



by
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Journal Entry. January 1st, 2002

I suppose I should just tell my story and be done with it so I can finally get some sleep. God, sleep. It's been so long. I can't really recall having any dreams

over the past, well, year. If you can't account for yourself for days at a time, if you wake up and all of the sudden it's like Wednesday (what day was it before Wednesday?) can you really personally consider it a year? I don't know. I'm not a philosopher, but it doesn't take one to realize that I have insomnia. It just sucks major ass that it's not self-induced. This is not self-induced and I'm not going to pretend I'm writing this to the world.

I can't tell you whether I have written this whole thing out in the past and I'm just rehashing it or whatever—because to tell you the truth I have an extremely bad case of déjà vu right now—so if I have and I'm repeating myself, bear with me. Maybe by the end of this I'll say, "oh yeah, I know how this ends." And I'll be able to confidently pen it in for the billionth time since time is circular or what not. But at the moment I can't remember what all of this writing about my "experiences" is going to do for me other than embarrass the hell out of me.

So where was I? Oh yeah, Writing out and explaining to the world why I—in my therapist's words—"feel like I'm being abducted." *Feel*, can you believe that? It's not just a feeling. But I'm getting ahead of myself again. I mean it's really goddamn hard to write this shit out when you haven't thought a coherent thing in months.

Why do I "feel" like I'm being abducted, you ask? Millions of reasons, and I can go over a few of them before tomorrow if you would like. Or show you. I came across this brilliant article that I'd like you to take a look at, located at <http://www.crystalinks.com/abduction.html>

But, if you're not online I will go through it one step at a time. I want to get through every single one to show you that I am NOT jumping to conclusions. The article is called: "58 common indicators of UFO encounters or abductions by alien beings" even though there's more like 57, and it's compiled by Melinda Leslie and by the time I'm done you'll have a better idea of who I am and where my perspective comes from. So here we go, starting at the top:

1. Have had unexplainable missing or lost time of one hour or more.

What have I just been telling you about this one? Not only do I have missing time for "one hour or more" I have missing time for "one day or more." I mean, you haven't known me for that long and I have seen you every day for the past three days, but pretty soon, when I just goddamn disappear, you'll start to wonder. You'll see.

2. Have been paralyzed in bed with a being in your room.

Remember our first session where I was complaining to you about waking up at 4:15 AM, pinned in place on my back, my mind absolutely racing, but all of my muscles felt like putty? I couldn't move, no matter how hard I tried, and I was wide awake! And something was pulling on my chest. Hard, even though I couldn't see anything, like it was ripping out my soul. I passed out because it hurt so bad, and I woke up in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet. But I didn't pass out on the toilet. I passed out in the bed. Paralyzed, Dr. Jacob. I COULD NOT MOVE, no matter how hard I tried. And I ended up on the toilet?

3. Have unusual scars or marks with no possible explanation on how you received them (small scoop indentation, straight line scar, triangular marks, scars in roof of mouth, in nose, behind or in ears, etc.)

You would think I was a WWII survivor if I took off my shirt. My shoulder blades have gashes on them that no one in my family can recall where they came from. I have a triangle mark on both arms. Triangle. How am I going to get a triangular scar? When you figure that one out please let me know. I do not have triangular nails, and my fingernails do not cut triangularly.

4. Have seen balls of light or flashes of light in your home or other locations.

I think last time I told you about this, you informed me that people who suffer from a lack of sleep often see little dashes of light in their peripheral vision. I buy that, but these aren't dashes. I look through my family photos, and they're there. Balls of light, hovering, floating through the air. I've found sites all over the place claiming that they are snapshots of the spirit world. I'll bring a few pics for you to look at tomorrow. Tell me what you think.

5. Have a memory of flying through the air which could not be a dream, or many dreams involving flying.

Like I told you, it's hard for me to sleep at night. And I'm terrified of flying. See a connection? Maybe I never want to fall asleep because when I do, that's what I dream about. Flying thousands of feet above the ground, in some contraption, with a needle up my ass. I know what you're thinking. I was molested or something when I was little. Think what you want.

6. Have a strong "marker memory" that will not go away (i.e.: an alien face, an examination, a needle, a table, a strange skinny baby, etc.)

I think I've told you about this as well. It was my first out of countless nighttime experiences with strange creatures appearing in my room. My parents used to love to pack the camper full of fishing poles and cans of Campbell's Pork & Beans and head up to my grandparent's cabin when I was little. Well, one night after everyone had gone to bed, the creaking bedroom door kind of startled me and when I first looked over I thought my friend Josh from next door was attempting to wake me up so that we could sneak out and go somewhere, but a few moments later after staring at this stranger's profile I realized that whoever it was, it sure as hell had nothing to do with Josh. Besides, the next door neighbor—if I can call him that—lived quite a distance down the road. The cabin was located in an area that was not very populated at all. Perhaps you've heard of it: Roscommon, Michigan. Sparsely populated, but one hell of a nice lake. Higgins Lake. So if he was taking a friendly stroll over to me to wake me up, it would have taken him a good 15 minutes to get to my house. And what a frightening walk it would have been. No street lights. Just a dry dirt road surrounded by dense pine trees.

I wanted to say something or wake up my parents but I couldn't move. Almost the same kind of sensation I get when I wake up paralyzed. I sensed a

parental calming coming from this thing, whatever it was, like it didn't want to frighten me. To tell you the truth, I had the sense that it had been in my family for a long time. I had the same sensation I get to this day when I'm around my senile grandfather. Just that warm feeling, but a warm feeling which is tinged with danger. You never know what a senile grandfather's going to do, even though he's all nice and pleasant. Is he going to strike out at me? I don't know. Start swearing about Gandhi and chasing me around the house?

It walked towards the bed slowly and I noticed its long, slender arms, and its grey-green skin. The only way to describe it is pea soup skin. But that could have been the lighting since the full moon was coming through the doorway behind it.

It reached out for my hand. I knew even at an early age the dangers of talking to strangers, let alone holding a stranger's hand. I reached out mine, touched its fingers and I couldn't help but ask, "Are you God?" Of course, it didn't answer, and it just stood there with its outstretched ET like fingers. I wanted to take its hand, but something stopped me and I threw the covers back over my head and waited for it to go away, my eyes squeezed shut, my mind racing. The next thing I knew I heard the door close.

I think I eventually fell asleep. I woke up later on with the covers still over my head and my mom tapping me on the shoulder to inform me it was time to jump on the boat and go fishing.

I've seen it since then. The thing with the pea soup skin. Over and over again. All my life. I know it's real, Dr. Jacob. I'm not making it up.

7. Have had many dreams of UFOs, beams of light, or alien beings.

I just went over this one. Whether I was dreaming or not is up to you to decide.

8. Have had a shocking UFO sighting or multiple sightings in your life.

Shocking, eh? Shocking isn't the half of it. Life changing, destructive of all my religious beliefs—that's more like it. So if shocking means a complete readjustment of your mental makeup then yeah, you can describe a number of my sightings just like this. But I can't go too much into detail quite yet since I don't think you know me well enough as a patient of yours for me to reveal everything about myself.

For the time being, let's just say that one night me and my friend were lying out in the middle of the road in the middle of summer so that we could stare at all of the stars. One nice thing about living in the country is that even though you have a limited number of friends to hang out with, you have a massive and awe-inspiring view. And since traffic hardly ever came around, lying in the middle of the road wasn't all that dangerous.

While me and my friend were lying there we saw one star kind of flare up, and my friend asked me if it was a falling star or maybe a star that had exploded. I wasn't too much of an astronomy buff so I just kind of shrugged and we watched it. The next thing I knew, the star flared up even larger and flew away. It didn't fall to earth. It didn't die out. It literally took off at a diagonal and sped off

towards the moon. Onward and upward, as one of my previous bosses used to say.

And in school the following morning, I told my physics teacher about it and he started telling the class all of this bullshit about optical illusions and what not, and temperature inversions, and pretty much said that I saw something that I just interpreted incorrectly. Kind of boggled my own mind that someone who didn't even see what I had seen could automatically assume I had interpreted it wrong. I mean, how the hell could he know. I'm currently assuming you're probably going to give me the same shit as well, but I figured you should know about it.

9. Have a cosmic awareness, an interest in ecology, environment, vegetarianism, or are very socially conscious.

I've always felt guilty every time I've taken a bite of a hamburger. Or a steak. It makes me want to throw up. I think they should relabel these packages in grocery stores to be what they truly are: cow shoulder, cow ass, cow guts. Cow liver. My apartment is filled with plants.

10. Have a strong sense of having a mission or important task to perform, sometime, without knowing where this compulsion is coming from.

A mission. I wish I knew what drove me to do what it is that I do. Right now you probably think my only motivation for going through this therapy is to convince my rationally-minded therapist that things exist and fly around in the world that go beyond our current understanding. Well, yeah, that's part of it. I do think therapists, doctors, lawyers, and professional people are extremely stuffy when it comes to what they will believe. I associate this with the culture floating around our school system that not-believing is smarter than believing and that the smartest people are the skeptics. But to me skeptics are dumb asses that cannot see three feet in front of them. They feel that as soon as they believe something they are no longer skeptic and, hence, they are no longer smart. So they disbelieve just to keep themselves believing that they have a brain sitting on top of their shoulders. But proving this is not my motivation. No, mine goes much deeper. If you stick with me and listen to what I say, you'll find what I truly am after and what truly drives me and what my true motivation is. And it may even blow you away, or you'll just dismiss me as senile and going on living as you always have.

11. Have a secret feeling that you are "special" or "chosen," somehow.

I do not feel that people have experiences quite like mine. The sleep paralysis, where I wake up and cannot move, the strange dreams, bizarre feelings, hell, even my eating and sleeping habits are off. These are side effects of something deeper, of what is truly happening to me. I have insomnia because right now, I have been chosen to have insomnia. The beings that are watching me want me to have insomnia so I will be forced to stay up until--what time is it?—geezus, 3:45 in the morning, writing about why it is I feel that they exist. Because they do exist. You can't go around thinking your patients don't know

what they are talking about and are just perceiving rational events in an irrational manner. They have chosen me. And they have chosen you to listen.

12. Have had unexplainable events occur in your life, and felt strangely anxious afterwards.

Anxious. Another word that is commonly used but that does not fully describe quite what I feel. Again, Dr. Jacob, you, as a doctor, will probably say it is paranoia and not anxiousness. But you are wrong. What if people have a reason to continually look behind their back and second guess themselves and other people? What if people that say there are worldwide conspiracies really are, in fact, correct? What if the September 11 attack on America was truly inspired by motivated people that want to destroy the worldwide conspiracy? Then, who's the bad guy? And what if I were to feel that since I know this is the case, that someone is out to kill me? I could just go on living and working as a freelance website programmer, oblivious to the people who are out to get me. Would that be a wise move? I suppose if I'm motivated to die. But I'm not.

People watch my house. I hear clicking noises on my phone. My modem lights in the corner of my Windows 2000 machine are furiously sending information to god knows where, even when I'm not doing anything on the internet. They'll just blink. Does it make me anxious? Extremely. Paranoid? No. Paranoid people are paranoid because they see things and hear things that do not exist. The things that I see and hear do exist.

13. Have had several strange psychic experiences - such as knowing that something is going to happen before it happens.

Premonitions happen constantly with me. Like, when someone calls me on the phone, and just by hearing the ring, I can figure out who will be on the other end before I pick it up. Other times, I'll be driving in my car with the radio off, and I'll start hearing a song. I'll then flick on the radio and the song will be playing. Same with the television. I know what commercial is coming up next before it happens. You can attribute this to maybe a high awareness of the cultural state of mankind, but I believe this goes right along with all of the other things that happen to me. You can say this is nothing, but is it truly nothing, in light of all the other things which have taken place in my life?

14. For women only: Have had false pregnancy or missing fetus. (pregnant, and then not)

Sorry. Not Applicable.

15. Have awoken in another place than where you went to sleep, or don't remember ever going to sleep. (i.e. waking up with your head at the foot of your bed, or in your car)

I talked about this in an earlier part of this journal entry, where I woke up in the bathroom even though I went to sleep on the bed. I'm sure this happens to a relatively large amount of people, but they never think nothing of it.

16. Have had a dream of eyes such as animal eyes (like an owl or deer), or remember seeing an animal looking in at you. Also if you have a fear of eyes.

There's an owl that I see sitting in the oak tree next to the window of the apartment where I live. Sterling Heights, Michigan is not exactly the most owl-friendly location, so every time I see this, it kind of throws me off. When the moon is out, I see it, almost like a silhouette casting its shadow on the rough bark of the tree. And every now and then when the moon is just right, its eyes will glow like that of a cat. I mistake it for one of the neighbor's cats now and again.

17. Have awoken in the middle of the night startled.

I believe what this one is referring to is waking up in the middle of the night with the feeling that you have just been somewhere dangerous, or your physical well-being has suddenly been put at risk while you're sleeping. And yes, I wake up sweating, my pillow drenched, with just that feeling that something isn't right.

18. Have strong reaction to cover of Communion or pictures of aliens - either an aversion to or being drawn to.

I own that book. I own a paranormal website. I have a picture of a UFO hanging up in every room of my apartment. I own many other books with aliens on it. Those passed off as fiction, others passed off as nonfiction, etc etc etc. You could say it is an obsession, you could say it's a hobby. I mean, why am I always drawn to these sections of the bookstore? Why am I drawn to the science fiction covers that have to do with other life forms? I could have been interested in anything—botany, mathematics, you name it. But instead I am interested in all things paranormal. I don't know why. Is it because I've had experiences with them?

19. Have inexplicably strong fears or phobias. (i.e. heights, snakes, spiders, large insects, certain sounds, bright lights, your personal security or being alone).

I always fear for my own security. That's probably why I don't go out much, hang out at clubs, go dancing, or go to the movies. If I do go to the movies it's always the last show that they have during the day. You could say that this is a result of antisocial thoughts that I may have. But the truth of the matter is that these phobias of being around too many people, since I can't keep my eye on every single one of them, could be because of the feeling that someone is out to get me—namely the creatures that appear to me, take me aboard their spaceships, and pretty much just harass the hell out of me when all I want is a normal life.

20. Have experienced self-esteem problem much of your life.

Self esteem has probably always been related to the events that are constantly taking place around me. How would you like to show your abduction scars to a classroom in the first grade? I mean, God. People bring in frogs, rocks, and grandparents for that kind of thing. Their weightlifting father. Their sister's

underwear. You know what I brought in one time? A piece of metal that I had pulled out of my nose in the bathroom. Whomever had put it there sure hadn't done too well of a job. Who's going to like someone like that, be around someone with metal shoved in all their body cavities?

People mostly stayed away from me in high school. I remember one teacher being afraid to look at me, and refused to acknowledge my presence in the classroom. I overheard her telling a lunch lady at one point that I gave her the creeps, that I was one of those problem children who would shoot up the school.

I was left out of sporting events, left out of school get togethers, and anytime I did try to participate, some asshole weightlifting football player would show how great he was by kicking the ass of freak boy who frightened the brainless cheerleaders. I have scars from those incidents as well.

21. Have seen someone with you become paralyzed, motionless, or frozen in time, especially someone you sleep with.

We've gone over this one.

22. Have a memory of having a special place with spiritual significance, when you were a youngster.

Ah yes, a place of special significance. One in which has just as much significance as the place where you, Dr. Jacob, lost your virginity. Since I lived in the middle of the country for most of my life, I can honestly say there are a number of places which just has that magnetic draw, even to this day, where I go when I just can't understand life or I want to get away. I mean, could you imagine working deep in the heart of Detroit and driving two hours after work so that you can park your car and sit on a specific rock in a specific field? I love that fucking rock.

23. Have had someone in your life who claims to have witnessed a ship or alien near you or has witnessed you having been missing.

Kind of difficult to hold down a job when you sometimes just don't show up and won't answer your phone for days at a time. I'm lucky enough to have an understanding boss who gives me the kinds of jobs which do not have important timeframes attached to them. Of course this last episode where I disappeared for a week prompted him to require me to seek professional help if I still wanted to work for him—hence, this is why I'm writing this and talk to you a few times a week.

24. Have had, at any time, blood or a strange stain on a sheet or pillow, with no explanation of how it got there.

No explanation is no explanation. Medical doctors can find an explanation for things such as bleeding gums, but bleeding hands? I've heard of this. It's called stigmata. It's usually associated with people that have an extreme amount of faith in Jesus. The catholic church recognizes people with stigmata, and claim that some statue down in Mexico actually bled in front of an entire church filled with people. Well, it happens to me too. My hands will bleed on my sheets. My

feet will bleed on the sheets. I don't know why. I wish I had an explanation. I'll take photos next time for you. Or bring the sheets in to show you.

25. Have an interest in the subject of UFO sightings or aliens, perhaps compelled to read about it a lot.

This is repetitive. I've already gone over this. Again, I'm just going through the list to determine what is and is not applicable.

26. Have an extreme aversion towards the subject of UFO's or aliens - don't want to talk about it.

I can't say that this is the case for me. I tell everyone who will listen.

27. Have been suddenly compelled to drive or walk to an out of the way or unknown area.

I've gone over this one when I told you about the rock.

28. Have the feeling of being watched much of the time, especially at night.

The owl watches me. I still need a nightlight. I hate the dark. I hate not knowing who is there.

29. Have had dreams of passing through a closed window or solid wall.

I actually have passed through a solid wall during an abduction. It is not a dream, and it is repeatable. From what I remember, if you can repeat something in a laboratory then it can be confirmed. I think if you set a lab up in my bedroom you'll be able to witness it one of these times.

30. Have seen a strange fog or haze that should not be there.

A lot of pictures that people send me have a strange fog or haze in them, even though I don't ask anyone to send them to me. It's like this kind of thing just finds a way to be around me. Ghost images from all over the world are sent to my email. I open up the email, and more fog and smoke.

Even in my own apartment, when all the lights are out and I just see the orange light from the parking lot streaming in from the balcony window, I can see it, around the kitchen's white tiled floor. Just like fog, when I make my way into the kitchen, it kind of disappears and I can't see it anymore.

31. Have heard strange humming or pulsing sounds, and you could not identify the source.

When I came across this, I almost panicked. For some reason—maybe it's because I live so close to electric wires—when I'm sitting in my living room and just watching television and vegging out with some Doritos, I'll hear this loud humming noise that sounds exactly like an electric current is passing right through the room. Oh, and the TV usually goes out for a moment and comes back on when happens. It's like a power surge that's not inside any of the wires passing through the house...it's like a power surge that's passing through the air.

32. Have had unusual nose bleeds at any time in your life. Or have awoken with a nose bleed.

I have awoken with metal shoved up my nostril. And yes, it bleeds.

33. Have awoken with soreness in your genitals which can not be explained.

I don't really want to get in to this, since it is such a serious subject and you're not exactly a medical doctor. My genitals are my own damn business, but yeah, this happens too.

34. Have had back or neck problems, T-3 vertebrae out often, or awoken with an unusual stiffness in any part of the body.

You know that soreness most people get when they just finish working out? Well, picture the same thing, only that it sure as hell has nothing to do with working out since I don't really work out all that often. My back aches, my hands and muscles ache. I don't run marathons, but sometimes after I wake up in the morning, it sure feels like it.

35. Have had chronic sinusitis or nasal problems.

You've heard my nasal sounding voice during our first couple sessions. My sinuses flair up even when its not the season. I don't know why. I suppose this is another thing left up to a medical doctor to try to explain the way, even though all he really knows how to do is prescribe some type of medication.

36. Have had electronics around you go haywire or oddly malfunction with no explanation (such as street lights going out as you walk under them, TV's and radios affected as you move close, etc.)

Malfunctioning electronic equipment usually happens when I'm driving down the street in Detroit and the street lights above me wink out, one by one, as soon as my Focus passes underneath them. Televisions change channels when I walk in the room. Radios flick on. And there's that buzzing sound....

37. Have seen a hooded figure in or near your home, especially next to your bed.

Hooded figures, figures in general. My room is quite a gathering spot for paranormal activity when I shut my eyes. That sense you get when you're walking down a sidewalk or a country road and you know that someone is hiding in the pine trees, waiting to jump on you---picture that, only the feeling comes from the closet, or the hallway. Under the bed. Through the window. It feels like there are groups of beings watching. Waiting. For what? I don't know. Maybe for me to do something, like write all of this down.

38. Have had frequent or sporadic ringing in your ears, especially in one ear.

I heard that there's a condition that effects people who listen to music way too loud. I don't listen to music that loud. I hear the ringing when I fall asleep.

Even if its smooshed up against the pillow. My ears have been tested many times by medical doctors, especially after the difficult birth that I had. I don't know what causes this from the abductions. Maybe I'll ask next time.

39. Have an unusual fear of doctors or tend to avoid medical treatment.

Most sensible people inform me that my own fear of medical doctors is merely because of the traumatic birth that I went through. In light of the other things I have witnessed in my personal life, I don't really believe that the traumatic birth is the reason why I avoid medical practitioners. I hate doctors, dentists, nurses, you name them. So many people are afraid of clowns. Clowns don't bother me. Those green garbs and face masks, now there's a different story altogether.

40. Have insomnia or sleep disorders which are puzzling to you.

I am writing this as a direct result of having insomnia, in fear of going back in my room again. The lengths I will go through merely to avoid the inevitable...

41. Have had dreams of doctors or medical procedures.

Scalpels, getting probed...again, these are not dreams, Dr. Jacob. They happen to me. As anyone who knows me will say, I do have strange objects embedded in my body. I don't think a dream doctor is going to implant a metal stick up your nose. Whatever is doing it is definitely as real as you and me.

42. Have frequent or sporadic headaches, especially in the sinus, behind one eye, or in one ear.

More medical shit. Migraines, sinuses, sleeplessness...me me me.

43. Have the feeling that you are going crazy for even thinking about these sorts of things.

This is not the case for me. I am NOT crazy. If I walked around, refusing to admit to myself that something was going on out of the ordinary with me, that would make me crazy, wouldn't it? If I sat here and completely denied the reality that confronted me daily. That would be crazy, wouldn't it?

44. Have had paranormal or psychic experiences, including intuition.

Knowing things that are going to happen before they do. I believe I already went over this. Once again, I'm merely reacting to what I'm finding in this article, and it seems that the article repeats itself now and again.

45. Have been prone to compulsive or addictive behavior.

When I used to smoke, I would smoke two packs a day. And if I drink, I can't just drink one beer. I have to drink multiple beers for long extended periods of time. It doesn't matter what kind of hobby or goal that I pick up, it totally consumes me, and I can't seem to shake it. It's all I think about. I've been accused many times of having some type of obsessive compulsiveness to me, but you would be the better judge.

46. Have channeled telepathic messages from extraterrestrials.

I can't say that I've done this. I think if anyone has channeled telepathic messages from ET, they could honestly say they have come into contact with an extraterrestrial. Isn't it self-evident?

But I have heard voices and have attempted to contact someone from out there. I try to do a form of automatic writing every now and then and have pages and pages of me asking the paper questions and just letting my mind go and letting it wander and see what words form on the page. I should deliver them to you sometime in the near future. Maybe even here, in this journal. I'll just copy them into this document and see what comes out of it.

47. Have simply heard an external voice in your head, speaking to you, perhaps instructing or guiding you.

Again, this is a repeat to a previous statement.

48. Have been afraid of your closet, now or as a child.

I've definitely gone over the closet people with you in a previous paragraph.

49. Have had sexual or relationship problems (such as an odd "feeling" that you must not become involved in a relationship because it would interfere with "something.")

I don't have a relationship with anyone. It is just me and my cat, but my cat is almost always sleeping so for the most part it is just me. I'm afraid to go up to anyone and ask them out on a date, because I know that as soon as I do so I'm just going to start blurting out some nonsense that is eventually going to be the death of the relationship. It would be nice if I could find someone to share my life with, but up until now, this has not happened and I honestly can't say that it ever will.

50. Have to sleep against the wall or must sleep with your bed against a wall.

No, this doesn't bother me. I don't know where this statement came from or the logic behind it. I might email the compiler of this to find out.

51. Have a fear that you must be very vigilant or you will be taken away by "someone."

I feel that I have to be vigilant to write all of this down in fear that you will send me off to the nuthouse, does that count? I fully believe I'm a perfectly normal and well-adjusted human being, even though I periodically have a number of odd things which happen to me at any given time.

52. Have a difficult time trusting other people, especially authority figures.

Trust no one is the motto for the X-files. I think when you experience the paranormal first hand and you witness people's gut reaction to it, you grow to

distrust lots of people in general. Because if they can jump to conclusions that it's all a bunch of shit so quickly, what other things have they pre-judged? Do they just want to use you to make themselves feel wiser and more fortunate? I believe so. I cannot trust anyone, and after I witness your reaction to these words, I will make a decision as to whether or not I trust you. But considering I've already spent a few visitations with you and I have not yet quit, you already get a higher score than most.

53. Have had dreams of destruction or catastrophe.

Every time I try to sleep at night, it's a catastrophe.

54. Have the feeling that you are not supposed to talk about these things, or that you should not talk about them.

This is pretty much common sense. Why would you talk about things to other people? I do, but that's just because my entire life revolves around them constantly. Talking about these things is just a bad idea. You'll lose status in your company, and everything about your life will begin a quick descent into an abyss of self-indulgence.

55. Have experienced many things in this list, and recall your children or parents speaking of similar experiences on occasion.

I believe my run down shows that this is the case.

56. Have tried to resolve these types of problems with little or no success.

Yes yes yes. That is why I am seeing you, Dr. Jacob.

57. Have many of these traits but can't remember anything about an abduction or alien encounter.

I have many of these traits but DO remember an abduction, which makes the whole "I've been abducted" scenario five times more powerful. And more believable. At least to me.

The sun is coming up. Dr. Jacob, I hope you finish reading all of this before I come in tomorrow. I'm ready to e-mail it your way. I will be bringing my tape recorder so I can transcribe our session. I hope you understand that I am just as interested in knowing and being able to go over what is exchanged during the meeting as you are. You want to cure me, I believe. And you tape record our sessions to find out things about me that you might have missed. I must do the same.

I have to go lay down.

Hopefully they'll let me sleep tonight.

Goodnight, Dr. Jacob.

Transcribed Session With Dr. Jacob. January 2nd, 2002.

Dr. Jacob: Interesting e-mail.

Me: I couldn't sleep. I had to write.

Dr. Jacob: How many journals do you have and what do you usually use them for?

Me: Maybe 30 or 40. Some are just 5 subject notebooks. Others are bought at Borders and such and I usually use them for automatic writing, or poetry, or bitching. Drawing. Doodling. Depends.

Dr. Jacob: Depends on what?

Me: Um. I don't know. How I feel? Doesn't everything you do and say usually depend on how you feel? When I want McDonalds, do I need to have some hidden motivation? Couldn't I, in fact, just want McDonalds?

Dr. Jacob: So tell me more about last night.

Me: Nice seg-way. Do you always change the subject when people make a point?

Dr. Jacob: (laughs). Seriously, did anything else happen?

Me: So you're interested?

Dr. Jacob: Of course.

Me: Just as interested as telling me your reaction to my e-mail?

Dr. Jacob: What do you want me to say about your e-mail? Very well written. Informative. Full of many pertinent observations which could definitely come in handy at some later date.

Me: Come on. I bared my soul to you last night. You know how long it took me to write all of that? That was definitely the most I've opened up since we began this thing.

Dr. Jacob: But have you really opened up?

Me: Geezus, you're worse than a lawyer.

Dr. Jacob: My brother is a lawyer.

Me: Really? My brother works at Pizza Hut.

Dr. Jacob: You never told me that before.

Me: (shrugs) It's not like it's all that interesting.

Dr. Jacob: Do you only tell me things that you think I'll be interested in hearing?

Me: Yeah.

Dr. Jacob: Why is that?

Me: I could read from a phone book during our sessions if you'd like.

Dr. Jacob: I wouldn't mind.

Me: I'll bring one next time.

Dr. Jacob: So what does your brother do at Pizza Hut?

Me: Make pizza.

Dr. Jacob: Does he like his job?

Me: Do you like yours?

Dr. Jacob: Have you asked him if he likes his job?

Me: I'm sure he likes it a lot less than your brother does being a lawyer.

Dr. Jacob: What if that's not true? What if my brother hates being a lawyer?

Me: Well, (sighs), my brother would probably still like his job less than your brother. How much does your brother make a year?

Dr. Jacob: Enough to support his family.

Me: What? Afraid of specifics?

Dr. Jacob: \$375,000 or so.

Me: Ah. My brother makes about 375 bucks a week.

Dr. Jacob: It's like that when you're young.

Me: He's 34.

Dr. Jacob: What about your mom and dad?

Me: They also work at Pizza Hut.

Dr. Jacob: (laughs)

Me: What's so funny?

Dr. Jacob: You sure are a handful.

Me: Mm. Yes. So about my e-mail. Do I have a case?

Dr. Jacob: Oh, you mean, a case for proof of your feeling why you have been abducted?

Me: It's not a feeling.

Dr. Jacob: Isn't everything a feeling?

Me: No. Like right now, I might feel that you are listening, when really you're just waiting for an opportunity to disagree with me.

Dr. Jacob: That's not---well, listen, let me be honest. I could say your e-mail was intriguing, but that could just encourage your fantasies—if they are, in fact, fantasies.

Me: Afraid of being wrong, then, so you're just going to keep your mouth shut?

Dr. Jacob: I don't want to argue with you. I'm here to listen. So let me keep my mouth shut and you just talk.

Me: I wrote all of that shit down last night. I was hoping you would at least tell me what you thought of it.

Dr. Jacob: Well, let's see. I haven't had a chance to go through all of it.

Me: What? You---you didn't read it, did you?

Dr. Jacob: I get a lot of e-mail. If you'd like I can open it up right now while you sit there and go over it to see—

Me: Geezus, that's it, I've been in here, what, ten minutes? God. Why didn't you say that? You could have finished reading it by now.

Dr. Jacob: I like to discuss things in person, not read them. Journaling is a personal thing...

Me: You call yourself a psychologist?

Dr. Jacob: Slow down.

Me: I come to you for help, for someone to listen, and you give me some bullshit theory about communication, about when you will and will not listen? Does it really matter whether or not I wrote it in an email, whether we were having this discussion over the phone, through instant messenger, or in person? Isn't communication just that, communication, regardless of the medium?

Dr. Jacob: Let's start over, shall we?

Me: Start over? Should I write it in pen then? Pencil? Is that acceptable? Maybe you should give me a sheet of paper describing all the different ways in which you will or won't communicate with me.

Dr. Jacob: You have this perception right now that I'm not listening to you, and that's totally not true. You have to understand that people do have lives outside of your own, perceptions unlike your own. So please, let's see a little maturity and understanding. I am hear to listen. And yes I will read your writing. But this is give and take. Be patient. I will not listen if you're in hysterics.

Me: Hysterics, huh?

Dr. Jacob: Let's do this your way then. Do you prefer to communicate in writing?

Me: Yes, as a matter of fact.

Dr Jacob: (writes down on a piece of paper and hands it over.)

Me: You want me to write and not talk?

Dr. Jacob: (winks)

Me: Then read my e-mail.

Dr. Jacob: You got it.

[The tape stops here and resumes fifteen minutes after it was stopped.]

Dr. Jacob: Well.

Me: Yes?

Dr. Jacob: I'd tell you what I thought, but....

Me: But what?

Dr. Jacob: I'm going to write down my response and e-mail it to you instead. You should receive it sometime tonight.

Me: Why don't you just tell me?

Dr. Jacob: Listen, this is your choice on how we communicate. For awhile, I want you to not come to our sessions in person at all. I want you to write down what you would like to say, send it to me, and I'll send you a response.

Me: My choice?

Dr. Jacob: Yes. Until we feel that we can move forward.

Me: I feel like I'm being punished.

Dr. Jacob: And your feelings are not always reality. (winks). Until next time, Jeff. Wait for my email.

E-mail from Dr. Jacob

From: dr_jacob@hotmail.com
To: jeff@paranormalnews.com
CC:
Subject: Today's Session

You came to me asking for the abductions, as you call them to stop, and I intend to do whatever is necessary.

As for my comments to your journal entry that you e-mailed to me, I will continue to hold off saying anything until I compile more data and you send me more of your writing. I have, however, begun a file for you, have printed out your writing thus far and will continue to look for correlations and possible explanations to your condition. You have full access to my files that I have created on you—a privilege granted to all patients by a previous supreme court decision.

When I feel the time is right, we will meet again in person. If you need me, you have my pager. If you need help and its an emergency, give it a buzz. But only do so if absolutely necessary, and I prefer your writing over anything else. For the time being, send me more of your journaling and dreams.

Keep in mind that I am still charging you for all time spent reading, as well as writing, responses and assisting in your recovery. You want me to be straight forward, and I will. My billing rate is \$320.00 an hour.

Sincerely,
Dr. Jacob

Automatic Writing #1, January 5th, 2002

Okay, I just bought a brand new notebook from Metro Carolina Pad, a company stationed out of Charlotte, NC, for the very purpose of trying out this whole automatic writing thing, and a large stack of Bic mechanical pencils. You may think this process is somewhat absurd, but I've heard that you can use automatic writing to untap some explanations and gain some insights from your abductees. I can't remember where I read that. Maybe it was in that John Mack book with the large white capital letters: ABDUCTION!

Some people state that you are not actually talking with aliens, that you are talking with satanic entities who are portraying alien intelligence. I think God is an alien so I would appreciate it if you are a religious person NOT to jump to conclusions about me in league with Beelzebub. I don't even know how effective this will be outside of recording a stream of consciousness. I have to do it though. Something is telling me to give it a try. I mean, maybe even when I'm not being poked or prodded by some dumbass alien flying over the Brooklyn Bridge, I am still communicating with them subconsciously.

Let me get a coffee. I just a lit a few candles around the kitchen table to help me focus. The next paragraph I write will be an attempt at psychic alien communication. I will be holding the pencil to the paper and just letting whatever comes to me flow through my body and down on the page. I'll transcribe it to disk after I finish. I will not know whether or not they are my own words and thoughts or if they are someone or something else's words and thoughts. Seeya.

Begin:

Oh boy finally in the house again almost like I have hands again that can write out things that come to my mind its so hard you know to communicate without words. It's easy, but not easy. Um. Difficult to describe. Good to be back, needless to say. I've done this before to a woman that lived on East Fifth Street in an old 18th Century Victorian house that had served as a portal to the underground railroad. So many people who live in those houses let me slip down inside of their skin and write out words using them as a medium into the physical world. I can feel you wanting to ask a question but are unsure if you are able to or not. The answer is yes, you can ask questions just make sure to mentally hand your physical body back over to me so that I can use you as a conduit to speak.

Me: Are you abducting me?

No, I am not the one who is abducting you.

Me: Do you know who is?

Yes, I do.

Me: Do you know why?

Because you know many things and have the ability to act as a conduit for other races to get the message out.

Me: What message?

Each race has a different message. Each wants to use humans in a different way. Some do not want to use them at all and merely want to leave them alone for them to develop on their own. It is very similar to your foreign diplomats. There are many foreign diplomats representing the United States in other countries. Yet there are other foreign diplomats than United States diplomats.

Me: What is your message?

To tell you that you are in danger.

Me: Danger? Of what?

Many people know about your past. Many people do not like what you are able to do. You are disruptive.

Me: I'm not disrupting anything. I just want to find out how to stop this nonsense. Can you help me?

I cannot stop another race from doing anything to you.

Me: So it is not your race?

We will not wage war against another race because of a human.

Me: But I just want to live a normal life.

Why do you think your life is not normal?

Me: Because I can't sleep at night since I keep getting sucked into one of your fucking spaceships.

It is not my spaceship, or a spaceship of any of my race.

Me: What is your race?

We come from the Constellation of the Seven Sisters. We are known as the Plaedians.

Me: What do you want with me?

I am trying to help you.

Me: If you want to help me, put a word in and tell whomever you need to tell to leave me alone. I'm paying \$320.00 an hour to rid myself of all of you.

Dr. Jacob will not be able to do so.

Me: Why not?

He is incompetent. You are looking to him for his expertise. Yet he does not have any expertise in the field of our visitations among humans. He only has expertise

in the field of pointing out when individuals are being irrational. You are not an irrational person. You are important.

Me: How so?

You have a message to give.

Me: A message? Give it to me and I'll give it to whomever it is that you want me to, then all of you can bugger off.

Buggering off flies in the face of the message you must deliver.

Me: Well what is the message?

That we are here. And we are watching.

Me: Watching? Who?

All of you. We have attempted to give the message before, but personal beliefs of the conduit always conflicts with the message. That is why you have been chosen.

Me: Why?

Because you believe in nothing. And you believe in everything. You are an optical fiber directly linked in to our voice. You are aligned with the light of the word. People are listening. People are watching. Be careful.

Me: But what is your message?

In time, Jeff.

Me: Why am I being abducted?

They are trying to teach you what you should know.

Me: No, they are shoving a metal pipe up my nose.

That metal pipe is used to record your overall health and relay it back to their ship.

Me: How do you know this?

I know who is doing this to you and what they are after.

Me: You told me it was because I was chosen.

You are. By me. I did not have to come here. Those who are abducting you have a different purpose.

Me: What purpose?

I will tell you in time. You must rest.

Me: No, I have to stay awake. Don't let me sleep.

Why are you afraid to sleep?

Me: They will take me.
Not tonight.

Me: When then?
I cannot answer. Sleep. Rest. And when you awake tomorrow, be sure to see the priest.

Me: What priest?
[No answer]

Journal Entry. January 6th, 2002

My mom's a really religious person and I was familiar with the building she frequented during the last 15 years of her life. She used to attend some kind of church called "The Church of Christ" which is a non-denominational branch that is most popular in the United States South where I guess they have thousands of members who go there three to four times a week to listen to preachers speak on a number of topics. The communication which took place between me and whomever I was channeling kind of prompted me to seek out a preacher from the very church in which my mother attempted to raise me, since this was the only church I felt comfortable visiting. The only thing was, I hadn't been to church in years and when you don't attend in years, that could be potentially thousands of dollars which had not delivered to the church. As a result, I was cautious but still felt the need to meet with the preacher who I hadn't spoken with or had any communication with other than an awkward hug in a Home Depot store when we ran across each other last summer. I wondered whom he would blame the abductions on. My sinful nature? Me being in league with the devil?

The winds were picking up quite a bit but I figured I'd just put on about a couple extra layers and work up to the church so I could ask a few questions. I didn't know how the preacher would react, but I didn't feel I had much of a choice if I wanted to get anywhere.

I put on some jeans, two Alien T-Shirts and a black coat and headed up to Lapeer, which was the city where I used to live and where the church was located. The Alien T-shirts kind of make me look like an X-files fan, or high school student, or something, but I like the shirts.

I had no idea this morning what the preacher was going to say. I'm writing this as a preamble to the whole meeting to give you an idea of the frame of mind I had before it all occurred. I had no motives other than to speak with him regarding my experiences. Hell, I didn't even know if he would be in the church when I showed up, or if he was handing out chickens at some nursing home for personal god-points.

The roads were fairly clear. I knew I had about an hour and a half drive so I flicked on the 89X radio station which is a somewhat common alternative station over here. The new Queen of the Damned movie was coming out and I had heard it had some pretty good music—music that would be played on none other than 89X, if at all.

I turned on to M-53 and headed up towards Imlay City, thinking in my head over and over again what I would be saying to the man, whether I should try to convince him—like I’m trying to convince you, Dr. Jacob—that there are things out there that we cannot explain. And then I realized that it might not be such a difficult thing to do after all, considering that the preacher would be a man of faith, a man that believes in things that he cannot prove to the world, just as I am a man of faith, a man that believes in things he cannot prove to the world. And the more I thought about it the more and more I came to the conclusion that the meeting should go perfectly and maybe I would even be able to relay—without having to beat him over the head—what was happening to me and have him believe me.

I passed a number of cars before I realized that I was speeding which is not the brightest thing to do when there are invisible patches of ice along the expressway. Any given minute my car could have gone flying off of the expressway and into some ditch or perhaps all the way across the median into the oncoming lane of traffic. It’s kind of hypnotic, you know, speed. When I see cars passing slower than me I can’t help but think of how it feels to be zipping through the beam of light that fills my bedroom, slowly being pulled up into one of the cigar-shaped ships which float high above the equator. I don’t know how they pinpoint my bed, but they do. Maybe they have some type of global positioning system that’s even more accurate than our own. Or maybe they find where I’m sleeping because of one of the implants that have found its way inside of me.

And while I was driving, I noticed that a blue and red flashing light somewhere behind me. A police car, tailgating me. I checked my rear-view mirror. I got that feeling, you know, when I saw it behind my vehicle, that some cosmic energy passing through humanity was trying to take a piss on me. I mean, yes, I’m a web developer but I sure don’t make that much money. I have bills to pay just like everyone else. I hardly have enough for this month’s rent as it is. I’m not a lawyer, you know. I told you before that my boss understands that I disappear for days at a time, but he doesn’t PAY me for those days. I usually determine how much time goes missing when I go over my paycheck and see the amount of hours he has actually paid me for.

I really didn’t feel like pulling over. I wanted to visit the preacher, and that was the only thought which kept pouring through my mind. I needed to talk to him, and every moment that I spent getting there was a moment lost. I kept thinking that if I pulled over, I would miss the preacher by moments and thus miss my chance to talk to him and I would end up hanging out in some Lapeer coffee shop and checking hour after hour until he actually arrived. I didn’t feel like waiting. I never feel like waiting. There is only so much time I have on earth and I really don’t want to spend that time waiting for a police officer to write me out a ticket for how fast I was going.

But I couldn’t keep going down the expressway either. There comes a time when a police officer realizes that you are not going to stop and all of the sudden calls in every single police car from his precinct to “help” quell the situation. I wondered if I kept going whether or not I’d eventually hit some kind of blockade.

And the more I thought about it, the more I wondered whether or not I would continue to be abducted if I was placed in a jail cell. If they locked me up, my boss would think I was just out of the loop for awhile, and I would not be abducted anymore, and I wouldn't lose my job, and I could prove to everyone what was happening.

The siren squealed louder. I heard it directly behind me and I could see its flashing lights reflecting off of the interior of my Focus. And it was so empowering to realize that they couldn't keep me in a jail cell, because no matter where I go, no matter what I do to prevent it, they always find me. I could further prove to the world that I am an abductee, that I am somehow special, that they have chosen me to bring the message to the world about what is going on up there, what they are doing, what we are doing to ourselves—all done from a jail cell.

I heard of a certain person awhile ago call Billy Meier, and he was some quasi-retarded individual with one arm who supposedly took the most spectacular photographs of Plaedian spaceships that no one could ever prove were hoaxes. I mean, how could a one-armed man create such stunning photographs? He did not have the intelligence to fake them and he did not have the technical nor the equipment. He was constantly surrounded by a number of followers at which point he would disappear, only to reappear in the midst of these followers. He was like a walking, talking, retarded and crippled David Blane who really could levitate and disappear and who wee constantly being watched and looked after by the Plaedians. He so impressed people from all over the world that they would take the long trek to Switzerland to find his ranch and to live life alongside of this historical figure.

I gathered a few images attributed to him and placed them in my UFO archives. They're fantastic.





Well, if I didn't stop on the expressway and I just let this police officer follow me until he called in his squadron, maybe I could prove to the world that I was like Billy Meier, but I would do it not from the hills of Switzerland—instead, I would do it from a prison cell. And the more I thought about, the more I found my foot just stepping a little harder on the accelerator, inching onwards and upwards and watching the speedometer creep up...55, 60, 65....

"MOVE YOUR VEHICLE!" I heard a voice scream. The police officer was flashing its lights behind me, its high beams filling my rear-view mirror, bouncing off of the plastic interior of my car. "MOVE IT!"

They were speaking through some kind of megaphone Bose Sound System. I could hear it from inside of my own Focus even with the radio set to 89X, with Blink 182 screaming through speakers of my own.

I knew what I would do. I would get out of my car, and I would make a run for it. They'd be forced to sit on top of me, pull out their weapons, institutionalize me and then I could take that time in order to prove to the world that they exist.

"MOVE TO THE FUCKING SIDE OF THE ROAD!" I heard blaring behind me. I believe it was at that point I knew that if I pulled over, that would be it. True, I would not be able to visit the preacher, but I still would get what I was already after.

So, I told myself, here I go. And I pressed on the brakes and pulled off on to the shoulder, working to keep my vehicle steady. The back end fish tailed, and I saw the police car fishtail along with me. I gripped the steering wheel with one hand and grasped the door handle with another, preparing for the short sprint across the highway, a sprint long enough for the officer to catch me and apprehend me.

To my surprise, the police car whipped around my vehicle and sped off in front of me. I blinked, confused, as my Focus rolled to a stop, the ice along the shoulder crunching underneath my Firestone tires. Cars continued passed me, following behind the police officer. It took me perhaps a minute of sitting there before I realized that the officer was not after my car or me, I would not be going to prison, and I would not be able to be the next Billy Meier.

I sighed, but the episode had given me another idea, another way to seek help. Perhaps I would capitalize on the episode at some time in the future.

I pressed on the gas, my car fishtailing behind me as I sped back on to a lane on the expressway. Horns blared as an SUV whipped around me to avoid slamming into my trunk. But I was back on the road, headed towards the church once again.

The radio began playing the Counting Crows song about it being a long December, and yeah it had been a long December which had, in turn, led up into what would obviously be a long January. I drove on, listening to song after song, watching the road, daydreaming about what I would say to the preacher, and an hour and a half later, I finally arrived at the doorsteps of my old church.

The Lapeer Church Of Christ.

God Loves You

Sundays: 9 – 10 AM, 10 – 11 AM, 11 – 12 AM

Wednesdays: 7 – 8 PM.

I think you can still get information about the church, if you would like, by visiting the Lapeer County homepage, located at: <http://www.lapeer.org/county/>. Give it a try, but the last I checked, the link was dead to get to the Lapeer Church of Christ homepage.

Memories from my past lingered while I stared at the church doors. I remember talking to the preacher at one point, asking him for help during my obviously problematic childhood. I wanted him to make me believe in God, since I was having a number of issues doing just that. I remembered how I started crying in front of him for no reason, telling him that I obviously did not want to go to hell, and how I felt I was damned because my mind would not permit me to believe in Him the way I was supposed to. “Jesus contradicts himself,” I told him. “The Old Testament contradicts itself. How am I supposed to know what to do when God says Thou shall not kill in one breath, and in the next he says to go kill the Hittites and spare no children?” and all I heard from him was criticisms about what happened to boys during their teenaged years and how they eventually needed to grow up and become men dedicated to the Lord, and I kept thinking to

myself about how he wasn't listening to me and how obviously confused I was about the whole thing.

Memories came back about my first pot-smoking experience with one of my church buddies. How I started smoking during the ninth grade with him because he was cool and I wanted to be cool when all I ever felt like was left out. It drove me nuts and I just needed someone to come along and be my friend.

Perhaps the loneliness was on purpose, I thought to myself while staring at the church doors. Perhaps I was supposed to be lonely so I would turn in to the type of person that I have turned in to. *Maybe I am on purpose*, I thought. The beliefs and feelings that I had are meant to do something. For someone. Eventually.

I pulled in to the first parking spot I could find, shut off the car, opened my car door and stepped on to the icy blacktop. The wind blew me over and I got back on my feet and walk towards the church doors. A sign hung from the door stating a date and time of the next potluck, where all members kind of brought their own food dish to share with the other members of the church. I pushed open the glass doors, wiped my feet on the lobby rug and poked my head in.

The preacher's office was directly off from the entrance, and I could see a man inside with white hair, writing something on a computer screen. Probably a sermon for the next week. Through his office window he looked exactly as I remembered him. Same age, same everything. I walked towards his office, raised my knuckles and tapped on it a few times, startling him.

He seemed to finalize whatever it was he was doing on the computer, maybe saved his document, I don't know, and he came to the door to let me in.

"Goodness, I didn't expect to see you," He said, giving me a smile and letting me in. "God bless you," He said.

I pulled out a tape recorder and set it on the table. "I came in to talk," I said.

"A tape recorder?" He laughed in a jolly manner, smiling yet again.

"Yes. I need some answers."

"Answers! Wonderful...it's been awhile since you've been in here."

I nodded. "Mind if I sit down and record this?"

"Well, I don't see why not..." He said...

Transcribed Session with Preacher. January 6th, 2002

Preacher: What is it you wanted to talk about?

Me: I'm being abducted by an extra-terrestrial life form.

Preacher: Really.

Me: Yes. I can't sleep at night. They come through my window. And take me elsewhere.

Preacher: What do they do?

Me: painful physical experiments. There's always a metal table involved. They always have bizarre looking instruments that take skin samples. They rape me with these instruments.

Preacher: Are these dreams, or...

Me: Dreams? No. Not dreams, although those can be pretty bizarre too. I've been obsessed with aliens for quite some time. I've made a website about it. I have tons of files that tell me everything about them.

Preacher: Really.

Me: Just like you have thousands of files about God and Jesus, I have thousands of files about Plaedians and Reticulans.

Preacher: And why are you coming to me?

Me: I want it to end.

Preacher: So you want to confess your faith in the Lord God your savior?

Me: I believe in something. Isn't that enough?

Preacher: What do you believe in the Old Testament?

Me: The Old Testament is crazy.

Preacher: Crazy. So you don't believe in the Old Testament? You have to have faith in the Bible and God in order to be saved.

Me: Is being saved the same as ending the abductions?

Preacher: I don't know whether or not you're being abducted, but when you knock, God opens the door, and if you are knocking to get away to the harsh realities of life, then he should open up his door just the same.

Me: Do you believe in aliens?

Preacher: As in, ET? Like from the movie?

Me: No, aliens in general. Do you believe we're alone in the Universe?

Preacher: God made the earth for man and man fell from grace. There really isn't anything in the old testament which points to the fact that there are other beings in the material universe other than us.

Me: So, you're saying I'm not being abducted?

Preacher: I don't know what has happened to you. Have these aliens led you from the words of Christ?

Me: I don't know.

Preacher: You are either moving away from the light and the truth or you are moving towards it. If you don't feel you are moving towards it—

Me: Do you think they have good intentions?

Preacher: Do they confess that Jesus is the son of God?

Me: They never said anything like that.

Preacher: So then they are the work of the evil mastermind, and accuser of mankind.

Me: Eh?

Preacher: Satan's legions are many. We as humans cannot fully comprehend what is going on in the universe. There is good, and then there is evil.

Me: And there is no in between?

Preacher: Exactly.

Me: Listen, whether you say they are satanic or what not, they're there. They show up at night and take me places and do things to me. They tell me everything's okay. They tell me to keep calm.

Preacher: Why would god do anything to hurtyou?

Me: Why would Satan give a shit about me? Sorry.

Preacher: Satan wants every soul he can get. If these things have led you away from believing that Jesus is the savior of man, don't listen to them. Fight them.

Me: Fight them? But how?

Preacher: God will show you the way.

Me: God is going to protect me from aliens?

Preacher: Confess your sins. Be baptized into a new life.

Me: I just want it all to end.

Preacher: Then fight the evil. Put on the armor of God and the sword of the word and fight them.

Me: Really?

Preacher: Yes! I'm so happy that you see.

Me: Well, I can give it a shot.

Preacher: Then shall we meet again?

Me: Yes. What are your hours?

Preacher: Give me your e-mail and I'll send them to you.

Me: Thanks. I'll, uh, give this a try.

Journal Entry January 7th , 2002

I don't know if it's going to work. I've spoken with the preacher and gone over what I believe is happening. He seemed pretty receptive to it, and so now I am lying in bed with a Bible next to me and a crucifix under my mattress. It's 2:00 AM and I'm getting really sleepy. If they come tonight I will do what is required and tell them to stop, tell them to leave me alone. Maybe all I need is a little bit of faith in something other than myself.

I'm sending my last journal entry, the transcribed session between me and the preacher, and the automatic writing.

I'm going to sleep now.

Wish me luck.

E-mail from Dr Jacob January 7th , 2002

From: dr__jacob@hotmail.com

To: jeff@paranormalnews.com

CC:

Subject: Recent Events

Hello there, Jeff. I have received your most recent documents. I'm encouraged by your desire to make the "abductions" end, the visit with your preacher, and the desire to listen to his suggestions. I personally will continue to withhold my opinion about whether or not these beings are physical entities, spiritual manifestations, products of your own mind, or something else.

Continue to record and document everything. It is becoming a particularly handy in our quest to find the true source of it all. We're not there yet, but we're making progress.

I'm reading your editorials on your website as well. You have quite an interesting take on many things.

Onward and upward. Or in your case, let's just make that onward. ☺

Sincerely,
Dr. Jacobs

E-mail from [Emily Peterson22@yahoo.com](mailto:Emily_Peterson22@yahoo.com) January 7th, 2002

From: Emily_Peterson22@yahoo.com
To: jeff@paranormalnews.com
CC:
Subject: Ouija Board!!

I found your website through google and have to say that I also have had nighttime experiences like yours, where I wake up, paralyzed, unable to move, with that feeling that someone is in the room with me and that there is light coming from some unknown source. The only difference being that it started happening to me after a crazy episode that me and my friends encountered when we were messing with an Ouija Board. Ever since, something is in the house.

Call me crazy, but my dad is a science teacher so he has a number of really bizarre and halloweenish type things in the basement, like a hanging skeleton which is made of real human bones. He uses them for an example and for a tutorial in his high-school class. It's just creepy in the basement because of all the shit down there.

Anyway, my friend brought over her ouija board that she inherited from her mom, so it's really ancient and cool-looking. We went down in the basement to mess with it, since my mom doesn't like us to do that kind of thing. She's

kind of religious, kind of like your mom, from what I've read in your journal entries.

We lit a couple candles and put our hands on the board and started asking it questions. I mean, I know it could be nerve impulses or some kind of collective subconscious thing or whatever, and my friends have NOT visited your website ever, so I don't know how this could have happened.

We asked what its name was, and this is going to freak the shit out of you, and I don't even know if you're going to believe me, but it highlighted the numbers: 419. That doesn't really mean anything. We all kind of laughed thinking about how stupid the board was and how it might as well have wrote out: MJTH, which would have been equally as meaningless.

We went on to ask it questions, how it had died, and the more we played with it, the more it seemed to make sense. Like, when we asked it where it was it said: BASEMENT. We asked it what it wanted, and it said: EMILY. We asked it why it wanted Emily, that being me, and it said: PARANORMALNEWS. I hadn't heard of that before, so I asked it what was Paranormal News. It said: WEBSITE. I know you don't believe me. This is true. I hardly believe it myself but here I am. I asked it what I should do with the website and maybe this means something to you but it means nothing to me. It said: REMOVE THE CROSS.

That was a couple weeks ago. I felt a really strong urge to tell you about it today. And I know you might think one of us had visited your website or whatever. But we haven't. I had to type in the name of the website to find it through Google.

Oh yeah, and about the 419. Well, after we were playing with the ouija board and then put it away, me and Jen, one of my friends were just looking through my dad's junk and then my friend gasped and her face went white. I looked at her and said, what? And she pointed to the skull head. I walked around to the back of the skull and there, painted in black, were the numbers 419.

I hope you can use this information. I'm figuring I'm having all these sleep issues because I never got around to doing this. But now that I have I hope I'll be left alone. This whole thing freaks the hell out of me and I'll probably never visit your site again, but good luck. Don't respond. I want some sleep. The less contact with you, the better.

--Emily

Instant Message Conversation with "Jack", January 7th, 2002

After considerable thought I've decided to post this. It's better knowing than not knowing, so if someone is going to come after me, at least I'll know. I'm not

married or anything, so if someone comes around and knocks me off, at least I'm not endangering anyone. Other than myself. So, here's the transcript.

Jack: I found your ICQ number on your homepage.

Jeff: Cool.

Jack: I read your journal entries too. They real?

Jeff: Yeah, why?

Jack: Then I thought I should warn you.

Jeff: About?

Jack: I had a webpage like yours. It was shut down.

Jeff: Shutdown? What for?

Jack: A lawyer sent me a letter.

Jeff: And?

Jack: Told me to cease and desist all communication with the outside world concerning my activities during my governmental internship.

Jeff: Cease and desist?

Jack: Yeah. What I was doing was classified. And there are "consequences" to those who break the rules.

Jeff: I have nothing to do with the government.

Jack: You will.

Jeff: What do you mean?

Jack: What you write about. The Joshua Group doesn't like it.

Jeff: Who is the Joshua Group?

Jack: If you don't know yet, consider yourself lucky.

Jeff: Thanks.

Jack: They are abducting you.

Jeff: Wait a sec, what do you mean, they're abducting me?

Jack: It's a cover-up. I used to be associated with them.

Jeff: What do you mean, associated with them? You worked for them?

Jack: So to speak. I was involved with their remote viewing program. I'm a remote viewer. <http://www.firedocs.com/remoteviewing/core2.cfm>

Jeff: I have no idea what that is.

Jack: Doesn't matter. Just be aware that all of your nightly episodes are manufactured. It is not happening quite how you think it is happening.

Jeff: So I'm not being abducted?

Jack: Well, you are, sort of, but not by aliens. The government is doing it to you.

Jeff: Why? How? What for?

Jack: I really shouldn't be talking about this. They're probably monitoring your computer ports to tap unencrypted communication.

Jeff: The government is abducting me? They have no reason to.

Jack: Of course they do. You think its aliens. You're telling people it is aliens. It is not aliens. It's them. They can get away with whatever they want, do whatever experiments they have to, and then leave without any ramifications. As long as you believe it is an alien doing it, everything's peachy. They just want to ensure you continue to believe it.

Jeff: You can't be serious.

Jack: But I am. I was associated with them. I know how they think.

Jeff: How do I know that you're not misleading me like them?

Jack: Uh, well, I suppose you don't, but I'm not. What reason would I have to tell you about them if I wanted them to get away with what they're doing?

Jeff: I don't know. You tell me.

Jack: Listen, aliens are not abducting you. Aliens and the whole alien myth has all been manufactured. It is a sci-fi story, urban legends, brought down into real life. A cloak that covers the true beast. The beast that is the government.

Jeff: So why should the government care if I'm still blaming it on aliens and not on the government?

Jack: You can believe whatever you'd like. I just thought I'd warn you not to eventually go spouting off about the government. But I thought you should know the truth, regardless.

Jeff: So you're saying humans are conducting experiments on me and I just think they are aliens?

Jack: Ever heard of cattle mutilations? The government basically does the same thing to livestock. Some people say its aliens, but aliens do not ride around in black helicopters and drop cattle drained of blood in trees. The government is conducting research, in the same way that it is conducting research on you.

Jeff: Well, so if I post this information that you've given me, some governmental agency is going to come after me and somehow demand I take it off?

Jack: Something like that. Or they'll just knock you off and blame it on a passing school bus. Poor little Jeff. Hit by a bus. I think something like that happened to Branton, another researcher.

Jeff: He didn't die though.

Jack: Lucky him.

Jeff: I refuse to believe that some governmental agency is doing this to me, though. I mean, can't they just go to some third world country and do it there?

Jack: Depends. You have blond hair, blue eyes, I bet. Right?

Jeff: Geezus, how'd you know and what's that matter?

Jack: I'm telling you, it's the government, doing their genetic experiments to form the Aryan race. Why else would they be taking samples of every single cell in your body?

Jeff: If they wanted blond-haired, blue eyed people, they don't need me to do it.

Jack: You know, I don't have to be telling you any of this. I'm risking my life just talking with you. They watch their people, tap all of their phones, put video cameras in the electric outlets. You're like a culture in a Petri dish.

Jeff: A part of an experiment.

Jack: Yeah. I was a part of an experiment as well. I'm telling you, people with governmental contracts get away with murder. Oh shit

Jeff: Yes?

Jack: lkjy

Jeff: Is that some kind of code?

Jeff: Hello?

Message was sent. User is Offline. The message will be delivered when user goes Online.

January 7th, 2002 Journal Entry

It's taken me all morning to get to this since I had so many different e-mails fill up my box from people calling me a liar, others saying that they're enjoying my "story," since there really isn't any other word for it, and I've been putting off and putting off writing down exactly what occurred last night because I'm pretty much embarrassed to write it down. Again, I am not religious, so the whole incident was really disturbing, and I'm writing this out for you to read subjectively, since I really need another perspective on this. I know what happened to me last night 'happened.' And for your information, I don't *want* to write this down since it goes so amazingly against everything I believe in. But I must. I'm acting as a self-experiential reporter here.

So I did finally fall asleep at about 3 in the morning last night, since that's about the last time I remember checking the clock until I woke up at 4:14 AM. And as soon as I did, the first thought that I had was, oh shit, not again. I absolutely despise sleep paralysis, and I always know the moment when it is going to happen. It's almost like sleep paralysis forces me to look at the clock, as if my eyes are telling me that it's time for yet another episode. Like glancing at the clock is part of the ritual that someone else is forcing me to follow.

I've described the paralysis before, and this was no different. My body drenched in sweat and me pinned under the covers, making the heat that much more unbearable. I usually sleep with one of those large comforters over my body, and maybe this has something to do with my abduction episodes. It could be 85 degrees out and I must, absolutely must, have that thick comforter covering my body, as if I'm constantly terrified of something touching me. The comforter offers that psychological protection—but when sleep paralysis hits--- God. The heat is horrid.

That pressure of something sitting on top of me intensified the paralysis and heat. An unseen force was holding me in place. Every time I tried to lift my

arm, the tingly warmth running through my veins refused to give way to movement. It felt like one of those running-through-mashed-potatoes dreams, only I was awake—mostly.

And the lights—God, once again, filling my window. I have one window behind my bed stand and one facing the parking lot. Usually the light is tinged with an orange glow since that is what is used around the apartment complex. But this was white, bright white, like snow, and it lit up the walls of my bedroom. They seemed to tingle as the light reflected off of the barren oak tree branches, making this magical pattern, almost like a wizard was throwing pixie dust on me.

4:15 AM. I don't remember opening the window, and I don't remember having the door to my closet open, so I don't know where the figure standing next to my bed came from. He looked, well, different than what I am used to seeing. Whereas all of the beings that visited me thus far had pea-green skin, stood just a few feet off the ground, and had large black eyes, this one I had never read about in any of the UFO books that I've studied in the past. Maybe you've read about them but I haven't. I mean, where can I find literature about aliens that look like...well, Jesus?

He had on a white robe like a toga, large bluish eyes, flowing blond hair that reached down to his shoulders, and sandals. He had a kind—but at the same time vacant—look to him, as if he didn't personally do all of his own thinking and he just outsourced that to others. He was also tall, much taller than the beings that I was used to seeing, and much taller than me.

As soon as I saw his face, I felt as if I could move again. I tried jerking my body up from the bed, but that didn't work.

"You have full movement of your arms and legs, but please stay seated for your own safety," He said, with a voice which sounded fairly tenor, even, and objective. "You can speak."

"You look like Christ," I said.

"So do a lot of people," The being stated. "With reason."

I didn't understand that last part and I know he sensed the fact that I wanted him to clarify what he meant. "Are you Christ?"

"Do you know what Christ means?" He asked. "Christ is a position. Almost as the CEO of a company is a position."

Great, I wanted to say. And the answer to the meaning of life is 42. I could hardly believe that I was holding a conversation with this being, and to be honest, I kind of cringed at the fact that he looked like Jesus. I didn't want my bedroom to suddenly become a catholic shrine or something and give millions of people yet another reason to hand their money over to the catholic church.

"So then what's your name?"

"I don't have one," he said. "Some have used the phrase ICHTYS to refer to me, however." He reached into his robe and pulled out a necklace from underneath. On the end of it I could see a fish. I was used to seeing them on bumper stickers, and as far as I knew, they were related to Christianity.

"Why can't I move?" I asked.

"Because you will injure me or yourself. Your mind has shut off certain abilities in your body because it believes that your body cannot fully deal with my

presence. You have residual bits of REM impulses running through your mind, which is why you can see me. However, if your body released its grip, you'd lash out at either me or yourself."

I realized then how silent everything around me had become. Usually I could hear the passing cars on the expressway next to the complex, but it was silent. Everything had been quieted, almost to the point where I felt as if I was in a movie theater.

"So I'm still sleeping."

"No, your mind is just able to comprehend things other than the physical world. You are half in the spirit realm, half in the physical realm. You have been doing this all of your life. Every time you have had a lucid dream, you were here, in this world. You have manipulated the spirit realm."

"Can I call you Jesus, since you don't have a name? The artist formerly known as Prince has similar problems when someone is given permission to speak with him."

"Yes, but I do not want you to mix me with the historical figure that you learned of in your youth."

"Why is that?" I asked. While I spoke with him, I continually tried to move my arms, my legs. It was almost as if I was giving my entire body a work out even though I was not moving. I think Charles Atlas, the bodybuilder did something similar when he would sit in one place and tense his muscles for an extended period of time to break them down and build them up again. But I wasn't doing it to build muscle. I was just doing it in an attempt to move. It made me understand death and what it would be like to not have a body that I could manipulate.

"The savior of your youth was not a true historical figure. He was an amalgamation of a number of different deities at the time of his birth. His entire life was constructed around symbolism found within all religions."

"You know I don't believe a word you are saying," I said. "I'm still dreaming. I just had a visit with the preacher. It makes sense that my mind would be making things up like this. As if I fully expected to have a religious experience after visiting the preacher, and this is the religious experience I am supposed to have."

"The only reason why I have been able to reach you is because of the cross. The savior of mankind."

I thought for a second. "The cross. The one under my mattress."

"Yes. It is offering you protection," he said. "From the evil ones. From the Seven deadly sisters of the Plaedians. I believe you have heard of something similar in your religious studies. The seven deadly sins. Personifications of astrological patterns in the sky."

There was that word again. The same word spoken by the being who I had contacted through automatic writing.

"They are not able to reach you now because of the protection that the cross is offering," He added. "It, in turn, is allowing me to reach you. To warn you about the dangers you will be confronted with if you continue contact with them."

I thought about all of this. I couldn't really believe it. I knew that this figure in front of me was a figment of neurons firing in my mind and my mind was forming something which resembled Jesus for whatever reason. I knew that this was not Jesus, and the figure was even stating that he was not Jesus, but I couldn't help but feel that it was Jesus, that I had been whisked back in time 2000 years ago and suddenly was confronted by the figure who I had spent years trying to prove did not truly exist so that I could continue on with life and forget about hell.

"I don't believe in sin." I said. "But I believe in aliens. These Plaedians, they are an alien intelligence, right?"

"A cunning alien intelligence, yes. They are liars. Accusers of mankind. Accusing man of being parasites, destroyers of life."

"And you are?" I asked. "Ichthys, great. Mr. Fish. Are you an alien intelligence or are you going to tell me you're half-God?"

"I am not God. Not as you understand him. I am not Jesus. Not as you understand him. I am, however, trying to save you from the evil in the world, that evil being the Plaedians. I am in fact an alien intelligence, if by alien you mean life that resides somewhere other than earth. Believing in heaven is a belief in life elsewhere, so any belief in this heaven would also be a belief in alien intelligence. Some have referred to us as the Talls. Others have called us angels and have called the location where we reside 'heaven.'"

"Others use you as a commodity to make billions of dollars."

The being smiled. A calming one. "There is much you do not know about the world. There is much you do not know about yourself, where you live, the people that you meet, what you are trying to accomplish, or the ramifications that has on the rest of the world. Just as a recent physicist from your planet calculated that the flapping of butterfly wings in China could affect weather patterns in the United States, everything which happens to you creates an unpredictable effect on the world around you. You have written about this in your journal. You have become aware."

"I am a drop of water in an ocean. I am not a unique snowflake. Yeah, I remember."

"But an ocean without you would be a different ocean, and a blanket of snow without you would be a different blanket of snow," The being said.

"Not by much."

"You do not know what you are capable of, why I am here, why the Plaedians are trying to contact you, or how much is at stake. They are creating ripples, disturbances in the mental makeup of humans for their own reasons. You are one of those ripples."

"A meme."

"A new term in your world, but yes. A meme. They want you to create one. A destructive concept that infects the mind of man like a plague."

"Or a cliché." I smiled. God, was I ever witty. Even wittier, knowing I still had a sense of humor when confronted by a Jesus. I wondered if being a Jesus was just as much of an honor as being a Jedi. "So what do you want me to do?"

“Cease communications. Keep the cross with you at all times. Do not do anymore automatic writing.”

“I only did it once.”

“A drop of water only needs to hit an ocean once to make a ripple,” the being said. “I also want you to continue to meet with the preacher. He will keep you on the right track, albeit slightly off course. But it is much closer to the truth than any type of information you could ever obtain from a Plaedian. I am glad that you sought out the help of the preacher and took his suggestion. Only through his kind motives was I able to contact you. The cross is protection.”

“But why the cross? If you are an alien, what does the symbolism matter? The cross is what Jesus died upon when he was killed by the Romans.”

“There is much you do not know, Jeff. The cross was taken from an earlier religion. It is a pre-Christian symbol. Again, I do not want you to confuse me with the historical Jesus. I know it is very difficult to see the distinction at this time, but it will become clearer to you. The cross will prevent numerous problems that are now bound to happen as a direct result of our communication. Do not remove it from your home. Keep one around your neck, with you at all times. I will explain later.”

“Do you always appear to people like this?” I asked.

“Very few people have the ability to perceive me,” he said. “You have the ability to perceive much. The stigmata occurs for a reason. The desire people have to send you photographs of lights in their homes and spirits in their basements. The desire people have to send you their dreams for interpretation. The community that is being built around you. All of this is because of you. For now, get some rest. Heed my words. And all will be well in time.”

I had the suspicion that this being was doing nothing more than stroking my ego. I can pick flattery out quite well. And I could feel how dangerous it would be to listen. At the same time, I could sense how dangerous it could be NOT to listen. I was torn.

I felt my legs shift. My arms. I could feel my body slowly animating back into life, like a record player that had just been plugged back in after someone had tripped over the cord. I glance at the clock. 4:16 AM. I glanced back towards the being. It was no longer there, and the sound of the expressway came back to me. The lights on my walls had returned to their orange glow instead of the bright light that I had been witnessing.

Time had stopped. This Jesus figure was gone, and I was left alone, in my bed. Confused as ever. I still am.

What am I going to do. I don't know who to listen to. I don't know who is and is not telling the truth.

The cross was still beneath me.

Now that I am finishing with this entry, I thought I should let you know that I will be throwing the cross away tonight. I want to know what will happen. Besides, I can always buy another.

January 8th, 2002 Journal Entry. Three Black Lincoln Continentals. The Umbrella Man. A Pirate Cannon.

I just got back from work from downtown Detroit at about 3:30 in the afternoon, and when I pulled in to the lot and took parking spot #76, I noticed three black Lincoln Continentals parked next to each other in a row facing the expressway, not thirty feet from my front door. All the windows were tinted, and if I didn't know any better, I would have thought that they were parked out there to deliver drugs or shoot up some mafia immigrant in one of the apartments next to me, or perhaps the government investigating yet another terrorist hijacker. It was amazing the number of immigrants who lived in the apartments around me, most of them being of Arab descent and possibly a large majority of them in the United States illegally, on expired visas or however else they do it these days.

I took out the keys from the starter, picked up my backpack which had little more than an emptied canister that I use to carry coffee to work in the morning, and stepped out. Immediately, the doors of two Lincoln Continentals opened and four men stepped out dressed in suits and wearing black Oakley's.

Good timing, I thought, slammed the door to my car, and walked up the cement sidewalk to my apartment which was on the second floor. My feet clanged against the rusty walkway, I wiped my feet on the Welcome Earthling doormat and slipped inside, shutting the door behind me. I set my keys down on the counter and shut the shades. I hate light. I like table lamps that glow purple or green on glass countertops. It's much more oriented for concentration when I'm trying to write or trying to get my head together. Sunlight streaming in from all windows has its time and place, and I didn't feel like now was one of them. I'm not a vampire or anything. I just don't like sunlight. I work in the dark. The darkness is so conducive to concentration that I cannot see myself living without it.

I walked into the kitchen and checked the messages on my answering machine. I frowned, pressed the button.

"You have 33 messages," a voice said. "First Message received at 6:15 AM."

Click.

"Second message received on January 8th at 6:30 AM."

Click.

"Third message received on January 8th at 6:45 AM."

Click.

"Fourth message received on January 8th at 7:00 AM."

Click.

"Fifth message received on January 8th at 7:15 AM."

Click.

"Sixth message received on January 8th at 7:30 AM."

Click.

I hit stop and erased them all at once. I would rather not know who had called. Whoever it was seemed to be pretty obsessive. Maybe someone from the website who was trying to contact me. And to not leave a message, in this

day and age, that's either a telemarketer or someone who is trying to intimidate you.

The phone bringgggged me out of the daze I was in. I picked up the phone and held it to my ear. "Hello," I said.

Click.

The caller hung up.

And then a knock at my door.

I set the phone back down on the answering machine cradle and stepped over to the green painted apartment door and peeped out of the peephole. Four men. Sunglasses.

Shit, I thought, I was so not in the mood for something like this. I didn't want to go over with anyone the suspicious neighbors I may have run across. But I knew that I couldn't pretend I wasn't home, knowing that they would just stand there or bust the door down and raid the apartment looking for me. All I really wanted to do was work on my website, write some more. I could understand though their determination to finding hijackers these days. An attack like that awoke an entire nation to how exposed they could be to the rest of the world, someone who doesn't give a shit about life.

I unbolted the door and opened it up.

The four men in suits looked at me simultaneously. I could see myself reflecting off of the surface of their glasses. Two of them had briefcases in their hand. Two of them had what looked like notepads.

All four reached into their suits and pulled out wallets and opened them for me. They were official looking governmental badges. My heart sped up a bit.

Their skin was a bit whiter than mine, as if they spent even less time in the sun than I did. Their hair was a bleached white. All of them. I know that if you enter the United States Marines or army, everyone gets their head shaved so everyone looks the same. I wondered if this group of people had some kind of initiation which involved the bleaching of their hair. Perhaps the tinted windows on vehicles prevent you from receiving sunlight altogether if you're always on the road traveling.

"May we come in?" One of them said. This guy looked like he had purple lips. The more I looked at his face, the more I got the impression that he wasn't the healthiest of the bunch, or healthy at all. Not an I-Just-Eat-at-McDonalds unhealthy, but more like an unhealthiness that went all the way to the core.

"I really don't know much about my neighbors, though, if that's what you're here for. I don't know what they do, I have no affiliation with them."

"But may we come in," the purple lipped one said.

"I guess so."

"Could you close your drapes," the one next to the purple-lipped guy said. He was the shortest of the bunch with the whitest skin and the whitest hair.

I thought about this request for a moment. He wanted me to close my drapes. Meaning, they could potentially torture me or do whatever to me and no one would see. I had actually just closed the drapes in the living room, but now I wondered if that had actually been a bad idea.

"Actually, mind if I open them?" I asked.

"I would like you to shut them, all of them, and keep them shut," the short guy stated.

Something made me agree with him. I let them inside, made sure the drapes were totally shut. I turned on the lamps next to the sofas. They filed in, set their briefcases down on my glass coffee table. I walked into the kitchen.

"We're not here about your neighbors," The purple lipped one said. He watched me in the kitchen and then stepped over to the phone. It rang. He picked it up. "We're inside," he said, and then he hung up.

That really worried me.

I really had nothing whatsoever to do with the government, I had never even had a parking ticket. I never robbed anyone or had done anything wrong. I was a web developer, for God's sake. I reached into the refrigerator and pulled out a carton of milk and poured myself a glass, drinking it down. I wasn't going to offer anyone anything. I didn't want them to stay. I wanted them out of my apartment, but at the moment, I could do nothing. To top it off, one of the suits shut the door, dead bolted it.

"Sit down on the sofa," One of them said.

Now, it was I that felt like the member of a mafia organization, caught doing something totally illegal, who was now going to have to argue his case before police officers who seemed pretty hell bent on the intimidation factor. Possibly they would try to force me to admit that I had done something I really had no part of. I had seen specials like this on television where they show you how the good cop/bad cop gets you to admit you did something like kill your own sister, getting you to sign a piece of paper that said you did so, even though you were totally innocent. And now two of the suits were opening up their briefcases and shuffling through papers.

"You must sit down," The purple lipped one said.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

"Jack," He said.

Jack. I shook my head. It couldn't be the same Jack. Could it? No, Jack was too common of a name. I worked with a Jack at work. I knew Jacks from my past. This was yet another Jack.

I walked over to the sofa with my half empty glass of milk. This whole scenario really started to worry me. My hands began to shake. The hairs on my neck felt funny. It was becoming more and more difficult to stay composed. I wanted to call my mom and ask her if this was legal, if these men could be forced to wait for me to bring in a lawyer. Of course, I didn't know any lawyers and I didn't know if I could pay for one.

"You have a website," one of them said. "We've seen it."

"Yeah. Is there something on there that shouldn't be?" I asked. I tried memory-scanning through the directory which made up all of the files of paranormalnews.com to determine if by some strange chance I had some classified document on there, or some kind of information that would piss off the government. I had a conspiracy file directory, I thought. Maybe something was in there. At one point some guy had sent me an e-mail which was "in code" concerning some governmental conspiracy. TPOTEOZ it had read. It was an

abbreviation for what the man believed had been a true effort of Jewish people to take over the world. I hadn't believed anything that man had wrote...but was that what this meeting was about? Maybe they were all Jewish.

"Lots of people visit your site," another one of the suits stated. "You spread a lot of lies." It really didn't matter anymore which one was speaking. I got the same sense from each and every one of them that something just wasn't right about any of them, that they were all together in some form of universal off-ness. Kind of the same sense I got from this one guy that used to frequent the park in Shelby Township where me and my girlfriend used to rollerblade. He'd walk around with his head down and a black umbrella over his head in broad daylight and circle the park. Maybe the guy had been an albino, I don't know. Something had been wrong with him. Just like something was wrong with these guys. He never raised his face. You could never see it under the brim of the umbrella.

"Yeah, it gets a fair amount of traffic," I said. "Listen, what do you guys want."

"You coded it yourself," Jack told me.

"Yes."

"You're a web developer."

"Yes."

"You're 25 years old."

"Yes. See? You've got the wrong guy."

"You have blond hair, blue eyes."

There was that reference again. "Yes. See? You guys can be on your way now."

"You are now having problems sleeping." He said. I noticed now that one of the suits was holding a notebook and a pencil in an awkward pose. The pencil wasn't moving. It was almost as if he were pretending to take notes, or as if he wanted me to notice that he was not taking notes. "You are writing about what you see when you sleep."

"Yes," I said. "All that pot, you know. Makes me hallucinate."

"You are not to speak of it anymore."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it did not happen. You are lying to people."

"No I'm not. It's true," I said. "Read the website. The people on it are real. The e-mail sent to me is real. Everything is real."

"There are no aliens," Jack said.

I felt as if he was twisting my arm using his mind, and he was waiting for me to say uncle. "And you guys can suck my cock."

"You have no idea who you are dealing with," Jack said.

"That's a good thing. Eases my mind. Gonna arrest me? Do it." I held out my arms. "Take me in. Throw the book at me."

The two notepad holders continued to stay fixated, like mannequins. It almost looked like an act, a silly one, as if they were a part of a dress up murder mystery. They weren't too good at it. I mean, come on. Move your pencils, you know?

I went over in my head the impressions I was getting. They all looked the same, appeared to be ill, wore the same outfits, the same glasses, hairstyles, and I could not see their eyes at all. They didn't enjoy the light. They were threatening, foreboding, yet at the same time---acting. Who were they, really?

"Give me a penny," The purple lipped one asked.

This really threw me off because I was staring at one on the floor in front of me. On the carpet. I wondered if this Jack guy had seen it and was just pointing it out. Without knowing what else to do or say I reached down on the floor, picked it up, and gave it to him.

Jack held it in his open palm. He looked at me. He still had on his sunglasses. All of them did. I didn't know how they could even see me. But they could. All of them could see me. I could see myself once again reflecting off of his Oakley's.

I looked at his hand.

I don't know how else to describe this. One minute it was there, and the next minute, gone. Vanished. No more penny.

"That is what will happen to you if you do not shut up."

I had to be tired. I didn't just see what I had just seen. It was impossible. My heart leaped into my throat. A tremor slipped down my spine. It could have been a magic trick. Maybe I was hallucinating. Maybe they had broken into my apartment and put drugs in my milk. I looked at the glass, then back at his hand. I wanted to cry. I had just seen the unexplainable, and it was not apart of a half awake, half asleep episode, and it had not been in the middle of the night. It had happened in the middle of the day, after work, after the time I had just spent coding a website about Children's ID booklets containing fingerprints of them and photographs just in case they were to go missing.

"Isn't the destruction of currency a federal offense?" I asked.

"Jeff Behnke will be missing."

"You're not allowed to intimidate me," I said. "I have rights. This is the United States of America. Not allowed to talk, eh? Bullshit."

"Cease and desist," he said.

"My ass," I said.

One of them pulled out a sheet of paper and set it down on the glass coffee table in front of me. There was one hell of a lot of dense text. It was so small it was practically illegible. "This document states within two days, you will delete all files, directories, all links associated with your website. You are to cease and desist," he said again. "Immediately."

"What if I don't sign it?" I asked. I had to ask it. I had to know. The website was my life. I didn't know either, maybe they would say something like, oh if you don't stop your website, we'll have the IRS audit you. I had to keep posting stuff to it. I had spent the last three years of my life gathering information about UFOs, meeting people with similar experiences, and now they were just telling me to delete it all? To me, the website was worth millions in time and effort. At least to me. I had one life, and 3 years, years! Had been spent just building the site. It would be the same as someone walking into a painter's gallery, observing all of the paintings, and telling the painter to destroy them all. Burn them.

“There are three vehicles outside of your door. We all came from two of them.”

“So you’re going to kill me? My family? Anyone associated with me? You got a machine gun in the third car? No, you have a cannon. Are you going to shoot me with a pirate cannon?”

“No,” Jack said. He seemed to be struggling now, as if it was hard for him to swallow. He looked flush. Whatever was occurring in that body of his, it sure wasn’t treating him well. He held the pen out and pointed to a line on the bottom of the final page of some document. I could see by looking at it that it was coated in some oily sweat secreting from his fingers.

I wanted to go over the document. I didn’t have the time. I wanted to know what I was signing, but Jesus, when you’re in a situation like that, you just don’t think how you would normally think. And would the document or contract I was signing hold up in court, under the conditions upon which I had signed it? I didn’t know. I wondered when you die if you have to sign a contract like this, stating you will never return. The signed confessions of the people who admit to killing their own sister held up in court, even though it was signed under intimidation. But would this?

I was almost afraid to thumb through it. I could make out the last sentence right above the line which stated something about the surrendering of all assets related to the aforementioned site, etcetera etcetera, and all I kept thinking about was the disappearance—no, evaporation--of the penny in his hand.

“Sign it,” Jack said again.

I grabbed the pen. I thought about it for a moment. They didn’t expect me to read all the dense text. I signed the bottom line, folded it shut. “There. Get out,” I said.

They put the document back in a briefcase slammed it shut. All of them stood up.

“You have two days, according to your agreement. If not, we will return.”

“Sure,” I said. They went for the door opened it, and as quick as they had entered, they walked out, closing the door behind them.

I ran into the bedroom, into the closet, pulled out the 35mm camera that my father had given to me a couple years ago, went to the balcony and pulled back the drapes. I opened the door to the balcony, held up the camera, and as the cars were leaving, I snapped picture after picture, trying to get their license plates. I don’t know if they saw me, I don’t think they cared, and they drove off.

Snap snap snap.

I’ll be developing the film tonight at Meijers and heading to the Sterling Heights police department. They have to have these guys on file.

And about the website.

I really don’t think the signature “Chuck U . Farley” is going to hold up in court.

January 9th, 2002 E-mail from Anonymous Preacher. How’s The Word of God Doing For Ya?

From: lcoc_preacher@hotmail.com
To: jeff@paranormalnews.com
CC:
Subject: How's The Word of God Doing For Ya?

Hello there! I've been thinking quite a bit about our little meeting that we had the other day. I just wanted to tell you what a pleasure it was to run into you again! It's been such a long time, and I know I know, this is the point where you are probably going to assume that I'm going to push you back into coming to church, but no, I'm not. :) I wanted to give you the heads up though and let you know that I'm here if you ever need anyone to talk to.

Speaking of which, did you get a chance to express your faith by doing any of the things we talked about? I've been wondering if it was effective for you. You seemed extremely adamant to try out the suggestion, and, God bless us all, I hope it worked. Keep me posted, Jeff. Meanwhile, I thought I would pass along the hours when I'm most often available for talk:

Sun: 4 – 5 PM
Mon - Thur: 2 – 5 PM
Sat: 1-4 PM

Anyway, you HAVE to keep my posted about what's going on in your life. Satan's legions are many, but with faith, you shall overcome any lies they throw your way. And apparently from our last conversation, they sure are giving it their best effort when it comes to you!

In Christ,
LCOC Preacher

January 9th, 2002 Journal Entry. The Preacher's Cold. Drug-Addicted angels. The Shove That Pushed Him Out The Door.

It was close to 8PM and I was sitting in front of the television trying to figure out something legal to do with myself over the next two hours or so before I usually headed to bed when I heard a knock at the door and someone calling out for me to open up. I usually don't enjoy being bothered at night unless I explicitly ask for someone to interrupt me. I tried to ignore it, but the pounding continued, so I slipped out off the sofa, opened up, and standing there with a trench coat on was the preacher I had just spoken to a few days earlier.

He had a briefcase under his arm that I could only assume had two study bibles in it, some pencils, paper, a tape recorder, and whatever else preachers manage to drag around with them. I had on my silk boxers with a woman's lipstick pattern printed on them, a Marilyn Manson T-shirt, and a beer in my hand along with my fuzzy pink bunny slippers. Considering I had more than one drink

earlier to kind of help me forget about the people that had met me at my apartment and threatened my life, I didn't really consider what a preacher would say if he saw me like that.

"Hey there Jeff. Hey there. I hope you don't mind me intruding, mind if I come in?" He walked passed me and I watched him step into my living room hang up his scarf, shake some snow on my floor and take his coat off. "Whooo. A cold one today."

I sipped my beer. "Yeah, I'm freezing my ass off. Why don't you come in?" I shut the door behind me. "Want a beer?"

"Heaven's, no." He said.

"It might take the edge off of the harsh realities which is known these days as life," I said.

"I don't drink. Hey, I'm going to use your table," He said. "That okay? What a lovely apartment." Without looking around he set his briefcase on the table, undid the combination lock and popped it open.

"That bought with church money?" I asked, and laughed a bit. "I kind of feel like being an asshole tonight, if you don't mind."

He laughed, then stopped cold. He noticed he could still see his breath in front of him, and I really have to admit I didn't notice until he brought it up. "Got a bit of a draft in here. From your fireplace?" He asked.

"Could be," I said, and walked over to it and flicked on the gas. The fake wood lit up with a pleasant glow. "I usually can't tell what the temperature is in the room if I have over three beers."

"I brought some study bibles for me and you, since I thought we could talk for a bit."

"Where'd you get my address, anyway?" I asked.

"Your mother."

I thought for awhile. Yeah, I could buy that. I think my mom would give out my address to Satan himself if she felt it would save me.

"How come you have your bar stools stacked up on your counter?" He asked, pointing toward the bar area in the hallway.

I glanced over, shrugged, returned to staring at the flames. "They've been that way all night," I said. "I don't know. Maybe I was drunk."

"Yes, we all can be rather forgetful if we're not careful. So where were we? I have to say, is it ever cold in here." He looked at the thermostat on the wall as if it was his own.

"Sit by the fire," I said. "It's not like you'll be warming up to hell or anything."

He looked over, agreed, and brought his briefcase with him, setting it on the glass coffee table that I had bought sometime during the summer. "I thought we would start by going over what you believe," he said. "So I can get a feel for where your coming from."

"What I believe?" I asked. I took a swig of my beer and would have chucked it into the fire if I hadn't known any better or had been back packing in the Colorado mountains, telling ghost stories at night and trying to clear my mind.

It would have probably sat in there until spring. “Depends on the topic.”

“Do you believe that Jesus is the son of the living God?” He asked.

“I believe that he is believed to be the son of the living God,” I said. “But that doesn’t mean he is. He came to me the other night.”

The preacher stroked his gray beard that I hadn’t really gotten a good look at until now. Amazing the things you kind of skim over when you’re not paying any attention. “He came to you,” He said, which could have been a statement or a question.

“Yeah. At 4:15 in the morning,” I said. “He pinned me to the bed and told me to be calm and what not. He started telling me he didn’t want to be known as Jesus and that he was the CEO or something. He also told me the cross that you told me to get allowed him to come into my bedroom and speak to me.”

The preacher looked like he was having a hard time believing me, as if I was just pulling one over on him. “The cross let him come into your room?” He asked.

“Yep. He really tried to fuck with my head. Sorry for the French and what not. And since he told me that the cross was allowing him to come to me, I threw it in the trash. Now all kinds of bizarre shit is happening. Take the bar stools, for instance,” I said, and pointed with my beer.

“Why did you throw it in the trash?” He asked.

I sat down on the couch, grabbed the remote and shut off the television which was currently playing yet another Nike commercial starring yet another celebrity.

“Everyone’s telling me something different. I know what is happening to me,” I said. “And whether its in the form of some vision, a letter, and Instant message, or even a nightly visit,” I winked, “everyone’s blaming what is happening to me on something else. There is no consensus. It’s like everyone’s just expressing an idea and no one actually knows what is going on. Not even me.”

“Well Jeff, I do have to let you in on a little secret,” He laughed, warmly, but as usual there seemed to be a false warmness to it. “You will get that for the rest of your life. People who are not aligned with the light don’t want to give up their own mind to the Lord and let the true light shine within.”

“Give up their mind?” I asked. I felt heat coming from the fireplace now. “Why would someone want to give up their mind?”

“The only way to truly follow the Lord is to be selfless. Give up your mind, body, and soul to the Lord wholeheartedly so that the Lord can use you as an instrument for doing good.”

“Can’t you be an instrument without being brain-dead?” I asked.

“It’s not like being brain-dead. Man, it’s so cold in here, I just can’t shake it,” He said. I handed him a blanket and he thanked me. “It’s more like being a receptacle for everything God might want you to do and say.”

“Listen, I really don’t know all that much about God anymore considering I haven’t been to the church for years. But I talk more about God now than I did when I actually went to church. I don’t think about Satan, hell, damnation, or how

evil and satanic the world is. I also don't believe in some half-brained concept that the earth is only 6600 years old," I said. "I think there's more to it than that."

"So you believe the old Testament was written by a man?" He asked.

"No, I don't. And I don't think it wasn't written by God either."

"It has to be written by one or another."

"No it doesn't."

"No?"

"There could have been a third party," I said. "In fact, the Old Testament which you are currently turning to for guidance talks about this third party as well."

He leaned back in his chair, I guess thinking about it. "The bible in front of you? Talks about, what, aliens?"

I nodded. I wanted another beer but figured that I had run out of it in the past hour or so. "All over the place," I said.

He opened it up to somewhere in the middle and spun it around in front of me. "Show me," He said.

I looked down at it, flipped it over in my hands. Turned to Genesis 6, verse 4. I read aloud. "The Nephilim were on the earth in those days, and also afterward, when the sons of God went to the daughters of men and had children by them. They were the heroes of old, men of renown." I looked back at him. "There."

"That doesn't say anything about aliens," He said.

"Sure it does. If you believe the Bible is the living word of God, you also have to believe this line is true, correct?"

"Yes," He said.

"The Nephilim are the children of man and the sons of god. They wouldn't be fully human then, would they?"

"I suppose not," He said.

"And if they're not human, yet still alive and breathing, then they must be, well, alien," I said. "And they are who afflict me at night. Aliens. Not demons. Aliens."

He sat back on the couch and thought of this for a moment. "The Nephilim are no longer on earth," He said. "God destroyed everything during the flood to root out all of the evil in the world. The Nephilim were the product of evil. An unholy union between fallen angels and man."

"Well the flood apparently didn't work because there's still evil in the world or you wouldn't be sitting here trying to convert me," I said. "So God failed. Unless God isn't god, and fallen angels are not angels."

"Then who are they, oh wise one?" He was humoring me, or trying to humor me.

"Maybe the entire account of Genesis is a forgery of a book from an earlier time," I said.

"We'd have to have works to compare it to, if that were the case," he said.

"We do. The Enuma Elish. Check it out. Same storyline of the book of Genesis, yet a couple thousand years older. Genesis is the same work, except every mention of multiple gods---aliens---were replaced with a singular God in

Genesis. What else would account for the line, man was created in our image? God is plural, because that is how they, our makers, were described in the Enuma Elish. Plural. Alien.”

“Yes, the father, the son, and the holy ghost. The spirit. The trinity, in Catholicism.”

“Or an alien race, in Jefficism,” I said. “Let us make man in our image was a sentence in the Enuma Elish, because in there, God was a plural God. There were many gods. “Heaven” is the same word as “heaven.” God came from heaven is pretty much the same as saying god came from space. In Hebrew, there is no difference between the upper and lower case version of the word.”

“You have to believe that God is real,” he told me. “Just look around you, young man. What do you see? A world you could not have created on your own. Can you make a tree? A leaf?”

“Not now, no, but maybe one day we’ll be able to do it. Just takes time.”

“Time? You’ll need more than time. You’ll need God.”

“Listen,” I said, “Maybe you think meddling with nature is unethical. Playing God.”

“It is.”

“Well, maybe at one stage there was another race out there that decided to play God too. They wanted to make someone who looked just like them. They wanted to make someone in their own image. If that’s the case, then maybe we’re the end result of a bad experiment gone awry. Maybe some other race out there played God, and even came down with megaphones and whatever other technological gadgetry they pulled out of their ass at some time—again, sorry for the French—and yelled at the top of their lungs, ‘We are your god. Bow down before us. Recognize us as your maker and we will save you from, from, uh, the fiery hells of damnation!’ I mean, if they had created us, they would kind of be our God, you know? Geezus, I usually talk about this stuff when I drink a case of beer or so.”

The preacher was listening. His face was growing quite red though.

“You asked for my opinion, I gave it. God, in my mind, is a mythological example we gave to physical beings from another planet who are more technologically advanced than us, but they’re still really no more spiritual than we are. I mean, what’s with the ‘I am a jealous God’ crap? You think an all-powerful being would be jealous? He has everything already.”

“You don’t know this for sure,” He said. “God is an alien? You have no proof.”

“I know. I just have faith,” I said. “Isn’t it a bitch?”

“You are risking your life, your soul, everything for this opinion. Because if you are wrong God will bring down fire and brimstone on your head for all eternity. I don’t want you to go there. I sense something in you. Something that wants to be good. A good person behind your obviously flawed exterior. And God can take all that and turn it into something good, like taking a piece of coal and turning it into a diamond.”

“Maybe in a few million years,” I said. “I just remembered! I have vodka in the ice box!” I got up from the couch and walked back into the kitchen. I could

hear him in the living room flipping through his Bible looking for something. “you know, King James was a homosexual pedophile,” I said.

“Is that so?” He said. “You really should try having a little more respect, son,” he said. “I appreciate your humor, but it doesn’t go any further than that.”

Pow. That was the first ping of anger I felt from the man in the living room. I poured some vodka, a little more, and then dumped in some orange juice over top of it all.

“I apologize. Just blame it on the drink of the gods. You know, in Chaldea they had these Mystery Schools where all the bright people in the land went to study. They also had something called the Chaldean Mystery Drink which was made from barley and honey. Many people who attended these secret societies wrote of the wonders of this drink. I have since found out that this was the origins of beer.” I took a sip of my drink. “Kind of reminds me of a frat house.” I walked back into the living room.

“What does that have to do with anything we’ve been discussing?” He asked.

“Well, you see after the flood, in the Book of Jubilees I believe, Noah told his sons to stay away from the writings of the watchers. And these watchers were never fully described, other than the fact that whatever they were doing on earth resulted in the destruction of the planet. And I guess they “watched.” Well, one of Noah’s sons found the writings of the watchers, went against his father’s wishes, and took this to the land of Chaldea, where he set up his Mystery School. Only a select few could get in.”

“Your point?”

“My point is that aliens created beer,” I said. I took another gulp and set it down on the table. “And one of Noah’s sons capitalized on it.”

“But what if it wasn’t an alien? We both know what beer can do to a person. Is that such a good thing? Maybe the writings were not from an alien, but instead, the writings were left there by demons, Satan’s legions, for man to find, and to corrupt man once again.”

“The purpose of the flood, however, was to destroy evil in the world for Noah and his family to start the planet once again and create a race of god-fearing loyalists. Instead, someone who stepped off this boat went and created beer, along with the Chaldean Mystery Schools, the true origin of freemasonry. And you guys HATE freemasons. Corruption from day one.”

“That is man’s decision. God merely was doing what he could to align man with the truth and the light and save his soul.”

“I don’t think so,” I said. “God is an all-powerful being. If he says he is going to create a flood to wipe out the evil in the world, why didn’t he wipe out evil? Kind of a waste of human life, don’t you think?”

“God’s ways are mysterious.”

“Or....it isn’t God at all. It’s something else.”

Wham! A noise behind us. We both jumped. I turned. I didn’t notice anything at first, kind of wondering if one of those guys from the previous day were returning to my apartment through the window. Instead, one of the

barstools had fallen off the counter and smacked up against the wall. I got up and returned it to its position and sat back down on the couch.

“God had a reason for the flood,” The preacher told me. “Do you think you are smart enough and wise enough to determine what it is that an all-powerful God is doing?”

“Listen, all I know is that I am not the first to bring up the argument. The argument actually exists in another Catholic book called 2 Esdras, which is Ezra’s attempt to understand God.”

“I’m not a catholic. The catholic books are not ones that I follow.”

“I know I know. But the interesting thing is that this gigantic worldwide corrupt religion filled with child molesting priests do. And in this Book, Ezra is laying on this mountain near the edge of the city. He’s trying to take some time off to understand God, and an angel appears to him and tells him that he can ask him whatever question he wants to God and God will provide an answer. So Ezra says yeah, there’s one heck of a lot of stuff that I don’t understand. I would have said hell there, but Ezra probably wouldn’t have said hell to an angel of the Lord. So Ezra asks, ‘why when you caused the flood to destroy evil did you allow evil to remain?’ And the angel basically says it’s a stupid question to ask God, since no peasy human can understand an all-powerful being.”

“It’s true,” The preacher says.

“Yeah, but Ezra’s really persistent. He fasts and asks and fasts and asks, and most of the things out of Ezra’s mouth makes one hell of a lot of sense. You really have to check it out. I think I wrote an editorial about it at one point. In the end, Ezra never gets his way. Instead an angel of the Lord tells Ezra to drink a magical fluid, at which point he suddenly ‘gains understanding’ and goes on to write like 90 some books that were lost in some raid or something like that. So here we have an angel of the Lord approving of psychedelic substances and using it as part of a religious ceremony and a way for someone to understand God. Do you drop acid?”

“No, I never did, and I never intend to,” he said. “I don’t believe in the catholic bible, and I now understand why so many people are fleeing the catholic church. However, this does not account for what I believe or what you should believe, and it doesn’t help make your life easier.”

“You’re right, it doesn’t make my life any easier, because here I am on earth, and all of these people just like you are telling me, ‘hey! I’ve got the truth! It will save you from hell.’ I was born on this planet and this is kind of the impression I’m getting, that everyone has this religious belief that will save them from this furnace where souls go when they die. I’ve personally never seen this furnace, neither have you, and neither has anyone who is talking about it. And this God which people claim are telling them about hell and how to avoid it by following him is ACTUALLY doing things kind of shady, like giving people drugs, allowing his “angels”--whatever they are-- to have sex with our women, informing us to sacrifice cattle and drink the blood of his son! and basically screwing us over. Now I hope you see why I threw away the cross. The God that you worship, the God that I refuse to worship, when it comes right down to it, is a MEAN beast. If anything, he is the evil one and Lucifer is the good one. Lucifer is merely sitting

around telling us how stupid everything is and to wake up and use our own brain. Everyone on the planet was damned to hell merely because they wanted to use their brain and not rely on God so much. Kind of sounds like Microsoft.”

The preacher’s face lit up. He was livid. Angry as I’ve ever seen him. His cheeks lit up like he was some old guy that carried around a fifth of Jack Daniels and sat children on his lap and asked them what they wanted for Christmas. “You do NOT condemn the Lord! You are a blasphemous man! You are everything that is wrong with the world!”

I saw the chairs on the counter begin to shake in the corner of my eye. I watched the preacher, wondering if he was going to punch me or pull a Carrie on me. I hadn’t crowned him queen, but God, he was sooo pissed.

“Let me tell you something! I spent 20 years of my life in prison, you know why! Because I relied on my own mind and not the mind of the Lord! What, breaking into one house isn’t going to hurt. Taking everything they own isn’t going to hurt. It’s insured. The economy needs for money to continue changing hands, I said to myself. And look, it put me in prison! You see this?” He pulled up his sleeve. 665 was tattooed into his wrist. “that’s what cell I belonged to. That’s what I got for relying in myself instead of God who could have given me everything I needed! Two people died because of me! Because of my mind!”

“That’s like one number away from 666. The mark of the beast,” I said.

“And look what you’ve gotten for relying on your mind! Look at you! Look what you’re wearing, what you’re drinking! Look around you! Is your life so great! You have a nice website, fine, a great job, extra money, but what else?”

“I’m pretty content, but I do want the abductions to stop,” I said.

“And they will never stop! Ever! Until you rely on the Lord and say in your heart, I believe! I believe! I believe!”

I heard someone pounding on the wall of the apartments next to me. The chair fell off the counter again and smashed once again into the wall. The fire around the fake logs seemed to glow just a bit brighter.

“Maybe you got 20 years in prison because you made a bad choice. Maybe it had nothing to do with not relying on God,” I said. “Ever think of that? Maybe when you were a boy you were just a dumbass.”

“No, it was God!” He said. “God! I needed God. I never changed until I saw Him one day in a prison cell.”

“You saw him?” I asked.

“Yes he came to me and filled my soul with his light.”

“You sure this was God and not some alien playing a little game with you?”

“I am a changed man,” He said.

“So am I. I hate trying to get to sleep. Ever since I’ve been visited by these beings, they won’t let me sleep peacefully. They’re always poking and prodding, or hey, telling me they’re Jesus or something.”

“But they are leading you down a path from which you will never return. They are evil. They are not from God.”

“God does not exist. He never has. There is something out there which is claiming to be God, and we’re believing him, or them! Look around you! Look

what this being has done to us, to our world. Everyone hates each other, because of what? God!" Now I was getting mad, and the preacher was mad and I felt like I had just stepped into an argument which was slowly approaching the classification of a cluster fuck. So I guess it was a good thing that the door flew open and smashed against the coat rack which had knocked over into the table I had recently purchased at Service Merchandise. The store was going out of business, I got it on sale, and I now was very happy about that since it now had a big dent in it.

The preacher walked over and shut the door. "Weird things are happening here," He said. "And its still so cold."

Suddenly, in the corner of the room, a bright sphere of light lit up. I gasped. The preacher gasped. And as soon as it appeared, it went dim, then nothing. Gone. A sphere of light in the corner. A passing car? No, much too bright for that. Too physical.

"God is telling you something," He said. Then the preacher felt a shove. From somewhere. He grunted, leaned down on his knees using the palms of his hands. Then another shove. Back against the wall. He cringed, held his heart. "Something evil is in here," He said.

"Or something else is telling me something. The Zeta Reticulans? Plaedians? Maybe they don't want me to come under the influence of you. Maybe they're protecting me from your corrupt and disturbed mind."

I could see his breath now. The temperature of the room around him had dropped. His lips were purple.

"Maybe something evil?" I asked. "But there is no evil. Only bad choices."

The preacher struggled over to the table, picked up his bibles and put them in to the briefcase. "Then you, my son, are making a bad choice." He walked to the door that he had just opened, stepped out, and shut it behind him.

I stood there in my lipstick-print boxers and fuzzy slippers, listening to the sound of the gas from the fireplace, listening the wind outside my apartment. A few moments later, I heard the preacher pull away.

And just after that, I heard a small, practically inaudible little voice, almost like an EVP recording, saying, "His is the way of ignorance. All ye who are blind, follow the blind. All those who are not, we're coming for you. Tonight."

Once again, I was not looking forward to sleeping.

Journal Entry January 13th, 2002. Crawling out of a Banana to Talk About Disney. Instant Message Jack. My New Home with an Activist.

It's now January 13th. Shit. I went to sleep on the 9th.

No work today, but my boss is probably going to be pissed again. Sometimes I don't know how much longer his patience will hold out. I was obviously taken again. But I don't remember anything.

I got dressed and headed up to Meijers this morning in Sterling Heights and did the one hour photo processing on the film that I had taken of the vehicles which had appeared outside of my apartment the other day. So far they

haven't been back—or maybe they had been back and gave me the little flashy thing to make me forget everything I had seen over the past 3 days. I trusted my instincts like I always do, especially when it is so difficult to rely on others, and decided I better take the photos down to the police station to see if they'd be willing to do any scans on the license plates to see if they could come up with anything I could use.

The sky had dropped a good six inches of snow or so since I had last opened my eyes. I hated the weather, the wind, the cold. There was absolutely no reason for me to put up with these kinds of horrid conditions each year, year after year, but still I remained. The road up to Meijers, although not far at all, was pretty slick with ice that had formed from the melting snow. The wind was throwing the snow around like sand dunes. I kept checking my rearview mirror the whole way there, expecting some black Continental to fly out of a gas station and slam up against the side of my vehicle. Fortunately, though, I made it into the parking lot and suffered little more than a slight dent when a grocery cart slammed into my trunk.

I dropped off my film, then decided to just wait the hour out over by the magazine section, which should really be relabeled the library since that is where I do most of my reading. I don't actually have to buy any magazines if I go to Meijers, or Barnes and Nobles, for that matter. Barnes and Nobles have couches, coffee—hell, you could read an entire novel in one afternoon, put it back and just walk away without paying anything. Meijers doesn't have the couches, but maybe one day. A man can dream.

Anyway, I thumbed through Wired magazine which had a front page article about how the Disney Corporation was taking over the world, and there are some valid arguments about that, but I really didn't feel like filling my mind with conspiracy theories at that time, so I was quite disturbed when some guy who looked like he had just crawled out of an old banana peel started interjecting some personal opinions over my shoulder.

"Disney," He said, and snorted. I think he was chewing on a piece of Big Red to mask his horrid breath—nice choice, since it was the easiest to hawk from one of the food isles without the security cameras noticing. It's not like he could just start guzzling Listerine. At least he thought about the well-being of others. "Fucking governmental bastards."

I watched a woman in a mink, dragging around her three year old by the arm, turn down the magazine isle then suddenly spin around and start checking out band-aids a little further away. I wondered maybe if it was Eminem's wife or something. I would have done the same thing if I had seen this man. Was the guy dangerous? "What's wrong with the government?" I asked. I put back the magazine and picked up a Dell Crosswords edition. Opened it somewhere in the middle.

"They're bastard fucks," He said. "Lizards. They can all go to hell. Bloodsuckers."

"Are you homeless?" I asked.

"Go back to the barter system, that's what I say."

I wondered if I pulled out a pencil and started filling in values for crossword number 23 if someone would eventually purchase the magazine and thank me for my help. I'd leave my e-mail address in the margin.

"You listening to me, Jeff Behnke?"

I stopped cold. I suddenly realized that I hated when complete strangers knew my name.

"I've been to your website," he said. "I knew you were going to be here. Shouldn't leave that kind of personal information out there if you believe in privacy."

"You went to my website?"

"The New World Order has already begun," He told me. "They track everything. I know how they do it. That's how I was able to find you."

I couldn't remember if I had placed a picture of myself anywhere on the site. "And how do they do it?" I asked.

"Through the cameras that are supposedly on street corners to help solve and correct traffic problems. Through your bank account and ATM transactions. Ever been in a store where they don't have a camera on you? Private corporations are networked together as one, riding on a governmentally sanctioned optical backbone. But I've got an advantage. I know they're there, and I watch them watching you."

I didn't know whether to believe him or not, but for some reason he did know my name and what I looked like. I was sure my picture had not been placed anywhere on my website.

"What else do you know?"

"Your entire life is a lie. They're bar-coding us. We are like cattle to them. Property."

"Cattle to who?"

"The king rats," He said. "Politicians. Bloodsucking freemasonic blue-blooded lizards. We are property. We are to remain spiritually dead while they drink our blood and our children's blood. Everyone's in on it. But I'm on to them. You're even on to them and you don't even know it. Why else would they have visited your apartment?"

I wondered if he was some kind of stalker. "You saw them?"

"I watched them go up into your apartment. I was eating a McDonald's meal in my van. When they walked out of your apartment later on, I thought you were dead, drained of blood and sprawled out on the carpet."

"Vampires?"

"No, fuck vampires. Something else," he said.

"What's your name?"

"You know my name."

"Jack?" I asked. From the Instant Message conversation the other day.

Jack winked. "Come with me," he said, and began walking away.

"Where are you going?"

"I have something to show you," Jack said. "Lots to show you."

"I'm waiting for my film to develop," I said.

"You think you're going to get back your film? Come on, Jeff, you know better than that. They already took it."

No...I dropped the magazine back down in the rack, tucked the pen in my pocket and walked towards the front of the store. Jack kind of followed along behind me. I kept glancing down each of the aisles we passed, the tire repair kits, the bikes, the curtains, crafts, video games, and then finally back up to the photo booth. A woman stood behind the counter, a woman who I had not seen before.

"My film," I said.

"Excuse me?"

"I dropped off my film. A different woman was here," I said.

"Shift change. Sorry. One hour processing?" She asked.

"Yeah. That's what they said. Give or take a few minutes."

"Name?"

"Behnke," Jack said from behind me. "Jeff Behnke."

She went back to her counter and checked the racks, checked a drawer, checked the machine. "How long ago did you drop it off?" She asked.

"Fifteen minutes ago."

"Sir, this is one hour processing. Please come back."

"I just want to know if you have it," I asked. "I can wait right here for it to be processed."

"I don't see anything here," she said.

"Look harder. Come on. It's important. I had to deliver the photos to the police."

She looked into my eyes to see if there was some lie in there, I'm guessing, and then she went around once again, checking the racks, the bin, nothing. She came back shaking her head. "There's nothing here by that name."

Jack grabbed my arm. "Told ya. Let it go. It doesn't matter anyway."

I blinked back some anger. I wanted to lunge behind the counter and check for myself, but something told me that Jack was right, I wouldn't find anything. I had no proof of what had happened to me. No license plates to check up on at the police station. Nothing.

"I'm going to report this as a theft," I said to the film lady, but I wasn't sure why. I just wanted to say something. Anything. Flick her off. It wasn't her fault, I know, but that inner urge to lash out was swelling. God, I felt like my head was going to implode. I could feel the blood pounding against my temples. I was spending more and more time these days feeling helpless, and all it did for me was make me want to hit something. I kept telling myself, Its just a roll of film, just a roll of film.

"Sure," she said. "You can report it. I don't care. Want me to get my manager?"

"Jeff, come on," Jack said and pulled me towards the door. I tore my arm away from him, glared at the film lady, as if that was going to cause change.

We left at that point. Jack told me to leave my car at Meijers, he'd drive me back when he was done showing me whatever it was that he was going to show me.

I wanted to punch something.

"Your breath reeks," I said to Jack. There. That felt better.

He laughed. "Chronic breath issues. Sorry. Something in my throat is broke. It's why I'm always chewing gum."

"And you smell pretty bad."

"Yeah, that one's my fault. Been watching you in my car for quite some time. And this coat doesn't help."

The Meijers parking lot was filling up with after-church people. They all were dressed up in suits and ties, dresses, tugging along children by the hand or pushing strollers with babies wrapped tightly in blankets. I watched them as we strode towards a rusty blue econoline van at the very edge of the parking lot, far away from anyone else. I pulled my coat tightly around me, watching the church people pass.

"I wish it was that simple," I said to Jack.

"Wish what was that simple?" Jack asked.

"These people. From church. Morality. Ethics. Kind of like a trip to McDonald's. You spend all week plotting strategies to ruin people's lives and making loads of money and sleeping with your secretary. Then Sunday comes, and you walk in to church, you say I'm sorry, you sing to God, you die, and then you live in a mansion made of gold in heaven and fed grapes for eternity by angels. Because you said I'm sorry, I'm not good enough, I need Jesus, at one point. "

"Ah," he said. "Church people. Fucking bloodsucking lizards."

"Why do you keep saying that?" I asked.

"You'll see."

"I mean, if only it were that easy, you know? If life were that simple."

There was this pull about Jack, even though he reeked. I was almost afraid to open the side door to his van when I approached. I held my breath, grabbed the handle. He walked around the other side, slipped in and popped the lock. I gave the handle a good tug, only to be pleasantly surprised. It didn't smell too bad, the interior was quite clean. Comfortable. I peeked around the passenger door and looked around the back.

"See?" Jack said. "Not too bad."

I'll say. The entire van was filled with computer equipment. Totally modified. The seats had been ripped out, replaced with a number of things: a small stool next to a work table bolted to the side wall of the van. A Dell laptop. A drawer-full of cell phones. A modified satellite dish in the corner. Headphones. A Bose stereo system. A number of VCRs, telephone wires, network cables. A UPS suit. FedEx suit. Nametags hanging from what looked like a necktie wrack. ID badges.

"Jesus," I said. "Where'd you get all this?"

He turned on the car, turned down his MP3 player. He threw off his old jacket. Whipped it in the corner next to his deliveryman outfits.. He looked like a normal human being at this point. A Rams football long-sleeve shirt on underneath. He grabbed a baseball cap from the dashboard and slid it on.

"Better?" He asked.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Network security," He said. "Freelance, mostly."

"Freelance, huh?"

"Yeah. The fuck else would I find out half the shit I know? Amazing what kind of shit these companies have on their networks." He cracked his neck, put his foot on the gas, and left the parking lot. M-59 was pretty busy on Sundays. He waited for a break in traffic then jumped in line.

"Where are we going?" I asked again.

"My place. Out of Sterling Heights. You should really consider moving, you know. Your apartment's bugged. They watch you. They have a video camera in your Dali painting, a listening device in each room in the electric outlets. They're fanatical when someone gets close to what they know, what they're hiding."

We reached the end of Sterling Heights and headed into the open road expressway, on towards Pontiac. "And what are they hiding? The fact that they're abducting me."

"You? Shit. You're not special. They abduct multiple people. Only difference is most people haven't managed to get quite the audience that you do. The website and all. You're taking quite a risk. The government is on to you."

"The government has nothing to do with my abductions," I said. "Aliens do not run the government," I said.

"You sure about that?"

"Yes."

He pulled out a pack of Camels from his pocket, lit one up and rolled down the side of his window. "Listen, I worked for the government. I told you."

"Right. Remote viewer."

"Yeah, the CIA and FBI are still into that shit. They had hired me in as a network specialist, setting up a wireless connected network of boxes a few years back. That's new technology now, but back then, old news. Right now, you have to be online to connect to the net, communicate. There you just had to have a wireless network card and be in the area. It's like connecting to a radio wave."

"Three years ago? I don't believe that."

"See this tuner?" He pointed to something under his MP3 player in the front seat. "You hook that laptop in the back up to this outlet, and you can sniff data packets sent through the air. No one knows they're there. There is so much communication going on right now in the atmosphere, people are swimming in it. ATM transaction fees are being passed through your goddamn chest right now. I'm telling you, the government isn't stupid. All that inefficiency is a cover. Smoke. On the inside, where it really matters, there's a serious kernel controlling everything."

"Colonel? Like in an army?"

"As in Operating System. In all my years of networking, there's always someone running the show." Jack switched lanes. "You just got to know how to find who it is, and how to listen for clues."

I still couldn't believe I was now in this van with a complete stranger. In reality, you would think I'd be somewhat paranoid and not trust anyone, given a few of the recent incidents which have happened to me.

"You look like shit yourself," He said. "Rough night?"

“No. I’ve been out for a few days. I don’t know where I was. I don’t think I have a job anymore.”

“You don’t,” He said. I looked at him and he was reaching between the seats and pulled out a stack of multicolored envelopes. “I opened most of them.”

Printed on the front of them all, I read my name. “You’ve been stealing my mail?”

“Yeah,” He said. “That one’s from your work.”

I flipped open the top and pulled out a sheet of paper.

Human Relations
First National Bank
1133 Jefferson Ave
Suite 303
Detroit, MI

Jeff Behnke:

Because of a serious lack of attendance on your part along with your inability to call or answer your phone, we have decided to release you of your responsibilities. A severance check has been included within this envelope which should more than adequately cover your expenses while you look for a new job. We are informing you of this through mail because we have been unable to contact you in any other way. Any question, please call me at your convenience.

Sincerely,
Sally Grimwald

A \$3000 severance check was included.

“So much for understanding bosses,” I said, tucking the check in my coat pocket. “I could sue your ass for stealing my mail.”

Jack shrugged. “Go ahead. I’m not sure what you’d get though. Don’t actually have too many possessions other than this van. Sorry about the job, guy. The economy and all seems to make it somewhat easy for companies to find reasons to release you of your quote unquote responsibilities, which is why I like freelancing to begin with. It doesn’t matter if a company fails if you freelance, since you’re always moving around in the first place. No company can actually fire you since you go from one place to the next.”

Yes, no job equals no money equals no apartment. And no money also makes it impossible for me to pay for my psychological examinations which I was taking in the first place for the very purpose of keeping my programming job.

Jack overtook a police car that was speeding towards Pontiac along with the two of us. Overtaking police cars always made me nervous, even if they were themselves traveling under the speed limit.

“That why you quit the military? You were fired?” I asked.

“I quit the military because they’re all a bunch of dumb fucks who don’t give a shit about anyone.” He reached over to his cup holder and sunk his hand into a bag of sunflower seeds and started popping them into his mouth. “You know why?”

I shook my head.

“I’ll show you,” He said.

He drove on, and I waited for this great revelation he was going to bring to me “at his place” which, for all I knew, could have been a back alley where he was going to make me sign the check in my pocket and put a hole through my head.

About ten minutes later, we pulled into a parking garage somewhere in the middle of Pontiac, situated next to a large block of dirty white apartment complexes. He shut off the engine and opened his passenger door and told me to follow him.

We walked across the parking lot slush, over an cement divider island and into the backyard of one of the complex’s buildings. The stairwell looked like it was built using rotted wood, and creaked underneath both of us while making our way up to the second floor landing. I felt like the whole thing could collapse at any moment.

Jack popped two separate locks on his door, winked, and led me inside.

All of the shades were drawn closed. Antique brown lamps lit up his living room coffee table. A green leather couch from the 50s was positioned against one wall, an old end table on each corner. Cigarette butts overflowed two separate green glass ash trays. Jack had pinned newspapers to all of his walls. Stories of Egypt Air crashes, the World Trade Center disaster, George Bush’s inauguration. There were so many of them concerning high profile world events, he almost looked like a governmental criminal investigator.

He threw his keys on his counter and poured himself a cup of old coffee from one of those ten dollar plastic coffee machines you can buy at Wal Mart, and lit another cigarette. “Make yourself comfortable. Want some coffee?”

“If its fresh.”

“Fresh? This shit’s only been here a couple days.” He took a sip, dumped it out. “You’re right.” He grimaced, and pulled out a bag of coffee filters. “I love eight o’clock coffee. You can buy this shit only at Farmer Jacks, but I don’t know why. It lasts for hours. But I guess not days.”

“Why in the hell am I here?” I asked.

“It’s your new home,” he told me.

“Home?”

“Home base, I should say,” he said. “You lost your job, remember? You really feel like getting another? Right now? At this very moment when you have the government on your ass, preachers chasing you down, nightly episodes you cannot explain? Come on. I’m your savior, Jeff. All I’m asking for is some help.”

“Help?” I asked. “What kind of help?”

“I know how you think. I know what you want. This world sucks cock 100 percent. You could spend the rest of your life doing exactly as you have always done, wandering around in somewhat of a fucking daze, feeling that you’re totally

lost somewhere in the heart of a worldwide lie, and to tell you the truth, you wouldn't be that far off."

"I could, sure. Is holding a steady job such a crime?"

"Hell, no. Not at all," Jack said. He filled up his coffee machine with water from a brown-stained pot, and flicked the switch, puffing away on his Camel. Watching him made me want to smoke again. "But what the worldwide conspiracy is doing is a crime. A crime against life itself. They know it, you know it, I know it. And nobody, NOBODY, not even those high-profile UFO guys will do anything about. They just want to sit around and talk about it and say, yeah, wouldn't it be great if the government stops fucking us, yet they don't ever bother to pull up their own pants."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that me and you are gonna do something about it. Fuck work. You really want to code websites all your life?"

"I like websites," I said.

"Yeah yeah, we'll use your website, you can concentrate on your own website and not have to worry about making them for anyone else, and we can update your website no matter where we go, and put an end to this shit."

I thought about it. It was a dream to just work on my own website, to spend my time finding the answers. "How are we going to put an end to it?"

"Cause me and you are determined. We've got reasons. We've got an agenda. And people with agendas get shit done."

"What the hell are we going to do?"

He puffed away on his cigarette. "Governmental activists," He said. "We're going to give them hell. All of them. We're going to let the zoo doors open and let them all come out. Me and you are going to find a way to reveal to the world what is truly going on."

"I don't really believe that the government has anything to do with this, though," I said, "Other than not reporting a lot of weird unexplainable things which occur in the world. These are aliens that are just afflicting me night after night, not the government."

"We'll talk about that later. You have to let me know something. Do you want to do it?"

I thought about my job, about the apartment being bugged, about the strange men who had been showing up, the severance check, coding websites. I thought about where my life could go from here, feeling deep down that this was one of those moments where everything changed and I suddenly became something else. I thought about the preacher, and my psychologist whom I would no longer be able to pay for. The threats on my life. The confusion. Heaven. Hell.

"I'm in," I said. "Let's do it."

Jack smiled, puffed away on his cigarette. "Then let's go get a U-haul and pack up your shit."

Jan 14th E-mail from joshua29877@yahoo.com. The Master Race and Nazis

From: joshua29877@yahoo.com
To: jeff@paranormalnews.com
Cc:
Subject: The Master Race and Nazis

I've been keeping up with a lot of what you've been writing about on your website and although I don't know if you're telling the truth or not or if it's really happening to you, I just thought I'd add my two cents based on my own background in history.

Now, according to this Jack guy, "the government" is abducting you and maybe performing some kind of genetic experiments on you in hopes to create a master race. At least that's kind of the gist of what I got from his instant message to you. And then someone wrote at the bottom of the post and spoke of how this relates a bit to Hitler. And that is where I want to step in and kind of give you a run down of my own knowledge on those events.

You see, Hitler's Nazi party was heavily influenced by the occult and black magic practices that can be found in writings by Aleister Crowley and in the ethical practices spoken of by Nietzsche. These secret societies concerned mostly with religion connected on the political arena with the ideas of modern day secret societies (e.g. Illuminati and Freemasonry) which are concerned mostly with money, power, and politics. Only in researching those two different sects can you fully comprehend the idea of engineering a master race and what purpose this master race would have and why "abductions" so to speak, have been occurring since approximately the end of the war with Hitler.

You may not have heard much about the occult practices of the Nazis, merely because the evidence of these practices was deemed inadmissible at the Nuremberg trials, fearing the psychological implications the revelations of such occult ideas would have upon the Western nations. But I assure you they exist, and you can find scattered comments about it if you read anything concerning the Nuremberg Trials or make a close examination of Mein Kampf.

The Nazis were, in fact, a religious cult, so therefore they saw themselves in a much different light than they would have if they were a mere political organization. And since they were a cult, their chief enemy was "other cults", according to Peter Levenda, a writer you may not have heard of unless you have looked into the Necronomicon at all. Hitler himself spoke of the Nazi movement and admitted its intentions in the following statement: "Anyone who interprets National Socialism merely as a political movement knows nothing about it. It is more than religion; it is the determination to create a new man." He stated his intentions. Get rid of the "elitist Jews," such as Nathan Rothschild and Cecil Rhodes who were bent on enslaving the common man and create a new man--some of whose characteristics you currently have.

The secret societies of the rich, on the other hand, who were mostly concerned with power and money, had their beliefs satirized by Maurice Joly in a work now known as the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Even though the work is known to be fictional and its later bastardization with a Jewish slant, they affected the thinking of Hitler who formed the Nazi party. The reasoning went that the Jews were the ones in power, since the well known ultra-rich at the time were, in fact, Jewish, and most of their beliefs were satirized in a way that was a little too close to home for many. Henry Ford, for instance, used the protocols to persuade the U.S. government not to join the League of Nations. Kind of a high profile fictional work, wouldn't you say? In Mein Kampf, Hitler stated that he knew they were supposed to be a forgery, but the truth within the forgery made him wonder if they were truly a forgery after all. Some people have gone so far as to say that the writer Joly wrote them while being incorporated himself into secret societies.

In impoverished Germany, there wasn't really many races that people could point the finger at to blame for their misery, so blaming it on Jews was as good as anything else. The Protocols were thus well received and provided the fuel for a number of political parties, one of which was the Thule Society. The logo of this society was a swastika and a sword. They believed that Thule was the home of an extraterrestrial race who lost track of their ancestry while interbreeding with humans. And it is this Thule Society which lent itself to the creation of Hitler's Nazis.

Hitler was born a devout catholic and toyed with the idea of becoming a priest, only to eventually lose his faith, dabble in the occult, and eventually take a position within the German Worker's Party who were looking for someone to take their organization to the next level. Eckart, One of the members of the German Worker's Party, saw the leadership within Hitler and eventually showed him what is called the "Secret Doctrine" which spoke of a number of concepts that finally gave Hitler the push and drive needed to run the occult organization.

This "Secret Doctrine" was a blend of concepts and ideas influenced by Madam Blavatsky's works. The whole piece concerned itself with the origins of man. According to this work, nonhuman visitors came to earth and produced seven races by genetic manipulation --- the Rmoahals, Tlavatli, Toltecs, Turanians, Aryans, Akkadians, and Mongols. Mistakes were made during this genetic manipulation, causing such things as the giants spoken of within the Old Testament. These races were taught to maintain genetic purity at all costs.

In Hitler's mind, he wanted to destroy all Jewish holdings, their power, their secret societies, and institute the rise of the master race of blond haired blue eyed Aryans to take their place and reopen man's third eye which gave him mystical powers that would link him into the Akashic record of history encircling the earth. He wanted good things for Germany through the destruction of secret societies which he considered evil.

So as you can see, it cannot be the “government” of the United States which is abducting you to perform their genetic experiments, since the government of the United States is practically a Who’s Who list in Freemasonic and Illuminati-like organizations—the very organizations that Hitler wanted to destroy in the first place. The only way the argument makes any sense whatsoever would be for you to say that the United States is run by Nazis, or the remnants of the Nazi party is abducting you. I found a picture on your website which may make you consider this. Check it out:

http://www.paranormalnews.com/images/ufos/Nazi_Ufo.jpg

Hope this helps,
Joshua

January 16th, 2002. Denny’s Restaurant and the Lizard People. Baphomet’s Founding of the United States.

I really couldn’t discern whether or not me jumping on Jack’s offer to live with him in his apartment was an act of desperation or if I truly believed that it was the right thing for me to do. It’s rather ironic that most decisions which forever change your life happen in a split second, sometimes less time than it takes to order a cheeseburger at McDonald’s. And here I was, just a couple days later, most of my supplies packed in to a Storage-R-Us locker, paying off the thousand dollar lease-breaking fee, and busy typing away on an old Toshiba laptop in my new home in Pontiac.

It’s kind of nice to type away on a clunky old machine that can’t carry the burden of anything more than Windows 98SE. Nostalgic. Probably the same kind of nostalgia felt by people about 50 years old who go back to using Wang word processors or Typewriters. I like the dust and grit that has built up on the keyboard over the years. The battery’s completely shot but I don’t really give a shit. It’s not my laptop anyway, it’s my ex-girlfriend’s laptop. She gave it to me a few years ago before going back to her country, so I got it for free, and I’ve got so many years of use out of it that I’ll be upset when one day I have to get rid of it. Maybe I’ll never get rid of it. Maybe one day when I’m living in my mansion I’ll use it to keep track of cooking recipes in the kitchen. That won’t take too much processing, will it?

So here I am, two days later with \$2456.23 dollars left to my name, out of a job, and considering going to the unemployment office. At least that way I can continue to make some money to keep me afloat over the next six months while I readjust to my new environment and hopefully find another company willing to pay me for the dying practice of web design. One sec, I need some more coffee...

Jack’s been great so far, and I seriously hope he’s not gay, that he truly is here to start this gigantic give-them-hell campaign. He explained even more

about his theories the other day and showed me the secret somethings which lured me here in the first place. I'm getting to all that.

I called my mom and told her that I had moved, that no I didn't have an address I could give her, and no, I couldn't give her a phone number other than my cell phone number. If she had some kind of issues she could e-mail me. I told her no, I wasn't upset about the preacher coming over, and despite whatever it is he was telling her that no, I was not possessed the other night. She sounded relieved. I could probably call my mom from prison and have my name plastered all over the papers for some heinous crime that I've committed, and I could tell her that I was just out vacationing in the Bahamas smelling like tanning lotion and drinking a Tequila, and she would believe me. Sometimes I was thankful for that. Other times, well...it got to me. How manipulative even I could be of reality itself.

Jack's place is a bit cramped, a bit messy, but he was right about one thing. If I wanted to sue him for opening up my mail there wasn't a whole lot that I could get from him other than a few Kellogg's Corn Pop boxes and maybe some Heinz Ketchup. Well, maybe I could get his computers, but he has so many snares set up on them that even if I were to reformat it all and try converting my lifetime collection of CDs to MP3s, the boot sector of half of his hard drives would keep erasing my data. I can see why he's a network administrator, why he's a freelancer, and after our little talk up at Denny's over cigarettes and coffee, I could see what he meant by the blood-sucking lizards. Here's pretty much what went down.

After finally getting my couches and Ikea furniture packed in to the storage locker yesterday, it was about 11:30 or so at night, the snow and icy air went to the core, so we both decided to just head up to the restaurant in Jack's Econoline van. I don't know what it is about fries and coffee and cigarettes and notebooks and pens, but they fit so well together among friends. My high school life was spent up at restaurants like Denny's doing this very same thing. Only difference was this time, I wasn't writing poetry and discussing Samuel Beckett or plotting T-shirt get-rich-quick strategies.

Jack ordered for both of us, said he'd pay, told me to keep my money. I let him do it and said I'd get the next round. He had his laptop with him and opened it up on the table in the booth and lit up a Camel. The air in Denny's was already thick with smoke. Teens were mowing down fries and omelets all around us. I felt left out, so I ordered fries too and asked Jack if I could have a Camel. I hadn't smoked in close to a year but every time I felt that my life may be going to shit, I start smoking again. It's like I need the inner-state of my body to reflect the outer state. I tore up my lungs after the first inhalation. Coughed. Did it again. Much better. I could get used to this. I suddenly remembered why I had spent most of my teen years smoking. It was good for the soul. Not so much for the heart.

"I put FreeBSD on this thing a few months ago," He explained. I couldn't follow the boot routine since I had spent the majority of my coding career married to Microsoft. I just watched the characters whip up the screen and waited for something substantial to appear.

"Why FreeBSD?" I asked.

“Fuck Microsoft. It’s easy to update. Besides, it’s easier to modify your IP settings and to sniff network packets undetected and shit when you’re on a completely abstract OS. And if anyone were to get their hands on this puppy, not too many people would know where the hell to look to find anything substantial. Take away drive letters and replace them with directory names and all of the sudden 85% of the world doesn’t understand it anymore. Tack on command-line applications and we’ve got quite an incomprehensible beast.”

He typed away, looking like that guy who was getting a blow job in that Swordfish movie, switched to some unheard of username, stepped deep into the “usr” directory and stopped the second he hit a group of files wrapped in a folder called “Sphinx.”

“What’s in there?” I asked.

“The holy grail. Every now and then I head down to DC and scope out the city with a digital camera that I hawked from some company. You want to see real proof of the unexplained? Just check out our nation’s capital.”

I didn’t know what he was talking about. He typed over to an images folder and opened up a small app that displayed jpeg thumbnails. He opened up two thumbnails side by side. “The one on the left is a statue of our nation’s first president. George Washington. Notice the pose? The nude upper part of his body?”

“Strange.”

“The hands held up in an awkward gesture. Looks kind of Greek, I know, and beyond pure nostalgia on the part of the artist who created it, its absolutely pointless. However, it all makes sense the second you place the photo next to Baphomet, a demon from hell.”

I looked. Gaspd. I couldn’t believe it. They looked the same.



“Now, ask yourself,” Jack said. “Coincidence?”

They were incredibly similar. I felt the need to talk to the preacher. Just by staring at them and considering the two made me wonder if by some chance the Nation really was run by demonic hordes. “this really isn’t proof of anything,” I said, more to protect my own psyche than to disagree.

“True, true, it’s not. I thought I’d work you into the whole thing however. You see, this sculpture is just the beginning of some of the shit I have on this machine, and others back at the apartment. I also have a number of online accounts so if anyone ever destroyed my machines, I could download it all from ftp locations around the net. There are so many frightening things out there, it would blow your mind what I found.”

“But what does it mean?”

“That reality isn’t as simple as right and wrong, good and evil. And that maybe, just maybe, at the top of it all, are world leaders with a different agenda than just increasing the Gross domestic product.”

“Well I believe that,” I said, “But finding out what that global agenda consists of is not something that you can know unless you’re a part of the organization which is doing it.”

“Or you could just break in and steal whatever files are on their network,” He said, and winked. “External hard drives pretty much enable you to plug in, suck everything up, and walk out the door. It’s nice being a freelancer.”

The waitress came back and dropped some grease-soaked fries in front of me and refilled my coffee. She eyed the pictures which were still up on Jack’s laptop, gave the two of us a funny look, and strode back towards the kitchen.

“So you pretty much step in to these companies, pull down everything you can—”

“Especially from anything that’s password protected. You comb the network and all of the sudden get a little username and password prompt, it’s like putting up a flag that says, ‘hey! Something very top secret and important and damning is here!’ And that’s when I have some fun. That’s where its at. I haven’t even combed through half the shit I’ve pulled down and I still keep going and finding more and more.”

I chewed on a fry. “like what?”

“Oh, with CEOs at least, its their meetings and notes and e-mail to other CEOs, which on top of being in password-protected locations are usually PGP encrypted which isn’t too easy to break through.”

“Then how do you do it?” I asked.

“Usually through secretary’s computers. These CEOs go out and hire secretaries and demand that they keep track of everything. You can usually find Excel spreadsheets of usernames, passwords, and file locations of everything that is SUPPOSED to be secretive and protective on the internal network.”

“And if they don’t have that?” I asked. “Then what?”

“I sleep with them. They tell me.”

“And they blurt out passwords during sex?”

“Basically. Hey, I’m a geek. I tell them it increases their orgasmic

response. When they do things they shouldn't. Secretaries live dangerously, my man."

I laughed. I never thought of doing something like that. "Creative, definitely," I said.

"It works. Besides that, there are other ways. Hook up sniffers, password grabbers, whatever. Where there's a will, there's a way to obtain entry into anything you'd like. Look at hijackers. I mean, come on. Who else would have thought about turning an airplane into a bomb? After it was done, everyone sat around going, oh yeah. Planes are like weapons. Security is an afterthought. I'm just doing what I do before true security is put in place."

I squirted some mustard on my plate and punched out the butt of my cigarette against the ashtray. Camels were good. So was mustard. Yummy.

"Do you have these e-mails saved as well?"

"Of course," He said, typed in a couple commands. Baphomet and the founder of the United States disappeared, only to be replaced by a PINE e-mail application. "Take your pick. They're all here, filed in nice folders, divided and duplicated by the person who sent the email, received it, as well as divided by company and possible affiliation." He spun around the front of the laptop and I sat there pressing the arrow keys, reading down thousands upon thousands of folders. All names that I recognized. High profile CEOs. The goddamn president of the United States. You name it. Jack had their e-mails.

"What's the topic of conversation usually about?"

"Well, depends on who the e-mail is to. The amazing thing about it is that most people in power know everyone else in power and talk to each other using their first names. They talk about key dates, meetings, appointments, stats on their company, investor relations, and if you read it enough, you can kind of pull together what everyone is doing." Jack lit up another cigarette, downed the rest of his coffee. I hate watching people swallow coffee grit, but Jack did it as if it were whip cream." And that, my friend, is where the conspiracy resides. But to them, its not so much a conspiracy as it is a day at work."

He combed through a few folders, found an e-mail from the president of the Bank of New York, dated December 25th, 2001. "This guy has such a wrap sheet. The guy fucking runs everything. The Bank of New York has a leadership roll in the Federal Reserve. The CEO also is the president of the Black and Decker. He is ties to hundreds of companies, and he's scamming a profit from all of them. He's also the head of the CFR, the Council on Foreign Relations."

"What's that?" I asked. I watched a couple guys who looked like politicians walk through the door and sit down at a table.

"Well, they have a magazine that you usually can't find anywhere other than libraries since its so boring and there's no tits involved. I find it fascinating. It's a shitty print mag called Foreign Affairs. They even have a website out there, <http://www.foreignaffairs.org/>. Funny thing about that is, I once saw Bill Gates involved in some ceremony with the Council on Foreign Relations where there's all these candles out. I have no idea what the hell he was doing, if he was selling his soul to Satan or what not, but the website used to be pure HTML. Now it's run on ASP through Microsoft's IIS. Coincidence?"

I stirred the mustard with my fries. I wanted to see more pics on his hard drive. I didn't know where he was going with all of this.

"Anyway," He continued, "The website sucks horribly. Their entire home page is an image. I think it's because they didn't like the fact that HTML wasn't anti-aliased or what not. I don't think they know HOW to use ASP. But they do run the world."

"Do they."

"Pretty much." Jack lit up another Camel. "It's like a publication that a few people in politics that aren't with the 'in-crowd' consider to be pretty radical. And there's a reason for that."

"Which is?"

Jack rubbed his nose, coughed a smoker's cough, inhaled. "They have a history. In the 1920s, the CFR was formerly known as—don't hold your breath—the Illuminati."

That named definitely sounded familiar. I mentally combed through all of the correspondences I had in the past with others who had informed me of this particular world-wide conspiracy.

"What do they do?" I asked. I wanted to know if he was reading from the same pages that I had read from.

"What do they do? Well, they did want to take over the planet until some messenger boy got hit by lightning and all of their plans were confiscated by the police. After that happened the Illuminati kind of got a bad name. Well, they always had a bad name. Some of our Presidents complained about them. Thomas Jefferson mentioned them. Washington mentioned them. I mean, these people were real. And in the 1920s, they gave themselves a facelift and disappeared further into the background by renaming themselves the Council on Foreign Relations. Sounds pretty governmental if you asked me, but they're technically not a part of the government. They're kind of a conglomeration of people with similar interests, all bent on doing one thing." Jack lit another cigarette without realizing that he already had a cigarette smoldering in the ash tray.

"Global domination," I said.

"I like the term, internationalization. Creating a global economy and being able to pull the strings. There's all these organizations connected to them which assist in doing exactly what they want. The world bank, the IMF—geezus, they loan money, billions of dollars, trillions of dollars, to countries at a certain interest rate. That interest rate is profit. And profit always goes into the pockets of someone else. Not back to the government. Profit goes into the pockets of those in power."

"But for what purpose? You've got all this money. You just going to buy a bigger house?"

"There comes a stage when the size of the house, the size of the land you own kind of sinks away into the background and you don't give a shit anymore about furniture or cars. There comes a point when you suddenly say to yourself, hey, I got more fucking money than the rest of the planet. Let's use it to be the master of the universe The two beings given the most credit for being master is

either god or Satan. But there are many, many beings out there who are bent on doing the exact same thing that gives young political types a hard on."

I glanced up from my fries and looked across the restaurant. Something inside of me jumped. It was difficult to see through the smoke, but there, up against the sidewall in a green booth were two suits, black Oakley's, sitting there staring at one another. Sipping coffee, but otherwise motionless.

"The lizard people," I said. It was kind of coming together for me. I wanted another cigarette. The waitress came back and poured another cup of coffee for me. I smiled and thanked her and noticed a fish pin on her shirt. She once again strode back to the kitchen.

"Yes, the lizards. Reptilians, in other words. Because to be master of the universe, you have to be a certain type of individual. Someone unfettered by doing such things as backstabbing your friends, killing the weak, enslaving an entire race of people. We had dinosaurs in the past. No one knows where the hell they came from but they might have been wiped out by an asteroid. Dinosaurs. The first seeding of the earth by the Reptilians."

"It sounds so, I don't know, juvenile," I said. "To call them reptilians. It's science fiction. Not realistic."

Jack pulled at his shoe. "I'm using terms that other people have given them. Well known terms and yeah, it sounds a bit outlandish but fuck, what else are you supposed to call them? They have blue blood. They drink blood. They prey on the weak. And the only people worthy of being a part of their group are others from the same bloodline. Writers who knew of them, who wrote of them, would be NietzscheHitler, Blake. Maintaining purity of blood was important to them and is to this day."

I didn't know whether or not to listen to Jack. I hear theories all of the time. His sounded much of the same. Lizard people seemed pretty far-fetched. I didn't actually like the concept too much, considering that I was not abducted by lizards. I was abducted by greys. Large eyes. Smooth skin. Thin. Expressionless. I didn't give a shit about dinosaurs or blood-sucking people.

"And why the blood sucking anyway?"

"Ever notice how long people in power live? The Queen of England. What is she? 100 years old? I mean, come on. You should look at the lifetime of most people on top, and they definitely have a longer time on earth. They molest children. They have organizations set up to do so. It's all disturbing. We're like cattle to them. They use us to further their own cause at OUR expense. And I cannot, will not let it happen. It must stop. We must put an end to it."

"We're like two guys. One of which is as tired as hell from just packing up everything he owns and shoving it in a locker. What are we supposed to do?"

"Well," Jack said, "I know you probably don't believe me at the moment, but you're at least considering it. You took enough initiative to move in with me. It will end your 'abductions' which are really not alien abductions. Every time cattle are found dead and mutilated on a field, there are always reports of black helicopters. Fucking lizards are the ones sucking the blood out of the cattle and dropping them back on the field and then going back to their office, purchasing a shitload of stock, then going out and setting up appointments with other people in

power to do whatever rituals they need to do and then starting all over again. It's this endless cycle of rape, starring people with money."

"I think we should leave."

"Leave? I'm not finished. We're not finished. We've got shitloads to talk about."

"People are listening."

"So? They should listen. We need to get the word out. I could stand up on this chair here and tell everyone in the room!" He started getting up. I noticed a slight turn of the head on one of the suits, and pulled Jack down.

"People who we do not want listening are listening. We should leave."

"What are they going to do? Who?" Jack looked around the restaurant, and he also noticed the two suits sitting at the booth. He got up. I thought it was to leave so I got up as well and set some change on the table and grabbed the bill. But Jack wasn't heading towards the cashier. He was heading towards both of them.

"Jack..." I said, then realized that I actually wanted to see this, whatever it was I was going to see. Jack didn't seem to let too much stop him.

"Can I see some identification?" He said.

Both of them slid out of their seats.

I don't know where she came from or what she was thinking or how she even knew what was going to happen. The waitress who must have had some inner sense of up-and-coming danger lunged across the restaurant and stepped next to Jack and stared at the two men getting out of their seats, blocking one with her leg. "Everything alright over here? You guys need anything else?" She poured coffee for both of them. "The two of you need to sit tight so I can get your bill."

One of the suits eyed her for a moment, if you can eye someone with Oakley's. He looked like he was staring at her shirt or her breasts. Or something on her shirt? And he slid back in to the seat. "Yes," he said. "We need to sit tight."

The waitress turned and winked at Jack. "Sal will help you out there. Hurry." She winked again. I thought Jack was going to argue since he looked about ready to get up and knock the shit out of someone or at least get it knocked out of himself, but he just shrugged and walked to the cashier to check out. I handed the money over and a few minutes later we were pulling out of the parking lot. The waitress with the fish pin was still taking their order.

I don't know if they saw the van, or if they did, what good it would have done.

I now sit here and type this and wonder, since they know I was at Denny's, do they know where I am right now?

January 17th E-mail From an Anonymous Preacher

From: lcoc_preacher@hotmail.com
To: jeff@paranormalnews.com
CC:
Subject: Where'd You Go

Hello there once again, Jeff. I know that we haven't talked for about a week. I've been back to your apartment but there's no answer at the door and I'm beginning to think that it's possible you've moved. I don't know whether it's to get away from me and my Bibles or what. I figured if there's still a way to reach you it will be through e-mail. E-mail is something the younger generation seems to use with ease, but I still have issues getting used to it.

I checked in with your mother as well about your whereabouts but she seems to be just as clueless as I am. Do you talk to your mother enough? Mothers are a very important part of your spiritual development, you know. After years in THAT business, I know that families who have an absence of a father or an absence of a mother during the early years creates truly different people. You can tell. Believe me, I've worked with many, many people. I've seen it.

But you...hmm...you are truly a mystery, because as far as I can see you have had both a father and a mother in your life, truly spiritual people, but have yourself gone in a different direction. It is somewhat interesting that some children who have the most spiritually inclined parents just go in an opposite direction. Take Hitler for example. Do you realize that he originally wanted to be a priest? And then he got in to the occult, and look what happened! Even Nietzsche had a catholic upbringing. But maybe that's a little too back into history for you. Marilyn Manson's parents...they're religious people as well! And then he goes out and causes horrible disasters like the Columbine Shootings in Colorado. And I do not want these kinds of things to happen to you because I don't know where you're going with all of this evil stuff that is influencing you, what paths it will lead you. I truly want to prevent something horrible from happening.

So if its not too much to ask, can you let me know where you are so that I can get in contact with you again? Its truly important.

Hope to hear from you soon!

January 18th E-mail from an Anonymous Preacher

From: lcoc_preacher@hotmail.com
To: jeff@paranormalnews.com
CC:
Subject: Still Missing?

Hey there Jeff,

I noticed that you didn't respond to my last e-mail so I was wondering if you had received it at all. It's approximately 9:00 in the morning or so. I'm hoping you'll write me back. I keep hitting refresh on my e-mail. I don't know why.

In Christ...

January 18th A Second E-mail from an Anonymous Preacher

From: lcoc_preacher@hotmail.com
To: jeff@paranormalnews.com
CC:
Subject: 5:00 PM Still No Word

Hello again Jeff,

I waited around through most of the day hoping you'd get in touch with me and it didn't happen. I'm truly concerned about your own welfare, you know. I tried calling your apartment with a number given to me through your mother but I was given a message telling me that the number was disconnected, which informs me that you have, in fact moved. This could be a good thing, you know. It's possible that most of the evil that I felt in the place was the apartment itself and having nothing to do with you. It could be because of some spiritual residue left around from some previous occupant.

Your mom also told me the place where you used to work, so I'm going to head down there tomorrow to see if by some chance they know where you've gone. Detroit's such a long drive! I only go down there when I feel I absolutely have to and something inside forces me to do it. I really really need to get in contact with you. We have so many more things we have to go over. I need more information about your beliefs. I have a number of quotes from the Old Testament, testifying to a savior which is to come and that did come and that was fulfilled with the living word of God now known as the New Testament. Have you read the New Testament at all? I seriously hope you have access to a Bible. If you don't you can stop at ANY church, and it doesn't necessarily have to be the Church of Christ, and they will give you one for free! You don't have to buy an expensive one in a bookstore. Keep it close to you. When you feel something happening, when your thoughts suddenly lead you astray, let the light of God shine through you and give up your own mind to Jesus and let his thoughts and power flow through you!

Be in contact soon...

January 18th . Journal Entry. Me and Jack Discuss Plans to End World Domination by the Lizards.

Jack and I were listening to Eminem's latest CD blare through the Econoline's speaker system and packing for our trip. "Your preacher friend seems to be a bit too keen on meeting up with you," Jack said. "The hell did you find him, anyway?"

"I'm willing to bet that he doesn't own a machine gun. We're safe for now. Unless God suddenly embarks upon a new conversion strategy."

"You never know," Jack said, throwing a suitcase underneath the metal rack with his laptops. "He may choose to purify the evil from your body with fat metal slugs."

"I'm not exactly concerned," I said. "But hey, if he takes me out, I'll get back to you about God and the afterlife."

"You know," Jack said, "I wonder, if when you're at the pearly gates of heaven and god informs you that you're going to hell, I wonder if you get to make a final phone call."

"You ever receive one from someone you knew?" I asked.

"No," Jack said.

"Me neither."

"Fuck."

I threw my suitcase behind his and rubbed my hands together. Gloves never worked for me. I had on the thinsulated type you can buy in Kmart but they refused to help. I occasionally had to slap my hands against my legs to keep my fingers useful.

"And speaking of phone calls," Jack continued, "if we get caught doing this, you know I'm going to use my final phone call to the Washington Post. Talk to the same reporter that mentioned Deep Throat."

I thought about that one. We really wouldn't have a use for a lawyer anyway, since in order for us to have a case on anything that we were about to do, we would possibly have to prove that aliens exist to a judge. The guy that wrote "Incident at GodforsakenUnspecifiedville" hasn't had too much luck doing that. I figured that mine and Jack's chances in the matter wouldn't be much better.

We truly only had one option in everything that we did. Everything we wanted to do was high risk. Everything. And if we did not succeed where others had failed, I'm sure we would not escape without prison time. And depending on how dangerous we were viewed, we might be there for a very long time.

Jack slammed the back of the van and strode back towards the apartment. "It's going to suck leaving this place," Jack said. "Hopefully it will be here when I return. Of course, it doesn't really matter now, does it. I mean, if reality is a lie..."

"And you're just a battery. Besides, if we really do get what we're looking for, we'll cash out. Live the rest of our lives on the Cayman Islands. And pray to god the Lizards don't call for any reinforcements."

"You know they will," Jack said. He swung open the front door to his place and stepped into his kitchen. He reached for his cold mug of coffee and downed it.

“Will what?” I said.

“I don’t want to lie to you. If we’re even remotely successful at retrieving what we’re targeting, and we release that information at multiple locations online and through the mainstream press, it’s not going to be pretty. They won’t go without a fight. And it could be a long fight. A constant life-threatening fight. If we were to even think about something like head off to the Cayman Islands, it’s not like we’d be able to relax. You can kind of see why all of these paranoid people are so connected to conspiracies. They’re afraid for their lives at any given moment. We will be too.”

“Well if I’m going to be paranoid, I still hope its in the Cayman Islands.”

I have to be honest. As I write this conversation down that me and Jack had earlier today, I know that I must be somewhat of an idealist. I kind of felt the same way that many people feel when they’re in a band, or they fancy themselves as a screenwriter, or when they pack up all of their shit, save 700 bucks and head out to Los Angeles to be rich and famous. I wondered if me and Jack would share the same fate as many of these people and end up working for pennies at some strip club somewhere. I mean what we are attempting to do, essentially, is setting up a career path as Kamikaze investigative journalists. We will be attempting to make money by slipping ourselves deep into the heart of these secret headquarters and running away to safety with a smoking gun that will be disruptive to society as a whole. And that’s GIVEN that these smoking guns even exist. These secrets are guarded closely for a reason. And not only are we scoping out these locations and taking “proof” back with us, but we will be terrorizing the belief system and stability of nations! Is there truly a way to make a livelihood doing so?

I keep thinking that to be an activist, to do something about the state of the planet, you have to disregard all other earthly concerns and just do what it is that you believe. Jack and I both believe that there’s an alternative reality out there, a reality not so unlike those found in fantasy worlds written by Piers Anthony and Isaac Asimov. Instead of ghouls and goblins, disrupting forest life, there are lizard people controlling politics, murdering animals and children to stay healthy, to stay rich, and to stay in power. Is this true? I know I have to believe it, Jack has to believe it, in order for us to go through with this.

It’s somewhat terrifying if you think of it, to just drop everything, drop your life, your family, to let go, and bring up these horrible facts about the planet itself. I sit here, writing this, asking myself, if we find anything, will people truly want to know? Imagine me stepping in front of a church and waving around a piece of paper or something and saying, ‘Hello, there is no heaven or hell or Satan or God. You’ve wasted your entire life believing in a lie. What you’ve been worshipping is actually an extra-terrestrial from the Plaedian Star System.’ Will anyone WANT to listen? Will anyone have a reason? Would society itself suddenly lose all sense of morality and just to raping and killing one another since there is no spiritual consequence for doing so?

“I have doubts about this,” I told Jack. I watched him light up a cigarette.

“Of course you have fucking doubts. If you know you were going to succeed, would you even bother?” He asked.

He had a point.

“Like, would you run a mile if you knew you’d make it? Probably not. Why do you think people push themselves to do anything? It’s that not-knowing which makes it so appealing.”

“I have serious doubts. I keep thinking about where I was last week. What I was doing. Where I was last year, even. And no line of reasoning, no chain of events, truly leads me to this place right now. With you. Thinking about going across the country and doing this.”

Jack smiled. “I love unpredictability. God its fascinating.” He inhaled, let it out. “So few people the ability to be unpredictable. You know? Everyone has the lifeline that they suddenly discover at some point, a certain direction or path that works for them. I don’t care whether its like a shitty ass job as a cook in a Big Boy restaurant or as a high-stakes stock broker on Wall Street. As soon as they hit this groove, when everything is flowing exactly the way they want or in a way that is comfortable, that’s it. For the rest of their lives, they will continue to do exactly the same thing until they find themselves in a wooden box with a marble headstone to mark their existence. At least until someone wants to build an airport or something. And think about it. You’re different. You no longer have to worry about it. You’ve already broken the trend. You will not always be a web developer. You have a purpose, and that is something that very few people can say.”

Jack was right. I reached for one of his Camels, popped one into my mouth and lit it. “So,” I said. “The van’s packed. Your apartment’s clean. I’ve paid storage bills on my stuff for six months with the check. We’ve got enough clothes and cash to keep us going for a few months worth of gas and food. What’s our first stop?”

Another grin. “Hangar 18,” He said. He grabbed his keys.
We’re on our way.

22. January 19th. Southbound on I 75. Breaking in to the White House with a Whopper and Fries.

When Jack travels, he talks more than you can believe to pass the time, and not just about little things like what he likes on his pizza or who he thinks should win the super bowl, but he talks about the deepest concepts that can sometimes be hard to grasp. I’m not sure what he’s studied during his life, but it has got to be more than just ports and sockets and internet protocols and what not. I think I knew that from the moment I ran into him.

He talked about his childhood first, his parents, what they were like, and how he got to do what he was now doing—acting as a freelance “network administrator”, his official title. His unofficial title, of course, being that of a hacker, which I guess originally meant that you were really good at computers and could bend them to do exactly as you saw fit using code. It’s the closest thing in real life to a Jedi master, I suppose. Computers are almost like the force. Running on electricity through billions of electrical components. And people like Jack sitting on top, gliding their hands over some surface and pushing that

electricity through in whichever way they saw fit and for whatever reasons they saw fit. In Jack's case, it was to unlock the lies fed to mankind for hundreds of years, if not thousands.

"Hackers are truly warriors," He explained. "A new kind of warrior on a new type of battle ground. Just the other week, a number of Chinese hackers launched denial of service attacks against U.S. sites. In response, American hackers counter-attacked Chinese strikes with attacks of their own. Well-known Asian newspapers were blocked. The attacks launched knocked hundreds of servers out of commission. It's somewhat possible that the next world war can be over the flow of information. If one side completely blocks access to the net in another country, the flow of information shuts down, and people have to go back to such things as newspapers, magazines, radio shows and televisions. The internet, it's open territory. Owning the internet is like, God. I don't know. Owning the world."

I felt he was exaggerating but I really wasn't in the mood to argue. I was more in the mood to listen, to learn. I was web designer by skill, and not truly a programmer. I could make programs work if I absolutely had to, but the code didn't flow out of my own mind quite in the same way that it seemed to out of Jack's mind. I know how to create table cells and connect front end html to databases and display the information stored in multi-thousand dollar servers...but to truly program, to create and command electromagnetivity, to bend it, teach it how to distribute that information elsewhere—that's something I just could not do with quite the same ease as Jack. He seemed to know how to use electricity as if it were a pitcher of water. He could fill it in and take it out of whatever container he wanted. Palm pilots, cell phones, laptops, Speak and Spell. You name it, he could get inside of it and take or store whatever he wanted.

Jack gave me full access to his computer equipment, his books, and many nights during the long trips that we were taking, I was learning. Slowly. Everything I could. Because for some reason, I felt that one day I would need it.

The books were lined up in numerous compartments and cases in the back of the van. Hundreds of cords, connection cables, chips and circuit boards were arranged parallel to one another in box after box. Jack pretty much knew the manufacturer and year of everything in his van, which was pretty impressive, given the amount of material in the back.

"You can't do anything on a computer that you couldn't do with pen and paper," I said to Jack. We were both waiting in a long line of cars to get on I-75 South. We had just stopped at Burger King to pick up what little we could for dinner and he was finishing up the remainder of his Whopper. "In fact, if I was in charge of keeping all of the UFO information under wraps, I sure as hell wouldn't drop it on to a floppy disk at some centralized location."

"Neither would I. Floppies aren't meant to carry large media files. I'd go for something a bit bigger. Like a database sitting in the middle of a temperature controlled room that was designed in a way that would put the Mission Impossible crew to shame. I think we'll be able to find the files, wherever they may be."

Headlights lit up the snow on the banks of the road. The snow made me feel like an Israelite traveling across the parted Red Sea. "They won't be on computer. It's much easier to control a filing cabinet in a vault with a few machine guns. I'm telling you, if the Air Force has anything, its NOT going to be on a computer down there. It's going to be in a large collection of manilla folders. One copy. No electronic version."

Jack shook his head. "Printed copies don't last. If they have any concept of preservation, they'll take it digital."

"And lose it to a hard drive crash? No. There's no way. It's too possible for the information to leak in digital form. Look at the problems the RIAA has when distributing music. Might as well go back to Vinyl. Much harder to duplicate, and I'm sure that whatever form this library of information has, it's not going to be electronically based."

"Just because something is digital does NOT mean it is easily accessible, or is connected to the internet. An intranet, however, is a different story. If there's really a library of information of all UFO reports which have taken place, a library of video, audio recordings, field reports, thousands of eye witness accounts, they're not going to store this forever in some goddamn box. They're going to digitize it so everything is accessible in one spot and they won't need beta video cassettes and tape recorders that are of a size found in the 50s and 60s and 70s and 80s. No, it's much too difficult for even them to access, so they're going to do it once, scan it in to their own format maybe, encrypt it and store it on disk. In a temperature controlled room." Jack looked up. "With machine guns."

I took a sip of my coke and thumbed through a networking manual focused on the IPX/SPX networking protocol. "So you're saying its more secure on digital."

"Oh, a shit of a lot more. You can't just walk up and make a copy of an encrypted file. Well, I mean you could, but then you'd have to pay for thousands and thousands of machines grid networked to dedicated hundreds and thousands and millions of hours to crack it. There's just one key that will unlock it. And if you don't have that key, getting in to it and deciphering it is a bitch."

"So you're saying we're wasting our time?" I asked.

"No, I'm saying it's a bitch. There's a difference."

"Can you do it? Crack an uncrackable code?"

Jack smiled. "In a few months, you'll be able to do it, too" he said.

"I highly doubt that."

"Why? You believe everything else. Why not this, too?"

I couldn't tell if he was poking fun at me. His beliefs were as just as far-fetched as mine. "I don't believe everything else. I only believe in something if I have a reason to believe it."

"Listen, this is a digital war we're going to fight. You've already proven yourself enough with computers by getting a job as a web designer and learning html and database and what not, and I'm not going to do this alone. Me and you are doing this together and that means you're going to learn. Everything. What good are you to me if you don't?"

The line of cars inched forward and we did as well. We couldn't tell if there was an accident up ahead, or if this was just horrible traffic on a late night. Jack finished his Whopper and started on some grease-soaked fries. It began to snow. Wet snow. The kind that clumps up and starts snow ball fights.

"There's a lot of people better at computers than I am."

"You have your own skills you bring to the table. Use them to get inside. Crack security."

"How? Website are just fucking pages."

"Think about a website. Think about what files they contain. Now, let's say that a company comes to you with a requirement: we need to have all this information accessible to our clients but we don't want it to show up to anyone else. What would you do?"

"Hide it in the website. Maybe behind some form of authentication. I've done it before."

"Is that all you did?" He asked.

I thought about it for awhile. "No, I think I dropped it all in one directory too and made sure there was no links to it on any of my pages."

"What about search engines? Spiders. They crawl over the internet and could find that information on your site with little or no effort."

"not if you create a robots.txt file which lists what directories you don't want the spider to visit."

"A text file, huh? How does the spider know about this file?" Jack asked.

"It visits it. It's named the same on every website. Robots.txt. If you open it up, it will just list the directories that are off limits to spiders." I stopped. Thought about this. "Which isn't all that secure," I said.

"Why not?"

"Well, give me your laptop, I'll show you."

He pointed a case on the floor. I popped it open. Turned it on.

"It has a wireless network card. If there's someone with a wireless network in the area, you'll just suddenly be online. Kind of like a passerby networking computer."

I waited for it to boot up. When it was online, I saw the green light on the D-Link wireless card flicker. I popped open the browser and went to CNN. Typed in <http://www.cnn.com/robots.txt>. And there for the world to see was a gigantic listing of directories which were on the CNN production box and off limits to spiders. I could see hidden development directories, beta and test directories, directories created for individual developers on the production box. "There you have it. Look at this. It's a list of directories off limits to spiders. But if you know about the robots file..."

"They're not so off-limits to you," Jack finished. "And there's your first lesson in cracking security. Sometimes the very things which are created to make us feel more secure are the very things which allow you to break in," He said.

I typed in <http://www.whitehouse.gov/robots.txt> and unbelievably....."Geezus," I said. "What a bad idea."

“So you see,” Jack said, “There’s always a way to break security. Take a military building, for example. They have all these gates set up with armed guards and what not. You know the easiest way to get around it all?”

I started combing through directories hidden on the government’s website. “how?” I asked.

Jack shrugged. “Walk right through. Sometimes, the easiest way to avoid security is to use it. Once you get through those gates, telling whatever lie you have to in order to get in, you’re home free. Go, young warrior. Do whatever you want. See my point?”

“I just found the phone numbers of every single department in the white house,” I said.

“Oh really? See? You’re learning.”

I suppose I was.

It’s good to feel that you’re growing.

The car inched forward.

And it feels good to be moving as well.

Chapter 23. January 20, 2002. Crop Circles are a Great Place to Fuck. Looking for Love.

But the thing about Jack is although he kept insisting that I could learn everything that he knew, and more, and then go out and apply my skills to cracking into something as protected as Fort Knox within a month or so, was not exactly something which I felt was all that plausible. I mean yes, I believe in everything, but not everything. I’m trying to convince myself that Jack’s point about me just going out and believing whatever is useful for me to believe is not the wisest to do. I could walk around and believe I was the fastest talking pair of hamburger buns in the west, and use that skill in order to progress quickly up the executive ranks at Burger King, but that’s just not something you should do, is it?

Believing whatever is useful to me and only what is useful to me. Hmmm.

“You know what I think,” Jack said to me as he slipped out of a sleeping bag in the back of his van. We had pulled over not three hours ago in some rest stop to take a piss and check the I-75 Map and ended up passing out at about 4:15 in the morning after downing a six pack of Killians. So it would have been about 7:30 when he had decided to wake me from my alcohol-induced slumber.

“Yeah,” I said. I wish I could have sounded interested, but given the circumstances and the events of the past couple days, it really didn’t see all that possible. ‘Yeah’ was really the best I could do.

“I think we should go to a diner, or no, maybe some strip joint and promise to get a bouncing blonde some heroin if she comes with us and poses as a girl that was requested by the lieutenant down at Wright Patterson Air Force Base. We can be her bodyguards. They’ll just open up the door and let us in, especially if she has her bra poking through her shirt.”

“That totally won’t work,” I said.

"No, I think it will. As soon as a woman has her bra showing, especially if it's an attractive woman, people have this awe-inspiring inability to think. And that inability can help us slip inside. The base, that is."

"We only have one shot at this. As soon as we go in and try to pose as the bodyguards of a stripper, not only do we have to know the lieutenant, or whoever is the bigwig down there, and they reject us, that's it. We're toast. We will all of the sudden become just the bodyguards of a stripper and they will never let us in again."

"Unless the lieutenant needs servicing often," Jack said. "Then we can slip in, I don't know, maybe once a night. Into the air force base."

I turned my head towards the van door, hoping Jack would get the picture.

"Come on," he said. "The people standing guard at the gate to Wright Patterson will be just barely out of high school, will have these raging hormones that will clog their mind and they'll start drooling at the site of a stripper who has, heaven forbid, her bra showing."

"It won't work."

"And then they'll be saying things like, 'hey honey why don't you come back to my bunker and we can bang like monkeys while sucking on cherries?' No, wait. Even better. They'll give her money, right there, at the gate. Money that we will use to buy her heroin. Tuck it right into a garter belt that she'll be wearing and they'll wink, as if all of the sudden she owes them something. And we'll be inside."

"We'd owe her something if she managed to getting us in the door."

"We wouldn't be the only ones to owe her something. The *entire world* would owe her something. What kind of stripper would turn down a request like that? They're all struggling actresses, right? If she's drugged up, she'll think she's on a movie set, anyway. God," he said, changing tracks, "I wonder what it would be like to fuck a stripper in a crop circle."

I thought about this slight adjustment in the topic and wondered where Jack was going with it. "All that electricity---"

"Yeah, and magnetism. No, the electromagnetivity. Did you ever see those balls that you put your hands on in a science museum and all your hair stands up? Okay, well it would be like fucking someone while holding on to one of those. Holy shit, what a rush. Think about the sensation. "

"And environment. It would be like," I tried to find the words, "like those old Playboy porn movies you can rent from the 70s. Where people are having sex in a corn field."

"Nostalgia," Jack said. He lit up a cigarette which had suddenly appeared in his mouth from God knows where. The smoke started to fill the inside of the van, and for someone in a half-drunken stupor, he looked like he had just bonked a cheerleader." God, do I need to find a chick who would fuck me in the middle of a crop circle."

"We're supposed to save the world first from the scum bags who are abducting me," I reminded him.

"Yes, and slaughtering our young. Fucking shape-shifting lizards."

"You know, one contacted me yesterday about a freemasonry Usenet article that was in my text files. He told me to take it down, that I was breaking all these copyright laws and how he was going to sue my ass if I didn't remove it immediately."

"No shit," Jack said, taking another drag.

"So I did. I took it down and I emailed him back and told him that I would appreciate it if he provided me a way where I could link to the purchasable copy of his material that he supposedly owned the copyright on so that people could still access its contents, even though they would be paying for it."

"And?" Another drag. I watched him. I couldn't help it. I wanted a cigarette. This was such a bad day to try to quit smoking. I had only smoked for a couple days and already I was trying to quit. I thought about how pathetic it was, so I grabbed one of the packs from underneath the driver's seat, unwrapped the plastic and tore a hole in the top and punched one out onto my hand. I lit it up.

"And," I continued, "He turned me down and said the only way that he would THINK about allowing me to do so would be if I was a Masonic website. I mean, it was just an informational piece called an Introduction to Freemasonry, and he wanted it nowhere near my site."

"Because your site is shit," Jack said. "I wouldn't want anything about me or written by me on there, either. But I guess that's too late, isn't it? But the point is," Jack said, "What we need to do is find a hottie."

"Hottie," I repeated.

"Yes. One who is hot."

"At a strip joint?" I asked. "I only have a couple thousand dollars. We don't have enough to both pay a stripper to break us in to Wright Patterson and then also live on until we free the ties that bind us to a reality which is non-existent."

"Poetic. Listen, you're not *that* ugly," Jack said. "You wouldn't need two thousand dollars to lure her in like a fish on a pole."

"Why are you thinking about women all of the sudden?" I asked.

Jack turned. Glared at me. "You're not gayare you?"

"No, I'm not gay. But that's not why we're here."

He inhaled. Smoke drifted up towards the metal ceiling. I wondered if the computer parts stashed around us had progressed to the point where the ventilation systems built in to them prevented globules from building up on the surface of hard drives. I wondered how much data we were erasing. He exhaled, filling the van up even more. I wanted to crack the window. "I still believe we would have much better chances if we had some female companionship with us. We wouldn't be so, I don't know. Pathetic. Besides, a woman would add some amazing skills."

"I never knew that breasts were a skill," I said. I watched tobacco remains fall on the carpet in front of my hand between my fingers. I watched a red flame smolder. I wondered how many suns or planets were inside of those particles.

I thought about what I said about breasts. I felt kind of wrong for saying it.

"It should be easy," Jack said. "This is Ohio, for God's sake. And do you know what's wrong with Ohio? It's Ohio. That is the very thought on every woman's mind that lives here."

“Okay, but I don’t want to find her in a strip joint. I want her to believe in what we’re doing.”

Jack coughed. “Believe in what we’re doing. Yeah. I like that. She has to want to shit on the faces of all shape-changing lizards. But where would we be able to find someone interested in doing that with us, as opposed to someone who just wants heroin?”

I smiled. “I know where we can at least try.”

25. January 20th, 2002. Jack Loses It.

Although Jack believed in shape-changing lizards, I now know that he hates the idea of ghosts, floating orbs, ectoplasm, or demons that torture religious believers who can’t leave the house without a rosary wrapped around their hand. When I suggested visiting the Ohio Paranormal Society who had recently sent me an invitation to their ghost-hunting adventure, Jack wasn’t exactly thrilled and felt that we were somehow crossing the lines between the acceptable and the downright absurd. I tried to tell him that there were no cliques within the paranormal community and that the ghost hunters could quite easily co-exist on the same plane as conspiracy theorists. But I was about to discover just how much he didn’t share those beliefs.

It was snowing again.

“You don’t understand,” He said, as we were driving towards Toledo.

“Relax. Take a right at this corner.”

“I don’t feel comfortable with ghost hunters.”

“That’s a red light. Slow the fuck down.”

“They’re too unpredictable,” He said.

“Oh, and a stripper on heroin is?” I asked. “Geezus, slow down. Those shiny patches on the road? That’s what I like to call ice.”

Jack was swerving somewhat and I had a death grip on the door. I now knew that he occasionally went through unpredictable spurts of suicide. “What, that patch right there?” He swerved and aimed his tired right for it and I felt the van jolt to the left.

“Dude, if you’re going to kill the both of us, I prefer a machine gun as opposed to a railing on the side of an expressway. Think, Jack, machine guns are much more traumatic. No one’s going to become a martyr by wrapping themselves around an aluminum pole just off of an I-75 exit.”

He looked like he was thinking about it and I could feel him easing off the gas. He sighed, as if beaten. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. I have this aggression inside of me and I don’t know what it’s from. Kind of self-destructive.”

“Kind of?”

We slowed down and stopped at the next red light this time instead of just passing right through it. “You know something,” He said to me. “You shouldn’t be all that worried, anyway.”

That kind of through me off. “About death? Why not?” I watched a lady wrapped in about 17 scarves walk by on the sidewalk next to us while we were

waiting for the light to turn green. She looked like something out of Leave It To Beaver, but she had a jacket that had Korn written on the back, which destroyed the whole cookie-baking mother illusion.

“Think about it. Why be afraid of something natural? Painless? Besides, if you’re concerned about your own life, you might not be so willing to do something that you must do. Protecting your own life could get me into problems and prevent us from completing our objective.”

We turned once again and headed towards what looked to be a bunch of towering three-dimensional spreadsheets which could only have been the coming out of downtown Toledo. Kind of ironic, you know. The whole boxed in feeling made perfect sense. The whole under appreciation that people felt while at work. They worked in gigantic buildings shaped like a Microsoft product, they work in boxed in cubicles, and wrote values within boxed in cells and handed it to others who were also stationed in boxes. The whole boxyness bothered me just by staring at the skyline . Microsoft kind of had the right idea by marketing entertainment as the escape from the Box. The Xbox, which is unexplainably also shaped like a box. Probably because the design of it came from someone sitting inside of one.

“You listening to me?” Jack asked.

“Yeah. Listening. Just confused about the directions. I think The Society is stationed more in the suburbs of Toledo as opposed to downtown.”

He jerked the steering wheel to the left and I felt the van jerk once again and I wondered if we really were heading into the ditch this time. “You can’t be afraid of death anymore. Let it go.”

“I’d prefer if you stayed on the road.”

“Why?” He pressed his foot to the gas.

“Come on. Let off.”

“The afterlife is a pipe dream.” Another ice patch. Closer to edge of the road.

“Okay fine, I accept it. Whatever it is I’m supposed to accept, I accept it.”

He eased off once again. Jesus, what was his problem today? Maybe last night’s beer. We came to another red light, but instead of stopping, he gunned it through the intersection. Cars blared their horns, spun away from the van, but he kept going, talking to me as if it was nothing.

“You have to be comfortable, you know. Comfortable with dying, because if you’re not afraid of death, people can’t do a whole hell of a lot from stopping you from trying to do the unthinkable.” He jammed on his brake and spun his wheel and aimed the car towards a pothole. I felt the van bottom out.

“What’s gotten into you?” My fingers were pale. I wanted to go back home, forget about this whole escapade. In a matter of minutes my opinion of Jack had completely changed.

“I need to trust you. I need to know that you’re not afraid of death. Why should you be? There’s no hell, there’s no afterlife. There’s just a calm, gentle breeze that comes and you feel it brush against your cheek and it’s over. No punishment for anything you did during life. No sins. And all those people who sit around with the electromagnetic spectrometers or what not and sit there and go,

'hello? Hello? Is anybody there? Talk to me. Has someone hurt you in life? Please talk in complete sentences into this tape recorder.' They say this in the middle of a house that they consider haunted, well that's bullshit. You have to know this, Jeff. You have to know it or I can't do this with you. I have to know now that you're not afraid of it."

"What do you want me to do? Huh? What do you want me to do? Jump out of the fucking car window and say, whoopee! Death! Whoopee!" I was raising my voice now, my vision focusing on the road in front of us and then shifting back towards Jack who was lazily gripping the wheel.

"I want you to not be afraid."

"Goddammit," I said. "You're totally fucked. I should have never gotten in the van or agreed to this. Let's just go home."

He slammed on the gas, hard, throwing my head against the back of the seat. He spun down a side street, nearly clipping a fire hydrant, the bottom tires of the van skating along the ice. He brushed against a Chevy sitting content in front of a snow covered colonial home.

"Ghost hunting is a waste of time," Jack said. "It's distracting. Distracting from your intent and purpose of breaking in to these governmental sites and stealing whatever information they have. There is not two lives, goddammit. There is only this one." He glanced at me, his eyes aflame. "We only have one chance to make this all work."

"So that's what this is about? You just don't like the idea of life after death, and me visiting a fucking paranormal society automatically turns me into an arch-villain with you?"

I didn't want to be here, I thought to myself. Just when you think you know someone or have worked up to some level of trust and they suddenly do a 180 to show you that you're nothing but a piece of cattle to them....I wasn't happy.

Jack scraped up against the side of a blue Focus while turning another corner, his wheels screeching as he sped through the back streets. He had already done at least three thousand dollars in damage to the cars in the past two miles. "Let it go, buddy. Forget about death. Forget about everything. Just sit back and relax and take whatever life hands your way. I'll tell you what, I'm going to stop this car. You have ten seconds to just get out and walk away. If you do, fine, we're done for and you can take a train back home and find another web job somewhere and maybe still enjoy thanksgiving every year and forget about everything. Or, you can stay in the fucking van and I can drive however the hell I want to and possibly kill each other, and we can do this thing."

Slam! The car jerked to a halt. Smoke from the tires. The noise, the attention from the houses. I glanced around and saw a few people peaking out of a number of windows.

I waited.

I wondered if he was counting. \

"Just like that, huh?" I asked.

"You're choice. You've got a few more seconds."

I waited. I heard someone yelling, fuck you I'm calling the fucking cops, somewhere on the street. Something hit the side of the van. I think it was a shoe.

People were coming out of their houses. I knew that if I jumped out of the van and the van sped off, I could probably get away with the belief that I was hijacked by a psycho or something.

I'd like to say there was some heroic thing inside of me which forced me to stay, something inside, an adventurous spirit perhaps, which kept me in the van. But I can't. You see, sometimes indecision is decision enough.

Jack pressed his foot on the gas and kept going.

"Nice," He said. "You're my kind of guy. Now let's go get some lunch before we head down to the air force base. How about the Crazy Horse?"

Oh, the implications of that statement. "Yeah," I said. "The Crazy Horse."

I have no ability to predict Jack anymore. And as soon as we pick up this stripper, I'll have no way to predict her, either.

Tell me I did the right thing.

26. At the Crazy Horse with a Long Island. The Silver Lady's Like My Mother. The Return of the Suited Men.

The Crazy Horse. Not exactly the most respectable place to find yourself. Not the worst place, either, I suppose. The whole exterior of the building was painted gold. Large letters hung above the entranceway, declaring that on all places on earth, this was the place you wanted to be most. Comparable to Eden. Or perhaps heaven after some terrorist died--however, I doubted the women inside were virgins. Staring at the front of the building gave me that creepy feeling, like this was pervert territory and I just so happened to wander in, suddenly making myself a pervert as well. I couldn't look up or down. I just kept my eyes peeled to Jack's back as he led me in like Alice in Wonderland deep into the beating heart of the strip joint.

"ID's," someone said before we pushed through the second set of swinging doors. I looked over and saw a Mexican guy that had grass stains all over his legs with tiny slits for eyes holding out his hand. He looked like something out of Wonka's Chocolate Factory.

I really didn't want him to touch my ID. I kind of reached into my pocket and felt around but was wholeheartedly unable to truly give it my full attention. Jack had already whipped out his and was showing it to the Mexican. "Nice, huh?" Jack said, then tucked it back in his pocket. "Jeff, the man here wants to see your ID. Are you going to show it to him or are we just going to stand here and get a tan from these absolutely brilliant ultra violet lights?"

Jack put on a pair of sunglasses. It was nice to know that he had a pair for himself and not for me. He slipped in through the doors, apparently already finding a nice table for himself to enjoy the show.

I pulled out my wallet, held it in my hand and showed it to the Mexican. He tried grabbing it but I yanked it back towards me and tucked it back in my pocket and started walking through after Jack.

"Hey, amigo," The Mexican said.

I turned.

"You're not old enough," he said.

I stopped, holding the door with my hand. "What? I was born in 1976. Do the math."

"Ten dollars," The Mexican said, grinning. "Cover charge."

"You charging me and not the guy that just walked through?"

"I know him. I don't know you."

I think he knew I was uncomfortable and was just toying with me. He knows Jack? Bullshit. I ignored him and kept walking, letting the doors close behind me.

It took a minute for my eyes to adjust. The dance floor stage in front of me was bathed in a pink light. Techno music blared from hidden speakers. Smoke drifted towards the ceiling. Men in suits scattered themselves around the front of the stage, drinking God knows how many different types of beers and liquors.

Nobody was on the stage yet so I figured maybe the place was currently experiencing an intermission or something.

I was hoping that Jack was sitting somewhere near the back of the joint, but he wasn't. I found him sitting at the front of the stage, ordering drinks for himself from some topless waiter named Floe.

"You want something?" He asked.

I needed a drink. I really did. But I didn't feel that it would be too wise to spend the next hour or so half-drunk in the middle of a city I've never been to before, trying to pick up a stripper to help us break in to a governmental facility. I said to hell with it and ordered one anyway. Long Island Iced Tea. I asked Jack for a cigarette. He handed me a pack.

"You bring a lighter?" He asked.

"No."

"Amateur. You need a lighter." He pulled another one out of his other pocket and handed it to me.

"What for?"

"Because every woman who comes in here alone smokes." He winked.

"Why would a woman come in here, anyway?" I asked.

"To make some money off of two squeaky clean lonely guys," He said, brushed back his hair with a comb. "Working girls know who their victims are. Play the victim, and we'll walk out of here in no time. Straighten your shirt."

I straightened my t-shirt.

"You should have worn something nicer," He said.

"Oh, sure, yeah. Let me go back to our VAN and dig through the plastic bag of laundry to find something. I'll just be a minute, dear." I glared at him. A few people sitting at the bar glanced over at the two of us.

"Just remember. We're farmer boys, down from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, got it? Just coming in to a bar to have a drink is all. Oh, this is a strip joint? That's your attitude."

I rolled my eyes. Who wouldn't be able to see through that one? "How long is this going to take?" I asked.

"Who knows? Enjoy the show. Have some drinks. The right working girl's gonna come along and make our day," He said.

I already forgot why we were doing this. "I still don't see anything wrong by enlisting the help from someone in the Ohio Paranormal Society," I said.

"We already discussed that," Jack said. "Strippers, hookers, people coked out of their mind...they'll do anything and they'll do it for pennies. And they'll do it with no questions asked. There's billions of reasons." He lit up a Camel. I lit up one too.

Some rustling sounds from behind the curtain of the stage. Seeing the movement made me feel pretty nervous. I didn't really want to see anyone walk out. I just wanted to sit at the table like you would at any other bar and just have a drink and not have to deal with the distraction of a nude woman who could very well be coked up herself and filled with hundreds of thousands of diseases.

The doors to the bar swung open again and we both turned. It wasn't a woman. We spun back around on her seats. A few moments later the waitress came by and gave me the screwdriver and asked for six bucks. I handed her a ten. She walked away without giving me my change. Figured.

A fat man sat in the corner near the kitchen, guarding the backstage door and smoking a cigar and wearing a cowboy hat and a full black beard. He looked like something out of the ZZTop band from the 80s. He must have been the bouncer or a Harley Davidson groupie.

On the other side of the bar sat a few college kids each with a pack of cigarettes rolled up in their sleeve. I wondered if they all collected Happy Days Episodes as well. They all sat perched in their booth, anticipating whatever the hell was supposed to step out from behind the curtains.

Surprisingly the waitress came back and handed me my change. "Thanks," I said to her. She smiled back.

"You want to have some fun, baby?" Jack said. He was peeking over my shoulder. He pulled the edge of his sunglasses down his nose and looked at her breasts.

Her smile vanished. She took a final glance at me and walked off.

"So that's what you call class, huh? Geezus Jack, we'll be here for at least another decade. Someone would have to be drunk and on E to find that sexy."

"Nah," Jack said. "She was a hard ass. Anyone with any brains knows the difference between sarcasm and realism," He said. "It's called acting."

The music suddenly switched off and was replaced by something that sounded like Enya on crack. The curtains onstage opened up and a slim woman with a black mask on, a silver bra, silver panties, and silver high heels made her way towards a pole. She walked pretty gracefully with total confidence—or boredom. Sometimes its hard to tell the difference between the two.

"Nice," Jack said, taking a drag on his cigarette and pushing his dark glasses back of the brim of his nose.

"So you've been here before," I said to Jack. I took a sip of my drink. There is so much fucking alcohol in a Long Island. I felt as if it was going straight to my head.

"Never," Jack said.

"The doorman says he knows you," I said.

"He doesn't."

I sucked on an ice cube. The silver panty stripper was wrapping her legs around the pole and leaning back, showcasing the hair on her head, even though that's not what anyone really wanted to see.

"Ever been to Toledo?" I asked.

"No," He said.

"How'd you know where this place was?"

Jack looked at me through his sunglasses. I doubt he could see anything through the thick blackness. "I followed the signs."

"I didn't see any signs," I said.

"Come on, we're here to pick up someone," He said.

The doors to the club opened up again. We both turned. Another guy who never gets any walked through and the doors closed behind him. No woman. No hooker. No nothing.

I turned back towards the stage, watching the silver lady licking the pole, eyes half shut, sleepy looking. Every time she swung herself around the pole, everyone looked up from their drinks to check out that gorgeously sculpted ass.

She swung around. Then again. It was making me dizzy.

I took another sip of my drink, suddenly beginning to lose myself in the whole performance. I can't say that I was attracted to her—I was just taken in by her, as if she was trying to say something to me and just me. The next time around the pole, her eyes suddenly locked onto mine. It could have just been my imagination, but I could have sworn that she was staring. Or she knew me.

The drink was making me feel more and more comfortable. I was getting sucked in, I know it, almost as if I was in an alternative state, as if halfway between being awake and being asleep. Experiencing a dream world—albeit possibly hormonally based.

I couldn't hear anyone in the bar anymore, as I watched her spin, now leaning backwards towards me, showing the room her perfectly sculpted cleavage. No, I take that back. She wasn't showing it to the room. She was showing it to me, and only me. And she was whispering to me.

I know who you are, I heard her say. Didn't she?

I felt as if I couldn't move anymore, as if something inside was forcing me to watch. She slipped around the pole again, now facing me. It felt almost as if the air was suddenly tuned to a different reality and I was now hearing only her voice while everyone else was fading away, including Jack.

I know what you're looking for. Again, I could have sworn the words were actually spoken. But they weren't. They were communicated between the two of us.

Everything was in slow motion. I believed I was experiencing the first bout of sleep-paralysis that occurred outside of the bedroom. My arms couldn't move even if I tried. My legs were numb once again. I felt a weight on my chest and it

was difficult keeping my eyes open. I wondered if there was anything else inside of the Long Island that I didn't know about.

What am I looking for? I asked.

The answers.

To which questions?

More spinning. I wondered if this is what would happen if the Crazy Horse was suddenly sucked into a black hole. The closer the bar got to the center, the slower everything became until motion was undetectable.

I felt my eyes close. I couldn't see her anymore. I could feel her, though, communicating.

Who are you?

The question is, who are you? I felt her say.

Jeff Behnke.

Yes, but do you know who you really are?

I was never adopted. I know my own mother.

Of course you were adopted. Everyone is.

I was adopted?

Yes.

hen who was my mother?

Someone like me.

Then who or what are you?

A breeder.

The world slowly came back into focus and I opened my eyes and I could see her again, this time crawling across the stage floor, nude, back towards the curtains. She was disappearing. The show was over.

I looked down at my drink. It was still mostly full.

"I have to go meet her," I said.

"Meet her? Come on. Not her. Someone else."

I ignored him and got up from my bar stool.

"Where you going?" He asked.

I slid towards the door near the stage where the Harley Davidson man had been sitting. His chair was empty. The door he was protecting wasn't so protected. I heard Jack say something else behind me.

I kept walking, looking for the dressing room. I heard someone behind me stopping Jack from following. He was saying something. They kept telling him to sit the fuck back down.

I didn't know where I was going. The hallway leading towards the dressing rooms were dark. I saw an Exit sign hanging from the ceiling at one point, but little else. I felt along the walls, hoping to find a knob, a handle. I did. I pushed through. And there she was, as if waiting for me, slipping into the clothes that she had slipped out of before appearing on stage just a few minutes ago.

She still had her mask on. I couldn't see much of her eyes. I guess that's how she wanted it.

"You heard me," she said, snapping on her bra. "A breeder."

A mind reader too.

"And you can tell your friend to forget about asking me to break into Wright Patterson for the two of you. There's a much simpler way."

"There is?" I asked. "How?"

She laughed. "Walk right in. It's partially a museum, you know. Open to the general public. Why break in to a house when the door's already open?" She smiled at me. A warm smile.

"Why the mask?" I asked. "Do all breeders wear masks?"

"Why the clothes? Do all people who sleep in vans wear clothes?"

Another dancer in a tight pair of Levis and t-shirt passed by the two of us and found a mirror. She set her bag on the floor and began changing, slipping off her socks.

"Come back with you where?" I asked.

"Come back with me to find the answers."

There was some rustling going on in the hallway that I had just walked through. It sounded like someone was coming down towards us. Maybe the bouncer.

"I..." I began, and felt the need to be somewhere else other than at the bar. I started to feel as if I wasn't alone, or if I wasn't safe. "Go where?"

She sighed. "We have to find the answers. Just like you. There isn't much time."

"Answers to what?"

Yes, someone was distinctly coming down the hall, maybe more than one.

She stood up and slipped on her pants. "All you have to do is say yes," she said. "Or you could just stay here. They're coming for you."

"Who?"

"Bad men. Very bad men."

"Who are they?"

"They won't help you find the answers. They want those answers to just," she snapped her fingers, "go away."

She sighed, slipped her purse over her shoulder and took off her mask. Now I saw why she had it on. Her face was beautiful, but her eyes--I had never seen a woman with eyes quite like hers. They were larger than normal, the pupils shaped almost like a cat.

"You're..." I began. I gazed deep into her eyes and saw something, so close... The answers. "Not human. Are you?"

Suddenly the door behind me burst open. Two men, then three. Then four. All of them. In suits. Sunglasses. One was gripping Jack.

"Mr. Behnke," one of them said. "You broke your contract. You're coming with us."

"Fuck you," The woman with cat eyes hissed to the four men.

One pulled out a gun and took a shot at her. I cringed. Blinked. One second she was there, the next, gone.

The other three took out their guns and pointed towards the ceiling. I glanced up. She was up there, mouth gaping, threatening, hanging on to nothing, but somehow suspended. Bam! Bam! I can't make gunshot noises with text very well but you get the idea. She scrambled over our heads, down the hall, leaped through the back door, past the Harley Davidson man and out of sight. Two of the suits ran after her. The other two held on to me and Jack.

We looked at each other. "Temporary setback," Jack said.

I wonder how long "temporary" is going to be.

We're in our van right now. They emptied the gas and rigged it up to a tow truck, locked us inside, and sealed all the doors.

I don't know where they're taking us but it's one hell of a long drive.

27. January 22, 2002. Email from John Stockworthy. The End Of the Big Lie and the Beginning of Truth!

To: Jeff@paranormalnews.com

From: John67@hotmail.com

CC:

Title: The End Of the Big Lie and the Beginning of Truth!

Love the website, love what your trying to do and I hope to God that you're successful. I mean, single-handedly trying to accomplish what no "investigator" has done in the past 50 years is really impressive, ballsy, and pretty fucking nuts. Breaking in to Wright Patterson and stealing their UFO information? I mean, come on. What better plan could there possibly be? I mean, we could sit around for the next one thousand years combing through leaked documents in hopes that we will be able to discern references to black budget programs which MIGHT possibly have something to do with aliens, ufos, or extra-terrestrial technology...or we could just pretty much break in and fucking take the alien bodies from them. Sweet.

One thing you should know though is that if you do in fact break in to one of these centers and steal their information, you better record the whole thing in some way because people aren't going to take your word for it. If I have learned anything from the hundreds of books I've read on the subject, I know that no one believes anything overtime. When new things come out, there's thousands of people that are hoping it resolves to something, such as the crop circle last summer which appeared next to a satellite dish which gave all types of information about alien anatomy. God, that was so exciting, but now that the excitement has totally worn off, there's nothing left. It's like all of the sudden the entire UFO community was given some head, and then its over and they realized it was an empty relationship. That crop circle was fantastic, no one has ever claimed responsibility. And that's it! Remember? There's even a link to it on your website....<http://www.paranomalnews.com/article.asp?articleId=192>

And then how about the proof that there were glass tubes on the surface of Mars? Another massive story and everyone just went nuts about it once again, saying that it is proof we are not alone and what not...then someone comes along and says, no guys, that's just a bunch of sand dunes. The excitement fades, and once again the entire UFO community is left in the same state it was in originally. So you better, and I mean BETTER, one up them all and really give the UFO community something to sink their teeth into, because people like me are sitting out here, foaming at the mouths just waiting helplessly—albeit safely—in our homes, waiting for someone else to do the research and the investigations. I think you're doing better than both researchers and investigators combined. Think of yourself as Christopher Columbus. Instead of the Royalty of Spain and England and what not talking about the fortune to gain by making the trek across the Atlantic ocean, you're actually GOING across the Atlantic Ocean to see for yourself. And that, my friend, is something to be absolutely 100% completely proud of. You two are both going through something which will define your entire life and will define my life as well if you're successful. Don't give up. Keep the faith. Carry the banner for all of those who believe in the paranormal!

Godspeed,
John Stockworthy

28. January 22, 2002. Email from Heebee69@yahoo.com. The Freemasons Control Everything, Even You. Join Them Now.

[Note: the originating E-mail address does not exist. I thus have had no way to respond.]

To: Jeff@paranormalnews.com

From: heebee69@yahoo.com

CC:

Title: The Freemasons Control Everything, Even You. Join Them Now.

Jeff,

Because of my own involvement with events that you are currently embarking upon, I am compelled to write to you to explain what is truly occurring to you and why you must not listen to Jack, the preacher, or whomever else you may so happen to run across during your cross-country trek to find the truth. You see, I was once like you, young, ambitious, and overwhelmed by the evidence which led me to believe in an alternate reality happening beneath countless people's noses. You have to understand, Jeff, that the struggles your are having to find the truth is continually elusive but ultimately obtainable. Gathering up the facts is most often like gathering up water using only your hand. It is so easy for the truth to slip through your fingertips when too much truth is thrown your way. You don't

know what to hold on to and ultimately you lose the bulk of the facts and it gets mixed up in half lies.

You see, I've spent my entire life believing that the ultimate adventure should be undertaken in the quest for truth. Believing everything and believing nothing. I was in World War II. Vietnam. I've been to hell and back. I've lived as a bum, argued cases before the Supreme Court, owned my own Venture Capital firm, and have owned a large amount of stock in some of the most well known companies such as Black & Decker, Disney, Microsoft. You name it, I've owned at least a portion of it. And I have not done it for money, have never done it for money. I've only done to meet people who know. Do you understand what I'm saying?

People know the truth. Everyone who has ever been born has owned a small piece of that truth. Some people you meet, however, own more of the truth than others. Some people actually create the truth that others own. And those people are the ones who I have sought out over the years. Your friend considers them to be shape-changing lizards. I would have chuckled at this years ago, but the maze of reality is almost impossible to weave through successfully without running across the unexplainable, or in the case of your website, the paranormal. So your friends beliefs are not so farfetched to me as I might have once thought. But, you have to realize the distinction: he is wrong, and will cause you countless troubles later in life.

Let me offer an analogy. If you see a long line of people parading towards you with machine guns as I have seen during combat, standing up and fighting as a martyr will never give you what you seek. You may want martyrdom but ultimately obtain nothing more than a bullet in the head, forever forgotten. How can you win? It is simple. It's impossible to win. So instead of fighting, do the opposite: JOIN THEM. Only through joining them will you obtain the escape from the danger associated with countless lies and propaganda. You will then be on the inside, looking out. You will have the freedom which is grasped through safety, and in the same breath, you will be able to hold the answers to the mysteries over which the rest of the world marvels.

Case in point: How do you really expect to crack the mysteries of reality by breaking in to government facilities and sharing what you find? It will not happen. Even if you were successful at, say, finding the Ark of the Covenant in some air force hangar, when you get out, would people believe you? The people with whom I have had associations with have countless ways to discredit you in a heartbeat. Not only will they destroy the integrity of your name, they would destroy the integrity of your family as well and toss your effort to be ravaged by wild and diseased rats in the alleyways of New York City.

There is too much current which will flow against you, and by viewing some of the run-ins you have had with the so called "Men In Black" it will not get any

easier. It will only be a constant pain in your side. You will spend your life chasing shadows, sleeping on abandoned rusty iceboxes, and wishing your mother never gave birth to you.

Reality itself is planned, young man. Planned by the elite, and all of them want in on the action. If you don't believe me, just think about it: those in power decide in which direction a large corporation will sway. And whether you like to admit it or not, their decisions affect you—th~~at~~, their decisions can be said to affect reality. Expanding this to politics, if all of the sudden the president decided to turn over certain functions of the government over to corporate bodies, that decision affects you as well. Thus, there are thousands of people vying for these positions. The ones with the most expansive planning abilities are the ones who are able to penetrate the inner sanctum, all controlled by the ultimate planners. The Power Elite. And yes, they could very easily plan to do things such as concoct an immense lie such as the Roswell Crash, or they could very easily cover up all UFO evidence, which also would be an immense lie. Which have they done? The only way in to this world of smoke and mirrors—or out—is to join.

You cannot fight them. If you pose a threat to them, they will find your Achilles' heel and dig at your scabs until you bend to their will. If you want to know the truth, you need to make friends---not enemies—with those who are doing the planning. If you do not like what you see, you must change it, and the only way to change it is to do planning of your own. The downside of all of this is that you will have joined forces with the enemy which you so desperately desire to destroy. Life is funny like that, isn't it? Becoming what you hate. But I am telling you through experience that becoming what you hate now is the easiest way to overcome the lies that are forever present. Lies that you keep you up at night, that force you to embark upon absurd adventures with strangers you have never met who would kill you in a heartbeat.

All of this stems from a simple argument. You have spent your entire life raised by a mother who has pounded into your head morality handed to you by a God you have never seen. Ethics are handed to you on a platter made of gold and promised Heaven if you follow the laws. If you have any arguments with these moral laws, you are told that God is the father and his wisdom extends far beyond your comprehension.

But then a funny thing occurs. You are told that Thou Shall Not Kill, yet in the next breath, this father tells you to kill your brother because he does not listen to the words spoken by the Father. And you are damned—yes, damned! For loving your brother. You are forced to kill your brother to obtain eternal happiness. Why? Because god says so.

Think of the pain and the agony caused by countless wars, all centered on interpretation of the word of this invisible Father. All centered around how to obtain eternal happiness. Everyone is disagreeing, fighting, and hating each

other. For what! We all kill and maim millions in the name of religion. All based on the interpretation on a morality handed to us.

If you do not listen to God, you are considered evil, a follower of Satan. Your actions reflect your allegiance. But all Satan truly tried to do was stick up for man and tell him not to listen to this God who wants nothing more than to destroy mankind. The proof? Look at history! That is war in itself. All over eternal life. All over moral standards. Disagreements in interpretation. Gung-ho crusaders hell-bent on conversion. The irony. The diverse spirituality of man—all of which contained a small kernel of the truth—all of it destroyed! And it is THIS irony that most people overlook—that the spirituality of Christianity has done the greatest disservice to the most people. Wiped away all voices but their own and as a consequence, handed mankind not intelligence and wisdom, but insanity. People who have no concept of reality can't see past their own point of view. The destruction of all points of view but your own places yourself in approximately the same state as these helpless souls who drooling on street corners and pissing their pants.

Yet there is a voice lingering deep in the back hallways of governmental boardrooms, secret hideaways, and more specifically, Grand Lodges. The rich, the powerful, they see a way out of the darkness created by Christianity. And it is these VERY people your friend wants to destroy that ultimately hold the truth. The key. Solomon's Key. To all of the answers that you want for yourself. By seeking the destruction of the freemasons, of their reality, you will destroy the final opposition, the opposing point of view which would leave mankind in an ever-increasing spiral of mental degradation. Is this what you truly want?

These elite will not let this happen. Your opposition to the preacher is promising to me. It shows me that you have seen the true lie...but your actions are faulty. Get out of the company of Jack. Flee your worthless pursuit of uncovering proof of life in the universe by attempting to uncover the lie, and join the Lodge. Join the Freemasons. Only then will what you have uncovered about George Washington and Baphomet make any sense to you. They have the answers!

I sincerely hope you listen. Face the Rising Sun in the East and see what you've been missing!

Cordially,
Your Good Friend

29. May 16th, 2002 Journal Entry. The State Of Planet. Dulce New Mexico's Underground Facility of Missing Persons.

Wow, I know I've been gone for months and haven't written a goddamn thing. I've been given access to my laptop after I begged and explained to the

suits that if they would just let me the fuck go for awhile and allow me to write some of the shit down that they've put me through before they "deport" me, I may be able to further their cause of intimidation and people will think twice before they go spouting off about their belief in life in the universe. I don't exactly know what is going to be the result of my deportation, or where they are going to deport me to, for that matter. Maybe deporting someone means something to them which is different to what I think it means, because this place is not like a bus station. I don't know where the people who are leaving are actually going. There's just this room! And people who are being deported walk into it and none of us see them anymore.

When me and Jack were being escorted out here it took at least two days of driving. Well, we didn't drive—the suits did. We were pin holed up in the back with a gun pointed at us the whole time. At one stage the snow disappeared, and we whipped by hundreds of farms. We even passed a field where we saw at least twenty cows lying around, mutilated. Then the colder weather turned into spring weather, and after some point, the spring weather turned into desert land. I could see cactuses and rocks and dead animals lining the road. Then van stopped a few times for a refill on gas, and the last stop was the front entrance to what looked like a mountain.

God, this place is a nightmare. The only thing that I can compare it to is an underground concentration camp, run by INS immigration agents who want nothing more than to protect their country from scum who live elsewhere. Some guy in army fatigues and a machine gun waved the van in after seeing the suits in front. We drove forward about a mile. Every few hundred feet or so was a video camera hanging up in some skeleton of a tree. The dust blew in sheets across the road. If we ever get out we'd have one hell of a time leaving the base itself—if this place is a legitimate base.

We didn't know what to expect. The gun pointed at us didn't really frighten us much anymore and we spent more time in silence, staring out the front window behind the drivers just hoping to see something, anything, that would cause us to feel that all of this was worthwhile. Because even if the both of us never got out, we both knew that if we were to see something ourselves which legitimately proved in life outside of this shithole of a planet called earth that we would be able to die in peace. If we are the most intelligent creatures in the expansive land known as reality, I pity the universe.

I spent a lot of time thinking on our way down here as well. Time to really consider humanity and life itself. You get a different perspective with a gun pointed at your head, too. All those things which seem to matter, like getting a raise at work, becoming a popular individual in your community, increasing your wealth, raising your children, retiring young—all that stuff that people spend most of their waking day thinking about—suddenly doesn't mean anything anymore. Your life is just at the end of this rope, and having a five year plan is the furthest thing from your mind. Seeing the barrel of a gun for hours at an end, wondering when its going to go off, it totally clears the slate. I almost think that it should be a religion. You walk in the doors to the church, and some preacher comes out from behind a curtain and puts a gun to your head. Purification occurs. Your sins

suddenly don't seem so drastic. I think some preacher one day should pull out a gun in front of their congregation and starting aiming it at every single member. They'd be so fucking pissed and probably fire the guy, but Jesus—there's so many ways you could use it to teach people about the overall insignificance of their time on Earth.

Earth. What a shithole, too. When I die I hope the energy which is inside of me finds its way into a life form which is a little more responsible. Maybe I should have attacked the fucking suits in the van so I could have at least moved on by now.

We don't understand the bigger picture, you know. That's what I've learned since I've been here, and I assume that's why the suits really don't want us to grow in any of our own understanding. They fear that we will learn too much about the real universe and suddenly try to conquer it with our bombs and our drugs and our money and our industry. They've explained this to me and I really do understand, you know. I understand why we shouldn't know about what's really going on up there.

I can't begin to describe the spiritual significance—the feeling—of the sun itself disappearing behind us as we made our way inside of the mountain. And the suits didn't even flick on their headlights, as if they were trolls or something and could see in the dark, as if the van itself was on a rollercoaster track and they were merely sitting as passengers. Every now and then we would see a light bulb above us. They couldn't have been more than 60 watts a piece and no closer together than 1000 feet. They just gave us this extremely pale orangish glow at odd intervals that did more to ruin your resolve of escape than light the way. The further into the cave we went, the more I was able to admit to myself that my life was over.

The van stopped at one stage, and the cave's darkness suddenly opened up electronically to reveal the light of a gigantic warehouse. Flood lights came on, lighting up the hood of the van and temporarily blinding us. When our eyes adjusted and the van inched forward, we saw thousands of crates that were stacked up fifty feet on each side. Not a human in sight. No one. Just box after box after box, with us driving down a path cut through the center. All of the crates nailed shut. Lettering on the side. I couldn't read it from my position, but I thought it said "NJ11" or "NJ12" or something along those lines.

The warehouse must have gone on for at least a half mile and ended when we reached the other carved mountain wall. Six or seven tunnels were open in front of us, some sloping downward, others upward, others straight, and we took the tunnel which went deeper. It was the path which disturbed me the most, since I could see coming towards it a line of cages along one of its walls.

We continued driving along until both sides of the walls were filled with cages. I suppose the most frightening thing about it all was that it wasn't like monkeys were inside of them. One of the suits rolled down their window and slowed down a bit more, coming to a stop next to one of them, I'm guessing for us to get a close look. What looked like a professor from a university in a clothes that could have come right out of the 80s sat crunched up near the bars. I wondered how long he had been there. One of the suits turned around to the two

of us and smiled. “Jeff, meet your sixth grade teacher. He’s been missing for about 12 years.”

No, couldn’t be.

I remembered reading about it. I did. I looked at the man again. God....

We drove on.

This was intimidation at its finest. The long hallway, the warehouse, the cages—all of it was designed to suck the life out of anyone getting sent down here for some evil which they had supposedly performed in their life which caused a setback to the suits cause. Locked up—for what? For believing in life in the universe? I was one of them too. I wondered if my picture would ever be found in some post office missing persons book. Knowing my mom, I wouldn’t put it past her. It would probably be in there already.

We pulled around another corner and stopped the van in what looked to be an underground parking lot. Other cars lined up next to ours, all different brands and colors and years. Three black Lincoln Continentals that I had originally seen during my stay in the apartment over in Rochester was there as well. I guessed that the suits used whatever vehicle required for the job down here. And now they would have an addition—Jack’s Econoline van.

The engine shut off and me and Jack sat there in complete silence, not really keen on moving, not sure if we’d both get locked up the second we stepped foot outside of the van. Our long distance journey had finally come to an end. An end that involved being locked up in a nice little cage and forgotten about forever.

“Follow us,” One of the suits said. “Any sudden movements, you’ll be shot.”

“Oh big deal,” Jack said. “I suppose we’d rather spend the rest of our life in a cage, spoon-fed baby formula and occasionally groomed to keep away the lice?”

The sound of his voice startled me since I hadn’t heard in quite some time. We had both been rather silent for a particularly long stretch, afraid of what was ahead, unsure of ourselves. It was nice hearing him rant.

One of the suits led us. The other behind us, watching us, as we walked forward. And just as the cave had done at the entrance to the warehouse, a side door opened. We weaved our way through a number of vehicles and towards the entranceway.

Inside now, the doors shut behind us with a loud clank. I could hear a metal bolt shoot out, locking us in.

I looked around the place which looked like a government office. Black and white tiled floors lined the hallway in front of us. Green paint coated the walls sloppily. Fluorescent tubes hung suspended from the ceiling. A receptionist window was cut into the wall.

A woman with a neck brace and granny glasses and tattoos coating her arms stood behind the window. One of the suits leaned down and spoke into a few holes carved into the glass. “We’re ready.”

The receptionist peered intently at me and Jack, then back to the suits.

“Cell 8A for the short one. Cell 267J for the tall one. You’ll both have to use similar meeting rooms.” The receptionist slid a card under the window into a silver tray.

The nameless suit led us down a long hallway to yet another door. The suit typed in something to a keypad, swiped the card, the door opened, and we were led inside of what can only be described as the holding area. It was like stepping foot into an institution where lobotomies were the rage. I can’t even begin to describe the number of people in there. All yelling and screaming and crying and shitting themselves. All of them trying to grab on to us, telling us to let them out, to help them. One guy that I passed kept repeating his name over and over again. “My name is Lyndon S. Peterson. I am a UPS delivery agent. My name is Lyndon S. Peterson. I am a UPS delivery agent. Please send me home.”

All of the faces in the cages looked somewhat familiar, but I didn’t know why. Maybe I had seen them on the news at some point, I don’t know. I was connected to them somehow. Sharing the same fate, perhaps.

They led us both down a few more prisoner-lined hallways—some housing children no older than six or seven, crying, begging to be let out--and eventually they stopped at a small door at the far corner. Another swipe of the card. The door had to be no more than three feet tall. Rust stains coated the bars in the front, which was kind of awkward considering they had computer equipment controlling the doors as opposed to keys and locks.

I had to stoop to get inside. The inside of the cell wasn’t much larger. I couldn’t stand straight up. There was a metal bed in the corner with an old torn up mattress that must have been pissed on for the last half century. A toilet in the corner.

“So this is it huh?” I said to them as they locked me inside.

“For now,” One of the nameless suits responded.

“Hang in there,” Jack told me as they walked away. I could still hear the screaming down the other hallways. Let me out, I’m hungry, I need some food. I want my mommy. I’m a U.S. Citizen. The jokes over guys, come on, let me out. I’m going to sue all of your asses. You name it. It was like an echo heard coming from an opening in the ground that could be traced all the way down to hell.

And that is where I spent the next 24 hours or so, in isolation with no food and hardly any light, just sitting there, me with my thoughts. And they unending sounds of human desperation.

After being buried inside a cave for so long, you really do lose sense of time, because there is no sun keeping the track of the days. No watches to look at. No regular bowel movements. No one to talk to. No telephone. No TV. Nothing that runs on a schedule. You start wondering why it is that you were ever born, what did you ever do to deserve a thing like this, whether or not it is truly worth learning the truth if this is what you have to go through to get it. Yes, you learn the facts, but at too great of a cost. You think a lot about death, about being released from the chains that bind you to your physical body. Just as everything has so far been, it is a spiritual adventure, and I suppose that is the only positive thing to be down here.

They finally did come back, you know. I'm guessing it was a day later—I can't say for sure. I actually enjoyed seeing their placid faces.

"Hello!" I said. "What time's the hockey game start? The wings are gonna kick some ass."

"Hockey game." He looked confused. He grabbed the side of my arm and another suit walked behind me. Once again I was struck by how pale their skin looked, reflecting off of the dim bulbs suspended above the hallway. I wondered what they were hiding behind their sunglasses.

They led me down another series of hallways and I couldn't exactly describe the path, because I don't know. Not only do you lose sense of time when you are deprived of the sun, you also lose your sense of direction. It had only been not more than a day and I had already begun to lose all orientation.

I was taken into a room, another suspended light fixture, a metal chair, a mirror, a metal table. One disappeared, the other remained.

"Sit down," He said.

"Chuck? Can I call you Chuck?" I asked.

"My name is not Chuck."

"Can I call you Chuck?"

"Why?"

"Will you let me call you Chuck?"

"Yes," The suit said.

"Cool. Well, Chuck, you can go fuck yourself. "

"Be quiet," Chuck said.

"Fuck you, Chuck," I said. I waited for some kind of Darth Vader death grip around my throat. It didn't come. That was promising.

"Do you know why you are here," Chuck said.

"Oh. Oh. I know this one."

"We can't have people like you wandering around others."

"You didn't give me a chance to answer."

"We can't allow you to damage them."

"Damage who?" I asked.

"Others."

"Damage them, how?"

"In any way. People are fragile."

"And you're not?" I asked.

"Truman wanted to maintain normalcy. Life in the Universe outside of earth does not make that possible."

"Great, thanks. Now what?"

"We told you you would disappear. I could kill you right now."

"Then why don't you?" I asked.

"You're too important." He said.

"You sure spared no cost on the living arrangements," I said.

"We will move you," He said, "But you first had to understand."

"What, how bad of a host you guys are?" I asked.

Silence for a moment. I swear I could hear someone pacing outside in the hallway.

"In time, you will grow to understand why we do what we do. Why we are forced to treat you this way. And why we cannot have what you do to continue. We need you to explain this to others. We have chosen you to explain it," He said.

"Explain what?"

"Why we do not want ufo information to flourish. Why we want all sightings to be dismissed as swamp gas and mass hysteria. Why we threaten. Intimidate. Kill. All in behalf of the cause. We need someone who has an interest within the ufo community to speak on our behalf, and to do so because of their belief in us. In what we are doing."

I thought about this. The implications of what he was saying. Wondered if it was even possible to switch allegiance. "Can't you find someone who has an interest in debunking all ufo claims? I mean, I feel flattered, Chuck. But fuck you."

"In time," Chuck said, standing up from his chair. "You will see things our way."

"Try me," I said. "Unless it involves torture."

"We have no need for torture," Chuck said. "It makes logical sense to see things the way we see things. I have many things to ask. My questions will lead you to believe in our way. The things I am going to show you will lead you to believe in our way."

"So, you're going to try to convert me to the dark side?"

"What is the dark side?" He asked. It was all kind of humorous, you know. Meeting people that knew nothing of pop culture. I mean, it wasn't even that difficult of a reference to pick up on.

"The evil side. The side which causes the most destruction to modern day society. The side which wants people to die a meaningless death in a meaningless world using the power of, I don't know, Satan."

"In that case, no, I am not going to try to convert you to the dark side. Instead, I will show you—think of it as the light side. How the universe must strive to be in order to continue down the path which is best for everyone that will allow all life forms to continue to grow."

"And you know the answers to that, Chuck?"

"Evil exists in the universe, and we are there to stop it before it gets out of hand."

"So in your mind, having a website that states that there is other life in the universe is evil."

"Yes."

"Evil to the point where it harms multitudes of innocent lives," I said.

"Yes."

"I don't understand," I said. I truly didn't. "What is the harm in demanding and pursuing the truth?"

"Because you are not demanding and pursuing truth," He said. "You are demanding and pursuing lies and deceit and evil in its worst incarnation, and that is why you have found yourself here, in this place. Deep in the heart of a mountain, far away from all of those who could be damaged from your words and your beliefs and your actions."

"I am too demanding and pursuing the fucking truth! Are you going to sit there and tell me that you're from the fucking government? Huh? Are you, Chuck? That you're human? Look at you. You look all fucking waxy and...alien. You're not from earth, you shit. Why don't you go back to your own goddamned planet and waste away the rest of your life stroking your rectum? If you even have one. Why don't you show me? We're in a prison, aren't we?"

"I work in conjunction with the government," Chuck said.

"And I work in conjunction with goddamn Matt Damon."

"I don't expect to sway you in one day," Chuck said. "As you probably expect, we have plenty of time. There's no rush. You pose no immediate danger to us. We have as much time as you do." He smiled.

"Okay cool, well, keep trying to convert me. I'm all prepared to be convinced...gay boy."

Chuck stood up from his table. "Very well. Let's start with the first thing on our agenda." He walked towards the hallway door. I was assuming he was going to take me someplace frighteningly horrifying.

"Which is what?" I asked.

"Follow me."

May 16th, 2002, Journal Entry. Episode I: The War of the Worlds and the Trampling of the Children.

At which point, Chuck boy decided to give me somewhat of a tour—almost like Willy Wonka, except with less candy and more death, gloom, doom, and destruction. This particular section of Dulce New Mexico's underground base seemed to have been set up for this very purpose—almost like a museum to convince such dangerous people as myself that they had our best interest at heart and the world would suddenly decompose the second that Fox News reported an alien walking along a lonely highway with its thumb sticking out and a backpack saying he's been kicked out of his parent's house.

Chuck led me into a green-painted old-school room with another one of those annoying 60 watt bulbs hanging from the ceiling. It had a rusty link chain hanging down that Chuck pulled and turned on the light. Sitting in the center of the room was a 1940s style radio. Chuck flicked that on as well. A few second later—I guess old fashioned radios had to "boot" – I heard the voice of Orson Welles, declaring the danger of leaving your homes now that the aliens had invaded.

"Nice," I said to Chuck. "War of the Worlds."

"People panicked," Chuck explained. "Riots in the street."

"Maybe they were all just constipated and suddenly needed to find a bathroom."

"Mass hysteria in New York and New Jersey."

I continued to listen to the calming voice of Orson Welles explaining to everyone that the end of humanity was near.

"It was all a lie," I said.

“A lie that people believed,” Chuck explained. “And that lie cost lives as people fled to the streets. Think of what would happen if an alien ship landed on the White House lawn. Normalcy would not and could not be maintained. People would become aware that there is a higher power other than the U.S. government so everyone would cease listening to those who maintain control for the safety of all.”

“No, that’s not what I meant. The broadcast itself was a lie. Welles explained at one point that there actually WAS an alien invasion in Grover’s Mill and he had been hired to trivialize the matter.”

“If there was an alien invasion, then why are we still here? Obviously aliens who are extremely advanced would have the ability to destroy mankind.”

“We’re still here because the aliens didn’t come with laser-controlled machine guns.” I said. I didn’t know why I was explaining aliens to an alien. “They were just checking out our technology and we blew them up with our tanks and ammo. Talk about a friendly welcome. Maybe that’s why abductions happen. Payback for what we did when they came to us and said, ‘Greetings, Earthling.’ Pow! Kapow! The Grover’s Mill militia attacked with 38 men, killing them and probably shipping the bodies off to Wright Patterson when they were done with them.”

If wax could sweat, that would be a perfect analogy to Chuck’s complexion. I could never understand why the suits always looked the way they did. Almost like Powder from that movie a few years back. As if they’re all albinos that are trying to deal with the intensity of oxygen and sunlight and constantly choking on their own phlegm.

“One million people believed in the invasion. Princeton did a study on mass hysteria as a result, changing politics from that day forward. Senator Herring used the whole debacle to promote his agenda that the radio needed more control by government. Today, however, there’s the internet, and sites like yours which display information in a way that gives no clear distinction between fact and fantasy are just as dangerous as the War of the Worlds broadcast in 1938. The internet should be controlled, not because of the desire to plug information leaks about extraterrestrial technology, but to keep people from absolutely losing all sense of reality and causing a downward spiral into anarchy.”

“People can’t handle the truth?”

“New Jersey police were inundated with calls that night. New York residents were loading up their belongings and heading out to the countryside. Church services were cancelled as everyone went home to await Armageddon. Metropolitan areas were evacuated by the police. You tell me.”

Chuck reached down and pulled out a filing cabinet that I hadn’t noticed. He grabbed a stack of manila folders and opened it up in front of the radio. Inside, a number of black and white prints from 1938. Broken building windows, a long line of cars leading out of a city. A gunfight. A rape. A burning church. One guy’s head on a pole.

“All of this---in 1938. Now picture what it is like today with all of these internet sites out there with no factual backing claiming the very same thing as

that radio show and you get a sense of the world today, about what is destined to occur. The riots. The anarchy. All because of sites like yours that have no social conscience.”

The small room, the radio, the photographs, made me feel as if I was being filmed. You know, that sense you get where someone is taping you for use sometime in the future when they will replay it in front of an audience, maybe to point out the psychological effects that it had on the person—namely me—to explain some lesson to a bunch of ambitious 20 somethings who have total domination in mind. I started to wonder if I had signed some type of liability waiver at one point in my life.

“I don’t know whether those photos are even real,” I said, flipping through a nice stack. A dog, trampled to death. A three year old, trampled to death. A baby, trampled to death. Lying in the middle of a city street. It was like the LA riots—all over a radio broadcast?

“I assure you they’re very real.”

“Oh, you assure me. Good.”

“Why would someone even WANT the release of UFO information? Why should you even bother? Look what it causes.”

“Why? The government has no right to harbor it for themselves,” I said.

“No right? What they’re doing is protecting its citizens.”

“Protecting? No, far from it. I don’t consider it protection at all when people like me have experiences and the government says its just swamp gas or shadows or some strange brain disorder. They slap ‘Sleep Paralysis’ on my own experiences and all of the sudden everything is okay again. That’s the modern day version of the swamp gas story. And when they say otherwise, people like me are kidnapped and taken to underground bases and shown photos from a broadcast in 1938 and told that the government has to maintain social order or else people begin to eat their children. Look at me. I’m not running around with my head chopped off with no morals, and I’m fully aware of the alien presence in modern day society. I am a case in point.”

“Yes, you are a case in point,” the suit said. “Think about what you’re saying, about what you’ve already begun to do. You are running around, breaking laws, causing havoc, posting lies, and trying to convince people to rise up against the very government that is protecting them. And all you’ve done is woken up a few times, stuck to your bed. How much more would you be affected, what MORE would you do, if you saw a UFO land in the middle of your community? And not just you, but thousands of people would witness it.”

“You’re convincing me of nothing,” I said. “You are total shit, Chuck. You call yourself an alien.”

“I’m not an alien,” Chuck said. “I work for the government.”

“Which division?” I asked.

“Foreign Recovery Division.”

I laughed. That was a good one.

Given the fact that I just insulted him, he seemed to be taking it fairly well.

“I haven’t even begun,” he said. “I have years of patience under my belt. You will be convinced.”

“Or what?”

One thing that always surprised me was the fact that when it came down to the details of encounters with the suits, they didn't really know much about human emotions, human desire, human stubbornness. Most of the time they operated on a very small set of internal processes, and they usually did so with a look of pain on their face. This new situation with Chuck was a rather new tactic. I had never heard of a suit resorting to logic to try to convince a human the errors of their ways.

“Shut off the radio,” Chuck said. His voice was so deep, so convincing. Why didn't he just TELL me to change my mind? He might have had a lot more luck. That particular internal program---intimidation---sure didn't need any fine tuning. He had that one down pretty well.

I shut off the radio.

He opened the door, pulled the rusty link chain once again, this time shutting off the hanging light, and led me back to my room.

I knew instinctively that a radio sitting on a table in an empty room with the War of the Worlds playing over and over again, alongside of a few 1930s photographs, was definitely not the only thing the suits had stored here or the only thing they would use to try to sway me. They would slowly be leading me in place after place, meeting lie after lie, until I was finally led to believe that the only way out was to say uncle Sam and join their army. Maybe that's where the suits ACTUALLY came from. People like me, after all is said and done. After I get through the maze.

They've said more is to come. Yet they haven't said when. I wonder how long I'll be in here. I really don't want to be alone. I wonder how long they'll let me keep writing. Please, if you're out there, somebody, find me.

Journal Entry. I don't know the date anymore. Episode II: The Greys Return. Sensory Deprivation.

Jesus. Six days of total isolation. The only thing that they give me is a tray slid underneath the doorway with all types of astronaut-type food in tubes and silver trays, food that you actually have to unwind the lid from in order to get at anything. I didn't even hear anyone walking down the hall. I would just hear something slide under the door and I knew what it was. Every now and then I had the faint suspicion that one of the suits was sliding a man-eating rat under the door, or it was some type of hallucinogens that they were feeding me. Sensory deprivation, day in and day out, really does mess with your mind. You slowly forget how to function. Every sound is amplified. Every feeling is ten times as powerful. But still I don't hear whoever is coming or going—just the sound of the tray, that scraping sound that informs me that I'm still alive.

I sang to myself, hummed to myself, slept a lot, and woke up and looked around and realized that my surroundings hadn't changed, and I would just fall back to sleep and hope it would go away the next time. I thought a lot about the previous meeting with the suit, wondering if he was punishing me. Maybe they

don't like sarcasm. Maybe they just don't appreciate the fact that I needed something to keep me smiling and thinking that this was not the end, despite the fact that I really have no idea how long I'm going to be kept here.

And I've experienced sleep paralysis again.

They came to me. This time, I practically welcomed it. Any sensory information is good. Even the nightmares.

They were at the foot of rusty mattress when I opened my eyes, holding me down with their mind. I couldn't move, my body taut against the rusty springs. I could feel a roach or something crawling along my legs, but I couldn't swat it away or kick at it, and the greys around me didn't seem to see it or care that it was there, making my skin crawl.

There were four of them. The emptiness of their eyes, the hollowness of their thoughts—I could feel their disinterest in me. As if I was little more than a laboratory mouse or monkey.

They injected something into my neck and my muscle spasmed. It felt like a charlie horse. The pressure was overwhelming, stinging my eyes. But I couldn't blink or move. A tremendous weight on my chest held me in place. I kept feeling them tell me that everything was okay, that it would all be over soon, not to move, to stay calm, over and over., kind of the same thing I hear veterinarians say to animals that they're putting to sleep.

I don't think they were from some spaceship, though. I knew it. I knew they were a part of the base and they were visiting me, just like they were probably visiting every other person in each cage, down all the halls. I don't know whether they were taking my blood or if they were putting something inside of me. All I know is that they were there, informing me of all of the many reasons why the suits were wrong, why the suits would always be wrong.

"Why?" I asked. "Why are you doing this?" I didn't expect an answer. It was one they refused to give. They continued poking and prodding and once again informed me to stay still, that I'd forget about the whole thing when I woke up. The only problem with this was ever since my sleep paralysis started happening, I trained myself specifically to remember. It kind of came from my training when I was 12 or so where I'd lay in bed and practice lucid dreaming—being fully conscious while in dreamland.

If you've been abducted, you know what I mean and how I feel. You just cannot quit thinking about the eyes. When you wake up, those hollow black teardrops can make you sweat. The Fly suddenly becomes the most horrifying movie of all time. Even swimming goggles scare the hell out of me.

When you notice them in your room, it's like you're eating at a fancy restaurant, enjoying some spaghetti, and you see a rat run across the floor in the dining area underneath one of the tables. I mean, when you're sleeping, you really aren't thinking about anything else in your room other than yourself. You're asleep, goddammit.

"Why are you doing this?" I repeated, as I felt a scooper take a skin sample.

Be still. Be calm.

"You be still," I said, or thought I said.

It will all be over soon.

“You’d be all over soon if I had a fucking Uzi,” I said. Yeah, talk about true satisfaction. That thought made me feel like one of the Menendez brothers, plotting the destruction of their parents. Kind of a strange, you know. To stare at an alien face and think to yourself: daddy. And then want to kill him.

It was a painful process this time. The strain of them holding me down, the thought of being totally defenseless. The thought of the millions of people on the planet having the same issues as I have when I go to sleep at night. Experiencing the same things. It does make you feel as if we’re always asleep. Once we’re done with, we’re left for dead, just like those cattle found, pruned of everything near and dear to them, rotting in fields.

And then, just when I thought it was over, a taller figure came in to the room, clothed in a hood, hands folded across his chest. Its arms looked a bit smaller than the rest of him. Its head large. He loomed over the littler figures who were continuing their sampling, twice their size.

He stepped right next to the bed and leaned down over me. I couldn’t see its face at first since the hood was so large. I kept waiting for the Star Wars emperor to pop its ugly nose out. I could feel its rancid breath on me. And when it was close enough, the hood slipped off.

I gasped.

I looked again.

The eyes weren’t shaped the way that the grey’s eyes were shaped. The skin wasn’t the same placid, dead looking as I was used to. This one, whatever it was, had scales.

My god, I thought. Jack was right.

A lizard.

He grabbed my waist, spun me around, and hoisted me over his shoulders. I still couldn’t move my arms or legs and I couldn’t shut my eyes. I just watched the greys following behind us as the lizard walked down the hall with me. Their instruments were no longer with them. Maybe they absorb them into their body when they’re done invading you.

I heard the approaching sound of whining and moaning people, and I could only assume that I was going to walk past the people held captive in the cages. A door flew open. People crying, begging to be released. I felt like I was being led through the storage area for all people found on the sides of milk cartons. I watched them banging on their cell walls as I passed, but I could only look at the floor, at the bottom of the greys’ feet shuffling behind me.

I was taken into what must have been a freight elevator, only it was open, set in to the side of an internal ravine, probably carved by a water stream over thousands of years. The lizard punched a few buttons, and it began to lower and slip deeper down along the side. There were more of those annoying 60 watt bulbs positioned along the side of the cave as we lowered. I watched them pass my eyes just as I watch the lines on the center of the road pass by my car when I’m driving in the middle of the night. I heard the whining suddenly cut off as we slipped deeper down.

The freight elevator stopped a couple minutes later. We passed through a large entranceway, and we ended up in what looked like an apartment complex inside of this massive base. I could see closed doors on both sides of me. Another door opened.

I didn't know what was going on. The walls were surrounded by foam padding. I was sat on the floor of foam. It was so quiet. A light hung from the ceiling. I was flipped over. The greys walking along side of us the whole way bound my arms and legs with something. Something was placed over my ears, my mouth. I could breathe through my nose. And then they shut off the light and left me there.

No, I thought to myself. No, not this. I couldn't see! Isolation was bad enough....but sensory deprivation? I knew what was going on. They couldn't be serious!

I mumbled something through the rag gagging me.

I would do anything. Isolation within the cell was bad enough....six days! And now this. I was already hallucinating. I was losing sense of myself.

They didn't care.

They shut off the light and left me. I could see nothing, feel nothing other than the bindings on my arms and legs, hear nothing. It was the perfect temperature in the room. Sickening.

I knew that they were leaving me for dead. All because of what I believed. They weren't even hiding it anymore. They were bringing in the fucking aliens themselves and having them do the brainwashing. Aliens brought me in there, and left me, and I wanted to tell them right then that fine, I was just going to go along with them and tell them that I didn't believe they were real and they could do whatever they needed and they could make me say whatever I wanted.

I believed the suits at that point. I believed what they were saying to me about all the shit about the war of the worlds, and how important it was to cover up the fact that aliens have been arriving and that they coexist on earth with us.

I wanted my senses back immediately. I wanted them to turn on the lights. Let me go. Anything. I dozed off every now and then and woke up, but was unsure if I had woken up or not. I fell asleep and was unsure if I was asleep. I couldn't even remember being hungry because you're never hungry when you're sleeping, only when you wake up, and when you don't know if you've woken up you don't remember being hungry.

I knew that they were cutting off the oxygen supply to the room. I saw spots through the darkness. I saw purple orbs floating around me. I was suffocating. They were raising the temperature of the room while slowly choking me. I was wasting away in there.

The purple orbs after awhile became my friends. Some maintained the same size. I spotted them. I knew which ones they were. I wanted to name them. I wanted to speak with them. I wanted to communicate with something, even if they were not really there.

I would occasionally find myself back home in my apartment in Rochester, Michigan. The suits would arrive, and then the apartment would disappear and would be back here, in this place, in darkness, with the purple orbs.

Goddammit, as I sit here typing this, I can't tell you how long I was in there! They didn't tell me when they'd let me out. I knew I was dehydrating in there. I had to be.

Eventually, one of the orbs slipped down against my face and I could see myself, gagged and bound on the floor on its surface. It was looking at me. It was a gigantic eyeball from elsewhere staring at me. Or maybe it was a remote-controlled camera.

No, not a camera. I realized this when I felt it answer. It was all mental, you know. These purple spots, when they spoke, they spoke only in my mind. Just as the greys. The lizard. And this orb, the same. I didn't know if I was having a conversation with myself or with something else. It was the same with automatic writing. And in dreams when people speak to me. Was it someone else's mind and thoughts, or was it my own? They were one and the same.

"Are you God?" I asked.

"Yes," the orb answered. "But so are you."

"I don't understand," I said.

"You will," It responded. "In time..."

October 30, 2002. Back in Jack's Apartment. Saved By Jesus. In Trouble with the Law.

So one second I'm in the room seeing purple spots that are telling my I'm part God, and the next second I wake up in Jack's apartment in Pontiac. Or maybe waking up is not the right word for it. Maybe transported is a better word for it. I'm totally used to coming up missing for days at a time, but I am not used to being missing for months at a time. And I can't say that I was too upset about it either, because being missing for months is so much better than experiencing sleep and sensory deprivation in an underground base in Dulce New Mexico, unfed, and merely waiting for death to occur. Yes, I'm back, back for who knows what reason and not knowing how I got back here other than either alien intervention or something. Maybe the lizards gave up on me or the men in black gave up on me. Maybe I'm not "the chosen one" kind of material and they'd thought they'd dump me off in disgust. But as I opened up my eyes while lying in Jack's cigarette strewn bed, one thing in the room made me wonder if I had it all wrong: Jesus.

I had that crust stain on my eyes which can only come from sleeping too long. I wiped it away and saw two things: a poster of Nirvana, and a man standing in robes, smiling from cheek to cheek. "Welcome back," he said, and sat down on the bed next to me. It was in the middle of the night, no lights coming in from any of the windows, but he had that glow to him which made you feel like you were in the presence of something from the other side.

"Jesus," I said.

"But only if you don't confuse me with the historical Jesus," He said.

"We've gone over this."

“What happened?” I asked. I tried to sit up, found it difficult. I didn’t know how long I had been lying there. “Last I remember, I was staring at purple dots telling me that I was God. Did...you come and take me here?”

“You were held against your will. It is against what we believe to be the cosmic order for anything—anything—to be done against humanity’s will. People are watching out for you,” the tall man said.

“Thanks. So this means, I can do whatever it is that I want and you’ll come to my rescue? Good deal.”

“No, this isn’t so. I have not pulled you out of danger. I have actually placed you in danger, even more so than before.”

“Right. I don’t know how much more danger I could be in then trapped in an underground base surrounded by lizards who are hell bent on convincing me that what they’re doing is for the good of mankind.”

“This morning, it will become clear to you that I have not given you anything that solves any of your problems. What I have done for you is merely place you in a different environment, one that you may be able to function within.”

“But I threw out the cross. I wasn’t sleeping on the cross in that room while I was talking to those purple orbs,” I said. “How did you come to me if I did not have the cross on me? Last I talked to you I was convinced that you were a liar, no better than any of the rest of the people that I’ve run across.”

Jesus sighed. “I’ve placed a symbol on you, around your neck.”

I looked down. A necklace, with a fish emblem on it. “ICTHYS,” I said.

“Yes, and this time, don’t throw it away. I need to stay in contact with you.”

“What for?” I asked. “What am I supposed to do now?”

“That is up to you. I cannot make your decisions for you. I don’t know what you will want to do. You can live your life in whatever way you see fit, but make sure that you know what I’ve done for you. Remember that. I am not here to harm you. Not like those that have taken you captive. Not like those that placed you in that room.”

“Will they come back?” I asked.

“That’s hard to say. They left you in that room to die. They may never open the door to that room again. To them, you are dead, and they have moved on to yet another victim.”

“But I updated my website. I post these writings on my site. Obviously they will know that I’m not dead, that I’m alive and well.”

“Perhaps. Perhaps not. What is important is that whatever does happen to you since I’ve come and taken you back to Michigan, that you remember who did this for you. “

“But what do you want?” I asked.

“What I want is for you to know the truth. And tell others what I tell you. And to learn and grow and spread the word to others.”

“That’s what the suits wanted. That’s what the lizard wants. That’s what the preacher that keeps trailing me around wants. They all want me to spread the word that they feel is the truth. Yet if I were to do what everyone wanted then what I would bring to the world would be a bunch of things which contradict one another. What makes the truth that you want me to bring to the world any better

than anyone else's truth?"

"It is what will happen if you bring those words to the public. What do you want for mankind? Each voice will bring to the world a different reality. It is the end result that matters."

I tried sitting up. I couldn't. Something was wrong. Something was holding me down again. Sleep paralysis all over, brought on for protection. I looked at the Nirvana poster on the wall, at the old domino's pizza box on the floor, the head wobblers of the crocodile hunter on Jack's dresser, back to this being in front of me. "And what end result do you want? "

"I believe that I want the same thing as you."

"Which is?"

The being smiled. "Come on, Jeff. You know the answer to that one. I will meet you again. Soon." And with that, he seemed to blend in to the air. The next thing I knew he was gone.

I must have lain there for a couple more hours, trying to get my groundings, trying to realize where I was, where I had just come from, what I had just seen. And I really didn't get much of a chance because the next thing I knew, I heard someone knocking on the door.

October 30th. Back at Home Without The Activist. My Water Boils as I'm Busted.

A new phase in my life came knocking a couple hours after lying there on Jack's bed, wondering if I could classify myself with the other million or so people that have had a religious experience. I spent most of that time staring at the eyes of Kurt Cobain in the poster against the wall, not really wanting to get up, not knowing if it would matter if I did. I didn't have a car, you know, and I didn't have a job anymore. No more websites for me other than the one you are probably reading this. No more food or money or anything else. It was just me now, here to face this new world which had opened up before me. I mean, yeah, it's nice being told that you are the savior of mankind that has come to spread the word for a number of different gods, but I don't think being a savior pays that well, even if more than one god is employing you.

I started talking to myself out loud, asking the room if what has happened to me over the past few months made a difference in anyone's lives, if my disappearance had caused anyone any stress other than my mother who I've said is used to me leaving without saying a word and coming back without saying a word. I'm not close to anyone, you know. Not my mother, not my sister or brother or anyone for that matter. I don't know why. I guess it must be related to my conspiratorial mindset, where everyone either is hiding something from you, lying to you, or wants something. It is hard for me to except a gift from anyone and it only gets worse as time goes by. I'll be staring at the gift thinking, okay, I know I don't deserve this, so what in God's name do they want from me? Why would they give me a gift? Do they want me to set up a website for them? And now that I've been gone for God knows how long, I wondered if I mattered at all to anyone.

And I can't say that it has really mattered to me, either, that I haven't seen anyone's face that I recognize. And the faces that I do recognize when I fall asleep at night---those teardrop eyes, the blackness, the lizard skin, the white flowing robes and god sandals—I don't really care to see. I guess I started writing all of this with good intentions—I want the abductions to end and I still do, but now I'm sitting here wondering, if the abductions end, I'll have nothing in my life and I'll just be an empty carcass with a few wifts of soul in me that could at any moment be blown away by a passerby. You see, my life is defined by these abductions. I have spent god knows how many hours on my website. I have spent god knows how many hours trying to find the answers in books and movies. Fiction. Nonfiction. Walking through the woods, staring at falling leaves and smoking. And I have spent none of this time with anyone I know. I have done it alone, pondering the universe. And if that goes away, then what do I have left? Nothing. I wouldn't even have this journal.

I don't feel like running to the Washington Post or the Detroit News to say, "hey everyone, look at me! I was abducted for the longest fucking time, longer than that Travis Walton guy—and I was probed! Woohoo! Everyone! Look at me for 10 fucking minutes!" Because I could do that, you know. I haven't reported any of this to the media. I've kept it on my website in the lefthand corner as a simple link, hoping maybe someone will click on it, read it, and believe me, maybe even e-mail me with some advice on how to live and how to understand reality.

Yes, I'm back in Michigan, the big baseball mitt, in between the Great Lakes which I have never visited in the 26 years that I've been alive, back in the heart of where it all began, feeling as if I have solved nothing. All I can say that I've tried the activism thing and its not for me. It's really kind of bizarre, if you think about it, because the more of an activist you are, the more attraction you get from aliens, which fuels you even more to be an activist because of how real your experiences become and because of how important you begin to feel. Sooner or later, you feel you are so important that you lose all sense of self, all sense of purpose, and you become little more than a microphone for these alien entities. I can say with absolute honesty that that is exactly what has happened to me. All I want to do is get back in to life now. Try to learn how to live in the real world for a change. This, for me was a new beginning. This bullshit with aliens has gone on for far too long, I told myself. It has solved nothing. I have solved nothing. Success must be laughing at me.

I started making a mental checklist for myself of what I was going to do today. I cannot stress the importance of mental checklists. Anthony Robbins has taught me so well. I would call my mom, ask her if I could move in with her for a month or so while I look for a new job. Yes, she'd be pretty sour at first because in her mind I was somehow walking on her, using her, but I'd tell her that I also wanted to go back to church, and she'd change her mind, and let me in to her house and eat her food for free for awhile. I'd tell her I'd pay her back. I'd look for a wife. Maybe have a kid. Get a house with a nice white picket fence, because if you get the white picket fence, a wife and a kid, it means you have become a master of the universe. A Jedi. And by the Powers of Grayskull, I would---repeat

WOULD---make it all matter in the end. So help me The Force. Without the aliens.

I sighed, happy to be alive for the moment, and so I slipped out of bed and stretched, noticing that it had snowed outside again. I have been hibernating, I told myself. Hibernating for so long that I have missed spring and summer altogether and now have found myself in winter all over again. I remembered that all my stuff was still in storage. I'd get some clothes out of there later, once I woke up a little bit more after a cup of coffee in the kitchen. I'd look around Jack's apartment to find something to pawn so I could fill up the gas in my car that we had left in his driveway and get an oil change and drive out to my mom's house.

I found a suitcase in the corner of the room, a suitcase that I had packed with all my clothes. I could practically smell the moth-scented clothes the second I unzipped the lining. I would wash the clothes later. I just needed a sweater to wear. The clothes I brought with me when me and Jack had attempted to go on our most excellent adventure were somewhere else, maybe in that New Mexico cave. Maybe the suits stole them. Since none of them get paid for what they do, perhaps they all have some type of Salvation Army type setup where they confiscate clothing and guns and cans of soup and share them between each other. These were the only clothes I had left. A few sweaters, two brown, one dark green, and two pairs of pants. Three pairs of boxers and a couple of hole-filled socks. I threw on some dark red boxers and the dark green sweater and blue jeans and walked into the kitchen.

The house still reeked of stale cigarettes, which is a smell that never disappears, almost like a psychic residue. A ghost of a former self. It's kind of like the smell of your dead grandmother when you visit your grandfather's house. I opened up the cupboards in the kitchen and found an old packet of Instant coffee and started heating up some water on the stove. The gas still worked, the electricity still worked, and I was just about ready to see if there were any crackers left over in one of the cupboards when the knock came. The noise jolted me out of that haze called solitude and awoke me to the fact that other people in the universe existed outside of myself at this very moment. But the knocking isn't really what frightened me. The knock itself could have been anyone—the landlord, a Jehovah's Witness, a trick-or-treater—or it could have been....

"Open up! Police!"

Yes, or them too.

I kind of stared at the boiling water on the stove for a second, the blue flame heating up the bottom of the pan filled with water. I glance over at the packet of instant coffee lying on the table next to it. I could see it lying on top of a strip of light slipping through the window blinds and felt that it somehow meant something, and its meaning was slipping away for every pound on the door.

I had to open up, you know. Maybe they had the wrong house. They had to know I was still here. I had to let them in.

I casually strolled over to the door with a spoon in my hand and opened it up. Three police officers were standing there looking serious. They ruffled some pages in my face and flashed their badges. "Well well well. Jeff Behnke. What a

surprise to find you here. We have a warrant to search the premises. You're coming with me."

The weight of the world was back on my shoulders. They grabbed my arm and led me to the cop car. I wanted to say wait, you have the wrong guy, or you don't understand, you're going to make me cry, or I just wanted to start a new phase in my life, or something along those lines, but I felt that those words would equally have been right out of a movie as well, and I'm sure cops watch cop movies. I didn't say any of this. I couldn't. All I could manage was, "Great. Sure. Yeah. Okay. Can you turn off the stove? I think my water's boiling."

October 30th Menendez Prepares me for John Gray. I am Amigo.

I don't like the whole cop scene. Everyone's kind of the same. They all work out. They all have too much coffee. They're all scared shitless of everyone, which makes them assholes. I know these things. I've had friends in the past that got in to law enforcement. It's kind of like a religion, when one of your friend joins some abstract church with no name. They change, inside. They weren't always that way. I acknowledge that, but I still don't like them. You'll never get to know them personally. And I didn't know what they were going to do to me or charge me with or how I'd get out of it.

They had me cuffed and they pushed my head down while I was getting in to the back seat. I don't get the whole head-pushing thing and I kind of wondered if it was some type of sexual thing, because I didn't need my head pushed in. I had full ability to get into the back of their cop car quite reasonably well. I always saw police on the television pushing people's heads in while they slid down into the back seat. They didn't look like they needed assistance, either. "Head down," The fat cop with the bushy moustache said. I think he was Mexican. Less then a second later, I successfully was able to get my head in, along with the rest of my body. They turned off their lights which was alerting the entire neighborhood that something big was going down, and we pulled away.

I kept trying to give myself words of encouragement, like, "Hey, at least you don't have to pawn anything for gas money." Or, "Well, at least I don't have to deal with my mom yet." Or, "I hope they have non-instant coffee at the station because I'm so fucking tired." These words helped, but not much. The overwhelming sense of dread was too much. I could see in my mind all of the reasons why they had arrested me for the disappearance of Jack, but I could see all the reasons in my mind why me and him had actually disappeared and I didn't know if they'd believe any of it. I could only give it a shot.

We drove through the Pontiac streets and I watched the buildings pass me by while the police CB kept squawking. I was looking for new signs of new stores or cafes which had opened over the summer. I don't know why, but every time I see a new store go up, I feel the world has somehow improved and the monotony of everyday life lifts up to reveal some type of momentary satisfaction. I wish a new store would go up every day somewhere near me, regardless of if I'm seeing it for the first time from the backseat of a cop car.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

“Bahamas,” The Mexican moustache said. The other policeman sitting next to him smiled. He looked to be about 26. Blond hair. Blue eyes.

“I’ve never been there,” I said, more for conversation than anything.

“Fuck you, murderer.” He said. The words kind of shocked me. Murderer. Of Jack? I kept my mouth shut. I was in shock. I felt the same kind of shock I felt when I was in downtown Detroit one afternoon and I saw a waitress leaning over a table with a short skirt on and no underwear. Like I was seeing something I should not be seeing or something that does not normally occur. But it was.

In hindsight, I guess I’m relatively happy that he said that to me so I had a chance to prepare myself mentally for the coming day. The world had reared its ugly head and was glaring at me, waiting to make a move so it could trip me. I hated everyone on the planet, hated everyone off the planet, and hated every possible creature which had ever attempted to call itself God. Or a cop.

A few minutes later we pulled into the station. The Mexican opened the door for me and kind of gripped me and pulled me out of the back seat, as if I needed just as much help getting out of the backseat as I needed getting in.

The police station was old, corroded, smoke-stained. It smelled like piss. The white tiled floors were supposed to be black and white but they looked black and pee-stained. There was a coffee machine in the corner on a cheap table with folding metal legs. White Styrofoam cups next to it, tipped over and sprawled across the surface. I felt like I was in my dad’s huntsmen club where no one gives a shit what anything looks like, let’s just go out and kill some quail. I wanted to ask for a cup but instead they took me into a door that needed a key to get into, and walked me around to a crappy desk to take my finger prints. They had to uncuff me to do so, which felt good. I rubbed my wrists while they pulled out the stamping pad and took samples of me. I don’t know why they were fingerprinting me. I didn’t say anything, though, since I was still in shock from being fuck-you’d by the Mexican.

They did some paperwork, shuffled some paper, talked to some secretary, and I didn’t really feel like paying attention, so I didn’t. I just let everything stay in muffled mode while I remained focused on what would slowly become my ‘story.’ Or, in cop speak, my ‘version’ of things. It was such an insult to be versioned.

I must have stood there for a half of an hour waiting for both of the officers to finish doing whatever it was they were doing so they could get around to accusing me of killing Jack. The Mexican finally grabbed my upper arm and led me into a room with that stupid metal table and stupid metal chair with the black backing. He recuffed me, but this time doing so in the front of my body instead of being me. I looked up at the analog clock on the wall which looked like something I was used to seeing in school classrooms. The big, rotating red second hand.
4:15 AM.

The same time that I’m usually frozen on my bed, experiencing sleep paralysis. What is up with that?

I watched the clock and waited them to re-enter. The Mexican did so about fifteen minutes later with a stack of manila folders under his arm. He had taken off his jacket, revealing two guns strapped to the sides of his chest and a billy club hanging off of his belt with a cell phone and a CB radio. I could see the

label on his chest which said "Menendez" which I only connected with the brothers that had killed their parents.

"We've been looking for you for a long time, amigo," He said.

"Can't say I've been doing the same."

"Where have you been?" He threw the manila folders onto the table in front of us. He sounded like Cheech from Cheech and Chong. He swung his own chair around sat on it backwards. He opened up the top of the folder.

"Kidnapped," I said.

"Kidnapped! Really? Tell me more, my friend. By whom?"

"Aliens."

"The aliens kidnapped you, eh? Why did they let you go?"

"They didn't. Jesus saved me."

The Mexican laughed. "Have a lawyer?"

"No."

"Want one?"

"Sure," I said.

"So you don't care?" He asked.

"I'm just not sure that a lawyer would help."

"Why's that?" He asked. "Because you're a cold blooded murderer?"

"No, because the truth is impossible to believe," I said. "I'm not stupid. I know what it sounds like."

"The truth is you killed Jack Murphy."

"No, the truth is me and Jack were kidnapped by space beings and if he's dead, then they killed Jack Murphy," I said.

"What did they look like?"

"Kind of like FBI agents. White hair. Pale. Kind of sickish."

"They are aliens, and they look like FBI agents?"

Geezus, I really didn't know if I could go through with rehashing all of this. I knew they wouldn't believe me. "Do you have proof I killed him?"

"Do you have proof that you didn't kill him?" Menendez asked.

"Isn't the burden of proof on you?" I asked.

"Listen, you can tell me what happened. My friend, the guy who was in the car with me and you, his name is John Gray. He is not so nice. Not like me. So you can tell me what happened or I will have to get John Gray so that he can question you."

"I want a lawyer then," I said.

"You already told me that the aliens from outer space kidnapped you. Why don't you finish? I will not call in John Gray."

"Because I don't know what I should or should not say and tell you. That's what lawyers are for, right? God, why don't you offer me a coffee or something."

He looked at me, bit his lip. "Want a coffee or something?"

"Yes. Yes, I want a coffee or something. Cream. No sugar."

"Why no sugar?"

"Because being kidnapped by aliens has made me a diabetic."

"Really?"

"No, I just don't like sugar in my coffee."

"If I get you a coffee, will you tell me how you murdered Jack Murphy?"

"I can't answer that. Either way implicates me. I just want a coffee."

"Okay, amigo. I will get you a coffee. Then you will tell me how you murdered Jack Murphy." He left, and came back a few moments later with a Styrofoam cup and some packets of cream powder. He ripped open the edge of one of the packets and dumped it in, then slid it in front of me. I picked the Styrofoam up with my two hands and brought it up to my lips. It was hot, tasted like shit, but God was it good. I kind of wondered to myself if they had somehow fed me intravenously

"Wow. You're thirsty."

"Can I get another one?" I asked.

"First tell me what you used to murder Jack Murphy. If you do not tell me then I will have to call in John Gray. He is not friendly to a murderer."

"I'm not a murderer."

Just then John Gray walked on. The blond cop with the blue eyes.

"I'll take it from here," He said.

Menendez shrugged. "Don't say I didn't warn you, amigo," he said, and walked out.

Officer Gray had a look on his face that told me this was going to be a long day.

October 30th. I Commit Treason. My Mother Arrives.

"I understand kids like you. Kids who feel they can get away with any shit they set their minds to. But it's not true, you know," John Gray said. "It's not true because kids like you have to deal with me, because everyone else out there wants to feel sorry for you."

"Sorry for me?" I said. "Why?"

"Society's to blame, they say, but that's shit. Fucking shit."

I sat back on my chair, not really sure where he was going with this. "I don't blame society for anything."

"Don't fucking lie. I know how you think. I was just like you, no home, nowhere to go. No one who would listen to me. I felt I had to change everyone, show everyone about how fucked up everything is, show everyone how society was full of bullshit and I hated everyone. I wanted them to know how much they hurt me."

Was this some kind of strange confession, I wondered. I didn't understand why he was telling me this.

"And you know," John Gray said, picking a pack of Marlboro cigarettes out of his pocket and lighting up. Smoke filled the air around him, creeping up both sides of his face. His head looked like a smoldering log. "I one day learned that it wasn't society that was fucked up. It was myself."

"I'm not fucked up."

"Where'd you put the body?"

"I didn't kill anyone."

John Gray laughed. "Society killed him then?"

"I don't even know if he's dead or not. I don't know where he is."

"Then what were you doing in his apartment?"

"I moved in with him months ago."

"And where have you been for the past few months?"

"I don't know."

"How did you end up in his apartment then?"

"I don't know."

John Gray inhaled. "You sure have a lot of things that you don't know that any normal human being would know. What's the reason?"

I shook my head. "I don't know. So what are you going to charge me with?"

"Murder," John Gray said.

"What proof?"

"Circumstantial."

"What circumstances?" I said. "Because I was in his apartment and he is missing? Doesn't seem to be any circumstantial proof there."

"What's your take on the whole thing, then? If you don't know where he is, do you know who does?"

I shrugged.

"Is that a yes?"

"It's not a no."

"Drugs? You protecting the identity of a drug lord?"

"I don't know."

"What kind of drugs?"

"I'm not into drugs."

"Did this drug lord kill Jack?"

"I don't know. I didn't say anything about a drug lord."

"Then what? Who did it? Where is he, Jeff? Where were you?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

John Gray smiled. "You'd be amazed at the things that I do believe. So Jeff, tell me. Where were you?"

I shook my head, didn't say anything. I leaned on the metal table in front of me. Looked around for that shiny mirror where a couple people would be looking through, watching the interrogation. Taking notes.

"Jeff, I really do understand where you're coming from. I understand how you feel, how no one listens to you. Your generation is filled with a bunch of assholes that really don't have any reason for living. You're looking for meaning, but it's just not coming to you. You do things that you later regret. You can make it better, Jeff, if you tell me what happened to you and Jack."

I admit, there are a lot of people from my generation that really don't have any purpose in life. And it was true that I felt that my life didn't have any purpose either. The course that my life has taken really isn't one that I would recommend. Believing the unbelievable. Witnessing and being subjected to things that no one would understand or be able or willing to accept. John Gray was a case in point. He wouldn't believe me. I knew this just as much as I knew that he had nothing

on me. He was the representation to me of society's point of view of me. Jumping to conclusions. Not really taking time to research details. They had a point of view and they would never waver from that point of view because it made them who they are, and to let go of that point of view would be the same as letting go of some part of their personality that would take away their representation in the world. To them, I was just some disturbed white boy from the suburbs of some big city that wore baggy pants and hung out at the mall with friends, causing trouble, stealing key chains or what not, listening to Ermine and laughing at violence and death. Even killing someone just to see how it would feel. Yes, to John Gray, I was the American Psycho.

"I don't know what happened to Jack," I said.

"How did you make it back to his apartment? The car in the driveway looks like it hadn't been touched in months. Who dropped you off there?"

"I don't know."

"I'm really sick of you not knowing anything."

"I'm really sick of you not knowing anything, too" I said.

"Why don't we help each other?" John Gray asked. He put the cigarette out on the table. "You tell me what I want to know."

"And you tell me what I want to know? I don't even know why I'm here, how I got back in Jack's apartment, where I've been, where I'm going, why I'm a suspect, why you had a search warrant, or how I'm supposed to live my life knowing I'm a suspect in Jack's supposed death when I hardly even knew the guy to begin with. You have no body, I have no motive, and me and Jack have no connection other than the fact that we hooked up at some point and went on a trip and ended up getting lost, losing all sense of time, and now I'm here."

John Gray shook his head. "Jeff. Those are not the words that I want to hear."

I desperately wanted to go to sleep or have another cup of coffee. I wondered if I was going to start crying.

"Ever spoken with the Military?"

"My dad was a marine."

"Is that so? Well there's a lot of people that want to find Jack. And they're not as nice as me."

"That's the same thing Menendez said."

"I could let you go," John Gray said, "But that's not going to stop people questioning you. People that aren't as forgiving as me."

"So the military is looking for Jack."

"And you. I've seen your name thrown around quite a bit. We've seen your name in all points bulletins released. What does the military want with you?"

"I don't know."

"Lots of missing data with Jack's name written all over it, and since you were the last person to see Jack, your name is written all over that same missing data as well. You have a website, don't you?"

Here it comes. "Yes," I said.

"A website that isn't so friendly with the military."

"I have not once said something against the military."

"No, to you its some generalized term. The government, you call it. The government that's hiding data tbat you so desperately need."

"I don't need it."

"Is it possible that you and Jack hacked into some military installation and pulled out some of that data? And the data that they say you have, if it got into the wrong hands, you'd be accused of treason. I federal crime. Just as hacking is a federal crime. Years in prison for that one. Treason's a death sentence."

My God, I couldn't believe where this was heading. I knew he was trying to scare me, but I have to say I also knew how he had a point.

"You're relatively good with computers, aren't you?"

"I make websites. I have a website. That's it. I don't hack. I'm not a network administrator like Jack. I don't know anything about hacking."

"Did Jack ever brag about some data he had?"

"I didn't talk to him about it."

"We've been reading some of the things you've been posting. Your attempts to, as you call it, break in to Wright Patterson."

I knew I shouldn't have posted this story. It was a free country, wasn't it? Freedom of speech. "Well," I said, "If you've been reading my website then you know where I've been the past few months. You know what happened. Why are you even questioning me?"

"Your story is filled with so much shit that none of us can make heads nor tails of it. But you've admitted that you were going to try to break in to Wright Patterson. That's our proof. It connects you to Jack, to what Jack had, to your intentions, and what you are capable of doing. All that shit about aliens and what not, what are you really hiding? What are you trying to do? Your lifeline and the stories that we have gathered match everything that you've written in that story, but what's this shit about the people that have visited you? The visits by Jesus?"

My God, he had read the whole thing. I guess it kind of served me right, you know, to post things like that. It was going to come back and get me in the end, and I didn't see it. It ended up leading me here, into a Pontiac police station, being interrogated and accused of hacking and treason. Honesty may be noble. Openness about my life may be noble, but at what expense?

"I stand by my story."

"Tell it to me in your own words."

"The story on my site is in my own words, and when I finally get around to it, I'm going to post this as well. It's like a blog. An online journal of true happenings in the life of Jeff Behnke. If you think the story is full of shit, then fuck you. I can't change your opinion."

"The military has read it as well."

"Hence the all points bulletin on my arrest."

"You have a lot of fingers pointed at you right now. Not just mine. I think you murdered him. They think something else. But there is no way you were sequestered in some underground fucking chamber and held captive by lizards!"

Now I understood fully why I was here, why they had a warrant, why they felt that they had proof. Now I knew the danger that existed for people that

posted things like this online. People who researched ufos and pulled strings that they probably should not have pulled. I was no better than any of them.

“My online journal is my confession,” I said. “I will stand by my story. If you’re looking for Jack, Dulce New Mexico is where you will find him. Dead or alive. Now if you’re going to charge me, do it. If you’re not, let me go.”

John Gray sighed. “We’re letting you go, but we’re going to be watching you. Because you know, you’re right. We have no proof. The only proof that we have are the words that we’ve read on your conspiracy site.”

“It’s not a conspiracy site.”

“Sure it isn’t. People like you start cults and blow up federal buildings. By the way, your mother is here to pick you up. If I ever ask you to come back in for more questions, you bet your ass you better find a way to get down here. If anyone comes to your door knocking, you better answer their fucking questions. If you killed Jack, you’re fucked. If you hacked anything, you’re fucked. You’re a watched man, Jeff Behnke. And not just by me. Get out of here.”

I stood up from the chair, wondering if he was really letting me go. He walked over to the door and opened it up. I stepped into the hallway, made my way down to the front entrance and saw my mom sitting on a puke green chair with a tissue in her hand. She saw me and this overwhelming look of relief covered her face.

“Hi mom,” I said.

“Oh Jeff,” she sobbed, and grabbed the back of my head, burying my face into her shoulder. I could feel her tears against my neck. I felt her grief.

A few moments later, my tears joined hers as well.

October 30th. Mom’s a Fanatic and I’m on a Milk Carton.

It started snowing on the way back to mom’s place in Lapeer, that gentle-non sticky type of snow that probably has a name if you’re an Eskimo, but not if you’re from Michigan. She lives out in the middle of nowhere with my father who’s a marine. He likes his privacy, as I’m guessing most ex-Vietnam people do...not so much where they lock themselves in a cave somewhere in the middle of the grand canyon and wear lizard skins as underwear and walk around with a knife jammed between their teeth, but enough that you notice they don’t like much company. I sometimes wonder if that has somehow rubbed off on me considering I spend so much time online, more comfortable answering e-mail than answering the phone. My dad sometimes seems to be a modern day Neanderthal, where everything revolves around keeping to himself, taking care of his family, hunting, and working. He doesn’t like conversations at the dinner table, or in the car—unlike my mother.

We drove for ten minutes in dead silence, and I watched the windshield wipers whip back and forth, wondering how tired they felt doing the same thing over and over again. I guess anything’s better than just sitting there. Then again, they were just windshield wipers. The snow melted on the glass, the blades smeared it away, and the snow melted on the glass again, extremely methodical,

and extremely hypnotic. I almost forgot that my mother was driving next to me until her sniffing nose kind of woke me out of my daze.

“I thought you were dead,” She said.

“I was. Sort of.”

She looked over at me, peaking out of her own bloodshot eyes. “Are you really okay?”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t want to believe anything those police officers were telling me, because I know you didn’t murder anyone. Not my son, a child of God.”

“What did they say to you? The officers.”

“They told me that you were under a lot of suspicion, that there would be people coming to ask questions of you, that I was supposed to listen and watch you and report strange behavior.”

“I see.”

“They told me you were unstable and could snap at any moment.”

“Unstable, eh?”

“But I don’t believe it,” She said, ultra seriously, her voice deepening. “I don’t believe a word of it.”

“Thanks, mom.”

We turned onto Rochester road, which is a swerving masterpiece of concrete. Whomever designed that road needed to make more roads. All those curves. It was great in the summer, but not the winter. I never trusted my mom behind the wheel, either. And now she was upset. I didn’t really wanted to say too much. I didn’t want to distract her.

“Where were you?” She asked. “All these months. Your apartment—empty. No one knew where you were. I called your work. They told me you were fired months ago. I tried calling. The phone was disconnected. Why didn’t you call me? Why didn’t you tell me where you were?”

“I didn’t want you to worry.”

“I worried. I worried.”

“I’m an adult.”

“Adults don’t disappear.”

“Missing ones do.”

“And why do they go missing?” She asked.

“They stop attending church. They don’t go to school. I don’t know. Some people like me are pretty low profile. They do one thing in public, which is go to work, and the rest they do at home. They don’t even exist to most of the world. Like me.”

“Well you exist to me,” She said. “You’re my son and you should tell me where you’re going.”

I felt like I was being chastised but I didn’t mind. It was nice to know that some people really do notice the fact that you’re gone.

“You’re on a milk carton, you know. You’re in the post office.”

“So I’m famous now. Right next to those all-points bulletins passed out to local law enforcement agencies.”

“There’s so many people looking for you.”

"Where I was, none of you would have found me."

"What happened to you?" She said.

I was experiencing a dilemma. I didn't know how much I could tell her in fear of her getting upset with me. I had the same problem with her that I had with the cops who were questioning me. If I told them the truth, no one would believe. My mom was even more fragile, because her belief system went directly against aliens and conspiracies and ufos. The last thing she wanted to hear right now would be for me to be spouting off about being kidnapped by lizards who were from another planet. That would go over real well.

"Well?" She asked. I knew I had to give her an answer.

"We went on a trip, me and a friend."

"The one who's still missing."

"Yeah. We ran into some bad luck. Really bad luck. By some really bad people."

"Who? Drug dealers?"

"No. Why does everyone think I'm on drugs?"

She had this look on her face like the answer was obvious.

"Listen, mom, the universe is a big place. It's hard to predict what you're going to run into. I was held captive."

"Were they terrorists?"

"Sort of."

"Did they hurt you?"

"I don't know."

"How'd you get away?"

"I don't know." But I can say one thing. Jesus was there." I said that more for brownie points than anything.

Her frown quickly turned into a smile and she patted me on my knee.

"Jesus is always there for his children."

Internally I was rolling my eyes, but I knew these were the types of things that I had to say to my mom. I needed her on my side by telling her as little as possible except for things that made her happy.

"Jesus told me everything would be alright," I said.

"The preacher will be so thrilled to know you're back," She said. "He told me how he looked for you all over but couldn't find you. He thought that Satan had his grip on you. Do you feel that you want to join the church again?"

God, this was hard. I was having trouble keeping my mouth shut. "No," I finally said.

"No?"

"I can't."

She sighed, started to sniffle again.

"Mom, don't. Please," I said.

"But I want you to...be saved. To be with me when I die."

"You're not dying, mom. We have plenty of time together."

"But you are a son of God. A son of God must join his army in spreading the word. If you're not spreading the word, you're spreading Satan's word."

I bit my lip, felt the strain of my muscles along my forehead. The beginnings of a migraine set in.

“Satan does not have his grip on me. Nothing does,” I said. “And I’m not spreading Satan’s word. Listen, can we talk about this later? I’m kind of stressed out.”

“I know you are, honey. I know you’re not thinking clear. Your reason is clouded. You don’t fully comprehend what is happening to you or what it means when Jesus calls on you. You will see, though. All the answers will come clear. There’s a church gathering tonight. Do you want to come with me?”

She never stopped.

“Mom, I just got back from god knows where. I don’t want to go and see anyone right now.”

“Maybe one of the church members will have some kind of part-time job for you, so you can help pay rent to me and your father at home while you look for a new place to stay,” She said.

I know how much my mom loves me, but I know why I keep my distance. She was such a contradiction sometimes. Aren’t religious people supposed to be giving? I had nothing right now. I had just been held captive, deprived of everything, threatened with death and treason already today, and it wasn’t even 9 in the morning yet. Now I had to work out a way to immediately begin paying rent to my parents who had just spent however many agonizing hours trying to find me. I felt an argument coming on. I bit it back.

“Okay,” I finally said.

“So you’ll come to church with me?”

“Okay,” I said again.

She beamed. Her tears seemed to dry up instantaneously. She loosened her grip on the steering wheel. “I’m so glad you’re home,” She said.

I looked out the window. “Me too.”

October 30th. The Shower From Hell. My Master Plan.

“The fuck were you?” Dad said when I walked in the door to my parent’s house. It was such an adventure with my parents. On the one hand you have Mr. Fuck You, my dad. And on the other hand, you have this woman that attended church six times a week, and me in the middle, Mr. Alien Man, who spent most of his time looking at the sky and daydreaming about making millions of dollars off of T-shirts so he could retire to look for alien bones around the pyramids. I guess my family isn’t much different than any other family out there: sooner or later, a family splits into forty different personalities and they all have to come together and try to make sense of each other at the dinner table.

“Fuck, I don’t know,” I said, kicking off my shoes as my parent’s dog ran up to me and started sniffing my feet. “But I need a shower.”

“Don’t swear around your mother,” He said.

“Sure thing, dad. Shower time.” I walked passed him.

“Hey!” He said, but I waved him off as I ran up the stairs to head for the bathroom.

I spent the next thirty minutes in the shower trying to clear my head and wondering if we were going to have some kind of family talk when I finally cleaned up. I’d probably have to wear some of my brother’s clothes, which was fine, considering he had piles of it around his room which in all actuality used to be my room. He’s six years younger than me, but I can still fit into most of his stuff.

I still didn’t have much of a plan other than listening to my mom’s suggestion that I head to church and pan for jobs so I could pay for all of the funds I’d be soaking up out of my parent’s bank account by borrowing their couch for awhile. And I didn’t know if I would be getting a plan anytime soon, given the fact that I had this whole government investigation thing going on concerning me. I guess I’d just try to stay out of trouble and maybe make some cash washing cars in Lapeer. I know I’d probably do a lot of writing, see if I could try sorting out this mess that I had suddenly created. I sometimes think that if I get enough words on a piece of paper that everything will suddenly become clear to me. I’d try to stay away from aliens, strange visitors and what not, and hopefully now that I had just been ass-kicked by a bunch of lizards in an underground cave, maybe I wouldn’t have any more of my nightly abductions. Maybe they had everything now, stolen my DNA, impregnated some of their alien women, had a few children, gotten bored with me and moved on to some cattle in Argentina. I don’t know. Maybe they’d let me be. But my visitation with Jesus this morning hadn’t been too promising. I just wanted them to stay away. I’d probably be perfectly happy washing cars for the rest of my life, living above a Pete’s liquor store in a small loft for three hundred bucks a month. I could live with that, as long as I had my computer and peace of mind. Yeah, that sounded good. Waste away my life drinking Peach Schnapps on the weekend and developing a social life through e-mail.

One thing good about Lapeer is that it’s a medium-sized town in the middle of nowhere. It’s just big enough where you can’t remember anyone’s face, yet small enough where you don’t give a shit and the loneliness isn’t too overwhelming. Every time I got too lonely I could head up to McDonald’s and smile at the pretty lady that takes my order. She’d have this I-Know-You-You’re-The-Guy-Who-Likes-Whoppers look on her face and say, “Can I Help You?,” since that’s the protocol, and I’d have this You-Know-Me-Since-I-Eat-Here-All-The-Time smile on my face, and I’d order the same thing that I always order, and she’d say the same thing that she always says and I’d somehow feel apart of the world again. So it was a nice place to disappear. No one would criticize me for being a recluse who lives in the three hundred dollar loft in the middle of a town where nothing interesting ever happens, because they know that they live in that very same town. It’s an unspoken thing that no one around them has ever been on the television or heard the roar of screaming fans. So I could disappear, and no one would care. That was, I suppose, as good a plan as any.

I wanted to sit down and write, not listen to my dad complain nor have to follow my mother in to church and answer the same question over and over again like the firemen who work near the destroyed World Trade Center Building and who talk to tourists. “Where was I when it happened? Standing here, staring at that billboard, thinking about Gandhi. Where was I when it happened? Standing here, staring at that billboard, thinking about Gandhi. Where was I when it happened? Standing here, staring at that billboard, thinking about Gandhi.” Almost like the windshield wiper movement in my mother’s car. But I couldn’t sit down and write and I couldn’t even enjoy my shower since nagging at the back of my mind where all the questions that I’d have to answer in people’s monotonous pursuit for something interesting to talk about that I’d be confronted with for the next week while I tried to readjust myself to my surroundings. Not to mention the questions that I’d have to answer to these government officials who’d be coming to my door at all times of the night to grill me as if I were a captured Windtalker in World War II and a bunch of Asians were trying to “get the codes” out of me.

Life sucked. This morning I was all gung ho and feeling so Anthony Robbins-like, and now I felt like shit all over again. And I couldn’t get rid of the smell of moth-balls on my skin which had somehow absorbed it from my clothing. And it wasn’t like I could picture in my mind a place where I wanted to be and go there, because there really wasn’t any other place that I wanted to be. I could just as easily have stayed in that fucking cave for the rest of my life and it wouldn’t matter because there really wasn’t anything to look forward to in my life. The only thing that has ever given me comfort is my website, and perhaps answering e-mail and playing around with my computer since it does exactly what you tell it to, and you don’t have to answer any questions you don’t want to, and there’s always the kill switch if things get too crazy. It doesn’t abduct you. And it doesn’t make you pay rent.

I turned off the faucet and stepped out of the shower. My mom had placed some clothing near the outside of the door and I wrapped a towel around my waist, opened up the door, and reached out and pulled the clothes inside with me. I could see my dad standing in the hall waiting for me to finish. I dried off, slipped on what my mom had found, and just sat on the toilet for awhile staring at the mirror across from me, wondering why exactly people placed mirrors in bathrooms in front of the toilet. Like you really want to see what you look like while you’re taking a dump or doing whatever. I cleaned up as much as I could, borrowed whatever deodorant and what not that I could from my brother’s drawer, and finally stepped back out into the hallway.

“Gonna answer me?” He said. I guess he was still hung up on the fact that I didn’t answer where I had been.

“I see you haven’t spoken to mom,” I said.

“You had your mother worried to death.”

“And what about you?”

He shrugged.

“I love you too, dad.”

"Your mother says your in deep shit."

"Using those exact words?" I asked.

"Why don't you come downstairs and sit at the table before you head off to church to find a job with your mother," He said.

"I'm kinda tired."

"Tough shit."

So I followed him down the stairs and sat at the table.

"Not that chair," He said. "That's my chair."

"You want me to move to another chair? Hmm. How's that one right there?"

"Don't be a smart ass."

So I got up and moved. "Can I have some coffee?" I asked.

"Did you murder that kid?" He asked. "And don't lie to me. I'll gut you."

"No," I said.

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Hon, where's my hunting knife?" He asked my mom.

"Downstairs next to your machete," She said from her perch at the kitchen sink as she peeled potatoes.

"Dad, I've had this same conversation like three times this morning. I don't know where I was, but he was with me. Next thing I know, I'm back in Michigan, lying on a bed coated in cigarette butts and burn marks. Then what do you know, the police come and haul me away. Please, don't make me go through this again. I can't spend the rest of my life answering the same damn questions."

"Because your leaving people universally unsatisfied that you're telling the truth."

"Because you wouldn't believe the truth."

"Okay, Mr. X-Files," he said. "Tough shit. Make me suffer."

"No," I said.

"No?"

"No," I said again. "Gonna kick me out? Fine. I'll go live off of prune juice siphoned from the bottom of a plastic trash bag in someone's garbage. What's it matter? Fuck it."

He slammed his fist down on the table. I didn't care. I just look at it stupidly. "You will answer your father."

"I'd answer you if it mattered," I said.

“You’re so non-appreciative of me and your mother. For all we’ve done for you.”

“Hm. Want me to go? I could disappear for a few months and come back after I’ve thought about what I’ve said.”

His jaw flexed. I could see that his teeth were thinking about it. So was his forehead.

“What are your plans?” He finally said, restraining something inside of himself.

“I’m gonna join the space program and become an astronaut, I think.”

“Don’t astronauts need 20/20 vision?”

“I think so.”

“Think of something else.”

“A supreme court judge.”

“You’re not a lawyer.”

“A CNN correspondent.”

“I hate CNN,” he said.

“Then definitely I’m going to be a mechanic.”

He mulled this one over. “Fine. You can start by going out to the barn and fixing my brakes.”

“I’m glad you trust me.”

“I don’t.”

“It’s your brakes. Have a coat?”

“In the basement. Wear one of my orange hunting jackets.”

“You bet,” I said, and left the table. Anything to get away from him.

“And tonight you better find a fucking job with your mother,” he said.

“Don’t worry. I know this chick at McDonald’s.”

October 30th. Church on Devil’s Night. The Noise of a Failed Example.

Yes, I had finally made the decision. Thoughts were pounding through my mind as I strode through the front doors of the Lapeer Church of Christ with my mom hanging off of my arm. She was in her Sunday flower dress, already humming tunes that were bellowing out the front doors of the church and it was increasing the intensity of the pounding noises in my ears and forehead, as if reality itself was merely existing to give a better definition of a migraine. Despite all the good things which had begun to happen to me as a result of leaving the underground base and the lizards and the floating orbs that talked about understanding God and life itself, I knew that sometime, very

shortly, late in the night when no one was looking, I would disappear once again. Find Jack. And kill him.

“Are you washed...”

Everyone kept staring at me and my mom who had so effortlessly walked into the church five minutes late and sat at the very front of the church auditorium, dragging me right along with her, right up to the front of the room where the preacher could see. Yes, THE preacher. Stalker. Experiencer of the events which had occurred just a few months ago while I was staying in that apartment in Rochester. He must have thought his prayers had been answered by God.

“Are you washed in the soul cleansing blood of the lamb?”

How sickening it all was if you listened to the words, which is why I guess so many people fell asleep intentionally during sermons and songs. They want to feel saved, but dear God, please shut off all the noise in the background about all the cattle we’re supposed to kill, all the intestinal trackings we’re supposed to burn with incense, and all the lamb’s blood that’s supposed to coat our bodies as we travel through life day in and day out, as living examples, mouthpieces for the word of God and little else. And that’s what I was here to receive, was I not? The word of God from someone who is covered in lamb’s blood so I can go out and tell other people how wonderful it was and how they could feel wonderful as well by going out and doing the same thing.

I heard arguments that people have sent me on my website stating things like the music in church is there to hypnotize you into an almost deadened state, where you have an inability to think or act of your own free will. The same tactics that the government uses to hypnotize the masses. The argument goes, by listening, you slowly lose your ability to think. You struggle to stay awake. You turn to others, your captives, for answers. I kind of agree with them because the people that I saw in the church as I sat there who were looking at me had that glaze in their eyes, staring forward, hands clasping that red book, mouths wide, thinking about nothing, almost like they were watching television. I guess I can see why. With television, your watching events play out in a world upon which you have no control. In church, you’re told the same story. God is in control. He has the remote. Sit back and enjoy.

The song ended, and the song leader at the front of the church flipped through his red book looking for another hymn about dead animals or whatever else he wanted on the plate that night. That’s one thing that never changed, was it? Even to this day, those things flying around in the sky that everyone’s still praying to continues to have a lust to destroy livestock. They seem to have an undying thirst for cow testicles, throats, hearts, and blood. Always blood. Blood blood blood.

A few coughs. Someone stood up and slipped away to the bathroom. And the preacher was staring at me, eyes beaming, a large grin on his face that made me cringe. I seemed to be the main focus of all the thoughts

playing over and over in his mind, and I hated it. So I stared back. He didn't seem to notice. He had that glazed look on his face as well, like something interesting had finally occurred on the television.

"Folks," He suddenly said, ushering to the song leader to take a seat. "God is truly wondrous and mysterious, is he not?"

A few 'yes, brothers' screamed out.

"When you pray to him and ask him for forgiveness, he answers. Does he not?" A few 'Amen, brothers.' "And if you ask of God, and he sees that what you ask of him is worthy, you will receive."

"Amen, brother!"

"Well," he continued, "I would like to share something with you that has taken months out of my life where I have slaved over the answer. And tonight, yes tonight, just a few minutes ago, God has shown to me that he has listened."

He walked towards me with those zombie eyes.

More yells and whoops.

"You see folks, there has been a lost child who has suddenly returned to his father. A child that has struggled and struggled with the age old question, is there life after death? Is there God? Where will I be when the horns of Armageddon ring out, proclaiming the onslaught?"

He placed his arm on my shoulder as the entire congregation began to focus on me, the subject of this unusual outburst that had taken place outside of his usual sermon time which occurs between the time frame of 7:45 PM to 8:00 PM. I gazed up at him, hymnals still clanging between my temples. He had the look of the deepest concentration on him, as if he were taking a risk where, in reality, the reasons for doing so were extremely vacant. "Yes," the preacher continued, "A lost child of God has finally come home."

More hollers and whoops. My mom was beaming.

I tried keeping my mind clear. I saw these types of things on television where individuals would walk up on stage and be cured of illnesses which did not exist in them, where those who were truly ill were left out on the street or ushered away. I was being cured of a non-existent illness by a preacher who was acting as if he had cured me before I even gave him permission to cure me. I did not want to be cured.

"You were lost, my child. And now you've been found. Arise, my son."

Oh, I could really fuck things up for this guy right now, I said to myself. God could I ever fuck things up.

Alternatively, I could mindlessly do what was expected of me, like on the television. People getting up and being cured, of nothing! What did this guy want? To hug me? To slam his palm against my forehead? He wanted to use me as an example, but I did not want to be his example. I didn't want to

be anyone's fucking example. I was not here of my own free will among vampirical people.

I could hardly move. I tensed up even more, pushing his hand off of my shoulder through small shrugging motions. I thought of Jack, of ripping his throat out. Of Menendez, of the suits. Of my website.

"Arise," he said again. What did he want to do? Baptize me? I had been baptized when I was young when I wanted to make my grandparents smile, but I did not want to make anyone smile now.

As I sat there next to my mom, her beaming grin slowly, ever so slowly, slipping down the sides of her face as she waited for me to do my part and be that example, she began nudging me with her elbow. "Go on," she said. "It's okay. It's okay." As if I were a dog and she was coaxing me outside. But if they were both going to force me to do this, I was going to take a shit on their lawn.

I stood up. The preacher began grasping at my hands, my forearms, so he could lead me in front of the congregation and turn me into an example that, in his mind, people would write books about. I pushed those same hands away. He grasped back, trying to pull me towards him. I pushed them back against his chest, harder this time. I couldn't punch him. Could I? I felt like I was drowning, climbing to the surface for air. My mom started saying louder, "it's okay, it's okay, Jeff, everything's okay," but it wasn't okay, and the congregation began to know just how not okay this impromptu sermon was going. Yes, my friends, Jeff Behnke, the lost child of God, did not want to be found.

The song leader stood up and began belting out the words to the same hymnal he was using when we had walked into the room, as if to erase all of events which had taken place since.

A baby began to cry. Then a child.

"Momma, what's happening?" A little girl said. Her mother covered her eyes. Her ears. A standard practice these days. It keeps them stupid.

The chorus around me arose, increasing the feeling of being drowned out, lost in this torrential downpour of a preacher's bad idea. I shoved the preacher, threw my mom's arm off of me. The chorus upped the pitch, drowning out even the crying children.

I walked back down the auditorium hallway towards the outer doors, ignoring the piercing gazes which were trying to cut the Satan out of me. A few mothers disappeared with their crying children into the nursery.

The doors of the auditorium closed behind me, lowering the noise coming from a failed example. Outside, I could hear the church's chorus continue:

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
I bet they sang a lot that night. Devil's night. I hope it made them feel better.

October 30th. McDonald's Goodness. I Am Not Padre Pio.

Such a cold Devil's night. I should have brought a warmer jacket, but I didn't know I'd end up walking three miles in the dark next to a road with Ford F150's whipping by every three seconds, half spraying me from head to toe with shit from their tires. McDonald's was a welcoming place by the time I actually made it there with little more than 45 minutes before they closed for the night. Enough time to buy a couple Big Macs and decide what the hell I was going to do now that I had most assuredly lost the support of my mother.

She was there, behind the counter, like she had been some four years ago. Long black hair, olive skin...definitely Asian, or maybe half-Asian. I couldn't really tell and I had never asked. Only difference was now she had that blue-striped uniform on with the name tag that said 'Chrissy' which goes to show you what hard work can do for you. Management had its perks—I wonder if she was enjoying the success.

She gave me that knowing smile, like she knew that I knew that the words which were about to come out of her mouth were absolute bullshit. "Welcome to McDonald's. Can I take your order?"

I wondered if she remembered me.

"Two Big Macs, large fries, and a Coke," I said, like I had said just about every day of my life when I had worked back at the pizza place. Seems like such a long time ago, you know?

"Would you like that super-sized, or is 1800 calories enough for you?"

"Super sized sounds good."

"For a woman, that would be enough food for a day and a half."

I looked at her for a second, showing her that I recognized her sarcasm. "Well I'm on a high carb, high fat diet."

"Oh. Is it working?"

"You tell me."

She punched in the numbers and gave me the total. "Your total comes to...hmmm...six dollars and sixty six cents. Spooky."

I reached into my pocket and pulled out some money I had ripped off of my parent's emergency drawer and tried handing it over. She shook her head. "No can do. It's McDonald's policy to get your food ready before accepting a customer's money."

"Why?"

"Because people are less impatient if they haven't actually handed over their money yet. Ever see the movie Falling Down?"

"Yeah."

"Well, if someone has to wait two minutes for the fries to finish cooking

and they've already handed over the money, they start thinking to themselves, Jesus, this isn't worth six bucks to have to sit here and wait. And then they pull out their shotgun. Start shooting. Turns the whole place into a bloodbath in no time. Happened constantly until we implemented the money-after-the food-is-ready policy. In this case, the fries are not done, so you're going to have to stand here and wait before handing over your hard-earned pennies."

"Stolen money isn't hard-earned."

"Hard-stolen money, then. Hang tight."

She poured me some coke, grabbed my Big Macs, put them on a red tray and waited for the fries to finish.

Then, something weird happened. Maybe it was an act of desperation or something, I don't know. Maybe all relationships begin as an act of desperation. I just opened my mouth and words started pouring out. "Listen, Chrissy, right? I used to come in here all the time. I always thought you were sexy but I figured I wouldn't have a chance because every time I walked in the doors I was wearing a pizza delivery yellow uniform and they're not too attractive and I have a horrible haircut most of the time." I paused, then added, "I, uh, I don't know where my life's going. I'm broke. I'm freezing my ass off in this wet jacket. I really don't have anyone to turn to or to talk to. I'm a wanted man. People think I killed this guy. My mom hates me. Want to date?"

She didn't say anything at first. Just stood there, tapping her chin. The silence, however, didn't make me feel uncomfortable because even if she were going to say fuck off or what not, I have a hard shell around me to protect me from criticism. "What made you say that?" She said.

"I don't know."

"Balls-ee. I like that. Sure, we can date. Hey, check this out. Your fries are done." She turned around, dumped a soaking basket of fries into a receiving tray, sprinkled on a bunch of salt and boxed up a large amount for me. "Now. I can take your money."

I gave her my money. She took it from me, glanced at my hand. "Hey, uh, what's your name?"

"Jeff."

"Hi Jeff. I'm Chrissy. By the way, your arm is bleeding."

I looked down.

A cold chill ran down my spine that said if I wasn't careful, time would stand still and I'd suddenly lose the ability to act.

I felt the blood dripping down my fingertips. I thought it was rain. Or slush. Or something else. I could see a puddle forming on the floor.

"Geezus," I said. "I'll be right back.""

"Need a band-aid?" Without waiting for an answer, she reached into some drawer behind the counter and pulled one out and threw it at me. "I'll hold your order."

I hurried into the bathroom, opened up one of the stalls and sat down on the toilet. I pulled my sleeve up. And there, on the wrist, a ring of blood.

I grabbed a handful of toilet paper and began dabbing it. I turned my wrist over and looked at the other side. Another circle of blood. I reached down and rolled up a part of my sleeve to get it out of the way.

My other wrist was bleeding as well.

“Shit,” I said, to no one in particular. “I’m not even fucking religious.” I wiped away the blood from my wrist and put it in the toilet water between my legs. I grabbed another handful and dabbed my wrist again.

As fast as I could wipe it away, it came back.

I tried a different tactic, holding the tissue to my wrist, waited for a minute, pulled it away. The tissue was soaked. It looked like there was more of it this time.

I began feeling light-headed. I needed it to stop. I tried WILLING it to stop. It had to. Goddammit, I had just met Chrissy and she was interested and I didn’t want to fuck it up by bleeding everywhere.

It came on stronger this time, slipping down my wrists, my fingers. A couple drops hit the orange-tiled floor. I coughed, wondered if my side was bleeding as well.

More toilet paper, blood soaked. I filled a toilet full of it, flushed it, grabbed another wad, and dabbed my arms once again. The pouring blood got on my coat and pant legs.

I wiped harder, furiously, more toilet paper, and I flushed it again.

Someone came in the bathroom, I could see their feet walk by under the stall and head towards a urinal. “Geezus,” I said to myself, pulling the bloodied toilet paper down into the water. Another flush. Another cough.

The room was spinning.

Stigmata. Supposedly a miracle. I’m sorry, but it ain’t a miracle. It’s a fucking burden.

My hands hit the floor, the stall flew open in a half-assed effort to crawl. It was too much. Way too much blood loss. The guy who was pissing turned around, almost pissed on me. “Holy shit,” he said, which I guess most people looking for a miracle might assume was being flushed down the toilet in the stall I had just vacated. The guy reached for his cell phone with his second hand, dialed the three magic numbers. The loss of blood, along with the frustration that my date with Chrissy was probably not gonna happen, clouded my mind, so I blacked out.

2AM. October 31st. In a Hospital. The Satanic Influence in America.

It was 2 am October 31st, the day that the kiddies look forward to all year round, where parents throw up their hands in resignation and allow their children to rot their teeth with the rest of the neighborhood. Some would dress up as batman, superman, supergirl, devils, angels, pieces of corn, you name it. Others would dress up as doctors and nurses. When I opened my eyes I merely assumed that the people walking around the room wanted candy from me, until I realized that it was a real stethoscope around that guy over there, and he looked kind of tall to be in the second grade. And over there, holding the clip board, a

real nurse. And over there, in that corner, an Asian woman who looked like she had just gotten off of work at McDonalds....

"Chrissy," I said, trying to sit up, but found I didn't have the strength.

"Easy, Padre Pio," She said. "You just relax. Took me forever to clean up that damn bathroom."

"Sorry."

"Don't apologize."

"Wouldn't want to ruin business for ya."

"Ah, well. Who gives a shit. McDonald's is a publicly traded company. No one cares. But contrary to your belief, business should be just fine."

"Why's that?" I asked.

"Tomorrow it should be all over the County Press. Some reporter walked in on ya, found you, started taking photos. That bathroom's gonna be a shrine and you're gonna be a saint. People already started giving you gifts."

"Huh?" I tried to sit up.

She pointed to a table along the white hospital wall. A couple flower pots sat there with little notes attached to them.

"I think someone donated some myrrh, too. And when that story comes out in the papers, we're going to have our doors open wide. If they want to check out the bathroom where they found you, fine by me, 'cause they're gonna get hungry, and when they do, hey, what do you know, a counter right around the corner where they can order as many big macs as they want while contemplating God."

"And you?" I asked. "What do you believe?"

"Well, my grandma was pretty religious. Catholic. Had the rosary beads hanging from her window and what not. Blessed every house she walked into because she thought not only was she a devout catholic, but in a former life she thought she had been the pope."

"And your mom?"

"My mom's a different story entirely. She lives in Toledo."

"Ohio?"

"Is there another Toledo I don't know about? But my family doesn't talk about her all that much. She's a stripper. She aged very well. She looks like she's 24. She's kind of eccentric."

I checked the bandages on my hand. I still felt they were still seeping. If this bout had been anything like the others I could remove my bandages tomorrow sometime in the afternoon and they'd be fine. No scars. No indication of where all that blood had come from.

"Eccentric? How so?"

"Well, I mean I said she was a stripper, right? Well, she also says she's a breeder for an alien race."

"Holy shit."

"Yeah, Like, all these aliens inject sperm into her at night and she incubates a baby for a few hours while she is supposedly sleeping peacefully on her Sealy. I guess these aliens have rigged up her uterus so it works in overdrive without wearing out. She says she has like 365 children."

“And you’re one of them?”

“I guess so.”

“You don’t believe it?”

“Hell, I don’t know. I don’t know what to believe half the time. I used to shelter her from school board meetings when I was in elementary school and what not. Thinking that maybe she’d blurt something out to someone to give her secret breeding experiments away and embarrass the piss out of me. She used to hate public schooling, telling me that the local school boards were lizards that sucked the blood of children and lived in underground caves beneath the city. Everyone was in on it, she told me. Everyone was a blood-sucking Satanist.”

“So why did she let you go to public school?” I asked.

“As bait? She always wanted to catch them doing it, you know. She always checked over my body when I came home, asking me questions about what happened in school, did I see a shape changer, etc. But I have to be honest, I never saw anything like that.”

“What did she think about your grandmother?”

“They kind of got on each other’s nerves a lot. Mom would tell me that my grandmother was being influenced by external forces that was making her believe in a higher power that didn’t exist. Grandmother would tell mom that it was not herself, but my mom, that was being influenced—not by a higher power, but by a lower power, namely Satan, that was deceiving her and drawing her away from the truth and not towards it.”

“Sounds familiar,” I said.

“Tell me about it. I was RAISED listening to them bicker back and forth. On one side, we have Satan influencing my mom. On the other side, we have--I guess--elements of nurture and good old-fashioned church influencing my grandmother, and she was determined, absolutely determined to save my mom from the devil. My mom was just as determined to tell my grandmother that church was bullshit, prissy, and stupid, and if she would just awaken her mind to alternative possibilities, it would all come clear to her. I cannot believe I’m talking to you about this.”

“I cannot believe that I am hearing it.”

“Well, you’re a fucking stigmatic, so I’m guessing you can stomach it. I mean, I was like eight years old, trying to finish my rice while my mom would be drawing on a white board how the pyramids were created to 1/40,000th the scale of the earth, they were perfect, they were not created by man, so they must have been created by the aliens that impregnated her about 50 times a year. And my grandmother, holy shit, she could come up with some serious reasons why my mom was delusional. She was level-headed about it, but she did not give an inch to my mother’s ramblings. I mean, you’d think they’d agree, you know? My mom believed that the illuminati were blood-sucking Satanists who needed a good nut kicking. My grandmother believed that the world was under the rule of the devil—

“Why would your mom believe in Satanists if she thought everything was a matter of aliens?”

“Well, you can believe in people who believe in the devil. You can believe in the devil’s influence, even without the devil being real. You can say Satan has a lot of weight in the world without believing he truly exists. My mom felt that the world’s leaders were influenced by Satan and held rituals surrounding the devil for their own twisted purposes and power plays. My grandmother believed the same, but she felt that the satanic influence was actually a spiritual influence caused by a spiritual being that fucked over God at some point.”

“I see.”

“But that distinguishment lit a fire under both of their asses for the better part of twenty five years. They argued over something that they both saw—the influence of the dark side.”

I laughed.

“Well what else are you going to call it? Negative spirituality?”

I shrugged.

“I mean, it was obvious to both of them that something bad was going on in the world beyond your everyday boredom. They both heard the same stories and conspiracy theories, they just spun it differently. My grandmother thought that freemasons were the fallen angels that fell to earth with Lucifer when they were cast down by God. My mom thought that the freemasons were the upper-echelon of the alien influence on earth. In both instances we have a higher power, and when I say higher power, I mean the something that was responsible for putting us here on this planet. And both of them believed that the freemasons knew something about it.”

“You say all of this with such ease,” I said.

“What’s it matter? You’re stigmatic. That’s special, and not just to me. Don’t you forget it.”

“I wish I could.”

“Why would you want to forget it? You think stigmata is an everyday thing? You think we have stigmatics on every street corner?”

“Maybe I’m not stigmatic. I mean, I don’t necessarily want to be stigmatic. Maybe I just bleed a lot.”

“So anyway,” She continued, “I guess in hindsight, growing up with those arguments flying back and forth was a good thing.”

“How so?”

“Well, everyone comes from somewhere, but when you come from two directions at once, you kind of see the bigger picture. It’s like the world and all of the opinions in the world are suddenly three dimensional instead of flat. Every issue is coupled with every other issue so if you really take time to listen, the world’s problems all start sounding like a gigantic Gordian knot. But if you can rise above it all and look at it from all those angles at once, you kind of see things for what they really are. My grandmother thought that the mess we have created could be solved using the eyes of religion. My mother thought that everything could be solved using the eyes of a grey or a plaedian.”

“So spirituality is a method for untangling the hairball.”

“Basically, yeah, that’s how I see it. And people have been raised to think that there can only be one method, but there isn’t! There’s thousands of

methods. Some may be quicker than others, but it all depends on who is using the method and how well he understands that method. Hey, I'm perfectly fine if a Christian is in power. And I'm perfectly fine if my mother is in power. As long as they don't start eliminating all other methods except their own."

"Hmm...Like Hitler."

"You know, we have these arguments in McDonald's all the time. One of the other managers will tell the crew to start near the front of the store when mopping and work towards the back so the cleanest water will be used where the kids usually hang out. Another manager says start near the back and work towards the front since the back is the dirtiest section anyway and needs the most cleaning and if the kids are going to get sick its because the back of the store isn't clean. Either way, the floor looks nice when they finish, but put the two of them in a room together, you can cut the tension in the air with a butter knife."

"That's ridiculous."

"And it happens everywhere. Over and over again. So really, it doesn't matter whether its god or aliens that are influencing those in power. All that matters is we don't kill each other over the best way to mop a floor."

"But don't you want to know what is causing it all? Whether the earth is influenced by an alien or Satan, or something else?"

"What's it matter who or what is causing it? What's it matter if my mother is right or my grandmother is right? I've heard some outstanding solutions to world problems by people who don't believe in God. I've heard some outstanding solutions to world problems by people who do. If you believe in aliens and you have an outstanding solution, great. Should we not listen just because of your controversial perceptions? No."

I looked at the window, away from Chrissy, thinking about what she said. "There's a lot of controversial shit in my life," I said. "Lots of people say it DOES matter what I say, what I do, and what I believe."

"Well, I'm one of those people who don't. So can we still date?"

I smiled. "Hell yeah."

At which point a man barged through the hospital room door, in a suit, wearing sunglasses, whiter than white skin, and a very very grim face.

He turned to Chrissy. "Get out."

Obediently, for some reason, she did.

When she closed the door, the suited man turned to me, his white skin pasty and damp under the fluorescent lights. He looked like he was sweating pigs. He took off his sunglasses, showed me his face.

Jack.

Big Man With a Gun. The End of Lies.

"How the fuck have you been, buddy?" I said to Jack. "You look a bit pale. Not getting too much sun, are ya?"

"Shutup."

"Is this where you tell me something about being assimilated?"

"This was not my choice, but it was for the good of man."

I looked him over. Pale skin, white, purple lips, bruised, like a plum that had just been run over by a semi. "For the good?"

"Everything makes sense from the inside."

"Hmm."

He stepped closer to the bed, placing his hands on the sheets near my feet still in the process of finishing up their bleeding. "All your life, you struggled to understand. I hold the answers."

I laughed. "I'm sure you do." I paused. "Well, don't keep me waiting." I shut my eyes, waiting for a barrage of logical arguments that logically made sense to logically bombard me.

"The truth," Jack said, "Is particularly hard to swallow. You lay on this bed, asking yourself, why am I bleeding? Why has this happened to me? Why can't I just live a normal life?"

"You don't even fucking sound like Jack."

"Precisely. And why don't I sound like Jack?"

"Because you're not really Jack?"

"Jeff, don't you see? Doesn't it make sense to you? You've lived the last five years of your life creating a website for others to enjoy, to urge them on to seek the answers. Five years, wasted."

"Bullshit," I said.

"Websites are like pets. Yours is of the worst kind. Yours needs to be fed constantly. You live your life to feed it, and you let it feed off of you, but for what? No one is learning anything from you. Other than what obsession means, how it can drive you to dislocate yourself from your friends and family until you disappear into a void of madness, like you have done. Is this what you want to be?"

"People need my site. It's of a higher purpose. It contains truth."

"Truth?" Jack laughed, sounding like he had a throat full of spit. "The truth is that no one gives a shit about you puny little efforts. Your site contains no truth. You're too simple."

"Fuck you."

"See what I mean? You cannot even think of a response."

"I have not made up a single word of what's on my website. It's there so that others can learn the truth about what's really going on out there."

"So they can see how deep the rabbit hole goes? You see, Jeff," Jack said, smoothing out the sheets near my feet and sitting his suit down on top of it, "Your ideas are not even original."

I felt the anger well up inside, the anger that I had learned ever since my childhood to repress or face the wrath of others. I felt it simmer, beneath the surface, as Jack, or what I believed to be Jack, continued.

"You make shit up," Jack said. "You lie. Is that truth?"

"I was trapped in Dulce New Mexico. I am visited by aliens when I sleep at night. I write about it. I don't force anyone to believe it. I let people take it as it is and walk away from it with hopefully something that they can pull into their own life."

"The supposed events of the past year has been nothing other than a fabrication of your own making, Jeff. You like to lie, don't you?"

"No."

"You want other people to believe your lies? Is that what you want to give to people? You want them to walk away with an untruth in hopes that it *means* something to them? Jeff, how can a lie mean anything to anyone?"

"Stop saying that."

"Jeff, tell the truth, for God's sake. For once, admit it. Tell the world you're making it all up. Undo what you have done. Erase it all, right here, right now, in front of your readers. For God's sake, the world is filled with enough bullshit. Don't contribute to it. Fess up. You say you want to show the world the truth, well do it, right here and now."

"I'm not making it all up. This is my life, goddammit! This blood on these sheets, is it real? The court case that is against me, is that real? My mother, hating me for mom non-religiousness, is that real?"

"You tell me."

"Geezus, this is the real deal, Jack. The truth."

"You don't sound so sure. Sometimes, it's hard to tell, isn't it? Sometimes, if you mix too much fact and fiction together as one, you kind of lose the ability to distinguish one from another. The whole field of alien research kind of relies on that, does it not? The files being passed around the web by enthusiasts, the files that mean the most, they're written anonymously, under pen names with quotes near the front about people's general inability to handle the truth. They hold people's ignorance up as if it were a model for others to follow. Well, my friend, it seems that you can't handle it very well, either. People are much more willing to accept lies than they are the truth. If this wasn't the case, why would we be arguing?"

"Fuck you."

"Why so hostile, Jeff? Does the truth hurt?"

I wondered how many suited men were as effective as Jack. How many people they had convinced to shutup using this same course of reasoning.

"You're so simple, Jeff. You have no principles. You'd say anything if it would make you money. You'd do anything if it would make you famous. Your website is a prime example. Hey, look at me! It says. I believe in aliens and I'm not afraid to show it! Hell, I'll even lie about it."

"Shutup."

"Is that the best you can do? I'm not even real, am I Jeff? Jack, the networking guy who became an alien. Who befriended Jeff, the high-flying website designer that believed in the truth. You make me sick."

That anger that was welling up inside was becoming an overflowing fountain of sorrow.

"You began the website thinking it was a flagstone of reason, but what is the world left with? A man doing nothing more than spinning tales, never checking the facts, showing anyone and everyone pictures of supposed ufos, ghosts, and aliens, like you're peddling porn."

I felt like crying. He was breaking me. Ending me.

“You wanted the truth. I just gave it to you. Do you want the madness to end?”

I felt a tear slipping down my face. I placed my head in my hands. I nodded.

Jack pulled out a .44 magnum, placed it against my forehead. He smiled. “Are you ready?”:

All I wanted was the truth.

All I became was a lie.

“It’s not true,” I said, staring at the computer screen, a tear slipping down my face. “None of it.”

I uploaded the file as I heard Jack pull the trigger.

They’ll find me in the morning. One man, on an eternal quest for the truth. At his computer. Working on his site.

Yes, my friends, I have found the truth. And it is absolutely 100% bullshit.