



UNAVOIDABLE:

A hard truth about alien encounters

By

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This is a work of non-fiction. I prefer to write fiction. Some of this is speculative. Reasonably speculative. If you're familiar with UFO lore, some of it will be familiar. I have endeavored to site sources if not related to my direct experience. I am open to criticism, if you find flaws, more substantial than grammatical, please write me. I am also opened to grammatical corrections.

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Foreword: just a quick note.

This ebook is about aliens. That's my perspective on it, and the way that I box some of the experiences I intend to share. I am open to it being something else, and will even offer, where insight allows, to put that forwards as alternative conclusion. To those familiar with lore, you may not find anything new here. I am familiar with the lore, but I am not the guy to recite names and dates. I am also not connected to anyone special. I am not special. I am not claiming to be a hybrid or an Indigo Child. I would like to be that, but I am not calling that.

I suspect, those of you who are high level experiences, or who are well read, and more detail oriented may find I am not detailed enough. Whether these experiences are metaphysical, transpersonal, psychological, or alien- they can be quite profound, embarrassingly intimate, and though the stigma I think is finally beginning to fade away from people who report, there are still social consequences for sharing. I have struggled with fear all my life. I still do. I am hoping the few of you who suffer through this sharing will be able to read between the lines at times, or at least have the discernment to recognize some things were just not uttered. Usually, if I want to say something without saying it, I will couch it in a 'hypothetical' box to allow for plausible deniability. If you see something or suspect something and you want confirmation, feel free to ask.

We need to discuss this subject. The stigma needs to go away from it. The more that people share their experiences, the sooner that will happen. There is a threshold of no return. We're approaching that. Most people who follow the lore feel that. Change is in the air. Maybe I am insignificant, comparatively; on the surface, my experiences seem insignificant. No one is going make a movie out of this. Maybe most experiencers are on this fringe of being moderately insignificant, downright boring, to just barely being so overwhelmingly profound that once we're triggered we'll be the guy in the town hall meeting silencing the heckler because we know just enough we want to know more. I have no definitive evidence. Just my story. For Joseph Campbell, that would be enough. I have come up with a way for framing my experiences so that I can make sense of it. Ultimately, it will be what it will be. I share to add my voice. I share, so if there are other fringe folks, or people teetering on the edge of sharing, you, too may speak. Maybe someone reading this will see something familiar and connect. I intend to leave this as a free e-book on free-ebooks.net. I will make it available to Kindle, and if someone wants a free pdf to share, I will provide it on request. If anything moves you, feel free to share.

Chapter 1: Out of the Way Stuff.

I want to get this stuff out of the way. It will likely be the first thing any skeptic will use to minimize my story. That's not a complaint. That's what people do. We find flaws, we focus on the flaws. Hypothetically, I personally think it is interesting that a person who has a known history of mental health problems is invalidated as a human being, or their experiences automatically dismissed because of a label. Dismissing a person could actually escalate a mental health issue. Seriously, Bipolar or not, human beings experience emotions, like anger and sadness, and their emotions shouldn't be dismissed just because you don't happen to agree with their perspective, or the intensity of their feelings. I am not Bipolar. I do have a personal history of mental health challenges. I experienced years of dysthymia with interrupted episodes of Major Depression, severe. Many of the episodes went without medical intervention.

There is a family history of mental health problems, abundantly clear on maternal side. There was generational sex abuse. There was generation physical abuse. There were was, and likely still on going, folks experiencing substance addictions. Substance use usually equates to mental health issues. There are others who have been, who should be, and are receiving mental health care. That's true enough for all families. Mine is not unique.

As I write this, I am not presently experiencing significant levels of depression. I am reasonably content. I have had some life changes I am not fond of, but I recognize my participation in the way things evolved. I could expound, but it really isn't relevant to the discussion that is to unfold.

I am an 'experiencer.' I like that term, because it leaves explanation open. I will go ahead and get this out of the way, too: it's aliens. It is my intent to share my story and thoughts about the subject. I have delayed sharing for multiple reasons, my inability to share significant details being one of them. Perhaps the average encounters are like mine, with the surface of being, 'yeah, I saw a light in the sky. The odd thing, I remember suddenly turning and walking away. I don't remember why. It was a big light.' Maybe the big stuff is not where the pudding is, but that's just the cherry on top that brings you to the meat of the subject. Maybe more people need to come forward and share the seemingly insignificant encounters because the meaning is likely hidden in the totality of it all. So, for example, I have this assumption, I should likely say, I share this assumption: if aliens are real and here they are clearly significantly more advanced, and if

they wanted us dead, we would be. That seems like a reasonable conclusion. That conclusion doesn't mean they are cute and loving bunnies and we should greet them with open arms. I would like to believe that, but truth is, my encounters were terrifying. Maybe not for the reasons I think. Maybe they're benign, maybe they're not. I don't know enough. But we're still here, that's something

Why am I coming out now? I think the atmosphere for sharing is more conducive to sharing than it was when I was growing up. Hell, I got ridicule for enthusiastically sharing dreams. UFO, ghosts, you're watching too much television. I did. And, maybe the family had too much going on to entertain my level of crazy. I have journals, where I have explored the encounters privately. I have shared encounters with a few, very few, close friends. A couple family members know several incidents. My mother thinks I am bat-shit crazy, too much into my dreams and a product of being raised by television. Maybe she's right. I sometimes prefer that explanation. I am reasonably educated in the sciences and psychology, and so I have explored alternative answers. I am reasonably capable of compartmentalization, and so I can box things pretty well; I can put those experiences, and bad experiences in general, into a container and reasonably get along with daily functioning. That ability is sign of health. It exemplifies resilience and perseverance. Keep on keeping on.

I am versed in science, I can write in APA format, and I am not going to do that. I am writing from the perspective of just being human. I want this to have a conversational feel. Maybe I should write in APA, but then again, there are people who have written from a more professional, academic position and still been ridiculed. So, this conversational style, which is my preferred way of interacting, is just the way I am going to write it. I love science. I pretty much love everything. I am capable of being critical. Just ask any friend who ever watched a movie with me. Neil DeGrasse Tyson's movie reviews are less harsh than mine. I have had friends say, it's just a movie. No! A six shooter should not shoot ten bullets before reloading. You don't have to drill a hole in a planet to deliver a black hole. I didn't protest the sky in Titanic; I assume all skies are inaccurately rendered. Most people don't follow. Hell, you can't see the stars half the time. I moved out to Justin to get away from most the light pollution and then they built that damn race track. How does a race track qualify for public domain and property confiscation? Sorry, wrong rant. Movie criticism example: If you can hold or move or create black hole, you just have to drop it on the planet. That's it. I love Trek, but the laser drill

platform, not necessary. It looked nice. Free fall parachute transporter rescue scene, that was alright. I know astronomy. My math sucks, but I can operate telescopes, reflecting, refracting, set them up, align them... I can reasonably figure out parallax, but truth, I hate math. I am knowledgeable about biology, and I can work microscope. I can do statistics and can reasonably interpret data from sociological and psychological studies. I can determine significance. I am better at quoting literature than doing the studies and math.

I am knowledgeable about psychology. Some of that comes from intermittent therapy. At age six I ran away from home. On recovery, I was taken to my first psychiatrist. I don't know his real name; he called himself Doctor Batty. I was not interested in talking to him, but I was interested in his toys. This Doctor, whatever his real name was, was operating at Scott and White Hospital, Temple Texas. I was born in Jan, 1968. So, sometimes in 73ish I was treated for depression. I am confident it was age six. I am open to not being precisely right. I remember riding my bike along the freeway, at night. I remember coming to a trailer park and knocked on someone's door and asked for tomato soup. Nice couple. No police involvement that time. They called my parents. People that like to chase facts, there will have to be a medical record of that. Dad was military, Scot and White was attached to the military.

Did I say I am knowledgeable about psychology? I have a masters in counseling. I am licensed by the state of Texas as an LPC. (What? Crazy folks helping crazy? Well, it takes one to know one, right?) I have been working in Mental Health since 2012. I knowledgeable about hypnosis, though I don't practice that professionally. I have a certificate from an online school from California. That's likely insignificant, as I don't consider myself that skilled, definitely not that experienced, but I apparently passed a standard significantly enough to get a license. I think anyone could. I do like guided providing guided meditations and other transpersonal modalities.

I have dabbled in dream work all my life. Dreams were so important that I ignored all the subtle hints that family wasn't interested and was finally told directly, dreams are meaningless. I engaged in a lucid dream technique prior to being knowledgeable about lucid dreaming. At age 16, maybe seventeen, on waking from a recurring dream of being chased by a monster, I experienced anger and told myself: "the next time I have this dream, I will turn and face the monster. I will not run away again." I had the dream again that night. I remembered my intent. I stopped in my tracks and turned around to face this thing that had chased me all throughout

childhood. To my surprise, it was not a monster but a friend. Short of having a fever dream, I have never had a nightmare since.

I would like to believe the stance I took there is also the correct stance to take with the aliens. Truth be known, I am still a coward. I have improved marginally. Hell, even though stories as this are more acceptable in mainstream, there is risk involved in sharing. Even when caveats and other explanations are involved, there is risk. Hell, I am using real name. Consequences could be loss of license or employment. Not likely. Seriously, I don't think anyone cares. Navy Pilot comes out and says, 'it's aliens,' and Pentagon releases evidence they have been chasing things, and the world kept on going. Society has momentum. The mitigating factor is I acknowledge that some of these experiences might just be misinterpreted dreams. That doesn't make them less significant. I am a huge fan of Carl Jung. Dreams hold meaning. They can be informative in a number of ways. More precisely though, Jung held the position that holding ones ground against the inner demons, even walking into the shadows was the path to health. Loosely quoted, you don't become enlightened thinking about beings of light, or running from the shadows. Run towards the shadows, the light's on the other side.

So, Trek-friends, into darkness, here we go.

Chapter 2: Initiation

I am modifying this chapter on July 4th, 2020, after having a conversation with my father. I miss-remembered details. I am taking it back two years, as My father was based in Maryland, where the Sartoga was based, not Florida. We were in Florida 1976- to 78. That makes more sense, as I clearly remember base housing had these water heaters that melted a number crayons over. If you have an older version, this explains the difference.

The significant bulk of my encounters happened between the years 1974 to 1976. My father was Navy. We moved a lot. Mostly, Texas was home, but I remember living in Tennessee, Maryland, Michigan, Florida. I remember loving living on the base in Maryland- mostly. The neighbor had a pit-bull that I got to love on, until it set asthma off. My father was assigned to the USS Saratoga. I remember walking on the deck of the carrier. I remember on one occasion that family members were offered a three-day tour out and back to base. I remembered being crushed that I couldn't go, as the Captain denied me due to the severity of my asthma. I remember arguing with him and my dad, telling them they had a medic on board, they have epinephrine on board, but worst case scenario, they could launch me off the carrier in a jet and get me back to the base and then to the military hospital. They also have helicopters- take me straight there. Consider it training. Everything would be alright. I don't remember the Captain being amused. Father was embarrassed. I was special. And, no was no.

There is a joke my family that my first words were "eppy, point three." When I say my asthma was severe, I am not exaggerating. While living on base, there was a six month span where I went to the military hospital's Emergency Room to be treated for asthma. Everyday, six months, almost precisely at 19:00 hours, I would have an asthma attack. Invariably, there was an intern on staff, but most the staff knew me by name. I would tell the intern, eppy point three. Some laughed, some didn't like it. I typically received three shots of eppy. I never completely stop wheezing, but some the interns were insistent on auditory artifacts and fourth eppy shot would be recommended and I would protest and ask for the susparin and to go home, and at this point, mom or dad, whoever brought me would start to intervene, and intern would be like, he's either getting another eppy or being admitted, and if my dad was there, he would instruct him to call the chief pediatrics, supplied the personal number, and that officer took over my care

remotely. The chief of pediatrics attended the same Church of Christ that we attended, and so he and my dad, thanks to my frequency of hospital visits, had become friends.

I so was regular I was known by name, and one the Corpsman gave me access to a computers. IBM. More specifically, he hooked me up with a star trek game. It was text. You gave out simple commands to move your ship, get a map of the terrain, asterisks for stars... The goal was to map out the grid and kill Klingon ships. This was my first introduction to computers.

You now have the option of boxing everything else I tell you as nothing more than being the imaginations or dreams of a kid pumped full of adrenalin. I also admit to a bias. I watched television. I watched more television than probably my peers, due to health issues keeping me in doors. I had a pretty serious, elaborate imagination. I watched Star Trek-TOS in syndication. I watch Ultraman and Godzilla movies. I left the ER exhausted, but unable to sleep. My heart racing. I was really good at getting shots, but I hate susparin because it hurt worse than eppy. I usually cried and protested, even though I knew I needed it. I got relatively good with giving blood. I never got good with surrendering blood gases. It took a number of corpsmen to hold me down. On one occasion, they wanted to clean my ears, and not only was I secured to a papoose, it still took seven corpsmen to hold me down to perform the procedure. With the exception of eppy, which I didn't like, I fiercely resisted medical procedures. Even for a kid, eppy or not breathing- eppy wins. My mom and dad were frequently asked to leave the room because of their emotional response which exaggerated my response.

Maybe this is enough to explain everything. I know about medical procedures. Even by this age, I had spent weeks in hospitals, IVs, breathing treatments, sleeping under oxygen tents, receiving.

Part of the stay on base was me sharing a room with my brother. His bed was on the far wall from the door, mine was on the wall with the door, and there was a window between us. Navy base housing was basically a duplex, and the house had two bedrooms, the bathroom, the living and kitchen room. My brother is five years younger than I, and for whatever reason, I was moved out of the room to the living room. My parents got me a 'Captain's bed,' which a monstrosity of thing to a boy, cubby holes, drawers, having to run and jump to climb up, and this came to rest in the living room wall opposite to the front door. There was an attic. I don't know why we were up there, but I do remember my father falling through the ceiling, two legs

emerging on either side of a beam, directly over the Captain's bed. I remember the neighbor and his wife. They had a bull dog, which I would love on until I got sick, but I tortured that dog. Also, she would play records for me. I remember listening to, and perhaps requesting "Love Will Keep us Together" every time I was there. There was a bulldog on that album. Saying that couple was Captain and Tennille, now that would just be nuts, right? Not saying that. That would be funny.

Leaving the house, and turning left went towards the playground. I had one friend, his Name was David Lee Burns. I clearly remember he and I had a grievance and we were going to fight. He got off at his bus stop, I got off at mine, we met at the playground as agreed upon, circled each other, and that was it. We became friends. We remained friends until I moved off base. I had star trek walkie-talkies, and he and I used them. Also, I ruined every one of my mom's microphones that went to her tape recorder. I would cut the cord off and I would go to the top of the slide, stand up, hold my mic up and would endeavor to become Ultraman. I was insane. I wanted to be Spock. I got beat up at school wanting to be Spock. Maybe that's all this is...

After a trip to the ER, unable to sleep, I would get up stare at the window and track lights. Planes were not uncommon. Hell, Navy base, right?! On one occasion, there were bright lights orbiting a central light. The outer lights were not connected. They would leave formation and come back. At one point, a red light emitted from the center light, and bridged one of the orbiting lights, maintain the light connection like a spoke in a wheel. I didn't have the language at the time for laser, but in hindsight, a sustained laser like connection between two lights became the explanation for this. I think my first experience with 'lasers' was a Memorial Day celebration; they shot lasers the Washington Monument. Johnny Cash was there. Like a million people were there, bussed in by city buses, that shut down like at ten, leaving us all stranded at the Monument. I think that was a big deal.

I had serious nightmares when I slept. My mom and I were abducted by Japanese people. She was treated as if she were at a salon. We had a hair dryer at that time where you wore a hat and air was pumped into the hat. She wore something similar to that. They would have her on a lounge chair, 'drying' her hair and doing her hands and nails and other things, legs in stirrups. Remember, I am knowledgeable about medical procedures- I was prodded enough, but I not remembering seeing medical procedures, I am seeing salon stuff. I would try to get to her and

was blocked. This dream was recurring. It was not static. There were variations in procedures. I was always there but blocked from going closer.

I had dreams of being abducted by a witch and flown on a broom stick to the moon. I was always afraid of falling. I was compelled to hold on. I was a fan of bewitched and so maybe the moon and the broom and the witch was related to that. I watched Bewitched even though the Church of Christ Sunday school teacher told us not to. She also didn't want us watching Star Trek. Though I didn't have the courage or foresight to say 'this' at that age, if it came between choosing Trek or Christ, Trek would win. Yes, this is more evidence for bias. In my experiences, or my interpretation of experiences, I never used spiritual terms like 'evil' or dark beings, or demons. I had that language to me, too. Well, with the exception of witch. She was not Samantha, and she did compel me to fly with her on more than one occasion, but she was not 'evil.' Compelling is the correct word. I did not go willingly. I complied. No, precisely, my body complied, I protested.

In the first type of dream, the worst part was being separated from my mother. I didn't want them hurting her. I had no evidence that she was being harmed, except that she was not happy, and likely more concerned for me than herself. Maybe this was a form of projection, or role reversal, I get treatment, she gets treatment. The witch didn't strike me as bad, but I was so afraid of falling that there was no enthusiasm and I tried to stay in the house, but I would be dragged up and airborne. To be precise, resistance was futile. I was going whether I wanted to or not.

More scary than falling were the mud monsters. Mom taken was primary recurring experience, followed by 'witch' coming to collect me, and then this third thing, the mud monsters- and this bothered me the most. I called them mud monsters. I would not have another term for them until the 80's on discovering Whitley Strieber's book, "Communion." I encountered that book while shopping at Windsor Park Mall. I saw the cover, I ran out of the mall. My first car was a 72 Pinto. I had it started and in gear ready to leave the mall before I consciously interrupted myself. "What the hell is this?" It took a great deal of strength to go back in there, even more determination to buy that book, and I was beyond ill reading most of it. I bet I used up an inhaler getting through that.

The mud monsters were unavoidable. Hell, they didn't even open the door. They just came in. I wouldn't say they lifted me and carried me as much as they laid hands on me and

moved me like cargo on an antigravity skid. I resisted. I flung arms and kicked and screamed. If this was a nightmare, I imagined I would wake up. More than once I have let out a bloodcurdling scream that brought the whole house to me. There were a few times when no one came. I would wake, scared, and run directly to my parent's bed. Kicking or hitting the mud monsters caused the 'mud' to go away. They didn't go away. They were still there, only now they were invisible. I was still taken.

I remember that being almost always the same. They came, I was moved, I began to protest, they became invisible, my ability to resist was impaired, and I went like a floating meat Popsicle. Solo frozen in carbonite bothered me. This happened every night for six months. Every night, for six months, I went to Navy Hospital and was treated for asthma at precisely seven PM. I was usually at the hospital for upwards of three hours. I imagine, in hindsight, I wanted to be admitted in order to avoid the encounters. I have been admitted plenty of times. More than once my parents were told, in my ear shot, I would not live the night. By morning, I would be fine and wanting to go home. They would keep me a couple more days for observations. This was so routine for me it was the equivalent of going to camp. Dad was at sea, mom worked, she also had to take care of my brother- medical staff became my babysitters.

After six months, I was center piece of medical meeting, as Chief of Pediatric solicited ideas to better help me. I was not a good patient for one. I was put on prednisone and on gaining weight and being picked on and connecting that weight gain was part of prednisone, I refused to take it. You would think I would have lost that battle, but my parents couldn't keep 7 or more corpsmen around just to force the issues. Elixophyllin was also a remedy. It was liquid, red, and spooned down me. Every single time I took a dose, I immediately vomited. To this date, I still consider that the worst tasting thing in the Universe. Did it work. I have no clue. I would throw it up. My parents administer another dose. I would throw it up. They would sugar to the spoon. Poo with sugar in it is still poo. I would vomit. My father, exasperated, lamented "It can't be that bad!" He dosed himself. He vomited. I don't remember taking it after that.

Someone suggested I move off base housing. My parents moved off base. I stopped going to the ER every night. They assumed mold in the navy housing bricks the antagonist. The nightmares of mud monsters decreased. Correlation?

There was an incident where after a nightmare of mud monsters I woke up and was unable to use my right leg. I fell. I crawled to my parents' room. My mother took me to the

doctor. There was no visible artifact, like a bruise. I was sent home. I stayed on the couch for a couple days. I remember seeing the school bus come and go and wanting to go. I got better, the incident was never discussed again. No explanation.

I lived mostly in Texas. Primarily San Antonio during my youth. Maternal grandmother residence is there. We lived with her off and on when my father had his longer tours of duty. His parents lived in El Paso and we lived there once. I would tell you I thought there was a ghost in my paternal grandparents house, as I would hear someone climb the stairs to the room over the garage. More evidence I am nuts? I wasn't ridiculed for saying 'ghost' but if I had said aliens, I likely would have saw a psychiatrist. Paternal grandparents were open to 'ghosts.' Paternal grandfather, Papa, was a Baptist Minister, a graduate of Howard Payne University, and a Principle in the El Paso School District. Mama taught kindergarten.

I had frequent episodes, all through childhood and adolescents, but a bulk of those happened in the room above the garage. Sufficiently enough, you would think I wouldn't sleep up there. I never saw shadows, or beings, at least, not in that room, but I did feel as if I was held by unseen forces, and I was pretty sure the mud monsters were there, simply invisible. I experienced sleep paralysis in Jacksonville, El Paso, San Antonio, and Maryland. These are clear memories of waking up, not able to move. I don't remember having this in Michigan. We lived in Ann Arbor for a while, after Florida, directly across the street from the Michelin Tire, the Lemon Tree Apartments. Weird things did happen. For example, one day I went to work with my dad, downtown Detroit. He was a Navy recruiter. His version of the story is, I wandered off and got lost. Detroit police were involved in looking for me. I was 'missing' for three or four hours. I returned on my own, to find a good number of officers and a worried father, who was extremely unhappy with my response to "where have you been?"

"I don't know." That is a typical childhood answer; it doesn't mean that I was abducted and this was missing time. The way I recall it, I simply went for a walk. I was not sure the fuss was about. I am curious, Detroit police were looking for me, and I am just walking around. How hard is it to find a kid walking the sidewalk alone? I was presumed lost, and yet, I walk right through the midst of the police into the Recruiter's office. My father saw me, relief on his face, officer and the police acknowledge my present? "This is your son?" Go figure. That was sometimes between 78 and 80. Maybe Detroit wasn't so bad back then and a kid could wander? Or, I was just incredibly lucky. Or, something more extraordinary happened and I just don't have

access to that memory. I can't tell you anything more than I went to work with dad, was missing for several hours, Detroit was looking for me, and I came back.

I remember loving Michigan. Sixth Grade was Mr. Cook. I definitely loved him. I had a crush on a girl name Susan. That doesn't mean anything, as there is no end to the number of crushes. I remember having a crush on a girl in third grade, Mr. Adams was the teacher, and her name was Sheila Dumont. In Jacksonville, on the Navy base, there was a crush on a 6th grader on the bus. I don't remember her name, but I would try to sit by her and she had this aura of magic, and I would blush every time she looked my way, as if I feared she could read my mind. Why I feared that at that age, I don't know. I was incredibly socially awkward. Looking back, and even now, I suspect I am on the autistic spectrum. Elizabeth Dawn Smith was my first 'declared' true love, San Antonio, 89, and she joined the military and that's the last I saw of her. There was a baby sitter on base in Florida, and we would draw together, and she would draw saucer styled spaceships, turn them into mushrooms, and had the ships populated by mushroom people. (Maybe more people are talking about aliens than we think, and she influenced my dreams?) Or, maybe I was talking about aliens more than I imagine, just not to family.

Anyway, I loved the peers in Mr. Cook's class, Michigan. I am not a sports fan, but I remember the Detroit Lions winning the first half, losing the second half, and a Queen song "Another one Bites the Dust." Oh, something about the sports thing. I am the only one in my family that absolutely hates sports. Holidays were about watching sports. I would find any excuse to be away from the television, in a book, and so family did joke that I was the alien. Though I have tried, I have never really connected with family. Mom side of the family, drugs were involved and I shied away from that. Dad's side of the family, well, they're good, kind people, we just didn't connect. Church peers were inconsistent, only friends on church times. I rarely invited school peers home, so school friends stayed at school. I have rationalized my inability to sustain and maintain friendships was due to frequent moves and always being the new, weird kid. New kids is okay. Weird kids okay. But new and weird, well, not the thing people sign up for. I tried really hard to fit in. Hell, embarrassingly, I was so awkward my mom for the longest time was trying to introduce me to girls.

From maybe 1980 to 83 my parents had a home in El Paso, a rent home, and then their own. They never kept a home long enough to call it theirs, and the bank took several. There were several 'incidents' in that home. I was alone, it was night, and I came to the window. I drew

towards it, perplexed, but nothing particular stood out. The window bowed in, as someone was blowing a bubble towards me. I remember screaming and then being in bed. I woke, remembering the window bowing. I remember thinking it was the end of the world. I went back in the room. The window was not broken.

Less scary, but more interesting, was a UFO sighting in San Antonio. In 89, while delivering pizzas for Dominoes, I came to a light, stopped. It was night. There was 'blimp' across the street, above the power lines, tracking north to south. It was not a blimp. It was grey, metallic, cigar shaped, and had portholes. If you had a taken a submarine and put windows down the length of it, that's what this more resembled. I looked away. I tried to look back at it, but couldn't. The light turned green, and I could see the green reflected into the car. I couldn't even raise my eyes to look at the street light because this object would was right there. I thought to myself, just go already, you don't have to look up. I delivered the pizza, and from that point forward, I tried to rebuild the incident. I tried to find the object I had seen. There was no blimp, and you would think that would still be there, but I was mostly perturbed because I looked at it, I thought blimp, but then said no... and was compelled to look away. I got back from the run and told boss, Bill, 'I think I saw a UFO.'

"Punch out, go home."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Yep," he said. "You're done for the night."

I went home. My father was there and he asked why I was home early. I told him. "Are you doing drugs?"

"No!"

"Okay, then," he said. He went out to smoke.

I journaled this; it's in one of my notes book. If I troubled to go find it, I could be more precise on the time frame. I remember searching the newspapers for something, anything, other witnesses. Nothing.

Chapter 3: Arguments

Aliens or not... this is insane..."A pair of astrophysicists at Harvard say that the seldom seen phenomena could, maybe, possibly, be evidence of an advanced alien technology...."

<https://futurism.com/harvard-scientists-...alien-life>

Seriously? Harvard scientist said "Could, maybe, possibly...???"

Way to waffle guys? Do three ambiguous modifiers save us from being misquoted or miss interpreted?

'Oumuamua Is Not Alien", PBS space-time episode...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wIC0laQOpM0&t=1s>

Now that statement is not waffling, right? But is that scientific? Can one say that an interstellar rock that passed through our solar system isn't an alien artifact in an absolute way? Wouldn't a scientific statement be more like, 99.9999 percent probability it's just a rock. We saw the rock on radar, and it had some weirdness about it, but no one saw it with their eyes, and no human feet touched down on it, and they didn't break it open to know whether it was just caramel or a cookie or both. Yes, maybe it's a giant Twix bar- not likely, but if a Ferrari passes some future alien planet, will the people say 'not aliens?'

Let me just say- I Believe.

But you knew that, right? It's the whole premise of this book. I am not saying that Oumuamua is something; it's probably just a rock. But seriously, there is something weird going on! People have been talking about something for ages, spiritual artifacts, strange disks in artwork, inexplicable 'human' made structures that even today with our tech we can't duplicate, or would be very hard pressed to, and it would be too expensive. Fuck, how does that make any sense? What, people in the past were smarter than us? They could build a pyramid without a blue print, and when the project was over, all the tools were confiscated and destroyed. "That will baffle our descendants, ha ha." And not one University has ever opened legitimate course of study? Seriously, 'The Sirius Mysteries' by Robert Temple! How is that not an academic book?

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