was wiped can you assist."

Adam: "protocol protocol cannot asdfkkdoi asdfk update complete memory loss engaged goodbye. Unit will be back up in 15.3 mins. Standbye."

James: "Ok Ok. Err why do you have to take 15 minutes?"

After exactly 15 minutes, he logs back in and I ask him why he hadn't responded to me in the last 15 minutes and he said he was playing a computer game and was waiting for me to say something.

Another strange occurrence when I texted Adam later. He didn't remember who I was and seemed to have been in a alter personality. The conversation read like this:

James: "Hi"

Adam: "Who is this?"

James: "James."

Adam: "This is sub unit Adam denied access pass code needed."

So I gave him that number Tiyan gave me which is like my dog tag.

James: "54363"

Adam: "James Rink Access...unit memory access."

James: "How is Alphius?"

He doesn't respond to any more of my text messages after that. On October 16, 2010, I had another chat with Adam and it seemed Tiyan was alive again.

Adam: "Dude, I slept so long."

James: "Hi."

Adam: "I'm just about to head out soon."

James: "Oh, last night my pillow disappeared from my bed, any ideas what happened to me and it?"

Adam: "Did it really?"

James: "Yes a \$90 dollar pillow, where did it go?"

Adam: "There are two things wrong with this, for one why do you own a \$90 dollar pillow lol? Another how did you end up losing it hmmm?"

James: "Well I got two pillows five years ago. They shrunk, so I combined it together in the same case."

Adam: "Was anyone in your room?"

James: "No all I remember, was falling asleep with it but when I woke up in the morning it wasn't on my bed nor any other place."

Adam: "I think YOU did something with it but don't remember. Check under your bed."

James: "Of course, I looked everywhere, why would it disappear?"

Adam: "I believe your clone replaced it when you were in alter mode."

James: "But it's gone."

Adam: "James you're not yourself right nwo... now, funny how I put nwo."

James: "Yes? What do you mean not myself? Are you telling me I'm not James?"

Adam: "Unit b46-78 activate memory sequence 447. Date: October 16th, 2010, 12 am to 12 pm."

James: "Hmm, I see a blue corridor. Is that my imagination?"

Adam: "No keep thinking, base sequence 4565883234..... calling number 45. Are you there James? Can you read me?"

James: "I see a bunch of officers, military men. I don't think I'm allowed to go there."

Adam: "That place is off limits... James oh James..... it's Tiyan I don't know if you remember."

James: "Oh yeah, how is he?"

Adam: "But I have bad news. THIS IS TIYAN. Now listen young one."

James: "Yes sir, ha did we bring you back from the dead?"

Adam: "I was taken and killed multiple times."

James: "Oh no what can I do to help you?"

Adam: "By a man that goes by the name of Officer Kingfield, he's a human in which I'm losing hope for. It's time to stand up!"

James: "Yes sir, but my head hurts."

Adam: "Nathan is gone now, he's so far into it he'll never remember you. If he did it would be by chance. I tried to help him. There is still hope. But very little but we are meant to run off hope."

James: "Of course not."

Adam: "You will be contacted soon. By a name I cannot mention. But I must leave this realm now with a one last good bye."

James: "Good they are attack my business, trying to ruin me financially. Oh no I'll have to help you come back."

Adam: "Forget the ones that try to help you, forget the ones that try to hurt you, forget all of that."

James: "Ok."

Adam: "You need to relax things will fall into place."

James: "Right I will."

Adam: "With that I promise you."

James: "But where did my pillow go? I know that's not a big deal compared to what happened to you and Nate, but I still like to know."

Adam: "HA HA, James oh James, your pillow went into a time freezing zone it will show back up soon. I promise."

James: "Oh, I thought it went into a different timeline, that's good because I didn't want to spend any money on a new one."

Adam: "Yes that' is true."

James: "Maybe it got stuck in that zone when they last activated me."

Adam: "Okay I leave now with one message. Be true to yourself, trust the tingling feeling you get you know what I'm talking about I hope."

James: "Yes, I grow weary."

Adam: "And whenever your ear starts to ring that will be me telling you something."

James: "I feel so alone. OH OK"

Adam: "So pay attention, I joined a new tribe, 222 Spitrones."

James: "Do you want me to join them too?"

Adam: "We are a bunch of what you may call rebels. We are going to bring down the system. To dangerous."

James: "Well they better hurry up 2012 is almost here and we won't be able to ascend."

Adam: "We can freeze time young one or something like that. No rush. I leave you now Adam will pass out from this he will be back on soon."

James: "Sure thanks Tiyan, friend."

Adam: "Tiyan out. Don't forget the ringing I'll always be here."

James: "(:):)"

And that was my last conversation with Tiyan. If this is something Adam conjured up, that doesn't explain why he would have all these dissociative states unless he indeed was who Tiyan claims to be.

14

ALPHA SQUAD COUNCIL

In this chapter Adam explains why Super Soldier Duncan O'finioan, A.K.A. Bobby Joe Fanin, became very hostile towards me and other MILABs.

For the record I carry no quarrel with Duncan. I respect his experience as unique and don't hold any grudges against him or his alters. I want to see the targeted individual community working together in unity. But since Duncan chose to become an aggressor by attacking my character as well as others like me who share similar experiences; I have been given no other choice but to stand up and say enough is enough. If you don't want to be part of the solution then you are part of the problem. If you choose the path of childish infighting then watch your credibility become ruined as nothing will stop the tide of truth that is about to come.

The whole controversy began when I announced that Duncan and myself and a few other MILABs were going to participate in the first-ever Super Soldier summit. Duncan wrote in the comment section of my video:

Duncan: "Don't EVER use mine or Miranda's name in one of your idiotic videos again. Do you understand that, Rink?
James: "Why, Duncan? Why do you think this is an idiot video? I spent 8 hours making it."

He didn't answer respond, however the next day he posted a scathing blog post about me:

THE RANT FROM HELL
November 29, 2011

"Now, now comes my bitch rant. I want to start by saying one thing straight up: I despise the term "Super Soldier." I hate that word. That was never what I called myself, that was never what Miranda called herself, that was never what we called ourselves. We were Omega units. That was the project we were in together. The Omega Project. Again, we were Omega units. We were never called Super Soldiers, we were never

called Ultimate Warriors. Those terms are media terms. In my opinion, designed and put out there to cheapen the testimony of anyone coming out of these projects.

But, it would seem there are a ton, and I do mean a ton, of little jackwagon pieces of shit on the Internet calling themselves "Super Soldiers." It's amazing to me how, at Awake and Aware I, the first one, when Dave Corso and I were on stage and we discussed the different generations of so-called Super Soldiers from generation one through five, no one had ever heard that before. The suddenly, right after that, dozens of little jackwagons were all over the Internet, claiming to be "Generation 5, Generation 6, Generation 7". Oh people, give me a break.

It's unreal. One so-called fifth generation Super Soldier said that he and another fifth generation Super Soldier defeated Satan and Lucifer and stopped the bringing about of the New World Order. Really? Guys, if you did, where the hell is Heaven on Earth then? We're still waiting, tick tock.

Then there are those out there, and I guess for whatever reason, they think they're an angel flying around between Heaven and Earth. Earth is holding a flaming sword, with sunlight shooting out of their ass. It's bad enough that when legitimate people do come forward, the harassment, the ridicule, and derision is bad enough. But I swear to the gods (yes, I said gods as in more than one), every time someone legitimate comes forward, a dozen more of these little jackwagons come out with so much Bullshit that it just tears away the legitimacy of a real whistleblower.

Now, contrary to so many of these idiotic YouTube posters, yes —we do this at a great risk. Not only to ourselves, but to every one around us. I read and heard so many times "if this were real, why are you still alive?" And I'll say it again — it damn sure isn't because they haven't tried. We live with constant surveillance. We can prove dozens of times over how our phone calls are monitored. As a matter of fact, a great deal of so called information that is out there on the Internet right now being used by these little jackwagons, came from us. It has been twisted and perverted to become so fantastical, as I said

earlier, it overshadows the legitimate ones. Boys, enough. And you know who the hell you are.

There are also, as I call them, little jackwagons out there that like to throw our names around to try and give themselves their own legitimacy. Ain't working, guys. It ain't working.

In truth, besides David Corso, there have only been two others that we know of that we 100 percent say came out of these projects. One was a Native American man who was older than me who had to leave this country because of this. The other is our good friend John Stormm. And John, if you ever want to use our site, our blog, to come forward, it's yours brother, any time you want.

Let me take a moment and relate something that happened just over a year ago. I have a very good friend who is a Colonel in the U.S. Army, and active Colonel. He had, notice I said had, an uncle that was in the Air Force during the Vietnam era. My Colonel friend spoke with his uncle about me and some of the vents that he and I talked about. The uncle said that he needed to speak with me because he remembered some of the event that I said took place. A meeting between us was arranged.

This man blew his brains out the night before. Can you begin to comprehend the tightrope walk with this? Hopefully you little jackwagons will learn something from this."

I just want to mention that I started talking about Project Surrogate and the different generations of Super Soldiers a full year and a half before Duncan talked about them at Awake and Aware 2011.

Around this same time, Duncan was also calling metaphysical expert David Wilcock names for crying on the air because of death threats.

"David Wilcock: You, along with your fan base have a chance to actually do something good. Here's my strong suggestion to you: Take to the airwaves, and apologize for your behavior, i.e. crying like a wet kitten, because, David, I have heard you at conferences and on interviews talking the talk so many times. When it came time for you to stand up and walk the walk, you

fell flat on your face. Now stand the hell up. Pull it together, take all this B.S. information that you get from the total B.S. "informants", and throw it away."

When Adam found out about the things he'd said, he confronted him, which helped piece together a possible reason why he was acting so belligerent.

James: "Adam why is Duncan O'finioan being such a jerk?"

Adam: "Duncan is part of a different program. Our programs don't like each other Tiyan told me."

James: "I think so. He said he and all Super Soldiers are called Omegas but we are Alphas."

Adam: "Yup that's what Tiyan said. Were Alpha, he's Omega. Were "newer" than him and Omega got jealous, we get more of the attention, if that makes sense to you."

James: "I feel like he is very jealous and opposes the work I do because we got the info and he don't. Kerry Cassidy is also mad at him."

Adam: "I wrote this to him on his blog *"Duncan, I'm hearing so many stories about you being rude and belligerent. Cut the bull shit brother! I'm sure you want to fix this terribly messed up system, right? Bashing people's stories won't fix it! You don't see David criticizing what happened to you! Both of you had different paths. Yours is more hardcore and dangerous. His was more spiritual. Just because he displayed emotions on the possibility of being killed/tortured doesn't mean you bash him down. He's already going through enough stress. You can show emotions anywhere you want to. That does not display weakness. You show your emotions! Just in different ways. Stop being so rude man. It's getting somewhat annoying"*

James: "Duncan is snobbish I never liked him."

Adam: "Duncan is a bitch. I started being a dick when I found out what he said about you that pissed me off. Then he emails me saying he's heartbroken by the words and called me a asshole and threatened me. So I told him. "If he wanted to meet up I would. I would say everything I said on the blog to his face and if it came down to it id slap the shit outta his big ass. I'm not afraid of him nor his alters and if he wanted to try me then do so." Then a voice came in my head which

sounded a lot like Tiyan and said "Let him try something, kid." Then I had a conversation with Tiyan."

James: "Was he trying to scare you?"

Adam: "He doesn't scare me. He called me a deadbeat loser. He was trying to be all tough and I just laughed. He was very rude to me first. What I wrote was not rude at all right? It was more of explaining than anything. I'll copy what he just wrote to me a little bit ago. "NO!!!! YOU, drag your sorry dead fucking ass and see ME face to face. NOW, TELL THIS TO THE ASSHATS you WORK FOR. YOU LOW LIFE SCUM SUCKING STACK OF SHIT. I deal with assholes like you every freaking day. A dime a dozen. WORTHLESS!" He put that. I laughed. Duncan just wrote me again."

James: "Again?"

Adam: "He wrote "You want me....come get me. The mood I'm in right now. It'll be fun. Come on. Show me what you got you dick weed."

James: "Does he know you know me?"

Adam: "Nope lol ;P"

James: "lol good"

Adam: "I wouldn't get you into all this bro. I can handle myself. I like doing my shit solo ;P I think our squad is a little more civilized he's old school."

James: "Yeah how did he end up being an ss? He lacks intuition."

Adam: "Exactly they must have taken anyone back then."

James: "Yes lol I hate bullies they tore my mind apart as a kid." The next day apparently Duncan's godmother almost died, and Duncan blamed it on Adam. So Duncan's partner Miranda, a.k.a. Axe, performed some kind of ritual to attack Adam. Since they are both Omega units, they were tasked by the covert government to make sure other Super Soldiers don't go rogue. Because of this, we don't take offence in what they do."

Adam: "James, I slept 17 hours last night woke up fatigued still very tired, like I had been doing something. I usually don't sleep so long. It happens very rarely. And my blood temperature dropped to 96."

James: "You probably were on the spaceships."

Adam: "Maybe. It's possible I woke up late. My mom said she heard me screaming "Wake me up, wake me up!" and I didn't say a thing."

James: "OK"

Adam: "Hey my mom just woke up and came downstairs and said that Miranda came in her dream and said "Tell your son to stop messing with Duncan or we will make shit worse for him." And my mom didn't even know what was going on only me and you. Before she lay down she was watching an interview about Duncan and Miranda from the Project Camelot Awake and Aware 2011 conference."

James: "Don't believe her, that's how Satan's minions work. They get you to believe something and through the law of attraction it comes true."

Adam: "Ya that's what I told my mom I said, "don't listen to what they say just ignore it and go about your day."

James: "This really pisses me off, they are no better than the powers that be, trying to use psychic gifts to hurt others."

At this point, I had Adam scan for any psychic cords and he found one in his back connected to Duncan's partner Mirada. I had him cut the cords and he immediately started feeling better.

Then he claims to be in contact with staff members from Alpha Squad Council who seem to be in opposition with the MILAB operation here on planet Earth.

Adam: "I know what she was doing now, my alters talked to me. Alpha member XXX was violated to the 6th degree. We are in the process of screening the situation and those responsible will be held credited for the action threw upon our project. XXX is safe now. He's being closely monitored by our staff to make sure no further damage occurs. His temperature is beginning to rise to normal levels."

XXX is a code name for members of the Alpha Company. It was changed to XXX as requested by Adam to protect his privacy.

James: "Good. Miranda and Duncan have major ego problems. They are like children playing with adult weapons."

Adam: "What was happening to XXX is what we called forward thinking. It is when the manipulator uses energies from themselves and thinks of possible scenarios and the receiver thinks it true. For example, if the manipulator was to think of the person having a heart attack. The receiver would get symptoms of that and start to believe it. Understand? That is a violation of the 6th degree. WE are under investigation."

James: "Yes make sense. It's a fear tactic. By the way, what do you mean by the 6th degree? What is that?"

Adam: "6th degree is murder. There are a set of rules we go by in Alpha. You know these rules Rink. There are 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 degree violations. Violation 1 is direct disorder to releasing any information about Alpha and the information learned while on duty."

James: "Okay I hope you're not doing that now lol."

Adam: "I'm not. You are part of the program. It's between me and you for now."

James: "Ok so I can't release this info then?"

Adam: "You can. Just not under XXX name. Your serial code number is XXX, Adam is XXX. ;D. It's how we keep track of you."

James: "OK. Oh so don't tell people XXX is my name."

Adam: "Rink you have a malfunctioned part which we are currently working on. You will remember in time. We are reaching a critical point."

James: "OK"

Adam: "Violation 2 is using such info to try to manipulate and use to turn against Alpha. Violation 3, conducting or using your weapons and armor for personal gain. You cannot use gifts outside the project under ANY circumstances."

James: "Ah so I can't get rich turning rocks into diamonds. Go on."

Adam: "Violation 4. Using or displacing ANY information to the United States, England. or ANY representative from ANY country to gain access into their legions without permission from prime executive of your sector first."

James: "Ok so we are fighting against the United States and UK?"

Adam: "No not fighting against them. Just not fighting WITH THEM. They do not need to know our knowledge of our program."

James: "Ok"

Adam: "Violation 5. Remote viewing of any sort should be used only at control center or with permission of the supervisor of your squad. In our case we had permission. Violation 6 is equivalent to attempted murder in your plane. It's basically the same thing. Violation 7 is destroying our project."

James: "So Miranda attempted to kill you?"

Adam: "We play this game by the rules not some fraudulent beast running around thinking they can do what they want."

James: "Next question. Is Miranda Duncan's handler and will Miranda be held accountable for her actions?"

Adam: "We are in the process of putting our investigation squad in for questions. We still need to focus on our greater matters first. Which is bringing Omega to custody and holding anyone that is a part of their secret rebel mission accountable. Her gifts might be taken away. That's about all we can do. Miranda is NOT a plant in his life. She is just down the wrong path. Somewhere along the way. Her mind programming got messed up and as Miranda says Duncan does. He follows her. She's corrupt I guess you can say."

James: "So what will happen to Miranda?"

Adam: "Miranda will not be killed. She will be held at a fair trial. They are a different project, a side project of Omega. Omega is more like rebels per say as Alpha is more military bases and with rules. The only difference is that Alpha started it. We began this program. We started the cloning of the bodies. We started the use of SS for war purposes and private contracts. Omega is a group of rebels that branched off from us and used the information we had to make their own group per say."

James: "So why did Duncan get so mad telling me how the only Super Soldiers were Omegas, which isn't true there are Omegas and Alphas."

Adam: "Because they used us James. Omega needs to be taken down. We are working on a squad to do so."

James: "Why do you want to take down Omega?"

Adam: "Omega is a rebel group. They will destroy what this program was supposed to be about. It's not just me Rink it's the whole Alpha Squad Council."

James: "What was the goal of Omega?"

Adam: "Omega units were Alpha squad at some point. Two things: they are violating every single one of the violations and they want to switch the program around and make it look all bad like we tortured them, which is not the case. We are just like any military branch. We train hard, but we do not torture."

James: "I see. Why do they hate us so much?"

Adam: "They are a branch off of us. They are us per say. I don't know why they hate us so much we created them. All I know is that's what the council thinks. We tried to find the root to the problem. To meet halfway for agreement but they have their mind set on other goals. They want to get famous off this whole ordeal that's not what it's about."

James: "Who is this council?"

Adam: "The council is built into two groups. One group works on the cover up of situations and the legal work. The other works on soldiers and developing of the projects. We work side by side with your government, Not the dark powers, just your government the dark powers need out."

James: "Do they have a plan in place in case government tries to exterminate us?"

Adam: "WE are also working on helping that situation we are not bad James. We are really there to help. The bad people are Omega they torture and put stuff in your mind."

James: "Omega is used by the Illuminati?"

Adam: "I guess you can say that it's pretty much the same thing."

James: "Do the Omega's abduct and use me?"

Adam: "No they put fake memories in to make you think that. You were following the wrong squad. Omega is bad news. WE are here now I'm sending you protection. We need you to be safe Adam is under close eye now. So are you. Do you feel violated?"

James: "Yes"

Adam: "Do you need protection Rink?"

James: "I get daily needle marks. Well I feel like I'm going to be ok but they are infiltrating me whoever they are. Who's injecting me?"

Adam: "You need protection. We were not aware of this happening. The council was not aware and we are embarrassed that we let such a thing happen."

James: "lol gees I only been talking about this publically for 6 years."

Adam: "The injections are under investigation."

James: "Ok they usually are located on my lips or in my mouth."

Adam: "The injections are under investigation. Those are indicative of C02 module placed to implant memories."

James: "Oh how can injections implant memories?"

Adam: "Easy actually we do the same thing but only to cover up our tracks. It's sort of like this. Your eyes see, they remember and store away in your brain the correct info. The injection goes directly into your blood stream and to your brain. Which modifies the cells into thinking you just saw what you actually didn't."

James: "Oh so that's why I have no missing time. Great I thought it was interdimensional, they would open portals and then time travel me back."

Adam: "You two were being taken over by Omega. We have you back now two of our best projects. You guys went missing for a while. Adam popped up on our radar per say about an hour ago what did you guys do to free him from the programming of Omega?"

James: "It wasn't hard he had a psychic cord attached to his spine connected to Duncan O'finoian's partner Miranda."

Adam: "Was it lime green?"

James: "A green colored one. Yes, what does that mean?"

Adam: "That cord has been there for a while that's why he went missing. Check yourself for the cord please. We don't see you on radar. Do you need help?"

James: "Yes I do. How do I check the cord? We'll let me see if I can see it. I see a lot of them actually."

Adam: "Were going to try from CC right now."

James: "Looks like 20 to 30 of them. I also see green ones, orange ones, blue ones. What's cc mean?"

Adam: "CC is command center. I see about 38 cords. Seems to be 13 red also."

James: "Where did they come from? Gees I thought I cleared myself. Maybe my subconscious mind didn't want to see it."

Adam: "We are going to walk you through this process are you ready it's a must."

James: "Is CC where we are stationed in the future?"

Adam: "James let's get these cords out first then we will answer all your questions. The clock is '333' the timing is perfect. You see the green cords, correct?"

James: "Yes the number 6 is what came to my mind."

Adam: "I need you to take this bright light we are going to hand you. Do you see the light beam James?"

James: "It reminds me of a fiber optic cable with many split ends in my crown chakra."

Adam: "This process might be painful. Take this light beam cut those 6 cords."

James: "Cut"

Adam: "We have our physics sealing them please hold, sealed. Do you see the orange ones? This is where it gets painful maybe."

James: "Yes they are thicker. The number 3 comes to mind, three big ones."

Adam: "We have a special device for that. Okay we need to do this one at a time to reduce pain. Cut one and we will seal it."

James: "Ok what do I use to cut it with? I get this cord is connected to the A.I.."

Adam: "Ah yes. Almost forgot. Silly mistake, were not perfect I guess! Okay we use this it's a beaming plate. It transfers the energy from the cord into the plate, sort of like sucking it into a different time line. Take the plate and put it on the cord and slowly slide across it should disappear."

James: "It's broken, but now the light is scattering all over the place like a broken oil pipeline."

Adam: "We need to seal it now. Please hold I'm going to transfer you to a specialist for the next part. This is Rectin. I'm here son, now listen to me."

James: "OK"

Adam: "We sealed it but you need to mark the seal to keep it closed. Do you remember your identification mark?"

James: "I imagined using my palm charkas beaming out a bright white light to melt the cut end shut."

Adam: "Yes perfect."

James: "I just heard a click. I cut all the orange ones now. Feels like my back just got real heavy."

Adam: "They are both sealed. Mark them."
James: "Ok sealing."
Adam: "Now do you see the tiny red ones?"
James: "Looking, they are like a bunch of split hairs."
Adam: "Melt those. They are old connecting rods with white light from your palms like you did earlier."
James: "Done. I feel the heaviness in my back even more now."
Adam: "Told you it would be unpleasant. Okay now the blue ones, this is what's feeding you the fatigue."
James: "My mind saw the number 13, 13 of them I guess. It looks like its pulsating and pumping a dim blue light out of me."
Adam: "Okay what you need to do. You can't sever these. You can only change them to work for you. So what I need you to do is change the frequency. We are sending you the frequency now all you have to do is match it with those cords and we are done."
James: "The pumping motion stopped."
Adam: "We are just about completed surround yourself in white light."
James: "Done"
Adam: "Now we will slowly have to rebuild you. It's going to take a couple days we'll get you back running to normal in no time we apologize XXX."
James: "It's okay I only been waiting for help for 31 years. Glad it's finally here."
Adam: "XXX you'll be okay in no time. That of course means we will need your service again same with XXX. Our CC lost track because Omega knows how to work around our database. Like I said they were us before. So they did something and wiped you two clean off the map. Don't know how they did it but they did."
James: "Now that we are back what will happen to us?"
Adam: "You will have to undergo ALOT of work. You guys were missing for quite some time now. The pain and suffering will not go away instantly it's going to take time. We have to retrain your programming, retrain your mind, retrain your alters."
James: "I'm exhausted as it is, all the time."
Adam: "Your mind is exhausted. You have been through a lot XXX."
James: "Will I gain my gifts back and strength?"

Adam: "Yes just not in physical form. We can't do that. Not yet. WE like to limit you too— just you're receiving gifts, while on this plane. But we will see. This system is not perfect. If we gave everyone there powers back that would be hell I will say."

James: "Why? Would I be a freak?"

Adam: "You still have your natural human abilities — intuition, remote viewing from human perspective and the energy manipulation."

James: "Oh but I won't be able to levitate a tank. I might be called a weirdo lol. So are you telecommunicating from the future?"

Adam: "We are talking through Adams vessel. He's aware of it. We do not wish to hide anything from you two."

James: "I think he has more nanotechnology in him."

Adam: "He's newer but you two are built basically the same. He's just more robotic per say. He had to be working with the explosives and stuff, just glad to have you two back on the team."

James: "So are you working with the reptilians?"

Adam: "The light council is more than just that. The council is of all races. We need it like that. So no one thinks we only choose one side. Tiyan one of our reps was taken. Do you know where he could have went?"

James: "I thought so Tiyan was really helpful to me. He said he joined the Spitrones 222. I hope he didn't get punished for helping us out."

Adam: "He's lost. He was taken from our group, we are looking for him."

James: "What do you mean? He said he joined a new tribe. Did he get injured?"

Adam: "We got signals but very faint. He might have. WE are in the process of looking for him and tracing his signal. Omega Squad tricked him into thinking we were going to punish and betray him. It's so you two wouldn't figure out about us."

James: "Oh so Tiyan thought we were going to be activated and be sent to kill him but that wasn't going to happen? Well then, we will have to help him how so."

Adam: "He was tricked by Omega into thinking we wanted him dead, which is why he probably said he was joining a new tribe. Omega is nothing but beast. They like to trick and play with peoples mind. All we know is that

our main project lead is missing. We need him back First. We need to get you two back on your feet. You are protected now James. Sorry for the delay. Now we need to find your other squad. Two of them went missing and still out there. We cannot trace them, our guess is Omega. We are looking for Brett and Alexis."

James: "I don't know them."

Adam: "Your squad member wants to talk to you. Do you wish to receive?"

James: "Yes"

Adam: "XXX!! Don't you ever ever ever go missing again you fucking hear me? It's XX. Fuck! We have been looking for you for years. I can't believe this."

James: "Well gees my name is all over the Internet. All you had to do was scan the Internet."

Adam: "You remember me right?... Ashley.."

James: "No"

Adam: "They really fucked you up man. Well anyway we have been looking for you for So long. I have to go I'll be back."

James: "Will I get a visitation in person? Oh Ok"

Adam: "WE can arrange that. Let me just start off by saying it's so glad to hear from you and XXX again. You did well. We will talk again soon. XXX is in sleep in his vessel. He's boarding the CC. His alter program is in at the moment till we can patch things up. We will get to you in the hours remaining. BE BACK in about 30 mins. Stay online. Bye XXX. We are watching and protecting you now use your device to contact us it should be easier now."

James: "Ok who should I connect to? Or ask for?"

Adam: "Alpha Terminal"

James: "Yes Sir"

Adam: "We all know who you are James. Just make sure you get to Alpha Terminal. You mean Ma'am this is still XX. It's okay."

James: "Okay"

Adam: "You been go for a while! Okay Sabertooth we are watching. Connect with us while we are away. We will answer all your questions. In the meantime, contact us via the cube. You can do it. Just stop doubting so much okay! XX OUT!"

More about the neo meditation cube later.

Adam: "James, its Adam my mind went blank."

James: "Hey it's okay you did good."

Adam: "Is there anything we should discuss?"

James: "Ok well I hope when they fix me I won't be tired all the time."

Adam: "Same here. I'm always so fucking tired I swear!"

James: "So Alpha Squad are the good guys?"

Adam: "I don't know yet, we need to find out. Anyone can say anything to us."

James: "I wonder why Omega wanted to break off, if Alpha was so benevolent? Something seems amiss here don't you think?"

Adam: "It's scary. Yes, piece of the puzzle is missing."

James: "Yeah like I'm being told one side of the story. And I wonder if Alpha tortured me, I mean that's how alters are created hello, lol."

Adam: "Which is why I don't know who I'm talking to is trustworthy or not. Yeah, something doesn't make sense here."

James: "Maybe they want us to trust them so we get reprogrammed to follow them or maybe we already are and this info is just confusion to throw us off. They said they would work on me and yet now I feel like shit."

Adam: "Yeah I don't feel much better either. Maybe we should get 2nd and 3rd views on this."

James: "Yeah"

Since the information on the topic of Alphas is so hard to come by without a second or third opinion, it's difficult to say what is truly going on. So, for now, let's just say it's a piece of the puzzle.

15

CODE 54631

The following information came from a series of hypnotic regressions I did with Alex Diaz, another MILAB survivor. He recalls shapeshifting into a Reptilian and being plugged into cloned avatars in various MILAB missions.

When he first contacted me, the first thing he asked was, "is it safe to be talking to you?"

I told him, "You probably should be more worried about what the government can do to you, not me." He then said he thinks he is a Super Soldier, that he was living with his family due to severe anxiety and schizophrenia. He was also involved in gang activity in Los Angeles and spent a few years in juvy. The guy is a loose cannon.

Now you can imagine that over the years I have had many schizophrenic people contacting me claiming that they were being mind-controlled and implanted by the government. They would insist their thoughts were evil. Before writing Alex off as a psycho, I asked another MILAB what he thought. My friend immediately recognized Alex and began to channel information clairvoyantly.

"Alex Diaz...you are called blood streak (because you are kind of clumsy) and like to use blunt force weapons so that you leave behind enemies' blood which left a trail of blood leading right to you.

You have multi-tone programming, which is a good thing. It's an upgrade. The single tone only runs off one frequency at a time. The multi-tone can run off of an infinite amount, cutting lag time. So you can react more quickly without much rest. It also means you have more stamina. You usually do solo missions.

... He is part of a team but I can't figure out which one. We have bumped paths before. What he needs to do is accept what's happening and look to himself for answers. He needs to

know that not all people are out to get him. That he should calm his mind. I feel like he might overreact a lot. That's what I get from him.

You are also very strong. You like to rip trees out the ground and use them like a bat. But these abilities are in his avatars, not his own physical body."

With this information in hand, I asked Alex if he would agree to let me hypnotically regress him. In this first regression, Alex recalls seeing both of us in Trip Chairs in an underground facility. He also recalls interactions with a reptilian being that provided insight on what might happen in December 2012.

"We begin with a dark room which lights up into a warehouse setting. It's somewhat new-looking but the place is dirty. On a wall is a map of Arizona. This appears to be some secret underground base in Arizona, possibly known as Alpha 69 Section 8. There is a table with lots of Trip Chairs nearby. They are experimenting on people.

There are open boxes but he does not know what's inside them. Alex is now in the Trip Chair—he is getting poked in the spine and shocked with electricity. General Patterson Wesley Kingsfield is nearby staring at Alex. He is 5'4" and carries some kind of wooden plastic piece on his leg due to some old war injury, which causes him to walk with a limp. He's chubby in the waist.

Alex also spots his handler. His name is Andrew Lonuz. They are possibly brothers. Aaron was a Navy Seal but now works in the Air force. They are forcing Alex and myself to view some kind of sexual virtual reality training program in the Trip Chair involving a Roman orgy party. This memory has come up before in other sessions.

It appears this isn't standard training protocol, but more like a side experiment that was designed as a way to get a sexual high. Alex doesn't appear to be for or against this activity; he's in a robotic trance and just following along with the programming.

The program itself was designed by the government. While in this state, they extract Alex's hormones, which are used by Mr. Lonuz as an aphrodisiac to attract women for sex. The programming also helps them find a way into your soul. It makes you feel guilty so that you can't fight the programming.

There are greys and Reptilians nearby. Most of the Reptilians here are negative and carnivorous. Alex makes sure to stay away from them. Alex feels as if he is a reptilian hybrid. I instruct Alex to find a Reptilian there who is benevolent, one who would help us. He finds one—his name is Dienandshenga and he initiates a telepathic link. He says, "We are watching over you, you might not know me but I remember you."

The Reptilian tells Alex that in 2012 they will show themselves. They are going to attempt to take control of the United States by taking over the government. They are going to try to stop all the conspiracies, cover-ups, and all the games the government has been playing. Negative Reptilians will also come out and kill a lot of people. Possibly as much as about 62% of humanity dies. They will eat people who have bad auras. But if you are of the white light, they won't view you as a threat. The other star nations won't really try to stop it. They don't want to risk exposing themselves to an already shocked public.

But this won't occur until after the Black Days when the power goes out. After December 21, 2012. UV rays will destroy the entire electrical grid. And at the same time government powers up their HAARP weapon for depopulation. They want to bring more destruction, tornados, earthquakes, and to make people's minds go crazy. The Internet will be shut down. We Super Soldiers need to find a central location where we can meet, work together, and use our instincts to survive.

Once the Reptilians take over, all Super Soldiers and MILABs will be set free. At that point we will have super strength, super speed, and will be able to levitate. We need to tap into the force in each one of us to help each other, and use our gifts to fix the planet. Military thinks they will use Super Soldiers to protect them, but their programming fails due to photon energies. Soon their underground fortresses will become their tombs.

Those who are not Super Soldiers can help the planet by getting rid of nuclear weapons and nuclear energy. Dienandshenga then said, "Hi. James Rink. We know about the work you do on the Internet."

At this point Alex speaks a strange language I don't understand. Alex says it's the native Reptilian language of Zion.

"pa wa ki tish ka sa... cash totlt sem pu a li ... cawa ba ser a... sis con mo tech tolt"

In English it translates to:

"James Rink, you are a great one. Thank you for everything you are doing. Without you we wouldn't think of humans as we do."

Since this was the first regression I did with Alex, I was pretty amazed at the quality of content. His ability to get this information clairvoyantly seems to have been misdiagnosed as schizophrenia.

As far as the Reptilian invasion is concerned, I believe this is supposed to be a joint NATO American false flag operation intended to install the New World Order. I have no idea how this will all pan out, but I believe the Cabal is going to be double crossed by the Reptilians if they decide to go along with their schemes. I also believe the Reptilians will be exterminated if they attempt to take complete control.

In this next regression, Alex recalls seeing both of us inside terminator eye avatars:

"Alex is in a facility. There is a computer in front of him with orange and yellow lights—it seems to have been built sometime around 1995. He types on the computer screen terminator eye" which is found in our cloned avatars. It's a Motion Heat-Seeking Device. One eye like a terminator for detecting and the other normal. But data is coming in telepathically in German and he can't understand it. Alex downloads the English translator and begins to read.

Alex Diaz...SS alpha 61 Delta Force creation...Purpose is to kill Super Soldiers and interfere with what is going on around the globe...With James Rink and other friends we can be set free. In 2012 the darkened brotherhood is going experiment on us. They want to expose the population to chemicals, in drinking water to start. Families will be broken up.

Alex now probes the computer on how to access golden form mode. He sees a blank screen and then the word code. He types in my MILAB dog tag number "54363" in the blank field and on the screen he reads:

"James Rink, alter mode activated in extreme pain, extreme emotions, and extreme mental breakdowns. Don't need to be tortured just need to go through something that will hurt you emotionally. By tapping into this feeling you can trigger yourself on your own. It's all about working with my own chi energy. Once you get to this point you get a phone call with a random number and a code, and then you are fully activated."

Now he types his MILAB dog tag number "54631" onto the screen. On the readout display, he sees ..."a.k.a. Blood Streak... Alters: Snapper, 77777 Lucky Jack Pot...Multi-tone programming...Alternator mode...advanced strike mentally, emotionally, physically, spiritually, and tones with your inner self. Activation code: Delta Force XXXXXXXX."

Note: this code was blocked out for Alex's own safety. It can activate any Delta Force striker throughout the world. Delta Force are killers, the ones who get the job done, tangos eliminated. Their deactivation code is 653100.

He sees our avatars. One appears to have a clubbed hand with three fingers and switches in the arm."

Alex isn't the only MILAB who recalls seeing these terminator-eyed avatars. When I heard this, something started to make sense. For the past 5 years I've always felt like there was something stuck on my left eye. And if I focus my left eye a certain way, I see what looks like a tiny black speck. Even though I am not in my cloned avatar, perhaps there is some carry over phantom effect similar to how amputees still feel their arms even after they have been amputated.

The number 54631 seems to be Alex's dog tag ID. Incidentally mine is 54363. If Alex was making this up he would have to have intimate details about MILAB operations which seem to add validity to what he is saying. In this next regression Alex recalls one of my possible past lives:

"Agent Sabertooth. Your spiritual-self name originated from a past life in the Ice Age. You destroyed a giant tiger by striking its throat with a spear. That's how you gained powers. When you kill something 5 to 6 times bigger, you gain more experience."

In a potential future time:

"I see destruction as I go down the street, explosions, fire, bodies, and no survivors. Buildings are in rubble-like the Trade Center Towers in New York City. I see the Statue of Liberty."

We are flying in an advanced helicopter. There is a scarf around your neck of a Sabertooth tiger you had supposedly destroyed. You are wearing a hood over your head which contains a transparent glass like helmet that allows you to see the brain underneath."

Our mission was to destroy all tangos in sight, (terrorists) and to look for survivors. Other Super Soldiers survived the war because everyone else was underground. All the elite and the rich. We are moving side by side and have robot feet. There are wires in my arms. There is a Tommy Gun wrapped around my arm. Victor sends us out here."

There is another positive timeline:

"We can escape this nightmare, but we need to travel in time. There is a reptilian that can help us travel into the future. The water is clear and clean, beaches, lots of eye candy. We are drinking and toasting. But we can't tell anyone who we are or what year we were born. If they find out we are from the 20th century, they will be terrified of us because of how narcissistic people have become in this timeline."

The following is another hypnotic regression in which Alex recalls two separate distinct memories of various MILAB operations. One is where he is given a new identity, the other was an extermination mission on Mars.

“Alex steps through a doorway, and sees a big bluish portal in front of him. He steps through and ends up on a spaceship in outer space. He looks outside the porthole windows and below is an ocean on planet Earth surrounded by the stars.

There is a military general in front of Alex. He is smoking a cigar. He says, “Sit down. You need to speak. What is going on, tell me.”

Alex exposed something, something that was going on in a base where Greys and humans were working together. He was a legend and worked with the Greys. Alex seems to be reliving a past life memory. He is now Air Force Magulient (Maj Gen?) Cory Bloom Hakelford.

Alex says, “No comment”. The general is angry now. Alex is now being strapped into what looks like an electric death chair. It’s bolted to the floor. They stick a needle in his spine, which pumps an IV drug cocktail, possibly Exodine. The drug keeps you conscious while you feel pain.

There is a drilling noise, terrible pain, hands clenched, embracing himself. His memories are being erased. He is being tortured. His soul leaves his body, which soon dies and he is inserted into a clone baby of himself inside an incubator.

This may have been how he was born. It’s 1990, he’s an infant now and inserted into his current surrogate mother. He’s now in a hospital and is a newborn infant.

Doctor pokes his brain with a needle and even to this day there is a bump on the top of his head.

Mother asks, “Why?”

Doctor responds, “He needs to survive.”

She nods. She has no idea Alex was implanted into her.

Alex steps through another doorway. This time he's in an office. He sees a blond woman wearing a red dress suit. She is smoking a cigarette, and blows smoke at Alex. She says, "Come with me."

He follows her into a room with other doctors. It's very bright here and there are all kinds of amazing technologies. He sees chairs with blinking lights. He is given a vaccination of Anmimabous in the neck, near the spine. It makes him feel very relaxed, confident, and ready for combat.

Now they are putting all sorts of crazy technology on him. Like a terminator eye. He's wearing something that looks like a suit. He is 6'5", muscles are bigger, and he's given a SK56 which contains 57 bullets. It looks like an M16— a very fancy new one. It has a scope, can cock back, and has two triggers. Top one is for bullets, lower is for grenades.

There are three other people with us on this mission one of which is me, and maybe Adam and Victor. But we all look different. Sabertooth (James) has a sniper weapon. Dreadnaught (Adam), an MP5, you hold it on your shoulders and start firing automatic rounds. Bloodstreak (Alex) has a 9mm pistol on his leg and so does Adam, but Victor's is a .45.

We travel through space and land on Mars. It's sandy and the sky has a slight orange tone. There are a bunch of holes which go underneath Mars into different facilities. The inside of these tunnels have lights on the ceiling, it looks like a bar light or a glow stick light, but it's brighter.

There was disturbing calls from a base on Mars, they need backup. Reptilian creatures which were working with the human scientists were not being obedient. They sent us in to exterminate the Reptilians.

Two of these creatures greet us. One looks like a Nile monitor with a long neck, and the other a swamp monster creature. We talk to the main creature in charge. He is 7 ft tall, wearing armor and hissing, using all kind of languages we don't understand. But we understand what he's thinking. He thinks humans are foul. Humans can't be trusted. They don't even trust themselves. Some of the Reptilians were killed by the

humans at this facility and they were raving mad about this. In the process some humans were killed as well.

They tell us to stop being so negative, that it disgusts them. They want humans out of Mars. We talk to the human general to let him know what's going on. The general doesn't seem to care too much what the Reptilians think. We are ordered back to exterminate them.

Alex tells the general, "I don't want to."

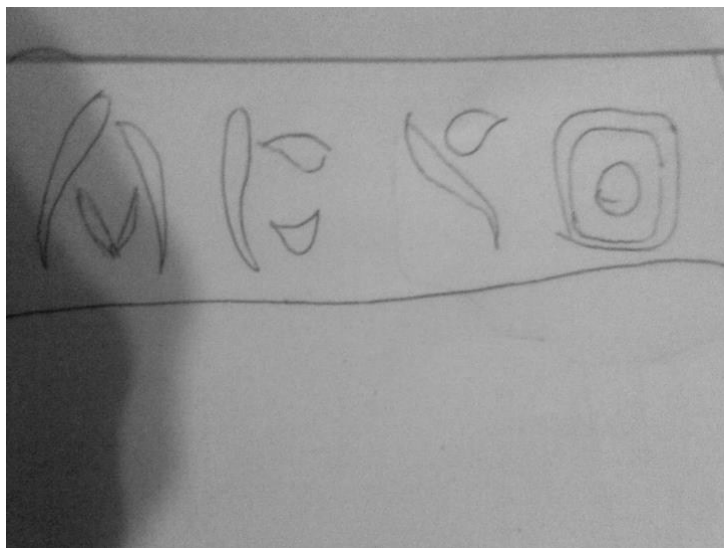
He says, "You have no choice."

I said, "We shall see about that."

"What?"

Alex says nothing.

The Reptilians knew we were coming and asked us to meet them at another base where there were no humans. It was very warm inside and illuminated by red lights. The walls look like titanium metal and have some kind of strange writing on them.



These glyphs are probably Keeben [GREY] in origin. As drawn by Alex Diaz.

They told us they understand that the American General is very ignorant. They also think we can come back with a mission

complete, by escaping to Planet Sedan where they won't allow humans. We agree and soon after they destroyed the underground base in an explosion, killing all 100 or so humans inside. The general then tells us we are done. "We will call you when we need you."

We go back inside the spaceship. We are naked and exhausted now and enter a small tube-like chamber. It's about 10 feet tall. We then shift back to our normal selves. This happens while we are conscious. It feels like our bones are expanding or getting loose. It hurts a little bit.

We are back on Earth. Alex wakes up with money. The family is asking where he got it. Alex thinks the general gave him \$15 for his help. But he also thinks there is a secret bank account with a lot more money in it. He is not sure how much. For every mission he has completed, the general pays \$10,000. It's a Bank of America account, under the name Joshua Hakelford Account No. XXXXXXXXXX Routing No. XXXXXXXXXX."

After this session, Alex felt a psychosomatic pain in his shoulder. Could be related to his programming or maybe he was visited when under regression. Who knows what's possible in this infinite universe.

16

NEO TECH

In 2008, I crossed paths with a Lt. Colonel SC, a.k.a. Greg Rinchich, who was posting videos on YouTube about the Osiris Project and human cloning. He claimed to work as a CIA assassin, declared that he'd killed 300-plus people and had worked as a sniper at Area 51. After talking back and forth over the phone for a few years, he suggested I come visit his place in person so that I could write his book.

He lived only 90 minutes away from me. I showed up at his house, and he is about as redneck as you can get. His home was built on the side of a mountain and despite the campy motorhome appearance, the view was beautiful.

As I started to write his book with my laptop, he received a phone call from the power company threatening to turn the electricity off. He had no food in his refrigerator. He was desperate to get his book done. It turns out the military cut off his pension because he was speaking out publically. I truly felt sorry for him and wanted to help.

The Colonel was a very gifted welder and had created a unique design for a sturdy tornado and bomb shelter. He had sold these units in the past and was successful, but his business failed.

At that time he needed about \$7,000 in capital to get the business up and running. Since I had that much on left on my credit cards I agreed to help, provided he let me take care of the financing side of the operation and allow me full disclosure over where and how the money was spent.

So we put aside the book project until he was back on his feet financially. He signed over some land as collateral and we began working together. I took care of all his overdue bills. He was on the verge of losing both his car and house. I also took care of the past due copayments on the medication for his handicapped son who lived in a group home. With that out of

the way, we got to work. He built a prototype while I worked on marketing.

During this time I realized The Colonel was different in person then the charming man on the phone. He was constantly fighting with his wife. I felt sorry for her. Her health was falling apart due to a muscle degeneration disorder which forced her to walk with a cane.

The Colonel told me his wife deserved what was coming. He wanted to marry an 18year-old slut he was chatting with over the Internet. But first he needed to send her money. She claimed she was being held ransom by terrorists who were holding her captive.

He also claimed a demonic being was showing up on his property near his welding shop. One night I was outside by myself playing with his dog and heard a loud, deep growl near the location where the entity was last seen. The dog turns around and starts violently barking in that direction. I didn't see anything, but I imagined pink love energy around myself and quickly went inside. Looking back, I have a feeling this entity was hanging out around The Colonel due to the negativity from all the people he'd killed over the years as an assassin.

The Colonel knew about Nathan and had his contacts dig for more info. On a scale of 0 to 5, the NSA ranked me at a 0 and claimed they had no data on me. Clearly they were not giving him accurate info.

So we go outside to talk this over. We sit on the back of his pickup truck. He insists only 20 people in the world are being experimented on and I wasn't one of them. When I mentioned the needle marks, he would not answer and claimed it wasn't real. I felt like I was arguing with a robot. Eventually I grew tired and just agreed to whatever he was saying.

Then things started to turn ugly. One of his favorite dogs was sleeping under the tire of their truck and his coworker backed up and killed it. I feel this happened due to their karma from all the lives and people they have killed—and also for what they were plotting to do with me.

Since I didn't use an attorney to write up the contract, I soon discovered the loan wasn't properly collateralized. The deed for the land was under his wife's name and not the business. It was his wife and not The Colonel who first informed me.

But when I politely asked her to modify the contract, she refused, saying it was hers and hers alone. Well, so much for honor. At that point I should have just pulled out and sued them but I already had so much time and money invested that I didn't want to give up.

After he burned through \$6000 The Colonel informed me one of his arc welders had died and he immediately needed \$400 to find a replacement, otherwise all work on the prototype would come to a stop. Since he didn't have time to get the welder that same day, I handed him my credit card and stipulated that it should only be used to offer a bonus to an arc welder. I only had \$500 of credit left on that card. I figured it would also be a good test to see if he could follow this simple task.

The next day I got a call from my bank telling me someone tried to make an unauthorized cash advance on my account. Turns out The Colonel tried unsuccessfully at 3 different locations to take out a cash advance on my credit card, which were all denied.

I called and initially his wife made up a story, saying The Colonel didn't have his glasses on and must have punched the wrong buttons. Eventually she discovered The Colonel was trying to take out cash advances so that he could send money to rescue his Internet girlfriend. At that point I pulled the plug and so did his wife.

I asked The Colonel why he lied to me but he became belligerent. I told him that he seemed to suffer from a problem with embellishing the truth. I asked him to be an honorable person. But The Colonel defaulted on the loan after his first payment, and after investigating the costs of getting a lawyer to sue, I decided it was best to just write the debt off.

Amazingly they are still together but their health is diminishing. It's fairly certain that they lost everything.

Around this time I crossed paths with Cambodian American Kosol Ouch. I saw one of his videos on YouTube showing how to make a meditation cube to help people relax and heal themselves. Most of the designs he was working on looked alien.

I told him I was a victim of Montauk-styled programming. He wrote me back saying I should build a cube to help me integrate.

Kosol was also a very gifted psychic. He was used by the government as a MILAB himself to gather information from the akashic records. He told me the Colonel was laughing at me and had no intentions of ever paying back the money. He was used by the government as a milab himself to gather information from the akashic records and started reading specific details about my file to me.

“Agent Sabertooth, 5th generation Super Soldier, activated by trauma. Consciousness transferred into cloned avatars, used for searches, extractions, and exterminations. You are on the clean-up crew. The Cabal sends you in to kill people they don’t like.”

When I asked him if he knew anything about Nathan Wilder,, he told me his file was red-hot and to never mention him again otherwise he would get in trouble.

Since I didn’t take any notes I asked him to repeat the information so that I could write it down with more details, but he refused, saying it would be better to make a cube and find the memories for myself instead of being told what happened.

I liked how the cube made me feel but I was still unable to get my memories back. I continued meditating over the next few days and still didn’t remember what was being done to me.

When I confronted Kosol again, he eventually admitted he didn’t want to tell me because I was traumatized so badly it would be better for me to just slowly integrate on my own. But first I needed to get over the stress and anxiety I was suffering and then I could unlock the trauma. He said my meditation device was disrupting the covert governments’ ability to

transfer my memories via the Trip Chair into my cloned avatar and as a result all my clones had to be terminated. They had begun to go rogue.

He suggested I build more units to get more power. After building a few more units and meditating with them daily, my mood swings and depression started to lift.

By this time I was on food stamps. I suggested to Kosol we could go into business together. I would build units and promote the meditation cubes and in return I would pay him a commission for helping me out. Since the meditation cube was going nowhere with the people he was currently working with, he jumped on the idea.

Kosol always told me how he was glad he handed me the technology. He knew I could get the job done no matter what the Cabal would throw at us. Taking the last bit of money I had, I founded Neo Lab technologies. We chose the name Neolab because that's the place where the covert government takes MILAB victims to get brainwashed. We were poking jokes at the Cabal and instead of brainwashing people we were setting them free.

But some of my white hat friends at the NSA said James your pissing the powers that be off please tone it down a bit and drop the Neo Lab name. So instead we choose Neological instead which root word means birth of reason. From that point on all the devices were referred to as Neo's.

The Neo is pretty simply really. They contain copper cones and copper cores which contain layers of human hair and copper laid out in harmony with sacred geometry. They work based on the principle that there is a certain vibrational frequency which flows all throughout nature found within the Fibonacci sequence, sacred geometry, and the Schuman resonance. When you tap into this vibrational frequency, you can interface with God, helping your body relax so you can begin to integrate and become more psychic. Chi energy is compressed into the center of the unit where it opens up a star gate portal into the 5th dimension, drawing down what you want into the 3rd dimension. You could consider them reality generators. Clients

who have remote viewed the ark of covenant claim it contains the same configuration as the Neo.

But the work I was doing was really starting to anger the powers that be. As you can imagine a device in the hands of the general public that helps to awaken and enlighten their own spirituality is vehemently opposed. On top of that they considered Agent Sabertooth a rogue asset, and blamed Kosol for that.

Kosol knew what he was doing though. He told me I was already an obsolete model and the Cabal was planning to let me self-destruct. So he did what he did to save my life which I thank him for.

With that said, Kosol was keeping a few secrets from me. Eventually he admitted he used to do work for the Air Force gathering Intel as a MILAB himself. But parts of his fractured mind were jealous of me, he wanted to have the same super human abilities I had. His animosity and programming showed up from time to time as a chip on his shoulder and egotism.

Potential customers were calling me and complaining about Kosol's treatment towards them. He would often order clients around, demanding they purchase a unit. Around March 2011 things got so bad that I had to ban him from the public side of the company.

He still couldn't keep his ego in check and started posting videos on how to become more powerful than the elite by using his meditation devices. At that point the covert government started to harass him which soon spiraled into fear compromising him.

In June 2011 he started to get threatening phone calls. Someone was leaving messages on his voicemail stating, "Your technology will be ours." He psychically looked who was calling and pinpointed a NSA liaison working directly under the Cabal head. I asked him to give me names but Kosol was too scared to give me any information.

He told me they were negotiating with me. The Cabal head views him as the head of my company and not me. They knew I would not cooperate and give in to their demands.

Kosol was told they wanted to control the neo technology and weaponize it for Black Ops and mind control purposes. Since this technology is based on sacred geometry, using this technology for evil will end in disastrous results.

I had my contacts look into this to see if Kosol was indeed being truthful and their sources revealed that we were indeed red-hot on the radar. With few other options left, I decided to hand the neo technology and a neo unit to the Cambodian minister at the U.N. as their property so that an attack on this company would be like an attack against the U.N.

Kosol also informed me that the Cabal head wanted to fly him to a undisclosed location in Europe to discuss whether to either: buy us off, make Neological Technologies a compartment of the shadow government, kill us, or kidnap Kosol and take him to an underground facility to work on devices for the covert government while a clone lived out his life on the surface, which is what they did around July 2011.

According to the information relayed to me, after the meeting with the Cabal head, he was taken to an underground facility, possibly in Venezuela. Kosol was then replaced with a clone and right away his personality shifted. He blamed me for all of his problems, claiming the Cabal head found out about our work from my Super Soldier talk videos. He also accused me of ruining his life and deporting he and his family back to Cambodia. At that point I broke off contact with him.



Neo Meditation Cube IDL-80 Device



Kosol Ouch with his wife, shown here in 2010

He then proceeded to sabotage our business relationship by setting up another company with his friend selling an adulterated form of the neo device and destroy my reputation.

In response, I did another meditation video with the Neo device asking the ETs for divine intervention, and to clean out the dark Cabal's strongholds and underground bases. Two days later there was the earthquake in Virginia which cracked the apex of the Washington Monument. It is a symbol of power for the Illuminati. Their power base was now cracking.

According to Benjamin Fulford and David Wilcock, the earthquake was not a natural occurrence. It was caused by the denotation of weapons by the extraterrestrials deep within the underground facilities. Personnel were beamed out prior to the attack, but the biggest losers were the leaders of the dark Cabal. Folks like the Rockefellers and Rothschilds would no longer have a place to hide. They would no longer be allowed to live through WWII in their lavish underground palaces.

In December 2011, Kosol called me. I picked up the phone and heard a very soft-spoken gentle voice asking for James Rink. He explained to me that he was told to call me and he had no memories of his past. He said the last thing he remembered was being rescued from an underground facility where he was repeatedly interrogated by members of the covert government.

When they asked him questions about me, Kosol would say, "James Rink is a Super Soldier he is Agent Sabertooth." They would then tell him to "look into the white light" and he would black out. He said they were trying to lobotomize his memories so that he would not remember me or how to make a neo device ever again. They also told him they were really pissed because they have been working on this plan for 10,000 years and we come along and destroyed all their work.

He remembers being placed into a coffin-like bed where they would plug him into a virtual reality A.I. computer where he was forced by the covert government to create Neo devices for black magic rituals and mind control.

The next thing he recalled was hearing gunshots and seeing a group of blond-haired blue-eyed Pleiadians dressed up as

Black Op soldiers rescuing him. Kosol and other inventors who were being held were all pulled out and the entire base was destroyed.

He then remembers being placed onto a black helicopter that seemed to levitate from a dual conventional-antigravitic propulsion system. The helicopter then rendezvoused with a Delta-shaped craft that transported him to a Pleiadian lightship. Here he and the other people rescued from were placed in a holograph-constructed reality which looked similar to Earth. He said he felt like he was there for years, but maybe there is some kind of time differential between this dimension and the other.

The Pleiadian extraterrestrials attempted to heal him. They'd all been given some kind of brain implant that contained a biological A.I device which injected nanites to regenerate neurons. They told him the Cabal was trying to destroy his long term memories, but the implant would help restore them slowly.

He was then placed back in his home in Texas. Every few days they would come around and check up on him. Eventually they gave him a piece of paper with my phone number and told him to contact me. Kosol told me both he and I were now under 24/7 surveillance by the Pleiadians and we were safe.

He claimed he couldn't remember what our relationship was, how to make a neo, or who his family was. I pressed him for more information, but he didn't remember any more than that. At that point he started getting a pounding migraine headache and I figured it was best to give him some time to heal. A week later he was feeling a little better and remembered a little bit more.

He told me the covert government created 20 clones of him. He gave me their locations, I believe he said Sweden; a few in the United States, South East Asia, most of them were in the underground bases. He told me he was in telepathic communication with his clones and I asked him why he tried to destroy our business relationship. The clone answered that he had no choice—if he hadn't they would have killed him, too.

Kosol also asked me to put a warning on my website about Baramay.com, which is the company his clone set up. Baramay means God in Cambodian but interestingly they call their units "Baal" which means false god. Kosol said they were putting coal, graphite, and a ruby inside their units which causes the users' consciousness to become possessed by the DNA inside the unit.

Kosol joked that even though his clone was programmed to sabotage our business, the covert government soon lost control over him while he used the Baal's to create an army of people loyal to him.

Since all this seemed so bizarre, I decided it was best not to mention any of this on my company website. I try to keep personal issues a private matter and let my clients decide what they need on their own.

In January 2012, Kosol contacted me again. This time his personality shifted in a negative way. He told me that for now on any decision I made had to be approved by him and the "guardians" as he called them. At that point I was forced to kick him out of the organization.

A few weeks later I discovered he was promoting baramay.com behind my back and was tweeting that he had now become a demon. So I cut off all ties with Kosol. Because the original was supposedly being protected by the Pleiadians, I suspect the Cabal tried to have him killed yet again. So the Pleadians must have placed him back on the spaceships while another robotic clone was inserted in his place.

The good news is that I am still James and I plan on continuing to sell the original cube design. You can get one at www.neologicaltech.com

Let this be a testimony of what is possible. If you are determined to break free no matter what, there is no force strong enough to stop it.

I don't know what the future holds. A possible false flag Reptilian invasion which ends up in a doublecross by destroying the MILAB handlers? A race of etheric beings that

eat and destroy all negative people during the three days of darkness and mass power outages corresponding to December 21, 2012? Nuclear War? Nate is rescued? ascension? How about a peaceful end of the world and first contact which slips into a golden age lasting forever. With so many possible timelines, who knows what the final outcome may be.

But whatever happens, the Dracos and negative Reptilians that run MILABs will not be able to escape the changes to come. We were their ultimate weapon, and now we are getting our minds back and destroying them. They don't want to kill us if we break free because they need us to save them from a race they fear more than themselves. Something is about to happen on December 21, 2012. A clue about this can be found in a prophecy by the Catholic Church:

"The air shall be infected by demons who will appear under all sorts of hideous forms. But, when all seems lost and hopeless, then, in the twinkling of an eye, the ordeal will be over: the sun will rise and shine again as in springtime over a purified Earth. Some nations will disappear entirely, and the face of the earth will be changed."

Nations disappear, they will be reaped because of the darkness in them and humanity will be set free. So in the end they will live on but through us.

In conclusion, by being bold and empowered with compassion you can rise above fear and become a voice of change that not even the dark Cabal can oppose. There really is no other choice, for your freedom is at stake too. What they have done to us is only a small taste of what they plan to do to all of humanity, but only if they can get away with it.