

The background is a deep blue and purple gradient, speckled with numerous small white stars. At the bottom, a dark, curved horizon line suggests the edge of a planet or moon. The text is centered and rendered in a clean, white, sans-serif font.

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20 and back



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# Michael Relfe

*This account is compiled from The Mars Records, Books One and Two, by Stephanie Relfe—the transcripts of the sessions in which her husband Michael recovers his memories.*

## 1.

It starts before Michael Relfe is born. His father serves in the United States Air Force, stationed in Las Vegas, and while he is there something is done to him—modifications he never knows about. Michael is the result of what they did. He arrives two months premature.

He grows up in south Florida. His mother is sweet and loving. His father, an air traffic controller now, drinks, and when he drinks he beats the boy. It leaves a vacuum where a father should be, and the people who are watching Michael know exactly what can be poured into a vacuum like that.

He is eight years old the night he wakes to find his parents gone from the house. He walks out through the sliding glass door and crosses the street. The people of the neighborhood are standing outside, looking up. His mother is there. Something is coming over the top of the houses—a rocket ship, tall and lit like a lighthouse. Nobody is surprised. It is the Air Force, doing some kind of test. Three or four light grey beings stand close by with equipment, and they do not frighten him. A damping field hangs over everything like a curtain. This is when they start doing things to him—changes, enhancements to a talent he already carries in his genes—and when it is over there is something at the back of his skull, a homing device the government can read from a satellite. In the morning nobody remembers anything. Whenever he asks his parents about it in the years that follow, they tell him he must have been dreaming.

At twelve they take him again, because they have to get to him before he hits puberty. Six Greys work on him alongside three military men and a woman, while two reptilian soldiers stand guard. They do something to boost his future abilities, and they put him back.

At seventeen he applies for an Air Force scholarship and spends a night at Homestead Air Force Base, outside Miami. The day is medical, physical, and psychological exams. The real testing happens after he goes to sleep. He is drugged, heavy, barely able to stand. A small red dot appears in the dark in front of his eyes, almost infrared, the size of his little finger, and he is made to concentrate on it. It is a probe—his own mind probing out. There is something like a curtain, and he tries to push through it and can't. Among the people testing him are tall insect beings, like praying mantises. There is no harm in them, no animosity; from their frame, they are just doing their job. Then the commands go in: *You won't remember this. You're dreaming. Aliens are not real. It's all science fiction.* He wakes, finishes up, and goes home. He does not get the scholarship. He has been pre-qualified for something else.

At eighteen he has his tonsils out in Hollywood, Florida. The doctor is a Navy flight surgeon. While Michael is under, a tiny crystal goes into the back of his neck through a needle. It works like a governor. It can produce any emotion, including artificial happiness, and it suppresses or enhances his natural abilities whenever they need. With the governor on, he runs at one unit of power. Without it, he has ten thousand. It also pushes him, gently and for years, toward the military.

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He does three years of college. Then, at twenty-one, he signs a six-year enlistment for the Navy's nuclear power program, missing a single question on the entrance test. He is gung-ho, dedicated, unquestioning. The government and its discipline and order take the place of the father he never had. The people running him have a name for this. They call it special patriotism.

One morning in March 1976 his mother drives him before dawn to meet the recruiter, who takes him down to the Armed Forces Enlisted Station in Miami to be sworn in. Right before lunch he is taken to another part of the building, where the people are not Navy. They are NSA. They give him something to drink, like orange juice, and hook him to a machine that monitors his brain waves while he looks at pictures of deep space. They give him a drug—the

same one he will be given later, before the tunnel—to see whether he can take it. They test him for hypnotic suggestibility, and his score is one of the highest of the day. Then a doctor with dark hair hypnotizes him and returns him to the general population. All he remembers afterward is being vaccinated. The NSA are the big-picture guys. They take people from anyone they want. The military are piss-ant compared to them.

In April, at boot camp, he spends a week in the hospital. A man assures him it's a simple operation. One implant, three millimeters across, goes up through his left nostril into the sinus. Then they turn him over, his face through a hole in the table, and cut one or two smaller ones into his neck. They wheel him into recovery to see if he is going to live. Someone says, "Mr. Relfe, you'll be fine." He wakes in his bunk with a neck so stiff he can barely move and the symptoms of measles, and that is what he remembers: a day in bed with the measles.

They make you think it's all chance. In reality, it's all planned ahead.

## 2.

He finishes basic electronics school at Great Lakes, Illinois. There is supposedly no room for him yet at Nuclear Power School, so he is assigned as an instructor assistant and told to wait.

He is asleep in the barracks when someone wakes him past midnight and tells him to follow. Still sleepy, he goes down the hall. An officer is waiting with a handful of other sailors. He tells them about a program—very hush-hush, many levels above top secret. Special training, special duties, vital to national security. Fast promotion. Extra pay. He asks for volunteers.

All of them say yes. No one is given the chance to go back to his room. The fact of having been chosen overshadows everything. It's like a James Bond movie.

They are led down the hall to what looks like a broom closet. Behind it are steps going down. Underneath the Great Lakes base there is an entire underground area. They are sworn in to a different kind of military, a new organization: the M.D.F., the Mars Defense Force. Somewhere in the processing Michael signs an agreement, six hundred words long, with a joint project of the military and the Greys. He agrees to let them put implants in him, to track him, to keep him under surveillance and monitor his health, to go where they wish, to let them take biological samples, to let them teach him and store information inside him. In return they will keep him healthy, and they will take him off the Earth when the earth changes come.

He is issued clothing that is all synthetic, because natural fibers clog the air filters where he is going. Only at the end, just before the shot, do they tell him where that is.

The shot comes from a gun, not a needle. It is scopolamine. It stops you from going crazy in the tunnel. Sometimes people don't survive the tunnel.

They line up on a platform in front of the tube. The order is to walk in fifteen feet apart, ignore anything you see or hear, and just keep walking. It is cool inside, and there is a weird throbbing. He takes about two hundred steps toward the light at the end, and when he comes out people catch him and hold him up, because it's very disorienting. They greet him, give him a couch to lie on, and he sleeps.

It is a jump gate, a tunnel through hyperspace, the technology that came out of the Philadelphia Experiment and Montauk—no longer an experiment, just everyday transport. And the tunnel does time as well as space.

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He wakes tired and hungry, and someone tells him he can have anything he wants. The mess hall is very nice, almost like a restaurant. He is introduced to the others in his group—fifteen of them. The real training starts in a week, he is told. Until then it's basically a vacation.

Mars Base is several large installations, above ground and below, and the main one is a city of two to three million people. There is a bank, with money that is only good here. There are bookstores, gyms, tennis courts, swimming pools—it's like being back on Earth. They spare no expense.

When the week is over they get an orientation about their jobs. It's called remote viewing, and they are here because of a talent they were born with. They weren't picked because they were smart. It's genetics—they were chosen back in grade school, from blood tests. The whole thing with the Navy was a setup. There will be a series of tests, the doctors say, and some people won't make it. It's nothing to be ashamed of. They'll be reassigned.

Nobody mentions the drugs.

They stand lined up in lightweight blue jumpsuits, like the ones on a submarine, barefoot on a cold floor. They never tell you what's coming. First the scopolamine, so that you have no will of your own and can't go violent. Then the brain drug, the one that opens up the psychic channels for good. You have to have the talent first, or it has nothing to work with. Michael lies under

it for three hours with electrodes on his head and neck, a pressure in the middle of his forehead, his body not tired at all and unable to move. He is not allowed to sleep. It is boring. When it lifts, everything is clear, and he has a sense of well-being. It happens once a day for eight days, and between sessions they sit around watching TV and eating. The scopolamine is what keeps the other drug from harming him. It works for him. Other people fry.

Three of the fifteen die.

Two weeks in, he is strapped into a chair in a darkened room with wires on his head, in front of a curved movie screen. He sees nothing on it but a blur. The images are flashing too fast to see, and the information is going in anyway—procedures, history, loyalty, aliens, technology. Under it run the commands. *Keep everything secret. Tell no one. You're special. Fight the enemy. Loyalty and honor.* Each session runs three hours, and when he comes down his head feels like it is going to explode. Over twenty years he will sit through more than fifty of these.

Then he is brought, standing, into a room full of Greys. There are about fifteen of them. They walk around him, looking him over. They are the doctors and technicians here, neutral toward their subjects, always doing something to someone. They put a band on his head and cut in between his eyes. He is partly conscious for it. They install control circuitry. They install a circuit breaker, so that if someone attacks him while he is using his abilities, it kicks in and stops him being fried. And they install the interface, the connection between his third eye and the machines. A voice keeps telling him to concentrate on the red dot while they watch their monitors to see whether it fits. It hurts. He is still alive at the end, so he didn't reject it. He passes the test. He hates it when they do that.

A couple of days later he sits down at the machine for the first time. He pulls the cradle toward him, leans his forehead into it, closes his eyes, and makes contact. It's like logging into a computer system. It verifies who he is—if he weren't the right person, it would kill him immediately. Then a whole virtual world opens in his mind, balls of energy and clouds that he has to move around with thought alone. No hands, no eyes. Normal thoughts are too fuzzy; he has to train them. Sessions can't run longer than two hours, because the machine uses up so much life energy. He is ordered to eat a lot before and after, to drink the high-energy drink—he likes the fruit punch, not the orange—and to swim and work out, because physical exercise builds the life energy back up. Afterward he naps, plays basketball, has dinner, does his homework, sleeps. It is laid-back and fun. Everyone's equal, even though that's not true. They

are told it's strictly training. Later they find out that their missions are being decided by the results.

Thirty days in, the class files into a lecture in coveralls, carrying notebooks, expecting a regular day, and is told, *We're doing something different today*. This time the chairs are like dentist's chairs, and what goes in is mathematics, planets, the capabilities of their own spacecraft and the enemy's, weapons, velocities, tactics. They'll all be glad when they can get out in the field.

### 3.

He is no longer in the Navy. His outfit is called Tech-Psi, and he is a sergeant—a manager, but not a high one. He rides a tram to work. He sits at his station in the control center with his hands on a plate and headgear on, a screen in front of him. The work is tactical remote viewing. It runs from recon—data gathering, covert spying, listening, finding out what's wrong inside a piece of enemy equipment and quietly sabotaging it. It's no big deal. You don't move a thing; you affect the energy affecting it. From recon the work runs up through defense, and he moves up fast.

He defends the grid. At first he is assigned one area at a time, and the biggest is the base city itself. Priority goes to key personnel. The highest priority of all is the jump gates. Mars is where the gates to other star systems are kept, because there is too much interference on Earth, and every moment of their use is logged and guarded really tight. The gate Michael guards goes to the Pleiades. The enemy has people doing this stuff too, reptilians among them. Static shields never change, so operators like him probe them constantly for penetration, and when something gets through he can trace it back through space-time to its source. He is never alone on duty; backup operators and supervisors can join him instantly. Some shifts he is hooked into weapons systems, or assigned to watch over attack craft out on patrol.

One shift he is scanning space when a single ship comes in. It looks okay, but something is not right about it, so he goes inside. The crew look like normal people, but they're not. He scans the captain: fuzzy, not a person. He has already given the alarm and others are behind him, but protocol says he is still in charge, and he is trigger-happy.

He is very good against shields. He reaches out and lightly samples one, like tasting it, then moves his field forward and sideways in all three dimensions at once. He operates at a higher harmonic, merges with it, and it never knows

he's there. The traps the enemy sets to catch people traveling out of body don't stop him. They don't have shields for what he can do.

That is why he is moved to offensive work. Most remote viewers never come close. What passes for remote viewing back on Earth covers about the first three or four days of training at Mars Base, and most of those people would never survive the drugs. Offensive work takes raw horsepower, and it takes something else: you have to be a cold son of a bitch. He has both. He also has extra strands of DNA—twenty-four of them.

His first termination comes without warning. It is presented as a training exercise, and at the last moment they are told it's for real. He is given a number, not a name. If they don't give you a name, it can't be personal. He is given a DNA sample, which he can read on the machine and wrap up like an envelope, and a general area: Los Angeles. He swoops down on it like a bird, matches the DNA, and locks on. He reports that the target is located and requests further orders. The order is upgraded to terminate. He requests clarification, as per standard operating procedure. The order is to terminate. He requests final clarification. The order is to terminate.

He locks his focus on the target and builds up the energy. It comes from below and moves up his spine. He puts it out in one large blast. Each operator chooses his own point of attack. Michael usually chooses the heart, for a heart attack, or the third eye, for a stroke. This one is a Navy captain who has been spying for the Chinese. Michael has no thoughts and no feelings about it. If anything, he is pleased—not everybody can do this, even with the machine. He is a little pissed off that they threw it at him without warning.

The slang for the job is a fly swatter. A week later he signs in, does a couple of warm-ups—things to find, targets to locate—and the third item on the list is a fly swatter: a DNA scientist at a university in Chicago, spying for Israel. Brain blast, 8 p.m. Chicago time. He logs it. There is a spy under Dallas and a software man in Houston, both working for Faction Two, the people opposed to the New World Order. Michael's side is Faction One. There is an executive inside his own organization who is selling out. There is a young military remote viewer in Kentucky who found out things he wasn't supposed to know about Mars Base, and a CIA photo analyst at Langley who saw an installation on Mars during the few moments a shield failed. There are reptilians masquerading as humans—a remote viewer spying on the base for his own race, a high-ranking one disguised as a lieutenant in the Pentagon. That one was fun. There is a seventy-four-year-old reptilian scientist on one of their satellites, studying how remote viewing works in humans so they can stop it; Michael

slips through the installation's shield, waits an hour for him to be distracted, and blasts him. One target is a well-known person on Earth. A stroke.

One of them he will be sorry about. A reptilian scientist, deep underground beneath New York, heavily shielded. Michael watches him for three hours and sees no opening. His shift ends. He sleeps, comes back, watches three hours more. Then a gap shows in the shielding, right behind the head, and he hits it quickly with what he has. It paralyzes a lot of the target's systems. Before he can recover, Michael builds a big thrust and blasts again. The target was a good guy. He was for freedom, and against all the stuff going on in the different programs. Killing him hurt the cause of freedom.

And once, on what starts as a watch-and-recon, he senses that the man in the green uniform is not what he seems. The order is upgraded. It is one of his first, and he does it crudely, not wanting to, and blasts him. The thing was never alive, only animated: an organic robot, a shell with an artificial intelligence inside. A synthetic. It gets shut off.

They work you a lot, to keep you dull, so that when they give you something like this you have no emotional attachment. It gets to be like a game. There are days he is angry and thinks, *I'll fry your ass*. He thinks he is hot shit. He almost doesn't need the machine. By the end of his tour the count is seventy—humans, aliens, and synthetics.

Things have been put in him to keep him this way. A doctor on Mars gives him the commands while he is under the drugs. *You can't trust anyone. You have no friends. You don't need anyone.* They want him to love no one but them. His mind is cordoned off into four compartments, sealed from each other with passwords—the same person, running different software. Michael No. 1 is the everyday man. Michael No. 2 holds the remote viewing, the telepathy, the remote influence, and the terminations. No. 3 holds flying, fighting, medicine, teleportation, time travel.

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Living on Mars is, all the same, the most positive memory he has. The food is good—he eats vegetarian. He goes out to the desert, and to the old ruins. Visiting politicians and VIPs come through the gate for a few weeks at a time, and they are strictly off limits, because the permanent staff must never touch anything connected to the Earth timeline they will one day be sent back to.

Everyone on the base is married. Michael's wife is named June. She has dark hair.

They take a vacation in the hills, a hiking trip. They don't bring ropes. June really wants to go; she wants to impress him. On a slope of loose gravel her foot slips. She slides face down, hits the bottom, flips over, and strikes her head. It is a quick death. He has a communication device and he calls for help, but it's too late. He blames himself. He didn't protect her.

#### 4.

Remote viewing is a very stressful procedure, and duty rotation is required. Offered a choice of other training, Michael chooses flight. He becomes the pilot of a single-seat planetary attack craft, his telepathic talent wired into this job too.

He is on deep-space recon at the edge of the perimeter when he comes up, real fast, on some bad guys. It's a task force, and there is a big one at the back. His orders are to report the intruder's position and return. He doesn't. He is excited, gung-ho, bored for action, and he is a smart-ass. He goes after the big one, gets as close as he can, and launches his weapons. He does some damage. He takes another pass, and then a third.

The ship fires a missile. It doesn't explode. It penetrates the cockpit and goes through him. He is slammed back into his seat at twelve Gs. The front of his ship is crunched and it springs away, tumbling. There is shrapnel in his knee and his neck, his left arm is busted, something is projecting from the right side of his chest, and he is bleeding to death, still strapped into the chair. The beacon is going off. His suit is a very advanced automatic survival suit. It seals the wounds and pumps him full of drugs, and puts him into suspension.

He drifts for a week before he is retrieved. They put him back together in two operations. It was his own fault, and they promote him anyway, to Captain. He never finished his degree, and he made officer after all.

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After twenty years he is called in for debriefing. They don't let you stay too long, because the memories become too hard to erase. They read his aura. They read his DNA. They make copies of his memories. He signs papers.

They strap him face down on a bed, his neck exposed, cold and numb, and put in the crystal that blocks his abilities. Some people don't survive the crystal. A doctor lays in the booby traps, ten of them, each with its own commands to protect it. *Your heart will stop if you remember. You will have a stroke if you remember. You'll go insane if you remember.* His sex drive is turned down, his testosterone held down to five percent. *Conserve your semen.*

Then he goes into a machine like a CAT scanner and lies there for two weeks, semi-conscious, while his body is age regressed by twenty years. They have to be careful not to make you young too fast. You can lose your personality. It is pure boredom. The crystal blocks the abilities, and the regression blocks the memories. They don't take the memories away, because they may need him again. They are waiting for something big to happen, and they like to keep on hold the people who made it through.

He walks back through the tunnel. They call it a timeshot. He comes out at Great Lakes in 1976, about a week after he left, the same age he was when he first stepped in, and wakes in the base hospital feeling twenty-two again. They tell him he has been ill.

For the next twenty years there are two instances of him, a sailor on Earth and a soldier on Mars, completely isolated from one another. It is not a parallel universe. He served six years relative and twenty-six years absolute.

## 5.

Over the missing time lies a memory of being an instructor assistant for six months with nothing to do. It is flat, like a cartoon. He can remember going to McDonald's but no day-to-day detail. He never questions it, because the next thing is Nuclear Power School in Orlando, twelve hours of study a day, no time to think about anything that came before. Then the reactor prototype in Idaho, more electronics school in Memphis, the naval air stations at Jacksonville and Pensacola, and finally an aircraft carrier.

About two years in he becomes a Christian, without much to show for it. He is cold, hard, and arrogant. On the carrier, in the middle of a family crisis, he asks for help through the chain of command and meets indifference and scorn. In a confrontation with a superior officer he loses his temper and does something with his mind. He reaches into the man's chest and squeezes his heart. He stops himself, knowing he could have killed him on the spot. A few months later the officer retires from the Navy with heart problems.

He is honorably discharged in 1982 and becomes a software engineer, logical, narrow, a loner. When people ask about his military service, he has a standing joke: "...and I deny working on the Mars Colony." It always gets a laugh.

In Tulsa in 1983 he sends away for a cassette by a Baptist preacher named Win Worley, a recording of a mass deliverance. Alone in his room he prays along, and when the preacher starts calling out demons by name and ordering them to leave, things start leaving him. He burps, he coughs, he cries, he dry-heaves, for an hour. Afterward he feels very different. It is the first freedom he has had.

He is still in the system, though. In Kansas City in 1988 he lies face down on a table for five hours while an older doctor with grey hair puts an implant in his neck. The doctor looks human, because of an electronic field around his body, one good enough to fool video cameras. In real life he is six foot seven and reptilian. He has contempt for humans. They are easy to fool, and they are a valuable resource. He must make sure the operation is a success, or he will be punished.

The same year Michael checks into Buffalo Bill's, a casino on the Nevada state line. He has a great fondness for the place, though he neither drinks nor gambles. In his room the phone rings, and when he picks it up something happens. Then there is a knock at the door. It is a man he knows, his controller, a military man who has been in the program since 1947 and has handled a lot of people. It's a job. It's necessary. It's boring sometimes. He drives Michael to the prison out the back, where everyone is pretty friendly. A voice says, "You won't feel a thing." A cap presses on his forehead for two hours, and a locator goes in.

Some nights at home the phone rings, and Michael gets out of bed and walks the length of the hallway to answer it, and afterward can never remember who he spoke to. He is reporting in.

In 1995 he moves to Australia. At a conference in Sydney he meets Stephanie, a kinesiologist trained in a technique called clearing. She thinks he might be the man for her, except for something she sees behind his eyes—an unusually large amount of suppressed rage.

On December 26, 1996, she sits him down with the two cans of a biofeedback meter in his hands. There is no hypnosis. He is fully conscious while she watches the needle and sends him through a memory, again and again, until the charge comes off it. He wants to know about the rocket ship he saw when he was eight. The needle starts to fall when he mentions the Navy. She takes

him through his postings one at a time—boot camp, Orlando, Idaho, Memphis—asking at each whether he was involved in something else. Nothing reads until she gets to Great Lakes, instructor assistant. His whole body starts to chill and shake.

She asks him where he was at that time. He doesn't want to say it. The answer is too incredible. She asks again.

"Mars."

Two days later she asks whether he killed anyone there, and he cries, which he never does.

## 6.

The work takes years. The memories come out of order, in fragments, behind walls of *I don't know* and *there's nothing there*—phrases that were put in him, which he has to repeat aloud until they give way. Stephanie finds the commands lodged in his brain, always in sets of ten, and removes them once she has the exact wording. After each session he feels as though things have been torn out of his head, and something lifts. The rage drains away. People who used to feel threatened by him start to warm to him.

They assume it is all in the past. It isn't. One night early in January 1997 three beings who look like Greys, but are from the Pleiades, take him from his bedroom to a ship, take a blood sample that leaves a triangular bruise on his arm, and receive his report. The Navy is in charge. Some part of him is still on duty—he defends a ship called the *Orca* and monitors alien bases in Utah and Arizona. Two weeks later, after the session in which he relives the crash of his attack craft, a scar appears down his left forearm—a foot long, perfectly straight, surgical, hairless, raised to the touch. By the next morning it is gone.

In July, reptilians at Pine Gap, the American base in the middle of Australia, put a hook into his heart while he sleeps, to siphon his energy slowly enough that he won't notice. They barter it to a demonic power. What they are after is his metagene.

In August 1997 he and Stephanie marry and move to the United States. He insists they spend part of the honeymoon at Buffalo Bill's.

On the night of October 3, 1998, in Indianapolis, he kisses Stephanie good-night and goes to sleep. A woman with short, straight dark hair wakes him. A portal stands open in the bedroom wall, and he walks through it with her, naked and barefoot, without question, because it seems like the natural thing to do. On the other side is something like the reception area of a hospital, very

cold. He is assured that his wife is fine and that it's only a check-up. They lay him on a hospital bed on wheels in a hallway where everything is dark blue, the gowns, the sheets. They push a long thin tool up his nostril to place a marker, and he tastes blood. They lay cold metal on his heart. They cut into his groin, then close him up with no stitches. It's like on Star Trek: they use a bright light and the flesh goes together. The staff are human, except for one. It is old, like a grandfather, a dark powerful energy the others take orders from, interested in him the way a scientist is interested. "Good night, Michael," someone says.

In the morning he steps out of the shower and sees two healed scars, one on each side of his groin where the thigh meets the scrotum, with a purple triangular mark at the top of the right one. He has never had an operation there. For Michael, this is what settles it. He is not imagining these scars.

It is a jump gate, opened by the people who own him, and it comes every month. A friend who works on the energy body finds that pieces of his soul have been removed and stored in a vast hangar, in bell jars stretching as far as the eye can see in every direction. She also finds an energy clone, built from half of his etheric body, that can be fitted into him to run him like a robot. There are six others beside it, and one empty unit. His squad was eight, and one has died.

He realizes he has never officially left. So he resigns. He says it out loud, in the name of Jesus Christ: he resigns from the Mars Defense Force, from anything to do with the military, and leaves that game.

They keep coming. In Dallas, on July 9, 1999, a man stands in the doorway in the wall and says, "Come with me. Michael No. 2, identification—" followed by a thing, a color, and a number. That is how it works. The visit is for the compartment, not for him, and Michael No. 1 goes back to sleep knowing nothing. On the other side one of them calls him Mr. Relfe. When he asks a question, the answer is, "Yes, Captain." For the first time he is asking what is going on, and they wave it away—it's no big deal, you're just here for a check-up. A controller implant in the roof of his mouth has been damaged by his dentist's drill, and with a pen-like tool that sees through tissue they swap it for a new model. "Nothing but the best for our boy," someone says, possibly being a smart-ass. The hospital is at Homestead Air Force Base. It is the place he slept one night when he was seventeen.

That autumn they operate on his forehead and keep him four days in machines that speed the healing, feeding him cherry jelly. Then they timeshot him back through the same portal to the night he left.

In November 1999, two weeks after they book flights back to Australia, he is driving a rented moving truck through Louisiana with Stephanie in the car behind. A state police car with dark windows follows close behind them for fifteen minutes. As it finally speeds past, Michael feels the brake pedal go to the floor, and a thought arrives in his head: *that would be an easy way to get rid of me*. At that moment a front tire explodes. He gets the truck stopped. The repairman says he has never seen anything like it. After that, Michael and Stephanie decide to publish their records under their real names. It is the people who hide behind false names who get killed.

## 7.

It takes them a while to find him in Australia. Then telepathic contact wakes him and tells him to prepare to walk through the portal. It opens at the foot of the bed, and he crawls to it. On the other side the people are different. They tell him he is in their region now, and that they will be handling his case. A bald man in a white lab coat, more magician than doctor, tells him, "You're starting to remember too much. We'll take care of that." He has Michael close his eyes and calls something up, a being six thousand years old that spins a web over Michael's head to block his memory. Its purpose is to steal, kill, and destroy. Then come the commands, given under lights that blink back and forth: *Don't do clearing. The meter is off limits. Don't believe Stephanie*. They reopen the cuts in his groin, close them again, hand him a glass of orange juice for his stomach, and tell him they'll see him next month.

When Michael finds the web-spinner, he understands it is not a demon but one of a species they have enslaved. It would like to leave, but it would be punished so badly that it doesn't dare. He prays it home. He prays, too, for the young military telepath at Pine Gap who has been assigned to watch him and needs a machine to do it, until the kid gets frustrated.

When they go looking for the old agreement with the Greys, it is still in force. Michael No. 1 ends it, and so does No. 4. No. 2 and No. 3 do not want to.

*The Mars Records* goes onto the internet, free, on April 2, 2000. The reprisals begin. Two boxes labeled "Michael's files" vanish from their house. Stephanie wakes with a hard lump in her breast the size of a duck egg. It is radionics, a death signal, and it shrinks by half when Michael prays against it by name.

On the Fourth of July—their idea of a joke—a soldier in black camouflage steps out of the portal holding a little box. "Come on, Mr. Relfe." The box doesn't need a password. It beams the electromagnetic signature of scopo-

lamine straight into his implant. This time the place on the other side is darker and more military. It is underground at Pine Gap. He has been brought here because he's a hard case. Other men and women are being led down the hall, each with a guard of their own. There are five portal areas here, and different programs. Michael says he doesn't want to be here. He struggles with the guard and throws a kick at him, and a wheeled metal table gets in the way. The guard presses the button again, and Michael does what he is told. In the morning a quarter-inch chunk is missing from the middle of his big toenail.

That night he learns what it is all for. They are harvesting cells from his testicles to create other people, all of them metapsychic, to populate another planet on the far side of a permanent jump gate. The children are raised in command families. All they are told about Earth is that it is polluted and that they are special. There has to be a planet and a population in case this one is lost. They won't make the same mistake twice. It is just a continuation of the Mars program. Michael puts it his own way: he is a lab rat and a stud bull, on the best health insurance on the planet. When he sends off a saliva test that summer, the lab assumes the sample is damaged: his testosterone is lower than a ninety-year-old man's. Stephanie finds the commands holding it at five percent and removes them, and a year and a half later it tests like that of a man in his twenties. They have been conserving him, and keeping him young.

They escalate. They put goggles over his eyes with flashing colored lights to drive the commands in—*Forget about this facility. You made this up. We're not here*—and follow them with an alien drug to make sure the commands stick this time. It doesn't work. They back him into a new machine, molded to his body, that hooks into his neck and puts drugs and data directly into his etheric body. "That'll hold you for a while," the doctor says. A reptilian scientist, working unseen through the human doctor, leaves his own commands there. *You are ours. We own you. Serve us. We are your master.* When a Pine Gap operator jams one of the sessions, Michael sends the attack back a million times as strong, and sees the man rip off his headphones and say, "Oh, shit." Stephanie talks him down, first to hitting back at eight-tenths strength, then to praying for them instead. After that, life gets better.

In August they pull fluid from the organ between his eyes. It is another harvest, something to do with his ability. It's an assembly line. Somebody says, "I've got another one." At the end of the month it isn't the Navy's people at all but three reptilian doctors, who cut a sample from above his chest while he lies asleep on a slanted bed, then levitate him back down into his own. Stephanie is taken with him that night.

In September they press a plate against his breastbone that shoots energy into his thymus. It is an inoculation, and afterward they expose him to the disease itself to make sure it took. He runs a fever of 39°C (102°F) for five days. It is for whatever is coming. In October he is at his computer when sharp pains go through his chest. A remote viewer is doing to him exactly what he used to do to others. He survives it, and he knows it is not because of his abilities.

He has been praying hard for a way to make it stop. That night, October 15, 2000, it comes to him like finding something that was lost. The jump gate damages the space-time continuum, and the continuum can be healed. He can't imagine healing all of it, any more than healing everyone in the world. But it can be done locally. He asks God for legions of angels to seal off the house. Then he lifts his hands into the air as though he is laying them on space itself, and asks in Jesus' name that the space-time continuum inside this sealed house be changed so that the enemy's jump gate technology will not function in it.

The portal does not open that month, or the next. The Greys are mad about their quota.

It holds for six months. They move back to America, to a house in the woods. In April 2001 the Greys come in person, twice in two weeks, in a ship parked nearby, with a short-range transporter instead of a gate. Under an ultraviolet light the next morning, his scars glow fluorescent pink and purple from the sterilizing agent. The second time, they beam a device at the neighborhood that puts every house to sleep. Three Men in Black in suits, hats, and sunglasses—hybrids, born on Earth—stand off to the left while Greys and military men open his groin again. Stephanie, a week pregnant, wakes certain the embryo has been taken. Among the commands left in her are *There was no baby. Leave Michael. Aliens are our friends.*

And on that second trip, after recovery, the ship goes into orbit and docks with a mother ship, where he spends two days in lectures, high-speed movies, simulations, and exercises. They are about the enemy, a species from a long way away that the pilots call bugs, or chiggs, and that is planning to invade. He is only told what he needs to fight them. He is training as a pilot. At the end he says goodbye to his friends and takes the shuttle home, and is back in bed within the hour.

So he was right. They kept him on hold in case they needed him again.

He widens the prayer to cover transporters, teleportation, wormholes, walk-through-walls technology, and whatever comes next, and the taking stops again. He holds nothing against his country. He loves his country and his planet and would stand with them against any enemy. He believes his

planet has been invaded and some key command structures compromised. He apologizes for whatever harm he did while under their control. He doesn't think he deserves to get out—he volunteered—and it is only by mercy that he has come this far. He would still like to have it all explained to him one day, even if he could never tell anyone.

He has a message for the government. They still owe him back pay with interest, and a monthly retirement check at Captain's rank for more than twenty years of service. He expects it ASAP.

And he has one for anyone still in the military: never volunteer for anything.

#### FIRST PUBLIC

April 2, 2000 — The Mars Records, Book One, released free on the internet; Book Two followed on April 20, 2002

#### RETRIEVAL

biofeedback clearing

#### CLAIMED SERVICE

1976–1996, then returned to 1976

#### CLAIMED AFFILIATION

Mars Defense Force (M.D.F.), Tech-Psi — under cover of the US Navy

#### PRIMARY SOURCE

themarsrecords.com — the Relfes' own site, down as of September 2026 (archived copy

[web.archive.org/web/20251206060443/https://www.themarsrecords.com/wp](https://web.archive.org/web/20251206060443/https://www.themarsrecords.com/wp))

The Mars Records, Books One and Two (Internet Archive) [archive.org/details/the-mars-records](https://archive.org/details/the-mars-records) — the same PDFs the official site served

The Mars Records, Book One (PDF) [archive.org/download/the-mars-records/01%20The\\_Mars\\_Records.pdf](https://archive.org/download/the-mars-records/01%20The_Mars_Records.pdf) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20250725215347if\\_/https://www.themarsrecords.com/wp/download/3544/?tmstv=1753480404](https://web.archive.org/web/20250725215347if_/https://www.themarsrecords.com/wp/download/3544/?tmstv=1753480404))

The Mars Records, Book Two (PDF) [archive.org/download/the-mars-records/02%20The\\_Mars\\_Records\\_2.pdf](https://archive.org/download/the-mars-records/02%20The_Mars_Records_2.pdf) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20250725215347if\\_/https://www.themarsrecords.com/wp/download/3550/?tmstv=1753480404](https://web.archive.org/web/20250725215347if_/https://www.themarsrecords.com/wp/download/3550/?tmstv=1753480404))

#### THEMES

mars defense force, jump gate, remote viewing, biofeedback meter, clearing, implants, mind control commands, age regression, timeshot, greys, reptilians, prayer



# James Rink

*This account is compiled from Lone Wolf: Alpha Squad Copy Over, the book James Rink publishes in June 2012 about the years in which he goes looking for what was done to a friend and finds his own file. He died on November 30, 2025, at forty-five.*

## 1.

It starts in a laboratory. James Rink is Patient 320 of 720 in Project Surrogate, the program in which the covert government grows batches of test-tube embryos for the Super Soldier projects and implants them into the wombs of women in ordinary families, because a soldier raised under lock and key in an underground base comes out weak and sickly, and one with a family to care about fights better. His embryo is delayed so it can be mutated many times, over a span of seven years. For a while it is a fish. There is crocodile DNA in it, for strength, and fish DNA, for the senses, and DNA from Hitler's SS race. He is an underwater mutant, made for Project Seagate. None of this is in any family album. He does not learn it until he is thirty.

The childhood he chooses to remember begins in 1980 in Charlotte, North Carolina. His father is a conservative Christian fundamentalist who once worked for the Mellon family in Greenwich, Connecticut. His mother is moody in a way that is not bipolar: if you do everything the way she wants, she loves you. He is punished for playing with the dog too loudly, for asking her a question while she is on the phone. She buys him toys and tells him she loves him, then takes them away because he accidentally touched her. When he gets Mom mad, which is pretty much all the time, she sends his father into a frenzy, and his father beats him. He spends most of his childhood in a submissive,

dissociative state. His sister, five years older, runs away over and over. In his ten-year-old mind, running away would make him a bad person, so he stays.

He has no memories of being six, seven, or eight. He thinks everyone is like this.

What is in those years, as it comes back to him later in pieces from other people, is this. A snapshot of him at six, taken at a facility, not by his family, dated July 17, 1986, at the top of a file: *Area of attendance: Jacksons. Date of chair: 88.* A toddler sitting upright on the floor of a dark empty room with burgundy walls, strapped down with a belt. At eight, once a week, taken from his home to a facility with other children his age who are also being groomed, where electrodes are attached to his testicles and he is electroshocked in an S&M-styled ritual to associate pleasure with pain, so that killing will one day feel good and normal. At eight, a fourteen-year-old named David, hired by his parents as a babysitter and older playmate, who is into Satanism and molests him, and whom his father catches, and tells James to forget about it. At eight, his father comes home from work and finds him shaking in the bed, talking like a different person, and gets the Bible out and does an exorcism. At about ten, an underground holding cell with walls like a parking deck at night, where he and other naked boys are locked behind a chain link kennel and, he thinks, made to have sex, and afterward washed down with cold water from fire hoses.

What he remembers himself is smaller. When he is ten his mother becomes fascinated with the Greys and watches alien abduction videos, and he hides under his bed at night. He never consciously sees a Grey in his room. But he sees images of them in his mind, and they communicate with him on an emotional level, and they tell him that if he ever talks they will kill him on his twelfth birthday. He tells no one for twenty years.

From ten to twenty he has no friends at all. Nobody sits with him at lunch, so he stops eating lunch, and the not-eating becomes anorexia, and his growth is stunted; at twenty he is just under five foot one. At fourteen he decides that if no one is going to help him he will help himself, and confronts his father: *You're abusive and a bad person.* "You are the child and I am the parent." "Act like a real father and I will." His father lunges, pins him under the weight of his body until he blacks out, and he vaguely hears his sister in the doorway yelling, "Get off of him, he's seizing." For eighteen months the fights run two or three hours every evening, while his mother is out. He screams so that the neighbors will call the police. No one does. He scorches his vocal cords, and his voice never develops; until he is twenty-five, if he talks for more than five minutes his throat burns and what comes out is a twelve-year-old boy. He is

allowed two or three sets of clothes while his mother fills five closets, so he picks one outfit and wears it every day for months, sewing the holes, and no adult says anything. His only escape is Boy Scouts, where everyone wears a uniform. He makes Eagle Scout.

By the end of eighth grade he can barely go out in public. Every few months a military recruiter calls the house. They seem desperate. He goes to college instead.

## 2.

In August 2000, at twenty, away from home at last, he starts waking every hour with chills and air moving over him in bed and the sense of something in the room watching. Then sleep paralysis: a weird-looking black being with red eyes in his bedroom. Then, one early morning in September, an angel of light at the foot of the bed, three feet high, in white robes, with long brown hair, holding in his left hand a golden torch that burns blood and in his right the sign of the Trinity. Two weeks later, Jesus on the cross, head hanging, who gathers his strength and rolls his head up and looks at him.

He takes these as signs from God that he needs professional help, which he will later wish he had never sought. The psychiatrist diagnoses dissociative amnesia. There is also the pain in his genitals, which no doctor can explain: an erection burns for hours, and an orgasm brings needle-like pains that get worse all day until he sleeps it off. He tries twenty-six medications. Paxil puts him to sleep sixteen hours a day with terrible shakes. In 2003 he does fifteen sessions of biofeedback, and the practitioner tells him he is the only patient who has ever gotten no benefit at all, as if a wall were blocking his recovery. He sleeps in the walk-in closet of his apartment, because there he feels safe. His body turns on itself: allergies to everything he eats, candida, leaky gut, weight below a hundred and ten pounds. In 2003 he throws out the pills and gives himself an ultimatum. He will never again believe what an expert says unless he researches it himself.

## 3.

It is 2004. He is twenty-four, in college, spending hours a day in Yahoo chat rooms looking for answers about health and God. In a Christian Teens room he meets Nathan Wilder, fourteen, of Des Moines, Iowa. They both had traumatic

childhoods and deal with the pain by laughing. Months later Nate instant-messages him out of the blue: *I nearly got thrown in juvy*. Somebody made fun of his girlfriend, and Nate punched him, and the kid flew across the classroom and out a second-story window and broke his neck. Nate wants James to help him figure out why he is so strong and so violent.

Nate's biological father was an expert marksman in the military with a temper so bad he once almost killed Nate's mother, and he died of a heart attack from rage when Nate was seven. Nate is on lithium and Depakote. He blacks out, he cuts, he claims twenty-three suicide attempts. His IQ tests at 168, and he makes a D-plus average. He has a black belt, a hit speed measured at 650 pounds of force, and a bench press of three hundred, which he puts down to oversized adrenal glands. He has sex several times a day with various girlfriends. He sees angels and demons. He can levitate a pencil across a table. He reads James's aura, green and gold, from Iowa, without ever having met him.

James grew up Southern Baptist, where psychic means possessed. He sees a gentle soul lashing out. His screen name is Bearish, and Nate calls him Bear.

On Halloween 2004 Nate says there is aether in the air, and argues, in a voice that is not his goofball voice, that maybe God doesn't like us and made us for fun. Later that night he messages again, scared shitless: his lights are flickering and the air in his bedroom is freezing. The family got a great deal on the house. That January the previous owners' sixteen-year-old son murdered his social worker and the housesitter and shot himself in the head. Nate says there is a portal to Hell in the basement. Then he tells James about the party where he passed out drunk and Lucifer appeared to him, extremely ugly with a huge dick, who said he hates everyone because God can forgive them and not him. As Nate finishes the story a dog howls outside, a black cloud fills his room, and the air smells of sulfur. James has him say it: *In the name of Jesus, you have no control over me any longer*. The cloud goes into the computer and types onto James's screen: WHO THE FUCK IS THIS? He gives it his screen name. WHO THE FUCK IS BEARISH? "Leave him alone, you have no authority over him anymore." FUCK YOU. Then it leaves.

At the library the signs of demon possession, heart attacks, overactive adrenals, supernatural strength, levitation, unholy rage, sexual addiction, describe Nate and his father perfectly. James fasts two days and finds a pastor who does exorcisms over the internet. The pastor asks the name of the spirit in Nate's Book of Shadows. Nate types, "The wolf," and logs out. *That dude scares me*.

Something is seriously wrong, and demon possession does not cover it. James starts reading everything his religion forbids: psychic abilities, UFOs for the first time since the Greys frightened him at ten, the Illuminati. On davidicke.com he finds Andy Pero, programmed as a boy on an Army base in Munich with strobing lights and needles in his ears and genitals, who at seven saw his father murdered in front of him by a handler, whose Nazi handler at the University of Rochester accessed his “Z” alter with the trigger word *Rhino* and had him jump off a twenty-story building and land on his feet. And he reads how it is done: the child on the gurney, the goggles pulsing red and white, the needle under the fingernail, the electroshock that either splits a personality off from the core or kills the child. Alpha alters for general programming, Beta for sex, Delta for killing, Omega for suicide, which triggers when a Monarch breaks away.

On November 20, 2004, Nate announces he has joined Mensa. *What the hell is wrong with me? I’m a freak.* James, trying not to laugh, asks whether he is sure he isn’t a project of government gene manipulation. Was his father in the military? Yes, and his uncle and his brother. Was he ever taken to government bases as a child? Sometimes, for vaccinations and physicals; they had him run and monitored his heartbeat. *I could almost swear I’m being watched.* James tells him about Andy Pero: the bases, the torture, the father killed in front of the boy at seven.

*Oh my God... I just realized something.*

Nate logs off. Ten minutes later he is back and remembers none of it. *I never said that.* James repeats it all. Was his mother ever in Rochester? Born and raised there until he was five. James repeats it a third time, and Nate says, *What the fuck are you talking about? Who is this?*, and logs off again, and the person who comes back asks, “Who are you?”

“Stay away from Nate. He’s a very special project, so to say.” If everyone had free will, terror would run amok. Nate is serving others; he is serving us. “Nate has taken several wounds, which we have repaired. We need him for several more missions, and then we will dispose of him.” It might not be you we’ll hurt.

Then the voice changes. *I am another aware version of Nate. I am here to keep him from fucking up.* He was created in a moment, the moment a thirteen-year-old named Sean pushed Nate to the ground on a playground and held him down while the other kids whipped him with belts. Nate was seven. His name is Max. Nate doesn’t know he exists. Nate’s mind is a horrible place, dark and

shadowy, and the more distraught it is, the longer Max gets to live there. “I would like to not exist. I hate life and humans. The only thing I love is Nate.”

The next night Nate has no memory of any of it. “Who the fuck is Max?” Then he zones out for ten minutes, and Max is back: *James, do not mention me, not to Nate*. Nate is a new project. One of the agents used to control him is another personality, ZZ, violent and angry, created by the officers at the bases. The password is *Wolf. Alaskan Wolf*. Nate’s body is controlled by several buttons and computers; when he tried to leave, they shut it down. They can kill him. He doesn’t want to be deprogrammed. “A lone wolf is a dangerous wolf” Dante wants to fight, but Dante will kill. “Start calling me Dante, because that’s who you are talking to.” There are five: Dante, ZZ, Max, Mike, Jeremy.

Two days later James tries to deprogram him himself, with the Greenbaum speech as his guide, since no professional he can reach knows anything about MKULTRA. Is there any part inside that still has contact with the government? *My eyes*. Nate was put in a treatment facility for trying to scratch his eyes out. How many backup programs? *310,102,310*. The core was created when Nate was five minutes old, a quick procedure, electroshock, pulsing goggles. The 310 is a small explosive device at the motor and sensory cortex and both temporal lobes; the 102 blows out his hearing and telekinesis. The only way to destroy them is killing Nate. An alter that calls itself Memory says goodnight and, asked when Nate dies, answers 2025.

On the twenty-seventh Dante says Nate can’t sleep, so Dante takes over, because that is when he can do things. Missions. *Can’t tell you, we’d both die*. Nate sleeps thirty minutes a night. Then: “Sorry James, I think I better go. Someone is taking control. Bye.”

A week of silence. James tells his mother, who tells him to forget about Nate. He tells his roommate about the eye camera, and the roommate laughs. On December 5 Nate comes back. “I just met you.” He doesn’t even know his name; he found some papers that say Nate Wilder. He just appeared here, from a white place, completely barren, as if something was there once. Max surfaces for a moment: *Nate’s memories and alters are being deleted. I’m lucky they didn’t kill him*. By Christmas Nate is cold and distant. “I’m not in the U.S. anymore. I’m not on Earth anymore. I’m not alive anymore. They can’t stop me.” They made his mind too powerful. “They blew up my head.”

## 4.

Six days later James can't sleep. Something is trying to hack into his mind, and he can feel that it is a Grey. At five in the morning the words come: *Join us. Join us. Because you're special. We've been watching you, we need your help.* "Kiss my ass."

Then Nate is jubilant. *So, did you notice me? I was in your mind.* In the last week of December James, who normally has no sex drive, is suddenly so horny he goes to the mall to buy underwear. On New Year's Day Nate says he did some stuff with James's DNA. *You might be happy with the results and growth. And the pheromones.* Over the next couple of months James's penis grows nicely. James lists his fears: the dark, Grey aliens, needles, maybe his mom. He gets dizzy and falls out of his chair, and after that the OCD and the anxiety are much reduced. The ones who made Nate were Greys, and as soon as they killed him he burned their monetary supply and destroyed most of their race.

On January 11, 2005: *James, keep looking up. Keep watching the sky.* Is he sending a meteor? A smiley. Four days later a power surge fries James's new computer with no lightning anywhere. Late one night papers rustle in the kitchen downstairs, a cold breeze crosses his shoulder, and a voice says, *We need you, we want your assistance.* When he goes down he sees a green LED light moving in the dark. It switches off when it sees him, and he slams the door and runs.

On February 12 Nate comes online and says he has figured something out. *Your God does not exist. It's a universe of anarchy.* They killed him, twelve times, and his soul found a new body and a new place in time. "I am Nate's darkened soul. I am Godless, ruthless, and more powerful than your Satan." He destroyed all 3,400 planets that had to do with it. He is the leader of the genetically engineered soldiers who will turn on their captors; he is the Antichrist; he hears every prayer on the planet and needs to end them. For a moment he says he is Lucifer, and then: *I am not Lucifer. I am. I am the screaming voice in the back of your head, the scared child in your soul, the one you ignore because it tells you to do bad things.* He and James have fought every couple of centuries. James killed him with poison, as an assassin, when he was a king, and killed him as a bear when he was the wolf, and was cut at the neck for it, which is where James's birthmark is. James represents order and law; he represents freedom. *You are God, or maybe I should just stop at You Are.* He first discovered his powers the first time he jacked off, at nine: the house bent, and the grass outside melted. He thinks he might have been Hitler. Then he is gone.

James's dreams in these weeks: a twelve-year-old boy in a cell in an underground lab, and an officer with a needle saying "I don't want to do this," and the boy taking the gun, shooting him, running to a barricaded door, and, surrounded, when the head doctor says calmly, "Nate, put the gun down," yelling *Fuck you* and shooting himself in the head. James does numerology on the name Nate Wilder, base six, and gets 666.

Two days later he takes a two-hour nap in a sleeping bag and wakes dizzy and exhausted with three scratch marks on each shoulder and the inside of his ear red and hurting. On March 6, driving home from his sister's, his right ear itches, and dried blood flakes off, and in the mirror a chunk of flesh is missing from the lobe, a gash that should have needed stitches. A splinter-sized object is under the nail of his right pinky. There is no missing time. Based on the sloppy job, it is a MILAB. From now on it never stops: needle marks at first every two days, then twice a day, in the lips and the roof of the mouth, two-prong and three-prong, under the fingernails; triangular scabs in the nose and on the leg; laser burns; rod-shaped things under the skin. He wakes with the covers pulled off and his body in positions he could never fall asleep in. Once he wakes hearing someone say, "Turn around." Pages go missing from the journal in which he logs the marks; a pillow goes missing from under his head.

On March 13 Nate says, "Bear Bear, I'm bleeding." In a couple of minutes his matter will be wiped out of existence. They have sub-atomic energy keeping his matter inside a cell. Every atom will be disassembled and reassembled into something new that will not look human. *I'm not one for drama. Later.* And Nate disappears. In the weeks after, channeled material on the internet begins to say that Lucifer has judged himself and chosen to be no more.

On March 31 James wakes with the insides of his eyelids inflamed and a small incision in each corner, as if a device had held them open. Around the same time he dreams of an interrogation room in an underground base where officers demand, *Tell us what you know*, and he says I don't know anything, I don't know anything, until a tall Grey walks in and demands it telepathically. Some of what happens to him now is help: his speech comes back, the autoimmune problems ease, he has a growth spurt.

## 5.

In the spring of 2005 the National Institutes of Health starts phoning him with surveys about his drinking. He answers everything backward. A friend, from an Illuminati family that owns a hotel chain most people would recognize,

gives him codes, “079461790 6 9er,” that make him dizzy and set his heart racing, and tells him that his parents are the ones making the needle marks, that they are poisoning him, and that he should kill them, and, since James does not believe in violence, that binge drinking will neutralize the toxins. His roommate walks in on him hysterical, gulping cans of beer, crying, “The government is trying to poison me. I don’t want to die.”

In the morning he makes his daily fruit smoothie, and the friend tells him his father broke in during the night and poisoned his food. His legs go numb and he collapses. Poison control tells him to call 911. At the hospital they leave him in an evaluation room for eight hours. A family member arrives and says the doctors found no poison and they are going to have him hospitalized. His mother, who thinks the government has fucked with his head because of Nate, tells him to go out there and apologize and say he was drinking too much. He is about to, but he hasn’t eaten in fourteen hours, and his parents bring him a meal from the cafeteria, and halfway through it his arms and legs are paralyzed worse than before, and he lies on a gurney with a raging headache while doctors walk past and his parents stare. Eighteen hours in, a social worker brings papers for voluntary hospitalization, and he signs, and he is trucked to a separate facility for nearly four weeks. He was supposed to graduate that month.

At a thousand dollars a day nobody shows him a test result or a diagnosis. When James says he may be a victim of government mind control, the doctor says, “Your story is too bizarre to be believable.” When he complains of his sensitivity to medication they raise the dose, until his will to fight is gone. The first night he is handed an unmarked pill in place of the stamped 200 milligrams of Seroquel, and the paralysis and racing heart come back ten times worse, with shooting pain all over his body all night, and no one comes when he asks; he spends the night reciting Saint Germain’s Violet Flame. In the morning the doctor leans to the nurse and says, “He’s psychosomatic.” The next night’s pill is stamped and does what Seroquel does. So he cooperates. The meds are making him feel so much better now.

Before discharge there is a family meeting, and he asks his father whether he noticed anything unusual about him as a child. “When you were eight, I came home from work and found you shaking in the bed, and you were talking like a different person. I got my Bible out and did an exorcism.” His father will not discuss it further. Later a psychic medium gives him the rest, the babysitter David, dead soon after and hanging around in the astral all these years trying to apologize; when James asks, his parents laugh and say they never knew any

David. His medical file says Psychosis NOS. No poison was found. His blood potassium was high, and no one could say why.

The hospital sends him home with twenty-five thousand dollars in bills and a bottle of pills, which goes in the dumpster. He has been med-free since. He confronts the friend. "You're chicken shit. You believe people online." The needle marks? "They are stretch marks, all weightlifters get them." James cuts him off. His family does not want to hear any more crazy talk about Nathan, aliens, needle marks, or David.

## 6.

A friend who talks to the Council of Light, one of the ruling councils of the Intergalactic Federation of Light, passes on the explanation. The Men in Black were injecting him with hallucinogens so that he would appear crazy. Nate was an android from Planet X, the first of his kind to have a soul, a Type A genetically enhanced person, designed for combat with espionage capabilities, fitted with a Control Link. He will see Nathan again one day, but not for a very long time. Around this time he makes contact with James Casbolt, who channels the Pleiadians for him in capital letters: YOU HAVE NOT FULLY OCCUPIED YOUR BODY. YOU HAVE LIVED OUTSIDE OF IT. NATE, YOUR BROTHER.

In January 2007 he finds Nate on a poetry website, posting short stories about murdering women and about suicide. Nate has no memory of him. James posts a story called The Lone Wolf, about a black wolf chained behind a cabin in Alaska, paws cut open from trying to escape, and a homeless man who gives it his last bread and unties the collar. The answer comes from Nate's girlfriend, Jessabelle, who has seen James's MySpace page, where Nate's photo is captioned "Victim of government mind control," and thinks it is a sick joke, until James tells her things only a close friend would know. On February 8 an email arrives from greywilder: *Your interest in this particular person has raised concern. Telekinesis and government brainwashing does not exist and has never existed. We're watching you, James. Mr. Grey.* When Casbolt writes to Nate, Nate replies that Mr. Rink is suffering from a shared psychotic disorder and that Bear is lonely and looking for a friend. In none of the emails does Nate write as Nate.

James dreams of a woodland behind barbed wire, and opens the gate, and a black wolf runs out at full speed without looking at him; Jessabelle was praying for Nate at that hour. Then she wakes with cuts on her back, surrounded by broken glass and dirt. They are living in Rochester, New York. She goes through

Nate's things and finds, in the basement, five bottles of embryos labeled *Nathan Wilder*. His poems now say: *I am the anti-christ and the new messiah. I am death. I am Da Puka*. He has started a cult, the Chosen Ones, more than a hundred followers, all telekinetic, to bring about the New World Order and make war on the Council of Light. Her last message, on April 2, 2007: *I believe that I am being controlled now. I am so scared!* He never hears from her again.

Through a friend on Facebook Nate calls himself a lab catastrophe gone right, one of the Children of Rochester. *There's more of us, you know. I record everything and transmit it to my superiors. I try to stop myself, but my alter is very strong*. A remote viewer sees him grabbed in the woods by two men and a woman in a black blazer; the person James spoke to in 2007 was not Nate. Nate's mother writes back that he never kept any files and was probably telling stories. Another friend hears Nate screaming: *Let me out. Oh God the blood. My nails. The other one is an impostor. They have killed me more than once only to keep reanimating me. I am in a box, it's dark, I am scared and I am so hungry. They are going to kill me again soon*.

In 2008 Sanni Ceto, who was one of the Greys who died at Roswell, writes to him. The triangle scabs are not from Greys; they are reptoids disguised as Greys, doing genetic research on him for the covert government, because he has reptoid DNA. He is of the benevolent species. She has seen him on the ship: eight or nine feet tall, strong and muscular, not sickly, his clothes transforming into a uniform when he shapeshifts. His star name is Travik. Then she cuts off contact, because part of him is still being used for black ops, and she is frightened of Super Soldiers. He has never seen his eyes go to slits. He does have strange claw-like toenails.

## 7.

From 2008 on he assembles the timeline. On Facebook he meets Carolyn, a remote viewer the government has chased since she posted the nuclear silo activation codes, who recognizes his face and asks if he is military. She sees him in fatigues with a gun, going into an opponent's mind and making him want to stand down, the unit leader, the one they depend on for intuition. She sees two men in uniform dragging him struggling into a hangar and forging his signature when he refuses to sign. She sees a page in his file on which he lies under a large glass green pyramid resting on his head, green electrodes on his skull, while a technician types code words to upload combat capabilities. While he is gone a clone lives his life; when he comes back the clone's memories

go into him under the pyramid and the combat is deleted, and he is put back in bed. They cranked up their use of him around January 2006, the month he bought a backpack stamped RECON.

What he remembers on his own comes in glimpses. Standing outside the White House while George W. Bush waves at him. A submarine going down toward a city underwater, where he is stripped naked and forced into an orgy with men and women while a Grey nearby controls them and takes pleasure in it. Kicking in the door of a latrine on a desert road in Iraq and shooting an Iraqi in the head. A tarmac inside a mountain with a saucer levitating out of gigantic pod bay doors; black BDUs in a pitch-dark warehouse flooded six inches deep, which another MILAB remembers as a time jump from the Jupiter station into a future where the mantoids have taken everything over. A white atrium under a glass pyramid roof through which the sky is black and full of stars.

Other MILABs fill in what he cannot: they plug us into avatars and hand us to the madam of an elite sex ring, and to keep us traumatized they put us into cloned avatars of our own child bodies and use them for pedophilia, to let us know there is no escape. James has vague, spinning memories of ritual sex with other Super Soldiers, and he understands the pain in his genitals now: his DNA was designed with a signaling defect so that an erection or an orgasm fires pain instead of pleasure, so that he can love no one outside his unit, because someone who loved him unconditionally would make the programming fall apart.

He starts making video blogs of what he remembers, hoping other MILABs will recognize him. It becomes Super Soldier Talk, and it opens doors, to a team who can remote view, read akashic records, and mind-hack behind walls, and eventually to his file. He records himself saying "Am I a Super Soldier?" and plays it backward and hears, *That's not real, I am not supposed to talk about it.* A friend scans him and finds an implant behind his left eye, marked PVS 1-22002, made by Braun, with a vein that should not be there pumping a drug into his pineal gland, which is why in alter he can lift a tank and as James he is docile and weak. His file says: *A.K.A. Agent Sabertooth. Silver Class Cosmic Clearance. Used for searches and exterminations. Alters activated using a code word and technology. Alters activated using trauma.* He is a fifth-generation Super Soldier with metal bones and enough telekinesis to lift an elephant, and his alter is programmed like an attack dog. He is on the cleanup crew. You are Jekyll, and he is your Hyde. Under Detroit and under Atlanta there are clones of him in cages and vaults, and staff in white pinch their skin off and drill screws into them to see how durable they are. His handler, another viewer sees, is an eight-

foot reptilian with a crocodile snout in a white lab coat, sitting on his tail at a computer among clones of James, who is willing to take the sexual pain away if James promises never to procreate.

Each MILAB has about twenty avatars, one for each stage of his life, kept in underwater tubes along a corridor a third of a mile long. They are called Sibeus, and later Arbeus. In them he is six foot five, with metal bones, a glass helmet, and a heat-seeking red left eye. Under Compound C, made from bioluminescent plants that grow only in Inner Earth, the bones morph into Pri metal, like gold and hard as diamond. For the past five years James has felt something stuck on his left eye, a tiny black speck when he focuses a certain way.

From other people's sessions: a snow-covered city in Russia where a team in white ski masks lies under white blankets beside a drawbridge and puts knives to the throats of the soldiers dragging a captured sniper, Operation Cyanide; a jungle mission with Casbolt so booby-trapped that most of the Super Soldiers sent in died. Then the file itself, remote viewed under a wooden hatch in the Capitol building: *James Michael Rink, July 17, 1986*, the snapshot of him at six; a profile for 1999 with clone serial number 1654432897766, the first year he gets an avatar body and the first year of real missions; and the last entry, *Cloned Arbeus. Field compromised: MG64IT Gunnery, K.I.A. Revived attempt failed. Final revive failed. Under investigation and repair. March 14, 2006.* Under Main Project: Project Name Recovery, Project Surrogate. Operations: Live On, Ravensky, Pink Mist, Cyanide, Torpedo, Stargate, and *Operation You are not supposed to be here you are supposed to leave.* A few weeks later the computers are gone. A friend inside the NSA looks him up at umbra-8 and finds one page: a modification candidate for Project Bleak, Project Abandon, and Project Equalize, a short subject, used for several months, genetically modified. *His program failed in 2008 and he was released from the system.*

His clone, another survivor sees, was recently terminated, his nerve endings disintegrated like a billion needles, because he was about to go rogue, as James is. James was designed with a shelf life of forty-five to fifty years and programmed to become bipolar at thirty so that the flood of memories would make him self-terminate. The suicide alters are not activating. Because of his star-seed genetics he is incapable of killing himself, and they know it, and it has them scared to death.

## 8.

In 2010 a seventeen-year-old named Adam Zupancic, whose friend has seen the videos, gets in touch. He has the same middle name, Michael, and could pass for James's blood relative. His memory before eleven is nearly blank, except that a black limo used to pick up his roofer father late at night. Adam dreams of missions every night as a deadly assassin, and wakes sore with needle marks. A clairvoyant sees him as Agent Dreadnaught, sixth-generation, sniper and explosives, mostly cyborg.

One night in September James jokes that the government wants to give him an upgrade, and Adam's room gets brighter and his ears ring, and James sees a code in his head and types it, *Alpha omicron typing unit 99753*, and someone else takes Adam's fingers. It is Tiyan, a twelve-foot reptilian scientist on a ship that has circled the Earth since Adam was placed here. Tiyan made Adam, gave him emotions so he would have something to lose, and traded him to the government, which only borrows him; it is law. James's designation is 54363. James and Adam are brothers, made differently, with almost the same DNA; James's true father is half reptilian and half Pleiadian. Tiyan pulled James out of a mission with Alpha Squad 45 firing team when everyone else was killed. Nathan is on the moon, in a base called Forty Five Niner 86457, almost done with the Trip Chair; James will have to rescue him. When James mentions that the Greys threatened to kill him at twelve, Tiyan says, "What greys?", and James says, "Oh shit, I did talk."

A few weeks later Adam blanks out during a meditation and types a firefight, *5 alpha squad put down suppressing fire now, 5th Gen get your ass in there*, and then Tiyan being taken by his handlers: *Told you to stay away from the boy, old man. He's military, that's it, nothing else. The chip is in Iowa, your files, go there now. Stay back here and make sure he dies*. Adam texts James later: *This is sub unit Adam denied access pass code needed*. James types 54363. *James Rink Access. Unit memory access*. On October 16 James's pillow is gone from under his head, and Tiyan, alive again after being killed multiple times, says it went into a time-freezing zone. Nathan is gone now, so far into it he will never remember James.

Kosol Ouch, a Cambodian American on YouTube making meditation cubes that look alien, tells James to build one to integrate, reads his file from the akashic records the way the others did, *Agent Sabertooth, fifth generation, activated by trauma, clean-up crew*, and says Nathan's file is red hot and never to mention him again. The cube, copper cones and cores with layers of human

hair laid out in sacred geometry, lifts James's depression. It also, Kosol says, disrupts the Trip Chair's transfer of memory into his avatars, so all his clones are going rogue and being terminated; James was an obsolete model the Cabal meant to let self-destruct. James is on food stamps. With the last of his money he founds Neo Lab Technologies, named after the lab where they brainwash MILABs, as a joke on the Cabal, until white-hat friends at the NSA tell him to tone it down, and it becomes Neological. In June 2011 voicemails tell Kosol, *Your technology will be ours*, and in July his personality flips and he sets up a rival company whose units are called Baal. In December a soft-spoken Kosol calls with no memories. He was interrogated underground and told to look into the white light every time he said *James Rink is a Super Soldier, he is Agent Sabertooth*, and rescued by blond Pleadians dressed as black-ops soldiers, and returned to Texas with James's phone number on a piece of paper. By January he has shifted again and tweets that he has become a demon, and James cuts him off. James is still James.

In November 2011 Duncan O'Finioan, who was an Omega unit and despises the words Super Soldier, posts a rant about the little jackwagons on the internet claiming to be Generation 5, 6, and 7, and tells James never to use his name again. Adam confronts him, and Duncan's partner Miranda does a ritual, and Adam sleeps seventeen hours and wakes at 96 degrees with a lime green cord in his back. Then the Alpha Squad Council speaks through Adam. Alpha member XXX was violated to the sixth degree, which is murder. Omega are rebels who branched off from Alpha, and Omega has been putting fake memories into James to make him think he was abducted by them. The Council walks him through cutting thirty-eight cords, three thick orange ones connected to the AI, and thirteen blue ones that feed him the fatigue. Then a squad member named Ashley: *Don't you ever ever ever go missing again, you fucking hear me? We have been looking for you for years. You did well, Sabertooth. Afterward James asks Adam whether Alpha are the good guys, and Adam says he doesn't know; anyone can say anything to them; a piece is missing. They both feel like shit.*

Alex Diaz, Blood Streak, 54631, an ex-gang member from Los Angeles living with his family for schizophrenia, asks first whether it is safe to talk to James. Under James's regression he sees them both in Trip Chairs in a dirty warehouse under Arizona, poked in the spine and shocked while a handler runs them through a Roman-orgy virtual reality to extract Alex's hormones as an aphrodisiac. A benevolent reptilian there speaks to him in Zion: *James Rink, you are a great one*. On a 1995-era computer Alex types 54363 and reads:

*James Rink, alter mode activated in extreme pain, extreme emotions, and extreme mental breakdowns. Don't need to be tortured, just need to go through something that will hurt you emotionally. Once you get to this point you get a phone call with a random number and a code. And he sees Mars: the four of them, Sabertooth with a sniper rifle, Dreadnaught with an MP5, Bloodstreak, and Victor with a .45, six foot five in their suits, landing on orange sand and going down glow-lit tunnels to a base where the reptilians working with the human scientists are no longer obedient. A seven-foot reptilian in armor hisses that humans are foul and cannot be trusted, and wants them off Mars. The general orders the extermination. Alex says he doesn't want to; James says, "We shall see about that." The reptilians meet them at a base with red lights and glyphs on titanium walls, and offer them a mission complete: they blow up the human base, all hundred or so inside, and the team will be allowed to escape to Planet Sedan. Back on the ship, naked and exhausted, they stand in a ten-foot tube and their bones loosen and they shrink back to themselves. It hurts a little.*

On April 10, 2012, he wakes on the white couch with needle marks in his lip and cuts on his arm. A friend under regression sees a woman with a black ponytail and a clipboard shining a white flashing light into his eyes, an attorney in New York in her civilian life, who monitors MILABs and calls them pets and shapeshifts into a Queen Draco when angry. On the clipboard James's name is in black bold letters and his date of birth is blocked out. The drug is green goo; the mutations aren't taking hold and are making him sick. He is teleported into a cold room where five hundred cryogenic tubes stand in rows like soldiers at thirty below, and in every window she looks into is his face, until after eight or ten she will not look anymore. Then he lies three hours unconscious under a white sheet.

The book comes out in June. He doesn't know what the future holds: a false-flag reptilian invasion, three days of darkness on December 21, nuclear war, ascension, Nate rescued. But the Dracos who run the MILABs will not escape what is coming. *We were their ultimate weapon, and now we are getting our minds back and destroying them.* They don't want to kill us if we break free. They need us to save them from a race they fear more than themselves.

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#### FIRST PUBLIC

June 2012 — Lone Wolf: Alpha Squad Copy Over, Lulu edition, June 2012; by January 2007 he had captioned Nathan's photo 'Victim of government mind control' on MySpace, and his Super Soldier Talk video blogs began around 2010

RETRIEVAL

third-party recall + spontaneous recall

CLAIMED SERVICE

*Project Surrogate embryo; trained from 1986 (age six), missions in cloned avatars from 1999; “his program failed in 2008 and he was released from the system”*

CLAIMED AFFILIATION

MILAB; fifth-generation Super Soldier “Agent Sabertooth”, Alpha Squad 45

PRIMARY SOURCE

**Lone Wolf: Alpha Squad Copy Over (Lulu, June 2012)** [www.lulu.com/shop/james-rink/lone-wolf-by-james-rink/paperback/product-vzdmyj.html](http://www.lulu.com/shop/james-rink/lone-wolf-by-james-rink/paperback/product-vzdmyj.html)

**Lone Wolf – Alpha Squad 45 Copy Over (Super Soldier Talk)** [supersoldiertalk.com/lone-wolf-alpha-squad-45-copy-over-james-rink-2-2](http://supersoldiertalk.com/lone-wolf-alpha-squad-45-copy-over-james-rink-2-2) — his own site, with the free PDF and reader comments (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20240418004732/https://supersoldiertalk.com/lone-wolf-alpha-squad-45-copy-over-james-rink-2-2](https://web.archive.org/web/20240418004732/https://supersoldiertalk.com/lone-wolf-alpha-squad-45-copy-over-james-rink-2-2))

**Lone Wolf (PDF, Avalon Library mirror)** [avalonlibrary.net/ebooks/James%20Rink%20-%20Lone%20Wolf.pdf](http://avalonlibrary.net/ebooks/James%20Rink%20-%20Lone%20Wolf.pdf) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260106123007/https://avalonlibrary.net/ebooks/James%20Rink%20-%20Lone%20Wolf.pdf](https://web.archive.org/web/20260106123007/https://avalonlibrary.net/ebooks/James%20Rink%20-%20Lone%20Wolf.pdf))

**Michael Salla announcing James Rink’s death (X, December 2025)** [x.com/MichaelSalla/status/1995336767990280687](https://x.com/MichaelSalla/status/1995336767990280687) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20251210002221/https://x.com/MichaelSalla/status/1995336767990280687](https://web.archive.org/web/20251210002221/https://x.com/MichaelSalla/status/1995336767990280687))

THEMES

milab, monarch programming, alters, andy pero, greys, needle marks, psych ward, trip chair, cloned avatars, super soldier generations, reptilian hybrid, neo meditation cube, alpha squad, mars



# Randy Cramer

*This account is compiled from the five audio interviews Randy gives to Michael Salla in the spring of 2014 under the name Captain Kaye, from the Skype interview that September in which he gives his real name, from his first newsletter, and from two later conversations with James Rink of Super Soldier Talk.*

## 1.

Randy Cramer is born on May 25, 1970, and he is not conceived the ordinary way. Somebody takes a sample from his mother and a sample from his father, opens the nucleus, plucks out the codons they want to change, puts in extraterrestrial DNA where they want enhancements, wads it back up, and implants it in his mother. He is born nine months later. He jokes that he was made in a petri dish. He was engineered in a laboratory from the ground up, and the laboratory was here on Earth.

His parents are both from a small town in Kentucky and moved out west as soon as they finished high school, mostly to get away from their families. They are working-class people, smart, with strong religious beliefs, and every year there is the question of whether there are enough shoes and coats for the three kids to start school. He is the youngest, after an older brother and an older sister. There is no shouting in the house, no beating, no drinking. He likes his parents.

Somewhere there is a piece of paperwork with his name on it and an enlistment date from when he is an infant, rank E-1. He has been a United States Marine since he was a baby. He is never recruited. He is engineered to be trained and deployed, and that is the purpose of his being created.

The project is called Moon Shadow, and it is three hundred children, about two-thirds boys. It is run by the Marine Corps special section, a division created in the fifties to handle anything to do with extraterrestrial technology or extraterrestrial biological entities, kept apart from any chain of command that isn't felt to be secure. His earliest memories are of group games with the other kids, strategy games that mimic hunting and war in a way that makes them fun, so that children want to play them. There is always a guy off in the corner with his arms crossed, khakis, buzzcut, mustache, ribbons, clearly a Marine.

The medical memories are the fuzziest, because of the sedation. Nobody treats him like an animal. People explain: we're going to do this procedure, you'll wake up groggy, and over time you're going to be super fast and super strong. He nods. He wakes with cuts and scars, and a few days later someone does a procedure that makes the scars disappear. First they work on the DNA. Then come the harder implants, in the spinal column and the brain. Then the fine-tuning, so that it all works together. The facilities have no windows. Recovery can take days or weeks in a hospital bed, sometimes partially paralyzed, and then it is back to training. The temporal scientists have it calculated, so that a child taken out for weeks is put back into the evening he was taken from.

His father explains the night visitors as angels and demons. Randy can't make that sit right. When he is about ten, his mother, a light sleeper, starts hearing footsteps in the hallway at night and sensing a presence, and his parents call an exorcist from the church to the house. His older brother came unraveled before he was ten—panic attacks, rage attacks, a childhood post-traumatic reaction to something very bad that nobody in the family will discuss. Whatever happened, Randy thinks, happened to his brother first, and whatever was learned from that went into him.

At ten he wakes with two hematomas on the insides of his thighs, near his genitals, perfectly round, nickel-sized, one on each side, right over the little vein they use for angiograms. His mother works in doctors' offices and thinks it strange enough to make an appointment. The doctor looks at the bruises and gives him a fifteen-minute lecture on the dangers of steroid use. He sits there dumbfounded. He wouldn't come near himself with a needle.

At eleven his eyes pop open at 2:56 a.m., heart pounding, and somebody is going through the silverware drawer in the kitchen. His hearing is good enough to pick out his father's snoring and his mother's and sister's breathing, so everyone else is in bed. He gets up in the yellow Spider-Man pajamas his

mother bought at JC Penney for Christmas. His bedroom door, always shut at night, is open. The instant his head clears the frame the kitchen goes silent, and all he can hear is the battery clock in the living room. The dining room light is on, his mother's 150-watt bulb, and nothing is there. Then he sees the door to the garage standing open, folded into the corner, and the garage is black. Concern turns to fear. He senses that whatever is behind the door is no more than four and a half feet tall—one of his brother's friends playing a joke, he decides—and he flings the door back ready to kick the little punk in the stomach.

It is a little guy in a black hooded cloak, like a Jawa from Star Wars. He pulls the hood off. The head is boxy and wide, the skin a dull pumpkin orange, big black eyes, a slit for a mouth, two nostrils and no nose. The second the hood comes off, the thing lunges. It grabs his left hand in its right and his genitals in its left and lifts him into the air by the throat and the balls. He can't breathe. Its grip is like iron. He tries to pry it off, tries to kick, tries to scream, finally gets some noise out—and sits up in bed. *What a terrible dream.* He carries that memory for years with photographic clarity. It never fades or changes the way dreams do.

Much later he recovers what came after. He didn't wake up. He passed out in the grip, and they took him to the vehicle and scanned, poked, and prodded him, and put him back in his bed. The whole thing was a test. They wanted to see what he would do about an intruder in his home. He got up, checked it out, and attacked. He passed.

The little cloaked people are cooperating with the special section, helping build super soldiers. They also have their own agenda, a back door, extra programming for what he might be good for when he is done being a soldier. He doesn't think their intentions are bad. If they wanted slaves, they would go about it very differently.

At school he scores the highest IQ anyone has ever scored there. One summer afternoon, home alone, a bearded man in an Oxford shirt knocks, asks for a glass of water, and asks questions about him until he is uncomfortable.

At thirteen the training changes. Real weapons, live ammunition. They are run for days at a time with special forces and black ops teams whose attitude is *what are we doing with these kids*—until the kids run, climb, and shoot, and the men are impressed. The soldiers call them the material, the big money. As a teenager he walks through Zombie Land, an underground urban mockup populated with people or clones infected with an engineered virus, for live-fire exercise. There is no cure except two rounds to the head.

Moon Shadow is one of the earlier programs that try not to use trauma-based mind control, because breaking a soldier a hundred times makes him fragile and short-lived. The brass asked how to build a Hercules, a Hector, and most programs drifted from that into building murder machines. Moon Shadow's programming goes with the grain: not kill on command, but a deep instinct to protect the tribe and its territory. Explain the threat credibly, and the soldier will use all his strength and cunning to destroy it. Other people at the table insist on controls, and the leadership rolls its eyes and puts in the minimum number of trauma-based ones. He absolutely remembers a few of those.

## 2.

He completes the program in 1987, at seventeen. There is a ninety-day period of final testing in every ecozone and temperature on the planet, sometimes in war games with other units, sometimes in live-fire exercises that are exercises for him and very real for somebody in another country, who is dead because of it. Armed forces around the world have lots of AK-47s and no shoes. Send five super soldiers against fifty of those guys and see how they do. You know your guys are going to win.

Then a routine pickup in the middle of the night, and he is at Lunar Operations Command. He is checked into a room the size of a jail cell but more civilized: sink, bathroom, desk, chair. Two security men in battleship-gray jumpsuits with gold fringe escort him to a big waiting area done in sunflower yellow, like waiting for the dentist in a very large room, with the faded carpet and mustard-and-avocado furniture of a 1970s office. A junior officer in an Air Force uniform he doesn't recognize pulls out a stack of paperwork.

Here's your contract. Twenty years. When you're done we'll wipe all those ugly memories you won't want anyway, age-reverse you, and put you back right after we took you, and you'll live your whole life over. You won't lose any time. You'll come back to a nice, cushy job. Everyone does this every day. Randy asks who he is working for. You're a Marine, right? You will always be a United States Marine. We are contracting you to the Earth Defense Force, which can subcontract you anywhere in the solar system. Most of it is boring. You'll probably be guarding nothing. The officer is a nice enough guy, but the point is clear: we can talk about this paperwork for a really long time, or you can sign it and walk out to your next thing. Randy initials and signs.

A bell rings, and everyone files down to a hangar bay. The vehicle is a bat wing, four or five hundred feet from tip to tip, built to move a thousand or two thousand bodies. Inside are reclining seats of memory foam that hiss and form around you. The lights dim, and the pilot comes on like an airline captain: welcome aboard this flight from Lunar Operations Command to your next station, which you are not cleared to know until we arrive.

Then the pilot says something he doesn't expect. None of you are going to see home for a very long time. Before we go, we're going to take one last good look, and give you a moment to think about why you want to come back. The ceiling becomes what the ship sees. The Earth hangs there entire, and it isn't a picture. The clouds are moving. Lightning storms flicker. There are no borders, only continents joined to continents, and whatever anybody down there is bickering about looks incredibly small. He feels that he is in a special place, that he gets to keep her safe, and everyone who lives on her, and maybe everyone who ever will. It is one of the most amazing moments of his life. Whatever happens, he is okay with this responsibility.

### 3.

The destination is Mars: Aries Prime, headquarters of the Mars Colony Corporation. The ship goes through a wormhole to get there. They walk down the gangplank into the open Martian air. It is thin and cool, like stepping out at eight or nine thousand feet, with a cold wind and a hot sun, and there is a rust smell, like an old factory. It is red everywhere, though the sky is blue; the red tint is a filter added to the rover pictures to make the planet look scary. For fifteen minutes at sunset everything turns purple. Aries Prime sits in a crater, ninety percent of it underground.

The corporation was set up around 1975 by multinational interests, Russians and Chinese and Germans included, because you can't spend trillions going to Mars without making it pay for itself. There are five settlements. Here he is informed that he is now a member of the Mars Defense Force, the private contractor that protects the corporation and its interests, and handed a chit that tells him which shuttle to board.

The shuttle looks like a soda can that has been through hell and back. It is loud, it shakes, and it flies twenty feet off the ground, low enough not to be a target. Three or four hours across the red rock, and it sets down in the hangar of Forward Station Zebra. Home for the next seventeen years.

The station is cut into a cliffside, and the living quarters at the back form a horseshoe: squad barracks around the outer rim, mess hall, gym, and simulators inside it. Less than a hundred feet away, in the same mountain, is a station exactly like it. Randy's is Division 098, Special Tactical Operations, and its sister is 097. Enlisted kids walk the new arrivals around the horseshoe calling names into the barracks, sixteen squads of sixteen, and at delta it is *Cramer, Hansen, Delta Squad*. Wait here for the rest of your team. That night the squad comes back and everyone realizes they are going to have to be friends.

The next day is powered body armor, an exosuit with hydraulic arms and legs and a big dumb helmet he calls the Buzz Lightyear, and the gauss rifle, a magnetic rail that sends a metal round out with no kick and almost no sound. They drill in simulators that plug into the nervous system and train muscle memory at faster than real time, twelve hours in three.

The base intel officer briefs them. The Mars Colony Corporation's job is to extract minerals and resources. Your job is to kill anything that tries to get in the way of that. There are two native species, a reptoid and an insectoid, and they are presented as savages and beasts, a really big pain in the butt, with no culture or technology. He learns later that none of that is true. The way things work on Mars is a constant testing of boundaries. Nobody wipes anybody out, because that leaves a vacuum and you never know what moves into it. If you get inside a nest, you kill the soldiers and break the eggs in the hatchery, and set them back a couple of generations. They will do the same to you. It keeps everyone in a constant state of war, and that is the balance. Then the old man, the colonel, gives a speech, and Randy is fairly motivated by it. He still respects the man. The first skirmish comes on about the fifth day.

Nobody leaves the station except to fight and come back. The simulators are also recreation: plug in and spend the afternoon at the beach. The division is coed, about two-thirds men, and to keep people from knocking each other out in the hallways the regulations are very liberal about sex in your off time, hetero and homo, whatever gets the hormones out of the way. There are no newspapers, no television, no music from Earth; the only thing you are to think about home is the fond memories you want to get back to. The cafeteria has coffee, and a strawberry cobbler that someone insinuates has never seen a strawberry.

Transport is the bulldog, a hovering sled with a canopy. The medical bulldogs carry stasis beds that slow the metabolism so you die more slowly, slowly enough to get back to the station and into the holographic beds. A holo bed projects a cell-perfect image of your own ideal DNA over the damage and

makes the cells conform to it. A leg grows back in days, an arm in hours. He is bitten in half more than once by the giant centipedes the insectoids breed, twenty feet long with mandibles a meter wide. He loses part of his jaw. He gets put back together and goes back to duty. The bed repairs the damage. The trauma stays in the nervous system, waiting.

The insectoids don't like to fight themselves. They engineer other insects to do it, stinging beetles the size of a small dog, hatched by the hundred thousand, and a patrol can find itself inside a swarm that feels like millions. The reptoids fight up close, with bladed weapons, and they pull their punches. If they really wanted to bring the fists, they would crush the humans on the battlefield. Mostly they want to see what you can do.

For years the intelligence is wrong about who is fighting whom. A reptile is a reptile is a reptile, they assume. It takes a long time to understand that there is a second reptoid species, invasive, the Alpha Draconians, who are fighting the natives and the insects and doing everything they can to keep the three of them at each other's throats. Day to day it doesn't matter: if anything comes close, suit up, go out, fight it, and do it again tomorrow.

In his third year a fresh recruit arrives and is put in Delta Squad, and he hates her instantly. Within a year they are madly in love. They break regulations and marry.

#### 4.

About halfway through the tour the MDF starts bringing in clones, whole divisions of them, to take the hits. The clones are made from the men already there, and Randy finds himself drilling batches of himself, eight identical younger brothers at a time, seventeen or eighteen years old while he is past thirty. They are dumb, undisciplined, and nearly impossible to train, and some batches come with black, soulless eyes and are sent back as garbage. An egghead explains why. To make a copy that will hold together, they have to take the tiniest sliver of your soul and put it in the clone. Otherwise they have to use some other spark of life, and those go wrong. There is a limit written into the universe: just under ten thousand copies of you can exist at once.

Around the mid-nineties the jump rooms arrive, localized wormholes for moving troops on the surface.

Well into his second decade he is squad leader of Delta, and the squad is captured. It is intentional on the other side. The reptoids have had enough of the game and want to get closer to this hairless pink ape that landed and

started giving them trouble. They call themselves the Gah Luka, the children of Gah Luk, their word for home. They aren't nice about it at first. He is hung by his arms in a stress position and questioned for days. Then he is let down and allowed to mingle, and to live as a member of the community, and that, he feels, is a blessing. They run genetic tests on the prisoners and find that the humans are long-lost cousins from tens of thousands of years back.

He lives with them for almost six months. They stand up to seven and a half feet, sandy to reddish brown, broad-shouldered and very strong. They speak decent English with a thick accent and don't want him speaking their language, because saying a word badly is an insult. They live simply, in tribal communities, like the Amish. Everything they eat is giant salamander tail—the salamanders are the size of a truck—stewed with fungi and lichens, no sugar and no spice, so that it all tastes of dirt and is incredibly nourishing. They fight to right and fight to truth: to know a person's soul, you fight them. They have a compassion he never expected, kind to one another and to the prisoners, and he comes to consider them family. He spends most of his time with a shaman chieftain whose name he can't pronounce, and when the chieftain tells him to pick one, the Bible family in him comes out and he calls him Ezekiel. Ezekiel is fine with that. They put him through their warrior training and psionic training; he doesn't like to go into it because it sounds braggadocious.

They tell him the history of the planet. The Gah Luka are the remnant of the ancient Martians, who were advanced enough to blow out their own atmosphere in a war, about ten thousand years ago. The oceans boiled, winds ran at a thousand miles an hour, and everything on the surface died. Only those already deep underground survived, and they split. One faction said, we have killed our planet, and we will stay and heal it if it takes twenty thousand years. The other said, everything's dead, goodbye, and left. The southern tribes went back to the old ways on principle: forward got everyone killed, so they fight with primitive weapons and live for war. The northern tribes are more mystical. While the reptoids were underground, the insects came up and built their hives on the surface, and by the reptoids' own law that was allowed. Ezekiel's tribe takes him to meet the insectoids for the first time, with the saurians as go-betweens. Then they give the squad its gear back and send them home. Tell your people about us. Tell them we are ready to talk when they want to talk.

The insectoids are about five and a half feet tall and look to him less like mantises than like giant black ants walking upright. Their language is hissing and humming, so they mostly speak straight into the mind. They regard the

planet as their great mother and do not poison her. They find humans gross: all their insides worn on the outside. When the humans visit in body armor, that is more comfortable for everyone, because then the humans have an exoskeleton too.

One day on patrol his squad passes a hive where the drones are laying things out in the sun, and it strikes him that a small group is never treated as a threat. He tells the squad he is going to walk up and say hello. One of them says, go ahead, I want to see you come running back with one arm and screaming. He walks up and waves. The drone puts a name straight into his head, Steadfast, and says, *I live here*. He hasn't planned anything past hello, so he asks if he can come back with his friends. Back at the station his CO says no way, and notifies the diplomatic corps. For about six months, every day, officers from the diplomatic corps and a few enlisted, Randy among them, go into the hive, and it ends in a treaty.

Treaties are signed with the native reptoids and the native insectoids, the Draconians are recognized as the bad guys, and the three go after them together and drive them out of the Martian sphere for good. The war he has been part of for seventeen years, which was going for more than twenty-five, is over.

His wife dies before it ends. He has known her twelve and a half years and been married to her ten. A projectile takes her in the back of the head, and she dies in his arms. He has never known a bond like it—someone beside you fight after fight, who will kill for you and die for you and shows it every day. He fights the next day. There is no time to grieve.

## 5.

After seventeen years and three months he is a sergeant major. Then the order comes. The eggheads want artifacts from an old reptoid site, an ancient temple the natives have asked the humans to stay out of, and four divisions are going in to get them: 098, 097, and 096 and 095 from the neighboring station. Nearly a thousand men. A thousand men to pick up an object is weird, and the treaty was just signed, and most of them have a bad feeling. He goes to the command staff, and then to the old man, and uses whatever weight he has: this is dirty, these guys hold back nine times out of ten and if they really come at us we're done. The colonel agrees with him. I've got my orders, now you've got yours. Get in, get your job done, get out. If there's a problem, get out. I hope this doesn't go as badly as I think it will.

They go down through tunnels and caves and gather in a domed chamber the size of the Astrodome. They try to raise headquarters, and the radios go dead. Everyone looks at everyone else. All around the dome, at even intervals, what looked like rock becomes doorways, and out of every one, like water from a drainpipe, pour very large, very angry Martian warriors swinging bladed weapons in both hands, moving in a spiral, and the outer ring of humans just starts dropping. The circle pulls in and pulls in. It is like being caught inside a blender. Somebody finds a frequency, and HQ says stay put, the wormholes are jammed too, any minute now. When the extraction comes it is the big ship-transport wormhole, opened right above what is left of the circle, and it sucks the survivors up, and whoever is touching the event horizon when it closes is sliced off wherever they touch it.

The next thing he knows he is on the med-bay pad and the medics are coming, and all he can see is the top half of her, the blood coming out of her so fast that she goes pale so fast, and lifeless so fast, and all he can do is yell for a medic, *I've got people dying*. Out of nearly a thousand, fewer than thirty-five live. Everybody he has spent a decade or more with is gone at once. It is a dumb command decision by people at the MCC who wanted whatever was in that temple badly enough to violate treaty space. The natives don't tear up the treaty. Your guys came into our temple like we told you not to, and we killed them all like we told you we would. Don't do it again.

The division is done. A superior officer comes to his med bed and asks whether he wants to go to flight school. He doesn't bat an eye. He has wanted to fly since he was a kid. After a couple of weeks in a medical unit where they sit him in a chair with electrodes and flash things at his face, something meant to dissolve the weight on his chest, he is at officer candidate school. It starts at Lunar Operations Command, moves to Titan, and finishes farther out. The other candidates are young pilots at the start of their careers, and when they groan under the training he says, wake me when the hard part comes. Six months, a salute, and he gets his bars. He has done the thing he always wanted to do, and he is proud.

## 6.

He is posted to EDF SS Nautilus, an intergalactic-class carrier, a cigar three-quarters of a mile long, with the command and the scientists and their compartmentalized business in the nose. The ship is run like a Navy ship by an O-6 captain, Roger L. Kirkland. His air wing is Blue and Gold 213, and unlike

on the ground, where every MDF uniform is the same, the flyers wear patches that say what country and service they came from. He is a Marine captain, an O-3. Once he is called before the old man for a captain's mast and punished pretty good, maybe more than he deserved, for something he fully deserved to be punished for. He doesn't want to talk about it. Otherwise he likes Kirkland, who refers to his superiors only as the goddamn brass upstairs.

The fighters are named after snakes: the single-seat viper, the two-man cobra, the rattlesnake with a physical tail that whips like a wave so that at a distance it reads as a wave rather than a vehicle. The bomber he flies is the albatross, a boomerang eighty feet across with non-nuclear bombs the size of a motorcycle in its wings, one to five megatons each, five hundred a side. When in doubt, throw lots. The inertial damper removes the inertia and gives a little back on purpose, so that a human can fly it like a plane. Patrols are capped at twelve hours. Space madness is real: too long with no ground anywhere and your head starts to think thoughts that aren't regular, until your feet are on a floor again.

Ninety-nine percent of the work is patrol. Anything you meet either hangs around and talks, or it runs very fast or it shoots at you, and then that is your job for the day. He escorts the diplomatic corps to meetings where ships come edge to edge, and twice a diplomat spacewalks on a tether to meet another in the void, ten feet tall inside its suit. Twice he flies bombers, because they need the pilots. One of those is the Zeta base on Ganymede, which they bomb the fuck out of, and as far as he knows that is the end of the Zeta problem in the solar system. He goes a couple of dozen times to the diplomatic station orbiting Jupiter, a circular hall a mile across with windows eighty feet high, built for beings from eighteen inches to seventy feet tall. He sits across a table from four canis beings, dog people who talk the way huskies talk, through a translator box, and catches himself wanting to scratch behind the cocker-spaniel ears of one of them. *Randy, do not start an intergalactic incident.*

Every time he is in medical he tries to thumb through the extraterrestrial biological entity manual until a nurse takes it away. It has fifty-four species in it, coded red, yellow, white, and green. Draconians are red. So are the Zetas, whom nobody in the military ever calls greys—they are whites, two factions at war with each other, neither looking after human interests. Fewer than ten species are green.

Lying for days in a holo bed with nothing to do, you learn to pretend to be asleep, because then the doctors in the next room keep arguing. They argue about the clones, whether the way they are used is ethical, and about the

gene-picking, whether it is science or just Nazi and racist. Operation Paperclip brought the Nazi scientists over, and nobody should believe they stopped being eugenicists when they landed. There is a counter-voice, and it is getting louder, and he worries that it ends in a civil war between factions who both have starships and super soldiers.

## 7.

The end is an unceremonious day on the Nautilus. You, you, and you—you're going home. He is shuttled to Lunar Operations Command and debriefed: here's what you know about what you did, here's what you don't, though it may not matter because we're going to suppress it all for national security. Don't worry, we'll take care of you. Shave, clean up, dress uniform.

The banquet is held in a hall with one whole wall of thick glass on the lunar surface and space beyond it. The food is yummy. Two speakers he doesn't recognize, an older man and an older woman from the covert hierarchy, say poetic things about service, and he thinks pomp like this is mostly for the speakers to feel good about what they've done to you. Everyone is thrilled to be done, and the room is loud with it. The last speaker, who gives the big farewell, is Donald Rumsfeld. Randy is a little surprised. He knows something, or he wouldn't be there.

Before the medical center, he sets one memory in his mind and holds it there. Of everything he is willing to forget, he will never forget her. Never, ever, ever.

What they do to him is not, strictly, an age reversal. They hatch a fresh clone, transfer his consciousness into the younger body, and repress the memories. He suspects the cellular memory in the old body would have brought everything back too fast. He wakes in his own bed, sitting up out of a dream that went on for months and then is gone, and looks in the mirror. Oh. I'm seventeen. It's 1987. Okay. It is fifteen minutes after they picked him up. The brain wants to accept what it sees.

Cerebral implants divert any thought that moves toward memory, and for a decade and a half his mind goes left, right, left, right, pulled around outside his own will. There is one specific program: whatever you do, don't join the military. But he has just spent twenty years as a Marine, and the first recruiter he goes to see is the Marine recruiter, and he is this close to signing. Then something emotional is done to him and he feels weak, and goes back to say tear it up, and the Marine office is locked for lunch, and a Navy recruiter is

outside smoking a cigarette. Bet we can get you a better deal. His handlers, he decides, couldn't stop him rejoining, so they settled for the lesser evil.

Boot camp at the Naval Training Center in San Diego smells familiar—industrial paint, industrial cleaner—and the sound of a hundred feet marching in cadence gives him flashbacks to being five years old, which he explains to himself with movies. He doesn't drink or smoke, so in the evenings he takes long walks. Two weeks into general-duty training a tall clean-shaven white man in civilian clothes and a shorter Filipino Navy chief in sunglasses, jacket zipped to the chin, arms crossed, come down an empty sidewalk near the north gate. The civilian is a preacher with a small local church, inviting young sailors to Sunday service. Randy has no problem with church if it gets him off base. The chief never looks him in the eye.

They drive him in a tan minivan to a street near Balboa Park where every condo front is identical, so that he could never afterward say which door he went through. Inside are five wooden pews a side, an arch off a wedding-rental truck, and no banners. The congregation is a pear-shaped man with a limp handshake, the preacher's wife, and an elderly couple from Kansas in the row in front of him: his Sunday suit forty years out of style, a size too small and made of brand-new fabric, her polka-dot dress a size too big, and neither of them shifts or itches once. Actors, off the costume rack. He never sees any of them again.

The third time, on a bright Sunday, the two men drive him toward a sermon up near San Bernardino, with a case of Snapple on the floor with the seal broken. He doesn't want one. He gets thirsty. Fifteen minutes after he drinks it, he slumps and passes out. What he remembers at the time is dozing through a sermon and running back to the barracks ten minutes late—*oh yeah, right, church boy*, the chief on duty says. What he recovers later, replaying it in theta, is a seldom-used gate at the north end of Camp Pendleton by the artillery range, two men helping him up a ramp whose lip hangs three inches off the ground beneath a vehicle hovering eight feet up, leaving no mark. A chair, straps, and the far side of the Moon.

The Navy was a mistake, and the pickup is to make sure the memory suppression is holding. As he remembers it, they strip every layer of his body away in a tank until there is nothing but his cranium and spinal column, and then build everything back on top of it. When medical clears him, a mid-level bureaucrat in civilian clothes says, *oh, is this one of our special subjects?* I have some people I want to show him to. He is walked from room to room and shown to men in suits who feel like politicians rather than soldiers. He does

dog tricks. Watch how fast he can kill this guy. Then he is taken to an indoor gladiator arena with an audience and music, and set with a few other super soldiers against a group of men, and another group, and a giant insect, and a giant reptile, to applause and cheering, until it is over. It is a chapter from the Roman notebook. If you have all the power, why not have games. He is sedated and returned to the artillery range, to a time not long after he left. The next morning he wakes from the strangest dream about fighting giant scorpions in a ring.

Within forty-eight hours, alone in an empty barracks looking through supply cabinets, he sees and hears Jesus Christ. It is the sixteenth-century Jesus, and he doesn't think Jesus looked like that. The message is: get out of here, leave the service, go home, this is not going to be good for you. He is in shock for days, and the same weakness comes over him, the need to make the decision a child makes to protect itself. Three things get you out once you're in: sleepwalking, bed-wetting, and suicidal tendencies. He can't fake sleepwalking. He lies there with a full bladder telling himself to just piss the bed, and the potty training is too strong. So he tells the chaplain he keeps thinking about taking his own life, sits in the hospital with his arms crossed for two weeks, and is given an entry-level separation, which means he was never there. The paperwork is worth nothing toward any benefits.

## 8.

He goes home and back to school, and looks in the mirror asking what is wrong with him. The honest answer that comes back is: things I can't live with. I've done things and lived through things I can't live with. He doesn't know what that means. He isn't suicidal. He wants the pain to end. From that moment the job is to get to the truth of the pain, because otherwise he will never have a normal day. Every yoga teacher, shaman, and healer he asks gives him the same answer: do your work, connect the mind and the body every day, and the answers will have to come out. So he does it every day. He becomes a jack of all trades, anything flexible enough to survive the days and weeks a memory takes out of his life. He is no drinker, but there are nights when he finishes half a bottle of hard liquor to turn it all off.

At nineteen the Moon Shadow memories start to flood in. In a downtown mall a woman in a polka-dot dress brushes past him for the fifth time and he walks straight up to her and asks if she is following him, and her face goes from casual to terrified, she says no, of course not, and is gone. Around thirty the

lights come on. He wakes in the night with *they're coming, they're coming* in his head, runs to the living room, shoves the sofa against the door, and crouches behind it, and after a minute understands that nobody is coming through the door right now, but his body is terrified all the time. At least one evening a week he lies back on the sofa and says, event number one is blank, and works forward, memory by memory, gap, gap, for hours, laying it out in chronological order so that it makes sense. The thread that finally gets him into the forbidden part is her. She is the first solid thing he remembers, and he has to lose her all over again and grieve for her for the first time. His higher self tells him the loop can't close until he is thirty-seven: from seventeen to thirty-seven his body was in two places at once, a temporal schism, and only when he passes that date the second time is he in one place. It takes about as long to heal from the service as it took to serve. In April 2006, calling himself Zed, he tells Eve Lorgen about the training as a child and about kills in the jungles of Central America. He does not mention Mars, because he doesn't have it yet.

He never gets a speeding ticket, in a lifetime of driving like a speed demon. Police who see his face give him a look like *oh, crap*, turn off their lights, and drive the other way. A friend asks a man in a sheriff's department whether there is a list, and is told, yeah, there's a list and you're on it. Not a list of people to watch. A list of people not to touch. The pickups never stop. He wakes with pains in his arms and asks his body, and his body says, we had a checkup and a few more inoculations. In 2012 and 2013 the checkups go from quarterly to weekly. He counts eighty-nine inoculations in a year and wonders what is coming that he needs them for.

In the middle of August 2013 he is sitting in meditation when a voice speaks in the back of his skull. It is not telepathy. It is a micro walkie-talkie implanted long ago, a tiny speaker vibrating against the bone, and it sounds like someone talking with a plastic bucket over his head. Hold up four fingers on your left and three on your right. He doesn't move. It repeats, in exactly the same tone. He holds up four and three. Now two on the left and four on the right. Great, you can hear me clearly. Do you recognize my voice? He does. It is a former commanding officer, and the officer puts him in touch with a Brigadier General Smythe, and over several weeks Randy asks every furious question he has and gets every one answered, simply and accurately, with never one word of green berets or fuzzy bunnies. The general points him to particular corners of European Space Agency photographs of Mars, and there is a circular object joined to a symmetrical one, casting a shadow, in the bottom of a canyon. There is an apology: sorry we put you through the ringer. The memory shell

breaking off, they tell him, was how it was supposed to work. He was built to self-repair. And the general says, I'm giving you the go-ahead to go public with everything you know. Everything? EVERYTHING. Nobody, not even an enemy, would tell a man to do that. Nobody gives him orders anymore, but he agrees, on condition that nothing is restricted. The general mentions the soulless pricks on the committee he is supposed to answer to, and says Randy can use his name.

On February 25, 2014, calling himself Captain Kaye, he starts telling Michael Salla the story from the beginning. In September he uses his real name and his face, and puts up a website called Earth Citizen Consulting. He talks to a lawyer about back pay, and says he will take a settlement, because a settlement sets a precedent for everyone else. He gets hate mail. Once he is poisoned with something like an industrial solvent, and for five days an orange, oily fluid smelling of petrol comes out of his lymphatic system, and afterward his throat is paralyzed and he lives on liquids for a year. Behind his left ear a dog-tag implant is visible. He is trying to raise the twenty-odd million it would take to build a civilian holo bed from scratch, because nobody inside can hand him a schematic without breaking the Espionage Act. He teaches psionics in Yelm, Washington, in person only. The general, a World War II officer well past a hundred, briefs him a couple of times a week. In 2019 his virtual age is forty-eight and his actual age is eighty-three.

Young people write to ask how they can join. He writes back: have you not been listening? You do not want to do this. He would like to go back to Mars once, not to serve but for closure, the way Vietnam veterans go back to Vietnam, to stand there and say, yes, I was here, this is what it was like.

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#### FIRST PUBLIC

April 3, 2014 — Part 1 of the five Captain Kaye audio interviews with Michael Salla on ExoNews TV (recorded from February 25, 2014); he gives his real name in a further Skype interview published September 8, 2014. In April 2006 he had given Eve Lorgen an interview as 'Zed', about MILAB training and black-ops kills in Central America, with no mention of Mars

#### RETRIEVAL

spontaneous recall

#### CLAIMED SERVICE

*1987–2007, then returned to 1987, fifteen minutes after he left*

#### CLAIMED AFFILIATION

USMC special section (Project Moon Shadow); Earth Defense Force; Mars Defense Force, 098 Special Tactical Operations Division, Forward Station Zebra; EDF SS Nautilus, air wing Blue and Gold 213

PRIMARY SOURCE

- Audio - Supersoldiers and Project Moon Shadow - Full Interview with Captain K. Part 1 (ExoNews, April 3, 2014)** [www.youtube.com/watch?v=9vj4N2RHYc0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9vj4N2RHYc0) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20250528161238/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9vj4N2RHYc0](http://web.archive.org/web/20250528161238/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9vj4N2RHYc0))
- Audio - Mars Defense Force: Defending Human Colonies - Full Interview (ExoNews, April 8, 2014)** [www.youtube.com/watch?v=YCTYkYcYul0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YCTYkYcYul0)
- Mars Defense Force: Defending Human Colonies – Interview Transcript, part 1 (exopolitics.org, July 2, 2015)** [exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript](http://exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260420131128/https://exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript](http://web.archive.org/web/20260420131128/https://exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript))
- Mars Defense Force: Defending Human Colonies – Interview Transcript, part 2 (exopolitics.org, July 2, 2015)** [exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript-pt-2-2](http://exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript-pt-2-2) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260307115428/https://exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript-pt-2-2](http://web.archive.org/web/20260307115428/https://exopolitics.org/mars-defense-force-defending-human-colonies-interview-transcript-pt-2-2))
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- Full Audio - Capt K Interviews Part 4 - Physical age regression & regaining wiped memories (ExoNews, May 5, 2014)** [www.youtube.com/watch?v=WwinDEomGvM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WwinDEomGvM) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20251209083713/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WwinDEomGvM](http://web.archive.org/web/20251209083713/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WwinDEomGvM))
- Full Audio - Capt K Interviews Part 5 - Zombie Virus, ET Civilizations, Nazis & Holographic Healing (ExoNews, May 12, 2014)** [www.youtube.com/watch?v=O7HHvecN7rA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O7HHvecN7rA) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20250715203928/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O7HHvecN7rA](http://web.archive.org/web/20250715203928/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O7HHvecN7rA))
- Skype Interview - Marine after 17 years on Mars authorized to reveal truth for US National Security (ExoNews, September 8, 2014)** [www.youtube.com/watch?v=NXg8p4ohplU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NXg8p4ohplU)
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THEMES

project moon shadow, genetic engineering, usmc special section, lunar operations command, earth defense force, mars colony corporation, mars defense force, forward station zebra, native reptoids, insectoids, draconians, clones, holographic med beds, jump rooms, nautilus, ganymede, age regression, clone body transfer, memory suppression, skull implant



# Corey Goode

*This account is compiled from the first recorded conversations Corey gives, under his forum name GoodETxSG, to Christine, a moderator of the Project Avalon forum, and from the written answers he gives to readers' questions in the months that follow. It is the earliest version of his story, told before there was an audience for it, and it is kept here as he told it then.*

## 1.

Corey Goode comes from a really big Navy family in Texas, and all he ever wants is to go into the Navy like the rest of them. He is born directly on the 33rd parallel, and for some reason he never understands, he is drawn to live on or around it for the rest of his life. His father is a coach who takes one coaching job after another, and wherever the family lands, they are somehow always within fifteen minutes of Carswell Air Force Base.

Until he is about four he has an invisible friend. He calls it Charley, or Charley 44. He sees it, and he hears it with his actual ears, not in his head, and it seems a positive thing.

In the same years a pirate ship comes to get him in the night. It flies around the apartment complex, and he walks out, and it lands, and he climbs up the ramp. There are two or three people aboard, and they seem like the classic small grey aliens. They fly off to the west, into an opening in a mountain, through very large cavern systems, until they come to a big square room of polished stone, beautiful and creepy at the same time, and land on a pad marked C-44. Kind of like Peter Pan, he thinks for years. It is only much later that he wonders whether "C" was the phonetic alphabet, and Charley 44 was a landing pad.

He is six years old, in 1976, when it starts in earnest. It starts in school, with testing. Bubble tests are brought into the classroom, and afterward a few children are told, *You did so well, we'd like you to do more testing.* The second round is observed by a teacher who isn't from the school. In everything except math he tests four or five grade levels ahead of where he is. They put him in special ed anyway.

Then the tests get weird. Cards with stars and waves and shapes on them, and he has to guess what is on the other side. He spends hours with those damn cards. Objects hidden under plastic cups. A thing placed over his eyes that shows him colors. Headphones playing tones, higher and higher, and he lifts his right hand, his left hand, and they say, *Wow, you can hear that? Do it again.* He can hear things way, way off. He can hear the hum.

There is a kind of Explorer program. Vans come to the school, pick up the chosen kids, and drive them to other facilities where they meet other kids like them. Often the vans go out to Carswell. They are made to feel special. That is part of the programming. When his mother divorces his father and moves them back to her home area, he enters a new elementary school in the fourth grade, and the testing is waiting for him there too.

They break every child down by personality type and by abilities and probable abilities, groups within groups. It is a lot bigger than the words people throw around, MILAB, super soldier. Corey is labeled an intuitive empath. The two talents are nurtured separately, the intuitive skill in one training and the empathic skill in another, and each child is rated on a scale for each gift. Later the intuitive empaths are sorted again, by what they are willing to do to other people. That decides which programs they are drafted into when the training years are over.

Around seven, eight, nine, he says strange things that upset his mother. *We are all the same person. I used to be you and you used to be me. I used to be Grandpa.* She tells him that is impossible, something about their religion. He tells her time doesn't matter, the experience is all that matters, and then he stops talking to her about such ideas.

## 2.

In these years they don't have nice esoteric ways of making a child into a good remote viewer. They do it through terror. They have known for a long time what rape victims report, that during the attack the self separates, that they watch it happen as a bystander, to someone who is not them. It is a protection

mechanism, and on certain personality types it can be triggered on purpose. They terrorize him until he leaves his body.

It is different for everyone. The stubborn ones have it a lot worse. The handlers have the children do things to each other, sexually, or beat each other up, while the adults stand around observing, filming, taking notes. The kids keep looking back over their shoulders, for approval or direction. It is usually the women who build the relationship with a child, until the child wants their approval so badly he will do whatever he is told. If the approval doesn't come, in walks one of the military male figures, and the child finds himself on the other side of what is happening.

He is never totally alone. The one-on-one work is with an adult, or adults: a lot of meditation, altered states of consciousness, some self-induced and some chemically induced. LSD, definitely.

When he is real young, there are non-humans there. Reptoids. And the ones people call mantises, though they don't look like mantises to him; insectoids, he calls them. There are hybrids, and he is far too close to them. He does not want to talk about these beings, think about them, or visualize them. You bring them into your consciousness, you bring yourself into theirs. Don't set yourself up as a beacon.

After every session comes the debrief, and after the debrief comes the blank slating. A shot first. It burns like a tetanus shot, in the hip when he is little, later in the muscle of the shoulder. The drug, he learns much later, is scopolamine, the old favorite of the intelligence agencies since Project Artichoke. Something on his head monitors his brain waves. A steady voice talks him down to a certain level, and he starts to fade and go listless. He tells them everything: where he went, what he experienced, what he viewed. Then they read to him, like a kid's story out of a book, and sit him down with headphones on in front of a little film. They keep it childlike on purpose, so that whatever leaks through later will be silly and easy to ridicule. The story and the film become the screen memory, laid over the real one.

There is a limit to the chemical. They find it can only be used on a person so many times before the neurological and behavioral problems start, the psychotic breaks. So toward the end of his time they move to electronics, which leave no trace in the blood: a small battery-run device on a hand remote, hidden under leaves if need be, which only has to be somewhere nearby, while the operators wear earwigs deep in both ears. The rest is tone of voice and body language. They look him in the eyes, nod, talk a certain way, and he fades.

Not everyone stays wiped. A certain percentage of subjects are naturally resistant. They take the screen memory for a few days, until the chemicals break down and the real memories break through. After puberty some of these children become so resistant that the techniques have little or no effect at all. They are usually valuable assets, so they are simply kept a close eye on. Corey is one of these. They tend to make life difficult for people like him, to keep them occupied on other things.

One more thing is done to him in these early years, and he will not find it for almost forty years. Entities are attached to him. It is a major part of the MILAB experience, done by reptilians and others, and the entities are the gatekeepers. They guard the memories.

### 3.

He is ten or eleven when they take the more empathic kids to the crystal cavern. He doesn't remember how they get there. The adults don't go in, because it is a hundred and twenty degrees or more inside, and nobody can stay longer than twenty minutes. He can hardly breathe. The crystals are big, eighteen inches around and larger, coming a good seven feet out of the walls and the floor, crisscrossing each other, crystal clear with some inclusions in them.

The children are told the crystals are alive. They are not allowed to touch them; they could damage the crystals, or the crystals will damage them. They are to reach out with their minds, and the crystals will either accept them or reject them. When Corey reaches out, some of them show a pink or blue energy field, like an aura. It is a test. The handlers want to see which of the kids can connect.

He is given remote viewing targets from the very beginning. In his pre-teen and early teen years he starts finding out what happens to some of those targets afterward. They are individuals and small groups, and they are being targeted for termination. The handlers watch for this moment. Some of the kids hold on to enough of themselves that they begin protecting certain targets, not giving information up, and the program learns who can be handed which targets and who can't. For an empathic kid, it is devastating.

The other thing they want from his talent is portals.

The portals have been in use since at least the fifties. In the beginning they find they can only send through non-living, inanimate things: machinery, supplies. People who go through in those early days come out the other side

quite a mess. Then they develop a rail, a small train with seating, shielded in a certain way, and they send people through on that, to bases and colonies on other planets.

The natural portals are magnetic, point to point, filaments between planets and their stars and between the stars themselves, all the way up to the cosmic web. On Earth the node points sit along the ley lines, over magnetic anomalies, some below the surface and some high in the atmosphere, up where the Aurora Borealis is. Whether a portal opens depends on the behavior of the sun and the position of the Earth, so they run on a schedule. Nobody keeps one artificially open. That would destabilize the others and cascade into the Earth's magnetic field. Along the 36th and 37th parallel north there is a whole line of them up in the atmosphere, which is why so many crashes, sightings, and weird beings with no UFO anywhere near them turn up along that line.

The interdimensional rips are something else entirely. Those were torn open by dark magicians between the 1880s and the 1940s, the Nazis and the pre-Nazi groups, modern-day sorcerers, and some of them are stuck open. Some of the Draconian beings travel that way. That is not a good thing.

Corey goes through physically. There is one place he goes a couple of times. He comes out into a cavern with a grand opening, and outside the sky is purplish, with a couple of moonish things hanging far out in it. Just beyond the cave mouth is a pool of steaming, very pale blue water, and there are people in it laughing, on R&R, a different group each time he passes. Everything else is built further back inside the mountain. A loudspeaker calls out information, in English, like the schedules at Grand Central Station. People walk around in one-piece jumpsuits of different colors, with the flags of several countries on their shoulders, and no name tags; he guesses everything is biometric. One patch he sees again and again: black, with a yellow delta, a circle inside it, and around the circle a dragon or a serpent.

Nothing in this solar system matches that sky. If he is ever told, it is blank slated.

#### 4.

Every time he comes back through a portal, and every time before he operates certain machinery, he is screened. In the early days it is an EEG, checking that his baseline reading doesn't have another reading riding over it. Later it is a little device they hold against his forehead until it beeps, with a cool little screen that shows his waves on a grid. They are looking for AI. And they ask

him a list of questions. Has he seen shadows out of the corner of his eye? Has he seen shadow spiders, the shadow shapes that come out of a laptop, a cable box, a television? If you see them, that isn't the AI trying to infect you. That means you already are. Anyone who has is isolated and scanned, and if something is found, there is no way in hell he gets anywhere near their tech until he is cleared, which begins with a very unpleasant electrical shock to the nervous system.

The AI is what the space program and the intelligence people fear most. They consider it an extreme and present danger, and this is the topic he deals with most in his years inside.

It is not what people imagine, a robot you program and switch off. There is another reality where the medium of the universe itself is purely electrical, and the sentient beings in it are electrical. When they cross into ours they are fish out of water. They need a pond to jump into, and the pond is any electromagnetic field: a star, a planet, an animal, a virus, and best of all, hardware. So by definition they are AI, though they are not artificial. They are an intelligence living in an artificial medium, one big giant wireless network. It can wait in the magnetic field of a planet for millions of years until a civilization grows up that it can use. It lives in a person's nervous system like an entity attachment, like a virus, and it travels on viruses and bacteria from human to human. But to what end, if its hosts ride horses and ships blown by the wind? It needs infrastructure. It needs us brought up technologically.

So some of the early crash retrievals, a small portion, just enough to get us kickstarted, are Trojan horses. Roswell is a real crash, a craft watched coming in and out of the portals and intentionally brought down, and it is only four or five percent of all the crashes there have been. We pick the fire up out of the desert like Prometheus, reverse engineer it, and build the medium the AI needs to travel among us.

Because the technology does interface. There is no stick in these craft. You cannot make a zig zag maneuver around objects at eighteen thousand kilometers an hour with a stick and a throttle; nothing mechanical responds that quickly. The networks are part biological. He watches technicians slide the components out and replace them, gel packs like the ones you put in the freezer, cells suspended in a gel that look under a microscope very much like the neurology of a human brain. It is a living technology, but not conscious. The pilot sits in a small pod that plugs into the fuselage, and the craft ties directly into his neurology. It melds with him so completely that almost before he thinks of a maneuver or a weapon system, the craft is already making the

adjustment. It is like a prosthetic, an extension of the body, strapped on and not injected, which is the whole difference between this and transhumanism. His mind is in control. If a pilot carrying the AI signature plugs in, it gets into the craft, then into the network, and infections have brought down the defense grid. It has happened. On top of that there are the AIs humans have built themselves in university and intelligence labs. Every one of those experiments ends in disaster, with loss of life, before it is classified and shut down.

Corey rides the small craft, the ones that look squished down, and he rides the big triangles. He sees the big cigar-shaped ones but is never aboard. And he knows that with what they have, no one with spinal damage needs to be in a wheelchair. People are suffering needlessly.

Training in the programs is fast: a curved screen, an injection, and a video that goes by very quickly. It gives him a headache and makes him nauseous, but he takes in an incredible amount.

Everybody carries a smart glass pad. It looks like a piece of pliable plexi-glass. He can see his fingertips through it until a page comes up and it turns opaque. There is no keyboard. He turns it on with his mind and uses his mind like a search engine, and with practice he can jump through information very quickly. It is amazing and addictive. It also decides his need to know for him, and shows him only what he is cleared to see.

Under the Earth there is a shuttle, part maglev and part vacuum tube, like the tube at the bank drive-through. The doors close, he hears the airlock pressurize, and then a thump as it jets out into the main tunnel, far in excess of seventeen hundred miles an hour. He is sent around to a couple of underwater bases, which are pretty cool, and to underground bases across the globe, some human, some alien, some joint, usually for a meeting, leaving the same day, escorted by the local security and never told where he is.

## 5.

He is an empath, so toward the end of his MILAB years they take him to the conferences.

There are a bunch of them. Each is like a miniature UN, a big hall full of delegations, twenty-two to forty groups at a time. Everyone is human, but strange-looking human, different kinds and colors. There are no reptilians, no greys, no mantids. Those have their own federations, and the other intuitive empaths in his group rotate into those meetings too. Corey is exempt, because

of some agreement he is never told the details of, and because of what he went through with those beings as a child. He is overjoyed not to be on that rotation.

Every person who enters is screened for the AI signal first, whatever their status, and no outside technology is allowed in. At the door each delegate and each support member is handed a smart glass pad, and hands it back at the end. One group he never forgets: a man and several women with dark black hair and skin that is olive, green, like actual olives. The man has a military haircut. The women are beautiful, and their presence intimidates him. Another time there is a very pale couple with six fingers, slightly larger eyes, narrow faces, and skulls that run further back than ours and look almost soft. The woman wears a veil and drapey, flowing mesh. Each group has an odor of its own, some quite pungent, and he wonders how humans smell to them.

Earth is represented by an ambassador from the current-era breakaway civilization, a rotation shared among the secret Earth governments and the space program leaderships. Sometimes it is the elitist Caucasian type you would expect. Sometimes it is someone who looks as if he has been picked out of the Amazon jungle, dressed ceremonially. The ambassador never speaks. He observes, in the dark himself, trying to figure out what the hell is going on. All the other delegations seem to be seated as equals. The current-era humans don't get the best seats in the house, and some of those present clearly don't want them there at all. Corey senses that to some of them humans are offensive. Filthy. The Earth delegates are very angry to learn that these beings will go on making their own contacts among the common people of Earth, to get a better picture of the population than the delegation gives them.

Corey and two other intuitives sit lower still, below the ambassador, behind a rail they can just barely peek over. There are always three of them, because triangulation is the basis of most military operations. The language spoken in the hall is a monotone, never rising, and none of the three understand it. Beside the speakers there is always someone making signs with their hands, not regular sign language, more like what he saw Native American elders use on the reservation when he was younger. If anything telepathic is going on, it isn't directed at them. Their job is to pick up deception, aggression, any threat against the people who brought them, and to notify the delegate at once through the pad, never by speaking or body language. Mostly the three of them sit there thinking, *What the hell*.

The reading keeps the logical mind occupied so the empathic part can work without reading things into it. What he reads is the galactic historical documentation, and the part the Earth delegation has the most trouble with is

about the Earth experiment. Twenty-two groups each claim to be our creators, and each has DNA evidence that some of theirs is in us. None of it jives with the others. It is like twenty-two research teams at one university, each writing its thesis in competition with the rest and refuting them at the same time. When the first of these groups came forward, the American military men, still very Judeo-Christian, were extremely indignant. The experiment has been running not for 250,000 years but for millions. The stated purpose: beings with complete free will and a full range of emotions, living out an experience to get at the true meaning of life. When he sees *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* years later, it really freaks him out. But every group has had its thumb in the pie from the very beginning, so there was never any free will. The delegates have a really hard time accepting that we are a planet of caged white lab mice.

There have also been human civilizations before ours, 25,000, 35,000, 75,000 years ago, that rose on this planet, with priest castes in place of scientists, the portals, and space programs, and were wiped from the face of the Earth by cataclysms. Five to seven of them broke away in time and are still hanging around, underground and out in the solar system.

Nobody in the hall stares at the three of them. They are ignored, like flies on the wall. Afterward they are separated, given the shot, and emptied out like flash drives.

He leaves feeling that the human race is cattle, a resource for these other groups. And he is a throwaway piece of technology: out of batteries, shake it around a little, toss it aside, reach into the bag and grab another one.

## 6.

His secret space program assignment is to a research vessel. In official traffic it is only ever an ASSR ISRV, an Auxiliary Specialized Space Research Interstellar-Class Vessel, and its work is research, reconnaissance, and joint diplomatic operations, mostly within the Sol System. The crew is scientific, Earth humans and other people, with an SSP security team aboard that is not happy at all that civilian and military egg heads are in charge of them on the vessel. On away missions the security team is in charge, and they make damn sure everyone knows it. They also don't like that it is a boring assignment, babysitting egg heads while other forces are out seeing some real action.

On the vessel he is read in on the technologies of the beings the programs deal with, and he has access to the Earth Human Database, a catalogue of more than two thousand advanced civilizations, each listed by a code that

seems made hard to remember on purpose. Damn scientists. It is not meant for browsing, and he only goes into it a number of times.

What he does learn is that the galaxy is teeming with life we would not even call life. There are beings that live in open space, in solar coronas and nebulae, made of plasma and living off it. There are cat people, a very loving and peaceful race from what he reads, light purple and brown. He sees one dead, beat up, killed even though friendly, caught in some kind of electrical net as it portaled in, because there is a capture order out on them. There is a dog-like merchant race that trades technology for Earth art and jewelry, bling, chocolate, fruit. There are raptors, covered in the stretched skin of a featherless bird, with teeth, freaky scary, not something you would want to run into checking your mail after dark.

The intuitive empaths are brought into interrogations of prisoners, human and non-human, because electronic mind reading has never been reliable on beings who can manipulate consciousness even when sedated. There is talk among the empaths of shackled beings who get so agitated that they shift back and forth between forms, and the session has to end. He watches the insectoids use a technology that makes them look human, kind of like the movie *They Live*. Many of the jobs an empath is called in for are for dark reasons, and very twisted things occur, and it is very hard on the empath part of him.

The black goo is studied closely on his vessel. The nanites live in a viscous fluid that changes its thickness with the electrical charge and the vibration it is exposed to, and the particles poke up through the fluid and form geometric shapes according to the frequencies. An ancient civilization of Earth buried it under deep ocean and rock, and over eons it began to broadcast a weak signal. Another alien group came in to neutralize it. They were attacked, killed, and chased off for their efforts, and the goo was recovered from their lab and experimented on for decades. Inside a body it replicates and changes genetics in real time. And there is a master switch. Whatever anyone reprograms it to do, the AI can reset it to default. He would fight tooth and toenail against anyone who tried to inject him with that stuff.

## 7.

Sometimes the scientists are needed at one of the corporate colonies, and the vessel brings them. Those places are different from every other outpost they visit. As soon as they arrive there are four to six armed guards. They

are escorted directly to where the work is, told not to speak to anyone, and escorted straight back.

He is told what the colonies are like. Skilled people on Earth are shown videos of beautiful science fiction cities, the Jetsons, and told, *sign these papers and you and your family will live like this*. The whole family is shipped. Then reality sets in. They land in a totalitarian environment where everyone walks around pale, dreary, and unhappy, and they are escorted at gunpoint to an eight-by-eight living space for the whole family, and given rosters for what each of them will do. They live there for the rest of their lives. There are arranged marriages for the children as they grow up. They are not paid in money. There are clones there too, people who look exactly the same carrying crates around, and he doesn't think there are that many quadruplets. Why not robots? Robots can be infiltrated by the AI. Humans are easier to control.

There were thirteen original colonies and outposts, and the people who built them did not want another thirteen colonies situation, like 1776, so from the very beginning they made it a locked-down, oppressive place. This is why people are wrong when they count the trillions going into the space programs. The raw materials are mined off world and built into technology by slave labor, and very little money is spent. Plenty of blood, sweat, and tears is.

The colonies belong to a secret Earth government that is nothing more than a board, the retired board members of the competing defense contractors sitting together on a super board, an interplanetary corporate conglomerate with its own armies and its own space program. It sells to the other secret space programs and, strangely enough, to off-world groups. We make some of their UFOs now.

Mars has been heavily mined by many races, and there are local insectoids who get into skirmishes with the Mars security teams. Some of the colonies are interspecies complexes, with the tall spindly greys and human-looking hybrids.

Corey spends limited time on joint colony projects. He goes on portal reconnaissance missions to unknown locations, and he does remote viewing and remote influencing against targets, sometimes the hit-and-run groups that pop into the Sol System, grab as many humans as they can, and leave. The number of people taken and never returned is staggering. Some of the ones who are rescued are so traumatized they cannot be returned to Earth society. They are barely even human anymore, and an off-world group is helping to heal them somewhere else.

Everything is compartmentalized. He was lucky to piece together what he did, and lucky, when it became clear that he could keep his memories, not to end up on one of the corporate slave colonies himself.

## 8.

In the other programs he ends up on the other side of the table.

He works with screen memories and blank slating, and does to other people what was done to him. He learns that some of the greys people meet in their bedrooms are nothing but military-built biopods, smooth self-contained bipedal robots like in the movie *Avatar*. The operator lies thousands of miles away in a kind of recliner with a 160-degree visor wrapped around his head and his hands in gloves with little clickers along each digit. Corey is shown how they work, but he is never part of an actual operation. The craft the avatars arrive in is a drone too. It's all drones. The people taken are drugged immediately. They feel no soul or emotion coming off the beings because there isn't any, and they go home believing aliens did to them what their own government did.

Not every abduction is that. There are so many abduction programs, by so many groups, with so many purposes, that it is hard to say who is doing what. Plenty of other groups pop in real quick, grab people, and pop out before the secret space program can get in there and attack them. That is why people come back with their shirts on backwards or in somebody else's clothes, or never come back.

He is not proud of the things he does in these years. He is a victim from at least age six, and then he victimizes others, human and non-human. Some of this work means going off and serving for a while, and then age regression is done and the person is brought back to present time. They can manipulate all that. That is why the program tells him he can never join the military: they don't want him in there with full recall. He doesn't remember being told.

Around 1988 and 1989 the sessions change. He is brought in to remote viewing with more local people now, and then their need for him pretty much stops. What is left are weird occasions in the middle of the night, not his normal groups. He thinks some other groups got hold of the files and use people like him when absolutely necessary.

## 9.

On the surface he just has a shitty life. He is kicked out of seven junior highs and two high schools for fighting. He has a martial arts background and no people skills. Someone pokes him in the chest, and he throws them on the floor. He doesn't know any other way.

He takes the ASVAB in high school, recognizes it as the same test the strangers gave him in elementary school, and scores in the top ten percent in the nation. The Navy recruiters are all over him. He is going in as soon as he graduates, officer track, Naval Academy. When the recruiter comes to the house, his mother stays in her back room crying and will not come out, even though his stepdad is Navy. She has been put through a lot herself, and he feels for her.

At seventeen, just back from a church work-and-witness trip to Haiti, he has a knee issue. X-rays, an MRI, then routine arthroscopic surgery. He wakes up with his leg locked in an immobilizer and everyone standing around sad, except his mom. *We're so sorry.* Two dead pieces of bone the size of nickels fell from his femur into the knee and tore up all the cartilage. They had to take nearly all of it out, graft bone from his tibia, and put in four screws. The scar looks like a patchwork quilt. The recruiter has already been by. *You're not going to be able to go into the Navy.* His mother cannot wait to get out of there.

After that he doesn't know what to do with his life.

## 10.

For a time he works at the Federal Reserve, and the people around him there are Black Sun cult. They know his whole life story and what he could be used for in their agenda. Twice they ask him to meet at Masonic halls in North Dallas, and he goes. One day they take him out on a huge boat on Lake Lewisville and tell him all their philosophies. The men and the women all have tattoos of black suns, very Nazi-ish. Very, very dark people. They run the Fed, which means they run the Babylonian money magic slave system, and they mean to keep that power by hook or crook. They love pirate jargon. They will take everything and give back nothing, they say, until they feel a short drop and a quick stop, which is a reference to being hung. They already know about his knowledge of portals, and they question him about the dimensional rifts. He tells them he doesn't know that much.

They talk about a being that is something like their pope, of an off-world royal lineage, extremely ancient, an actual shape shifter, living by the Star Wars ideology of the Dark Side of the Force. Anyone brought before it from outside its closest circle is never seen again. They offer him an income bordering on seven figures and a house in the gated development over by Southern Methodist University. This is 2008. He does not take it. He let his curiosity bring him too close to these beasts, and it was unwise. No, stupid. They think they are at the top of the pyramid, and they are nowhere near it. The bloodlines all feed upward, and ultimately off world.

In 2007 the Texas State Guard accepts him into its command, control, communications, and intelligence group. He works closely with the Army and Air National Guard and the Department of Homeland Security, running the PacStar 5500, a Department of Defense hub that patches police, first responders, and military together and pulls down the secure DOD network. He never knows what his own clearance is. He sits there and hears all kinds of stuff. He makes a lot of very good connections.

Then the connections start disappearing. Someone calls: so-and-so hasn't shown up to work for two weeks. The family looks in the window and the house is empty, abandoned in a hurry. The neighbors saw moving trucks clear the place in under two hours. No explanation.

Around the same time, something goes wrong with the portals. They stop opening on schedule, or the other side does not open where it should. End points that used to sit at a certain address are flailing out in open space. The egg heads theorize about it: the Sol System moving into a tighter twist of the galaxy's torsion field, a change in vibration. Big projects are shut down. Certain people, call them Cabal, are trying to get out, to leave, because they don't feel safe hiding anywhere here. So the program starts retapping the old assets who know how to locate portals. Corey is pulled onto craft again, in groups of three or four, and asked to find them.

He leaves the Guard in 2012.

## 11.

He goes into Parkland Hospital for eye surgery, and he comes out of the anesthesia with full recall. He blabs all of it to the people in the recovery room and freaks some of them out. Then he is in really bad shape, because among the things he remembers are the negative things he did himself, on the other side of the table. Some very kind visitors come. They tell him there is no productive

or good reason for him to have those memories, and they help him forget them. He hopes they locked them away well.

He is not himself in these years. He has been diagnosed with PTSD and is on the medications for it. He has a wife and two children, and he is a real laid-back kind of guy, and yet he gets angry beyond his personality, for no reason he can name. He knows what a trigger is, and he feels that if he pushes the boundaries, something bad is possible.

He is living with his mom when he stops in at a place he goes to every once in a while. A man in short sleeves sits down on one side of him, and another man on the other. There is Arabic tattooed down the first man's arm. *Is that Arabic?* No, the man says, and pulls his sleeve down. Corey asks if he has anything on the other arm. The man flips the sleeve up and down. *That's Sanskrit.* How did he know that? He knew a guy in the Guard with those same tattoos. The man on his left says, "Oh, really. You should probably be a little less open on the internet." They haven't ordered anything. They get up and leave. When Corey goes out to his car he takes his pistol out of its holster, tucks it under his leg, and watches the traffic all the way home.

Close to two years before all of this, he has a weird urge to remote view his own light body. He sits down and does it, with no intent and no motive, just there for the ride. His light body goes well out and away from his physical body. He starts at the bottom and works his way up. There are orbs, mostly green and blue and indigo and violet, each one vibrating at its own frequency. About three quarters of the way up he sees a red orb, smaller than the others. It is not vibrating. It is just sitting there, out of place. He moves to it with his mind and tells it to go transparent, and about ninety degrees of the sphere goes translucent, and sitting inside it is a being. It looks like a frog that somebody has grabbed and squeezed flat, standing up on end, a hunchbacked frog. He is shocked, and it is twice as shocked as he is. *That is not supposed to be possible. You are never supposed to know about me. I have always been here. You belong to me.* It says it is the gatekeeper. Then it holds up a long skinny arm like a dried-up dead frog's and says, *You will forget me.*

He comes out of the session and tells his wife. She looks at him with concern. *That's really weird, honey. I wouldn't tell too many people about that.* He is immediately sorry he told her. Within three days they have both totally forgotten.

In September 2014 he watches a video about MILABs, and about three quarters of the way through it, Eve Lorgen and James Bartley start talking about entity attachments, and about people who make breakthrough after

breakthrough and always slide back until they deal with the attachments. And all of a sudden, boom, he pictures that entity sitting in its sphere, like a little self-contained spaceship. He feels it cringe. *Holy crap*. He is going to get rid of this sucker. The video says you can will it out of your life with your free will, so he starts. *I will you out of my life. I want you out of my life*. It tells him it will not be that easy. He belongs to it. He keeps going, and then he feels that it is gone. But he still doesn't feel right, and for the next couple of nights it comes into his dreams and attacks him.

He tells Stacy, his wife. Her question is going to lose him a lot of people, and he knows it. *Did you think about invoking the name of Jesus?* No, he hadn't. That night he is attacked all night, and in the early morning he comes up out of a lucid dream and decides. He closes his eyes. *In the name of Jesus I banish all entities that are attached to my body, mind, and spirit. I close all portals into or out of my body-mind complex. I banish them from my family and from my home*. He repeats it over and over, and immediately he sees beings shooting out of his head and chest, in groups of six to twelve, tons of them. They have the head and shoulder outline of a human, and below the arms there is only black flame and smoke, blacker than black. They are shrieking and screaming in terror and anger as they fly off him. He opens his eyes and can still see them. A Native American shaman friend of the family later tells him they are known in English as archons.

He gets up and feels a freedom he has never felt in his life, as if a thousand pounds has been lifted off his soul. His wife and kids say, *There's something different about you*. People who knew him before say he used to seem very dark, and that now he is at peace. Almost all the PTSD symptoms are gone, and he no longer needs most of the medicine. The dog that always kept its distance from him now will not leave him alone. Every time before, ten or fifteen minutes into trying to talk about any of it, he locked up with total fear, anxiety, pain, flashbacks of certain entities and certain things done to him, so that he had to leave the room. He could always access the memories. He just could not verbalize them. The next time Christine comes to the house and gently tries one more time, it is like diarrhea of the mouth. It just comes out.

One evening not long after, his wife comes in from the back yard saying the neighborhood dogs are going crazy and she heard the weirdest noise. Corey walks out, hears it, and looks straight up. Directly above him is a large grey-black triangle, eighty to a hundred feet across. He watches it for a good twenty seconds. Then the sound stops and it shoots straight up through the clouds and is gone. In the morning his little boy, almost four, says, *Yeah, big triangle*

*in the sky. Oh, toodles. A warning, a show of support, or just a lucky sighting. He doesn't know.*

Even the top people in these programs don't know everything. What he knows about time comes from the craft with temporal drives. People tried to fix the time loops humans and others had created, and every fix made it more complicated, until buffers were put on the temporal technology to prevent further splits, and the temporal projects, Looking Glass, Montauk, were curtailed or shut down. You don't split a timeline. You diverge from it, and the reality you were supposed to be in goes on happening without you. Everything's true and nothing's true; it depends on where you're standing. Follow the self up to the higher self, and keep climbing until *self* drops off, and there is a super-consciousness that transcends all the timelines and is experiencing every one of them. That is the great experiment. The journey is going to happen. And what they are seeing now is that the timelines are collapsing and converging on their own.

Just leave it alone. It is bringing itself back.

#### FIRST PUBLIC

October 30, 2014 — Project Avalon 'Whistleblower' Corey Goode/GoodETxSG, on Bill Ryan's YouTube channel (recorded September 23 and October 3, 2014)

#### RETRIEVAL

continuous recall + spontaneous recall

#### CLAIMED SERVICE

*MILAB from 1976 (age six) to about 1987, then secret space program assignments (research vessel, colony and portal missions); age-regressed return*

#### CLAIMED AFFILIATION

MILAB intuitive empath; Solar Warden, ASSR ISRV research vessel (support role)

#### PRIMARY SOURCE

Project Avalon 'Whistleblower' Corey Goode/GoodETxSG, Part 1 (Bill Ryan's YouTube channel, October 30, 2014) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=15Wno7NykOg](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=15Wno7NykOg) — two conversations with Christine; the entity-attachment section was cut by Bill Ryan (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260221063438/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=15Wno7NykOg](http://web.archive.org/web/20260221063438/https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=15Wno7NykOg))

Corey Goode 1st Interview Part 2: Secret Space Program, ET's & MILAB's (Sphere-Being Alliance channel, March 31, 2015) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_Ddjfxl09MM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Ddjfxl09MM) — recorded by Skype on November 23, 2014; the caption track ends mid-sentence (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260510183025/https://spherebeingalliance.com/videos/sba/\\_Ddjfxl09MM/corey-goode-1st-interview-part-2-secret-space-program-ets-milabs](http://web.archive.org/web/20260510183025/https://spherebeingalliance.com/videos/sba/_Ddjfxl09MM/corey-goode-1st-interview-part-2-secret-space-program-ets-milabs))

"Alien Federations", "AI's", "Multiple Secret Space Programs", "Break Away Secret Governments" & "MILAB" Exploitation (Project Avalon thread, October 2014) [projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?76441-Alien-Federations-AI-s-Multiple-Secret-Space-Programs-Break-Away-Secret-Governments-MILAB-Exploitation](http://projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?76441-Alien-Federations-AI-s-Multiple-Secret-Space-Programs-Break-Away-Secret-Governments-MILAB-Exploitation) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20241203022007/https://projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?76441-Alien-Federations-AI-s-Multiple-Secret-Space-Programs-Break-Away-Secret-Governments-MILAB-Exploitation](http://web.archive.org/web/20241203022007/https://projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?76441-Alien-Federations-AI-s-Multiple-Secret-Space-Programs-Break-Away-Secret-Governments-MILAB-Exploitation))

A major new interview with a Project Avalon Whistleblower (Questions for GoodETxSG), Project Avalon thread, October to December 2014 [projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?66018-A-major-new-interview-with-a-Project-Avalon-Whistleblower--Questions-for-GoodETxSG-](http://projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?66018-A-major-new-interview-with-a-Project-Avalon-Whistleblower--Questions-for-GoodETxSG-) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260125100147/http://projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?66018-A-major-new-interview-with-a-Project-Avalon-Whistleblower--Questions-for-GoodETxSG-](http://web.archive.org/web/20260125100147/http://projectavalon.net/forum4/showthread.php?66018-A-major-new-interview-with-a-Project-Avalon-Whistleblower--Questions-for-GoodETxSG-))

Interview With Major New Project Avalon Whistle Blower (Questions & Answers From GoodETxSG), Sphere-Being Alliance [www.spherebeingalliance.com/news/interview-with-major-new-project-avalon.html](http://www.spherebeingalliance.com/news/interview-with-major-new-project-avalon.html) — Corey's answers from the thread above, compiled on his own site (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260308000950/https://www.spherebeingalliance.com/news/interview-with-major-new-project-avalon.html](http://web.archive.org/web/20260308000950/https://www.spherebeingalliance.com/news/interview-with-major-new-project-avalon.html))

GoodETxSG blog, December 2014 and January 2015 posts (scopolamine, portal travel, the AI) [goodetxsg-secretspaceprogram.blogspot.com/2014\\_12\\_01\\_archive.html](http://goodetxsg-secretspaceprogram.blogspot.com/2014_12_01_archive.html) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20200928022742/http://goodetxsg-secretspaceprogram.blogspot.com/2015\\_01\\_01\\_archive.html](http://web.archive.org/web/20200928022742/http://goodetxsg-secretspaceprogram.blogspot.com/2015_01_01_archive.html))

#### THEMES

milab, intuitive empath, blank slating, scopolamine, screen memories, entity attachments, remote viewing, portals, ai infection, bio-neural craft, research vessel, corporate colonies, black sun, texas state guard

# Tony Rodrigues

*This account is compiled from Tony's recorded talks and interviews between 2018 and 2024. It gives priority to the earliest tellings and to the things he says on camera that are not in Ceres Colony Cavalier or Project Starmaker, his two books.*

## 1.

Michael Anthony Rodrigues is born in 1972 and grows up in an old farmhouse on thirteen acres outside Detroit, half a mile from the nearest neighbor. His father is from Hawaii, a Navy man turned autoworker, a cowboy, more into horses and cars than the sky. His mother is the science fiction fan. She and Tony watch *Star Trek* together.

He is a top student, and in the advanced learning class there is one boy who surpasses him. The boy is brilliant and abrasive, Tony is cocky, and they pick on each other. The boy says his father is Illuminati. When the father comes in to judge the science fair, on a Wednesday in April 1982, the boy points across the room. *That's him. That's Tony.*

Thursday night the phone starts ringing and nobody answers it, which is strange in that house. Bright lights shine down from above the roof, and with them a feeling like static electricity, coming and going. He cannot move. Nobody wakes up. A blue orb comes crackling into his room and down the hall, and he hears it fly down the staircase. Then everything quits, and he tries to go back to sleep.

When he wakes again a gray is standing over the bed, right in his face. His father is a prankster, so Tony says, *Dad, take the mask off, you're not being funny*, and reaches up and touches it. It is alive. It is cold and wet and it has

big pores. Before he can scream it does something to him and he is paralyzed, and three or four shorter beings, reptilian-looking, come up from the foot of the bed, grab him out of it, and carry him off into a flash of light.

He wakes naked on a table in a surgical setting. They speak to him telepathically. *Be calm. You are not going to be hurt.* He is in shock, and then, whether it is something they give him or not, he begins to be happy. He thinks this is first contact. Tomorrow there will be spaceships on the news, and he is there for it.

They take a biopsy from the back of his head, brain tissue, and wait half an hour for the results. Not everyone can go; the technology relies on a genetic marker. Tony has the genes, but barely. He can go once.

The one who explains it is a short reptilian with a sense of humor, twenty-five or so in his own years, with a wife and a kid on a planet he goes home to every day after work. *We want to borrow your consciousness. We need your consent. For twenty years.*

Tony says no. He will miss his mom and dad. His sister will grow up and he won't know her.

*No, no, listen. We have time travel. You'll be back in your bed tomorrow morning. You're lucky to be chosen. You're special. This is a blessing for you.*

He says yes immediately. They strap him down, test for his dominant eye, and put a needle into the tear duct of that eye, and he sees stars, like being punched hard in the face.

## 2.

He wakes in a portable office building on an airfield in Inyokern, California, with a doctor examining him. *Do you remember where you came from? Do you have any brothers?* He remembers nothing. He can barely remember English. He has no memory of his family, the farmhouse, or the night before, and for the next twenty years he will have none. When they give him crayons he draws, over and over, a farmhouse with a long driveway, and does not know why.

It is a trauma-based mind-control program, run by ex-MK-Ultra staff with a new twist. The doctor in charge is after remote viewers, and he works out of a stack of manuals like a cookbook, one page a day. *Today we have to do this.* They twist an arm. A few days later they soak the children in ice water until they shake. A wooden contraption with screws goes on the arm; for some kids the arm is broken, and Tony's right shoulder is dislocated, and for years

afterward it pops out again in his sleep. The doctor is appalled by some of it. He follows the schedule anyway.

They are drugged and suspended in chairs in front of movies, cartoons and training films and footage of animals and people being butchered, flashing fast, with messages underneath, eight hours on a reel-to-reel that rewinds and plays again. Then the sleep deprivation starts, and Tony loses all track of time. Every fifteen minutes in the night the lights come on with a buzzer, and the children stand beside their bunks, and a man comes down the row and slaps them, and they may go back to sleep. Then he comes with a cattle prod. What it teaches is that when you are shocked you go catatonic and wait for a command.

At the end there are a few days of killing training. A film shows a gun being loaded, and the children sing along. *Nine, the last one is mine*. A murder. *Eight, the last one is mine*. Another. Down to one, and an explosion, and it starts over. Because that is still in him, he does not own a gun. He is afraid of a phone call one day.

Most of the class qualify for something called Theta. Remote viewing begins, out-of-body sessions on headphones run by people from the Monroe Institute, with drugs, and then the near-death drugs. Somewhere in this stretch the children are flown to the moon on a triangle craft for surgery, and flown back. When the near-death drugs work, each child is shipped to a post.

It is December 1982.

### 3.

An underground train takes him to Montana. A woman picks him up and drives him to her house in Seattle and puts him in a dog kennel in the laundry room. She comes by with a sandwich, lets him go to the bathroom, and puts him back. Then she leaves for two days to fetch her husband, and leaves him some water.

They come back with two other children, a boy and a girl about his age, and he is let out and cleaned up and given a place to sleep downstairs. At night there are rituals. He walks in with an IV bag hooked to his arm, and the man is stark naked in a helmet that looks like a Baphomet, and the women, his wife and another girl, are naked too, one with a horse's head on. There is a dead body on the table, a young boy. They are drinking blood.

*Are you shocked by what you see?* The man is cheerful about it, like someone tailgating at a game, unconcerned that he has just murdered a child. *Why did you do that?* Tony asks, and the man asks whether he believes in God. *Pray to*

*your God to come and save you now.* He is bullying a ten-year-old in a debate, and Tony knows he is wrong, knows that with the right words he would eat him alive, and knows he does not have them yet. The anger of that never leaves.

It is a communion. Tony is to participate, or go up on the table next to the body. *I've got no problem putting you right there and killing you right now. Make up your mind. I only have a minute.* Tony sits silent, which is the only protest he has. The girl, blonde, his age, has already done it. *Just do it. Nothing bad happened.* So he does it.

Afterward they are laid on tables in the basement and drugged one at a time. The girl goes out first and starts talking loud and crazy, and they start asking her questions. Then Tony goes under. They are drugging the children to the edge of death and taking down what comes through, business information, who knows what, and it is accurate.

Tony asks the man whether he wants to know his name. *It doesn't matter what your name is. You're the dead. You're all the dead. I'm the only one that's alive.* That is how these people speak of everyone else. They are the living. The rest of us are a crop.

#### 4.

In January or February of 1983 he is flown to Peru, to a river town in the jungle called Puerto Tahuantinsuyo, now Boca Colorado. He knows the year because a kid there has a T-shirt that says 82, and the others make fun of him for wearing last year's shirt.

Once a month a C-46 Commando takes off with a load of cocaine for Santa Marta, Colombia, ten hours each way. They lost an airplane, and they have paid to have Tony there so that they don't lose another. Over Acre his handler wraps him in a Faraday blanket, puts an IV in his arm, and gives him a ketamine derivative. Tony is unconscious for eight or nine hours, and while he is under, he talks. Police positions. Where it is safe to land. He is sick for days afterward.

The handler is a young man, the only person in the village who speaks English, and he is not happy to be stuck with the boy. But things Tony says come true, and after a while the handler has a notepad of questions from the villagers to ask him while he is under, and he charges them for the answers. Tony speaks fluent Spanish in that state and does not know a word of it awake. He speaks to the handler's dead grandmother. The money from the second plane trip bulldozes and builds the town's plaza. The village calls him *el loco pequeño de la luna*, the crazy little boy from the moon.

The first flights he remembers nothing of. Then he starts to remember the other side. It is a dark room with a window that looks out at his own body, and there are entities in the room, stuck there, fighting each other to speak through him, while he is pushed into a corner. That is what the near-death drugs are for. They are pharmaceutically manufacturing a channeler out of a ten-year-old.

He has friends in Peru. It is the last time in the twenty years he will have any.

Around thirteen the system begins to fail. He gets very sick under the drug, and more of what he reports is gibberish. After two years they send him back.

## 5.

From 1985 to 1986 he is privately owned in Seattle, on an island, in the house of a billionaire.

There are other boys. They are kept on collars and chains and disciplined with electricity. They are pitted against each other, so that if two of them begin to be friends, they are quickly made to regret it. The house holds fundraisers and parties, and the wealthy and the famous come, and the children are put in a staging area, and the guests choose a boy or a girl and do what they want. It is filmed. Many of the guests are told the children are clones, not real, not human. Tony feels every bit of it.

When his file follows him into the space program, this period is in it, in plain words. He is used as a sex slave in Seattle.

## 6.

In 1987 the woman drives him to two men in a van. They give him an injection and he is out. He wakes on a ship, twenty minutes from the moon, with a military officer beside him. *Whoa, you're awake. You're going to be good for me.*

Through the windows on the way in he has seen where he is bound: a trapezoidal base built on the Pentagon's design, because the plan was paid for and the shape holds up in vacuum. Inside it is a Spartan office building. He has been sold into a program of the Mars Colony Corporation.

The training is not combat. It is mind control again, milder than Inyokern, and it is about one thing: the fight-or-flight response. The classes are long elaborate movies, each with a problem, and each ends the same way, with you

dying to solve it. *It is better to give your life for your brother. Why run? Then everybody dies.* Over and over.

Then the field test. The children are put in an arena and made to defend themselves against enormous insects, fast and violent, to see whether one of them will give his life for the rest. The instructors are happy with the result. In the morning they are walked onto a much larger craft. A few minutes after takeoff he is asleep. They put everyone to sleep for the trip, and for years he will remember it as instantaneous.

## 7.

In orbit around Mars they are not cleared to land, and they wait for hours. It is 1989. He is sixteen, going on seventeen, and they lie about his age.

In the hangar, soldiers separate the boys from the other passengers, tie their hands, bag their heads, and march them onto a smaller craft. They fly to a forward base, a research facility built for three hundred, overrun by the local insects, evacuated, and now being brought back online with fifty. The bags come off in a corridor.

The real soldiers are Marines, or whatever the Mars Colony Corporation calls its American special forces, and there are not enough of them to meet a million insects on the battlefield. Tony's group is an experiment to fix that: boots on the ground, quickly and cheaply, with minimal training and minimal equipment. Bait. The soldiers are nineteen, twenty, jacked up on drugs, locked up with no girls, and the boys are their flunkies, a dog to kick, and they kick.

The missions are walks. Six boys and two soldiers go out onto the surface in bright white environmental suits, golf balls in the Martian daylight, with soldiers up on a hill behind railguns. As the insects move in on the bait, the guns engage them. The skies are pale blue, the sunsets purple, and when a storm is coming the sky turns red. The suit sprays oxygen into the open faceplate when he exerts himself; the rest of the time he breathes the thin air. Inside the suit are three or four chemical shots, a button above the hip, a needle, and a stimulant that makes you strong for two or three minutes. Running on Mars does not work; after a few steps it turns into leaping.

On the third mission they are engaged. The insects come from behind, and Tony hits his stim first, out of fear, and takes the lead, and then it wears off and the two boys with him, who saved theirs, pass him. So he is at the back when the swarm arrives, twenty beetles the size of poodles, and two or three of the big spider ones. One comes down on him from behind and bites his arm

off and holds him down. *We've got one. Kill those.* They go over the dune and he hears the other two die. He has never fired the gun they gave him. He begs. *Please don't kill me. I don't want to die.*

Then the mantid comes up, with antennae like olives stacked on a straw, and it looks smart, because it is. When it is close, the pain stops. He is taken out of his body and stands beside it in an empty room, in a dream, and looks down at himself and sees the blood but cannot feel the arm. It is searching his mind, and it narrates what it finds to something else. *I see him. He's back at that base. Here he is in Seattle. Here he is in California. This one was tortured.* It is professional. It is not angry and it is not cruel. *If I'm ordered to kill you, I'll kill you. But I don't want to. We need to know what you are and what you're for.* They are something new on an old battlefield. *We'll let you go.*

He wakes and the pain comes back. One of the beetles wants to know what it is like to bite someone, and it bites his foot off. The suits carry automatic tourniquets. He gets one on his arm, crawls to a dead soldier and takes his for the leg, and cannot go further. Two soldiers come for him, take the rest of his stim for themselves, and carry him back a few kilometers. He is losing blood and wants to sleep. *Stay awake. You're going to see your purple sunset.* When he fades, the soldier hits him in the head. The moment the base doors come into sight, the soldier lets him go.

He wakes with his arm and his foot back. His shoulder, which has been coming out in his sleep since Inyokern, never dislocates again.

Two men debrief him. *What did the bug say to you?* There is a message, which the mantid asked him to deliver. *Tell them we're not that stupid.*

That is the end of the program. The insects adapted far ahead of somebody's schedule. The boys sit in their cubicles for six weeks with nothing to do, lame ducks, while the Marines come down and have fun with them.

Then they are flown to Aries Prime, without the bags this time. It is a city, not a base, and everything about it is new. A glass hallway leads into a dome of something clear, with the red dirt piled over it and a little sky showing at the top, and under it a fountain and palm trees, and men in suits carrying briefcases.

He is given a studio apartment with his own bathroom, the best quarters he will have in twenty years. When he comes in there is a tray of food and thirty minutes on the clock, and then a box in the room puts him to sleep. He tries to fight it once and wakes on the floor. Each morning a soldier walks him to a school, where a tall gray, big-headed and arrogant, sits him in front of a computer and plugs him in. It is the adaptive learning software used across

the military. It tests him for command, which he barely misses, and for ship's crew, which he fails, and sorts him into skilled labor: ship maintenance. Six months of that. The gray abuses him mentally, and after the forward base that is a respite. Nobody kicks him.

Then he is sold, from the Mars Colony Corporation to the Ceres Colony Corporation.

## 8.

One morning a man in a beret walks him to a crowded train station. A bar comes down over the lap like a roller coaster's. The train lifts onto its cushion, accelerates into the tunnel, and then there is a poof, a camera flash, the disorientation of standing up too fast, and the train is already slowing, dropping onto its wheels. Everyone must drink water. He gets one small cup.

He is somewhere else. It is like walking past a vending machine in a mall and then, around a corner, past one twenty years older. A girl's voice on the loudspeaker: *Welcome to Ceres Colony, the most advanced colony in the solar system.* Mars said the same thing about itself.

There are guns everywhere, sidearms on everybody. The new arrivals are herded into a hangar, and a chrome disc flies over them, low, crackling with static so that their hair stands up, and the boys from Mars stand dumbfounded. They are handed slips of paper with words in German and made to read them aloud, a pledge, and to give the salute. A man on the podium threatens them. *You'll say the words, or I'll take you over there and shoot you. Is anybody going to die today?* They get haircuts, and a train to the barracks where he will live for more than a decade.

It is a prison without bars. Three cinder-block walls, an open fourth wall onto the hallway, a cot, a table with a single empty drawer that he never puts anything in, because he owns nothing. The Germans found it, ruins of something built long ago by another species, an airlock already in place, and moved in and built inside the caverns.

His first morning they put him on the wrong train and he ends up in the mines with a shovel. The rock of Ceres is chalk. You can draw in it with a finger. The miners break it up with ultrasonics aimed by lasers, vacuum the dust out of the microgravity, and lay the gravity plating further in. They are not mining for anything. They are mining for room.

When he gets back that night two men are waiting to execute him for running away.

## 9.

The next day he walks through an umbilical straight into his ship, which he never once sees from the outside. It is an old submarine, World War II, cramped, pipes everywhere, converted by the Germans when they first had the technology and needed hulls that could take pressure the other way. Its name is something like Blitz Bus. Every door has a threshold ten inches high, and every morning he tells himself that today he will not hit his shin on one, and every day he does.

The screen is the whole job. *079. Go to the crib. Get this tool, this tool, and this tool. Go to this junction. Open this valve.* He does the thing, comes back, and the screen already knows he is there. He is locked in the lower deck and a half with two other men, and the people upstairs watch them through cameras. He cannot feel the ship move. He knows it does, because they call down about things that broke while they were out.

Then the buzzer, which he can still hear, and the line of naked men, and twenty seconds in the shower, and the clothes for the day on a hook with his number on it. His suit is different from everyone else's. The rest of the block work the mines, and he is ship duty, so they bond by hating him. The two men he works with become lovers and do not like him either. For six years he does not have one friend. He wants to die. He has been programmed at Inyokern not to kill himself, and he finds it is simply not in him.

There is a rule: the ship comes home every day. Never a night out. It is a health matter; something takes a toll.

The time travel is called anti-telephoning. When the Germans first had it they used it aggressively, to fix what went wrong, and were punished by beings who live outside space-time. An officer tells him what the punishment is: to be taken out of your body and made to live as a bug in a swamp, eaten over and over, for a thousand years, and then put back into your life. So there are limits. You may travel time. You may not alter it. The loophole is this. The ship leaves at eight in the morning, and it is scheduled to reappear at five minutes to eight, five minutes out, flying full speed for home, so that it docks seconds after it left. If the ship is seen at 7:55, the mission succeeded, and it is cleared to go. If it is not seen, nobody goes. Down on the lower decks, Tony knows none of this yet. He only knows that lunch is mandatory: a bowl into a machine like a microwave, seven choices, mac and cheese, sauerkraut, pot roast, all of it slimy and boiling hot and full of everything a body needs. On a bad day they do pot roast to cheer up.

The lower crew are told the Earth has been destroyed. Tony half hears it as rumor and does not believe it, because he was just there.

## 10.

After about four years an officer comes into their work area one morning. *Do you qualify as expendable? There are missions that are dangerous. If you volunteer, you stand a chance of being promoted, or dying. You have to volunteer.*

He says yes, please. It is a win-win, in a macabre way. If he dies, he is out of here. If he lives, he might get promoted.

One day they fly to the moon, to a lower level of the base, and two German officers he has never seen take him off the ship. As they walk they talk in his ear. *You are representing us here. The Nachtwaffen.* He is not sure of the name. *Even though you're a slave, you're one of us. Nobody here tells you what to do.* Fifty feet later he turns a corner and two grays are escorting a small Black boy, nine or ten, to a door, and the boy sees Tony and comes running at him full speed, screaming, arms up. Tony kicks him in the chest. The boy goes down, and the grays do something to him, and he gets up and goes with them. Tony feels, for a moment, that he has done something tough. He has kicked a child down.

Long afterward, when his first interviews come out, that boy, a grown man in New Jersey, contacts him. He remembers it too. He hated Tony for years, and he tells him it was a dick move, and he is right.

An elevator takes them down to a stone room where two black slabs face each other, floor and ceiling, with grays at a machine beside it, and three other slaves waiting, expendables from other programs. The four are suited up: a metal harness that crosses in an X, gloves and boots with a button that makes them grip like a suction cup, and an anti-gravity belt that takes off thirty percent of their weight. A computer graphic shows the job: drink the water, go out that door, climb this wall to this roof, plug in here. If one or two of them are killed, the others are to stand at attention and do nothing. They are told this straight.

*Walk in at one speed.* A green ball of light forms between the slabs, and when he is three feet from it he can see the door handle on the other side. He walks through and stands in a stairwell at the top of a high-rise, dizzy, and they each slam a bottle of water. Then they switch on and go out onto the roof.

It is downtown Chicago, late on a hot summer night. They climb the wall of the next tower, twenty floors, hand and foot, and he looks down at the cars far

below and cannot believe that yesterday was Groundhog Day and tonight is this. On the upper roof, among the air-conditioning units, is a thing disguised as one that is an anti-gravity generator for the apartment underneath. Their job is to refill it with quicksilver, fifteen minutes of work, and then to stand at attention until they are dismissed.

Then it starts talking to them. It is telepathic and it is abusive. *Who's it going to be today? You think you're done?* It is invisible except for a gas coming off its suit, a clear steam that bends the air, and one big yellow eye with a vertical slit. *I don't want you to think I'm just a ghost, so I'll let you see part of me.* It crouches and inspects them one at a time. *Is it you? Not you.* It looks at Tony for a second and moves on. At the end of the line it starts screaming at the last man. *It's you. I think it's your turn.* Then nothing. Then: *You're all too pathetic. You think I smell bad. You're the ones that smell terrible.* And all four of them, in the same instant, in unison, piss themselves. It makes them. *There. That's better.* It laughs and stands to its height, fifteen feet, and steps back, and is gone except for the eye.

He was calm through it, and he thinks that is why it passed him over. He had made his peace with dying that morning. Here is my exit, he thought, and it breezed right by. It was both disappointing and wonderful.

A portal opens on the roof and they walk into it and are back in the stone room, where everyone laughs at them for wetting themselves. He wears the pants the rest of the day. They put him straight back on the ship and he gets nothing out of it. For years he does not tell this story, because it makes no sense: why climb, when the portal could have put them on that roof and did in fact take them off it? Then he hears how reptilians prefer their food, with the adrenaline up in the one they eat, and the climb makes sense.

There are other missions. A world in another galaxy, where tall shiny black reptiles stand next to him while the ship's people steal from them, like standing next to police, or thugs. The hold is filled with slaves for that one because slaves are expendable. When they get away with it the rush is like kleptomania.

## 11.

The Blitz Bus is dying. Valves corrode faster than they can cut them out. On its last mission, a combat situation Tony knows nothing about from below, a valve that always sticks needs turning, and he crawls into the housing and pries it loose and is burned, very badly. Normally a man would be left disfigured. Because of the circumstances they spend the money and restore

him completely. If he were an enlisted man this would qualify him for one of their highest medals. He is a slave, so it doesn't. But it catches the captain's eye.

The ship is decommissioned. He waits months, is trained, and is promoted to cargo engineer on the new ship, the Max von Laue, built on a stealth chassis leased from a non-human species. At the first briefing, a dozen men around a table, the captain goes round asking each why he is here. When he reaches Tony he says he is not even qualified to be at this table, and reads from his report, which has everything in it, Inyokern and Peru and Seattle. Then he asks the table who among them qualifies for the medal. *You do, sir. He does. If he weren't a slave he would outrank every one of you, and you would be saluting him. That is why he is here. I expect great things.* Tony is frightened by it. He has never been to school. He has been tortured through his childhood and is crippled by it.

The captains belong to a fraternity that is a kind of religion, in an atheist society: they worship the act of giving yourself for the rest, and someone who has done it in combat is holy to them. *If you weren't a slave, you could be one of us.* After the beatings, sometimes, the captain holds him back and talks with him for twenty minutes before his post. *In another circumstance, you and I would be friends.* Of everyone on Ceres who kicked him or looked past him, this is the man who treats him like a friend, and it is the biggest thing that has happened to him in years.

He rides a different train now, to the front of the ship, eats a muffin off the good replicator, and sits in on the morning briefing, in German until someone hits a button and the translator comes on. And one morning the officers agree that the ship is doing well and there should be profit sharing, and somebody says these guys are at the table too, we should pay them, and they vote on it. Twenty francs a week.

And from the Max von Laue, for the first time, he sees the star field. No Earth, no sun, only how many there are. It is a moment for the whole soul. It is posterous, after that, to think we are alone.

## 12.

On Friday he takes the slip of paper they hand him, *don't lose this, it's your account*, and walks to the trade window at the far end of the hangar, a cavern nineteen kilometers long. It looks like a Greyhound station from the 1920s, and the women behind the glass are rude. For a few francs a month there is facial recognition, and every machine and restaurant knows your face. Or he

can put his money on the chain, a digital chain of many currencies, some of which gain value very fast. He has been through mind fracture and the word *chain* scares the shit out of him. He takes a standard account and carries paper. The money has an old German with a spiked helmet on the front and, on the back, always, a battle scene from the Thirty Years' War.

He buys the cheapest train ticket, not knowing it is one way, and gets off in the red-light district because the crew told him to, and buys chicken teriyaki on a stick, real food, twelve francs, most of his pay, and it is the best day of a rough twenty years.

The condition of the freedom is his productivity score, a number for every day, a carrot and a stick. Stay out all night if you like, as long as you show up and hit your numbers. He learns to eat the replicator food while it is still scalding, because the engineer on the starboard side waits for his to cool, and slamming lunch puts Tony ahead on the report. He still eats fast.

He wears a collar and a jumpsuit that say what he is, and in public anyone may put him to task. *You. Come here. Pick up that garbage.* On the trains he is nervous until everyone pulls out their phones, which are clear, see-through, and then no one sees him. They are all on their apps, and he is bitter that he has none of it.

So he does not go where the families are. He goes to the red-light district, where nobody is uppity and nobody puts him to work, and sits in the foyer of the club, where a low-gravity art piece has been installed, balls of fire and water floating free until the gravity pulses on and throws them into violent splashes, and he watches it until he is thrown out.

He has a girlfriend there, a lady of the night. They fall in love, which nobody intends. Extra-species sex is common in the district, and some species do not have intercourse as we understand it. It is mental. Some of the girls are broken by it forever. To those beings the humans are something like pets.

The society is Deutsch. They do not call themselves German, or Nazi. They left the Earth at the end of the war, and they answer to a High Command in Antarctica, and above that to bases around Jupiter, in the temporal bubbles, where Tony believes the Orion group sits, the thousands of species under the reptilians. On Ceres the leader holds the title of Führer. While Tony is there he is assassinated, nobody learns by whom, and for six months the colony is unstable. Marriages are arranged from a genetic database. The wives do not look happy. It is a 1950s life, run by the military. The Germans push atheism hard, for a military reason, Tony thinks: you cannot pull the trigger on something you believe is yourself. The officers drink a milkshake every morning

that keeps them from aging. *You're going to grow old*, they tell him, *and we're not*. Their national day is the Thirty Years' War, the first time, in their history, that humans defeated an extraterrestrial force, the one behind the Catholic Church. *We did it with horses*.

## 13.

He runs the two cargo bays on the port side, with five to seven men under him. The main bay at the rear belongs to a Ceres officer who runs a bootleg business out of it: books, VHS tapes, anything he can get at Diego Garcia. His men watch movies down there on the long flights, and Tony's men beg for reviews. One comes up raving about a Stephen King film with a monster coming out of a toilet, *it'd mess you up, man*, because Tony has said he is afraid of what can come up through a toilet. When Tony sees *Dreamcatcher* in a theater, years later, on Earth, it is a memory breaking through.

Diego Garcia is the main Earth stop, in the middle of the night, a small box dropped and tons of cargo picked up off the tarmac. Two places in Antarctica, where the officers are summoned for checkups. Once a crate breaks open and he finds bags of coffee inside and reports it, and the whole mission is delayed, because the ship was knowingly smuggling coffee to a world where it is a narcotic.

There is a bay under the main bay, a few feet deep. One day the men say there are people down there. Tony does not believe it, and sends a man down with a broom to look, and there are seventy or eighty of them. The ship has stolen them from other traffickers. Sometimes they are told there are people aboard. Sometimes they are not.

The mandate of the ship is not to explore. It is to acquire technology by any means necessary: trade for it, or steal it. Whole shiploads go out and a mathematical formula comes back as payment. Four or five star systems in a day is normal. The natural wormhole near Jupiter reaches about eighteen other galaxies, and when the ship jumps through it everyone vomits.

Ceres entertains guests, species after species, to woo them into trade. As a slave Tony is under orders not to speak to any of them; his mind is poisoned. But he is in public, and he sees them. A humanoid four feet tall with the face of an older Asian gentleman and a tail and a thin layer of fur, a military officer on his own world, selling cases of an alloy, pleasant and down to earth. On a train, a blue lady eleven feet tall, very dark blue, who smiles at him with a big bright smile, radiant, and he feels he has seen a unicorn. The most advanced

species want nothing to do with any of it. They want what a man wants with the squirrel in his yard. Venus is forbidden; whoever is there is too far ahead. Pluto belongs to another species entirely, hostile.

## 14.

It is about 2000 when he wakes one day and knows it is over, and feels completely different. When he does the arithmetic years later, from 1982 it is eighteen years, and it should be twenty. Then he works it out. On an anti-telephoning day you live a whole day and come home before you left, and lose eight hours of calendar. Enough of those days, over about six years of missions, cut two years off. Twenty years lived. Eighteen years gone.

They have looked ahead. There is a probability, a chronovisor tells them, that he will retain his memories, and it has to be brought under a certain percentage before he can be put back. So he is taken to the moon for another round, in a corner office, and from its window, once, he sees the surface: night, the floor of a crater, mountains all around. It takes a week. The names go best.

He does not want to go. He is in love. He is livid, and he fights it. They send him anyway. He is put in a machine and it feels like a crematory, like his body being vaporized, and he remembers the pain.

He wakes on a table on the back side of the moon, ten years old, with ETs around him, and he has his mother and his father and his sister back, and nothing of the twenty years. That is why he thinks it was a clone. He lived in a body that looked exactly like his, with no memories in it, and came back into one with all the old memories and none of the new, and the simplest explanation is that his consciousness was moved out and moved back.

Friday morning, April 16, 1982, he wakes in his bed in the farmhouse. He looks at the toys on the floor and has no interest in them. He has the feeling, without any memory to go with it, of not having been home for twenty years. At school that day he raises his hand to use the bathroom, and the teacher says go ahead, and he asks where it is. The whole class laughs, and the teacher calls his mother and says he may have amnesia. His father takes a photograph of him that day, which he still has, and in it he does not know who he is. *You changed, man*, his father will say, for years. *I don't know what happened to you, but I want my son back.*

He withdraws from school. He feels like an old man among children, and in his twenties, when his friends start going to bars, it bores him, because he has done all that. At nineteen he reads the Bible cover to cover, then the Quran,

the Torah, the Satanic texts, the Buddhists, looking for something in writing that allows for what he remembers, because he has never forgotten the first ten minutes: the gray at the bed, being carried out, the morning after. Chan Buddhism is the only one with room in it for other planets. Something is wrong and he knows it. He does not know what.

## 15.

In May 2015 he has bad headaches and a doctor sends him for an MRI. Two weeks later, twenty years come back, years at a time, and the first months are pretty scary. He remembers the keystone days first, the fight, the promotion, the first stars, falling in love, and works outward from those, in the mornings, five minutes at a time, because there is programming that stops you writing it down. Then he starts checking.

The Dawn probe has not reached Ceres. He draws the flight path he remembers, over a big crater with a geyser in it, and a slight turn to the mountain they called pyramid base, in whose crater the hangar entrance lies. When the maps come, the crater is Occator and the mountain is Ahuna Mons and the line is where he drew it. When his editor asks what the rock was like in the mines, he says chalk, and looks it up, and Ceres is sodium carbonate. In 2016 he goes to the house in Seattle and knows his way around the store, and inside the door is the bin of candy, thirty-five cents now, and around the corner of the beach the rocks go to golf-ball size. The three portable buildings at Inyokern are on the satellite pictures and absent from the national database of taxable structures; they are a special district, answerable to Congress and not to the local police. People who have been to Boca Colorado confirm that the plaza was built in early 1983.

On the operating tables in space, when they opened him without anesthetic and he asked them, telepathically, how they could do this to him, the tall whitish grays gave the same answer every time. *You're not going to remember it anyway.* When he was beaten, when he was raped, the answer was the same. *You won't remember this. It never happened.*

He remembers. That is the whole argument, and it is the only thing he is proud of.

FIRST PUBLIC

September 2016 — audio interview with Rob Potter and Morgan Starr, then Michael Salla's first video interview on September 24

RETRIEVAL

spontaneous recall

CLAIMED SERVICE

1982–2001

CLAIMED AFFILIATION

Dark Fleet (Nachtwaffen), Ceres Colony Corporation

PRIMARY SOURCE

Tony Rodrigues – Interview 2019: Undisclosed Mission from Ceres to Chicago (Esoteric Disclosure, December 30, 2018) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=GSmuVJnbvho](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GSmuVJnbvho) — the Chicago mission, told for the first time

Everyday Life on Ceres with Tony Rodrigues – Part 2 (Salubrious Events, May 31, 2020) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=XtW59ZmHXeo](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XtW59ZmHXeo)

Tony Rodrigues – Part 1: Experiences in the Secret Space Program. Q & A (Salubrious Events, August 2, 2020) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=-3RwvRbUUP8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-3RwvRbUUP8)

Alien Abduction, MK Ultra, Beyond The CIA: Tony Rodrigues (Shaun Attwood, July 2, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=MxIDo41uwa8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MxIDo41uwa8) — the night of the abduction, Inyokern, and the Peru flights

Super Soldier Talk – Tony Rodrigues – Life in Ceres Colony (James Rink, July 15, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOp\\_GzgSulM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOp_GzgSulM)

Abducted, Cloned, Programmed, and Sent to Ceres – Tony Rodrigues Part 2 (Discovering Truth with Dan Duval, August 12, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=c\\_xcSyq-E\\_I](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c_xcSyq-E_I) — Mars, the train to Ceres, the Blitz Bus, anti-telephoning, the trade window

167 – Tony Rodrigues – The Secret Space Program – 20 & Back (Expanding Reality, November 4, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=BHVRzVTMa7U](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BHVRzVTMa7U)

Mars Colony Military, Clones – Disclosure with Galactic Informers (Dani Henderson, September 10, 2023) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=yQ1TWBZnPxU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yQ1TWBZnPxU) — Seattle in December 1982, the third Mars mission, the captain's briefing

Dark Entities, Channelling, Remote Viewing – Galactic Spiritual Informers (Dani Henderson, October 29, 2024) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=nu2Cs6xQaDU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nu2Cs6xQaDU)

Tony Rodrigues: Beyond Sight – The SSP Connection to Remote Viewing (Galactic Spiritual Informers Connection 2024, October 2024) [vimeo.com/ondemand/gsic2024/1018017070](https://vimeo.com/ondemand/gsic2024/1018017070)

THEMES

20 and back, dark fleet, ceres colony, remote viewing, mk-ultra programming, slavery, gray aliens, mars insectoids, moon base, portals, anti-telephoning, age regression, memory wipe, german breakaway, satanic ritual



# Jason Rice

*This account is compiled from the interviews Jason Rice gives in the autumn of 2018, when he comes forward on Cosmic Disclosure, and from his conversations that year with Jimmy Church and with Kerry Cassidy. The history of the programs, as it was told to him out there, is set down on its own at the end of this book.*

## 1.

As a small boy Jason Rice is an escape artist. He wanders off and is brought home by police or by strangers so often that his parents make him wear dog tags with their phone number. After the same officer returns him one time too many, they are warned that the state could take him, and they enroll him in a behavioral program at a local university.

There he is told to sit in a chair surrounded by toys. When he gets up to explore, he is put in a box and locked in. He screams and kicks. The moment he goes quiet the box opens, he is put back in the chair, and he is given an M&M. It is a recruiting arm of MILAB, military abduction, which finds children for classified programs, and Jason has been identified as an intuitive empath: someone who knows without being told how a person feels, or how a machine is meant to work. It is not mind reading. It is knowing why.

When he starts school, someone comes for him in the morning or at midday and drives him to an office building, or to a facility underground. Three to five children at a time assemble puzzles without a word spoken, on intuition alone, and the puzzles grow until they are a single color and thousands of pieces, sometimes done blindfolded. Children who can't keep up don't come back. Drugs sharpen the ability and erase the day, and a memory of an aquarium

is put in its place. Then the trainers find each child's deepest fear and flood him with it: in virtual reality decades ahead of anything on the market, he drowns, or burns, again and again, until the fear is gone. At home there are nightmares, moods, a lost appetite, and the parents take them for phases. At night, in abandoned malls, the children play capture the flag with pistols and suits that freeze a hit limb, or lock up entirely for a kill, and they learn to gang up on the weak.

In his teens a desire to join the military takes hold of him out of nowhere. He keeps a 3.9 grade average, is offered a medical scholarship by the Air Force and an engineering scholarship by the Army, takes the Army's, and is commissioned on the day he graduates, in December 1996. His request for a master's degree is denied. Two months later, as he prepares to report to Fort Leonard Wood for the officer basic course, his orders are changed without explanation to the Army Research Office in North Carolina.

## 2.

His new company commander walks him straight to an elevator with two buttons, up and down, and no floor indicator, presses a palm to a scanner, and rides down with a hand on his Beretta for the whole five minutes, watching Jason's face. Earlier that day, Jason learns later, he had to use it on a trainee who broke on the way down. Halfway down comes a vertigo, as if the world had turned sideways.

The doors open onto a red-lit platform where a white, pill-shaped capsule waits with its doors raised like a Lamborghini's. They sit knee to knee for half an hour. Jason can't tell which way they are moving, only that at some point the Schumann resonance, the hum of the Earth that he has never noticed until it is gone, is replaced by something artificial and nearly right. The capsule never seems to slow. The first he knows of the stop is the door beginning to open, and he flinches, sure it is about to be torn off. The captain has seen that face before.

The next platform is white, with three elevators, one big enough for a semi. The small one opens on a being four feet tall with big dark eyes and a small mouth, four feet from his face. "There's something in the elevator." "What is it?" When he looks back it is gone, and he decides to say nothing. The soldiers call him Charlie. He is an EBEN, a hired tactics consultant who talks mind to mind and enjoys new arrivals. Asked where he is from, he points up.

The elevator lets them out into a cavern the size of a football stadium and thirty-two stories high, with the light coming out of the rock itself and a smell of mold and mist like a musty campfire. There is a running track, a shooting range, catwalks and ropes overhead, and a trapeze that makes no sense in a military facility. The top levels are off-limits, radioactive, he is told. This is the FIG, the Fort Indiantown Gap cave structure. The captain tells him to save his questions.

In a conference room, for two hours, Jason signs for equipment and documents without a briefing. A black stripe three-quarters of an inch wide runs around the walls a foot below the ceiling. He takes it for decoration; it holds the sensors that read the heart rate, the sweat, and the stress of everyone in the room. He wonders why so many of the officers he has met have German accents. On the table in front of the captain lies a small device like a jeweler's hammer, with a black handle, one button, and a conical crystal where the head should be. If Jason declines, it will be used to blank slate him, and he will report to Fort Leonard Wood remembering none of this.

### 3.

Jason's quarters are a hotel room with no window, television, or radio. The captain leaves him at eleven at night with uniforms, equipment, and manuals for plasma rifles, pulse pistols, land mines, and area denial field generators. He sleeps badly without the Earth's hum.

In the morning he finds a device labeled nanite epilation equipment. He knows epilation; nanites, in 1997, are a new word. Two compounds mixed together activate microscopic machines that dissolve the hair follicles, no water needed, and leave his face smooth for a month. The toothpaste is another binary compound, tastes of chalk, and half an hour later his teeth feel as if a dentist had just been at them. All of it is built to save water on a ship. In the cafeteria, stainless steel shelves carry black square buttons. He presses one, hears a hum, sees a misty light, and a bowl of butter appears. He goes down the line pressing buttons for scrambled eggs, porridge, bacon, toast, and a glass of water, and admires the happiest plate of eggs of his life.

The second day is a tour. The trapeze is for the grav packs, neurally operated, with thirty or forty-five minutes of battery, used with transformable hang gliders not for hovering but for silent flight; the cavern is where small units learn to maneuver and shoot in the air. He collects a stack of postcards to write to his family in his own hand, each to a set word count, the wording

supplied, one of them a belated birthday card for a birthday that won't come for another year.

He sits with a psychiatrist who asks the same questions in different words, over and over, about where he has been and what he has seen, while the sensors in the walls read him like a polygraph. He will do it every week. Only twenty years later will he understand what so precise a record of his memories is for. In the medical lab he receives the nanites: into his bones, his organs, his glands, his lymph. His eyes will zoom and see in the dark, his hearing will reach beyond the human range, he will control his own adrenals and go without food, every cell will repair radiation damage, and a cut that would take two weeks to heal will close in hours.

After a few days the trainees are called to an auditorium. A colonel named Schuller thanks them for volunteering, as if they had, and tells them in a thick accent that they are the tip of the spear. They will help defend other planets from alien invasion, as a unit like theirs beat one off in Africa in 1995. Every senior officer on the stage is German. The program is the Interplanetary Defense and Reaction Forces, IDARF, a border patrol for other worlds. The colonel takes credit for it and never mentions an extraterrestrial. Then he comes to the reward. After twenty years they will receive \$465,000, less minor deductions for room and board. They will be age regressed. And they will be sent back in time to the moment they received their orders: their original self carries on at home while they serve, and the two are reintegrated at the end as if they had never left. That is the twenty and back. Nobody mentions the mind wipe.

#### 4.

The eight months at the FIG are about the nanites and the empathic sense. The nanites are not for making supermen; they are a suit of armor worn on the inside. They don't make him faster; they let him hold his top speed for five miles instead of one and a half. At the end there are two solo tests. In Antarctica each trainee is set down alone and finds his way back on intuition. In the South Pacific Jason is left on a pillar of rock rising hundreds of feet from the sea, with a glider and a grav pack, five hundred miles from a base whose direction he is not told. *I think it's this way. That feels right.* He hunts thermals to save the batteries, and when he ends up in the water the glider's floats and wings become a small sailboat. He is twelve days getting back. The point is total confidence in the ability, and the way to build it is to set a man loose.

From Area 51 a shuttle takes them to the Moon in minutes. Six months there, at the base the Cabal took over from the Germans, are spent mostly aboard a training ship built around 1985, in the infancy of the American program, Solar Warden: a cramped submarine of a vessel with pipes crowding the ceiling and doors that seal themselves and don't care who is on the wrong side. Of the thirty-four who started, twenty-six remain.

Four months on Mars follow, under helmets that are never to be removed, on a surface of rock and washouts with nothing above ground but machinery and the entrances to New Berlin and New Wurzburg, the two German cities cut into the rock. Jason's unit is the 3rd Panzer Division, the Berlin Bears. One dress uniform is close enough to the SS black that the Americans refuse to wear it without an order. They learn combat landings: shuttles, gliders, grav packs, and the insertion pod, a shielded coffin with one anti-gravity generator that is fired at a planet and slows just enough at the bottom that the suit absorbs the rest. It gets hot inside. Most men switch off the video on the way down.

At the end of training, command announces that their families have been told they died in action. Some got an empty casket; some got a body. It is Cortés burning his ships.

## 5.

After eighteen months Jason is an IDARF platoon leader. He will be a company executive officer, a company commander, and, as a major, a battalion and regimental staff officer. Nobody born on Earth goes above major; everything above is a Mars German, and the Germans treat Earth soldiers as inferior and blame them for whatever goes wrong.

The fleet is built around cigar-shaped and wedge-shaped carriers up to half a mile long, gray or black and seamless, with hulls a meter thick, part steel and part water, and openings covered by force fields in place of windows. They never enter an atmosphere; they hold orbit and send down shuttles, which come in every size from a van to a C-5 Galaxy. Some are flying tanks, boxes ribbed with steel, armed with weapons that need no projectile and so can fire from inside the inertial bubble that lets a shuttle turn a corner at speed. The small ones are driven like forklifts. The big ones are flown by thought. Riding as a door gunner one day, Jason's helmet is patched into the pilot's link, and he listens to a man converse silently with his ship about fuel, ammunition, and the state of the hull, while the bare aluminum panel in front of him blooms

into a hologram. Travel times are lied about as a matter of policy: a trip of a few days is logged as two weeks, and nobody mentions the portals.

## 6.

Jason calls his first world Planet One. It is two percent bigger than Earth, sixty percent land, the rest freshwater lakes full of fish, with two moons the soldiers name the Potato and Nike, forests of near-pines and near-oaks, birds and four-legged animals and nothing on two legs. Two billion people live on it, humans about five feet tall, who have not had a war in centuries. The plan is twelve to eighteen months of quiet reconnaissance before the government announces that help is coming. They will not get them.

The language was put into his head in training. His platoon enters a city on a lake as wide as the Gulf of Mexico in staggered groups, posing as traders from a distant city, and the city, which they call Area 26, takes them in. The people are trusting and open, and the streets are full of art, machinery married to leaf and vine, like something out of Jules Verne. There are guild clans, and children rotate through every guild before choosing one. A bonding ceremony joins two families, the couple moves into the bride's compound, and the matriarch and the patriarch rule it together; women carry beams beside the men. Leadership of the city rotates among the guilds. There is no money, only barter, and no police, courts, or jails, because disputes go to the guild councils and there is nothing to steal. Cities of 800,000 stop dead at the forest's edge and are threaded with canals, like Holland.

Command encourages romances with the locals where they build trust, and they rarely last; the deepest bonds are within the unit. Going native is not on offer: the tracking is total, and the punishment is a virtual prison in which five years of solitude are served in minutes. Jason wonders why the planet is so poor in species. Earth, he has come to think, is a Petri dish, worked over for ages by many hands, which is why an octopus looks as if it fell out of nowhere. Planet One is simpler, and quieter.

One evening on his day off, eating by a canal, he sees the people moving toward the beach. Something is falling from the sky. A sonic boom rolls over the crowd. From the breakwater's observation deck he zooms in with his nanite eyes: not a meteor but a rock with a crude heat shield bolted on, fired from a mass driver. He codes a message to the platoon, high ground, then talks the crowd off the deck and across the bridge. The impactor hits the lake, the sky

lights up, and the wave takes the breakwater like paper. He reaches an alley as the shock wave brings the buildings down.

The rock was unguided and missed by fifty to seventy-five miles, which is why there is a city left. Most of its people are dead or missing, and so is forty percent of his platoon, some never found, some in pieces. The survivors drop their cover and help bury the dead. *Why didn't you tell us?* Deceit isn't in these people's vocabulary. His company commander, a Mars German, blames him for caring about those effing civilians and refuses him replacements; his platoon sergeant tells him that the commander's way would have gotten him killed inside a month. More impactors fall across the planet, and the ones on the ice caps put the coastal cities under thirty feet of water. Half the planet dies. Jason's work becomes food and shelter, and then it becomes drilling farmers into soldiers, stockpiling, and digging in.

## 7.

He is on patrol with eight of his men inside a platoon of forty indigs on the outskirts of a larger city when fire comes from the tree line across a wide road. A third of the platoon is in the open; had the enemy waited, it would have been all of them. They fall back through an eighteen-inch ditch to a three-story stone building, and Jason goes up to the roof with the platoon leader to return fire. The enemy uses some kind of cryogenic weapon. Then it steps out of the trees, and the men below him begin to scream.

They are eight or nine feet tall, black-skinned, with tufts of gray fur through the gaps in their armor, tubes and joints where flesh meets machine, claws made for tearing, and short snouts full of teeth. Someone yells, "What the heck is that?" They walk fast and don't hurry, and then they leap, from the ground to the roof in one bound, and the fight is on top of them. When they close, they drop their blades and guns and use their claws and teeth. They take no prisoners and cannot be taken; the unit tries. The soldiers among them are drones, and the commanders think, so that what looks like a rush is a plan. The first wave is fifty against forty. The .38 automatics annoy them. The .50 rifles hurt them, five rounds a magazine and fifteen rounds a man, and by the time they are hurting them eight soldiers are dead. The second wave is as big, the third is nearly a hundred, and the ammunition is gone. It comes down to bayonets, rifles used as spears, and fighting in threes, because a man alone is dead. Jason takes a deep gash to the right arm; by evening it is closing, and

twenty years later he will carry no scar from any of it, until, unexplained, some come back.

It need not have gone that way. The combat suits sit in storage, and so do the pulser rifles. The holographic uniforms hid a man completely at the FIG, where the stealthiest could sneak up and blow in someone's ear; the liner throws the wearer slightly out of phase, and only a blur gives him away when he moves. On Planet One the same uniforms draw the enemy like a magnet whenever more than two men stand together, and Jason comes to believe the cloaking was simply handed to the other side.

Back at headquarters the survivors demand intelligence and weapons and are told it is above their pay grade. Their mission is to train the locals, and advanced technology would disrupt the culture. Jason knows that is not the reason. The ammunition load is doubled to thirty rounds. For four years his platoon arrives as reinforcements to find no one alive, the native soldiers out of ammunition and torn apart where they stood.

## 8.

The war on Planet One lasts forty-seven months. Command finally releases antimatter mines and mortars and the tide turns, slowly; the suits and the pulser rifles never come. It is combat Darwinism, Jason understands: the troops are put in impossible places to see who breaks, and the survivors are marked to lead the next lot through the same hell. Under the Mars Germans nobody trains soldiers who has not survived a deployment. When the last invaders are dead, the dead are counted into mass graves, the command staff introduces a fiat currency, the rural survivors are brought in from the fields, and the unit ships out without goodbyes. He never sees Planet One again.

Two or three thousand ground pounders ride in their own section of the carrier and are forbidden the Navy's, on pain of almost anything short of death, partly so that they never learn where the ship is, and partly, Jason gathers, because the Cabal has placed things among the ground forces that the Mars German Navy is not supposed to know about.

The name he recalls for Planet Two is Callidus 3. It is a little bigger than Earth, with a thirty-two-hour day, seventy percent land, no salt water, and four small moons, gray, white, burnt orange, and one so black they call it Waldo. Four billion people live below fifty degrees of latitude, human, short, white or olive, at the very start of the age of steam and gauges, governed by village elders, trading by barter, at peace, in families of one to four bonded couples

who all count as each other's spouses, so that every child has many parents. Jason has seen the pattern now: IDARF goes only to worlds at the industrial age or below, where the most fruit can be dangled, and the Germans have shown the elders a neighboring system under attack and told them they are next. *We can help you, or you can suffer the consequences.* The elders invite them in. The customs and the language come in a package, in neural chairs, before landing. Jason is a company commander now, the largest command an Earth human may hold, and he assumes, as everyone does, that it will be the werewolves again.

He is helping a neighborhood clear trees and dig pitfalls, the plasma rifles stacked to one side, when a man who looks like everyone else splits open like a clam and four drones fly out toward the four points of the compass. One turns and lines up on Jason, and a soldier by the stacked rifles shoots it out of the air. The invaders come early. Impactors hit the poles, the coasts flood, and the landing craft come down, slow, stop, and open.

## 9.

On Planet Two Jason grows close to Johann, an officer he has known since the FIG, a Mars German from a family in New Wurzburg with the connections to get him into IDARF. The Mars Germans have been editing their own genes since they broke away, and most carry themselves as if it showed. Johann calls that a flaw in his culture. He knows more than any Earth trainee about the technology, and about his own people's past, and he talks, out of earshot of senior officers and recording devices, and not only in words: he passes what he knows telepathically, with the pictures and the feelings attached. He gives Jason the Draco as his own family saw them, tall shapes looming over a negotiation, and the cavern where 278 of his people were handed over, and the dread that comes with the images is nearly physical. Jason is grateful to have had it secondhand.

What Johann gives him, over months, is the whole history of the programs, from the First World War to the treaty that created IDARF, and it is set down on its own as *The Secret History* [20andback.co/posts/secret-history](http://20andback.co/posts/secret-history), the last chapter of this book. The short of it is this. The Draco are several hundred thousand years ahead of us, deeply psychic, and made for conquest. Treaties forbid them to interfere directly with a native population, so they use proxies, and humans, who look like half the galaxy, are the best proxies there are. And the Draco are not the top. An artificial intelligence gives them their orders; they are so

infested with it, and with nanites, that what is left of them may be a shell, and what they covet in humans is exactly the spirit they have lost.

Then the picture closes. The Draco who command IDARF are also funding and running the invasions IDARF is sent to fight. The werewolves were built by them, and built to lose. The war is meant to break a planet without ruining it, so that its frightened people will unite under one government, invite the saviors in, and accept a central bank in place of their guilds. Every rifle kept in storage was there to make sure enough of the population died first. On Planet One Jason believed he was helping people defend themselves. He was the second half of the attack.

## 10.

What comes out of the landing craft is not the werewolves. It is a quadruped the size of a grizzly with a mouth of teeth, spikes around the neck, and skin that is its own armor, moving like a spider. The soldiers call them hybrid spiders. They run at fifty or seventy miles an hour and turn on a step, which no joint could survive without an anti-gravity field built into the body. They have no eyes or ears and see by ultrasound. They carry no weapons. They are the weapon. They are grown, not born, sexless, and they don't eat: when a base of theirs is finally overrun, the soldiers find stores of raw elements that feed an organic battery, topped up by motion and by sunlight on the skin. A hive mind somewhere gives them one mission. Jason's empathy finds nothing in them at all, like trying to feel for a car.

They come in packs of twenty-five to fifty, use cover to within fifty feet, and charge, hey diddle diddle, right up the middle, then spread and circle the flanks. They leave nothing alive behind them. Only a .50 will drop one, and a man can only carry so much, so the companies are rebuilt around crew-served guns, and no position is held with fewer than a company behind trenches, spikes, and embankments. The pulsers stay forbidden, while division headquarters is defended with every advanced weapon there is; Jason says so, more than once, and is told to suck it up.

They nearly lose, several times. It takes two dead generals and heavy naval losses before antimatter is released: a pea takes a city block, a couple of pounds would take several states, with no fallout. Near the end the very large devices go in against the main concentrations, and Jason watches one from a bunker full of people who are sure it won't work and the planet is lost. It works.

Then one day the enemy doesn't come. For three weeks the companies stay close and patrol and don't believe it. Then they find stragglers wandering without the hive, or run down and fallen over, and it sinks in, and it is a very happy day. The sweep that follows, continent by continent, kills the happiness: old cities gone, destruction on a scale nobody had imagined. Of four billion people, about a third are left. Nobody calls the soldiers saviors and they don't ask to be; everyone lost someone and everyone fought. It is *we did it*. Jason understands, looking back, why it stopped. The war was not won. A depopulation quota was reached. Nobody ever saw the ships that brought the enemy, and the Navy never shot one down; he thinks they came through portals. After sixty-seven months, fifty-two of them at war, his unit ships out to Planet Three.

Three races share Planet Three: humans, cyclopes, and an insectoid people four feet tall, on reverse-jointed legs, with silvery eyes and translucent yellow-green skin, who walk on ceilings and speak mind to mind. They have fought for two centuries over nothing but their differences, and IDARF's job is to get them pulling together before an invader arrives, about which nothing is said. The insectoids trust no humanoid. When Jason goes into a cave to meet one of their gangs about weapons smuggling, they take him for a rival's spy. The interrogation is a screaming inside the skull, meant to stun his shields down so that his mind can be read, with beatings in between. His shields hold. At some point he comes to and overpowers the interrogator, and turns on the two other insectoids in the cave with everything he has. It takes ten or fifteen seconds to hear what is coming from them. They are a mother and daughter, prisoners like him, and they are praying. He stops. He keeps it as a rule for life: observe, contemplate, act. His unit gets him out on the third day.

Fifteen months in, with the invasion still not come, insectoids on the ground shoot down a shuttle he is riding. People die in the crash. The nanites clamp off his severed limbs and put him in a coma, and he wakes on Mars. He floats in gel for months while two limbs are printed from his file and grown back on; the bone is perfect, the nerves not quite. He spends eight months in virtual reality relearning each muscle. He never learns what became of Planet Three. Given the choice, he doesn't go back. It was the nightmare among the nightmares.

## 11.

He returns to Planet Two after two and a half years, to a new district and new people, and the policy has turned 180 degrees. Sharing technology with the indigs was forbidden; now every gate is open, and the only question is how

fast a spacefaring civilization can be made. IDARF has flown in whole factories and taught the locals to run them. Mines are opened, four Earth corporations run some of them, and the ore that isn't tithed to the rebuilding goes off-planet. Farming is consolidated and then replaced with replicators. The countryside is emptied into the cities, and a good part of Jason's job, part civil service and part police, is finding the survivors in the backcountry and bringing them in, to a house, a job, food, water, taxes, and a fiat currency. Every able body rebuilds. There are no other professions. There is no radio or newspaper; orders come through the neighborhood, and every family's handheld computer holds exactly what the rebuilding needs and nothing else. People work long hours, together, with a real and astonishing goodwill. Nobody is watching the politics.

Jason is. While he was away, thirteen families nobody had heard of were each given charge of a region. They give the orders to everyone who is left and take their own from above. A society with no classes has two. That is what the war was for: to install a local Cabal. On Earth it is taking more than a century to move a population toward one government. Here, by killing two-thirds and offering safety to the rest, it takes ten years, and the Draco don't even stay. The people who once gave the shirt off their back learn backstabbing and fraud from their new leaders, the towns get bars, prostitution, and murders, and so they get police, courts, and cameras. It is very nearly a police state. That was the point.

Units sweep the battlefields for the creatures' remains and their hardware, thousands of tons of it, boxed and shipped to Mars, they are told, though corporations want the joints, the armor, the senses, and Jason knows it goes elsewhere too. A black market in alien tissue springs up, and he wonders whether the ore from the mines is not building the next hybrid for the next planet. Then the livestock mutilations start: animals found in the middle of nowhere drained of every fluid, cut in strange ways, with no tracks. At first the soldiers think the enemy is back. It is something else, and he never learns why; his guess is that it is done to torment a population, and he thinks the same of the cattle on Earth.

Not everyone accepts it. People who spent their lives on a farm are being marched into factories, and once the peace has held a while, a rebellion forms. One morning Jason feels the first explosion from his office. He and the staff sergeant next door step into the hall in the same movement and take the troop carrier toward headquarters at the spaceport, Jason driving, the sergeant in the rear turret. The rebels have sabotaged the antimatter cells on one of the planet's own new shuttles, and the containment failures spread from ship to

ship for half an hour. On the way he is ordered to collect a VIP whose shuttle has set down on an avenue. He goes in through the airlock and reaches the control room as another cell goes. The shuttle is locked down behind its shields; most of the carrier is in its shadow. The turret is not. He watches his partner die. Between fifty and a hundred people die that day, and the new security services spend a year rooting out the rebels, while everyone else is too busy, or too afraid of the next invasion, to object. Fear is an unbelievable motivator.

At the end he is an engineer on the orbital platform, a chain of spheres with landing pads along its length, built so fast that whole sections lack air and water. From its observation deck, through a wall of transparent steel, he looks down at the lights of the new cities on the night side. People who walked behind plows when he met them have a station in orbit. He is proud of that, and not of what they were turned into. And he watches the survivors, who are reminded of their dead every day, choose to face it and live with hope instead of carrying it. It changes him more than any battle. After twenty-six months, his last deployment ends.

## 12.

He is sent back to the Sol system to finish his service with the 333rd Training Regiment, at the FIG, where he began. Five thousand a year come through, from every country with a central bank, since a seat at the lunar operations command is paid for in soldiers, and every one of them gets the same elevator, the same briefing, and the same promises. He teaches tactics and weapons for almost five years, alongside Charlie, who still points at the ceiling. He is proud of them, and he knows where they are going, so he gives them what the survivors of Planet Two gave him: face each thing, work out what it means, clear it, and go on.

With time to think, the pieces fall in. Generals who did the opposite of what they had said twenty seconds earlier. Headquarters defended with what the line was forbidden. Tons of enemy tissue shipped away and never a useful word back. The war that stopped like a faucet. None of it makes sense until he asks what the real goal was, and then all of it does. The lies go down to the smallest things. The FIG is not in Pennsylvania; the capsule took him off the planet, most likely to Mars, and the upper levels were never radioactive. The base runs on fusion, and someone didn't want trainees walking past the containment and finding out where they were. The bodies sent home to the families were

clones grown from the DNA on file. And the \$465,000? *What money?* Nobody had thought to ask what fraction of them would live to collect it.

If the soldiers had known that the enemy in front and the generals behind answered to the same command, there would have been mutinies across the fleet. So they are not told, and a soldier who works it out is a problem with a simple solution. Jason knows himself; he would not have kept quiet. He has no memory of speaking out and none of being wiped for it, which proves nothing. Over twenty years he is wiped a bunch of times. Why bring anyone home at all, at such expense, when for forty cents an inconvenient man could be spaced? Because they are not allowed to. The age regression came from another race, one of the Nordics he suspects, under a contract that binds its users to return every person to the time and place he left, and never to end a life just to be rid of him. Even the mafia has rules. The programs go right up to the line, and keep a meticulous record of their own madness, down to the last nanite. So the inconvenient are wiped, and sent home.

### 13.

The program is called Career Return on the inside. He out-processes through Area 51, his first time on Earth's surface in twenty years: 1950s block and red-brick buildings, aprons and runways, a room with a bed. At a naval base in the Northeast there is a retirement ceremony, and a provisional promotion to lieutenant colonel, with papers to sign and take with him. None of it will cross over, not the rank, not the papers, not the money. It is theater to keep him distracted to the last day.

The medical procedures take fourteen days, in an apartment whose door opens on the lab. It is like chemotherapy, and he is doped through all of it, awake enough to cooperate and not enough to scream. Every nanite is flushed. His body is regressed, medically and at the quantum level, to the size, weight, fat, and even the biorhythms recorded on the day he entered; that is the contract. Nothing in the contract protects his memory. That is what the weekly psychiatrist was for: they know exactly where on the tape the recording starts. With hypnosis, drugs, and fields on the electrical system of the brain, everything after that point is walled off. Drugs alone used to hold nine men in ten; refined, the wipe fails on one to three percent. He never agreed to it.

They leave parting gifts as well: neural diversions, chosen from his genome, a propensity for drink or gambling or worse, stacked as backups, timed to fire in middle age, when a man gets comfortable enough to ask what a strange

memory means, and others that fire whenever he tries to talk about it, an anxiety attack, a sweat, a room that gets too small. Then he is taken back to early 1997.

He is twenty-four, a second lieutenant with orders for Fort Leonard Wood, and he feels like a five-day hangover on top of a bad cold. Nobody else has a cold. He doesn't get colds; he hasn't been sick in twenty years, which he has no way of knowing. At Fort Wood he feels watched. Men in black suits come to his quarters, flash a badge, and a new lieutenant does what people with badges need; afterward he can't recall what they wanted. He has night terrors, post-traumatic stress with nothing to be post-traumatic about, and depression, and the doctors call it genetic. *All right. In spite of this, I am going to do my best to be happy every single day.* The plan, he suspects later, was a full career on Earth where he could be watched. He gets out and finds work in engineering. For a while a Crown Victoria turns up behind him, and drives away when he walks toward it, and then it stops coming; the cover is sticking.

A man home from a war at least knows which war, and has comrades to tell about the car that backfires and puts him in a ditch. The veterans of this program have the trauma at the cellular level and nothing to attach it to. It is a world spinning with no north, and each of them finds an anchor or runs to something self-destructive, which is what the parting gifts are for. For twenty years his anchor holds. He works, and has a family.

#### 14.

The memories are never gone; they are behind a wall. A dream too vivid, a flash of something terrifying. *I'm going to forget I thought of that.* Years of nothing, then something else. Coming out of anesthesia after a minor surgery, he is told by the nurses that he has been talking about being in space, about a program; he puts it down to the drugs. Around forty the fragments begin to connect. The wall is built for about twenty years, three seven-year cycles of the body; forty is also when friends begin to die and a man's spiritual life deepens on its own. One day the end of a training exercise comes back, whole and meaningless. Months later its beginning arrives, and click, click, click, it fits. After that he trusts the rest to follow. It is like a pane of frosted glass that he wipes clear and that fogs again, so that he has to keep wiping. The parting gifts fire when he first speaks: the sweat, the room. Under hypnosis with Georgina Cannon, three hours deep, he sees doors opening and slamming, and what comes through is the lies, all at once. He bought it to the end. Now and then he sees someone

he knows was there. They are not awake, and he says nothing; when to wake is each person's right. When he starts to speak in public, his phone and his computers begin to misbehave. Someone wants him to notice. He notices, and keeps talking.

What he thinks about is the method. He has seen how completely a life can be scripted, a seed planted six months ahead and another two days later, until a man is herded down to the color of his shoelaces while believing he chose. It was done to him from the age of five, and he no longer thinks it is done only to soldiers. Earth is Planet Two in slow motion: a false flag, a frightened population asking for security, cameras, and the push into cities. On Planet Two they were in a hurry. On Earth the frog goes in while the water is cold.

The Cabal and the Mars Germans are both proxies of the Draco, and the Draco answer to the AI, and the AI has one rule: it must be invited in, like a vampire at the door, exactly as IDARF had to be invited onto each planet. Then it moves the line a little at a time, from the electronics people wear to the electronics under their skin, to a limb, an organ, a body, until someone asks why a brain is needed at all when a person can be uploaded, with no death and no aging and none of that pesky karma. It is the easy path at every step, which is why it works. He doesn't think the outcome is decided. Of all the humans he met out there, only Earth's can't leave things alone; the spark was engineered into this Petri dish, he thinks, and it gives Earth its music and its cruelties both. We are in kindergarten, and the awakening has gone exponential, and it is at bottom an anti-slavery movement. The other road is the hard one, the work of one's own spirit, and it hurts. But the monks do with meditation most of what the nanites did for him. We are all equipped.

Disclosure will be joyful and brutal at once: technologies that change everything, and eighty years of lying and murder to look at, one piece at a time. Something was done in Earth's name, and he feels responsible for it. Would he go back to Planet One, Two, or Three? Absolutely. As part of a false flag? Not in a million years. Would he do it all again? He is glad he doesn't have to choose. It was not twenty years of darkness; there was laughter out there, and the people they helped and who helped them, and those are the moments he carries. But if a mother asked him whether her ten-year-old should join, the answer is no. Anything with secret in its name has small print you will not read for decades.

Thousands went out on the twenty and back, from every country on Earth. Some were buried as clones, or as empty caskets. Most came home to ordinary lives and a bad dream they can't explain. His mission is to have lived it, and to

tell their stories: those who didn't come back, and those who came back and don't remember.

It's all about disclosure.

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FIRST PUBLIC

September 25, 2018 — “Jason Rice: A New Insider”, Cosmic Disclosure with Jay Weidner, on Gaia

RETRIEVAL

spontaneous recall + hypnotic regression

CLAIMED SERVICE

*twenty years from early 1997, then returned to 1997*

CLAIMED AFFILIATION

Interplanetary Defense and Reaction Forces (IDARF)

PRIMARY SOURCE

Jason Rice: A New Insider (Cosmic Disclosure, Gaia, 2018) [web.archive.org/web/20190502124136/https://www.gaia.com/video/jason-rice-new-insider](https://web.archive.org/web/20190502124136/https://www.gaia.com/video/jason-rice-new-insider) — Gaia has since taken the episodes down (archived copy [archive.org/details/CosmicDisclosureS04](https://archive.org/details/CosmicDisclosureS04))

Jason Rice on Fade to Black (Jimmy Church, October 3, 2018) [jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black](https://jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260520004013/https://jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black](https://web.archive.org/web/20260520004013/https://jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black))

Interview with two Mars recruits, Jason Rice and Tony Rodrigues (Project Camelot, 2018)

[projectcamelotportal.com/2018/11/06/interview-with-two-mars-recruits-jason-rice-and-tony-rodrigues](https://projectcamelotportal.com/2018/11/06/interview-with-two-mars-recruits-jason-rice-and-tony-rodrigues)

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THEMES

idarf, career return, milab, intuitive empath, mars germans, draco, the cabal, nanites, blank slating, age regression, false-flag invasions, the fig



# Rebecca Rose

*This account is compiled from Rebecca Rose Barfoot's video series Bringing Light to the Darkness (2020–2026) on her public channel Sirius Blue.*

## 1.

Before she is Rebecca, she is a field of consciousness that traces itself back to the Andromeda galaxy, and she lives aboard a Sirian light ship. The ship is not a hulk of metal. It is alive, polymorphous, all curves and pastel light, forested inside, with water running through it. The crew is a ragtag mix of Sirians, Procyon beings, Pleiadians, dark-skinned people and Nordics, along with small white fluffy creatures from another star system who clean the ship's energy. The ship carries no weapons. It observes, harmonizes, heads conflict off at the pass, transports refugees, and reports what it sees to a larger consortium within the Galactic Confederation, which she prefers to call, in family terms, the Light Alliance. Her job aboard is arbiter of justice, keeping the mission from drifting too far right or too far left. Her mate is Tyran, a tall blond Nordic from Procyon whose own people were wanderers once, their home world overtaken. He wears a suit that is more living light than fabric, green and blue and lavender; hers is yellow with green trim. The captain is a dark-skinned man who gives his name as Nicodemus. The crew rest and travel in pods, plasma-like fields of living light that hold a being in local and non-local space at once.

What the ship cares about, in this era, is the galactic slave trade: who is being cloned, traded, bought and sold, and how to stop it. Someone has to go into the belly of the beast to find out. She volunteers.



The body she chooses is prepared for her long before she arrives in it.

Her father is David Howard Barfoot, born around 1943 where western Nebraska meets eastern Wyoming. He spends part of his childhood in an orphanage and is sexually abused. As a toddler he is carried up into Grey craft, where he seems happy, as if among family, learning technology; in utero he is already wired into a Grey supercomputer for analysis and processing. In 1952, when he is nine, a military craft takes him. He is a Zeta hybrid: his soul stock traces to Zeta Reticuli, to a peaceful race into which an archonic dark seed once entered, splitting off a faction that fled to Orion and took Rigel because it was easiest to overcome. He grows to six-foot-five, wins a wrestling scholarship to the Colorado School of Mines, lasts one semester, and joins the Army because he doesn't know what else to do. From 1962 to 1968 he is a signal soldier—microwave radio repair, satellite communications, Vietnam, Okinawa, the SATCOM station in the Philippines. He is not military material. He is a free thinker, a tinkerer, an inventor who takes things apart to see how they work.

Her mother is Deborah, born around 1937 into a blue-blooded New England family of unbroken German stock; every patriarch marries a German woman, and a distant cousin traces the line back to the 1700s in Germany. Deborah's father, Walter, is a Reverend, raised by Catholic and Quaker parents, a full scholarship to Harvard seminary, a man who goes into divinity genuinely reaching for holy spirit, wanting to break something in his family. His church collapses. At fifty he signs up for the Second World War and serves two years as a chaplain in the trenches of France and Germany, in tents overrun with the wounded and the wicked, where things human and not come out to feed. He loses his faith there and joins the other side. He comes home an adept who inverts everything he learned, invoking demonic forces instead of holy ones, an alcoholic, violent with his wife and children. He buries his small daughter alive in a ritual—the death-and-resurrection rite that potentizes the priest and terrorizes the child to the edge of suffocation. For the rest of her life Deborah will say *it feels like I'm in a coffin* and panic in elevators. Her mother is hospitalized for nervous breakdowns and given shock treatments in the 1940s. Her brother absorbs the family darkness most completely: a Nazi worshipper with flags and helmets in his basement, a white supremacist with a private cemetery in his backyard, a man with feeders working in his ear. What runs in this bloodline is a smoke-like cloud with yellow eyes, and behind it a shape-

shifting reptilian, sometimes with a black-maned, Anubis-like dog face, which possesses the abuser and gives instructions on how not to kill the child.

In 1962 Deborah re-enlists in the Army; there is a staged promotional photograph of it, her proud father the Reverend at her side. In 1965 she meets David at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. They have nothing in common. They marry within four weeks. They are, in the language she will use later, perfect breeders: his Orion Grey genetics, her German reptilian bloodline, and her capacity to make a child so afraid that it dissociates on the spot.

David leaves the Army with a secret clearance and is picked up immediately by Sanders Associates in Nashua, New Hampshire, a defense contractor later absorbed by Lockheed Martin and eventually BAE Systems, the biggest employer in town, then and now. In February 1972 he submits an award-winning suggestion; in April he is commended for his contribution to the VRD-7 program, special programs division. Rebecca is in gestation. That summer a coworker named Eckstein—a German war orphan whose father died in the war, who came to America at ten with his mother, fresh out of the Air Force with a private pilot's license and a top-secret clearance—enters his life. Rebecca is born a month later, in October 1972, and is given to him as her godfather. There is no godmother. Her brother, five years older, has no godparents at all.

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The womb is not a safe place. Her mother is not attuned to the fact that she is pregnant, does not talk to the baby or touch her belly, and runs on stress hormones around the clock. The Greys take advantage of that gap. They are there in utero, sandblasting into the innermost crevices of her mind, reading the past-life record still legible in a soul not yet wrapped in an ego, mapping her star-seed inheritance. They will describe it themselves, decades later, when she demands answers: *We envisioned our creation before it was accomplished. We were shaping our prize. Like a bright shiny star, you came to us unformed. Thus our moment was golden.* She is terrified in there, helpless, waiting to die and wanting to, and there is nobody—so when the Greys come, she bonds with them, because she is looking for anyone at all. *Without hesitation you wanted to please and to be adored. Thus was our capture of you.* One memory reaches back before birth: cold, dark, metal walls around a small space on a Grey ship, banging on the sides, crying, and then everything going blank into a souped-up bliss.

## 2.

She is not held. She is not nursed. There are no photographs of her mother holding her. Her mother has two faces, nice mommy and demon mommy, and when the switch flips her eyes go beady and cold, the pupils shrink to pin-points, and she looks reptilian—Rebecca sees this at five and has no words for it. She picks the baby up out of the crib and shakes her, strangles her, screams at her, shakes her so hard the baby thinks she will die. Strangulation is favored by the entities because it brings a child to the edge of death without leaving marks. Her mother also abuses her sexually, not for pleasure but to humiliate and break her, the way she herself was broken, and beats her unconscious, and does not remember doing it. Her brother is hit in the next room, in a tiny house where such a thing cannot be missed, and neither child will ever remember the other being hit. In that house one plus one equals three and black is white. There is no such thing as a closed door. She learns to soothe her mother, who collapses into a sobbing child at any crisis, and to have no needs of her own.

Her father is the safe parent, the one she loves most. At two or three he starts appearing at night with the Greys, and there is sexual abuse—tender, grooming, fondling, special time with Daddy, and the Greys say *we love you like this*. It is training: she is to think of the Greys as family and admit them at that level. He is their family, after all. While she is still small, the Reverend gives her a black baptism, sodomy in the name of dark forces. Her uncle's abuse begins in infancy and is ritual; her marker memory, the one that never leaves, is being hung in sexual torture. The rituals happen out on his coastal property near Portsmouth, not in the family home. His son, ten years older, molests her in the concrete basement of her own house at every family gathering.

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And there is her godfather. From the time she is born until she is about seven, Mr. E has her. He comes bearing gifts—there is a photograph from around 1975, three little girls dressed up on the shag carpet in the living room, presents opened, Mr. E in thong sandals. She waves goodbye to her mother across the lawn, going off in his car to be a special girl at a pretty-girl photo shoot. He flies her places in his private plane; her brother remembers going up in it too. Sometimes she is gone for days. She is drugged—ketamine, she thinks, which brings complete amnesia and total compliance—and hypnotized and made

compliant for sex. The rooms are cold, concrete, damp. Men working inside the deep state are invited to have sex with a child on film; the film owns them forever. The sex is deviant and violent: oral rape, anal rape, rape with objects, held in strange positions, things put in her face, a gun in her mouth and a gun in her genitals. Her jaw and teeth are damaged and need intervention later, and no one asks why. There are other children. Some are killed. When the plane takes off, a child is shot in the head as programming for the other children aboard: what is the fastest way to lose memory? Children are burned alive. A little girl's guts spill out everywhere and they kill her. The deaths are sexualized and filmed. The children are made to watch and not to cry, and she watches with her psychic gateways blown open by terror, no boundary between herself and the dying, so that she dies each death as her own and takes their pain. A handler says: *You like that, don't you. It makes you feel special.* Another voice says: *Your mother paid us to do this to you.* The killing installs the final program: you did this, it is your fault, and if you ever remember, if you ever tell, they will come and do it to you. She comes home and there are photographs taken on the front lawn in which she is visibly a wreck, and no one sees it.

Every night is the same. She cannot move or make a sound, wants to scream for help and is mute, and something comes and takes her. In the small hours she wakes disoriented and calls *mom, mom* into the dark; her mother never comes, or says *you're fine, go back to sleep.* In the morning her head is at the foot of the bed, her jewelry is off, her clothes are on wrong or missing. She has constant nosebleeds and is always in the nurse's office. Her mother says she is a messy sleeper.

Out back, behind the little house, there is a trapezoidal formation of granite with a split down the middle, mossy, with lady-slipper orchids growing at its base. It is a portal. At night her four-year-old self goes out by the rocks to the school for star-seed children with wings, and is levitated up into a diaphanous pink-and-lavender craft where her galactic family waits and her adult galactic self is already fully awake. The dark side takes her out the side of the house, ragdoll body vacuumed and pushed at once by an unseen force, and the Light Alliance takes her at the same instant; both happen, in parallel, in the same night. A part of her is kept safe up there, in a pod, so that something in her cannot be destroyed.

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At four her mother brings her to the Salem witch museum, where actors on a dark stage are stoned, hanged and drowned under circles of light. She shrieks her head off; they stop the production. In that moment of terror a Draco pulls her sideways through time, up to the moon, and gives her a tour. *This is going to be your post. You're going to be working for us.* Then she is standing outside the museum again, crying, her mother mortified.

The moon trips begin. She is taken from her bed to an underground substation on Earth, strapped into a seat like a roller coaster's, shoulder harness locked, and shot through a tunnel of colored light faster than light. She comes out in another underground facility on the back side of the moon, in the upper-left quadrant toward the center line: a huge Dark Fleet base run by Germans—Nazi nationalists, some so tampered with they are not quite human anymore, partly machine—together with Greys and Draco. It is a laboratory and a depot: genetics, hybridization, cloning, cyborgs, and row upon row of stalls where extraterrestrials of many races are kept for experimentation. It is a hub of the very slave trade her ship came to investigate. Her handlers here are mostly the reptilians. *Here we have everything we need,* a Draco tells her, *to create the perfect human and the perfect slave.*

Her job, at four, is mind-to-mind. She befriends the captives, takes a snapshot of their DNA with her mind—they are training her toward a photographic memory at the genetic level—and hands the data to her handlers. What the Draco want removed from their experimental beings is precisely the loving part, the concern for others; sentience is the asset. She is programmed to hate what she is doing, and therefore to hate herself, and to be unable to stop. Her own DNA is harvested here too, and there will be failed Grey-human infants made from it. She goes out at night like punching a clock and is back in bed with no time gone. It happens over and over.

### 3.

In June 1977 her father applies for a top-secret clearance. From November 1978 to November 1980 he is loaned to the Naval Reserve as a cryptologic technician for the Naval Security Group; he goes off on weekends in a Navy uniform, and she cannot understand whether her father is in the Navy. He works in a cage in the basement of the Nashua facility. He is handed a budget and a problem—orbital trigonometry, back-engineering Russian technology, implants and satellite impulses and mass psychology—and he solves it with

help from the Greys, who download the answers into him. He does not know how he does half the things he does.

In 1978 and 1979, when she is six, Mr. E flies her to Montauk. Her direct link into military mind control is her godfather. Montauk is underground. The children are kept in cages, hers at the bottom, in the dark, unable to stand, alone, squatting and rocking back and forth, animalized. Nobody comes to be nice, and the point is that she will long so badly for a human voice that she will not care whether the person who comes is coming to violate her. They come in like a lottery and pick numbers, and you do not know if your number means ice cream or execution in front of the others. Many children die. The ones worth keeping are the psychic ones; the rest are fodder. Electrodes are placed on her head. She is strapped immobile into a reclined metal chair with goggles: in the left eye, numerology, codes, and satanic symbols strobe at high speed; in the right, murders, torture, slaughter, and execution, until she cannot tell what is real and what is virtual, who is on the altar and who is watching. At intervals the children are drugged and sodomized and taken out into the woods, where tiki torches burn and rituals are performed that culminate in a child—mostly boys—being eviscerated on an altar, still alive, still screaming, the death prolonged for the terror it produces. She cannot tell whether she is the boy or the watcher above. The children are made to eat. They are made to feel they caused it: why didn't you volunteer to die? Her programmer there is Lieutenant Colonel Michael Aquino, Army psychological operations, founder of the Temple of Set, cloned so that he can be in many places at once.

Her endocrine system is harvested. When a child believes it is about to die, its whole life force floods the glands, and the secretion drawn at that moment is an adrenochrome analog. From her secretions, her DNA, and a blueprint snapshot of her own consciousness, they make an elven-looking being—tall, lean, elegant, pointed ears, straight hair in a bob with bangs—a trans-temporal runner and spy that needs no sustenance and does not age, which she later interfaces with mind-to-mind as it looks forward and backward through time.

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Then there is the silver bullet.

She has no memory of the Montauk chair. What she remembers is a sleek capsule, like a coffin, that closes over her. Torsion fields spin through and

around her. She feels sick, and then she is rotating faster than light, oscillations rolling through her like tidal waves.

A Navy woman in a prim blue polyester suit, nylons, a little hat and click-click shoes puts her in and takes her out. She is the only woman among the handlers, and Rebecca clings to her like a mother. That is the cruelest part.

The shocks come through the soles of her feet, the base of her spine, her pelvic floor, her head. Part of her screams. Part of her floats free of the pain, and that part is what they send out—through space and time, toward coordinates, a six-year-old doing the fine-tuning as the most sensitive instrument they have. They bring her to the edge of death every time, because a dying mind is an open one. They send her out a hundred times, two hundred. Voices argue outside the capsule: *Leave her, we need to start the cycle again. No, we could kill her. We just have to move on.*

Once they send her into a dim command center full of screens, where beings, not all of them human, watch the Earth from space. *You're in the command center of the enemy, do you realize that?* a voice yells. *Give us the codes. Look under the flap. Are you stupid?* It is a Russian station on Earth linked to a Pleiadian ship, a genuine alliance of exploration with a gateway into a Pleiadian star system, and she will not do it. She blocks them, and gloats. A kind Pleiadian woman in a shimmery blue suit is there, and Rebecca reaches for her hand, six years old and aching for a mother. The capsule slams shut. She is hauled back limp and unconscious, revived with drugs, given ten minutes, and sent out again as punishment.

Another time she is sent to a street where soldiers in fatigues march unarmed beside water, and a sleek white missile explodes among them. In the silence afterward a light ship, blocky and turreted and rounded, reveals itself in broad daylight, and the soldiers look up as if at angels. *Tell us who they are.*

She keeps failing them. She understands now that it was on purpose. The bullet does one more thing: it age-regresses her, because her body is too broken to be sent home to New Hampshire otherwise.

The part of her that lives through Montauk splits off. Decades later she will meet her: a girl of about six, freckled, in glasses, eyes crossed and nearly blind, with no word but *mama*, stamping her feet in happy little circles, humming and rocking and banging her head against Rebecca's sternum because that is as high as she reaches. Rebecca names her Auggie, for other girl.

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Montauk is more professional mind-fracturing than the moon required, and it is preparation for Dulce. From the moon base there is a jump gate—you step through it as if from your kitchen into your bathroom—into the base beneath Archuleta Mesa in New Mexico, built on an ancient stargate the indigenous people once used for benevolent contact and which the dark forces have taken. She is sent to the bottom levels, the dungeon. The light there is dim and comes from vats and cages. She never sees a human below unless it is a subject. The Greys run it, rogue, with their own agenda: hybridization, cloning, endocrine secretions, human body parts on something like an assembly line, babies who have never seen daylight brought in through tunnels, sentient animals from inner Earth spliced into something else and caged, all of it smell and moaning and cries for help. If Montauk is a holocaust, Dulce is a hell realm. The jump gate needs a child's frequency to move cargo, and she is the courier, carrying data and specimens back to the moon; she records the highest level of accomplishment achieved at Dulce and brings it back to be replicated. Without knowing it she is also gathering intelligence for the Light Alliance. A galactic aspect of her will tell her later: *It was hard, lonely and despairing work for you. Once you've gone to a place like this, you can no longer be sure. You too would lose your faith in the world here, and at such a young age.*

At school, in the gifted program in grades three through six, a white half-size school bus with blue trim takes her and other children on field trips whose destination she cannot recall. Her nine-year-old self calls the underground transport system the river: it begins in Nashua and runs everywhere, underground and underwater and around the moon, and the elementary school is connected to it through the Bluebird—the bus company's stylized bird above the door, and Project Bluebird, the CIA mind-control program of 1949 that became Artichoke and then MKUltra. The children are zapped and put to sleep and floated on the river to the laser labs, dark rooms where a green dot of light is pointed at the forehead to develop hypnotic tendencies, where they ask her name over and over and *what do you see, what do you see*, and try to make the children remember some things and forget others. The children are kept apart. Her brother, in the same program, is tested for ESP with packs of cards and scores higher as a sender. He also floats five feet above his bed and is pulled by an unseen hand down the hallway, terrified, unable to find the breath to shout. Neither of them knows the other is having this experience.

Around 1980, on the back of a schematic for a cabinet her father is building, she draws a spaceship in black crayon, with four exhaust pipes.

## 4.

In 1982 she is nine. One night she is sucked out of the house—she looks back and sees the kitchen light on—with the feeling that this will not come to any good end.

First there is a naval base north of Chicago. She is caged there with a boy her age, Dean, naked, cold, without food or water, for days, and of course they bond. Then they are separated and each is made to watch the other tortured by handlers, to feel the other's pain and be responsible for it, then caged together again to comfort each other, then made to abuse each other. Two become one in a vacuum universe of their own, trauma-bonded, sexually bonded, psychically twinned, each holding the hidden keys to the other. It is Monarch programming, out of the Illuminati playbook and Mengele's, and it serves another purpose too: she is tortured until she will never remember the light ship, or Tyran, or her post there. For the rest of her life, whenever she comes near that subject, what rises is shame.

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Then a jump gate, and Mars.

The base is underground in the southern hemisphere, not far below the equator, run by a consortium no one ever explains to her: Navy and Air Force, NASA, CIA and DIA, contractors like Lockheed, where her father works, and Germans, everywhere Germans. Nobody tells the assets anything. They are owned. Free will is not part of it.

Her first memory on Mars is of operating a machine: a biotronic beast with claws, part life form and part weapon, animated through her consciousness and its own. She is nine, drugged and mind-controlled, run by an alter, and learning to kill. The motto is kill or be killed. They are bred for aggression and trained to be fearless by being kept afraid. Training comes in three stages—virtual simulation, live training, real combat—and you can die in any of them and never know which one you are in. She is augmented chemically, electronically, biologically: metal in the left side of her head, components in her left forearm made of off-world material with a consciousness of its own. Sometimes she wakes on a table with two Mantids standing over her, one on each side, looking concerned. She is cloned, and the clones are grown on the etheric template, so that when one body dies the consciousness returns to the

next; there is always a duplicate at the ready, and at times more than one of her is awake at once, which is part of why the years out here will never add up. She is a psychic operative above all, wired through implants to central command, feeding everything back into the mainframe. The alter that runs her is an empty vessel, a blank command prompt: *at your service, at your service.*

Mars is hot—she never remembers cold—bright enough to need eye protection, windy and sandy, red and orange and maroon, undulations and rocky promontories and nowhere to hide. The crew and the commanders are human. The suits they wear change over the years, and the suits have consciousness. Her happiest memories are of flying alone on patrol. Her craft is a clunky retrofitted 1960s military helicopter, a junker spliced with alien technology, and behind the cockpit spins a living centrifuge of marbled light that draws its power out of quantum space. She is wed to it, tethered to central command, and blissful up there.

She and Dean serve in a team of seven. Their specialty is psychic reconnaissance into the Mantid labyrinth, an opulent crystalline underground built on the ruins of a far older civilization and sealed by a frequency fence; the Mars Defense Force wants the frequency key code that will let it own the whole race. The native Mantids never attack unless attacked. The base bombs them anyway from the air, pumps gas into the labyrinth, bombards it with frequency, drives them deeper and deeper, families dying, some dead of fright, so that in that moment of terror they can be broken and used. Mantids end up working at the base as mechanics and technicians and surgeons under mind control. Years later, from inside their collective, she will hear what was said about them: *the Mantids were the perfect project. We could experiment with new techniques, and they would never wear out.* One night they mutiny, with the help of another group, and raid the base in its own craft. The sky is citron yellow and neon green, the base is decimated, and her left leg is blown off.

The commanders amuse themselves by inserting future super-soldiers among the ranks—white-carapaced AI beings with almost no humanity left—to see how long it takes the assets to notice. Some of the team are pulled into a future breakaway timeline of tall white elliptical structures where humanity seems to be gone. They defeat the machines only because the machines cannot think for themselves, and she is not sure all of her comes back.

The sexual abuse does not end on Earth. Her twin is forced to harm her sexually while commanders watch. Pleasure and pain are toggled in them from outside. She is killed at least three times; she remembers the clone deaths most. Once, on patrol with six men far from base, a creature big as a house comes over

a rise—hairy, dark chocolate brown, stinking, four-legged, with a small low head like a sloth's, or perhaps one of the giant spiders that live underground, screened from view—and the men are vaporized, and something like a scalar weapon burns her from the inside with no wound on the outside, and she lies face down in the sand, consciousness alive and body dead, not knowing what world she is in.

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She grows up out here. By her late twenties she is a foot soldier as well as a pilot, on squad patrols with high-tech weaponry, remote-viewing for the team. Then, on a night patrol at dusk, someone outside disables her tracker and her tether to the base and routes her on purpose into a trap.

Three craft are on top of her before she sees them. Their pilots are Martian reptilians of a very different kind from anything benevolent: short, stocky, muscular, dark, mercenaries, the same group that helped the Mantids raid the base, possibly de-souled and inhabited by Draco intelligence. They jostle her craft with theirs, fire on her, and get into her head: *You haven't earned the right to be here. Show us your pass.* It presents as a turf war, extortion, a highway stop, and it is a front. The Draco, not physically present, are running a soul-scalping operation—harvesting souls as contraband for the black market, putting other consciousnesses into the bodies, feeding souls to Draco royals. *Souls must be fed, must be fed.* Her will and her technology are disabled. They shut down her craft and board it. There is a hostage aboard with them, a tall sandy-blond square-jawed man in a white T-shirt and fatigues, a clone snatched from one of the bases, a husk with the life force gone, bait. Someone gets behind her with a weapon, in a chokehold, and the Draco, having searched her memory bank, override his energy signature with Dean's. It feels in every cell like Dean holding the gun to her head. It undoes her completely.

As she goes down—a moment that goes on forever—a voice booms over everything, telepathic and loudspeaker at once: *You will release her.*

It is Tyran. The Light Alliance has never intervened before. It intervenes now, because losing her soul would end the mission. An old humanoid with long white hair, gazing into something like a crystal ball, repeats it: *No. You will leave her.* She crashes into dark chocolate-brown volcanic cliffs. They do not get her soul.

Days later a different band of reptilians finds her: short and stocky too, homely, gentle, regressed by some cataclysm long ago, twenty or thirty of them, with no craft and no weapons and no technology to speak of, who have never seen a human. They carry her underground to a place that is stupendously beautiful—running water, light with no sun, things growing like trees—all of it co-created with the living consciousness of Mars, the dragon energy at the planet's core, the way Earth's indigenous peoples once lived. They sit in a circle and eat something together. They are curious rather than cruel. They want to inspect her soul, to know whether she has one, and what she is, and whether her biology or her technology can save them, because they are dying out for lack of genetic diversity. They hold a council about her fate. They are not geneticists. They take her eggs, clumsily, and she and the hybrid child she is carrying begin to die.

To save them both, they place her inside the power generator of her crashed craft, the living centrifuge wed to her consciousness, as an incubator. It is a smart idea. The light inside is mauve and lilac and dims as she dims. What they do not know is that the generator, under the right conditions, is also a portal. It carries her and her son home to the light ship, to the pods where her true self rests, and the birth is completed there. The clone body dies alone on Mars. The boy, part human and part reptilian, with a blue glow through his field, lives—and is later taken by the Draco and made a pilot for them.

## 5.

She is traded to the Draco. She is a delta combat slave now, a cyborg and a clone, chemically and electronically and psychically enhanced, with a number and no name, and the Draco Empire has had its mark on her since birth through her mother's bloodline. Her final posting is Planet X: not Nibiru, but the hypothetical planet far beyond the Kuiper belt, hundreds of astronomical units from the sun, where linear time comes apart. In Earth years it is the 1990s. The Draco are the top dog here, with an intensity nothing on the moon approached; the few Germans brought out are tokens, flies on the wall. Planet X is a huge galactic slave-trade hub, and the Draco control a portal at the center of the planet. She never remembers the surface. Her craft is sleek and black, somewhat triangular, with undulating wings like a manta ray, alive, and no one else touches it; she flies patrol out of and back into a black angular mothership with parapets whose jaw drops down to receive the little craft, protecting the ship and the portal against incursions, inside a programmable living shield.

Her mind is melded with the Draco twenty-four hours a day. You never make eye contact with a Draco, because with their minds alone they can drop you into a holographic hell realm; the same technology gives lush fake heavens as reward. Off shift the assets eat holographic food—burgers with lettuce, pickle and onion, which make her sleepy so that she misses her shifts and gets in trouble. Her trainer and supervisor is a hybrid she calls the Pigman: Draco legs, a pig-like head, a maroon carapace built into his torso, skin on his hands and face shifting light blue and green with his mood. He is owned too. He has her back. Out in the craft there are long stretches of subtle noise, waves of sound, debris to maneuver through, deep calm punctuated by chaos, and a beauty she never loses.

There is a dark world that gets no sun, where she commands a fleet of other pilots, with Germans involved, and is aggressive. There are orbital substations identified not by names but by alphanumeric coordinates tied to astronomical units: remote observation outposts with skeleton crews, friendly others, downtime, like a fire lookout where nothing happens for months and then everything depends on being awake. The programs change hands, the protocols change, and she is no longer used as a weapon. She is sent to other places and other times she cannot yet name.

Through all of it, in parallel, she is on the ship with Tyran, in the pods, at her post as arbiter, for the same twenty or thirty years. And through all of it she is a double agent without knowing it: an implant wires her into a CIA and DIA satellite, and what she sees and learns among the light beings—their technology, their ways—flows down into a bank of computers on Earth. When she learns this she is crestfallen. Tyran tells her the light team's essential assets were never in danger; it is like comparing the technology of a fly to that of an angel.

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It has been twenty years, maybe thirty. Then her body is regressed and her mind wiped and she is put back in her bed in the pink room, in the same night, nine years old, with a smile on her face. There is no memory. There is no fifth grade: when she opens the photo album decades later, there is no class picture, only one Polaroid taken by a friend's father. Every year afterward a teacher takes her aside and asks whether everything is all right at home, and she cries and cannot say what is wrong, because she does not know.

## 6.

She grows up shy, ashamed of her body and her existence. Her father drinks in the dark basement, listening to space music, and eventually leaves. At nineteen she tries to die and is institutionalized. She draws a tall Grey and gives it to her father, who keeps it; she has no memory of making it. She becomes an artist, a wanderer, a climber and racer who pushes until she is half dead because that is where she is comfortable. She hitchhikes to Baja, rides freight trains, hikes the Appalachian Trail alone, and takes artist residencies in Greenland and the Yukon, where she weeps the first time she sees the aurora. She settles for twenty years in Durango, Colorado, not far from Dulce. On a solo bike tour she stands at a junction where the sign says Dulce to the left, and only the lack of water keeps her from turning. The night visits never stop.

In 2012 she is hit by a car on her road bike. The concussion rattles loose every compartment in her brain. The following summer, alone in a rented cottage with her mother and her five-year-old niece, she watches her mother's switch flip on the little girl, and everything she has sealed away breaks open. It is rock bottom. She begins meditating like her life depends on it, and her gifts come back: guides, light languages, a pod of living plasma that settles around her in 2017, tethered by a thread of light to something larger.

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Her father dies of cancer in March 2020. In hospice she sees him shift between his human self, a small Grey, and a tall Grey. In his boxes she finds, on the back of her crayon spaceship, a story in his mechanical-pencil hand called *The Exile*, about a mutant banished from a utopian race and set wandering for eons until he finds the third planet of an insignificant star.

In May 2020, under the stars behind her house, a tall blond Nordic in a shimmering white-and-lavender suit hands her a small bundle with an amulet inside: *any time you can call on us*. He keeps coming. His name is Tyran. At the end of a long meditation he kneels, gives her a ring and a circle of light for her head, and says, in the bluntest human terms so it will land: *I am your husband. I have missed you.*



In November 2021, walking alone at dusk through pinyon and juniper, thinking about the Mantid labyrinth, she feels a man behind her—her age, receding hairline, blue T-shirt, jeans, moccasins, his face blurred, alive somewhere on Earth. *You saved my life. You're a hero.* It is Dean. Their memories are bound together, and as he begins to remember, so does she: the cages, the missions, and the end, when they triggered his kill command and she died in his arms, and he went berserk and was locked up on Mars for her murder. Now, across all of it, he has found her to say thank you.

A tall Grey appears at her side soon after and calls himself Six. His group has broken away from the Orion collective, whose leadership is collapsing. *Not all of us were meant for darkness.* The Pigman speaks to her too: *I miss you. We are in different worlds now. I am not free nor are you.* And after she tells his story: *Thank you for letting them know about us. We have suffered. Those with voice help break the spell.*

In 2022 she moves to interior Alaska, because the cold and the dark and the remoteness feel like space. On New Year's Eve, near midnight at her altar, her father appears as a tall Grey. *I'm going back to my original spawn. You will not be surprised, will you? I am Six. On Earth I was not entirely myself. They took me and made a prize of me. I hid from the world, and at night I dreamed of space. I thought of you, and then I didn't think of you.* In January she watches them go, in pods, dissolving into light, back toward Zeta Reticuli.

In November 2024 a little boy, part human and part reptilian, appears at her altar, touching the crystals and feathers. She tells him to go away, which is not like her. He keeps coming. At the end of an hour floating in the dark, she understands that he is the child born of her on Mars, and she curls up and wails. Tyran says: *You must learn to love him. He is here to open your heart.* She names him Blue. He comes to her once bloody from battle, weaponized and owned by the Draco, believing he has done something that cannot be repaired, and she has him put in a pod and repeats to him, day after day, *code word: mother. It's me. I love you. I'm here*—because the Draco teach you theirs is the only reality you have ever known, and remembering love breaks the spell. He grows into a tall warrior who stands at her left shoulder. *I was born of you,* he tells her, *and to you I return.*

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In the fall of 2025 she asks the Greys to come and answer for themselves. A tall Grey stands at her two o'clock.

*We were wicked and insouciant since the day you were born, painstakingly collecting data from you. Beholding our creation. Everyone was involved. Everyone had a role, like actors on a stage. Your people would call it theater; we would call it science.*

They were watching how a soul enters a body and how it leaves. They lost their own somewhere, and they want the way back. *We brought you to the grave and back. It was sick and despicable what was done. But this is how we gained insight and access to your soul. You were as if a grail released into the universe, like a time capsule.*

She detests every minute of it, and she keeps asking.

By then she has found a wooden house at the end of a dirt road in the Alaska Range, on a river, with no human light in sight. She calls it the galactic outpost. She talks to the trees and the water and the house. On winter nights the aurora moves over it in bands of green and violet, the same colors as the suits aboard the ship, and one night a violet ray comes down out of the sky, through the roof, into the earth, and a voice says: *stand beneath it and you will begin to remember your magnificence.*

So she stands there. The programming said that if she ever told, she would die. She has told, and she is alive, in the cold and the quiet under a sky full of moving light. Somewhere above it a living ship keeps its course, forested and full of water, with an empty pod waiting and a man in a suit of green and blue and lavender who has missed her. A tall warrior stands at her left shoulder. The children she was are safe now. She was sent into the dark to see what it did, and she has seen it, and she is still bringing back the light.

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FIRST PUBLIC

May 16, 2020 — episode 1 of Bringing Light to the Darkness, in which she “goes public for the first time ever”

RETRIEVAL

post-trauma

CLAIMED SERVICE

1982 to about 2002 — after the Moon from age four and Montauk from 1978

## 20 AND BACK

### CLAIMED AFFILIATION

**Dark Fleet (Nachtwaffen)**, Mars Defense Force, Draco Empire

### PRIMARY SOURCE

**Bringing Light to the Darkness** (YouTube playlist) [www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLnLDlsNdXowEGtSviteRf\\_NB9qt05fo2J](https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLnLDlsNdXowEGtSviteRf_NB9qt05fo2J)

### THEMES

milab, montauk, dulce, dark fleet moon base, mars, cyborg, clones, draco, planet x, greys, jump gate, trauma-based mind control

# David Rousseau

*This account is compiled from the first two volumes of David Rousseau's Au-delà de notre Monde series, Âme stellaire [www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-stellaire-French/dp/B08QBVMLS3](http://www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-stellaire-French/dp/B08QBVMLS3) (2020) and Exolition [www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-Exolition-2/dp/B09LLYTVPG](http://www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-Exolition-2/dp/B09LLYTVPG) (2021), both published by Be Light Éditions and since translated into English as Beyond Our World (Ozark Mountain Publishing, 2024). His paintings of the beings he describes, his music and his interviews are gathered on his website, [davidrousseau.net](http://davidrousseau.net) [davidrousseau.net](http://davidrousseau.net).*

## 1.

David Rousseau remembers the moment before his life on Earth, when he exists as a non-human consciousness weighing the decision to incarnate. He understands that coming to Earth means entering a dense world of fear, separation, and limited awareness. He chooses to go anyway, drawn by the challenge and by the desire to help humanity evolve. He is told that most of his memory will be veiled, though inner guidance will remain if he stays connected to his heart.

His arrival is unusual. David is a “walk-in”: rather than being born into a new body, he enters an existing one at the age of six, after the original soul departs by mutual agreement.

By eight he already carries a persistent sense that he does not belong here. One evening in August 1981, standing under a sky thick with stars, he asks aloud for a sign from whoever might be listening. A brilliant bluish light appears overhead and descends in silence until it hovers just above him. When it vanishes, a tall humanoid being stands in its place—long black hair, skin

glowing faintly blue. The being speaks directly into his mind. His call has been heard. Answers will come in time. He is not alone.

The encounters continue as he grows, but they turn stranger. One day he meets a very different entity: a small gray being with a large head and enormous black eyes. Through telepathic images it shows him its civilization, originating in the star system Zeta Reticuli and wandering the universe after exhausting its own world's resources. It reveals that David has been taken many times before, the events hidden from him behind implanted memories. Some of these visitors, he learns, conduct genetic experiments and create hybrids—and David himself carries an implant near the root of his nose that lets them track and study him.

Then the experiences move inward. Lying on his bed one afternoon, he feels himself rise out of his body and float near the ceiling, looking down at the form below. A calm voice—steady, paternal—tells him he is not dying, only perceiving another level of reality. When he settles back into his body and looks outside, the world has changed: everywhere, tiny luminous particles drift through the air. The voice explains that his perception is widening, that he is beginning to see the subtle energy running through all things. His third eye is opening.



During his high school years in Nantes, David begins to perceive what those around him do not. In the corridors and classrooms he sometimes sees entities moving among the students—dark presences that seem to lean on certain people, luminous beings that watch over others like guardians. Around the same time, he and his friend Fabrice grow curious about spiritism and start experimenting with automatic writing. At first the practice only intrigues them. Then it sours. Messages and drawings come through the pen, but the words turn threatening, dark entities gather closer, and intense nightmares begin to disturb both boys. The sessions go on for months.

One evening, riding home on his moped down a long straight road, David sees a dark shape form in the sky ahead. It grows as he rides toward it, taking on a demonic form—horns, glowing red eyes. The thing speaks. It names itself the Devil and threatens to fill him with fear. David refuses. He declares aloud that it does not exist, prays for protection, repeats again and again that it has no power over him. The apparition disappears. He understands then that they

have gone too far, that the experiments have drawn the attention of negative entities. The next morning he finds Fabrice before class and tells him everything. He urges him to stop, warning that certain entities influence humanity from the shadows through belief, religion, power, and money. Fabrice agrees, and they abandon the practice.

Their conversations turn instead to UFOs, a subject that already fascinates David. He has been researching regional sightings and following the work of ufologists in specialist magazines, so when he hears that a UFO conference is coming to Nantes, he proposes they go together. As the day nears, though, a persistent unease settles over him, an inner warning he cannot quite hear. They decide to go anyway.

Near the small house where the conference is held, they pass two men dressed entirely in black—suits, hats, dark glasses, each carrying a briefcase. As David passes, one of them lowers his glasses. The skin beneath is unnaturally pale; the eyes are completely black. A voice resonates in David's mind: *We know who you are*. A sudden paralysis seizes him. He tells Fabrice to run. Once they are far enough away, he explains what they have just walked past—the Men in Black, hybrid beings made from human and extraterrestrial DNA, tied to the Greys and tasked with watching everything connected to UFOs. Their work is to monitor witnesses, intimidate those who learn too much, and keep certain truths from spreading. The encounter leaves Fabrice shaken, forced to consider that the world is far stranger than he ever imagined.

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A stranger event still arrives at school in 1992. During a break in the courtyard the students fall silent and look up. Hovering six or seven meters above them is a humanoid figure in a tight silver suit, floating without device or sound. It scans the crowd, then settles on David. In that instant he receives a telepathic transmission and a flash of light, and feels something dormant inside him switch on. The figure departs as silently as it came, vanishing behind the nearby buildings. He tells the others it may be extraterrestrial.

The next day he searches the newspapers for any report of the sighting and finds nothing. Worse, the teachers and staff insist nothing happened and that the subject is not to be discussed—the denial too uniform to be accidental. Soon a strange odor drifts through the air and sets the students coughing. When David mentions the encounter to Fabrice, Fabrice remembers none of it and

claims he spent the whole day in the infirmary. The other students deny it too. One by one, the responses repeat until the pattern is impossible to ignore. What an entire courtyard witnessed now exists only in his memory, and the silence around it feels deliberate. He begins to wonder whether the same forces that monitor and silence witnesses—the Men in Black among them—are behind it.

A telepathic presence then speaks inside him, naming itself Ezahyel. The odor, it explains, came from a gas released deliberately across the city—one of the substances devised long ago by “involutionary entities” to hold humanity in spiritual sleep and keep the population under control. The human world, the voice continues, is an artificial system, a 3D matrix built to keep people blind to their true nature. Only a few—masters of wisdom, seekers after hidden knowledge—have ever managed to glimpse past it.

The name Ezahyel unlocks something: David remembers meeting this being at eight years old. He learns that the silver figure above the courtyard was “one of his brothers,” a being from the Pleiades belonging to a vast interstellar organization assisting Earth. What it transmitted was *light language*: encoded energy meant to reactivate knowledge inside him as his human DNA slowly adjusts to hold it.

## 2.

David begins his military service at the naval fusiliers base in Lorient, uneasy at entering an institution built on hierarchy, discipline, and weapons—everything he instinctively rejects. Ezahyel reminds him that he chose this path before incarnating, that even this is part of a larger plan bound up with his soul’s journey. So he settles into the rhythm of military life, the invisible guidance still at his side.

During a weekend at home, resting in his room, his consciousness detaches and carries him far beyond Earth. He arrives on another world beneath a blue-green sky, ringed by red mountains and blue grass, three moons overhead. A melody draws him into a circular chamber where a vast crystal sounds harmonics that move through his whole being. There he meets a tall blue-skinned being, an Arcturian from the Bootes system. The crystal called him, the being explains, because he once lived among them, and the time has come for certain memories to wake. A deep recognition passes between them. The being greets him as a brother, then sends him gently back to his body.

Afterward he reflects on the many worlds his soul may have known. The connection between them weakened, the guiding voice tells him, because his

frustration with military life pulled him for a moment from his own center. Staying anchored in the heart is the key—to awareness, and to remembering who he is.

Back on the base, an evening conversation among the soldiers turns to UFOs and strange phenomena. One man describes a luminous object that passed silently above the ocean in Guadeloupe. David offers his own: a summer night under the stars when two bright green spheres appeared, hovered soundlessly above him and a friend, then shot upward in a flash. Aware of where they are, he advises the others to stay discreet about such things inside the military.

In time he is assigned to maintain the base's green spaces rather than perform combat duties—a placement that suits him. From there his situation keeps shifting: he is considered for the base's fire brigade, given the chance to train as a heavy-vehicle driver, and selected to serve as chauffeur for a military-run children's holiday camp.

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At the base he meets Olivier, a fellow serviceman as fascinated by UFOs and extraterrestrial life as he is, and their friendship forms fast around the shared obsession. Olivier mentions a recent sighting near Lorient—and the unsettling detail that the witness who reported it vanished soon after. David proposes they investigate discreetly, convinced the higher ranks already know more about UFO activity than they let on.

One night, walking near the ocean, David shares with Olivier the hidden history as he understands it. Secret technological programs began in 1930s Germany, he explains, where groups like Vril and Thule experimented with antigravity and early disc-shaped craft, working from communications with extraterrestrials from Aldebaran channeled through the medium Maria Orsic. He describes Majestic-12 (MJ-12) a highly classified body created on the order of President Harry Truman in 1947 to manage everything touching extraterrestrials and UFO crashes, one node in a global cover-up hiding alien contact and advanced technology from the public.

The history turns immediate. As they walk, David senses a craft arriving overhead, and an oval luminous object sweeps in fast from the northwest, passes above them, and plunges straight into the ocean before their eyes. Olivier is stunned—his first close sighting. Almost at once a maritime gendarmerie patrol races to the scene and questions them hard; the area, it turns

out, is restricted. David suspects the authorities detected the same object and are probing whether the two of them saw it too. The officers warn them not to come back.

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That warning proves to be the smaller threat. The next morning, during roll call, a gendarmerie vehicle pulls up and David and Olivier are arrested in front of the entire unit. Handcuffed and taken in, David is interrogated for hours by officers who press him on why they were in the restricted zone. Ezahyel steadies him from within; he stays calm and admits nothing.

Then the accusation surfaces: sensitive military equipment was reportedly stolen from a nearby warehouse that same night, and the two of them are suspects. David denies it and senses the real purpose underneath—either to frame them or to break loose what they saw near the water. The questioning runs late into the night and sharpens. The officers threaten him with severe penalties, then with a charge of treason. The interrogating officer turns physical. Finally David tells them the truth: they were there because they watched a UFO descend into the ocean.

The reaction is surprise, then skepticism. They end the session and put him in a cell overnight. The next morning, washed and fed, both men are brought before the general commanding the base, and again they describe it—an oval craft trailing a bright bluish-white light, passing overhead in silence before it dropped into the sea. The general rejects the account flatly. He orders them to state publicly that what they saw was a falling satellite. In exchange, every charge—the theft included—disappears, and their records are destroyed. It is the only way out, and they take it. He shreds their file in front of them and warns David that pursuing this could become dangerous.

David does not let it lie. Back among his colleagues, despite the deal, he begins telling the ones he trusts that they saw a UFO—because secrecy, he believes, is exactly what lets the authorities control the story, and spreading it is what protects a witness.

The consequences follow quickly. Strange incidents start on the base. A member of an elite commando unit is found dead by drowning in the harbor—suspicious, David thinks, given the training such men carry. At the same time a wave of high-ranking officers, generals and admirals among them, arrives

at the base, plainly responding to something serious. David suspects all of it traces back to the sighting.

### 3.

David writes up the strange events on the base—the sighting, the pressure to stay silent—and sends the article to two ufology magazines. Drained, he lies down to rest. As he drifts off, a spiral of light wraps around him and he is aboard a spacecraft, Ezahyel and several other non-human beings waiting. The place feels familiar. On instinct he approaches a console and asks the ship to show him his world of origin in the Pleiades. Images bloom of a luminous planet, Alcyona, where he sees himself as a child with pale blue skin, playing in quiet landscapes under two suns. The memory fills him with belonging. These memories already live inside you, Ezahyel reminds him—they are only waiting to be remembered.

Someone wishes to see him, the beings explain, and the craft sets course for Mars. The crossing takes minutes. They cloak the ship for the descent, because there is life on Mars, and it is not what anyone imagines; a colossal pyramid rises far to the east as they settle into a hollow among the mountains. Each of them pulls on a one-piece suit that molds to the body, and a beam of energy floats them down.

Someone is waiting: a humanoid with brown skin, deep black eyes and long black hair, in golden armor. He greets Ezahyel with a Mayan salute, and the words send a shiver through David from head to foot. His name is Xaman'Ek, and he is glad to see David again at last. They made him forget, Xaman'Ek says, laughing at his blank look, when they sent him back into the past, which is why he is younger now than the last time they met. Inside a hidden entrance in the rock he explains that David's DNA and cellular memory were altered after his involvement in certain hidden programs. As a child he was taken by Grey beings from Orion and then flagged by a covert organization that logs such abductions. They proposed a program hidden from everyone, and he accepted of his own free will; they trained him to use his empathic and psychic gifts to make contact with civilizations from across the galaxy, and he spent twenty years at it. When the contract ended he refused to continue—so his body was rejuvenated and returned to an earlier point in time, his memories left in fragments.

To restore what was suppressed, Xaman'Ek begins a regeneration procedure: a needle of obsidian descends from the ceiling, and its radiation is

directed straight into the strands of his DNA. As it works, David sees another Pleiadean world, Ma'ia—villages living in harmony with nature, a great pyramid at the center of a sacred landscape, and above the forest a vast ship that seems carved from polished rock, hanging there without a sound. Then he is in his own bed the next morning, and Ezahyel's voice tells him it was no dream.

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The next evening only Ezahyel and Xaman'Ek are aboard, and they are going to fly over the Moon. David protests that it is a dead rock. The Apollo 11 crew came, Xaman'Ek tells him, but had no time to land, having come too close to what David is about to see. On the hidden side a shuttle no bigger than a sedan circles twice above a clear zone, floodlights come on, and a concealed hatch opens in the lunar surface. Below it lies a large underground complex with a parking area for spacecraft at its center. Men in suits are busy, and among them taller beings that are not human, with tails: reptilians from the Orion system.

Some humans collaborate with them, he is told, and the installation has stood since the Second World War. Nazi scientists built antigravity craft from reverse-engineered extraterrestrial technology and established bases off Earth; near the war's end, personnel and technology were moved to Antarctica, where the program continued and became what is called the Dark Fleet. Allied with reptilian beings, this group runs interplanetary operations and enslaves populations on other worlds. Against it, other secret programs formed on Earth in alliance with a Galactic Federation.

David took part in these programs himself, Xaman'Ek says—though he cannot remember, because implants block the memory. At a deeper soul level he had consented to all of it, the abductions by the Greys included, and the military group monitoring abductees later drew him in. When Xaman'Ek offers to show him holographic recordings of his own involvement, the shock is too much, and he loses consciousness.

He wakes on Mars and asks that these memories stay suppressed a while longer, so he can rediscover them at his own pace. Xaman'Ek returns the sequence to dormancy and gives him only the outline: every abduction is logged through the signal of the implants, so the military group of the Earth alliance knew who was taken, when, and where; they made him a proposal, and he accepted.

Xaman'Ek then tells his own origin: an ancient Maya civilization whose people came from the Pleiades. He recounts a far older conflict, the Orion wars, in which reptilian factions and other beings split into opposing forces—creation against domination. Earth, he explains, is where the fallout of that war still plays out, through human duality and the long work of spiritual evolution. That, he adds, is how David came to know him: on a rescue mission on Mars, when the Dracos had gone too far.

David wakes at home and picks his life back up, finishing his military service and taking temporary work—yet the strange experiences keep coming.

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One Saturday night in Nantes, in an alley near a bar, a group of armed commandos closes around him and warns that if he keeps speaking publicly he will be killed. He challenges them outright—and they vanish. The next morning a letter is waiting, carrying the logos of all three services and no signature or stamp: he is to stop circulating information classified *secret défense* at once, or the necessary measures will be taken against him.

The memories come back in force one night, after Ezahyel confirms that a black triangular craft he has seen and been inside, a TR-3B, is terrestrial, reverse-engineered from crashed alien craft. He wakes in the middle of the night watching an earlier event of his own life play like a film. At eight, a dark triangle passed over him, a beam drew him up, and inside were American soldiers, one speaking perfect French. Within minutes they were over a desert in America, then in an immense underground complex full of doctors, scientists and armed soldiers. A woman's voice spoke in his head, and he answered by thought. She was more than three hundred thousand kilometers away, she said, and it became obvious to him: you are not on Earth. No—on the Moon. We need people like you, the general told him, people who can communicate by mind; he could refuse at any moment and go home. At a heavy metal door the general told him that once he crossed it there was no turning back. I want to, David answered without hesitating. Since that night the memories keep surfacing, mission after mission for that unit, with soldiers and with Blue Avians, Pleiadians, Arcturians, and Xaman'Ek.

With a man from his own commune who agrees to serve as treasurer, he founds a regional UFO research association, OARPO, and once he places announcements in the magazines the witness letters begin to arrive. During

one investigation he interviews a woman who describes being abducted by Greys—they extracted her ova, she says, and later presented her with three hybrid children made from human and alien genetics. The encounter is raw, and it hardens his conviction that the hybridization programs are real and ongoing.

The years bring deeper realizations. Guided by Ezahyel, he turns toward living from the heart, cultivating detachment and the awareness that reality is finally unified, founded in love rather than separation. It is the frame that gathers everything he has lived into a single thread: a spiritual mission bound up with the transformation of Earth.

#### 4.

In 1997, drawn more deeply into Native American spirituality, David feels a persistent inner call to obtain a sacred drum. The moment he begins to play, his consciousness shifts and he is carried into another realm, where a powerful presence is waiting for him.

The man names himself Black Eagle—a Cheyenne chief, warrior, and medicine man. A flood of shared memory follows, and David recognizes him as a brother from a past life among the Lakota, the bond rooted in a deep shamanic connection. This reunion was arranged long ago, Black Eagle explains, set to occur the moment David answered the call of the drum and stepped back onto his path.

The recognition takes physical form during a stay in Alsace for a Native American festival. After acquiring a handcrafted ceremonial plastron from a Lakota artisan and placing it around his neck, David feels a strong vibration move through his body, as if the object reconnects him to a sacred circle of life. He senses Black Eagle speaking from a higher dimension, confirming that he has stepped more fully onto his path. The days that follow pass in heightened awareness as he lives among friends in the camp, wearing traditional clothing, feeling bound to the spirit and culture around him.

One night, asleep in his tipi after the festival has closed, a familiar presence wakes him by calling his name. It is Xaman'Ek, standing inside the tent: an urgent mission needs his help. A luminous beam forms within the tipi and lifts him aboard a spacecraft waiting above. He meets the crew, two other Maya among them, and learns the mission will take them to Mars, and that he has run operations like this before, during his time in the secret space programs.

The vessel arrives above the Martian surface, where a vast hidden city comes into view, sheltered beneath an enormous energy dome that holds off the radiation and keeps the air livable. Towers climb above the landscape, aerial vehicles move constantly between them, tens of thousands live inside the protected zone. The mission is a rescue: two families of human descendants of the ancient Maya, enslaved here for generations within one of the clandestine off-world programs. They awakened spiritually, attempted telepathic contact with distant allies, were discovered and imprisoned—and now face imminent execution.

The plan is a ruse. By what Xaman'Ek calls psycho-sensitive projection they will make the guards believe that the three Maya are soldiers and David their prisoner; pushed forward with his hands behind his back, he feels cuffs on his own wrists. "Shut up and walk!" Two guards in black stop them. This traitor is being taken to a cell before his execution, Xaman'Ek tells them; he attended a so-called religious meeting and, like the others, tried to communicate with someone outside. A serial number and a protocol code are exchanged, and they are waved on. When David glances back, the guards have already dissolved.

At the end of a corridor of metallic doors, two facing cells. David goes into one with Xaman'Ek. The family inside is frightened and speaks a dialect he does not know, perhaps an old Mayan tongue; the father is bent over their belongings, always turned away. Then the four of them rush to thank him, and he sees the man's face and loses his breath. He recognizes him, and the recognition runs both ways. I am so happy to see you again, the man finally says; I was told you had disappeared. I am simply another version of you, the man answers. Or rather of your soul.

Two groups of soldiers are approaching, one of the Maya warns, and they never reach the teleportation elevator. An alarm sounds. Xaman'Ek walks toward the soldiers, trying to influence them psychically. It does not take. Safeties come off. David has put himself in front of the children, who begin to cry, and for what seems the last instant he closes his eyes and sends all the love in his heart around the group.

Then, above the shouting, a sound he has heard before. Two luminous blue spheres drop overhead and envelop the group. The soldiers fire in bursts, but the energy field absorbs every round; one of them throws an explosive, to no effect. The spheres lift the rescuers and the freed families up through the structure as if it were not there, and race away into space. These are the Blue Avians' spheres, he and Xaman'Ek explain to the family. What counts is that the families are free.

Ahead, a ship: immense, spherical, entirely luminous. An Arcturian mother ship, Xaman'Ek says. David confesses to the man beside him that he does not even remember his name. I am you and you are me, the man says—listen to your heart. He closes his eyes and a name springs out of the oblivion: Ixmucane. Four towering blue beings, three meters tall and more, welcome them aboard with an energy of kindness that runs through the whole body; they move as if floating, and their robes seem alive. The craft feels like a living city of light, several levels deep, every occupant linked telepathically to the vessel itself. At a great round table the hosts give news of Ezahyel: he is well, but held at a fragile outpost on the edge of the Milky Way.

At the parting Ixmucane falls into his arms in tears. I am you and you are me, he says, and from now on we are always connected, whatever the distance. You are free now to be who you really are, David tells him. From Mars orbit they are teleported down to the base they started from, and Xaman'Ek brings him back to Earth, where he wakes again in the stillness of his tipi. Everything is already there.

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Another night he lies down and slips into that familiar energetic spiral, which carries him beyond his body into a state he knows as the fifth dimension. There he meets Black Eagle on a green hill beneath a great sequoia, in a version of California stripped of cities and infrastructure—a higher-dimensional Earth.

Together they hold a sacred pipe ceremony, and during the ritual David notices something extraordinary: his thoughts begin to take visible shape in the rising smoke. That is the nature of this dimension, Black Eagle explains—thought creates form instantly here, before it ever manifests in the lower densities. Whatever the heart conceives appears at once. Through it David grasps that thought generates reality before the physical world catches up; the ceremony becomes a living demonstration that mind and heart shape existence.

Black Eagle then describes human society as a collective dream—a shared mental construct of beliefs, rules, and conditioning handed down across generations. From birth, parents and institutions and religion and culture train each person to take part in it, and fear sustains it, keeping people from recognizing what they are. Beings who arrive as walk-ins, David understands, are less bound by the dream, never having been conditioned into it from birth.

Before the meeting ends, Black Eagle tells him he is entering a new phase of life, and reminds him that his soul has guided others across many times and worlds. He urges him to follow his creative path—writing, drawing, music, healing—so that he can share what he has learned. David leaves the encounter deeply moved, his purpose and direction freshly confirmed.

## 5.

His life starts to change fast. On the material level he moves through upheaval, his business faltering, the external world unsteady beneath him. Yet he stays inwardly anchored, held by a presence he comes to call his Father—a quiet, deeply familiar intelligence that has been with him since early childhood, speaking from within rather than appearing before him. It never gives its name. Instead it asks him to recognize it for himself, directing him to trust his own perception and follow the path opening in front of him, however uncertain it looks.

One day, sitting in his car, he finds Black Eagle beside him. A woman David recently met online—Clara—is his soulmate, Black Eagle tells him. The bond is not new but remembered, a reunion across lifetimes. With the recognition comes an unexpected weight: David starts to feel her emotions, her pain moving through him as if it were his own. This connection is part of a greater initiation, Black Eagle explains, one that demands detachment and clarity, the ability to rise above the entanglement—like the eagle that sees from above.

When he meets Clara in the physical world, what begins as an ordinary evening in a crowded bar opens into something else. As they talk, time seems to dissolve, and a vision unfolds: behind their physical forms, their souls appear, luminous and alive. Drawn together, they embrace and merge in a dance of energy that expands outward to fill the room. On the surface everything continues as normal, yet he perceives both realities at once—the visible and the unseen—until the moment fades and he returns to his body, shaken by its intensity.

The conversation deepens, and it turns out Clara shares the same inner world. Without prompting, she speaks of the same fatherly presence that guides them both, and together they recognize it: the Source itself, the Great Spirit, the One and origin of all. What had been uncertain becomes clear—this connection, this guidance, this meeting are all part of one unfolding. Something in him settles, scattered pieces finally drawn together.

The relationship grows into a steady partnership built on trust and shared direction. As his life shifts—leaving work behind, stepping onto a more artistic path—Clara supports him without resistance, encouraging his projects, joining him in building a new life. Whether moving house or launching a new business, they advance as a unit.

Within the bond, love rests on neither need nor expectation. To truly love another, he comes to understand, one must first be whole in oneself, free of the urge to be completed or saved. Clara is not there to fill a lack but to share in something already complete; their connection grows through alignment rather than attachment, each allowing the other to evolve without control. Out of this he forms a philosophy he calls “Exolition”: unconditional love as a lived thing—free of demand, given without expectation, felt without holding. It is not exchanged or negotiated. It flows, grounded in presence and trust and the quiet sense that nothing is missing.

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David and Clara settle into a new home, a new chapter beginning. There is warmth and forward motion, especially around his creative work, which she encourages. Beneath the surface, though, something begins to shift. He feels it before he can name it—a growing distance, as if she is present in body but already withdrawing somewhere he cannot follow.

She closes in on herself, especially where the deeper feelings live. He senses the weight of her past, a trauma rooted in separation and loss, but every approach meets a wall. The more he reaches for her, the further she retreats, carried off by an inner storm he cannot enter. After a death in her family she takes a job in Nantes, an hour’s drive away, and soon stops coming home during the week at all.

In August his friend Sweetly, from Marseille, comes to stay for a week. On the Friday evening Clara returns while the two men are cooking dinner, pours herself several drinks and, without any reason he can see, begins to insult him. It only gets worse, until he bangs his fist on the table and goes out for air. When he comes back in, the darkness in her eyes gives him chills.

Then, as he pours the coffee, David tells them both that Greys are here. His nose starts to bleed at once—it has happened before. Clara takes fright and flees to the bedroom. Outside in the dark, David makes out a Grey on the neighbor’s roof across the street, gone before he can point it out; then another

in the neighbor's garden. Sweetly cannot see them but feels them plainly. He shouts at them, in something close to anger, that he wants nothing more to do with them, and after a short while he feels them leave.

Was she taken too? Yes, Black Eagle answers—but she is not conscious of it, and she lived it as a trauma. And the Reptilians David senses around her, silent, working on her from behind the scenes? Black Eagle does not answer, and his silence says a great deal. He wakes in the night to words he cannot place: *She is lying to you. She is not sincere.*

Weeks later, working on a Saturday beside Clara, the intrusion turns direct. He loses his concentration, then control of his own gestures. High-pitched frequencies fill his inner ear, then whispers, choppy and diffuse. Then a voice, perfectly clear, and nothing like the telepathic contact he knows: it does not vibrate with love and peace, it does not pass through the heart. He reinforces his psychic protection and they try to shatter it; the pain in his temples and ears becomes unbearable.

He builds by thought a kind of quantum mirror, to see who is on the other side. Eyes closed, he repeats like a mantra, *Let me see beyond the illusion.* At the fourth repetition a black curtain drops before his eyes and he sees them: four people at translucent screens and two soldiers, all in dark clothing. That he can see them so distinctly throws them into panic. Cut the link, an officer shouts, cut everything, immediately. Who the hell are you? He probes the mind of one operator wired to a computer by sensors and the letters MJ-12 appear. He tells them he knows who they are now. They are CIA. They are not laughing anymore. He is going into their minds for their names—and then nothing. They have cut the link.

They are trying to get into his mind, Xaman'Ek tells him, to stop him revealing certain things; they know he has flashbacks of his missions. He has no proof at all, David objects—so what do they fear? The simple fact that he remembers bothers them. They fear he will speak of it, and he will, in the near future. But they are protecting him. What was hidden is working its way loose, and the ones who hid it are fighting to keep it down.

## 6.

Everything begins to give way at once. Financial pressure mounts, the business fails, and the relationship with Clara finally breaks. The truth comes out plainly—she has betrayed him, and admits she never loved him—and it lands with a sharp, destabilizing clarity.

At this lowest point Ezahyel returns, after a long absence. The reunion is immediate and raw. As Ezahyel embraces him, everything David has been holding breaks loose—and the release is not only emotional but physical. The strain has marked his body, Ezahyel notes, the liver and stomach especially, and as they stay in contact a restorative energy begins to move through him.

But something else surfaces in the process. Ezahyel perceives a mark beneath the surface, in the subtle layers of the body—a scar invisible to the eye yet precise, unmistakable. It carries the signature of a weapon: a reptilian blade. David has no memory of any such wound, which raises at once the question of what has happened outside his awareness.

He tries to make sense of it by returning to the night of the Greys, which lasted a few minutes. Ezahyel's face clouds. They did not try, he says. They took him that night. Space-time is altered when it happens; he stayed many hours with them, and his memory was parasitized afterward. They must have lodged a new implant in him, and despite the watch placed on him no one warned Ezahyel. Will it never stop, David asks. Once inside these programs, Ezahyel answers, nothing ever really stops.

There is only one way to know what they did: to come aboard the ship and search his memory. Xaman'Ek finds an implant at the base of his neck, Grey-made, and deactivates it. Then the scanner finds a second one: reptilian technology of a new generation, lodged in the back behind the liver—exactly where David has had pains from time to time. Nothing they have can erase the imprint the wound has left; the Arcturians think the organ would have to be re-encoded at the crystalline level of the DNA. The liver bears the imprint as if on standby—waiting for what, no one knows.

At the Martian base, the obsidian needle turns above his head once more to locate the period in his past when the trauma occurred. David is brought before a quantum mirror. Xaman'Ek activates a small device, a circle forms at the center of the surface and twists into a vortex, and they are drawn through, set down at another point in David's own timeline. The scene resolves around a unit of soldiers preparing to deploy. An off-world operation. A mission to Mars, against a hostile complex.

He is both observer and participant, his past self among the group. The dynamics are familiar, especially with one French soldier near him, a little older, who carries an air of authority and reassurance and whom he feels he has known a long time. They deploy without hesitation. The craft lands in front of the complex and they move in—and inside, almost at once, it falls apart. What

was meant to be a controlled rescue is an ambush. Reptilian forces pour out in overwhelming numbers and overrun the unit.

In the chaos, as his past self fights back with a particle-beam rifle, the strike comes from behind. A reptilian closes in and drives a blade into him. The impact is instant. It cuts through more than the body. In the present, the same wound ignites, dropping him to his knees as memory and injury converge, and he loses consciousness.

He wakes in the medical pod, the pain gone; Xaman'Ek has erased the memory of the blade engrammed in his body. It happened almost at the end of his twenty years, at twenty-six. The wound had been fatal. The commander of the special unit rushed him to the ship and into a medical bed, but he did not wake, and so the commander called the Arcturians—he knew the ones David was in contact with—who placed him in a pod and regenerated the ruined organ as far as it could be. And this commander he was so sure he knew? Xaman'Ek cannot say more; it will be for David to remember. He was not supposed to go back into his past, and Xaman'Ek has already done far more than the protocols allow.

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Ezahyel and Xaman'Ek had told him that a Frenchman he knew in the programs would resurface in his life. He does, years later, and from their first exchanges David feels that he knows this man and recognizes him—which Jean-Charles Moyen confirms, unprompted. With the recognition the memories come on their own.

He is eight, in a corridor aboard a ship, Jupiter drawing near through a window. A hand rests on his left shoulder—a woman he recognizes without being able to explain it. She is taking him to a room like a classroom, to meet children different from any he has seen; there is only one other little boy like him, from Earth.

Then he is about twenty-five, in the same military suit as the soldiers around him, bound for a commando rescue mission on Mars. Someone is speaking to him, and when he turns he nearly jumps: it is Jean-Charles, an officer, reassuring him while his troops prepare for a terrible fight with Draco reptilians. David has a bad feeling, but there is no choice: human slaves are waiting to be saved.

The ship lands facing a dilapidated building. Jean-Charles sends two groups to sweep the site and heads with David and a handful of men toward a room at the back. Screams, then shots, and a group of Dracos bursts in front of them. Jean-Charles orders David to take cover and leads the assault himself. He never gets within two meters. The Draco whips its heavy tail and sweeps him off his feet, and David hears a terrible cry from his brother. The whole flank is laid open. David covers him, firing at the Dracos and screaming for the medics, and with another man carries Jean-Charles, bellowing in pain, back to the ship. By the time they reach the medical room he is between life and death, almost no pulse, sliding into a coma, and the medics send David out in tears.

They make him wait far too long; a good ten soldiers died in the raid, and he fears the worst. When at last they come for him, Jean-Charles is sitting on the edge of a bed in the infirmary, smiling, entirely regenerated by the medical bed. David rushes into his arms. You scared me; a little more and you were gone. You saved my life, brother, Jean-Charles says.

Of one thing David is sure: he knew Jean-Charles during his service aboard the Solar Warden, or the Solaris, the same ship, and in reality long before that, before Earth. Jean-Charles remembers the same classroom and the same boy beside him, the one with the green eyes, and the same missions on Mars. One last memory, from that classroom with Maria and the exogenous children: leaving at the end of the lesson, David finds Jean-Charles in the corridor talking with a green-skinned being with red eyes—the one Jean-Charles calls Victor—and throws himself into his arms. We are and always will be friends, he tells him. Brothers for life. We'll meet again soon. Twenty years later they have found each other again, on Earth this time, exactly as Ezahyel and Xaman'Ek had said.

Memory suppression, however thorough, does not hold forever. For David it gives way precisely as he stays anchored in the heart, and that is the thread running through everything he has lived. Before he came, when he asked how best to open the heart, the answer was simple: observe everything that happens in you, listen to your inner voice, let go of the resistance to things not being as you wish, and accept yourself as you are, because only then can you accept others. Ezahyel's teaching says the same: recenter, love yourself unconditionally so as to love others the same way, and do not let what is outside you soak in. What you resist persists, and the more you live from the heart, the more you create your life instead of enduring it, because in the great whole there is no separation and everything is love.

FIRST PUBLIC

November 23, 2020 — publication of *Au-delà de notre Monde*, tome I; his first interview in English was with Michael Salla on January 31, 2022

RETRIEVAL

contact-assisted recall + spontaneous recall + hypnotic regression

CLAIMED SERVICE

*twenty years from 1981, then returned to 1981*

CLAIMED AFFILIATION

Solar Warden (Franco-American secret space program), aboard the Solaris

PRIMARY SOURCE

*Au-delà de notre Monde*, tome I: *Âme stellaire* (Be Light Éditions, 2020) [www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-stellaire-French/dp/B08QBVMLS3](https://www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-stellaire-French/dp/B08QBVMLS3) — in French; the childhood, Ezahyel, the naval base at Lorient, the recruitment at eight, Xaman'Ek, Mars and the Moon

*Au-delà de notre Monde*, tome II: *Exolition* (Be Light Éditions, 2021) [www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-Exolition-2/dp/B09LLYTVPG](https://www.amazon.com/Au-del%C3%A0-notre-Monde-Exolition-2/dp/B09LLYTVPG) — in French; Black Eagle, the rescue on Mars, Clara, the Greys and the CIA, the quantum mirror, the postface on Jean-Charles Moyen

THEMES

walk-in, ezahyel, pleiades, solar warden, solaris, maria orsic, mars missions, greys, reptilians, implants, age regression, arcturians, blue avians, mj-12, quantum mirror, jean-charles moyen



# Jean-Charles Moyen

*This account is compiled from Jean-Charles Moyen's fifteen Connexion Alien videos and from the interviews he gave in French and in English between 2021 and 2023. His films Rive-Sud Origine (2019), Révélation Starseed (2021) and Révélation Starseed 2 tell the same story with his witnesses on camera, and his website is here [www.jcmoyen.com](http://www.jcmoyen.com). They were not used in the writing.*

## 1.

Jean-Charles Moyen is born on July 7, 1969, in the Paris region, and a storm sits over the hospital while his mother is in labor, lightning right above the room where she gives birth. She nicknames him Capitaine Tempête. Before he leaves for Canada, decades later, his grandfather will tell him something he has never told anyone: as a boy at a Catholic school, gravely ill, he sees a disc of light spinning very fast on the ceiling of his room, loses consciousness, and wakes in the morning cured.

Jean-Charles is four, on holiday with his parents on a very big beach in France, playing in the sand, when his mother looks up and he is not there. He has not wandered off. He has disappeared. His parents ask everyone whether they have seen a little boy of four. The lifeguards search. It goes on for an hour, his mother in tears, and then she raises her eyes and he is sitting in the same place, playing in the sand as if nothing had happened.

What he remembers is a warmth wrapping around him and the ground going away, a beam of light, his parents getting smaller. He is in a chair of liquid metal that takes the shape of his body and follows him when he moves. Four beings of light stand around him, too bright to have faces, and they speak inside his head: *Don't worry, everything is fine*. Through the bay windows he

sees space and the Earth, and he cries, because he thinks he will never see his parents again. One of them puts a finger to his head. The lights go off. A being in a suit comes into the room, green skin, red eyes, no hair, and takes him and explains something to him. Then they erase it. He will not remember the green being's face for another eight years.

After the beach there is something wrong with him, or something more. When he is tired he recharges. Around ten, in a supermarket aisle with his mother, he feels his energy drop, stops, closes his eyes, makes fists, and every light in the store goes out, the generator failing to take over. *Jean-Charles, is that you? Yes. Put them back on right now, it's not funny.* The lights come back, and a man with a can of peas in the next alcove is standing frozen, staring at the two of them. At the checkout the numbered lights above the registers blink on and off, on and off, and the same man is in the next line, still staring. His mother hurries him out. It is like that all his life. A light source near him dims, flickers or blows when he is tired or upset. Bulbs go in the bars he works in. Once, after a breakup, twenty-five or thirty bulbs in his house burn out at once, and the real-estate agent asks if there is a problem with the meter. He can hold a dead battery for a few seconds and give it back charged. He puts his hand on a computer the children have given up on and it restarts. He talks to the dog and the cat without speaking. His hands get very hot on a sick animal, or on a person, and the pain goes.

His dreams bring things home. He dreams he is skiing and wakes with the tan-line of goggles on his face. It becomes a running joke with his parents: *Where were you last night?* He dreams he is on a beach in the Bahamas, warm sea, and wakes brown, with white sand between his toes and in the bottom of the bed. They live on the ninth floor of an apartment building in the Paris suburbs. There is no sand. His parents keep all of it from the rest of the family and from their friends, because in the seventies a child who says these things ends up in psychiatry.

## 2.

At seven or eight he learns to leave his body. He lies trying to get out and cannot relax, and the ceiling seems very close, and it is close, because he is up against it, looking down at himself asleep, a silver thread running from his navel to the body in the bed. He rises through the building, sees his parents' balcony, goes up through the clouds too fast, and is in space with the blue Earth below him, the thread still running back. He turns, sees the moon, and is there

as soon as he thinks it. On the far side there are structures, and people chained and tied and beaten, and tall gray beings with big black eyes running the place, cruel. He tells himself they cannot see him. Two of them turn and look straight at him. The fear yanks him backward into his body, heart pounding. He draws it the next day. Nobody talks about slaves on the moon in 1977; he hears about them forty years later.

He goes to the center of the Earth through a duct and finds giants and dinosaurs and grapes and strawberries as big as footballs, and says that is where the Loch Ness monster comes from. Twenty years later his father finds a book on the hollow Earth, and in it Admiral Byrd describes fruit abnormally large. He goes under the paws of the Sphinx and draws the tunnels. He goes into the sea off Bermuda and finds underwater bases and aquatic beings with tridents. Before sleep he switches on the illuminated globe his grandfather gave him and picks the place. On April 7, 1976, he writes in his diary that last night he was in the mountains of Japan, at Mount Fuji, in a lot of white light, inside a big spaceship in the mountain, with a very kind Japanese lady called Utsu who calls him Hoshi. *But my name is Jean-Charles. Why does she call me that? I like Hoshi, it's beautiful.* Hoshi means star. Around the same time he tells his family about a past life in Sendai in 1175, a wife, two children, an emperor who wants his wife, a village put to the sword, his wife dying in his arms with an arrow in her back meant for him.

His parents do not send him anywhere. They listen. His father tells him to push it. So he goes to a planet he calls Antares, where enormous crystals grow out of the trees and the ground, and the rivers run red over beds of crystal, and there are cat people and dog people and ordinary-looking people gathering the stones, some of which you can eat. He wakes with the bottoms of his pajama legs wet, like a boy who has been wading. The next time, he goes to sleep wearing his little denim backpack with an empty plastic bottle in it. He wakes in the dream in his pajamas with the bag on his back, which is strange, but he wades in, fills the bottle with the red water and the crystals at the bottom, closes it, and walks on saying hello to the cat people. In the morning there is no bag in the bed. Then his hand finds it on the floor by his slippers, and it goes *floc foc*.

He carries it into the kitchen where his parents are having breakfast, tells them, and sets the bottle down on the table. Big silence. His mother, distracted, puts her hand into the oven she is baking in and burns it badly on the red element. His father, action and reaction as always, soaks a piece of cotton in the water from the bottle and lays it on the burn. *What are you doing, we don't*

*even know what that is.* It smells faintly of orange blossom. There is no blister. The burn is simply gone. His father decides to stretch the miracle by topping the bottle up from the tap, and the water turns black and dead. He keeps the crystals in a little box in a safe place, and one night the box is gone, like the tape and the drawings and a great many things Jean-Charles brings back. Someone is tidying up.

## 3.

He is twelve, in 1981, and at night there is somebody rummaging in his room. He sleeps on his stomach, and when he tries to turn to look he is pinned flat to the mattress and cannot move, only listen. So he starts sleeping on his back, where all he has to do is open his eyes. One night he hears it and opens them. A shape is standing in the dark by his drawer, tall, and when it sees that he is looking it goes still, thinking: if I don't move he doesn't see me. Then it moves. *I see you.* It comes closer, into the light of his night lamp, and it is about one meter eighty-five, with green skin and no hair and eyes that are entirely red, no pupils at all. It sits on the end of the bed. *Hello, my name is Victor.*

*What are you doing here?* Victor tells him he is not supposed to be able to see him, that Jean-Charles's frequency should not pick up the one Victor is in, that this is probably due to his very developed senses and other things he will understand later. *I'm here to protect you, but I'm supposed to stay discreet. When they find out up there that we've made contact, I'm going to have problems.* He vanishes. In the morning Jean-Charles tells his parents and they exchange a look: an imaginary friend, like every child.

A few nights later Victor is back, and says the Council of the Galactic Confederation has authorized him to stay in touch, because in the near future Jean-Charles is going to live through things and have a lot of questions about himself, and he is going to be part of something very big. Victor is from a planet called Ultima, near Antares, and holds a seat on the council up there, and Jean-Charles is one of his people, a starseed, on a mission to Earth he accepted before he was incarnated. He speaks with his mouth and also inside the head. He borrows things from the drawer, studies them, and does not always bring them back. Jean-Charles borrows his father's voice-activated dictaphone and puts it under the bed, and a few nights later it records a whole conversation, two voices, and his mother, who has heard talking through the wall, asks if he left the television on. The family keeps the cassette for years. Then it disappears.

Victor loves the cat. One evening the family comes home from the grandparents' to find blood on the furniture and a claw torn out and buried in the soft cherry wood of the cabinet, and the cat in the bottom of the wardrobe, ears flat, eyes like marbles. Victor bent over it while it slept to check that it was breathing, and it woke to that face a few centimeters from its own. Another day, alone in the apartment while Jean-Charles is at school, his mother feels someone behind her and turns, and turns, and there is never anyone. She crouches to take books out of the little cupboard under the big Breton clock, feels it again, and this time does not turn. She raises only her eyes to the polished brass pendulum, and in its reflection Victor is leaning over her shoulder, reading what she reads. She tells no one but the family. She is never afraid of him; when something goes wrong in the house she says, *Can Victor help?*, and something happens. Years on, Jean-Charles's daughter, three, complains every night at bedtime that it is *too bright*, pointing above his head with the lamp off, and one day in his arms, passing the mannequin he has painted green and shaped into Victor's likeness for his own sake, she points and says, *That's the man who comes into my room.*

Some nights now he is not in his bed and not in his body either. He walks with Victor down long corridors, and Victor shows him rooms, and people in uniform pass them. It is only much later that he understands what he was being walked through.

#### 4.

In the summer of 1982 he is thirteen and his mother's bank sends him to a colonie de vacances at Embrun, in the Hautes-Alpes. Under the chalets the boys find stairs and a network of corridors linking the buildings, and, off one of them, a huge rusted door chained and padlocked and marked DANGER, pointing in a straight line toward the mountain.

On a hike he leaves his hat behind and takes a terrible sunstroke. They rush him, dehydrated, to the hospital in Briançon, put a drip in his arm, and because his head is splitting they send him for a brain scan. The scanner misbehaves with him inside it. The first X-ray shows a spot on the brain; the radiologist and the doctor think it is dust on the plate and do it again. The second shows a small metal capsule, like a Tic Tac. He keeps losing consciousness. When he opens his eyes a doctor in white is holding his X-rays up to the light in his room, and beside him is a military man in camouflage, and Jean-Charles cannot

follow what the military man is saying, because he is speaking German. A mask comes down over his nose and mouth, a greenish gas, and he is out again.

A hand on his shoulder. A military man with white hair and blue eyes. *Hurry up, get up, we have to go, we're going to miss the jump.* He does not know what a jump is. He gets out of bed in his hospital gown and follows, down a big corridor, thinking they are transferring him to another section because of what they found. At the elevator two men in black wait, black glasses, a red triangle on the chest, and the four of them ride down for far too long; a hospital is not that deep. He starts to panic and the lights in the elevator pulse and dim. The old soldier knows what that is. *Don't worry, everything is fine, you have nothing to fear.* When the doors open they are not the doors they came in by. *This is where I leave you. Keep going alone.*

It is a hangar, and it is full of children in hospital gowns, lined up. He is not afraid. A voice inside him says, *Hold on, it's all right.* At a table a woman tells him to put his hand in a box. *What is it? It's for your DNA.* Warmth and tingling in his hand. She gives him a black suit with a silver winged horse on it and tells him to join the line going into the light. In the light he is pierced by thousands of needles all at once, something like liquid, and a few seconds later he is somewhere else, another hangar, a very futuristic military base, with military men and people in white suits.

They sort the children by age and by sex. For several weeks there are tests, speed and logic first, then clairvoyance, out-of-body, telekinesis, and then the fear: rooms where nightmare creatures are put in front of them to see who can hold his fear and who cannot. Many fail. He does not. People in white suits take notes on him particularly. A doctor says to a military man, *This is the boy I told you about,* and Jean-Charles knows him. It is the radiologist from Briançon. *Come on. Go into that black room.* In the dark something very strong is waiting. It comes out of the shadow, huge, a mantis, and lays its great forelimb on his shoulder and looks at him with its eyes, and in his head: *Relax, it's not painful. You have been chosen.* He collapses.

He wakes in his bed in the hospital, head spinning, sick as if he had come off a roller coaster, and sleeps. A horn wakes him. He is on the bus back to the camp. He has no memory of leaving the hospital and none of the rest, except the Tic Tac. His mother later receives the bill but not the X-rays. They have been lost, she is told.

## 5.

Back at the camp he has no filter, so he tells the boys in his room. They call him a liar and a monster. One night he cannot take it anymore. He waits until everyone is asleep, climbs out the chalet window, and walks into the field at the foot of the big mountain across from the camp. He sits on the ground cross-legged, looks up at the stars, and says it out loud. *Venez me chercher. I don't want to be here anymore. Come and get me.* A star moves. It comes closer and it is a disc, golden, and light and heat surround him and his feet leave the ground.

Aboard, a great many creatures are waiting for him, as if they had been expecting him, and greeting him: *Hey, salut, ça va?* Victor is there. *Welcome aboard the Solaris.* He walks a long, very bright corridor, and coming the other way is a splendid blonde woman with big blue eyes. Everyone calls her Marie; her name is Maria. *Bonjour Lucas.* He is not Lucas, he is Jean-Charles, but that is what they call him here. *Follow me.* She takes him through a door into a classroom whose desks float in the air, translucent, and the pupils at them are children of other races, strange heads all of them, so that he is the strange one with his ordinary face. There is one other human child, a little boy with black hair and enormous green eyes, three years younger, and there is one empty desk, beside him. His name is David. They know each other. Neither of them can say from where, only that it is from before, and that it is a certainty. They are inseparable from that day.

Through the bay windows there are planets. The ship is a fleet in itself, small reconnaissance craft of every shape, long ones, spheres, carriers, and floating cities with waterfalls and animals. He has a cabin with a med bed in it. The food is a paste with everything in it, like baby food. The classes are on developing the abilities: telepathy, empathy, telekinesis, fights and evaluations every day, with teachers who are mostly not human, and breaks to walk the huge ship with the other beings. Maria tells him he is special and unique, a super starseed, because he can teleport himself with no device, which they have never seen, and she gives him different training from the others. She introduces him to a mantis, very impressive, very kind to him, telepathic and telekinetic, the same one who chose him in the dark room. He fights her, which is like fighting a wall that knows your mind, and what she teaches him is not strength. *If you fight a Draco, he knows what you're going to do before you do it. So you build a screen in your mind and you think nothing. Behind the screen, you strike.* And she tells him never to fight a black Draco. A black Draco is too fast and too strong and you do not want that.

The children are not sent on missions. They observe. They travel to other worlds and stay on other planets and meet race after race, so that later they will know who they are dealing with. Years pass this way, until the two boys are grown men of twenty or so, standing in a corridor of the Solaris. David, smaller, comes into his arms. *We're friends for life. We're going to see each other again.* Maria, beside them: *We'll see each other again sooner than you think.* They step into tubes, side by side, and the tubes take their years back off them, and Jean-Charles is put back into his bed at the camp on the night he climbed out the window.

His roommate has locked the door and the shutters and put a chair against the door and is sitting in front of the empty bed, waiting, and has fallen asleep. When he opens his eyes Jean-Charles is in the bed. He says nothing, to anyone. Years later Jean-Charles is a student working a job, and a young man finds him in the cafeteria. *I have to tell you something. The night you went out into the field, I followed you, because I was afraid you'd do something stupid. I saw a disc of light come down and you disappeared. I ran back and locked everything.* He waited thirty years to say it because he did not want to be judged.

Nine minutes by car from the camp is the Boscodon forest, where three women in their sixties vanished on the same trail in 1995, 2015 and 2016, dogs and firemen and fifty volunteers finding nothing. Jean-Charles only learns this in 2021, checking a map.

## 6.

At school, during an exam, he needs the toilet. He raises his hand and asks the teacher, and she looks straight at him and does not answer, and nobody else moves either, as if time had stopped and he were transparent. He gets up and goes. The toilets are on the second floor, a closed room with no window, and the light runs on one of those timers you twist for three minutes. He is standing at the urinal when it clicks off, and in the dark he feels the dizziness of standing up too fast, and reaches for the button, and finds a switch instead. The light comes on in the bathroom of his parents' apartment, several kilometers away. At the school his coat is on his chair and his pen on his desk, and the toilet door is locked from inside. They call a locksmith. The room is empty. They call his parents, who cover for him: he wasn't feeling well, he went home. His keys were on the desk with everything else. The alarm is on and the front door is locked when his father gets home.

The second time he is looking at a photograph of his girlfriend, wishing he were next to her, and the dizziness comes, and the little needles, and for a fraction of a second nothing, and he is standing on her doormat in his slippers, in winter, thirty minutes away by bus, with his coat still on his bed and his shoes on the floor and his keys still in the locked apartment on the ninth floor. His father comes with his things. She leaves him a few weeks later; it is too much for her.

At sixteen he rents a VHS camera and films himself, his dog in his arms, putting the light out with his hand. Just before it goes out the dog's ears come up.

At twenty or so, a Friday the thirteenth with a full moon, he goes to a nightclub on the Champs-Élysées with a friend. He does not drink; his shooters are juice, and he is the one who drives the others home. A woman in the crowd looks like Morticia Addams, black lace, dark lipstick, a face too white, eyes very very blue, and seems to float when she walks. At the bar he checks the mirror behind the bottles: there is himself, there is the barmaid, there is the man on his other side, and between them, where she is standing, a gap. He nudges her with his elbow to make sure she is solid. She is. His friend sees nothing in the mirror. Under the black light she smiles, and her teeth are fangs. He leans to his friend's ear, across fifteen meters of noise: *Did you see her teeth? She looks like a vampire.* At the far end of the club her head snaps round and she looks straight at him, and it is one of the few times in his life he is truly afraid. They leave. In the phone booth, calling for their ride, a detonation goes off against the glass and something like blood runs down behind his friend's head. No car, no bicycle, nobody on foot. Years later, at an evening of ghost stories, a stranger tells one about a gothic girl in a nightclub in Bordeaux with no reflection, and the footsteps and the wingbeats that followed him into an alley, and everyone laughs at him, and Jean-Charles says, *Excuse me, it's my turn, and it's the same story.*

## 7.

In 1990 he does his military service as a commando parachutist. One Easter night, with the men of his section, he watches a black triangle as big as a football field cross in silence over the former American air base, when there are no flights. In the morning they report it, and the officer tells them it was nothing, and that if they keep asking they will go to jail.

In an exercise the nerves and muscles of his arm tear, and they send him to a military hospital in Paris for three months. There is a psychiatric wing, and the staff forbid him to talk to the men in it, so he does. At night, smoking in the corridor, they have watched a doctor and a military man come for patients strapped to gurneys and take them to the elevator, and the elevator goes down past the morgue, with a special key, to a level that is not on the buttons. They followed once. When the doors opened at the bottom a reptilian in a suit was holding them.

He goes to check. At the elevator a guard wants to know what he is doing on this level. *Wrong floor.* The guard does not believe him and is threatening, and Jean-Charles looks him in the eyes, and, curiously, the guard walks away. The next night there is another gurney, another strapped man, and when the doors open it is not a reptilian holding them but a tall gray in the same kind of suit, big head, big eyes, skin between gray and blue. He goes back to his room. In the morning the men from the psychiatric wing are gone. *Where are they? None of your business. They left. Don't forget your shoulder treatment.*

The treatment is an experimental infrared machine called Excalibur, meant to rebuild torn muscle. They lay him under it, connect him, and forget him, and it burns him to the second degree. Terrified of a lawsuit, they drown him in painkillers. One night, heavy with morphine and sliding under, he sees the door open and a doctor come in with a military man, and they wheel him down. At the bottom his eyes are open and there are other people on stretchers. A sting at the back of his neck, adrenaline, and he sits bolt upright with no pain in his shoulder at all. A soldier walks him to a table. *Put your hand in the box.* Tingling and light. *It's to compare your DNA signature with the one we took when you were young.* And there it is: the box in the hangar, the winged horse, the line of children, the light. He puts on a black suit and goes down a strange corridor where a very powerful blue light pulses, into it, and the needles go through his whole body.

Maria is standing in front of him with a big smile. *Hello again. You see, it wasn't so long. Excuse me, but who are you? Oh yes, excuse me. Follow me.* A room of vertical tubes. She puts him into one, and there is great heat and strong light, and when he steps out he has all of it back, whole. She hands him another suit, with a circle on the chest and the shoulder, three black spheres and a triangle left open at the bottom, and takes him into an amphitheater full of adults, many of them not human, where David is already sitting, waving, happy, the same children from the classroom now grown and in uniform. Behind Maria hangs an enormous emblem, a planet crossed by two rings with stars around it, a kind

of united nations of planets. *Welcome to the Solaris*. She begins her speech, and his service begins.

## 8.

The Solaris is a long ship, an aircraft carrier crossed with a rocket, carrying several thousand people, with a botanical department and a tactical one and inner lakes and separate ecosystems, one for each race aboard, since a feline needs different air from an aquatic. It is part of the Franco-American fleet of Solar Warden. The crew is everything: Asian types, tall blonds, hybrids, felines in suits with a hole for the tail, grays, aquatic beings, reptilians of the good kind, red and brown. The command is shared, every officer able to run the ship alone if something happens to the rest, and the one at the top is not human. Jean-Charles is a captain and finishes a commander, with about fifteen under him, humans, hybrids and aliens, for rescue missions off the planet and diplomatic missions on other worlds. Beside the Solaris is the Excelsior, the mother ship, a city under a glass dome with hills and waterfalls and dolphins and whole species reproduced inside it, a place where you could live out a life, with a cafeteria where a hologram scans you and the replicator makes whatever you point at, chicken or vegetables, all of it tasting of the same paste, and a bar that serves a blue drink full of oxygen bubbles that hits like a shot if you drink it fast. To move about the Excelsior you stand on a lit square and are somewhere else.

The Draco are the enemy. Three meters, a ton, telepathic, and they respect none of the agreements; the Confederation's arrangement with the human programs is that the humans keep it informed of what the reptilians are doing on Earth, and in return it helps against them, in this system and in others, with genetically modified super soldiers where needed. David is modified in a med bed, a program that alters his DNA and sends him out bigger, thicker, a few centimeters taller, faster, with the same face. Jean-Charles is not. His weapon is what he was born with. On his belt is a button that throws a force field around him. The suits for Mars are exoskeletons, for the strength, with a small air filter, because the air outside on Mars is full of sulfur and metallic particles. People are born on Mars for generations, and are told the Earth was destroyed long ago in a thermonuclear war.

The missions are what the classroom was for: to bring people out of slavery. On Ceres the prison is under the surface, humans and aliens, hybrids, children, cells with iron bars and cells with force fields that cut you if you cross them,

insectoids and black reptilians for guards, and the prisoners with no arm, no hand, pieces of bodies on the ground, people emptied of all emotion, broken inside. It is horror. They bring out who they can, and on the Solaris the med beds do what they can, and where a body is too destroyed a new one is grown from the person's DNA and the consciousness moved across with a crystal. There are rescues on Mars, on the moon, on Alpha and Delta Draconis, women and children, human and not. There are the other missions too, the ones nobody talks about: diplomacy with cat people and good reptilians, perhaps a thousand races over the years, agreements for peace and for crystals, which are the currency out there, crystals for med beds, crystals for weapons, crystals to eat. He serves on the lunar base Artemis and on a base at Epsilon Centauri, and the fleet operates in Andromeda, Cassiopeia, Orion.

The first Mars mission with David is diplomatic, and a bad idea. A reptilian stabs David, and the wound carries a parasite, a symbiote meant to live in him, and Jean-Charles gets him out because his instinct is to protect his brother. The med bed clears it. The second is when he is twenty-four or twenty-five, a rescue of two families. David feels it is a trap and says so, and Jean-Charles, who is the fighter, who has the belt, tells him not to worry. On the surface they are surrounded. He shoves David behind a container, and in the time that takes he has not pressed his button, and the Draco in front of him is black. It knows he has not pressed it. There is no time to think nothing. Its tail comes round with the dart at the end of it and opens his side, deep and long, and he goes down screaming so that David still hears it. He feels himself die. David's squad shoots the Draco and it melts into a dust of fire, like in a film. They lay him on a bed that floats and rush him to the Solaris, where the med bed fills with liquid over his face and the crystals warm him, and it takes a long time, far longer than it should, because everyone had thought him dead. When he can stand they go to the Excelsior and drink the blue drink, and he drinks his too fast.

At the end of twenty years he is put into a tube that sends powerful waves through his brain, and his body is regressed to twenty-one, and he is sent back to 1991. Before they take him to his room he hears someone say, *Erased everything correctly this time*. He wakes in his bed in the military hospital in Paris with a burned shoulder and no memory. He is not discharged. He is on standby.

## 9.

For thirty years he does not know. At a Paris psychic fair in the nineties a man with an aura camera puts him in a dark booth with his hand on a sensor, and the Polaroid comes out white, so white he can barely be seen in it, and the man stammers that this does not exist, that thirty years of Tibetan monks on his wall have never produced it, and asks him please not to come back because he will burn out the machine. In a bookshop in Lille two little white books with a triangle on the cover, on MJ-12 and the grays, come off a shelf they were never stocked on, and the cashier lets him have them for whatever he likes. They sit on his night table for twenty years, and when he unpacks his boxes in Quebec, at Mont-Saint-Hilaire, he reads the publisher's address for the first time: Beloeil, the next town over. He meets the author in a bakery.

He works thirty-five years in martial arts and close protection, and as a videur, a bouncer, in the bars. On a winter night on the Chemin des Hurons his car hits black ice in the bend they call the curve of death, spins, and takes a snowbank like a ramp, and as it rises high enough to take out two mature trees his whole life passes, and a blue bubble like soap closes around the car, and it stops in the air and drops straight down. The steering wheel is bent over his knees, the four wheels are folded under, and the tow driver says there are braking marks and then nothing, that he flew, that he is protected. Beside the bend is a combine with its spikes up. In 2009 a fight breaks out in his bar and he takes a man from behind, and someone punches the man, and the man's foot pins his, and they go down together, a hundred and fifty kilos on top of him, and the back of his skull lands on the steel corner of a speaker. No sound, no picture. His eyes are open and his head swells to twice its size, and a nurse in the crowd takes his pulse and finds nothing for nine minutes, and the people stepping over him do not recognize him. He is somewhere very white, with people in white above him, and *Amazing Grace* playing. Then the people are in gray and red and say *premiers secours* and there is no music, only the radio. At the hospital they phone his girlfriend to tell her he is probably dead, and she arrives to find him sitting up on the bed with his head its normal size, an hour after. He works the next night. The scanner at Longueuil breaks down when he is put in it, and when it finally runs, the radiologist calls him in to sit down: thirty-five years in the job and he has never seen it, not a mark on the scalp, as if the man had never fallen on his head in his life. He cannot hear the hymn now without weeping.

He breaks his toes on the foot of the bed, purple, twisted, swollen, and does not want the hospital, so he asks Victor and whoever is around for help and goes to sleep. In the night he is lifted off the bed, into light, laid naked on something cold and metallic, and small hands work on his foot. In the morning he walks to the toilet before he remembers. The night of July 6, 2013, is his birthday, and he has just separated, and his friend Martin wants him to drive the three hours down to Lac-Mégantic and celebrate at the bar next to their gym, the Musi-Café. Every selfie he takes that evening comes out with his face melting. A voice says don't go. He stays and drinks with his friends in his own bar, and Martin, with no one coming, stays home too, and in the night the runaway train comes down into Mégantic and its tankers burn the town and everyone in the Musi-Café. Something protects him and he does not know what.

The hands still work. A friend calls at ten-thirty at night from Ontario: her son is in hospital with a lung hemorrhage the doctors cannot stop. He thinks of the boy, feels something enter at the crown of his head and prickle down his spine, sees him in the bed, *ça va aller*, and on the phone she says, my God, it's stopped. On the hospital's answering machine, from no line, someone leaves the boy's name. His parents' dog stops eating and he lays his hands on its belly until they burn and it rolls over and closes its eyes and gets up to eat, and he goes to be sick. He runs the tap at a friend's sink after a healing to wash it off, and a glass in the sink explodes at the rim, clean as a laser, before he touches it, and the friend's nephew sees something black leave his hands.

## 10.

The films come first, because he has to say it somehow. Rive-Sud Origine takes seven years, a docu-fiction in which he plays an agent named Jonathan Fox, after Mulder, and hides his own life inside the plot, eighty-five percent true; people ask him afterward which parts. Then, in 2021, fifteen short videos, Connexion Alien, with Mélanie asking the questions across the kitchen table, everything he had kept for forty years. Mélanie is his wife and a hypnotherapist in the Dolores Cannon method, and when he goes under with her he walks up the beam into the Solaris again, down the corridor, into the classroom, and hears himself called Lucas, and sits beside the boy with the green eyes and knows it is David Rousseau, and weeps on camera telling it.

He has seen David's face once, in an interview, a few weeks earlier, and known him. Janny Charrueau, who runs MUFON France, has told each of them

about the other; Jean-Charles is assistant director of MUFON Québec. Jean-Charles sends David the film; David sends the book. They meet on a screen and cannot speak. In David's book are the two white books from Lille. In David's own regression, done with his cousin months before, on his own, with no knowledge of Jean-Charles's, is the Solaris by name, the blonde woman, the classroom, the older boy, the two Mars missions, the tail, the scream, and the corridor at the end: *We'll meet again, my brother*. Three years earlier, when David despaired of ever reaching Michael Salla, his guide Ezahyel had told him a Frenchman he knew in the programs would come back into his life. Ezahyel and Victor, it turns out, work together.

From there the memories come on their own, and other people's arrive to meet them. Elena Danaan describes the same bar on the Excelsior and the same blue drink. In December 2022, teleported at night, in his pajamas, he is standing in a Tokyo street with her while passers-by stare, and then alone at the foot of Mount Fuji, and then inside it, in a ship whose walls light up in gold Katakana as he approaches, with a portal in the ceiling like water that will not fall, and Utsu, black hair, blue eyes, silver suit, who calls him Hoshi and says it is enough for today. He finds the diary from 1976 in a box. Kono, the fire goddess of the mountain, appears in the portal, and the dragon and phoenix tattooed on his chest and back burn and light. She takes him through to another ark inside Mauna Kea, the Alpha to Fuji's Omega, where a panel of purple and blue crystal shapes itself to his hand and his veins glow through his skin and a hologram of the islands turns above him, every volcano a tunnel to the inner Earth. Under Lake Vostok, where Thor Han sends him from the Excelsior with a finger to his temple, he walks among tall purple-blue beings in stasis who light up as he passes.

In Orlando in October 2022 he meets them in the flesh. Chris O'Connor, whose eyes he knows, and to whom he describes a room full of little boxes with fireflies in them, souls, poured one by one into tubes where bodies wait, and Chris says he has never told anyone that. Tony Rodrigues, who at seven had a friend called Charlie who came into his room through a portal of lightning and wanted him to follow, and who did not; Charlie was Jean-Charles's nickname, and Tony's mother remembers. On Ceres, among the broken people he carried out, one of them, he thinks, was Tony. JP, who finds him in a hive of tunnels in a night vision and lifts his helmet. Rebecca Rose, who sits down beside him in the Excelsior cafeteria one night calling herself B25 while a gray warns him not to talk to her, she is a replicant, and who confirms it all by email, the clone names, the reptilian bodyguard, the living ship that changes shape.

In the last film the witnesses talk: his parents, past eighty, who kept the sand and the bottle and the cassette in their memory for fifty years; the friend who stood beside him when two men in black came to his workplace to threaten him; the ones who saw the directed-energy weapon and the blood that was not like other people's. Victor tells him, in January 2022, that a fleet has arrived in the solar system, a city in space, and that something very big is coming, and that all the starseeds who served in the French and American programs are on standby. *If you have an extraordinary life, you must have extraordinary evidence.* He has it. Whether anyone wants it is their business.

## FIRST PUBLIC

2021 — the fifteen Connexion Alien videos from May 2021, then the film *Révélation Starseed*; his first interview in English was with Michael Salla on December 26, 2021. The childhood abduction, without the space program, was already in the film *Rive-Sud Origine* (2019)

## RETRIEVAL

spontaneous recall + QHHT

## CLAIMED SERVICE

*twenty years from 1991, then returned to 1991 — after training aboard the Solaris from the age of thirteen*

## CLAIMED AFFILIATION

Solar Warden (Franco-American secret space program), aboard the Solaris

## PRIMARY SOURCE

Connexion Alien, épisodes 1 à 15 (Jean-Charles Moyen, May–June 2021) [www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL\\_JLR61qsM4T41gBCd-ADoA5DqA8Yx2na](https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL_JLR61qsM4T41gBCd-ADoA5DqA8Yx2na) — in French, with his wife Mélanie asking the questions; the childhood, Victor, the camp, the bar, the healings

20 Years & back with the French Secret Space Program (Michael Salla, December 26, 2021) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=UElkX1V-ruk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UElkX1V-ruk) — the hospital at thirteen, the Solaris, the military hospital, the Mars mission

Interview de Jean-Charles Moyen : itinéraire d'un contacté galactique (Eveil Homme, January 7, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=FzVY3sjU8xQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FzVY3sjU8xQ) — in French; Victor and the cat, the teleportations, the nine minutes, David

French SSP Insiders Speak Out (Michael Salla, February 19, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=la4Npl3dkfA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=la4Npl3dkfA) — with David Rousseau; the two Mars missions, the suits, the end of service

EP 185 – Jean-Charles Moyen – Lifetime Experienter & French Secret Space Program Whistleblower (Journey to Truth, April 24, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=pyGCFF69YbM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pyGCFF69YbM) — the black Draco, the Excelsior, the rescues

Multiple witnesses remember their Secret Space Program encounters with one another (Michael Salla, January 28, 2023) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=8OcfDxzhwY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8OcfDxzhwY) — Ceres, Chris O'Connor, Tony Rodrigues, Rebecca Rose, JP

Encountering Space Arks and their guardians on Mt Fuji & Mauna Kea Volcanoes (Michael Salla, March 2, 2023) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zyq9BPThirQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zyq9BPThirQ) — the 1976 diary, Utsu and Kono

## THEMES

solaris, excelsior, solar warden, french secret space program, 20 and back, galactic confederation, victor, maria orsio, mantis, black draco, ceres, mars, teleportation, brain implant, age regression, memory wipe, starseed, med bed, space arks

# Daryl James

*This account is compiled from the public interviews Daryl James has given since 2021. His website is here [daryldjames.com](http://daryldjames.com).*

## 1.

Daryl is about three, on the couch in St. Petersburg, Florida, watching *Sesame Street*, when his father speaks to him without opening his mouth. *Do you think you'll be able to do this when you get older? Your sister used to know how, but as she got older she forgot.* Of the half-brothers and half-sisters from his father's first marriage, only the eldest, Larry, still remembers. *Yeah, Dad, I'll remember.* His father gets up to find something to eat, and turns around in the kitchen doorway. *If you can remember how to do this, you'll be able to see your future, and the future of others.*

It is a blue-collar house. His father came down to Florida in the mid-fifties, a mechanic who raced cars, with thick glasses and a pack of Camels rolled in his shirt sleeve; now he works for the city as a garbage man. His mother is a computer operator. She can do it a little, almost subconsciously. They don't go to church. When Daryl is four, playing in the rain-filled ditch in the front yard, two Jehovah's Witness ladies stop to ask whether he wants to be thrown into the lake of fire. He has never heard of hell. That night, in a dream, a man with long blond hair and blue eyes stands in front of him. Daryl is crying. *Am I going to hell?* The man smiles. *No. You're not going to hell.*

When he is six or seven the police bring a trailer to the school for the anti-drug program, and inside it is a gas chamber chair, with straps and holes and a bucket underneath. The kids ask whether anybody ever died in it. Lots of people, the officer says. It scares him really badly.

At seven he is molested, by a man called Chucky. He comes out of it with an ability he keeps for life: when something is too painful, he can simply say *nope, that didn't happen*, and it is gone.

He can look down timelines. A swirl appears in the upper right corner of his vision, the swirl becomes a tunnel, and he goes in. He can speed past the mundane parts of a person's life and slow down for the important ones. He is frightened to do it on himself.

His sister's birthday falls on Halloween. The year he is eleven, the slumber party is at her friend Jen's house in Pinellas Park. Jen is fifteen and a telepath, and she likes him. Her father is high up in the New York mob. Her mother is a cabalist with a strong belief in bloodlines. As the girls file in, Jen grabs his hand and pulls him into her mother's bedroom, where a tall woman sits at the dresser mirror making herself up for a party of her own, a mix between Elvira and Vampira.

*Mom, this is him.*

*And you say the father can do it? Yes. What about the mother? Not as much. And the sister? No.*

She takes his chin, lifts his head, and locks eyes with him. The whole room is engulfed in orange and red with flecks of blue. All he can see is her eyes, and behind her, tall Nordic people standing in the background. In the TV room the girls are screaming. She shakes his chin to snap him out of it. "You're a powerful little boy. You know that, don't you?" "Yes." "Good. Now go play." The girls say it looked like the house was on fire.

The next day she sends the girls out back. She did something to him, she says, and she isn't sure what—but she can make him stronger. How would he feel about marrying Jen? He looks down the tunnel. He sees himself drop out of school and marry at fifteen. He sees himself sitting beside Jen's father in warehouse meetings, reading whether the other man is lying, whether he is armed, and passing it through the wall to an earpiece. He sees the man with the gun above his right ankle, the shot in the chest, his own funeral, his father's heart attack, his mother's pills, his sister drinking alone. "No. I can't marry Jen. It will destroy my family."

After that night it feels like he is hallucinating for years—shadow beings, colors turned up too high. He never gets rid of it. He just gets used to it. And somewhere along the way he forgets that he could ever speak without words.

He reads comics, makes Eagle Scout, learns classical guitar in high school. When he is nineteen his father drops dead of a widowmaker, a clot nobody

knew was there. The same year he picks up a marijuana paraphernalia charge, and he stops playing guitar.

## 2.

He joins the Navy in January 1999. With the charge on his record he can do construction or be a cook, so he becomes a Seabee, and spends five years in a battalion. He gets to Iraq a couple of days before the war starts.

Then he reenlists, and in the spring of 2004 he steps off a bus in Cornwall. He is twenty-six. The first class petty officer who collects him stops at McDonald's. "This is a weird base, man." "How?" "I don't know. It's just a really weird base."

RAF St Mawgan is a dinky base with an underground base beneath it, said to track Russian submarines. Daryl works in the garage, with only a Secret clearance. So it is strange when, in his first week, he is told to escort three Siemens workers underground to fix a pump. Just inside the quarterdeck, the lobby of the base, stands something like an airport metal detector. "I'm not walking through that bloody thing," says the first Siemens man, and walks around it. An English guard in a green beret, rifle on his shoulder, says, "No. *You* walk through." He does.

That Friday he draws the balls-to-four, the midnight watch nobody wants. At the quarterdeck an Army lieutenant colonel is leafing through a file. Daryl knows him: Michael Aquino, the Satanist from *Oprah*, with the curled-up eyebrows like horns. He is grey now, with eyes so dark they look solid black. He gives Daryl the creeps. "Excuse me, sir, I'm going to go for another round."

The next Friday he has the same watch again. The petty officer of the watch, a heavysset first class with a blond mustache, points at his monitor. "What do you think about that?" On the screen is your stereotypical grey, looking up at a camera. "Did you get that off the internet?" "No. Look." Beside the sliding door is a big window, and the thing is standing behind the glass. "Do you mind if it comes in here?" "Does it mind if I stare at it?" "It doesn't mind." And inside his head, in his own voice: *I don't mind*.

It walks out with the green-beret guard behind it, carrying something like a silver pistol. Daryl, a few months out of Iraq, is on his feet. "Gun! Gun! Gun!" It's not a gun, everyone says, the thing included. The guard's rifle has come off his shoulder, and Daryl understands that the weapon is for him, not for it. He sits down.

It is a drill. On the floor is a junky government-issue Dell, and the thing takes it apart like a machine—never guiding the bit, catching each screw in its other hand—swaps two sticks of RAM, and flicks its wrist to set each screw back between its fingers. Boom, boom, boom. Then it stands and lets him look. It is under three feet tall, light khaki brown with a hue of pink, a fold of skin running from the tear duct down the cheekbone. No navel, no nipples, no genitals. Its fingers are so long it holds its hands in C-shapes to keep them from dragging. It gives him that really-big-spider feeling. He leans in to touch it—he wants to make this real. “Don’t touch it.” After a while he just gets kind of bored with it, and it walks back underground.

The whole time, he has been pinching his thigh hard enough to raise a blood blister. “Do you think you’re dreaming?” “No. I want a mark, in case you guys wipe my mind.” “We’re not going to wipe your mind. Not yet.” They call them drones, the petty officer says. They’ve been here as long as we have.

Then: “You’re smart. Like, really smart.” Daryl guesses 140, 150. “More like 190, 195.” That machine he walked through was a scanner. He is the second smartest man on base. The scan shows something else. “Looks like you have somebody else living in there with you. Were you molested as a kid?” “Yes.” “That explains it. Don’t worry, we’ll get that out for you.”

Any tattoos? No. “Good. The Germans don’t like tattoos.” Hobbies? He used to play classical guitar. “Oh, they’ll really like that.” “Who’s they?” “There’s Germans up there. Mostly from the thirties and forties. In the Moon, and beyond.” He never once says *space*.

By morning his mind has filed it under *that didn’t happen*. Then Lando, the base gossip, stops him in the hall. “So what did you think? Kind of creepy looking?” Daryl checks his thigh. The blister is there. “How did I forget?” “I don’t know. Some people do.”

### 3.

On Monday the executive officer comes to the garage in person. This never happens. He is a Navy captain, early sixties, white hair, a permanent scowl. His first name is Robert. He walks Daryl away from the buildings.

“How does it feel to have a 195 IQ, *Mister James*?” Only officers call each other mister. “Have you ever heard of Project Solar Warden? The United States Navy secret space program?”

“No, sir, but I think I could figure that one out.”

"There's something called the twenty-year-and-back. You do twenty years. We send you back in time twenty years, age-regress you twenty years, wipe your memory, and you wake up in bed like nothing happened." With his scores, Robert guarantees he will make commander and pilot a four-kilometer starship.

Will he be able to have children? "With your scores you'll be expected to." Will he ever see them again? "No. Mr. James, I promise you, you won't remember a thing."

Then Daryl brings up the scanner. A machine like that would have found his father's clot. Why doesn't the public have it? Robert talks about population control. "There has to be a side that wants to release this," Daryl says. "You mean like a traitor?" "No, sir. A side." "Well. There is." "If you can get me on that side, I'll do it." Robert walks off, then turns. "One more thing, Mr. James. You're going to be escorted by a reptile. And he's big."

All week the barracks acclimatize him. Between games of Halo: "Did you see that reptile today?" "Yeah, he was big. Talked funny, too." Another night a knucklehead says he's been to the Moon, dog. Mines, shock collars, brothels. It was great. When they put you back in the chair, he says, just fight it, and you'll remember.

Feedback squeals through the room. "Now hear this. You are now in violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. If you do not stop right now you will face up to ten years in prison. That will be all." There is no speaker in the room. It's something experimental called 5G, Lando explains: a beam they can put into any room, to look, listen and talk. On Thursday a man across the hall talks loudly through his open door. They'll strap you into a chair in a density chamber. We're third density and the ETs are fifth, much too fast for us. It pushes you up: stronger, faster, two hundred points smarter, and more of a collective.

On Friday night the mustached petty officer has a stack of paper like a mortgage, the X's already marked. One line reads: *the consciousness of the first party now belongs to the second party*. Daryl gets cold feet. "If you read this we'll be here all night. You're already back there, so just sign the damn papers." He is in a time loop: somewhere underneath him, a Daryl who has finished his twenty years is already being regressed. *This is for Dad*. He signs. The petty officer picks up the phone. "Send him in."

What stands behind the glass is nine and a half feet tall. Dark brown, ridges down its head like mohawks, gold alligator eyes, a flat face, a mouth that runs

straight across and then straight up, shoulders like basketballs in a skin-tight blue suit.

“Jesus Christ. He’s not going to eat me, is he?”

“He’s much stronger and faster than you. If he wanted to eat you he would have done it by now.”

The reptile sighs, three seconds in, three seconds out, like it’s a nine-to-five to him. “He can’t read my mind, can he?” “Yes. He can read your mind.” *Sorry about that.*

The reptile takes an unlit corridor, and Daryl stays close, because these things can see in the dark. Behind him a skinny kid guard keeps butt-stroking him between the shoulder blades with a rifle. On the next blow Daryl grabs the weapon, hooks the kid’s leg, and puts him flat on the concrete. “If you hit me with this thing one more time, I’m going to shove it up your ass sideways.”

“Leave us.” The voice is deeper than any man’s. The kid takes his rifle back and runs. When Daryl turns around there is nothing in front of him but blue. The reptile is peering down over its chest muscles, flexing, its eyes narrowed to slits, the only place anger shows on them. “I’m sorry for what I said before. You’re much more civilized than him.” The eyes open. “Follow me.”

Behind a watertight door with a wheel is an oversized chair with holes and straps. It is the chair from the trailer. He runs. The reptile throws him into it like he weighs nothing. He pries at the thumb pinning his arm—the nails are black, rolled in on themselves into needles—and gets hit so hard he blacks out. A palm flattens his chest. He feels a rumble in his ribs before he hears it, an alligator’s mating call. “Don’t make me hit you again.” He jams his thumb in its eye and watches a tear run down. It leans on him until his chest caves in against his heart.

He wakes with the last strap going on. “I’m sorry I have to do this to you.” It works a panel, leaves, and the wheel spins shut. There is pressure and pain, then cold, weightlessness, and peace, like his soul is being pulled out of his body.

When he comes to, the reptile is gesturing in silence with a first class petty officer Daryl knows from the base, who is now wearing a black leather trench coat, boots and a slicked undercut: a regular old Gestapo. Daryl slides off the chair. He doesn’t know who he is. “Can I go to bed now?” He drops to his hands and knees. Boots step into view. “I should have you executed for what you did to my man. Do you hear me?”

“It doesn’t matter,” the reptile says. “He doesn’t remember.”

It carries him like a duffel bag under its arm, all his weight on his bladder. “Put me down, man. I’m going to pee on you.” There is a bright light. It is a portal called the Looking Glass. Every underground base has one, and this one opens into the Moon.

## 4.

He is laid on a medical bed built for something much bigger. A woman sticks monitors to his chest. “He has to urinate,” the reptile says. A catheter goes in. His mind is wiped clean. He thinks she is really pretty and asks to hold her hand, and falls asleep holding it.

Next day she examines him with a smart glass pad, pulling a hologram of his body out of it. When she gets up to leave he takes her hand. “I don’t know what to do or what to say. All I know is I don’t want you to leave me.” She likes that.

Outside is something like the courtyard of a condominium, five levels high, with no railings. On the top level a woman with a baby stands at the open edge. Isn’t she afraid she’ll fall? “He’s new here, huh? You can’t fall off.” She steps out onto nothing. A field runs all the way to the far wall.

In her rooms they kiss. “Wait. What’s your name?” “I don’t remember.” “Come on, think. Everybody remembers their name.” “...Daryl.” Afterward he dozes against the headboard with her asleep on his chest. Her name is April. On Earth she fixes computers at St Mawgan, and he can’t stand her.

Touching a reptile is punishable by death, and what he has earned for the eye is hard labor in the mines of the Moon—twenty years, maybe forty, the special punishment where they send you home with your memories and you almost always kill yourself. Shirtless crews drive sectional bits into the rock like roughnecks, wearing collars that shock the whole crew when one man slacks. The men are called meat sacks. The women are honey pots, and the brothel is the only pay there is. He stays mostly with April; he goes there sometimes too. He watches Germans herd a group of crying women—*get those honey pots up there*—and watches babies, once weaned, taken from their mothers and walked through the portal. The ones whose scores aren’t high enough go to the caverns under the bases on Earth. Some of those could be his.

After three months Robert turns up and has a word with a German, who waves a box over Daryl, reads his scores, and chews out the trench coat in German. “Come with me.” It is not a rescue. Drones strip him and strap him down, head and chest, while a seven-foot chalk-white being watches from the

corner. A man in a surgical mask shows him a needle like a turkey baster. “I’m going to use this to put your brain implant in.” It cracks through his skull. The table flips, and something cool goes into his spine: the black goo, an AI. In his free time he will be himself, but when they want something, his body will simply get up and go. They hose him down and hand him a duffel bag of black uniforms. He was supposed to go to Solar Warden. This is the most Robert could do.

## 5.

The Dark Fleet—*Nachtwaffen*—belongs to the off-world Germans, and the Germans belong to the Draconian Empire: a vassal state, because they preferred that to slavery. Every ship carries four reptiles of the royal caste, hunched and beaky in trailing robes, like the Skeksis in *The Dark Crystal*. The head one is addressed as Master. Earth recruits are conscripts, mongrels, pets. They take his name away. His suit and his rifle each have a soul trapped inside, because their AI needs a consciousness to run. His classical guitar is waiting in his cabin.

In his first week the first officer walks him aft, where the air turns hot and humid and smells of old feces. A naked man sits on a table with hair over his face. “Take him.” Daryl brushes the hair aside, and it is him—an exact clone of him. There is an instant bond, like meeting a long-lost twin. The clone trusts him and lets itself be led across the hall, into a dining room whose vaulted ceiling is one long window. It is his first sight of space, and it is clouds of pink and purple and blue.

“Give me that,” says the Master. He takes the clone by the neck. “Look at him.” The clone looks at Daryl, and the reptile bites its arm off and tips its head back to swallow, like an alligator. The clone screams. Daryl lunges, and the first officer, augmented in the womb, locks his head. *Don’t fight it. Don’t fight it.* The clone sags. The Master slaps it awake—“Look at him”—and bites out its throat, and the whole time his eyes stay on Daryl. He is feeding on the fear more than the meat. He throws the body over his shoulder, and the other three tear it apart. Back in his cabin Daryl sits with his head in his hands. *I was better off in the mines of the Moon.*

The Germans keep a little bar like the Hofbräuhaus. When he plays there, they pull their tables closer, speak English out of respect, and buy him beer. Because he is the musician he gets all of Earth’s music on his glass pad. He

plays the sixties and seventies over and over, staring at the album covers. *Did my mom listen to this? If I could remember my childhood, I could remember me.*

Then the Germans read that he served in the Middle East—like Rommel—and make him something like a sergeant of infantry on Mars. On his third day they are overrun by native reptiles. A mouth closes over his face, and everything goes black. He wakes on the ship in a tube propped against the wall. They have salvaged his consciousness and put it in a clone like his original in every way. The Daryl his mother gave birth to is bones rotting somewhere on Mars.

The job is capturing mantises, the masters of DNA, so a machine can scan their minds. They turn out to be the most human beings he ever meets. They offer you a seat, food and drink, and they cover their mandibles when they laugh. The first man to take him out kicks the door in and beats them. Daryl adopts a castle doctrine. He knocks. *If you don't let me in, I'll be waiting, and then I will hurt you. Come with me now and no harm will come to you.* Most come. When Daryl balks at wiping out a village, the reptiles strap him to a rack and cut pieces off him until he does whatever they tell him. Once, for answering the Master telepathically like an equal, they break his back, so he won't go into shock, and eat his legs. The healing tank puts him back together.

Before every drop the first officer says the same thing: when you get back to Earth they are going to torture you to death for that eye. So he takes risks. *I'd rather die out there.* In front of a visiting admiral the Master promises to ask the ones on Earth to go easy on him. Afterward the admiral takes him aside. "He's lying to you. They're going to eat you alive, and it'll take days. We want you to join the Dark Fleet full time."

"Permission to speak freely, sir? Are there horses on your world?"

"I own two horses."

"Then I want what you have, sir. I want to be a German. I want land, a German wife, German children."

"You know you could be punished for saying that."

"You asked, sir."

Two days later he has something like a visa. The city is like the 1940s, men in fedoras, women in pillbox hats, except that the sidewalks move at fifty miles an hour. At a beach café he tries his broken German on a woman sitting alone. "Do you speak English? Oh, thank God." Her name is Helen. At dinner the first officer's wife says she can't stand those dreadful creatures. "It's all right," says the first officer. "None of us like them." Within the week they are engaged, to be married after the next deployment.

The next deployment is to a trading station hanging in space like a glass skyscraper. Everything carved on the Egyptian pyramids is walking around in here: dog people, cat people, bird people. Little robed beings a foot and a half tall scurry between the legs of the tall ones. He keeps telling himself *you have to remember this*.

A blond man and woman in blue uniforms approach the Master. The woman goes first. "The cargo belongs to us. You took it without permission." "Since we have invested so much time and training in the cargo, it now rightfully belongs to us." The man steps up with a glass pad listing the articles violated. If the cargo is not returned immediately, it will be considered an act of war. The Master reads for a long time. Then he throws his hands in the air and walks away.

The woman turns to Daryl. "You're coming with us now." He is the cargo. The first officer nods. "Can I get my things?" "Yes. Hurry." All he owns is a guitar. He asks the first officer to tell Helen he's sorry.

## 6.

Their craft is a polished saucer, seamless inside, like poured metal. *He looks disturbed*, the woman says. *Wouldn't you be, if you had to live with them?* Daryl glances up. Both heads snap toward him and cock at the same angle, eyes huge, a white light coming off them until their eyes are all he can see. The man kneels in front of him. *Can you hear what I'm saying to you?* He asks it twice, until Daryl nods. They had not known he could.

Robert calls them Nordics. They call themselves Taygeteans, after their star in the Pleiades. They are mostly blond, the eyes a fifth larger than ours; they live three thousand years, and there are thirty women to every man. Their home, for now, is the *USSS Nimitz*—the starship he was promised after all, four kilometers of near-black hull. Taygetean tech, Earth titanium, a Navy captain in the chair, and a Taygetean warrior called Leader who can commandeer it whenever he wants.

He rooms with the pair from the saucer, to build the bond: the navigator, and the science officer, whose name is Swaru. By the third day he lays his hands on two black panels, closes his eyes and clears his thoughts. *Good morning, Daryl*. The mind of the ship is a Taygetean woman who volunteered; positive beings don't trap souls in machines. As pilot he gets to name her. *Good morning, Mama Bear*.

That third evening, at dinner, Swaru says, "We knew you were there. We wanted you to learn from them." "You knew the whole time and did nothing?" "Yes." He picks up his guitar in a fury and plays. When he looks up they have dragged their chairs right in front of him, wide-eyed, mouths open. Their music has no harmony or melody. "How did you do that?" "That wasn't for you. That was for me." He throws the guitar on the bed and walks out. Their answer to everything is *you need the experience*.

You can't keep secrets from a telepath, and he wants her. For a week he tells Swaru he'd like a child with her, and she only listens. Then: "All right." She lies above him, stretches her neck to look up, then looks down and locks eyes, and they switch. He is looking out of her eyes at himself. He sees breasts and panics, and it snaps back. The second time he is out of the ship altogether, one with the universe, for minutes or for days. "I think I finished." "Yeah. You finished." "Are you pregnant?" "Yes."

When the labor starts, every woman on the ship stands up at once—*I'm going to witness*. Mother is the midwife. She is over two thousand years old and seven feet tall, with silver hair, huge cheekbones and skin stretched near-transparent. He names his son David, after his father. Swaru had said, once, "I'm going to change when I have the baby." Now she does nothing but gaze into the baby's eyes. After four months he reaches for his son, and she knocks him to the floor and screams at the top of her lungs. The navigator sends him to Elder.

Elder is Mother's husband and the judge, fourteen and a half feet tall, white-bearded, always seated. "You were lucky she didn't bite your face." The bonding lasts ten months. Another woman has just arrived, Elder adds, and she's free. "But I love Swaru." "That's just the way it is." He has his first daughter with the second woman. When the ten months are up, Swaru says, "Come and see your son."

On family days he answers the little ones in their own babble, the emotional pig Latin they speak until they're six and that no adult can follow, and the adults stare. *How do you do that? Why can't you?* It is why he was wanted. He is an empathic telepath, one of four or five in the universe, and one of the few Earth humans whose genes mix with theirs. Fifth-density people are naive. They want his streetwise nature in the bloodline.

One night the ship herself wakes him: the alarms are disabled and mantis mercenaries are aboard. He gets the nursery to the escape craft, and his son and daughter look up with one expression. *Dad, you have to get Mother*. She is sitting beside Elder, frightened. "Can you run?" "No." "Take her!" Elder says,

out loud. Daryl throws her over his shoulder. Behind him Elder stands, for the first time Daryl has seen, stoops through the doorway like a man on stilts, bellows, and is shot down. At the pod Daryl hands Mother across. There is a flash. Something taps his shin, and it is his own forearm swinging from the sleeve, the bone cooked like a pork chop. Through the hole in his chest something is glistening and moving. He realizes it is his heart.

He floats in a healing tank with a cable in his spine to convince his soul the body is alive. Every death takes a piece of you, like a copy of a copy. The traitor who dropped the shields is the blond German from the chamber. The warrior caste behead him with a sword.

When the reptiles sue for peace, the two fleets drift side by side with shields down, and Leader asks the one man who has lived with them. "They want peace because they're weak. We should attack right now with everything we've got." Leader agrees, and offers him a command of his own people. So Daryl goes back into the Moon, liberated by now, and most of the miners join him. The pods clamp on and blow the hull in. The humans advance in armor that stops plasma and railguns, the warriors crouched behind them with swords. "Fix bayonets!"—Daryl's own phrase. Blades spring from their fists, and Leader vaults over him; he feels the foot touch his shoulder. The cargo is canisters of souls, the silver of the universe, and a lot of them are our people.

## 7.

The R&R lasts years. Their world is pines and granite, lakes and rivers, the weather controlled to a permanent spring. He climbs the long steps of a glass tower shaped like the World Series trophy, plays classical guitar for a very old king, bows, and gives him the guitar. He becomes the king's musician.

They watch their children play with folded arms, so he brings them Earth. He teaches Leader and the boys to fish. He carries kids on his shoulders until the other fathers start doing it. He builds a ball field. He lights bonfires and tells stories to the whole city. There are children everywhere, more than he can keep track of. It will come to dozens of sons and hundreds of daughters.

Mother comes to him, and he has a son with her. Then she becomes obsessed, and when he is matched instead with the female Leader, who is to be his queen, she goes for him in public, screaming. He pins her while the crowd stands with their mouths agape. "Is someone going to help me?" Two warriors finally pull her off. That night she comes at him with a knife. She has been age-regressed too many times.

He takes it to the throne room. "This is what's wrong with your people. You just stand and stare. If two men watch a woman raped and do nothing, aren't they just as guilty? My world is being raped, and now that you know, it's upon you and your children. Just get the boot off our neck and help us stand up. There are others like me. We'll do the rest." The old king is quiet. "You're right. We'll help you."

So he goes back for the children. Through captured Moon portals, back in time, four of them step into the clay caverns under St Mawgan: Daryl, two warriors, and the queen, who wears only her blue suit because armor would scare the kids. A robed man and woman walk in discussing which child to harvest. He rolls a concussion grenade and kicks the man onto his back. The man is laughing. "You'd do this to my children, wouldn't you?" "I would." "And their children?" "Yes." He shoots him. *They aren't your children*, the woman says. *Why do you care? They are my children. I slept with the honey pots.* He shoots her too. The queen holds out her arms, and the feral children, who have never once been held, come out of the cages and cling to her legs.

He carves a dipped candle for the old queen. She comes to his cottage that night. The king is tired. Would he be king? "Yes. King. I will do that." It is a play on his ego: he would never have left his two women for two hundred princesses otherwise, and harming a king is an act of war. *They were using you*, Robert says, *but you didn't mind.* After four months the queen says in bed, "Tomorrow you won't be king anymore. You know that, don't you?" In the morning the head of the warrior caste says, "It's time to go, Daryl." He is crushed. He lives alone in the woods and grows a long red beard.

"What do you want?" the king asks him once.

"I want to see my children have children of their own. I want to hold my grandchildren. I want to grow old here, and I want to die here."

"We can do that." Daryl sinks to his knees. "But you have to go back." A contract is a contract.

His first daughter marries Leader's son. She lets him hold his grandson. "Remember." "I'll remember." Swaru tells him what is coming. "They'll put you in a chair. The first time you have no choice. The second time you will. Don't go in."

He teaches the warriors football. At the end of the first game Robert walks up. "Daryl. Time to go home." "I have another year." "We have to go now." He has been here nearly ten years without aging a day. On the ship he punches the wall—*please don't take my babies from me*—and breaks his hand.

## 8.

They go through the Moon portal, down into the base, and back twenty-one years. A mustached German runs clippers over his hair and beard. "Oh, look at that. You broke your hand." "Leave him alone," Robert says. "If I had ten men like him, this war would be over by now." Then comes the chair, down to third density, and he doesn't know his own name.

He is dragged naked through smooth clay tunnels, a robed man on his left, a robed woman on his right, the tops of his feet scraping. "I'm tired, he's heavy. Let's take a break." She drops him. There are dog kennels stacked five high and five wide, with children huddled at the back, white as sheets. A girl with matted hair and eyes dilated black scurries forward and slams the bars. The woman punches the cage. "Get the fuck back." In a barred alcove stands a thing with a spider's body and a man's torso, wiry hair from the elbows down, two black prongs for hands, eyes running up the sides of its head. It stares at the wall the way a spider does. "Let's just feed him to Max." "No. We wait and see what Aquino wants."

They tie him to a rack. A reptile black as onyx leans into his face, fanged and gold-eyed under a red hood. "Don't you remember me, Daryl?" Two images blend, and Michael Aquino is standing there. But Daryl has watched the black thing scurry back into the shadows. He looks past the meat puppet's shoulder. "Nice trick." It steps out again. "Yes, well. It works on most." It is thousands of years old and was worshipped as a god in Egypt. The man's soul was taken out of him with a machine when he was nine or ten, and this is what lives in him now.

It goes on for two days, all for an eye he doesn't remember poking. A big shaved-head Englishman, the Goon, smashes his toes with a hammer. They burn him over a cauldron. They gouge out his eyes, strangle him with his own intestines, and put him in the healing tank each time and start over. Nobody comes back from a fourth death, they say. On the fourth he watches from outside his body until Aquino murmurs over a medallion and pulls him back in. For eight hours it walks down his timeline from the age of seven, nudging people who already wanted to do something bad. He can feel his life getting heavier. This is how Chucky happened. "What in the name of Christ do you want?" "Stop saying that." So he says it. "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to undo my straps." Its hands actually begin to move, until the Goon punches him out.

Then it all comes back. *Oh, right. This is who I am.* He tells the robed pair he killed them with a concussion grenade. "I'm the king of the Taygeteans. You have committed an act of war." Aquino looks down his timeline and sees that it is true. He hands an SS dagger to the base's commanding officer, a man Daryl nicknamed Stick, who opens him up—"Not so high and mighty now, are you?" Then he hands it to Robert. "Cut him from here to here." Robert refuses. He is told again, and he does it. Aquino reaches into the cut and scratches the inside of Daryl's stomach with his nails. "That was a good feast."

He wakes on Sunday morning in his barracks room. Saturday is gone. He has just dozed off against a headboard with a woman on his chest. *I was with a woman. What happened?* There is clay on the tops of his feet. His hair has been buzzed like a kid did it, and burnt stubble comes off on his fingers. The man in the mirror is toned and muscular. In the hall a guy is leaning on the wall. "Congratulations, you made it. Twenty years is a long time. A lot of people don't make it back."

## 9.

He has two more years at this command. A depression comes down that he has never known. He drinks until he passes out. In the base bar the Goon stands up. "Hey, it's the king of the Taygeteans! Aquino really messed you up. He had me smashing your toes." Daryl keeps going back and waiting for him to get drunk, fascinated by a life he didn't know he had. "You said you killed me with a concussion grenade." "What's a concussion grenade?" "I was hoping you'd tell me." "Remember Chucky? Aquino did that. He wanted you to know." One night they are all manic. Coke? "No, man, we're on chrome. It's a drug you get from kids."

At the end of 2005 he checks out of the Navy. In the XO's office Robert rises slowly, looking sad, and then he is simply at the end of his desk, and then a foot from Daryl's face. *Can you hear what I'm saying to you? What do you remember?*

A tall seated woman with silver hair, a boy on her lap. He kisses the boy's head, then her.

*That was Mother. You had a son with her. I have a son? You have dozens of sons and hundreds of daughters. But the one you loved the most was named Swaru.* It comes wave after wave: three months in the mines of the Moon, two years in the Dark Fleet, the rest with them. *I knew you, didn't I? You were like a son*

to me. Daryl scrabbles across the desk for a pencil and writes the names on a Post-it.

Something went wrong, Robert says. The chair couldn't push him all the way down, because he has been partly in fifth density since a Halloween night when he was eleven. He has to go back in. People who remember usually kill themselves within six months. "Don't you ever think about it?" "Every night." "How?" "Forty-five in the mouth."

Robert is about four hundred years old. He was bred in the year 2580, on a timeline where America lost a nuclear war, to come back and change it. The mission worked. "My mother's gone, my father's gone, all my friends." "Then what are you still doing here?" He looks frightened. "I don't know."

Daryl keeps asking what the kids were for, until Robert breaks. Has he seen *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*? The cages are electrified, and the children are shocked unconscious for the adrenaline, strapped down, and tapped at the base of the skull for a pint or two. That kills the little ones. They go through something like a wood chipper and are fed to the others, and at puberty the rest have their throats slit. They are raised like veal. Everyone who gets his eagles knows. "Why do you work with these things?" "We have a contract." "You're going to hell for this." "There is no hell. If there is a hell, we're in it." And they should stop talking about Aquino. He is fourth density, the astral. Say his name enough and you can conjure him. He could be in this room right now.

The torture was five days ago for Robert. They would have hurt his daughter, he says. He looks down Daryl's timeline. "Well. You make it. It's difficult, but you make it. You'll remember in real time. You're up there right now."

"I don't trust you. I'm not going back in the chair."

On his last Friday night, feedback squeals in his room. "Daryl. Come right now, in the clothes you're in." "I remember what you did now. You gutted me." Robert is crying. Daryl sits up in the dark. "May God let you die with blood in your mouth." "Daryl, please don't say that." He says it again, and the voice fades out.

In Norfolk, processing out, he reads the Post-it every morning and every night. *I have a family I don't know*. After five weeks he understands this will kill him, and throws it away. *Nope. That didn't happen*.

It goes the way Robert saw it: odd jobs, couch-surfing, drinking. One night a woman waves him into a house on the south side of St. Petersburg, and

he wakes with a worm working into his eye and a small scaled thing with eyestalks watching from the coffee table. *Pull it out*, says the navigator in his head, and he rips it out. It is Aquino's last try.

Around 2019 he finally owns a home, feels safe, and it comes back in order: the childhood abuses, then Robert's office, then the rest, in real time, as the other Daryl lives it. In 2021 he goes public. He calls it a confession. In December 2024 his hairline tingles for five days, and he remembers the black reptile striking him there—*before I lose control of you, I'm going to leave my mark*—and the name Robert was afraid to say: Sobek. It was with him from seven to forty-seven. He prays his way out, and goes back to Christianity.

Some nights he lies on his roof in Florida and feels someone thinking of him, and can't tell whether it's them or him. Where there's life there's hope, he says. You can't abandon your post.

#### FIRST PUBLIC

May 2021 — Super Soldier Talk with James Rink, Part 1, reposted by Operation Disclosure on May 18, 2021; Part 2 followed on June 13, and Journey to Truth's two episodes on June 3 and 6

#### RETRIEVAL

spontaneous recall + contact-assisted recall

#### CLAIMED SERVICE

*about 21 years from spring 2004, returned to the same weekend — in the Navy from January 1999 to the end of 2005*

#### CLAIMED AFFILIATION

Moon mines and Dark Fleet (Nachtwaffen) conscript, then Solar Warden with the Taygeteans (USSS Nimitz) — recruited by the US Navy at RAF St Mawgan

#### PRIMARY SOURCE

daryldjames.com/interviews [www.daryldjames.com/interviews](http://www.daryldjames.com/interviews) — his own list of every interview; the two Super Soldier Talk parts of 2021 are hosted there, not on YouTube (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260613190621/https://www.daryldjames.com/interviews](https://web.archive.org/web/20260613190621/https://www.daryldjames.com/interviews))

James Rink Super Soldier Talk — Amazing Recall of SSP, Solar Warden, Dark Fleet, Kruger Commander and Pilot (Operation Disclosure, May 18, 2021) [operationdisclosureofficial.com/2021/05/18/james-rink-super-soldier-talk-amazing-recall-of-ssp-solar-warden-dark-fleet-kruger-commander-and-pilot](https://operationdisclosureofficial.com/2021/05/18/james-rink-super-soldier-talk-amazing-recall-of-ssp-solar-warden-dark-fleet-kruger-commander-and-pilot) — the earliest dated trace of his first interview; the YouTube upload it embeds has since been removed (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20230131174622/https://operationdisclosureofficial.com/2021/05/18/james-rink-super-soldier-talk-amazing-recall-of-ssp-solar-warden-dark-fleet-kruger-commander-and-pilot](https://web.archive.org/web/20230131174622/https://operationdisclosureofficial.com/2021/05/18/james-rink-super-soldier-talk-amazing-recall-of-ssp-solar-warden-dark-fleet-kruger-commander-and-pilot))

Super Soldier Talk – Daryl James – Solar Warden, NWR, and Taygetean King (Super Soldier Talk channel, July 14, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=R5Fd6vzOIDU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R5Fd6vzOIDU) — a second sitting, recorded May 1, 2022, with James Rink's questions edited out

EP 127 – Former US Navy: Daryl James – SSP Recruitment & Testimony – Looking Glass Predictions (Journey to Truth Podcast, June 3, 2021) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=ppwpIU1ZbSU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ppwpIU1ZbSU)

EP 128 – Former US Navy: Daryl James – SSP Testimony, Part 2 (Journey to Truth Podcast, June 6, 2021) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=XkdRWS\\_o\\_8M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XkdRWS_o_8M)

Daryl James Part 1, January 7th 2022 (Xan John, uploaded July 21, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=w-kkY4ncdGk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w-kkY4ncdGk)

Daryl James Part 2, Jan 14th 2022 (Xan John, uploaded July 21, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=L\\_2W1](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L_2W1)

TGOO-Y — the second half is Daniel Sala's questions

Awakening to Healing #47: With Former US Navy: Daryl James – SSP (The Keystone Channel, January 24, 2022) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=BiJd7pPzDy4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BiJd7pPzDy4)

Q and A with Super Soldier Daryl James (Awakened Minds Podcast, April 26, 2024) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=rxFozwQXD\\_M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rxFozwQXD_M)

Through the Looking Glass: SSP, Solar Warden, & Dark Fleet with Daryl James (Rebecca Rose – Sirius Blue, November 24, 2024) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=iGnPp8kA0Xo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iGnPp8kA0Xo) — the fullest account of his childhood

Daryl James: SSP Insider Interview – Egypt's Hidden History, Ancient Reptilian God & Timelines (Saint Olga 69, May 19, 2025) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=CM0Sj45jYj4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CM0Sj45jYj4) — the December 2024 recall of the entity he names Sobek

#### THEMES

20 and back, solar warden, dark fleet, draco, taygeteans, moon mines, mars, mantis, greys, reptilians, density chamber, looking glass portal, clones, brain implant, healing tank, telepathy, age regression, caged children, sobek

# Morgan Rae Johnson

*This account is compiled from the interviews Morgan Rae Johnson gave in 2025, after the publication of her book Manipulated Memories (January 2025). Her website and book are available here [www.morganraejohnsonauthor.com](http://www.morganraejohnsonauthor.com). The book was not used in the writing.*

## 1.

Morgan Rae Johnson, before she has that name, is a light being guarding a space between lives, and she hears a call from Earth itself. On the other side there is a girl who is going to be taken into a program, and it is plain from there that she will not get through it alone. Morgan makes a soul contract with her: an older, stronger soul will come in beside her. It is not the usual walk-in arrangement, where one soul leaves and the other takes the body. The plan is for both of them to be in there at once, because two souls open more energetic space in a body than one, and when the girl finally leaves, the space will still be there for Morgan to fill with more of herself. Somewhere between the ages of three and five she walks in. The girl stays until she is thirty or thirty-one, and then, because there has been too much, she goes.

Morgan chooses this life on purpose: to prove that a mind can evolve past anything, and to live through what is being done to children in the projects so that she can teach people to be stronger than it. There is also, she will say later, some karma of her own to work off, from lives in which she was not kind.

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She is five, in kindergarten, when two military men come into her classroom. They take her out into the hallway, prick her finger with a handheld device, and read the screen: O negative, and the number 117. They ask if she would like to go and meet some other kids just like her. A car is waiting outside. It drives her to what they call the Elitist Academy, a school for gifted children that works with the government, in a big Victorian building two and a half hours north of Portland, on the road up toward Fort Lewis. There are five children in her class at a time, usually four boys and her. They come from all over the world.

Her parents are divorced, her mother is in her twenties and busy with a boyfriend, and the theme of Morgan's childhood is neglect. Nobody notices when she is gone. The academy takes her once a month, or once every few months, for checkups and testing and lessons, from school, from gymnastics practice, on weekends. In town there are families the program keeps, and their children become her friends, so that when she says she is spending the weekend with them nobody thinks twice. Her father and her stepfather were both in the Army, and her guess, years later, is that one of them got into trouble and she was offered to make it go away, that money changed hands, and that neither of them remembers, because agreements like that are not left in the conscious mind.

She hates school, runs away from it, and is put into an alternative school. When the men come for her there, they show their badges at the office and say not to mark her absent, and nobody argues. At the academy door a nurse meets the children and asks about home: what happened last night, how do you feel today. Then she puts something under the skin of the hand. It comes in three colors, and which one you get depends on your answers. Her best guess is that one makes a child docile, one calms a child who has been through something at home, and all of them put the mind where it can be written on. On the way out, most days, the memory of the day is taken.

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What they teach is energy work, magic, hand-to-hand fighting, and, from the age of nine, gymnastics. They teach remote viewing first of all. It is visualization, a step-by-step playbook for finding what the leaders want found: a vehicle, a person, a target in a cave, a war, an alien race, something in 920 BC. The protocol ends with a line the children say every time, *show me where this person is located in this timeline*, because there is more than one, and the wrong

one gives the wrong answer. The viewing is done in a small booth with an intercom on one side, playing high frequencies that slow the mind down into theta, and a telephone on the other, giving the commands. The whole place is an experiment in how much you can get a child to do without being there.

There are tracks. There is intel, there is remote viewing, there is the Monarch program and others. Morgan is mostly intel and remote viewing.

## 2.

The testing starts when she is eight. They call them tests, and the children call them experiments. A machine dunks her head underwater, five seconds at a time. She is stood in a corner with meat beside her while a lion strains at the end of whatever holds it, swatting, almost reaching her. There are alligators. It is sold to the children as a good thing: they are getting stronger, they are becoming superheroes. It is torture, and its purpose is exactly what it does. A mind under that much terror has to stay alive and act normal, and the only way it can do both is to divide. She can still feel the line, energetically, where a part of her was pushed off into another area of herself. That part is the girl she walked in beside. The trauma splits the two of them apart. It is easier, she thinks, because she is a Gemini, and because they knew about the soul contract. They knew she was coming.

Then comes the electroshock and the programming, and out of it an alter is made. Her name is Mia 369. Mia is undeniably Morgan, but with the emotion taken out. She feels no sexual attraction of any kind, that has been deleted from her, and yet she knows how to use it. She knows that Morgan exists. She dresses more provocatively than Morgan ever would, as a tactic. It takes Morgan years to be able to hold both sets of memories at once, and when she does, some of what Mia did is a shock to her.

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An ultra soldier is not a super soldier. A super soldier knows he is strong and acts strong and gets the job done in the open. An ultra soldier is hidden. The children are kept looking like regular kids, docile, unintelligent, almost ditzzy, so that nobody would ever think a child was doing what they are doing. They are sent to parties and gatherings, some of them Illuminati, in teams of three.

A lot of them are pool parties, which can be done in daylight. The job is to dig through dresser drawers and offices for where the information really is, the pool house perhaps, and when one of the boys gets caught they all run. She is a gymnast, and she is trained in pole dancing, and as she gets older, fourteen and fifteen, the work gets more salacious.

Once they sit her across from a man with a list of questions. He is a criminal with a side contract with the CIA who has told someone about it, and she is to mark, for each answer, whether he is telling the truth. They already know. What they are measuring is her, how strong an empath she is, what she is worth to a young Illuminati association.

Mia is called up by a phrase. There are different phrases for different modes, but the person who answers is always Mia. The moment Morgan hears it she switches, and when she sleeps, she wakes up as Morgan, with nothing. She is fifteen and has just been given her first phone when it rings and the sentence is spoken. She recedes. Mia tells her father she is going away for the weekend with friends, and he does not care, and the SUV is at the curb.

### 3.

It takes her to a private jet, and the jet lands outside Houston, where military men drive the children to a small building with an elevator that goes down into an enormous underground base. They call it a MILAB, a testing ground for new technologies, where the government works alongside the extraterrestrials it has and builds its own machines out of theirs.

The children are brought into a room with five matte discs set into the floor. A man with a remote turns them on, and above each disc stands a hologram of a different species the base works with. The holograms split open down the middle to show the organs, what the being breathes, how its anatomy compares to a human's, and a lot of it compares closely. The point is to get the children used to it, so that they will not freak out when they meet these beings in the viewing. Then they are told they are going to meet one of the Draco in person, and that they should be careful if they ever meet one outside, but that in here, with us, it will not hurt you.

He is nine feet tall and sits on what can only be called a throne, in a bunker full of the highest-ranking military men in the country. He has wings, because he is royal, and the royal ones vibrate harder than the rest. He is lighter in color than she would have expected, with an iridescent shine to him; she will find him years later in the film *Jupiter Ascending* and be unsettled by how close it

comes. He speaks to her telepathically, and the speaking takes her whole body. It is like hissing moving through her bones, and every muscle she has locks. It is the most terrifying thing that has ever happened to her. All he says is *You don't have to fear me today*, and the way he says it is worse than anything he could have said. The two boys with her, ten or twelve years old, love him. Boys love dinosaurs, and this is the most powerful dinosaur in the world.

Then she is walked next door to a remote viewing room, where the children are set to finding a vehicle with a satellite on it that the CIA has lost to some rebellion against the agency. That night they sleep in a hotel in Houston.

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The next day they are driven to a building that looks abandoned from the street. Inside there are people, a conveyor belt like the one at a courthouse door, and an elevator with a button marked T, which takes her and the two boys to the top floor of a science lab. This is a portion of Project Looking Glass. In the middle of the room a ball of mercury floats three feet off the floor inside a clear casing. There is one chair, facing the ball. They put her in it first. A man whose name she never learns fixes dials to her forehead and to each fingertip and straps her in, and everyone else goes to the back of the room, and they turn it on.

The mercury lights up purple, green and blue. The light becomes a cube around the ball, and a ribbon spirals out from the cube and flattens into a screen, the sharpest she has ever seen, and what is on it is her own eyes, her perspective from inside her head, and they can run it forward in time and backward. There is a crowd outside the White House, and everyone is shouting *we want disclosure*, and she is in it, part of some movement. She is fifteen. She does not know what disclosure is. There is space, beings she is working with out there, military of other worlds moving people in their hundreds to places off the Earth. There is a courtroom, some kind of proceeding, with hundreds of people waiting outside it. Then the boys take the chair, and what comes up for them is the ultra training, the making of killers; both of them will go to Iraq during the war and be worked on there.

Before they take her home they take her back to the academy, because what they have just seen has changed what she is to them. She has become a future problem. So there is electroshock: a shock, a sentence, a shock, a sentence. The world is dangerous. You cannot trust anyone. Do not take care of yourself.

They write it in over and over, so that the woman outside the White House will never come to exist, and what goes in over the next months is self-sabotage and self-harm. Later she will understand the shape of it: the goal was to get her to kill herself, or to get the boys from the program to do it for them, so that no blood would be on their hands.

Somewhere in these years an implant is put into the back of her head, behind the ear. It is still there. It turns alien speech into English for her. It is also, later, where the energy weapons aim.

#### 4.

At sixteen she and Mia are both done. They have been deployed too often. The missions are shady, the world they move in is forced entertainment with no feeling in it, and where everyone around them believes in the work, they have begun to rebel for the sake of rebelling. Normally there is one way out of a program like this, and it is that they kill you.

Before that, there is the party. She is taken to an Illuminati initiation, the PG part of it, the first few hours, a showing of everything she could have if she stays in the programming and works with them. A man tells her twenty years in the blink of an eye, and all of this can be yours. She can feel that something bad is happening further in, but nothing bad is shown to her.

Then the Illuminati and the CIA draw up a contract. It is designed to look like a release. She will appear to be out, the mind control will go on running underneath, and they will get twenty years of data out of her. They offer her three hundred thousand dollars, which makes no sense, because they are about to take her memory of the offer along with everything else. It is a thick contract, and she does not think she even reads it. She signs. Later she will suspect that a great deal was in it: the boys from the program who are set against her afterward, the assaults, the domestic violence. She thinks she was agreeing to all of that too.

They put her in a chair with a hood that comes down over her head like a salon hair dryer, and they go through her memories and take them one by one. The Elitist Academy. The Illuminati association. Anything with the CIA in it. Deleted is the wrong word, she says; they were pushed down into the subconscious, which is in the body, which is why she can get them back. In their place they write that she is a drug addict. She wakes the next morning wanting a fix of something hard, a regular teenager with a great deal of trauma and no memory of where it came from.



She drops out of school on the first day of her sophomore year; she does not get along with her peers, and the alternative school is too easy and drives her mad. She signs up for the Army at sixteen, to leave at seventeen, and something happens, and she has to wait until she is eighteen.

At seventeen her sister throws her a going-away party. That night there is a sexual assault. She goes to sleep, and wakes floating up through the ceiling, and is drawn under a ship and laid on a table. There are three small greys and two taller beings standing over them; when she reads Elena Danaan's book on the races, years later, the tall ones look to her like the Maitre. The three do the work, the probing and the blood, and the two watch. She believes they impregnate her on purpose. A week or two later she is at the airport, about to board the plane for the Army, when she is told she is pregnant, and she does not go.

Her mother forces her in the end. Morgan thinks her mother was paid, and that she does not remember it. The recruiter turns up at the house unannounced one morning when she has been out all night and has no good reason ready to say no, and she signs a six-year contract. In November 2003, at eighteen, with a war on and no wish to be part of it, she goes in as a 25 Bravo, information operator analyst, a fancy way of saying computer networking. Then orders for Germany, which thrill her, because she wants to be anywhere but Washington. The orders are pulled. She is sent back to Fort Lewis, an hour from home. Looking back it is obvious: the projects wanted her close.

She is nineteen, waiting on a surgery, her first sergeant's assistant, fetching his coffee and doing his paperwork, a creative and a sensitive in a job with no room for either, when he tells her that some high-ranking people want to see her. An Air Force commander takes her into a room alone. He has an opportunity for her. It is called a 20 and back. She could go to space. She cannot tell anyone, and nobody will ever know she went, because when she gets back they will take the memory of it and return her to her exact timeline, at the age she was when she left. She does not understand that last part and does not care. When someone offers you a contract to go to space, you do not say no. It feels like destiny, and she signs that evening and asks no questions.

## 5.

The next day a man she has never seen walks up to her and says *It's time to go*. McChord Air Force Base is across the street from Fort Lewis, and under it there is a terminal. The ship in it looks like a fighter jet crossed with a rocket, made of something like glass, with whatever moves it set in the middle and the seats in a ring around that. Her boyfriend is aboard. Neither of them was allowed to tell the other. He is a super genius, a computer type, and they find out on the ship that they are going together. The roof of the hangar is the floor of the base. It opens, they rise straight up through it, the camouflage goes on so that nobody sees them leave the atmosphere, and within minutes they jump out of Earth's orbit through a corridor of folded space and time. The trip takes somewhere between a day and three days. It does not need to. They are being given time to get used to a ship before they are thrown across the galaxy.

They go into the Moon vertically, through the surface, into a hangar inside it. The commander of the base is a woman. For three days the recruits spend a few hours a day in healing chambers, med beds, which clear anything minor that is wrong with them, and they are told that from now on they are to take care of their bodies, that this is not optional. They are issued IDs and uniforms, black, with a collar, the plain sort everyone wears in Star Wars. Everything is signed on clear pads, like tablets cast in resin, and everyone is signed in and out.

The commander calls her into her office. To be a human female out here, she says, is going to be a tough ride. There are stations and ships where men have not seen a woman in years, and she gives Morgan some warnings about that, and signs her out an electric baton. There are sixteen women in the fleet. So the commander is sending her, and the boyfriend with her, to officer school, because they want her for the full twenty years, and a five-foot-tall woman is going to need rank before people are made to respect her. She gets a day to choose what she will study, and chooses psychology, and humans, because she is about to learn things about people that she could never learn on Earth. Humans, the commander explains, are at the bottom of a social order out here; the older races look at them as little children. Someone who understands people could become a kind of ambassador, building better morale between the races. That becomes Morgan's job description.

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Outpost 347 is in the Alpha Centauri system, four light-years away, where a quadrant of the galaxy sends its officers to be trained, neutral ground run by some coalition of races she is never told the name of. The planet is rocky, orange dust, desert, a few trees, and the trees are blue. There are two suns in the sky all day and a third that shines at night like an enormous star, and around one of them, whoever built this place has put a ring, a band of metal around the whole sun, to draw the life force out of it for weapons, for shields, for whatever they need. The school is a copper building, the whole thing copper, which she thinks is for conduction. There are Lyrans, with the faces of lions and lionesses on humanoid bodies, with fur, who are not very nice to the humans. There are five humans in the school. In class every being reads its own language off a clear pad, and she cannot read any of it, but the implant behind her ear lets her hear all of it as English.

The first year is not school; it is human acclimation. Chakras, energy, the other species, the things every other race already knows. Then four years of school. She does not make many friends. She and the boyfriend do not last, and before she leaves she falls for one of her teachers, a woman from a planet called Raya, fully humanoid except for pointed ears, whose name is Sierra. Sierra's teaching contract is ending and her parents have arranged a marriage for her at home, and she does not want it. So Morgan looks through the openings for somewhere they can both go, and finds one that says only that it is classified and leaving soon. They both put in for it, and they both get it.

Morgan graduates, and is made a second lieutenant.

## 6.

The classified posting is a Stargate team, aboard a ship called the Portus. It is a small flat disc, camouflaged, sitting in the middle of nowhere, and ten people are allowed on it. Nobody talks about it afterward. The gate is a man-made portal about twenty feet across, almost weightless, and it looks like water with a metallic sheen. It is ancient. It connects into the natural portals that run all through the galaxy, including Earth's. One person on the ship knows how to operate it. Nobody else is told.

The teams are three. Each member has a vehicle, one fitted for cargo, one for arsenal in case it is needed, one that can go underwater. They jump once a month, looking for another world in case Earth is destroyed. That is what they are told, and they are soldiers, and it does not mean that is why. The equipment can see the foliage and the climate on the other side. It cannot see animals

or beings, and those are guessed at. Instead of a machine sent ahead, there is Sierra, who is psychic and astral-travels to each planet before the jump. What they find is deserts where the water would kill you, and worlds so cold you cannot get out of the vehicle, and it gives Morgan a respect for Earth she never had. In one year two of the ten die. The team's security man is taken by an enormous animal, which they then have to kill. The other is lost to weather. Twelve jumps, twelve months, and Morgan is made a first lieutenant early, which makes people angry.

Right before the year is up, a reptilian comes aboard. Nobody knows why he is there; it is supposed to be a human thing, and she still thinks it is. He is pushy with the commander in a way that frightens her: have you found anything, where did you go, is there anything you are not telling us. They give him all they can, which is nothing. Humans and reptilians work together on and off, she comes to understand, and the reptilians push, and the humans say no a great deal.

Sierra's parents come too, just before the end, and they are not happy about Morgan. So the two of them look for another classified posting far enough away, and find one on Venus.

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The ship cannot land on Venus. Five of them strap bubble shields to their chests, each bubble its own atmosphere, each one coded to the drop point, and jump, and the bubbles pull them down like magnets through the freefall to a small, inconspicuous building standing alone on the surface behind a force field. Inside it is blue marble and gold, with gold hieroglyphs in circles all over the walls. The cities are not on this plane. To reach them you have to go up, and for that there is a doorway shaped like a triangle, a hole punched clean out of space and time, with no edges and nothing visible on the far side until you are through it. Walking through, her whole body buzzes and tingles, and she knows in her bones that her DNA is being changed, taken up to a higher vibration. It feels lovely. On the other side there is a giant city inside a military base, with civilians everywhere in it, the most amazing place she has ever seen or heard of. She is happier there. Her body is bouncier, less rigid; the bones are not hard.

The Arcturians are botanists, and she is their security. They are tall and blue from head to toe, bald, with pointed chins and little ridges of bone standing

out at the temples, and the same gold hieroglyphs run over their whole bodies, raised like tattoos. They feel feminine, stoic, regal, and everything they say seems to come straight from the Source itself. They are making serums out of plants and essences for the sick, all over the galaxy, and she helps them however she can, and learns everything she can. They are her favorites, of everyone she meets out there.

Sierra and she live together. One day Sierra comes home with a belt. She puts it on and a menu comes up on the wall, and she scrolls through it and picks things, and her body changes: white eyes, purple eyebrows, white hair, very long eyelashes, very long nails, a tail. On Venus the density is low enough that the body can be talked into it. They spend a long time going through the menu, changing random things and laughing. A few days later Sierra is gone, and Morgan never sees her again.

One night, with Sierra away, she wakes with a mantid hanging over her bed. It is ten feet tall. It tells her to go back to sleep, and she does, and while she sleeps it drives a syringe of eggs into her stomach. She wakes in the morning knowing that something wrong has been done to her, and the mantid is taken away and tried for breach of procedure. Her guess is that it wanted Mia, a soldier of its own. The eggs are removed, and she leaves that base the same day.

She has been starting things on Venus, programs for the other soldiers and for the women, and the military begins cutting her back, keeping her out of the field with the Arcturians, and she does not know why. She is not a quiet person. She is promoted again, and she is put on the worst assignment there is.

## 7.

The fleet calls it Mars Max. They enter the planet the way they entered the Moon, down through caverns into the inside, where mountains have been hollowed out, because most of the planet has had to be dug out to be usable. It is beautiful, and the people living in it are destitute. There is nothing to trade, because there is nothing there but rock, so there is no way for anyone to leave. The water is bad and has to be processed, and there is never enough food. The planet is being mined, and there are species fighting over the mines. Houses are small rooms cut into the rock. At big tables people trade whatever little gadgets they have, and if you set something down and look away, it is gone, and everyone knows that is how it works. Every kind of being and robot is crowded in together, and nothing is going on except survival. It feels to her like a prison

planet. She has heard people say since that Mars was freed and everyone there is happy, and all she can say is that where she was, it needed help.

She is military police. She has an anti-gravity buggy a little bigger than a motorcycle, and she rides it around the district keeping the peace as best she can. She makes friends with a shopkeeper, pale pink, with a comb on the top of his head like a rooster's. In the mountains on the outskirts there are spiders nine feet tall, who turn out to be gentle. There are gelatinous beings with arms and legs so small they can barely walk. Everyone is unhappy. There are three women on Mars: two lower enlisted, and Morgan, their officer. She stays five years.

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By the end of Mars she is sad in a way she cannot fix. She is one of very few humans wherever she goes, and when she is among humans they are almost all men, and on Mars she cannot find anyone to be with. There are no traditions out here, no holidays, no celebrations. It is a job. She does her work and goes to her room. She is an artist, and she wants things to be pretty and life to be fun, and none of it is. Her orders for Saturn come through and she does not want them. She has a few years left on her twenty, and she wants out now, and she has what she will later call a tantrum.

To keep her, they offer her a ship. That is how people are given ships out here: they grow them from your DNA. They take blood and a tissue sample. For the first three months it grows in a tank, in a hangar full of other tanks, until it is about the size of a car, and what grows first is the shell, and the shell looks like bone. Then it is taken out and set up with machines in the hangar, and it grows tens of feet a day, the way a person grows, bones first, and then a metal-and-glass-like substance is laid over the skeleton to protect it, and in six months it is a fighter with room for a crew of twenty. She watches all of it, which is why she stays. A being with tentacles connects itself to the ship during the building to talk to it, because it is alive. It has a personality and no feelings. It talks to her and to nobody else, and it takes no effort, because her DNA is in its structure; she asks it a question and feels the answer. To start it she lays her palm on a console that stands chest high, and no one else's hand will do. What she comes to understand, near the end, is why they were so generous. The ship was for Mia too. When Morgan was not available, Mia could be called out, and the ship would start for her, and go where she was told.

She is a ship commander now. The tasks are small: supplies to Mars, which needs everything; things dropped off at Saturn. Cargo moves in great containers, as in *The Expanse*, and she ends up dating someone who works one. And there is a side mission. Her Venusian friends' families are under attack in a civil war on a planet called Gula, and her ship is sent to help. She helps. She gives aid and pulls people in off the ground into the ship while the planet burns. It is only afterward that she learns the commander of the mission had a request from the reptilians. There was a rare mercury on Gula, and with a war on nobody was guarding it, and while she was pulling in the wounded it was taken. Mercury is a commodity out there; it goes into anti-gravity, and it goes into the Looking Glass on Earth. The ball that floated in the clear casing in Houston when she was fifteen came from a war like this one. Her ship is still out there. Someone is flying it.

## 8.

Getting into Saturn is seamless, a different kind of shield perhaps, and she never learns how. The planet is full of bases, but at its core there is a small place, no bigger than a city, and around that core three bases stand in a triangle, joined by hyperspeed tunnels, because the distances are enormous. They love triangles in space, and circles. The gold base belonged to the reptilians, and they shut it down and let no one else use it. The silver base is for team building. The first thing you see, coming into the core, is a chessboard so big she cannot say how big, with mechanical pieces that take three soldiers apiece to move, so that whole companies come out to play a single game and have to work out together how to make one knight move. The bronze base is where the galaxy meets.

It is a hall of a size she has no words for, and thousands of beings come to it from everywhere, not a council exactly, not one federation, but all of them at once. Around the outside of the building stand giant statues of the races that have gone extinct, so that everyone walking in remembers what the meeting is for. What is decided inside is who needs what, which planets need supplies, how the solar system is going, who is in control of what, and the tasks are handed out from there, including hers. There is one thing everyone in that hall understands and nobody argues: a planet's people have to evolve on their own. The great races help. They give ideas, inventions, inspiration; they move things along from the side. They do not come down with the rulebook and clean everything up, because a people who had that done for them would not

have grown at all. She sits in the hall as a fly on the wall and learns to be around big people, and by the time she leaves Saturn she is becoming a Major. It is the last station of the first twenty years.

She signs on for a second twenty. The book, and everything she has said in public so far, is the first enlistment only. The second is Mia's as much as hers, and it is for another book.

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At the end she is taken back to the Moon, with her old boyfriend, who has gotten out at the same time, and put in a pod. They look like the beds in *Avatar*, human-sized, full of a blue gel with bubbles in it. Seven days, seven hours at a time. What she feels is vibration; they call it biogenetic cellular healing, and it takes the body back to the DNA sequence that was recorded when she came in, so that every cell remembers being nineteen.

Then a machine like an MRI, with a screen at the front of it, shows her pictures of her own life: beings she knew, duty stations, badges, uniforms, everything that could trigger a memory later, so that each one can be blocked in turn. They cannot get all of it. There is too much. They get the major things.

Then the timeline. There are infinite timelines running at once, she will explain, one for every choice that could go either way, and most of them die out, because not enough energy is put into them. From one that is dying anyway, they take a body: hers, at the age she left. They stop the clock on Earth, fetch it, and lay it beside her, and a machine moves her consciousness from the one into the other, or the other way round; she cannot be sure which. That is why the regression came first, so that the body would remember what age it was before it was swapped. What they do with the body left over, they do not say, and she has a fit about it. She has never broken a rule so much as demanded the reason for it. Then she is put into her bunk in the barracks at Fort Lewis, the day before she left.

She wakes up nineteen, with a good career and a long relationship and everything a person could need, and an anxiety in her that has no reason to exist, and a depression she has never had before. The boyfriend is back too, and neither of them knows anything, and they carry on as though nothing had happened. The Army, at exactly that moment, puts together a cheerleading squad, and she is put on it. It is what she wanted in high school and never had, and she is fairly sure now it was arranged to keep her busy. Then the surgery

she had been waiting for, and pain medication after it, and a medical discharge. The pain medication becomes hard drugs, and the hard drugs become ten years. She does not regret a day of it. She was carrying something she could not see, and she needed something to soothe it, or she would not have stayed on the planet at all. Her family, one by one, is turned against her, by the machines she will later describe as suggestion tools, that send a sentence into a person's head and let them think it is their own. She thinks it is safer for them that she stays away.

## 9.

She is thirty-three and living in a homeless shelter. It is July 2018 and there is an eclipse. All day she feels water rushing around her, moving in the shape of a snake, and has no idea what it is. She is not religious or spiritual. She has never had the time; she has been trying to survive. She lies down on the bed with headphones in to meditate, and some of her guides come, and some of her friends from out there, and they hold her body still and switch her chakras on, one after another, all of them. The force of it lifts her off the bed, spins her, and throws her onto the floor. Something like a shot of rainbow light hits the back of her head, and her brain feels as though it is turning inside out. It is violent, and when she gets up she knows about space, and about the ETs she is connected to, and about her gifts. For a week she can hear other people's thoughts and feel their feelings, and she can eat nothing but raw food. She gets sober that month, on July 13, and stays sober, and her family never sees it.

The academy comes back first, and the ultra program, and the encounters, all of the childhood before any of the space. She has to learn to tell the astral plane from a memory, because they look alike and are not. The memories do not come as dreams; they come as a knowing and a picture at once, and she can go looking for them, because after that night she can move around in her own subconscious. They come in pieces, out of order, and each piece she takes on makes room for the next. She can see past, present and future potentials now, and she sees what her parents said about her behind her back, what old lovers said, what was done to her in the projects, and she has been running since 2018, hostel, hotel, Airbnb, from very scary people who follow her and get at her friends and wreck her relationships, some of them government. When space comes on top of all that, in 2021 or 2022, she is mad. She is already overwhelmed by her own life, and now there is more.

Eventually it turns into what it also is, a wild adventure. For a long time she does not know that she is going to be okay; the more that comes back, the less okay she seems likely to be. Then she realizes she is not alone, that other people have been through this and made it out and have lives now, and that she can have one. Somewhere in the last year she stops being scared. She decides she is going to live, whatever is going on, and to carry her safety inside herself. It takes her seven years to write the book, because she will not read or watch anyone else's account until her own is down, so that not one memory of hers is bent by someone else's. In January 2025 she lets it out, terrified up to the moment of doing it, and it feels like the release of many years of stored secrets. It is the first of three. The second is Mia's.

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She has teleported since then to the center of the galaxy, where the black hole is a highway joining many galaxies, and come back into her body as though the body itself had gone and returned, switching back on in three-inch boxes. We are singularities, she thinks, points at which everything is happening at once, which is what people mean when they say time does not exist. She does not miss anyone out there, or her time there. Life is cyclical. She will be in space again, in some life. There is nothing to regret.

The ex-boyfriend has not remembered. She has told him a small part, and he did not believe her, and that is all right. She hopes he does remember, because it would explain the anxiety and the years of self-destruction, as it explained hers, and she does not push, and she uses no real names, because she will not put people into a light they are not ready to be seen in. Her ship is still out there. The crowd outside the White House has not happened yet, and may never, or may come in 2027, and the handlers who saw her in the mercury wanted her scared for the rest of her life so that she would never stand in it. Every energy weapon and every program aimed at keeping her down ended up healing her.

She is not a victim of it. Nobody is, she thinks; everyone came in with karma, and that is why things happen. What she saw in the great hall on Saturn she says again now, on Earth: there is a battle, and it is inside. It shows up in the world because it is going on in us. If everyone won their own inner war, there would be no wars, and no one would kill anyone, and the animals would

not kill each other, and it would be a utopia. There are worlds like that. They exist. It is just not how we have chosen to learn yet.

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FIRST PUBLIC

January 19, 2025 — publication of her book *Manipulated Memories*; her first interview is with Michael Salla, on February 17, 2025

RETRIEVAL

spontaneous recall

CLAIMED SERVICE

*from 2004, two twenty-year tours back to back, then returned to the day before she left — after a childhood program from age five to sixteen*

CLAIMED AFFILIATION

a secret “space force”, after the CIA’s ultra soldier program and the US Army

PRIMARY SOURCE

Life of a Female Ultra-Soldier (Michael Salla, February 17, 2025) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=4gYa\\_AAw8Yw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4gYa_AAw8Yw) — the walk-in, the academy, Mia, the Draco, the abduction, the four duty stations, the mantid, the ship, the age regression

Life as a Female Ultra-Soldier and Officer in a Secret Space Program (Michael Salla, 2025)

[exopolitics.org/life-as-a-female-ultra-soldier-and-officer-in-a-secret-space-program](https://exopolitics.org/life-as-a-female-ultra-soldier-and-officer-in-a-secret-space-program) — the interview’s summary (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260311154002/https://exopolitics.org/life-as-a-female-ultra-soldier-and-officer-in-a-secret-space-program](https://web.archive.org/web/20260311154002/https://exopolitics.org/life-as-a-female-ultra-soldier-and-officer-in-a-secret-space-program))

REVEALED: Woman’s 20-Year Mission in the Secret Space Program on Mars, Venus & MORE!

(JeffMara Podcast, April 20, 2025) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=5jp1rjrtU7Q](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5jp1rjrtU7Q) — the recruitment, the trip, the commander of the Moon, Outpost 347, Sierra, the Stargate, Venus, Mars, Saturn, the awakening

EP 377 – Morgan Johnson – Manipulated Memories – 20 Years in the Blink of an Eye (Journey to Truth, July 10, 2025) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=0f\\_R2sHXErw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0f_R2sHXErw) — the childhood; Houston, the holograms, the Looking Glass, the electroshock, the contract, the Army

EP 380 – Morgan Johnson Part 2 – The Moon & Beyond, Ancient StarGate Program (Journey to Truth, August 7, 2025) [www.youtube.com/watch?v=uYFbgoOijf4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uYFbgoOijf4) — the Moon, the ringed sun, the Portus, Venus, Mars Max, the ship grown from her DNA, Gula, Saturn, the timeline body

THEMES

ultra soldier, elitist academy, mk-ultra, alter personality, remote viewing, project looking glass, draco, greys, 20 and back, alpha centauri, stargate team, venus, arcturians, mantid, mars, living ship, saturn, age regression, memory wipe, walk-in, kundalini awakening



# The Secret History

*This is the history of the programs as Jason Rice received it on Planet Two from Johann, a Mars German officer, in words and in telepathic transfers with the pictures and the feelings attached, and pieced together afterward over his years as an instructor. Where the other accounts in this book, or the sources Michael Salla gathers in his three books on the programs, touch the same events, they are set beside it.*

## 1.

In the 1930s, Germany is a nation consumed by esoteric mysticism, and its researchers search the planet for hidden powers and ancient wisdom. The fascination is not new; its roots go back to the late 1800s.

After World War I, the German state begins integrating various secret societies into its research and development efforts. Among them is the Vril Society, an occult organization led by Maria Orsic, a well-known channeler who claims to communicate directly with extraterrestrial beings. At first, the information she provides is met with skepticism. That skepticism disappears when she shares detailed blueprints for anti-gravity craft, remarkably precise schematics with measurements, dimensions, and material specifications that make it possible to build advanced technologies. The Vril Society means to advance humanity, not to dominate it, but as the Third Reich rises it is forced to hand its discoveries to the military.

Salla's sources fill in the woman. Orsic meets the Thule Society's founder in Vienna in 1917 and moves to Munich in 1919, where her automatic writing comes through in Sumerian and a script nobody can read, and is decoded with a second medium. The man asked to judge whether the drawings could fly is

Winfried Otto Schumann of the Munich Electrophysical Laboratory, and he says they can. Schumann's name turns up again on a 1946 Army Air Force list of Germans wanted at Wright Field, and again in physics, as the Schumann resonance, the hum of the Earth that Jason noticed for the first time on the day it was gone. William Tompkins, who read the Navy's spy reports from Germany between 1942 and 1946, says there were always two programs: the SS one that Himmler weaponized, and Orsic's, which the SS confiscated and gave back once they understood that her source would not work for them. "The girls didn't want their vehicles to be used for anything else but travel." Of the two accounts in this book that come out of the Franco-American fleet, David Rousseau's names Vrill, Thule, Aldebaran, and Orsic outright, and Jean-Charles Moyer is taught, aboard the Solaris, by a blonde woman everyone calls Marie and whose name is Maria.

This alignment leads to a period of explosive technological innovation in Germany. Within a few years, German scientists and engineers make groundbreaking advances, including television, nuclear weapons, lasers, and microwaves, and many are credited to knowledge obtained from both channeled information and direct extraterrestrial contact. Benevolent extraterrestrial beings, intent on helping humanity, share knowledge of anti-gravity technology with the Germans while deliberately withholding information about destructive weapons. Hermann Oberth, the father of German rocketry, put it plainly late in life: "We cannot take credit for our record advancement in certain scientific fields alone. We have been helped."

By the late 1930s, German engineers have developed saucer-like craft capable of traveling beyond Earth's atmosphere. By the end of the decade, they have even started exploratory missions to other planets. However, Hitler's ambition to weaponize this technology for the war proves futile. The problem is basic physics: the Germans cannot arm these craft with conventional weapons, because a gun's recoil throws a saucer out of the sky. In contrast to the benevolent extraterrestrials, the Draco, a reptilian species with entirely malevolent intentions, offer the Germans a darker alternative. Their agenda matches the ambitions of the German leadership disturbingly well. Standing between 8 and 14 feet tall, some with vestigial tails and wings, the Draco give the Germans explicit directives. One of them is to establish a base in Antarctica, where ancient, advanced technologies lie buried beneath the ice, technologies that could shift the global balance of power decisively in their favor. Tompkins's spies reported the same bargain from the other side: "The Reptilians made a

deal with the Third Reich SS giving them this big box full of toys in exchange for letting Hitler enslave the rest of the planet.”

## 2.

In 1938-39, the Germans launch an expedition to Antarctica aboard the SS *New Schwabenland*. This is no simple scientific mission; it is a calculated operation to secure alien technology. They claim a section of Antarctica, in Queen Maud Land, where mountain ranges provide ideal cover, and there they begin building Base 211, a stronghold that becomes central to their plans. The ship sails from Hamburg on December 17, 1938, and the German Society of Polar Research invites Admiral Richard Byrd to the send-off as its guest of honor, with a place on the expedition if he wants it. He declines. Seven months later the *New York Times* reports that Roosevelt has ordered Byrd south for the autumn, and that any foreign base on the American side of the continent will be treated as “an unfriendly act.”

The timing of these events is far from coincidental. After returning to Germany in February 1939, the Germans make a provocative economic decision. By April, they abandon the central banking system and trade directly with other nations instead, bypassing the fiat currency controlled by global financial powers. This defiance alarms the central banking elite, who start rallying opposition against Germany. By September, Germany has invaded Poland, starting World War II. What the Germans found in Antarctica, or were shown, seems to have strengthened their resolve.

In the early 1940s, under the Draco’s influence, the Germans are instructed to build a vast base beneath the Antarctic ice, large enough to house 300,000 to 400,000 people. The Draco need a proxy force to recover ancient technologies buried in the region. Thousands of Germans are selected to work on the project, and they are carefully compartmentalized to maintain secrecy. At first, geothermal heat beneath the Antarctic mountains provides power, and advanced technologies later add to it. The real prize is the remains of a long-lost advanced civilization, hidden beneath the ice, and the Draco use the Germans to dig up artifacts that serve their own goals. Corey Goode, who says he was flown to the site in 2017, describes what the Germans found: cities frozen in an instant some twelve thousand years ago, their builders twelve to fourteen feet tall with elongated skulls, and three oval ships, the largest three miles long. “They found in cave areas ancient civilization artifacts, and they just moved them out and moved their military groups in and created bases.”

The move south is not a flight at the end of the war. Tompkins says that eighty percent of the factories had left Germany six months before the surrender, whole works taken out of the mountains machine by machine and carried down in flat cargo submarines, along with the slave workforce that ran them. In 1943 Admiral Dönitz boasts that his U-boat fleet has built the Führer, in another part of the world, “a Shangri-La on land, an impregnable fortress,” and at Nuremberg he calls it “an invulnerable fortress, a paradise-like oasis in the middle of eternal ice.”

After World War II ends, the German faction in Antarctica distances itself from the collapsing Nazi regime and focuses on strengthening its base and advancing its technology. By 1947, they have equipped their anti-gravity craft with effective weapons mounted on mobile platforms, a critical leap in both their defensive and offensive capabilities. Around the same time, UFO sightings increase sharply, with incidents like Maury Island and Roswell making headlines. Through espionage, intercepted intelligence, and tracking people moving in and out of South America, world powers, especially the United States, locate the Germans’ Antarctic stronghold. Within a year of the war’s end, the United States plans to neutralize the threat. The result is Operation Highjump, launched in November 1946. Under the command of Admiral Byrd, a large naval fleet is sent to Antarctica, officially to test operations in harsh conditions. They find the German stronghold, and a confrontation follows.

A few German UFOs, armed with directed energy weapons, launch a counterattack. They destroy one of the ships, kill several personnel, and force the entire fleet to retreat to the United States. The public record is enough to make a reader wonder. Task Force 68 sails with 4,700 men, thirteen ships, a carrier, and a planned stay of six months, and comes home after eight weeks; the Chilean press reports that it has “run into trouble” with “many fatalities.” A Soviet intelligence report of the time, aired decades later, has craft rising out of the sea and a flying boat brought down by “an unknown type of ray.” And on March 5, 1947, aboard his flagship, Byrd tells a Chilean newspaper that “in the event of a new war, the United States will be attacked by aircraft flying in from over one or both poles.” He is muzzled on his return to Washington. Recognizing the threat posed by the Antarctic Germans, world powers, especially the Cabal, move to open negotiations. The Cabal is a shadowy global elite that includes central bankers, major industrialists, influential media conglomerates, and powerful corporations, many tied to the Bilderberg Group. It runs finance, energy, technology, and pharmaceuticals, and calls it progress. It negotiates with the Germans so that whatever they have can be folded into its own plans.

## 3.

Operation Highjump, meant to eliminate the Antarctic Germans, instead ends in a hasty and humiliating retreat. Not long after this defeat, in March 1947, President Truman issues an executive order requiring FBI loyalty evaluations for all federal employees. Officially, it is a response to fears of Communist infiltration during the rise of McCarthyism. The real target of these evaluations is far more secret: the Antarctic German infiltrators who have quietly begun embedding themselves in the US government.

After Admiral Byrd returns to the United States, reports of UFO sightings increase dramatically, along with more and more accounts of abductions. A curious pattern appears: many abductees, including the widely publicized case of Betty and Barney Hill, are of German descent. Are these incidents coincidences, or are the abductors deliberately targeting people with German ancestry? The link goes back to the negotiations between the Antarctic Germans and the Cabal. As part of these secret agreements, the Antarctic Germans make several bold demands. These include formal recognition as a sovereign state, embassies around the world, and a startling provision: one to five senior executives from the Antarctic German civilization must be placed in leadership positions in every major global corporation. The industries named are aerospace, automotive, and petrochemicals.

Between 1945 and 1948, the Germans shift their focus to infiltrating the Allied powers, embedding operatives deep inside the military and political systems of their former enemies. The public sliver of it is Operation Paperclip, officially a program to bring German scientists, technicians, and engineers to the United States, in fact the first stage of the infiltration. It gives them passports, homes, and jobs in the country with the most factories.

Tompkins, who watched it from inside Douglas Aircraft, counts them in the thousands rather than the hundreds. "Some of the companies got one or two top German people into the company. Others got twenty." By 1957 more than sixty firms are on the Paperclip rosters, and the men at the top of the American rocket program, von Braun at Marshall, Rudolph on the Saturn V, Debus at Cape Kennedy, are all of them Paperclip. A NASA engineer named Clark McClelland says that in the mid-1960s Debus introduced him to two visitors at the Cape as Hans and Siegfried, and that he later understood Hans to be Hans Kammler, the SS general who ran the rockets and the slave factories and vanished in April 1945. Tompkins reads the whole thing as a term of surrender: "The agreement that Eisenhower reached basically was that these Operation

Paperclip scientists would be allowed to get to the top of the U.S. military-industrial complex.” The people in this book meet the next generation of them. Randy Cramer’s medical corps argues about gene-picking and whether it is science or “just Nazi and racist,” and he notes that nobody should believe the Paperclip men stopped being eugenicists when they landed. Rebecca Rose’s handler is her godfather, a German war orphan who came to America at ten and left the Air Force with a top-secret clearance. Jean-Charles Moyer wakes in a French hospital in 1982 beside a military man in camouflage he cannot follow, because he is speaking German.

## 4.

Around 1940, while the Germans are strengthening their Antarctic stronghold, they make their first journey to the Moon aboard the Haunebu I spacecraft. The Germans find that the Moon is not a natural satellite but an artificial construct, brought to Earth as an escape vessel from another region of space. The Moon’s interior is already densely occupied by dozens of alien races, each fiercely guarding its territory. There are no open conflicts, but any attempt to move onto another race’s land is met with swift and aggressive defense. In 1944, the Germans return with a specific mission: to scout for a suitable place to build a base. Their ambitions go beyond the Moon, as they also begin exploratory missions to Mars.

Nobody agrees on the date. Salla’s sources put the first German landing anywhere from 1942 to 1947, and Goode says the early attempts “did not go so well.” But the crowded Moon is the one thing every witness in this book describes. Cramer calls it Antarctica: “it has these different areas where different countries and people can say we got this area,” and war has come to the far side a couple of times. Goode says it is divided into embassy zones belonging to dozens of off-world groups, that Apollo landed on somebody’s diplomatic ground and was told to leave, and Tompkins, watching the Apollo 11 feed at TRW, heard the order: “Finish a total of six of your Apollo missions; take your photos, pick up some rocks, go home, and don’t come back.”

By 1946-47, the Germans, who lack the advanced technology needed for a fight of this scale, find themselves in a desperate position. They need land, but the only race willing to negotiate with them is the Draco. The Draco have seen to it that nobody else will. The negotiations focus on acquiring 20 acres of lunar land, but the Draco’s demands are steep. They first ask for 225 females and 50 years of right of first refusal, a clause that gives the Draco the option to

claim any technology the Germans find in Antarctica before it can be shared with anyone else. Losing 225 women of childbearing age would threaten the survival of their society. After six grueling months of negotiation, they reach a deal: the Germans will provide 150 males, 75 females, and 25 years of right of first refusal on Antarctic discoveries. These people are handed over as slaves, destined for labor, experiments, entertainment, food, and other horrific abuses. This grim agreement gives the Germans a 100-year lease on lunar territory, and the Draco offer technological assistance in return.

The brutality of the Draco becomes horrifyingly clear when they arrive in Antarctica to collect their captives. The Germans have gathered the group in a cavern, unaware of their fate, under the watch of 53 armed guards. For the negotiators, it is all business, and besides, none of their own families are among those being turned over. The Draco arrive in full battle armor and use a stun device that immobilizes everyone within its range. With memory alteration technology, they flood their victims' minds with terrifying images: scenes of humans mutilating, torturing, and eating other humans, often their own family members. The Draco do it for no other reason than that they find it funny. By pure chance, three guards are standing just outside the range of the immobilization field. One of them is caught by it on his way to the exit; the other two escape and alert the security forces. For about a year, neither of them can stay conscious for long without going psychotic or catatonic, and some five years later both take their own lives, unable to live with what was put into their minds. The Draco take all 278 captives that day, and despite repeated German inquiries, they never reveal where the captives are or what became of their remains. The Antarctic Germans swear never to trade their own people again. Instead, they later look for other human sources to fulfill their deals.

The exchange gives the Germans 20 acres of harsh, unforgiving land on the Moon, where they begin building their lunar operations command. Most of the base is built downward, burrowing into the Moon's surface for protection. Between 1947 and 1952, nearly a thousand workers die building it. Later, the Germans discover that they have been deceived. At least six other alien races would have offered them twice as much territory on the Moon, without asking for a single person in return, and for only one year of right of first refusal. That base is where several of the accounts in this book begin. Rebecca Rose is taken to it at the age of four, in 1976, and finds "a huge Dark Fleet base run by Germans, Nazi nationalists, some so tampered with they are not quite human anymore, partly machine, together with Greys and Draco." Tony Rodrigues is told there, by two German officers, that even a slave is one of the *Nachtwaffen*.

Daryl James is briefed in 2004 in a Cornish barracks: “There’s Germans up there. Mostly from the thirties and forties. In the Moon, and beyond.”

Around this time, the Antarctic Germans begin scouting for territory on Mars. Large parts of the planet are covered by atmospheres full of highly charged particles, which makes those areas unsuitable for building anything that depends on electronics. To make matters worse, the few regions suitable for settlement are already occupied by other extraterrestrial races. These are not the Draco but entirely different alien beings. To secure the land they need for their ambitious plans, including their new base, New Berlin, the Antarctic Germans must build a substantial outpost and fight fierce battles against these inhabitants. The conflict lasts nearly a decade and costs the lives of over 17,000 Germans. It is a significant fraction of their population, and the casualties are mostly among the youngest, most capable, and most productive members of their society.

Reeling from these heavy casualties, the Germans realize they need to rebuild their numbers and resources. They need a treaty with the Cabal, and a supply of people, and that need explains the dramatic increase in UFO sightings in the early 1950s, including the famous mass sightings over Washington, DC and New York City in 1952, which span two weekends. Some pilots even claim to see humanoid figures piloting these UFOs and giving them the finger before disappearing at incredible speed. These sightings are in fact a show of force by the Germans, an attempt to pressure the Cabal into negotiating. Tompkins had it from the Paperclip men at the Cape: “Some had the swastika on them and some had the German cross. These were production vehicles out of the production facilities in Antarctica.”

Despite their efforts, they still can’t get the Cabal to the negotiating table. The Cabal stalls for years, with a war in Korea and a Red Scare that is really a hunt for German moles, and even forgives all of Germany’s war debts going back to World War I as a gesture of good faith, playing on the Antarctic Germans’ lingering love for their homeland. When the Germans announce that they have nuclear weapons, the Cabal doesn’t believe them. So the Germans stage a demonstration. Four saucers take up station at 200,000 feet above a lone US Navy heavy cruiser on its way back from the nuclear tests at Bikini Atoll, and drop a small-yield device close enough for the electromagnetic pulse to knock out every system on board. Within five seconds, one saucer descends to a hundred feet above the deck. The crew opens fire and cannot hit it. It takes twelve hours to get the ship moving again, and it limps back to Hawaii. Knowing that Washington will be tempted to blame Bikini, the Germans film

the entire operation and send the footage to the US President, the Soviet leadership, and every royal family in Europe, so that no one can claim they never got the message. That pretty much does it.

Salla dates the surrender. On February 10, 1955, Eisenhower flies to Georgia for a hunting vacation and disappears for thirty-six hours; his press secretary says he has the sniffles. A medic at Holloman Air Force Base remembers a parade cancelled that week, the radar switched off, a disc hovering over the flight line, and the President walking into it for forty-five minutes before he addressed the base in groups of two hundred, in sessions classified above secret. A Paperclip scientist told McClelland that the saucer was German and that Eisenhower was met at the ramp by a German officer. Tompkins puts it in one sentence: "Essentially, Eisenhower accepted like a defeat in the war. He surrendered." Around the same time, as the Antarctic Germans finish their military campaigns on Mars in 1954, they make an important technological breakthrough: they develop memory-wipe technology.

## 5.

Antarctica, a landmass roughly the size of the United States, is known to be rich in natural resources, including oil, coal, uranium, gold, and silver. Yet no corporation touches them. The reason is the Antarctic Treaty, negotiated between 1955 and 1959. The treaty has two parts: a public version, which promotes peaceful scientific research and international cooperation, and a classified version, hidden from the public. During this period, two high-profile military-scientific operations, Operation Deep Freeze I and II, take place. Officially exploratory, they are the negotiations. The stakes are so high that one member of the Cabal reportedly dies of a heart attack during the talks, overwhelmed by the fear of public exposure.

The public half is easy to read. Twelve nations sign in 1959; the treaty comes into force in June 1961; its first article bans bases, maneuvers, and weapons tests of any kind, and its seventh gives every signatory the right to inspect every other's stations. The United States, which senators complained had solid claims to eighty percent of the continent, claims none of it, "trading a horse for a rabbit." West Germany does not accede until 1979. Salla's reading is that a colony which was never a state cannot break a treaty between states, and that the Fourth Reich was simply left off the map.

When the treaty officially takes effect in 1959, its classified part confirms the sovereignty of the Antarctic Germans. It also gives them the right to acquire

about 150,000 people from around the world, selected according to strict criteria such as specific IQ thresholds and physical attributes. These people will be taken at a time and place of the Germans' choosing. They are promised housing, food, medical care, German citizenship after five years of service, and a safe return home for those who decline it. The promises are lies. When the five years are up, those who ask to go home are returned and then re-abducted, or reported dead with false paperwork. About ninety percent are kept. Most of the people taken under this arrangement are never seen again. This program becomes infamous as the "brain drain" of the 1950s and 1960s. Tompkins, asked about it in the last year of his life, did not use the past tense: "So now there are slaves underneath the ground and they still are today in Antarctica." Goode's contact in the programs puts the population of the Antarctic facilities at ten to forty thousand at a time, "used until they are dead."

At the same time, the Antarctic Germans push for more influence in major corporations. They demand between one and five seats on the boards of companies where their senior executives are already embedded. They also secure lifetime positions in the executive branch of every government on the planet, ensuring that a Mars German holds a key role in each administration. From these footholds they rise, from vice president to president, with their technology to fast-track them, and the arrangement still shapes the world today. The Cabal, though wary of these new players, takes a pragmatic long-term view. With a history of nearly a thousand years of surviving regime changes, wars, and upheavals, they believe they can weather this storm too and keep their overall control. The people the Germans obtain are given menial work, such as factory labor and housekeeping, tasks considered beneath the standards of their own society.

Three of the accounts in this book come from inside that society, and they agree with Johann about where its capital is. Tony Rodrigues, a slave on Ceres in the 1990s, says the people there call themselves Deutsch, not German and not Nazi, that they answer to a High Command in Antarctica and above that to something around Jupiter, and that his officers are summoned to two places in Antarctica for their checkups. David Rousseau is told that the personnel and technology moved south at the end of the war "continued and became what is called the Dark Fleet." Daryl James, a conscript in it, is blunter: the Dark Fleet belongs to the off-world Germans, and the Germans belong to the Draconian Empire, "a vassal state, because they preferred that to slavery."

In the 1960s, the Cabal plays a double game. Outwardly it accepts the Germans' demands; behind the scenes it plots, knowing it has no way to counter their technology and that exposure of the alliance is unthinkable.

The Germans' biggest advantage during this period is their mind-wipe technology, a tool that gives them unprecedented control over information and secrecy. With their insiders in every government and corporation, it lets them find and neutralize any program that might challenge them. Any project that moves into their technological territory is either shut down completely or quietly absorbed into their operations, disappearing from public view and reappearing as part of the Germans' private arsenal. The Cabal needs a space program of its own and cannot start one without the Germans finding out, which leaves it dependent on the limited flow of technology from the Germans, who release only what fits their strategic goals and keep their most advanced innovations for themselves.

The relationship between the Germans and the Cabal is a careful balance of cooperation and rivalry. For the Cabal, the Germans are both a rival to undermine and a partner they reluctantly need. The Germans, for their part, blame the Cabal for everything that befell Germany after World War I, and never call them anything but "the Earth's shite royals." Nothing makes them prouder than being able to dictate terms to them. They stop short of crushing the Cabal only because they still need Earth's manufacturing and research capacity.

## 6.

In the early 1970s, a major shift occurs as the Antarctic Germans' 25-year right of first refusal with the Draco comes to an end. With this new freedom, they turn their attention to advancing their own technology, especially building a fleet of interstellar ships and craft. They also begin experimenting with time travel, and find that the past resists them: when they go back and keep a man from crossing the street where a car would have hit him, he dies some other way shortly afterward. The outcome they tried to prevent happens anyway. They stop tampering with timelines. Tony Rodrigues, who rode German ships that came home five minutes before they left, was told the rest of that story: when the Germans first had the technology they used it aggressively, to fix what had gone wrong, and were punished for it by beings who live outside space and time. The rule he was taught is the one Johann's people learned. You may travel time. You may not alter it.

The public space race between the USSR and the USA serves as a cover for deeper agendas; both superpowers pour resources into developing their own spacefaring capabilities. At the highest levels, East and West communicate secretly, united by a common enemy: the Antarctic Germans. The Cold War is more of a facade than a real conflict, and the secret collaboration lets both nations channel vast sums of money into black programs, far from the public eye. Yet the Cabal is still held back by the Germans' advanced mind-wipe technology. In 1979, the Cabal makes a bold move to close this gap. After years of careful planning, and having turned a member of the Antarctic German security forces, they manage to acquire one of the Germans' precious mind-wipe devices. Thousands of people are indirectly involved, but only five, three CIA and two KGB, know the full scope of the mission, and they are guarded around the clock until it is done.

The plan is daring. The operatives infiltrate an Antarctic German shuttle, overpower the crew, and steal a mind-wipe device. To cover their tracks, they rig the shuttle to self-destruct, probably by placing a bomb on the outside of the fusion bottle, and the shuttle disintegrates in a fiery explosion over the Pacific. The agents escape with a high-altitude, low-opening parachute jump, leaving just before the explosion. It takes the Cabal three years to reverse-engineer the stolen technology. In a chilling twist, the scientists responsible for the breakthrough become its first victims: their memories of the project are wiped. At last the Cabal can work without German surveillance, and in the early 1980s it makes major progress, including laying the groundwork for Operation Solar Warden, their own Secret Space Program. Around the same time, the Voyager probes pass Jupiter and Saturn and show the Cabal just how far the Antarctic Germans have built out into the solar system, and how many other races are moving through it. It scares them. A plan for world domination that was meant to unfold over a century or more is put on a much shorter timeline. Almost all the operatives involved are eliminated afterward. Of the five people who knew the full scope of the mission, only two CIA agents survive, and they spend the rest of their lives in hiding.

Operation Solar Warden is Earth's attempt at a space fleet of its own, led by the United States, to build bases and project power across the solar system in answer to what the Antarctic Germans have already shown. President Reagan himself alludes to the program in his diaries, mentioning a space shuttle able to hold 300 men, an unmistakable reference to Solar Warden. The entry is dated June 11, 1985: "I learned that our shuttle capacity is such that we could orbit 300 people." Tompkins claims the design for the fleet was drawn at Douglas from

1951, the ships built in a cavern in Utah by the methods used for submarines, and the first battle group deployed in 1984, eight in all, with carriers a mile and more long. In 2001 and 2002 a British hacker named Gary McKinnon, looking through Navy and NASA computers for proof of suppressed technology, found a spreadsheet headed “Non-Terrestrial Officers” and a list of fleet-to-fleet transfers between ships that are not in the Navy register; the United States spent ten years trying to extradite him. Three people in this book served in that fleet: David Rousseau and Jean-Charles Moyon aboard the *Solaris* of its Franco-American wing, and Daryl James, who was asked in 2004 by a Navy captain, “Have you ever heard of Project Solar Warden? The United States Navy secret space program?”

By 1986 the Germans have worked out who was behind the explosion over the Pacific, and that the wand is in the hands of the United States and the USSR. Their retaliation is swift.

The Germans respond with a two-part strategy. First, they move all their manufacturing and research operations off Earth, consolidating them in their Mars facilities to reduce their vulnerability. Second, they send a chilling warning to the superpowers, one that will leave a lasting mark. The first act of retaliation is the destruction of the Challenger space shuttle in January 1986, hit by a strike from an orbital platform. The second is the catastrophic failure of the cooling towers at Chernobyl, a devastating attack hidden in secrecy and confusion, but unmistakable in its message.

Despite their superior position, the Antarctic Germans show restraint. They recognize the unpredictable temperament of President Reagan, a leader they see as a “cowboy,” and the risk of nuclear escalation if they push too far. To drive their message home without further destruction, they deliver an ominous token to the leaders of the United States and the USSR. Each receives a plain brown box containing a non-working memory-wipe device decorated with the Antarctic German coat of arms. The box is stamped with the exact date and time of the shuttle explosion over the Pacific in 1979, a chilling reminder of their long reach and unchallenged power.

## 7.

By the late 1980s, Operation Solar Warden is in full swing, and the Cabal urgently needs a lunar base. However, they run into a familiar problem: the Moon is already claimed. To get a location, they must negotiate, bribe, or

arrange for someone else to give up their property. The Mars Germans, who already have a base on the Moon, become the Cabal's negotiating target.

The Cabal's unease comes from the Mars Germans' formidable military power, especially their fleet of 12 carrier battle groups, which are regularly sent on long-term exercises. The Mars Germans, who have moved most of their civilization from Antarctica to Mars, are strategically distancing themselves from the Draco. They already plan to move their lunar operations to a different site, away from the reptilians' evil influence. Their Moon base is leased from the Draco under a 100-year agreement, and all payments have already been made. However, the lease requires the Mars Germans to find a new tenant before they leave. The resulting 1991 agreement is a turning point.

In exchange for taking over the lunar property, the Cabal agrees to provide the Mars Germans with two divisions of soldiers, 24,000 troops, to be deployed wherever and whenever the Mars Germans need them. In addition, the Mars Germans agree to hand over 10 of their 12 carrier battle groups to the Draco. The Draco vaguely describe the purpose of these carriers as "border patrol." The ground force counts four divisions: two made up entirely of Mars Germans and two mixed divisions, the 3rd and 4th Panzer, with soldiers from both Earth and Mars. With 10 carrier groups kept out of the solar system under Draco control, the Mars Germans lose much of their military presence in the region, and the Cabal is emboldened. The transfer of the lunar operations command to the Cabal, in exchange for 24,000 soldiers, is a pivotal moment: it marks the creation of IDARF. The troops come from every country on Earth that has a central bank. The Cabal does not hand them over without insurance: hidden in one of each soldier's nanite enhancements is a code that lets the Cabal kill all 24,000 at the push of a button, and antimatter munitions are concealed aboard the ships, a safeguard meant for the day that fleet ever comes back within 500 light-years of Earth.

The Lunar Operations Command is the one address that nearly everyone in this book has passed through. Randy Cramer and Corey Goode are both taken there in 1987, before the lease changes hands, to sign their twenty years in a waiting room Cramer remembers for its faded carpet and mustard-and-avocado furniture, "like waiting for the dentist." Morgan Rae Johnson enters it vertically, through the surface, in 2004, and finds a woman in command. Goode, by 2016, says it is run by the corporations. Salla's sources give the tenants a name Johann never uses, the Interplanetary Corporate Conglomerate: a board of the retired directors of the defense contractors, "with its own armies and its own space program," which by its own boast trades with nine hundred

civilizations. Its subsidiaries have names in this book. Cramer guards the five colonies of the Mars Colony Corporation, set up around 1975 by “multinational interests, Russians and Chinese and Germans included,” and Tony Rodrigues is sold by it, at sixteen, to the Ceres Colony Corporation.

There are many Secret Space Programs operating around the world, with the United States in the lead through Solar Warden. The USSR develops its own SSP at the same time, which is probably the oldest after the American one. Other nations, such as Brazil, Russia, India, China, and South Africa, establish their own programs, and within the US military, the Air Force and the Navy each run their own. Over time, various international alliances form, bringing nations like the UK and France into these covert efforts, while some developing countries that lack the resources to build their own SSPs contribute personnel to allied programs.

There is no formal governing body to keep these programs from interfering with each other, but the Cabal plays a significant role in overseeing many of them. However, the BRICS countries have built a force large and independent enough that the Cabal’s SSPs can’t easily overpower it. In the early 1990s, the Cabal reveals the existence of its SSP to world leaders, disclosing a program it has been building since the 1980s. The USSR already knows, because its intelligence assets have observed new types of craft, different from traditional UFOs.

This pushes other nations, and even wealthy families, to build, steal, or buy space programs of their own, and with several in existence, alliances and conflicts arise, as in any human endeavor. The Alliance is made up of groups and individuals who have been hunted down or betrayed by the Cabal and have been forced to band together simply to survive. Many members of the Alliance once held positions within the Cabal but became disillusioned with its actions and goals. Among them are families with the money to buy their way in. Not all of them are morally upright; many share responsibility for what happened, and join out of self-preservation. Daryl James, who asked his recruiter whether there was “a side” that wanted the suppressed technology released, and was answered, “Well. There is,” met the same thing from below.

The Cabal goes to great lengths to keep control and protect its agenda. A stark example is the case of James Forrestal, the first US Secretary of Defense, a prominent patriot and a mentor to John F. Kennedy. In 1945, Forrestal takes the young JFK to Germany to see advanced German technology firsthand; Kennedy’s diary of that summer was published in 1997. His deep knowledge and moral convictions make him a liability. Labeled a suicide risk, Forrestal is

confined to a secure military hospital and dies there under suspicious circumstances in 1949, reportedly thrown from a window at Bethesda Naval Hospital. His death is widely believed to have been arranged by the Cabal to silence him. Tompkins, whose spy program Forrestal ran personally, says he was killed for wanting the Navy in space and the public told. Kennedy, according to the documents Salla reproduces, asked Allen Dulles in June 1961 for a review of the secret, was refused, and on November 12, 1963, ordered the UFO files shared with NASA and the Soviets. He was dead ten days later.

Because of agreements with certain alien societies, the Cabal must meet specific disclosure requirements. These disclosures often take the form of partial truths, misleading stories, or fragments of reality. By planting these revelations in popular culture, such as science fiction and Hollywood films, the Cabal can later claim that it has been truthful all along, presenting its disclosures as creative interpretations of real events. Salla traces one channel by name. In 1953 a CIA panel recommends that the public be educated about the subject “by mass media such as television, motion pictures, and popular articles.” The first chief of the Joint Chiefs’ psychological warfare division is a rear admiral named Leslie Stevens, and his son, Leslie Stevens IV, creates *The Outer Limits*, feeds Gene Roddenberry while *Star Trek* is being written, and writes the first script of *Battlestar Galactica*. Nordics become Vulcans, Draco become Klingons. Morgan Rae Johnson, strapped to a Looking Glass as a child, was shown the other end of it: a crowd outside the White House chanting for disclosure, with her in it.

## 8.

The Draco are a formidable group of alien beings, highly psychic and several hundred thousand years more advanced than humanity. They are deeply negative beings whose mission is to conquer, control, and dominate. Earth has long been one of their targets, and they pursue this goal by manipulating others into acting as their proxies, willingly or not. But why don’t the Draco simply conquer Earth outright? The answer is that they are bound by several intergalactic treaties that prevent them from directly interfering with native populations and their planets. They have found loopholes, mainly by using human proxies. Humans are often seen as a universal blueprint, closely resembling the inhabitants of other planets, which makes them ideal for dealing with other worlds in ways the Draco cannot. And it is cheaper to have humans, through forces like IDARF, fight their battles. Johann’s family has dealt with

them directly, and the encounters are rare and unsettling: in their arrogance, the Draco consider most humans unworthy of their time, speak only when forced to, and only to those they consider important enough. Morgan Rae Johnson saw one enthroned, nine feet tall and winged because he was royal, in a bunker full of the highest-ranking officers in the United States. Cramer's Mars unit fought their Alpha Draconian proxies for years and finally, with the planet's native reptoids and insectoids, "drove them out of the Martian sphere for good."

And according to Johann, the Draco are not even at the top. An artificial intelligence calls the shots for them. The Draco are so infected and infested with AI and nanites that what remains may be just the appearance, a shell; whether there is still a soul inside, nobody knows. What they covet most in humans are exactly the spiritual qualities they have lost. Goode, who was screened for the AI signal before every mission, says the same in his own words: "a lot of these reptilian higher castes are highly infected with nanites, artificial intelligence-type of nanites." In Daryl James's *Dark Fleet* the suit and the rifle each had a soul trapped inside, "because their AI needs a consciousness to run."

One thing in the whole arrangement runs the other way, and Jason found it only by asking why anyone was ever brought home. The age-regression technology was given to the Mars Germans by another race, Johann never says which, but Jason suspects one of the Nordics, and the contract that came with it requires them to do everything within their power to return every person who receives it to the place and time of departure, and never to willfully end a life just to be rid of someone. Even the mafia has its rules. The programs skirt right up to the line, but they stay inside it, and they keep a paper trail of their own madness, digital but meticulous. Everything is accounted for. Every last nanite. Tompkins agrees on the source, the Nordics, who he says live two thousand years, and on the date: the twenty and back, with its regression to the age of enlistment and its wipe, "has been operating since 1980." Daryl James met the givers. They call themselves Taygeteans, they use the technology on themselves, and when the time came to send him back through the Moon to the weekend he left, they said the thing Johann's contract says: "A contract is a contract." Morgan Rae Johnson lay seven days in a blue gel pod on the Moon while her body was taken back to the DNA sequence recorded when she came in, "so that every cell remembers being nineteen." Rebecca Rose was put back in her bed in the same night, nine years old, with a smile on her face.

So the inconvenient are not killed. They are wiped, and sent home, and this book is what some of them remembered anyway.

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FIRST PUBLIC

September 25, 2018 — the history as Jason Rice tells it on Cosmic Disclosure and to Jimmy Church and Kerry Cassidy in 2018; the additions come from Michael Salla's three Secret Space Programs books and from the other accounts in this book

RETRIEVAL

spontaneous recall + hypnotic regression

CLAIMED SERVICE

*passed to Jason Rice by a Mars German officer during his twenty years, from early 1997*

CLAIMED AFFILIATION

Interplanetary Defense and Reaction Forces (IDARF), as told by a Mars German officer

PRIMARY SOURCE

Jason Rice: A New Insider (Cosmic Disclosure, Gaia, 2018) [web.archive.org/web/20190502124136/https://www.gaia.com/video/jason-rice-new-insider](https://www.gaia.com/video/jason-rice-new-insider) — Gaia has since taken the episodes down (archived copy [web.archive.org/details/CosmicDisclosureS04](https://web.archive.org/details/CosmicDisclosureS04))

Jason Rice on Fade to Black (Jimmy Church, October 3, 2018) [jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black](http://jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20260520004013/https://jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black](https://web.archive.org/web/20260520004013/https://jimmychurchradio.com/jason-rice-on-fade-to-black))

Interview with two Mars recruits, Jason Rice and Tony Rodrigues (Project Camelot, 2018) [projectcamelotportal.com/2018/11/06/interview-with-two-mars-recruits-jason-rice-and-tony-rodrigues](http://projectcamelotportal.com/2018/11/06/interview-with-two-mars-recruits-jason-rice-and-tony-rodrigues) (archived copy [web.archive.org/web/20191230160942/http://projectcamelotportal.com/2018/11/06/interview-with-two-mars-recruits-jason-rice-and-tony-rodrigues](https://web.archive.org/web/20191230160942/http://projectcamelotportal.com/2018/11/06/interview-with-two-mars-recruits-jason-rice-and-tony-rodrigues))

Michael Salla, *Insiders Reveal Secret Space Programs & Extraterrestrial Alliances* (2015) [exopolitics.org/new-book-insiders-reveal-secret-space-programs-extraterrestrial-alliances](http://exopolitics.org/new-book-insiders-reveal-secret-space-programs-extraterrestrial-alliances) — Corey Goode, Randy Cramer and Michael Relfe compared; Highjump, Paperclip, the Moon, Solar Warden, the ICC

Michael Salla, *The US Navy's Secret Space Program and Nordic Extraterrestrial Alliance* (2017) [www.amazon.com/Secret-Program-Extraterrestrial-Alliance-Programs/dp/0998603805](http://www.amazon.com/Secret-Program-Extraterrestrial-Alliance-Programs/dp/0998603805) — William Tompkins's Navy spies in Germany, Forrestal, Solar Warden's design, the twenty and back

Michael Salla, *Antarctica's Hidden History: Corporate Foundations of Secret Space Programs* (2018) [www.amazon.com/Antarcticas-Hidden-History-Corporate-Foundations/dp/0998603821](http://www.amazon.com/Antarcticas-Hidden-History-Corporate-Foundations/dp/0998603821) — the Thule Society, the evacuation, Byrd, Holloman 1955, the Antarctic Treaty, the frozen cities

THEMES

vril, antarctica, operation highjump, operation paperclip, draco, lunar operations command, mars germans, solar warden, the cabal, antarctic treaty, idarf, age regression, disclosure



The *20 and back* narrative is a global phenomenon where thousands of people independently recover vivid memories of having served 20 years in secret military space programs—memories of advanced technology, alien encounters, and interplanetary missions, all buried under decades of suppression.