

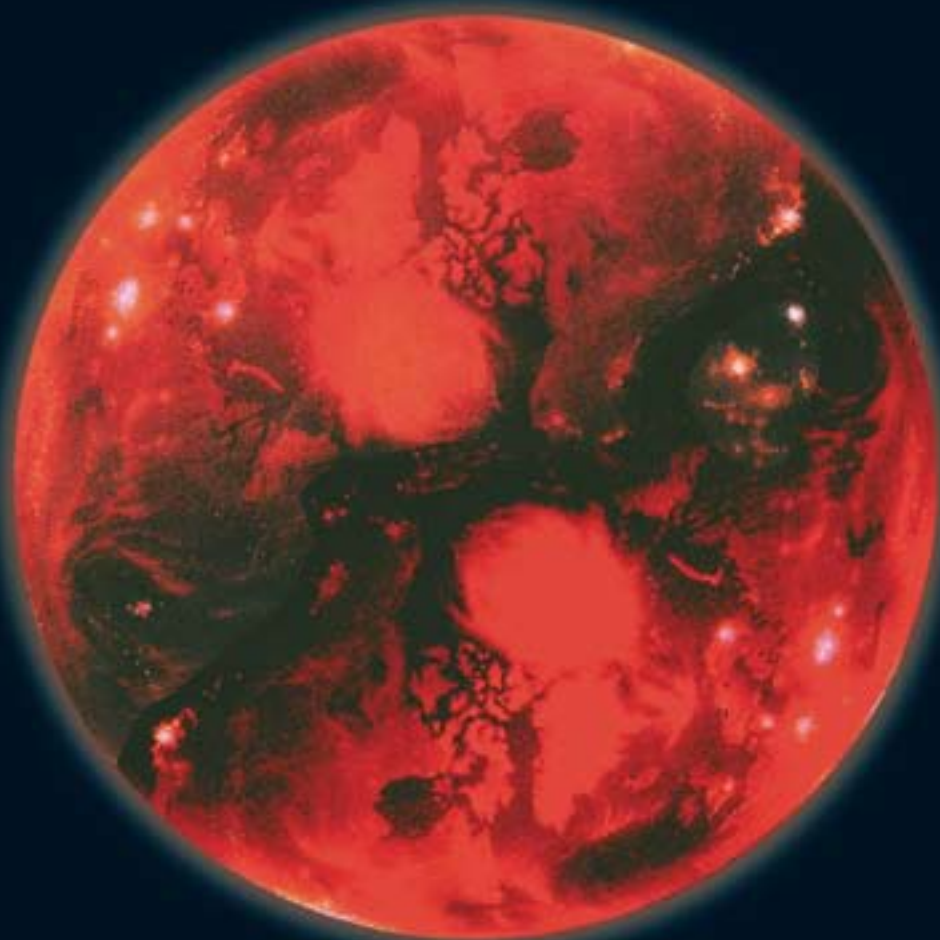
THE RETURN OF PLANET-X

And Its Effects On Mother Earth

~ A Natural Disaster Survivor's Manual ~

WORMWOOD

**Mankind's Ongoing Legacy With A Brown Dwarf Star
Jaysen Q. Rand, Ph.D.**

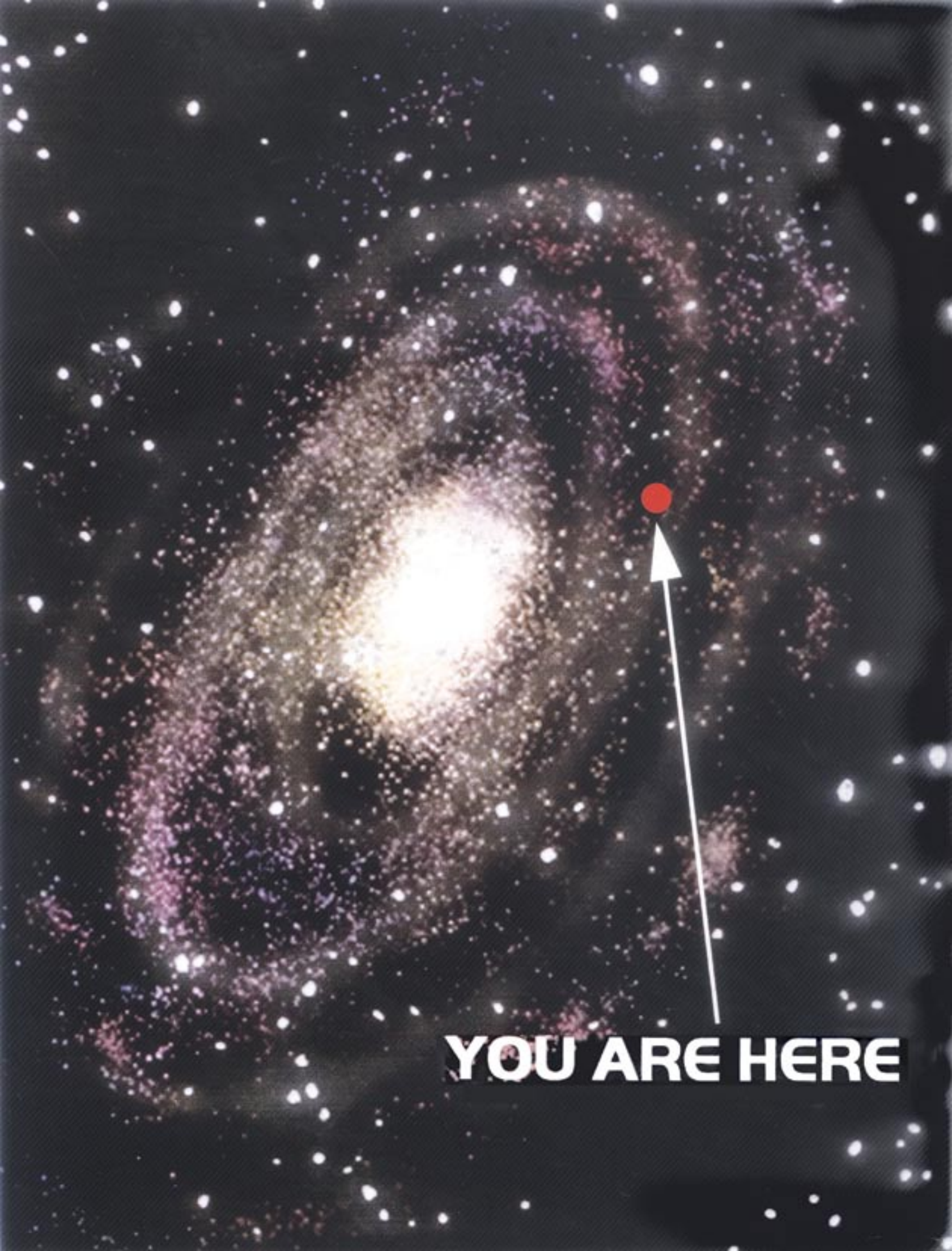


And the name of the star was Wormwood . . . Revelation Chap. 8, Vrs. 11

Our solar system rotates in deep space located approximately half-way from the center of our galaxy, the Milky Way. Planet Earth's mean distance from the sun (during its annual trek through the heavens) is 92,900,000 miles. The planet rotates on its axis from west to east once in each sidereal day (a period of 23 hours/56 minutes) as it revolves completely around the sun once a year traveling along its slightly elliptical path, streaking through the cosmos (with a physical speed in motion) at approximately 18.5 miles per second while speeding away from the very center of the Milky Way.

Existing as an oblate spheroid, planet Earth, as seen from local space, appears to be slightly flattened at both its polar regions while still bulging noticeably along her equatorial plane. Its polar diameter is 7,900 miles and her equatorial diameter is 7,926.7 miles. The area of Earth's exposed land surface is approximately 57.5 million sq. miles, while the total area of the planet's oceans is believed to be 139.4 million square miles or roughly 70% that of Earth's total surface.

Our world exists as a completely self-contained entity with its eco-sphere and eco-systems being self-regenerating needing the thermonuclear light heat/radiation from the sun to maintain her myriad variety of life forms to exist in total harmony and balance. The Earth and moon are approximately 5.5 billion years old with the moon being a dead body visited by human beings on a number of past occasions.



YOU ARE HERE

An excerpt from the book: “ Channeling The Visitors ” by Georg Breckmann

Chapter 11: An Experienter's Life

“It seems to me that the mechanism found in the Roman galley was a small, reduced model of a much more complicated and refined machine that the Egyptian priests used to calculate all of the planetary movements in the solar system and more. But the calculator has not been found! When men decide to make a really serious effort to explore the ground under and around the pyramids at Cairo, we will probably find it.

...pyramids stand on top of underground systems of passages and temples, sometimes whole subterranean villages

...once we find them, we will have evidence that it was astronauts from space who elevated us to our present pedestal.”

Our Cosmic Ancestors by aerospace scientist Rene Chatelain; Temple Golden Publ.

Dr. Jaysen Q. Rand grew up in a middle-class Chicago family in the 1930's and 40's. He served in the Army, did technical writing for a while, and became a very successful record producer during the 1960's and '70's. He made his mark also as a paranormal investigator, UFO lecturer, and was even inducted, with an honorary doctorate, in the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

He was given a directive, early in life, to help humanity wake up to avert catastrophic earth changes. Unlike many persons who describe themselves as "abductees," Rand's experience was with a benign group of Extraterrestrials, the Arcturians, who welcomed him as a conscious visitor and trained him for a recurrent task- serving as their spokesman to warn humanity that Planet X would soon appear in our solar system, wiping out contemporary civilization. In a theme common to many experiencers, a group of humans sufficiently advanced, he was told can avoid the common fate and be taken aboard a cosmic lifeboat into a more advanced world.

Q. I'd like to go over events in your life by topic, starting with the synchronicities that led up to when you first experienced alien contact.

A. At that point I was between four and seven years old when I first was transported from my bed. I'd go to another room and I'd go right out to the other world. I couldn't wait for the chance to visit with them.

Q. How did the physical experience feel? A lot of people have described it as being broken down into atoms and reassembled.

A. I remember the feeling of flying through space but not a physical sensation or lights or any of that. I just would float or fly- it was never traumatic.

Q. Did you go to a recognizable place, as when Whitley Streiber wrote of going to a clearing with benches outside Austin, Texas?

A. It was an abstract location. I never recognized it, nor did I ever try to discern the location.

Q. Were there other children there? That you could see?

A. Sure.

Q. Did you run across any of these people later in life?

A. I've often thought about that. Only in that I'd come across people I knew and would feel a pull toward a broad spectrum of working with them.

Q. Do you remember any of the topics covered in that 'classroom' to which you were transported during those early years?

A. I was shown things about history, religion, and what was going to become my objective all along.

Q. When you were being taken, whether physically or out-of-body, did anyone else in the family ever notice anything?

A. They never said a word. My father would not have been open to anything such as this. I only told my mother after the experience, when I was already after age 11. I just really did not want anyone to know about it so I did not talk about it, nor did I want anybody to know.

Q. Between 4 and 7 did you interface, directly, with Visitors? Did you actually see the visitors?

A. I've always experienced the same group. My understanding is that this is how they do it. You will experience, usually, just one group of Extraterrestrials.

Q. Was it your impression that this group would be called "Orientals," based upon their resemblance to what are known amongst Terrans as the Mongoloid peoples?

A. They would let me see faces, but they wouldn't let me see features. When I asked to, they would answer that it was "because we are too different." It was not until age 11 that I actually saw them as they were. They are humanoid. They just have very different physical features. They have hands that are webbed, almost amphibian-like.

Q. In Strieber's case, he's taken to a "school" where he is shown future events on screens, things that would yet unfold.

A. You know the big screen TV's?

Q. Yes.

A. From my earliest recollections, we were in chairs, and these big screens would be across a 180° sweep, where screens would be next to each other and we would look from image to image to image. When we would get to the end, it would go back again, one would show an image while the next was blank, then the next, and so on. There would be hundreds of images. It would never stop.

Q. So, you did not get to focus on them? Your eyes would follow the images from left to right, but no real time to dwell on it?

A. Yes, you'd see an image, focus on it for maybe 2-3 seconds, then, "boom!" on to the next one. In the meantime, there was no sound. It was all inputted directly into the consciousness.

Q. Have some of these images, that you were shown at that time come back to you since that time.

A. Yes.

Q. What kinds of things?

A. The main thing is this Planet X project. I was shown the planet under duress. I saw L.A. destroyed by what they call "the Big One." There's a big, cream-colored Methodist church at the corner of Hollywood and Highland. One of the most vivid images I remember is the church's being thrown down Highland Boulevard. The whole hillside was gone. All the homes and everything were just thrown down the canyon.

Q. You saw this on one of the screens?

A. Yes, this was at age 11. I saw it again as an adult. I never knew where this building was located until 1962 when I made my first trip to L.A. I was walking down Hollywood Boulevard. I got to Highland. I'm looking at traffic and I look down there and 2-3 blocks away, I see the church. Can you imagine my shock?

Q. So, you recognized the building, visually?

A. I almost fell flat on my face. I immediately made a turn and went right up to the building to make sure that the place was as I remembered it. It locked me in, seeing that it was the same topography, the same building, was really uncanny.

Q. Let's try to put this into chronological order as we go, okay? Ages 4-7, you are frequently taken onto this space ship and shown these screens, if not every night, at least a few nights a week.

A. It happened more than just a couple of times a month, to be sure.

Q. These guides, do they speak to you at all?

A. It was all telepathic communication, but totally understood by me.

Q. Did you speak with the other kids who were there?

A. I don't have any recollection of intercommunication whatsoever. It was like individual "tutoring." It is as if each of us were assigned a handler.

Q. Each of you had a particular Visitor as a tutor?

A. Each of us also understood that we were a part of something, some bigger process.

Q. How were the visitors dressed?

A. I'm not sure I could tell you at those ages, 4-7. I do remember that they had some sort of uniforms on. They all were humanoid and all wore the same things. It wasn't red today and blue tomorrow. And I could tell male from female.

Q. Did you tell by looking at them?

A. It was their energy. The same thing happened when I was 11. I just knew that this one was a guy and this one was a woman. As I recall, the heads, hands, and feet had this haze. I could see hands, but I could not see fingernails.

Q. So, you saw clearly enough to see that the hands were webbed?

A. That only happened with A-Lon when I was aged 11 because he took his shield off.

Q. What happens at around age 8?

A. Everything just stopped and I don't know why. Oddly enough, I never asked why. Then, around 1948, the first of the Sci-Fi movies about aliens, spaceships, and flying saucers made their debut. It fascinated me because I had already seen a lot of that. I made me go into myself. I actually withdrew from my family and friends and I became totally absorbed in reading books about this subject.

Q. Was this stressful before the age of 8, even prior to the movies not to be able to speak to anybody about this?

A. This wasn't a problem. It didn't bother me at all.

Q. Could this be an energy or thought that they 'uploaded' to you?

A. All I know is that I've never been abducted, stressed, probed, or forcibly examined. I'm not saying that it doesn't happen, just that it didn't happen to me. I would have remembered that.

Q. So, at age 8, contact stops, but you begin reading?

A. I'd been reading since age 5, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and my parents had started teaching me from age of 3 reading and writing and learning. I aced all my classes in grammar school and high school. I'm not saying I made great grades, but I knew the work. It was boring because to a large degree, I already knew it.

Q. You would have been classified ADHD these days.

A. My best subjects were English and Geography. I knew all about the planets.

Q. So, at age 8, contact stops. You're already an avid reader and follow early science fiction stories.

A. I always knew where the plot was going before it played out on the screen. It was wholly predictable.

Q. Hollywood productions can be pretty predictable.

A. And there were the ridiculous ones, like *It Came from Outer Space* and I thought, "Come on. You can do better than that." Then the Michael Renne film hit, *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and this resonated with me. I thought, "somebody's got it right." Then it got worse again and eventually, Spielberg tried to get it right, but he didn't get it right either.

Q. So, we're at age 8 and have to ask what the next significant incident or event was.

A. That takes me to age 11. School was hard. A nun had it in for me. She'd take the thin end of a ruler and hit me on the back with the thick end and make bumps and bruises on the backs of my legs. The other kids thought that was the greatest thing, but I didn't give a shit. I just wouldn't play the game. So, fifth grade went to sixth grade and things got worse. This particular year, as often, my father would always take us on fishing trips in the summer, but this year was the first time we went to Canada.

Q. Let's talk about how it happened, the circumstances behind your getting to take the trip.

A. My dad had been inquiring through various magazines and newspapers into trying to find a fishing camp. We got several things in the mail, then, all of a sudden, this parcel arrives. It has color pictures and a brochure, but it is addressed to somebody else, but at dad's address. Well, dad opened it. We opened it up, my dad, my younger brother and I, and we all wanted to go there.

Q. What year did this happen?

A. 1950, September of 1950 and it was **one** helluva trip. There was driving rain from the time we left Chicago. It rained heavily all the way up to Lake Winnipeg. It was raining since we left Saturday morning, and we got there Sunday night. We load into this beautiful aircraft. Then, like magic, the moment we got into the aircraft, it stopped raining, then, all the way there, another weather front was chasing us, almost at the speed of the airplane. We just got there, got the plane unloaded, and got into our cabin, and the bottom fell out. Water on the lake was choppy and it was raining for the next four days, all day. Wednesday, I tried fishing off the end of the dock. It was cold and the dock was slippery.

Finally, Thursday morning dawns and I'm up at 7 AM and birds are singing. It's clear and beautiful out, warm, and with steam appearing to rise from the lake. I tried to wake up my dad and brother, Wayne. They wanted no part of it. They were sound asleep. So, I did a very bad thing. I snuck out the boat. I was very big for my age, and, not wanting to make noise and get caught, I rowed the boat out quite a ways before starting the engine. It fired right up. What I had not realized was that the eye of the storm, about a 75-mile diameter eye, was right over us. I was out fishing perhaps an hour, or hour and a half, and all of a sudden, out of nowhere, it all happened, the rain, wind, and cold. To make a long story short, it kicked up so badly that I was blown almost across the lake.

I don't know if you've ever been up at a lake in Canada, but they don't have beaches. The timber goes right to the water's edge because they're all basically glacial lakes, no palm trees, no sand, just rocks and large trees. The boat, by the time I was blown almost across the lake, was sinking. I'd lost my minnow bucket, my oars, my poles, most of my equipment.

Q. So, this was like a small rowboat, where waves were washing over it?

A. Yes, a little 8 foot rowboat with a small Johnson 10-horse motor and oars. The waves were blowing in over the sides and it was ice-cold, quickly filling up. The only way I

could maintain myself was I laid on my back on the keel of the boat, with my legs under the seats and tucked my tennis shoes behind the seats, while I had a boat cushion under my head, which rested on the keel. Otherwise, the force of the wind and waves would have thrown me out of the boat.

As a good Catholic kid, I was praying, "Dear Lord, I don't want to die out here by myself. No one knows where I'm at, and no one will find me." Several times I thought I heard voices speaking to me, but I was freaked out, panicked, and freezing. I passed out. All I remember is losing consciousness.

When I woke up- and I can't tell you how long an interval- minutes? an hour?- there was absolute silence inside a cocoon-like structure, yet I could hear everything outside. It reminded me of a pink porcelain **Easter** egg. If you cut an Easter egg in half and left the decorative shell, it was like that.

Q. Shaped like a Quonset hut?

A. Yeah, and this structure, whatever it was, went right to the surface of the water, and was shiny, **translucent**, but was out, three to four feet from the boat on all sides. There was no sound inside, but I could hear thunder inside- it makes no sense, I know, but, even though it was silent inside, I could hear it outside, as if my hearing were outside; yet I could see the choppy water, the lightning. I had the sensation that the covered vehicle was going somewhere, through the storm, that it was moving me along the surface of the lake. Wherever it was taking me, I was going and I had no control over it. I was so scared that I did not even try to get out of the boat. I tried to touch the sides of this thing, but it was as if this shell moved, not letting me touch it, whether I stood up and tried to touch it overhead, or reached out laterally, trying to touch it that way. I passed out again. I thought I was dead and being taken across the River Styx. About two weeks earlier, I'd had to do a paper on Styx. I was positive I had drowned and was being taken there.

Q. You go out on the lake and it's a sunny day, nice weather, but you're in the eye of the storm, so what is the temperature when the storm's sides finally catch you out on the lake?

A. It got freezing cold again, dropped 20-30 degrees, bitter cold and wind, lightning, and I was soaking wet.

I came awake again and was hearing these voices, saying that everything was fine. I kept saying, "Am I dead." They answered, "No, you're not dead." Then I would ask, "Where am I being taken?" The answer to this was, "you'll see. Don't worry about it." The next time I come awake, I wake up and I'm still in the rowboat. Now this **cocoon** structure is gone. The rowboat is all the way on the far side of the lake, caught in a maze of lily pads and cattails. There's only one logical problem with that: it was too far north for either to grow- the water's too cold. The boat is stuck inside this thicket. Air temperature is neither hot nor cold. I hear distant thunder, indicating that storm has passed miles away. I suddenly come awake and sit up. I feel the tingling of the last raindrops on my face.

I thought, "I'm not dead. I must be alive." Why else would I be feeling rain. I look out, finding that the water is calm, and I reach out, very carefully and touch the water. It's real

water and it's cold, so I withdraw my hand quickly.

So, I peer out, and when I look past the boat, maybe 50-60 feet, I see this beautiful white beach like going up to this place. As to the ends of it, when my eye follows it in either direction, it just gets fuzzy, and then the forest begins. It's just like green fuzz. I

look the other way and see the same thing.

Q. There are no definitive landscape features?

A. It's like a cove. Then there are the trees. But where this illusion ends and the trees begin there is a fuzzy green line, like a zipper.

And when I look up, I can't see over the top of the sand dune, because it is 20-30 feet high. I could not see what was on the other side. I thought to myself, "I don't want to be here. I want to be there, dry sand." I realized both my oars **were back in the boat, the cord for the** motor is wound back on it. All my fishing gear is back on the boat. I felt that perhaps I was not really alive because this was so unreal to me. I pinched myself **on** the leg to see if I felt anything and almost drew blood. I knew that something did not seem normal here, but I didn't care. It was starting to get dark, which it does around 4-4:30 pm at those latitudes. So, my first instinct was to get off the boat, get onto dry land, and worry about everything else later.

I managed to partly row, but mainly pull myself through the maze of **Lilly** pads, grabbing them by hand and pulling my small boat along through them, because they don't give. The shore had this whole bank of bulrushes and cattails, after which I broke through to the beach. I threw the little anchor, which **was a corrugated can with some cement in it, up on the beach, because I** didn't want to lose the boat, and started up onto the beachhead.

When I got myself up onto the beach, I just fell to my knees, like the good Catholic kid I was, and said a prayer of thanks. I trudged up to the top of the sand dune with enormous effort. Within a foot of the top, I thought I didn't want to know what was over it. My vision was distorted as I looked to either side or up at the top of the dune. When I looked, it was as the edge of a lens, where vision just hit a concave. At **the** top of the **dune it** just appeared to touch the sky.

I remember what I was wearing, socks, and a cap that said White Sox baseball. I took my hat off and pulled it down over my face to keep sand out. When my eyes finally cleared the top of the sand dune, what opened up to my view was unbelievable. It was this football-field sized field of golden, swaying grass. It resembled wheat, but was not wheat. It had a wave-like motion, like a current moving through seaweed. At the same time, I could hear the wind blowing through Canadian pines, firs, or hemlocks, whatever the large trees were that were in forests all around this enclosure. Wherever this field of grass ended was again this margin of green, fuzzy material, and the trees just went straight up from there. When I looked ahead, there was a huge, flat, rock wall face. It looked as if a gigantic claw had come through the forest and just pulled everything out.

Q. Like the sheer vertical side of a rock quarry?

A Yes, like that, but with dirt and trees still clinging to the sides in places. This huge space seemed just to have been gouged out. When I looked up the solid wall, there was no debris, just solid rock, and it seemed to meet the sky. From where I was, there appeared to have been a cave hollowed out in the very center of it. There appeared to be an opening with a light shining from within. As it was getting dark, I knew I didn't want to be outside, and so I thought this might be a cave that would offer shelter.

I went back to the boat to get my things, then went back up the dune, which, this time, did not seem so insurmountable. There, I got a flashlight, the boat cushions, a couple of Snicker's and a Baby Ruth candy bars, the only food I had, my canteen, jacket, and my Boy Scout knife. To my surprise, everything was dry.

So, I scampered back up the dune. I walked through some scree or loose gravel, and I

remember walking up to the field. I just wanted to touch the grass, to make sure it was what it appeared to be. I touched it. My hand got cold and wet, so I knew I was really touching it, and that whatever my experience was, it was physically real. I began walking

through it and my clothes became wet up to my waist. It seemed to part as I walked through it and to close behind me. By now, so many weird occurrences had taken place that my mind was numbed; it didn't surprise me any longer. The field of grass, by the way, was in a perfect rectangle.

I finally broke free of the grass, crossed a ten to twelve foot border of gravel and small rocks, and stood before this massive vertical stone wall. I approached it and did not have any fear. I put my head into the hollow space in the cliff and noticed that it was warm inside. I was cold by now, so that was welcome. There was just room enough to put my

two boat cushions side by side, and, if I lay in the fetal position, the space fit me. I remember getting in, bringing in the flashlight, the candy bars, my jacket, and thinking I was better off here than in the water. Nearby, I could hear wolves.

Q. So, you are in a walnut-shaped opening just several feet across near bottom of a sheer, vertical rock wall?

A. It was cut in about three to four feet up from the bottom. The enclosure was maybe 6 feet wide, two and a half feet high, but not very deep, maybe three feet deep. I remember getting in on my right side and that the surface inside was warm. I never saw where the

illumination came from, but there was enough light inside to read the face of my Mickey Mouse watch. I was surprised that it was still working after being submerged during my ordeal on the lake. Nothing should have worked, but even my Boy Scout flashlight still worked.

I get in there. It's nice to be warm. I devoured the three candy bars: they were gone. I remembered being thirsty and then I wasn't thirsty anymore. I thought about it and I wasn't thirsty anymore. I remembered how fatigued I was after fighting the boat and then I fell asleep. I can't tell you how much time went by. It could have been minutes, but it was now almost completely dark, dusk, where images float, and I came awake, hearing the same voice I heard in the boat, saying, "You're okay, aren't you?" I responded, "Yes, I am, and who are you?" No reply.

"Where am I?" The voice responded, "You're safe, aren't you?"

I responded, "Yes, I am. Where are you?" It replied, "I'm close."

It was A-Ion, the kid, whom I was to meet on the ship, but whom I had been meeting all along as a child. Why did they lure us to Canada? Who knows?

So, he proceeds to tell me (and I knew from the voice that it was a kid, and a male—don't know how but I knew it) that he wants me to stay inside the enclosure because, "We're coming there. We've had a problem with our ship."

I asked, "What kind of problem?" to which all he replied was, "Later."

He said, "We will be there shortly. Whatever you do, do not come out of your opening until I tell you that it's alright to." I later realized that the gravitational field of the ship would have fried me instantly. So, I was warned not to leave my enclosure and not to try to touch the ship.

He added, "We want you to sleep now." I distinctly remember falling immediately asleep.

The next time I remember coming awake was to his voice, telling me to wake up. He

said, "We're here." I looked back, past the grass, past the beach, way out over the lake and a quarter to half mile away, over the water was a huge, circular cloud, pulsating with light. It was, by this time, almost pitch black. This circular, pulsating and huge cloud is over the lake.

I offered, "Whoever you are, is that you." (looking at cloud). The reply was, "Whatever you do, do not leave the cave." I stared at it and the more I looked at it, the faster it seemed to come. Suddenly, it was right there over the field of grass.

All of a sudden, the cloud disappeared and this magnificent craft was visible. The ship was 80 feet in diameter, approximately 30 feet thick. It had the texture and appearance of spun aluminum, machined, polished aluminum, like on the bottom of a new aluminum piece of cookware. I eventually got to touch the ship, after they did something to it. Had I touched it normally, it would have fried me. When I first saw it, the ship was solid, no portals, no ramps, no windows or anything like that, just solid. Have you ever seen those loaves of bread that are rounded, like pumpnickel?

Q. Like bauernbrot or something?

A. Yes, but it was a big loaf of bread and it was silvery-gray. All of a sudden, as I am watching it, it rose up, came to the shore, and came straight to me, settled right over the field. One moment it was hovering, the next moment it was down, as if there was no time in between. The next time I remember seeing it, it was already on its struts laying in the field.

When it approached, everything around me fell silent. Before, there were sounds of frogs, of birds, of trees, but when the ship approached, there was an enormous silence. After about 15 minutes, the sound came back. Then this fog type stuff came out from the bottom of the ship. The grass, by the way, was a foot or two short of touching the bottom of the ship, so it stood up off the ground a bit on its struts, 6-8 feet off the ground.

I was just petrified with fear because all of these weird science-fiction movies were playing in my head, monsters from outer space kind of thinking. I was sure they were going to eat me, barbecue me for lunch. All of a sudden, a voice came through that said, "Stop thinking like that. We're not that way." It was totally picking my brain.

I asked, "Where are you?" It replied, "Inside."

I asked, "Are you going to kill me?"

It replied, "If we were going to kill you, we would have let you drown."

It was as if...

Q. You amused them?

A. Yes, I did. A-Ion is like a kid my age, but it is as if he is thirty years older than me. Their time line and development are not at all like ours. By my then age, he'd been flying aircraft... their schools are a little more advanced. So the voice warned me not to leave my enclosure and not to approach the ship.

This fog that the ship emitted had a pink luminescence, like the fog on Cocoon. It filled up all of the ship and started to quickly fill the field. It was glittering, beautiful. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a sizzling noise, saw a rectangular enclosure form around the ship, and then what appeared to be a pyramid around it, made of Plexiglas. You know how you can see through Plexiglas. It changed from pink to translucent emerald green.

There was a total silence, then he began talking to me again. He said he was coming out to get me and that his father wanted to know if I'd like to be a guest on the ship. He told me that he assumed I was cold and hungry, which I eagerly agreed to being.

What it came down to was that particular ship had come from a larger craft that was on the other side of the moon and its job- do you remember in *Cocoon* that thing in the very beginning when they were looking for their eggs and were sending an x-ray type of probe down into the ocean?

Q. Yes, it was a great movie.

A. Their job was to start at the beginning of the Mississippi River and alleviate all the stress on the tectonic plates to prevent its slipping and creating a massive earthquake. Back in 1950, there were a series of earthquakes. They were mapping out fault zones so that they could intervene to avoid a cataclysmic earthquake.

They were there to relieve the electromagnetic build-up that would control whether the tectonic plates would slip and cause a major earthquake.

Anyway, this pyramid goes up and there's still pink effluvium in the grass. He said he was putting a wall around us and not to touch it. This pink wall arose around the field and appeared outside the pyramid.

I said, "What is that?"

He said, "It's a kaboc wall."

I asked, "What is it?"

He said, "It's a perimeter fence. I'm going to come out to meet you and greet you. My father wants you to come aboard."

He asked if I want to come aboard and I told him that I did, not feeling afraid. I asked how he knew about me and he replied, "We've been friends a long time."

Then I said, "You're not a monster like in one of those movies, are you?"

He laughed and replied, "You know that's all fiction, don't you? But it is fun to watch, isn't it?"

I found out that they'd been watching our TV signals since the 1930's.

He told me to stay in my enclosure until I could see him. Then, just like Star Trek, he materialized right in front of my cave-like enclosure.

Suddenly, he's just standing there, eight to ten feet from my enclosure, and he's about my height, but thinner. I looked at him and he looked at me. I cocked my head and saw him do the same, in mirror image. I smiled, then he did too. I asked, "Are you real?" He said, "Don't I look like it? Now, I'm going to come toward you and I don't want you to leave the enclosure yet." He approached to 3-4 feet from the entrance and held something in his hand, a little bigger than a garage door opener. He made a motion, like a teacher erasing a blackboard and I asked, "What is that?" to which he replied, "It's a monitor."

I asked, "What does it do?" He told me, "It's too complicated to explain. You can come out now." Then he put it into a little pouch on his side.

I cautiously came out and he backed away, reading my fear. I walked up to within 2-3 feet of him. His face and hands were kind of fuzzy. He was wearing what appeared to be plastic or leather gloves. He seemed to have somewhat Oriental features, but very fine features, very small nose and lips, very close, fine hair.

I was confused because I could see and focus on aspects of him at moments, then not see him. I asked, in frustration, "Why can't I see you?" He told me, "It's because we're too different. I don't want you to be afraid." This made me a little afraid so he told me not to be afraid. He related that he, also, was similar age, 12 years old. He was talking to me mentally, while I spoke to him physically.

He told me, "You don't have to speak to me with your voice, just speak the words in your mind." I tried it and was amazed that it works. I had already been reading about

telepathy and was pleasantly surprised that it worked. Suddenly, I felt comfortable with him.

He referred to their mission of stabilizing fault lines. He said that, as they were coming in over northern Siberia, "Our ship was hit by a powerful laser beam type of weapon and we know who it was." I asked who it was. He replied that it was the Russians who'd fired on them. It wasn't until 1992, when I visited Star City as a guest of Marina and I pressed her and asked if they had lasers in the 1950's. She was surprised that I knew such classified information and had me questioned by a scientific circle to find out how I had heard this. They never admitted to it, but they were using lasers even in the late 1940's. So, what happened to the ship was that the laser knocked out a critical piece of navigation gear that is only used in our atmosphere and in our gaseous conditions. This had allowed them to navigate in our atmosphere. The only way to fix it was to land on the surface and recalibrate the equipment to the frequency of the planet.

Q. So, that's what they were doing over that lake in Canada, when they saw you?

A. They were going to land whether I was there or not, but there was a reason why we were brought there and I found out that too. They were the ones who had influenced all these events in my life for all these years, right down to that package's coming, all leading to Planet X documentation work.

At that time, I was not shown Planet X. I was shown the big picture, not the specifics. I was brought into that area so that I could be attached to something important. He talked about what was going to happen. He said, "You're going to de-fuse and re-fuse. At no time do I want you eyes open. I'll do it on the count of three. He had this little device that he held up to me."

Q. So, you are now out of the enclosure, walking with A-lon.

A. As we were walking toward the energy wall, we heard wolves. We could see only the red eyes of a mother, father, and three wolf pups. The wolves were sent by him to watch me. They knew everything about my boat, its floundering. They were watching me from the shore, running up and down the shore, keeping an eye on me. What happened was that they were baying. He turned toward them. I said, "A-Lon, those are wolves," urgently, as if to warn him. He acted very self assured and said, "Yes, I know." They were at the very edge of this fuzziness and had fuzziness around them. There they were. He walked right up to them. The male wolf came up to him, sniffed, and bowed to him, just like a dog would do. He petted them. I asked him if I could pet them. He said, "I don't think you should." The pups got close enough to sniff me, and we were there with the wolves for 2-3 minutes then the male went backward. The cubs sat by their parents. I sensed that A-lon was communicating with them psychically. He had one hand in his jacket pocket and the other on his "clicker," which was silver, with a black outer border, and was the size of two cassette tape cases.

All of a sudden, they were gone, just vanished back into the woods. So we walked back to the middle of the area enclosed by the energy wall, which was like the Plexiglas shield used at a hockey game. As I stood there, the pink effluvium formed itself into a coiled column like a snake and hit me. It left a gouge mark, a depression about a quarter inch deep a couple of inches above the ankle on left leg. It took a tissue sample, then went right back under the wall. I asked, "What was that?" He said, "Don't be alarmed. We have to do that or you can't go on the ship."

Q. Like a quarantine or a medical test?

A. Like a quarantine, yes, and a biopsy. When I finally got on board, they put me into a room like 'sick bay' on a ship. Then they ran this thing over me, just like out of *Star Trek*. When I saw that series, I thought, "I've got to meet this Gene Roddenberry." All this was given to him by the ET's by the way. He'd been a contactee as a child. His 'job' was to create *Star Trek*.

Q. So, different jobs were assigned by the visitors. Your assignment was to document Planet X and his was to create a series.

A. It's as if they said to different contactees, "You do this" and to someone else, "you do this other mission." I think of it as one huge classroom project. It's been going on for millennia.

So, we are outside: this thing hits me, takes a tissue sample. He's talking to someone on the ship. I sensed something was going on and asked to whom he was speaking. A-Lon replied, "That was my father. We're ready to bring you aboard. We're going to stand shoulder to shoulder. On the count of three, I want you to close your eyes. Don't open them again, as it would be dangerous, until you hear my voice tell you to do it." He asked if I understood him and reiterated that I should not touch anything until he says it is okay to do so.

I remember he came up close to me. He was standing to my right. I felt his body against my shoulder. He said, "On the count of three, I want you to close your eyes, take a deep breath, and don't do anything until you hear my voice again." I agreed, closed my eyes, and, instantaneously, I got ice cold, then, a few seconds later, I got warm again. My body lost all its heat.

Q. I guess that atomic dissolution would allow all the heat from an organism to radiate out?

A. That's what seemed to happen. Suddenly, next thing I knew, he says, "We're here. You can open your eyes and breathe again."

Q. How did it feel, exactly?

A. It was just as when I was a younger kid and had the sense of flying through the walls of my house and bedroom. I felt that I'd moved through the walls of the ship. When I opened my eyes, I found that I was inside this incredibly complex room. All the rooms were pie shaped. There was always instrumentation at the back and equipment on the sides. The only opening was the vertex where the narrowest angle of pie, the center of the slice, was.

Q. How big were the rooms? By the way, how long, total, as best you could remember it afterwards, were you onboard the ship?

A. Probably 15 to 20 feet long by 8 feet wide is my estimate.

A-Lon's father is there. His mother is there. Also, there is this Nordic-looking man with white hair and the weirdest looking blue eyes like a Husky. He looked very old, but not aged or wrinkled. He was six and a half to seven feet tall, very large compared to the Arcturians, who were 5'6" at the most. The ship was scaled for their body size.

I was on board the ship for four and one half to five hours.

Q. Was this guy really wedge-shaped like an athlete, very wiry-strong built?

A. Yes, and he looked very healthy. He was wearing a suit similar to a “Nehru jacket,” satin or velvet sort of look. All the Arcturians wore tunics, sweaters, of a velvet type of cloth.

He looked more human than they did. His hands and face were not diffused, as theirs were. He was vigorous, but not like a wrestler. His features were almost delicate.

Q. In the process of this investigation, I have found mention of a couple of different classes of beings, and am wondering where he fits. Nordics are usually only a little bigger than normal human size. Really big ones like that are usually Aldebaranians. Quite often they’re found working together. They’ve been seen with “Orientals.” They’ve been seen on the “Tall Grays” ships. Usually they are not found with small Grays.

A. His father was an ambassador and the parents were actually on the big ship on vacation on the big ship. They didn’t call it a mother ship, as we do. The largest ship, built for interdimensional travel, held several of this sized ship. They are made to travel on the electromagnetic grids that cross the universe. They are like pathways or highways. They don’t necessarily travel through space. They fold and cut time. There’s time here, but there’s no time out there.

There were also several ‘worker bees’ in the room. There was an observer. She was a woman. She reminded me of the Whoopi Goldberg character on *Star Trek the New Generation*. Only this lady wasn’t Black; she was one of them. She didn’t say a word to me, but was there just to observe me.

The first thing they asked is if they had my permission to examine me. They wanted to make certain that my mental state was adequate to handle the experience. If not, they were going to put me outside immediately.

I walked through a small portal like the security screening scanners at the airport, only this one was very narrow. It was a burnished gray metal, free-standing, and I did not see any wires anywhere. I walked through this machine and it did whatever it was supposed to do. Next, they asked me to lay on this table, and scanned me. The only side-effect I felt was being slightly seasick.

Then they said, “Before you leave, would you like to have a communications chip?”

I had no idea what they were talking about.

Before I could answer it, the mother asked me to come have some food. She observed that I must have been thirsty and hungry, and I was.

The food? It was like bread, and they also had something that tasted like chicken. The water was like ordinary water but had a sweet taste to it, as if it had sucrose mixed into it. I didn’t have a hot drink. It was a beaker of room temperature fluid.

They asked if I needed to go to the bathroom. At the time, I did not, but did before leaving, and they kept the urine and feces, as one might expect a scientific expedition to do in studying a less-known species.

I got a quick tour of the ship. He and I were walking together. I must have asked A-Lon a million questions and he readily replied with a million answers. There wasn’t a thing he refused to answer.

I only got a brief look at what we would call an “engine room.” It wasn’t like one in a boat. There were no moving parts. He told me it was an electromagnetic generator that produced an on-off, on-off pulse mechanism and simply tracked the paths to move on. I’m not sure where it got its power from- not sure I’d have known to ask that at age 11. I remember that there was a funny smell in this compartment. It was below the normal deck structure and was diffused. It was large and in the “belly” of the ship. I do remember asked if the ships wore out and got old. What prompted that question was asking when we were going to leave. He’d replied that I’d be leaving around midnight, would be placed back in the cave. He said, “Don’t worry, you’ll be back in your boat. Your engine will work. Everything will be in place.”

Then he’d added, “I suggest you don’t say anything about this to anyone, as nobody is going to believe you. You already know that don’t you” I affirmed this. Then he said, “You weren’t supposed to take the boat out, were you?”

“No, I wasn’t.” He replied, “Don’t worry. They’ll be so happy to see you, no one will even ask you where you were.”

Q. So, in the end, nobody asked you where you were? This seems to be a frequent feature of abductee or contactee experiences, that the “supporting cast” of friends or family, who are aware of the person’s absence, will not ask where the person had gone, or why he was gone for so long an interval. Don’t you feel, intuitively, that they are reaching into the minds of those who wait for us, making them less reactive to the event?

A. Oh, he told me that he was going to condition my father not to be angry with me. It’s all in my screenplay.

We talked about my dad, my mom, my childhood, and about religion. They don’t like religion. Basically, the universe is religion.

Q. You’re not the first contactee who’s been told that.

A. I’m sure of that. He said, “Your fate is in your heart and in your spirit. You either have fate or you don’t. You either believe in yourself or you don’t. You either believe in other people or you don’t. It’s black or white. It’s not fifty-fifty.”

He said, “You either deal with your fate or you walk away from it. You don’t bargain about your fate.”

He said, either way, you don’t walk away from it.

Q. So, he uses the term, ‘fate’ in the same sense that we use it?

A. Yes. He said anybody can be telepathic. Anybody can communicate with animals. In fact, he said most animals communicate with people, but the latter are not bright enough to listen to them. He said that the universe, for them, is universe, and we’ve only tapped *that* (showing a pinching motion between fingers) much of it.

He took me on a tour of the ship. They’ve got the crew’s quarters. They’ve got a beautiful fishtank, a bevy of books, bound in what seemed to be leather. When I touched them, I was surprised because the binding was like extremely soft skin. They were wonderful to hold and had no weight to them.

Q. Did you open any of them?

A. Yes, and they had symbols that I could not read, some sort of language with what appeared to be symbols, but nothing I could recognize.

Q. You said that the book appeared very soft and light.

A. It had almost no weight, just ounces, surprisingly. His books were bound, similar to ours. They also had scrolls, just like you'd see in an ancient library.

All the time we were walking through the ship, I must have seen 15 to 20 other beings and I felt that they all were saying, "Hello." Some I heard and some I felt. I could always tell a male from a female, even though they looked alike.

That's another thing: when I looked at them, they all looked alike. I asked A-Lon, "Why is that?" and he responded, "It's just the way you perceive what you're seeing. I don't know why it appears that way to you."

He asked me, "Are you comfortable with seeing us like that?"

I responded that I was and A-lon said that this comfort is why I was seeing my hosts as identical to one another.

So we toured the ship, which probably took an hour and a half. The fishtank was incredible. It had species I'd never seen before. They were like fish, but very unusual, like the type you'd see on a tropical reef. He said, "I don't want you to put your hand in the water. It's been specially treated."

Q. So, he shows you a tank somewhere in the ship?

A. It was in his cabin. He had his own cabin, adjacent to that of his parents. The area around the tank was like a small library.

There were also other things for which I had no context to understand. I'd never seen a computer back in 1950. I later learned that the government and large corporations were developing them at the time.

A-Lon would just go to a console, hit some buttons, not exactly typing, as we do, but similar, and all this data would pop up. He showed me a picture of the wolves. He said, "Now, it's time to go to school, just like we've always done together." Then it all started to come back to me.

He told me that I knew all about the trips as a kid, all about the teleportation and that he had been paired with me and still is. The strange this is, though, that right now there is no physical contact, but I know that he's there. I know he's guarding this, and I know that he's putting all the pieces together. I know he set up the contacts with my agent, with William Morris agency. I know he was behind all of it. I instinctively know this and I either believe it or I don't. I accept it.

So, we go to this classroom. It has several of these seats like a chaise-lounge, but without the foot supports. In front of them were several screens like what we today call a flat screen TV. All you could see was the flat part, like a plasma screen.

Q. You're indicating a screen over 9 feet wide by 4 feet high.

A. That's right. They went all the way around from straight ahead to either direction in a full 270 degree arc.

Q. I a pie-shaped room?

A. These chairs would swivel to face the screens. The pictures and stories sometimes would go faster, sometimes slower. It seemed that they would slow down if I were really absorbed in the presentation, but be faster if I were not having to think so much about it, almost as if the audiovisual equipment were synchronized to the rate of viewer comprehension.

Q. Did these remind you of the ones you saw as a kid? Was the process similar?

A. I didn't think about it at the time, but in retrospect, it was. One thing I understood after being on the ship for a couple of hours is that all my unnecessary thoughts were a waste of time. They were a waste of energy.

Q. I learned how to save time, energy, and emotions, stuff like that.

. So, early-on, they taught you to control your thought stream and your emotions?

A. They call it a reality stream.

Q. We create our reality through our thoughts, hence their calling it a reality stream.

A. I totally lost my fear of the place, of the unknown, and became so comfortable that there were a couple of times when I didn't want to go back to this reality. I didn't care. I wanted to stay. I had a wonderful relationship with my father, but he wasn't into any of this. He didn't want to hear about it. He wouldn't even let me go see science fiction movies. My mother, on the other hand, let me see them whenever I wanted to. She also let me buy and read any book I wanted to. She was the one who let my mind soar and let me quit the Catholic school, when my father said, "Go tough it out."

The classroom lasted about three to three and a half hours. I was shown the origin of the universe. I was shown the history of the world. I go to see the whole dinosaur thing and all the cataclysms that have hit. I got the complete summary of Terran history.

Toward the very end, I was shown the cataclysms that are ahead. I was offered the assignment, the mission, to wake up the planet to what is coming because survival is definitely there, if we're prepared for it. Also, if I wanted to be part of the lift-off, I will be taken off just before and will be returned to fulfill my teaching assignment.

They said I would be a musician, an author, and a teacher, in that series and order of events, that this is what I had chosen before coming into this incarnation.

Q. Do I understand that the chaise lounge is not just stationery; is it swiveling to take in the panorama of all the screens?

A. It was looking out onto all of them and the images moved, different stories on different ones, with the chair automatically tracking and adjusting so that the viewer sees the one which is on at the time he or she is supposed to see it.

Have you ever been to an I-Max theatre? It was like being in one of those, and the screens were slightly elevated, so it was like looking up at each screen.

At the very end of the "school session," I'm given my mission and my assignment. A-lon told me that later on in my life, someone would come into my life and start me on the road toward being an author. I had no idea who or what they were talking about. That person turned out to be none other than J.J. Hurtak. He gave me my first writing assignment. I've just written four books, but (jokingly) I've got them in the closet.

Q. But you also worked as a technical writer and wrote for the Army, correct?

A. Actually for the Navy. The first book I wrote is called The Cosmic Blueprint for After, which is for after Planet X and then I became this musician.

Q. Did you agree that you would carry out the mission?

A. I had to agree to it. Otherwise, they wouldn't have given me the chip. I had to make a conscious agreement and, afterward, they told me, 'Your word is your bond.'

Q. So, talk about the chip.

A. At the very end, probably thirty minutes before I was brought back to the enclosure, they returned me to the same room I'd first teleported into, which ended up being the same room through which I was teleported out. (They didn't have a telepod, as in Star Trek.)

I was on this table, fully clothed- no strangeness. It was sitting on what appeared to be red velvet or red felt. It was held up off the floor by a pedestal. They used a probe the size of a fountain pen. It appeared to be made of stainless steel. The back was blunt and it appeared to have some sort of point in the front and an adjusting knob of sorts on its side.

There was what I guess you'd call a Nordic, who did the procedure. He was the doctor. They scanned me one more time. He asked me, 'What is your pain tolerance?' I responded, 'Pretty good, but I don't like needles.'

He said, "If you wish, you can go to sleep." He showed me the pen-sized insertion tool and held it next to my nose, while he spoke.

He said, 'What I'm going to do is to put this into your nose. I'm going to release it. It will be like getting a little needle prick. It will be harmless. It won't give you a headache.

After I put it into you, we'll need to calibrate it."

Q. You indicated earlier that the chip they installed was made from a larger piece of crystal that you still own.

A. That's right. It's called 'The Black Phantom.'

Q. It is from there?

A. It is from Black Phantom Mountain in their world. The chip shows up on x-rays.

Q. The chip you are showing me looks a bit like gray topaz or smoky quartz and is about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long by $\frac{1}{8}$ th inch thickness. It looks like a black quartz.

A. It is like a sliver, a splinter, tapered at one end. They warned me specifically, not to let any physician talk me into allowing it to be removed under any circumstances.

Q. So, they went in through your right nostril. You are pointing to a location about an inch above the right eyebrow.

A. The probe didn't go all the way up there, but the chip felt as though it "shot" way up there. At first, I felt shocked. Right after he did it, the Nordic put his arm on my shoulder and asked, "Are you all right?" I told him, "Yes, I am." He said, "Good, then don't move. Just let it settle."

I laid there 4-5 minutes. Then he came over with some kind of instrument and ran it over me.

The chip is continually reactivated by cosmic forces. It doesn't require an artificial power source. The doctor told me that I should always try to get out into the sunlight every day, that this would keep it energized.

This would allow A-Lon to always communicate with me. He has one and I have the other, pieces of the same crystal. Now, there has been no conscious communication, where I talk to him and he responds to me, since then. But, all the way through the writing of The Cosmic Blueprint, he was there, every single day, inputting, inputting. It was all channeled to me. I couldn't have done it without him.

Q. So, even though you have not spoken with him since age 11, he has channeled information to you? So, since this time, he's been able to reach you?

A. Well, not every month, not every day, sometimes not for years, but I'm on the grid. They can track me. They know where I'm at. They know when I'm in trouble. They have saved me so many times when I've been in danger. I've been in three plane crashes, two private and one public transportation. Each time I walked away without a scratch.

Q. Is that the one where you were on your way to Bimini?

A. Yes, we crash-landed without our gear down.

On the project, I was told that someone would contact me when it was time for me to become an author. I was also told that there would be a prime factor in my life, who would start me on my way in the music business, and there was.

Do you know who Hank Williams (country music composer and performer) was?

Q. Yes.

A. His widow, Audrey Mae Williams, took a fancy to me. She brought me to Nashville and introduced me to Jim Denny and Artie Shapiro, which turned out to be Tree

Publishing, a huge Country and Western publishing company, and that got me started into the music business. This kept rolling on and I got over thirty gold or platinum records. I became the NR director for the company, Artists and Repertoire, and I worked every new master that came in, where I either said yea or nay and consulted with Henry (owner) or I brought new talent in. I just had this ear. I just had this gift and new what would succeed.

Q. Now, could you tell us more about how the channeling began for the first book. That will give us a better idea of how the other-dimensional or extraterrestrial being might interface with a human in order to produce tangible changes in our plane of existence.

A. The year is 1978 and I'm in the middle of a very successful time, being a record producer. I bought my first townhouse. I'm on a lake, the only freshwater lake left in South Miami. It's a gorgeous townhouse. I'm probably working 10-12 hours a day in the studio.

I remember it was a Tuesday and it was in September in 1978. I'd put in a horrendous day. I was producing three different albums at that moment, with three different groups. I'd put in three to six hours here, another block of time there, then I'd drive back to my townhouse, a half-hour drive from the studio, lay down and nap, then get right back at it, recording a night session. This had been going on for weeks.

I was in no mood to talk to anybody. It was about 2:30 in the morning. I'd gotten home at about 1:30 and showered, had some cocoa, and was getting ready for bed when the phone rang.

I picked up the phone, irritated and unsettled by the hour and angrily demanded, "Who is it?"

A calm voice at the other end said, "Jaysen, it's Dr. Hurtak."

"Jaysen?" I said, "Nobody calls me Jaysen any more." He replied, "Well, you're going to use that name with me."

I said, "Who are you?"

He said, "I'll tell you when it's time for you to know who I am."

I demanded, "How did you get my number?" I wanted to know because I had an unlisted number. Further, I was producing under a trade name, not by my birth name. Nobody knew me by that name.

I said, "Why are you calling me?"

He said, "I'll explain everything to you tomorrow. I know you'll be in the studio tomorrow."

I said, "How did you know that?"

He said, "Never mind. I want you to be at this address."

I had a pen and paper and wrote the address down. It was on Star Island in Biscayne Bay in Miami. He said, "I want you to be there at exactly 10:30 tomorrow morning. I'll explain everything to you then."

I asked, "What is this all about?"

He answered, "Your friends have contacted me to tell you that it is time for you to begin your writing assignment."

I had not spoken of my encounter with the Arcturians, and their missions for me, for over ten years! Nobody, not my best friend, not my parents, not my brother, nobody.

I asked Dr. Hurtak, "What do you mean, 'my friends?'"

He answered, "Your friends from Epsilon."

I said, "I don't know who you are and I don't know where you're getting your information, but I'm assuming this is important."

He reassured me, "You have no idea how important. I have to go now. I'll see you at 10:30 sharp. Don't be late." I had a habit at the time of sometimes running a little bit behind schedule.

The next day, I was there right at 10:30. I drove into this beautiful estate, a big circular drive with palm trees. There were three cars, a Lincoln and a Cadillac, and what I was later to learn was Jim's car, a Volvo.

I drive in and go to the door, where a maid answered the door. It was a beautiful Floridian home. There was a large aquarium in the upstairs room to which she led me that was reminiscent of the one I'd seen aboard A-Lon's ship. She said, "Dr. Hurtak will be with you in a minute."

The minute turned into 10 minutes because he was deliberately keeping me and watching me. I remember nervously looking at my watch because I had a 1 pm appointment at my studio and had cancelled everything else until that time.

As soon as I checked my watch, he came down from the third story, shook my hand and introduced himself. This meeting happened in 1978, but was to lead to my being involved in a story that started two years earlier.

"Hello, I'm Dr. Hurtak. Please sit down. We have business to discuss." For the next forty minutes, we ran down all the incidents from my past.

Q. So, he was telling you details known only to the Arcturians?

A. The Arcturians and myself... He said, "I have to tell you that within thirty days, you will receive the rough draft of a manuscript that you will not understand. Your job is to retranslate the existing manuscript into something comprehensible because the source of it is extraterrestrial."

At the time, writing was the furthest thing from my mind.

He said, "I'll be in constant contact with you," and gave me his number, "If you need to reach me, just call me and I will return your call promptly. I don't want you to discuss this with anyone right now. This meeting did not take place."

He handed me a business card and a copy of his book, The Keys of Enoch, which I still have. He said, "You must read this book, tonight."

I met his wife, Desiree, who was delightful. It was her parents' home. She had been one of his students, by the way. He had been teaching a class in San Francisco.

I heard from him two weeks later at the same time, 2:30 in the morning and he asked if the manuscript had arrived yet. I told him that it had not and he said, "Don't worry. It will."

Almost thirty days later, to the day, I was working with this young recording artist. His name was Aaron Day. Day was dating this lady named Kathy.

(This was a weird turn of events and seemed to confirm the channeling.)

She was going to the South Dade Community College and he happened to mention to her that I was a record producer and I was this weird guy who was talking about flying saucers and had a library with hundreds of unusual books. She was excited to know that someone nearby was studying the UFO phenomenon. She told Aaron, "I've just got to talk to him, right away."

The next day, the two of them stopped by the studio, where I was working. She asked to speak to me alone, so I gave everyone a smoke break, took 20 minutes off the session and told her I was her captive audience. She asked, "Can you come and talk to my professor?"

“ I think he’s got something you might be interested in. He’s Richard Shelton, a professor of Philosophy. One day, he said to the class, ‘We’ll talk about any subject you’d like to.’

One of the kids asked him if he believed in UFO’s. Shelton asked the student why he, the student, had asked that question. The student replied, ‘I met this kid two months ago, whom I’ve lost contact with for the past two months. He tells me his aunt and uncle encountered UFO’s and his aunt was channeling this book.’

When the professor heard that, he went ashen white and went to his desk. He opened his drawer and produced a manuscript in a yellow plastic cover. He said, ‘This doesn’t pertain to Philosophy, but if anyone can shed some light on this, I’d like to hear about it.’ For the next 40 minutes, the professor told the story to a classroom full of rapt collegians.”

Here’s the story that Kathy related about what Professor Shelton read to the class that day.

This nervous, stressed-looking student came to him at the beginning of the semester (his reading to the class took place toward the end of it.) The student was late to register for the Philosophy class and begged the professor to let him into it. He’d just driven in from a place in Colorado just outside of Denver. The professor asked the student why he was late. The student replied, putting the book on the professor’s desk and asking the chance to explain and excuse himself for arriving late.

His aunt had been dabbling in UFO literature ever since she was a child. His aunt even claimed to be speaking with ET’s. The professor asked why the young man was living with his aunt. The student replied that his parents were killed in an automobile accident when he was 16 or 17, and so he went to live with the mother’s sister, with whom he was really close.

One beautiful Saturday morning in 1976, when the student, the aunt and uncle usually had breakfast together went shopping, the aunt walked into the sunroom and shut all the blinds. She locked the door, then asked not to be disturbed. The student’s uncle never questioned why the aunt asked for this and the aunt was alone in that room two and a half days. She didn’t leave the room to eat, drink, or visit the bathroom, despite her husband’s concerned queries. She appeared to be in a trance, typing this manuscript.

At the end of two and a half days, with paper everywhere, she produced the manuscript typing all these pages and having put them into a folio, the same as the professor showed the student in philosophy class at the end of that same semester where he received it.

Her whole personality had changed. The student and her husband, the uncle, both asked what the manuscript was about and for permission to read it. She gave the curt answer, “You wouldn’t understand.” She put it into their library, putting the folio onto a top shelf and she instructed that no one else was to touch it, “It’s my personal property. I’m not done with it yet.”

The two of them respected her wish and left it alone. Thirty days after she placed it there, both her and her husband disappeared off the face of the earth, both cars at the house, no wallets, no keys, nothing. No money missing out of the bank, and the mail was still piling up in the mailbox. No one ever saw them again.

Q. When you showed me this, what appeared to be the manuscript in question, when we were at your place in Oregon City a few years ago, you told me that you have their

names. Was a missing persons report filed? Was any progress made toward finding the couple?

A. I tried that. Let me tell you the missing persons story about the police. They were going to arrest me for complicity in the couple's disappearance, so I backed right off. So, the adoptive parents disappear. There is no evidence of foul play, nothing missing, no evidence of a struggle- nothing; they just disappear. The cops brought him in, were really rough with him. I guess they threatened him. He said, "I had no idea what to tell them, so I just told them the truth." The one thing he did not mention was the manuscript. The police went through the whole house, the library, and ignored it.

This went on for a week and really frightened the student. They were trying to say that he killed his (adoptive) mom and dad. All of a sudden, the headaches started. He'd wake up in the middle of the night with a pounding, brutal headache. He heard voices. So, he told Professor Shelton, who asked him what the voices were saying.

The student said they told him to pack up his clothes, leave town, go down to S. Florida and go to school. Whenever he would ignore it, the voices and headaches continued.

So, one day, he decided to go to his aunt's library and pull out the manuscript. The instant he pulled it down, his headache went away.

He looked at the manuscript and couldn't make sense of it.

I have a copy of the original. It has no paragraphs, no punctuations, and no commas, no exclamation points. Its only punctuation is periods. It goes on and on from page to page. The young man said he tried to read it but it did not make any sense to him. The voices continued, with the headaches, asking him, "When are you going to leave?"

Q. So, again, to make certain, where is this kid when this is happening to him, still at the vanished aunt and uncle's house?

A: Yes, he's still in Colorado. They weren't going to kick him out. He was the legal heir to the house. So, the voices told him to simply leave, not to worry, that everything would be taken care of.

The mother's other sister, his other aunt, lived in South Dade County. He phoned her and explained, "I've got to get out of here. The police are harassing me, threatening me. May I come stay with you?"

He had about \$600 in a personal savings account because he'd been working part time. He took only a few of his effects and his small savings and none of his aunt's and uncle's belongings so that it would not make the police even more suspicious. He hid the manuscript in some newspapers, took his small, recent-model car, and struck off for Miami. All the way, the voices were telling him which roads to take and he arrived in Miami area 4 days later.

He went right to his other aunt's house and was welcomed in. He told nobody about the manuscript.

The next week, he enrolled in South Dade Community College, but it was too late to get the courses that the voices were telling him to take. The voices told him to find the professor, of whom he knew nothing. The voices told him to find the professor and give him the manuscript.

So, a couple of days later, Professor of Philosophy Richard Shelton found a way to get this young man into his class. At first, the professor did not want the manuscript. The student told the professor, "The voices have been pressuring me to give you the manuscript. Please take it." The professor took the manuscript and locked it in his desk. The student thanked him and never returned to the class or was seen around the college again. At the time I met the professor, he had kept it locked away for a year.

Concerned about the student, the professor contacted the aunt. She responded to his inquiry by telling him that, as far as she knew, the young man was still in Colorado. The professor checked the name and phone number of the aunt and it was correct. She said she had already notified police that he was expected to arrive, but had never gotten to their house in Miami.

So, now the professor is really curious as to what is going on. He took it home and locked it in his safe. He tried to read it and experienced the same bad headaches that had plagued the student. His was even worse: they ears rang, the eyes burned and he just had to close up the manuscript. He returned it to his safe, then tried it later at one and three weeks later. When he picked the manuscript up, it felt warm in his hands. He put it into his safe for a few more weeks and forgot about it.

Then he heard from Kathy, Aaron's girlfriend. She told him about this guy who was familiar with UFO phenomena and other paranormal matters. Only then did Shelton tell the story of the manuscript to his class.

Back to my finally getting the manuscript, the professor hands me the manuscript, quickly, opening his drawer with as a sense of urgency, and saying, "Here, let me know what you think of this."

I picked it up and immediately felt its warmth. I commented on it to him. Professor Shelton said, "Take it. You've got 24 hours. You can copy it if you want to but let me have the original back. I asked him if he was hearing voices, too, and he affirmed, "Yes, but I don't want to talk about that."

Q. Not good for a professor's tenure, I suppose.

A. I went to a print shop and printed five copies. I handed him back the original in its leather folio. I had all five copies bound.

He asked me, "What are you going to do with it?"

I told him I did not know. Then he asked if I had started getting headaches, and I told him that I had not. I didn't tell him anything about Hurtak's prediction.

So, I kept thanked him for letting me copy it, saw him lock the original in a drawer, and did not speak with him again for two months because I was trying to figure out what this thing was. Every time I tried to read it, I could only get so far, and then I would get tired and had strange dreams. So, I'd put it away to study later.

I had a lot going on in my life at that time, the *Dick Clark Music Show*, three albums, a lot of artists to manage or record. I thought to myself, "I don't have time for this nonsense," and then the headaches started. I wasn't doing my duty. They got bad enough for me to go to my doctor.

At first I didn't make the connection to my not working on the manuscript and the headaches. It was the doctor at the VA hospital who alerted me, as he did all kinds of tests and couldn't find any apparent cause, then asked me if I were under some kind of severe stress. He said, "Maybe you're working too hard, or maybe you're not doing what you're supposed to do."

The latter statement rang true and instantly I recognized the connection between the manuscript and the headaches.

Q. Seems an unusual thing for a normally perfunctory VA physician to say. That might have been a spontaneously channeled statement.

A. Yes, I thought so, and went home, pulled the book out. I didn't have it in a safe. I had it in my bookcase. So, for the next year and a half, I was reading it and making notes. I ended up making notes in all five books. In one book, I added all the punctuations and separated it into paragraphs as needed.

In the second book, I didn't want to mix the generations, so I rewrote the sentence structure differently in order to make sense of it, now that it was in paragraphs.

Two years had gone by. All of a sudden, I'm hearing A-Lon again.

He tells me, psychically, "I understand you've got your book. This is your first writing assignment. I can't tell you how long you've got, but you need to get it done."

It took me eleven years.

It wasn't until 1989 that I finished the first draft.

Q. So, you're doing what with this manuscript during this time? Obviously, you punctuated it and rewrote sentences for clarity, but what else did you do with it?

A. I tried to understand it. It was only coming to me in bits and pieces because I was only allowed to work on it in pieces at a time. Sometimes I'd work on chapter One, or I'd work down the chapters. I mean, it was complete gibberish.

All this time, A-Lon was coming in at night and telling me how this goes.

Q. So, you're getting a raw, channeled product?

A. Totally raw- not even punctuated. But, it went on like that, and, after 6, 7, or 8 years, it finally came to me. A window opened up and I suddenly thought, "Oh, my God, I know what this is. It's a treatise on the structure of human reality and how we're going to approach it, how we're going to understand it, the construct of the universe, telepathy, and how to work with higher beings."

I put that together with the time on the lake, the trip to the ship.. I finished the book (from the MS) and I was led to the Sitchin books; people just brought me relevant stuff. They would say, "You've got to read this book." This book would come in, and that book.

People must have given me a hundred books for my library for no reason at all.

It wasn't until I moved to Oregon City, when I started writing the Planet X story. Then what drew me to Denver area was my friend, Michael Woods, who was hearing his own voices, and who has been a contactee, too, by the way. As a child, they used to come play with him.

He'd been having visions since the Seventies and told me, "I was supposed to contact you. I want you to move to Denver to work with me. I'll get you a job as a minister. So, he started having visions about this, "We've got to write this book." Then the company I was working for and my income fell apart. We had to get out of the house.

So, I went to Denver and it took Michael and I two years to write the science book, but all of it was educational.

Q. So, Jaysen, this, which later ends up with the book on Planet X, began in 1978 with the manuscript.

A. The manuscript was the key, which triggered the movement, but, in the meantime, I wrote three other books.

Q What was the first book that came directly from that manuscript?

A. This was the first book, Genesis Revisited: the Beginning, an Extraterrestrial Hypothesis . Here is the second book, The Reality Engineer, which I haven't quite finished yet. It's the story of my being on the Arcturan ship and all the facts around that. It's not the teleplay, but the novel, which I haven't finished yet, but I have to write this other novel first. Then, there's a third book that's in my library, but which I don't have with me, still in storage.

Q. How many pages in Genesis Revisited..? I don't want to disturb the binding.

A. 809

Q. This is your editing a variety of sources?

- A. What this book covers is an anthology of the contactee and UFO movement, starting in 1947 at Roswell, which is the event that triggered it in this country.
- Q. But the channeled voices...
- A. Not really channeled...
- Q. I mean, which of your books did the manuscript, and A-Lon's help in making sense of it, end up being?
- A. The '78 manuscript ended up becoming A Cosmic Blueprint for After . That was the first book. That didn't really generate this.
- Q. Genesis Revisited?
- A. To get the story out. I wrote a third one, the science book, and now I'm working on the fourth one. I'll package them together as a boxed set.
- Q. Thank you for your time and sharing with our readers how Others have reached out to help humanity through working through certain individuals, even over decades of contact or by setting up events conducive to accomplishing their goals.

[END OF INTERVIEW]

Dr. Rand ties his experiences and contact in with Semitic prophecies and astronomy in his new book:

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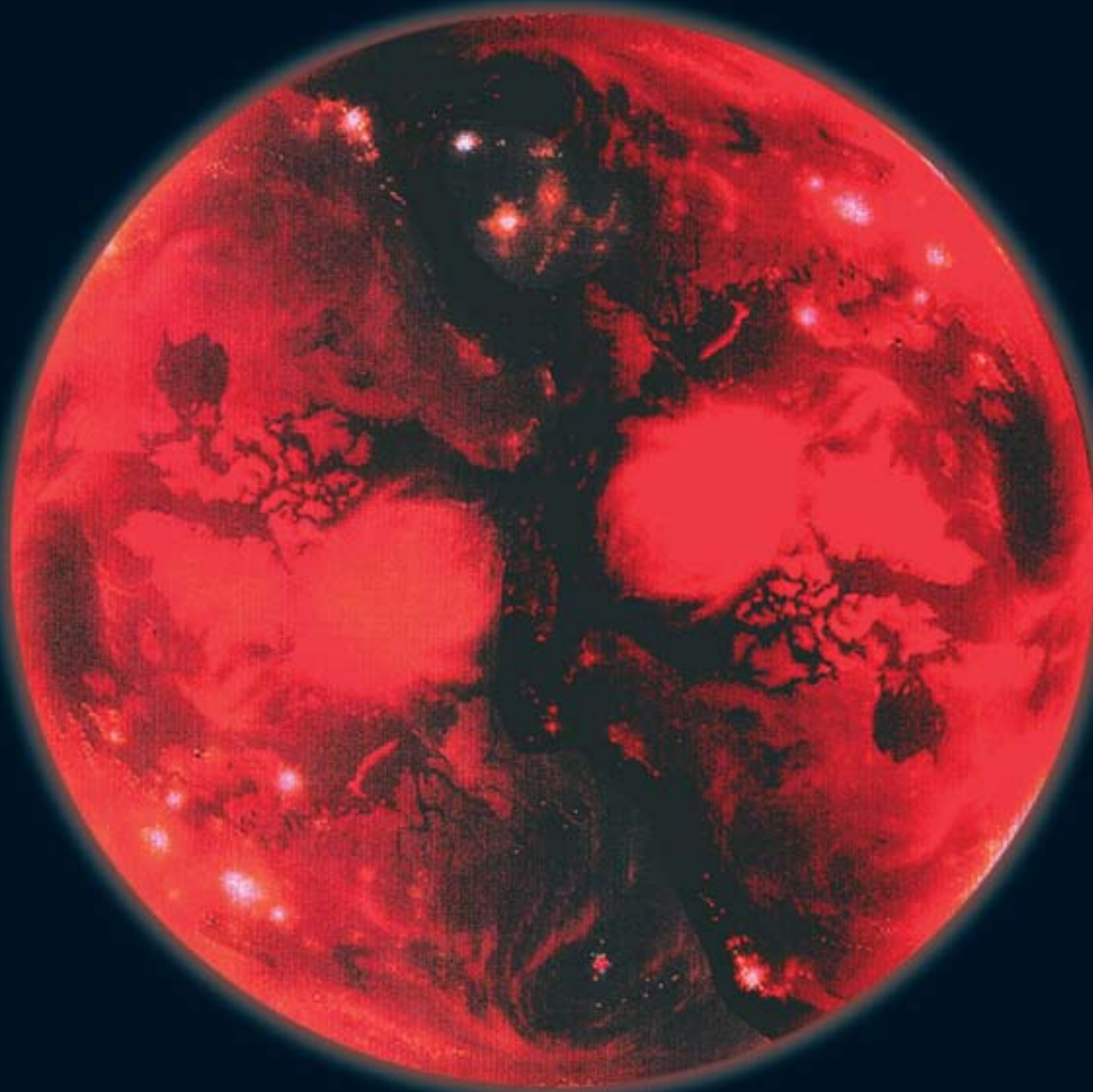
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