

# Alien Within



Richard Allen

# **Alien Within**

*By Richard Allen*

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## The Looking Glass

I often sit and wonder, often questioning the very fabric of my life, my being, my existence. I find this world at times to be a rather cold world to exist within; it is a world that is spiritually and morally detached, drifting through time detached from its origin, detached from its roots. So I will often sit and question my very being in this world, contemplating my existence in this world, while often trying to answer a very basic yet difficult question. Do I belong here, was this life a mistake? Do I have the energy to continue to exist within this world, within a world that seems so lost, a world that is so cold and detached? Do I have the energy to exist within a world where the societies are wondering around so completely lost and detached from their roots, their origin, and their spirit? A world where this detachment is causing a very real illness within our societies that we are completely ignoring.

I know that within my life I have deeply touched and helped many people, but I still search for the answers for myself, to try and comprehend whether this life was a mistake, to try and answer a very simple yet difficult question, was this life a mistake, is it worth living, worth waking up each day and facing, or am I just wasting my time in this life, in this world? Often wondering if I have reached a point where my only option is to end my life? I find this world at times to be a very cold and detached world, a world that is very difficult to live within. Often I find myself lost in this world because of the detachment that exists within this world from its origins, from spirit, and lost because of the degree of violence, hatred, and prejudice that flow through our societies.

Our societies are constructed, in my view, around boxes. People's experiences, their belief systems so often place them within a box where anything that exists outside of that box remains extremely difficult for them to comprehend, and thus they alienate those that do not fit into that box that they have created to exist within. Their boxes that they live within, create around themselves are their realities, and they are not always an honest and open reality. The problem with living inside a box, with creating our realities inside of a box is that too often we close the lids on our boxes and refuse to explore outside of that box. So we become trapped within a box, a reality that is doing us more harm than good. These boxes that we have created to live within are causing very real problems in our world, as people are too afraid, to prejudiced to accept what lays outside of our boxes, our realities. It is the prejudice, the hatred, the lies, and the coldness that is leaking out of these boxes, tainting our societies, and even worse, it is tainting the realities of our children. We are passing on to the children of each generation the hatred, prejudices, the negativities that lay within us and that have been passed on to us by those who have come before us.

The very nature of opening up and exploring outside of a person's personal box is one that I have come to realise that is vastly difficult for most people to do, but very rewarding if they try to explore outside of their own personal reality. However it can also be extremely difficult to live outside of most people's boxes, and not only difficult, but it can also be an extraordinarily lonely existence that would break the strongest of people. Living outside of what is considered to be normal can and will take you to the depths of loneliness and confusion, it can take you to your own personal hell. However, although this can be a difficult path to walk, it can also be a very rewarding path in itself as you explore yourself in ways that

so very few people ever have the opportunity to do. The experience, as with all things in our life is yours for the creating. You can create any experience within your life and believe the experience to be a negative or you can come to view the positive within it and grow, as you look through the looking glass of your life and explore this amazing fabric of the reality that is our lives, our world, our reality and come face to face with the alien within.

Our lives are a journey that we begin with a blank canvas, a blank canvas that society, our families, and our friends help to paint the picture on this canvas that our reality will become. Unfortunately we live in a world where instead of society creating some of the most beautiful artworks possible for our society, they create an abstract of what society, of what our reality is, and so we are left with a disastrous mess of a society where people instead of passing on love, respect and honour to their children, are passing on hatred, prejudice, violence. We live in a society where children are being murdered, emotionally, physically and spiritual raped by adults, by children, and by corporations. We live in a world where money has become the focus and goal of the rich nations while billions of people are left living below the poverty line. Our most innocent and our most precious members of our society are not being protected; they are not being given a beautiful canvas, a beautiful painting of what their reality is, and what their reality can be. Unfortunately so many children are being born into this world without the unconditional love of being handed a blank canvas and being allowed to be the beautiful free soul that they are. They are not being given the chance to be all that they are, they are not being given the gift to create their own reality. Instead parents are handing their children a very contaminated canvas full of hate, prejudice, lies, anger, they are handing their children a canvas that is full of negativity and that can only stagnate the growth of the child and their spirit. Our spirits need light to grow, spiritual light; they cannot grow when they are been flooded with hate and darkness.

There is an illness that is running through our societies, an illness that we try to ignore and then we simply react towards as this illness causes break outs, but it is these contaminated canvases that we are passing on to our children that is causing such an illness within our societies. This illness we see as school shootings, murders, rapes, assault, etc, but as a society we ignore these problems, the illnesses causing these outbreaks and we simply take a short term effort to tackle with the head of the problem, rather than dealing with the root of the problems. As a society mankind must stand up and say enough. We must not allow the continued disintegration of our society to continue. We must not allow politicians to continue to pursue avenues that are in the best interest of the corporation and in the best interest of the politician's pocket. We must demand that our governments who are hired by we the people, start putting the people first, instead of the corporations. We must stand as one and demand that our political leaders, our business leaders stop focusing on the almighty dollar, and start to focus on what is best for the people of this small beautiful planet that we live on. We must demand that they start to focus on this small beautiful planet that we have been raping and killing for so long because we are slowly but surely killing this planet that gives us life and we are certainly killing our own race. But it is not just the governments that we must stand against; we must also stand against the corporations and churches who are allowing the moral bankruptcy of our societies to take place. We must stand together as one and demand this now because we can no longer afford to put off the problems that face our society today, we can no longer leave these problems to our children to deal with, because we are quickly reaching a point where this race will not be able to turn back from.

I personally have no faith that as a race we can do this, as the political, religious and corporate bodies of this world have so long ago stopped caring for the people of this planet and have been motivated solely on greed. I personally believe that the only way left for this race to be saved from the extinction that we are bringing to so much life on this planet, from the extinction that we are bringing to our own race is for outside intervention to take place. We can no longer survive or right the wrongs that we have caused alone, and only through outside intervention within this race, only through outside help can we progress and get back to where we should be. As a race we are standing on the edge of a cliff, getting pushed closer and closer to jumping off that cliff by those who are supposed to be looking after our best interests, our governments and religious organizations, and being pushed closer to jumping off of the cliff by the corporations for whom greed is their sole existence. We can no longer put our existence, our future in the hands of these people, but we must now take action and we must all stand as one against the path of extinction that we are being walked down.

We have created a reality that is slowly but surely killing our race. We have created a reality that is based on hatred, on prejudice, rather than one of being open and accepting, rather than being a society based on unconditional love. We have allowed to be created essentially a box that we call our reality, but instead of leaving the lid of this box open and exploring outside of it, we have nailed shut the lid on the box and have been taught, manipulated, brainwashed by church and state that anyone that exists outside of that box is not normal. With religions even going as far as preaching that those who exist outside of this box are evil people. A very sad statement to ever make about anyone, to call them evil simply because those of us who exist outside of this box do not fit into what society deems to be acceptable or even normal. Yet when we look at our society, and look at the condition of what this so called normality has done to our society, our societies are falling apart, becoming full of violence, hatred, prejudice. We have created societies that are not only a dangerous place for our children, but a dangerous environment for adults as well. If we continue down the path we are currently on, then there is no future for our children, and for their children.

As a race, as a people, we are a dead man walking. We have lost our way on our path in this world, we have forgotten our past and been denied our roots, which has lead to us becoming a soulless society. Church and state all around the world have successfully throughout history been able to throw a curtain over society, behind that curtain is the truth that can and would set our world free and send this race on to a path of a peaceful existence with an immense spiritual growth. However what they have created instead is a society of fear and hatred, hiding the truth from their followers and leaving people fearful of searching outside of the boxed reality that church and state have created. But slowly this curtain is falling, and when it does those who have controlled society for so long through fear will lose control, but until that happens how can we go forward, how can we exist, when we do not know who or what we are? How can we go forward, how can we exist when we are denied our roots, when we are denied our past, when we are denied our destiny. How can anyone move forward when they are denied a true and honest connection with their spirit, with their inner self, with who they truly are?

This book is a glimpse into the journey my life has been to discover all that I am, it is a glimpse past the masks that I have often worn as I bare my heart and soul and stand naked

before you in all my rawness. It has not been an easy journey, it has been a journey that has brought me to my knees screaming out for help, but after all these years the one thing I can say is that despite all that has happened I am a better person for all that I have experienced. I have been to the depths of my own personal hell, into a darkness that I never thought I would be able to escape, and I have climbed out of that deep dark hole to be able to see the world in such a different light as I have looked face to face with who and what I am, learned to love all that I am, and accept who and what I am. This book is not only a glimpse into the path that I have taken but it is also a celebration of all that I am, a celebration of all that I have experienced, because through all of my experiences whether they are perceived to be positive or negative there has to come growth and understanding and that must always be celebrated. We must always celebrate our lives and look for the growth that we can gain from a positive or negative experience, rather than allow a negative experience to own us and control who and what we are throughout our lives. But it is also a chance for those who are also on their paths in this life to be able to realise that we are all walking this path, this journey, and this life together and there is no need to feel alone, there is no need to be alone in your journey. There is never any reason for anyone within our society to walk their path, their journey by themselves. So please take this journey with me as I discover the alien within, as I stand before you naked in all of my rawness.

Have you ever had a dream which while dreaming you are wishing that you could wake up and put an end to the nightmare? Welcome to my life, a dream, at times it felt like a nightmare that I often wished I could simply awaken from. In my life time I have awoken many nights screaming in terror from the dreams that I thought I was having, only to realise that I was already fully awake and that what I mistook for a sleeping dream was not what it appeared to be, that it was my life. But I have found that in many ways I have awoken past viewing these experiences as nightmares, and now I am able to see them for what they were and being able to use them to grow and explore deeper within myself to discover the alien within me, that part of us that most people drift through their life never knowing, never meeting, but always feeling as though a part of them is missing.

Welcome to the journey that is my life, welcome to the exploration of the Alien Within.

## **A Childhood of Nightmares**

I am the youngest of three children. My birth into this world was under circumstances that left the doctors uncertain if I would survive. The day that I was born I was christened shortly after my birth because I was not expected to live past that day. As each day would pass my life expectancy was increased, but still my parents were told that I would not survive until finally as a premature baby the doctors believed that I was strong and healthy enough to survive. However I do feel that I was being watched over during the early days of my life, protected and healed by spirit and/or alien so that I could survive and live within this world. My birth into this world brought with it much love and protection from the spirits that came with me into this world for my protection.

Some people like to think that the youngest child is the most spoiled of all the children, but I like to think that we aren't that spoiled; it is just that we are more loved than the rest. Of

course I only think of this in a jokingly manner. But let's face it; the youngest child can get away with far more than any of the other siblings. At least I know that I would often get away with far more than either of my other brothers ever could, and that I was rather successfully in placing the blame for things that I would do on to my brothers. That's not to say that I never got in trouble, because that is something that I have miraculously managed to do more times than I care to remember. My mother always had a very basic way of telling if I was lying, a fool proof method that would catch me every time. My inability to lie with a straight face meant that whenever I would tell her a lie I would start laughing. Even today if I try to tell a lie to my mother I will erupt in laughter. Even with something as simple as proclaiming falsely that it is not my turn to make a cup of tea, when in fact it is my turn, will leave me laughing.

I had the childhood that most children in this world do not experience, one full of deep complete unconditional love from two parents who rearranged their lives, taking jobs that would make sure that they were always there for us. My parents created within us the freedom within our world from an early point in our lives by giving us the independence to be who we were and to be whatever we wanted to be within our lives, but also to be self efficient. My parents went by the belief that it didn't matter who we were, what we became, as long as we were true to ourselves and as long as what we did in our life was legal. We were given the best gift a parent could ever give their children, that is the complete unconditional love that comes with giving a child a blank canvas, allowing us to create our own reality, our own masterpiece on the canvases that are our lives, our reality. What better gift could a parent give a child but allowing them to be all that they are, all that they want to be, without any judgment or pressures, there was never any restrictions just complete unconditional love. I was blessed with two parents who allowed me to be all that I was. I came into this world surrounded by spirits and aliens that protected and loved me, and within this world I was surrounded by two parents that made me their world and filled that world with complete unconditional love; I was truly blessed within this world.

But I learned early on in my life to wear a mask because of the judgmental society that we have created, and as the years would go by my life would become more like a stage production with the different masks of life that I would wear. Despite being given the unconditional love and the ability to create my own masterpiece, my own reality, I had to also understand that the reality that society had created was infringing upon who I was and trying to dictate what was acceptable and what was unacceptable. I would wear these masks to portray a life vastly different from the one that I was living. I would wear many masks, each depending on the person that I was around, and each worn out of fear to protect myself from the rejection of my peers and from the harassment from those with who so often would cast judgment on those who lived outside of their realities, their boxes. I would wear these masks in my life without realizing just how crippling they would become, without understanding the immense damage that I was doing to my spirit. So often many do not realise how hard it is to live a lie, to not be the person we honestly are, to deny ourselves the truth of who and what we are. On the outside I would appear to be very care free, an extremely laid back person, but on the inside I was drowning in ocean of loneliness, in an ocean of confusion. I was lost, screaming out for help on the inside, but on the outside I was portraying a completely different person to the outside world. Essentially I was dying on the inside, causing immense damage to my spirit because I was trying to hide the essence of who I was.

My childhood, despite the loving protective family that I was raised in, was one of complete loneliness and of a deep intense fear. A fear that would chill me to the very bone and leave my social abilities within society crippled. It was a fear that would follow me most of my life. But my childhood was also one that contained amazing experiences, and a wealth of love.

When I was a young child my family lived for over a year and a half at a place called Okataina, this was a place that the local Maori would often talk of being built on top of a site where Maori fought, died and were buried during their wars. The area that we lived in was very rich in history, peaceful and violent, in nature and in human actions. The lodge that we lived in was surrounded by some of the most picturesque scenery. However there was a presence to this area that would chill me to the bone after dark, but during the day time I loved the area we lived within, and would often explore it. The summer days I would spend swimming in the lake or walking around the beach, walking around the forest tracks. We lived next to a lake, the only buildings in the area were the tourist lodge and staff accommodations, our closest neighbours were about half an hour's drive away. The lake was surrounded by a forest full of some beautiful walking tracks, but also full of a wealth of history. However, the moment it started to get dark I would fear going outside, fear being alone, I would fear everything. The darkness held within in it a presence that drove such a deep blade of fear within my very being that if left alone after dark I feared for my life.

It was at this point of my young life that I developed a lifelong fear of sleeping in the dark, a fear that would leave me unable to sleep unless there was a light left on in my bedroom. The very moment that someone would turn my bedroom light off, if I was asleep, I would awaken straight away in a state of panic and fear until I had rushed across the bedroom to turn the light back on. I was also very deeply plagued with intense nightmares at this place that would leave me horrified and incapacitated. The dreams would often involve the walls in the cellar below the bar bleeding, but there were also other nightmares so intense that it would wake me in a state of fear. Not only was I plagued with these dreams, but also of a horrify feeling within me some nights as I would watch a fog roll up the lake, within me there was the feeling that there was something within this fog. This was a very spiritual place to live, and I was attracting many spirits to me while living there, but not all of them were positive spirits, not all of them respected my space, respected me, instead they terrified me because of there lack of respect for my space and for myself.

Okataina was an amazing place to live. It consisted of an old lodge just above the beach. The lodge had a number of bedrooms in it, a bar, and a restaurant, there was also a few log cabins built beside the lodge, then two houses for staff. Below the lodge was a small shop with petrol pumps in front of it, which would mainly service the boats using the lake in the summer. It is within this shop that I would spend a lot of summer days serving customers, but mainly I would spend considerable time sneaking candy and Popsicles for myself to eat. We lived too far away from anywhere to have any friends come to visit, so I learned to embrace everything that was around me, I learned to embrace myself, to enjoy and have fun by myself. This would mean going for walks around the lake or going for a swim in the lake, something that because I was unable to swim I would have to wear a lifejacket to do. One of the walks I would often take, a walk that I enjoyed was walking to a location we called Echo

Cliff. This was basically a cliff that would echo everything you would shout into it. It was the sole reason that I would take that walk, to just stand and shout into the cliff and listen to it echo back at me. I remember standing in front of Echo Cliff one day, shouting out, often just shouting out my name and listening to the echo bounce back at me. On this day I was shouting out my name, listening to the echo, and then for some reason I don't understand the echo stopped. I stood there shouting out my name, and still no echo. Then something strange happened. My name echoed back to me, but it wasn't in my voice, and there was no one else around, just me. As you may be able to imagine I took off as fast as I could run, running back towards the lodge, back to where my parents and the tourists were, back to my perceived safety zone.

There was also one walking track around the lake that we would not tell tourists about the reactions that others tourists who took this walk would have. Without failure every tourist that took this one walking track around the lake would come back and say the same thing. Each tourist that took this one particular track around the lake would return and tell us that while on this track a green Maori ghost would appear before them and warn them not to proceed any further. I will always remember the day that two Canadian twins in their 70's, John and James took that track, and how they came running back from it at their age after coming face to face with this ghost.

This was an amazing place to live. Despite living beside a lake I did not know how to swim, so whenever I wanted to go for a swim I always had to wear a life jacket, which didn't bother me as I simply loved being in the water. The tourists who came to Okataina from all around the world mainly came for the fishing. At my tender young age you could say that I enjoyed a challenge, and would often play games of pool against tourists, usually against adults, placing fifty cents on the game to win. Unfortunately for these tourists I spent a lot of time playing pool and would always win the game, which must have been a bit on the tough side for these adults losing to such a young child. I would also enjoy taking tourists on walks, and sometimes on boat rides to show them the Maori caves on one side of the lake. These were caves where in the past Maori had used them to store their food within. It was just an area that was so deeply rich in history, but more importantly an area that was in many ways untouched by man.

I should note that the area that we lived within was one that had a deep history of people seeing ghosts, spirits, and a history of famous sightings of ghosts before a major natural disaster. In May of 1886 Maori and Europeans witnessed a Maori ghost canoe travelling in the lake Next to Okataina, Lake Tarawera; the local Maori saw this as a bad omen, as a warning of something to come. Eleven days after the sighting Mount Tarawera violently erupted. This whole area that we now lived within was one that held a great wealth of natural violence and one that held a wealth of human violence in the past with Maori wars.

Despite the fear and the depth of loneliness that I existed within at this time, it was still also a time that when I look back on now, a time that held so much amazement that while living at Okataina was just normality for me, and still is just a normal part of my reality, of my box. It was a time of memories that I now hold dear of other encounters that took place which at the time were part of my normal life. Encounters that to most would hold an importance and fascination to anyone not having these constant encounters, but that for me they were

simply a part of my normal life, my reality. Where to most people it was normal for them to interact with friends and family without thinking much of those interactions, for myself interacting with different beings was as normal as interacting with family and friends, because to me they were my family and friends.

## **A Dream Awakens**

We lived at Okataina for around 18 months before my parents decided it was time to move on to another place, Taupo. My fear of the dark continued, my nightmares continued, it had grown to a point where I was wetting the bed, too scared within the night to get out of the bed and go to the toilet, and very often too scared to sleep alone. To all of those around me it just seemed like the typical childhood fears, but to me it was a fear that was so intense that as soon as it became dark I would start to become so completely uncomfortable that I needed to be around people, and I needed to have the lights on or I would collapse inside into a panic. This was anything but the typical childhood fears. I was attracting to myself spirits that were not respecting my space, spirits that were invading my space and leaving me terrified.

We lived above a motel complex that my parents managed. By this I mean that we lived in a house that was on property that was overlooking the motel complex. It was within this area, this time frame that I have my first conscious solid memory of something happening with me. Although I know that there were incidents that have happened earlier in my life, this is the first conscious event that I can solidly recall. Looking back at that statement it does appear strange to me, because I do have solid memories of interacting with different alien beings at Okataina, but this was the first time that I would be able to see that was what they were. Where at Okataina they would just appear, or walk up to me without me ever really knowing from where they had come, this was the first occasion where I would see from where they had come, where I would understand that they weren't from this planet.

The motel that my parents were now managing had a large swimming pool. Because of this my parents had decided that I could not be allowed to swim in the pool with a life jacket on, as I had done when swimming in Lake Okataina. They were concerned that a swimming pool was a bit more dangerous than the lake, because I couldn't just paddle around in shallow water, even the shallow end of the pool was over my head. So I had the alternative placed upon me, learn to swim or I would be enrolled for swimming lessons. The threat of having to be around strangers was enough for me, I decided that I need to teach myself to swim and jumped into the deep end of the pool, nearly drowning myself, but I proceeded to teach myself to swim. I would go on in my school life to always be competing in school swimming finals. I might have taught myself to swim but I was a natural at it, I thrived on being in the water.

It was late one night when I was awoken to find that I was standing outside the motel, down near the end of one of the blocks of units, down passed the swimming pool, near the road, standing on the grass. The whole moment that my memory recalls was simply not right for the time of night that it was, there were no cars driving past on the highway next to the motel, which was usually a busy road. Also the whole area was dark, the street lights were off, and the parts of the town that I could see were likewise in complete darkness, there appeared to be no lights on anywhere. It was as if the entire town was experiencing a power

cut. But standing outside in the dark I was not tormented by my typical fear of the dark, a fear that would always chill me to the bone and leave me in a state of panic. Instead of being gripped by panic and fear I had the most peaceful feeling flowing over me.

It was at this point that I noticed that someone was standing beside me, talking to me. As I looked up there was a craft hovering above us, just above the road. Standing there, looking at this craft and realizing that my friends from Okataina had come from this craft I felt like I belonged, that I was surrounded by beings that cared and loved me very deeply about me. I remember noticing that the door to the craft was open; I could see people within it, entities within it, alien and human, all looking down at me. I was left with the feeling that for them to be able to see me was something special to them, that I was special to all of these beings. While this was going on the being next to me was talking to me and explaining something to me that still to this day I cannot recall what was said, but I do know that one day I will have myself in a place spiritually where I will remember what was said to me, and remember all of the experiences I have had in this life. That is all that I remember of that night, standing out on the grass, listening to the being standing beside me, and watching those in the craft looking down at me leaving me with the feeling from them all that I was special to them.

The next morning I woke up in my bed, nicely tucked in, the bottom of my feet bearing a bit of grass on it from my adventure the night before. I knew what had happened the previous night, and I knew that it wasn't a dream. I've always been able to tell the difference between something physically happening, an astral encounter or a simple dream. That day the talk at the school was about the power cut the night before.

I still existed within a depth of fear, a fear directed towards the darkness, not towards the night as I thrived in the night, I loved watching the stars and the moon, enjoyed playing outside at night, but it was the darkness that I feared. If there was no light then I would sit on the edge of panic until I could get to some place where there was some form of light shining. However I could not understand nor comprehend the difference between the dark that I feared, and the night time that I thrived on and loved. The very thought of a fear of the dark, and yet being captivated by the majestic night sky confused me, leaving me unable to differentiate between the both of them.

## **A New Mask**

I was still living on the outside a life that most people would find to be a wealth of experience, a wealth of love, and a wealth of joy. Growing up within the tourism industry meant that my life was enriched with meeting and befriending people from all around the world, from all walks of life. But on the inside was a very different person, the person that I hid from everyone so very well was crumbling under the intense fear that was pushing me into the depths of loneliness, into the depths of my own personal hell. The waves of loneliness were washing over me, drowning me, while I was sinking further and further into a deep dark hole that had been created not only by my fears, but also by the prejudice within society that had left me feeling that I had no option but to hide who and what I was.

As I opened up to the world around me, I found the depths of the ocean of loneliness that washed over my very being was beginning to grow to such depths that I always seemed forever lost in a charade that my life had become. I was drowning, screaming out for help, screaming in silence because there was no one that I could turn to. Despite the friends that I had I was still very much alone, and very much lonely. Yet I was thriving on the friendships that filled my life with some form normality, and allowed me the very escape from such a confusing life that I needed, only to find, and watch that as my friendships grew stronger, in the way that childhood friendships often do, and the constant playground mumblings of boyfriends and girlfriends. I found myself being completely attracted to not only the girls in my class, but to also the boys in my class. To me there was nothing wrong with this, because it was who I was, and there was not the pollution of prejudice towards sexuality that exists in our society pressuring against me.

Even as a child I failed to understand the prejudice, the hatred that people would have towards sexuality. It always seemed to me that people were unable to understand that their spirit was neither homosexual nor heterosexual. So I could not understand how anyone who claimed to be spiritual, religious, how they could then impose a prejudice on the spirit in the body for not being the sexuality that their beliefs would preach to them that we had to be to fit into their reality, their boxes. I fail to understand the hatred that society has created towards people who exist outside of their understanding. For the God that so many seek outside of themselves, within buildings and books, is a god of man, the god they should be seeking, the one of love, complete unconditional love is within them, it is who they are, who we all are. I fail to understand why people cannot embrace love and support the differences within everyone, why people so deeply fear anything that is different from who they are, different from what they believe.

It was the son of a wealthy family from overseas who were permanently staying at the motel that was my first exploration into this side of my life. We were young kids, just playing in a swimming pool when our playing turned into exploring each other's bodies as only young innocent boys can do. At eight or nine years old, I knew that there was another mask I was to wear, my sexuality. I knew that I was attracted to other boys, and yet, at the same time I was attracted to girls as well. Yet, I thought this to be normal, that everyone was attracted to both girls and boys, however with that attraction whenever a girl wanted to play some form of game of exploration of the others body I would run a mile. But to me this was normal, and how could it not be, as I had never experienced the prejudice yet that people hold towards sexuality, so for myself this was simply a part of who and what I was.

Despite the friends that I had, the charade that my life had become left me feeling so empty, so cold, so very lonely, and so completely alone. I was essentially putting on a stage production, living a false life, portraying to all those around me someone that I was not. Although a large portion of whom I was portraying to be was who I am, there were also large portions of myself, and what was happening to me that I kept hidden behind my many masks.

I don't know if anyone who has never lived behind so many masks can begin to understand how tiring it is to constantly be hiding who you are, to be hiding the things that happen to you from those that you care about, from your family and your friends. Not only is it extremely tiring to be essentially living a lie, but it also very damaging to the spirit to be

living a life, to be portraying a person that you are not, to be denying the very essence that you are. You are essentially taking your spirit away from its path, away from the light that it needs to grow and placing it within a deep dark cave. Instead of nourishing your spirit and allowing it to grow you end up crippling your spirit, crippling yourself and causing a very real damage to your energy system that will come out with physical illness in your body as time passes. Like a plant our spirit needs light to grow, spiritual light, It cannot grow when repressed in the darkness, and sadly that is what has happened with so many on this planet, their spirits have been repressed, denied spiritual light, denied the truth, denied the ability to be who and what they are and the connection to their past, their roots, so their spirits do not get the growth that they should be attaining.

### **The Animal Within**

There is a moment within our lives where I believe that we come to realise that man is just another animal, at least there was a moment within my life where this happened. For myself this was a realization that I made as a child. We may want to pretend that we are the most intelligent life form living on this planet, but the fact that we have refused to live in harmony with nature, and the fact that we have destroyed so much on this planet shows how lacking in intelligence mankind truly is. We have refused to live in harmony with this planet, with nature and with all life for whom this planet is their home, and instead we try to control nature, and destroy the nature of this planet out of pure greed.

Despite living in a new town, I remained haunted by dreams which were containing a dark presence. My childhood contained some beautiful amazing things, but at night time, when the lights were out, when the darkness would creep in, it would haunt me, chill me to the bone. It would haunt me for most of my life.

This house was very much different than where we lived before; this was a two story house with a large deck on the second story, there was no basement. Where the dreams at Okataina were of the cellar walls bleeding, these dreams were of the walls on the lower floor bleeding. I was deeply haunted by these types of dreams. There was something about the lower floor on this house that I hated. If I had to go down there I would move through the lower floor as quickly as possible, wanting to be away from that enclosed area as quickly as I could. There was just a presence within this building that scared me, a presence that I could not understand; just that I knew that there was something there.

I remember being in the house by myself one afternoon. I cannot recall what I was doing, but I do know I was in the lounge and I heard the distinct sound of someone or something walking up the internal staircase, and the feeling deep within me that I got was terrifying. I had a very deep and intense feeling that if I stayed in the house something very bad would happen to me. I let out a deep animalistic moan, a sound that I have never been able to reproduce, but a sound that sounded more animal than human. This sound, this moan seemed to not come from me, but from the depths of my being, a sound that seemed to me to of come from the animal within me. I went running out of the house as fast as I could, onto the deck on the second floor, jumping off the deck onto the bank beside the house, and running down to the motel office, refusing to ever be in the house alone again. There was no

one else in the house that day when this happened, I was the sole person in the house. Whatever it was that was walking up the internal staircase that day left me terrified to the very being of my soul. Whatever had been with me in the house that day seemed to draw out of me a moan, a reaction that seemed to be far older than my small preteen body; it seems to come from within the history of man, a reaction that seem to of been breed into the history of my human DNA.

From that moment on if I was the only one that was going to be in that house, I would either invite a friend over, go to a friend's house, or go down to the motel and surround myself with the motels staff or my parents. I feared being left alone; it was a fear that ate away at me intensely. It was a fear that I knew only too well, a fear that I had developed while living at Okataina due to the invasion of my space by spirits that did not respect my space.

### **A Birthday To Remember**

1986 was a year that excited me. Hailey's Comet was passing by the Earth, which was an event I so dearly wanted to witness. I had never seen a comet before, it was something that I had in my young life always wanted to see. The night sky captivated me; it enthralled me by the majestic beauty that it held within it. The night has to be one of the greatest pieces of art work visible on this planet, but there was also something else to it that at this age I just wasn't able to grasp.

For two weeks I would go outside with my telescope, hoping to get a good view of the comet, but as each night would approach, as luck would not have it, the sky would be covered with clouds. Needless to say, I was not impressed nor was I happy that I was not getting to see this once in a life time event. Near the end of the time period of which the comet would be visible from our location, my parents drove me out to a location outside of town where a lot of people were trying to see the comet from, but again, as luck would not have it there was cloud coverage on the nights that we went out there.

Time passed by and I had forgotten about the comet. My birthday was rapidly approaching, so as a young boy that was where my full attention was. I had no perspective of the world around me, of all the people in the world that were suffering, my full attention was completely focused on what gifts I would be getting for my birthday, and which friends to invite to my birthday party to get more birthday presents. Oh to be back in those days, where the main concern was who to invite to a birthday, and what sort of presents I would get. Those days, although not care free and easy were much easier and more carefree than the stressful days that would latter grasp my life journey. Those days there was an innocence that I lost as I grew up and realised that outside of my little world, the world we lived in was vastly different, and that within this world I was one of the lucky ones, that the vast majority of our society does not have the comfortable life I had with two loving, caring parents. I was young; I was unaware, even naive of the world that I was living in. I had no idea that there were millions of children around the world dying from starvation. That the vast majority of the population of this world lives within poverty, do not have the luxuries that I had as a child. I had the innocence that only a child can have at that age that came from living a very sheltered and even withdrawn life.

The day of my birthday quickly approached. It was an innocent anticipation that only children can really have where there is a day that is solely for them, a day that focuses completely on you, and then you are rewarded with gifts to top it off, oh what a perfect time birthdays were as a kid. I was being spoiled by my parents, given a motel room to hold my birthday party in, and for my friends and I to stay the night in. We swam in main pool, played around in the spa pool, then that night we played spin the bottle. Strange when you think of it, a group of preteen boys all playing spin the bottle and running around the motel room naked, and even stranger that playing this game was not my idea. After much fooling around, swimming, and playing around we all went to sleep in the motel room, all completely exhausted from the night's activities.

During that night I was awoken to an experience that has always stayed with me throughout the years, an experience that to this very day I cannot understand. I have always looked back on it as a birthday present, but as I look back at it today I have no comprehension of what exactly took place that night.

I woke up in the middle of the night to see this ball of fire in the sky. But it wasn't as if I was seeing this ball of fire from the motel unit, there is a deep feeling within me that whatever this ball of fire was that I was looking at, I was looking at it from inside of a craft. To this day I can still not explain this event. Early on in my life, in fact until very recently I always had a feeling that what I was being shown was Hailey's Comet, but that cannot be what it was, as a comet is made of ice and rock, it is not a ball of fire. So despite being shown this, I cannot fully grasp exactly what it was that I was being shown. The image that I saw that night is one that I will never forget, one that has been burnt into my memory.

It was very early in the morning when I saw this. For some reason a short time later all of my friends that were in the motel room with me woke up and all wanted to leave the motel room. For some reason they all felt uncomfortable within it and wanted to go back up to the house to sleep. I do wonder if they had of seen something during that night or if they too had been involved in the experience that I had that night because there was more behind all of them wanting to leave the motel room in the middle of the night. We left the room, feeling as if we were being watched and followed, and ran from the motel unit, in the dark, up to the house. Once up at the house I opened the door, then we went about setting our sleeping bags down on the floor under the dining table and then going back to sleep under the dining table as if this was some normal thing, to be running out of a normal unit and then sleeping under a table as if hiding under it from something.

### **A Return To Okataina, 1985**

During my final year of primary school, 1985, the two senior classes would always go on a camp to Okataina. Okataina was the place where I lived for 18 months, the place where I developed all of my fears; it was a place of beauty, and a place of fear. It was to be my first school camp and I was full of trepidation, yet I was also excited to be going back to Okataina, a place that although filled me with fear, also filled me with excitement, a place of some of the most amazing experiences and encounters. In a sense I was going home, back to where my

life had changed in many ways. Although we would not be staying near the lodge I had lived in, we would be staying at a scout camp that wasn't very far from the lodge, but I was going home.

It was about, I would guess, a two hour bus ride from Taupo to Okataina, although it could have been a little bit longer, it was so long ago, and such a minor thing that I really can't remember how long it lasted. Strangely enough, in all the time that I had lived at Okataina I had never gone to the scout camp. I had always seen scouts and school children down on the beach in front of the lodge and knew that was where they were from, but until this class camping trip I had never actually been there, never knew what it looked like, just knew where it was.

The days were filled with a mixture of school work and going for walks around the forest tracks. We also went down to the lake for a swim. This would be the first time that I had seen the lodge since we lived there. What stood in front of me was an eyesore and left me feeling gutted, the new owners had modernized the lodge, in doing so destroyed the beautiful historic feeling that the lodge held. They had destroyed something that held much beauty, left it looking just like any other building, instead of the uniqueness that it held when I had lived there. Such a beautiful building had been destroyed in my personal view, gutted in an attempted to modernize the buildings, raping the area of the feeling it used to have, the majestic beauty and historic feeling. The nights were of course filled with all of the kids playing around, seeing how far we could push the parents and teachers looking after us after we were meant to be in bed and the lights out. Essentially we were just children being children, pushing the boundaries and having the sort of innocent fun that makes up a child's life. While the adults would be in the camps kitchen talking, playing cards, and there are rumours that some were getting on the drunken side of things.

One night, after it had gotten dark, we all went for a walk down the road to where you could see glow worms in the banks beside the road. This was something that I always loved doing when I lived at Okataina, just going out to these banks and looking at the glow worms late at night, such a beautiful thing to sit and watch. One of the parents wanted to stay back after the class had gone; he was a professional photographer that wanted to take some photos of the glow worms. So my mother, who was on the camping trip, volunteered that I would stay behind and guide him and his son, a friend of mine, back to the camp, since I knew the area. We would have been there for a few minutes after everyone had left before he had taken the photos and we went on our way back to camp, which was only a few minutes' walk away.

When we finally got back to camp there was a bit of concern and confusion about what had taken us so long. But we could not understand what the problem was, we had left not long after the class had left, and it was only a few minutes' walk. Apparently the parents and teachers were just about to go looking for where we were. We were an hour late. Somehow we had lost an hour on a walk that was only meant to be a few minutes long. Although I have my feelings that something else took place that night that was the reason for the three of us being so late back to camp, it is something I do not have a solid memory of, so cannot for certain say that anything had taken place. But looking back on it at this moment, my feelings are strong that during that hour an encounter took place which is why we had the missing

time. The official story was that I had got lost, which I know was not the case. I knew my way around Okataina better than everyone there, with the exception of my mother, but then again, I most likely knew my way around the place better than her as well, considering I spent far more time than her walking the tracks and exploring the area as a child.

## 1987

During 1987, in my final year at Junior High, my class and another senior class went on a three day camping trip, staying in cabins out in the middle of a forest. To this day I cannot recall what we did at this camp, just that the two classes were split up into cabins that slept two people each. I do remember that, as is typical with school camp meals in my experience, that the dinner the first night was marginally eatable. One of the problems I would guess of the cooking being left up to students and parents to take care of. A note to whoever goes on a school camp, take your own food with you and hide it where the teachers cannot find it, because chances are what they serve you at dinner time will be a memory that is with you throughout your life, and it won't be a memory of how nice the meal was. At least that was the experiences that I have had with school camp meals.

Now, I was not a very sociable person at school, I didn't have many friends, just a couple of friends that I wasn't that close to, but with whom I would pass the time away playing games. I was just not interested in befriending a lot of people my own age, there always seemed to me to be a degree of immaturity within my own age group that I simply wasn't interested in, most of the friends that I did have were younger than I was. I often would either spend my lunchtimes in the school library reading a book, playing a game, or hanging around with the couple of friends that I did have. I was growing ever more uncomfortable around people, and finding that the kids my age were just not very interesting or mature. In many ways I had outgrown the immaturity of the people my own age, although when I look back on the time I would guess that I was simply growing up faster than most people around me, being forced to live within a situation that required me to be more adult than child, and seeking the innocence of children that were younger than I was through the friendships that I would form with them.

I was lucky enough on this school camp to be put in a cabin with someone who I was kind of friends with from my elementary school days. This was someone that I was friends with in my classes but didn't really know outside of the classroom. I remember that night well, as before bed Matthew had eaten some Jelly Beans that I had smuggled into the camp knowing that the food would be of a quality that would mean I would need something else to eat afterwards. Throughout the night I would wake up to hear Matthew saying over and over in his sleep "Jelly Beans, Jelly beans, Jelly Beans".

The next day I woke up slightly tired due to the events the night before, having listened to the Jelly Bean chant throughout the previous night. I still cannot remember what took place that day, although being a school camp you can bet that it involved school work, which is most likely why I selectively tuned that out of my memory. I do remember that during the day I got together with two other classmates and we hatched a plan that when everyone else was asleep, we would move into a different cabin and feast on the candy which we had each

brought with us so that we didn't starve having to eat the awful food that was cooked for us. I still don't know how anyone could have eaten that food without being sick, but I guess that has come from already having gone on school camps where the food was barely recognizable as food, or it could be the fact that I am a very picky eater.

As the night fell we all got ready for a game of spot light, which we were going to play in an area beside the camp that was enclosed by a tall fence. This meant that it was impossible for anyone to get lost during the game, impossible to leave the area without climbing over a wire fence that was a few meters tall, or leaving through the gate which had a teacher beside it. Spot light is a simple game where one person has to find the rest of the class with a torch, once the torch shines on someone and they say your name, and then you have been pulled out of the game from hiding and must help the other side to find everyone else.

I was part of the group of people that were to go and hide, in the dark. I cannot express the degree of apprehension that was beginning to overwhelm me the moment that I stepped outside of the dining hall. It was almost instantaneously that I could feel I was being watched. I was scanning around the area as I walked, looking for any movement that was out of place. Looking for movement around the cabins and in the sky, but unable to see what it was that I was sensing that I felt was watching me. I was being made to go play a game in the pitch black of the night, in the very domain that I feared, that sent a chill to my bone, the darkness. I was on the edge of panic, screaming on the inside, but through the years I had learned so well to hide this fear behind the many masks that I wore, learned to portray someone, something vastly different than who I was and what was going on inside of me. As we walked out of the dining hall I made certain that I was surrounded by people, and yet I know that not one of them could even sense that I was hiding within me a degree of fear towards the darkness that had me on the edge of panic.

The game was about to begin, the teacher had selected the person who would be searching for the rest of us, and I had made sure that I was surrounded by a few people. The apprehension grew stronger within me with every passing minute. Every fibre of my being was telling me that there was something, someone watching my every move. I did not want to play this game. I did not want to be left out there in the dark by myself. I did not want to be in the dark at all, I wanted to be in my cabin with the lights on, but there was nothing I could do short of letting people know that I was scared of the dark, letting people know that there was something within the darkness that was watching me. But what would of they thought if I had of openly stated that we were being watched by aliens?

We entered the area where we would be playing spot light, the gates were shut behind us so that no one could wonder off in the dark, so essentially we were locked in to an enclosed area, no way in or out except through this gate that had a teacher standing next to it. The count was given by the person that would essentially be 'it', and I took off with two other people to hide. If you have never heard of the game of spotlight, it is a bit like tag. Everyone hides and one person is left to find you. They shine their torch light on you; say your name and then you have to help them in their search to find everyone else. The people that are hiding have to exist within the dark, they are not allowed to turn their torch on to find their way around, the moment you turn your torch on, you show your position and are quickly

tagged by the light of the person looking for you.

The sense that I was being watched was growing stronger with each passing minute, and the fact that I was now in the dark, hiding, gave no reassurance, I was panicking on the inside and trying to remain calm on the outside. It had been moments since the game started and I was hearing my name being called, but no one was shining a light on me, so I originally thought nothing of it as I could not be tagged without a light being shined on me. It was then that I realised I was being told that the game was over and to come out of hiding, but how could this be; only a few minutes had passed. By the time that I made my way out to where everyone else was waiting I found out that the game had been over for some time, that over an hour had passed since the start of the game, and that despite that two classes worth of people were looking for me and the two people I was hiding with, they were unable to locate where we were hiding, having searched the entire enclosed area. Within me I had a feeling what had happened, but how do you explain to a teacher asking where you were that you had an encounter with aliens and had left with them. I kept remembering back to Okataina, remembering back to the hour that I lost when I was left back at the glow worms to help a parent and his son find their way back to camp. Inside I knew what had happened, and had known what the reason behind the feeling of being watched had been, but it was just impossible to explain to the teacher that the reason that you had not responded to all the requests to come out, and the reason that I couldn't be found was that I was simply not there and had been with these aliens most likely since the start of the game.

That night, after forcing my stomach to consume once again what was passed off to us as food, we retired to our cabins to finish that day's allotment of class work. I cannot recall exactly what time the teachers shut all the cabins lights off, It was sometime between 9pm and 10pm. I waited a few minutes before leaving the cabin, thinking that Matthew was already asleep and that he would not notice that I was leaving the cabin, with my candy in hand, especially what Jelly Beans that I had left over. I do regret leaving Matthew behind because he was a very good person to me, always very friendly and happy. He was the kind of person where looking back through the years I wish I had of spent the time to develop more of a friendship with, rather than just an acquaintance. But alas, I am not that good with making friendships. Because I am deeply shy and a loner I do find it rather difficult to form friendships and be around people.

Creeping out the door, closing it as quietly as I could, I looked both ways, trying to get out of the cabin without using the torch, otherwise my mortal enemies of that night, the teachers and parents, would see a torch light go on from the camps dining area, where we all know all teachers and parents on a camping trip get drunk and play games throughout the night, at least they always did on the school camps that I went on. But as I was sneaking outside I was having my typical feeling that I was once again being watched. It was not only the feeling of being watched, despite there were lights outside the cabins I was also having my typical panic attacks with regards to the darkness. So without hesitation I made my way to the other cabin where we were all going to meet for our feast of candy, as fast as I could. But from the moment I got into that cabin I knew that something was in the mix to happen that night. I could feel that something was about to happen. I could feel that these beings that had been around me all of my life were very close to the cabin that I was in, and I could feel that something was about to happen within the approaching moments.

As I entered the cabin the two other kids that I was meeting up with were already there. So we opened up our bags with our hidden stash of food secretly hidden within them away from the prying eyes of the teachers, and began the feast to replace the awful food that was passed off to us a few hours before as dinner. Just thinking back I still cannot understand how such food can be passed off as a dinner, and not only that, but how food can be made so uneatable. Of course one has to remember that I am an extremely fussy eater. There were most likely people on the camp who thought the food was the best that they had tasted, but for myself it was stomach turning.

I cannot recall if we actually finished eating the candy, or even if we made it to the beds in that cabin to go to sleep that night. But I do remember a bright light entering the cabin. Actually if my memory serves me correct there were two bright lights, one being a bright blue light, and the other being a bright white light. I then remember that the cabin suddenly became very full, that there were a lot of beings inside the cabin. From there I remember very little of what then took place, just that I was above the camp, looking down at all the cabins, as they were covered with the same white and blue light. I was watching as these aliens were walking around the cabins, going into them, and bringing some of the kids out of them. These classmates of mine were then taken aboard craft that were there. To this date I don't know if they were taken simply because I was there, or if these people were already involved with these beings. I do often worry that people have been involved with these beings simply because they have been in the same location that I am in when they have come for me.

The next thing that I know I am back in the cabin, there is a teacher walking into the cabin, wanting to know what we are all doing in this cabin, why aren't we in the cabins we were assigned to, and were we responsible for the lights that were shining in all the other cabins. Denials came all around, and why shouldn't they? No one else in that cabin knew what had happened; they thought they had just fallen asleep, only I knew that something else had happened. Then the teacher wanted to know if we were responsible for the power being shut off to all cabins. Again denials came all around, although I am not sure if the teacher believed us or not. I think we were automatically deemed responsible because we were not in our allotted cabins, which therefore in the teacher's mind meant that we had to be responsible for everything else. I wonder what the reaction would have been had I answered the questions truthfully. I wonder what would have happened had I just came out and said, "no, it was not us, we weren't responsible for the lights or the power, it was aliens". I can only imagine that I would of ended up getting into serious trouble and been made out to be lying to the teacher.

The teacher left after being assured that we were not responsible for the lights being shined into everyone's cabins, and for the power being turned off. Although the teacher was not at all happy that we were not in our assigned cabins, and I do not think that this teacher believed that we were not responsible for the lights that had shined in everyone's cabins. Although we had gotten away without anyone knowing that we were in that cabin having a feast on the candy that we had secretly brought on the camp with us. It was decided that we would be allowed to spend the rest of the night in the cabin.

The next day we were all made to go back to the cabins that we were assigned to. I

was actually relieved to be back in the cabin with Matthew. I am not really sure why, but I was happy to be back with him, it most likely just the simple fact of being back around someone that I knew and that I felt comfortable being around. I guess it is because I knew Matthew, I had known him for a few years and I felt somewhat comfortable being around him. I am not the kind of person that feels comfortable around most people, and when I think about it, I do feel that it is because I had known Matthew for so long, and that is why I was happy to be back with him, but also because of the Jelly Bean chant on the first night, he made me laugh.

## **The High School Years - 1998**

It would have to be one of the most nerve racking moments of my young life, the days, the weeks, before you have to start at not only a new school, but high school. As the days drifted by they were full with the pre-school tasks of having to get a new uniform, a new school bag, edging ever closer to the perceived end of childhood and the beginning of being a young adult. The new school year was about to start, I was completely unaware that these next five years of my life would prove to be a very stressful and at times difficult time of my life. Yet they would also be pivotal moments that would forever change the very path that I thought I would be on. They would be years that would break the mould of the person I thought I was, and they would be the years that would cripple me emotionally and bring me to my knees. They would be years that would bring some of the most special people into my life and set me on a path that would eventually set me free.

My first few days of High School were actually rather amusing. Despite that my Brother had left school a few years earlier; one of the senior students was interested to know if I was the little brother of who he thought my brother was. After replying that I was his younger brother I was protected through my junior year from the seniors doing anything to me because my brother was well liked amongst all those that knew him. This meant that while other first year students at High School were getting harassed, put on top of lockers, bog washed (the act of putting a person's head in the toilet and flushing the toilet), while all of this was going on I was protected, the senior students would do nothing to me all because of the respect they held for my brother.

Still, I was very much a loner, withdrawn, and seemingly not able to fit in with students my own age group, I had very few friends. To me they all just seemed to be very immature, my experiences had meant that in some ways I had grown up too fast. As the school years went on, the students my own age group seemed to grow even more immature, so I completely detached myself from anyone that was my own age. I was mostly keeping to myself in and out of class; I was very much the loner, not able to fit in around kids my own age, and more importantly not wanting to fit into their childish groups.

Let's be honest, to the most part I have always been a loner, I do not feel comfortable around the vast majority of people. In all of my life the friendships that I have had which have meant anything to me are ones where I have felt attracted to a person. Now I don't mean that on a sexual level, it is more like I am being drawn to that person for some sort of reason, something that they can give to me, or that I can give to them. Often I was being drawn to people because whether they knew it or not, and to the most part most of my friends have

never realised it, but I was always drawn to those who were like me and who were having likewise experiences with the different beings that I was involved with. It has always been those friendships that happened where they shouldn't of that have meant the most to me, and to me they have been the deepest and most meaningful friendships of my life.

They are the friends with whom I have a deep love for, and a deep respect for, these are the people that I would do anything for. But for the most part I am very much a loner, even when surrounded by so many people, even when I have had a number of friends I have always felt so completely alone, despite two or three times where I have had that wow connection with a friend. That kind of friendship where you sit back and go wow, and wonder how did this happen, how could I be so worthy of someone so special and beautiful, what did I ever do in my life to deserve this angel in my life. It is a special friendship that you are blessed to find in this world and you hold on to it with all of your strength, refusing to let go because to lose it is to lose a part of yourself. It is that special friendship that you are lucky if you find once in a lifetime.

I think that one of the problems that existed within me was that I grew up too fast. The experiences that were happening with me were such that I lost a great deal of my innocence that a child has, and I lost a great deal of my desire to have fun, to play, and enjoy myself. I was screaming out to be a child but was pretending to be an adult. I was screaming out for friendship, compassion, but hiding behind so many masks, living a life that was simply a stage production so it had become impossible for people to get close to me. I was screaming out to be normal, but simply could not fit into what was normal within society. I so desperately wanted to be normal, to enjoy the simplistic things that people my own age were enjoying. However at the same time I was closing myself even more off and withdrawing even further into myself.

Despite what parents like to think, sometimes school really isn't the safe place that parents and teachers would like to believe it is. It is probably one of the most hostile places that most people will ever experience in their lives. The dream that schools were a safe place to send children is long gone; the safety within them is a perceived safety only. Students, especially at High School can be very cruel people, very emotionally and spiritually destructive of their peers if they do not fit into their clicks, if we do not fit into their boxes, their realities. It was always obvious that I would not and did not fit into any of the clicks within school. School was a place that I didn't thrive on being anymore and where I felt rather alone and lonely.

I did not fit into any click; I was very much a loner who was wearing so many different masks of life, putting on a stage production of my life so that people could not see who I really was. A major part of my life was about hiding the fear, the pain of feeling so completely alone and lonely, and the confusion of what my life had become. I was screaming on the inside for someone to come in to my life and be a guiding light in my life, but on the outside I was withdrawing myself more and more from everything and everyone around me. Although I would occasionally spend lunch breaks with a friend or two, I felt no real friendship, no attraction to these people and mostly spent my time in the school library. When the school day would finish I would make my way home, often walking or riding my bike with friends who were still in Junior High School, or what we call Intermediate School. Then I would head

home to spend my time watching television, having no real friends to surround myself with, or to enjoy life with. The depth of loneliness that I existed within ran deep, but no matter what I tried, or where I turned to, it would always seem that I just couldn't fit into the person that other people had wanted me to be. Although I wore many masks, it was getting harder to wear these masks, and I couldn't create a new mask to try and fit in with different people. It became easier to just be alone, to be lonely, to close off and withdraw further within myself from a society that I did not feel comfortable within, a society I did not belong within.

### **The First High School Camp**

My first year of High School had mostly been a lonely experience. Throughout the year I had excelled in different areas at school that had essentially made me a teacher's pet, but there is something to be said for being the teacher's pet, as it essentially meant I got away with a lot more in and out of class than the other students could get away with. I was excelling in different subjects, and in different sports activities. But I was still withdrawing further inside, not interested at all in forming any kind of friendships with people that were my own age. I wasn't completely a loner; I had formed some friendships with two boys that were a year younger than me and were still in junior high school. However it was still the same old stage production that I was putting on, wearing a multitude of masks so that no one could see who I was, which in reality stopped people from getting close to me and stopped the formation of any real or lasting friendships.

Near the end of my first year at high school it was time for my class to go on a camping trip. Throughout the year every class in my year group went on the same camping trip to the same location. It was part of the school's Geography studies that we all had to undertake.

Before we left the school for the camp the Geography teacher had everyone empty out their packs to make sure that people were only taking what they were meant to be taking and that no one was trying to smuggle any forbidden food on the camping trip. But little to their knowledge we all had our candy and chocolate biscuits well hidden from the inspection, having been warned by classes that went earlier in the year that our bags would be searched most of us were prepared. Alright, so a few kids were caught with things that they weren't meant to have, and with food that they weren't meant to be taking. Of course there was the rule that if you took something, take enough for everyone. But aside from the handful of people that were caught the vast majority of students had successfully hidden our most prized possession from the teacher's check of our bags. So off we went, with our candy and chocolate biscuits successfully hidden, the teacher's none the wiser of just how many students were smuggling the forbidden food.

Around mid morning we got into the school mini bus, some students went in some parents cars, and then we left the school heading out on a 30 minute drive to where we would start walking towards the area that we would be camping. This was a two to three hour walk across farm land to where we would be camping for the night. Forgive my memory, but I cannot remember exactly how long the walk took, as it was just one of those things where the time passed by rather quickly because tramping was something that I completely enjoy. It was

a beautiful walk, walking through people's farms and public land as we made our way to where we would camp, a few meters back from the beach, situated beside one of the most beautiful lakes in New Zealand, Lake Taupo.

Once we got to where we were camping we set up our tents, then we went about getting some firewood for the camp fire, which was also going to be what our dinner would be cooked on. Of course at this point in time I was not looking forward to another school camp teacher cooked meal, I had learned from previous camps to dread what to me was a meal that was a crime to call eatable. Through experience my stomach had learned that school camp meals were something to avoid at all costs, that teachers just cannot cook a decent meal. However on this camping trip I could never be more wrong about the meal we were about to eat, which when eating almost needed to be eaten sitting right by the lake, for the big gulps of water that would be needed to cool down the mouth from the over spiced food that was being dished up as dinner. However this was a school camp meal that was rather eatable for a change, even for the fussy eater that I was it was a meal that I thoroughly enjoyed.

After eating dinner we then set about heating a pot of water over the fire so that we could all clean our plates and eating utensils. Once we had all finished cleaning up and we had put everything away, so as not to entice any opossums to come into the camp, it was starting to get dark. At this point it was decided that we would wait around the camp until it had gotten darker so that we could all go for a walk along the beach under the clear night sky.

About an hour after it became dark we left the camp for a short walk along the beach. I was walking at the back of the group with a senior student that had come on the camping trip with us. We were walking along with one other student and the geography teacher. I knew from the moment that I left the camping area that I was going to be in for an interesting night because the very moment I left where we were camping I could feel that these aliens that had been coming for me all my life were close by, and that they were watching me. Of course, at this point in my life I was of mixed feelings about all of this, and despite calling them friends, at this point in my life I was just so completely unsure what was going on with me. The feeling of being watched was one that scared the shits out of me because there was a part of me that could not understand why I was being watched and what exactly was going on with these beings. I quietly tried to move myself closer to the main group of the people without being noticed, and tried to immerse myself in the mindless numbing conversation that one has at this age, but conversation that at this age seems like the most important topics that anyone could talk about. So while trying to immerse myself within mindless conversations I was constantly looking at my surroundings, watching for any movements behind the trees and bushes, looking around in the sky for any movement or lights, and trying to hide the fact that inside I was in a deep panic and becoming worse with each passing moment. There was something watching me, someone watching every move that I made, from where I could not yet work out, but I did know who it was, what it was that was watching me, and what it would mean for the ever impending night.

Finally to my relief the Geography teacher had decided that we had walked far enough for that night, so we stopped walking, stood near a large tree whose branches reached out over the water and we listened as the geography teacher talked about the stars in the sky,

pointing out different stars and constellations. Not that I noticed, I was far too busy trying to keep control of myself on the outside, while on the inside trying to calm the panic and seek out any movements around me that were out of the ordinary. It was taking all of my strength to refrain myself and to hide from everyone around me how nervous, how anxious I was feeling, and how desperately I wanted to get back to the camping site where I felt somewhat relieved from these feelings. Back to where I felt somewhat safe. There was a collision of emotions going on within me.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, but was barely half an hour we returned back to where we were camping. Everyone sat around the fire while waiting for a pot of water on the fire to boil so that we could all have a cup of hot chocolate or tea, which ever we chose to drink. Then we all sat there while listening to the teacher talking about something that I do not remember simply because I was too busy tuning everyone out of my mind and listening for any movement around the camping area. I was in self defence mode. I knew that I was being watched, I could feel it all over my body, I just couldn't work out from where I was being watched.

After everybody had finished their hot drinks, or been given the rush along to finish them in some cases, it was time for everyone to head to their tents for the night and go to sleep, despite the melody of protest that it was far too early to be going to sleep. However the geography teacher was undeterred by these protests and instructed everyone that it was time that everyone was in their tents and sleeping. I had brought my own two man tent, so I retired to my tent with a classmate, who I cannot remember it was, as they didn't rate very high on my personal radar. It was just another person that was in my class, and being the loner that I was, someone that I wasn't typically interested in. It mind sound strange but once in the tent I put a padlock on the tent zip so that it couldn't be opened in the night, whoever I was sharing my tent with didn't seem to mind, they found nothing strange about the fact that I had essentially locked both of us within the tent. Weird when you think of it, because looking back at it if someone had of put a lock on a tent that I was in I would have wondered what the heck they were doing.

I would estimate that it had been about 20 minutes that we had all been in our tents, and then all of a sudden you could hear some "people" outside the tents running around the entire camping area, around every tent, the area had exploded with activity. Straight away the geography teacher was out of his tent with his torch, trying to find which students were responsible for what was going on, trying to find who was running around the tents and making a noise. Of course these were not students that were running around the tents, it was instead the beings that had been watching me previously, so he was unable to find anyone outside of their tents, every student was still inside their tents. With even the senior student, who was sleeping outside and not in a tent was at a loss to explain it as he saw no one. Both teachers and the senior student then went about checking inside each tent to make sure that everyone was inside their allocated tents, they then retired back to their own tents. Upon doing so the noise of "people" running around the tents returned again, aggravating both teachers who were sure that it was students getting out of their tents and playing around. Once again a check was made to make sure that everyone was where they were meant to be. Once again, after the teacher had checked on everyone and then returned to his tent for the night the sound of "people" running around the tents returned. However, this time, instead

of getting out of his tent, the Geography teacher made it known that if he had to get out of his tent that this time someone would be caught, and that he would give those “people” who were running around the tents to the count of twenty to get back to their tents and to settle down for the night.

For some reason, despite the intense fear that I had been experiencing since it had gotten dark, I was overwhelmed with a sense of peace and safety. I do not recall if the teacher finished counting to twenty, but I do know that night, before anyone could fall asleep, my alien friends had turned up for me, and I am not sure if I was the only one that went with them that night, although I have my suspicions that I wasn't.

The next day everyone woke up to a very slight cover of dew, and nothing was mentioned about the previous night, it was as if the teachers and other students had forgotten about the noise around the tents. Everyone then set about collapsing their tents, having breakfast, and then finishing the school work we had gone there to do before heading back to school and returning home.

It was not long after this camping trip that the school year ended, allowing for a two month vacation over Christmas, which being the loner that I was meant basically two months doing nothing, but going down to the lake and swimming. It meant two months of being all alone, no real friends, just the small little world that I had created for myself. It was something that at times I thrived on, and at times it ate away at me. Although there would be brief occasions where the child of my parent's friends would come around to play for a few hours, this wasn't very often, and to be honest I was never really interested anyway, I was far too engrossed in being a loner. It may sound strange but I was happy when I was by myself, doing the things that I enjoyed, be it playing chess, or just playing around on my bicycle or going down to the lake. It is strange, there are times where I thrive on being by myself, times where I completely enjoy being by myself, then there are times where the waves of loneliness that wash over me are so overpowering that I am left in a deep dark hole of depression. There were times where I would feel like I was drowning from the depth of loneliness that I was living within. But still no one really knew the loneliness that I was living as I was still living behind so many masks, I was portraying a life that on the outside looked like I was alright, while on the inside I was struggling and hurting. I was drowning in the ocean of loneliness screaming out for help on the inside while laughing on the outside, I was still literally falling to my knees nightly through the pain of feeling so completely alone, and so very deeply lonely. But the only way to break away from this was to admit to people that at night time I would see aliens, which was simply something that I was not ready for the world to know about me. I was not prepared yet to admit to anyone that I had a lifelong interaction with spirit and aliens.

### **The Spiral Downwards - 1989**

As the new school year began I started to be gripped by an irrational fear of the dark again. I say irrational because I was not afraid of the night, I loved the night, and I thrived on sitting outside and watching the night sky in all its majestic beauty. There is just something

about sitting or laying down underneath the vast beauty of the night sky, looking up at the night sky and just becoming completely lost in the majestic beauty that is laid above us. When you look up at the night sky you really can become lost in the majestic beauty of it all, in how insignificant this little planet can seem amongst all those millions and millions of stars and planets. Laying there looking up at the beautiful creation in front of your eyes, wondering if on other planets there are other kids laying down and looking up at their night sky and wondering just what and who else is out there amongst the stars, who else is looking back up at them.

But the darkness was something completely different that terrified me. Not only did I need to sleep with the light turned on, and waking up the very moment that someone would turn it off. But I was also gripped by an irrational fear that left me having to hang thick material over my windows to try and keep the darkness outside during the night. In my mind I had convinced myself that by having dark, heavy cloth over the windows I could keep the darkness outside at night, but also it meant that I could keep the light inside my bedroom. It had become an obsession that I needed to keep the darkness away from myself at night time. A confusing obsession as I loved the night sky, but feared being in the darkness.

At this point in my life I could not differentiate the difference between the darkness and the night. All I knew was that I was growing ever more terrified of the dark and ever more desperate with the need to keep the darkness outside. I needed to stop whatever was in it from getting near me, from getting into the bedroom while I slept. So I covered the windows the best I could, making sure that no darkness could creep in anywhere at night time, while still needing to sleep with the light on to make sure that there wasn't any darkness within my room while I slept. I had also put a light in the wardrobe to make sure that there was light inside there, not darkness.

It did not cross my mind at this point in my life that the darkness that I was hiding from, trying to keep out of my life, trying to keep out of my bedroom, a darkness that chilled me to the bone was not a part of the night, but was a spiritual darkness. It likewise was beyond my comprehension that the light that I was so dearly trying to illuminate my room with, a 100 watt light bulb, and illuminate my life with, the light that I hoped and prayed that would keep the darkness out of my room, out of my life. That this was not that of the light that could be cast from a light bulb that I needed nor was it the light I was searching for, but it was a spiritual light. It would be over a decade before I would start to understand this.

## **A New Beginning**

With the start of a new school year I started to find myself being drawn to a few people. Something that because I was a very shy person, being a loner, that I couldn't understand the attraction to these people, but I started to put myself into situations that would bring me in to contact with these few people. One I had known, never talked to, but he had delivered our newspaper daily. I had often watched him delivering the paper, feeling that he was someone that in the coming years I would meet and become friends with. I began to have feelings within me that these people that I was finding that I had an attraction to, an attraction to befriend them, that there was something much deeper that I would understand in time that

drew me towards them. There was a connection there, instantaneously upon meeting them, but a connection that at the time I was unable to understand.

The other person, although I had no idea why I was compelled to get to know him at that point in time, was introduced to me by his older brother, who was in my Home Room. To be honest, Colin was the sort of person that you were friends with for the sole reason that there was something else coming that you couldn't understand, but were waiting to see what it was. I liked Colin, enjoyed his friendship, but there was nothing else there. Admittedly that may sound a bit cold hearted, but you have to understand that I have always been a loner, and that the very act of forming a friendship with someone took a lot of inner strength. I have never been comfortable around people, so to open up to someone to form a friendship with them is something that is extraordinarily hard for me to do. Colin was a good person, a good friend, but I knew when we became friends that the friendship was not because of him, it was something else that was attracting me to form a friendship with him, but I did not know why. This is normal for me; I am often attracted to a person and then spend my time trying to work out what it was that has pulled me to this person, why I needed to form a friendship with them, what they had to offer to me, what I had to offer to them?

Being the loner that I was I can easily of done without being friends with Colin, he really wasn't the sort of person that I would normally befriend. But he was fun to be around, and there was always something pulling at me that this was someone that I needed to be friends with. At the same time, Andre', a friend that I had formed while still at Intermediate School had re-entered my life. There was always something special about Andre' that I was unable at this point in my life to put together, but there was an attraction that I felt that this was someone who was meant to be in my life at this time, and someone that fascinated me. It wasn't a deep friendship, just one where we would walk home together, or ride our bicycles home together, and go to the others house or go for a bike ride with each other. I remember one time he had punctured a tire on his bike, so I let Andre' ride my bike to his house while I carried his bike home with him.

It might seem strange to most people, but I have always found that I have fitted in better with people who were younger than myself. I had always found a degree of immaturity within people my own age group, but also there was the lack of innocence and pure joy that seemed to be obviously missing from people my own age. So I found myself drawn to and more comfortable around people who were younger than I was. Where some people would see and place up age barriers I would see amazing people with whom I would develop a close friendship with. Both Colin and Andre' were a year younger than I was. But there was not the immaturity within Andre' that I felt with people my own age. Although with Colin there was a deep immaturity which made the fact that I was friends with him puzzling to me, but as I have said there was something there that at this point in my life that I didn't understand what it was telling me, just that I needed to be friends with this person. Not only was there a degree of immaturity within Colin, but there was also a degree of rebellion as he pushed against the religious upbringing that he had been raised within, a religious brainwashing.

**Back to the Scene of the Crime**

Around March of this year it was time for my geography class to set off on our next camping trip. This time it would be a three day camping trip a few hundred meters away from where we camped the previous year. Sadly this time we would not be walking to the camping site, but were taken out in the school mini bus and parents cars. What a disappointment! I had thoroughly enjoyed the walk to the camp the year before, not only for the aspect of being out in nature and enjoying the walk, but also because it was taking me back to the memories of from the time I lived at Okataina when I would often go on the walking tracks around the lake. But I had enjoyed the year before listening to all the impatient people within the class for whom such a long walk was a mission, and for whom they were constantly complaining and asking how much further they had to walk.

On getting to the area that we were camping at this time, we set about putting up our tents. This camping site was on a slight sloping farm paddock a few hundred meters away from the lake, from where we had camped the previous year. This camp was located on what was the local scout's camp. Once again I had taken my own two man tent and had someone assigned to sleep in my tent, and once again I cannot not recall who it was that was sleeping with me. It would have been someone that I was friends with in class, but not really friends with outside of the classroom.

Unlike the previous year's camp where our meal was cooked for us, the first night we were to cook our own meals in groups of four, if I remember correctly. The class had been split into two groups. One group had set out on a two hour walk to set up camp out in the forest, but beside the beach, the actual camping spot was in the middle of a dense bush, part of the surrounding Forrest. Of that group it was actually split into two, part of the group would kayak out to the point, the other part of it would walk out to it, and they would swap over the next morning so that those who had walked out would kayak back to base camp, those that kayaked out the previous day would walk back to base camp.

Those of us staying at base camp that night set about making our dinner, under the supervision of a teacher and some parents. Basically each group of four had to make a pit lined with stones, and then collect small branches to light a fire. Once the fire was going we were meant to cook our meals over the fire with the teachers and parents supervising. Big mistake, do not let a teacher near your dinner when you are cooking it, as this teacher somehow managed to interfere and spill some of our dinner, what she didn't manage to spill she somehow managed to kick ash from the fire in to the remainder of it. Wonderful, no matter how you look at it the dinner was covered with ash, be it in what was still cooking over the fire, or what was burning to an ember in the fire. Being the fussy eater that I was I had no intention of eating the meal anyway, so that it was now uneatable did mean anything to me.

After pretending to eat this ash covered dinner, but actually throwing it in the fire when the teacher wasn't looking, we all jumped back into our tents to feast on some of the candy that we had all brought with us. Then we once again, as was typical with school camps, we set about doing the school work that had been allotted for this trip. There seemed to be no escaping school work, no matter how remote the place that the class was camping at, there always seemed to be an ample amount of school work that needed to be completed. As night approached it was decided that we would play some games when it become dark enough.

Oh great, here I am terrified of being out in the dark, and they expect me to play some silly little game in the dark. It wasn't a very good game, simply we were split into two groups, one groups job was to find the other group while protecting a skyrocket in a jar, and the other teams job was to approach the skyrocket and try to get it lit before being caught. This game might sound easier than it was, but the team members trying to get to the rocket each had to carry a lit candle, and the others teams object was to put that candle out, rendering that team member out of the game.

Despite the fact that I hate the dark, that even the thought of being in the dark would chill me to the bone with fear, I do love the night, and find it very easy to become one with the night. It was always easy for me to simply just blend into the surroundings and then become a part of the night. So despite the fear that was raking my body, and the intense fear that I was once again being watched out there, I slowly worked my way around each member of the other team, working my way to the skyrocket, taking a little longer to make sure that I wasn't caught. After what seemed about 10 minutes I finally reached the skyrocket, setting it off before anyone could spot me, despite the fact the my complete team had all been spotted and pulled out of the game and that I was the only one left, with the other team trying to locate me I had made it to the sky rocket and won the game for my team. Of course once I reached the rocket and lit it, there was a bit of controversy over how I got there without being spotted, a quick check was made to make sure that I had no matches or a lighter, as the suggestion was that I must of blown my candle out, sneaked closer, then lit the candle again, which of course I didn't.

It then became my teams turn to guard the skyrocket, which didn't really interest me so I stayed up near the rocket not really paying much attention to the game. My full attention was instead focused on the ever constant state of alertness, looking for movements that shouldn't be there, and lights that were out of place. The feeling that I was being watched was growing stronger with every passing moment. No one from the opposing team was able to get close enough to the rocket, all getting caught pretty quickly. But I was still on alert, I knew I was being watched, and I had finally had the feeling that I was being watched from an area covered in trees beside where we were playing. My attention, my vision, every part of me was focused so completely on that area. I knew that I was being watched form that area, I could sense that I was being watched and could feel the energy flowing over me. It was just a matter of time before something happened, and the watching became an encounter.

It then became my teams turn to again try to approach the rocket and set it off. Once again, as I made my way closer to the sky rocket I was watching my team members get caught. However this time I took a team member with me, making our way to the skyrocket, slowly working our way past each member, and once again having made it to the sky rocket without being noticed. After setting the rocket off and winning the game, there was once again claims made that I must have blown my candle out and then lit it when I was by the rocket, but once again, and this time with a team mate with me, it was proven that I had not done that. All I had done this time was to sneak up behind the other team and come down from behind them, instead of directly approaching them. But again, once the rocket had been lit and both teams were together on top of the hill I felt a small sense of safety having everyone around me, knowing that once again I was being watched, and with all my senses on full alert I was trying to find out from where I was being watched from, looking for

movements from the trees, looking for any sort of movement or light that seemed out of place. Although I had felt that I was being watched from within the tree covered area, I wasn't certain. Again it was time for the other team to try approach the rocket, but again no one from that team could make it to the rocket without getting caught. I can't remember if I actually caught anyone in the final part of the game, my attention was completely focused on tracking down the locations I was being watched from as I now sensed that I was being watched from more than one location.

After finishing the game we retired to our tents for the night under the assumption that it was time for us to go to sleep. This of course just meant that we were going to our tents to eat the food we had hidden in our packs from the teachers. After the consumption of the forbidden food we would all then go to sleep, while the teachers went into the building near the tents and ate the food that they had hid from the students.

I honestly cannot recall anything actually taking place that night, but that doesn't mean that nothing happened, it just means that I have no memory of it happening, which is common with a number of experiences.

After waking up and having breakfast I listened to the girls in my group talking about noises around the camp site at night, and a couple of people stating that they thought they saw some bright lights above the campsite during the night. I just took note of what they were saying, knowing what it was that they had heard and saw, but saying nothing. What could you say in all honesty, that what they saw was UFOs and aliens? I would have been ridiculed, laughed at, and looked on as a liar. Sometimes it is just best to say nothing. It was now my groups turn to set off where we would be camping for that night. Thankfully I was one of the people that were selected to paddle out there in the kayak because the water was rather cold in the morning when we would be coming back, but we were rowing out there a few hours after those that would be walking out there, so the water would be considerably warmer. I loved to Kayak, had my own canoe, and simply just loved the peacefulness of being away from everything. The journey out to where we would be camping was a nice and peaceful relaxed paddle out, a few hundred meters away from the beaches that we passed.

We finally arrived at the camp site which was between one and two meters back from the beach, situated under some dense bush with a plastic tarp above the sleeping area, acting as a roof. So we dropped our sleeping bags under the tarp where we would be sleeping and were allowed some time to just play around, swim in the lake, walk along the beach, etc. I have always been terribly uncomfortable around people, and this situation was of no different than the rest. I was pretending to feel comfortable around people but feeling so alone and so lonely amongst all these people who were essentially strangers to me, despite them all being in the same class that I was in. So I basically just went off on my own, or sat and listened to the geography teacher talking to those of us that weren't interested in doing anything else.

As the night started to approach the geography teacher went about cooking dinner for everyone, thankful we weren't made to repeat the night before with cooking a meal only to have a teacher get ash in it. I knew from the previous year that the geography teacher could cook a nice meal, which upon everyone eating what he had cooked, and discovering how

spicy it was, most of the class made a quick dash down to the lake to eat it beside a constant supply of cold water to drink. As we cleaned up the dishes from dinner it was becoming dark, so it was decided that before it got too dark we would set off on a walk on the beach and around the point of the bay we were in. Darkness crept in rather fast, and before we got very far it had already turned dark. Once we reached the clearing where we were heading the geography teacher went about pointing out the stars in the sky, showing us the different constellations. It was at this point that I started to feel as though I was being watched, so I started to scan the sky looking for anything out of place, then looking around the trees looking for any movement out of place.

The feeling of being watched intensified and my fear was growing stronger with every passing moment. It was taking all of my strength to portray a calm relaxed feeling on the outside while on the inside I was in a complete panic mode. Then I started to notice movement in the sky and realised that this night would involve these beings that to me were still a mystery at this point in my life, but that I did often view them as friends. I was completely unable to process what the teacher was saying, fixated more on what was happening around me, looking for movement in the bush, feeling like everything around me was slowly closing in on me, looking for movement in the sky, and then hearing the sound of someone running through the bush close to us. All torches were quickly positioned where the noise was coming from, some of the girls in the class started to get a bit worried about what the noise was, but the teacher gave everyone a reassuring confirmation to them that it was most likely just a wild boar. If only they knew the truth, how the reassuring calmness that they now had would have faded away. But still, some in the group were a bit worried that a wild boar might come out of the bush at them, so the teacher decided to cut the lesson outside short and take us back to the camp. I wonder what would have happened had any of the students realised that it was not a wild boar, but was actually a being not of this planet. The noise in the bush followed us most of the way back to camp, with students torches constantly lighting up the bush in search of what was making the noise, and the girls in the class in a constant state of concern.

Upon getting back to the camp a pot of water was put on to boil so that everyone could have a hot drink of chocolate before going to sleep. Within 15 minutes we were all in our sleeping bags, everyone together under the bivouac, all the torches were turned out, as we all getting ready to go to sleep. I had managed to locate myself somewhere in the middle of my group, so I had people on both sides of me, I felt more comfortable like this in the dark, as long as there was someone around me I wouldn't need a light on to sleep. The fear within me had started to die down by this time, despite knowing that I was still being watched. The peace within me had started to return, I knew these beings were here, I could sense them, feel them, and I knew that they were there watching me, but I felt at peace, and felt very safe and protected. It wasn't long after that when everyone had started to fall asleep only to be woken up by the screaming of a few girls that had felt something running around their bags. With no other explanation possible it was decided that it must have been an opossum running across the bags. At that point I was sitting up in my sleeping bag, looking around, but that is where the night ended for me, I didn't lay back down, didn't do anything else, but that is where the night ended for me. I woke up the next morning unable to piece together in my mind what had happened the night before.

After we woke up and packed up our camping area, everyone headed back to the base camp for breakfast, and then the class went for a hike up a nearby mountain, of course to the protest of the lazy student for whom a small walk was an inconvenience. We returned in time for lunch before heading back to school. No mention was made of the night before, not even from the girls that screamed when they felt what they thought was an opossum running around their bags. There was not even mention of what was perceived of being a wild boar on the walk the previous night along the beach.

I really do not remember much of 1989, and I actually do not remember much of the following year, 1990 seemed to pass by without much happening within my life. My teenage years were one of deep loneliness, there was not a day that didn't pass where I wasn't lonely, where I wasn't lost and trying to find a way out of the depths of loneliness that I was drowning within. My heart was breaking constantly over how lonely I was. The year passed by without anything of much interest happening. Day by day I was slowly falling into an abyss that seemed to go to the depths of my own personal hell. Despite that I had a few friends around me, and enjoyed being with them, things still just didn't feel right to me, I was still very much a loner, still very much a stranger to everyone who knew me as I did not feel the least bit comfortable being who I was around them, also there was the fact that I didn't completely know who or what I was. On top of that I still didn't understand what it was that was happening to me. Back in this time frame, at least in New Zealand, such things as alien experiences just weren't talked about, there were no books about it, nothing really to learn from or turn to for understanding and help.

## **1991**

1991 brought into my life someone that still, after all of these years, I consider one of the best friends I have ever had, and with whom that I deeply miss and pain at that way that I left him. Scott was the younger brother of another friend, Colin, a friend that really didn't mean anything to me, but was someone to pass away the boredom of time, someone to simply fill a space. But there was always this pulling within me that made me realise that despite that Colin meant nothing to me, there was a reason that I was meant to be friends with him, and that was something I just simply didn't understand what that purpose was until Scott came into my life. The attraction that I had felt myself being pulled towards Colin to form a friendship with him was solely one to bring Scott into my life.

I am not a people person, I do not cope well around adults, I do not honestly cope too well around most people, I am extremely shy and withdrawn, and this is why I had never meet Scott before, because I had never been around to Colin's house, too afraid to meet his parents and have to talk to them. It's rather funny when you look back at it, I meet Colin through his older brother, not knowing why this person was important, not really liking him, but knowing there was a reason to be friends with him, then I meet Scott through Colin, and the moment that I meet Scott there was a very strong attraction that I felt, that this person, Scott, was someone of great importance to me. Someone that I needed to know and someone that over the time I knew him, I grew close to. Looking back over the years of my life Scott was

the first real friend that I had, despite all the people that I had in my life before that which I had called friends. Scott was the first real friend that meant anything to me, he was also the first person that I honestly felt that I could exist around without wearing any of the masks that I wore to hide my true self from the world. I felt comfortable, safe, that I didn't need to put on a stage production around Scott which meant that I could be myself. I was whole for the first time in my life, because no longer did I have to pretend to be someone that I wasn't. But there was a pull coming from Scott, and energy that at the time I didn't quite understand, but would latter come to realise that my attraction to Scott was because somewhere within his life he had, but didn't realise it, some sort of spirit or alien interaction that had brought us together. I would doubt that he even realises it today. There was an attraction that had pulled me to Scott; it was an energy, an attraction that was coming from the both of us. This was something that I had already learned that if I do not understand the meaning behind it, to listen to the attraction until I do understand what it was that was attracting me to the person.

This year was one that a number of people came into my life, none that meant as much to me as Scott did, but people that I had fun with and started to enjoy life with. As the year went by I started to open up, explore outside of the reclusive life that I had created for myself, started to enjoy being around people, despite still being so deeply shy. All of the people that I was becoming close with were a few years younger than I was. I was simply enjoying the innocence of being around friends who still had that innocent outlook on life, who were still children, and for who playing and having fun were a huge part of their reality, their box. So for me it allowed me to go back in time and have the childhood that I had so completely denied myself.

I was often having friends coming around at night time, late at night, between 11pm and midnight wanting to go for walks or wanting to go and play games down at the local school. Although I was still gripped with a fear of the dark, the fear that I held for the dark had changed. I was once again thriving being outside at night time with my friends. My fear of the dark had simply become something that I now feared when I was by myself.

But the times that meant the most to me were times that I would spend with Scott, going for a swim in the lake, or going for a bike ride. There was always something about him, an inner joy radiating from him, and something else within him that I would not work out until a bit latter in my life. But it was the first time in my life that I can honestly say that I was happy, and that I had a feeling where I wanted to live, where the darkness and loneliness vanished, replaced with a joy that to me was beyond words. I loved Scott; I still do love him today. I loved him as a best friend, and I loved him as a little brother. Being the youngest I had never known what it was like to have a younger brother, so to me Scott was like a younger brother.

In all of the friendships that I have had, I am always very protective of all of my friends; I was especially protective of Scott. Scott was a few years younger than I was. When I was around Scott I was able to enjoy myself again, to be a kid again and to enjoy the bliss and innocence that comes when you are a young teenager. There was an innocence about him that radiated from within him, a pure joy that shone from his eyes. But there was also buried deep within him, experiences on a spiritual level that I doubt that he even understands or knows about today.

1991 went by pretty fast; it is strange how time passes by so fast when you are having fun, enjoying your life. Every day was a new adventure, every day I looked forward to waking up, going for a bike ride, a swim or just playing around with the few people that had come into my life, but I don't really recall anything out of the ordinary happening that year. Well, I guess you could say that enjoying life, having friends was out of the ordinary for the loner that I was. Basically I just enjoyed and thrived on the time that I spent with Scott, and my other friends.

## **1992**

1992 was my final year at High School, and what a year it would be. I was still studying a subject a year below me, but I wasn't actually interested in my education any more, I didn't care if I passed or failed, I had drifted between some subjects that year, dropping a subject, picking up another, then dropping it. I was just not interested in my education, my mind was elsewhere, I was starting to wake up to what was happening around me, starting to realise that I was not crazy, that something was going on with me, what it was I was still not sure, but I was seeing it within a couple of close friends as well. It had been my desire to finish High School and go on to become a lawyer, but that no longer interested me, it was not a path that I wanted to take any more.

One of the freshmen in my Home Room that year was a boy by the name of Peter, who had the singing voice of an Angel, but was rather shorter than most people his age. He lived a few houses down the road from where I lived, so I took it on myself to try and protect him from being harassed at school as we became friends. He was the only other person, including Scott, with whom I felt an attraction to. However I was completely uncertain what there was about him that was attracting me to him, unable to comprehend if it was a physical or spiritual attraction. But I had learned that when I have these feelings to trust them and unconditionally follow them while the reasoning to such feelings would make themselves known to me.

Peter, like Scott, was someone with whom life radiated from. You could literally see the joy radiating from them both, and no matter how you felt, if you were sad, depressed, lonely, the moment that these two people were around you it seemed as if the sun was shining and the joy was flowing through your veins once again. They were the kind of people that when they come into your life you know you are blessed, and you hold on to these people with all that you have, because they are those once in a life time types of friends. Scott and Peter were the kind of friend that you know that you are blessed to have within your life. They were the kind of friend that if you lose, you lose a large part of yourself with them. One of the greatest treasures that you can find in this world, in this life is a good friend, a friend that you care about, that cares about you, and who you can trust and put your faith within. It is these kind of friendships from which you learn and grow, these sorts of friendships that teach you the meaning of love and compassion.

## **Another Geography Camp**

Early in the year my geography class went on a class trip with one of the biology

classes. It was to be another two night/three day trip, this time staying in a single building with two dormitories and one kitchen/dinning/recreation area. It was located a few hours' drive from school, on a dirt road, in amongst a forest.

I was on this school trip with two friends, Colin and Geoff. So it was one of the first school trips where I actually enjoyed and looked forward to it, and also one of the few trips where I didn't have to fake conversation with people to pretend to seem interested in what they were talking about. This meant that I was slowly coming out of my reclusive shell that I had created to protect myself. I had created my own reality, my own private world that I lived within, a world where I felt safe, and happy. Over the years I had placed up large walls around me, restricting how close people could get to me, restricting people's abilities to hurt me. It was all part of the many different masks that I wore to hide who I was, what I was.

The first night was rather uneventful, except for the fact that all the boys were trying to stay awake, as those who fell asleep were going to end up with something drawn or written on their face by the immature idiots that were in this class. By the time the morning arrived only Geoff and myself had managed to stay awake throughout the night. Although Geoff was tired I was fully energized with no sign of tiredness showing, I was always a night time person and would get by on very little sleep. Colin on the other hand had fallen asleep during the night and had woken up to find that a penis had been drawn on to his face. As I said, there were some immature idiots within both classes.

After a cooked breakfast we all got back into the bus that had taken both classes to the camp the day before. A short time later we reached the location of today's task, a nice leisurely walk up to the top of one of the mountains that surrounded the area. Admittedly, because of the lack of sleep the night before I was bugged by the time we had walked to the top of the mountain, but after a quick rest and some lunch I was energized again. By the time we got back to camp, had dinner, I was looking forward to a nice relaxing night of sleep. However I knew that if I was to fall asleep in the dormitory with the rest of the boys that I would wake up the next morning with something drawn or written on my face. That night both Geoff and I decided to sleep out in the dinning/recreation area with one of the teachers. We both realised that we were both exhausted, in need of sleep, and the target of that nights face drawing because no one could get us the night before. So we chose the best place to sleep that would deny these other students the ability to draw on our faces. We chose the safety of sleeping in the same area as a teacher, and being a teacher's pet, the teacher had no problem with both of us sleeping there. I actually think he understood and knew what was going on in the boy's dormitory.

As we laid down in our sleeping bags, sleeping on the seats in the dining area, to go to sleep for the night, the teacher turned out the light, almost straight away some one ran into the dining area and into the kitchen. The teacher straight away sat up and gave the student that was in the kitchen to the count of ten to get out of the kitchen and to go back into their dormitory room. As the teacher got through counting to ten he switched the light back on, got up, and went into the kitchen, warning whoever it was that had run past the three of us while running into the kitchen that there would be major trouble if he caught them eating any of the food. When he got into the kitchen, which was right next to where we were sleeping there was no one to be found. This left the teacher puzzled, there were no doors in the kitchen that

anyone could of left the kitchen through except the one that would of taken them past us, the windows were too small for anyone to climb out, and they were all closed, and the only way out of the kitchen was to come directly past where the three of us were sleeping. Confused about what had happened he got back into his sleeping bag and turned the light out.

As soon as he had turned the light off again someone came running into the room from the dormitory area, straight past where the three of us were laying down, and into the kitchen. Needless to say that at this point the teacher was getting slightly outraged. There was to be no counting to ten this time, the light was aggressively turned on, and whoever was in the kitchen was forewarned that there would be trouble this time and that they would be caught. He stormed into the kitchen, turning all the lights on as he went, to only find once again that there was no one in the kitchen, that all the windows were shut. Puzzled with how anyone could of gotten into the kitchen and then gotten out passed him he stormed out of the kitchen, going into the boys dormitory, turning the light on and waking them all up, making certain that each person in that room knew that if it was them playing the fool and running into the kitchen he would catch them and there would be major consequences for their actions.

This time a very agitated teacher got back into his sleeping bag and just sat there waiting to see if anyone would come, then he turned the light off, still sitting there, waiting for whoever it was to come running through the door again. Both Geoff and I were also sitting up, waiting for whoever it was to make their entrance again, and then I would guess that is where everyone's memory of the night ended, except for mine.

There was an explosion of light both outside the building and inside the building. By the time the three of us, Geoff, the geography teacher and I had walked through the building and out the back door; both back doors on the boys and girls dormitories were open as everyone was going outside to see what was causing the explosion of light in and around the building. As we came out the door towards where everyone else was walking I noticed that there was craft hovering above the ground a few hundred meters behind the building. I remember a being coming up beside me, walking with me to the craft, saying something to me that I cannot remember. I am certain that I am not the only person that went with them that night, I have a vague memory there were other beings walking with other students.

It is there where my memory of that night ends. Once everyone wakes up the following day the teacher calls the students into the recreation area to talk about the problems the night before with someone running through into the kitchen, and the lights, but that is all that anyone could remember. We went about the day getting ready to head back to school, no one the wiser of what had taken place the previous night.

### **Peter's Camping Trip**

As I have said before I am very protective of my friends. I was even more protective of Peter because he was bullied; harassed because of his size and because of the Angelic voice that he had when singing. A voice that everyone was blessed to hear as he was a member of

the school choir. It truly is a shame how hostile other teenagers can be towards their peers. A reflection on the way they were raised and a reflection on society, because to bully someone simply because they had the voice of an angel is just another sign of the diseases that run through our society. Instead of praising and supporting him with his singing, people were quick to judge and put him down.

It was the morning of Peter's geography class camp, the first of his high school camps he would have during his High School education. I was walking past Peter and his friend's standing outside their classroom waiting for the teacher to turn up for their camp. As I was walking passed to the class next door to theirs I overheard one of Peter's classmates harassing him, so I made the comment to him that I would come out to their camp if I found that he was harassing Peter while on the camp, or doing anything that he said he was going to do to Peter then I would come out and make sure that he stopped harassing Peter. I think at this point it is important to note that I would have never hurt anyone, and in all my life I have never been in a fight, I am a very peaceful person, but I will give words to someone if they threaten or harass someone that I care about. I am very protective of those that I care about.

After talking to this boy that had harassed Peter, I continued on my way into my English class, leaving Peter to go on his camp, to where I went back in 1988. While I was sitting in the class my mind wondered back to the events that had occurred on the camp when I went on it, the sound of "people" running around the tents, but I thought nothing more of Peter and his class. I thought nothing more of the boy who had been harassing Peter.

The following day I decided to go home early, I just wasn't interested in school, so I decided to leave early and started on my home. Often when I was bored with my classes, or when I couldn't be bothered listening to the topics that were well over taught I would often just walk out of school and go home. One of the problems with the education system when I was attending High School was the overt racism that existed with constantly pushing down the throats of students certain topics, and the constant racism from the history teacher of trying to make everyone but Maori feel guilty. Whenever this would happen I would simply walk out of school and go home, I was not interested in being abused by a teacher at school simply because of the colour of my skin. So the day that Peter's class was returning from their camp I had again tired of this and walked out of class early to walk home. Peter's class had returned back to school from their camp around the same time that I had decided to walk home. This meant that I walked home with one of his friends who I had known since my childhood, the grandson of friends of my parents, Damon. It was on the way home that an interesting story started to unfold.

Apparently Peter's friend had started to harass Peter out on the camp. As it became dark everyone started to notice some lights appearing above the trees, also noticing them appear above the cliff near the camp. Peter apparently told his friend that was harassing him that these lights belonged to me, and that I had come out to the camp to get him. Apparently it took the teachers quite a while to calm this boy down and convince him that he was safe, and that he didn't need to be taken home.

Needless to say I was intrigued, not by what had happened with this boy, but intrigued

with the mention of these lights, so I dove deeper into it, asking questions, seeking out answers to what happened that night. I was told that these lights would appear, and then disappear for a while, and then they would reappear again. I was fascinated, wanted to know if there was any noise associated with the lights and was told no. But I was then told that both Damon and Peter had the feeling that I was somehow involved with these lights, that they believed that I was out there watching over Peter. As I continued to ask question I came across something rather interesting, that when they all went into their tents and got ready to go to sleep that night, there was a noise down at the beach, the sound of the water getting rough, and then the sound of lots of footsteps running around their tents. Then that is all that Damon could remember. Now as you may remember from a few years ago when I was on this class camp something similar happened with my class, with the exception that there was no noise from the beach just the noise of people or beings running around the tents. A noise that made the geography teacher get out of his tent and search for the students he believed were responsible, that he believed were running around the tents.

It was at this stage that I began to wonder what was going on, was everyone that went on this camp being involved in these alien encounters. I had thought that it had only happened on my camp because I was there. Or could of there been someone else on this camp that was having experiences like I was, and that what happened that night was because this other person was there? I had fallen asleep early that night so could I of somehow been involved with these beings out there that night? That is something that I have often wondered about but never been able to answer.

I needed more answers; I needed to make sure that the person I was talking to wasn't just making up it. Thankfully when I got home Peter came up to talk to me. I found out from Peter that exactly everything I had been told had happened. But I needed to know more; I needed to be certain so I questioned Peter a little more as to what had actually happened. By the time he left I had made up my mind, I needed to go back out there the coming weekend and work out what had happened there that week with Peter, what had happened there with my class, and was it happening with all classes that went on this camping trip.

## **The Camping Trip**

The following weekend I had arranged with two friends, both brothers, to go out to where the school held there camps. I had told them that we would be going out there to go fishing and to do some camping, having decided not to tell anyone the real reason of what we were going there for, except to go camping and do some fishing. I could imagine the looks and comments I would have gotten if I had of honestly stated we were going out there to see why aliens were making their presence felt on the school camps. We were driven out there Friday afternoon, Jon, Andrew, Myself, along with one of their friend's.

We were driven out to the entrance to where the camps had been held, getting out of the car and walking a couple of hundred meters to where the camps were located. Once we got there I decided that we would hike out to the point where we had camped a few years before, that night that the girls thought a wild boar was following them back to where we were to sleep on the second high school camp. It was going to get dark soon and it was a risk

whether we would reach the camping area in time, but it was one I wanted to take as in my mind I thought if I got out to the point I would be able to see if anything happened back at the camp site. About halfway to where we were going to set up camp, Jon noticed that he had left his asthma inhaler at home, but there was no turning back now, we had to keep going to the campsite as it was going to be dark soon and there was no way to go back and get it. We weren't expected out of the bush for two days, so there would be no way to get home or to reach anyone to get the inhaler.

We reached the campsite about half an hour before it would get dark, so we had to quickly go about setting up both the tents, both were two man tents. The tents were set up in the clearing where the camps would sleep under the bivouac, but it was under dense bush that was above the tents and on all sides of the tents, with the exception of where you entered the camping area from the bush, and where you entered it from the beach. Jon and I would be sleeping in my tent, with Andrew and their friend sleeping in the other tent. We finished setting up the tents just as it got dark, so it was a mad rush to get some dinner cooked for the night, before heading into the tents to go to sleep. As usual I placed the padlock on the front of the tent so that no one could unzip it during the night, and then that is all I remember of that night, I fell asleep. The next day I woke up to find that there must have been a storm during the night, although if there had been a storm I had not heard it. A lot of the stuff we had left outside the tents had blown away. For some reason Andrew and his friend had gotten completely wet in their tent, having to leave their sleeping bags out in the sun to dry so they could use them that night.

Not long after getting out of the tent I noticed something rather strange. Someone in a black inflatable boat was speeding over towards where we were, then as they got closer and realised that I was watching him they turned away and left. We didn't do much during the day just a bit of fishing and some swimming. Andrew and I went for a walk around the beach to see how far we could get before having to turn back. He had to borrow a pair of my pants to wear as all his clothes were saturated from the night before. It was a nice hot day, so by the time that we got back to the camp Andrew's clothes had dried. Physically Andrew was attractive, but below that he was involved with drugs, alcohol, and had already been caught breaking into people's houses, so apart from his physical appearance he was not an attractive person. I had befriended him hoping that I could stop the path that he was heading down, a path of criminal involvement.

We had decided that we would have a fire on the beach that night, so we set about building a fire in the middle of the beach, collecting broken branches off of the ground. We built the fire up about halfway between the water and bush behind us. Once the fire was going it was time to start cooking dinner, and since we didn't cook up much the night before I cooked up all that was left. Then we all sat around the fire eating dinner as it started to get dark. We all decided that we would take turns telling scary stories to each other. As it became my turn to tell a story I decided to tell one about four boys that were out camping on a beach in the middle of nowhere. The story was of a UFO approaching them and then these four boys were abducted by these aliens. I never reached the end of the story, for some reason everyone decided that we needed to get to bed, despite the fact that it wasn't completely dark yet. Without putting the fire out or doing anything everyone went towards the tents. Once we got there both Andrew and his friend decided that they did not want to sleep

in their tent and wanted to both crowd in to my two man tent with Jon and I. They did not want to sleep alone, with Andrew sounding of desperation wanting to sleep in my tent.

Once we were all in the tent I went about putting the padlock on the front of the tent, then turned the light out and laid down. Once again, no one seemed to care about the fact that I was locking the front of the tent, locking everyone inside the tent. Within seconds there was an extremely bright light coming down from above the tent, down through the dense bush cover above us, it was shining directly on the front of the tent. This was bush that was so dense that the sunlight would barely shine through it during the day. Andrew, Jon and their friend began to panic, but I reassured them that everything was alright, to just lay down, and go to sleep, that they would be alright. Then there was a noise that I cannot really describe down by the beach, and the water started to get rough. That was followed by a dozen footsteps running around the tent. I then fell asleep, which wasn't ordinary for me because I wasn't tired. So whether I actually did fall asleep or if I just stopped my conscious awareness from them I do not know.

I woke up some time later; Jon was sitting up in his sleeping bag, scared, not wanting to lay down. I had to push him back down, physically push him, and tell him that he would be alright, that he was safe and that it was over for him for that night. Then once again the noise started at the beach, the water was getting rough and the footsteps running around the tents. Again I woke up some time latter to find that Andrew was now sitting up in his sleeping bag. Like his younger brother he was also scared, not knowing what was going on and wanting it to stop, he wanted to go home but knew he couldn't. I had to push him back down and then tell him that he was going to be alright and that nothing was going to happen, that he was safe, and to just go back to sleep, that it was over that night for him. Again, without laying down or anything I was out of it, waking up some time latter to the noise on the beach, the water getting rough, and the footsteps running around the tent. Andrew and Jon were both completely asleep, neither of them had woken up to the noise, and that is where the night ended for me.

When I look back on that night I have the strange feeling that my sole purpose for that night was to reassure and calm Jon and Andrew. It is my feeling that nothing happened to me that night, but that I was taken the night before. But that what happened that night, allowing me to hear, see, and help my friends, was more directed at allowing me to open up slightly to know what was happening with myself. Looking back I also feel that the very act of myself reassuring Andrew and Jon, letting them know that they were safe, was also directed at allowing me to see that I was also safe, that I was also protected, and that these beings cared a great deal about me.

The following morning we woke up to find that everything outside the tent was not how we left it when we went to sleep the previous night. There was also an uneasiness amongst Andrew, Jon, their friend, and I. The three of them had felt that something had happened the night before, but I don't think any of them could remember it, or if they could their minds were not capable of comprehending just what had taken place. However there was a hostility within them growing towards me, blaming me for what had happened. I guess in part I was to blame because I did know that going out there that weekend something was going to happen, that I had involved them within it without really telling them what was about to

happen. But if truth be known, this wasn't the first experience that either of them have had with these beings. There was many times where they had spent the night with me where other encounters had taken place.

Wanting to explore the area and see what evidence was around the area I walked down to the beach and was amazed by what I saw. The first thing that I noticed was the beach had been washed up on itself. The waterline was now where we had the fire the night before, which we hadn't put out, but had been put out by the water. The wood that we had on the fire had been washed down to the other end of the beach. When I went to look at the wood I noticed that the big logs that we had put on a few minutes before we had decided to go to bed for the night had barely burnt. I walked back down to the other end of the beach to where there was a natural swamp area and noticed something that the other three were looking at. The plants in the swamp area had been squashed into a perfect circle. Something had landed there squashing the plants down in a perfect circle. It was at this point that I believe Andrew and Jon had that light go off in their minds telling them what had happened, but both were not prepared to believe what they were thinking; they were unable to comprehend what their mind was thinking.

Andrew, Jon and their friend were all very uncomfortable and frightened, none of them wanted to stay in the area any longer, and despite our ride home being six hours away they wanted to walk back to where we were to wait for the car. Eventually we packed up the tents, packed up our bags, had one last look at the circle in the swamp area and walked back to where we were meant to be waiting for our ride home. However Andrew was still beside himself, he was terrified by what had happened the previous night, not wanting to even talk to me, but wanting to get home, so he kept walking. There was nothing the rest of us could do but following him, by this time John had calmed down and was confused by his brothers seemingly irrationality. It took about three hours walking along the road before we reached a place where we could phone for a ride home. That was the last I would hear from Andrew as a friend. He was unable to voice what had happened that night, but the fear was very evident within him, he was terrified and unable to voice his fears, unable to comprehend his fears.

### **An Answer to Peter's Camping Trip**

Despite the camping trip that I had been on, I was still no closer to an answer about what had taken place on Peter's class camp. I had been wondering for a few weeks about the camp that Peter had been on, why had these beings turned up on his camp? Was it that school camps that were held in the middle of nowhere were simply attracting these beings to turn up and interact with the students there, carry out what ever exams they wished to perform? Or was there another answer to that question, that perhaps there was someone specifically at that camp for which they came there for that night?

Late one night I woke up outside the house, actually standing out on the road, with a craft hovering above me, the light from this craft was illuminating the area. I guess it is kind of wrong to say that I woke up standing on the road, it would be more correct to say that is when I became aware and started remembering what I was being shown. There was a being standing beside me, talking with me, explaining to me what was happening and what I was

watching as other people were being brought out of their houses by other beings.

As I stood there watching what was going on I noticed that Peter was being brought out of his house by another being. I can still remember standing there, looking down the street at Peter walking out of his parent's property, I knew straight away why I had been attracted to him, because of this involvement with these beings. I finally had my answer to why the events had taken place on the school camping trip that Peter was on, it was because he had most likely had these encounters happening to him all of his life. But I do feel that there were people being brought out that night, people who were involved with these interactions because they lived close to Peter and I.

A few hours later I woke up, tucked into my bed.

Peter was an amazing person, a very positive person who had the singing voice of an angel. Spiritually he was an attractive person as well as physically. But I don't know if he ever knew back at school what was happening with him, the experiences that he was having. He was a very quite person, a very shy person, but underneath all of that was an amazing beautiful person. Peter was someone with whom you are blessed to have in your life, and honoured to call a friend; he was a very special and unique person.

### **The Long and Winding Road Down**

It was around this time that a very personal attack was carried out on me. A former friend, Michael, who was jealous at the way his friends were more interested in spending time with me than spending it with him decided to start a rumour that I was making sexual advances on my friends, something that those who know me know I would never do. The most prized possession that I have is those I call my friends, my friends are truly priceless to me. They are not simply friends, but a part of my family, a part of who I am, they are co-creators of my reality. Even if I have a friend who I am sexually attracted to, due to my very shy nature, and the love I have for my friends I would never action those attractions and have always treated my friends with the upmost love and respect. I am an extraordinarily shy person, a very reserved person with whom making friends has never come easy, so for me a friend is an important part of myself and my family, and someone with whom I do everything I can to protect and take care of. To make a sexual advance on a friend is simply something I would never do, something I could never do. The most important thing to me in my world are my friends, there is nothing I would ever do to risk losing a friend, for to lose a friend is to lose a part of who I am, and to lose a part of my world.

Because most of my friends belonged to the same church as this person who was spreading the rumours, a campaign was carried out by this boy and his parents to tell the parents of my friends that I was gay and coming on to their children, which lead to most of my friends being banned from being near me. Well, it actually meant that all of my friends were forbidden to be near me, but Scott and his brother ignored this and continued with our friendship. But the damage had been done; I was going to bed nightly crying myself to sleep, unable to comprehend why anyone would want to hurt me so deeply, unable to comprehend the depth of hate that this person must have held towards me, and unable to comprehend

how someone could hold so much hate within them. I was starting to slip into a suicidal depression, unable to comprehend the amount of hatred that must exist within people to be able to judge someone, unable to comprehend how a child could hold such evil within them. Maybe one day someone can explain to me how someone could hold so much hate within themselves.

I had spent two years opening myself up, allowing people into my life and forming these friendships, something that has never been easy for me. It was something that was extremely hard for me to do, coming out of the reclusive shell that I had created to live in because I was so very shy, and because I was afraid to be who I was around people. I don't think many people can ever understand how hard it is for a shy person to feel comfortable around people, to open up to people, to knock down the walls that I had put up to protect myself and start to let people into my life. I had created a fortress of walls around me to protect myself from people, to not let people see who or what I was, to not let anyone hurt me. I had created all these walls, all these masks to simply hide from people. Walls that I had started to pull down because of my friendship with both Scott and Peter. I had spent two years allowing Scott to see within my fortress and see who I was, in all my rawness.

My life had taken on such a degree of pain and confusion that I had never felt before. Not only was I trying to deal with what was happening to me at night time, the vast unknown encounters that I was trying to get my bearings with, trying to cope with. But in the brush of a hand, with the deceitful lies of someone that I had considered a friend, my life was collapsing. The joy that I had once found was starting to disappear, and I was quickly falling into a deep dark hole that I did not want to get out of. Not only did I not want to get out of this hole, I had no idea how to get out of it, nor did I know where to turn.

I didn't think that it could get any worse. How could it get any worse, I had lost most of my friends and I was struggling to get by, so I started to just concentrate on school, turning up to class, doing my work then hiding out in the library until I could go home, which was typically before school got out. But then for a reason I don't understand, perhaps it was that I was not struggling enough to get by, but the person who had started the rumours decided to spread it around school. Instantly my school life become a living hell, I was getting harassed, bullied, and even one night had to endure someone coming around to my house, wanting to come into my room late at night and then threatened my life.

If I had of thought that I couldn't fall any further into this deep dark hole I was wrong. I started to completely fall apart and just couldn't cope with life any more. As the weeks went by I started to withdraw from my classes and failed to meet due dates for assignments, with it all coming head to head when it became time to pay to sit the end of year school exams. This was my final year of high school, these were supposedly the exams that my whole life depended on, but I was so far from being mentally capable of keeping things together, so far gone that I didn't bother. I withdrew from my courses, refused to sit my exams, and essentially dropped out of High School, all because of one stupid rumor that had destroyed my life at that point of time. My teachers were rather disappointed with me, wanted to know why I was not sitting my exams, and then feeling disgusted with me because I would not explain it to them and just continued to shut myself off from everyone. I was always a good student, but I had now become to them something that wasn't worth their time, so I was then

treated with disgust by them. There was also within me something pulling at me that the direction I had been dreaming of taking my life was not the direction that I needed to go, so pulling out of my exams felt the right thing to do in another sense. Although I wasn't sure what direction that my life was meant to take at this point in time, I just knew that pulling out of my exams and letting that direction become known to me was the path that my life journey was meant to take.

The school year ended, with it came my end of year school report which was full of comments about how my teachers were disappointed within me. I had it made very obvious by my teachers that I had let them down. Sure, if only they knew that it was not I that let them down but the school that had let me down by failing to provide a safe learning environment for myself, and instead supplying one of bullying, harassment and teachers that were just as bad. I was still spending time with Scott and Colin, but not as much as I had been. I was simply shutting myself off from the only two friends that I had left in my life. It is something that I deeply regret, but it was the only way I knew how to survive; it was all that I could do to get through each day. So much of my life I had spent alone, it was where I felt safe from society, but the previous years had brought into my life an immense peace, love and joy from the friendships I'd had, but now I was regressing back into the safety of being a loner. If I could turn back time and change the way I handled things with Scott and Peter I would, without any hesitation.

## **A New Town**

Have you ever felt so completely alone, so deeply lonely that you simply just wanted it all to end, to not wake up any more? Have you ever felt that you were falling into a deep dark hole that you have no way to get out of, and no desire to even try to get out of it? Constantly falling, looking around for something to grab a hold of but seeing nothing, looking for someone to take your hand, but there is no one. I was drowning in the ocean of loneliness, and being weighted down in the ocean with the stones of depression.

Since the rumours about me had started this is what my life had become. The school year had finished, I had basically dropped out of finishing my High School education. I had dropped out of sitting my final year exams because I could not hold myself mentally together. I had lost all but two friends, and even those two friends weren't coming around as much as they used to. Every night I was going to bed and crying myself to sleep, praying that if there was a god that he would let this pain, this loneliness, this deep painful hurt end and that he would not make me wake up in the morning, that he would let me die in my sleep so that I could escape the hell that my life had become all because of a stupid little rumour that someone had started with the sole intention of hurting me.

I still do not understand how someone could have hated me to the depths that they would inflict such a degree of pain upon me that I was crumbling under it. How could a child, a skinny small child hold so much hatred within them? I say skinny small child because their size did not equal the depth of hate that existed within him. I could not understand how a person could be so full of hatred and jealousy. How could a church, something that is meant to be about loving thy neighbour, a church that is meant to be about peace and love become

full of so much hatred that they basically destroyed who I was, and crippled me with such a deep pain that all I wanted was to die. These people, this church I viewed as not a vehicle of god, not a vehicle of good, and not a vehicle of love or peace, but as a vehicle of evil and hatred, for they had set about to hurt me. They showed no love, no compassion, and no peace to me, just pure unadulterated hatred. Not only did they possess this hatred but they were teaching it to their children, polluting them with their prejudice and hatred which I personally believe to be a form of child abuse. They were not giving their children a blank canvas and allowing them to create their own masterpiece, not allowing them to create their own reality, but they were instead tainting these children with prejudice and hatred.

What did I do so wrong that someone I once called a friend would want to hurt me so deeply, someone that I still considered a friend when he did this? Every day I woke up, tired, alone, and disappointed that I hadn't died in my sleep. Disappointed that I had to face another day knowing that all of my friends had left me and/or been forbidden from being near me because of this person. I was struggling so badly to get by, struggling daily to find the strength to wake up. I didn't want to wake up any more; I didn't want to live anymore all because these people had taken away my desire to live. How can people claim to be of God when they verbally vomit such hatred, such prejudice? Prejudice and hatred are not that which belong to a path of spirituality or God, but it is a path of darkness, not light.

Knowing that I could no longer cope in my home town, knowing that I had to get out of there I openly welcomed the chance to move away from this town that I had once loved, away from the evils of this church that was continually so painfully harassing me. But it also meant moving away from the friends that I still held dear to my heart despite the fact that most had left or been banned from being around me. Despite this I realised that I had to leave to a new place where I could start over. There was also a part of me that thought that if I moved to a bigger town, or perhaps a city, that the things that had been happening to me at night would stop happening. I figured that if I was in an area that had a large area of radar coverage from an airport that nothing could happen to me. I had made myself believe that moving to another town would remove the fears of the darkness and give me some form of peace of mind, some form of safety.

I decided to slip out of town without anyone know that I was moving, except Scott. Scott came around the day before I moved to say goodbye, and the following day I left my home town, leaving behind such a large piece of who I was, leaving behind some friends that I cared deeply about, leaving behind my best friend, and the only person that I felt that I could be myself around. I left Taupo that day leaving behind a large part of myself. For a long time I have regretted the way that I left, regretted that it had cost me my friendship with Scott, that I had lost the best friend that I had ever had and one of the few people who meant anything to me. Scott was, and always has been like a younger brother to me. To lose him was to lose a large part of myself, of my world, my reality.

We moved to the suburbs on the outskirts of a city a few hours away from my home town, a city called Auckland, the largest city in New Zealand. It felt as if a huge weight had been lifted off of my shoulders. It was truly blissful, a nice peaceful feeling that I had left behind the problems and was now in a place where I could sleep peaceful at night without being harassed by anyone or anything. But I was still a very badly damaged soul, the

rumours and the damage that they had done to me had cut me badly, it had cut deeply to the soul. My soul was crying out, the scars that were left had run deep.

There wasn't a day that went by where I didn't think about or miss Scott, but I had no idea how to write to him, what to say, afraid that he would reject me, and unable to cope with any possible rejection. How do you tell someone whose religious beliefs shun who I am and what I believe in? How do you tell someone whose church had so forcefully attacked me and destroyed me to the core of my soul what was going on in my life. It wasn't as simple as writing and saying that my life was deeply complicated, and that I was grasping to try and understand what was happening with me. That I was struggling to come to terms with that fact that I was seeing aliens, and had vast amounts of missing time. Or that I was at that stage in my life bisexual, and that I loved and cared about him as a brother, that he was my best friend and a part of my family. I lost a part of my family; I lost a large part of myself, something I should never have allowed to happen. If only I had of reached out to him and let him know that his friendship meant the world to me, but I couldn't, instead I was struggling to survive, struggling to climb out of the destruction that his church and done to my being, to my life. I was lost, alone, and in a very dark place, the last thing that I knew how to do was to reach out to Scott. I didn't even know how I was going to save myself, how I was going to survive past each day. I was solely living for each day, trying to get through each day one at a time.

## **The Beginning**

My bedroom in the new house was situated right beside the bathroom; it also had a large window and door opening outside on to a deck that ran the full length of my bedroom. I had my bed situated directly across from this door so that I could look out of it at night time and see if anything went past my bedroom.

I've never been one who could go to sleep early, I would always stay up until my eyes were too heavy to keep open, and I'd either pass the time reading a book or watching television. Unless I was tired there was no way I could ever go to sleep, and laying in a bed waiting to fall asleep is something that was always something that I could never do, even as a child. Usually late at night, between 11pm and midnight I would have a shower, before heading back to my bedroom to get into bed and watch some television.

Not long after moving to this house, to this new city to where I placed my hopes of being safe because I believed that now that I was living in an area with the countries major airport's radar that nothing would be able to happen to me. I came out of my bedroom, locked my bedroom door and started to walk towards the bathroom for a shower. However everything after walking out of my room just seemed completely wrong, but my brain was rather slow figuring it all out before anything could happen. The hall ceiling was lit up with an extremely bright white light, and then down the end of the hall there was another strong white light, there was someone, or something standing down the end of the hall. A few hours later I woke up, I had been tucked back into my bed, with my bedroom door closed, and upon

looking at it, finding that it was still locked. I had over the past few years developed the need to have a lock on my bedroom door. At night time I would lock myself in to my bedroom, under the assumption that as long as the bedroom door was locked, and the windows were all closed that there was nothing could get into my bedroom while I slept.

This would come to be a regular feature of my nights. I would either be leaving my bedroom to go have a shower or to go to the toilet, and not make it back to my room, or I would already be in the shower and not make it back to my room, not even be able to recall getting out of the shower. For example, one night I was having a shower and then that is all that I remember, a few hours later I woke up in my bed, nicely tucked into my bed. In the morning when I opened my bedroom door, which was still locked, I could not find the keys, searching through out my bedroom trying to find where they were, finally I went into the bathroom, and sitting on the vanity bench, next to the sink, where I had left them the night before were my keys. There was no way that I could have gotten back into my locked bedroom without the keys.

A few months after moving to Auckland I woke up one morning with a dull headache, along with this there was also a slight dizziness and I felt nauseous. I'm not one to pop a pill when I have a headache or any other kind of pain, so I just toughed it out, went about my day ignoring the headache, dizziness and nausea.

Two weeks later, still unable to get rid of this most annoying headache, this was lasting 24 hours a day, along with the nausea and dizziness, so I finally gave in to it and went to the doctors. I did fear the worst that this headache and all that I was experiencing with it would lead to something serious being wrong with me. My doctor prescribed some pills for the nausea and for the headache, told to come back if they did not help. The following week, having no break in the headache, nausea and dizziness I was back at the doctors. This time being prescribed a stronger pill for migraines, and being sent off to have blood tests, while being booked in for an appointment with a neurologist. Of course, the following week I was back at the doctors, still not able to get rid of the headache, dizziness or nausea, no matter how much medication I took. With the appointment with the neurologist four months away, heaven forbid if it was something serious. This essentially meant that for three months I was heading to the doctor mostly once a week, tired and exhausted from this constant headache and constant feeling of dizziness and nausea, the only relief I would get from it was when I was asleep.

It was 90 days later, the early hours of Christmas morning; the past 90 days had been draining, with the constant headache, the constant nausea, and constantly dizziness. I was woken up very early in the morning, unable to move, unable to open my eyes. I could feel that there was a being standing beside my bed. The only thing that was said to me was my name, and from that, in my mind I got the message that the headaches were caused by something that they had done, that they were sorry for the discomfort and for what was happening, that something had gone wrong, that they had fixed it, but that the headache would return again before finally going away. I was flooded with a safe loving feeling from him, a feeling that I was loved, and deeply cared about, a feeling that was alien to me because of the reclusive person that I was. He then left my room, then I was able to open my eyes, but still unable to move.

After a few seconds I was able to move my head, but unable to move the rest of my body. Noticing a bright white light at the windows on the side of my bedroom I rolled my head over to look towards the light. As I laid there looking at the bright white light shining outside my window I watched a tall being walking past the windows towards the corner of the house. He walked with such a majestic, peaceful, loving feeling radiating from him. As he walked out of view I was able to move my body again just as the intense white light left. As strange as it may sound, feeling safe and loved, I rolled over and went back to sleep.

A few hours later, Christmas morning, I woke up, noticing straight away that the headache was gone, I was not feeling nauseous, nor was I feeling any dizziness.

The previous night I had gone to sleep with my dog on the bed, where he would usually sleep for a short time each night before leaving my bedroom to sleep in my parent's bedroom. It wasn't until I got out of my bed that I saw he was hiding under the writing desk next to my bed. This was not normal for him. Getting down on my hands and knees I went under the desk to get him to come out, which is when I noticed that he must have been in my room when my alien visitors had arrived as he was shaking, terrified. I had to drag him out, and still when I had him out from under the desk he was shaking and scared. So I gave him a hug and rubbed him until he was back to normal. That would be the last night that he would stay longer than a few minutes in my room at night.

Exactly two weeks later the headache, nausea, and dizziness returned. This time it would last for nearly a year and a half.

A few months after this Christmas experience we moved again to another suburb in the same city.

## **On The Move Again**

There was an old feeling to the house that we moved to, that this was a house that had a deep history within its walls, but it was also a house that had a warm homely feeling to it, a warm welcoming energy. My bedroom within this house was located at the back of the house, from which I was able to view the surrounding neighbourhoods. Right outside my bedroom door was the bathroom, with the spare bedroom directly across from my bedroom; the toilet was down the other end of the house next to the laundry.

The first night at this house was rather interesting as the neighbours next to my room somehow got into a rather loud verbal argument. It might seem rather rude to do, but a shouting argument is just one of those things where most people would act like that they would never listen to it, when in reality most people would do exactly what I did, sat on my bed with the window open and listened to the neighbours arguing over some stupid thing. It was my impression from the argument and the way the husband was shouting at the wife that he had a rather bad drinking problem. I often wonder if people realise just how they sound, look, act when they are drunk. As the time would go by living at this place I discovered that the husband did have a bad drinking problem, he was a drunk, and even

worse he was also a very verbally abusive person to his wife and children.

For the past few months I had been writing Colin, mostly to try and redevelop my friendship with Scott. I had decided after much consideration, and much fear of rejection to write Colin and tell him about the experiences that I had been having, with him being the first person that I had actually told about these experiences that had been happening to me. I'm not sure if it is possible to express just how hard it is to open up to someone, to tell them that things are happening to you that society has so completely ignored and attached a stigma to it in an attempt to shun people away from believing that such things are happening. How do you tell someone that you not only see and hear spirits, but that you are also actively involved with beings not of this world? That was a question that had troubled me for many years, but it was one that I thought I would tackle, and thought there was enough mutual respect between Colin and I that it was something he would listen to and try to comprehend.

Unfortunately the reply I got from him was one that left me deeply depressed. His reply was essentially that UFOs do not exist, that there are no such things as aliens, and that to believe such was real, to believe that the things that were happening to me were real meant that I was sick and that I should kill myself because I was too messed up from believing in such things to live. A very negative and closed minded reply that I honestly never thought I would get from him, or I would never have opened up to him. So with that letter I ended my friendship with him, realizing that his family's religious upbringing had left him too brain washed to understand, or even explore outside of his understanding, outside of his boxed reality. The words that vibrated through his letter just simply pushed me closer to edge of depression, made me feel so completely alone. He had driven a knife so deeply into my back; he had wounded my soul, all because of his inability to exist outside of the prejudice of his religious upbringing.

The neighbours of the house that we moved to in Otahuhu were very open; they were the kind of neighbours that will give you the shirt off their back to help you. They were the kind of neighbours that were always keeping an eye on each other's properties, or if they saw you would come to the fence to talk. It was the sort of neighbourhood that people always hope they will live within, a caring close knit neighbourhood. On one side of the house we had two houses, Dave, a self made millionaire, and Toni, a solo mother whose kids had moved out of home. On the other side we had a man who was very abusive towards his children and wife, if he came home drunk, which he often did you could hear him screaming abuse at his wife, and at times his children. How someone can treat people they supposedly love this way is beyond me, and even worse, how a woman could stay in that sort of situation and allow her children to be abused by their father is also beyond my ability to understand. For not only was she allowing a person to abuse her, but even worse she was allowing that person to abuse her children through his drunken rampages. I remember one night this drunk of a father came home, started screaming at his wife, then his young daughter ran outside screaming and crying because of it all, such a sad event, and so traumatic for any child to have to hear. I use the word father very loosely, because I personally believe that someone that verbally, emotional, physically, or even sexually abuses their child is not a father. A father is someone that raises their child with love, with support. A father, a mother, a parent is someone whose unconditional love for their child is so strong that they give their child the blank canvas to create their life, to be who ever and whatever they wish to be in their life.

They give them the strength to be who they are, and not to be boxed in by society, by prejudice, or by hatred. The most important thing for a parent is to be this sort of parent, this kind of father and mother; you don't have to be related by blood, because the only true sort of relation that means anything in this world is love, complete unconditional love. A person can be the biological creator of a child, but if there is not this sort of unconditional love, they are not parents. A person cannot be related biologically to a child, but they can raise them with complete unconditional love and be the perfect parent to this child. It is unconditional love that is important. Any man or woman that come home drunk, and screams abuse at a child or at their partner is not a parent, they aren't a father or a mother, they are simply and abusive drunk, and that is what this neighbour was. He was an abusive drunk whose explosive words and actions damaged his children.

It was because of these neighbours that I would slowly start to open back up to the outside world and that I would come somewhat out of my reclusive isolation. I would spend many days over the fence at Toni's house, the solo mother, spending time helping her with different things around her property that needed doing, even simple things like mowing her lawn for her, or helping to trim her trees. It was my way of reaching outside of the seclusion that I had placed myself within, plus that fact that she knew my one weakness, Popsicles, and paid me for helping her out with boxes of Popsicles. If there is one way to get me to do something it was through Popsicles. There were days where she would bring home 60 plus Popsicles which I could and often did eat within a few days.

One day Toni's lawn mower decided to pack it in and stop working, so she had gone out and brought a new lawn mower, which we had to assemble. This lead to us deciding to put it together around 9pm, it was already dark, but Toni and I were determined to get the new lawn mower working. She was reading the instruction manual to the lawn mower, one of the cautions written was a warning not to put your hand under the lawn mower while it was going. Toni stood there, a glass of wine in one hand, the instruction manual in the other hand. I was sitting on the grass putting the lawn mower together and we both erupted in to laughter, wondering what sort of person would put their hand under a lawn mower while it was going. After calming down we finished putting together the lawn mower. Despite it being dark both Toni and I decided that we had to try the lawn mower out that night, so we started it up and mowed the lawn in the dark. It might sound strange, and perhaps people would even wonder what the neighbours would have thought of two people mowing the lawn in the dark. It might sound strange, but the neighbourhood I lived, it was common as Dave could often be found mowing his own lawn in the dark.

The adventures at Toni's place would take on many different forms. There was one time where she decided to redo the inside of her home, the lounge and the kitchen. Late one night her and I were potting around pulling out a wall, only to hear Dave coming over with, I believe it was the chainsaw to cut the wall out. Never was there a lack of excitement with these neighbours. I'm not sure what the other neighbours would of thought, 11pm at night, the sound of a chainsaw starting up, and the three of us laughing as Dave cut the wall out, Toni screaming at Dave to be careful. There was always something to laugh at. One night, after Toni built a deck on the back of her house, we were all sitting around, Toni, her children, Dave, and I. Toni was screwing something onto the wall inside and needed a screw, so into the shed Toni and Dave go. The next moment you could hear Dave moaning away, making

sexual noises, only to shout out to the rest of us that they were trying to find a screw. We were never short of laughter with these neighbours, and always knew that if anything happened they would always be there.

As I have said, Dave was a self made millionaire; he owned a number of rental properties which he used to help purchase a farm that had been in his family for a long time. Dave had decided that he was going to drive down to the farm one day, asking me to go with him so that he could show me his farm. On the way down to the farm, which was about an hour and a half drive from Auckland, Dave was telling me of something that happened to him and his wife a few decades earlier. I would always be outside at night time watching the night sky, either with the naked eye, or with my telescope, so we had got to talking about that. I cannot remember exactly but I think that Dave said it was his honeymoon. Dave and his wife were heading over a hill in the road, on the way down to the beach when they noticed a light in the sky. They watched as this object came down from the sky, and as another object came out of it. As they continued to watch the smaller light then once again went back inside of the larger object, and the craft took off at high speed. The press would later report that this was, I can't remember what Dave said, but I believe it was the New Zealand Navy that the press reported it as saying that the lights were from them conducting flare tests. So I would guess in the Navy's eyes they believed people to be so stupid as to think they would believe a flare could come out of an object, fly around, and then go back into that object then the larger object taking off at high speed.

I was beginning to love sitting outside in the night again, I felt as if I was becoming one with the night again, that I was beginning to feel safe and belong back out under the majestic beauty of the night sky. I would spend hours outside late each night and into the early hours of the morning just watching the night sky, watching the stars in the sky, and sitting with the telescope looking up at the planets and the moon. There is a certain majestic beauty about sitting or laying under the night sky, looking up at what has to be one of the most beautiful pieces of artwork our eyes will ever see, the night sky. One night I was sitting on the deck on the back of the house watching the night sky, as I noticed a light in the sky above the suburb I used to live in. I watched as this light travelled from above this other suburb, over to where I was, hovering in the night sky a few hundred meters away from where I was. Standing there I was watching as this saucer shaped craft hovered just slightly off in the distance. Looking up I could see the lights inside the craft. Eventually the craft moved off into the distance again.

Other nights I would be sitting outside, on the wooden deck, the neighbour next door would come outside, the one that was abusive to his kids and wife. He used his time outside at night to sit and look at the sky and relax. On one occasion I took my telescope over to his house so that he could sit and look at the moon, the planets, and he was in awe of what he was seeing. One occasion we were sitting outside, talking, a satellite flew over, to which he was enthralled to see and know what it was. It fascinated him to be able to see the satellite going over, so other nights I was outside he would come out as well, talk to me over the fence, or we would sit together looking at the night sky. There were many nights where sitting outside with him we would actually see UFOs or more precise alien craft in the sky. These could be easily identified by the speed that they went, the manoeuvres that they made, and sometimes even the mass of lights and colours, also by the sizes. This was quite an experience for him. It was simply part of my normal life so it didn't excite me to the point that

it would him. I had grown so use throughout my life to seeing these sorts of things that it was not really anything special to me. I would simply acknowledge what I was seeing, be it a craft or an alien, I would acknowledge it with a hello, or a wave. This was simply part of my normal life, as normal as seeing a family member.

As the days went by and the nausea, dizziness and headache didn't let up I was becoming rather exhausted. The fact that I was becoming more withdrawn with each day and feeling deeply alone and lonely was beginning to drag me further into the depths of depression. But I had no idea what was going on, and to be honest despite being a care free person, I had no idea where a lot of the emotions I was feeling were coming from. I'd never heard of depression before, despite having been depressed countless times before, I knew nothing of it so I didn't realise or understand that I was depressed.

Finally one night it all became too much for me to be able to cope with. I sat in the chair in my computer room crying, not wanting to wake up any more, and too tired to care anymore. Tired of the emotional pain that I was still suffering from what had happened a few years earlier in my home town with the rumours. I was tired of all the confusion with the experiences that I was having every night. So I sat in my chair, a bottle of pills in my hand, crying, on the edge of giving up, tipping the bottle of pills into my hand ready to swallow them and end the hell that my life had become. As I sat there about to end my life I felt the strongest, most overpowering unconditional love entering my body, surrounding my body, embracing me. As had happened the previous Christmas the only word that I heard being said to me was my name, from that I got the words in my mind that to this being I was very special, that I was deeply cared about and loved, that I was wanted and needed. The tears were rolling down my face, never before that I can recall had I ever experienced such a deep unconditional and overpowering love. I was put to bed that night flooded with the most majestic love that I had ever felt in my life, tucked into bed, and made to go to sleep. I was wanted, I was loved, I was special, I was cared about, I was safe, and I felt home where I belonged with this being.

The next morning I woke up feeling like a weight had been removed from my life, and I decided to start looking for some friends from my past. It was also at this time that I got connected to the Internet, although at this point in my life I had no idea what the Internet really was. I did spend a number of hours daily just surfing around the Internet, looking at peoples personal sites, but not really interested in what I was seeing. I was still a very shy and withdrawn person, too shy to just write a stranger from the Internet, too shy to talk to strangers on the Internet. I spent a lot of time on news sites reading the newspapers, and a lot of time at the NASA website, looking at the images and video's from space.

I cannot recall how exactly it happened, but I found myself being drawn to two different personal websites, and I cannot even recall how I came across them, but both websites kept coming up on my computer no matter what I did. Despite clicking on links to take me to sites that weren't even connected to these two people, I kept finding myself being brought back to these two personal websites. However, being the intensely shy person that I am, I would constantly ignore both of the websites and keep surfing the internet.

Finally I gave in, realizing that I was being attracted to both sites, and finding within the

photos of the owners of both sites that I was being attracted to them on levels that I had no understanding of at the time. But it was the same form of attraction that I had felt with both Scott and Peter, one where I knew the reason would make itself known to me when the time was right. I decided to do something that I had never done before, and it honestly scared the hell out of me, writing a complete stranger, hoping and praying that I would not be rejected. Even hoping that they wouldn't reply to me because I was scared about what they would say, that is how shy I was, how shy I still am. But both of these people, Aaron, and Damion replied to me with nice friendly e-mails, still I had no idea why I was attracted to their sites, or to them, or what was leading me to step out of my comfort zone and write them. I was being guided by my higher self, or by my spirit guides.

At the same time as this was happening I had located a friend that I had known since I was a child, Damon, and found that he was living just a few suburbs away from me. So I decided to contact him and try and rekindle our friendship. Within days of writing to this friend he appeared at my front door, happy that I had written him, finally I had some friends again. And as the weeks went by, despite still being withdrawn and feeling completely uncomfortable around people, I started to open up and, feel comfortable around some people.

## **A Stranger Awakens**

Have you ever looked at the beauty of the night sky? Just stood there, or laid on the ground, looking up at the night sky, looking at the stars, the planets, the moon, and just being completely awestruck at the immense beauty that lays before you in the sky, and then realised how small and insignificant we are? We are but a drop in the ocean of the life that vibrates around our small world. We are also just a drop in the ocean of creation that exists, that vibrates all around us and through us. Yet we are so naive to believe that we are the centre of creation, that we are all there is in the universe, and even more so naive to believe that we are the most intelligent life form that is in creation on and off this planet. We are not that intelligent. We still have not learned to live in harmony with nature; instead we try to control nature, to make nature fit the needs and desires that we have. We continue to rape, murder, abuse our planet and expect life to always go on as normal. We are not as intelligent as we would like to believe that our race is. Being outside under the night sky, looking up at the immense beauty above me has always made me realise how small our world is in the vast creation above us.

The night time was still a thing of beauty to me, something that fascinated me. It is hard to explain the beauty and power that runs through the body when you look at the night sky. However I was still terrified of the dark. I was still needing to sleep with the light on, or the television on, so that I wasn't in complete darkness, and I still had to have a lock on my bedroom door to keep whatever it was out that I was afraid of. The lock also made sure that no one could turn my bedroom light off during the night.

Late one night I was standing on my bed, just looking out the window, awestruck at the beauty of the night sky, when I noticed a light moving in the sky, watching as it made a fast approach towards the ground, arcing down. It was over towards the area that I had lived previous to the where I was currently living. I just stood there, watching, smiling, and knowing

what it was that I was watching. Finally I decided to go to bed, falling asleep without the usual fuss that comes when I go to bed of either having to wait for sleep to come, or having to stay up until I was completely exhausted. I fell into a deep peaceful sleep, not waking at all in the night. When I woke the next morning I noticed a scratch on my chest that matched exactly the arc that I had seen the craft perform the night before.

Along with this happening, the nights of not returning to my bedroom were becoming more frequent. Late at night I would go out of my bedroom, lock my bedroom door, then go into the bathroom, only to find myself waking up a few hours later, tucked nicely into my bed. Then when searching for my bedroom key the following morning I would find that it wasn't in my bedroom, I would have to climb out of my bedroom window, go into the house, into the bathroom, to get the key where I left it the night before so that I could then unlock and open my bedroom door. I was also starting to notice long scratch marks appearing on the wallpaper next to the bathroom's light switch. The scratches appeared to be made when something, or more to the point, someone had been trying to turn the light off.

Late one night, after 11pm, I was coming out of the bathroom after having a shower, when I noticed that down the end of the hall there was a very bright white light. The only thing I can recall from that night was something or someone running very fast towards me, and that is where my conscious memory ended for that night. A few hours later I woke up, back in my bedroom, tucked into my bed. Upon inspection I found that the bedroom door was still locked, and the keys to my bedroom door not in my bedroom.

Things were going nicely with Aaron; we had become close friends and looked at each other as brothers. I was starting to understand why I had been attracted to him, and was seeing things within him, within the photo's he was sending me constantly of him that he was hiding from people. There were parts of our lives that were very similar, but there were parts of his life that I had started to see that I decided for the time being to keep to myself, things within him that he was not ready to know and other things that he was not yet ready to admit to himself.

Like wise I was becoming close with Damion, I was also considering him like a brother to me. It is rather strange when you think of it that people that meet over the Internet could become so close, that they could develop such close friendships. But when you look at the very nature of the Internet, such strong and close friendships develop because the boundaries that exist within person do not exist over the Internet. You can be completely naked of all the walls of protection that you have placed around yourself, naked of all your fears, you can simply let everything drop that you have used for protection and be yourself. When you talk for hours a day to someone you begin to know them on an intimate level that few people ever will make such a connection in person. There was a deep bond that was forming between Aaron and I, and between Damion and I, but I was starting to understand what it was that had drawn me to both of these people.

I started to open up to both Damion and Aaron about my experiences, not sure how either of them would take it, scared that they would consider me crazy and end our friendship. Despite seeing that Aaron had the same experiences but knowing that he didn't remember them, I was slightly worried as he was at this point in his life a choir boy, and seemed to be a

bit on the religious side of things, so I was worried how this would go down with him. However, after talking with Aaron it was something that he seemed to be interested in and accepted. There was a lot he was holding in, hiding from the world that I was able to see, but Aaron always kept quiet about it all.

## Returning home

The friend that I had regained contact with from my past, Damon, was a bit on the iffy side of things. He was still a bit on the immature side of life, but I decided to just ignore a lot of childishness and focuses on enjoying myself. Sometimes the best medicine that we need in our life is to be a child, to release the child within us, to enjoy our lives and all that is around us, to bring the joy into the world and into our lives. Damon and I had decided one day to go back to our home town for the weekend, Taupo.. I must admit I was a bit apprehensive about going back there. I hadn't been back since I moved away from Taupo, and I wasn't looking forward to digging up the memories and pain from there that still haunted me. But I decided that we should go back to Taupo as this was the town where the majority of my experiences with different beings had taken place growing up.

I was telling Damon about some of the alien experiences that I'd had while growing up in Taupo, but I got the feeling that he didn't believe me. He suggested hypnotherapy to see if I could recall anything while hypnotized. I had a quick look at a UFO newsletter that my doctor's wife had subscribed me to and I located the name and phone number for a therapist that specialized in hypnotherapy for people having these experiences. We made an appointment with this therapist for day that we were going to be heading back to our home town, Taupo.

A few days later Damon picked me up and we drove over to the therapist's office, which was basically a room in his house. After a brief introduction, and asking if I felt comfortable with my friend being in the room with me, which I had no problem with I was told to sit down in a nice comfortable chair to be hypnotized. At this stage I would guess I had the feeling that most people have when they are going to be hypnotized, that it won't work, that he won't be able to hypnotize me. Within a few seconds I could feel my eyes growing heavy, and finally gave in to it, being in a nice deep relaxed state of mind. How wrong I was, he had successfully hypnotized me, I was in such a peaceful state of relaxation. It was a deep sense of peace and relaxation that I had not experienced for as long as I could remember. Almost instantaneously I could feel a being standing beside the chair that I was sitting in, and almost instantaneously the chair started to feel as if it was spinning around. I was being regressed back to the time in my life when I stood outside on the grass, in front of the motel, looking up at the craft above me, with a being standing beside me talking to me.

As the therapists was talking to me, trying to get me to open up and tell him what it was that I was seeing, I was being told by the being standing next to me what to tell him, not to let him know what it was that I was seeing. This being didn't want me to give too much information to the therapist. I couldn't help it any more, I was regressed to a period in my life where I was so carefree, where there were no pressures weighing on me, and it was all I

could to do to keep talking to the therapists while I was in a constant state of giggling. It was such a carefree time, I was a child again, and I was at a period in my life when I was surrounded with a deep degree of peace, unconditional love, and the feeling of being protected as in my mind I was standing back in front of the motel with the being standing beside me, and all those in the craft looking down at me. Unable to stop giggling, and feeling completely care free the therapists started to bring me out of the regression and wake me up. What a letdown that was, coming from such a care free, peaceful state of mind, back to the hard cold reality.

After leaving the therapists office, which was basically a room on his house, Damon and I set off on the drive back to our home town, Taupo. To say that I was not looking forward to being back there would be a major understatement. I was terrified of going back to this place, I still carried the spiritual scars, still carried depression from the rumours that had taken so much from me.

We arrived back in our home town just before dark and went straight to the unit that we were staying at. It was located next door to where I grew up, next to the motel where I once lived, and next to a flat where we moved after leaving the motel. I had the feeling the moment I stepped into the unit that I was being watched, but could not work out from where. After having a quick meal Damon had decided that he wanted to see a certain friend of his, who just happened to be the same person that had started the rumours about me a few years earlier in my final year of high school. Once picking him up we drove off to a secluded area just out of the town, where the two high school camps had been.

I was standing there, looking face to face with the person who had been responsible for causing so much pain in my life. The person with whom had been responsible for having so many of my friends restricted from being allowed near me by their parents. I was standing looking into the face of evil, hatred, prejudice. All I wanted to do was to beat the living shit out of this person, but I had never used violence in my life, and I wasn't about to begin, I wasn't about to let myself sink down to the level he existed within. I put on one of my many masks to hide from this monster the pain and suffering that he had caused me, and I listened to him as he verbally vomited words, lying about another friend, proclaiming that this friend's parents had split up because the husband was some form of drug dealer, which I knew to be complete rubbish. I started to realise as I listened to this former friend what a true monster he was, how full of hate and sadness that he had become, and I started to not feel angry at him, but instead I started to see him for who he was and felt sorry for the person that he had become. It was then that I realised that it was wrong to hate this person, because all that meant was that I was putting out the energy that was equal to the hatred that he had for me. I realised that the only thing that I could do was to love this person, because there was no desire within me to replicate the hatred that he was putting out towards me and all those that he was gossiping about.

How could someone so easily set out to spread such lies about people and not care of the damage that their lies will do to the people involved? The hate that existed within this person made me feel physically ill, so I had to walk away from him, and distance myself as much as I could from the monster this person had become. I'd had enough and wanted this excuse of a person to be removed from my presence, so we drove back into town dropping

him off at his house. Then headed back to the unit we were staying in. Although I could not hate this person, that I did not desire to put out to the universe the same negativity that he held for me, and that I found forgiveness and love for him, I still did not feel comfortable being around the negativity, the hate that he was vibrating to.

Once we arrived at the unit I got out of the car and I had to look around to see if there was anyone around. Again I was having the intense feeling flowing over me that I was being watched. It was a feeling that I was accustomed to. It was a feeling that I had felt countless times in my life, but I was unable to determine where I was being watched from, although it felt like that it was from all around Damon and I. We went into the unit, locked the door, sat down and watched television. It was then that I noticed movement in the window of a motel unit directly across from where I was sitting. As I sat there watching I could see a being moving back and forth from the window, trying not to be noticed, but at the same time, making sure that I knew he was there. It was the same motel unit which I had my birthday party in many years ago, the same unit I woke up in the middle of the night to see a ball of fire in the sky.

It was around this time that Damon decided that he was tired and that we should go to bed. Again, very unusual, as it was very early in the night and we were both the kind of people who enjoyed staying up late. As I was laying in the bed I began to have an image appearing in my mind, it was of a couple of beings approaching the outside of the unit that I was in. At the same time that I was watching this image taking place in my mind I was having an intense feeling of peace starting to flow over me. In my mind I was watching as they approached the door and the bedroom window. I was watching in my mind as they also approached the bedroom that Damon was in. Then I looked up to see a being standing there in the room that I was in, he was looking in at me. The last thing that I remember from that night was watching as this being entered the room that I was sleeping in, standing there, looking at me, with a deep sense of peace and love flowing over me.

I found out a few years later that the following day after we had talked to the person that had spread the rumours about me that he had gone around and started to spread more lies about me. He was now claiming that I had tried to beat him up, and then claiming that I had tried to hit on him. Really, he must be delusional because he was not good looking, spiritually and physically he was not good looking. On the spiritual side of things he was something that I would personally distance myself from, not be attracted to. He had a darkness that was around his soul. But he had set out to continue his attempt to hurt me. It was an attempt that would fail as I refused to give him that sort of power over me. I was finished caring about what this person said or did in relation to myself.

We decided the next night to go for a drive around the town. And then out to Huka Falls, driving around in a dense fog. The feelings from Okataina came rolling back within me. I knew that there was something within the fog, someone within the fog watching me. I actually told Damon that there was something in the fog, so we made our way out of the fog, and then decided to drive out to Kinloch. To say the way he drove was immature and dangerous is an understatement, I wished I could have gotten out of the car and walked, as he decided it would be fun to drive in the dark without the headlights on the car on. But then again, we all do stupid things when we are growing up that at the time seemed to be a good

idea, that when looking back on the events when we are older we realise were rather stupid things to do.

We headed back to Auckland a few days later.

## **Peek-a-Boo**

Late one night I was standing on my bed, looking out the bedroom window, as I had done every other night, lost in the beauty of the night sky. I would often stand there, admiring the beauty of creation, the artwork that hangs over our heads in the night sky. I can often lose myself within the night sky, questioning the very fabric of life. There are few art works on this planet that even come close to the majestic piece of artwork that is the night sky. But not only that, I can get lost simply looking up at the night sky and wondering who else is out there in the universe looking up at the night sky who is also wondering about life on other planets.

While I was standing on my bed looking up at the night sky I noticed a movement out of the corner of my eye, down by the garage at the other end of the house. Looking down towards the corner of the house I was unable to see what had caused the movement that I was certain that I had seen. So instead of looking back up at the night sky I glanced to my right towards the neighbour's house, waiting a few seconds, then quickly turned back to the left, to look where I had seen the movement. As I quickly looked back in that direction I once again saw movement as something ducked back behind the corner of the house out of my view. I looked away again, back over towards the neighbour's house, then quickly looking back, to once again catch a being moving out of sight behind the corner of the house. This went on for a few minutes; it had become an enjoyable game, reminding me of the children's game Peek-a-Boo.

A few minutes passed by and I looked away, again looking towards the neighbours property. As my head finished turning right, I heard something run into my room, despite that the bedroom door was closed and locked, whoever, or whatever it was jumped on to the end of my bed. I felt from the other end of the bed that something, or more to the point someone had jumped up on the bed as it went down slightly, then jumped off and went running out of the room, knocking into my computer desk on their way out of my bedroom room. Then they ran out into the hall where whatever being it was that had run into my bedroom proceeded to get lectured by another being for what he had done.

After having this being come running into my bedroom and jumping on to my bed I decided that I had taken the game that night as far as I wanted to, so I decided to close the windows, shut the curtains, turn the lights on, and go to bed. I felt at peace and very joyful, but it was getting late, I was tired, so after having played my game of peek-a-boo it was time to go to sleep.

The next morning I was asked by my mother what the loud bang in my room the night before was. Of course I commented that I had heard no noise and had no idea what it could be, while knowing perfectly well what it was. I was however relieved at the same time that someone else had witnessed the events of that night, or more to the point heard the events of

the previous night. But I did not think that I should just tell my mother that it was an alien running out of my bedroom after having jumped on the bed, knocking into the desk, then getting told off while playing peek-a-boo. I was not yet ready for too many people to know about these experiences that I was having.

## **A Waking Dream**

About 9pm one night I was putting the cat outside for the night. She was an inside cat, but she would go outside every night for half an hour to an hour to do her business and roam around. There was a row of houses behind where I lived, and then a road. On the street behind our house was the only street light that I could see from the back of the house. As I was putting the cat out I noticed a vehicle parked underneath the street light; however I also noticed that the street light was not working. However it was the vehicle itself that caught my attention.

The vehicle was a rather strange vehicle, the shape of it like no vehicle I had seen before. It almost looked like one of the old style phone company vans, but at the same time it didn't look like that. It had dark windows and was painted a bright white, it had the appearance that it was glowing. The colour of the vehicle did seem to radiate, it actually did appear to be glowing. But it was the feeling that I got from the vehicle that disturbed me the most. I had the intense feeling that I was being watched, by who, or what, I was not sure, but I knew that whatever was in that vehicle was watching me, and had parked in that exact place knowing that I would see it. This vehicle had parked under the extinguished street light knowing that I would see it.

The intense feeling of being watched was bringing me to a point of panic that I had not felt for a long time, so I locked the door and ran back inside the house, to my bedroom, where I pulled down the blinds and closed the curtains, then turned all the lights on. After a few moments I decided to look out my bedroom window to see if the vehicle was still there, however when I looked it had gone, and the street light that was out while it was parked there was working again and was back on.

A short time later I went to sleep.

I do not know how long I was asleep, but I was awoken by a bright light shining in my room. Sitting up quickly and looking out the window I noticed a bright red light illuminating the entire area.

The next moment I noticed that I was above the house, looking down, and what I saw taking place is something that I will never forget, and will always wonder if it happened because I was living there. I was looking down at our house and the surrounding houses'; watching as the entire area was illuminated in a red light. Watching as beings were moving between the three houses that surrounded where I lived, and I watched as they brought the occupants out of those houses. That is where my conscious memory ended for the night, the next thing that I remember is waking up in my bed a few hours later, to which I rolled back over and went back to sleep. It might sound strange to wake up after such an event and

simply go back to sleep, but these sorts of encounters were normal to me, and the memories of them were opening up more.

The next day while talking with the neighbour's son his sister came up to me to ask me a question. She wanted to know what I was doing the night before. Answering that I did not know what she was talking about, she then went on to ask if I had a red torch. Having a faint idea about what she was going to say I again asked what she was talking about. Katie then proceeded to tell me that during the night a bright red light was shining through her bedroom window, waking her up. Her bedroom was on the second story of their house, with her bedroom window not far from my bedroom, but about half a story higher than my bedroom. She had thought that it might have been me playing around with a torch. Of course knowing what was the source of the red light, and that her and her brother, including the neighbours on other sides of our house were all taken that night, I denied knowing what was the cause of the light, and denied knowing of anything that had happened the previous night. I could not come out and say that there is a chance that because they lived next to me that they had both had encounters the previous night with aliens. How do you tell someone that what they saw were aliens, or even that there is the strong chance that their involvement with those beings was because of their proximity to where I was living? There really is no way to tell a person, and there is no benefit in telling a person that they have had interactions with aliens. Although it is a very powerful, spiritual and uplifting experience, it can also be a scary one for those who are not yet ready to understand, grow and learn from it because they are beginning to exist outside of the box that their reality has become.

### **Aaron's experience**

Early in 1999, I believe it was around the beginning of March, I was sitting in my room, just reading a book, when Mike came online, followed by Aaron, both rather excited. Mike was a close friend of Aaron's. I proceeded to listen as they both told me what had happened that night.

Aaron was visiting Mike at his house along with another friend, Clay. They were all leaving Mike's parent's house, which was out in the country. Aaron was driving his own car, while Clay was riding in Mike's car. There was ice on the driveway and Aaron's car slipped off the drive. As Aaron got out of his car to look to see if he had done any damage, and to work out how to get his car back on the drive, Mike and Clay also got out of their cars, but they both stopped, not going to help Aaron as they noticed a light in the sky moving towards them. Finally Aaron joined them both, watching the lights approaching them, which as they got closer they were able to see that it was three triangle shaped craft approaching them. As the craft approached both Aaron and Mike say that they felt a hostile feeling coming from the crafts.

As they stood there watching these three crafts approaching another craft appeared, seemingly chasing the three triangle craft off. With this fourth craft approaching Mike and Clay decided to start running back towards Mike's parent's house.

Aaron started running as well; he had the feeling while running that there was someone

behind him. However, the last that Mike and Clay saw of Aaron was that he was running off towards a field beside the house, acting as though he was going to see someone he knew. Aaron had a life time of encounters that he had not remembered until I had come into his life. But not only Aaron, he also had cousins who had dreams where UFOs were flying over their houses, and where they were surrounded by different beings. Aaron's experiences went right back to when he was born. In many ways we both had a lot in common. In many ways that Aaron did not realise we were both deeply connected.

Mike and Clay entered the house, heading towards the phone, wanting to ring Clay's parents and tell them what was happening. As they were talking to Clay's parent's Aaron came into the house. However, after talking with Mike and Clay over the next few days after this encounter, and asking them to remember what had happened that night something rather interesting came into the events of what had taken place that night. While they strongly remembered Aaron coming into the house, they also recall that although they thought that this person was Aaron, this person that had entered the house was slightly taller than Aaron, and slightly skinner than Aaron, with much whiter skin than Aaron had. So it was rather easy to come to the conclusion that despite that they were being lead to believe that Aaron had entered the house that night, it was a being that had come into the house, and not Aaron. Mike and Clay remembered nothing else past this being that portrayed itself as Aaron to them. But as Mike looked back on to that night he began to realise that who he saw that came into the house was not Aaron, but was an alien being.

Aaron's memory of the entire event ended with him running towards the house, feeling as though there was someone behind him, he had no recall of running towards the field beside the house, nor of entering the house. Although he did have the feeling that he was running to meet someone he knew. More to the point for some reason he had the feeling that I was nearby, despite Aaron being in Ohio, America, and myself being in New Zealand.

It was around this stage, of telling me what had happened, within a short period of it happening, that Mike and Clay disappeared from the internet, they were talking to me from Clay's house, Mike not wanting to be home alone, his parents were out of town. Aaron and I continued to talk; I was enthralled to hear about their experience. After about half an hour Mike came back on, the reason they had left without notice was that they heard some noises and went outside to see what it was, watching as military helicopters were flying over their home town, apparently carrying out some kind of search pattern.

A short time after this I had the feeling that what had happened this night was not over, at least not for Aaron. We had a strong connection, and I could always tell when different things were happening with him. So I told Aaron that it wasn't over, that they would be back for him that night and that he should be going to bed shortly. Aaron was also feeling that there was something more to take place that night so he went to bed, not wanting to be awake when his beings returned for him.

The next day when talking with Aaron I found out that when he got into his bed he felt a presence enter the house, so he pulled the bedspread up over his head as he felt this presence then enter his bedroom. That is all that he can remember from that night, that is where Aaron's conscious memory ended.

Over the next few days I started to notice people on the internet mentioning that they had seen UFOs above the area that Mike's parent's house was located. Some time later I also noticed a story about a police report being filed by someone who had a sighting of the UFOs in the sky that night. I have read a few reports of those sightings, but none of them know that there was so much more that happened that night with those sightings than people just seeing some lights and craft in the sky. No one knew that there had been alien interactions taking place during those sightings.

I'm not exactly certain why, but I have the strange feeling that what took place that night to Aaron, Mike, and Clay, took place in a way to make sure that the experience, the sightings, and what followed were relayed back to me by those of my friends that had been involved within that night's events. While Mike had other experiences that were to follow that, it was only Aaron that I believe who'd had previous experiences, and still is having such experiences, despite his desire to pretend that this is not happening any more. I have had experiences myself that have involved Aaron, so I do know that his experiences continue to this day. But he does mean the world to me, so I allow him to believe that his experiences have stopped. I guess you could say that it is just part of the way I protect the people that I love and care about. Until the day comes when Aaron is ready to open back up to it again, I will remain silent. When he is ready again, I will embrace him and help him progress down this path of his life.

### **Keeping It In The Family**

Both of my brothers, at this point in my life, were living overseas, enjoying their overseas experience, working and travelling around the world. I have never felt the need to travel or experience other countries; I simply prefer New Zealand, and the feeling of safety that exists within this country for me. New Zealand is such a beautiful country, such a laid back style of life. I have never felt safe travelling outside of New Zealand because of my experiences, so I have created my own little world where I feel safe and comfortable. I feel comfortable within this little world that I have created, it is something that allows me the comfort level to explore all that I am, and to explore as far outside the box as possible within such a boxed in society.

One of my brothers, who owned rental properties in Taupo, my home town, had come back to New Zealand with the idea of doing up one of his rental properties while he was home. After some decision I had decided to go back to Taupo with my brother and help him with the painting and landscaping of his rental house. Late one afternoon my brother and I set off on the two and a half hour drive to Taupo. It was going to be a trip that would take much longer to make. Not long after we left Auckland my brother noticed that he was having problems with the car. So we pulled to the side of the road and tried to work out what was wrong with it. Of course I had and still have no knowledge on cars as they simply do not interest me. But after a considerable amount of time spent on the side of the road trying to work out the problem, my brother finally decided to ring his friend, who had loaned him the car and was also a mechanic, which meant the problem was fixed within a few minutes and we were back on our way. By this time night had fallen, the stars were shining in all of their

beauty and we had a two hour drive still in front of us.

As we were driving down to Taupo I kept noticing out the window a light in the sky that seemed to be following us, almost, but not always matching the car move for move. After an hour or so the light seemed to stop following us, completely disappearing from sight. As we got closer to Taupo, I can't remember what it was, but I just had the feeling that I needed to look back up at the night sky, and there was the light again, following us into Taupo. We had arrived rather late in the night due to the problems with the car; I was staying at my cousin's house, and didn't get there until around 11pm.

At this point in time my cousin only had one child, a daughter. Her daughter had what everyone considered was an imaginary friend. Well, that is everyone but me. However I would never let anyone know that I thought otherwise, that I had my feelings this friend wasn't so imaginary. My cousin's daughter, when she was young, would always point to the sky, to the stars and talk about her friend Jajoe who came from the stars. With everyone putting it down to her imagination, to Jajoe simply being an imaginary friend, I would just smile, knowing that there was far more to this supposed imaginary friend than anyone realised.

We arrived at my cousin's around 11pm to find that she had waited up for me. However she had not taken the time to inflate the mattress for me yet. I was to be sleeping on an air mattress on the floor of her lounge. I was a little apprehensive about what I was going to do sleeping there, as I still needed some form of light on to sleep, but I couldn't fake falling asleep in her house with the light on. Her house was a small three bedroom place so falling asleep with a light on would keep everyone awake. After blowing up the mattress she went to bed so I figured I would turn the lights out and just leave the television on for a while.

I don't remember falling asleep, I'm not even certain that I did fall asleep, just that I came to a point where my conscious memory stopped. Actually I don't even remember getting into my sleeping bag or even laying down, the last thing that I remembered was watching the television. But in the middle of the night I was woken up, or more to the point it was from that moment that I became aware again, that my conscious memory started again. It is hard to know at times if you are being woken up or simply allowed to start remembering from that point. Instantly I knew that things were not right, that something was completely out of place. My attention was drawn to the hallway, where there was a dim red light glowing through the hall's entrance. I then noticed that standing in the entrance looking directly at me, was a being. He didn't stand there very long, just long enough to let me know that he was there; long enough for me know that he had been looking at me. It may sound rather strange to do, laying there on the air bed, looking directly at an alien, an E.T., and after simply acknowledging that he was there, I turned the television off, rolled back over and went to sleep. To most people this would be an amazing event that they would want to take in and experience; to me it was simple part of my life, like waking up to find a friend or a family member beside you. I woke up a few hours later; no mention was made by anyone in my cousin's family about a light during the night, and also no mention of the being that I saw in the hallway. I do wonder if perhaps that was my cousin's daughter friend Jajoe.

Nothing else happened the week that I was down there. Well, nothing else that I can recall is most likely the correct way that I should word that statement. My brother and I

passed the time painting the roof on his rental property, planting some tree's around the property, as well as some other things inside the house and on the outside of the property that I can't really remember. I do remember that I was enjoying being back in Taupo and walked around some of the places my friends and I used to play and frequent when I had lived there. Taupo was always a beautiful town, it held a nice positive feeling towards it, and it was nice to be back in my home town.

## **Moving Out Of Town**

We left the suburbs of the city, moving to a two story multi level house out in a small country town that was basically located in the middle of nowhere. It was within this town that things started to open up even more.

Before we moved out there I had gone for a drive one day with Damon to see where it was that I would soon be living, I also wanted to get a feel for the area. Although I hadn't moved out there at this point I was working out there, so Damon came out one day to pick me up from work, we then went for a drive to where I would be moving. The house was located on a road that only had one row of houses on it, behind the house was farmland, in front of the house across the road was also open land with no buildings on it, the land in front of the house was the towns golf course. As we drove up to the house I started to have a weird sensation passing over me and was psychically seeing that when I moved into this house that there would be plenty of times that UFOs would make an appearance. Before seeing the house I had thought, knowing of the land in front of the house that they would be approaching from the front of the house, but sitting in the car looking at the house I had these images appear in my mind of them landing behind the house in the farm land. As I sat there looking at the house I was watching things that were going to happen to me in the near future.

A week later we moved in to this house. It had a nice vibe to it, a welcoming, warm energy to the house. The previous owners were psychics who ran their healing practice out of the house. My bedroom was on the top floor, surrounded by large windows, with the roof of the lower floor in front of the windows. But despite the peacefulness of this house, despite the warmth of the house I still carried an intense fear of the dark, and was still only able to relax and sleep with some form of a light on.

My parents had brought a cafe, in which I was the head cook. I had a few assistants during the time that they owned the cafe, one of whom was a young bisexual teenager who was also a psychic. I was intrigued by her, fascinated with her abilities as I had not met any psychics before. She would often talk about her experiences, and that of her family. Due to the fact that she was working with me it also meant that some other psychics that she knew and that had been helping her with her abilities would come into the shop. Each time these ladies would come into the shop I got the rather obvious feelings and attitudes from them that they were very uncomfortable being around me. However with the things that had happened to me in the past, with the rumours from my high school days, with the way that my friends had so quickly deserted me, I had learned to not pay much attention to the attitudes that I got from people, to not care very much whether people cared about, liked me, or hated me. So I simply just ignored the attitude coming from them.

I would often sit down for morning and afternoon tea breaks with my assistants and just enjoy talking to them about their lives. I've always wondered what different psychics could see about my life. Did they see the experiences that I was having, could they see anything that I did not understand or know? So during one break I got to talking to her about the experiences that I had been having all of my life. The conversation was rather interesting as she had never really thought about UFOs; she had no belief in them. She wasn't really sure what to think about what I was saying, wasn't sure if I was telling the truth or if I was imagining it all. She was just not certain as she had never come across anyone who'd had any sort of experiences like I was having and have had. I was the first person having these experiences that she had ever encountered.

Finally it got to the point where she decided that she needed to do a reading on me to see if what I was telling her was the truth. To see what it was that was happening to me. She wanted to hold my hand, not read my palm, but just feel my energy. As she sat there doing a reading on me she was taken aback by just what she was seeing.

I remember her looking at me, telling me that she was not strong enough as a psychic to see what she was seeing, and too young to believe what she was seeing. She was adamant that I wasn't to know what it was that she was seeing, all she would say was that it was good, nothing to worrying about, and that I was right about what I had told her about my experiences, that these beings were real and that the experiences I had told her about were actually happening. To be honest that is a relief to hear someone say, for someone to finally see what it was that was happening to me and say that it was real, it was like a weight off of my shoulders as despite it happening with my friends around me in the past I had always questioned my sanity, and questioned the very nature of the experiences that I was having. This was all that she would say, as she was completely uncomfortable with what she had just seen. Most psychics that I have come across in my life have always been like this, if they do a reading on me or see parts of my life they will tell me that they are not allowed to tell me what they have seen, or that I am not ready to know what they have just seen. That is one of the worst things someone can do to me, I hate surprises, I hate being made to wait to find something out. I was always the child that around Christmas and Birthdays would open up my presents before Christmas or my birthday, and then I would reseal them because I could not stand having to wait to see what I was getting. I don't think that my parents ever caught on that I would do that. But then again, they did change to hiding presents at my cousin's house when I was young because I would try to find what they had brought and where they had hidden the presents.

She resigned from work within a few weeks of doing this reading and moved out of the town to live with her father.

What interested me the most about this girl was that she felt attracted to the place where I was working; she felt that this was a place where she needed to be, a place where she felt that she needed to work. Before I started working there, before my parents brought this place she had applied a number of times but had been refused a job there. However when my parents took over the shop and needed to employ someone we hired her. I find it rather interesting that she always felt attracted to this place, that she knew that she had to

work there, and would get a job there. It was interesting that she would also tell her friends that she was going to be working there, and interesting knowing that she felt that there was someone that she had to meet when working there, me, but she had no idea of that to start with.

But as with everyone that would come into my life claiming they could see who I was, she would state that she was not able to tell me what it is, what made me special, or what was in my future that she had seen. It always saddened me when someone would do this, because that is what I wanted more than anything else, to know who I was, what I was, and why these things were happening to me. In so many ways I was lost and confused.

Not long after this girl quit another one was hired to be my assistant, a person that would turn out to be even more fascinating than the previous girl. Leslie was a young teenage solo mother. She had a beautiful soul, was a very attractive person.

As the previous girl who had worked for us before her, Leslie also felt compelled, attracted to work where I was working. She would often pass by the shop with her school friends the year before and she would tell them all that she was going to be working there, that she knew that in the following year she would be working there, it was all that she wanted to do. It wasn't until my parents took ownership of the shop and I started working there that she decided that she needed to apply for a job as my assistant. Despite the amount of people that applied, and that she had no work experience, despite that she was straight out of school, she was hired for the job. But there was also something else to her story that is also of interest, something that had happened long before she had been born, and something that had happened in a different country.

Leslie's parents were immigrants to New Zealand. The reason that her parents had moved here was that when her mother was a child, she was walking home one day and a stranger came up to her, giving her a brochure of New Zealand, telling her, giving her the impression that she needed to move to this country in the future. Of course there was much more to that story about the stranger, but Leslie's mother was not willing to talk about it, however we both were able to work out that the stranger that had approached her was not human. So when her mother was grown up and married, her parents moved to New Zealand. A year before we moved out to the new place where we were living, Waiuku, Leslie's parents also felt attracted for unknown reasons to move out to the same town.

It was kind of strange working with Leslie. I am a very shy, reserved person; it takes me quite a while to feel comfortable around anybody that I do not know. Even with the regular clients into the shop it took me a good couple of months before I felt comfortable enough around them to openly talk with them. However around Leslie I was at complete ease, there was no discomfort, no unease that I would usually feel. I'm not really sure how it happened but we somehow got on to the subject of UFOs and alien encounters, only to find out that she had her own experiences.

It was around this time in my life that I started to hear voices. I would be going about my work day when I would hear someone call out my name, I would then answer to that and turn around to see who was talking to me, only to find that there was either no one around

me, or that Leslie was there asking who I was talking to. Of course this was a very embarrassing situation and would continue to get even more embarrassing with each passing day as it became more frequent. I had no idea what was going on, at this point in my life I had no idea about the different kinds of psychic abilities that existed amongst people, which existed within me. But if I thought that this was bad enough, it was about to get worse, although I do mean that in a good way, not a negative way.

One morning while I was standing in the kitchen talking to Leslie, I noticed that there was a man out in the shop who was spending all this time looking at me. As I continued to talk to Leslie I noticed that this person did not take his eyes off of me. Finally Leslie had to go to the counter and serve a customer, while I continued to stand there trying to watch this person that was looking at me, but trying to do it in a way that he wouldn't notice that I was also watching him. Although there had been times before when I had noticed that someone was watching me, never before had it been done in such an open and obvious way.

Once Leslie left the kitchen area this man that was watching me stood up and started coming towards me. He came into the staff only area and went into the staff toilet that was right in front of where I was standing. Once in there he stood behind the closed door looking through the glass in the top of the door, just looking directly at me. I just stood there looking back at him as Leslie came back into where I was standing. She asked me what was wrong, what was I looking at, so I explained to her what had been happening, the man sitting down looking at me then walking over and going into the staff toilet. Leslie proceeded to open the toilet door and look in their trying to see what this person wanted and why they were in the safe area. Once opening the door she found that there was no one in there.

Not sure what was going on and feeling slightly embarrassed I just went about my work and decided to ignore any questions from Leslie about it, pretending that it didn't happen, yet trying to work out just what did happen.

As time went by Leslie would start to make sexual advances on me. This would be simple things like walking past me and brushing her hand up against my crotch area, making comments that if I would let her do something, let her get away without having to do something, or do it for her that she would do something sexual for me. But I just simply ignored these advances, not really interested in getting someone involved in the mess that my life was. Although she was an attractive girl, physically and spiritually, she had a heart of gold. But I was simply not interested in this sort of advances, and preferred to have her as a friend. I was starting to realise that not only was I bisexual, but to complicate it even further I was an asexual bisexual. I simply had very little interest in any sort of sexual relationship.

How could I bring someone into my life when I was still trying to understand the experiences that I was having? I did fear that if I was to get involved with someone, even if they were already involved with this and having their own experiences, it worried me that their involvement or proximity to me would mean that they would be drawn into the experiences that I was having. In hindsight I was most likely a fool to of turned her away, she was a beautiful person, a kind heart and soul, but I had made my decision that I did not want to involve anyone in my life until I had started to make headway with the experiences that I had been having all of my life. However the sexual advances from Leslie continued, but I

continued to ignore them as they were unwelcome, I simply was not interested nor attracted to her, and could not foresee a time when I would be. She was a kind person, a lovely person, and I loved having her in my life, as a friend.

## **An Awakening**

It was at this point in my life that I started to awaken to the fears that were within me. I was still sleeping with all of my lights on, and at the same time sleeping with the television on. I was still doing this because I needed to shut out the dark, keep the dark outside and stop it from getting near me. But there was an event that happened one night that made me realise that the darkness that I was trying to keep out of my life, the darkness that I had feared so deeply all of my life was not the darkness of night, but it was a spiritual darkness.

I had been an atheist all of my life. Unable to comprehend the difference between spirituality and religion early on in my life as a child I had made the decision that I did not want to belong to a church, did not want to follow a religious belief as I had no desire to follow something that had in my view caused so much hate and violence in the world. In my view I was an atheist, although despite calling myself an atheist there was a strong pulling at me all of my life that there was more to life than what we saw and that there was a higher power, a higher spiritual being. But I had always associated spirituality, wrongfully, with the evils of the church and the man made religions.

For me, when I look at today's world one of the major problems that I see has become the hatred that religious people spread with their deep dark prejudice, forcing their beliefs on to others who exist outside of their box of reality, forcing their beliefs on to their own children. It is without a doubt a very strong form of child abuse for a parent to take the innocence of a child and taint that child with their prejudice and hatred. It greatly disturbs me and disgusts me when watching the news on television to see a parent taking their child to a protest march to protest that people are living against their religious belief, that these people in the deluded minds of those protesting are leading an ungodly life. They are too blinded by their beliefs to even begin to comprehend the true beauty of god, too blind to realise that we are all born in the image of our god's, that we are who we are because of our god's. Often I find myself deeply saddened when I watch people that claim to be of god try to force their prejudice and hatred on to others. To me a path of light, of spirituality is one without judging any other person, one of peace and love and of accepting people for who and what they are. The path that I had seen all religious people that I knew was not one of light, but one of judging, of prejudice, it was a path of hate, a path of darkness, so I had decided I could never follow such a path, and disillusioned that church, god, and spirituality were all the same thing, I had taken a path of atheism.

So for me it was only normal having no spiritual or religious upbringing to think that this fear that I had most of my life of the dark was of the darkness at night time, not as what I was about to find out that this was more a fear of the spiritual darkness. This was all about to change and in a way that I could never have imagined.

As the nights would pass by I was starting to have a deeper spiritual interaction with

the spirits that were around me. There was one night in particular that because of what took place that night that I have no desire to make public the events of that night, but I will say that during that night that I watched a spirit coming into my room that was not what it appeared to be, and that after this spirit being in my room for a short period of time I heard someone say my name, then a few hours later I woke up in my bed. When I woke up I felt completely different as if a door had been opened and that my fears were now walking through that door. I got out of bed, turned the lights off in my bedroom and went back to sleep, for the first time in my life since Okataina I was sleeping without any form of light on, I felt completely safe and protected.

Upon waking up again a few hours later I went online to talk to one of my friends, however before I could mention the events of the night before he mentioned that he had a message for me from someone that was in spirit. This friend proceeded to tell me about what had happened to me the night before, of which I had not told anyone, that the voice that I had heard saying my name had been his friend that was in spirit, that they didn't realise what had been going on with me, that some of the depressions that I had been feeling were being projected on to me and were not my depressions, and once my spirit guides had discovered what was happening to me they removed the entities that were causing this, and that they were now protecting me.

It was then that I realised that the darkness that had scared me for most of my life. The darkness that I had started feeling since living on top of the old war burial grounds back in my childhood when we lived at Okataina. The darkness that I had felt walking up the internal staircase at Cedar Park in Taupo, the motel my parents had managed. The darkness that I had spent most of my life trying to keep out by blocking out my windows with thick material and sleeping with the light on was not the darkness of the night, but it was a spiritual darkness.

From the events of that night my fear of the darkness had left, a huge weight had been lifted from shoulders, so much stress and worry; I was once again, for the first time since my childhood able to sleep without any form of light on. As this spiritual side was starting to open up to me I was starting to explore it and realise that I had the ability to protect myself from further attacks. But not only that, I had also started to understand and realise that the vast majority of the depressions that I had felt in the previous year's did not belong to me, but were also part of the abilities that I had, empathy. I had realised that I had been carrying around the emotions, the depressions, the sadness of other people, and a deep sadness towards the condition of society, the condition of this world. There was also a deep sadness within me towards the way that we have raped and destroyed this planet, and a very deep sadness towards the hate, prejudice, hostility that exists within this world.

As the days went by I started to realise that there was far more spirits, beings, around me than I had ever comprehended before. At night when I would go out of my bedroom to go to the toilet before going to sleep I would notice that there was at least one spirit at the bottom of the stairs. He was always looking up at me, watching over me. My life was slowly changing; I was slowly opening up to the beauty of creation that surrounded me. It may sound strange but when I would notice him there I would just say hello and keep moving to the bathroom, then back to my bedroom.

## Leslie's Experiences

Leslie had found and moved in with a new boyfriend, to the dismay of some of the town as the boy that she had fallen in love with and moved in with was a bit of a problem around the town. The shop where he worked and a few others had suspected that he had been stealing from them. We had also noticed that when he had been around the back of our shop that some stuff had likewise gone missing. But that was yet to be proved beyond a doubt that he was the one responsible for the thefts around town, and she liked him, so that is all that should of mattered to people. Alas people can be very judgmental, so some of those who knew her were rather disappointed. However she was happy so I thought that now meant that I was safe from her sexual advances, but they never stopped, she would still brush her hand up against my crotch or make suggestive remarks to me. However I was still not interested in any form of relationship with her, just interested in remaining friends. Friendship has always been the most important thing to me, I have never been bothered with relationships, and to me a friend has always been worth far more.

The person that she had moved in with had an experience himself. There wasn't much to it. As a child he lived behind a school, one day he looked up to see that a UFO had landed within the school grounds. That was all that he could remember of the incident.

Leslie and I had sat down together to have our morning tea, as we often would do. We started to talk about something that had happened to her the previous night.

Her partner and her were both outside smoking late at night and noticed a light in the sky moving towards them. They both stood there watching this light as it started to approach them. The light then stopped off in the distance. As they would move around to watch this light they noticed that the light would follow their movements, moving with them. Finally growing tired they both went back inside their rented house.

A short time later Leslie was heading back outside to have another cigarette. Upon coming back into the house she noticed that there were a lot of alien beings in her house. Noticing that they were running around inside, and playing around. One that was wearing an old bomber pilot's type of jacket had stuck his head in the electric oven, out of concern Leslie ran over to him and pulled him out of the oven. The whole oven scene was done out of fun, to relax Leslie, to make her feel comfortable. That was all that Leslie was able to remember, the next day she made sure that she told me exactly what had happened. That it was a peaceful, loving, fun experience.

It wasn't just Leslie and her partner that had and was having these kinds of experiences. Leslie had a young child; I believe he was about two years old. This young boy would tell his mother about these beings that would come into his room late at night, wanting to play with him when she was asleep. So on her day off she brought her son into work to talk with me. I sat down and listened to her son talk about how they would come into his room and wake him up wanting to play, and that sometimes he didn't want to play with them, that he wanted to sleep instead of play.

As I sat there listening to this boy talk, and sat looking at Leslie as he was talking I had decided that I needed to see how far I could push what was happening to Leslie and her son. So I told him that the next time that these beings turned up, if he did not want to play with them, if he just wanted to go to sleep, then to tell them that he didn't want to play that night and tell them to come to my house because I wanted to play with them. He agreed that he would do that next time he didn't want to play with them.

That night I went to bed as usual when I was exhausted, after having talked to Aaron and Damion on the Internet. I don't really think that I had been asleep very long when I was woken up to the sensation of someone moving my arm. As I rolled over I watched as my hand was being placed on top of the head of a small alien, and then watched as he moved his head back and forth to get my hand to rub his head. My feelings when looking back at this event and the feelings that I had on the night were that this was being done to make me feel comfortable with this alien being in my room, so that I wasn't caught off guard and scared waking up to him being in my bedroom with me.

As I was laying there with this alien having me rub his head I started to laugh. All of the worries, the stress, and the loneliness were gone. I was simply enjoying myself. This small being, and he was short, he would have been just a little bit higher than my bed. He got up on my bed, with me still in it, and started to jump up and down on the bed. I just simply loved it, enjoying the beauty and innocence that I had not had for so long; I was laughing physically and laughing spiritually. It is hard to explain the amount of peace that was within me, it was almost as if I was a child again, finding the laughter within me once again. I was feeling completely at peace with an inner joy that I hadn't felt for so long radiating from me. I had found the child within me, the innocence of child within me, and the innocence of spirit.

We played for at least twenty to thirty minutes. Both of us were just simply jumping around on my bed, laughing and enjoying ourselves. I did not want the fun to end; I did not want him to leave because for the first time in so long I felt free. I was flying with an amazing amount of inner peace and freedom; I was a child again, existing for these thirty minutes in the pure innocence and joy of a child, the innocence and joy of spirit. But eventually he had to leave, leaving me there by myself, exhausted from laughing so much and ready to go back to sleep.

The next morning when I woke up my mother asked me who was in my room the night before and what were we laughing at. Of course I denied knowing what she was talking about. I've never been very open with my experiences because society still casts such a stigma towards people who have had these kinds of experiences. Despite the vast amount of professionals that have come forward, the mass media seems to ignore their comments and try to keep the whole story in the dark. One has to wonder who really controls the media.

A few weeks passed from this encounter and I was sitting in my room, looking out over the roof that was in front of my bedroom and I noticed something on the roof. The roof appeared to be covered in a lot of a small shoe prints. The paint on the roof was old and the roof needed to be repainted. So essentially if you walked on the roof you would leave a mark on the old paint work.

I was just sitting there, looking at this shoe print on the roof, and then I decided that I needed to get a closer look at it and try to work out what it was. So I climbed out the window next to my bedroom, I decided to completely explore the house roof, so I went onto the roof of my bedroom, it was there that I just stood stunned as I looked at a roof that was full of small shoe prints. After a few minutes of just looking at these prints I continued to walk across the roof, looking at these prints, finally making my way down to the roof in front of my bedroom. I had followed the prints on the roof of my bedroom down to the roof that was in front of my bedroom windows, and right in front of my windows was a large group of shoe prints. Finally, knowing that these prints belonged to someone that had been standing in front of my window watching me, and also knowing that the size of the prints were barely that which would be the size of a child's foot, but also noticing that the print of the shoe was like nothing I had seen before I climbed back into the house to get a camera so that I could take a photo of these prints.

After finding the camera I climbed back on to the roof and positioned myself above one of these shoe prints, then went to take a photo of the shoe print. Nothing happened. I tried again to take a photo of the shoe print, again nothing happened. Deciding there must have been something wrong with the camera I moved it away from the shoe print to have a look at the camera and see if I could take a photo of anything else, straight away the camera took a photo. So I positioned it back over the shoe print to once again try and take a photo, once again nothing happened. Finally I was getting pissed off with the camera's inability to take a photo of this shoe print so I tilted the camera slightly away from the shoe print, pressed the button down to take a photo, then quickly moved the camera back above the print, finally getting the photo that I wanted.

Once I had the film developed I scanned the photo on to my computer and started to pass it out amongst friends online. I also passed it around in different forums online to try and find out if anyone knew what type of shoe that print was from, with everyone coming back that they had never seen such a shoe print before.

Not long after this something interesting happened. There was a group of High School boys that would play golf across the road each day. Sometimes while on the computer I would watch them as they would play on the green in front of my window. One night after going to bed I had an astral experience with one of these boys. He came into my room in a bit of a panic state, looking at me and just stating that he did not believe in UFOs, he didn't want to believe in UFOs or aliens. I could tell that he was having experiences, and that he didn't understand what was happening with him. But I found it interesting that he knew to reach out to me about this. I have suspicions that he was most likely involved in some encounters that I was also involved within. The town that we lived in at this time was Waiuku, a small rural town whose major employer was the local steel mill.

## **The Beginning of Understanding**

As I have said before I would often come across people, psychics, who would be able to see parts of myself that I was not yet able to understand, nor ready to know about. It was a

part of my life that deeply frustrated me, being told that people could see parts about me, but that they could not tell me what it was that they saw. Admittedly it also made me question their authenticity, and wonder if the reason behind their inability to tell me what they had seen was based on the fact that they were frauds. There was also a part of me which despite being told what they saw was good, questioned if in fact what they were seeing was not as positive as they proclaimed, which would leave me wondering if that was the reason why they would not tell me what they had seen.

Late one morning I was standing in the staff area with Leslie, just enjoying talking with her. As we were talking she asked me if I could see them? Of course not knowing what she was talking about I asked her if I could see who? What was she talking about? Leslie then proceeded to tell me that there were beings, aliens, running around the shop, playing. As I stood there I listened to Leslie describing what was going on, where the beings were playing in the shop, the ones running around the shop, and the ones around me. I could feel their energy around me but was at this point in my life too blocked up to be able to see them. Then I listened as she stated that she could tell where ever I was in the town, because where ever I was, there was always a craft above me.

I cannot recall if it was the same day or another day, as these events were a number of years ago, and my mind is not very good with time. It was, I believe around the lunch time rush that I had sent Leslie out to the cool room to get some food out for an order. However she was taking her time so I went to see what was taking her so long. Walking out to the cool room I noticed that Leslie had shut the door behind her, and just stood there for a few seconds before going to open the cool room door. As I stood there Leslie finally opened the door to come out with the food that she was meant to be getting. She took a look at me and screamed, shutting the cool room door tightly behind her.

Standing there looking at the closed door I could not understand what had just happened, why she had screamed at me, and it was a scream of fear, of surprise. Nor could I understand why she had slammed the door behind her, not letting me in. Finally I managed to get into the cool room to find a very anxious Leslie, who simply looked at me and said "I saw who you are, you're one of them". Not understanding what she was talking about, not understanding what exactly she meant I asked her, "one of who?" Her reply was "You're one of them, you're not human, I saw the real you". Leslie then proceeded to tell me what she saw when she opened the cool room door. That despite that I was standing there, she saw an alien standing at the door, a tall white being, standing, looking at her where I was standing. She then made the comment "You're body is human, but you're not human".

This was the first time that the connection between my encounters and myself had been made in such a way as to put forward that the connection, the very encounters were because that there was a previous life connection with them. Well, more than a previous life, but that I was one of the beings I was involved with, that they were not alien, but were in fact my family and friends. In fact, Leslie had gone one step further, claiming that I was actually one of these beings. At this stage in my life I had not heard of the term star seeds, so I knew nothing about what a star seed was. However I was fascinated with what Leslie had seen within me, and wanted to hear more about it, however she was rather shaken up by what she had seen. She had her own experiences, and had seen a being within me that she had only

ever seen at night time, so in reality Leslie was far too shaken up for me to be able to probe her any more for information.

Over the period of time that Leslie and I were friends she was always having fascinating encounters, as well as dreams that both always seemed to take place because of her friendship with me. I still remember her explaining a group of dreams; vision's that she held that involved me. Every time she would tell me of these dreams and encounters I could feel the energy flowing over me from the beings that were all around me. But not only that, I was starting to feel connected to who I was, and starting to further understand my life. I was starting to understand who and what I was. I had spent so much of my teenage and adult life trying to understand so many questions. I had spent so long searching for the answer to the questions I had, and also searching for the questions to the answers that I had. Slowly there were parts of who I was that were starting to click together, parts that I had long forgotten. Parts that I had left behind back when my fears first started back at Okataina. I was starting to come out of the darkness of my fears, the darkness that had embraced so much of my life; I was starting to come back into the light. In doing so I was coming back into an understanding, I was beginning to remember. I have always believed that the best teacher is not one that teaches you, but one that allows you the ability to remember the answers and questions that are within you. We all have the answers that we seek within us; we just need to remember them, and that is what a good teacher does, they help you to remember.

### **A Few Years Latter**

A few years passed since those events with Leslie, since Aaron's experiences. I was still very much a loner. As time has gone by I have concentrated on developing the spiritual side of my life, not to be confused with religious, I have no faith in religion. Instead I decided to take a quest on discovering, learning, understanding, and accepting who I am in all completeness, and this has lead me to a deeper spiritual connection.

At this point in time Aaron was going off track a bit, using drugs, getting drunk on what seemed to be a nightly bases. It always concerned me, and worried me greatly, but Aaron was the kind of friend who you would only usually meet once in your life time, that kind of person that you are privileged to meet, to know, to love. He was the kind of person that when you find them you dig your claws into them and never let go of them. I know that I haven't been the easiest of friends for people to have, that at times I can be a high maintenance person. But what can I say, when you live the life that I am living, constantly being pushed outside of your limits, constantly being pushed by alien and spirit to open up my box, my reality, to far more, it is going to be a roller coaster ride. It always has been a roller coaster ride of emotional highs and lows due in part to empathic side of my abilitites. A lot of times it felt as though I was running on empty. But it has been a ride that has been worth the highs and the lows.

There has to be something to be said from being around a being, be it alien or spirit, where the feelings that they project to you are that of complete unconditional love. To feel like you belong, and then to come away from that to at what at times feels like a very cold, spiritual lacking world. It is hard coming back down from such an unconditional, over

powering love. I know that I have been lucky and in all aspects spoiled because not only do I have the love of my family and friends, but I also have the love of these dear beings that have always been there for me, protecting me, caring for me, loving me, and always guiding me so gently

I haven't always been the best person to be friends with, with all the stress, with all the problems, and with mostly being a loner I just don't have that much experience of being a friend, but I can say that I have tried extremely hard to be the best friend to those in my life that I could be. I would do anything and everything for my friends, I would lay my life on the line to protect them and care for them. I have done far more for my friends than I will ever let them know.

I was spending considerable time looking around the internet in search of alternative medicine, not really sure what I was looking for but knowing that there was something attracting me to look. Eventually I came across a Reiki Healing group. Having never heard of Reiki before I decided to have a look around within this group and learn a little about what Reiki was. The interesting part of this group was that it was created and run out of love, without any desire to make money from what they were doing. So I decided to join the group and begin the journey of learning about Reiki, and began the process of gaining my Reiki attunements. I was spending considerable time each day focussing on the damage that I had done to my own energy system, learning to balance, heal and ground my energy. The years of depression, loneliness, hurt, and confusion had taken its toll on my own energy system, there was so much damage, many blocks within my own energy, and these were starting to come out into my physical body with illnesses. I was starting to heal these blocks, to remove the damage to the energy system that they had done, to heal my energy system, at the same time healing the physical illnesses that had come from these energy blocks.

Over the years since the rumours about me back at High School, since losing my friends because of those rumours, and all the emotional and spiritual pain that had caused, I had basically put things to the side, ignored them, and did my best to help other people with their problems. I spent years helping people with their problems, counselling teenagers. I gave all that I had, all that I was to helping strangers and friends, while at the same time ignoring my own problems, pushing them to the back of my life and ignoring them, letting my problems grow ever more powerful and consuming. I was going to bed nightly crying myself to sleep; the stress of everything was weighing heavily upon me. But I was still ignoring it all and putting everyone else before me, helping all those that needed my time, my help, or whatever help that I could give them. I was no longer working, finding it difficult being around people, not feeling comfortable or safe around them, but still I was giving away all that I had to anyone that needed help. Essentially I was heading towards a brick wall at full speed and constantly ignoring all the warnings signs that emotionally I was in deep trouble again.

It was when I started looking for alternative healing methods and came across Reiki that I started to realise that it was important that if I wanted to use Reiki to help anyone, I had to first use it to heal the emotional and spiritual damage that I had been ignoring since my final year of High School. So I began a journey down a path of energy healing, learning about self healing, learning about healing and balancing chakra. I began down a path of healing myself and bringing back the person that I used to be. But as I would journey down this path,

I would discover that not only would I bring back the person I used to be so long ago; I would also grow and develop into someone completely different. It was to be a very rewarding path that I was about to journey down. A path where I would stand face to face with the alien within, with the stranger within me that I had so long ago forgotten and detached from, where I would learn to open up to myself, and grow, vastly, on a spiritual journey.

As I started to focus more on my spirituality, as I started to focus more on cleaning my energy system most of my emotional problems, the stress and hurt from years gone by started to lift and I started to feel an emotional and spiritual block start to move in my life. Through improving the health of my energy I started to turn to using it to heal different psychical, medical problems within me. Only through having a healthy spirit, a healthy energy system can you likewise have a healthy body. The illnesses that we see in society today are directly connected with illness within our spiritual body, with energy blocks, and leakage.

Over the past few years I have indulged myself with looking into alternative health, alternative healing methods. I have lost so much faith in modern medicine, and where possible I use alternative methods, only turning towards modern medicine when I have to. For myself I believe that modern medicine has become too much of a gamble. I believe that the problem that exists with modern medicine is that it simply treats the symptoms, instead of getting to the base of the problem and treating the roots of the problems which lay in a person's energy system.

We have the ability within ourselves to take far greater control of our health and spirituality than we realise. We need to take full control of our lives rather than placing that control in others hands, because the only people who are capable of growing and nurturing the spiritual side of our beings are ourselves. We have to realise that our physical health and spiritual health are directly related. Around the world millions of people so militantly take care of their physical health while ignoring their spiritual health, unknowingly not being able to comprehend that their spiritual health directly affects their physical health. Likewise society likes to pretend that people need to act a certain way, that boys need to act a certain way to be a man, to be a boy, and that anything that does not fit into that perception makes the boy a sissy, or some likewise insulting label that we so quickly place on people. So we are raising children to lock away their emotions, to hide who they are, because to not do so often leads to the child being harassed, bullied, by parents and peers. This is essentially leading to so much spiritual damage within the child that it will in turn develop into physical and mental illness. Any spiritual damage we have, damage to our energy system will manifest into a physical illness.

As a society we need to start to embrace the beauty of diversity within our societies and stop judging others because they do not fit into our boxes, our realities. We wrongfully look at these people and assume that these people should be conforming to what we believe is acceptable. Instead we should be opening up our boxes, our realities, to accept all the diversity that makes this world so amazingly beautiful. Children need to be given a blank canvas, without prejudice, and simply given love to grow into all that they are and can be without the judgment of those around them, and without the judgment of society who so often will place limitations upon people. Until this happens, while we continue to suppress and deny people the ability to be who they are, then there will always be an illness within the

energy, as people suppress their beings, and this illness will always manifest into the physical body. Only through a spiritual wellness can our body also exist within a physical wellness.

## **On The Move Again**

Have you ever felt attracted to an area, or even to a country? An attraction that you knew that you had to move there, that you had to live in that area or country, but you simply didn't know the reasoning behind why you had to move to that place, what the attraction was that was pulling you there. In my life I have come across people who were attracted to do something but were not aware of what it was that was attracting them to that event. For example Leslie's mother knew that she had to move to New Zealand after being handed a book about New Zealand when she was a child. Then as a teenager Leslie herself knew that she had to work at a certain shop, unsure why she needed to work there, unsure what was attracting her to that shop until we met. Or even the attractions that I have felt towards certain people, not knowing what the reasoning behind the attraction to them was, but knowing that I had to form a friendship with them. For a few years I had been having a strong attraction, a strong pulling that I needed to move down to the South Island, there was something within me that was pulling me to move to the South Island, something that meant I had to be down there. I could never understand these attractions, whether it be a location or a person that I was attracted to, I could never understand the reasoning behind it and would simply just have to follow that attraction until I learned what the reasoning was for being attracted to that person or location. In my life I had been attracted to many people, Scott, Peter, Aaron, to name a few. It was always an energy attraction that I was never able to understand straight away, but as time would go on I would always understand the attraction was due to a spiritual or/and E.T. nature.

One of my brothers, who had been living in the United Kingdom and his British girlfriend, had decided that they would move from the United Kingdom back to New Zealand. They spent a few months travelling around the world on their way back to New Zealand, enjoying visiting different countries and even getting married on their travels. Once back in New Zealand their intention was to move down to the South Island to live. When they returned to New Zealand it was decided that we would also move down to the South Island, my parents, having been separated from both of my brothers for so long wanted to live closer to my brother, so that when he had children they would be closer to their grandchildren. At this stage my other brother was living in Canada, married, with a child, so they would only get to see their granddaughter when they would fly to New Zealand to visit. The lifestyle farm that they owned was put on the market to sell, while my parents travelled around the South Island looking for a place to move to. Finally the farm sold, and my parents brought a new life style block, so we were on the move again.

Now I am not the kind of person who can pack up and live out of boxes before moving. All the packing that I needed to do I basically did the night before the removal truck was due. As the truck pulled into the drive I was still finishing off the packing of my computer, but it was as the truck pulled into the drive that we realised that the moving company had made one major mistake, sending a truck that was smaller than what we had booked. This meant that

packing the truck would take a bit longer than normal; actually it ended up taking twice as long as we tried to pack as much as possible into the truck, as well as packing what extra we could into both vehicles. Finally we reached the limit of just what we would be able to get into all the vehicles including the truck. Everything was packed as tightly in as we could get it, including packing boxes inside of the spa pool. Of course no one was happy with this major screw up by the trucking firm, but it was decided by the driver that they would send another truck out to get what was left over and it would be put on a back load down to the new property within a week. So later than expected, because of an incompetent trucking firm's inability to send the truck that was meant to be taking the house contents to the new property in the South Island, we set off on what would be a three day drive.

The first stop in the car trip would be Taupo, my old home town. We would be staying with my Aunt. On the drive down to Taupo I kept having visions within my mind. Not knowing where I would be sleeping in my Aunties house, what bedroom I would be sleeping in, I was having visions of being in a certain bedroom that night. In those visions I was standing outside of the house, watching as a group of aliens were approaching the house. I was watching them walking through the walls of the house, walking through the walls of the bedroom that I was sleeping in during this vision. I kept watching over and over as this was playing out in my mind, as I was seeing it happen within my mind.

It was dark by the time we reached Taupo; we were running late because of the incompetency of the trucking firm, so the night had fallen about half way into the drive to Taupo. By the time we got to my Aunties, both my cat and our dog were getting a bit tired of being in the vehicle, however the cat would not be able to get out of her cage. She was back in the town where she was born, but she was also the kind of cat that could go walk about, despite her age. Once at my Aunties house I found that I would be sleeping in what used to be her son's bedroom, which was also the very same room that I had been seeing in the visions on the drive down to Taupo.

We sat around in the lounge eating dinner with my Auntie and her daughter's family. This was the same cousin that I had stayed with a few years before. This was the cousin where I had been sleeping on the floor of her lounge and noticed a red light glowing through the hallway entrance, looked up to see a being standing in the hall entrance looking back at me. By this time she'd had another daughter, but still only the older daughter had ever talked about having a friend that came from the stars, Jajoe. The youngest daughter had never talked about any such encounters, any such friends that she had. The oldest daughter had stopped talking about Jajoe, and everyone had forgotten about her imaginary friend, everyone that is but myself.

I had started to pack up my computer the night before, as I simply do not like to pack anything too soon and end up living out of boxes. Early that morning I had finished packing my computer and getting it into the car as the removal truck had pulled into our drive. I was suffering Internet withdrawal symptoms. It's strange how connected you can become to the Internet and just how much you can miss it when you do not have it. The Internet has become such a huge part of our lives, that it is another extension of our lives, our family, and our friends. So because I was suffering withdrawal symptoms from the Internet, and missing my friends, I got on to my aunties computer, I was meant to be on it anyway sorting out a

problem that she was having, as I am, I guess, the computer nerd in the family. So while I was sorting out her computer, I logged into my e-mail account so that I could write my friends, update them on where I was and on the visions that I had while driving down to Taupo.

With an early start scheduled in the morning to start on the next part of the journey, we all headed to bed rather early that night, around 10pm. I'm not the kind of person that can fall asleep early; I prefer to stay up and watch television or work away on the computer, talking to friends, or just surfing around, writing, listening to music, etc. Usually I will head to bed after midnight and go to sleep between midnight and 2am, so 10pm was rather early for me. I don't really remember much from that night, I don't remember anything except getting into bed and wondering how I could leave the bed side lamp on all night without anyone noticing the light shining through the bedroom door, keeping everyone else awake. But I do not remember doing anything else. All I do remember is that I had the feeling that outside the house looking in at me were some alien beings. I could feel them standing outside the house. Just as I can feel them now inside my bedroom as I write this book, as I can feel them touching my head as I sit here writing this book, and as I can feel that they are also now outside the house watching over me. I woke up a few hours later as they were leaving, and watched as they walked past the only window on the bedroom. I rolled back over and went to sleep. I know how strange that sounds to people. Here I am laying in my bed and an alien walks past the window. Most people would most likely freak out; some would get out of the bed and watch. But to me this was just normality to me; it was part of my normal life. It was just like having a family member or a friend walk past the bedroom window. This was so very normal to me that rolling over and going back to sleep was something that I always do when I become aware again of them bringing me back, I simply roll over and go to sleep.

After waking up early the following morning it was back on the road for the long drive from Taupo to Wellington. It is rather interesting to go back to your home town and just see how much it has changed in your time away. But it wasn't just physical changes, there was also the feeling of the town had changed. Instead of the easy laid back feeling it had when I was growing up, it was beginning to hold a more closed feeling towards it. As we drove through the town that morning there was a completely different feel to the town than the one that I had grown up in so many years ago. This was no longer the laid back town that I grew up in; the whole feeling about the town had started to head towards the negative. We passed through the town and continued on that day's journey. It had been quite a long time since I had last seen snow, so as we drove through the Desert Road, past the National park, we had to stop for the dog to go to the toilet, in the snow, to which I made sure that I had a little play in the snow before getting back in the vehicle.

We arrived just outside of Wellington in the late afternoon. Staying about 30 minutes drive out of Wellington as it was the closest place we could find that would allow a dog in their motel unit. The motel was just a few minutes' walk from the beach, but I couldn't be bothered going down for a walk on the beach, there was something else that held my interest at this motel. As soon as I entered this motel unit I could feel the energy within it and knew instantly that there was something destined to happen within the unit that night. As the night went on I relaxed into watching television, aware of the energy around me. Finally going to bed early, having to once again be up early this time for the ferry crossing over to the South Island.

During that night I was awoken to a presence within the motel unit, and I as woke up I could hear the sound of beings walking around the motel unit. I was sleeping in the lounge with my brother in the next bed, who woke up wondering what the noise was that he had also heard. He had flown up from Christchurch to help us move down to the South Island. Of course I just answered that I had heard nothing, rolled back over and went back to sleep. We were both asked the following morning by my parents what all the noise was the night before. Of course I once again replied that I had heard no noise.

So we again continued on our way, driving to the Ferry terminal, boarding the ferry and enjoying the three hour crossing between the North and South Island. It is such a beautiful trip if you are ever in New Zealand and find yourself looking for something to do, something memorable. That is as long as the weather is perfect, which we were lucky to get, barely any waves on the water. As we made the ferry ride to the south island we were often being accompanied by dolphins swimming beside the ferry, again, truly a special experience to watch these beautiful creatures swimming and jumping around the ferry. The journey into the South Island has to be one that holds some of the most beautiful scenery.

After unloading from the ferry we continued on driving for another two hours until we reached a small town with the most beautiful backdrop behind it. The mountains behind the town were covered in snow. We spent the night there before driving on to the new lifestyle property, about a five hour drive. Arriving there in the afternoon, a few days before the truck was due to deliver the furniture.

There was an interesting vibe at this new property. There was a positive feeling to it, but there was also the feeling that this house had a spirit living within it, and also a negative vibe to the area. Of course having been without the Internet for a few days now I was desperate to get back on to the Internet, check my e-mail, and check in with my friends. So the first thing that I did, making certain that the computer travelled in the vehicles, knowing that the truck would be a few days behind us, was to unpack the computer, setting it up on my bedroom floor. It is just strange that the Internet has become such a major tool for communications, a major tool that I can simply not imagine life without any more. It really has become an important extension of who we are, of our families and friendships. Through the Internet you can become closer to people than you often can in real life, as the barriers and prejudice that people often put up do not exist as strongly. We can often stand completely naked of all of our walls, experiences, masks that we wear in our lives, stand naked and be who we are without the fear of ridicule and rejection, because unlike in your real life, on the internet when we come across someone who does not like or agree with you all you have to do is simply close the browser or delete the e-mail and they are gone. Although you should always be careful of the people that you meet on the internet, and always practice safety. It can be a very rewarding experience that allows many people the chance to open up and be who they are in ways that they cannot experience in the real world.

That night going to bed, well, going to sleep in the sleeping bag on the floor, throughout the night I was awoken to the noise of a spirit walking around the house. I was awoken to the sound of footsteps walking around on the bare wooden floors. This was the first sign that living within this house was going to be an interesting experience. This house, this property was going to be a very interesting place to live. There was a strong presence within this

house. The next morning I was to find out that both my father and my mother had both also heard the footsteps walking around the house the previous night.

### **Is There A Doctor In The Room?**

I had been having problems with my eyes since I was a teenager, back in high school I was constantly going to the doctor with these problems. With doctor after doctor telling me that I had conjunctivitis and constantly prescribing eye drops to clear it up. In the end, having gone through this procedure with so many doctors I gave up going to the doctor over the problem with my eyes. Looking back that was a huge mistake that I wish I had not made, but I was at the end of my patience with these doctors and their inability to fix these problems. It seemed that no matter what doctor I went to, they were all too incapable of diagnosing what was the problem with my eyes. However by the time that we moved to the South Island I had two very real growths over both eye balls, something that worried me.

Finally one day I got up the courage to go back to a doctor about these growths on the eyeballs. It was at a time when I was having problems with my throat. I had already been to the doctor the previous week, however my doctor was on holiday and I had gotten his relief doctor, who really wasn't that great. The relief doctor tried to tell me the problem with my throat was that I had a cold or a virus inflaming the throat, she gave me a prescription for antibiotics and then told me it would clear up in a few days. A week passed by and my throat seemed to be getting worse with no relief from the antibiotics so off I went to the doctor again. Unfortunately my doctor was still away on holiday so I booked into another doctor at the same clinic, not wanting to be lumped with the relief doctor again. This time I was given some throat spray for my throat, and told again it was some sort of virus that was inflaming my throat. This time I decided to let this doctor see my eyes and tell me what was wrong with them. To which after a quick look I was booked into an eye specialist as I had Pterygium on both eyes. This is a membrane growth on the eye ball caused by damage to the eye from sunlight, basically because I hadn't been wearing sunglasses in my youth.

I was back at the doctors the following week. This time, thankfully, my regular doctor was back from holiday. One quick look at my throat, then listening to me explaining the symptoms he was able to do what the previous two doctors failed to do, work out what was wrong with me. A few tests to make sure but he was certain that I acid reflux, which meant basically that my body was over producing stomach acid, so that when I would lay down at night the stomach acid would come back up my throat and was burning my throat. At this stage he said it was close to affecting my voice, and that it was caught in time. So on to a life time supply of medicine to control this slight medical problem. It is hard to explain the degree of frustration that I felt, not only for the fact that two doctors had misdiagnosed the problem with my throat, but that so many years of different doctors had been misdiagnosing the problem with my eyes, instead of getting me the treatment that could of helped them, the treatment that would of meant this problem could of been corrected with eye drops.

The doctor had put me on to the waiting list to see the eye specialist, within two months I was off to my appointment. Too which the only option available for me was surgery, due to the fact that all of my previous doctors had failed to notice what was wrong with my eyes,

wrongfully diagnosing it, which left it too late to treat any other way but surgery. I had decided that I was going to have a general anaesthetic; well the other option was to have a local and be awake through the procedure, which was basically going to be having the Pterygium cut off my eyeballs, a surgical blade placed on the eyeball and run under the growth, then a conjunctive graft on both eyes. Can you imagine being awake and watching that procedure? I could very well imagine what it was going to be like to be awake and watching that procedure being done to my eyes and that is why I went for having a general rather than a local anaesthetic. After the appointment I made the arrangements with the receptionist to book in for the procedure at the private hospital behind their offices. I went for the earliest possible appointment they had, about two or three weeks away because knowing how I am, I knew this would be something I would want to get over and done with as soon as possible rather than spend considerable time worrying about it. I'm the kind of person that can and always does get himself completely worked up with just having to go to the dentist, so I could easily imagine in the specialist office how severely worked up I would get myself over having to have surgery on my eyes. Let's face it, if I can spend the time before going to the dentist throwing up out of nerves, making myself wait longer than the first possible appointment for eye surgery was going to be hell. As it was the time went by quickly, but with each passing day I became even more nervous and worried.

I'm not a morning person, I hate getting up early, although when I am up early I simply love the beauty that exists before the world seems to start on it noisy busy way each day. I had to be at the hospital around, I think 6:30 or 7am. I can't remember which. This meant that I had to be up around 5am, which would leave enough time for a shower, then the drive to the hospital. In the end I got there early, got weighed, asked a pile of questions, filled out my forms, gave consent, then got into my hospital bed and waited for my time slot. I was to be the last patient my eye specialist would be operating on that morning, so I had a bit of time to wait. Because I was rather anxious about this procedure I was given some pills by the anaesthesiologist to relax me, thank goodness because let's face it I was very nervous. But the way they give you the pills is a bit on the disgusting side. I was given a few pills with a nasty tasting liquid pain medicine of which I gagged trying to drink and was thankfully allowed to swallow the pills with some water. As I was laying in bed I started to have visions of my beings, my E.T.'s coming into the room from the deck beside my room. These were the same kind of visions that I had on the drive down to Taupo when we moved. Finally I was taken to the operating theatre. I walked into the theatre, then got up onto the table, had an IV put into my arm, which I didn't like the feeling of as I hate needles, and then I was put under. That was an interesting experience. Every program I have ever watched you see the person being given the anaesthetic and then having to count back from 100. All I experienced was the IV needle placed in my arm, I guess just above the wrist, then the IV tube connected to it, a needle pushed into the tube, and then I was gone, I don't even remember seeing the needle pulled out of the tube. I woke up some time latter in recovery without any patches on my eyes, but very sensitive to the light. The specialist had decided that I didn't need the patches on my eyes that I was told I would have put on after the operation. I was then taken back to my room, where I was in and out of consciousness for a few hours, finally waking up completely in time for dinner.

During that day, following the operation, the anaesthetist came in to check on me and see if I needed any medication for pain management. The operation that I'd had was meant

to be a rather painful one. Actually it was meant to be very painful as it healed due to the grafts that were done. But I felt no pain. Neither he nor the nurses could understand why I didn't need pain medication throughout the day and the night. However later in that night I did actually start to have a slight problem with my left eye, needing some ointment put into the eye and a patch put on it to try and help it. It wasn't painful just the eye kept watering, a slight irritation to be expected when you consider just what was done to both of my eyes. During the night I would wake up often, out of my comfort zone, to notice that in the corner of the room one of my beings, one of my aliens was standing watching over me. It was then that I realised what the reason was behind why I did not need the pain relief that the doctors and nurses all worried that I should be in need of. I had a being at my side healing me, helping me. I simply laid down and went back to sleep in the comfort that my beings were with me, protecting me and taking care of me, as they had done all my life.

I awoke again in the early hours of the morning, around 3am, raised my bed up so I was in more of a sitting position, then turned on the television and watched the news, which was coverage of the Katrina storm which had just devastated New Orleans. I sat there watching the television, a very deep sadness within me for all the pain and loss that I was seeing on the television. As I was watching this coverage the nurse brought me in a cup of tea and a biscuit, watching some of the coverage with me. I then turned the television off and went back to sleep. I woke up a few hours later to have my appointment with the specialist so that he could check my eyes before sending me home. I knew why I'd had the vision the day before of my beings standing on the deck next to my hospital room and coming through the walls, because they had spent not only the night with me, but also the day, that they were in the operating theatre with me when I had the procedure done on both of my eyes.

The time seemed to go by relatively fast. What was meant to be an extremely painful part of the healing process where the grafts would swell up never seemed to arrive. I had no pain or discomfort, but according to the specialist my eyes were healing as they were meant to be doing. Although he was a little puzzled as to why I was not in any discomfort or pain. I would just smile knowing the reason was because I had my own healers with me who were taking good care of my health.

## **Photographer to the Spirit**

It's strange when I sit here thinking about this phase of my interest towards photography, I cannot recall just what lead me to taking photo's in the manner that I was taking them. Both of my brothers had given me a digital camera for Christmas, so I decided to start using it to see what was around me. I was starting to notice in a lot of photos taken around the house and the farm that there were orbs appearing within most of the photos. This lead me to starting some experiments, taking the camera outside at night, taking photo's without the flash and seeing what would appear in the photo's. The photos would vary from one or two orbs to a large number of orbs within the photos. I was fascinated with what was appearing within the photos that I was taking. But not only within the photo's that I was taking, there were also photo's that my brother was taking of his new born son that had a vast

amount of orbs within them.

Suddenly I had an idea that vibrated within me, an idea that I wanted to try out and see what I could accomplish from it. I'd been getting a slight colour distortion on my television some times while watching it. I couldn't work out what it was that was causing this distortion, just on the right hand side of the television screen there would be a colour distortion in it that would come and go. So I set the camera up on the tripod, focused it on the television, turned the lights out, turned the flash off on the camera, and sat in the dark taking photos of my television with the television turned off. I would also take a few photos where I would leave the shutter on the camera open for about 15 seconds. Deciding that I had taken enough photos' I turned the lights back on, plugged the camera into the computer and downloaded the images onto the computer. I sat there amazed at what I was seeing, captivated by the images in front of my eyes to the point where I had to automatically e-mail the photo's off to friends to make sure that they saw what it was that I was seeing. The red power light on the television, the light from it, in one photo was how it should be; in the following photos the red light was moving all over the photo. But that was just the beginning, following that was what has to be the most beautiful photo I have ever seen. Despite the television being turned off I had an amazingly colourful photo of all the colours I could imagine on the television screen and some sort of spirit in the photo. A white spirit wearing what appeared to be a long flowing dress.

I decided that I had to take some more photos of the television turned off. But in none of the photos that I took did anything else turn up in the photograph. So I turned the television on and started to watch the Simpson's, still taking photos of the television while I was sitting there watching it. After downloading the photo's on to my computer I again sat and looked through what I had taken. As I looked most of the photos were of no interest. That is until I came across two photos that seemed very strange indeed. In these two photos the Simpson characters that were on the television were actually standing outside of the television. It was after those two photos' that I decided that I had reached my limit of what I wanted to see in the photo's that day, so I put the camera away. But I came to realise that whenever the colour distortion would happen on the television, it was because of a spirit that was in the television.

After what had appeared on the photos with the television, I decided that I needed to try some other areas within my bedroom and the house to photograph in the dark. I needed to see what would appear within the photo's, to see what would show itself to me in photo that I could not see with my own eyes. I was a bit reluctant to photograph anything else in my bedroom, a bit worried of what would show up in the photo, so I next went into the kitchen and started taking photos of the kitchen windows. After taking the photo's I went back into my bedroom, and then downloaded the photos on to the computer, sitting looking at what I had just photographed. But it was more than just looking with the eyes, as I brought up the photo's I had just taken my body was getting flooded with strong energy. In all the kitchen windows I could see faces looking back at me, but none of them were human.

Finally I decided that I would take some more photos in my bedroom, again with the lights off, to see what else I could photograph. As I stood there, the lights off, my digital camera in my hand I could feel the energy flowing over me again, so I started taking photos of the bedroom window, with the blinds open, looking outside. I then turned the lights back on,

hooked the camera up to the computer and downloaded the images onto the computer. Then I brought up each photo one at a time to scrutinize each one of them. In one photo there was a green orb glowing in the darkness outside. In the next photo there was a white alien face glowing in the window, the next photo showed the same face, but slowly disappearing, and the appearance of two orbs, one white, and one red. The next photo showed the orbs, and also showed the white glowing alien face almost completely gone. Wanting to see if any more photos would show the white glowing face again, I turned off the bedroom light and started to take more photos. I didn't take very much this time, feeling completely uncomfortable. This time when finishing I turned the light on and closed the blinds over the window. Then I proceeded to plug the camera into the computer and download the images onto the computer. I sat there, bringing up the photos that I had taken one by one, when I came across one photo. Sitting there with energy flowing over me I was completely shocked. The feeling that I was getting from the images was not a pleasant feeling. I unplugged the camera from the computer. Then I used an eraser program to completely destroy and remove the image from my computer, once finished turning my attention to formatting the camera's memory card. What was in the photos that lead me to do this? Essentially there was a waterfall of red orbs in the air just outside my bedroom window. There was a very uncomfortable negative feeling coming from the orbs, a very dark feeling. After seeing this image I stopped taking photo's not wanting to see what else that the camera would find in the photo.

### **A waking visitor**

In my mind I knew that the experiences that I was having were an attempt to get me to open back up to these beings, to these members of my family, and my friends. But still within me there was a slight fear towards it all, not towards them, but towards the unknown. Looking back it is strange to understand just what the fear was, because it wasn't, isn't, never has been directed at these beings, I love being around them, thrive when I am around them. When I am around them, I am home, I am where I belong. The intense, unconditional love that radiates from them is very hard to explain; just that it is every overpowering, and very comforting. One night I had come up with the idea of writing a message on a piece of paper and leaving it beside my bed, knowing that most nights these beings would come into my room. After a few nights I also decided that I would leave the blinds on the window pulled up while I was asleep. This part of my plan would only last a few days, as each morning I would wake up to find that the blinds had been pulled down and closed during the night. So I took the hint that I shouldn't be leaving the blinds up, and started closing them again each night as it became dark.

Late one night I came to realise that there was someone outside of my bedroom window. Standing outside my window was a very old, yet wise being. There was a very deep peaceful, caring feeling radiating from him. His skin colour was as white as the moon appears to be. There was a concern, he didn't want to scare me, but wanted me to know that he was there. Then he was in my room, I hesitated slightly and he started to leave, but I reached out my hand, we shook hands and he left. It was a milestone, an achievement, we had, or more to the point, I had started to open myself up more to these beings, to these ones who have been around me so long, loving, caring and protecting me. I had achieved a lot that night, yet, again, within me it was simply normality, and doing what most people wouldn't

do, I have a feeling many would be so excited they would want to scream it from the roof tops. I simply just rolled over and went to sleep.

Latter in the night I was awoken as another being, another E.T. came into my bedroom. With a little apprehension I watched as a small blue being came into my bedroom this time. Feeling the apprehension within me he turned to leave, not wanting to make me feel uncomfortable. I reached out my hand, not wanting him to leave, not wanting my apprehension to allow this chance to slip away again. The little blue being stayed, and for a time that I cannot recall how long it was, we played, we laughed, and we enjoyed ourselves. It may sound strange, but when I get the chance to do just this with one of these beings, to play and laugh it is almost like I am a child again, within the innocence of a child, the innocence of spirit. It is not just the innocence of it all, or the freedom, the joy and the love, but it is also the feeling of being home, being where you belong, with your loved ones, your friends, your family. As he left the room, and I realise that there are people who would be commenting that if they saw an alien this is not something they would do, but I simply got into bed and went back to sleep. You have to understand that this is simply a part of my normality. It is part of my everyday life; it is as common to me as a parent looking at their child playing. You don't run around telling everyone that your child was in the lounge playing you simply view it as just a child being a child, part of their normality. This is how these experiences are to me, they are simply my life, who I am, what I am. So I just went back to bed, and back to sleep, only to wake up the next morning and be asked who was in my room the night before, what was the banging, and who was laughing. Of course I denied knowing any answer to that and simply smiled.

## **A Journey into MySpace**

I have come to realise that within the psychic community there can exist a degree of jealousy. It is truly a sad event when someone holds ill feelings towards another. These ill feelings are based simply because they are unable to be open and appreciate that there are people who are more advanced than they are. This is something that I never thought I would encounter within an area of society that is meant to be open and accepting of each other, a part of society that is meant to have a greater spiritual connection than a lot of society. However it is something that I have come across more often than in any other sector of society that I have experienced. I actually wonder if it is because many people who are connected to their abilities wrongfully close their boxes, their realities, and exist within a box where they wrongfully believe that they know the truth and have nothing to left to question or learn. This is a sad state of affairs when you personally believe such. There is so much within this world, this life, this reality to learn and understand, however I have tended to come across many within the psychic community who are unable to open their boxes and look outside of their reality to learn. Sometimes this has been out of fear, sometimes it has been out of the conditioning that has been placed upon them by their upbringing, but mostly it has been out of the wrongful belief that they know all there is to know and that their beliefs are the correct beliefs, that anyone who does not share those same beliefs are wrong. To actually find this sort of attitude within the psychic community has surprised me, and left me deeply saddened at these supposed spiritually enlightened people.

I had entered the MySpace psychic community, a little unsure of what to think of it, watching a lot of people proclaiming to know the truth, and a lot of people giving false and damaging information through readings, trying to help people, but doing more damage than good. So when possible I would challenge a lot of what was being said, often resulting in an attack against myself as many within the community, again, wrongfully believed that they had the abilities to read the emotion behind what I was saying. But they were completely unable to understand that there was no emotion in the way that I wrote, just simply placing the words on the screen. It is rather funny actually, and many times I would sit back and giggle at the attempts of these people to try and read me, which lead to them completely getting everything wrong. Often I would shake my head at the arrogance of some of these people. But aside from that I would get messages from people who were able to read the words without placing their own emotions into what I wrote, and agreed with what I was writing. That to me seems to be a big problem within the MySpace psychic communities. These people, who claim to be psychics, yet put their own understandings, emotions, experiences into what they are reading, totally incapable of reading anything without judging what they read through their own experiences, and through their ego. Thus they taint what they read and then pass that prejudice on because they are completely unable to comprehend that the prejudice, the emotions that they are feeling when reading the words on the screen are their own. They refuse to own those prejudices and emotions and pass the blame on to others.

One day I went into a MySpace group and noticed that a lady was holding a competition, giving away two free readings. There were a lot of people that were putting their names down to go into the draw for her competition, but I actually held no interest in it, so didn't bother participating within her competition. However every time I would come into the group I found myself being drawn to that very thread. Knowing that when these sorts of things happen with me, when I am being drawn to someone, as I was drawn to forming friendships in the past that I needed to pay attention to that attraction. I decided to put my name down for the competition. I would go on to be told that I had won the competition, but would later find out that the reason I won that competition was because Shannon felt attracted towards me, towards making me one of the people that should would be reading. Someone else was meant to win that competition, but Shannon was instead guided to make me one of the winners.

Little did I know that winning a reading with Shannon was going to be so difficult. Shannon was a lovely lady, but really, asking me to come up with five questions is an interesting task, as I had no idea what to ask. I spent considerable time just trying to work out even just one question for her to answer. It was a tough task, but eventually I came up with five questions. I'm certain that most people would have been able to come up with questions straight away that they wanted to be answered by psychic, questions that would have most likely been more thought out and even have been better questions than I had. But for myself it really wasn't something that I thought that much about in my life, and never really had any questions that were of importance to me so I just threw out a couple of questions. In hindsight I should have just asked her five times for the winning lotto numbers. Below is the reading that I got back from Shannon.

Hi RJ,

Down below you will find your reading. I must say that you have a very unique energy about you. It feels as if you have had many lifetimes on "Other planets" and that Earth is a very harsh environment for your sensitive body. I see a lot of green with you when I first tune in, and this tells me right away that you work with "healing energies."

*1) Is what I am involved with the right path for me to take*

The first thing that I am being shown is that "YES" this looks like a very healing path for you. They are showing that by following this path it allows you to release stress. They are also saying you are making steady progress on this path, and to go day by day with it---not trying to rush it. Everything is happening in Divine time. They also show that this path will bring you sweetness to your life.

I have to say when I tune into you---I keep seeing you working with an "Intelligent collective group not of this planet." It feels loving and yet provides information in a neutral matter of fact way. Does this make sense to you? I have to say I see this very rarely in my readings.

*2) Will I move past my fears to accomplish contact with them*

Yes, you will be moving past your fears. The one thing I see getting in your way is validating that this experience is real. Also, your guides show me that as a little boy you tended to be very bright and open. You had a lot of "Outside attention" from beings of all shapes/sizes/etc (not all of them respected your space). This frightened your body, and now I see you working on being in control of your energy system. I see you working on being senior in your own space.

One thing that can be helpful is to communicate to your body, and let it know it is safe...that you as spirit will stay and be in charge.

*3) Are the Angels and guides I have around me interacting with these beings.*

The first thing I am being shown is a guide that acts as a "bouncer." Meaning that they help filter out any negativity that comes your way.

They also show me that you do a lot of astral traveling during your sleep, and that you make a lot of contact with these beings during this time.

They also show that they are watching over you, and helping keep you safe. They say that you can call on them to keep the energy safe, and to help raise the vibration so that you can get the clear communication you are seeking.

*4) Who are the angels I have around me*

The first angel I see is Archangel Michael, and he works as your protector guide. I also see that you are working with Archangel Gabriel-he says that he works with you as you are working on writing. You have many guides and angels around you. It is as if you knew that

Earth was going to be challenging for your energy system so you asked to have powerful protector beings.

They are showing that you almost live in your own little world, and have difficulties communicating to people here on Earth. They also validate that you have a strong clairaudient ability (ability to communicate with spirit). It is as you feel like you are in a foreign land, and you can't believe how people here are so blind to the truth. They show that you go into a natural channeling mode when you start writing. They are showing that you are a strong writer.

#### *5) Who keeps touching me*

When I look at who or what is touching you, the first thing the angels are saying is to trust your first instinct on who or what it is. They say that your energy system is very sensitive, and you tend to notice the slight subtle energies most people would normally miss.

They also want to say that you came to this planet with a lot of wisdom and knowingness. Trust that you are receiving Divine guidance, and know that you are truly on your path. Own your path! Own your uniqueness! You're a natural leader on the path you are following. It is as if you are creating the rules, and refusing to buy into anyone else's beliefs/rules. Don't worry what the others think. You know what is true to you.

Keep validating yourself, and your path!

I hope you enjoyed your reading, and that it made sense to you.

:) shannon

I was fascinated by Shannon's reading, taken aback just by what she had seen. In my life it was not normal for psychics to be able to see who I was. Most would only see what I would allow them to see, or often when trying to read me without gaining my permission first would only see a reflection of themselves. I do find this world to be very harsh on my energy. Often I sit back looking at the events on this world and I simply cannot understand what is going on. I find this world to be very cold, and spiritually detached, that society is wandering through the world, disconnected from their roots, being lied to by church and state. That within this world a reality has been constructed that is so distant from what the true reality should be, and that this world has so many problems because people are so disconnected from their roots, disconnected from who and what they are. I believe that if we can lift that blanket off of society, allow people to see who and what they are, allow them the spiritual connection that has for so long been denied them, that the illness that is so widespread in society would be able to heal and as a society we could all move forward as one, healing the spiritual scars that run so deeply through this planet, through our societies.

When I look around this world I cannot understand the violence, hatred and prejudice that exist here. How could it be allowed to get to this point, to get so out of control? If only

people could comprehend what is going on with society, if only people could connect on a spiritual level and begin to understand that the prejudice, the hatred, the violence that exists within this world has to stop. If only the veil that is over society could be pulled down so that people could finally connect with who they are, what they are, and connect most importantly with their roots, for without that connection mankind is simply a dead man walking.

How did we get to a stage in this world where people are pointing weapons at their brothers, at their sisters, at their parents, and at their children, killing each other in wars that there is no reason to be fighting. Do people not understand that in these wars we are looking at people as enemies who are not enemies, but who are our brothers and sisters? How did we get to this stage where we are so detached from what this reality should be that we can look at a person and judge them, and yet not look within ourselves and judge ourselves. We are killing, raping, abusing ourselves, and we simply do not have the intelligence to understand this. This has to stop, and we have to understand that when we hold ill feeling towards someone, we are putting that negativity out to the universe, and in this world there is already far too much negativity. We have to understand that when someone points a weapon, acts in violence, hatred, or prejudice towards someone, that they are directing that hatred, that energy towards all of us, and that we are all family, we are all brothers and sisters. This hatred, this prejudice, this negativity has to stop. If it does not stop then this race does not have any future.

So yes, this world is a very harsh world on my energy, and admittedly I do carry the problems of this world on my shoulders. Not only that but I carry the sorrow of this world as well, and I am myself completely lost in how this world has ended up in the condition that it is. Not only is this world very harsh on my energy, but I also view this world as a very cold, hostile, disconnected place to exist within. However I do also have a lot of faith within this world, and within mankind. I do believe that we can change the path that society is on, and that we can turn around this world. When I find myself lost, I look within the children's eyes, at the peace, the innocence, the joy that exists within so many children's eyes and I realise that there is hope for this world, and that the path of destruction and extinction that mankind is on can be turned around. Because when I look into the eyes of child, into the peaceful, innocence within their eyes, it is looking into the eyes of spirit. It is so important that we do not pass on our prejudice, hatred, conditioning on to children, but that we give them the unconditional love that is a blank canvas, and allow them to paint the reality that they feel they belong within.

Shannon's reading was amazingly accurate with what I already knew. For as long as I can remember I have lived within my own little world, as Shannon so correctly put it. This is in part because I am intensely shy, and in part because I simply do not feel comfortable in this society. There is so much prejudice, judgment, aggression, hate, so much negativity within this world that I am simply more comfortable to exist within my own little world. For all of my life I have been a loner, and that is where I am more comfortable, with myself. I have created my own little world, it is a world where I allow those who I trust and feel safe with the ability to enter into this world of my creation. Allowing them to see who and what I am, and allowing them to get to know me on a more intimate level than I allow others.

As a young boy I did have a lot of outside attention from spirit and alien's. I can

remember back to when I lived at Okataina, remembering all the nightmares I had of spirits that were haunting the area. It was that which was where my fears of the darkness had originated. There are other encounters that I do remember from when I lived at Okataina that I have not written about, but I do believe that this was the tipping point of when I was attracting far more attention than I could cope with as a young child. It was the tipping point of attracting negative energy because I was so brightly attracting the attention of so many beings, spirit and alien.

Personally, I consider that reading from Shannon to of been a turning point in my journey along the path that is my life. Up until this moment there had been very few people that knew the secrets that I kept about my life, and even fewer who were able to see these aspects of my life. With her reading I was able to move further on within these experiences and my life. I was able to move further into owning who I was, and owning these experiences.

I realised with Shannon's reading that she was a little unsure about what it was that she had seen within me, that she was unsure having seen alien energy around me, and that I was in fact also an alien. So I decided to send her what at the time was basically a very detached version of Alien Within, the first draft that I had worked on a few years beforehand but had not returned to working on, not having felt the desire to work on the book. The next day I had a message from Shannon that while sitting in bed reading the book she had noticed a light on her roof, and it startled her. She then wondered if it could of been a car driving past, despite the fact that her house was in a rural area, and it would be rare for passing vehicles lights to shine into the property. I think it was the following night that I was sitting at my computer that I got a very concerned message from Shannon. She had been in the lounge when her youngest son came out of his bedroom upset, scared. He told his mother that there was an alien in his bedroom, and he never wanted to go back into the bedroom, he was scared. My reply to Shannon was to tell her son that he was in control of these experiences. That he needed to tell these beings that he was scared, and that he didn't want to be scared. To which he did, and his experiences changed to a point where his interactions were taking place not in the conscious memory.

Shannon was still concerned about her son, and rightly so. She was a concerned caring mother who wanted to make certain that her son was alright, and that nothing bad was happening with him. I decided to try something that I hadn't allowed anyone to try before. I allowed Shannon to connect with and communicate with the beings that I have around me. That night she learned a lot and commented that she felt like it was alien 101 school. By the time the family woke up late the next morning Shannon was more comfortable with what was going on with her son. But she still didn't realise how specials he herself was.

After Shannon's reading I quit MySpace for a few months, completely bored and tired of the psychics within the groups, with the arrogance, negativity, rudeness, and inability of these people who are meant to be more spiritually connected, who should know better than to judge others. I found myself growing tired of the advice they were giving which was typically bad advice that was given on their own personal prejudice and experiences and weren't giving advice without prejudice and ego to the person. So I threw it in, walked away from MySpace and deleted my account.

## **A Return to MySpace**

A few months went by and I was finding myself attracted back to MySpace. Something that I have learned over the years is that when these attractions happen that I need to listen to them, follow them, and wait to see what the reason behind the attraction is. So I rejoined MySpace, not really sure on where I was being attracted to. Looking around I came across a UFO group and decided to hang out within that, but I found the typical closed minded attitude that exists within the UFO community existed within that group, so I didn't stay in it very long. Tired of people who proclaimed they were ufologists and knew the truth better than those of us who are having these experiences. It really is rather strange when you come across someone claiming to be an ufologist but they really know nothing on the subject, yet they have written a book on what they believe is the truth. I do not understand how you can write a book without learning about everything that is happening, without getting to know people that are having these experiences. The mind spins to try and understand why people create these boxes and close themselves within them. The mind spins on how people with so very little knowledge on the topic can turn around and write a book and pretend that their knowledge is the truth, nothing but the truth, and everything else including those who are personally involved with these beings are wrong because in their made up truth their answer is the only possible answer. I also found this with a number of frauds within the UFO community who would fight tooth and nail to proclaim that Aliens were negative, hostile and abducting people. They couldn't for one moment comprehend anything peaceful and loving, which was always a major sign that they were frauds, and many were to latter be proved rather publicly to have lied to the UFO community with their lies about their supposed experiences.

Slowly I found myself being drawn back to the psychic group where I had won the reading with Shannon. I found myself still rather detached from what was being said in the group. It was obvious that there were people within the group claiming to be psychics who had very bad energy, people who were offering healing who did not heal themselves. But I was being attracted to this group so I sat back and tried to work out who it was that was pulling me to the group this time. However I am not one to sit back and allow people to give false information, bad advice so I would often stand up against the frauds within the groups, trying to get people to not take advice that was simply ridiculous. For example there were often people preaching that people needed to listen to their gut instinct. This is not correct. Your gut instinct is not your psychic abilities, and it is often prejudiced by your experiences, your fears, and your energy blocks. People were coming into the group expressing their fears as their gut instincts, and being told by psychics that these were their psychic abilities warning them about a person, or an event, which is simply not true, and is a perfect example on why you should be very cautious about the kind of people that you get psychic readings from, and the kind of people that you get energy healing from. Personally I found very few people with credibility within these groups.

Often I would get into debates with people within the group, and get told that I was a rather negative person. But alas, this would always simply be that the person was reading what I was writing and putting their own emotions and experiences into what they were

reading. They were reading with their ego. Then there were the few people who took it upon themselves to try and read me without seeking my permission, which is a very stupid and dangerous thing to do as they were infringing on my free will and my space, so all they simply go back was a reflection of themselves. Many people were able to understand this and read what I was writing without putting their own emotions into the words, they were the ones who were able to understand what I was saying. The people who weren't, and who would place their emotions and experiences into my words then claim that it was I that had put it there were never able to understand my words, never able to understand the negativity, the hostility was all of their own making. Never able to break away from their ego and read without judgment, never able to read through spirit.

I decided to get back in touch with Shannon and found out that she was interested in growing her abilities, wanting to train to become a better healer. My advice to her, which I knew she thought was a bit crazy, was that she didn't need to pay for courses or train from people, because around her were the best teachers that she could learn healing from, that she had aliens around her that could teach her far more than any human teachers. Shannon didn't really pay much attention to that advice.

Finally I decided to try out an idea that I had been thinking about for a few weeks. It was an idea that I had no comprehension of how it work out, or even if it would work. It was an ambitious plan, but it was something that I had already succeeded in doing with Shannon. After the reading that Shannon had done for me I had given her permission to connect with my beings and learn some things from them. So I decided to try this again, I was going to select some of these psychic's and allow them to connect with me to see if they could then connect with these beings, the E.T.'s around me.

## **An Experiment**

The first person that I selected claimed to be of Native American heritage. In hindsight I regret allowing this person to connect with my energy, I regret allowing her to connect with my beings. I will not go into detail on how I would allow this to happen as I do believe that is something that should remain private. But I selected the first person that I was going to allow connect with these beings, and I laid out my theory on how she should connect with these beings. She contacted me not long afterwards, she had been taking a bath when she noticed the beings that were around me in her bathroom, giggling and letting her know that they were there. These beings then went on over the next few days to try and teach her different things, to try and teach her to not look through the eyes of a human, but to understand that she was a spirit, having a spiritual experience in a human body and to look through the eyes of spirit. She was unable to understand this, always falling back on that she was a human. It was then that I realised that I shouldn't have allowed her this connection. My view on this was strengthened by the fact that she was acting out in jealousy towards other people, and was becoming very hostile and negative not only towards them, but also towards myself. I do regret that I allowed this person this connection, and consider that it was a major error on my part, but it was also a learning curve that I needed to be far more selective and careful of the sort of people that I allowed not only to have a connection with me, but a connection with these dear sweet beings.

More carefully I selected the next person who I would allow this connection with, this time I listened to the feelings within me and selected someone that I was finding that I was drawn to. This was a person with whom I have had many debates with, all friendly debates. Any time I debate with someone it is on my part light and enjoyable, despite that some are unable to see this, place their own experiences into what I say and deem it to be other than that. I remember one debate I was having with this person that I selected, Wally. It was about guns, about how I personally view that when it comes to guns the United States of America is completely out of control. Wally made the comment, I cannot remember it exactly, but it went along the lines that Wally was debating that everyone should have a gun for self protection. My reply was along the lines that if someone wanted to kill me what made my life more important than theirs that I should have a weapon that causes death, and kill them. That my life is no more important than that of someone who is acting out violently against me, and that I would never raise a weapon against someone, never raise anything against anyone in anger, even in self defence. My life is not more important than any others, and I won't take another's life simply because they want to take mine. This life is but a breathe in the universe of the life of my spirit. How can you lift a weapon and hold it against another person, how can you claim that your life is more important than theirs and take their life, simply to protect your own. I could never do it, and this was something that Wally could not understand during our debate on the topic.

Wally agreed that connecting with these beings was something that interested him, so I laid out my plan with him of how he should go about this. However I did fail to mention one thing and that was that he should have his protection up with regards to me. Because I failed to mention this, the first thing I heard back from Wally was that what he had done was so over powering that he needed a break, he needed to gather his strength, get his protection up then try again.

I had always wondered about the depressions that I've had over the years, most of the times they felt as if they weren't mine, as if I was feeling other people's emotions, pains, hurt. Wally said something to me that was like a light bulb going off in my mind, I was finally able to understand the reason for so much of these feelings that I was holding within me, and although I had thought before that this was the cause it was Wally who made me realise that it was the reason behind these depression. Wally had looked into my being, connected with me, and been over powered with a deep sadness, a deep pain, hurting. I don't think he could understand how I could carry such deep feelings, but his comments about them were what made everything click together within me with regards to the vast amount of feelings that I had experienced with regards to depression. Within me, Wally saw a person, a being who carried a deep sadness towards the state of this world, to the violence, the wars, the crimes, the hatred, the prejudice. With what Wally saw, I started to realise that the depressions that I had so long had were as I would often state and be told by friends, that I was simply carrying the weight of the world's problems on my shoulders, and carrying such a deep sadness to the events happening around the world. I was carrying the hurt, the pain, the sadness of the world.

For all of my life I've had a fascination with the number five. When I am feeling uncomfortable, anxious, nervous, I will do something five times. Whether that being that I

knock on wood or something else, I would always have to do it five times. I had always attributed this to the fact that I came from a family of five, and thought that was the reasoning behind it. However when Wally had looked within me he also saw that the number five was very significant to me, but that there was more to it than what I had thought the meaning was.

As time went on I started to realise that the reason that I had been attracted to Wally, that the reason I had decided to allow him to look within me and connect with myself and these beings was because he had a past where he had experienced these beings himself. I still remember the day that Wally had his first experience since I allowed him to connect with me. I remember the innocence, and how child like Wally's innocence was. Now by child like I mean how full of pure uncorrupted innocence radiated from Wally with his experience and with his telling of the experience. Wally was sitting in his office, which was on the second floor of his house. He looked around into the hallway, and standing there was alien being, radiating love from it's being towards Wally, of which, the childlike innocence of Wally was to blow a kiss back to this being. Shortly after the being disappeared as Wally's wife neared the stair case to come up to the second story. It was at this point I think that Wally fully understood my comment in the debate we'd had; he finally understood why I could not lift a weapon and take someone's life in self defence. There was a pure joy radiating from Wally as he shared his encounter. He held within him the innocence of child, the innocence of spirit.

This was not to be Wally's only experience as he started to open back up to the beings that were around him. Wally was sitting one day with his granddaughter on his lap when an alien being's face appeared before him, the being was watching the love that Wally had for his granddaughter, and feeling the joy that was coming from Wally. Another experience he had was going outside one night to watch a craft approach his property, to which Wally stood there looking up at the beings that were looking down at him. Wally was the second person that I had allowed in my little experiment to connect with myself and my beings, and in doing so he opened back up the connection he had with his beings. He was the third that I had shared this with, Shannon being the first, but she was not part of this experiment as I knew I had already been able to open her up to my beings.

I was looking for another person to allow a connection with me, a connection with these beings and had decided on Christine. A lady who spent her time helping people, using her abilities as an energy healer to help people with their physical and energy health problems. Christine could already see my beings around her, but was waiting for my permission to go ahead with a connection with them and myself. However before this could happen I received a message from the lady, who I had given the first connection within this experiment with, warning me not to allow a connection with Christine. Of course I listened to this warning and decided to take note of it, cancelling what Christine and I were about to do. I was not one that liked confrontation so I didn't explain to her why I had cancelled it, simply that I wasn't feeling well and would get back to her, which I wasn't at this time. I'd had a nasty virus that had gotten into my blood stream, and then into my rib cartilages, and felt awful. My upper body was in constant pain. Just the very effort of getting up some mornings was extremely painful.

The next person that I allowed to try and connect with my energy and my beings was a young lady who was opening up to her abilities, Adrienne. I followed the procedures that I

had set up with regards to how I allowed a person to connect with my energy, only this time I remembered to warn Adrienne to put protection up around herself before continuing so that she was protected from the feelings that Wally had felt when he had carried out his connection with me. However Adrienne replied to me, unsure why I had instructed her to put protection around her, finding nothing but a very deep peace within my being. Adrienne found herself fascinated with my eyes, attracted to them.

Although I had allowed Adrienne these connections she was however unable to connect with these beings, but was able to remember an event from her childhood. As a young child Adrienne had attended space camp. She went on to tell me of an incident that happened one night, where she had gone to sleep in the dormitory with everyone else, then woke up a few hours later to find she was in a different dormitory, an empty dormitory that was located at the other side of the camp, confused and not knowing how she had gotten there.

## **The Experimentation Continues**

Have you ever looked at a photo and known more about that person than sometimes they know about themselves? This is something that I find to be very common with me, something I used to do with Aaron; I remember the last photo that he sent me was of a boy that he wanted to know if he should become involved with. I think there were two or three photos that he gave me of different people, wanting to know who I thought he would be able to have a lasting relationship with. It was a young guy by the name of Garry that I selected, and who he is still with today.

Anyway, I have gotten a bit away from the topic of what I was on. The next person from MySpace that I was going to select interested me because her photo showed a bit more within it than anyone else could see. Every time I would look at Kelly's photo I would see an alien looking back at me. So I decided that she was to be the next person with whom I would allow this connection with. With the experience from the first lady that I had allowed to be part of this experiment I had become far more restrictive and protective of what I was doing. If I am honest with myself, the only reason that I allowed that first lady was more to show her that what I was talking about was real, and not because I thought she could benefit from it and grow from it, as she simply didn't have the abilities to comprehend what it was that she was being involved with. I should never have allowed her to be part of it, and made a huge mistake by allowing her to connect with myself and my beings, but I did remedy that and stop her connections.

So I sent Kelly a message asking her if she would be interested in connecting with these beings. Almost straight away I got a message back from Kelly that she was interested in this, followed up by another message

“As soon as I wrote you back I was urged to go meditate for a few moments. It was already different from what I had experienced before. I just focused on you and all of the normal swirlies and colors disappeared and I saw a few different forms. I had a brief interaction with them then decided that I should stop for now and continue when I go to bed

so that I can focus more. At least one is still here but it feels more like three.”

This had happened before I had told Kelly how to proceed with the connection with these beings, so after her encounter we went forward with the usual steps that I had set up to allow people to connect with myself and these beings. I always consider that when I do this to be a bit on the risky side, as I am opening up all that I am to people, placing myself at the risk of someone seeing me and rejecting me, my biggest fear amongst doing this. After beginning the process of how this is done I received the following message from Kelly.

Date: 15 May 2007, 05:36

Subject: Beautiful soul...

Star brother, how are you today? That bulletin title was hilarious! My body temperature has changed since the other day. Is that common? I can actually feel the energy inside of me. I have become more sensitive. I love it. ^\_^ I've always seen ETs and their crafts but I have never actually interacted with them on a personal level until I met you. Thank you so much! I am forever grateful.

Peace,

Kelly

Kelly was thriving on her experiences, enjoying the growth that was coming from what she was experiencing and learning. I knew that I had correctly been drawn to someone who could use these experiences to grow, to learn, and understand. I knew that within Kelly was someone with the desire to grow and learn, the desire to push the limits of her box, and explore outside of their reality. Kelly was someone who could take the experiences and not allow them to overwhelm them, but to sit back in awe and then allow herself to grow and learn from these experiences.

A few weeks later I got another message from Kelly

Date: 02 Jul 2007, 19:10

Subject: RE: hey

I'm doing well. The little guys are good. They are kind of short, thin, long slender arms and legs, they are either a light blue color or it could just be their energy that is light blue that I see. Either way, they'd have to be fair complected for the light blue to overtake their skin tone if they aren't light blue themselves. I never notice expression on their faces but I can

TOTALLY feel their emotions which is almost always loving and peaceful. Sometimes they seem 'curious', though. LOL I haven't thought to ask where they're from. I wonder if I'd get an answer... Doesn't hurt to try I suppose. ^\_^ There's always 3 of them. My pup has noticed them a couple of times but she's usually more interested in my male guide and the Archangel Uriel. They command much more of a presence than the little guys. (That's what I call them.) LOL They have been very helpful in my meditations and astral visits to the akashic records. I don't know if I would have grown as much as I have lately if it weren't for these guys. I just wanna hug 'em sometimes! Teeheehee. They are also very considerate and refrain from showing themselves at times that my ego begins to fear my surroundings. (I've never been a big fan of the dark. \*\_\*) I wonder if maybe you are meant to help others come into contact with them more so than you are to be in constant contact with them yourself? I know they come around you when they need you to know something, but I can understand how it can be frustrating for you to not have them around when YOU want them to be. I'm sure they know what they're doing, though.

Patience is a virtue, for sure. ^\_^ I can't thank you enough for your generosity of letting me and Wally and the others get to know you. You are such a beautiful soul! I better get back to actually working since I'm AT work. LOL Take care, mister!

Peace,

Kelly

Kelly would have many experiences with these beings, her beings, as she opened up to all that is around her. Experiences that have also included waking up in the night to find an alien being standing at her bedroom door looking in at her, allowing her to feel comfortable with him being there before showing himself to her. But Kelly was wrong on one aspect that she wrote, the honour was all mine to allow her this connection that would help her to open up to the beings that were around her, but that would also help her to grow in more ways than at the time she could understand, in more ways than I think she realises today.

## **Returning To Self Healing**

I had taken notice of the warning about Christine and not allowed her to connect with my energy, which meant not allowing her a connection with my beings. But at the same time I was watching a very negative streak within this lady that had warned me. I would watch her get rather negative and hostile with some people. Then I would notice a very jealous streak coming out of her towards people who were more gifted than her, and towards people whose abilities she couldn't understand. Finally it ended with a very negative, jealous, and hostile attitude coming from her directed at me. She was unable to comprehend what my beings were trying to teach her, and was allowing members of her group who likewise could not understand to become rather nasty in their negative attacks against me. She was also trying to convince me to allow one of her friends, who gave me a serious bad vibe to connect with these beings. To which I ignored and gave a tentative ok to, but within a few days I withdrew the invitation to connect with myself and my beings. There was just an extremely bad feeling

coming from this person. My withdrawal lead to me realising that I was right about both ladies, and that I should never have given the first lady the privilege to connect with my energy and with my beings. My withdrawal of permission to this lady then lead to some very negative attacks against me by both ladies who both carried out a very nasty gossip attack against myself. This attack was a further confirmation to myself that neither of them were capable with or should be allowed the honour of connecting with these dear sweet beings.

With this realization I opened communication back up with Christine, and told her what had happened, the reason behind my sudden change of mind. I apologised and re-opened the offer to her. Christine had figured that the reason I had abruptly changed my mind was due to someone trying to stop me from going ahead with her. Then I decided that it was only right that I shared with her just what I had been told by this other lady, forwarding this other ladies warnings to Christine to read herself.

She then went on to tell me that my beings, and I call them my beings not because they are mine, but simply because they are my family, my friends, my loved ones, so I call them mine as a parent calls their child theirs, as a child calls their parent's theirs, as a friend calls their friends theirs. Christine went on to tell me that my beings had remained around her after I had withdrawn permission, that they were interested in what she was able to do with her healing abilities, but that she had respected my wish and not connected with them, nor had they connected with her, simply both sides were waiting for my return to allow this connection to go ahead.

Christine and I both decided that the best way forward, the best approach to take was to work on my self healing, on healing the damages to my energy. So I allowed her to do some healing work on me, I allowed her to work with me on the healing of my energy system. The first session that I had with her, I could feel the energy focusing on my legs, and then moving up to my chest with the occasional bursts of energy around my head. I also had the feeling that Christine needed to learn and get help from my beings with how to work with my energy, how to heal my energy. So I wrote her telling her what I had experienced, and what I had thought. I feel that as I go through explaining what took place within her healing sessions that I will include her replies.

From: Harmony

Date: 14 Jul 2007, 03:04

Subject: RE: hi

What I got was that you have some big blocks in your heart. There is something about guilt you are carrying that had to be released...I let a lot of it go. You might feel some sadness as the emotions continue to release. The beings are very loving. There were 5 specific ones

around you, two very close, one far out and another in between. They kept reaching into my energy field while I was working on you. I am thinking now that it was validation when I was doing things that worked for you. The reach in was sort of a thank you, they did it periodically. I finally had to stop ignoring them :)

The energy in your legs was when I grounded you. You hold a LOT of stuff in, the moving up feeling was actually the blocks clearing and grounding out. The image of the boy has something to do with the guilt in your heart, maybe you can put it together, possibly something from childhood?

I think I do need to work with your beings on how to work with you. I don't know why you have to be so difficult :). I have a light being of my own, but yours are a bit different, I'm not sure how to classify them or make sense of it all but it will come. I will try to work with them and see what they want me to do for you. You are tuned to them now, directly connected to each one..and by the way, each serves a different need for you....try using that connection. I opened it from your end, now they need to match their energy pattern to make it clear but you have to connect so they can do that. Does that make sense?

The healing that I'd had from Christine left my body more relaxed, I was increasingly finding my way back to who I was again, who I had always been, but who I had put so many walls around to not let the world see. I was starting down the path again that would take me back to how I was as a child, completely open and radiating out to all that could see me, but this time I was not about to close off from the amount of beings that I attracted. You may remember back to Wally that he worked out that the number five was significant to me. Christine has, without realising it, picked up on this significance to me as she saw the five specific entities around me.

A few days passed by and it was time to have another healing with Christine. For a healing from her I would basically lay down on my bed, usually most people prefer for a distance healing that you spend some time meditating before the healing is due to begin, but what can I say, I am kind of lazy when it comes to that, and busy doing other things, so I would lay down a few minutes before the healing was due to begin. As I laid there with my eyes closed, just relaxing, I could feel Christine connect with my energy. As I laid there I could feel a strong heat on my face, my face kept getting warmer and warmer. I then felt this warmth move into my wrists, and then it started moving up my arms and over my shoulders. My hands themselves did not get warm, but remained rather cold. Then I noticed the usual grounding energy in my legs. It was then that I noticed two beings, a male and a female dressed in purple robes standing around me. Also I notice a bright yellow light pulsating in my mind, which then disappeared then reappeared pulsating again briefly. After the healing finished I once again passed on to Christine what I had experienced.

From: Harmony



slight apprehension within me and turned to leave. But I wouldn't let him leave; I wasn't going to allow this being to walk out of my room, so I went over to him, wanting him to not leave. As I stood there, face to face with this being I reached out my hand to him, wanting to shake his hand, and then we embraced. The love radiating from this being was special, it was beautiful, a deep, over power unconditional love. I was home. I went back to bed that night, knowing that I had accomplished a lot during that brief encounter.

Not only was I starting to see more things around me, more beings, and lights, even more craft in the sky, but I was also starting to see more things happening during meditations. There were faces coming into my meditations, beings coming into my meditations, I was starting to feel back to where I belonged, feeling how I felt when I was a young child opening interacting with and attracting all of these beings. I felt like I was home, and becoming who I should be once again. I was finding my peace and innocence again as I opened back up to all that I was, I was finding myself again. Every step along this path I have found that I have opened back up in ways that I cannot even comprehend, but they are in ways that those psychics that know me can see the changes within my energy.

Every month Christine would carry out a group healing, where she would send healing and work on a group of people at the same time. She had started to pull me into these group healing sessions, offering them to me free of charge. She wanted me in these healing sessions because my beings, my entities, my E.T.'s loved to partake in her healing, and with me in her group healing sessions she was also able to keep working with my beings on my energy. Typically for me, I wouldn't prepare for the group healing, I would just lay down a few minutes before it was to begin and relax. She also offered them to me because that is the kind of person that she is, to help out her friends and knowing that I did not have the ability to pay for her services she offered them to me for free. I think she probably knows that for me to ask for help is something very difficult so she puts the offer out there without having to make me struggle through the embarrassment of having to ask. I am not one for who asking for help comes easy. If anyone I know needs help I am always the first to offer help, and to do all that I can do to help someone, but when it comes to needing help I am very shy about reaching out to people for help.

When the healing was scheduled to begin I didn't really notice anything, couldn't feel any energy flowing over me. Then after a few minutes I could feel a strong energy working around my legs. It was then that I noticed a pressure on both of my hands; this pressure felt just like someone was holding my hands. As I noticed this pressure the energy continued to flow up my arms. I could feel the energy flowing through my body. I then noticed that there was a tall white being standing behind me, doing something, it appeared to me that he was dangling a crystal over my head. As he stood there I noticed that he reached his arm, the skin as white as the moon appears to be, reaching it over my body. I then noticed a clear page drifting over me that had writing on it, although I knew and could see that there was some form of language written on this, I was unable to read it to see what language it was or even what it said. As I continued to lay there I felt the energy now flowing from my neck down to my waist. It was then that I started to feel the energy work finish so I sat up, figuring that the healing had finished.

Once sitting up I looked towards my computer and went to write Christine to tell her

what I had experienced within this healing session. As I sat there, in front of my computer, I could feel that the healing session with me was not yet finished. I sat there feeling the energy start to flow around my head. Then when this finished, I again thought that it was over and lay down on my bed for a brief meditation, only to then have some energy work being carried out on my back. Finally, what had started almost an hour beforehand seemed to be over.

During the following month I would go to bed and experience an amazing amount of energy work being done on my body, it felt like I had been dropped in a bottle of fizzy drink, as the energy just felt like fizzy bubbles moving up my body. Finally the next group healing from Christine came around. I actually wasn't interested in participating within this group healing, being in a bit of a mood I had intended to just put some music on and relax. However, Christine would have none of this, giving me the option of participating in it, or being dragged into it kicking and screaming to participate in it. Of course if I had wanted to not participate she would have accepted that, but she also knew my sense of humour and that I needed to be part of her group healing, if just to get out of my mood.

Again, not much into preparing for a healing with Christine, I laid down on my bed a few minutes before the healing was due to begin. As I laid there I seemed to not be a part of this healing, not feeling any energy working around me, so I just spent the time relaxing, figuring that I would give this session the full time it was set out for and see if anything would take place. As it was starting to get closer to the end of the healing I started to feel a lot of energy flowing from my waist up to my neck. The typical energy that I associated with my beings at night time, the energy that felt like fizzy bubbles rising all over my body. Also with this energy I could feel a lot of energy work being done to my third eye. It would come in phases of strong energy. As the energy was flowing over me I started to see a green light vibrating in front of me, something that I had associated to the type of crystal that Christine uses in her group healing. As I laid there watching this green light I again saw symbols drifting over me. Followed by what appeared to be a crystal. At this stage there was an explosion of white light. An explosion that was so bright that I felt as if someone was standing over me shining a bright light into my eyes. I continued to lay there, the energy flowing over me, the bright white light shining into my eyes, then finally I couldn't take it anymore, I had to open my eyes, the light was just too strong. Laying there I opened my eyes to see that all around me the air was vibrating, glowing, my whole bedroom was aglow in a bright white light. Not sure what to make of it I laid there with an inner joy radiating from me at what I was seeing, at this light vibrating, glowing all around my bedroom, all around me. Finally I got off my bed, went to the computer and sent off a message to Christine to explain to her what had happened, hoping that she could explain to me what I was seeing, what had happened. As I sat there waiting for her reply I was getting anxious so got up to walk around the house, amazed, vibrating with peace, with joy, and noticing that I was now seeing green energy everywhere.

Finally returning to Christine's messages of what I had seen during this healing.

From : Harmony

Date: 27 Sep 2007, 07:29

Subject: RE: Energy Healing- 5 Spots left

It makes perfect sense to me. First off, you were the last one to leave the session...I started releasing people as they were finished at around 10 but you wouldn't release because you needed more energy than the others.

I ended the healing staring at the root chakra (at the base of the spine) then moving upwards one chakra at a time until I got to the third eye then the whole energy meridian exploded with white light and it radiated outward. I sent all of the healing the last 15 or 20 minutes from my heart chakra (which is green). I recognize the symbols, they were from Tibetan reiki, they were placed in your aura to continue healing your energy center. Not my call...I think that request came from your friends above....

From: Harmony

Date: 27 Sep 2007, 07:31

Subject: RE: Energy Healing- 5 Spots left

Oh yea, the crystal you saw was your soul crystal...I activated it as part of the session..the light stripped you down to your soul essence which looked like a little crystal then it filled it with white light and restructured your energy body from that...it was quite interesting to watch...

Since that first session that I had with Christine, I have come a long way. It is just a shame that because of the jealousy of one psychic that working with Christine was delayed because of this person's actions, their jealousy. Through the work with Christine I have come a long way. I am by no means finished and have a lot of work still to do.

## **The Walls Are Falling**

Have you ever wondered what would happen if someone realised just who and what you were? If people could see you in your rawness, completely naked of all the walls that we

all put up around us, completely naked and showing yourself to the world. In part that is something that the Internet has allowed people to do. It has allowed people to drop down the walls that they have placed up for protection, allowed them to be who they are, and to seek out people who have equal experiences and lives as they do. But still it is far harder to stand up to the world and say that this is who I am, without the judgment of some within society, placing you within their boxes, their realities of understanding and judging you not for who you are, but judging you on who you are in their reality.

Have you ever wondered what would happen if someone realised who and what you were? That is something that has always concerned me, that someone, that anyone would see past the masks that I wear and see who and what I am. I have always been as careful as I can be with allowing people to see who and what I am, and always as careful as I can be in protecting those who I allow to see who I am. Over the years I have tried to be protective of my friends, of the close few that I have allowed to become intimately involved in my life, as they are and always will be a large part of my family.

My hand is constantly stretched out in a bid for someone, anyone to help me, because I cannot exist in this world alone, and I cannot do the things that I am meant to do by myself. But my hand is also constantly stretched out to help as many people as I can help as I walk this path that is my life, because I know there are far more people out there just like me who are struggling to find a place to turn to understand what is happening in their lives. We try to live in this world and shelter ourselves from the outside world, but the truth is that we all need to reach out our hands and each take each other's hands, because the only way that we can move forward as a race is to stand together as one. The problems that face us are vast, but we can correct the path that this race is heading along, we can reach the mountain top and look back down towards a society with pride. We can look down towards a society of peace, love, understanding, acceptance and truth. But we cannot do this alone; we must all overcome the prejudice, hatred, racism, negativity that has been breed into us, which we have been raised on. We have created a box, a reality that is far from what we should be living, and in doing that we have boxed our race in. To correct this we need to throw out the canvases that we have all painted and start to recreate our reality, our canvas, our painting of our realities, and we must return these canvases to an image the contains the innocence of a child, the innocence of spirit. We must reach our hands out, reaching passed the corporations, passed the churches, passed the governments repressing our race, and reach our hands out to all these beings that have come to this world to help us. For the only way forward for this race, the only way left that we can survive, for we have raped and abused this planet so much, that the only option left open for this race is to reach their hands out to these beings, and accept the hand of love, friendship and help that they have been holding out and offering for so long.

Something that has always concerned me, worried me, is that someone would see past all of the masks that I would wear, that they would see who I am, what I am. Something that always concerned me was that people would see me in my raw nakedness. Well..... With this book, I have removed all those masks; I have presented myself to the world in my rawness for a reason. When I started writing this book I had decided that it needed to be done in a certain way so that I could remain anonymous. I decided that all that was important was to put forward some of the experiences that I have had in my life with different

entities, spirit and alien. But how can I expect anyone to believe what I have written when I have tried to hide large parts of my life, and just present a small part of my life. There was only one way for this book to continue, with its continuation to hold any meaning to myself and to anyone reading it. That was for myself to remove all those walls, to stand in front of you all completely naked of any masks and walls, and present my life to you in its rawness. The good, the bad, and the ugly. For only by showing who I am in all the rawness, for only by showing the struggle that my life has been and how hard it has been for me to climb out of so many holes to be able to reach the top of the mountain and look back down upon my life, only through showing all of that rawness can I expect anyone to believe my story.

I often sit, questioning the very fabric of my life, questioning my sanity with all that I have experienced in my life, questioning if I made a mistake with this life. I don't believe that I have made a mistake coming into this world, into this life. I do however believe that my story of my life does need to be shared and that we all need to take a deep long look at the societies that we have created, the realities that we have allowed to be created. Our societies are constructed, in my view, around boxes. We have allowed our beliefs, prejudices, hatred, to box us in, and so few are willing to break free of those boxes to explore outside of those boxes, so few willing to love so completely unconditionally those who live outside of the boxes that society deems to be normal. If there is a way forward for this race, if this race can be saved it is that we must break out of these boxes, we must come out of the beliefs we have created that have limited us, beliefs that have blanketed us from a very different reality that exists around us. We must look deep within ourselves and search for the alien that is within us all, that person who we all should be aiming to be, but through the prejudice of society has been repressed as the canvas of our reality has been grossly distorted.

I have been to the depths that I could go, I have stood in the dark screaming out for help, and then I have been lifted up as high as I could go. Often I have lost faith in this race. I have looked around at how people treat each other, at the wars, the violence, the racism, the hatred. I see children killing children, children raping children, and I wonder how did we ever go so terribly wrong? But then I look into the eyes of a child, and see the innocence, and beauty that lays within their eyes, I see the innocence of spirit, and I know without a doubt that despite that as a race we seem so lost and disconnected, I know that we have the strength to do all that we need to do to for this race to continue. I know that deep within us we have the strength to overcome all the prejudice, and hatred, to overcome the belief that have boxed us in and be able to accept the hand of help, love, and friendship that is being reached out to us.

I keep reaching out, begging for anyone to help me, and still it appears that I am all alone in this world. One of the hardest things for me is that I have helped so many people; I have always given all that I can to help people, given all that I have to help anyone, but when it comes to needing help myself, it seems that everyone just fades away and ignores me. I'm not a beggar, I am not someone that turns to asking for help easily, it is something that takes a great pain on me seeking help, it takes a lot out of me to ask for help, but no matter how many times that I seek help, it seems that my cries for help always go unheard. Although I must admit that I have been blessed in my life with people who have made me realise that the help that I seek is within me, and that is where I have been so deeply rewarded through the spiritual journey that I have undertaken to discover and bring back into my reality the alien

that is within me, the little boy with such innocence who so long ago would openly work with, communicate and see all those spirits and alien entities.

We are at a junction in the history of this race, and this planet. We can continue on the path of self destruction we are on, destroying not only this beautiful planet that has given us life for so long, but killing our own race as well. We will not, and should not be allowed to journey into space in the current aggressive form that our race exists within. Or we can accept the help that is being offered to this race. For so long the hand of love and friendship has been held out to the people on this planet. The offer to help this race and this planet, but for so long the arrogance of some leaders in this world has been to act in aggression towards these beings offering to help this race, and to slap that hand of help. This is the only way forward for mankind, to accept this hand of friendship and love, to accept the help that is being offered. There is no other way forward for this race to survive any longer; we have completely lost our path and our roots, in doing so this race is heading towards a brick wall at full speed.

For so long the decision to withhold these beings has been made for the people, it has been one made out of greed and one made out of manipulation. To withhold from society the freedom and spiritual growth, the roots, the connection, and vastly more that will come with complete open contact with these beings. So the decision the ability to open up to these beings is something that must take place for the survival of this planet and the life on it, for man is surely going to continue to kill so much life on this planet if it continues on the path that it is going. Therefore it is now up to each and every person to force this issue into the open, to demand that governments stop hiding the truth, and to open up their boxes, their realities to allow contact to take place. Today contact has already begin happening. Many people who have been having these experiences because of their past life experiences with these beings are slowly starting to wake up to who and what they are, but still they are finding it hard to find a place to turn. It is time that we move passed just opening up this experience to these star seeds, but to open it open it up to society as a whole.

### **Through The Looking Glass of My Life**

So here I sit today, still very much the loner that I have been most of my life. I have travelled a long way in my life, but I still feel very uncomfortable around people. I still feel a coldness radiating from our society, a detachment of people from their spirit, and a society that is wondering down a path blinded to who and what they are. There is a very spiritual detachment within our society. A society that is detached from their roots, wondering around aimlessly, a dead man walking society.

When I look at the UFO community I am not impressed. I walked away from this community some years ago disgusted in the lack of credibility that the community had, the lack of credibility that the community demands, and the strong handed tactics used within it

towards people that can prove that some of the leading people within this community are frauds. There is also a group of people within the UFO community that have decided that if your encounters are not hostile then they will attack the person ruthlessly. I have seen people brought to tears by this group of people, and typically it is this group of people that claim the encounters are hostile that are latter proved to be frauds. I have even seen alternative news websites continue to support people that have been shown to of committed fraud and lied to the UFO community. There truly is no credibility.

To be honest I have come to the conclusion that anyone who is genuinely having these experiences needs to steer clear of the UFO community as it has no credibility, demands no credibility. With each person that I am now meeting that is having likewise experiences as I have had and continue to have, I have noticed that they too feel the same way that I do about the UFO community, the lies, lack of credibility and hostility that exists within it. Also the desire within the community to put forward to society fantasies that simply is not true. But it is not just the UFO community that I have lost confidence within. I am also noticing a disturbing trend within the Psychic community of supposed psychics feeding on people's desires to be different. There are psychics who are wrongfully proclaiming that people are star seeds, and now being a star seed has become such a trend that so many people are claiming to be star seeds that I fear that this will also lead to a lack of credibility for star seeds. I personally believe that the genuine amount of star seeds is such a small percent of those who are claiming to be star seeds.

I sit here looking around the world at the problems that this world faces and I wonder where did we go so wrong? There is a deep sadness within me towards the way we treat each other. There is no true equality in this world, despite the countries that claim to be equal and free, true equality and freedom do not exist in these countries that are supposed to be leading the world. The freedom's that we believe that we hold are all but paper freedoms, the true freedoms that we have and are a god given right are being denied and suppressed from the people. There is minimal compassion that exists between nations and people, such a deep hatred that is breed into people, and hatred that we call national pride.

As a people, as one we must now start to stand up and make our voices heard, we can no longer continue down this path of darkness, we can no longer continue to allow politicians, corporations or churches to lead us down a path that benefits no one but them. As a society we need to collectively take our heads out of the sand and take full control of our lives, our future, our health, our spirituality. We can no longer allow those who do not have our best interests at heart to control our lives, and we can no longer sit and fool ourselves that the politicians and corporations care about what happens to the little people or that the churches care about our spirituality instead of sitting on immense wealth. We must not sit back any longer and allow the continued disintegration of our society.

People often say that if these UFOs are real then why don't they just make themselves known, but they have, countless times, they have appeared over the White House, over the Vatican, they have appeared constantly, but the press remains silent on these sightings, or carries the government's line and tries to discredit such sightings. These beings have for so long been reaching out the hand of help to this planet, and for so long church and state have been slapping that hand of help and trying to withhold the truth from the world, trying to

withhold the freedom, connection, spirituality that will come with such a connection with these beings. We have nothing to fear from these beings, all that they project is complete unconditional love. I have spent my life being raised, loved, and protected by these beings. There is nothing to fear from them. Maybe we fear them because they do not look like we do, but since when has appearance been a reason to judge or fear someone. Or maybe we fear them because we fear having to look at just what this race, the human race has done. When I look at these beings I see something so very beautiful that words can describe the love and peace that radiates from them.

When I look at what this race has become I have to be honest and state that the human race on this small planet scares the hell out of me. As a race we have been deeply manipulated by church and state which has left us so deeply disconnected from our roots and our true spirituality. We are wandering aimlessly down a path that leads us nowhere, but to the depths of manipulation and restriction, to grow we need to throw off the shackles and reach out; we need to accept their help.

What we have become scares the hell out of me. There are over seven million children involved in the sex industry worldwide, and these figures only accounts for child prostitutes involved in prostitution and porn. It does not include the children that are caught in paedophile rings, and it surely does not include those who are being molested in their homes, in the homes of family friends, in the churches, in the places we are taught as children that should be safe to children.

I often sit and wonder why people can get so vocal towards homosexuals, how they can march in the cities of the world against war, how they can march and strike for higher wages, but why the vast populace of this world remains so deadly quite to this most heinous of crimes against the most pure and innocent of our race, our children.

I could never imagine in my worst nightmares what it would be like to of had to of lived through such evil acts that so many millions of children experience each day. I can not imagine what it would be like to live through the quality of life that the vast population of children on this planet live, because let's be brutally honest, very few children around the world live in conditions that we in the first world nations live within, and even within first world nations there are so many children living below poverty standards.

I am ashamed and disgusted of the society that we have become of a society. There is a darkness to this world that as a child I never knew existed. A darkness that as an adult because I had lived a reclusive, protected, sheltered life never knew existed. Sometimes I wish I was still the ignorant person I was as a child to the problems that this race faces because then maybe I would have more faith within this race than I currently hold. But now that I do know, I will never fall silent on these topics, I will always scream at the top of my voice about what this world faces, I will always force open the eyes of those who do not want to see what is happening and make them see what is happening until they stand up beside me and march against these heinous crimes against children and against humanity.

It pains me greatly that some countries spend billions of dollars each year on sending a

select few people into space, that they will spend billions of dollars developing and maintaining weapons of mass destruction, and yet while so many are starving, while so many are dying, while so many of our dear children are being raped physically and mentally every minute of every day we are not fighting for these people. As a race we have no right to leave this planet while so many of our people are dying. We have no right to aim for the stars when so many of our children are being brutally raped, physically beaten within an inch of their lives, and emotionally, spiritually beaten into the depths of darkness. We have no right to leave this planet until we can judge ourselves as a race of peace, not one of violence and hatred.

Until we can stand together as one, until we can celebrate all that we are, our differences, our similarity, our spirit, until that day comes we have no right to leave this planet. Until the day comes where all are considered equal, where no nation considers themselves to be better or above another, until the day comes where we take care of those who need our help, our love, our time, then we have no right to leave this planet, and we won't be allowed to leave this planet in the current form that this race exists within.

When I look around the world and I see what our society our race has become, I am scared because what we have become scares the life out of me. Sometimes I do not know how this race can be saved, but other times I see such pure love and innocence that I realise that we must not give up on trying to save this race.

We cannot sit back and expect those that we elect to office to have our best interests in their hearts and minds because sadly we have become a society where people elected to office are more concerned with lining their pockets from the special interest groups, from the corporations. We must stand up and make our voices heard, stand up and take back our societies, move away from the path these politicians and corporations are taking us down, and move back towards a path of light, spirituality, peace, and harmony. Too many people sit back and ignore the problems that face this world until those problems affect their personal lives. We can no longer sit back and leave the problems that face our society to the few that care enough to try to make a change; we must all stand together as one and demand these changes.

I have come a long way in my life from the scared little boy that I used to be. I have come a long way in my life, but I have a long way to go. So here I sit. I have come a long way over the past few years. I am still very much a loner. But when I look at who I am, who I have become I can honestly say that I have found myself and that although it has been a struggle, although there have been times when I just wanted to give up, I have become a person that I can look at with pride.

In my teenage years my life was turned upside down by the rumours of someone who used to be a friend. The damage that person did to my life, to my spirit was immense. But when I look back at the past few years, at the struggle and at all the tears I can only look at the person who started those rumours with forgiveness and love. It was only because of these events that took place in my teenage years that have put me in a position that brought the people that I now hold dear in my life. And it was only because of this person that I have ended up on a very healthy spiritual path that has brought me back to who and what I am,

and brought me back on the path that I am meant to be on.

One of the hardest things that I believe we face in our lives is to explore outside of our realities. As a society we have created these boxes to live within. Society, religion, government have told us what should be inside our boxes, what we should believe, they have created our reality, and often ridicule anything outside of that box. Often children are raised with the prejudice, the hate that their parents hold within them. We are a blank canvas when we come into this world yet we so quickly fill that canvas up when we shouldn't be, we should instead be leaving a large part of our canvas blank and exploring outside of our boundaries, exploring outside of our boxes.

I will most likely always be a loner because my life has always been about exploring outside of the box, exploring outside of what the vast majority of society accept and believe. I have no idea where this journey of my life is going to take me, but it is a journey that I must take, and it is a journey that I know I will walk the path surrounded by the love of family, friends, spirit, and alien. It is a journey that when it is over I know that I can go home with pride in my spirit that I did all that I could do.

This is my life, it is who I am, who I have become. Often people search outside of themselves for the answers to questions that they hold dear, but I believe that we all hold the answers to the questions that we seek, that these answers lay within us, and that to learn is to find a teacher that does not teach you, but to find a person who will help you to remember the answers to the questions that you seek. To do this will help you to discover the questions to the answers that you all ready know.

I hope that in looking through the looking glass into my life you have been able to walk away with some answers to questions that you have had, and that you have been able to walk away with questions. But most of all I hope that you have been able to stretch your box, your reality just that little bit more, and that you can look outside of your box and not only celebrate who you are, but celebrate all of those around you for who they are.

I thank you for allowing me to share part of my life, and for taking a journey into my reality.

If you would like to contact me you can do so on myspace at <http://www.myspace.com/alienwithin> or through e-mail at [alien.within@xtra.co.nz](mailto:alien.within@xtra.co.nz)

If you would like to make a donation for the work that has gone into this book, you can do so through paypal.com to the above email address.