

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN

TO NORMAL PEOPLE

BY

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## FOREWORD

### Strange Things Happen to Normal People

I hesitated calling my book *Strange Things Happen to Normal People*, because I figured all sorts of people would come forward and say, "I know that guy, and he's *never* been normal." But the point is that all of us have weird things happen to us that we cannot explain, but we quickly brush them away because they do not mesh with our tidy concept of the world. As the years pass, those unexplained events may even become forgotten. Ironically, all my life I have had an interest in UFOs and aliens, but never in my wildest dreams did I ever suspect an alien connection in things that were happening in my own life. The book you are about to read offers some unexpected explanations for six of the odd things that happened in my life:

The first mystery that plagued me as I grew up was memories of being a little girl, which certainly is ambiguous since your author is a man. These memories were strongest when I was a young child and may explain why my favorite toy as an infant was a doll. This image of myself as a female toddler, perhaps 3 years old, eventually faded by the time I was six, but it was its strongest when I was about five years old. The image itself was unambiguous: I was in the living room, with my nose up against the screen in the front door. To this day I can see that screen door clearly. I can still feel the pump that allows the door to close softly. I can still smell how the screen smells of rust as it presses against my nose. I would wait patiently for my father to return from work, and when he did finally return, I would have his slippers ready for him. He would pick me up and pat me on the back, and then he'd set me down, and after he sat down in his recliner, I would put his slippers on his feet. The operative word here is "feet." You see, my real father only has one leg. That means, of course, he only has one foot, one shoe. Why would I have these memories of a father with two feet?

The second mystery that I could not understand is an odd but reoccurring image of mercury-like spheres dripping apart. It is not just an image, but it is a feeling. As these spheres pull apart from one another, there would be a very pleasant plucking sensation. It was so pleasant that until I had my first orgasm ten years later, I had nothing else to compare it with. It's an odd memory to have, I admit. I learned long ago not to mention it to anyone because they thought I was weird if I ever spoke about it.

The third significant memory that I have often pondered is a reoccurring nightmare that I had as a five-year-old boy in which I'm frightened by a ghost in my living room. The dream always began innocently enough. I would be in the dull light of the living room, sitting in the middle of the carpet, hunched over my favorite toy, an electric train. I would be watching the coal car filled with fake coal, when suddenly I would sense the presence of someone watching me. When I faced the closed drapes, I saw them billow out as if there was someone hiding behind them. I knew it had to be a ghost, and I would always wake up at that point. That was forty two years ago. Never in my wildest hopes did I think I would ever be able to explain this nightmare, and never could I have possibly imagined how it would be explained.

The fourth odd memory also happens to be frightening, except now I am a teenager, maybe twelve years old. In the home I was living in then, my window was at the end of the bed, and it opened onto the roof of the patio. It was always fun to crawl out the window, walk onto the roof, and watch the neighborhood below the height of the attached garage roof. Except nothing about this night was pleasant. I was trying to sleep but afraid someone entered the room through this window. Back at that time, I had the bad habit of rocking in my sleep. This was a lateral rock from side to side while one hand would rest on my chest, and the other hand would follow me from left to right. This was how I fell asleep, even when I was twelve. In fact, I didn't cease this annoying habit until I was seventeen. How my brother was able to sleep when we slept in bunk

beds, I'll never know, but he should be granted a medal. I never remember him complaining. Anyway, on this fateful night, I was certain that prowlers were crawling through that window into the room. This prompted me to rock even faster. I knew that the prowlers were looking at me, and I knew they were wondering what was wrong with me, but I prayed that they would leave me alone and think I was sleeping. This is the kind of experience that one might occasionally think about, but he certainly doesn't expect it ever to be explained. As it happened, 37 years later, the mystery was explained, and you'll read about it in the pages that follow.

Yet another terrifying night occurs in this same bedroom. It was a December evening in 1967. I was out with my brother and father. We were watching an Elvis movie, I remember. We returned home, and my sisters and mother were still out. Perhaps they were shopping. I had my sneakers off and was climbing up the stairs to go to my bedroom. My father shouted from downstairs that they were having some pound cake, so when I reached the top of the stairs, I threw both of my sneakers onto my bed (about twelve feet away) and then promptly made an about face and went back downstairs. After finishing the pound cake, I headed back up the stairs. Halfway up, staring right at me on one of the steps, was one of my tennis shoes! This was the very same shoe that I knew I had thrown on the bed. Immediately I screamed and ran back downstairs. Both my father and brother wanted to know what was wrong, of course, and I told them that someone must be up there, because my shoes were not where I left them. They both went upstairs while I remained downstairs. I heard them as they opened and closed all the doors, flipped on all the lights, and checked all the closets. No one was up there. This flew in the face of all logic. I knew the shoes didn't get there by themselves. This would remain a mystery for thirty two years, and I never suspected that one day the mystery would be solved, but it was.

The sixth mystery concerns a single Thursday that was the oddest day of my life – until I became 49, at least. It was a summer day during high school. I was a junior, I think. I was showing off my gymnastic moves to my brother's friends on the front lawn. I had become quite adept at full flips at that time and was showing them. Unfortunately, I landed on my back, knocking the wind out of me, and also knocking the back of my head pretty hard. My brother's friends were uncharacteristically concerned for my well-being, and I suppose mostly out of embarrassment, I hopped back up and proclaimed that I was just fine. But I was not fine. In the appendix of this book you can read the full description of that Thursday because it was so strange and bizarre that I wrote a four page description of it on the very next day, and I called it, aptly enough, "[Description of Thursday Night](#)." Among the many odd things that happened was the ability to predict the future. I knew what people were going to say before they said it, and I received a revelation that life was like a bureau with three drawers and that we lived in the top two but were striving to get to the bottom drawer. When I announced this revelation to my brother's friends, they thought I was smoking weed.

The more I talk to people, and maybe my readers might agree, little unexplained incidents like these litter their pasts. Almost every one, it seems, has a ghost story to impart, and almost everyone has a UFO incident to relate, or some other odd event that defies logic. While it amazes me how many stories like this litter our logical landscape, it amazes me even more how people manage to find some hollow compartment of their brains to file away these experiences so that eventually the events become either forgotten or relegated to campfire tales in order to innocently pass the time or to entertain. Well, excuse me, I choose not to forget these odd events. I need to explain the unexplained. The skeptics out there are no doubt already rolling their eyes and spouting, "Don't tell me this fool thinks he was abducted by aliens. Don't tell me he thinks a UFO can explain these bizarre things."

Perhaps I was not abducted, but I was visited. No, I was not probed anally, but I did share some conversations with entities that may have explained the above six anomalies. I never asked anyone to explain these diversions from my logical reality, but they did, and I cannot resist the impulse to share what I have learned with you.

## **Entity One** **We Are More Than We Appear**

I am *not* hooked to online chatting like some people are. I use a service called America Online (AOL for short). A lot of people might be familiar with "chat rooms", but in case you're not, let me explain how AOL works. If members wish, they can enter a chat room or create a new one. In each room, 22 people may enter from all over the country. Instead of speaking, we all use our keyboards; and we can all talk to each other. I have a chat room called "Beach Lovers" that I created and "plopped" into my *Favorite Places* .

One Wednesday, at about 9:00pm, I was online downloading some files from a UFO forum. This particular night I was obtaining a recent image of a crop circle, a topic in which I am deeply interested. I call it part of my well-rounded education. The great thing about AOL is that I can be in two places at one time. In one window I am in a chat room; in another window I am downloading files. I sort of just hang-out alone in my chat room; it's my way of being visible to other online users, especially women who might enjoy the same things I do. Typically what will happen is in the course of 30 minutes, two or three men will send me what's called an "Instant Message." (Just as in real life, men are more aggressive online, and the cyber world is a ripe breeding ground for prowling males). Anyway, the "IM" is a little dialogue box that allows two people to carry on a private conversation that no other users will see. Usually, the dorks that don't bother to read my profile will ask me if I'm a "m or f?" Online people don't like to type more than they have to. If I am feeling like giving the people a hard time, I will say something like, "The answer to that question is in my profile." Sometimes newbies (people who are new, inexperienced online users) don't know that they can read all about me in my profile. For those who don't know, AOL allows its members to be totally anonymous. I don't have to have a profile; but I choose to have one. My Profile is below:

Screen Name: Skystuff

Member Name: Paul

Birth date: 6/6

Sex: Male

Marital Status: Single

Occupation: Teacher

Hobbies: Sky stuff: sun, moon, and stars Computer: I enjoy bike riding, tennis, the beach, and volleyball.

Quote: My rings remember years of rain.

The "Screen Name" is the name that other online folk see on their screens. Notice that instead of talking about my computer, I chose to list a few more hobbies. This is very common among AOL users. After all, what can one really say about a computer? So much for my introduction to AOL. As I was downloading a picture of a crop circle, an instant message pops up on my screen. This IM is from a dude who calls himself "SuperMe." He says, "So you like Lake Michigan, Huh?" "Lake Michigan" was the name of my chat room. Below is our conversation:

Skystuff : Yes, love everything about the great lakes.

SuperMe : Me too, Got any nice beaches by you?

Skystuff : Yeah, Indiana has plenty.

SuperMe : Do you like the ocean?

Skystuff : Not as much as fresh water.

SuperMe : Yes, that salt water has a way of clearing the sinuses.

Skystuff : You got that right. A lot of people have no idea how huge the Great Lakes are.

SuperMe : Yes, these coastal people think that we all live near ponds.

Skystuff : Man, you seem to know what I'm talking about. When I lived in Austin, Texas, everyone was so doggone proud of Lake Travis, which turned out to be a tiny pond crowded with hundreds of boats.

SuperMe : Yes, you are lucky to live where you do.

Skystuff : Where do you live?

SuperMe : I live in a place far far away.

Skystuff : Very funny. Usually guys ask me if I'm male or female by now.

SuperMe : I already know you are male.

Skystuff : Yes. You too? I see no profile for you.

SuperMe : I would say that the dominant gender in me is male, yes.

Skystuff : What does that mean? Androgyny?

SuperMe : We all have components of both.

Skystuff : That's true, I suppose. It's just one chromosome that makes us different.

SuperMe : Ever wonder if perhaps in your former life you were a female?

Skystuff: I think I might have been, although I don't think I reached puberty.

SuperMe : Hmmm, interesting. Is that because you/she died very young?

Skystuff: Yes, I have a memory of myself standing at the screen door waiting for my daddy to come home, and also of bringing him his slippers. Someone, as part of my memory I just know that I'm a little girl.

SuperMe : And I bet when you deliver the slippers you notice something special about his feet?

Skystuff : My god! Yes!!!!

SuperMe : Tell me, what did you notice?

Skystuff : Well, only that he has 2 of them.

SuperMe : And what is so special about that?

Skystuff: My own father has only one leg.

SuperMe : How long have you had this memory?

Skystuff: All my life, why?

SuperMe : No reason. Do you have any other memories?

Skystuff: No, that's it; just me waiting for my daddy to come home. That's why I think I might have died young. If it is a real past life memory, why don't I recall anything later?

*[ I did have other memories of the house I lived in, the street I lived on, and a nearby park, but I did not feel like dragging this online chat on forever].*

SuperMe : Unless this memory is especially significant?

Skystuff: I read somewhere that we typically take on a new life every 150 years or so, but the screen door was very modern. The little girl would have had to die at least in the early 50's.

SuperMe : Because you were born in the early 50's?

Skystuff : Exactly.

SuperMe : Souls are re-entering bodies faster now.

Skystuff: I read that once, but why?

SuperMe : It has to do with Earth's huge population. Out of necessity, our sleep time is decreasing.

Skystuff : Sleep time?

SuperMe : Yes, the time between lives is generally regarded as sleep time. It's a process by which we assimilate the latest life.

Skystuff: That's interesting. You really buy this reincarnation stuff, don't you?

SuperMe : I don't buy it, but I know it for a fact.

Skystuff : How's that?

SuperMe : Because I'm \*Super\* of course! :) [*The ";*" is a sideways smiley face]

Skystuff : What would you say if I told you about an even weirder memory?

SuperMe : Does it involve spheres?

Skystuff : YES!!! My god, how did you know?

SuperMe : Super, remember?

Skystuff : Do you want to tell me?

SuperMe : Perhaps I already am telling you?

Skystuff : I'll have to think about that one.

SuperMe : That's what it's all about.

Skystuff : Anyway, throughout my early childhood, I not only picture these spheroids splitting, but I also feel the separation and hear it.

SuperMe : You are remembering creation itself.

Skystuff : Creation? You mean like a cell dividing?

SuperMe : All living things are fractals of spiritual concepts?

Skystuff : Excuse me?

SuperMe : I know you know what fractals are.

Skystuff : Isn't that when a shape repeats itself?

SuperMe : Sort of. When a larger image is magnified, inherent in its shape is itself.

Skystuff : So, am I remembering myself as a zygote?

SuperMe : Perhaps you are remembering the very creation of the universe.

Skystuff : That's odd; I was just reading about our astronomers discovering bubbles in our universe.

SuperMe : Creational bubbles, yes. I look at them as cosmic eggs.

Skystuff : So, the universe is shaped like an egg?

SuperMe : Yes, but it only has shape if you bother to travel it.

Skystuff : What does that mean?

SuperMe : Conceptually, the universe is far too enormous to travel.

Skystuff : I think I know what you mean?

SuperMe : I thought you might, given your fascination with spirals?

Skystuff : What about my spirals? [*I always doodled in spirals as a kid*]

SuperMe : If one were to plot points along the cosmic egg as it creates time, those points would draw a spiral.

Skystuff : Hold on here. The eggs creates time?

SuperMe : Yes, what else did you think time was?

Skystuff : I have no idea.

SuperMe : So there \*is\* a deeper meaning for your spirals, you see?

Skystuff : All along, I thought it was because I wrote poetry in spiral notebooks that just happened to be blue.

SuperMe : Don't forget fractals.

Skystuff : So, you're saying that even ideas are fractals?

SuperMe : YES!

Skystuff : Which means that when I have an idea, I'm not really making it; I'm only copying one from elsewhere in the universe?

SuperMe : Not exactly, the idea is uniquely your own; you may be the reason why that fractal even exists. Or, the fractals fit where they are needed. I really don't know everything.

Skystuff : Super is admitting his limitations?



SuperMe : LOL

[LOL = *Laughing Out Loud*]

Skystuff : Well, this has been a most interesting conversation, certainly not like the type I am used to on AOL.

SuperMe : Yes, well sweet dreams.

Skystuff : You too.

SuperMe : My dreams are always sweet.

Skystuff : Bye

SuperMe : Adios

I then signed off AOL. SuperMe ended with "Adios" which is strange, because I always use that word myself. But when you analyze the conversation, this dude focused right away on two very important images:

- 1) The feet of my (past-life?) daddy.
- 2) The spheres of my haunting memory/image.

I suppose since I had mentioned my father's feet and slippers already, he was just spitting back stuff I had just said, but as for the "spheres", I have no idea how he knew that. It's something I have not mentioned to anyone. The best analogy I have for it is a particular Star Trek: The Next Generation episode in which the crew of the Enterprise becomes hooked on a new virtual reality computer game. They show geometric shapes slipping through other shapes. My reoccurring memory lacks the colors of that fictional addictive game, but it has some of the same kind of addictive quality to it. When the lower sphere pops out of the top one, it kind of slurps out with a wonderfully pleasant sensation. Now that SuperMe has me thinking about conceptual fractals, perhaps this is the idea fractal for intercourse. It would not be too unlike a man and woman unjoining, as it were.

It was a couple weeks later that I met SuperMe on AOL once again, but those circumstances are very bizarre. AOL has a neat feature called "The buddy list". It allows a person to simply create a list of people that he or she enjoys talking to. That list sort of lurks in the background, waiting for any of those people to log on. When they do, I am alerted by their name popping up in the box. I had only placed 3 names on my list that I know of. Two are ladies that I work with; the third is a close friend.

When I logged on a few days after my birthday, a pleasant sound on my computer speakers immediately notified me that "Super-Me" was online. This was weird, because I had never put SuperMe in my Buddies' List:

Buddies Online: Beach Lovers (1/3) \*SuperMe Locate IM Setup Help

Yet, as you can see above, SuperMe is clearly on the list. I certainly cannot recall placing him on the list. Well, since I really was just going to check out some current bike rides and get off-line right away, I didn't bother *IM-ing* him. But as it turned out, that didn't matter. Popping onto my screen was that nice little blue dialog box with *Respond* or *Cancel* but-tons on the bottom. The message said, "Fancy seeing you here!" (I had not planned to mention his name on the "buddy list")

Skystuff : Hi, SuperMe. Have you been online long?

SuperMe : Nope, just got here. How's that spiral notebook going?

Skystuff : Excuse me?

SuperMe : Write any poetry lately?

*[This really caught me off guard because I did not recall mentioning that I wrote poetry, nor did I mention that I use a spiral notebook.]*

Skystuff : Well, no, no poetry. I logged a couple dreams.  
SuperMe : Not the great SUCKING dream?

*[Again, I was floored. This was getting spooky, very spooky. I had had a dream with this huge machine that kind of sucked entire people up. It was a way to commit suicide. Actually, I had never connected suicide to the dream until I told a friend about it. Oddly, she asked me if I had been depressed.]*

### **Instant Message From "SuperMe" Accept? / Cancel?**

SuperMe : Fancy seeing you here!  
Skystuff : How do you know about the \*sucking\* dream, as you call it?  
SuperMe : It's not so much a sucking as it is evaporation. Souls can fizzle out.

*[If possible, this was getting even weirder. I had written a poem about souls passing through silky curtains. Some souls do it, but others just fizzle out. Passing through the drapes would be advancement of the soul; fizzling out would be the evaporation of an experience that did the soul no good whatsoever and doesn't deserve to be an eternal part of the person's identity. Please see the Appendix for the full verses of the "[Gates of Heaven](#)" poem.]*

Skystuff : Hey, who are you, anyway? You know too much.  
SuperMe : I'm not a stalker, so please relax.  
Skystuff : How did you know about my *Gates of Heaven* poem?  
SuperMe : It's on the www, of course.

*[And he was right. I had about 30 pages on the World Wide Web. The "Gates of Heaven" was one of them that was included. Although I had spent nearly \$40 of online time (@ \$19.95 per month) putting the poetry onto the web, I had no idea that anyone would bother reading any of it. As far as I knew, only two people apart from myself, had visited the site. I have a "counter" that keeps track of the amount of visitors, and it was currently 18 , and while that sounds like a lot, I was at least 15 of the visitors, checking the URL addresses out as I was going.]*

Skystuff : I'm amazed that anyone bothered to check out my site. How did you find it?  
SuperMe : I merely did a search for *Skystuff* at the home search page.  
Skystuff : That'll do it. But why the interest?  
SuperMe : It's more than interest. It's necessity.  
Skystuff : How do you mean?  
SuperMe : You will be visited by seven entities in the near future.

*[This floored me. I immediately thought of Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* . in which Scrooge was forewarned by Marley that he would be visited by 3 spirits. So I responded in like manner.]*

Skystuff : Is this the good news you had for me?

SuperMe : LOL, so you've been teaching A Christmas Carol too much.

*[This was also strange, because it was true: a short version of "A Christmas Carol" is in our literature book, and I teach it to my students each year. I thought it was odd how he picked up on my allusion to "A Christmas Carol," even though I knew I had not quoted Scrooge exactly.]*

Skystuff : Now cut this out. Who is this exactly. Is this LaceNSilk?

[LaceNSilk is a very close female friend online who knows about some of these things. Since it is possible for the same person to have 7 different screen names on AOL, I had to wonder if LaceNSilk & SuperMe were one and the same. LaceNSilk also writes poetry, and I shared some of my ideas with her. ]

SuperMe : Nope, if I told you, you wouldn't believe me, but I will say that I am no stranger to you.

Skystuff : Well now we're getting somewhere. So, tell me about these entities. Are any of them alien?

SuperMe : Why of course.

Skystuff : Are any from other dimensions?

SuperMe : Most definitely. But there is a kink in the superstring.

*[I was puzzled by superstring, but I guessed he was alluding to the string theory that physicists have, a theory about which I know nothing.]*

Skystuff : What is this kink, Davies. [I was alluding to Ray Davies of The Kinks]

SuperMe : The kink, my dear Lola, is that only 4 of the 7 entities will be telling you the truth.

Skystuff : How will I know which ones are telling the truth?

SuperMe : That is the tricky part. It won't be easy.

Skystuff : Why are these entities going to visit me, and how?

SuperMe : Nearly all will be nocturnal, as most visitations are. I just want you to know that they are very real. They will not be illusions.

Skystuff : Are dreams illusions?

SuperMe : That is a fair question. Dreams are not illusions. They are drama in a different landscape. Spiritual creatures crave drama. Life is drama with consequences, so it teaches souls all the more poignantly.

Skystuff : What do you mean "with consequences."

SuperMe : Well, try to picture a being of light in another dimension. He is told that to steal is wrong. But he knows that if he takes something, let's say a butterfly fractal, that the victim will easily replace the butterfly with a mere wish. The theft just doesn't carry as much weight, as it does in your world.

Skystuff : What do you mean "your world." Aren't you from this world?

SuperMe : That's a hard one. I am on another stream.

*[This was getting eerie because I had written a poem about three streams of consciousness that coexist. I knew for a fact that this poem was not on the web. The streams had started out as holographic waves, inspired by Talbot's book, The Holographic Universe.]*

Skystuff : So it's true, there are 3 streams?

*[I was testing him this time to see just how much he knew about a developing idea of mine.]*

SuperMe : Oh, there are far more than 3, but three are prominent in most people's lives.

Skystuff : What do you know about my teenage tumbling accident?

SuperMe : I know about the three drawers.

*[YES! While showing off to my brother one day on the front lawn (I was 17 years old at the time), I landed on my head while attempting a forward flip. Within minutes I started acting very strangely. At one point I announced to my brother and two of his friends, "I know the secret of life. We are all in the top two drawers trying to get to the bottom." The complete description of this Thursday night is in the Appendix.]*

Skystuff : So, you are from the top drawer, aren't you?

SuperMe : Yes.

Skystuff : Does this mean I will know the secrets of life?

SuperMe : Life is not a secret. Didn't Bradbury teach you that?

*[Just two weeks ago, prior to the letting out of school, I showed my students a filmstrip distributed by Troll Books. In the filmstrip, the Martian tells Rock Hudson that Life is no secret, that we just need to live in harmony with the planet.]*

Skystuff : Well, there are an awful lot of people trying to figure out life.

SuperMe : They are merely adding to it. It is all convoluted.

Skystuff : What do you mean by that?

SuperMe : Anything that we can imagine can be real, so it becomes a new part of life. In that sense, no one is ever wrong.

Skystuff : But there must be one answer to how life on Earth started?

SuperMe : Yes, only one.

Skystuff : I have a feeling you're not going to tell me, are you?

SuperMe : Yes and No.

Skystuff : Please explain.

SuperMe : The 7 entities will do the explaining.

Skystuff : But some of them will lie?

SuperMe : Three of them will be liars.

Skystuff : Will I go to hell if I believe all 7?

SuperMe : The fate of men does not all hinge on his beliefs, thank God.

Skystuff : That smacks of heresy.

SuperMe : Religion is heresy, sad to say.

Skystuff : Why must I rely on these 7 entities? You seem quite capable of telling me all I need to know....

SuperMe : It's that kink.

Skystuff : You mean...*You're one of the seven!?*

SuperMe : You catch on quick. You see, I sort of opened the gate. Now that I have poked through, six others also will.

Skystuff : If you're one of the seven, then *you* may be lying?

SuperMe : Now you see what I mean.

Skystuff : I don't understand why it has to be so damned complicated.

SuperMe : You fancy yourself a seeker of the truth, correct?

Skystuff : Yes?

SuperMe : Perhaps part of the truth is that deceit exists.

Skystuff : I was hoping that was only in this world.

SuperMe : Heavens no. Deceit seeps downward through the streams.

Skystuff : Thanks for the warning.

SuperMe : It's an agreement we made.

Skystuff : ??????

SuperMe : It's hard to explain, but you think you are talking to me now for the first time, don't you?

Skystuff : Well, we just met a week ago.

SuperMe : Sorry, we met 43 years ago. Happy Birthday, by the way.

Skystuff : You mean we discussed all this stuff 43 years ago?

SuperMe : This is a paradox, but actually it was at the end of your life that you made the request. That old person has been working very hard to communicate with you.

Skystuff : Communication through time? Wow, that's neat. Can I talk to him?

SuperMe : You have many times without knowing it.

Skystuff : Does he know it?

SuperMe : No, he doesn't know it. He only knows it can be done.

Skystuff : Is it because we both have the same voice?

SuperMe : That's as simple an explanation as any. His voice is indecipherable from your own because you are one.

Skystuff : There must be a zillion me's?

SuperMe : Now you see what I'm up against?

Skystuff : Is that what makes me a stream? I am all of these experiences flowing as one?

SuperMe : Exactly, you are the ebb, the tide, and the rip current. But you are also much more than that.

Skystuff : Will I know exactly what I am after death?

SuperMe : You'll have a better idea.

Skystuff : Will it be like waking up from a dream?

SuperMe : Yes! Remember, all of life is fractals. In keeping with your interest in holograms, try to picture a small shard of a hologram that shows your soul from only one tiny perspective. In a way, when you die, those shards come together, so that the hologram becomes more like a moving, complete, picture.

Skystuff : But I sense that it still will not be complete?

SuperMe : Of course not. Because even after all the shards are glued together, it will be discovered that that is one small piece of yet another fractal.

Skystuff : Do you suppose this goes on indefinitely?

SuperMe : Do you mean infinitely?

Skystuff : Yes, infinitely.

SuperMe : Definitely.

Right at that moment, I lost my carrier. That's modem talk for losing my telephone connection. It seemed almost as if it were on purpose. I certainly wasn't ready to ingest anything more from this guy. He would have to be a computer nerd of the greatest kind to purposely toss my computer off-line -- although I wonder if that would happen if the same person tried sending a *second* IM box to me. When I got off-line, I started thinking about the Holographic Universe theory. Talbot suggests that our brain stores information much like a holograph. In other words, the memory of my mother is not just in one specific part of the brain; parts of her are scattered all over. That way, if I do suffer brain damage, I will still remember my mother -although I may forget some things about her. Talbot actually takes the hologram idea one step further, suggesting that the stimuli of the universe is actually a wave. We interpret that wave as something physical with 3 dimensions and having 5 senses, but that is only a mental

construction. Being a wave doesn't make it any less real, of course. A semi truck will still run you over, just like a wave of the lake will wreck a sand castle.

I was actually in a kind of daze about this "SuperMe" character. He seemed to know me intimately. It is true that I always saw myself on a mission of the truth. Many that know me call me eccentric. My interest in UFOs borders on obsession. No, forget borders: it *is* obsessive. Oddly, though, when I attend a rare UFO convention, I do not really feel like I belong there. Perhaps I just do not want to admit that I cannot possibly be as crazy as all those other people that surround me.

I have this resistance to belonging, because I am afraid I will lose my identity. That may sound strange, but I don't wish to be branded a "biker", for example. I also do not wish to be branded a UFO nut, but I am afraid that I am really a UFO nut. I think about them almost at least once every hour of every day. Not long ago my sister, with much concern, asked me, "You haven't walked away from God, have you?" While I said, "Oh no," but in my mind I said, "Are you prepared to face the notion that Adam and Eve may have been from the Pleiades?" I suppose the best answer would have been, "I'm too busy fixating on UFO origins to ponder ontological ones." And that really is it.

If it's true that each individual has a purpose on life, why must we all become Bible experts? If I started studying the Bible today, I never would know it as well as others who started decades ago. Surely there are other reasons for 5 billion people to be on this earth. Perhaps my reason to be alive is to get at the crux of this UFO issue. Perhaps I can digest the information in a way that no other person can. Perhaps my perspective on the issue is what makes me unique. I do not simply join a camp that says, "Yes, I am a follower of Billy Meir." Instead, I am fascinated by what Meir says, but I am still reluctant to step into a belief system. There seems to be the meat of the problem: belief system. I wrote in one of my web pages that my belief system is under constant renovation. There are many that proudly proclaim their convictions, that steadfastly refuse to believe anything contrary. This to me seems like death. It certainly causes death. How many wars are fought over loyal convictions. Personally, I wouldn't fight anyone who said, "All that UFO stuff is crap." I wouldn't pick up a bat and say, "Oh yeah, buster! Well prepare to die for those words. UFOs are real. Stanton Freidman says so!"

There was a time in my life when my best friend was immersed in his Christian beliefs. I do remember him telling me that he was finally at peace. He was growing weary of changing his ideas about the universe every time he read a different philosopher. Knowing that Jesus was the way, the truth, and the life, was very stabilizing for a while in his life. He now blames me for corrupting that belief system. I illustrated to him that everything in the Bible was Earth-centric. What if life evolved on another planet around another star? Did they have their own Adam and Eve? Did they have their own savior? What really motivated my friend to leave the church was a question nobody could answer: If Jesus knew there was life after death or that he would be resurrected, why was his death such a great sacrifice? If God knew he would be resurrected in three days, where is the sacrifice? Thousands of people die every day without the hope of being resurrected in three days or without knowing with any measure of certainty that heaven even existed. Isn't it a greater sacrifice to give up one's life if the outcome of the soul is uncertain?

Also, I had a problem with verse 3:16. If God so loved the world, why would he want to let a single soul die let alone destroy the whole world? If he wasn't happy how things were working out on Earth, just start over on another planet and let those silly Earthlings fend for themselves, which seems to describe the current conditions of life on earth. It wasn't as if things were any better after this crucial crucifixion. Look at the Spanish Inquisition, for example. Look at what Hitler did to the Jews. If "the Father" is a metaphor for the creator, think about any other father

who is displeased with how his five kids turned out. Does he decide to sacrifice one of his kids so he won't have to kill all five? It just doesn't make any sense...

It was with these kinds of thoughts that I went to bed that night. Now, you might think that I would dream about God, but I did not. Instead, I dreamed about a pennant. Let me explain the little that I do recall. I was riding my bike through a town. It was a very nice, clean, modern suburb. The homes were new, and the streets were new with curbs. As I was riding my bike, I heard an eerie, unearthly sound. I somehow knew that this sound was reoccurring in this city. I passed through this suburb to another. In this suburb, they also had an eerie sound, but it was different. Their sound had been occurring longer, so the people of the town put up a sign. On the sign was the triangular shape of a pennant. Inside the pennant were the words "The Fuse" The letters of "The Fuse" were written in a script font, but the letters looked like rope, or I suppose, a fuse. This rope, dangled below the last word in a fancy swirl. I knew in the dream that more people would come to believe in extra terrestrials from these sounds. In other words, UFOs by their very nature are transient. They are there for a minute, then gone, and only a few people see it. But the sound will last longer, and it will be heard by everyone, and on a gut-level, everyone will know that its origins are not earthly. I felt that the dream was telling me that we would be entering a new phase of alien involvement. I also sensed that abductions were over. There simply would be no more. That phase of the program was over.

I don't often dream about aliens, but when I do, they have a profound effect on me. In another alien dream three months prior to this, I dreamed that I was told by an alien that another alien named "Gabby" would one day explain everything to me. Just thinking about this makes me laugh – a Grey named Gabby?

## Entity Two The Myth of Privacy

Ever since being told that I would be visited by 7 entities, I have to admit that I was in a state of fear. Not scared to death, just very up tight that I might see someone that was not human, for example, walk right through my wall. From reading the UFO literature, that kind of thing happens. Some believe that the aliens truly are walking through the walls. Others believe that those are projections (holographic?); others believe that the experiencer in a different state of mind, like an out-of-body state. Perhaps the aliens only visit us in the "astral" world, as it is sometimes called. Still others believe that the aliens quite literally are stepping out of their dimension into our own. No matter what it is, it is still scary to be startled by a presence walking through your wall.

With this kind of pervasive anxiety looming all over me that day, my reader wouldn't be surprised how I reacted when I saw a man's face at my window. First I had heard a scraping sound. I was sitting in my living room. It was very muggy, but not hot enough for the air conditioner, so I was just walking around in my underwear. At the time, I was merely looking in the TV guide to see if there was going to be any show on TV dealing with the paranormal. (You see, I *am* obsessed). When I saw the man's face, I screamed, but it wasn't like a woman's scream. It was a guttural kind of "whaaah woohwaah" sound. Anyway, I then realized that this man was cleaning my windows from the outside. He had his squeegee. He pretended not to see me, but I high-tailed it out of there and slipped on some sweat pants in the bedroom. I live in an apartment building, so things like this can happen. Maintenance people are walking around all the time; so are strangers, of course. But living on the third floor, I just do not expect this kind of thing to happen. So, I decided that I would once and for all put up my mini blinds. While I do have drapes, I do not like to close them all the time because I do not like the feeling of being trapped within four walls. When the drapes are open, I see the blue sky, the clouds, and the large evergreens. It's a beautiful place where I live. Below my window is a pond. The other apartment buildings circle this pond, but in front of each apartment are trees and evergreens, so in the summer, I cannot even see any other apartments. It's almost as if I live here alone. And since most of the people that live in the apartment are either retired or professionals, it is very quiet. Thank God; I am never bothered by heavy metal at 1:00 in the morning. The worst I have to put up with is a TV that may occasionally be too loud.

So, I felt a stronger sense of privacy after installing the mini-blinds. I had purchased them nearly a year ago but had procrastinated about installing them. The nice thing about blinds is that they can be adjusted for how much light one desires to pass through; so while inside I can still get a feel for the outdoors. One does not feel as closed in. "Privacy" proved to be the key word that night.

Little did I know that my whole idea of privacy would be shattered. Just as I was drifting off asleep, I heard this "buzzing" sound, the same sound that I hear whenever I have an out-of-body experience. (I'll tell you more about that later; I just didn't want my reader to think early on that I was totally daft). Sure enough, when I opened my eyes, there was a kind of twilight light in the room. In other words, it was not pitch black like it normally is. I could make out everything in the room. The buzzing sound was persistent, plus I felt a vibration in my entire body. Whenever this happens, I usually see if I can fly. Most of the time, the buzzing subsides, and I just wake up. I don't wish to confuse anyone here. I know I mentioned that I had "opened my eyes", but apparently those are not my real eyes. They are my astral eyes, if you will. For all I know, I might be lying face down on the bed or with a pillow squished against my face. I usually do not know what position I truly am in bed until I "snap" out of it. But one thing is for certain: I am fully