

A UFO LOVE STORY



By Erik Neilsen

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PREFACE

First things first. This is mainly a love story. You may wonder if this story is true or not. But it doesn't matter. Besides, I would by far prefer that people think for themselves. Hopefully, whatever you think, you will excuse me for writing as though it is a true story. Now to know the mind of a person who was homeless may not be pleasant at times. But with things going on like overpopulation, war and human caused global warming, you will likely at times find the revelations of

the aliens I met to be equally unpleasant. But you couldn't expect aliens to think like humans on every subject. Though one of the reasons I wrote this book is to allow you to learn of a love that, for various reasons, any human love can only be a pale imitation of. At times, I will be telling you about certain events that I wasn't privy to at the time, but found out about later on. I included them in the story to help the narrative.

Chapter One A Starting Place For My Story

My name is Erik. I am a homeless man walking down some railroad tracks. I

am six feet tall with blond hair that comes down to just below my ears. Though it is pretty dirty right now. I am wearing a small backpack. My clothes aren't torn, but they are somewhat disheveled, dirty and smelly. Which as you can imagine can happen after living on the streets for a few months. I scratched the side of my face. Feeling the thick stubble that was there, I considered how nice it would be to have a shave. It's starting to get dark as I look down the tracks of a railroad yard. I'm glad it's getting dark. Because it was a hot day. There is an overpass a little ways off. Much like the one I had recently walked under. A few miles away and off to the right a bit I can see a group of skyscrapers. There are lights in most of the windows. Where I am at, there are some overgrown vacant lots and various buildings around that look like warehouses. To my left there are some train cars parked on one of the other tracks. I am headed to the overpass up ahead because that is the one I normally sleep under. As I walk, I contemplate that the city can be a very hard place for somebody who has no family around to help. And I had worn out my welcome with what friends I had.

Even though I am a young, attractive, bright and fit person, there simply isn't any work to be found. And any of the "McJobs" that outsourcing has left, or haven't been taken by illegal alien scabs, probably wouldn't lift me up much from my current position. Though I still had some hope for the future, most of the hope that I had for the future had been disillusioned long ago. I know that all the hope the government and religion try to sell is a bunch of shit too. If somebody had a herd of sheep that wanted to live a better life than their owner was willing to give them, or make worse for their own enrichment, I know that it would be in the sheep owner's best interests to sell them on the idea of hope that things will get better to placate them. As I am walking, I consider some words president Kennedy said once. "Don't ask what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country." Talking to myself, I say, "I can't believe people gobbled that shit up. What am I supposed to do for my country when I can't even do for myself." I then thought to myself, "I suppose I could always join the military. But I can't see being cannon fodder for the people that put me into this position as being much of a solution."

As I walk under the overpass, I see a couple of the regulars that usually bed down there for the night also. I don't know them very well. But I do know that they are both alcoholics. Even though I don't have a lot of hope for the future, there is enough hope in me to keep me from sliding that far from any useful existence. After all, I want to work. I'm just too poor to find a real job. One reason I feel this way is that I consider what employer wants to have a dirty, smelly, homeless person hanging around until they have accumulated enough money to rent some nearby hell hole apartment where they can bathe. Or if they are real lucky, wash clothes. I walk up to the other two hobos. One is sitting on
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a plastic milk crate and the other is sitting on a small slab of cement. In front of them a few feet away is a small campfire. Near it is a fairly small pile of chunks of wood and small branches. One of the hobos is holding a bottle of wine in a

crumpled brown paper bag. The other has a similarly adorned bottle of wine sitting off to his side. The one to my left I know as Stevo, the one to my right I know as Swarm. As far as their personalities went, Stevo seemed to be a little more standoffish than Swarm. I wouldn't trust either of them as far as I could throw them. But I was in no position to be choosy.

I walked up and said to them, "What's up." Stevo said with an intoxicated slight smile, "Just shooting the shit." Swarm also answered and said with a slight smile, "And it's a good thing that it can't shoot back." We all crack up laughing. Swarm is quite a character. I asked him once how he got his name. He told me that he got drunk one night and passed out behind a building. It had two big floodlights on either end of the roof shining out into the night. As he was passed out, the floodlights attracted every "Junebug" for miles. They are big black beetles about an inch long, half an inch wide and just about as thick. There was practically a solid mat of thousands of them crawling on the lower part of the building, on the ground in front of it and of course, all over him. A couple of people he had been drinking with earlier came walking by and found him. From then on, they called him Swarm. Both Stevo and Swarm were a couple of characters. The only thing that made me feel safe around them is that I knew that they knew that I didn't have anything worth stealing. I grabbed a nearby milk crate, set it near the fire and sat down. As I did so, I slid my backpack off and started opening it.

While I was doing that, I said to the both of them, "It was sure fucking hot today." Stevo said with a bit of a disgruntled expression, "I don't know what's worse. When it's too hot or when it's too cold." Swarm said, "Well at least when it's too cold, you can get warm by sitting next to a fire or putting on more clothes. But when it's too hot, you're just screwed." At this point I pulled out of my backpack a package of cheap hotdogs and some bread. When Swarm saw what I was doing, he said, "Chow time aye." I said, "Yeah, it's something to do." As I started opening the hotdogs, I said, "It's a good thing we get food stamps." Stevo then said, "Yeah, at least it's something." Swarm said, "I remember back in the good ole days when you would actually get food stamps. You could tear one out of the booklet and buy a package of gum or something. Then you could get some change. Now they give you those fucking cards." I wrapped a slice of bread around a hotdog, took a bite and ate the piece I had bitten off.

I then said, "You know what kills me. All the time I hear about these government fucks whining about the money they have to spend to pay for things like food stamps. That money they have to basically borrow from the Chinese to pay for. So what they're basically doing is going deeper into debt with the Chinese to support people like me because of the jobs here they sent to them. Which apparently beats having Americans work here to pay their own way." Stevo then said, "Well they wouldn't want people to go back to standing in breadlines. The rich people would feel more pressure to do something if there

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was a sight like that for the average "Swell" to see every day." After Stevo took

another drink of wine, he then said, "But you know what really gets me is that when their money games completely break down, as everybody says that they have to someday, guess who is going to take the biggest bite of the shit sandwich. I don't know about you, but I am not exactly living in the lap of luxury as it is." As I took another bite and started chewing, Swarm added, "You know, I think we should get together and write our Congressman." We all started laughing. I nearly blew chunks.

After we were through laughing, Swarm lifted up his bottle and said "Fuck'em." Stevo twisted off the cap of his bottle and said, "Fuck'em." I took my partially eaten hotdog and we all gestured toward each other as I also added, "Fuck'em." That caused a bit of a chuckle amongst us. Stevo and Swarm both took another drink as I took another bite of my hotdog. We sat around talking as I ate some more hotdogs. After a while I said, "Well I think I'm going to hit the cardboard. I might have a lead on some work tomorrow and I want to get there early." As I got up, Stevo said, "It's too bad you weren't a Mexican. Then they might hire you thinking that you were an illegal alien and desperate to work for anything." To which Swarm added, "Just act desperate. Desperation gives bosses a boner." As I walked away, I looked back at him and said, "I won't have to act very hard." I walked over to where I had some cardboard laying against a wall. Being a good spot, the spot where Stevo slept was only a few feet away from me. The spot where Swarm slept was only a few feet away from him. I guess misery loves company.

But there was a more practical reason for sleeping so close to each other. Which is that just in case anybody should be attacked while they are asleep, there would be somebody nearby to help them. In my spot I had a few dirty old blankets laying there that I had rolled up earlier and left there. They were safe enough leaving there because there wasn't much chance of anybody wanting to steal them. I picked up the pieces of cardboard and beat a bit on each one to make sure there wasn't anything nasty that may have crawled in between them. Satisfied, I put them and the stick down and whipped clean the blankets before laying them on the cardboard. I took the bread and hotdogs that I had in my backpack, tied it up in a couple of plastic bags and set it off to the side. My backpack had a few clothes inside. So I used my backpack like a pillow. I covered up a little with the remaining blanket and went to sleep. It was a still clear night. Later on, Stevo and Swarm had gone to bed in their own spots. A couple hours later, an average looking person walked up and stopped about seven feet from us. He was wearing a "hoodie" with the hood pulled up over his head. Floating above him a few feet and off to the side a bit was a jet black sphere about six inches across.

He stood there looking at us for a few moments when, appearing to think to someone he thought in his mind, "I found one." The one he spoke of turned out to be me. At that moment two more jet black spheres came shooting in from somewhere at an incredible speed. Each came to an abrupt stop about two feet above the heads of Stevo and Swarm as they continued to sleep. The hooded

figure looked down and picked up a small piece of branch that was laying on the ground near me. It was about three feet long. The hooded figure walked up to within a few feet of me. He poked me with the stick a couple of times and said in an average sounding voice, "Hey buddy, wake up." Not being in a very deep state of sleep at the time, I immediately woke up and sat up in the direction of who was speaking. The hooded figure stepped back a few feet at the same time and said, "Don't be alarmed. I'm not here to hurt you." When he did this, he also held up his hand. The fingers looked normal enough. But apart from the thumb there were only three other fingers! I focused in on the face under the hood. Though it was pretty dark, I could see a slight outline of his facial features. Something didn't look quite right about them.

I glanced quickly to where Stevo and Swarm were sleeping and noticed the two black spheres above their heads. I quickly looked back to the hooded figure and noticed a similar object floating above and off to the side of him a few feet. I said in a rather excited voice as I began to get up, "Who the hell are you!" As I stood up, I noticed that the hooded figure was about five foot nine or ten. At this point the hooded figure said, "Please, don't make any threatening movements." I should have listened. A thought raced through my mind that I may actually be being abducted by an alien. And having heard stories about the medical experiments did to the people they abducted, treating them like animals to be experimented on, I knew that I wanted no part of that. So I bent down quickly and picked up a rather hefty stick that I always had next to my bed. Stevo and Swarm also slept with similar sticks near them. But it didn't look like they or their sticks were going to be any help. As it turned out, my stick wasn't. Because when I stood erect again, I had a feeling like an electric shock in my hand. This caused me to drop the stick I was holding. I said again as I grabbed my shocked hand, "Who the hell "are" you!"

At this point the hooded figure pulled back and dropped the hood to his shoulders. In the dim light from the illuminated overpass above us, he had a slight resemblance to artists renderings of aliens they refer to as Grays. Except he looked more human like. He was bald and had a larger than normal cranium. His skin tone appeared to be as pale as mine. He also had noticeable lips on his mouth and a somewhat small nose. His jaw line appeared to be normal enough. There wasn't too much going on in the way of eyebrow ridges. On them were slightly arched whitish eyebrows. His eyes were larger than a human's. He had whites to his eyes and slightly larger than normal light colored pupils in the middle. His ears looked fairly normal. Though a hint smaller than is normal for humans. Taking all this in, there was no doubt in my mind that I was looking at an actual alien. I said to him, still in a rather excited voice, "What do you want!" The alien said, "I have come to do some rather painful experiments to you."

I was taken aback by this statement and took a step back. At this point the alien made laughing sounds. As he did so, his face changed to what I could recognize as an expression of amusement. After he laughed, he gave what I could also recognize as a grin with some slightly smaller than normal human

looking teeth. Then he again raised up his hand and said, "Just kidding!" These things reassured me some. But not that much. The alien then said, "But I am going to need you to come with me for a little while." At this point he started to move toward me. As he did so, he raised up his hand in a familiar gesture as somebody getting ready to shake somebody else's hand and said, "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Zem." I apprehensively took his hand. It felt rather strange because I had never shaken a hand like his before. Apart from that, it felt normal enough. He also gave my hand a firm grip. After shaking it a couple of times he just held onto it and said, "What's your name." I said rather tentatively, "Erik." At which point he shook my hand a couple more times. He said, "Glad to meet you Erik."

He then let my hand go and stepped back a couple of paces. Feeling a bit calmer, I said to Zem, "Why choose me." To which Zem answered. "You seem to be a much better specimen than these other two." (Gesturing briefly over to Stevo and Swarm as he said so) At that point, Zem gestured down the railroad tracks. He then said, "Shall we go? I'm afraid you don't have any choice in the matter." I looked at him and then looked down the railroad tracks toward which he was gesturing. But I didn't see anything down there. I then glanced back to where Stevo and Swarm were sleeping. They hadn't moved and the two black orbs were still hovering above their heads. Zem said, "Don't worry. They'll be ok. Relatively speaking." At which point I looked back at him. Then I picked up my backpack and started walking in the direction he was gesturing. Zem came up and walked beside me. Just before we emerged from the shadow caused by the streetlights on the overpass overhead, he pulled his hood back up onto his head. As we walked, I noticed that the black orb that had been hovering near him was keeping pace with us.

Not really having anything else come to mind at the time to say, I looked at Zem and said "What is that and those other black orb things." Zem looked at me and said, "Those orb things as you call them are called Nal. Though most have names." Gesturing to the one near us, Zem said, "This one is called Pim. They are both helpers and our main connection to the "Mind." I said "What is the mind." Zem said, "We can talk about that later." We turned our attention back down the tracks. After we had walked about a hundred feet, I noticed something about three hundred feet in the sky. We were about fifty feet from being underneath the edge of it. I could barely make out a dark circular shape about three hundred feet across. On the underside of it were two solid red circles of light moving. They started near the far end of the craft and ended near the near end. These lights were about four feet across and were about two hundred feet from each other. The length they traveled was equal to the distance between them. These circles of light moved at what I would guess was about sixty miles per hour. Though strangely enough, as these circled moved, they left a triangular trail of light which ended about six feet behind them.

Another strange thing was that though the trail of these lights ended in such a manner, their brightness didn't appear to be any less than that of the circles of

light themselves. Zem noticed where I was staring and said, "That's my ship up
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there. It's getting ready to come pick us up." I looked at Zem and then looked back up at the ship. As I did so, the red lights stopped appearing and the dim light we were in went dark. It seemed that the lights that were on the overpass behind us shut off. I glanced back and they were indeed off. As I started to look back forward, I felt a slight whoosh of air. I could barely make out a very large object that was now about thirty feet off the ground in front of us. A rectangle about eight feet across and twenty feet long opened from one end of the object and dropped down. Forming a ramp. I could see a dim light from inside the craft. Zem looked up at me and said, "I hope you like seeing and learning amazing things." I looked at him as he put his hand on my shoulder. He said with a slight smile on his lips, "Let the adventure begin." Zem took his hand off my shoulder and said, "Don't be alarmed. Just look at what is about to happen as a sort of invisible elevator ride."

At this point, the orb Zem called Pim moved just over our heads and between us. When it did so I felt a brief sensation of pressure on my body that felt like I was immersed in water. As this sensation passed, we rose up into the air to where the ramp was. When we got to its level, we moved forward until we were well onto the ramp. I could see another alien standing off to the right in a hallway and watching us. Given the situation, it was amazing how calm I felt. As we walked up the ramp, I said to Zem, "I'm sorry about trying to take that stick to you." Zem said, "I was in no danger. And given the situation, I was expecting you to do something like that. In fact, I briefly considered telling Pim to let you carry on your threat display a little longer. Though it would have been a little more fun for me, I didn't want to cause you any prolonged distress." By this time we had reached the top of the ramp, it started to close. At the same time, three black orbs came floating past us. One stopped near the other alien and two continued off to the left down the corridor. We were standing in a cream colored hallway about eight foot wide and nine feet high. It curved slightly off to the left and right. Limiting my ability to see where it went.

The other alien stood about ten feet away off to the right. It was obviously a female. She had a slight smile on her face. Zem looked at the two spheres and said, "That will be all for now." At which point the orb Zem called Pim and the other went down the hallway to the left also. The ramp closed and the lights in the part of the ship we were standing in increased. As they did so, Zem started to pull back the hoodie he was wearing. While he did so, I noticed that we seemed to be standing in front of some sort of doorway that was just across from the ramp. What made me think it was a doorway was that an eight foot wide section of it was inset into the wall a couple inches. There was a space of a few inches above it that was flush with the rest of the corridor. Next to it were what appeared to be a line of alien looking letters that were illuminated and set into the wall next to it. While all this was going on, the alien female was walking toward us. She had quite feminine facial features with fuller lips and more petite nose

than Zem. She had thin white blond eyebrows that appeared to have been plucked to accentuate a slightly arched shape. I thought she was very pretty, for an alien.

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She was wearing a sleeveless, but slightly loose fitting, light blue pullover shirt. It had a V-necked collar and was made of a fairly thin but fuzzy material. The cleavage of her quite ample looking breasts left no doubt as to her gender. Her arms seemed to be fairly normal for her size. Though the length between her elbow and wrist seemed to be almost imperceptibly longer than it is on a human. Her pants were dark blue in color and seemed to be made out of a slightly shiny material. Her shoes were black, shiny and fairly decorative. But they appeared to be made of cloth rather than anything like leather. The clothing Zem was wearing was of course different. Which didn't surprise me much. Seeing how males and females of my species also tend to dress differently too. He was wearing a black long sleeve shirt and rather ordinary looking black pants. The female alien walked up and gave me a glance and a smile. The female blinked. Just like what a human might do. I could clearly see now that both she and Zem had blue eyes. Zem and this female smiled at each other and hugged. I took this female to be Zem's mate.

As Zem hugged his mate, he said to her telepathically, "Did you miss me my love?" This made her giggle a bit as she thought back to him, "You were only gone about ten minutes." She then added, "But you know I always miss you when you're away." Then they kissed for a few seconds and parted. While still holding hands, they both faced me. I was only a few feet away. As I watched this greeting, even though I was in an on going state of amazement, I considered how strange it was for creatures so different and obviously more advanced than myself to behave in such a familiar manner. As they stood there facing me, Zem said, "This is my wife, Bev. Whom I love to death." At which point she let go of his hand and put her arm around his mid section. Bev gave Zem a hug with her arm. Zem gestured with his unencumbered arm toward me as he smiled at Bev. He said, "This is Erik." Bev let go of Zem and gave him a quick glance and gingerly stepped forward. Bev put out her hand for me to shake. At which point I reached out gingerly and took her hand.

I gave it a slight shake as I did so and said, "Glad to meet you." Which I was. Because somehow I felt that her being there made it less likely that anything bad was going to happen to me. After I let her hand go, Bev said in somewhat broken English, "And no doubt a little shocked." I said, "That's an understatement." Bev took a step back and I looked at Zem. I said, "Exactly how long do you plan to keep me here." Zem said, "Unfortunately for you, probably only two or three days." Being acutely aware of where he had taken me from, I knew that there probably wasn't anything that they could do to me to make his usage of the word "unfortunately" untrue. Bev thought to Zem, "You sure did pick a smelly one." To which Zem thought back to her and said, "The other two nearby were much worse. I think I did quite well." Zem looked at

me and said, "I think we better get you cleaned up before the walls start to melt." Knowing how bad I smelt, I could see the humor in what he said and smiled slightly. Zem then said with a slight smile, "Come with us." We started walking down to the hallway that went off to the left. Zem and Bev were both holding hands.

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The floor was a darker cream color than the walls and seemed to be made out of a firm rubber like material. The ceiling was made up of square triangles about an inch long that appeared like something used for acoustic sound suppression. Except these were the light source. They appeared to be slightly brighter toward the tips of the triangles than at the base. As we walked, I noticed that we were coming up to a similar doorway as the one at the top of the ramp. Except this one was only about three and a half feet across. It had some illuminated alien lettering imbedded in the wall next to it. Though I noticed that we appeared to be passing this one by. As we walked, we passed by another male alien. He was wearing a light green jumpsuit. Both Zem and Bev nodded toward him as we passed. Which he did also. Before he passed, he glanced at me. There seemed to be a slight expression of curiosity in his face. After passing two more doorways and a couple more aliens, we came to another doorway. Zem said, "This is it." We stopped and the door seemed to open automatically. Just like on those "Star Trek" shows. Except more quietly. Zem let Bev through the doorway first, then gestured for me to follow Bev. Which I did.

Zem came in behind me. Bev turned around and gestured for me to come a little farther into the room. Zem walked around me to my right and the door closed behind us. All of a sudden, something furry jumped on me from my left and grabbed me around my throat. I dropped my backpack and reached up to grab the thing that had grabbed me. Both Zem and Bev looked at the creature that had jumped on me and said in an almost perfect unison, "Panny!" Zem came up to me in a rather hurried fashion and reached toward the thing that was on me. He grabbed it as it let go of me. Zem pulled it away as it took hold of his arm. Bev walked forward and stroked the creature as she said something to it in what I took to be their language. I couldn't understand it of course. But I could tell it was in a somewhat scolding manner. Bev then looked at me and said, "I'm sorry, he can be a little too friendly at times."

I took a good look at the creature they called Panny. Which I took to be a pet. Its body was about a foot and a half long and looked like something that was a cross between a cat and a lemur. It had hair that was about three inches long and was a dark red color. It had a tail with shorter fur than on its body. The tail itself was just about as long as its body and apparently prehensile. All four of its paws had four "fingers" about two inches long. One of which appeared to be opposable. On the tips of the fingers were short claws about a quarter inch long that appeared to be like a dogs. Seeing their interaction with the cute little creature made me smile. Despite the strangeness of everything. Zem stroked the creature a couple more times as he handed it over to Bev. Looking to the

creature, then me, Bev said with a smile, "As you can guess, his name is Panny." Looking at the creature's face with its little blue eyes, when Bev said its name, it looked at me and gave me a little smile. Zem gave Panny, Bev and then I a bit more of a slight smile. He said, "I am guessing that you have about a million questions. But before we do anything, we had better get you cleaned up." I took a quick look around as we were standing there. We were in a rectangular room about forty feet long, thirty feet wide and nine feet high.

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The wall nearest us was slightly concave. On the ceiling there were eight evenly spaced three by four foot lighted panels that were the same type as the lights in the hallway. The corners had the same type of lighting about a foot wide that extended from the floor to the ceiling. Though these shown with a lesser light. The walls were a light green color and the floor was carpeted with a medium light blue carpet that anybody would find normal. Despite being aliens, I again found it interesting how some things seemed to be universal between us. I saw many examples of this. Off to the right there was what appeared to be a dining table that was rectangular in shape. It was made of a dark colored wood that had a slight purplish tint to it. It had six chairs around it that had padding on the seats. These were made out of the same kind of wood as the table. On the wall near the table was an opening in the wall that led to what I took to be a kitchen. With a counter along the base of it that was about a foot and a half wide. On the other side I saw cabinets on the far wall that appeared to be made out of the same kind of wood as the table. On the left wall in the kitchen I saw a small screen with a picture of what I took to be various kinds of fruit on it. A little below it I saw part of two alcoves that went into the wall.

About four feet to the right of the opening in the wall was an open doorway that led into that room. In the room I was in, to the left of the door we had come through, there was a carpeted tree like structure that nearly reached the ceiling. The carpeting on it was short and brown in color. There was a box covered in the same material at the top of it near the ceiling. There was another slightly larger box at the base of it. I took it that this was for Panny. More to the left of the room in the center there were two couches that faced each other. They were a little darker color than the carpet. They appeared to be somewhat utilitarian in design with slightly rounded corners. Though they were quite plush looking. Between them was a low coffee table that appeared to be made out of some sort of polished petrified wood. There were two plush chairs that were of a similar design facing each other between the couches at either end of the coffee table. Both the couches and the chairs seemed to be a little on the large side. On the wall opposite from the entrance there was a rectangular picture that appeared to be part of the wall. It was about five feet high and ten feet across. This held a great deal of interest to me because it was showing what appeared to be an alien landscape. The picture seemed to have a very 3-D appearance to it.

There were doorways about three feet to either side of this picture on the wall. Around the room there were some tables and a waist high cabinet off to my right.

On a couple of the tables were decorative lamps. Two of the others had unusual looking flowers and plants in vases. On the cabinet there was an irregularly shaped slab of rock in a wire frame holder. It was about a foot high and two feet long. Imbedded into the surface of it was the fossil of some creature. The bones of which protruded more from the surface than what I was accustomed to seeing. About a half foot to right of the fossil was one of the black orbs sitting in a similar wire frame shaped to hold it. There was another to the left. I took these to be "his" and "hers" Nal. One of which was probably the one called Pim. Off to the left there were two other doorways. Zem was gestured for me to follow

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him to the one on the right. I picked up my backpack and dis so. As we walked toward the doorway, I reflected on some of the things people thought aliens were like. Either from abduction stories or from science fiction stories. I obviously couldn't hold abduction stories with as little regard as I used to. But from the ways these creatures behaved, it didn't seem to be anything like the stories I've heard.

Other abductees often painted their captors as expressionless drones carrying out experiments. And some science fiction writers seem to have carried these stories further by talking about unisex creatures that were all work and no play. Living in Spartan surroundings. The things I was experiencing were quite different from all of that. Though I suppose it's possible I just got abducted by some different kinds of aliens. Interrupting these thoughts, Zem said to me with a slight smile as we reached the doorway, "This is the bathroom." The door opened automatically. Zem paused and said to me, "If you wanted the door to open sooner or lock, all you need to do is think or say the command." I said to Zem with an amazed look, "It can read my mind!?" In my mind I could hear Zem say, "Yes. As can I. But don't worry, we aren't eavesdroppers. Also, you have to consciously direct your thoughts to what you are communicating with for it to hear you. But it isn't that hard to do." Before I could think of something to say, he added telepathically, "Think something to me." Looking at him, I thought, "When I went to pick up that stick when we met, why didn't you tell me to stop in the same way and save me from having my hand shocked."

Zem answered mentally and said, "I figured that you had enough to adjust to emotionally at the time." Then Zem said verbally, "I'm sure you have many questions to ask. Which we can go into later." Zem walked inside the bathroom. I glanced back and saw Bev sitting on the far couch petting Panny. We smiled at each other before I turned and followed Zem. The bathroom was very much like the kind I was familiar with. It was basically white and fairly utilitarian looking. I dropped my backpack on the floor near the door. Zem took me over to the shower and bathtub combination. It was a little larger than normal. Zem then began to explain its functions. He pointed to a circle about six inches across with many holes in it and said, "Water comes out there of course. Just say or think, up, down, left, right and it will move to where you need it. It will also respond to a command to be hotter or cooler. You can do the same thing to adjust the water

pressure, width of the stream or the angle at which it sprays out.” Then Zem pointed to a small hole in the bottom of the tub. Zem said, “That aperture will move and spray out water as well if you command it to. Though it is basically just a bidet function for the girls.”

Then Zem gestured around the side of the tub-shower and said, “A slight invisible barrier that you would call a force field will automatically form along this side to keep any splashing water inside.” Next to the shower was a cabinet that went from floor to ceiling. Zem thought in his mind. Which I could hear also. He said, “Cabinet, open.” Though the white material this cabinet was made of appeared to be solid, the doors to it slid back from the middle into the inner surface of the cabinet. Inside were towels, washcloths and other items. Such as

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an assortment of glass, plastic and metal looking containers. Zem said, “These are basically here in case for some reason the maketake isn’t functioning. Though I’ve never seen it happen, it is possible.” I said, “Those alcoves in the wall over there. I take it those are the maketake machine.” Zem said, “Yes. We’ll be getting to that in a minute.” Then Zem grabbed one of the items with a decorative design on it. There was writing on the translucent container that I didn’t recognize. It was filled with a thick looking pink liquid. He said, “This is the soap.” He took it and set it on the edge of the tub. Then he retrieved another container from the cabinet and gave it a squeeze. A fine mist came from the top of it.

He said, “This is deodorant. It is compatible with your body chemistry too.” Then he placed it back in the cabinet. But front and center of the opening. Then Zem said, “I’ll just place it here. Though if you want anything different, the maketake machine over there will make it.” Zem gestured to the device I pointed out a few moments ago. There were two alcoves like what I had partially seen in the kitchen. Above two alcoves there was a moving picture of a waterfall going over a mostly plant covered cliff. Zem thought, “Cabinet close.” It then closed. A couple feet from the cabinet, there was what I recognized to be a toilet with a similar kind of toilet seat setup as we use. It even had water in it. Zem gestured to the toilet. Then Zem said, “We usually do things the old fashioned way as an efficient means of keeping our bodily plumbing in order. If you use it, just say or think “clean” when you are through. It will clean you just as well as toilet paper does. For the girls, it has a bidet function too.” A couple feet to the side of the toilet was another cabinet. It was white and about seven feet long. The top and the two sinks in it appeared to be made out of a marble like polished stone.

Two faucets came out over the sinks. There was a large long mirror on the wall behind it. On the side of the cabinet next to the toilet was something that looked like a Kleenex dispenser. Except the material looked to be more cloth like. Zem then said, “If you feel the need to clean yourself down there more completely, use one of these. Just put it in the toilet afterwards.” We walked over to the sinks and he said, “You can probably figure out how these work.” Zem then gestured over to the wall on the right side of the room and walked over to it. He said, “If you want to, you can just stand around here and say or think, “Remove stool and urine.” It will disappear from your body.” This again caused a

surprised look to come over my face for a moment as Zem added, "It will do the same for contaminants on your body. But we prefer showering." On the wall below the picture were two openings in the wall. The two alcoves and the picture above them were all separated from each other by about eight inches. Zem said, "If there is anything else you need, such as a toothbrush, comb, electric shaver, etc, just say or think it and it will appear here."

He pointed to the alcove on the left which was about a foot and a half square and a foot and a half deep. The inside surface of both of them had a dark blue glasslike surface with a honeybee hive type of pattern on its surface. He then said, "When you're through with them, (pointing to the opening on the right) put them in here and just say or think, "remove." They will disappear. Or just leave

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them. They will disappear on their own after about thirty seconds. Also, you don't have to worry about your hand disappearing. Our machines are far too sophisticated to allow anything like that to happen. Even accidentally." He then added, "Put your towels, clothes and everything else in there too when you're through with them. Also, if you were to put anything you didn't want to in there, such as a watch or wallet, the machine would simply replicate them exactly upon command." Zem then looked to the screen and said, "Show shirts, pants, underwear and shoes for White American humans." These types of items appeared on the screen.

Zem said, "Simply tell it to show any kind of garment. Or tell it to scroll through a list of types of each garment. When you're through with your selection process, just say "Make." The maketake will automatically make them to fit your size." Pointing to the left alcove, he said, "They will appear here also." Zem then added with a slight smile, "Is there anything else that you need." I was smiling too because of all of this amazing stuff. I said, "No, I think I have it." Zem then said, "Well then I'll let you get to it. Just come on out when you're through." Then Zem turned and exited the room. I got undressed and used the facilities as Zem directed. When I was finished doing everything I needed to do in there, I got some clothing from the maketake machine. I didn't want to fuss around a lot. So apart from socks and underwear, I just got a pair of blue jeans for pants. For a shirt I went with a long sleeve dark blue pullover that went down to just below my waist. The collar of it was very slightly V-shaped. For shoes, I just went with some simple black loafers. When I was through, I walked up the door and it opened. Then I walked into the livingroom area.

As I looked at the room, Zem and Bev were sitting at the wall side of the diningroom table. Zem was nearest and Bev was to his left. They were looking at each other in what seemed to be a rather affectionate manner. It occurred to me that they were probably communicating to each other telepathically. But I of course had no idea what they were thinking. Panny had been near the bathroom door. I saw him and he jumped into my arms. Holding him again, Bev looked over and said in a somewhat impatient voice, "Panny!" Looking at Panny with a smile and turning back to Bev and Zem, I said, "That's ok." Zem and Bev smiled as Bev said, "I think he likes you," I walked over to them with Panny in my arms. Panny was holding onto my forearm with his legs and had his tail wrapped

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