

The VERGES

A CHRONICLE
OF ALIEN
ENCOUNTERS

BOOK 1



KEN BAKEMAN

In memory of the enigmatic Ken
Bakeman, an abductee that the world
ignores, but not us, that his legacy
stay alive for a long time...



BAKEMAN

KEN BAKEMAN 1955-2021
REST IN PEACE

Contents

Preface to new edition	i
Introduction	ii
• The Others (1955, age 2).	1
• Ugly Angels (1956, age 3).	5
• Come Play with Us (1959, age 5)	13
• Feed My Children (Fall, 1960, age 6)	21
• The Stolen Sneaker (1962, age 8)	29
• The Lizardman (1962, age 8)	36
• Renjeck's Magic (1962, age 8)	44
• Lord of the Wasps (1962, age 8).	52
• Child Recruits 1962, age 8).	60
• Initiation (1963, age 9)	70
• The Sandbox Monster (1963, age 9).	76
• The Introduction (1963, age 9)	84
• Circles in the Meadow (August 1964, age 10)	97
• The East Wind (September 1964 age 10)	105
• The Sperm Merchant (1964, age 11)	112
• On the Way to Jasper (1965, age 11).	119
• The Bridge (1967, age 13)	137
• Mom's Friend is a Vampire (1967, age 13)	147
• Mr. King's Lawn (1969, age 14)	154
• Mr. King and the MiB (1969, age 14).	160
• Fire without smoke (1969, age 15)	164
• The Spirit Chief (September 1969, age 16).	174
• In the House of God (December 1969, age 16).	178
• Lie Down on the Altar (Winter 1969, age 16)	186
• A Minor Operation (Late summer 1970, age 16)	192
• Dangerous Cows (December 1970, age 17.	203
• False Alarm (Summer 1971, age 17)	212
• A Contract From Hell (September 1972, age 18)	218

Preface to New Edition

This volume is an updated version of my first book, *Verges of the Weird*, Book 1. The contents of the book's accounts hasn't altered much except to correct some spelling, grammar and change a few words here and there. I added another account, *Lord of the Wasps*, that helps to develop the theme of what was happening to me as a child, back in the 1960s. Also, after the accounts I've included some comments to give some additional perspective and insight. In preference for simplicity, I got rid of "of the Weird" from the old title, even though weirdness – literally meaning unearthly, supernatural and hence decidedly alien – is implicit and actually downright fundamental to the contact experiences that I, no doubt along with countless other people, was exposed to as a kid. The concept of "The Verges" concerns the outermost limits of a region or, as it occurs in the context of my encounters, the border zones – the frontiers – of consciousness where there is a highly energetic, purposeful and even sometimes forceful interpenetration of what might be described as different dimensional realms. Of course the technical terminology that might be applied in describing these matters, at least from my limited resources, always seems to be elusive and frustratingly beyond the generally available language set available in a western, scientific based vocabulary. This is why I have mainly just stuck to providing as much detail as possible in the accounts of my weird experiences, reporting the truth as best I can as a first-hand witness and participant in the strange but really not so uncommon events take place at the verges of multiple realities.

Something else that I would like to convey in this tiny author's forward is that my life-time involvement with so-called 'aliens' seems to have progressed in at least three different stages. These include 1) the screening, recruitment and indoctrination phase, then 2) the first forays into the Gray military terrestrial policing activities and the hybridization programs of the Reptilians, Grays and others, then 3) Intensive cleanup operations conducted by the Grays in a final push to quarantine the planet, our Earth which was, at least based on what I was told, fully in effect by the beginning of 1996 in preparation for significant changes that are taking place at the present time. The material that follows is Part One of my *Chronicles of Alien Encounters* and represents the first phase of my involvement, beginning when I was a two-year-old toddler to when I was an eighteen-year-old, first entering college.

Introduction

The collection of accounts that comprise this chronicle are the result of a long and somewhat painful effort. I say 'somewhat painful' because along with some really distressing and agonizingly embarrassing elements, there are also lighter moments when the inevitable and unavoidable disconnect between the weird and the mundane, especially when they bump into each other in close quarters, results in a sort of slapstick comedy of opposites. Not wanting to tilt the stories one way or another, I have tried as an author to provide accurate reportage, which given the nature of the material is, of course, a considerable challenge. One aspect of this challenge is to sort out what might be described as a palette of memories. This palette consists of a spectrum of information to draw from, including memories of experiences that seem to have arisen from dreams, some from out-of-body states, some from imposed drug induced semi-consciousness, some from hyper-alert states of stress, and some from so-called ordinary observation. As a convention, I have used italic script to indicate states of consciousness related to dream states and out-of-body experiences. Also, as might be expected, I have changed the names of the people mentioned in the stories, as I have learned the hard way that they are not particularly eager to even think about having been involved in paranormal occurrences

To give an idea about how I have been able to assemble reasonably detailed accounts of my experiences, it's necessary to begin by relating an unpleasant story. This involves going back in time to a summer night of 1992, when I was involved in a automobile accident. Briefly summarized, a man – later determined to be highly intoxicated – ran in front of my vehicle as I was driving it and was knocked down and dragged for a short distance. I slammed on the brakes, and now at a stop realized that my entire life had just been radically changed. Whatever my life was like before, it was now completely different. Fortunately this individual wasn't killed and he actually pulled himself out from under my car and proceeded to try yank me out of the driver's seat, obviously not in a very good mood having just been run over. Because I was strapped in by a seat belt, the inebriate was unable to remove me from the car, and after a few minutes he toppled over backwards, now exhausted by his self inflicted injuries.

After a trip to the police station to make a statement, I returned home and looked forward to forgetting about the incident as much as

THE VERGES

possible. Over the next few weeks I was able to carry on with my work and conduct what amounted to a normal life. The dreadful feeling I had during the accident that my life had just been completely changed receded into the background. This, however, turned out to be only a temporary respite from having to deal with a traumatic experience. Problems started to bubble up a few months later during my morning shave. Seeing my own reflection, I began to feel an irrational, intense anger.

Day after day I experienced a tumult of emotions when just looking at my own face reflected in the mirror! During this same period of time I developed an insatiable desire to read anything and everything about the paranormal. UFOs, aliens, bigfoot creatures, angels, ghosts — I was obsessed with the whole kit and caboodle of odd phenomena. The bizarre combination of strong, angry emotions and an intense interest in paranormal phenomena eventually led me to wonder if I had ever seen a UFO in my life. Even though some part of my psyche was fighting hard to prevent me from considering the possibility of being involved in something as weird as an abduction experience, the trauma of the car accident seems to have stirred up deeply buried memories to a sufficient degree that an irrepressible agitating force was determined that they find a release, one way or another.

In the course of my book reading I had been exposed to the idea of using hypnosis as a tool to dredge up suppressed memories. One day, on a whim, I laid down on my bed and did a rudimentary self hypnosis exercise consisting of counting down from ten to one, imagining each number as a step leading down to a completely relaxed, peaceful and carefree state. At the bottom on the imaginary stairway, I instructed myself to take a look through my life experiences and report anything that might be unusual or paranormal. Instantly I was transported back in time to when I was twelve years old. I was on a vacation trip with my family in the Canadian Rockies.

Sitting bolt upright in my bed, I knew without a doubt that something really bizarre had happened during the course of that trip and was stunned at how this memory had just surfaced in my mind. In only a split second, I had been able to envision in graphic detail an experience in my life that had taken place a quarter century earlier. It was like an avalanche of information had been dumped on me. I got out of bed and paced around the room, not knowing how to deal with this development. Adding to the unsettling effect of this blast of recall, I also knew that there was a missing part of the memory, a gap of an hour

THE VERGES

or two that didn't arrive with the explosive packet of recall. Thinking over what I did remember, this gap seems to have happened between a point when the electrical system of the family car stopped working properly and when I embarrassingly woke up on the floor in the back of the car, which was now going down the highway like there had been no interruption.

At this point, the cork in the bottle, speaking metaphorically, had been dislodged. There was no going back to a state or condition when the subject of anomalous experiences could be conveniently shoved into the shadows of my mind and be expected to obediently stay there like an exceptionally well trained dog. Over the course of the next two years or so I subjected myself on and off to the services of individuals who claimed to be hypnotherapists. The results were almost uniformly disappointing. Even one of the better therapists, who could induce a wonderfully deep trance, burst out laughing at something I said during a session. Coming out of the trance, I asked this so-called professional why he was laughing. Between guffaws, he said, "I'm only human". After that experience I decided to stop wasting my money on hypnosis.

During this period of my life I was trying to maintain a precarious balance between going crazy thinking about alien encounters and pretending that everything was normal (including me) and holding down a regular job. I recall one day at work looking at a map of the United States while discussing with an associate the division of regional sales districts for the products we made and sold. Without any prompting, and not even looking carefully at the map, I suddenly remembered a very strange experience I had many years earlier while driving down the access road to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. It was early Spring and the North Rim was still closed for the season! Boggled by the unexpected recall of something that had happened nearly two decades earlier, I also realized that there was a gap in my memory of this experience (like the Canadian vacation trip), a lapse of about two hours.

Over the next few years I worked on making a list of these unusual experiences, many of which shared the characteristic of an initial skewing or even severing of the ordinary flow of events, followed by a memory void, followed by a resumption of the familiar. My list grew to the point where it included several dozen very odd and obviously (to me) paranormal episodes. During this time when I was beginning to piece together the jigsaw puzzle of lost memories, I was also gradually becoming cognizant of a continuing sequence of strange intrusions in

THE VERGES

my life. These ranged from seemingly harmless impulses to drive out into the country and wander around the woods, ostensibly to collect plant specimens, to being awakened in the middle of the night by shadowy figures leading me out the back door. One morning I woke up with a really creepy feeling, knowing that I had been taken somewhere during the night. The inside of my right forearm displayed an oval, dark purplish-red bruise, about the size that a thumb print might make. Unlike before in my life, when I had not yet become conscious of the surreptitious exploitations and infringements of my sovereignty, bumbling along almost like the archetypal Fool of the Tarot deck's Major Arcana, I was now painfully aware of the external and unwelcome interference in my life. And it needed to stop.

My first step in an attempt to pull myself away from the verges of the weird was to move to another house. The house I had been living in for several years was built literally on a verge, a steep bank in the backyard that fell a good seventy-five feet down to a stream. The stream and the wooded area around it was part of a green belt that effectively, at least in my imagination, provided perfect cover for uninvited visitors of an anomalous kind. My new residence was on a large lot that was much more open and was near a fairly busy neighborhood street. At the time I thought that this exposure might at least offer some slight protection. Combined with this move, I began in earnest to dig into the recesses of my mind in an effort to retrieve and reassemble as much as possible what had apparently fallen into the voids of my memory. To this end, I had tailored a technique combining some of the standard tricks used in hypnotic regression with meditation. For a period of several months I spent about three to four hours a day mainly in meditation but also sometimes diving into the cenote-like well of my unusual experiences.

One day while I was in a deep state of relaxation I heard a voice in my head clearly say, "We will allow you to remember some now". The voice was dispassionate, almost condescending in its tone. Unfolding my legs and moving around my meditation room, I wondered what the ramifications of this pronouncement might be. It didn't take long to find out. Over the next few weeks I was bombarded with a succession of vivid recollections of events spanning from my early childhood up to the present time. It was no longer necessary to dig or pry into the niches of my subconscious to obtain eidetic and emotionally charged recall. Dozens and dozens of memories simply popped into my mind with as little effort and ambiguity as thinking about what I had eaten for

THE VERGES

breakfast that morning. The problem at this point was not in remembering, but trying to deal psychologically with an inundation of material that was totally alien and, more significantly, highly threatening to the delicate fabric of normal, consensus reality.

As of this writing (2012) the data dump of recalled memories mentioned above took place some fifteen years back. It has taken me this length of time to approach a modicum of comfort in accepting the experiences as valid, in their own weird way, and worth sharing in detailed form. From my perspective, they are real events that had and continue to have a real impact on me and others around me – both psychologically and physically – no matter how remote and irrelevant they may seem as viewed through the constricted aperture of consensus reality.

The Others

Fall 1955, age 2

Mrs. Garrett, our baby sitter, had fallen asleep watching TV in the family room. The old lady sat in a slumped position of the sofa, snoring away in ludicrous counterpoint to the late night movie sound track. My sister and I were supposed to have been in bed hours earlier but Mrs. Garrett's somnolence left us free to invent whatever mischief we felt inclined toward. We were a little hungry, the sort of hunger born of boredom. Karen, who was two years older than me, suggested that we look in the kitchen – maybe we could discover some cookies. The lower drawers were the first to be inspected since they were more at the level of a two and four-year-old. Not surprisingly, these compartments didn't yield anything appetizing, just bread, crackers and uncooked spaghetti. Mom hid the good stuff up high enough to be well out of easy reach of naughty children.

Feeling a little indignant over the scanty selection of edibles, I reached into the drawer and grabbed the bad of spaghetti, thinking that at least it might have an interesting, crunchy texture. My small hands worked at trying to open the plastic wrapping and finally, with a little help from my teeth the bag ripped open, causing the brittle rods of pasta to fly in all directions. Karen and I had a hard time stifling our laughs over this unexpected explosion. Waking up the baby sitter would spoil all the fun. Somehow the absurd calamity of the spaghetti mess incited my sister and myself to further mischief. In a childish frenzy we started to throw spaghetti around the room. It went in every direction, even into the dining and living rooms. Like an infantile savage I stomped on it, broke it in my little hands and decorated the floor with hundreds of small pieces of dry noodles. Just at the peak of the celebrations, the front door opened and in walked Mom and Dad.

We had been caught in the act. Dad's eyes opened wide and like an inflamed bull he came charging over to me. Grabbing my arm, he hoisted my small body off the floor and positioned his bright red face inches from mine. The strong smell of alcohol enveloped his scathing words. "You're going to learn a lesson you'll never forget, young man", he roared at me. Crying uncontrollably, I tried to explain that it was all my sister's fault – not true – but my unintelligible sobs fell on insensitive ears. I was dragged into the master bedroom and positioned in front of the walk-in closet. Dad told me to choose which belt I wanted to be whipped with. In a controlled rage, he explained that he

THE VERGES

had thin ones, wide ones and medium ones. He would leave it up to me to decide which belt I preferred. Unable to fathom the horror of this choice I could only stare at the rotating belt rack and try to suck in breaths of air between sobs. Impatient to have at it, Dad chose a medium belt for me. My pajamas and diapers were pulled down and my small body was placed bottom up on the end of the bed. As though listening from far away, I heard, "This is going to hurt me a lot more than it hurts you".

From a position well above the room's ceiling, I could see through the structure of the house and watch the boy receiving the lashes of the belt. I had left his body immediately after the first strike. The pain had shot me out of his physical form and even though I now felt no pain I knew that the body was suffering intensely. The body contracted spasmodically with each strike. Five was the number of lashes. A red line appeared on the small buttocks after each one.

The Others had come close to me, lending what support they could, given the circumstances. They – like me, now in a spirit state – were glowing, white forms of an approximately human shape. Under extreme, liminal conditions such as the one that my physical form was now experiencing, the Others came near. We huddled together around a circular aperture that acted as a connecting port between the material and the spiritual realms. This ring, only a few dozen feet above the ground, would be invisible to all but the most sensitive of the land-dwellers in a corporeal state. I didn't want to return to the child's body, thinking about how painful it would be. But encouraged by the comfort of the Others, I was coaxed back down through the portal, to reenter my physical form and continue on with my commitment to this life experience. A soul contract had been entered into and it would have to take a lot more than just a single whipping to justify permanently abandoning the body I had agreed to grow into for my life's work.



Discussion

The memory of this early childhood experience was one of the first to surface when in the mid 1990s I began to have a virtual avalanche of

THE VERGES

recall regarding my unusual contact events. Speaking from my own experience, once the process of stirring up old memories begins in earnest, whether through hypnosis, meditation, restimulating trauma or a combination of these and who knows what else, there isn't a readily available faucet lever to regulate the flow from the psyche. In my case, recall came as a package deal. When the slumbering subconscious is aroused one may not always get what one might expect or, for that matter, may want to remember.

This account in my chronicles was not intended to cast Dad as some kind of villainous personality, which he definitely wasn't. It was included to show how sensitive children are, and how naturally close we are to the spiritual realm when very young. At the outset of trying to put this painful experience into words, the term 'Others' was front and center in my mind. I don't know why. It was as though the Others were not only a standard part of the cast of otherworldly beings who interacted with me but also part of a preset lexicon available to describe what had transpired.

The ring shaped opening that I describe in this account also seems very natural to me, even as an adult. In the mid 1990s when I was engaged in intensive meditation – directed kundalini energy flow with flame-like wisps of colored energy dancing around inside my body – I could notice and actually visibly see the traces of what seemed like a circular, luminous aperture not so very far above my head. It had a gentle, soothing white glow and followed me around wherever I went, sort of like a strange version of Mary's little lamb. But in my experience the access to this opening was derived from managing raw serpent power (or having it manage me?) very much the polar opposite of Mary's archetypal loyal bovine. Depending on the circumstances, the opening looked to be approximately four yards in diameter and some five or six yards up. My sense is that this almost UFO-like ring is an extension of, or annex to one's spirit body that ordinarily meshes with the physical one. In any event when it was near it felt like a portal to a realm of tremendous comfort and an avenue to safe retreat. When going about my daily, mundane business the perception I've had at times is that a few dozen smallish beings glowing with a diffused white light gather around the rim of a circular balcony positioned on the rim of this opening. Apparently the Others occasionally station themselves to observe the various unfolding adventures taking place down in the terrestrial field. Am I something like an avatar to stimulate their consciousness? Or are the Others more like sentries making sure that I

THE VERGES

didn't make an unauthorized passage through what roughly may be equivalent to an inter-dimensional sphincter?

Another element that was part of this very early childhood experience involved what I have referred to as a soul contract. I'm not precisely sure what this entails in its totality, but I do have vague recollections of making some kind of deal in the process of choosing my parents and plotting out a workable plan of action, with some room for negotiation, for this current life. My agreement seems to have taken place well in advance of the entrance of my spirit-self into the corporeal body created by my earthly parents and was, as best I can remember, a requirement for me to enter the terrestrial habitat, somewhat along the lines of needing a valid passport and visa to travel to foreign countries.

One of the conditions of this soul contract was, as I perceive it now, a restriction that acts in effect like a spiritual handicap regarding the retention of full memory of so-called past lives and states of being in other realms of consciousness. Apparently at least one of the rules for participating in the game of life on Earth, at least for some souls, deals with being thrown in the deep end of the pool and making a go of it. As in all contracts there are various terms and conditions and, judging by my experiences, not all of these are necessarily advantageous to or, for that matter, in the best interest of the soul traveling signee. I did discover later in my life that it was possible to renegotiate the original contract and did so, but at a price and literally signed with blood.

Immediately after my early childhood belt whipping punishment, which looking back on it now seems to have had an initiatory aspect to it, I had some serious second thoughts about how well my current life on Earth was going to pan out. I suppose that this occurrence of hesitation and correlating thoughts of abandoning a life project creates at least one of the jobs for the Others – to enforce continuation, commitment and ultimately, fulfillment of the agreement.

Ugly Angels

Fall 1956, age 3

A bright light lit up my bedroom causing me to awaken from a deep sleep. Groggily, I turned around in my crib to see who had entered the room. It seemed like only a short time had passed since I had been put to bed for the night and it was an unusual time for somebody to wake me up. Instead of Mom or Dad I saw the forms of two unusual figures near me that seemed to be floating a little above the floor. With their huge black eyes and pale skin they looked like monsters to me. Reacting instinctively I pushed my body against the wooden slats on the side of crib in an attempt to slide under the mattress and out of the reach of these ugly people. But the strange beings intervened, taking control of my small body even before I had a chance to hide. At first I laid helpless in the crib and then began to rise up into the air. I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs to get help but I couldn't get any sound to come out of my mouth and for some reason my arms weren't moving even though I wanted to swing them around in a desperate attempt to stop what was happening. I saw that these monsters were a little taller than me but not nearly as tall as Mom and Dad. They wore jackets with a hood pulled over the top of their pale gray faces. Their large, black eyes and oversized heads with pointy chins reminded me of bugs.

At this point my body was floating headfirst in a horizontal, face up position and from what little I could see the two monsters appeared to be floating alongside of me in an upright posture. I think that we somehow passed right through either the bedroom wall or maybe the closed door and based on what part of the ceiling I could see, staring straight up in this slow motion procession, we continued on through the living and dining room and eventually entered the kitchen. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed the night light on the stove. There was a bowl of leftover popcorn on the counter and I tried reach out and grab some of it but to my consternation I couldn't move my arms. I tracked our slow progress by looking up at the ceiling and thought that we were headed for the back door. We made a right turn towards the kitchen wall by the breakfast table. Since I was floating headfirst, I was getting very worried about my head smashing into the wall. Amazingly, we passed effortlessly, not through the wall, but through the kitchen window, which was a solid pane of glass. We were now outside the house in the backyard. Even though my body was a few feet off the ground, I had the thought that maybe I could reach down and grab the garden hose

THE VERGES

that I remembered had been left out on the lawn during the day. If only I could grab a hold onto the hose I might be able to prevent myself from floating away like a balloon. It would at least keep me close enough to the house so that eventually someone might notice my body up in the air and pull me back down to the ground, hopefully in time for breakfast. But this plan wasn't going to work just like my first attempt to hide under the mattress didn't because I couldn't even wiggle my little finger, let alone grab onto something with my hands.

Continuing to be taken away by the monsters, one on either side of my body, I was suddenly hit with a foggy tunnel of light. It was like a single headlight beam from a car and my body turned to a head-up position and began to rise up into the air. After going up for a short time I managed to look down by forcing my eyeballs to move and was amazed to see the top of the chimney of our house. Continuing to float upward, I began to worry about what would happen if I fell from this height. Up to this point in my life, thoughts of death hadn't exactly been a big factor my mind, even though I knew that people and animals sometimes died. But now things were different and even with just my little kid's awareness it was obvious that falling from this height would hurt a lot. I wondered, if I fell would I crash through right through the roof or just bounce off of it, all smashed and broken.

In the darkness of the early morning hours I could see the dark forms of houses in our neighborhood, outlined by the slight glow of the night sky. These houses were the safe places where my friends and their families were sound asleep in and not floating up into the air like me. Then I glanced down and saw the power lines a long ways down. My previous concerns about dying suddenly gave way to the frightening realization that maybe I was already dead. I might have died in my sleep without knowing it and was now being taken away by angels. But these angels were ugly. That didn't seem like a good sign. Quickly, I made a mental list of all the bad things that I had done in my three years of life. There were more than a handful of lies, teasing the dog, a few dozen stolen cookies ... oh no! Now I probably had to face the consequences of my misbehavior. I hoped that God wasn't going to get too mad at me

After being lifted up well above the ground I, along with the bug-eyed angels, entered a small room that I thought was inside of a boat that floated in the air. My nerve-racked condition was slightly offset by curiosity about this new situation. Sliding panels underneath our bodies closed to form a floor that we could stand on and the foggy

THE VERGES

blueish-white light that had lifted us up changed to a yellow-orange color. Now back on my feet, I was bathed in the glow of this light for a few minutes. It caused my body to feel itchy, like it was being scrubbed with a rough brush. Then the light switched off just as a set of doors on one of the walls opened up, like on elevators.

Along with the angels I walked out of the small chamber, mollified a little because at least I had control of my body again. We were now in a large, mostly empty room that reminded me of the doctor's office I had been taken to sometimes. Only a short time back I had to go there to have a big wart taken off the bottom of my foot. The doctor told me in a very serious tone of voice that this would hurt but I needed to act like a man and try my best not to cry. I hoped that nothing like this was going to happen to me up here because it was really hard not to cry when he took that wart out. Looking around, I saw a row of several beds arranged in a curve that followed the shape of the wall. Then as I pivoted my head around my line of sight suddenly caught the view of four people standing in the shadows not very far away from me. My escorts brought me close to these figures then went away to another more brightly lit area of the big, round room. These four people were almost as tall as my parents but were very skinny and had the same sort of bug-like face of the ugly angels. They all wore a long, open white robe – looking suspiciously like a doctor's jacket – over shiny, white tight fitting clothing. The color of their skin was pale gray, almost white. Staring at them, I wondered how they could breath. They only had two tiny holes for a nose. I also wondered if they would be able to hear me since they didn't have very good ears either. Where regular ears should have been, there were no detectable openings at all.

I took another quick look at the room. In the gloom, I could just make out a row of windows along the outer, curved wall with only blackness on the other side. About the same width as my family's entire house, the structure I was in appeared to be a circular boat with a dome-shaped ceiling. The floor was smooth and shiny. If I wasn't getting ready to meet God, I thought it would be really fun to run and slide like I did back at home on the kitchen floor after Mom waxed it. This worked particularly well with the kind of pajamas I was wearing, the ones that covered your feet. But I needed to exhibit good behavior at this point and not get into trouble. The four beings continued to look at me intently. I heard a barely audible buzzing and humming noise that seemed to come from their lipless mouths. They made me feel really nervous because their white jackets and seriousness reminded me of the

THE VERGES

doctor I had been taken to when I had the big wart on my foot removed. It also concerned me that there weren't any toys in the room. There weren't any tricycles, stuffed animals or toy trucks – absolutely nothing to play with. If this was Heaven, it sure looked boring.

Even though it had been only a minute or two since I had entered this strange room I couldn't keep quiet any longer. A combination of childish curiosity and impatience took over. As politely as possible, I asked, "Scuse me, is one of you God?" This stopped their hum-buzzing and all together they focused their large, black eyes on my little body. In my head I received their response. It sounded like all four were talking together at the same time. In a droning monotone, they said, "we are one. We are not separate from the whole . . ." and some more things along this line. They told me that because of the limitations of my type of body I couldn't fully appreciate what they were trying to communicate to me. Since I had just recently turned three years old this didn't come as a surprise. My parents were always telling me things that I didn't understand. But I felt a little relieved, thinking that maybe I didn't have to meet God after all. Then the beings told me something else which I had a hard time understanding but thought maybe it meant that they had decided to outfit me. Now things were sounding more interesting. I was hoping that it would be a cowboy outfit, complete with boots, big hat and a set of pistols in a fancy holster. Before the details of the outfit could be discussed, I began to feel awfully drowsy. The ugly angels were boring their eyes into mine. I felt like someone had slipped me a Mickey.

In a half-awake state I struggled to open my eyes and found myself lying on one of the beds in the circular room. A bright light illuminated the forms of the angels close by me. Someone had taken off my flannel pajamas and underpants. I couldn't move my arms and legs just like when I was lifted out of my crib but now I wasn't worried about that because I felt so sleepy. But I did had to tinkle real bad. A stream of urine jetted out of my penis and I felt the warm liquid as it landed on my body. Somewhere near me I heard a commotion. I didn't care. Someone was working around my ears now. It seemed like they were putting things into my head through my ears. After a while, I felt a slight sensation of electricity going straight through my head. It didn't feel unpleasant and when the tingling stopped, I dropped back down into a very relaxed, drowsy state. Somebody was moving my body now. I was being turned this way and that, upside down, right side up, all over. Awakened by this, I realized that the angels were trying to put

THE VERGES

my pajamas back on. Looking out of my sleepy eyes, I saw that at least four or five of them were working together to accomplish this process. After a lot of hum-buzzing they seemed to have agreed upon a satisfactory method of reinstalling my clothing and I fell back to sleep once again.

I woke up in the morning, back inside my crib, remembering bits and pieces of a strange dream. After breakfast I went out to the street in front of my family's house and stood by the telephone pole. Gazing up into the sky I had the strong feeling that sometime during the previous night I had been well above the top of our house and was so high up that I was able to look down to see the top of the chimney. This was of great interest to me because Santa Claus would be coming down this chimney soon, hopefully bringing lots of toys. I also remembered being so far up in the air that I could see the tops of all the other houses in the neighborhood. But even though I was just a three-year-old, I knew that people weren't able to float up into the air. I knew this for sure because I had fallen off the top bars of the neighbor's jungle gym more than once even though I wished I could just fly away. My child's mind was racked by trying to reconcile what I thought happened to me and what was reasonable based on what I had experienced in life. This concern was interrupted by the neighborhood kids calling to me. It was a sunny Saturday and there were lots of games to play.

A few weeks after my strange dream about being in the boat in the sky I went with my mother to pick up Dad at work. It was getting close to Christmas but the weather was relatively mild for this time of year, with a lot of rain. In the middle of a torrential downpour we left home in the old Chevrolet my family had borrowed from friends. As I sat in the front seat next to Mom, I watched with great interest as she struggled with the lever next to the steering wheel and the pedals on the floor. When I asked Mom if the car was broken she told me that this car had three in a tree and she didn't know how to use it. I thought this was an interesting idea and tried to picture a variety of three things in a tree but couldn't understand how this had anything to do with driving a car. There was a short uphill grade that needed to be negotiated before reaching the main road, which back at this time was unpaved and full of potholes. After several attempts to get up enough speed my mother finally managed to lurch our way to the top of the hill, in the process saying some words that I didn't understand, and then we were on our way down the muddy, bumpy street to go bring Dad home.

As we drove through the rain I watched the wipers on the wind

THE VERGES

going back and forth, again and again, and listened to Mom humming a song that followed the rhythmic clacking and squeaking noises they made. We finally arrived at the place where Dad worked. This was just at the time when the dark gray clouds above us opened up and released a huge load of their watery burden. I knew how to open the car door and was half way out when Mom grabbed my arm and yelled at me to hurry up to get out of the rain. I wanted to splash around in the puddles first but was literally dragged into the building by my mother in what I thought was a rough handed manner. We were told that Dad was in a meeting and it would be a little while before he could leave for the day. In the meantime I was introduced to one of the salesmen, named Mr. Angel. When I heard this name an explosion of images took place in my mind. Looking up at this tall man who reeked of cigarette smoke, I wondered if he was connected with the other angels I had met. But he looked like a regular man, complete with hair on his head and a big mustache. He didn't look anything like the angels I had been with up in the sky.

Not able to articulate these thoughts in words, I pestered my mother for a piece of paper and something to draw with. With Mr. Angel's help, they came up with some old price lists and some crayons. I sat down at a desk and drew a picture on the back sides of the paper to show how I had been taken to a boat as big as a house way up in the air. Trying to control my hand, I used the crayons to draw the figure of a boy – me – and then some blue lines connecting the boy to a boat above him. After a few minutes of working on my picture it was done. Mr. Angel was busy talking to my mother so I had to resort to jumping up and down to get his attention. Finally he noticed me and took hold of the drawing that I was excitedly trying to shove into his hands. I hoped he would say something that would help to explain what had happened to me but he only glanced at my picture and then gave it to my mom. Letting out a raspy smoker's laugh, the man named Mr. Angel complimented me on my artistic skills. He didn't say a word about kids floating up into the air and taken inside of big, round boats. I felt both frustrated and confused. If this man really was an angel, why didn't he recognize what I had drawn? When you're only three years old, almost everything is a mystery.



Discussion

Much of the recall that I have managed to assemble concerning my strange encounters has been initiated by the memory of a troubling mental picture. The troubling part of the imagery seems to be due to a combination of emotions associated with it which for the most part consists of feelings ranging between total bewilderment to outright terror. What triggered the recall of this particular very early abduction experience – as best I can reconstruct it, happening just shortly after I had turned three years old – was the mental image of a Christmas tree floating in the large field of wild grass that bordered on the back yard of my childhood home. My memory is that I had ended up alone outside the house at night time, looking in awe at an object lit up with bright lights. This object seemed to be hovering above the ground in a luminous, foggy mist and had an attractive quality, almost as though it was pulling me toward it. At the time I guessed that what I was looking at was a floating Christmas tree decorated with bright lights. But even given the limited scope of my very young mind I realized that in the overall context of events this wasn't very likely. Besides, I didn't see any presents under this strange tree, leading me to think that what was going on was rather suspicious.

Although I can't be certain that the imagery of a floating Christmas tree was specifically connected to my abduction by ugly angels – perhaps it related to a separate abduction event – remembering it clearly triggered a mental process that made it possible for me to recall being outside in the backyard at night and having something very unusual take place. This catalyzing effect opened a doorway that allowed me to enter the corridors, chambers and closeted recesses of my memory in an eidetic exploration of the very odd events that followed.

I think that in addition to visual imagery, the fabric that constitutes memory is woven from innumerable strands spun from all sensory impressions. An example of this is when I was taken through the kitchen by the ugly angels and I smelled the leftover popcorn that had been placed in a bowl on the counter top. The distinctive smell of oily popcorn triggered an explosion of recall, in this case the memory of floating face up in mid air, passing right through the glass kitchen window, going out into the back yard and then being lifted up to the boat in the sky. I compare these emotionally charged sensory impressions to

THE VERGES

mnemonic milestones which when stimulated can potentially set off what in effect amounts to a chain reaction of recall.

Imagery associated with the just sound of a word was also involved in my recall of this early childhood abduction. Even when I was only a three-year-old I had become somewhat aware of the concept of angels through various church related influences. As a kid I recall seeing a figurine that my mother had set out as a Christmas decoration. This little sculpture was in the shape of a winged person who was playing the violin. My mom told me that this was supposed to represent an angel, but it really bothered me that this angel didn't look like the angels I had met. When I was introduced to the man named Mr. Angel at the place where my dad worked, just hearing the word 'angel' was enough to cause an explosion of memories inside of my child's mind. The disappointment I experienced when Mr. Angel wasn't interested in my picture story was, I suppose, inevitable. The angels I had met didn't have moustaches and didn't smoke cigarettes. And as far as I knew they didn't even play the violin.

Come Play with Us

October 1959, Age 5

A windstorm swept through the region the night before. Even though it was October, the southerly Chinook was warm, with a perfumed, velvety quality to it. The wind had rattled the windows of my bedroom and snuck in through the small gaps around the frames. This woke me up from time to time, but I was lulled back to sleep by the almost narcotic effect of the air.

The wind was still blowing pretty hard the next afternoon when I was starting out to walk home from kindergarten. I stopped and looked at the tall fir trees swaying in the gusts. Holding on to my Yogi Bear lunch box, I watched the tops of the trees moving back and forth. I wasn't in a big hurry to get home. Mom had been having bad migraine headaches the last few days. When I had come home from school, she was in bed with the curtains closed and the lights turned off. Once, I opened the door to her bedroom and asked if she was all right. She told me to leave her alone. If I hung around school long enough, maybe Dad would be back from work by the time I got home. Then I wouldn't have to be alone with Mom.

There was something very relaxing about looking at the motion of the trees. Back and forth they bent, a line of them moving together with the forces of nature. The thick clouds scuttled by overhead, adding another far away dimension to the collage. The trees moved side to side and the clouds marched by continuously from south to north. The more I watched this motion the more I felt drawn into the dynamics of these wonderful members of my world. Trees and clouds danced together with the wind.

I was entranced. A voice entered my mind as I stared into the sky. It told me, "All that you see is not real. It is only make-believe like props on a theater stage. You are the only thing that is real. Everything else, including the trees, the wind and even all the people you know, has been set up as an experiment to test how you react". This was a startling concept. The thought of being watched made me feel extremely vulnerable and exposed. I had the uneasy feeling that hidden in the clouds there was a group of beings staring down at me. Also, I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like when all the unreal stuff around me disappeared some day. What would be left? The voice spoke to me again, saying, "You are Jesus. You are Christ". This message alarmed me even more than the previous one. Jesus was someone who died a

THE VERGES

long time ago. Adults believed that he was someone really important. They even worshiped him on Sundays. It was very unlikely that I had anything in common with him. After all, I was just a little kid hanging around school waiting for my dad to come home. This snapped me out of my revelry. Even as a five-year-old, I knew that having thoughts like these wasn't right.

I looked around and saw that all the other kids had gone home for the day and I was the only one left on the school grounds. More time must have elapsed than I had been aware of. It was starting to get dark. I decided to take the shortcut through the woods, even though this was a little scary, being alone in the twilight hours. I had to pick my way carefully around the broken tree branches and mud puddles. Mom's voice grated in my memory, "Don't get your shoes muddy!" I imagined the puddles to be huge lakes. Each lake required careful evaluation and planning in order to avoid disaster – falling in and getting my shoes wet. My attention was directed to the path and all of its obstacles so I didn't notice the people ahead of me until I was only a few feet away from them. Startled, I looked up and saw three strange looking children standing together, blocking my way. They were a little taller than me, about four feet high, so I figured that they were older kids. But they sure didn't look normal. They all wore the same style of gray coat with a big floppy hood. The coats were pulled over a tight fitting silvery-white suit. Huge black eyes on their ash colored faces stared out toward me and somehow seemed to be saying something. Then I heard their voices in my mind as they all spoke together at once. Almost like reciting the lyrics of a lullaby they said, "Come play with us".

I wasn't afraid, but had serious reservations about playing with strange children. Also, I needed to be really careful not to get my shoes dirty. I looked at the feet of the three children and was astonished to see that they were spotlessly clean, in fact, these kids weren't even wearing shoes. Their feet were covered with an extension of the tight-fitting suit that covered the rest of their bodies. How did they manage to keep their feet so clean? I was envious. As I looked at their feet I noticed that they were glowing. That was strange. I raised my head and took in the entire visual impression of all three of these strange children. Their whole bodies were glowing. Captivated by this radiance, I felt drawn to them. Holding out my hand, I saw that my body was glowing too. The light around our bodies overlapped. I felt an almost overwhelming feeling of connection with the three kids. With this shift in awareness, my relationship with these beings changed completely. While at first there

THE VERGES

were three of them and one of me, somehow we had merged into what seemed like just one person. The feeling was of intense closeness, not just physically but also emotionally. I felt wonderful. My previous concerns about going home had completely vanished by this point and I all I wanted to do now was to go play with these children.

The energy around us continued to build, thickening to the point where it was almost tangible. A luminous sphere formed all around the four of us, like a big bubble, and we were lifted off the ground a few feet and the bubble then started to float through the woods on the edge of the school grounds. I could see right through the wall of the sphere, as though it was perfectly clear glass, and tracked our progress moving slowly in between the trees. After floating deeper into the woods we came to a dull silver-colored structure which I thought was probably the strange children's playhouse. It was about the height of a regular room and stood off the ground on short legs. The shape of the base was round and the top part was curved. Our bubble floated right up to this structure and entered it through a small doorway.

After we entered the playhouse the bubble faded and we were once again four individuals, each standing on our own two feet. I watched as one of the strange children took a small backpack he was wearing and hung it up on a hook on the wall. The kids pulled off the hooded jackets they wore and put those in a small closet. Two of them sat right down on small stools attached to the floor. These were in front of a curved counter built against the wall. I saw that the counter had lit-up panels on the top. The third kid remained standing, watching me. Trying to absorb what was going on I couldn't help but think that this didn't look like a regular kid's playhouse, actually, it looked like an adult kind of place. For one thing it was much too clean. All the surfaces, including the floor, walls and counters, were made of a smooth polished, white material. There was also all the technical looking stuff on the counters. It looked more like equipment that doctors would use than things kids would play with.

The kid who remained standing opened up a cabinet and brought something out. In his slender hand he held out a silver-colored cup of what I thought was juice, offering it to me. Not wanting to be a bad guest, I accepted it from him. After a quick sniff – it didn't have any smell that I could notice – I drank the liquid. Hearing the request in my mind, I was then politely asked to take my shoes and outer clothing off. This didn't seem too unreasonable to me. After all, the other kids were wearing what looked something like either long underwear or tight

THE VERGES

pajamas. Even though I felt a little self-conscious about taking my clothes off I didn't want to get their clubhouse dirty with my muddy shoes. Then I was asked to sit down on the floor and wait for a while. Dressed in my underwear, I sat down cross-legged on the floor.

Looking at the two figures sitting in front of the counter, I began to wonder who these people really were. The wonderful glow around their bodies had gone away and they didn't look nearly as friendly as before. In the bright lighting in the playhouse I saw that their skin was a darker shade of gray than I remembered. It also had a leathery, slightly bumpy quality to it, like outside of an orange. Even though their bodies were small and slender, their heads were large in proportion, actually really big. They didn't have any hair either. Fear started creeping into my thoughts. My parents had told me many times not to go away with strangers. Now I knew I had probably made a really big mistake by not following this warning. Trying to resist the pressure of fear building up inside of me, I asked the standing kid where he and his friends came from. His reply was hard for me to understand but I think he said that they came from many different places, some of them so distant that nobody could even see that far. I was told that they traveled between these places on ships. He explained that while our boats moved across waves of water, theirs traveled on waves of sunshine.

In my mind I tried to picture this way of traveling and imagined boats on glistening waves going far beyond where I lived. The two seated guys had placed their hands, palms down, on the top of the glowing counter panels. From time to time they moved a hand slightly, one way or another. By this point, having realized that I was not really in a playhouse but in some kind of a ship, I guessed that their hands were guiding us to our destination which was one of their homes far away from where I lived. I began to worry that I probably wouldn't make it home in time for dinner. Then it occurred to me that I might not ever be able to go home. A sickening feeling of loss swept through my body. Still sitting cross-legged on the floor, I was feeling very sleepy. The juice probably had something in it to make me sleep, like when Mom slipped me a mickey by putting something into my sandwich at lunch. I stared at the back of the head of one of the drivers of the little ship we were in. It was rounded and stuck out a lot. The gray leathery skin and globe-like roundness reminded me of something. Drowsily, I thought it looked like the Moon. Just before slipping off into unconsciousness a weird thought entered my mind. I had been captured by men from the Moon.

THE VERGES

Configured in a compact energy sphere, my consciousness was akin to a large eyeball. It could register in all dimensions, well, nearly all. I looked up and saw the Opening. Above us was the portal to the next stage, the next level after physical death. This hole loomed above me and was ringed by the Others. They leaned over the edge of the open circle, forming a ring of obstruction. Even though I was drawn to the radiance of the Others, I knew that they would not let me pass through the portal. It wasn't time yet.

Trying to be patient, I waited in the upper corner of the room, watching the operation on the child's body. The doctors were outfitting the boy with a neural transmitter. This was being inserted via the nasal passage into the brain. Only about the size of an apple seed, it would suffice to induce a wide range of control patterns geared towards the predictable emotion-based behavior of human children. The process of installation was routine, involving the insertion of the device using a wire with grippers on one end. Once pushed into the brain, the grippers would be released and the tiny transmitter would be left behind, embedded in the brain tissue.

Gazing down, I focused on the boy's hand. It lay limp on the operating table. An overpowering feeling of attraction to the physical form of the child was building in my consciousness. I felt that somebody should be holding that small hand during this difficult time. Seeing that the operation was over, I moved closer to the body, impelled by the desire to hold on to the hand. Now so very close, my field automatically merged back again with the physical body of the boy. The Others needn't keep watch, at least for the time being.

I woke up sprawled out on the floor inside the playhouse of the strange children. Pulling myself upright, I found myself dressed. I wondered how much time had gone by. Looking at my shoes, I was surprised but happy to see that they were spotlessly clean. There were only two of the children in the structure now. Before I could ask any questions I was told by one of them that it was time for me to go home. The small doorway to the playhouse was open and it was obvious that I was supposed to leave. Holding onto my Yogi Bear lunch box, I climbed out of the small opening and was back once again on the school grounds. It was dark outside in the woods but as I watched from a short distance

away I saw the playhouse light up, very quickly becoming brighter than daytime. The air around me grew hot and all the trees were bathed in brilliant white light. Then the playhouse suddenly shot up into the air like a rocket, disappearing from sight. My mind was swirling in a dizzying mix of images and emotions. Did I just see a fire in the woods? Why was I still at school so late? Finally, my stomach took control. I was hungry and wanted to go home. Avoiding the shortcut, I made it back in record time.



Discussion

As an adult my recollection of this abduction experience began with remembering how afraid I was of some monkeys that confronted me in the woods while I was walking home from school one day. Since it was highly unlikely that in Washington state monkeys would be roaming the woods bordering an elementary school I realized that this interpretation was either a screen memory or perhaps, more simply, just an adaptive association my young and naive mind had generated to deal with the situation. In any event, something very scary took place when I was walking home alone, hours after being let out of my kindergarten class for the day, and it left a strong enough impression on my consciousness that I could, as an adult, recover many detailed memories about what really happened that afternoon and early evening.

Something that is unpleasant for me to talk about but is thematic to much of my involvement with strange beings is represented by the undercurrent of pain that permeated this experience. I suppose that I was an empathic child – as probably all children are to some degree – because I could physically feel the pain of my mother's migraine headaches that spread throughout the house like a dark, sickening fog. The heavy curtains in our home were often drawn closed and for me the stagnant air inside the house even smelled like pain. More than once over the years I have wondered if my mother's health issues might have made me vulnerable to predacious entities. Perhaps it was due to the migraines but for some reason my mother didn't seem to have a natural instinct to protect her children. She used to leave my sister out in front of the grocery store in the stroller, just parked near the door so that her shopping wouldn't be complicated by having to take care of a demanding infant. This routine was brought to an abrupt end when one day my grandmother went shopping with my mother at the A&P

THE VERGES

grocery store. Grandma was horrified to see that her daughter-in-law left an adorable blue-eyed, blond baby outside the building as though it were a kitten or puppy dog to be given away for free. This same sort of neglect was sometimes applied to me when I was a preschooler. When my mother had a bad headache she would lock me outside the house and retreat to her darkened bedroom. I recall sessions of sitting alone on the milk box outside the back door, watching the rain fall around me and crying because of my isolation. One blustery, cold day I desperately wanted to get back inside the warm house and walked over to the back yard to look through the dining room window. Pressing my nose against the window pane, I saw that Muffin, our Cocker Spaniel, was comfortably asleep in her own special chair in the living room. By the time I was a three-year-old I had been taught that I was less important than a dog.

On the day that I was afraid to go home from kindergarten I encountered the three strange children who gave me a wonderful feeling, at least at first. This was a sensation that was unfamiliar to me, but as I learned later in life it was unconditional love. From my vantage point today, given the perspective of having recalled multiple contact experiences that have taken place over a span of several decades, I suspect that this feeling of pure love – the dissolving of ego and all boundaries, either real or imagined, that define the 'self' – was generated synthetically by the strange kids I had met in the woods. But at the time of this experience any sort of distinction along this line wasn't at all in the forefront of my mind and the void of natural parental love in my early life was filled, either by plan or happenstance, by alternative means.

A particularly intriguing part of this abduction experience, at least from my viewpoint, concerns the orb that somehow engulfed both me and the strange kids – today identifiable as the Gray variety of 'alien'. This type of bubble-like sphere has been present in a few of my contact experiences where it was used as a localized transport device. I have been absorbed into the interior of these bubbles at least four times that I can recall and in each case the purpose seems to have been simply one of short range transportation. The process of entering the orb was instantaneous – one minute I was standing on my own two legs on solid ground and then in the blink of an eye I found myself in a non-physical state floating a few feet above the ground, looking out through the perfectly clear wall of the bubble. Once inside, any fear or anxiety that I might have felt earlier was neutralized and replaced by a feeling of

THE VERGES

tranquility. It was very strange to just float effortlessly a few feet above the ground and observe our meandering progress as we glided serenely in amongst the trees. After having reached the predesignated nearby destination these bubbles would disappear into thin air just as quickly and mysteriously as they had formed. This left their relocated cargo, converted back to a physical form, either standing on the ground outside or, as was more common in my experiences, in the interior of a shuttle craft that had been cleverly parked in an inconspicuous location.

Judging by their appearance, the beings who performed the operation of inserting a tiny device into my head were human or a type that looked very similar to humans. From an out-of-body state I was able to see that my physical form was lying on an exam table inside of a very small, brightly lit quadrangular room with white walls and floor. A woman with golden-blond hair seemed to be in charge, assisted by two males, one of whom held a small device in his hand that might have been a monitor of some kind. All three people wore white coats and appeared to be very intent on completing the operation as quickly as possible. The precision of their movements displayed a high level of proficiency in conducting this procedure, which was at least some small relief for me as I watched anxiously from up near the ceiling. My main worry at the time – something probably also on the minds of the operators – was that the fragile connection between my soul part and the body it had inhabited might become so frayed that there would be a total disconnect. This highly undesirable eventuality would not only negate five long years of efforts to fit into my current human body but it would also terminate the soul contract I had agreed to. As it turned out, I needn't have worried because the operation was successful – I suspect just like it has been on untold numbers of other children – and only a short time later I was back on my way home, arriving just in time for dinner.

Feed My Children

Fall 1960, age 6

I ran with my friends through the tall grass of the wild field behind our row of suburban houses. It felt good to release the pent up energy which I had stored up from having to sit still and pay attention to my first grade teacher. The hot, dry summer was over and fall rain showers had greened up the meadow grass some, although most of the grass had turned a dull gold color. As a six-year-old I was shorter than most of the grass, making my movement through the field seem to me like a journey through a dense jungle.

Ostensibly our mission was to hunt for garter snakes but the progress of our team of boys startled a pheasant and it suddenly flew up a few feet into the air and executed a retreat to a spot several dozen yards away. We ran after it like mad little hunters, hoping to capture it just for the sake of the sport. After a failed attempt to bag our quarry we decided to try to sneak up on the bird rather than run crazily through the grass. After flushing the pheasant a few more times, with the same lack of success, we ended up at the far corner of the large field, adjacent to the old church road. One of the boys pointed out an unfamiliar object positioned across the narrow access road. It was in the next field over from the one behind our house, an area our parents had specifically told us not to enter. Old farmer Garrett didn't like little kids running around on his property and we were warned that he had threatened to use a shot gun to protect his land.

Our group of five kids stood in the grass and speculated as to what this odd structure was. The base was round and rather narrow, maybe about half the measure of the height of the dome which itself looked to be just a little taller than a grown up man. This peculiar little building was raised off the ground by four short legs and a ladder led from the ground up to a small entrance hole in the wall. One of us suggested that maybe it was a big beehive. I knew that Farmer Garrett did have beehives, but these were square wooden boxes painted white and not large silver colored domes that looked like they were made of metal. A variety of other guesses were offered, but none of us agreed upon a final, convincing explanation.

This left us little choice but to sneak across the street and venture over toward this mysterious object in order to gain some more clues. We downgraded the threat of being shot at by an angry old farmer with the rationalization that the grass would hide our child-sized bodies.

THE VERGES

One by one, the members of our team made a clandestine dash across the road and then ducked down in the grass to avoid being seen. After all of our gang had successfully made the crossing, we stood up a little to get a new view of the strange object. To our alarm and surprise there was now somebody standing next to the silvery thing. This person looked like a young man and he had the strangest hair. It was golden blond and stuck out ridiculously from the side of his head. This definitely wasn't farmer Garrett. The young man wore light blue bib overalls, making us think that maybe he was a worker for the farm. Frozen by indecision with this unexpected turn in events, we just stared at the funny looking man, trying to figure out what to do next. This impasse was suddenly broken when the young man held up his hand, apparently holding something in it. At the same time as he had his arm raised I perceived a somewhat garbled message about candy. This communication seemed to be coming from the strange man, and was repeated a few times until I finally understood that he wanted our group of boys to come over to him so he could give us some candy.

All of our group had received the same message. It was an invitation to meet the young man and get some free candy. We also all knew that accepting candy from strangers was something children should never do. But the man seemed reasonably nice and except for his really odd hair and somewhat oversized, bright blue eyes, didn't appear to be a threat or intend any harm. After our group had a short discussion about taking candy from strangers we agreed to relocate closer to the man, just to ask him what the silvery structure was and not necessarily to accept any candy. It was getting late in the afternoon and I was a bit hungry. Some candy sounded quite enticing to me, but I decided to take a good look at it before eating any. Judiciously hunkering back down into the grass, we moved over closer to the funny looking young man. He held out his hand for all to see that indeed he did have candy for us. It was hard candy, wrapped in cellophane. The parental admonishment to not accept candy from strangers somehow was conveniently forgotten and Kelley, the youngest of us, volunteered to test the sweets. It seemed reasonable that if he didn't fall over dead in a minute or two then we could try some too.

One of the boys, I think it was Riley, got up the nerve to ask the young man what the purpose of the silvery building was. The beehive identification had pretty much been ruled out and I thought that the structure might be something like a playhouse. In reply to the question, the man told us both by incomprehensible vocalizations and only

THE VERGES

slightly more understandable thought transmissions that he used it to come and go. He seemed to be saying that he lived somewhere else and used the silvery structure like a car. When we all looked at him with obvious confusion in our expressions he enthusiastically moved his arms up high and then back down low, repeating this several times presumably in an attempt to explain his idea more clearly. Did he mean to go up and down? This concept was hard for me to grasp because, for one thing, cars go forward, backward and can turn corners but they don't go straight up and down. Anyway, the silvery structure didn't have any wheels and I just couldn't imagine how this odd little building could be used to get from one place to another. While I was pondering this explanation Kelley informed us that the candy tasted good. Clearly he was still alive and standing, which was a good sign, so I along with the rest of the boys enjoyed the small gift of candy which we had received.



FIG 1: Illustration of the strange looking young man who offered candy. He convinced me and my friends to follow him into his 'car'. This person had very large, bright blue eyes and stiff, golden colored hair as thick as spaghetti.

THE VERGES

Probably having decided that at this stage that we were more trusting of him, the young man communicated to us some more in his odd manner. He invited us to follow him to go inside of the silvery structure. As I sucked on my sweet I followed the other boys who were led by the young man and entered the interior of his small structure.

When all the other boys and I were inside, the young man began a new attempt to communicate with us. He seemed to be saying something about feeding his children. Again, a combination of gestures, weird speech and thought transmissions was used to try to make his intentions as clear as possible. The man put his hand up to his mouth and pretended to be eating something. Then he mimed the action of holding a baby, rocking it back and forth, and then feeding it something. After a few minutes of going to considerable effort to get his ideas across to us, he then very strangely wanted each boy to put some kind of equipment on his head. This headgear was attached by a cord to a set of cubes, each measuring about one foot on an edge. It seemed to me like a very strange request and didn't make any sense in connection with feeding babies. Seeing our reluctance to put the gear on, the strange young man seemed to become agitated, trembling somewhat. After a few moments of reflection, he made a very sad facial expression and then lifted the metal helmet-like gear over his head. When the gear was over his stiff, golden hair he smiled broadly at us. He took the head gear away and made a sad face. After repeating this demonstration several times it became clear that he was trying to show us how much fun this was going to be, almost like playing a game. We finally consented to put the headgear on, one at a time, still not knowing what the point of this process was. I thought that if it wasn't dangerous I could put the metal hat on, at least to make the strange young man happy. After all, he did give us some free candy.

After a span of about a half-hour or less, this unusual activity was completed. The young man now seemed to want us to leave. I supposed he wanted to get home to feed his children. As I was getting ready to climb down the ladder I was surprised to see that there was a long drop down to the ground. When looking at the silvery car from the outside it looked as though the ladder leading into the small doorway was only about two feet high. Oddly, after having climbed inside the structure and looking outward, the view seemed to look like we were now about ten feet off the ground. This was a very disorienting revision of the perspective and I was somewhat worried about the safety of climbing back down the long ladder. After some of the other boys had

completed a successful climb down the ladder, I followed along and felt relieved to be back on the ground. I was perplexed to see that the ladder now only looked like it was about two feet high. We all stood outside the young man's car and waved goodbye. He told us in a very firm communication to leave right away and not to look back. He repeated his order to not look back several times.

We decided to take a different route back home. It was now starting to become dark outside and even though we didn't really want to walk through the woods there was still enough concern about being seen by old farmer Garrett to warrant taking a route through the darkness of the Alder glen. Just before entering the glen, I couldn't resist turning around and taking a final look at the strange silvery car. Ignoring the protests of my young friends, who were faithfully following the instructions of the young man not to look back, I faced toward the area where the car had been and saw that it had left. Maybe it had gone up.



Discussion

Looking back at this experience, something that comes to mind is how some of my strange encounter experiences have been very difficult to remember while others, in strong contrast, seem so easy to access just by shining the spotlight of my attention on them. In this regard, I suspect that there may be a connection between my age at the time of the event and the degree of ease or difficulty in retrieving the contents of the experience. Perhaps the young mind is less encumbered by a societally induced shutdown mechanism – a conditioned response along the lines of a normalcy bias that sequesters unacceptably bizarre and threatening contact episodes and quarantines memory of the experience within the crypts of the subconscious. The very young mind, being minimally judgmental, works something like a sponge absorbing everything that it is exposed to. As we grow older, and I can speak about this from my own experience, there is a reticence if not complete, self imposed ban on reporting events that involve weird creatures and alien environments because this predictably elicits rebuke and derision. There is also the factor of the type of being that one encounters. The pale gray-skinned types with big black eyes seem to have near total power to induce amnesia, while others such as the strange young man with stiff, golden hair that my young friends and I met in farmer Garret's field was apparently not geared for this type of mind control.

THE VERGES

It is noteworthy, I think, that the strange young man my friends and I met in the meadow back in 1960 had physical characteristics of what in recent years would probably be identified as a hybridized being, this meaning that he was a genetic blend between a modern human and some kind of supposedly alien species. The young man looked to be maybe eighteen to twenty years old and based on the clever use of a combination of rough telepathic messages and energetic gestures seemed to have indicated that he was a father, or so I thought at the time. The most notable oddities about his appearance were his stiff, gold colored hair and his very large and actually quite beautiful blue eyes which gave him a doll-like look. In retrospect I'm inclined to think that this hair was a make-shift wig, used to cover a head that was either totally bald or with a growth of sparse and scraggly hair, along the lines of what I have seen on other genetically blended beings. My guess is that the intention of whoever came up with this ridiculous looking wig was to make the young gentleman look less frightening, although the result fell considerably short of a natural appearance, at least by the standards of suburban America in 1960.

The young man spoke verbally but in a language that my friends and I couldn't understand. It was like he was tourist from a foreign country who, given an insurmountable language barrier, did his best under the circumstances to make himself as clear as possible and had to resort to creative, improvised methods to get his message across. However, unlike the bulk of terrestrial humans that I'm familiar with, this visitor had the ability to transmit telepathic impressions. I'm using the rather vague word 'impressions' here because they didn't seem to be clear mental pictures, emotional feelings or psychically translated phrases from an alien language. These telepathic impressions were like rudimentary attention grabbers that from my point of view bordered on gibberish. Actually, the miming seems to have been the most effective part of our communicative interchange, leading me to think that the strange young man with stiff golden hair was by some means well versed in human culture, either terrestrial or otherwise.

A memorable part of this contact event was the odd spacial distortion relative to being either inside or outside of the visitor's travel vehicle. This apparent dimensional deformation is something I've noticed over the years in several of my experiences, both as a kid and as an adult. The general effect allows the shuttle craft to assume a minimal footprint when landed on the ground and, not unimportantly, the stealth which this affords. In what probably amounts to dozens of cases where

THE VERGES

I have been taken inside of these small transport craft the spacial distortion seems to have mainly effected the horizontal axis. In these cases a landed craft that from the outside would seem to measure perhaps only four or five feet in diameter was two or three times that wide when observed from the interior. When I was young this was a baffling disturbance of my understanding of conventional reality but as my involvement proceeded through the years this oddity gradually became an almost ordinary aspect of the experience. However, I think it is worth noting that in the case of the strange young man who enticed my friends and I to climb into his 'car', the spacial distortion effect was particularly pronounced on the vertical axis, which was, looking back on it, a sort of anomaly of anomalies, if that makes any sense. Some parts of a strange encounter experience stand out as being exceptionally poignant and one of these for me was having to climb down the ladder that looked almost ridiculously short from the outside – why was there a need for a ladder to climb up less than three feet? – but somehow had stretched out and appeared dreadfully long when viewed from the inside of the small craft. In any event it was a tremendous relief to have my feet on solid ground again once I was outside and back on my way home.

There is another rather curious aspect to this particular experience that is thematic to many of my encounters with strange beings, namely the use of mechanical devices to extract from my body what I suppose might be described in general terms as life force or the vital energy that animates biological species, of course including humans. Historically, this might relate to concepts and practices found in traditional cultures, expressed in terms such as *chi*, *ka*, *ashe* and *prana*. The equipment used in this process appears from the outside to be simple in design, usually consisting of just a few plain looking cube-shaped boxes with cables connecting them to tight fitting head gear made from a type of flexible metal. In some cases a finely braided metallic waist belt was used either by itself or in conjunction with the head-gear. These braided waist belts, which were also connected by wires to some kind of mechanical equipment, have been used on me several times with the effect of stimulating sexual arousal and used to cause the ejaculation of sperm. Clearly the sexual aspect of the harvesting of life force was not a factor in my encounter experience as a six-year-old boy. So, why did the strange young man hook up my friends and me to this type of equipment? Did he really want us to help him feed his children? Perhaps, or the purpose of the transfer might have been for his own

THE VERGES

benefit. Over the years I have gained some insight about this type of activity. When I was an eleven-year-old my life force was transferred to a large group of fetuses farmed by the Gray type of so-called aliens, leaving me fatigued to the point of losing consciousness. Based on this experience – recounted in *On the Way to Jasper* in the present volume – the strange young man with large blue eyes and golden hair possibly did need 'food' to feed his children. As strange as it might sound, we humans seem to be part of an expansive food chain the likes of which vastly exceeds our comprehension, at least in terms of the conventional perception of food.

The Stolen Sneaker

July 1962, age 8

As I stared at my dinner plate, I thought that there was only one food more disgusting than spinach. That was beets. How can something that color even be considered edible? This night my mom had served boiled beets. For me as a seven-year-old boy this was equal to torture. Since the rule was no dessert until the dinner plate was cleaned, I had devised a method to deal with the crisis. First, after taking a deep breath, I drank some milk. Next, I worked some small chunks of beet into my mouth. Trying not to gag, I then swallowed this mixture as quickly as possible. Finishing the last chunk of beet on my plate, I felt a tremendous sense of accomplishment. I had just survived another one of Mom's home cooked meals.

On TV there were just summer reruns. Feeling bored, I decided to go outside to the backyard and check on the progress of my potato garden. It was a wonderfully hot August evening. The time was around nine o'clock and the last rays of the sun slanted into the trees, giving the leaves a golden glow. I kneeled down to see if my three square foot crop of potatoes had grown since the last time I measured it. Using a ruler, I thought I detected a least a quarter of an inch growth in the foliage just since that morning! It took a tremendous effort of will to control my childish curiosity about the status of the potatoes growing under the dirt. Being a potato farmer sure required a lot of patience.

Ready to go back inside the house to see what was on TV, I stood up and saw a glint of light coming from the woods behind our property. Something bright was reflecting the low angled sun rays. Focusing my eyes on the source of this light, I made out a silvery object nestled in the trees. It looked to be about four feet wide and eight feet high, coming to a rounded point at the top. My mind raced to correlate this image with things familiar to me. In only a few seconds, I knew what the object had to be. It was a rocket ship!

In my excitement I forgot all about watching TV or even calling my parents to come witness this unusual sighting. I bounded down the stone steps leading to the edge of the woods. Advancing carefully now, I was feeling a bit more wary about the overall circumstances of this investigation. I looked around and couldn't see anybody. In the arena of my emotions curiosity battled with fear. Curiosity won. I stepped up to within reach of the dull silver hull of the rocket ship but couldn't detect a visible door. How would the beings inside know that someone

THE VERGES

was welcoming them if I didn't knock on the door? I decided that it might be unwise, maybe even lethal, to touch the ship's surface with my hand. Bucking up my courage, I picked up a stick and was ready to knock on the outside of the craft. Just as I was stretching out my arm – I felt a sharp tap on the back of my neck. An explosion of light lit up in my brain and then I fell unconscious.

My eyes opened to bright lights. I was lying on a table with my arms and legs locked in restraining clamps. A surge of frantic energy washed through my nervous system. A quick inventory of memories snapped me back to the present. It was clear that I was now inside the rocket ship and obviously under the control of its occupants. I heard talking coming from directly behind me. It sounded like a sing-song, whiny language. None of it made any sense to me. Unable to see the beings who were the source of this conversation, I strained to detect anything familiar about it. Was that Chinese? A few moments later I received both a mental and vocal communication. The mental version was approximately in English and the spoken one was in 'sing-song'. The two were somehow superimposed in a sort of simultaneous translation. The message was, "We will release you if you promise not to hurt us". Why would I want to hurt them? After all, I was just a seven-year-old who wanted to meet the visitors! The feeling that I had was almost like they were afraid of me. It didn't take a genius to come up with a response, and I told them, "I promise not to hurt you". My immediate concern was to be released from the restraints and I probably would have promised them anything just to get my mobility back. Also, my mind was burning with curiosity to see what kind of creatures had captured me.

The straps were released from my arms and legs, and at last I was free to get up off the table. Standing up, I faced the occupants of the rocket ship. There were three of them and they looked comically weird to me. About three and one-half feet tall, their bodies were quite fat, almost obese. Small, slanted eyes (two per being) looked at me out of round faces with puffy folds of tan colored skin. Their heads were completely bald. My stout captors were dressed in what seemed to me a silly uniform. This consisted of sky-blue bib-style overalls with a white turtleneck sweater worn underneath. A circular gold pendant hung from their fat necks. It had a geometric design molded into it. The design was of two interconnected equilateral triangles, one pointed up and the other pointed down.

THE VERGES

I stared at these people, wondering what to make of them. They stood close to one another behind the table I just got off. It looked as though they were bracing for an attack. In their strange simultaneous language, I heard one of them tell me I was free to go now. There was only one problem. After I slid off the table, I noticed that my left sneaker was missing. I asked where the shoe was. One of the fatsos held up a clear plastic bag in his chubby hand. My sneaker was now safely encased inside this bag. I told him that the shoe belonged to me and I wanted it back. There was a short sing-song conference between the beings and then I heard their response. I was told, "We require the specimen for our scientific study".

Even a seven-year-old wasn't going to fall for the 'in the name of science' excuse. Besides, if I came home with a sneaker missing my mom would practically kill me. I would rather deal with the threat of angry people from another planet than face the wrath of my mother. More forcefully now, I again demanded to have my shoe back. Almost apologetically, the one holding the sneaker in his hand told me that they really did need the shoe, admitting now that it was required as evidence. They had made a bet with their colleagues that humans walk around in infected foot covers. This was an anomaly in view of the relatively advanced technology of the civilization I lived in. If they came back with a specimen of an infected foot cover, they would win their bet. The specimen happened to be my old, worn out, smelly sneaker.

Their bet didn't matter to me. I wanted my sneaker back and told them that I wasn't going to leave the ship until they returned it to me. Another one of the beings now spoke up, somewhat more resolutely than the first, saying, "If you don't get out of our ship we will be forced to take you with us". This posed a very different problem. The idea of being taken to some far off planet with ugly dumpling aliens wasn't something that I had reckoned with. Admitting defeat to myself, I resignedly asked the beings how to open the door.

From the outside the ship looked to be only about four feet in diameter. But now that I was inside of it, the interior diameter of the floor was at least some twelve to fourteen feet. Either I shrunk or it got bigger. Listening to the instructions of the aliens, I was told to pull down on the lever on the right side of the door, which from the inside was now quite visible. Right next to the lever there was a vertical strip of colored lights, about a foot long, ranging from red to purple. I was supposed to wait until the color that was lit up was purple and then push the door open. If I touched the door before the purple light lit up I would

THE VERGES

burn my hand. After carefully following the instructions, I pushed the door open and jumped out of the rocket ship onto the ground. It was now dark outside. The chubby visitors had warned me to move back as far as possible, otherwise I would be burned when they took off. I stepped back a few feet and watched as the rocket ship began to glow. The air temperature became unbearable immediately. After backing up some more in a hurry, I turned around to see the hull emit an intense white light. In a flash, it shot straight up and was now completely out of sight.

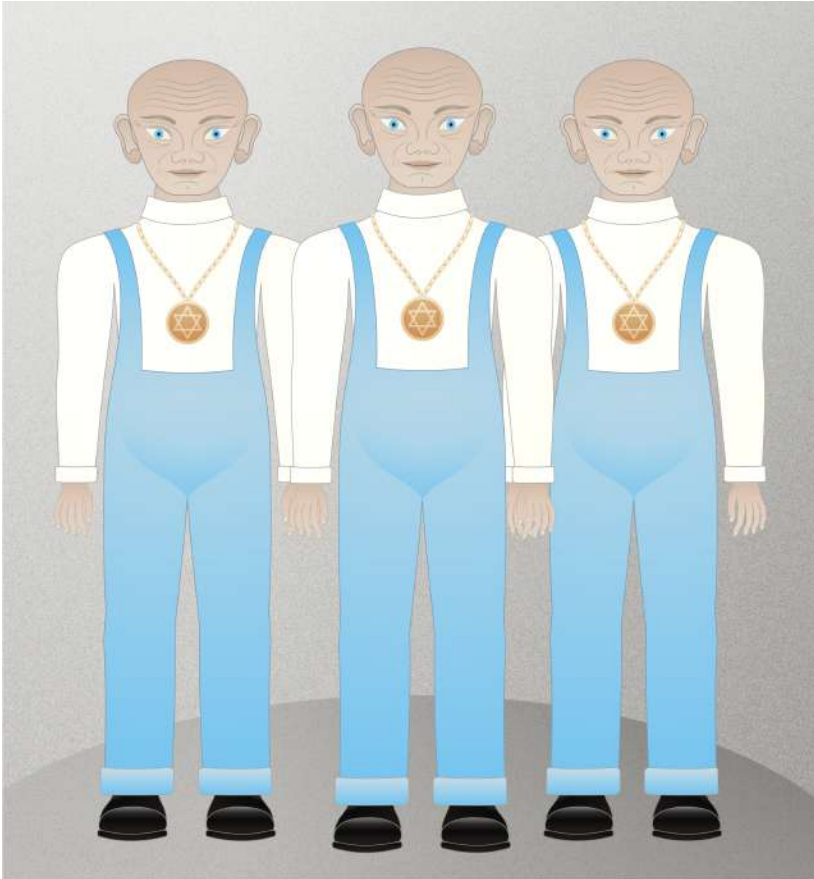


FIG 2: This illustrates the three short, chubby men who arrived in my neighbor's back yard. They stood close to each other appearing to be afraid that I was going to attack them. They stole one of my old, worn out smelly sneakers to take as a sample.

Fighting back tears, I limped home with one shoe missing. Back in my bedroom, I looked in the closet for another set of shoes to wear. The selection wasn't very promising. Walking around in either my

Sunday shoes or my slippers would attract too much attention. I knew that my mom would never believe a story that short, fat beings from space had stolen my shoe. She would think that it was simply a matter of childish neglect. The next morning I told Mom that I had lost my shoe. With my head down, I listened to the predictable lecture, knowing all the time that visitors from another planet had stolen my sneaker.



Discussion

One of insights that I have been able to glean from my many unusual contact experiences is that a mind boggling diversity of beings and entities, several either by nature or artifice appear to be formed in a humanoid physiology, have engaged with terrestrial humans. This isn't speculation on my part but raw reportage based on personal experience. The three individuals whom I met in the back yard of my neighbors' house when I was seven years old seemed to be very much human, both in appearance and behavior. At the same time they were clearly unlike any people I had either been introduced to personally or for that matter had seen on the TV or in books and magazines. When I first saw the silvery object carefully nestled in amongst the trees – their 'space ship' – there was no doubt in my mind that people from another planet had arrived. Today I'm more reserved in this judgement. Perhaps these visitors were actually from some extremely remote and hidden region of our planet that is yet to be discovered, along the lines of a lost tribe of people ensconced in a dense and unexplored wilderness. I strongly suspect, however, that my initial identification of an otherworldly origin for the three short, fat men who took my smelly tennis shoe is the more likely determination.

The technique used by these chubby visitors back in 1962 to subdue me was similar to methods used in other abduction events I've been subjected to, although strikingly different types of beings were involved. As one example, the sharp electrical shock I felt on the back of my neck that caused me to lose consciousness compares to what happened to me in 1963 when I was taken away in the middle of the night by gray-skinned beings with large black eyes. The same method to cause me to fall unconscious was used by a duo of reptile-like beings that I encountered in northern Portugal in 1975. In the case of the gray beings, who I thought of as the Ant People, I was able to observe that the

THE VERGES

shock was caused by a short, thin rod attached by a cord to a back pack, something I've also seen in many of my other contact experiences. The commonality in this equipment and the effects that it is capable of generating suggests to me that a stock technology is available to a fairly wide variety of exotic humanoids and is used to their advantage while capturing and managing terrestrial humans as a resource.

The method of communication used by my abductors in this contact experience consisted of a simultaneous translation combining what I guessed was their language along with a simple equivalent in English. A confusing part of this transmission was that I heard their language expressed vocally at the same time as I mentally received the translation in my native tongue. I don't recall seeing any specific devices used in this process but judging by the presence of an array of complicated looking equipment inside the small structure that I had been taken into I suspect that technological means of some kind were probably involved in the relay. In my contact experiences the communication has most often been carried out by telepathy. Only in a relatively small number of cases have I met exotic beings who used vocalizations to express what I could confidently identify as some kind of syntactic language. Not surprisingly, the beings who exercised this ability, despite their strange looks, appeared to be anatomically and behaviorally similar to humans, such as the short, chubby scientists who stole my sneaker.

In addition to having a spoken language, all three of the beings I met in the woods in the summer of 1962 wore a circular, gold colored medallion around their necks. Measuring about three and one-half inches in diameter, it was molded, stamped or otherwise configured with a six-pointed geometrical star design. This is shown at the left in the illustration below.



FIG 3: Left: Medallion seen in 1962 showing two intersecting equilateral triangles. Right: Emblem seen in 1965 showing two intersecting circles with 'fingers'.

THE VERGES

The design on the medallions consisted of two intersecting equilateral triangles, one pointing up and the other down. At the time of my entrapment in this abduction I wasn't so interested in the nuances of the attire of my captors as much as I was concerned about just getting my shoe back and being set free. With the perspective afforded by time, I have, however, wondered if the design on the prominently displayed medallions had some kind of special meaning or perhaps was even intended to make an impression on me. But even today I'm at a loss for a clear explanation about this, even though I am reminded of another emblem I saw on the coats of other, very different looking beings who abducted me in 1965 in the Canadian Rockies – see *On the Way to Jasper* in this volume. In the 1965 experience I was told that the design of the emblem, shown to the right in the illustration above, signified the merging of two worlds.

The Lizardman

July 1962, age 8

The image I saw reflected in the mirror showed an eight-year-old boy, me, dressed in ridiculous looking pajamas. I was covered with locomotives! My mother had bought me a new pair of pajamas and despite my request for something simple she chose a design with train locomotives and steam whistles. Now it was time to go to bed and I had to try to blot out the virtual cacophony of a train station from my thoughts before falling asleep. Climbing under the covers, I couldn't help but wonder what Mom had in mind when she chose such 'industrial strength' pajamas. Maybe she imagined that the trains would take me on interesting far away dreams. Regardless of the loud pajamas, sleep arrived in its usual, stealthy way and in only a few minutes I was off in another world.

I looked down on the boy whose body I occupied when he was awake, satisfied that he had dropped into a deep sleep. It was easy to slip out of his physical form when his brain entered the dream-state. My friends, who had also left their corporeal selves behind, arrived to meet with me and we floated some thirty feet above the house, joined in this nocturnal get-together. In our current state, we assumed the architecture of energy spheres, each one radiating a unique aura of light depending on our disposition. I shone a creamy-yellow hue marbled with silver, but my friends displayed a range of other colors.

From the dimensional vantage point that we were now 'perched' on, I could see right through the roof and walls of the house in which my body was sleeping. It was as though they were both completely transparent and intimately detailed with physical characteristics at the same time. I saw that my sister had left her physical body, like me, but she had configured in a non-physical simulation of her anatomical self and was playing with a 'spirit' friend on the floor of her bedroom. My parents had drifted out of their physical bodies too. Two foggy forms hovered a few feet above their sleeping selves, each tethered by a curly cord connected near their navels. I could tell that the majority of their soul material had drifted far, far away. Who could say what realm they were currently in?

THE VERGES

My friends had come to me for a reason. In essence, they asked, one more time, "Are you sure that you want to go ahead with this?" They were referring to a fateful meeting soon to take place, the seeds of which had been planted well before I incarnated into this particular time-space sequence. Layer upon layer of my soul experience on Earth had accrued to the point where the swirling vortices of pride, judgment and fear had converged into this lifetime. Like the locomotives on the boy's pajamas, these forces were difficult to deny. In famous last words, I told my friends, "I want to go ahead with the meeting. I think that I can handle it".

Just as I expressed this conviction with the Others as witness, a black shuttle craft landed in the backyard. We gazed down and saw a being exit the small vehicle. This anthropoid form, draped in a black cape, walked towards the house. With no time to lose, I bid a hasty goodbye to my friends and relocated to the boy's bedroom. Eager to greet the visitor, I reached out to open the bedroom door but my hand passed right through the doorknob. Darn! I forgot to reconfigure with my physical form. I jumped up and made a perfunctory landing into the boy's body.

Waking up abruptly from a deep sleep, I felt really thirsty. For some reason I could only think about going to the kitchen and getting a glass of milk from the refrigerator. What time was it, anyway? Aiming my sleepy eyes at the illuminated clock, I saw that it was a little after three in the morning. Rousing myself out of bed, I pulled on my knitted, rubber-soled slippers and a robe. Cautious not to make too much noise (not wanting to wake Mom and Dad) I ventured out into the living room on the way to the kitchen. In the darkness, my eyes hit upon a figure standing motionless in the dining room. I froze and stared at the intruder, trying to determine who or what it was. In a deep baritone, his thoughts entered my mind, saying, "Come closer to me".

Adrenaline pumped through my veins, pushing me to the extreme limits of terror. A part of me wanted to flee, but my body was stuck. It wasn't responding to the frantic commands of my mind, which were screaming, "Run for it!" The voice of the dark figure insinuated itself into my mind again, saying in a patronizing tone, "Either you will come to me or I will pull you to me. Take your choice." My choice was to resist! Why would anybody voluntarily walk up to such a monstrous

individual? In an upright position, my body began to inch forward. Looking down at my feet, I watched in amazement as the rubber soles of my slippers slid along the carpeting. The knitted covering was being pushed up painfully against my toes. The being seemed to be controlling me by the sheer power of his mind. Infuriated, I tried to resist, but my slippers were embarrassingly starting to slide off my feet. With a combination of awe and curiosity, I acceded to his command. After pulling my slippers back on, I carefully approached this powerful being. Something deep within my psyche told me that I had met a being who was vastly more powerful than me.

Up close, I was confronted by the frightening appearance of this creature. In the dim lighting coming from the night-light on the stove in the kitchen, I could see that this creature was about six feet tall. He wore no clothing. Instead, his body was sheathed with a dark green hide, textured with a pattern of oval, bead-like scaling. Looking up at his face, I was drawn to his bright yellow-gold eyes. Cat-like, vertical pupils had adjusted to the darkness and now opened, were taking in the view of their quarry, me. His fingers and toes were slightly webbed and had pointy, claw-like nails. I could just make out a two-foot-long tail extending from the base of his spine. With no hair on his head or any other part of his body that I could tell, his muscular, anthropomorphic form approximated a man-sized, two-legged lizard. This impression was further accentuated by his minimal nose, just two small openings on either side of a slight ridge, that reminded me of my pet turtle's nose. He also seemed to lack ears. A wide, lipless mouth stretched across his face, only slightly above his jaw line. I sure hoped he didn't have big teeth.

We stared at each other for a few moments, then I demanded in a barely controlled, shaky whisper to know what he wanted from me. My confrontational tone seemed to elicit an almost jocular response. With arms crossed, he looked down at me and, more seriously now, pronounced, "I seek a partner, someone I can train to assist me in my work." This unexpected statement was intriguing. After briefly assimilating what I had just heard, I couldn't help but ask the obvious follow-up question. I whispered, "Um, what kind of work do you do?" The lizardman's response was blunt. He said, "I kill people". This comeback hit me like a boulder. My brain raced to deal with the flood of material rushing through its circuitry. After we clarified that he didn't intend to kill me, just other people, I formulated a strategy intended to extricate me from this mess. Assuming a self-righteous

THE VERGES

manner, I stood as tall as possible in front of the formidable being and told him, "It's against my religion to kill people." Continuing this line of reasoning, I explained, "Yeah, it's in the Bible somewhere. I think it's one of the Ten Commandments. It's the 'Thou shall not kill' one." Feigning sympathy, the lizardman said, "I'm so sorry that you will have to break one of the commandments of your religion." Things weren't turning out the way I wanted them to and I started to get a sinking feeling. After inhaling a big breath of air, I looked the beastly creature in his yellow eyes and scornfully told him, "I would rather kill myself than kill other people."

Immediately I regretted saying this. But the lizardman was quick to take me up on the offer. In false pity, he lamented, "Oh, it's too bad then, you'll just have to die. How do you propose to kill yourself?" My legs felt weak. This wasn't how my strategy was supposed to play itself out. Pride, the nemesis of many a hero, had emboldened me to the point of no return. Unwilling to back down, I told the being that since I didn't have a gun, I would probably have to stab myself. The lizardman's eyes widened at hearing this statement, seeming to glow more brightly than before. Leading me along, he asked where a knife might be found, since in his opinion it would be better to get this over with quickly. "In the kitchen", I whispered.

Walking into the kitchen, I opened the knife drawer and perused the selection of mortal weapons. My mind was buzzing with an almost electric force of clashing ideas. Somehow I had been railroaded into committing suicide. It wasn't fair! I was too young to die, especially at my own hands and just because some repulsive lizardman had tricked me. Choosing a knife I knew to be particularly sharp, I returned to the dining room, but with a new plan. Standing in front of the visitor, I held the knife in front of my chest as though ready to plunge it into my heart. In the darkness of the early morning hours, I had made a fateful decision. Suddenly, I shifted the direction of the knife point and rammed it mercilessly towards the lizard-man's belly. The beast's hand shot out and intercepted my thrust in mid-motion. He squeezed my wrist painfully and the weapon dropped harmlessly into his other hand. My heart pounded furiously. I believed that it was now my turn to be stabbed. In the silence of the moment, the lizardman seemed as tense as me. Regaining his composure, he spoke to me telepathically, "You are now ready to be my partner."

Concluding that my life had just been spared, I felt at the mercy of this strange being. In a more affable tone, he instructed me to lie down

THE VERGES

on the dining table. He wanted to make a few simple tests on my body, including taking a blood sample. The lizardman pulled out a hypodermic syringe from a medical kit he had brought in with him (hidden under the dining table) and held it up for my viewing. I was almost more afraid of being poked with this small needle than being stabbed to death with the kitchen knife. After some convincing, I reluctantly agreed to climb onto the table and submit to the tests. Grimacing as the needle entered my arm, I asked what the blood test was for. The being said, "it is mainly to check for clotting ability." Little did I know at the time how significant that statement was.



FIG 4: The Lizardman who was assigned to be my handler. I was subjected to a series of trauma-based mind control initiations by this being in preparation to serve in the exo-political policing agenda concerning Earth.

THE VERGES

Now the tests were over and the lizardman gathered his black cape and medical bag from off the top of the table. He handed me four small pills, telling me that I should swallow them immediately. He explained that they would help me to calm down and fall asleep more easily. I was suspicious. But, after all that had just transpired I figured I needed all the help I could get in this department and swallowed the pills. In a single motion, the visitor, my new partner, wrapped his body with his long, black cape. Before leaving, he said, "In a few minutes you will remember almost nothing of what has occurred this night. But you will know that a big change has taken place in your life. I will visit you again, soon." With this last pronouncement he departed from the house.

I stood alone in the dark dining room, shaking uncontrollably. After a few minutes I managed to recover enough to be able to walk into the kitchen, taking slow steps. In a state of shock I put the knife that I had planned to stab the lizardman with back in the drawer that it came from. I was still thirsty and remembered that I had gotten out of bed to get some milk. I was barely able to control my hands as I attempted to pour the milk into a glass. Most of it spilled out onto the counter. This didn't really matter since I felt sick to my stomach and wasn't thirsty anyway. Climbing back into bed, I noticed the time. It had taken me nearly an hour just to make it to the kitchen and back. Feeling exhausted, I fell asleep almost instantly. All the locomotives and steam whistles in the world couldn't possibly have kept me awake.

Thankful that it was a weekend, I slept in late the next day. After breakfast, I went out to the backyard to enjoy the start of a beautiful summer day. A large brown spot on the lawn quickly caught my attention. It was perfectly round, about eight feet in diameter. Alarms went off in my mind. There was something important, really important, about the sudden appearance of this circular patch of dead grass. I got down on my hands and knees and inspected almost every square inch of the brown spot. This led to the discovery of four round indentations, about six inches across, spaced equidistantly around the perimeter. These impressions sunk into the soil about a half-inch. Without comprehending the totality of the find, I somehow knew that this brown spot was left by a rocket ship which had landed in the back yard during the night.

Mom was cleaning up the breakfast dishes in the kitchen. I ran into the house and insisted that she come outside to see the strange circle of dead grass outside. With a mother's patience, she followed me

to the area of my concern and looked at it with complete indifference. "Oh, the grass must have died", she said. "Yeah", I replied excitedly, "That's where the rocket ship landed last night!" Upon hearing this she shook her head and informed me that there were no such things as space ships, flying saucers or visitors from other planets. In her opinion these were just make-believe, the sort of fantasies found in comic books and movies. She walked back into the kitchen to finish her chores.

Following her into the house, I was nearly crying because of this snub of my important discovery. Trying to make her understand, I pleaded, "Mom, you've got to call the newspaper, or something. What if a flying saucer really did land in our back yard last night?" My mother turned to me, looking almost angry. In a very direct, no-nonsense manner, she told me, "Kenny, there are no such things as flying saucers." I knew that this was the end of the conversation. When Mom got irritated it wasn't a good idea to press your luck.



Discussion

Some of my encounters with exogenic beings happened in an out-of-body state. While it's impossible for me to put any kind of estimate on how often these non-physical and very elusive engagements took place, I suspect that they were not infrequent and significant portions of my decades-long involvement with cryptids were planned and carried out in a non-physical locale. The topic of out-of-body experiences may seem to some observers as belonging to the category of dreams, but based on my observations and experiences the activities of the spirit body during the sleep state often venture into an arena entirely different from the biological churning of the mind when the physical body is fast asleep. In the relatively small number of my childhood out-of-body episodes that I'm able to remember, I observed my physical body and the surroundings from a detached viewpoint. It seemed as though my attention was located up in the air, floating a few yards above the ground and I had the extraordinary ability to not only see the structural details of the house but also look right through the material construction at the same time. From this vantage point I could also witness the progress of proximate, trans-terrestrial events which in the nature of their own peculiar manner interpenetrated the various activities taking place on the stage of the mundane.

By the time I was eight years old I had already been screened for

THE VERGES

suitability to serve in some capacity in the exo-political governance of this planet. The initial session seems to have taken place when I was only three years old – recounted in *Ugly Angels* in this volume – followed by what I would describe as a few 'soft' abductions. Looking back, I think that the initial, relatively gentle childhood exposures were intentionally designed to incrementally familiarize me with contact to exotic beings and also, perhaps more importantly, to gauge how I reacted. Apparently having passed this first phase of evaluation the next step was for me to meet the handler who had been assigned to my case. In this encounter I was subjected to an intense qualification test that left me physically shaking and nearly exploding with energy from the blast of adrenaline flooding through my bloodstream. I had been accepted as an apprentice and my master was a lizardman.

Renjeck's Magic

August 1962, age 8

Passing through the kitchen on the way out to play I opened the bread drawer and after checking to make sure that nobody was looking grabbed a handful of crackers. Theoretically, I wasn't supposed to eat snacks between meals but it was late in the afternoon and my stomach was growling. Also, the well stocked, conveniently located cracker supply implicitly permitted me to break the rules once and awhile, just as long as Mom wasn't around to notice. Getting ready to go outside, I stuffed as many crackers into my mouth as possible, trying to hide the evidence. Suddenly the kitchen radio blared out in a deep voice, calling my name. It said, "Ken. Listen to me." A shock wave of terror reverberated throughout my body. The radio wasn't even turned on, but it had just spoken to me!

Almost choking on the half-chewed crackers, I stared at the now silent radio. Cautiously, I walked over to it and made sure that the knob was in the 'off' position. The telephone was right next to the radio. Maybe someone was playing a joke on me by speaking through the telephone. After picking up the receiver I heard only the familiar buzzing of a dial tone. Ready to attribute the talking radio to either a freak occurrence or an overactive imagination, I started to head for the door again. The radio blurted out another deep voiced message, saying, "We will meet tonight. At eight o'clock ride your bicycle to the lower church parking lot. Come alone, you will know where I am." After this announcement the radio fell silent.

I was stunned. My mind struggled to attribute the talking radio to known, explainable elements of my life's experience, but none were to be found. Except for one. It was a little more than a week after I had discovered the mysterious brown spot in the backyard lawn. Shadowy recollections of a nighttime meeting with a reptile-like being lurking in the corners of my consciousness. Didn't this being tell me that he would visit me again, soon? Attempting to push these troubling thoughts out of my mind, I went outside and hopped onto my bicycle. Some friends were playing in the street and I joined them in the normal, carefree activities of a child. In the bright sunshine of a summer afternoon I could temporarily forget about another, stranger dimension of my life.

That evening, dinner was served punctually at six o'clock, like always. Mom had made the rule clear: if you didn't show up in time for dinner that was your tough luck. You went hungry. Even though I sat

THE VERGES

with my family and ate the food that was served me, my mind was elsewhere. The talking radio haunted my thoughts. I was savvy enough to keep the nighttime confrontation with the lizardman and his use of the radio as a means of speaking to me a secret. Mom's reaction to the brown spot in the lawn was enough to steer me away from making any further indiscretions along this line. After watching TV for a while, I saw that it was approaching eight o'clock. I told Dad, who was sitting in his recliner chair and busy laughing at a silly comedy, that I was going outside to ride my bicycle for a while. It was seven fifty-five and I had an appointment to keep.

Dusk is not the usual time for children to go outside to the woods alone. However, a deeply embedded force compelled me to proceed with meeting the lizardman again. All the social conditioning and indoctrinated rules of circumspect behavior I had received during my childhood were completely overridden by one factor, curiosity. It took only a few short minutes to ride my bicycle to the lower parking lot of the neighboring church. This was a graveled area used for overflow parking. Undeveloped, wooded acreage bordered this lot, providing a wonderful playground for the local kids, including myself. In my mind, I had already pictured the exact spot where the meeting would take place. My friends and I had played there just that afternoon, swinging from a long rope attached to a big maple tree. Coasting up to the edge of the gravel, I stopped and peered through the pathway which opened into our play area. In the subdued light filtering through the maple leaves, the visitor stood, some thirty feet away, looking back at me. He wore his black cape and was standing next to a pitch black, bullet shaped structure about eight feet tall – this was his shuttle craft. Telepathically he reached out to my mind, saying, "Please, come closer".

Even though I thought that I had braced myself for this meeting, my gut instinct was to pull away from his gaze and run for my life. But it was too late. The lizardman had attached invisible cords of psychic energy to my body, gently pulling me into the woods. I resisted the pull, which felt like straining against elastic bands attached to my waist. After a few moments of this I realized that we were playing a game. I really did want to approach him and only fear was preventing me from allowing the contact. Still sitting on my bicycle, I gave in to the pull and rode down to him. Now standing next to this grisly creature, I was struck by the contrast in what I saw and what I felt. His monstrous appearance clearly was the cause of my terror, but the gentle, almost

THE VERGES

affectionate aura coming from his personality belied a completely different being inside the alien morphology. I liked him.

The lizardman asked me if I would be interested in seeing the inside of his vehicle. He volunteered to answer my questions and show me some things that might be of interest. Less fearful now, I agreed to follow him and we entered his craft. From the outside the structure appeared to be only about four or five feet in diameter and about eight feet tall, curving to a point at the top. The hull was standing on four short legs and a small red light festooned the peak. After crawling through the small doorway the cabin took on larger proportions, now appearing to be at least ten feet in diameter. The dim interior lighting came mostly from an illuminated control desk. Two stools were attached to the floor in front of this desk and I sat down on one, looking with interest at one of the two flat panels on the slightly inclined counter top. About eighteen by fourteen inches in size, this display showed what looked like hundreds of stars spread out on a midnight blue background.



FIG 5: Renjeck, the lizardman stood next to his shuttle craft parked next to the big maple tree in the woods. He pulled me toward him with what seemed like invisible elastic bands and invited me to enter his craft.

THE VERGES

My attention was sucked into the virtual abyss of this image. Looking up to the lizardman, I asked what the panel was used for. The gist of what he explained was that it was like a road map, except that it was responsive to one's thoughts. What I was looking at was currently 'on pause', but when active it could not only scroll in three dimensions, it was also capable of reading temporally and through several additional dimensional folds. Mental instructions from the operator interacted with the intelligence of the map, a living, organic brain integrated into the system, resulting in flawless navigation.

Almost all of what I had just been told went way beyond my understanding. Patiently, my host continued with an analogy more suited to a child's level of comprehension. He told me, "During the day you can see and feel your sun, right? The light from this sun goes on and on. It never completely stops. Many, many other suns are also shining their light, sending out their rays in a never-ending path. All these suns are joined together by their waves, just like all the oceans on Earth are connected together by currents of water. Try to imagine that you, on this planet, are being affected by all of the suns, all at the same time, and just like the fish in the ocean which are surrounded by water, you and I are surrounded by light. Where the major currents from different suns come together, creases in space are formed. Something like rivers of light, these are the routes that we travel by. The display in front of you is our map".

This explanation was just as incomprehensible to me as the previous one. In my mind, rivers, fish, oceans and suns swirled together in a concatenation of imagery. The lizardman seemed to perceive my confusion. He told me not to worry. One day I would understand everything he had just spoken of. Getting up off the stool, I stood next to this puzzling being. Somehow the reality of what I was currently experiencing lacked definition, the tangible solidity of my ordinary world. Meekly, I asked if I could touch him. The being responded in assent, a quiet, sympathetic affirmation of my need for confirming what was happening to me. I reached out my hand towards his unclothed torso. He stood still as I contacted his beaded skin. Tracing my fingers down his front, I felt the texture of his hide. Not only did my eyes inform me of his reality, my hands told their story. He was real.

Stepping back a little, I needed to know something more, something that even every child wants to know from one another. "What is your name?", I asked verbally. All of the communication I

THE VERGES

had received from this being up to this point, other than the radio message, had been telepathic. This was as though words were spoken directly into my thoughts. Once again, the deep voice of the lizardman entered my mind. The sounds I heard were, "I am Renjeck".

Now that the formalities were over with, my host, Renjeck, was eager to show me something. He held out a small black rod with rounded ends. It was about the size of a fat fountain pen. Asked what I thought it might be, I volunteered, "A pen", thinking that it was something to write with. "No, it is much more than that. It is like a jack-knife, it can do many things – look", he said. To my amazement the object was now dangling about six inches beneath his hand without any visible attachment. As he moved his clawed fingers up and down, the device followed along. "Levitation, you see, is within my power", he told me. He continued, saying, "This is my thought translator and sender, security surveillance system, physio-locomotion controller, anesthetizer, and um, defense weapon". The lethal applicability of the last feature wasn't lost on me.

As though the previous demonstration weren't sufficient, Renjeck announced that he was going to show me another one of his talents. He said, "Please try not to be afraid, I am going to leave and then come right back. Ok?" The levitating pen act had already pushed my sense of a safe reality to the limits, but I agreed to watch and stay put until he came back. Before my eyes, Renjeck's body was reduced to a glowing red orb, about the size of a grapefruit. This sphere then slowly floated right through the wall of the structure I was in. My hands jerked up to grip my head, as though it was going to fly off in the violence of disbelief it was experiencing. What I had just seen was impossible. Didn't I just touch the body of this creature only moments before, verifying that he was solid and real? Seconds before I flipped out in a hysterical fit, the red ball of light re-entered the cabin and metamorphosed back into the body of the lizardman. He was undaunted by his little escapade, but I was badly shaken.

The door to Renjeck's craft was still open and my eyes looked longingly at it in hopes of going home. The last demonstration of the lizardman's magic had devastated my perception of reality. I could also see that it was getting dark outside. At least an hour had elapsed since I had left the house. My host stood near me, emitting an attitude of studied obeisance. He probably understood that my mind had been stretched to its limits. Renjeck told me that it was time for me to leave now. He stated that he was pleased with how I had interacted with him.

In his opinion I was brave. All that I knew was that I was really tired and ready to return to my familiar home.



Discussion

This second encounter with my newly assigned handler had a different tone to it – the haughty, condescending manner of the lizardman when I had first met him in the darkness of my family's house after midnight had been replaced by an almost avuncular personality, one which seems to have been geared to gain trust and obedience rather than just establish dominance. What strikes me as both very perplexing but also awe-inspiring is the complexity that this reptile-like person displayed. My first impression upon seeing his form was that I was dealing with some kind of horrible demon, and I tried to think back to what I had been taught in Sunday school to find an explanation. Even later in my life as an adult I had episodes where I thought of my handler as being some kind of dark, devilish creature that was haunting me – a supposition that may have, at least to some extent, a basis in truth as much as it pains me to admit it. But in my meeting with this strange being in the woods by the big maple tree I met an articulate and patient teacher who opened the doorway for me to enter a world of amazing technology and what seemed to my child's mind to be magic.

I can still recall and even re-experience being inside the confined quarters of the lizardman's travel craft, feeling the emotional surging of exhilaration and anxiety that my young mind was struggling to keep under control. The small door had been left open, I think on purpose so I wouldn't feel trapped, and I tried to stay as close to it as possible in case I needed to make a run for it. This contact experience was very much different from my earlier meeting with strange kids with gray skin and big black eyes, as is recounted in *Come Play With Us* in this volume. There wasn't a disarming glow used to overwhelm me with soporific feelings of well being. What I experienced was a raw, unreserved demonstration of the resources that my saurian master had at his command and also presumably expected me to become familiar with. The disturbance to my perception of reality caused by this jarring experience needed to have some kind of anchor in the world that I was born into and had been conditioned to operate in during the previous eight years of my life. I think it is a testament to the perceptivity of my handler, in rather sharp contrast to what might be assumed by his

THE VERGES

physical appearance, that he allowed me to touch his unclothed lizard-like skin in order to confirm his reality. Another important part of making sure that I was dealing with a real person was to know his name. After I asked him this question I heard an unpronounceable jumble of sounds that resembled the noise someone would make while getting ready to hawk a loogie. A very rough phonetic equivalent is Renjeck, with the "r" being a deep guttural and the "ck" at the end sounding almost like a death rattle.

The principle method that the lizardman, Renjeck, used to speak to me was by a transmission that I perceived mentally. I'm not sure about how I was able to hear his voice in my head – maybe it had something to do with the tiny objects that had previously been pushed up my left nostril and inserted into my head – but what I perceived, as improbable as it may seem, was well enunciated English delivered in an impressive, deep baritone voice. In my second meeting with Renjeck I was shown a small device which he claimed was, among other things, a translator. The way that this item worked was never explained to me but it was clear that a variety of advanced technology was available to and employed by the lizardman, not the least of which was his shuttle vehicle. Another astounding and also disturbing method that Renjeck sometimes used to relay a message to me was to talk through radio speakers. I vividly remember one incident in 1980 when I was on top of an eight-foot ladder, mounting a Hi-Fi speaker up near the ceiling of my workshop, when I suddenly heard the voice of Renjeck booming out of the speaker. Automatically recoiling, I just about fell off the ladder and was dumbfounded as to how a voice could blare out through a speaker that wasn't even connected to any wiring.

Today the technology of wireless communication is commonplace and what I thought of as inexplicable and possibly even supernatural many years ago has become conventional by current standards. This causes me to doubt that all of the extraordinary abilities my reptilian handler demonstrated were preternatural in origin and, in contrast, actually were advantages derived from technology. As one example, Renjeck sometimes used a tractor force which felt like invisible rubber bands were pulling me toward him. The same type of force was used on me by a group of human-looking beings – see *A Minor Operation* in this volume – in which I observed a hand-held device aimed at me, apparently causing my body to become rigid and slide slowly across the ground, much to my horror. Also, I have witnessed the short gray-skinned beings with large black eyes use similar devices. These

observations indicate to me that a stock technology is available when there is a need to capture and manage a somewhat problematic target, such as myself. Another amazing ability that my reptilian handler, Renjeck, had at his disposal was to instantaneously convert his physical body into a small, glowing red sphere, and then back into it's original solid form, at will. When I was a kid I thought this must have been some kind of magic but as the venerable Arthur C. Clarke once noted, "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic."

LORD OF THE WASPS

August 1962, age 8

In the last weeks of August of 1962 it was too hot to do anything much more than just seek out the shade and make as little effort as possible in the way of working up a sweat. Fortunately this wasn't too difficult to accomplish for a kid on a lazy summer vacation. After breakfast I rode my bicycle down to the lower parking lot of the nearby Presbyterian church. This was the usual meeting place for my neighborhood friends, all of us about the same age; seven, eight or nine years old. While I waited for the other boys to show up I circled around the area near the woods where I had recently gone into at night time. In my conscious mind the only recall I had of this event was the disturbing thought that I had seen a dinosaur by the big Maple tree. This mental picture, which was both frightening and intriguing, consisted of some kind of dinosaur standing upright on two legs. There was also the strong impression of a bright red ball of light. This imagery was all very uncertain and impossible to get a grip on, almost like the harder I tried to make sense out of it the more fractured and confusing it became. I got off my bike and thought about walking into the woods over by the big old Maple tree, thinking that this might help me understand why I was having such weird thoughts, but it was too scary to go in. What if a dinosaur really was in the woods waiting for me?

A few of the other boys had shown up by this time in the morning and were riding their bikes around on the asphalt pavement of the church parking lot. The lower lot that was used for overflow parking was unpaved and covered with coarse, crushed rock to prevent cars and people from getting stuck in the mud in the rainy months. This lower graveled lot was about five or six feet below the level of the smooth, paved lot and there was a gap of about the same short distance between them. Inexplicably I became obsessed by the thought that a stairway, no matter how crude, should be built between these two levels. This seemingly was a totally irrational impulse, not to mention the waste of a beautiful summer morning; to gouge out steps in the incline and then lug over large, flat rocks to build stairs. While I was laboring away and working up a sweat, which was very much contrary to my original plan for the day, some of my friends came over and asked me what I was doing. The truth was that I didn't really know, and I fumbled around for some kind of plausible explanation for my project. It seemed to be about building a stairway between two levels, a lower rough one and a

THE VERGES

higher smooth one. John and Gordon rode away on their bikes, laughing at my nonsensical efforts. Suddenly my former enthusiasm vanished and I wondered why I had been so interested in building the stairway. As I put the last large stair step in place a soft, deep-toned voice quietly told me, "Part of your work is to help build a bridge between two levels." I jerked my head around to look for the person who had talked to me but didn't see anyone. Somehow I wasn't afraid of this voice and actually felt a sense of satisfaction that I had completed the stairway, despite what the neighborhood kids thought.

Hopping onto my bicycle, I rejoined my friends who were riding on the paved part of the church surroundings in a graceful but sometimes contentious competition between semi-civilized (depending on the circumstances) pre-adolescent male humans operating two-wheeled transport devices. Something I learned, the hard way, was to not only keep my eyes on fellow cyclers but also on the ground. Earlier in the month while riding my bike I had hit a baseball-sized rock that was very inconveniently located in the path of my front wheel. This resulted in not only a bloody knee but also a horribly painful blow to my nuts. Fortunately my bicycle didn't suffer more than just a few scratches in the paint but my testicles were screaming in agony. John Jay and Riley rode over to see if I was OK. I stood up and fought back tears from the pain to my privates, attempting to act like everything was normal. They saw that I was holding my hands over my groin and knew automatically what had happened. This brought hoots of laughter from them which, of course, attracted all the other kids who were hugely entertained by witnessing me deal with my excruciating pain. Initiation in childhood comes in various ways, a lot of it less than compassionate.

As the Sun rose higher in the sky the air temperature reached the point where our small tribe decided to get off the bikes and move activities to the shade provided by the Cedars. The first point of interest was an old tree that had a huge branch close to the ground that stuck out sideways for about six feet and then abruptly bent straight up toward the sky. It was as though at some point the tree had realized that something was wrong and suddenly made a radical course correction. The horizontal part of this limb had a mysterious quality to it. My friends and I engaged in a heated argument about how this enigmatic, bent branch had been formed. The theories ranged from a lightning strike to bears clawing at it when the tree was just a sapling. Another theory offered by Johnny Halloran was that Indians had performed ceremonies

THE VERGES

under the tree somehow causing the weird deformity. After letting this suggestion sink into our imaginations for a few moments Johnny expanded on his intriguing idea by saying that maybe the local Indians in years past had performed human sacrifices under this tree. Even though this theory didn't provide a particularly clear explanation of how the branch was bent upward it was by far the most interesting suggestion given yet. It also sparked off an intense competition to sit on the horizontal part of the branch, as though this would result in obtaining some kind of desirable, magical power that might come in handy for a kid. Of course the older boys elbowed their way forward to be the first to sit on the bent branch and the younger ones had to shove them off to get their chance. The social atmosphere had become ugly by this point, with tempers flaring and a variety of vulgar threats shouted out if everybody didn't get their fair chance to sit on the branch. Just before a full blown brawl broke out Kelley, the youngest boy in our group, started to cry. His lamentations were enough to calm things down and after some questioning it became apparent to us that Kelley hadn't had his turn to sit on the strange branch. The older kids helped to lift him up and steady him. Beaming with satisfaction, Kelley finally got his chance to sit on the magical tree limb.

Energized by this devolution into basal childhood ritual, our gang formed a connective envelope of identity that was quickly veering off into the ultra-primitive, violent arena of human behavior that in polite society was ordinarily well cordoned off. Johnny Halloran, the oldest among us if I remember correctly, was at this stage our de facto tribal leader. He once showed us his boner which was quite impressive, especially considering his diminutive stature. Now he showed us his knife, a hunting knife that he kept in a sheath attached to his belt. For boys of our age owning and carrying a knife was a very significant marker of accomplishment regarding responsibility and sovereignty of one's person. The other boys, myself included, brought out their knives and in the process of brandishing these tangible symbols of power created a need to utilize them. Johnny, who had the biggest knife, announced that we needed to make spears. This was an interesting idea and after a short debate about how best to go about this it was decided that our group move over to another part of woods to hunt for spear material. It was approaching noon and in the heat we began our spear making efforts in the shady area of a hillside on the church property. Our first experiments consisted of simply pulling out some of the tall Bracken ferns easily within reach and throw them root-first in

THE VERGES

simulated attacks. The deficiency with the ferns was the weak stem which buckled under a forceful thrust. Ferns obviously were not acceptable. This led to a conference about alternatives and it was decided that a much better choice would be to cut down some of the Alder saplings, trim off their branches and shape the root end with our knives. The spears we produced were about six feet long and carefully whittled down to a very sharp point at the thick end.

Now that our band of would be warriors had armed itself we assembled as a unit at the base of the hillside in an area that was recently bulldozed level but had become overgrown with thistles and ferns. This became our training ground for learning how to traject our weapons. Gordon and Johnny, the two oldest boys, took the lead in establishing the rules for using our spears. Gordon, a tall boy with blond hair and blue eyes was the more level-headed, intellectual type which was in sharp contrast to the wild nature of little Johnny Halloran with his uncombed brown hair and piercing, dark brown eyes. In a calm and suspiciously adult-like tone, Gordon told us that rule number one was that we should not throw our spears at each other, which we all agreed was a pretty good idea even though there was some snickering about this comment. Next, we formed a line and like Athenian javelin throwers practicing for battle, launched our weapons upon command in a test of aim and range. This produced mixed results, some not so good. We were standing out in the blistering sun during this training and it was too hot to agreeably keep up the well ordered, regimental behavior that Gordon was pushing on us. Finally, Johnny, who by this time had become totally disinterested in Gordon's training program, snapped and impulsively threw his spear willy-nilly as hard as he could. We watched as his weapon soared high up into the air and then in a beautiful arc came down point first, landing in the brambles about fifty feet away with a slight thunking sound. It had hit something and judging by the swarm of wasps that almost immediately began to fly around where the spear had landed we knew what it was.

Johnny was the first to run over to the thicket and he tried to recover his spear but hundreds of wasps were circling around their nest, obviously extremely upset about the destructive invasion of their colony. Our spear throwing activities had at this stage been completely eclipsed by the discovery of countless angry insects with their own small but venomous spikes ready to be used with a vengeance. It only took a few seconds for the rest of our troop to redeploy to this new scene of action. We could see that an enormous nest, at least two feet tall, had

THE VERGES

been constructed into the branches of Scotch Broom that grew wild on various parts of the church grounds. There was a very brief, speechless analysis of the situation after which by some instinctive language of boyhood telepathic communication we knew that the obvious thing to do was to start throwing rocks at the wasp nest, and the bigger the rock the better. This initiated an assault of stone age brutality which unleashed hundreds more angry wasps that by this point had begun to figure out who was responsible for their troubles and didn't hesitate to seek revenge with their own tiny but efficient weapons. We boys were forced to make a hasty withdrawal back to the area where only a few minutes previously we had practiced our javelin throwing techniques. Our attention was focused on making sure that that the swarm hadn't followed us during our retreat and to our relief we seemed to be in the clear. Then Riley suddenly let out an alarming scream which at first I thought was caused by a wasp sting. Turning to see what was wrong with Riley, we all saw him staring at something with an expression of intense fright. Then we saw what Riley saw.

Only a few yards away from us there was a tall, bulky figure whose only clothing was a worn out pair of denim overalls with one of the shoulder straps either broken or unbuttoned, causing the bib part to fall down. Where the overalls didn't cover the roughly human-shaped body of this disheveled being, who stood perhaps a little over six-feet tall, the rough textured skin showing was a mottled grayish-brown color and looked a lot like the paper mache of the nest created by the wasps that we had attacked. This hideous creature who had only ragged hints of a mouth, nose and eyes began to stagger toward us. The result of this advance was an instantaneous mass exodus of my neighborhood friends who let out pitiful screams and yelps along the way. I also started to run away in horror but for some reason stopped after a few yards. Turning around I saw that this hideous looking man-like creature, whose papery skin seemed to be sloughing off in bits and pieces, was now standing still. It was almost as though he was disappointed that his presence had caused so much commotion and scared away his would-be young friends. Looking around, I saw that there was a spear lying on the ground that one of my companions had made. It was midway between the monster and myself, the whole distance being maybe about 10 yards or so. With my heart pounding furiously, I stepped slowly toward the spear, keeping my line of sight on the figure of the decrepit man with wasp nest skin. He was also studying me, perhaps uncertain what my intentions were. I slowly

THE VERGES

picked up the spear and then with as much force as I could generate and threw it at his chest.

The spear sank deeper into the papery body more than I had expected it would. I almost felt bad for inflicting such a nasty injury. In anticipation of some kind of retaliation I backed up several steps, ready to make a run for it if necessary, and watched as the creature looked down at the spear that had penetrated his torso. There was no sign of blood coming out of the wound like one might expect and the monster didn't give any indication of feeling pain. If anything, he seemed only to be bewildered at what I had done to him. After pulling out the spear and tossing it onto the ground he turned around and hastily shambled off to the edge of the thistle and fern choked area of the church yard. I could see that he entered a small, silvery colored structure that was mostly hidden in the tall ferns. It had a rounded top and looked to be just barely wide and tall enough for the monster to fit inside of. Right after he was in this little building, which at this point I thought might be some kind of a small space ship, it began to glow with a white light as bright as the sun. Then this object shot straight up into the air and was out of sight in the blink of an eye.

Stunned by what had happened, I stood alone in the church yard wondering what to do next. All my neighborhood friends had run home in a state of panic and probably wouldn't be coming back anytime soon. After walking over to the area where the tiny space ship had parked I saw a small circular spot where the thistles and ferns were all flattened and dried out like they had been cooked. I then wandered over to the broken wasp nest and from a respectable distance saw that the little creatures were busy at work trying to repair their home. It was really strange how similar the paper of the wasp nest was to the skin of the monster. Finally I decided to go home. Along the way back I went over to the stairs I had made earlier that morning. By myself, without anyone to make fun of me, I walked up and down the stone steps that connected the smoothly paved parking lot and the coarse, graveled one situated a few feet lower. Not knowing why, I had the vague impression that I was traveling back and forth between two islands that were very different but right next to each other. It was a confusing thought that made my head hurt because the harder I tried to make sense out of this unfamiliar imagery the more fractured and confusing it seemed to become. My stomach was reminding me that it was lunch time. Forgetting about all the strange things that had happened on this hot summer morning I walked back home to make a sandwich.



Discussion

Many years have passed since I first became consciously, inescapably aware that I have been involved in extremely unusual experiences. As of the year of this writing, 2012, it's been some eighteen years, or what I sometimes think of as eighteen laps around the sun, since that first life-changing moment of recall where the repressive cork on the bottle of my subconscious was irrevocably blown off. I remember trying to deal with the impact of this radical change in my consciousness and going outside the house on a freezing cold winter night and looking up into the brilliantly clear southern sky. Orion was on full display – Osiris the king, stood upright once again – and my mind was drawn toward this constellation as though it somehow had a home there. Over the ensuing years I've tried to make some kind of sense out of the extremely strange encounters and events that have taken place in my life. A lot of what really happened undoubtedly remains deeply buried somewhere in the various compartments of my memory, and even what I've been able to recall is so bizarre and so alien to consensus reality that it defies explanation, or at least one that is clear cut and easy to digest.

A resolution that I made at the outset of recording my unusual encounters was to not exclude any reports about what happened even though these accounts would most likely be viewed as either nonsense or fiction by skeptical individuals, and understandably so, even as seen from my own viewpoint. The problem is that these events did happen and I'm stuck with the memories, such as they are. That having been said, I was reluctant at first to include a report of this experience, *The Lord of the Wasps*, in my published chronicles because it seemed too ludicrous, too unbelievable. But where exactly are the lines that clearly define boundaries between what is thought to be the believable, the incredible and the impossible? And maybe even these lines, wherever they may lie, are in themselves only artifices generated by the socialized mind and as such are not much more than just stratagems used to avoid subjects that are too upsetting to an intellect cocooned in the status quo.

As I have slogged through the unenviable process of trying to unravel the tangle of mysteries associated with my strange experiences, it appears that a preestablished pattern was in effect from the very

THE VERGES

beginning of my involvement with a wide variety of extraordinary beings, either exogenic, interdimensional or otherwise. Of course we humans are famously predisposed to see patterns where none, at least by some standard of measure, may actually exist. But then again there is the consideration that in our daily, mundane lives we are subjected to a virtual onslaught of influences which condition us to engage in groupthink and unquestioningly navigate our awareness according to the atlas of normalcy bias. My hesitation to explore in depth and publish the findings of a very strange childhood experience was probably a result of social conditioning to ignore, forget and get back on board the socially acceptable train that unerringly travels on the narrow rails of ontological denial. But I have looked out the windows of this metaphorical train and what I saw was a pattern of events that were deeply affecting my life. The progression of this plan consisted of grades of exposure to beings very alien to the conventional awareness of terrestrial humans. In my case I was incrementally initiated into an awareness of a diverse assortment of beings and entities that interface with Earth's biosphere and, to a significant extent, the people who live in it whether they are consciously aware of this or not.

Along with a program to familiarize me to exotic humanoids I was given entry level instruction – geared to a child's understanding – regarding the existence of other realms that interface with the habitat of terrestrial humans. One of my more advanced 'night school' training sessions is recounted in *Child Recruits* in this volume, but even before that experience I'm quite sure that I had received instruction about what amounts to concept of parallel worlds. When I felt compelled to build a stairway between two levels of the neighborhood church parking lot I was most likely acting out what had been taught to me in this training. Perhaps it was only childish imagination, but the imagery playing in my mind was of two nearby islands separated only by a watery barrier. My job, as I perceived it, was to build a bridge between these islands.

Child Recruits

August 1962, age 8

During the dog days of summer my mother decided to relocate the family from the suburbs to our beach cabin on Whidbey Island. Dad had to commute from work via the Mukilteo ferry to be with his family but I supposed it was worth it for him to make the long trip. After all, how else was he going to get dinner? Our cabin was on the east side of the island, perched right on the waterfront of Puget Sound. Even in the heat wave that we were now experiencing, the cool breeze coming off the Sound was enough to make the conditions perfect for a summer vacation. Running around in only shorts, I was kept busy building sand castles, fishing and generally just goofing off and enjoying the simple freedoms of childhood.

My reprieve from the stranger, secret part of my life was short lived, however. After a full day of strenuous activities, including such highlights as digging for crawdads and beach combing for interesting shells and pebbles, I fell asleep almost instantly at bedtime. Sometime in the early morning hours I was awakened by three small people positioned alongside of my bed. Only half awake, I struggled to open my eyes to determine who my visitors were. Their forms were translucent, a sort of see-through body which emitted a soft glow of light. Recognizing these beings, I knew they had come to take me with them. Still feeling really sleepy, I told them to go away. They informed me that I needed to attend school. Hearing the word 'school' had the equivalent effect of being slapped in the face. Now much more awake, I mentally informed them that I was on my summer vacation. School didn't start for at least another few weeks, or at least I hoped.

This didn't deter my escorts from doing their job. My body lifted up off the bed and began to float headfirst towards the wall. These nocturnal sojourns weren't anything new to me. Being awakened in the middle of the night by bug-eyed beings had become almost commonplace in my other life, the one that needed to be kept secret. The only twist now was that I was supposed to go to school. With the escorts along side of me, my body moved according to their will. I had learned that it was better to let go and just allow the events of these alien excursions to take place. After all, resisting did no good. I was completely at the mercy of my abductors.

In the darkness of the early morning hours I watched as my body along with the escorts passed effortlessly through the exterior wall of

THE VERGES

the beach cabin. The small beings had chosen the nearly empty bookcase built into the wall as the portal for our exit. Continuing on, we floated through the boathouse, the lower floor used for wintering our boats and storing fishing and crabbing gear. In a few more seconds we reached the backyard which abutted the steep bank of the waterfront. My prostrate body swivelled to a head-up position. A familiar beam of foggy blue-white light shone down on our small group, lofting us upwards to an awaiting craft. During my ascent, I looked out in amazement at the dazzling, moonlit surface of Puget Sound. Any fear that I might have been feeling was overpowered by the fantastic view. Far away, on the opposite shore, the city of Everett displayed its sparkling night scape. I thought that this method of going to school sure was a lot more interesting than walking.

In short order we arrived at the underside of the hovering ship and entered a small, steel-colored chamber. What followed had by now become a customary procedure for me. The floor panels of the room slid closed under our previously floating bodies. Now solidly standing on the grated flooring, our bodies were bathed in an amber light. We were exposed to this radiation for about a minute or so and then sliding doors on one of the walls opened, letting us enter the main deck of the ship. The beings that had led me to this place now looked quite solid. Their previously translucent forms had gelled to an opaque state. What I now beheld were slender, gray skinned bodies, about four feet tall, surmounted by pointy-chinned, bald heads with huge, black eyes.

The escorts left me in the care of another being. Intuitively I felt that this person's gender was female. She looked like the same type of being as my bug-eyed escorts but stood taller, about five feet, and gave off a different, more refined aura. Her very slender body was clothed in a tight fitting, black body suit covered by a white smock, worn open at the front. I noticed that her feet were covered with lightweight, black slippers. Judging by the distinction of her clothing and her rather haughty demeanor, I concluded that she belonged to a higher level in the hierarchical strata of her race. Greeting me unemotionally, she gave only a cursory acknowledgment of my arrival. I was told to wait for a short period while the other children were being picked up. If I wanted, she told me, I could stand next to the windows and look out at the view.

The ship I had boarded looked like a standard type vessel, basically the same as those used during my previous rendezvous'. Its round floor plan spanned some fifty feet, with the exterior walls ringed by windows at eye level. The ceiling was gently domed, about fifteen feet high at its

THE VERGES

center. I could hear and almost feel a quiet, steady background noise of a low pitched vibration.

Feeling a little conspicuous just wearing my pajamas, I stood alone in the empty room. Apparently I was the first kid to be picked up. Nervously awaiting the arrival of my schoolmates, I walked up to one of the windows and looked out at an amazing succession of views. Without giving any sensation of motion, our craft had arrived at another location in only a matter of seconds. I now looked down onto the rooftops of houses in what looked like a regular American suburb. A few moments later another boy walked out of the 'elevator' room and joined me on the deck. The new arrival looked through the windows with me and we watched in silence as yet another child, this time a girl, was brought on board. One by one, more stops over houses were made and the kids who were picked up entered the craft. After about fifteen minutes there was a total of nine or ten of us who had been rounded up, all appearing to be between the ages of eight and ten years. Our small group of both boys and girls stood in their pajamas and nightgowns, patiently waiting for night class to begin.

The female being who originally greeted me took control of the session. Since there were no chairs in the 'school room', which was just the austere, nearly empty deck of the craft we had been transported to, I stood uncomfortably alongside my companions. Through the flow of her thoughts, our instructor addressed us, saying, "You will learn a very important lesson this night, one that very likely will save your lives in the future." This definitely got our attention. A gangly male of the same bug-eyed species as the female teacher came towards us with a cart in tow. I burst out laughing when I saw what was being brought to us. The teacher glared at me in a scathing rebuke of my display of levity, making it perfectly clear that I was supposed to remain quiet and treat the session seriously. What had been rolled into the classroom was an assortment of about a dozen model heads representing different alien species. I recognized one of them right away. It looked almost like Renjeck! To me, the heads looked like wonderfully scary Halloween characters and it took all the self control I could muster not to make smart aleck remarks.

Our group watched as the assistant methodically set up two vertical racks and then placed the heads on them in front of our view. The teacher proceeded to explain to her child recruits that all of the beings depicted by these heads were unauthorized to enter Earth's habitat zone. We were told that as trespassers they were the targets of

THE VERGES

ongoing policing action, which would eventually result in either their extradition or annihilation, depending on the species type. The rack on the left displayed the types who were not considered dangerous. In sharp contrast, the beings represented on the right were extremely dangerous, making it absolutely necessary that we memorize their appearance.

Paying close attention to our teacher, we kids tried to memorize the faces and correlate them with the category that they belonged to. Telepathically, we were also given a phonetic equivalent of the alien's species name, which I forgot almost immediately. I was relieved to hear that the purpose of the night's session would only be to remember the 'dangerous' or 'non-dangerous' status. After allowing a few minutes of study, the assistant took the heads off the racks and placed them on a long table that had been set up next to us. Purposefully, the order of the garish heads was mixed up so that now, one by one, each child had to tell the teacher which category the being fit into based on the accuracy of their memory. When it was my turn I gazed at the variety and thought that they all appeared dangerous. The severity of the teacher's look prodded me along. Pointing at one head at a time, I began to announce out loud the designation of the creatures.

The reptile-like head resembling Renjeck was the next in line for me to identify. I had memorized its category (dangerous) but wasn't sure if I agreed with the designation. Connecting my eyes with the teacher's, I exposed my thoughts. In a lightning quick optical dialogue, she informed me of her awareness. My association with Renjeck was acceptable but it must be kept a secret. With this understanding, I pointed at the likeness of the lizardman and yelled out, "Dangerous!" After making a few mistakes, I managed to sort out the other types and felt happy to have my turn over with. Taking tests wasn't exactly my forte.

After all of us recruits had completed the test, we were told by the teacher that juice and crackers were being brought to us. More than an hour must have transpired since I had arrived at this strange school so a snack sounded like a good idea to me. Just as I was imagining chocolate chip cookies and a big glass of cold milk, I heard that a blood sample was going to be taken from each child while we waited for the food. The entire group of kids, including me, reacted to this announcement with an obvious display of dread. Unenthusiastically submitting to the procedure, I held out my arm as the gangly male assistant poked me with the needle of a hypodermic syringe. When I

THE VERGES

asked why he needed the blood, he replied in a motoric message, saying, "Each child requires a record of blood type. Appropriate replacement fluid will be kept in active storage, available for use when needed." It wasn't clear to me whether this was a good thing or something to worry about. Why would they need to replace my blood, anyway?

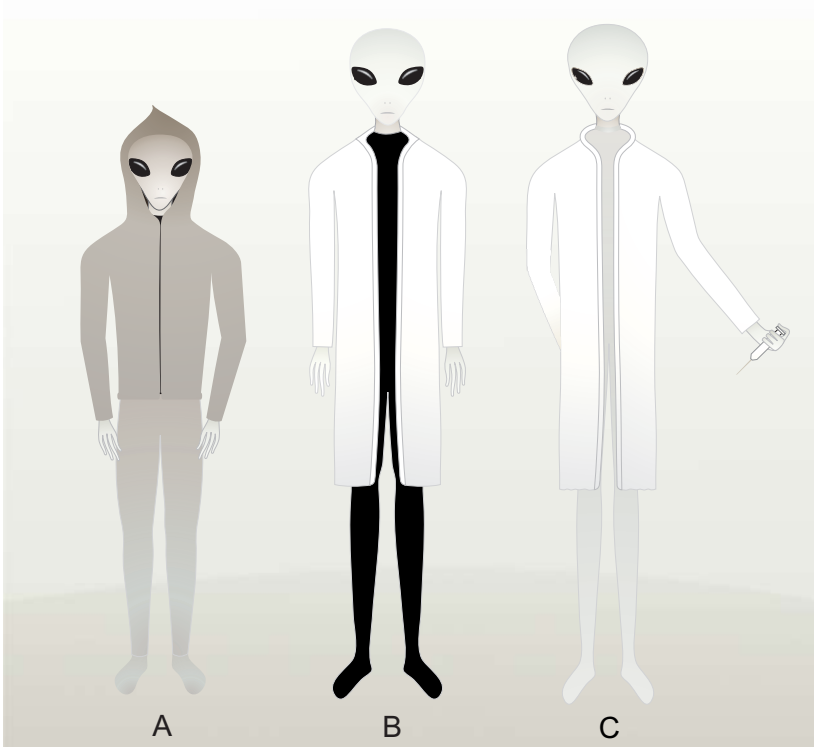


FIG 6: A: This is the general appearance one of the Grey escorts who took me to night school. B: The strict teacher who seemed to be female although she didn't have any hair. C: The technician and night school assistant who drew blood from us kids to have on record.

Finally, the crackers and juice showed up, coming from a room in one corner of the craft closed off from our view by sliding doors. My companions and I were looking forward to this snack, especially after putting up with the unpleasantness of the blood extraction. Biting into my cracker, a thin, light brown wafer, I tasted a substance comparable to crunchy cardboard. Looking around at the other kids, I saw that they shared my unfavorable opinion of the food. A sip of the 'juice'

confirmed my pessimistic expectations, since it was just as bland as the crackers. Without speaking out loud, all of us kids communicated between ourselves our disappointment regarding the food. Obviously, this school had a lot of room for improvement in the snack department. I didn't want to finish my unpalatable cracker but the stern teacher glared at me, essentially demanding that it be eaten. With considerable effort, I choked down the last of the wafer, wishing that I had a big glass of milk to wash it down with.

The accumulated stress of the previous hour's events was catching up with me and the other kids. Ordinarily, we would be safely asleep in our beds at this time. But before we were returned to our homes, the teacher made us submit to one more procedure. She took each child individually and stared them in the eyes. During my turn, I felt something like a seesaw of energy flowing back and forth between our minds. At first she drew something out, maybe what I had learned that night, and then she put something in, perhaps what I still needed to know. After we went back and forth several times in this interchange, I felt like I was asleep on my feet. Completely exhausted, my return trip to the beach cabin was lost to me.

Looking for fishing tackle in the boathouse, my attention was diverted to the wall. The bookshelf inside the cabin was located on the other side of this wall. It was now afternoon, the day after my dream of wispy beings picking me up in the middle of the night to go to school. The details of this weird dream were elusive, skirting on the fringes of my mind. For some reason, I felt that the wall held the clue needed to remind me of what had happened during the dream. I couldn't shake off the idea that it had something to do with God. Did God pass through that wall? No, that was crazy. Hearing the gentle roar of the waves crashing on the tide flats in the distance, I gave up trying to remember. At the moment going fishing was much more important.



Discussion

There is, clearly, a distinct advantage for those who wish to engage in clandestine activities involving taking children away from their homes at night, or day, when the location of the surreptitious activity is out of view of possible witnesses. The backyard of my childhood home

THE VERGES

bordered on a large field some ten acres or more, formerly part of a vineyard that was left fallow after the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II. This landscape that seems to have had questionable ownership, along with the undeveloped wooded areas adjacent to it, was not only a great place for my neighborhood friends and me to play in but also a setting convenient for the otherworldly beings who by one means or another had insinuated themselves into my life. Similarly, my family's beach cabin on the east side of Whidbey Island was wedged between the shoreline of Puget Sound and the steep hillside located precipitously just behind the cabin. The closest and only access to this old beach house – excluding aerial and nautical maneuvers – was by a narrow walkway that ran in front of the other summer homes on this stretch of beach, and reached a parking lot over two hundred yards away. This was a very pleasant location, far removed from the crowded and noisy bother of city life. It was also an expedient setting for the beings who conducted several of my contact sessions.

Even before the time of being taken to this particular night school class I had experienced the odd process of being lifted up out of my bed and floated out through solid walls or panes of glass. Regarding these sojourns, it's probably worth considering that an actual physical relocation may not have taken place, but something perhaps more along the lines of an out-of-body transit. The problem with this interpretation is that after I had arrived at the destination, particularly in one case that I recall, I had to take a pee real bad. Along with this incident of an urgent physical need, in the 1962 night school experience my classmates and I were given something to eat and drink. My strong recollection of having to choke down a distasteful snack would seem to argue against the non-physicality of the event. There was also a noticeable preference shown, particularly by the gray-skinned, big eyed abductors, to extract me from my home using what I would describe as the path of least resistance. Usually this was through a window rather than a wall but in the case of being escorted, as it were, out of the beach cabin a small knickknack shelf built into the exterior wall with only a single facing of thin wooden boards was chosen as the portal. It also might be significant that my body, which had somehow become as stiff as a board, was maintained in a horizontal position when it was taken through what by conventional understanding was a solid barrier. In other abduction experiences my standing body was rotated to a horizontal position, which I think was done purposefully in order to

THE VERGES

minimize the surface area exposed to the structure that needed to be penetrated. So in the overview, there were several indications that the night school class I was taken to wasn't part of a dreamscape but an actual physical experience where other boys and girls about my same age were also in attendance.

When I entered the main room of the awaiting craft the first being I met was a creature that vaguely resembled a really skinny human but had ash-gray colored skin, no visible body or head hair and had enormous, almond shaped all-black eyes. This individual radiated the character of someone who was fully in charge and wouldn't brook any challenge to authority. As I learned from subsequent experiences, this stolid authoritarian-like behavior was typical of the enigmatic beings called the Grays. In addition to this display of what minimally resembled a personality, my night school teacher also gave the distinct impression, for some non-obvious reason, that it was a 'she'. In other words, the instructor gave off the aura of a strong-willed, motherly figure well prepared to exercise control over her brood. At the time of my attendance in this school session as an eight-year-old kid I had become accustomed to these classes, and the other boys and girls in training seemed to unquestioningly accept the circumstances, like I did, as a routine but secretive part of our lives. But from my vantage point today, many decades later, I can see that the milieu of these gatherings was exceptionally strange. Part of this oddness was due to our teacher whose schoolmarm-like personality was most likely, in my estimation, an engineered affect used in the management of the child recruits in a training program.

Something else about this childhood experience that still intrigues me today concerns what I saw when looking out the windows of the craft I was taken to for my night school class. Once I had been lifted up to the awaiting vessel in the air by what looked like a tube of blueish-white light, I found myself inside of a round and nearly empty room with a flat, smooth floor. My teacher told me that I could look out of the windows while the other students were being picked up. The windows were, as best I can recall, about four feet wide by three feet high, with rounded corners and slanted inwards toward the top, following the contour of the domed-shaped interior of the structure. Because of previous occasions of being inside of similar craft, this design wasn't unfamiliar to me. But the odd thing I noticed in this experience was that after we had arrived at one the kids' houses and were hovering about twenty yards above the rooftops of the neighborhood dwellings, our

THE VERGES

ship seemed to be at a slant relative to the ground. This disorienting view didn't match the normal sense of equilibrium I felt standing upright inside our craft. After we picked up the first kid we raced to the next house in a matter of seconds. In this short interval what I saw when looking out the windows was only a blur but without any accompanying sense of motion which one would expect when suddenly accelerating and then coming to an abrupt halt. Repeatedly, we stopped over what looked like normal houses in the suburbs to pick up more kids. In each case our craft appeared to be significantly tilted relative to the ground below us. My understanding, albeit extremely rudimentary, is that this offset relates to the toroidal vortex engines used to power spherical, bell-shaped and convex disc vessels. The apparent tilt of these craft, particularly evident in the disc style, relates to angular momentum and coordination with the axis of rotation of the planetary environment.

The eyes of our teacher in the 1962 night school session were used, as I perceived it, to send and receive information. Once one of this type of being – the ones that I thought of as the Ant People when I was a kid – locks onto your gaze there seems to be no option but to remain transfixed until the process, whatever it might entail, is completed. I think this is especially true for children, who don't have much in the way of intellectual and physical defense mechanisms, but even when I was a young adult I had an encounter with one of the Ant People who rendered me defenseless with his stare. This 1976 event began when riding my bicycle along a lonely country road on Whidbey Island I suddenly felt compelled to wander into an abandoned gravel pit. In this desolate setting I met the Gray who I had previously named Robot Man. When I first noticed this little man he was about 30 yards away but in an instant somehow managed to reposition himself so that he was standing right in front of me with his enormous black eyes only inches away from mine. At this point I was unable to move my body and couldn't even lower my eyelids, leaving me no choice but to stare straight ahead. As the little Gray had his eyes locked onto mine I saw, mostly from my peripheral vision, an unbelievably large garter snake emerge from the ground only a few feet away from us, near some trees. This snake slowly maneuvered its way toward the Gray and seemed to crawl up the back of his body and then by some inexplicable process poked its head out through the location of his eyes. In what I can only describe as a shamanistic transfer, the snake then proceeded to flow into my body through my eyes, causing me to completely disengage from the present circumstances and become immersed in a complicated download about

THE VERGES

the history of our planet, Earth.

The extremely cryptic nature of these downloads and information exchanges has led me to wonder who are, exactly, the gray-skinned, bug-eyed Ant People? Are they actually a living, breathing organic species, or are they a manufactured article, perhaps something along the lines of a technologically sophisticated, intelligent appliance? Or are they tricksters who arise from the interstices of space-time and at their whim or perhaps by an agenda either help or hinder humanity?

Initiation

November 1962, age 9

Summer had come to its inevitable end and the formerly hot days with azure skies were replaced by the predictably chilly, damp and cloudy weather of Seattle during the autumn. My childhood also moved forward in the same unstoppable march of time. I had entered the third grade and was now facing the stern countenance of Mrs. Dexter, my 3rd grade teacher. With her hair pulled back in a tight bun, she stood as straight as an army sergeant and rapped on the chalkboard with a pointer to emphasize her words. Clack, clack, clack, went her baton. Trying not to show it, I flinched with each rap.

It was a relief to get out of the classroom during recess. Sitting still in a hardwood chair for hours on end wasn't exactly my idea of fun. My friends congregated under the covered playground, protected from the deluge of rain coming down around us. The high-pitched laughing and screaming of dozens of children echoed around the brick and asphalt recess area. In a wild release of energy, we kids tried to pump out as many watts of raw animal power as possible, knowing full well that in only a few more minutes we would be back in the classroom attempting to behave like little angels.

There wasn't a whole lot to do in the constricted play area. My group of buddies moved around like a school of piranhas searching for something to bite into. Eventually we noticed that the heavy steel door to the incinerator room was unlocked. Always before, the huge padlock sealing this door had been secured, preventing curious children (like us) from getting inside. But now the padlock just dangled on the thick metal hasp, almost begging for someone to lift it off and open the door. The power of the forbidden posed a remarkable challenge. My friends and I looked at each other, seeing who would take the initiative and actually touch the padlock. Maybe with just enough dexterity, it could be touched and accidentally fall out of its slot. Eventually one of us boys shot out their hand and like handling a hot potato, dislodged the lock. As though impelled by an invisible force, the door began to open, making a bone-chilling screech discernable even over the racket in the background.

Crowding together, we poked our heads inside this mysterious room and were hit by a blast of hot air. From the outside, the incinerator's cement smokestack projected at least forty feet into the air, but now we were looking into the core of the operation, an inferno

THE VERGES

fueled by the paper waste generated daily at the elementary school. The temperature of the air inside was at least ninety degrees. Recessed into the ground, the room needed to be entered by scaling a steel ladder, dropping down some five feet to the floor. After my group of friends took in the view, there was a general challenge issued for one of us to display our courage. Who would have the guts to climb down the ladder and enter the room? Somehow I was enlisted into this foolish act of bravery and lowered myself into the bowels of the incinerator. Just as I reached the floor, I heard the grinding sound of the metal door swinging shut and the latch being closed. Quickly, I climbed back up the ladder and tried to push the door open, but it was locked. My friends had played a nasty trick on me.

Daylight shining in from a small window with wire-reinforced glass illuminated the cramped space I had been locked inside of. The panes were too small for even a nine-year-old to crawl through but I was ready to smash the glass anyway I could and holler out of the opening until somebody came to my rescue. Just as I was getting ready to execute this plan, I heard rustling come from one corner of the room. There was somebody in there with me. Breaking out in a cold sweat, I barely managed to squeak, "Who's there?" Slowly, a figure revealed itself. What I saw was a stocky body with leathery blue-gray skin. Standing at about four and one-half feet tall, this very strange looking being was clothed in worn-out blue overalls, without a shirt or shoes. It was shivering with fear. In the confined space allotted to us we exchanged looks that conveyed our mutual horror at seeing one another. My companion in this agonizing predicament remained motionless while I tried to fit him into some category within my experience. The being didn't have any body hair that I could see, not even on its head. It almost looked like a bald, blue-skinned gorilla standing erect, particularly because of a wide, flattened nose and a cranium shaped sort of like a football standing on end. I could hear the rapid puffs of breath whistling through its nose. It appeared to be more afraid of me than I was of it.

In the midst of this standoff, a brilliant red ball of light entered the incinerator room next to me and expanded into the physical body of Renjeck. Not knowing whether to be angry or grateful, I focused my eyes on the lizardman, imploring him for help. Renjeck stood with his arms crossed, as calm as a clam. He told me that obviously the being who was in the room with us was an unauthorized species and as such should be exterminated. Something within my recollection seemed to

THE VERGES

dovetail with this statement. Renjeck continued speaking to me telepathically, saying, "If you want to become my partner, you will first have to prove yourself by killing this being." He was pointing to the blue-skinned creature standing only a few feet away from us, which was quivering in fear for its life.

My mind was catapulted into a torrent of conflicting ideas. One part of me was protesting, shouting that the intentional killing of any living being was wrong. But another voice was also vying for my attention. The secret night school training played like a subliminal soundtrack in my mind, commanding me to kill the unauthorized alien. I felt pressure from Renjeck to make a decision. Although he pretended to act as though it was completely my decision, it was perfectly obvious what the lizardman really wanted. He had presented me with the 'opportunity' to join an elite cadre of assassins and the initiation was



FIG 7: The being with blueish-gray colored skin I encountered in the incinerator room of my elementary school. His only clothing was a ragged pair of overalls and despite his muscular body he seemed to be as afraid of me as I was of him.

THE VERGES

My body was dripping with sweat, both from the intense heat of the incinerator and the stress of dealing with the horrendous circumstances now facing me. I only wanted to get out of the room and return to the safe world of strict teachers and boring schoolwork. Feeling desperate, I caved in and asked Renjeck how I should go about killing the alien being. The lizard-man looked around the room and nonchalantly pointed out a shovel located next to us. He said, "Perhaps you could try this." Wanting to get things over with as quickly as possible, I accepted this advice and firmly gripped the flat spade in my hands. The stocky, blue-skinned alien began to whimper in indecipherable vocalizations when I lifted up the shovel in preparation for the strike. Using all the force that was available to me, I swung the butt of the shovel down onto the football-shaped head of the alien. The blow resounded in a sickening, metallic bong and the figure of the 'intruder' slumped to the floor.

But it wasn't dead. I had only managed to stun my victim and now, somewhat revived, it was moaning in agony. I looked at Renjeck in horror, silently begging him for advice. Renjeck appeared undaunted by these events. If anything, he was calmer than before. He made a quick perusal of the room and now pointed out the three-foot long steel poker used to push paper into the incinerator. He said, "You might consider using this to complete your job." My body was shaking violently as I picked up the heavy poker and aimed it at the recumbent body of the blue-skinned alien. With all the power I could manage, I thrust the pointed, steel implement towards the wounded being and felt it sink into its chest.

The unauthorized being issued a loud gasp followed by a whoosh of air escaping from its lungs. It was now dead. I pried the poker out of the corpse and saw greenish blood ooze out of the wound. I was crying and could barely stand upright with the weight of knowing that I had just killed someone. Renjeck interceded, telling me, "You now have to dispose of the body." Fighting back my tears in an attempt to be brave, I asked how this should be done. The lizardman said, "You need to put the body into the incinerator." Once again I was guided by the cold-blooded logic of my partner. My clumsy attempts to move the heavy corpse apparently elicited some sympathy from Renjeck and he helped me lift the lifeless body and push it through the door of the incinerator. I watched as the evidence of my initiation was consumed by the flames of the raging fire. Without any further discussion, Renjeck declared that he was leaving. His dark-green, scaly body converted to a red sphere of

light and disappeared from sight. I was left alone in the incinerator room. Wondering how I was going to get out, I looked at the heavy metal door and saw that it was slightly ajar. Not waiting to figure out how this had transpired, I scrambled up the ladder and exited out through the now unlocked door into the play area. Nobody was around, which meant that recess was over. I skulked back to class and sat down in my seat with as little fanfare as possible.

Even if Mrs. Dexter had chastised me for being late, it went unnoticed by my psyche. I sat in the hardwood chair, struggling just to keep breathing. The ordinary, automatic process of inhaling and exhaling air that my body had been accustomed to wasn't working right. My eyes looked out to see a fog of dark gray energy that had settled in around my body. In a state of shock, my mind had turned inwards, attempting to stave off the implosion of horror caused by my first blood kill.



Discussion

This horrific initiatory experience was a critical juncture between my earlier 'soft' abductions and the entrance into an entirely different level of involvement in the exo-political policing and military operations that deal with managing the inhabitants of Earth's biosphere. It's noteworthy, I think, that in my life the schedule for progressive steps in recruitment, testing and training quickly led to a brutal regimen beginning at an early age, in my case when I was an eight-year-old. The advantage for those who conscript young children to serve in morally questionable activities is the malleability of the immature mind and the highly susceptible nature of an undeveloped psyche. This vulnerability makes it relatively easy to effectuate a partitioning of the trainee's personality and instill into one part reflexive submission when trigger stimuli are provided – in other words, unquestioning obedience upon command. In retrospect I think that my incremental exposure to exogenic beings was designed to progress from the 'soft' contacts to an intermediate level of training, such as the experience in which I impaled a ghoulish being – see *Lord of the Wasps* in this volume – to an extremely hellish encounter in which I was forced to kill what seemed like an innocent human-like being and then shove its lifeless body into the roaring flames of my elementary school's incinerator. At this point I had effectively crossed the Rubicon and was subsumed by a very dark and alien agenda.

THE VERGES

In addition to the extremely disturbing aspect of being coerced by my reptilian handler to kill a defenseless and terrified living creature for the purposes of training, there is the troubling question about where the victim used in this session came from and how it was obtained. For some reason I have envisioned the being I killed in the incinerator room as being a slave laborer. This idea is probably due to a number of factors, most notable among them, from my point of view, the passive nature of this creature which contrasted sharply with its muscular physique. Also, it was just wearing ragged overalls, reminding me of the meager clothing a slave would be given. Of course I have no way of confirming my impression that a hapless slave had been plucked off a plantation located on some distant planet for use in a ritualistic training exercise. But it's hard not to try to fill in the blanks, so to speak, when it relates to attempting to make sense out of such a dark moment in one's life. And the notion that this being came from another planet may not be so far fetched considering that its blood was green, which is not found in vertebrates on this planet, or at least the species that have currently been acknowledged. Irregardless, the being – the person – I killed, despite appearances, displayed a quality of humanity that was noticeably absent from the behavior of the lizardman, Renjeck, who for a period of thirty-three years was the major influence in the occult part of my life.

There was, as I have indicated above, what I consider to have been an occult nature to my interactions and activities with my reptilian handler, and not with just him alone but also the broader assortment of beings and entities linked to him, not the least of which were the Grays. The occult, as I intend it here, concerns not only matters that are beyond ordinary knowledge – this in itself would be a laughably mundane interpretation – but more to the point, a realm of hypo-dimensional chthonic dynamics, the efflux of which permeates the terrestrial neighborhoods and architecturalized institutions of Homo sapiens, whether they know it or not. The setting for my initiatory sacrifice of a green-blooded being took place in a hellish setting. It's hard not to look back on this and not suspect that a premeditated and carefully orchestrated ritual was enacted in this experience; one that suited drama-loving reptilians and also was highly effective, from a pragmatic standpoint, in terms of locking me into the program, as it were. Those who study ancient history will be informed about the voyage of the sun god, Ra, in the netherworld and having to survive a passage through the cavern of Sokar – total darkness – in order to eventually reach the

THE VERGES

moment of dawn. My cavern of Sokar was the incinerator room of an elementary school, located in the subdued suburbs of Seattle. But my guide wasn't a falcon god, it was a lizardman.

The Sandbox Monster

Summer 1963, age 9

A major construction project was under way at my house, at least in the imaginations of the small group of kids I was playing with. My neighborhood friends and I had 'rezoned' the lower corner of the backyard. This area had originally been set up as a playground for my sister and myself, but due to neglect had turned into a weed infested mess. Now it was being transformed into 'Tonka Town', a miniature housing development named after the toy trucks being employed to move dirt, rocks and other debris on the site during the construction process. Despite the intermittent objections of my mother, the entire project now spanned an area approximately ten by fifteen feet and would eventually accommodate at least a dozen new homes. My friends and I toiled away in the summer heat, building our houses out of a motley assortment of cardboard, sticks and whatever else we could scrounge up to suit the unique design requirements of our improvised architecture.

I looked at the completed home I had just erected, thinking that even though it was quite impressive, it would have to be torn down to make way for a better one. For a brief moment my mind slipped into a trance-like state in which I heard a haunting voice whispering to me. It said, "Even when you grow up you'll never be satisfied with the place where you live. You'll move from one location to another, always looking for something different." Intuitively, I knew the troubling truth of this message. My fate was to be a wanderer in constant search of home.

A different voice suddenly intruded upon the privacy of my mind, snapping me back to attention. This one was deep pitched, telling me in clearly defined words, "You need to get all your friends out of here, right now." I stood up and looked around, half expecting to see Renjeck standing nearby. His telepathic voice had become all too familial to me by this time. Now alerted to his presence, I knew that something was up, and knowing the lizardman, it was going to be weird. Mentally, I objected, saying that my friends and I were busy building houses. The voice was unimpressed and in an almost frantic tone ordered me to tell my companions to leave the premises, immediately. It was a matter of dire importance.

A visceral reaction took place in the guts of my consciousness. I commanded the attention of my friends and told them that they had to

THE VERGES

go home, right away. They looked at me like I was out of my mind. It was only about two o'clock in the afternoon and there was no ostensible reason for their eviction. After repeated cajoling from me, they dropped their construction tools and left the backyard with barely muffled protests. What didn't make sense to them was all too palpable to me. I was involved in another job with Renjeck.

After my friends had gone home, I stood alone wondering what was going to happen next. My parents were still at work and my sister wasn't home, leaving me feeling stranded. Just then, Renjeck showed up, first as a small red sphere of light which then materialized into the physical form of his saurian body. In an urgent tone he informed me that a very dangerous being had been watching me and my friends. It had illegally passed through a dimensional frontier and was now hovering just on the brink of entering Earth's biological habitat zone. The creature was a species of vampire. Feeling more than a little distraught over the idea of a vampire showing up in the next few moments I asked the lizardman how this creepy thing had managed to end up in my backyard. In a rush, Renjeck briefly explained that the vampire had been tracked by an observation station which assigned the clean-up operation to him. Without being told, I figured out that the monster had probably been coaxed to my location and now I was the bait. Hopefully I wasn't going to be its next meal.

Renjeck was uncharacteristically nervous. He told me that I needed to get a knife to defend myself. Without questioning the order I obediently ran over to the side of the house where gardening equipment was stored and brought back a long knife used for yard work. Following Renjeck's instruction, I buried it in one corner of the old sandbox next to us in the play area. I was told that the knife was only to be used as a last resort and should remain hidden in the meantime. Without any further discussion, the lizardman said that he had to dematerialize. He would be watching from close by and come to my assistance if necessary. My job was to hang tight for just long enough to induce the vampire to materialize, and then Renjeck would finish him off.

Before I could hem or haw, the lizardman vanished, leaving me standing alone in the play area. Only seconds later I heard an unearthly creaking and grinding noise coming from directly behind me. Quickly turning around, I witnessed the emergence of a gray-skinned, scrawny creature rising up from the center of the sandbox. Its head began to push through the dirt and sand – an impossible act – immediately

THE VERGES

followed by the remainder of its body. Gradually this figure worked its way to an erect posture. Sand and residual clumps of dirt fell off its body. Standing no more than four feet tall, the unclothed creature was nearly all skin and bones. First, it stared at me with a chilling look of hunger and then quickly glanced down at the sandbox as though checking to make sure that parts of itself hadn't been left behind. Apparently the being was satisfied with the extent of the materialization into my world and now lurched forward on its two skinny legs.



FIG 8: A ghoulish vampire came out from ground beneath my childhood sandbox. It stood about four feet tall and was mostly skin and bones. It attacked me and after a horrible struggle I stabbed it several times after which this monster shriveled up into a small leathery bag which after a few minutes fizzled away into nothingness.

The alien suddenly attacked. It was too late for me to escape its grasp. The most I could do was to try to break the grip that the creature had on my body. We lost our balance and fell onto the concrete walkway, rolling over and over. This wasn't what I thought the plan

THE VERGES

was. Where was Renjeck? The vampire was attempting to purchase a hold on me with its teeth and had already made several puncture wounds on my arms and neck which were issuing blood. There was only one hope for my survival. I had to work my way back to the sandbox so that I could reach the buried knife. Still struggling on the ground, I used all my strength to roll our entwined bodies closer to the knife. Finally within reach, I dug my hand into the sand, grabbed the weapon and began making merciless slashes anywhere I could on the vampire's body. Now that it had materialized into a physical form, the being seemed to recognize the pain of the knife cuts. It quickly released its grip on my body and backed away in surprise.

We were both on our feet now. I held out the foot-long knife in my quivering hand for my adversary to get a good look at. The tables had turned. I was now the attacker. Having suffered multiple bites, my body was inflamed by the raging power of raw animal instinct, not only to survive but also to retaliate. I lunged at the alien several times and eventually cornered him against the concrete block retaining wall. He made a desperate, final effort to escape using what strength he had remaining, but I continued to stab him from behind, over and over, until he was too debilitated to continue. He turned around to face me, giving a pathetic look, an ironic plea for clemency. After only a moment's hesitation my hand drove the knife through his bony chest. No blood issued from his wounds. Instead, the leathery, gray body began to shrink. I backed up several steps, watching in horror as the corpse shriveled to the size of a small, crumpled leather bag. Making a barely perceptible sizzling noise, it blackened and let out a fetid cloud of gray smoke. In the end the vampire had completely dematerialized, leaving only a small, dark stain on the concrete walkway in the play area.

My body was screaming in pain due to the bite wounds. From behind me a voice directed my attention to it, saying in a soft, almost lamenting tone, "Ken, please come here. We will heal your wounds." I turned around and saw Renjeck. Next to him stood one of the short, gray skinned people with big, black bug eyes. This little guy held a briefcase-sized box. Holding out my arms in agony, I walked over to these two people, submitting to their administrations. Crying, I asked the lizardman, "Why didn't you come to help me like you said you would?" After an awkward pause, he answered in a halting tone, saying, "It was necessary for you to apply your natural instincts to gain a fuller understanding of your power. You are now better able to draw upon the fundamental source of energy for all life forms – the will to live."

THE VERGES

Cutting short this conversation, Renjeck told me to lie down. The little bug-eyed being, who I thought of as a doctor, opened up his traveling case and set up a tripod on which he mounted two dull silver-colored spheres, each about four inches in diameter. As I lay on the concrete walkway these objects were positioned on two holders attached to this portable stand, spaced about a little over two feet apart and about a foot above my stomach and chest. The petite doctor kneeled down and looked into my eyes, telling me telepathically, "Imagine a field of beautiful flowers. You can see all different colors – yellow, orange, green, blue and red, an entire meadow full of pretty flowers." I immediately drifted into a deep trance and found myself looking down onto an endless expanse of gorgeous, brilliantly colored wild flowers. A warm wind caressed my seemingly floating body and the golden glow of sunlight permeated my being. Time became irrelevant. The only thing that mattered to me was soaking up as much of the wonderful, vibrant color as possible.

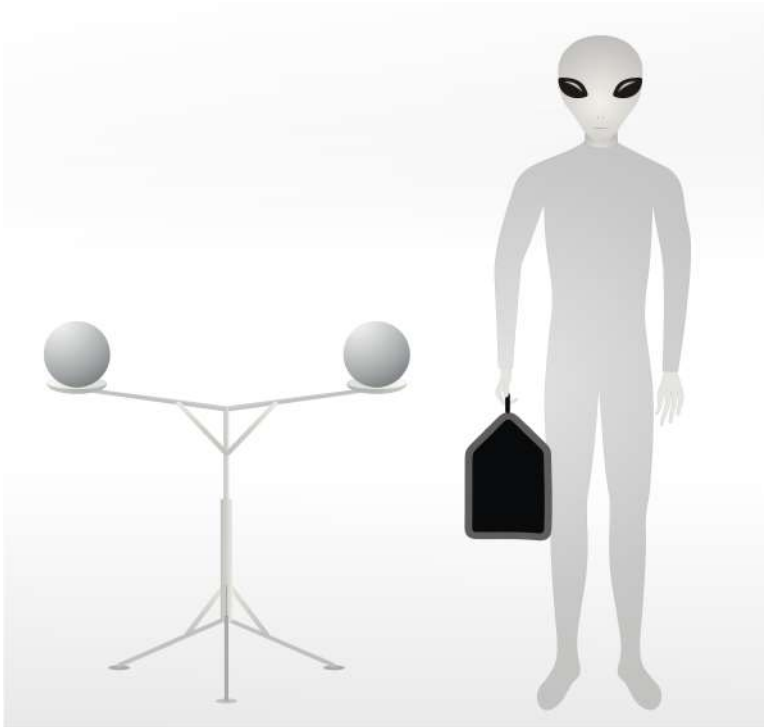
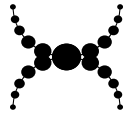


FIG 9: The ‘little doctor’ who worked with the lizardman, Renjeck, used a device with two spheres to heal the bite wounds on my body that were inflicted by the ghoulish vampire. The two spheres were set next to my body and apparently either reversed the damage or accelerated the healing process.

My eyes opened then my mind searched for a reason why I was lying on the concrete walkway in the play area. With an effort I sat up and saw that I was alone. It was late in the afternoon. My entire body ached and after few failed attempts I finally managed to get my wobbly body to stand upright. Holding out my arms, I inspected them thinking that maybe they had been hurt somehow. But no cuts or bruises of any kind were to be seen. Feeling exhausted, I hobbled back to the house and once inside my bedroom, collapsed onto my bed. Something very strange had happened that day. Too tired to focus my thoughts, I slipped off to sleep. Perhaps it was better to forget anyway.



Discussion

This arranged encounter with a sanguinary vampire that literally pushed its way up out of the ground was the last in a particular group of three evaluation tests I was subjected to over a span of approximately twelve months. The period in my life when these exercises took place was when I was eight and nine years old, within the ideal age range to program children using trauma-based mind control techniques. It was also, in my impression, an initiatory threshold that needed to be passed successfully in order proceed to the next level of involvement. In the rare moments when I have allowed myself to look back on these horrible experiences, I couldn't help but wonder how many other children were chosen to be of service to elusive overlords of Earth. How many stumbled along the path of training or even just plain went crazy because of it? I once was pondering this question, feeling rather indignant, when I clearly heard an unimpassioned but authoritative voice in my mind declare,

**We were before you were. We created the Law.
We are the Law. All abides in the Law.**

I have no way of knowing for sure what the source of this dictum was but at the time I perceived it, in 2010, I was writing an article titled, *The Utility of Gray Aliens*, postulating that the so-called beings known as the Grays are not living, biological humanoids coming from another planet in outer space but actually manufactured appliances operated by hypercortical systems that have run amok within Earth's bio-sphere. It was rather disarming to

THE VERGES

have this dogmatic statement intrude into what I would like to think of as the sovereignty of my mind, and I never did complete the article, having felt strongly intimidated.

As I noted at the beginning of this discussion, my confrontation with this emaciated and ravenous vampire was clearly, in my opinion, part of a prearranged training and evaluation program. It occurs to me – this is an unpleasant admission – that I may have actually been involved, at least minimally, in the planning for this session. The reason I say this is because I recall badgering my father just a day or two before this bloody test to have a long knife. My father was understandably suspicious about this request and gave me the predictable fatherly lecture about knife safety and so forth. I had to make a hard pitch to convince Dad that I needed a knife with a long blade, ostensibly to do a good job trimming around the edges of the flower beds. It took a lot of salesmanship to convince my father but he finally allowed me to use one of the older kitchen knives, with the conditions that it only be used for gardening and that I didn't tell Mom. While I was actually hoping for something more like a machete I was reasonably pleased by what I got, somehow knowing that my small part in preparation was complete.

But the nine-year-old boy who was at first feeling so enthusiastic and confident because he had obtained a long knife to be used for a secret purpose turned into a crying, traumatized child after suffering multiple bite wounds from a sanguinary vampire set loose on him. At the conclusion of this session, Renjeck was on the scene along with a short Gray, who I recall thinking of as the Little Doctor. The small Gray carried what looked like an old fashioned doctor's medical bag which contained some simple looking equipment, consisting of only two lead colored spheres about five or six inches in diameter and a stand to place them on. Based on my observations from this childhood experience and its use in subsequent applications, the healing device needed to be in operation as quickly as possible to repair the damage. I don't know how this apparatus worked, but my speculation is that the two spheres either generated a restorative energy field, or perhaps amplified the body's own healing resources. This mended the outward injuries but the inner wounds to the psyche were a very different matter.

The Introduction

Fall 1963, age 10

Floating about forty feet above the ground, I waited for their arrival. It was now almost three o'clock in the morning. Even though the rain poured down around me on this gloomy Pacific Northwest night I didn't get wet or feel the cold. How could you if you didn't have the right 'equipment'? My body, the corporeal one, was soundly asleep in its bed. I had projected out of this nine-year-old boy's body after it had slipped peacefully into a dreamy state. Now I was joined by my protector-advisor, a close friend, who like me at this point was in a non-physical state. If you could perceive us, we would appear as softly glowing spheres of light. I was very anxious about the events that would take place in the next hour or so and was accordingly very grateful for my friend to be so close to me.

They, the beings whom I was waiting for, would show up in an airborne vehicle, something like an airplane but much faster. My attention was mostly pointed towards the direction in which they were going to come from, but from time to time I glanced back at the house I lived in, making sure that the physical aspect of 'me' was safe and sound. All it would take was a sneeze or swallowing wrong to yank me mercilessly back to the physical body. Fortunately, 'he' was zonked out pretty good, so 'I' could stand guard for the arrival of the visitors.

Finally, my friend and I saw a streak of white light coming from the direction of Mount Rainier. In seconds it bounded up to our location and then came to an instant stop, now hovering silently in the air above the house where the boy was sleeping. It was a disk-shaped, slightly domed craft, observable from the outside to be about twenty to thirty feet in diameter. Saying goodbye to my friend, I traveled back to the bedroom and quickly reconfigured my energy sphere into the proper layout for meshing with the physical form. After nine years of practice, this had turned into a completely habitual process, and in an instant my consciousness was channeled through the brain and nervous system of the boy.

Something startled me. Coming out of a deep sleep, I turned over in bed and saw that my room was filled with bright light. Lifting myself up on my elbows, I saw three small people standing in the corner of my bedroom. They stared at me intently with huge black eyes. Their skin was a very pale ash-white. All three were the same height, about four

THE VERGES

feet tall. Looking identical to each other, they wore gray hooded jackets over tight fitting silvery suits. The apparent leader stood in front holding what looked like a thick radio antenna connected by a cord to a waist pack. Even though I was tense, for some reason I wasn't afraid and actually felt a sense of familiarity about these beings. Getting out of bed, I started to put my slippers on. They were precisely located right next to the bed on the floor. I had put them there very deliberately before going to sleep, somehow feeling that his was in preparation for something to come. Now, I knew it was time to go with these little guys and at least my slippers were organized if not my emotions. The leader telepathically told me not to bother with the slippers. Darn! Well, at least I'm going to put my robe on, I thought back to him. The leader accepted this compromise and I slipped on my incredibly ugly mustard colored terry-cloth robe. This was in part to cover my ridiculous pajamas which were printed with designs of Winchester rifles and Colt pistols. My mother bought the weirdest pajamas for me. Did she think that all the guns would somehow protect me in my sleep?

Knowing that I was supposed to go with these little guys, I wanted to turn the light off before leaving. My small desk lamp was the only logical source of all the light in the room, but repeated switching on and off didn't have any effect on the brightly lit room. Feeling confused and consternated over this situation, I made an effort to reach behind my desk and unplug the darn lamp. The little leader sent me a sharp mental message to forget about the light. We needed to leave right away. Since I thought the only plausible way to exit the room was out through its only door, I quickly walked over to the door and reached my hand out to turn the door handle. I was instantly stopped in my tracks. The leader zapped me with his antenna and I felt an unpleasant electric shock go through my entire body. My mind was still operating normally but my muscles wouldn't obey the commands my brain tried to send to them. Both alarmed and angered by this sudden turn of events, I felt that my trust in the visitors had been violated.

Before I could get too steamed up over this lack of self-control, I felt my body, which as stiff as a board, tip backwards and then slowly float up into a horizontal position a few feet off the floor. My gaze was fixed, staring straight ahead and now I was looking at the bedroom ceiling. Slowly, my body continued to float away, heading towards the window. What was already an unbelievable predicament became even more bizarre when my staring eyes watched as my body effortlessly

THE VERGES

floated right through the closed curtains and the glass window pane. My mind struggled to cope with this impossibility but the most it could do was to worry about Mom getting angry with me for ripping the curtains, even though I didn't hear or feel any cloth tearing or glass breaking.

Now I was out in the night with the rain pouring down around me. I didn't feel any rain touch me. Maybe it was deflected away by the force that was propelling my body. After I was out of the house about fifteen feet or so, my body swivelled to an upright position. Up, up I went, slowly but surely. The complete sense of unreality to these events was actually amusing to me at this point. When I was about twenty feet up in the air, looking out at the pouring rain, I humorously thought that I needed an umbrella, then I could be like Mary Poppins. But after I had reached about forty feet up I started to get nervous. This was not so much due to fear of falling but about being seen by the neighbors. Even though my back was towards the neighbor's house I knew that their master bedroom window had an unimpeded view of where I was now embarrassingly located – up in the air! Hopefully they were sound asleep and not peeking out the curtains.

Realizing that I had ascended higher than the tree tops I began to feel queasy. Teetering on the verge of blacking out, I finally entered a steel-colored chamber along with the three beings accompanying me. Two parts forming a sliding floor slid closed and we all 'touched down'. At this point I somehow regained self-control of my body's muscles. The room we were in was about ten feet square. There were large grills on the walls and air blew around noisily in this chamber. It was painfully loud and I started to feel panicky, stuck in a confined space with three weird looking beings and a lot of air blowing around us. I turned to the leader and mentally relayed my concern to him. He calmly told me not to worry. This was just a standard air exchange procedure.

After a minute or two of this process, sliding panels, which reminded me of elevator doors, opened on one wall and we exited the chamber. Feeling tremendously relieved to get out of the noisy air exchange room, my attention was quickly shifted to absorb the new stream of information hitting my senses. I had stepped out into a brightly lit area. Immediately to the left of me was an open doorway. Mounted above the top of the door frame was a horizontal bar, which at the moment was lit up with bright red characters. My escorts had already taken off their jackets and put them away in a storage closet. One of them nonchalantly told me in a telepathic message that I definitely shouldn't

THE VERGES

walk through the door yet unless I wanted to set off an alarm. Before I could respond to this startling comment which seemed to be delivered with what I thought was an oddly offhanded manner, a very short being, about three feet tall, walked up to meet me. This little guy, who looked like a smaller and plumper version of the escorts, was much more personable than his gruff counterparts. Politely, he asked me to please take off all my clothing, which at this time consisted of pajamas and my robe, and step inside the decontamination booth. He pointed to a closet sized structure with sliding doors in front. Looking at the inside of this booth, I saw that it was lined with a few dozen dinner plate-sized apertures covered with grills. I wasn't very excited about taking my pajamas off. After some haggling, the little guy agreed to let me leave my pajama bottoms on. At least I would get rid of half of the arsenal printed on my ridiculous pajamas. I stepped inside the booth and 'shorty' slid the doors shut. My body then was bathed in a yellow-orange light. For a minute or so, I stood in the booth, feeling a tingling, itchy sensation on my skin.

Now outside the booth, I looked around some more at the craft's entry room. My attention was drawn to the wall where the alarm door was. It was decorated in relief with a curious geometrical pattern. The main part of the design was a large circle. This was divided into several fingers attached on the right side. Around the circle was a ring, divided into three parts. Forks stuck out at the end of each section of the outer rings, reminding me of the ends of old fashioned skeleton keys. With the idea of getting an explanation of the design, I turned towards the escorts and was surprised to see that one was stretched out on a bench, taking a snooze. The other two were seated at a table, playing what was unmistakably a game of cards. It looked like a slow night on the graveyard shift. One of the card-playing escorts looked at me with what I perceived to be an air of contempt. As he placed a card on the table, I telepathically heard him tell his mate in a derisive tone, "The young man is soon going to meet his breeding partner". Forgetting about the wall design, I felt a shock of alarm at overhearing his thought. Was I the young man? Who was I supposed to meet, anyway?

My concern over this subject was interrupted by the little servant, who indicated that I was to go into the other room now. Waiting for me on the other side of the alarm door stood another being, about five feet tall and dressed in a tight fitting, all black suit. This contrasted sharply with his pale gray, wrinkly skin. His huge, black eyes stared at me in a patient but absorbing manner. This guy looked ancient. The servant

left me alone with this person and we silently sized each other up for a few moments. My attention wandered to the dozen or more large contour style chairs lined up in a semicircle around the room. This room was quite large and obviously was part of an overall round floor plan with a diameter of at least fifty feet. Vacant except for me and the old guy, it looked like some kind of futuristic hair salon. Breaking the silence, I asked out loud if he was planning to cut my hair. Pointing to my head as evidence, I told him that I just had a haircut and definitely didn't need another one. Once a month my father sheared off my hair and after he got done with me there wasn't much left to cut off.

This seemed to amuse my host, who in a very soft telepathic voice told me that he wasn't going to cut my hair. Well, I thought, at least that was one less thing to worry about. I looked around me and saw that the perimeter of the room was lined with strange looking paintings. These were lined up in a row, about three feet above the floor. All were the same design, a pitch-black background with a scattering of tiny pinpricks of white. They appeared to be illuminated from the back. A very disquieting thought meandered into my mind. Were those actually pictures? Turning back to the black clad being, I transmitted this worry to him. I asked, "Those are paintings, aren't they?" Even though his tiny, lipless mouth didn't smile, I sensed that he found my question to be entertaining. He told me that they were, in fact, windows and that what I was looking out to were millions of stars in the vast expanse of the Universe. My legs felt rubbery after hearing this news. With a certain amount of trepidation, I walked up to the windows and looked out into space. In a gentle tone, the ancient being told me not to touch the windows. Even though my hand wanted to reach up and tap on the pane, I decided it was wiser to obey his request. After all, what would happen if the glass broke?

I was asked to come and lie down on the chair. The wrinkly-skinned being said that he wanted to give me a quick check up. This seemed like a suspicious request, but as long as he wasn't going to give me a haircut, I thought that it might be alright. As soon as I settled down on the reclined chair, the old guy told me to look into his eyes. Since his face was only a few inches from mine, that was about all I could see anyway. Our vision locked together and I instantly felt very relaxed. My eyes rolled backwards and whatever it was that was 'me' seemed to be a few feet above and behind my head. From this vantage point, I observed the solitary figure of the old being performing an operation on my nose. With graceful motions, he methodically inserted a long

THE VERGES

silver-colored needle into my nostril. As though sensing the procedure on another person's body, I detected a slight pressure and then the entry of this thin rod into the brain. No pain, not even the slightest discomfort was felt. In what seemed like only a few minutes, the 'check up' was complete and my awareness became realigned with my physical self.

Readjusted to the familiar method of sensing my surroundings – back in my body – I noticed that another person had joined the elderly being and myself. Sitting up a little in the reclined chair, I saw that a very unusual looking girl was staring at me. She appeared to be close to my age, maybe a year or two older. Her skin was a shade of olive-brown. For clothing she wore what struck me as conservative attire. This consisted of a black jumper over a white shirt with shiny, black shoes and white bobby socks. Her unusually large, black, almond-shaped eyes were spaced widely on her face. They looked at me questioningly, as though I was the odd one.



FIG 10: Left: The strange girl I named Alice. She looked like a blend between a regular human with olive-brown skin and the Ant People with their big black eyes. Right: The 'doctor' who studied humans. He was gentle in his treatment of me and seemed to be hundreds of years old.

THE VERGES

It was hard for me not to blurt out an insulting comment regarding her appearance. For one thing, her thick, black hair was bundled into two pig-tails which stuck out at ridiculous angles from the sides of her head. As if this weren't enough, she clutched in her hand a small plastic doll, styled after a human baby. Never before had I seen a more comical looking girl. Thinking to myself, I decided that all she needed to complete her wacky getup was a big lollipop. Immediately, the strange looking girl telepathically asked me, "What is a lollipop?" Obviously she could read my mind. I needed to be more on guard. But my thoughts were racing uncontrollably, replaying the words of the escort, "The young man is soon going to meet his breeding partner". I became self-conscious of my body. I wasn't wearing a pajama top and felt uncomfortable about being half undressed in front of this strange girl. Apparently sensing this, the elderly being intervened. In a soothing tone he said that he wanted to introduce me to his 'niece'. He explained that she had been invited to accompany him during his professional duties concerning Earth. Trying to assimilate his thoughts, I figured that he was some kind of professor who studied humans. Apparently the idea was to acquaint his 'niece' with my species.

This seemed halfway plausible to me, but a thousand questions buzzed in my head, all begging for answers. Deciding to start out simply, I asked the old guy and his 'niece' what their names were. This seemed like a logical place to start. While I waited for a response, I heard them quietly murmur between themselves in an incomprehensible vocal exchange of their language. After a moment, the old one addressed me, slyly asking what names I thought that they should have. He thought that their real names might be too difficult for me to pronounce and suggested that I select more familiar ones. After considering the choices for a while, I arrived at a decision. I told the strange looking girl that I would call her Alice, after Alice in Wonderland. The name for the professor would be Jack, after the folk tale, Jack and the Bean stock.

There was an awkward pause in the conversation. I felt like I was stuck in some kind of weird cultural exchange program, except, the people I was dealing with weren't from Africa or China, they were from another world! The elderly being suggested that I try to explain to his 'niece' what sort of things I was interested in. For example, how did I spend the day? Speaking out loud, I rambled, "Well, I go to school, which is sort of boring, then I come home and play with the dog for a few minutes, then I go outside and see if any friends want to ride

THE VERGES

bicycles or climb trees or play cops and robbers." I had tried to elucidate matters, but the apparent result was about as diametrically opposed to the hoped for result as possible. Alice just looked at me and asked, "What is a dog?"

At this point I knew that we were going to have a hard time getting to know each other. With considerable effort, the exchange limped along and finally I had to blurt out to the old guy, "Do you got a bathroom here?" I had to pee really bad and the situation was quickly reaching a crisis point. To my relief, he gestured with his hand to a doorway only some fifteen feet away. Getting up off the chair, I made a hasty retreat before an embarrassing scene took place. To open the door, I pushed a round button on the right side of the frame. The door slid open and I entered a tiny room finished in a chrome-like finish. What looked like a urinal was built into the wall. Not waiting to ask for directions, I relieved myself in this rectangular opening. Somehow, the device sensed that I was using it and a noisy blast of air sucked away the stream of urine. Was my pee being sprayed into outer space?

After 'taking card of business', I walked back out to the main room. Resuming our conversation, I asked the old guy why he was studying humans. He told me that his research specialty was 'borderline species', such as humans, who had developed technology to a point where it was not only a threat to other species, but also a threat to themselves. Humans were regarded by more advanced races as highly problematic. Trying to explain this, the old being gave me an example of a beautiful flower garden that had been taken over by a single aggressive plant. The consensus between other beings was that my species was in need of 'weeding'. It didn't take me long to figure out what he was getting at. He meant the removal of human beings from Earth. This idea made me feel angry and depressed. I thought that it was extremely unfair to get rid of humans just because some of us did bad things. The old guy listened politely to my protest, but told me that the decision had already been made. It was irrevocable. The program to replace humans with another class of being was already well under way.

The subject of this conversation was becoming too much for my mind to assimilate. I was really tired and wanted to go home and climb into my familiar bed. The old guy probably knew that he had pushed me to the limit of my understanding. He told me that it was time for me to return to my family on earth. We walked back to the entrance room and the little servant held out my pajama top and ugly mustard colored robe. The three escorts were standing by, ready to go. Just before I

THE VERGES

entered the 'elevator' room, an idea struck me. I told Alice that I would buy her a big lollipop and bring it along with me the next time I came back to visit her. That was if I came back.

* * *

The next morning was a Saturday. After getting out of bed, I walked up and down the hallway outside my bedroom, looking for an opening in the ceiling. I had forgotten the details of the previous night's events, but was absolutely sure that small men with ant-like heads had been working in the attic. According to the bizarre images in my memory these workers, clothed in white coveralls, had climbed down from a ladder and came into my bedroom with bright lights. They made a lot of noise and kept me up most of the night. I knew that this was a ridiculous scenario and kept my mouth shut about it. Finally, as nonchalantly as possible, I asked my dad if there was a way to get up into the attic. This, I learned, was in their bedroom closet, not in the hallway.

Later in the day, I went with Mom to the dime store. For some reason I felt compelled to buy a large lollipop. For a ten-year-old boy this was a little embarrassing, but the inexplicable urge demanded to be obeyed. After looking over the assortment, I chose a really big one, at least six inches across. The huge sucker was white with red and blue spirals. In the back of my mind I thought that it would be a good present for someone. I also chose a smaller lollipop for myself. This one was white with a green spiral design. Returning home, I placed these in the top drawer of my dresser, the place where I kept especially important things. A few weeks later, both lollipops had mysteriously disappeared from the drawer. Somehow, I wasn't surprised.



Discussion

By the time I was a ten-year-old in the fourth grade I was beginning to enter puberty and along with the physical changes taking place in my body, the way I looked at the world around me was also changing. The trusting child that sponged up almost anything that anyone in a position of authority told him was in the process of becoming a person much more inclined to question what he was led to believe. The Santa Claus myth busting had already taken place in my life by the time I was in the third grade but the defining moment when I fully came to distrust the

THE VERGES

discernment, credibility and even motives of adults happened about a year later in the setting of the church. This was when I was between nine and ten years old, and my extremely obese Sunday school teacher, Mrs. Bissell, coerced me and the other kids in my class to hand over our loose change, supposedly to help fight hunger in Africa. I knew something wasn't right about this – handing over money to a woman who was so well fed that she could barely squeeze through a doorway, supposedly to feed starving children thousands of miles away – but I caved in anyway and against my better judgement gave this corpulent person half of the popsicle money I had saved up, which amounted to fifteen cents.

The reason I bring up this Sunday school incident is to show how important it was for the entities who had made an investment in my soul to securely lock me into their agenda before I had reached a point in childhood where the ability to think critically could be translated into a defensive response. This is undoubtedly why the first brutal unit of trauma-based mind control had been applied to me in the prepubescent phase of development, before I had mastered the intellectual skills to effectively question the motives of opportunistic authority figures, no matter how weird and out of context they may have seemed to a kid growing up in the suburbs of 1960's America. After having survived the three killing tests – designed as a set, I think, to expose me to incremental advances in dealing with strange beings – the next step in my training seems to have been geared toward congenial activities. This was most likely a scheduled interval of relative relaxation and reward designed to counterbalance the psychological impact of the kill tests, very much in line with punishment-reward behavioral conditioning. This contact session with the ancient looking Gray and the strange girl I named Alice furthered my acculturation into a society populated with exotic beings. Taking place just as I was entering puberty, this meeting also introduced me to another significant part of my involvement with otherworldly beings, which was to eventually participate in their breeding program.

Something that I think deserves some consideration is the very stark and sterile appearance of interior of the craft I had been taken to. This was a characteristic of all large craft I'm familiar with used by the Grays. Usually, but not always, I was subjected to a thorough and sometimes painful process of decontamination before being allowed to enter the main rooms of the vessel. In some cases, more than I care to remember, I was also forced to take my clothes off and stand in a

THE VERGES

decontamination booth for a few minutes. Clearly, there was a strong emphasis on maintaining the cleanliness of the facilities and apparently a concern about exposure to terrestrial pathogens. In relation to the questions I posed in the discussion following the account, *Child Recruits* in this volume, about the Grays being some form of exotic Animalia or otherwise, it strikes me that if the Grays were robotic devices as opposed to living, biological beings there probably wouldn't have been a high level of concern about sterilizing the environment they operate in. There was also the bizarre spectacle that I witnessed as a ten year old kid of my bug-eyed escorts playing a game of cards in the craft's entrance room. I suppose that even sufficiently intelligent robots could play a decent game of poker – actually, an accomplished fact by current standards – but this scene was definitely an eye opener and was either a contrived exhibition or a startling indication of the not so very alien qualities of at least some exogenic beings.

While I was in the entrance room of the craft waiting to be taken into the main area of the facility I couldn't help but notice some interesting geometric designs molded into a white partition wall in the craft. The design content of these circular patterns was defined by a shallow relief between layers within the compositions. There was a large design positioned near the doorway which opened into the main room in the craft and a set of about a half-dozen smaller figures arranged in an orderly manner to the side of this one. I remember staring at these symbol-like patterns and feeling a peculiar sense of familiarity mixed with a good dose of confusion. It was as though I had seen these signs



FIG 11: Design seen on an interior partition wall of a Gray craft. The areas marked in black are the recessed parts of the embossed pattern. The central part contained in the circle consists of stylized interlocking 'fingers' which may symbolize two interpenetrating worlds.

before but couldn't remember what they meant. The emblem closest to the door, maybe just because of its large size, made a strong impression on my mind. Within the circular ring of this figure there were what looked to me like two sets of interlocking fingers. The only way to differentiate between these interconnecting hands, as it were, was to notice the offset between layers molded into the design. On the outside of the enclosing ring there were funny looking forked extensions.

Just as I was about to ask the card playing escorts what these designs were supposed to mean, the little servant Gray told me that I should enter the main room for my meeting. This may have been a lost opportunity to get some kind of inside scoop but given the terse and almost hostile communication style of these escorts I'm not so sure about how reliable their answer would have been anyway. Despite lacking this potential insight, I think that the interlocking design motif is somewhat of a stock visual construct used by a collegium of otherworldly beings who to one extent or another participate in managing the affairs of terrestrial humans. I'm aware of two cases where emblems with related designs, consisting of two mirror image elements that interlock, were part of the apparel worn by my abductors. A summary of this is given in the discussion following the account, *The Stolen Sneaker*, in this volume.

From my perspective these ideograms represent the coalescing of realms contained within a larger, encompassing context and are intended to operate as highly condensed expressions that bypass the idiosyncrasies of any particular language. Along this track of thinking, it's hard for me not to acknowledge a resemblance between the symbol I observed while onboard the Grays' travel craft and the designs of what are commonly referred to as crop circles. Just from a structural standpoint this is evident in the sculpted relief of the designs. In the case of crop formations the pattern is printed into the landscape by a process of bending down vegetation. This compares to the images molded into the interior architecture of the Grays' craft in the style of *relievo rilievo*. At any rate, as I waited to enter the main room for my meeting I couldn't help but notice the designs on the wall. Looking back on this from a vantage point several decades removed, it seems likely that I was deliberately placed in front of these ideograms and left standing there for a few minutes in order to have a message impressed on my consciousness.

The main point of my 1963 nocturnal rendezvous with the strange girl I named Alice and her 'uncle', an elderly-looking Gray, seems to

have been to continue the process of familiarizing me with beings who were totally foreign to my ordinary life. As was noted earlier in this discussion, the tone of the meeting was relaxed and non-threatening. The surreal touch of having the bug-eyed escorts playing cards, or at least pretending to do so, was most likely a display intended to replicate a scene from my ordinary life, designed to humanize what otherwise was a stark and very alien environment. A related element is the wrinkly skin of the Gray doctor who by his appearance and mannerisms I took to be an ancient being. But was this individual really a geriatric humanoid from another planet? Or was a purposefully designed model with a contrived affect used to gain my trust? This line of questioning compares to the ambiguity I felt about the gender of my night school teacher and its aura of a schoolmarm, as described in *Child Recruits* in this volume. More broadly, it also relates to the issue of whether the Grays are living, breathing, biological beings or if they are manufactured intelligent appliances designed to perform specific tasks, particularly in respect to managing the terrestrial human population.

The most startling physical feature of Alice was her large, all black eyes but her hairdo was also of particular interest to me, mainly because of how comical it looked. I think that there is a parallel between the extremely odd hair the young man with large blue eyes had – refer to *Feed My Children* in this volume – and the stiff, artificial looking hair that adorned the top of Alice's head. The connection here is that in both cases a wig was probably worn to cover a pate with only a sparse growth of hair or was totally bald. In other contact experiences I've observed the baldness characteristic displayed by an assortment of beings who I can only assume are the product of some kind of hybridization of *Homo sapiens* and one or more exogenous biological beings. Obviously there were steps taken to make it as easy as possible for me to assimilate both the appearance and behavior of Alice. Her getup – complete with a pigtail wig, girl's school uniform and even a doll – was a commendable although laughable attempt by the Grays to bridge a cultural gap of interplanetary proportions. Admittedly, it was difficult for me to resist a childish impulse to give one of Alice's pigtails a good tug. Fortunately I managed to behave myself and avoid a potentially very revealing and embarrassing result.

Circles in the Meadow

August 1964, age 10

It is interesting for me to reminisce how, when as a kid playing with my neighborhood pals, some areas of the woods and fields around our vicinity seemed to attract us and other areas would be left either unvisited or actually avoided. On one hand, it might be reasoned – assuming that reasoning applies to a child's behavior – that the most frequented parts of our play environment had the best trees to climb or had paved terrain most suited to riding bicycles. On the other hand, it does seem that we deliberately avoided some spots, almost as though they were spooky or somehow dangerous. This spooky quality wasn't necessarily due to the area being in the deepest and darkest parts of the woods. Sometimes it was just a section of an open field or a corner of the local church parking lot where we rode our bikes that qualified for the designation of 'off limits'. Perhaps an intuition was at work here, a sort of native awareness that unseen forces had sullied these areas by their visitation. Only given the opportunity of a hapless child meandering into their armless grasp, these locations might ply their mischievous and possibly malicious trade.

Behind the house where I grew up there was a gently sloping meadow at least twenty acres in size, which years earlier had been a vineyard, or so I was told. By the fifty's and sixty's all the grapevines had long since disappeared. During the summer, wild grass would grow up in this field, making for a wonderful space for playing a variety of kid's games. However, on the far, eastern edge of this field there was a large section that my friends and I typically steered clear of. This was one of those 'off limits' areas that seemed to emanate an unwelcoming atmosphere. Part of this attribute was undoubtedly generated by the rumor that farmer Garrett, who lived in the old house bordering this part of the field, had a shotgun and didn't especially have a fondness for children. And so it was that my friends and I would traipse through this lower section of the field only if it was absolutely necessary.

During the late summer in 1964, my neighborhood playmates and I had taken a break from our current project. We were in the field behind my house and had been engaged in building an underground city. This involved digging a network of trenches just wide and deep enough for a kid to crawl through. The passageways led to each kid's 'apartment'. The excavations would then be covered with scrounged up plywood scraps and topped with a camouflage layer of dirt and weeds.

THE VERGES

The finished result was a hidden habitat with proportions just big enough to suit the bodies and imaginations of boys. It was now mid-afternoon and the temperature had climbed up into the eighty's. There was general agreement among us that it was too hot to continue our hard work, and that maybe it was a better idea to come up with a less laborious activity on a broiling hot summer day.

One of the kids, I think it was John, had a clever idea of how to clean off at least some of the dirt on our clothes that had accumulated during our construction work. (This was in view of minimizing the trouble we might get into with our moms if we came home completely covered with dirt.) All that was required was running through the meadow grass, letting the weeds sweep us off! On this particular occasion we had amassed a considerable buildup of mud on our pants and shoes, necessitating that we move through the thickest and tallest grass in the field for maximum cleanup results. Our little group of seven boys ran into the center of the meadow, making at least a symbolic effort to become more presentable when we got home.

It was during the course of this excursion into the dense growth of grass and ferns in the field that we discovered an unusual circular spot that seemed to have been flattened down somehow. Having completed our cleanup efforts, we stood looking at the strange patch of grass, trying to puzzle out how it had been formed. Its shape was oval, about four feet by five feet wide. One of the kids ventured a guess that it was made by a deer that had used the spot to sleep in at night. This sort of made sense and was the best (and only) theory that had come up so far, so a deer lair it must have been. The only problem with this explanation was that none of us had ever seen a deer around our neighborhood, either in the woods or in the field. There was another weakness in the 'deer theory'. The flattened grass in the circular patch had been neatly arranged in a spiral pattern with a small tuft of grass left standing in the center. If a deer had made this design then it must have been a very meticulous one, judging by the thoroughness of the work. While some of us were trying to come up with new explanations, another one of our group, Riley, yelled out, saying that he had found more circles of flattened grass. These turned out to be very nearly the same shape and size as the first patch that we had found. We began to wonder about how many deer were secretly sleeping in the meadow at night.

Almost like connecting the dots, my friends and I moved from one newly discovered small circular opening to another, moving us ever closer to the eastern border of the field. Eventually we ended up

THE VERGES

uncomfortably close to farmer Garrett's old house. This fact, however, was relegated to insignificance compared to the new discovery that we made. Now we had found a very large circle of flattened grass. This one was at least twenty-five feet in diameter and had the same spiral pattern as the others. It didn't take long after entering this circle to notice that two more smaller circles were attached to it by causeways of more felled grass. These smaller, attached areas were about twelve feet across. My friends and I walked around and around this amazing architecture in the field. The wild grass had been growing all summer long and now in late August was at least four feet high, giving the feeling that the circles were enclosed chambers. Adding to this effect, the late afternoon sun was positioned low in the western sky, casting a dramatic shadow onto the site. It was perfectly obvious to me that these large circles were not bedding areas made by deer. In fact, they had an almost religious quality to them. For a split second, a fleeting, ethereal image of columns surmounted by arches ringing each circle entered by mind. I had the definite feeling that the source of this formation in the meadow grass was way beyond a child's comprehension. Even adults probably couldn't figure this one out.

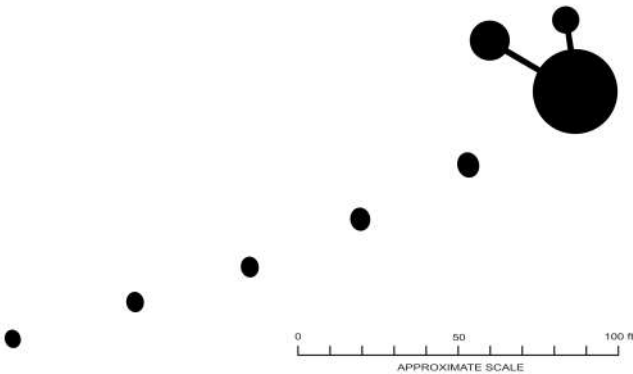


FIG 12: An approximate plan of the design pressed into the wild grass in the field behind my childhood home in 1964. My neighborhood friends and I first discovered the small oval shown to the far left and like being led along stepping stones eventually discovered the large, three-circle formation about 200 feet away.

Suddenly I got the creeps. I quickly walked out of the large circle where the other boys were positioned and abruptly yelled to my friends that they needed to get out of the circle immediately. Gordon and John yelled back to me that they had no intention of leaving the circle.

THE VERGES

Almost hysterical, I shouted back to them that they were in a devil trap. Something horrible was going to happen to them if they didn't get out right away. I didn't know where I came up with this idea or why I felt this fear, but it was surging up inside me like a boiling cauldron of pure terror. Gordon mocked me, calling me 'chicken'. He said, "Ken is too chicken to stand inside the circle. Chicken, chicken, chicken." This accusation cut into my pride like a razor sharp saber. Mustering all the self-control that was available to me, I reentered the circle. Now Gordon and John had set a new precedent. They had laid down on the flattened grass, declaring that they felt a little sleepy and were going to rest for a while. This just poured gasoline on the fire of my fear. Determined not to be branded as a chicken, I followed suit. Now all seven of us boys were recumbent inside the mysterious area in the field.

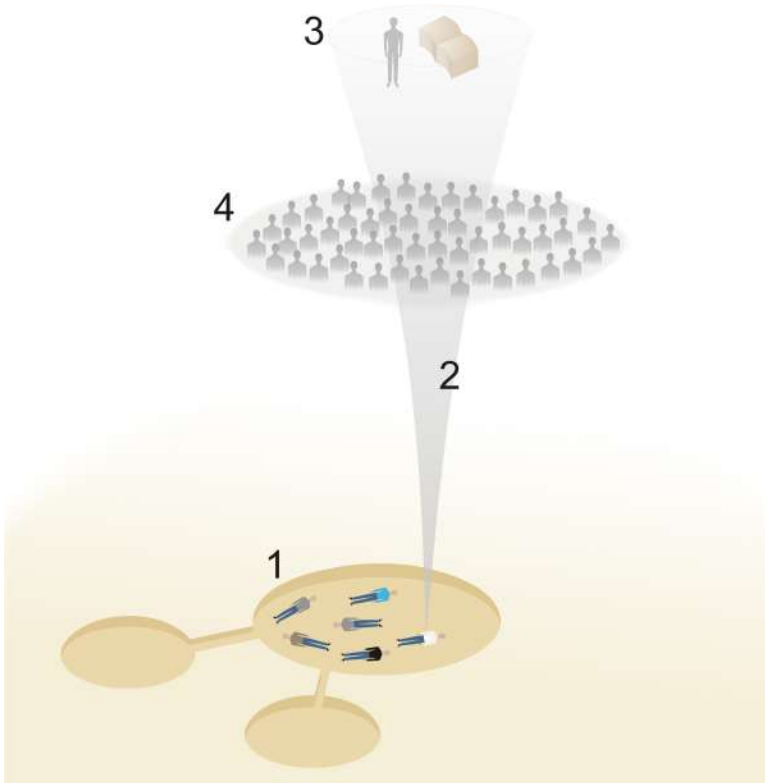


FIG 13: Illustration of the various components of my wierd dream. 1) My friends and I lay on the largest circle of grass pressed down in a swirled pattern. 2) After hearing the sound of distant chimes I ascended a tube of light. 3) I ended up standing in front of a huge book which recorded my life history. 4) Looking down from this point I saw a multitude of ghostly people crowded around the tube of light who were apparently trying to travel down to Earth.

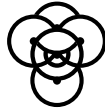
THE VERGES

My body laid on the bent-over meadow grass. Almost like a mattress, the grass provided a cushion and warmed by the rays of the summer sun I now felt comfortable and relaxed. In only a few moments I slipped off into a very drowsy state. Was it my imagination, or was I hearing church bells? It seemed to me that a choir of chiming bells was ringing nearby. Also, there was the irritating sound in my head of a droning, high-pitched siren. This unusual combination of sounds grew more and more intense until I began to feel as though I was lifting up in the air through a vertical tube of light.

The light in the tube was bright white with shimmering, golden flecks. After rising some considerable distance, I found myself standing in a foreign environment filled with light. There was a noticeable vibration to this light, almost as though it was on the verge of shutting off. In front of me, I saw a huge book. The book looked like it had thousands and thousands of pages. There was something scary about the book. I didn't want to look at it, but felt an undeniable compulsion to move closer and see what was in it. Looking around me, I couldn't see any other people. At the moment, the air seemed foggy and my vision was limited to just the book. Approaching the enormous document, I immediately noticed that its chronology began in 1953. Like a stinging 'bull's eye' of truth, I realized that this was the year of my birth. An avalanche of information – the contents of the book – somehow connected with my awareness and involuntarily I began reading my entire life story. I didn't want to know. It was too much for just a kid to learn. But unable to back away I stood in front of the huge book until the last page was revealed to me.

At this point I managed to pull away from this terrible book. Then I looked down below me and saw a very strange sight. Maybe some hundreds or perhaps thousands of feet below me were what looked like millions and millions of people milling around. All that I could see of them was the vague shape of their heads and shoulders. They were crowded together in an awful congestion, all seeming to try to get closer to the tube of light that I had ascended. Located below them – and way below me – I somehow knew was Earth. Was this where all these people wanted to go? Or did they want to go up the tube of light to where I was? The flickering light grew even more unstable and I quickly found myself descending the chimney-like tube that had been my avenue up to the huge book.

Like awakening from a deep sleep I arose from the mat of wild grass in the strange circle in the meadow. Along with my awakening, I saw that the other boys were waking up too. Gordon and John, the two oldest boys, stood up and stumbling over their words tried to simultaneously explain that they had just experienced a very weird dream. I didn't want to know about their stupid dreams. But they continued talking, interrupting each other and eventually all the boys related their strange dreams. It turned out that we all had very similar dreams. I felt queasy. It was as though parts of 'me' were still not fitting quite right into my body. Gordon and John seemed to be exhilarated. Maybe their books were happier than mine.



Discussion

Based on conversations with friends and acquaintances over the years I've found that there is what seems like an almost instinctive drive for some boys to dig tunnels into the ground. I suppose that this urge is either a polar opposite or a compliment to the inclination for kids to climb trees or whatever else might be handy to ascend in an arboreal adventure. Of course these activities are a good way to release the abundance of physical energy that children naturally have but for me the excavations into the ground seemed more like a reenactment of something deeply rooted in my being. There was a serious, almost dire imperative that pushed me to dig into the earth during the hot and dry summer and complete an underground habitat, albeit crude and small in scale. What exactly I was reenacting or imitating in my childhood playing was unknown to me at the time, at least on a conscious level. But based on what I've learned since, as strange as it may sound, I seem to have been replicating elements from a very distant, past life on a planet that because of some catastrophe had undergone total desertification. The last few remaining inhabitants on that burned out planet – humanoids not very different in physiology from terrestrial humans – by necessity had moved to crude underground chambers to eke out a little more time before either withering away or being one of the few who in spirit-body were relocated to a new home. I recall in detail being one of those relocated to Earth.

The topic of a 'past life' is somewhat tangentially introduced here because I think it is relevant to the impact that contact with alien beings

THE VERGES

has on the soul of a developing child. (Please note that in my estimation a linear concept of time does not adequately encompass the complexities of multiple incarnations.) By the time I was a ten-year-old kid my psyche had effectively become severely perforated by involvement with hyper-dimensional beings and the peculiar energetic environments they operate in. The result of damage to the protective cocoon that ordinarily shields the integrity of mind – the sovereignty of soul – allowed agents of Archon-like entities to effectively command a portion of my being. As a side-effect, it also caused a conductive vulnerability to a wide range of intrusive beings, circumstances and even bleed-through from other lives, which was very disturbing to me as a child who was trying his best to fit in to the narrow definition of a 'normal' world. The conductive effect applies, I think, to many high-strangeness events in my life, perhaps including the appearance of mysterious geometrical formations in the meadow behind my family's house.

In beginning a discussion of the designs my friends and I discovered in the meadow I think it is important to note how the series of small oval areas of grass that were pressed down in a swirled pattern led us to the main formation. It was almost as though these small impressions were intended to operate like stepping stones, leading us along a path of discovery. I still vividly recall Riley calling out in excitement that he discovered a second and then a third and then even more small ovals of flattened grass. By this point our group of kids was irreversibly drawn into a puzzle that led point by point to an amazing masterpiece. Initially we entered a large circle but Kelley and John were quick to notice two other smaller circles attached by a narrow walkway just barely wide enough to pass through. It's hard to relay what the level of excitement felt like in this experience – there was much more involved than just finding something odd and out of place. We were literally standing inside of a mystery. But our initial jubilation turned to a more somber tone and after what seemed like only a few minutes a quiet, almost meditative atmosphere took over. As I recall the sun had rather quickly become positioned low in the sky and I wonder if a period of 'lost time' or perhaps even time dilation was involved during this 'tween phase.

This is when I envisioned the faint form of a colonnade that ringed the flattened area of grass. Its ghostly presence seemed to hang on the verge of what was just barely visibly detectable and there was a subtle, almost hypnotic undulation to its appearance, as though it was

THE VERGES

rhythmically fading in and out of a physical connection and in the process taking me along with it. It was probably due to the pull of this other-worldly undertow that I suddenly panicked and ran out of the circle. For some reason I began to shout out warnings to my friends that they were inside of a trap, a devil's trap! I have no idea where this idea of a devil's trap came from, it just exploded out from somewhere in my recesses of my mind. And I should be clear that the feeling I had wasn't that the formations pressed into the grass were intended to trap devils, but were devilish snares intended to entrap naive people, including innocent children.

It's still upsetting for me to think back about this experience, even after more than four decades since it took place. One of the kids who was inside the large circle went crazy a few years later. Maybe this was just a random event that in polite society is explained away as a statistic. Also, it was bad enough to have to look at the book that contained my life history – the entire story had been written even though I was only a ten year old kid – but having to look down on the mass of ghostly people desperately attempting to get into the tube of light connected to Earth was, and still is something too much handle. This is the way of rapid induction into a merger of worlds, realms and realities. In the course of these events there will be those who fall by the wayside and others who understandably choose not to remember.

The East Wind

September 1964, age 10

The weather acted like it couldn't make up its mind. For a few minutes the sun would shine through a nearly clear sky and then strong gusts of wind carried in large clouds which pretended to threaten rain. For the last few days my friends and I had been waiting for enough wind to fly our kites and now in the temperamental constitution of this late summer day we were provided with more than enough power to lift our aerial contraptions. The staging ground was the meadow behind my family's house.

There was a group of about eight of us kids assembled, each with our own preferred kite design. Some kites required long, heavy tails made from rags knotted together to tame their flighty natures. John Jay had a new style kite that had a triangular shape unlike the kites we other kids had which were made in the traditional diamond pattern. Also, rather than being made from paper the sail part was a single sheet of black plastic stretched tightly over the frame parts. John Jay said it didn't need a tail and I made a few derisive comments about the airworthiness of this kite but then quickly shut up as I watched John Jay launch it by merely letting out a little string. The thing immediately shot up into the air several dozen yards and was nearly out of sight a few minutes later. John Jay said nothing but had a big smile on his round face. Meanwhile, the rest of us were running down the field trying to get our bulky, old-fashioned paper kites up into the air. Fortunately for us there was more than enough wind to buoy them and soon eight kites vied for dominance in a rather tightly congested air space. Collisions took place right away, entangling two or three kites at a time. We tried to cross over the strings, trade places, crawl under or over each other – anything to untangle the mess of kite lines. Tempers grew hot and the original fun of watching the invisible forces of nature loft our frail inventions had shifted to a yelling match between boys blaming each other for causing the snarl up.

In the midst of the debate John Jay had perfected his ability to steer his kite – which was still free of the fracas – so that it could perform dive-bomb maneuvers. While we other kids were attempting to extricate our kites from the lock-up John Jay began to attack our vulnerable paper models. He had ripped apart my kite in a brutal assault and the smile that previously decorated his youthful, angelic face had taken on a sinister, sneering twist. Just before a fist fight broke

THE VERGES

out the loud clanging of Lola Risbell's cow bell summoned her three boys to come home to the Sunday supper. John Jay, apparently satisfied with his revenge, reeled in his offending kite and made a quick getaway. The rest of the kids had lost their enthusiasm to continue and now that it was late in the afternoon, they picked up the battered remains of their kites and went home too.

I was left alone in the meadow. My kite was in a shambles – it would never fly again. That was a dollar, seventy-five cents plus tax down the drain thanks to John Jay. But one of the Risbell kids, I think it was Kelley, had left behind their relatively undamaged kite and now with the wind still blowing I took solace in the privacy of the empty field to enjoy a final, unmolested kite flight. The wind had changed directions. It was now an easterly arriving from the foothills of the Cascade Range that was energetically making its way toward the coast. I let out more and more string and had a hard time keeping up with the wind's demand to pull the kite along with it. Gradually back stepping deeper into the meadow, I released all but just a few inches of string wrapped around the reel. This was just barely enough to keep a hold onto the kite which at this point looked like a speck in the air, far away from me. With my gaze directed off into the sky I took a few more steps backward and then suddenly stumbled over a large gash in the ground that I hadn't noticed. The string escaped from my hand, allowing the kite to sail away in the easterly wind.

Regaining an upright posture, I sadly observed the kite skittle off into the distance, appearing to become smaller and smaller until it couldn't be seen anymore. I dusted myself off and turned my attention to what had caused me to fall over. What presented itself was an opening in the ground, a large slit about four feet wide and a little less than one foot high, camouflaged by the heavy summer growth of meadow grass. Freshly excavated dirt was piled up around the outside of the opening. The fissure extended back and down into the earth, looking to me like the den of some kind of animal. I was familiar with mole holes and rabbit holes but this was much bigger than either of those. Whatever had made the hole – and was presumably now inside of it – had to be fairly large and strong enough to dig out a really big pile of dirt.

Stepping back a few feet, I felt a certain concern about possible danger surrounding the current circumstances. But drawn into the quandary, I decided to round up a few large sized rocks – which were conveniently at hand due to the creature's excavation efforts – and

THE VERGES

throw them into the opening to see what might result. The worst that I could imagine was that a slow witted, sleepy rodent would expose itself for my viewing. After selecting a few apple-sized rocks I got down on my hands and knees to peer into the small cave. It was very dark inside and I couldn't see anything other than just the dirt interior near the opening. But it did seem to have been dug a lot deeper I had thought at first. I stood up and got ready to heave in a projectile. In a rare moment of caution I decided to roll in one rock, just as a test to see what would happen. I lobbed the stone in and waited. Nothing happened. Figuring that the cave was either vacant or that the animal was too deeply entrenched in its lair to notice, I lugged in three more large rocks with a considerable degree of force. From within the fissure I detected a low pitched buzzing sound. This was rather unnerving since it reminded me more of baritone wasps than rabbits or moles. Moving back in alarm over this unexpected animal noise, I was torn between running away and waiting around to see what would happen next. But, impatient to have my curiosity satisfied, I threw in two more large sized rocks as hard as I could. The buzzing escalated to an intense level, sounding like the angry occupant had decided to exit its den and was now approaching the opening.

In excited anticipation I stepped back a few feet and braced myself for whatever might be crawling out. Not one creature, but at least six partially emerged from the fissure and then fully came outside the burrow. I stood transfixed by what I saw. These creatures were nearly two feet long and looked like huge insects with long, silvery wings folded back over a slender body. They had short legs as thick as a cat's and their heads, which turned eerily, had huge bulging eyes that emitted an unnerving signal of intelligence. There was nothing that could have prepared me for the terror I now experienced. To make matters worse, I felt guilty for having mercilessly thrown rocks into the nest of these creatures. After only a moment, all of the enormous insects turned their attention to my solitary figure, the obvious source of their perturbation. My gaze connected with theirs and I sensed a telepathic communication projected to me that seemed to say, "You have injured ours!" I began to back step in an effort to distance myself from both the liability of my actions and the possible consequences of having thrown large rocks at two-foot long insects. The creatures that I had violated began to creep a little closer to me while also engaging in what seemed like a dialog taking place between themselves. This was articulated by a fierce escalation of their buzzing and then the conference suddenly ended. In

THE VERGES

this silence I somehow understood that they had reached a decision. It was "Attack!"

I turned heel and ran for my life. The monstrous bugs had become airborne and like miniature helicopters armed with sharp jaws they were nipping at my shoulders and neck. Hysterically, I ran pell-mell through the meadow grass. The flying insects had no trouble keeping up my labored, terrestrial pace. After only a few dozen yards of frantic running I knew that there was no way that I could escape my pursuers. The bites were painful pinches, not drawing blood but extracting a heavy toll on my nervous system. Becoming exhausted, I was having difficulty negotiating the uneven terrain of the wild field. My mind begged for release from this unbearable predicament. If only I could fly up into the air like a kite I might be delivered from this gruesome fate. My hands paddled the air in a pathetic effort to become airborne. But in the next step my foot sank into a depression in the field, causing my body to sprawl onto the ground, flipping head over heel until it came to a halt in a disheveled heap.

I looked down at the boy who was lying unconscious in the grass. Trying to gather my wits, I fervently hoped that the body wasn't broken. Even though the physical form hadn't been able to fly away, the soul part, me, exploded out of the body after the child's head bashed against a rock on the ground in the finale of the chase. From my current vantage point, some fifteen feet above the ground, I stared at this body that I usually occupied, feeling too fearful to re-enter it. I looked carefully to see if there was any bleeding but no blood was visible. Perhaps the skull had been cracked when it had hit the rock? The thought of enduring the pain of a severe physical injury was too much to bear, and although I felt guilty for vacating my biological counterpart, I hung back in a torment of indecision.

Thankfully, the enormous insects were currently nowhere to be seen. Apparently they had retreated, satisfied that the invasion of their nest had been forestalled and the attacker sufficiently avenged. Clearly, their attention was turned back toward efforts to create progeny. I somehow understood that out of desperation they had chosen a foreign region of space-time – Earth's bio-habitat – to incubate their offspring. Perhaps this was a last hope for the survival of their archaic species, a near vanished race. Meanwhile, my body lay minus its principle constituent – its soul – and all other considerations fell around me like

THE VERGES

sifting dust in the wind. To reconnect was most important, but the linkage was frail. Tethered only by a small vein of life-force, becoming more fragile with each passing moment, we were slipping apart. Part of me wanted to rejoin the physical form but another dissenting portion had become enveloped in a gray cloud of terror and was drifting further and further away, like the kite that escaped the child's hands. The string stretched too thin, and the fearful fragment detached. It was imperative that the remainder of 'me' re-enter the child's body before the connection severed completely.

Something was on my face. Instinctively I made a swipe at the foreign object with my hand, only to discover that it was a leaf that had blown onto me. I lay on the ground, feeling extremely weak. It was all I could manage at first to roll over on my side in a preliminary effort to stand upright. My head was pounding with pain. My gaze took in a large rock next to me. Somehow I had fallen down, hitting my head against this rock. Dizzily, I stood up and looked around as though something was lost. Was it somewhere in the grass? Hastily, I checked my pockets thinking that maybe a clue could be found by detecting something missing there. But my pockets were empty, as usual, and if anything was misplaced it probably didn't originate from my clothes. Standing still, I sensed a voice that seemed to be speaking to me from far away. Very faint and difficult to hear, the call faded in and out like a weak radio station and in a few moments faded completely into silence. I staggered home, careful to take a wide detour away from the center of the meadow.



Discussion

In the mid 1990s when I was going through the process of becoming consciously aware of my involvement with strange beings I decided to have a soul retrieval session. At the time this seemed like a whimsical sort of idea but, as it became evident by the results, some surprising and actually disturbing information about my abduction experiences was brought up to see the light of day. I went into the session having no idea what to expect and was basically just along for the ride, so to speak. The person who performed the retrievals went by the name of Lynx Woman, which I took to be a portent of an interesting experience ahead.

THE VERGES

But the session was disappointingly undramatic and at its close, Lynx Woman simply stood up and turned off her recording of beating drums and then without saying a word slowly waved two large feathers, one in each hand, over my still recumbent body for a few minutes. She then silently walked to her computer to write down what she had found. I waited impatiently for almost a half-hour until she finally spoke. There were three soul parts that were found and brought back. One of them, she said, had been stolen while I was lying unconscious in a rock cut chamber located extremely deep within the Earth. Another was lost inside a small, rustic building with old style farm tools displayed on the wood plank walls – describing my family's beach cabin perfectly. The last soul part that she retrieved had separated when I was a child running through tall grass. Lynx Woman told me that a group of what looked to her like small helicopters had been chasing me. She asked if any of this seemed familiar to me. The beach cabin description was spot on but the other two were a mystery and what's worse gave me a sickening feeling of dread. In the days following my soul retrieval session, flashes of images and sounds nagged at the periphery of my awareness. The tempo of these jolts of recall accelerated to the point where eventually the jumble of memory fragments gradually fell together by themselves to form a mostly complete mosaic of what had happened, particularly concerning the incident where I had been chased by huge flying insects in the field behind my childhood home.

This sloping field was formerly part of a vineyard dating back to a time predating World War II. Originally comprised of many acres of land, it commanded a spectacular eastward view stretching all the way from Mount Baker to the north, across the Cascade Range southward to the majesty of Mount Rainier. I've wondered if this land, a good chunk of which was eventually carved up and turned into a suburban housing project in the early 1950s, was originally owned and cultivated by Japanese Americans who were caught up in the horrors of the war time internment camps. As a kid I recall asking my parents who owned this property but they didn't know and didn't seem to care. There was, I think, a paranormal terroir – a strangely unique attribute of the land – associated with the uprooted vineyard behind and even lying under the foundations of my childhood home. It was as though the energetic investment in this once productive ground had suffered a painful dislocation and, at least for a period, had fallen into a dynamic void, a limbo zone of ownership that by both natural and supernatural means need to be filled.

THE VERGES

Even before this particular encounter with insectoid creatures very unusual events involving strange beings had occurred in or near the abandoned vineyard. I suppose that there might be a 'chicken or egg first' type of question at play here – were the visitations of exotic beings who manifested in my neighborhood attracted to an indigenous, inter-dimensionally porous tract of land or were they drawn to this locale because of a combination of introduced influences, probably not the least of which stemmed from my own contacts with Archon-like beings and their subsidiaries. Clear cut, satisfactory answers to causality dilemmas such as this, especially in the realm of paranormal inquiry, are hard to come by. My inclination is to consider that there are some landscapes that inherently have qualities both attractive and conducive to high strangeness and that by a cumulative process – a saturation of hauntings, as it were – these zones become admixed with what amounts to supernatural accelerants. Lynx Woman visualized small helicopters chasing me but what I recall seeing was more like a cryptozoological form of *Meganeura*. From the perspective of my out-of-body observation I saw creatures who in their interdimensional migrations found a suitable breeding location within the terrestrial landscape to perpetuate their archaic species.

The Sperm Merchant

Fall 1964, age 1

School was over for the day. Along with my fifth grade schoolmates, Guy, Brian and John, I was headed to the house of 'Slim', another school friend. Slim, whose real name was Larry, easily weighed in somewhere close to three hundred pounds. The plan was to goof around in the huge, unfinished basement at Larry's until we had to go home to our respective families. On this day an incredibly strong south wind was blowing at gale force. To make headway, it was necessary to tilt our bodies forwards, otherwise we would be either blown backwards or completely felled by the force of the wind. This became a game, and laughing, we held our jackets open with our arms, making a sort of sail to catch the wind. With a bit of practice, we were able to lean forwards at a ridiculous and otherwise impossible angle.

Our path took us through a wooded area on the school grounds. Now and then a tree branch would be snapped off by the wind and go flying through the air next to us. A gust of wind swept by me, ripping several pages of schoolwork out of my hands. Running after the papers stolen by the wind, I yelled at my friends to hold up a minute. The pages had become stuck in a bush a few dozen yards away. After catching up with them, I reached out to grab the papers but they suddenly came loose and continued to be blown away. I ran after the scoundrel pages, thinking that they seemed to have a mind of their own. They were now stuck on a fallen tree branch. I sneaked up on them and carefully extended my hand. My fingers were only inches away when the papers flew off almost like someone had pulled them with an invisible string. Now I was mad. Determined to capture these mischievous pages, I sprinted after them and finally, triumphantly, clutched them in my hands.

Standing up to run back to my friends, my attention was suddenly diverted to somebody standing only a few yards from me. Although this figure was partially hidden behind some bushes, I could see that it was small and definitely not human. I was paralyzed with a combination of fear and curiosity. The slender body stood only about four feet tall. Huge black eyes stared at me from a pale gray, almost white face. This elfin being wore a light gray, hooded jacket over a tight fitting silver-white suite. Four silver colored cylinders, about the size of a small coffee can, were arranged around

THE VERGES

him on the ground. Were these protective devices of some kind? What worried me more was the foot-long rod attached by a cord to a small backpack he wore. He held this rod in his right hand, pointing it directly at me. I heard a timid voice in my head, seemingly coming from his mind. He said, "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you." I didn't believe him. He then said, in an almost pleading tone, "Please don't run away." In just the few seconds that I had been near him, I somehow had fallen under his control. My instinct was to run away, but I couldn't. It was as though my feet were rooted to the ground.

He told me to call my friends over to where we were. This was the last thing I wanted to do, but I was having difficulty resisting the almost hypnotic control he was placing on me. Maybe this came from his eyes or from the wand that he pointed at me. Regardless of the source, my will to oppose him was overpowered by whatever resources he commanded. Obeying the order, I called to my three friends in an unsteady voice, telling them to come over to where I was. They yelled back their disinterest told me to get my butt in gear or else they were going to leave me behind. It was starting to rain and they wanted to make a dash to Larry's house before the inevitable rain squall started. Only after I insisted, telling them that it was really important, they walked over to me. Now my friends stood looking at the strange little man that I had met. With his wand, he debilitated them, just as he had treated me, and we were now all caught under his mysterious power. Only a few yards away, discretely hidden behind some trees and shrubs, was what appeared to be his transport vehicle. Standing on four short legs, it was a dull silver colored dome, about six feet in diameter at the base. After quickly gathering the silver cylinders and putting them in a black carry case, the little man used his wand to herd us towards his shuttle craft. Ducking down, we could just barely fit through the structure's small doorway.

All four of us boys were now inside this hut-like vehicle, along with our petite alien abductor. From the inside, the white interior of the craft seemed more spacious than it appeared from the outside. Closer to ten feet in diameter at the floor and about seven to eight feet high at the peak of its domed ceiling, it was somehow illuminated by an evenly diffuse light. With the unspoken, psychic prodding of the small being, who was still wielding his control gun, we were induced to open our clothing and expose our genitalia. On one boy at a time, the alien placed a belt around the hips and tightened it snugly onto the pelvic girdle. Connected by a cable to some equipment on a counter top, this

THE VERGES

belt put out a low frequency, buzzing vibration, which caused intense sexual arousal. It took only a few seconds of this stimulation to result in ejaculation. The semen was carefully collected by the alien in what looked like glass test tubes. When it was my turn I could feel my face turn red in shame. the belt sent an irrepressible message to my body, which responded instinctively. My friends were suffering in this humiliating experience as much as me. I could sense that Brian was dying a thousand deaths. Guy and John seemed to be more angry than embarrassed. Except for the paralyzing effect of the alien's wand, we could have easily overpowered our captor and made a run for it.

Our abductor seemed to be nervous. Sensing this, I dared to ask him why he was subjecting us to this process. Responding in a clipped mental message, he gave a shockingly simple answer. It was about profit. While he hurriedly put away his precious vials of human genetic material, he rambled on. The gist of what he was explaining seemed to be that he was a freelance operator who specialized in obtaining sperm and ova. The product would be sold to the highest bidder. There was currently a strong interest in *Homo sapiens*. Continuing, he said that Earth was in a restricted zone and the prices for human genetic samples were already high but because of speculation that the species would not be available in the near future the value of human sperm and ova had increased significantly. Its value had risen to an exorbitant level and was in high demand on the 'black market'. The reason he was nervous was also simple. He was pushing the window on getting back to his drop-off vessel. He needed to rendezvous with this craft in only a few more minutes. If he didn't return in time, it would take off without him, leaving him stranded on the surface of the planet until the next available pickup. Trying to interpret his jittery thoughts, I pieced together that at first he had only planned to snag me, but later decided to include my friends. He muttered something to the effect of, "This is an expensive business. I had to pay a lot just to get to the planet, and finally I have my chance to make it worthwhile." Apparently he thought that running a bit late would be worth the risk. After all, he netted four healthy human males in one fell swoop.

We were next told to get out, right now. My friends didn't hesitate a second to make their escape, but I paused for a moment, trying to make sense out of the presence of a thin mattress with a rumped up blanket on the floor. Even though I had a sneaking suspicion of what this was about, I pointed to it and asked, "What's that for?" The small alien curtly replied, "A mating bed, of course. Now get out, please!"

From a distance, my friends and I stood watching the shuttle. The vehicle began to glow with an intense white light and suddenly shot skyward like a rocket. The sperm merchant was gone. Now I faced the wrath of my friends. Burning with shame and anger, they turned on me demanding to know why I had called them to me rather than warn them away. I had no choice but to absorb their emotional outpouring. I felt like I had betrayed my friends. Their anger was soon stifled. Without any verbal communication, we all understood that what had just happened should never be discussed, not even between ourselves. Nobody would believe us. If we talked about this, people would only think that we were either lying or crazy. Guy said that he didn't feel like going to Larry's house and that he was going home. The other boys echoed this sentiment. It was now getting dark. I stood alone in the woods. The wind had died down some, but it was pouring down rain now. I looked at the crumpled, wet schoolwork that had blown out of my hands less than a half-hour before. I managed to catch the pages but lost three friends.



Discussion

In the evolution of my experiences with strange beings there is a thematic strain comparable to a weird sort of counterpoint. By this I mean that my association with otherworldly beings and environments consisted of multiple distinct strands of activity laced in and out of what amounts to the occult composition of my life. And this *opus vitae esoterica*, so to speak, seems to have been crafted at least in outline before I was born on that rainy Seattle night in November of 1953. Presently, I only have a partial memory of having in effect signed on to an agreement – a soul contract – that was negotiated prior to my current adventure as a terrestrial human. In regard to this general lack of a clear memory about the contents of a preincarnation deal there is, of course, a decided advantage for any opportunistic organization that authors the terms of an agreement to make sure (undoubtedly hidden in the fine print somewhere) that the signatory retain at best only a fuzzy memory of not only the terms of the agreement but also the very fact that some kind of bargain had even been entered into. Speaking from my own viewpoint, what might at the beginning have seemed like a great opportunity from the perspective of a discarnate may or may not in actuality pan out too well when having to fulfill the nitty-gritty of the deal on terra firma.

THE VERGES

While writing this, I'm reminded of the scene that I witnessed out-of-body after ascending the tube of light that lifted my awareness up out from the strange circle of pressed down grass in the field behind my childhood home. I looked down to see a huge swarm of humanity, countless thousands of souls who seemed desperate to enter the tube of light which apparently led back to Earth. Why was there such a log jam preventing a free flow of soul traffic? Was this a result of some kind of otherworldly bureaucratic snarl-up? Based on what I saw, an urgency to return to a physical form seems to be an imperative that perhaps overrides caution in the process of the immigration of spirit into flesh, particularly in regard to the fine details of the deal. The counterpoint that I referenced at the outset of this discussion consisted for me not only of variations but also what I suspect were deviant riffs in the composition of my agreement, such as it may have been. From my aged vantage point many decades after the fact, I rather sadly ponder the possibility that the soul contract that I had agreed to in a discarnate state was hardly more than a ruse and I had unwittingly become liable for and even susceptible to a lot more than I had originally bargained for.

As far as I can recall the abduction carried out by the elf-like creature lurking in the wooded grounds of my elementary school was the first incident in my life where I was subjected to the humiliating procedure of sperm collection. There were inklings that some kind of sexual activity was impending when I first met the very strange looking girl I named Alice and her 'uncle', the wrinkly old Gray, but this horrible session in the woods was not anticipated. Among the multiple strands of my involvement with otherworldly beings, participation in what amounts to a eugenics program – the creation of hybridized humanoids through selective breeding – was a significant part of the operation. By the time I was twenty years old I had been shown one of the products of my contribution to this effort. This was a newborn child with huge black eyes, carefully wrapped in a little pink blanket. I almost threw up when I saw this tiny creature, even though it was by some definition my child. A little over ten years later I was lured out to the back yard of my apartment in the middle of the night to view a dozen of my offspring who stood patiently in neat rows next to the small shuttle craft they had arrived in. These blended beings were somewhere between six and eleven years old. We stared at each other for a few minutes in what I'm sure was mutual astonishment. I was their daddy and they were my kids. In an attempt to have a sense of humor about this I've half expected to receive a Father's Day card from these children one day. What possibly could the greeting say?

THE VERGES

I've guessed that whatever I had presumably agreed to on the 'other side' while in a disembodied state consisted of a package deal that along with some benefits – in retrospect it isn't altogether clear to me what exactly these might have been – also included liabilities and susceptibilities, as referenced earlier in this discussion. A question I still have as of this writing is whether the nervous little grey-skinned elfin creature with huge black eyes was an authorized agent of the program or perhaps an interloper taking advantage of the situation for self gain. In the case of the latter, an analogy that comes to mind is like inadvertently becoming linked to a mailing list with very questionable moral standards and ending up having sexual predators show up to steal your gametes. At any rate the being who managed to corral my friends and me didn't display any apparent interest in the nuances of soul and on the contrary seemed to be totally focused on the job of collecting human sperm.

By the time this intrusive episode took place in my life, as an eleven-year-old kid, I had already seen several of the gray-skinned beings with large black eyes. In general there is a consistency, actually a uniformity, in the appearance of the bodies of these items, the Ant People as I called them, with the principle variation being gradations in height that correlates to status in an hierarchy. The Ant People that I had become familiar with were very restrained in their demeanor, to the point of seeming machine-like. This contrasts sharply with the nervous behavior of the diminutive person who I judged to be a merchant of human reproductive material. In my appraisal the sperm merchant didn't give any obvious sign of being a robotic device but actually seemed like a living being from another world who just happened to be in the business of harvesting human sperm and ova. If his – it seemed male for some reason – apprehensions about having to control a group of fifth grade boys while subjecting them to a humiliating procedure were artificial they were remarkably accurate simulations of a nervous little pervert well aware of the risk he was taking.

I think it is worth mentioning that the scene of this 1964 abduction was only a few dozen yards away from the event that took place almost exactly five years earlier when I was picked up by the three strange children – more Ant People – as I walked home from kindergarten (see *Come Play With Us* in this volume). This happened on the perimeter of the elementary school that I attended, which at the time was wooded and had an undergrowth of wild salal and ferns. Back in the 1960s in the suburbs east of Seattle there was, as far as I remember, little or no

THE VERGES

concern about child molesters lurking in the woods waiting to molest children. And of course the idea that bug-eyed elves from other realms might be abducting children on their way to and from school would have been considered patently ludicrous. For me there remains a question about whether these little beings, the Grays, are biological in nature or are products manufactured to perform tasks assigned by a mysterious and possibly occult task force. Despite this uncertainty it is, however, clear that a carefully organized, surreptitious program employs these small entities, whatever they are and wherever they may come from.

On the Way to Jasper

Summer 1965, age 11

The sky was almost all blue with just enough random, cottony clouds to make it interesting. I gazed out of the back seat window of our new 1965 Pontiac Catalina as we cruised effortlessly along the almost deserted Highway 93, going north towards Jasper. My family was on this year's summer vacation. It was August and the weather was perfect for a camping trip in British Columbia, Canada. I was eleven, almost twelve-years-old, at the time. My family consisted of, in addition to myself, my father, who was driving, my mother, who sat next to him in the front seat, my sister (who sat as far away from me as possible in the back seat) and our neurotic poodle, Coco.

We had left our campsite in Banff National Park about eight o'clock in the morning to drive up to Jasper, going north on Highway 93. Uncle Walter, the family millionaire, used to spend his summers at a lodge in the area and my mother was eager for us all to take a look at it. This trip to the lodge should have been a leisurely three-hour drive, but events occurred which caused it to turn out differently. The first omen of something strange happened after we were on the road for about an hour. Something seemed to be bothering Mom. She finally spoke up, asking us if we felt an electric charge in the air. The sky was almost completely clear and the day was easily going to hit eighty degrees. An impending thunderstorm didn't seem to be a likely cause for this feeling.

Before we could pay any more attention to Mom's concern, Dad let out a sling of swear words. He was cussing about how the car wasn't running right. He muttered, "Cheap, goddam Canadian gas", followed by some other foul language. I leaned forward, trying to read the gauges on the dashboard. When I asked Dad what was wrong, he said that the engine had stalled and he couldn't get it going again. This didn't make sense to me. The car was still going down the road as though nothing was wrong. Dad said that we needed to get off the highway. Conveniently, a side road presented itself a short ways down the highway and we made a left turn onto it. I guessed that this was a logging road that didn't lead to anywhere in particular. After driving a short distance down this road, Dad pulled over to the right shoulder and announced that we needed to wait a while for the engine to cool down. Just then, the car radio let out a nerve racking, high pitched squeal. The radio hadn't been turned on and the car engine wasn't even running.

THE VERGES

Dad sat in the driver's seat like he was in a trance. I was completely mind-boggled by his lack of interest in opening the hood to the motor to check for what might be wrong with the car. I volunteered to open the hood to help cool down the motor. Dad ordered me to stay in the car. He then suggested that we take a nap for a while. This was so preposterous that I was ready to explode with exasperation. Here we were, stuck in the middle of nowhere and we were just supposed to go to sleep? But knowing my father's temper, I shut up and sat silently in my place. This didn't last for very long, however, because I was getting fidgety. Even though my mom, dad and sister and even Coco had all dozed off, I was still wide awake. The situation was made even worse by some kind of force pushing my body towards the door. I had no choice but to open the door and get out of the car. It didn't matter at this point anyway because my whole family, with the exception of me, seemed to be soundly asleep. I opened the car door as quietly as possible, trying not to wake up anyone, especially Dad. Just as I was ready to slide out of the backseat, my sister woke up. She looked at me drowsily and asked if I really had to leave. This shocked me because it seemed to indicate that she knew something about the force that was pulling me out of the car. I whispered to her that I was just going on a walk. She then slumped back in the seat, asleep once again.

The force that had pushed me out of the car was now tugging me down the road. Looking down the vacant gravel road, I couldn't see anything at all that might explain this force. But an eerie feeling, something like a *déjà vu* sensation, came from deep within my psyche telling me that what was at work here was familiar to me. Anger was bubbling up from somewhere deep inside me. I looked down at the gravel road, trying to pick out a rock big enough to throw in self-defense. My body wouldn't cooperate to bend over to reach the rocks. A voice entered my thoughts, saying, "Don't pick up any rocks". The voice was matter of fact and without emotion. After trudging down the road for about one hundred yards, the force that was leading me made a change in direction. Now it wanted me to take a left turn, into the woods. I tried to resist as much as my child's willpower would allow, but lost out to the intensifying energy level of the pull. My mind was now concerned about my new sneakers. I didn't want them to get dirty!

Continuing on, I bumped over some fallen trees and pressed through prickly vines and entered the woods. At this point I had the sickening feeling of being hunted. Trying to think quickly, I contemplated climbing a tree to escape capture by whoever or whatever

THE VERGES

was hunting me. This, I realized, would be a big mistake, because if I climbed a tree I would end up like a treed possum. My frantic thoughts of escape were interrupted by a loud birdcall. It sounded to me like it came from a large parrot. I suddenly thought that someone's pet parrot might have escaped and was now in the trees to the left of me. The 'bird' called again and I couldn't help resist going deeper into the woods to search for it. At this point, my previous worries about being hunted vanished and were replaced by an intense interest in possibly catching a parrot! After I pushed through the ferns and the brambles for a few dozen yards more, I began to have second thoughts about the likelihood of there really being a pet parrot near me. This doubt was quickly verified when, instead of gazing up into the tree branches searching for a bird, I looked straight ahead and saw a funny looking little man.

Now, the horrible realization that I really had been hunted sent my mind into a frightening swirl of possibilities. I saw that the little man was holding a rod about eighteen inches long. Was that a gun or was it a long knife? He and a second person like him quickly came towards me. They were about four feet tall and wore dark green hooded coveralls. I stared at the little hunter's ash-gray face and he looked back at me with huge, slanted black eyes. There was something elf-like about his slight body and facial shape. My gaze turned to an emblem on his outfit. It consisted of two circles each overlapping the other. I wondered what this could mean. The little hunter seemed to reply by entering thoughts into my mind, saying that it was like a map. The map was of two worlds, one merging with the other.

The two little hunters marched me a few yards away to what looked like a small metal hut elevated off the ground by short stilts. The dark grey-black exterior of this 'hut' was dome-shaped and stood only about six feet high above the stilts and was approximately an equal width at its round base. The lead hunter mentally ordered me to get inside. I definitely didn't like the idea of this and balked, not knowing what was going to happen inside. But he was pointing his metallic rod at me and used it to give a few sharp pokes to get me moving. Thinking that maybe that was some kind of a gun, I decided to obey him. It was cramped inside and I had to hunker down in an uncomfortable position on the floor. The leader stood in front of a (for him) waist high pedestal with what looked like a small control panel on the top. He pulled a lever to the right of the control panel and the door to this enclosure closed. Now in a frantic state, I tried to inch my way closer to the door, thinking that maybe I could force it open and escape. The leader mentally

THE VERGES

ordered me to hold still. I obeyed, not knowing how ruthless me might become.

By this point, it occurred to me that I was in a transport vehicle of some sort. The interior was illuminated and I could see its utilitarian construction. Painted a dingy, pale beige-yellow color, the walls were built in sections joined together with ribs. The general appearance was of a well-used piece of industrial equipment. When the vehicle took off, the interior light dimmed and then came back on. Where were they taking me? What were they going to do to me? At this point, I had no idea. All that I knew was that I had been kidnaped. Only a few minutes later, we arrived at our destination. During the transit, the route of which was completely unknown to me, I didn't have any sense of the vehicle's movement. Now, the door of the small craft opened and I was prodded to get out. It looked like nighttime outside. I was pushed onto a dock on what appeared to be a lake. The air was cold and damp. The steady sound of rushing water reverberated in the background. My captors led me to a ladder connected to a pier about eight feet above the dock. The little hunter gave me a painful poke in the back with his rod, letting me know that I had to move, or else. After I scaled a few rungs, another little elf-man grabbed me from above and roughly yanked my body up the rest of the way.

The pier extended some thirty feet off of a rock landing. I was marched to a spot directly in front of a rectangular, steel-colored door cut into solid rock. The landing's damp, black surface glistened in the dim light given off by lamps mounted on either side of the door. The door slid open. Bright light poured out of the opening, silhouetting the form of the lead hunter. He was standing directly in front of me. I looked at his face, which in the harsh lighting looked even meaner than before. His expression was hard and uncompromising. He mentally told me to take my clothes off. A very short being, only about three feet tall, came out of the doorway. This guy held a box to store my clothes in. The little hunter pointed his gun at me, letting me know that I had no choice. Ashamedly, I started to strip and asked if I could at least leave my underpants on. He replied in the negative. Now I was standing stark naked in the company of repulsive beings. The mean hunter told me to go through the door. I was frozen with fear. It took another merciless poke from the hunter's rod to get my legs to work.

The room that I entered was evenly lit with a bright light. In strong contrast to the rough-hewn rock of the exterior this interior space was rectilinear, appearing to have been assembled in modular units. Both

THE VERGES

the walls and flooring were surfaced with a smooth, white material giving a very austere, clinical feeling. The little hunter didn't come in with me. He apparently took off after his last jab at my back. Another being took charge and brought me to an area just inside, to the left, of the main entrance. This guy was similar in appearance to my captors except that he was lankier and taller, about five feet tall. He wore a white body suit and a long white coat like a scientist's laboratory jacket. His pale, ash-gray face and extremely large, slanted black eyes belied no emotion or sense of compassion. He walked like a marionette over to a wall lined with silver colored metallic drawers and pulled out a large hypodermic syringe. I watched in horror as he came back towards me with this in his long fingered hands, with the needle pointed at me. I pleaded with him not to use it on me, trying to convince him that I was current on all my shots. This made no impression on him and he proceeded like some kind of a robot to try to give me a whopper of a shot. My repeated begging had no effect and he finally managed to stab the needle into my arm and pump in whatever fluid it contained.

During this nightmarish episode with the monstrous syringe I heard loud screaming and sobbing coming from an adjacent room. Judging by the tone of the outcries I figured that these were from a young woman or maybe a girl. Her pleading was vocalized in English and I was sure that a human female was being raped or tortured, or both. After thinking about running over to this room in a heroic effort to intervene, I 'chickened out', worried about the probable consequences.

The very short guy who took my clothes outside came over to me along with a taller (about five feet tall) 'doctor'. I was escorted past the room with the screaming girl in it, down a hallway and into a room about ten by fifteen feet in floor area. I thought that this was a medical examination room of some kind because there was a padded table in the center and a lot of hospital-like equipment. Another being who looked like the first 'doctor', showed up. They both simply stood by the doorway, looking at me with their big eyes. I was inside the room, becoming more and more droopy while these two guys stood watching in silence. I was fighting a losing battle against the drug that they had injected into me. Finally, I couldn't stand up anymore and began to slump to the floor. Still conscious but unable to fight back, I witnessed the two 'doctors' quickly come over to me. One lifted me by the legs and the other under the arms, and I was hoisted like a sac of potatoes onto the table.

Lying on my back in a paralyzed state, I heard the two 'doctors'

THE VERGES

moving around behind me. When I first entered the room, I saw about a dozen boxes on the floor, each approximately one cubic foot in size. There were thick, black cables that ran between these boxes and a device with a bunch of knobs and buttons on it. After a few moments, the 'doctors' placed a metal helmet on my head. This was also plugged into the cables. The helmet was made out of chrome-colored bands and was clamped tightly around my skull. It was painfully tight. I caught a glimpse of this helmet before they put it on me, and was now in a near hysterical state because this setup reminded me of the headgear on an electric chair used for executions!

One of the doctors sent a mental message to me saying that I shouldn't worry. I would not feel any pain. This wasn't very reassuring, especially after hearing the screams and sobs of the girl in the room down the hall. The apparatus was turned on and I felt a very slight electrical current run through my body. This wasn't painful, but as the minutes passed, I became weaker and weaker. The feeling was like being drained of my vitality. During this process, either due to the drainage or the paralyzing drug, or both, I completely lost my sense of balance and became horrified that I was going to fall off the table and crash onto the floor. Eventually, I faded off into unconsciousness.

After an unknown period of time, either a few minutes or a few hours, I woke up, still lying naked on the exam table. The equipment had been taken off my head, and astonishingly, I was alone in the room. It took me a while to recollect the events which led up to this point, and realizing that I wasn't in a dream, managed with effort to get up off the table. The feeling I had physically at this point was of being very small. Maybe this was due to being stripped of my clothes and subjected to a humiliating 'medical' process. Maybe it was due to the residual effects of the drug that had been injected into my bloodstream. But the feeling that I had was as though the life force had been drained away from my body. I walked over to the open doorway and looked down the hall. There was nobody in sight. The only sound to be detected was the low-pitched shushing of the ventilation system. I looked at the boxes on the floor and wanted to kick them over to break them. The only problem was that I didn't have enough strength to accomplish this, and also didn't want to attract attention. It seemed incredible to me that nobody was around. I felt vulnerable being naked. This led me to look around the room. There was a closet in one corner and some cupboards under a counter along the wall by the door. I opened the cupboard doors and was surprised by what I saw. The shelves were filled with dozens of

THE VERGES

clear glass jars, about the size of a coffee can. Chrome-colored caps with attached, black cables covered each end. The cables linked up to the equipment that had been attached to my head. Each jar held the same contents. To me it looked sort of like unborn puppies floating in a clear fluid. Where these embryos of some kind? As I was trying to figure this out, the 'doctor' showed up at the doorway, along with the little guy. I felt like I had been caught doing something wrong, like I had seen something that I shouldn't have seen.

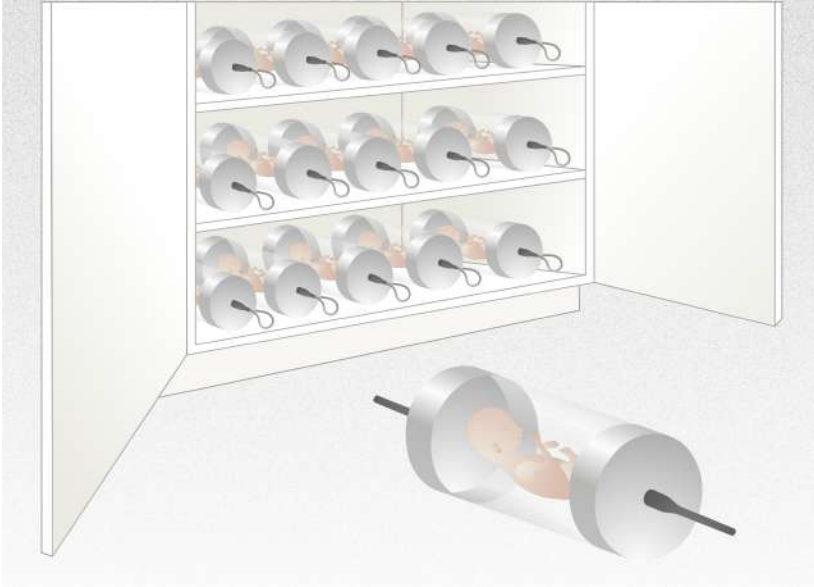


FIG 14: The exam room I was taken to had a cabinet full of clear cylinders with silvery caps on the ends. Thick cables were attached to each end of these containers. Inside the cylinders I could see pink-skinned little creatures which at the time I guessed might be unborn puppies. Years later it occurred to me that these were more likely human embryos at the stage of development of about seven or eight weeks.

Walking into the room the doctor closed the cabinet doors then stood in front of them. Maybe he had something to hide after all. He stared at me with his huge eyes. I thought that maybe I had caught him off guard just enough and decided on an impulse to push him a little. I demanded to have my clothes back. Looking directly into his ugly face, I told him that one of my shoes had a telephone in it. I needed to have my shoe back to make an important telephone call. This was, of course, a completely absurd statement, inspired by one of my favorite television shows, "Get Smart". The 'doctor' looked at me blankly for a moment, and then mentally informed me that I was not telling the truth.

THE VERGES

Since I wasn't getting anywhere with him, I turned to the little squirt, and saw that he was holding a robe. He held out a lightweight, white robe, and since that was an improvement over walking around naked, I put it on. The doctor told me to follow the little guy. I was very leery of what new twist this adventure was going to take, but decided that it was better to get out of that room than stick around for another drainage session. As we walked along a curving tubular corridor the little squirt asked me mentally, "Do you like to play games?" Boy, what a question, I thought. What could possibly be coming next?

At the end of the corridor we entered a fairly large room, about sixteen by twenty-four feet. The floor of this room was covered with a low knap, blue-gray carpet. There was a window on one wall of this room, and I could see by looking out of it that we were in an annexed room contained inside a large cavern. At the far end of this room, multi colored blocks big enough to be used as chairs had been set up. Seated on the floor around the block-chairs, I saw a group of children who appeared to be between the ages of three and seven years. At first glance, I thought that they all had birth defects. I was a little reminded of a relative of mine who had Downs-syndrome. But as I was escorted closer to them I started to understand what they really were. They appeared to be a mixture between humans, like me, and the type of beings who had kidnaped me. The oldest was a boy with straight, dark brown hair. His black eyes were too big for a human and slanted upwards at the outer corners. What I judged to be his sister had wispy blond hair and huge blue eyes. Both of them had very fair skin. The younger children were a mix along the same lines. All of them had large heads and big eyes, but not with features as extreme as my elf-like captors. Their thin hair looked like it was overdue for a cut, and stuck out as though nobody bothered to comb it. All of these children just sat there and stared at me listlessly when I came up to them.

What I understood to be their baby sitter, a being of the size and appearance of the little hunters (about four feet tall) joined me and the little squirt. He must have been able to read my mind. I sensed that he was insulted by my repugnance towards the children. He mentally ordered me to teach them some games. Now it became perfectly clear what was intended. I was supposed to show these pathetic hybrid beings how to play like a human! At first, I was so disgusted by the whole thing that I wanted to refuse to participate. But the children's custodian was just as mean as the little hunter. He ordered me again to play some games so that his wards could watch a human child at play.

THE VERGES

His manner was somewhere between desperation and consternation because I wasn't cooperating.

I told him that we needed toys. Children play with toys, such as balls, toy trucks, dolls and stuff like that. He looked at me with no apparent understanding of what I was talking about. Along one wall there was a row of cabinets. I asked the custodian if I could look in these to find something to play with. He very reluctantly agreed. After rummaging through the shelves, I found only folded blankets and clothing. There wasn't anything that I could find that even resembled a toy. Racking my brains for a creative solution to this problem, I had the inspiration of making a jump rope. The most simple toy in the world is simply a length of rope! Using this, the children could play and get some exercise rather than just sit like brain dead idiots on the floor. But it was completely beyond the baby sitter's ability to comprehend how something as basic as a length of rope could become a wonderful play toy. Irritably, he ordered the little squirt to take me away.



FIG 15: The 'Jasper Kids'. These children were raised in a nursery built inside of a underground cavern. I was supposed to try to teach them how to play games but they just sat motionless and stared at me in silence without seeming to comprehend what was going on around them.

I was escorted back to the lobby by the entrance door. My clothes, all neatly folded in a container, were brought to me. With an incredible feeling of relief, I quickly put them back on. Standing just a few feet away from the metal door, I noticed three round buttons on the right side of the jamb. My thoughts were to run over to the door, push the buttons,

THE VERGES

and make an escape. The little squirt who brought my clothes in must have read my thoughts. With a definite tone of alarm, he mentally pleaded with me not to go to the door yet. He begged me to be patient because a guard was on his way to take me back. Just then the heavy steel-like door slid open and in came two guards like the little hunters. (Maybe they were the same ones, but I couldn't tell.) They took me outside, back to the ledge where I had first been told to strip. Now looking out in the opposite direction, I could take in an unbelievable scene. It still appeared to be nighttime and the obvious reason why was that we were in a huge underground cavern.

My mind was struggling to comprehend this view. Looking out at the opposite side of the lake, I saw two round, slightly domed ships floating on the water. One was at least fifty feet in diameter and the other was about half this size. They were docked at another pier. In the distance, I could see the figures of small people loading or unloading the contents of the ships. Round boats? This didn't fit into my familiar ideas about the shape of either airplanes or ships. After my eyes scanned the whole scene, I was hit with a shocking realization. There was no visible way to enter or exit this huge cavern, unless it was underwater! I turned to my guard for an explanation. He had already perceived my thoughts and curtly conveyed to me that to leave the cavern we would be traveling underwater in a channel cut into the rocks. This seemed to me to be an extremely risky venture. But the guard reassured me that it was perfectly safe. We climbed back down the ladder (I wondered, why not stairs?) onto the floating dock and back inside this tiny craft. After all the traumatic and bizarre events that led up to this point, my emotional state was very near total collapse. I wanted to believe that the guards were really going to take me back to my family, but didn't dare to hope for too much. Anyway, my thoughts were fixated on the image of having to travel in a tiny dome-shaped vehicle under water. I asked the pilot of the craft how long it was going to take for us to get out of the underwater tunnel. Obviously for him, this was just one more day in his regular routine. He relayed that it would only take a very short time. During the transit, which couldn't have lasted more than a few minutes, I watched the pilot operate the small shuttle. Would he show me how to drive the shuttle? He looked at me in a condescending way and sent a firm mental message: no!

Who were these beings anyway? The only familiar reference that came close to fitting their description was some kind of a combination between elves and demons. I pondered if they were devils and tried to

THE VERGES

think back to parts of the Bible that might apply. Nothing in my ordinary childhood training seemed to match either their appearance or the sort of experiences they had subjected me to. Eventually we arrived at the point where they were going to drop me off. The pilot opened the door and indicated that I should get out. I hopped out and saw that I was back on the same gravel road that I was originally enticed to walk down. A few hundred yards away, I could see our Pontiac, still parked by the side of the road. Running as fast as I could, I made a beeline back, and quietly climbed into the car. My family was still snoozing away. Probably due to both physical and emotional exhaustion, I instantly fell asleep too.

I woke up, lying face down on the floor in the back seat of the car, inhaling the stale smell of the carpeting. Pulling myself back up onto the seat, I could see that we were going down the highway again. I stole a quick glance at my sister. Surely she was going to make a snide remark about my falling asleep and ending up on the floor of the car. But she was taking a nap, slumped in the corner of the back seat with her head leaning against the window at a funny angle. That was lucky, I thought. The last thing I wanted to have happen was to give my sister a chance to make fun of me. Dad was driving like there was never anything that went wrong with the car. I gazed out the window, looking at the rocky cliff face carved out to make room for the stretch of highway we were currently on. Something strange had happened, but I couldn't remember exactly what. Why did I have the feeling that I had just returned from a visit to the doctor's office? That was impossible. As we continued cruising north towards Jasper, the strange thoughts of doctors faded away. I just sat in the back seat look out at the clear blue sky and the fluffy white clouds. All that had just taken place was now forgotten to me.

When we arrived at the lodge Mom looked at her watch and remarked that we had arrived much later than she had planned. According to her, we were supposed to get to our destination before noon. Now it was almost two o'clock in the afternoon. None of us could offer an explanation for the delay. The ice chest was pulled out of the Pontiac's trunk in preparation for lunch. Instead of venturing out to the nearby picnic tables, we decided to stay in the car to eat. Mom said that it was dangerous to eat outside. There were too many yellow jackets this time of year. Nobody disagreed. We huddled quietly inside the car, munching our sandwiches and sipping our pop.



Discussion

Out of the all the complexities involved in this abduction experience there is one aspect that I think should be front and center because it cuts to the bone regarding how cruel, traumatising and totally dehumanizing the Gray alien eugenics program has been, at least from what I've observed. I'm referring to the horrible screams, sobs and pleadings of the young woman or girl who was inside one of the rooms of the clinic I had been taken to, located deep within a subterranean facility. Even though I couldn't see this person I heard the intensity of her reactions to what must have been nothing less than a living nightmare, making it more than clear that she was suffering unimaginable agony. In this stark setting there were a number of rooms accessed by traversing a long, straight hallway. None of the entrances into these rooms had doors so the screams that I heard were fiercely broadcast throughout the facility. Still today, nearly five decades later, I wonder if I should have run into that room and interceded somehow. But would that have made matters better or worse? This is one of those 'what if' scenarios that in life are seldom in short supply, especially for those who have been taken against their will by otherworldly beings. For me as an eleven-year-old kid, having to witness this horror left a searing imprint on my memory. There have been moments when I've doubted the reality of my strange experiences because so many of them seem so wildly unimaginable, at least in terms of an ordinary environment populated by reasonably civilized humans. This uncertainty vanishes when I think back to hearing the anguished cries coming from inside one of the rooms of a very alien underground clinic.

Earlier in this discussion I used the word 'cruel' to describe the treatment that the young woman was subjected to. This descriptor may not be the best choice at least in the sense that it wasn't evident to me that the beings involved in the various procedures taking place in this sterile setting had an intention to cause harm or, for that matter, were even aware of the torment they were causing. As much as I try to skirt the issue there remains the question as to the essential nature – assuming that anything natural might apply here – of these seemingly machine-like entities, namely the little grey-skinned beings with large black eyes. Based on what I've observed there is a near total absence of humanity emanating from them and what occasionally may outwardly

THE VERGES

appear as an expression of emotion or trait of personality seems more likely in my opinion to be a contrived replication of the real thing. Irregardless of the ambiguity of this assessment of what might pass as an alien psyche the brutal reality of a program to gather human sperm and ova to be used in creating blended beings was and remains for me perfectly clear and undeniable.

The events of this interrupted journey along the Icefields Parkway stretching from Banff to Jasper in Alberta, Canada were the first to surface when I experienced an explosion of conscious recall in the mid 1990s regarding my very strange experiences. It isn't obvious to me why this particular experience was the first to be remembered. These are matters that probably pertain to what I sometimes think of as the visceral region of consciousness, buried deep somewhere inside the subconscious, and are as difficult to explain as they are to control. It was almost like I had puked up a memory and needed to deal with the consequences, a rather messy cleanup operation that has spanned many years and is still ongoing. Maybe the surge of this particular recall was related to the stage of my evolutionary progress at the time of my life, almost a twelve-year-old, when there was a critical intersection between my development – skills of observation and discernment, not to mention entering puberty – and the sheer weight of accumulated contact events that had impacted my life. It's probably just a coincidence, but the interrupted journey along the Icefields Parkway during my family's 1965 summer vacation was acted out along the continental divide of that particular part of the world. This is, of course, a juncture between zones in the terrestrial landscape but also, at least metaphorically, it was a watershed event in my life that could only flow, irreversibly, in a certain direction.

A description of the underground facility I had been taken to might help to demonstrate how well organized and entrenched the project carried out by the Ant People – commonly referred to as Gray aliens in the current lexicon – was, at least as early as the 1960s. First off, I should say that even though this abduction occurred in Alberta, Canada I can't say for sure where I eventually ended up. My assumption is that this facility carved into the earth was probably located somewhere close to where I had been picked up, situated in a part of the world that offers an extensive geography well suited to secretive operations. What I first saw after climbing out of the tiny shuttle craft was a dark environment illuminated mainly by only a few small sources of light shining from some distance away. I was pushed

THE VERGES

out of the cabin of the craft and had to hop onto a wooden dock floating on water. Of course it was impossible to resist an urge to turn around to try to get a better look at where I had been taken to and before getting a poke in my back to move along I was able to see that the small shuttle craft we had traveled in was floating like a cork alongside of the dock. At this stage of events I was trying my best to cope with circumstances as they unfolded and stay focused on coming out of the situation alive and in one piece. From previous experiences with the Ant People I knew that they had an objective to be fulfilled and even if I had attempted to resist it probably would have only made things worse and prolong the ordeal. Actually, by this point in my life these abduction sessions had become so routine they were almost like going to the family dentist – in both cases I had learned that it was best to just submit to the procedure and get it over with as quickly as possible. But even at the dentist's office I couldn't help but pay close attention to everything around me, ranging from Dr. Gore's nose hairs all the way to the much more interesting variety of equipment and devices used to work on my teeth. In a similar way, during this abduction on the way to Jasper I was in a hyper-alert state and my mind worked furiously to absorb every possible detail of the strange environment I have been taken to by the bug-eyed, gray skinned people.

Figure 8 shows a schematic in plan view of the underground facility that I was taken to in 1965. Before going into the details of this particular facility I should probably mention that in subsequent years, 1978 and 1984, I was taken to subterranean locations carved out of rock that were similar in general appearance. Both of these later cases involved the stocky blue-skinned dwarves with black eyes. These robust little creatures seem to have been somehow integrated into the operations of the gray-skinned Ant People, particularly in connection to the activities that took place inside these underground caverns and also, in my estimation, the construction of these mysterious places. The main features that I'm able to recall from my 1965 abduction event are numbered following the plan shown in figure 8 and described as given in the comments that follow.

THE VERGES

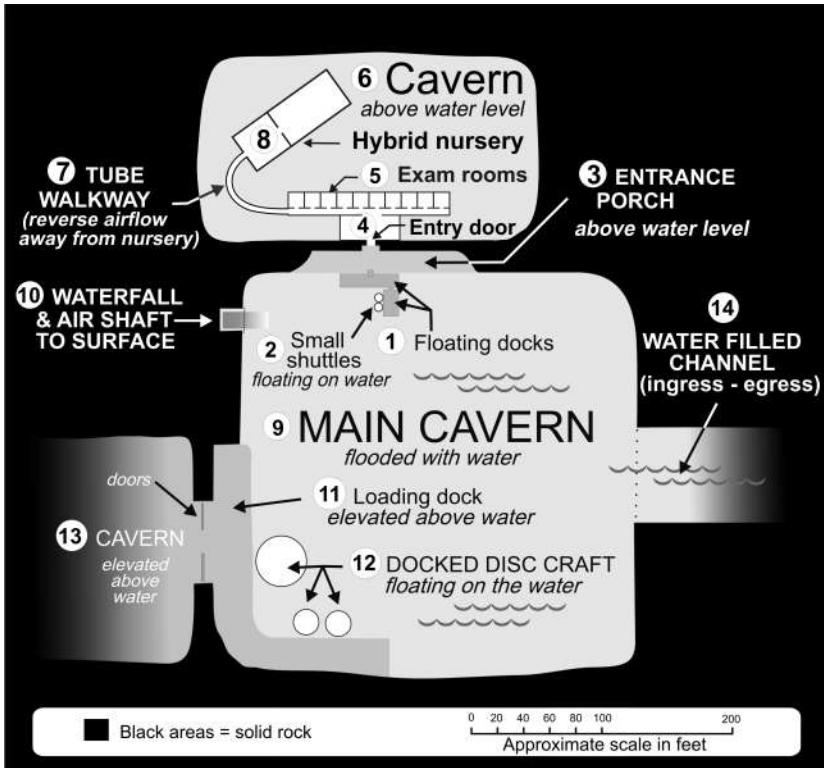


FIG 16: Plan view schematic of the underground facility based on what I observed after being abducted while on a camping trip with my family in 1965. I was taken to this location after our car malfunctioned about midway between Banff and Jasper, Alberta as we drove north along the Icefields Parkway.

- ① Floating docks. The small shuttle that had transported me and my captors from the woods was positioned alongside of a small floating dock after we arrived. The shuttle floated on the water as easily as a fishing bobber and I had to jump from inside it to the landing area. The landing dock looked like it was free to move up and down, probably in order to accommodate variations in the level of water that perhaps came from a nearby lake. There was a ramp that connected the floating part to another platform and I had to climb up a basic wooden ladder to reach the entrance porch. In this arrangement there was an odd blend of what seemed to me like advanced technology – the transport vehicles, which actually looked well worn – mixed with rudimentary but functional components such as the floating dock and the ladder.
- ② Shuttles. As I recall there were two small shuttles moored alongside of the small dock. The outer form of these items was in the

THE VERGES

general shape of an acorn with the more pointed end at the top. The bottom part stuck out a little bit like the cupule of an acorn except that it was flat underneath. These craft must not have weighed very much because when I jumped out of the small doorway the whole thing rocked back and forth in the water.

③ Entrance porch. After I had scaled the ladder, with one of the elves giving me sharp pokes in my back along the way either because he was just mean or wanted me to move faster, I found myself standing on a flat ledge apparently cut out solid rock. This ledge formed a porch in front of a doorway. I was forced to take all of my clothes off at this point.

④ Entry door. This door looked like it was made of steel and it slid open like an elevator door. This chamber inside was brightly lit with a uniform light. This is where I met the gangly, marionette-like Gray and heard the screams of a girl or young woman.

⑤ Examination rooms. After getting my big shot, apparently given at least to induce deep sedation, I was taken into one of these spaces. The screams that I heard coming from a young woman or girl came from inside one of these rooms a few units away.

⑥ Cavern that housed a hybrid eugenics clinic. My exam room had some small windows that allowed me to look out to this area. It appears that the sterile clinic I was inside of was some sort of prefab unit situated within a roughly cut cavern. The lighting in this cavern was minimal and I could just barely see that there was another building located inside of it which I was taken to after having a session that seemed to leave me feeling drained of vitality.

⑦ Tube corridor. After my drainage session, apparently designed to draw off my life force to feed hybrid embryos, I was taken out of my exam room and walked through a tube-shaped hallway. There was a narrow pathway to walk on and warm air was pumped through this conduit towards the main clinic area.

⑧ Hybrid nursery. At the end of the curving, tubular corridor I entered a fairly large room with a carpeted floor. At one end of this room I was introduced to the mix-species children and was ordered to teach them how to play games.

⑨ The main cavern. After I was released from the clinic and had put my clothes back on I stood on the porch and looked out into the huge cavern I had first entered. This area looked like it was carved out of solid rock. It was filled with water up to a certain point and above that the roughly cut stone formed a rustic dome that rose up perhaps some forty feet above the surface of the water.

THE VERGES

- ⑩ Waterfall and fresh air flow. This was the source of the noise that I heard reverberating around the main cavern. It was pouring down from near the ceiling of the cavern in a groove cut into the wall. This flood of water also brought in a refreshing blast of cool air to the facility.
- ⑪ Loading Dock. I saw this area on the far side of the cavern when I was still standing on the entrance porch to the clinic. It looked like it was cut out of the living rock and its top surface was a little above the water line.
- ⑫ Round, floating boats. Even though there wasn't very good light in the main cavern I could see circular, dome shaped boats floating on the water next to the loading dock area. There was a big one and two smaller ones moored next to the landing area.
- ⑬ Warehouse cavern? There were small people who moved items from the round boats into and out of a large doorway that looked like it entered into another cavern.
- ⑭ Water filled channel. In the short time that I was given to look around this amazing facility it suddenly struck me that there was no obvious passage way that we had entered by and for that matter would be leaving from. After asking my escort about this I surmised by his curt responses that we had entered underwater and would be leaving the same way.

In the overview it strikes me that main purpose behind this 1965 abduction was to enlist my services in the Gray's eugenic hybridization program. At this point of my life I had already experienced the process of having my ejaculated sperm collected – see *The Sperm Merchant* in this volume – but my role in this episode, as far as I can recall, didn't involve this humiliating procedure but was focused on animating the work in progress, more specifically incubating embryos and growing hybrid children. When I say 'animate' this is a reference to donating, albeit unknowingly and involuntarily, my life energy – a kind of biological vivifying force – to what I think were probably genetically modified embryos such as those I saw inside of liquid filled cylinders. Also, the animating influence that the Ant People so desperately wanted me to impart to the blended-species children was intended to enliven and stimulate them with the simplest of activities that normal, healthy human children engage in naturally, which is to play games. What I was confronted with, however, was essentially an impossible task. The children I was expected to instruct were listless and unresponsive.

THE VERGES

Also, the environment that these kids were raised in was totally lacking in even the most basic toys such as balls, dolls, books, crayons and so forth. Even if these kids had such items their extreme isolation and the lack of ongoing guidance from the energizing influence of positive role models effectively condemned them to life bereft of socialization and most importantly for children, creative game playing.

When I think back on this situation there is a sad undertone to it. This feeling concerns the Ant People's glaringly obvious deficit in terms of feeling or comprehending compassion. In my experiences with these mysterious beings the acts resulting from their disfunctionality in this regard have sometimes seemed almost comedic. But there is also a serious and even sinister element of malfeasance involved, I think. The screams, sobs and pleading for mercy that I heard coming from a young woman captured by these beings in the underground eugenics clinic revealed to me the ugly side of the Ant People.

The Bridge

Spring 1967, age 13

Several dozen students, myself included, were intently staring at the large clock mounted on the interior wall above the main doors to our junior high school. The principle's order had gone out that students were not allowed to leave the main entrance of the school at the end of the day until the final bell had rung. At first we were individually calculating the countdown in silence, but now, less than one minute to the bell, we were unable to contain our internal dialogue and began as a group to chant the number of seconds remaining. "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, ONE!" we shouted out loud. Our unleashed yearning to exit the school building began a quasi-orderly stampede to get outside and make our way home.

For me, this had been a strange day in my adventure as a seventh grader. In the first period, I mentally received a message. The deep-pitched voice was unmistakably that of Renjeck. In the middle of Mr. Babcock's sleep-inducing pontifications regarding social studies, I was jolted to alertness by the lizard-man telling me to skip lunch. Renjeck's voice continued, telling me that I was scheduled for an appointment after school. I would be picked up by drivers in front of the school. The suddenness and strangeness of this pronouncement was typically 'Renjeckian', but it left me dangling in an awful torment of ambiguity. Who was going to pick me up, and why? A wrenching psychological backwash had been taking place in my mind ever since I got up that morning. Somehow, I already knew that this was destined to be a very demanding day.

At first, I lolled around the area in front of the school where the buses were lined up. I felt rather conspicuous since I lived only some five blocks away from the junior high and never once rode a bus home. At most, it was a ten-minute walk for me to make the trip to where I lived. Pretending like I was waiting for my bus to show up didn't work very long anyway, and I stood alone now that all the buses and their student cargo had long since departed. My mind was begging for direction. The message that Renjeck had fed to me during first period replayed like a tape loop in my thoughts. Finally, I had an impulse to walk over to the parking lot next to the tennis courts. Maybe my ride was waiting for me there. By now it was at least three-twenty in the afternoon. Temporarily distracted from my concerns, I watched the girl's tennis

THE VERGES

eam practice, admiring the tantalizing female physiques in their scanty athletic attire. This reprieve came to a halt when my attention was sidetracked to a car that had pulled into the school parking lot. A very shiny, black, early fifty's model an Oldsmobile had parked in the empty spot next to where I was standing.

Two men got out of this car and without pause walked over to the sidewalk next to the gym building. They both were dressed in black suits and ties with white shirts. In addition to this garb, these two characters wore black fedoras and black overcoats and sported dark sunglasses. The taller of the two men held a large, military style walkie-talkie. After the taller man had sent some message into this communication device, he looked in my direction and said out loud, "You, come over here!" I jerked my head around to look behind me, thinking that he was talking to someone other than me. But nobody was standing behind me, and I meekly pointed to myself, saying, "You mean me?" The guy looked at me like I was stupid, and simply gestured with his hand for me to come over to them.

My impression was that these two weirdos were some kind of religious nuts. They probably just wanted to try to convert me to their religion, or at least sell me some pamphlets. Very reluctantly, I walked closer to them, drawn more by curiosity than any other rationale. The taller guy asked me if I believed in flying saucers. This was sure a bolt out of the blue! Calculating my response, I said, "Well, maybe". Without waiting, the tall guy started to give me a lecture. He said something to the effect of, "Only crazy people believe in flying saucers. Those people always get into trouble. They make fools of themselves and lose their friends. And eventually when they grow up they can't even find jobs!" He was worked up practically into a lather by now, continuing to say, "Flying saucers don't exist! Don't believe those lies! Don't even think about flying saucers! DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS!" Behind his sunglasses, he was staring straight into my eyes. I felt like I had just been lashed with a whip. Without any more to-dos the two weird men walked away and got back into their shiny old car. They drove off leaving me feeling more confused than ever.

At this stage I just wanted to go home. I had skipped lunch and was starving. Some inner prompting made me wander back to the front of the school and I ended up standing in the service bay that connected to the back of the cafeteria. I stood there for a few minutes trying to make sense of the wacky message of the strange man with the big

THE VERGES

walkie-talkie. During this deliberation, a white cargo van pulled into the service area, off to the north side of the lot. Four men quickly got out of this vehicle. My first thought was that they were going to make a delivery to the school. This interpretation abruptly changed when three of the men, dressed in dark blue coveralls, came walking over to me in a hurry. The fourth guy, who wore white coveralls, stood back next to the van and brandished some kind of rod-shaped gun. The three burly guys grabbed hold of me and one of them stated that I was 'going on a ride'. I tried to explain that I didn't do anything wrong! I was just standing around waiting for a friend (a likely excuse). There was no match in this contest. The three abductors conducted me to the back of the van. My notebook and jacket were taken from me. One of the guys in blue coveralls pulled my hands behind my back and put handcuffs on them. The man in white coveralls looked at me, trying to make eye contact, and told me that this was for my own safety. Somehow this didn't make me feel any better.

I was pushed into the interior of the van and joined by the man wearing the white coveralls and one of the guys wearing dark blue coveralls who stood guard next to the roll-up door. We were already on our way – to who knows what destination. The man in the white outfit opened a small silver colored suitcase that had been pre-positioned inside the van. He brought out a hypodermic syringe from the suitcase and put a needle on it. I sat uncomfortably on the floor of the van with my hands tethered behind my back, looking fearfully at the needle. The man in the white coveralls gently told me that the injection was to help calm me down. His treatment of me was like a veterinarian talking to an excited and possibly dangerous pet. Cautiously, the white-suited guy approached me, testing how I might react. He rolled up the sleeve of my shirt and injected the needle into the muscle of my upper arm. After about a minute, he asked me what my name was. After thinking for a moment, I finally remembered my first name, and said, "Ken". He said, "Good. What is your last name?" This was trickier. Only after a few seconds of deep reflection, I finally mumbled the answer. The man in the white suite wasn't alarmed by this delay and actually seemed to be pleased. He simply said, "Good".

After about ten minutes of riding in the van we came to a stop. The man in white coveralls told me that before I got out he wanted to put a blindfold over my eyes. This, he explained, was to protect my eyes from the bright sunlight. After getting the shot even the small, dim light on the van's ceiling seemed too bright to me. I agreed to the blindfold,

THE VERGES

also realizing that there were probably other motives for blocking my vision. Outside the van, I was walked along a crunchy sounding gravel driveway. We entered a building through a squeaky door and then walked down a short hallway with a hard floor. At this point both the handcuffs and blindfold were removed from me. Rubbing my hands, I quickly absorbed the new set of circumstances through my squinted eyes.

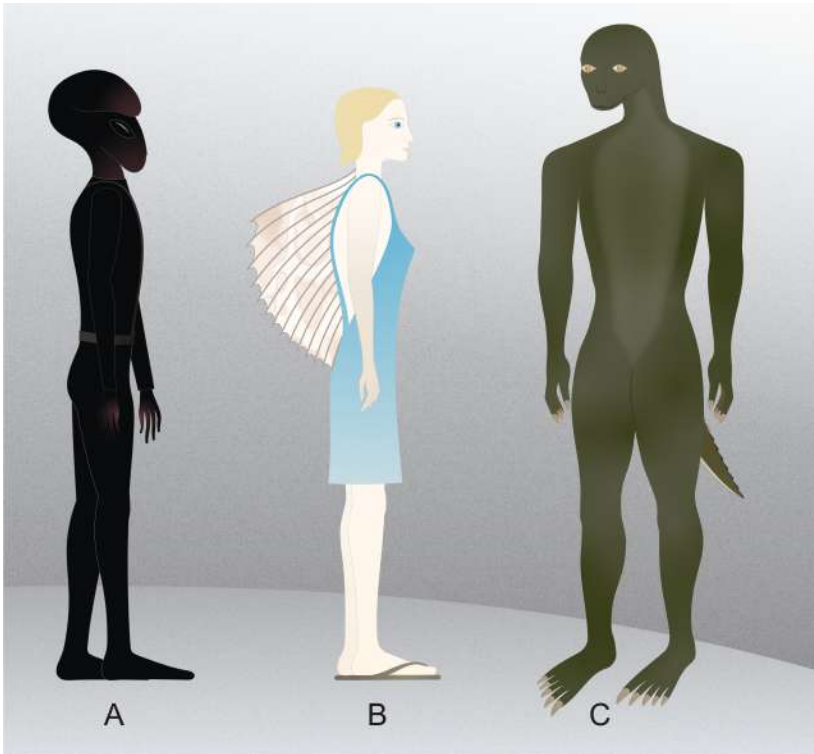


FIG 17: Illustration of the three individuals who sympathetically participated in my connection with a Light Being. A: this is a black-skinned type I have dealt with several times in my experiences. They seem to be part of the U.S. military operation to manage terrestrial human livestock. B: This female being was a hybrid who had very large blue eyes and a very remarkable dorsal fin composed of neural spines connected by a membrane of patterned skin. C: This is Renjeck, my reptilian handler assigned to me as a child.

Blankets had been put up to cover the two windows in this room but even the slight amount of sunlight that leaked through the fabric was enough to cause me pain. In this small room stood, not surprisingly, Renjeck. Along with him were two other characters that seemed vaguely familiar despite their alien looks. One of these was a woman – made fairly obvious by her breasts – who had light brown wispy hair,

THE VERGES

big, all black, slanted eyes and very pale, creamy-gray skin. In addition to these features, she had a spectacular dorsal fin that ran from the nape of her neck down to the small of her back. Her form-fitting suit was open in the back, allowing this feature to be fully visible. Next to her, along with Renjeck, stood a slender individual with a rather large head. In addition to its size, this guy's head had a bulging top portion that looked almost like he was wearing a helmet. The pigmentation of this person's skin was pitch black, matching the color of his huge, shiny eyes and the color of his tight body suit.

The man in white coveralls, who in comparison to the other people in the room looked unfashionably human, had made himself busy setting up some kind of electronic tape-recording equipment. Other than this setup, the only piece of furniture in the small room was a simple chair. I was told to sit down on this chair and to hold still for a few minutes while some sensors were attached to my body. The man in the white coveralls was obviously a technician and apparently in charge of this portion of the operation. He spoke to me in his gentle manner but offered no explanation of what he was up to other than to say that I wouldn't be hurt or harmed in any way. About a dozen or so electrodes were attached to my head, chest and hands using adhesive tape. Along with an oval ring stuck on top of my head, these were connected by cables to the electronic equipment. I was fascinated by what this might be all about and, probably mollified by the drug that had been administered to me earlier, sat patiently waiting for the next step to unfold in this strange drama.

When all seemed to be in order, the technician turned on the electronics. Two large reels of what looked like magnetic tape began to spin around slowly, apparently recording the impulses given off by my body. It also felt to me like a very slight current of energy was flowing into my body. I felt very relaxed and sitting motionless slipped into a light trance state. In the darkness of the room I watched as the shape of a small human began to appear in front of me, about six away. This radiant, foggy-white form became brighter and brighter until it seemed to fill the room with light. Unlike the sunlight, however, this white light didn't hurt my eyes. The form captivated me at first, then suddenly I panicked, thinking that this might be a ghost or some other kind of ghoulish entity. This fear faded as quickly as it arose and now I was back in a deep state of relaxation, almost overtaken by the radiance of the light-being. This being, which hovered about six inches off the floor, didn't have a distinct edge to its form, just a gradation of

THE VERGES

of brightness from its core shape outwards into the space around it. It had no eyes, mouth or any other such features that I could detect. The brightest part of its core-shape stood about five feet tall, and it seemed that its head was large in proportion to the remainder of its body.

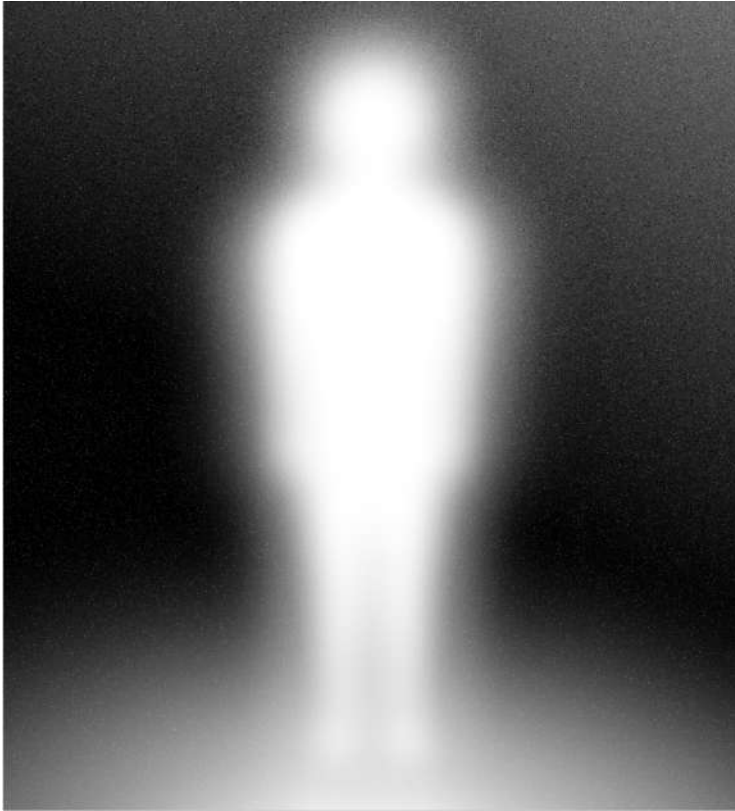


FIG 18: This illustration gives a general idea of what the 'Light Being' looked like in the darkened room I was taken to. I glowed intensely white in the core part, with an aura extending out around it. The floor and walls near it were illuminated some even though most of the light was concentrated near the figure itself.

I began to feel pulses of energy flow into my body. The rate of the pulsing was about the same as the rate of my heartbeat. This throbbing grew in intensity until I felt as though I was being pushed out of and then back into my physical self with each beat. Each time I went out, I moved further away. As this weird sensation continued to build, I began to see glimpses of imagery, like little snap-shots of experience. Intuitively, I knew that these were scenes from the 'future', and now looking back I can recognize how many of them came to be 'real' in the

THE VERGES

sequential unfolding of my life. It came to me that the light-being in front of me was, in fact, a future version of me. Not only that, it was also the past version of me, dating back countless eons of time. Somehow it was 'me' in both the most remote future and in the most remote past. This placed my 'present' position in time midway between these two opposite extremes. I was the bridge between the two.

Up to this moment in these proceedings, the three alien observers had remained motionless, standing quietly behind me. This seemed to change when I felt as though my physical body had beaded scales covering it. Renjeck had somehow superimposed his awareness onto mine and was now participating in the weird, pulse-dance of time travel. After a few minutes Renjeck pulled out of my body and the other two alien observers took their turns at the same experience. It was as though I had taken the 'back seat' of the vehicle of my own mind and turned over the reigns to another. This process was done with an almost religious tenor, as though a sacrosanct ritual was being enacted.

The light-being faded away from sight at this point, even though its effects were still felt strongly in the room. After the electrodes were removed from my body, I was escorted, sans handcuffs and blindfold, out of the small, vacant house that had somehow been commandeered for the occasion. Standing in the kitchen was one of the men wearing blue coveralls. To my surprise, he was accompanied by a huge German Shepherd dog, which sat obediently next to him. I was escorted back inside the rear cargo area of the van and driven some ten minutes back to a drop off point. This was only about three blocks away from my home. I was virtually incapable of talking, and when asked by the man in the white coveralls if I felt strong enough to walk the short distance back to my house, I simply nodded in affirmation.

Dinner that night was served punctually at six o'clock, like always. I had made it home by five-thirty, allowing just enough time for me to lie down for a while and try to restore my down-to-earth, gravity moderated energy level. My family and I sat down at the table and began our meal. The chandelier was turned up very bright and hurt my eyes horribly. I told Mom that I had a really bad headache, which was true, and asked if it was alright to adjust the rheostat to turn the light down a little. Even the lower level of light was painful to me and I had to direct my vision off to the side to avoid the sparkling light bulbs. This caused a new problem. When I didn't focus on what was right in front of me, in this case my dinner, I slipped into a flashback of seeing the light-being. None of this could ever be brought up in conversation

with my family, so I just had to play along as best as I could with the banal pleasantries exchanged during dinner time in middle class, suburban America.



Discussion

Up to this point in my encounters with strange humanoids there hadn't been any identifiably 'normal' looking humans involved, at least to the best of my recollection. This experience in 1967 marks a change in that status so by the time I was a thirteen-year-old my advancement in the program, so to speak, had apparently attracted not only the Men In Black – MiB – but also a team of humans who forced me into the back of a white cube truck to be used in a weird experiment. Even though there were no outward signs that the men who abducted me were connected to an established, identifiable military organization, the style of the capture suggests that I had been caught up in some kind of police operation carefully planned well ahead of time. The two strange men in black suits who intimidated me in the parking lot of my school only minutes before I was abducted were, as I've come to know many years after the fact, classic MiB characters, complete with a 1950s model black automobile that looked like it had just come off the showroom floor. Before these two peculiar men ordered me to walk over to them I couldn't resist taking a good look at this vehicle and admire how spotlessly clean and new it looked. This car was, as best I can determine, a 1956 Oldsmobile 98, the Deluxe Holiday Sedan, with a bright red leather interior and wide white sidewall tires. As a thirteen-year-old kid I had a strong interest in cars and even though this Oldsmobile was more than a decade old and out of date by my standards – I was more interested in BMW and Jaguar cars at this time, anyway – it was impressive all the same.

Something I think worth noting about this experience is that the MiB showed up prior to the abduction, indicating that they were aware of what was going to happen ahead of time. Either they were informed and assigned to their job of menacing me by a source external to the abduction or, alternatively, they were an embedded resource and effectively a part of the operation. Whoever or whatever these enigmatic people worked for, they were memorably dramatic in their performance and had me shook-up pretty good afterwards. It might

also be of interest that one of these strange men, who seemed to be the leader, had a large military walkie-talkie that I assumed was used to communicate with someone, perhaps sending a status report or who knows what. What I recall overhearing while I was pretending to mind my own business and admiring their car was a clipped conversation that sounded like a combination of gibberish and code talk. The walkie-talkie looked like it was a RT-196/PRC-6 transceiver (an identification derived from later research) which in 1967 was even less modern than the 1956 Oldsmobile these strange men had arrived in. This enormous handheld radio, like the deluxe, black automobile, did make for a good show and whether or not the strange man in a black suite who wore dark sunglasses actually talked to anyone was – perhaps – not really the point of this display.

In the discussion following the chronicle *The Sperm Merchant* in this volume I commented about how my involvement with exotic humanoids consisted of several strands of activity. This was referred to in the context of a sort of weird counterpoint consisting of multiple levels of participation in a complex, occult operation. Allowing myself to reminisce about this, it seems that this composition was arranged, speaking in musical terms, almost like a prelude and fugue where the prelude was comparable to the preincarnation soul contract and the fugue consisted of performing the various layers of my responsibilities on the terrestrial stage, almost like a member of an orchestra engaged in playing one's part in a well rehearsed concert. The several lines of this metaphorical 'fugue' were introduced sequentially, strand by strand, in accordance to the developmental stages of my life and my progress in the program. By the time I was thirteen years old I had become a resource to be tapped not only for human reproductive material but also as a conduit – a living bridge – between what might be described as frequency bands of consciousness. The preparation for this role began in my childhood and I remember as an eight-year-old kid building a small stairway in the local church parking lot, as described in *Lord of the Wasps* in the volume, which in my uncritical mind seemed like an urgent necessity required to connect two different levels, one coarse and the other smooth. The point I'm trying to get at here, phrased in very simplified terms, is that I had been conditioned to serve as a passive medium, a human conduit that could be used as a bridge to link to the psyches of a range of exotic humanoids and entities.

This sort of involuntary mediumship doesn't seem to have been an innate ability for me. Perhaps this sensitivity – susceptibility? – was a

THE VERGES

result of the degradation of the integrity of my psyche caused by repeated exposure to traumatic experiences. This, combined with the invasive mind scans that the Ant People subjected me to had, I think, a corrosive effect on sovereignty of my soul. It's also probably not insignificant that in this 1967 abduction I was drugged by an injection of some kind. Supposedly this was intended to calm me down but it also caused mydriasis, extreme dilation of the pupils. With this symptom there is a question about hallucinogens being applied, which I can't rule out, although I did manage, just barely, to walk back home in time for dinner. It's very upsetting for me to think that I might have been medicated with a psychoactive drug in this experience but considering the circumstances it's probably not so unlikely. There is also the factor that this abduction was carried out by humans and, as much as I would like not to think about it, this seems to point to a military involvement in this operation.

I should talk a little about the session that took place in the empty house. First off, I think that there were at least two objectives involved. One, as best I can figure it, was to test my ability to intersect the boundary between extremities – the verges – of consciousness. The other was to provide the three exotic beings in attendance an opportunity to connect with a luminous entity that was either summoned or came by choice for this occasion. In the first case there would have been an interest by the human technician to record the transaction with the equipment he was using, which in my appraisal was not notably high tech. In the second case there seems to have been an almost ecstatic quality to the experience when the three beings who voyaged through my consciousness were able to link to the being of light. For me as just a thirteen year old kid this was an overwhelming situation and what happened was way beyond my comprehension. After I managed to walk back home after this strange adventure the first thing I wanted was some aspirin and to lie in bed for a while before dinner. I had a really bad headache.

Mom's Friend is a Vampire

Summer 1967, age 13

In the summer of 1967 I was between the seventh and eighth grades and at that difficult age when parents seem like an embarrassing burden but also, from a practical standpoint, a fundamental necessity that a minor is stuck with. Mostly I wanted to be by myself as much as possible, with the least amount of interference in the struggle to become independent. Fortunately, much of my summer vacation was spent at the family beach cabin on Whidbey Island where I was able to walk by myself on several miles of undeveloped shoreline. This offered a much needed opportunity to find some degree of solace from the churning chemistry working inside my adolescent body. The simple act of walking barefoot on the warm sand and letting my thoughts become idle provided a soothing antidote to the seemingly endless, irritating demands that adults were constantly making.

On one occasion I came back from a daily beach walk and was immediately subjected to one my mother's characteristic autocratic announcements. With the gravitas of a formal proclamation, she informed me that we would be leaving in a few hours to attend a social event, a barbecue at the T. family's beach house, also on Whidbey Island. Thrilled at being invited to this occasion, Mom was prattling away about how much fun this was going to be because in addition to being with one of her close friends, families of more of her circle of friends were going to come too! Oh boy, I thought to myself, this was going to be a incredibly boring time. The last time I went to the T.'s house I was stuck for hours playing dominoes with their two teenage sons, who (to my complete amazement) thought that the game was actually exciting. I tried to think of some excuse to get out of this 'fun' barbecue but realized that if I wanted to eat I'd have to go along with the program. So much for seeking solace in privacy.

After a few hours of preparing our family's contribution to the dinner – wherein my sister was enlisted to help but my father and I were scolded anytime we even got near the kitchen – we were on our way to the T.'s beach cabin. To my disappointment, this summer cabin wasn't even on the beach, unlike ours, and was actually a few blocks away in a boring, cookie cutter type development. They didn't even have a view of the water. For my parents this was completely irrelevant because their interest was in the social interaction and not the scenery. I sat out on the deck overhearing the incomprehensible, high pitched chit chat of

THE VERGES

the women who were congregated in the kitchen and the deeper tones of the men who were outside sharing rude jokes and getting respectably drunk.

My mother came out of the kitchen and had a strange look on her face. Something was apparently bothering her and she needed to talk about it. She was having a hard time deciding what to say, but finally whispered to me that Mrs. T. was acting very strangely. Continuing, my Mom told me that her friend had cut her finger with a knife while preparing the food and was licking the blood dripping from the wound. Knowing that Mrs. T. was a nurse and that she could easily take care of an accidental knife cut, my first response was simply to ask if they had any band-aids in the house. I didn't see why my mother was making a big deal out of this. Mom leaned closer to me, saying that she had actually seen Mrs. T. cut her finger several times, as though on purpose, without any indication of pain. Moreover, she was lapping up her own blood and seemed to be enjoying it.

Before hearing about this I had been really hungry and was eagerly awaiting our barbecue feast. Now I felt sick thinking about someone deliberately cutting themselves to drink their own blood. It was a disgusting idea and I wished I could just be left alone to walk along the beach, far away from this craziness. My mother wasn't done with dumping her concerns on me. She told me that she had talked in private with another one of the lady guests, Mrs. J., who informed her that Mrs. T. was in trouble at the hospital where she was employed, having been accused of stealing blood from the refrigerated storage area on a repeated basis. The dates and times of inventory loss matched those when Mrs. T., who in her duties as a nurse, accessed this room. As a result she was a suspect in the disappearance of the blood but there wasn't enough solid evidence at that point to press charges. The evidence available, however, was sufficient to have Mrs. T.'s authorization and ability to access to the blood storage area revoked. This information combined with the very odd blood drinking of Mrs. T. in the kitchen clearly had set off alarm signals in my mother's mind.

At the moment I didn't know exactly how to respond to this strange and disturbing information about Mrs. T. From all outer appearances Mrs. T. was a model mother, wife and member of the church and community. My mother seemed to be waiting for me to say something, so in typical teenage bluntness I told my mom that her friend was probably a vampire. This pronouncement propelled Mom to a standing position like she had been lifted by rockets. She looked at me with an

THE VERGES

even more strained than before and without any more comments turned and walked quickly back inside the house. Did I say something wrong? Trying to act nonchalant, I walked into the kitchen and saw that some of the women were helping Mrs. T. clean and wrap her cuts in adhesive bandages. I figured that they were grossed out by watching their friend lap up her own blood while preparing dinner and decided to do the first aid themselves.

Finally it was announced that the feast would begin. About time, I thought to myself. By that point I would have settled for a peanut butter and jelly sandwich or two, but my teenage irritability and low blood sugar level was quickly smoothed out as I dug into the really delicious homemade food. The only problem was that, even though the potato salad, baked beans, grilled salmon and tossed salad were scrumptious, I couldn't help but think about the possibility of Mrs. T.'s blood having been dripped onto my servings. Unlike my mother and sister, who liked their steak and chicken extra rare, I insisted on meat being well done, almost to the point of a burnt offering. The sight of bloody veins on chicken legs and rubbery tubes oozing red on beef steaks would make me gag. I looked carefully at the fork full of salad I was getting ready to shove into my mouth. Was that some blood on it? After a close inspection I determined that it was just some tomato slime.

My mother came over to me, now looking completely carefree and more than a little buzzed by a few glasses of wine. She obviously was delighted with the success of the barbecue and proceeded to announce in her grand, autocratic style that we were going to spend the night at the T.'s vacation home. This was very unwelcome news in my opinion and I scrambled to come up with convincing countermeasures in an attempt to get back to our beach cabin as soon as possible. Nothing I said had any effect on the authoritarian stance of my parent, who had taken it upon herself to have sole determination over my fate that night. I asked where exactly I was supposed to sleep. My mom hadn't bothered to think about that and she simply pointed to the chaise longue on the deck and said, "well, won't that be good enough?" Inside I was screaming mad, but knew enough not to waste any effort in complaining. I was just a thirteen-year-old kid who had to put up with the whims of his parents.

When it was time for everybody to go to sleep I was given a blanket and sofa pillow to be 'comfortable' on my lawn furniture bed. It was summer, so the night time temperature probably wasn't going to dip much below the sixties. It was difficult for me to fall asleep, not only

THE VERGES

because of the narrow and creaky chaise but also because of the unfamiliar situation of sleeping outside, alone on the deck. After tossing and turning, I finally dropped off to sleep. Some hours must have passed when I was suddenly jarred awake after nearly tipping over the chaise lounge while turning in my sleep. Rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, I discovered that a full moon was beaming its bright, silvery light down on me. It was almost at the height of the sky, on its predictable, ages-old voyage traveling westward.

I looked up at the moon with an unpleasant sense of expectation. My previous attitude, that of a young, somewhat grouchy teenager, had somehow been shifted to that of someone more mature who was now on guard during a full moon. I had a pretty good idea of what I was waiting for but at the same time didn't analyze or question the details of the matter. The night was silent except for the chirping of bats in the nearby boathouses. Waiting patiently, I wrapped the blanket around my body to keep warm. It didn't take very long until I saw that a tiny ball of white light was streaking down towards me. It was coming from high in the sky and appeared almost like a spark that had shot off from the moon. In only a matter of seconds it grew to the approximate size of basketball and was now positioned a few feet in front of me on the deck. In an instant this white ball of light converted into the standing, human form of Mrs. T.

Mrs. T. looked at me with an expression that managed to combine an almost comical look of extreme surprise and self-inditing guilt. She began to sputter some words in an attempt to explain her rather unusual manner of arrival. Obviously she wasn't expecting that I would be awake and standing guard to observe her return from a nocturnal sojourn. Evidence of what she had been up to was highlighted by the stark illumination of the moon: her lips and chin were decorated with drips and smears of blood. My voice, as though from a source speaking through me, informed Mrs. T. that her activities had been exposed and that she was subject to the usual remedies dealing with her type. At this point my body was shaking quite a bit and Mrs. T. didn't look too steady herself. She began to plead for understanding, playing for sympathy in consideration of her family and so forth. It was the usual pathetic diversionary tactics employed by her sort in a desperate attempt to eke out a little more time in a human body. I was trying to be firm, but the youth in me was squirming under the intense pressure of my social conditioning which taught that children must always obey their elders.

Realizing that there was basically nothing I could do at the moment anyway, I caved in to Mrs. T.'s disgusting whining for mercy. She was clearly just thinking short term and desperately wanted to prevent me from alerting anyone in the house to the fact that she was out on the deck in the early morning hours with blood smeared around her mouth. It would take a lot of mental gymnastics to come up with a convincing story to wiggle out of such a predicament. Added to this was the highly strange blood licking behavior of Mrs. T. during the previous day and the worrisome accusations that Mrs. T. was already under suspicion for taking blood from the hospital. As soon as I promised that I wouldn't say anything about seeing her out on the deck, Mrs. T. rushed into the house where I imagined that she was going to quickly wash her face to remove any trace of blood and sneak back into bed next to her husband. Maintaining an outward appearance of being a good wife, mother and upstanding member of the church and community was essential for Mrs. T. The truth was, however, my mom's friend was a vampire.



Discussion

As repulsive as it is, there is no way for me to tell the full story about my entanglement with various exotic beings – be they exogenic, interdimensional, hypodimensional or who knows what – without getting into the extremely dark side of matters. What I'm referring to here are those of the vampiric sort belonging to an order of predatory entities that parasitically avail themselves of the fecundity of human resources. These resources aren't found in private bank accounts or in cellars stocked with expensive vintages of wine and whiskey. Actually, they are the goods that flow through the veins and arteries of living, breathing and bleeding human beings. Of course, I'm talking about fresh, salty human blood. With one exception, the vampire-like activities of the strange beings I had encountered up to this point in my life as a thirteen-year-old dealt with drawing an invisible and intangible life force from my body. The gray-skinned, bug-eyed types seemed to have used this vital energy to animate their mutant spawn. But I don't recall any event wherein the Grays expressed an interest in my blood, except when a small sample was taken from me as a kid, as recounted in *Child Recruits* in this volume.

THE VERGES

My initial experience dealing with a sanguinary sort of vampire took place when I was nine years old – see *The Sandbox Monster* in this volume. This was a brutal, prearranged encounter with a ghoulish creature that had one thing on its mind, namely to sink its teeth into my flesh and feast on a macabre happy meal. In the 1967 incident involving my mom's friend, Mrs. T., my role was, as best I can figure it, just as an observer, a witness to an event when a vampire returned from its nocturnal feeding. However between 1975 and 1985 in my involvement with the Gray's terrestrial policing activities I was assigned the very unenviable task of assisting in operations concerning sanguinary vampires. The point of this was not only to document the attacks for exo-political legal reasons but also to annihilate these vile entities, assuming that a decisive extermination of chthonic shape-shifters is possible. Activities of this kind – with me ending up bitten and slashed more times than I care to remember – mainly took place in my 'home territory' of the Pacific Northwest of the United States and northward into the lower parts – I'm tempted to say the nether regions – of British Columbia and Alberta, Canada. This was the area delegated to me by the Ant People, almost like a zone that a potato chip and soda pop merchandiser might be responsible for, except in my situation I wasn't dealing with junk food but the targets of an alien agenda concerned, in significant measure, with grooming the terrestrial bio-habitat. There was at least one case in which I was assigned vampire 'cleanup duty' outside my main region, and this took place while I was in Antwerp, Belgium on a business trip. This 1984 incident, probably not without significance, happened just outside the late-gothic era Vleeshuis, meaning Butchers Hall, which originally was the only authorized location in city where raw meat could be sold.

There are some particulars of my experience with Mrs. T. that merit attention. One is how, from all outward appearances, this woman looked perfectly normal and was a good wife and mother and also a respected member of the community. It's just that she had the slight eccentricity of cutting herself and lapping up her own blood. And also there was the other issue of the blood stolen from the hospital were Mrs. T. worked as a nurse. Of course these occurrences would never be linked to something as unbelievable as the addictive behavior of a blood-thirsty vampire, especially in the orderly and perfectly normal environment of a well-to-do suburban neighborhood in 1960s America. I suppose the point that I'm interested in making here is that some individuals who outwardly appear to be respectable members of the

THE VERGES

community may not always be so in truth. And in a much more comprehensive sense of reality, their occult interests and requirements vastly exceed the conventional, mundane environment in which they are ensconced, at least on a superficial level.

Another particularity that I witnessed was the manner in which Mrs. T. returned from her, well, let's say jaunt. This was via a small sphere of white light that came soaring across the night sky, arcing downward and then immediately upon landing converted to the human form of Mrs. T., standing on the deck with blood smeared on her face. I'm reminded of Douchan Gersi's account of the flying men of Haiti as reported in his book, *Faces in the Smoke** except that it isn't clear that members of this society of men were actually vampiric loogaroos. In the case of Mrs. T., there wasn't even the slightest hint that might indicate she was a practitioner of Voodoo or any other occult art. Very much to the contrary, she attended the local church and partook of the perfectly acceptable ritual of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Christ, of course with priestly guidance and within the sanctuary of the Church.

**Faces in the Smoke: An Eyewitness Experience of Voodoo, Shamanism, Psychic Healing, and Other Amazing Human Powers.* Publisher: Tarcher; 1 edition (June 1, 1991)

Mr. King's Lawn

Summer 1968, age 14

After finally extricating myself from the responsibilities of a paper route from hell, or more precisely Clyde Hill with its steep terrain and exceedingly long private driveways, I embarked on a new summer time career of mowing lawns. This started out with just one house not too far from where I lived, owned by an older couple who were friends of the family. I was paid what I thought at the time was a lot of money, \$3.50 per hour, to turn an overgrown lawn and garden into a picture-perfect model of suburban landscape. Since the front yard of this house was located on the corner of a busy road, the transformation that had taken place over the last few weeks attracted a fair amount of attention from the local residents.

On one blistering hot Saturday afternoon in late July I was completing the last details of the day's mow and trim job when a new model Cadillac pulled into the driveway. A bald, round faced elderly man waved to me, motioning somewhat impatiently with his fat arm that I was expected to come over to him. I was handed a business card and instructed to show up the next day at noon at the address given in order to be interviewed for a job to mow this man's lawn. I thought that this was a rather odd approach to asking a teenager like me to do yard work. But there was a commanding air to this chubby gentleman, leading me to agree to talk with him the next day. After the Cadillac pulled away and drove up the hill I looked down at the small card I was holding and saw my potential new customer's name spelled out in bold letters. It was 'Mr. King'.

The next day I dutifully showed up at the home of Mr. King at the appointed time. He greeted me by launching into a lecture about how he expected his lawn to be mowed. To my disappointment he insisted on using an old fashioned reel type push mower. The rows made while pushing the mower had to be executed in a precise sequence and in a certain pattern that he had carefully established after years of experimentation, mowing his own grass. This arrangement not only was the most logical choice, it was also the most esthetically pleasing one in his judgment. I was not allowed to touch any of the flower beds or bother with edging the lawn but was to be assigned only the task of mowing his grass in the exact manner that had just been explained to me in excruciating detail.

THE VERGES

I looked around his front and back yards and saw that the actual area of lawn was quite small and mostly level. This would compensate somewhat for the unwelcome effort of pushing around the reel mower. But what Mr. King's lawn lacked in square footage was more than compensated for by its ultra plush, green luxuriance. It was obvious that the grass was well watered and fertilized. After saying what my hourly rate was (now established by my model customer) Mr. King informed me that he had no intention of paying by the hour but would pay me \$8.00 for a complete and suitable job of grooming his grass. I countered with \$10.00 and we settled on \$9.00. Deal done, I was scheduled to appear for the first cut the following Monday at 10:00 am.

Over the next few weeks my work taking care of Mr. King's lawn seemed to meet his standards. The only problem was that the more I mowed, the more Mr. King watered and fertilized his grass, causing it to sprout up so fast that I was having to work increasingly harder to push the old fashioned mower around. On one Saturday morning I was having a particularly bad time mowing, made much worse because I had skipped a week while away at our vacation cabin. The grass was even taller than usual and my limited physical strength as a skinny fourteen-year-old was barely enough to propel the mower just a few feet at a time. As I was struggling in the front yard, with sweat pouring off my forehead, I saw a girl standing under the shade of the tree only a few feet away from me. Cripes, it was Alice, the odd looking girl I had been introduced to inside of a spaceship!

I wondered what Alice was doing here. Her form was nearly solid in appearance, with just a hint of transparency. She asked me in a concerned tone, "Why are you working so hard?" It was difficult to have a conversation with Alice because she just didn't understand what it was like to be stuck down on the surface of the planet. The concept of having to perform physical exertion in order to move objects was completely alien to her. I wasn't in a very good mood and told her to please leave me alone. The last thing I needed at the time was for Mr. King to come outside and see a strange girl with abnormally large, all black eyes standing in his front yard. After a few moments Alice faded from view but I knew that she was probably still hanging around watching me struggle to push the lawn mower. I felt kind of bad for telling Alice to go away, but really the last thing I needed or wanted at that time was for a girl from another planet to witness my current sweaty efforts to deal with rudimentary gravitational issues.

Finally, I finished the front yard, which had to be mowed a second

time in order to get all the lines in the proper order that Mr. King insisted on. Starting to work in the back yard now, I saw that Alice had materialized again. She was accompanied by a little gray skinned person that I called the Robot Man. This odd pair was standing in the far corner of the yard, apparently trying not to be any more intrusive than necessary. Fortunately by this point Mr. King had left the house, saying that he wouldn't be back for a half hour or so. Even still, I was on edge, wondering why these characters had taken it upon themselves to interrupt my job. I really only wanted to get my work done as quickly as possible and then go home to goof off for the remainder of the day.

Apparently my thought of getting things done quickly was picked up by the Robot Man because just at that moment the push lawn mower suddenly took off and proceeded to cut the grass by itself. I ran over to the mower worried that it might be digging into the lawn or leaving uncut areas but it seemed to be doing an impeccable job. I watched the mower move down the lawn, negotiate a tight turn and begin to make another pass. My first reaction to all this was a mix of amazement and hilarity. This response rapidly was replaced by the concern that Mr. King might show up at any moment. What would he think if he saw his lawn mower moving by itself with me standing idly by. I began to wave my arms at the Robot Man and Alice imploring them to stop the mower. Besides, the grass catcher was now overflowing, obviously a detail that my uninvited guests had overlooked.

I went over to my unusual friends and tried to explain to them as simply and directly as possible why they needed to leave. While their intentions were good they could also get me into a lot of trouble. I knew that the way things worked in the world that I lived in was based a lot on having people pushing and pulling things around. We were still a culture conditioned by gravity. Tremendous amounts of mental energy was expended to devise and build mechanical devices for the sole purpose of making it easier to move objects. If Mr. King walked into his backyard and saw his lawn mower working without anyone pushing it he would probably drop dead of a heart attack on the spot. Alice and the Robot Man looked at me with blank stares, but I could sense that they were disappointed that their efforts to help me weren't well received. There was no argument, and they simply vanished from sight.

After finishing the back yard mowing I stood back to admire the results of my hard work. All the lines left by the mower wheels were perfectly straight and the blades of grass in each row were uniformly

brushed at alternating angles, creating lighter and darker stripes. The lawn had been like my painter's canvass and my art was the perfectly clipped grass. I also felt a sense of gratification after having completed a physically demanding task. This was probably both a concept and a peculiar sort of nuanced emotional experience that Alice and the Robot Man would never be able to fully comprehend. All the same, I did appreciate their efforts to help.



Discussion

It had been almost five years since I was introduced to the strange girl I named Alice when this 1968 contact experience took place. Alice, a hybridized being, still looked pretty much the same as when I had first met her – see *The Introduction* in this volume – except she, like me, had grown a few inches taller in the meantime. When I first noticed her staring at me in disbelief because of how hard I was working to push the lawn mower she seemed not quite fully translated into a solid, physical form. Her features were well defined but in a tentative, see-through version. I suspect that Alice didn't want to intrude but just couldn't help herself – perhaps due to her human side – and with good intentions tried to be of assistance. I think that there is, if one pardons the expression, a world of difference in outlook, not to mention ontological footing, between those naturally born into flesh through the womb of an earthly mother and those who are the products of a strange science which seems to almost alchemically amalgamate terrestrial muscle and bone with infusions of exogenous ingredients. Alice's origins, as far as I can tell, belong to an order of blended beings that would be hard pressed to function in the ordinary rough and tumble environment of ground-dwelling, violence-prone humans. I've tried to picture Alice placed in a hectic and physically competitive school playground during recess, but this image just doesn't seem to gel into a workable scenario. Her world, most likely like that of other human X 'alien' hybrids, is by necessity stationed at a respectable – safe – distance from the turbulent dynamic that if by nothing other than yottawatts of animalistic momentum generated over countless millennia continues to dominate the terrestrial arena.

As a kid growing up in the 1960s I was totally enthralled by the ongoing manned space missions, beginning with Project Mercury, then

THE VERGES

Project Gemini and ultimately Project Apollo. By the time I was nine years old my favorite reading material was just about anything related to outer space. For several months I relentlessly pestered my mom to take me to the local public library. At this time the town I lived in had only one public library and this was in the small basement of an old church. After telling the lady at the front desk the type of book I wanted, something that explains gravity, her eyes opened wide with an expression of disbelief and while shaking her head in a condescending manner directed me to the children's corner. On previous visits I had already looked at the pitifully childish selection in this area. One day at the library, after pretending to look at some of the kid's books, I snuck over to the main racks and found a big book that looked like it might help to answer some of the several questions that lurked in the back of mind. Just to give the impression that I was a 'normal' kid, I also pulled out at random two or three children's books with large print and cartoon-like illustrations. It took some wrangling on my part at the check-out desk but finally I was allowed to take home the book about outer space.

What had been weighing on my mind for quite some time during this period in my life was the disconnect between the type of technology used in the manned space missions and what in a foggy region of my awareness I thought about the way things should be. This confusion was probably at least partly due to the dismissive attitude my parents had about my interest in people coming to Earth from other planets. In particular, the rebuke I received from my parents after trying to get them to pay attention to the circular area of burned grass in the backyard – the spot where Renjeck the lizardman had landed his shuttle in 1962 – effectively obliterated any chance that the strange experiences I had been involved in for several years could be translated into a productive conversation. Left to my own resources, I spent hours looking through the big book I had borrowed from the library and finally found something related to what had been bothering me, especially in connection with the current manned space missions. This was about g-forces and the pressure that people inside the capsules felt on their bodies when they moved really fast. On a Saturday morning I took my book and sat on the sofa next to Dad. He was watching a football game on our small black and white Magnavox TV, with the volume turned up full blast as usual. During a commercial I managed to get my father's attention and asked him if he knew what g-forces were. Maybe, just maybe, he could help explain this more fully for me. His answer was

THE VERGES

about what I had expected and followed for the most part what the book had described. The commercial ended and I sat in the sofa for a while as Dad shouted out insults and foul language advice to the football players on TV. There was still a horrible void in my mind, an enormous chunk of information that I desperately needed to make sense of things. Somehow I knew it was about gravity.

By the time the bizarre episode in the back yard of Mr. King's house took place with Alice and the little Gray I called the Robot Man, I had given up on trying to find answers to my questions about gravity. It seemed like something that humans just took for granted, like bowel movements and showing up to work on time. But like almost everybody else in 1969 I had an interest in the Apollo 11 mission and recall the general time when the Eagle Lunar Module landed on the Moon. On this hot summer day I was busy weeding the flower beds of one of my new summer work clients, Mrs. Haag, who was a widowed octogenarian. I recall Mrs. Haag coming outside of her house and waving her arms in the air like a maniac. My first thought was that she was having a heart attack or something equally bad but after calming down a little she ordered me to come inside her house and watch the televised Moon landing that was being broadcast live. For this elderly woman, who was born in the 1880s, the fact that men had actually voyaged to the Moon and were about to walk on its surface was a revelation of unimaginable power. But for some reason I didn't share her enthusiasm about this epic event and only at Mrs. Haag's insistence I followed her bent figure as it shuffled back inside the house to watch the TV coverage. At this stage of my involvement with a wide range of exogenous beings, including having been inside their craft and witnessing their ability to defy gravity, my general sentiment was that the American space program was about as interesting as the books in the kid's section of the public library.

Mr. King and the MIB

Summer 1969, age 14

Sitting in the shade of a tree, I waited for Mr. King to return from his shopping trip so I could get paid. Alice and the Robot Man had left about a half hour earlier and I was still thinking about how funny it was to see the lawn mower working by itself. After a short time, the Cadillac pulled into the driveway. With some difficulty, Mr. King extracted his short but very plump body from the driver's seat. Having completed a quick inspection tour of his property, he wrote out a check in payment for my work. I was happy to see that he added on a few dollars to the total in consideration of the extra work to cut the high grass. Mr. King asked me to help him the next morning, before it got too hot, to move some furniture. His daughter was moving into an apartment not far away and he wanted some extra hands to assist. I agreed, thinking that it would be nice for a change to earn some money not doing yard work.

I arrived at Mr. King's house at about nine o'clock the following morning, ready and eager to help out in the moving process. Over the past several weeks I had gotten to know this retired gentleman a little and he had warmed up to me somewhat, relaxing his previous rather formal mannerisms. I had learned that Mr. King spent a good part of his career as a school bus driver, an accomplishment that he was exceedingly proud of. No accidents, always on time and, most importantly, no lost children, he repeated to me over and over. He was quick to point out that even though he was just a retired bus driver he was also an extremely wealthy man. Mr. King revealed that he had inherited a huge tract of land on Orcas Island, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. This information was conveyed to me in a near whisper, like it was a secret that nobody should know about. Gazing into the distance, he slowly repeated to himself the phrase, "hundreds of thousands of dollars".

Mr. King's blue eyes suddenly turned to look at me like I was an intruder into his private affairs. I shuffled my feet a little, responding to the intensity of his glare and asked, "Well, um, are we about ready to go?" This seemed to snap the old man back to his senses and he told me to climb inside his Cadillac. As we were going down the street from near the top of Clyde Hill I noticed out of the side mirror that a white cube van was behind us. A silent but very strong warning alarm went off in my mind. At the bottom of the hill we turned right and the van did

THE VERGES

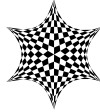
the same. When we turned left a few miles later the van did the same. When we made another left to pull into the apartment complex parking area, the same van was close behind, following us. By this point I was certain that we were being tracked and that this was most likely related to the previous day's highly unusual and probably unauthorized intrusion of Alice and the Robot Man.

We pulled into a parking space next to the QFC grocery store. Mr. King told me to wait in the car while he went to the office of the apartment complex to get a front door key. This was fine with me, since being paid for just hanging around was sure a lot better than pushing a lawn mower. But I didn't wait for long. The second Mr. King was out of sight I got out of the Caddy and made a mad dash over to some bushes near the apartment complex where I could take cover. This relocation was accomplished just in time because, as I could see from my hiding spot, three tall, slender men had gotten out of the white van and were now walking over to Mr. King's car. My heart was pounding and I didn't know exactly how much trouble I might have been in. The men, all of whom were wearing black shirts and black pants, made a quick check of the Cadillac. Apparently satisfied that nothing substantial was to be found there, they then walked in a casual manner over toward the apartment complex.

I had told Alice and the Robot Man that they could get me into trouble! Now it was happening and I wasn't very happy about the situation. Their good intentions to help me mow the lawn obviously had resulted in an observable disturbance that could be traced. I was probably lucky that it took until the next day for a team to come out to do an investigation. My main concern now was trying to keep out of sight but I also had to be ready to help Mr. King and try not to act as though anything was out of the ordinary. This was going to be a challenge, especially considering my current position hiding behind a bush. After waiting for nearly a half hour without seeing either Mr. King or the men dressed in black clothes I decided to move to a different spot. It's amazing, I thought to myself, how conspicuous you can feel while hiding. Besides, I was getting bored and was burning with curiosity about what might be transpiring without my knowing.

After having returned to the Cadillac I saw that the white van was gone. That was a relief. My attention was then quickly directed to the stout figure of Mr. King who was walking toward me at an uncharacteristically fast pace. He was gasping for air and very upset. Between breaths, he told me that after getting the key to the apartment

and opening it up some men wearing black uniforms came to the front door and demanded that he answer their questions. Their tone of voice and complete lack of manners outraged Mr. King, who made it very clear that he was completely unaccustomed to such behavior. Shaking with anger, Mr. King rambled on about these men who insisted on finding out what he knew about UFOs, of all things. The retired bus driver said in a strained voice, "What do I know about flying saucers? Nothing!" I believed him, and thankfully the men in black clothing did too.



Discussion

Over the decades-long span of my various activities with unusual beings, men dressed in black clothing would sometimes show up and behave in a very offensive manner. As recounted in *The Bridge* in this volume, I was subjected to a scorching warning by one of two men of this ilk who just happened to arrive in the parking lot of my school right before I was abducted. This, as far as I can remember, was the first time this type of intimidation took place for me and it made a lasting impression. The more complete list of this type of unpleasant encounter in my case isn't overly long, and at present I'm able to recall about nine episodes of having threatening men in black clothing show up either before or after – more often after – a paranormal contact event. I might also add, just for the record, that I've also been in several 'alien' related encounters where, for lack of a better description, MiB-like male humans wearing black clothing were present and these fellows arrived by black sedans, usually new model Fords or in some cases white box vans. Unlike the formally dressed MiB driving old model cars these individuals usually didn't bother with dramatic bluster and were, from what I observed, focused on policing the operation and not trying to scare the living daylights out of people who for one reason or another apparently knew too much.

As I gradually became more and more entangled in the 'alien agenda', whatever that might all entail, the dubious honor of advancing in the ranks appears to have increasingly made me a target of observation. Actually, I'd like to think that this wasn't about me as a person – after all, at this point in my life I was just a regular teenaged kid living in the suburbs – but more like what could be described as my condition of having been turned into a portable locus for inter-

dimensional perturbations and by extension a defacto magnet for trouble. This gets back to what I described in the discussion of *The Others* in this volume where the topic of a halo-like aperture appearing above the scene of my activity seems to follow me around like a hyper-dimensional version of Mary's lamb. This glowing portal above my head might be compared to the inverse of the shadow that my body cast on the ground, of course depending on the weather, both terrestrial and supernatural. I'm reasonably sure that every living creature on this planet is to some extent equipped with this transcendent linkage but in my case, probably like that of countless other people who have had repeated close encounters with extraterrestrials or other varieties of mysterious visitations, it had been considerably amped up. Without the intrusions – or should I say infusions? – of 'alien' influences I think that the expanded energy field my body radiated would have gradually attenuated to the level of a base line, back to normal, however that might be measured.

When Alice and the little Grey 'alien' I called Robot Man showed up in the back yard of Mr. King's house they were not simply innocuous observers who just happened to saunter into the terrestrial biosphere. Both they and the their amusing demonstration of making the lawn mower work by itself caused what I think was a significant disruption in the local gravitational field, something that obviously set off alarm bells for a monitoring agency that for lack of a better title might be called the inter-dimensional police. Not unpredictably, the result of this was the appearance of MiB showing up near Mr. King's house the next day to sleuth out the cause of the disturbance. As I rode along with Mr. King in his Cadillac, the part of my psyche that was cognizant of the implications of having a white box van trailing us was wide awake. It was as though the game was afoot and my main job at this point was to keep out of harm's way. Unfortunately, this meant that the disruption caused by the actions of my unusual friends were deflected to Mr. King who didn't especially appreciate being tongue-lashed by the rude men in black clothing.

Fire Without Smoke

Summer 1969, age 15

I was bored. I didn't feel motivated to do much of anything and there wasn't much of anything to do anyway. Boredom on a summer vacation gets boring, and I was bored of being bored! I needed to do something, and in a hurry. Standing on the front porch and looking out to the view of Puget Sound, I was pondering this lack of something to do. This stultifying introspection was interrupted by the arrival of my two cousins, Brent and Adam, who had walked up the sidewalk that connected their family's beach cabin to ours. Stopping to say hello, they were irritatingly cheerful and friendly. Obviously they had something to do. My cousins told me that they were on their way to go climb on the sand dunes at the top of the hill. I knew the dunes they were talking about, which were about a half hour hike away, but couldn't figure out why they would want to climb on them. In an excited voice, Adam explained that it was incredibly fun to climb to the top of a sand dune and run full speed ahead and then leap off the steep face and fall a few dozen yards down into the sand. It sounded dangerous to me. Dangerous, but not boring, that was the important part.

After telling my mom that I was going on a hike with my cousins, our trio set off for the dunes. It felt good to be moving again rather than just standing around feeling depressed. I couldn't believe how happy and energetic my cousins were, it seemed almost abnormal. We had to walk up the extremely steep access road that connected the waterfront parking lots to the county road at the top of the bluff. Leaning forward to compensate for the slope put an unfamiliar strain on my leg muscles, which ached from our upward march. It was a relief to get to the top of the hill and walk along the relatively level, winding road leading to the sand dunes. Perched on the top of the bluff, the dunes encompassed a considerable amount of acreage and stood out in stark contrast to the heavily wooded land behind them. At this time there wasn't any housing development nearby, giving us kids plenty of leeway in our dune jumping activities. My cousins had been through this exercise before and knew the best spot to careen from. We scrambled up the steep face of one of the mountains of sand and walked over the crest, which dropped off precipitously, and surveyed the slope leading down towards the edge of the forest, several dozens of yards away.

Adam said that he was going to make a demonstration jump for

THE VERGES

me. He backed up far enough away from the crest of the dune to get a good running speed going. Like some kind of maniac track athlete he took off full blast toward the ridge. His face was contorted in a wild grimace as his body flew by me and I watched as he rocketed over the top of the sand dune in a cannon ball posture. About two seconds later he came to a perfect landing, then jumped up and let out an ear spitting hoop of triumph. It looked dangerous to me, but definitely not boring. I had to repeat that last part to myself, trying to get into the spirit of things. Also, when you're with your cousins the last thing you want to do is to chicken out on a dare. Brent went flying over the hill next and then it was my turn. Following their examples, I ran hell bent towards the edge of the dune and then went soaring through the air for what seemed longer than reasonable. Then I was unceremoniously reintroduced to the ground with a bone jarring thump. My landing was pretty good, a little off balance, but not too bad for a first go. I still was still trying to figure out why this was supposed to be fun, but there was one thing for sure, it wasn't boring.

After making a few more jumps we mutually agreed to take a break. The hardest part of dune jumping wasn't flying through space, it was walking back up the steep face of the hill to get back on top. We sat down on the warm sand to catch our breath. As I was listening to Adam and Brent discuss the details of dune jumping techniques, a point of bright light in the woods caught my attention. It was well behind the tree line and perhaps about a quarter mile away from us. The time of day at this point was early afternoon, approximately 2 o'clock or so, but even in the full daylight this white light was very bright and seemed completely out of place considering that there weren't any houses nearby. I pointed to the light and asked my friends what they thought about it. My concern was that it might be a fire, but the color wasn't orange or yellow, it was pure white and intense enough to be seen even behind a thick growth of cedar and fir trees. My cousins weren't able to come up with an explanation, which made me even more worried that it might be the start of a forest fire. When I mentioned the possibility of a fire they were quick to point out that it couldn't be a fire because there wasn't any smoke. I had to concede to this rather obvious fact, but something about that light was making me really nervous.

Before any more discussion of the strange light in the woods continued, Adam said that he was feeling drowsy and that he thought it would be a good idea to go to sleep for a while. Brent chimed along, saying that he was tired too. I was also feeling a heavy pull of lethargy

THE VERGES

and was having a hard time keeping my eyelids from sagging. Maybe we all just got really tired out from the jumping and climbing back up the sand hill, but I wasn't so sure about that. Just before I dropped off to sleep I took another look at the light in the woods. It was still burning bright, but there wasn't any smoke that I could see. With that last thought I slumped over onto my side, giving in to what for me was a completely uncharacteristic demand for an afternoon nap.

I woke up feeling groggy at first but quickly snapped to attention after seeing where I was. My cousins were with me, inside a cramped, round room with a very low, slightly domed ceiling. There wasn't enough head room for us to stand upright without bending over a little bit. If it weren't for the fact that Adam and Brent were with me in this strange space I might have thought I was in a dream. Both of my relatives looked at me and without saying anything conveyed their sense of alarm and confusion through their expressions. How we had been relocated from the sand dunes to inside this weird little round room was a complete mystery. My eyes made a quick sweep of the room. It looked clean, with a lot of technical type devices positioned on a counter top that was built around most of the perimeter. Somewhat like in the cabin of a boat interior, small port hole style windows were spaced at intervals above the counter, making it possible to look outside and see a dense growth of evergreen trees.

At this point I remembered seeing the bright light in the woods. It didn't take longer than a few synapse connections for me to realize that we were probably now inside some kind of unearthly craft, an appraisal that was almost instantly confirmed when a scrawny, pale skinned bug person stepped out of a recess and made his presence known. Apparently it had been waiting for us to wake up to our current circumstances and was watching our reactions to being trapped inside its laboratory-like domain. My cousins and I instinctively shrank back from this repulsive creature as much as possible but because the total span of the room was only about sixteen feet or less we didn't have much room to maneuver. There was an short interval of time, one that would have been gauged by a psychological impact clock as lasting an eternity, during which our trio of teenage humans exchanged stares with this gawky, spindly necked, bug-eyed creature.

Under very different circumstances, the appearance of the being that we were looking at might have been amusing, along the lines of a freaky cartoon character. The reality of the situation was, however, very much different. In general, the figure of this creature was vaguely

THE VERGES

human-like, since it had two legs, two arms, one head and two eyes. Standing no more than five feet high, its upright posture fit more conveniently inside the cabin of the ship than my friends and I did. There was an odd simplicity to its form, which was cloaked with a full length, lightweight white coat left open at the front. No muscles or skeletal structure were outwardly evident in its physiology, and the pale white skin didn't seem to be covered in any clothing other than the loose laboratory style coat. Even more unusual was how the creature's head managed to be supported by such a preposterously skinny neck. This slender post held up a head with a shape something like a light bulb, decorated with two enormous, black eyes.

The short period of mutual evaluation came to an end when our 'host' lifted an arm almost like it was being pulled up by a string. The long fingers of the hand pointed to some equipment located on the counter top near us. There were stools in front of these devices and by a choppy stream of pulsing, insistent thought jabs we were prodded to sit down and look into the viewing aperture of these contraptions. I sat down at my machine and thought that it looked like an optometry testing gizmo used for eye examinations. But when I placed my forehead against the viewing frame I saw a scene that seemed to stretch far into the distance. It was almost like my mind was being sucked into the depths of this scene which simulated a generic terrestrial landscape with simple geometrical objects positioned at various places.

With the same unpleasant jabs of instruction, I perceived the commands of the bug eyed creature which told me use my concentration to move the geometrical objects deeper into the landscape. At first I had no idea what this was supposed to accomplish, but suddenly as I looked at a colorful cube near the front of the perspective it moved back behind several other of the objects. With more prodding from the lab boss, I tried to move some other items just using my thoughts as a motor force. To my surprise this was rather easy and, beginning to get the hang of things, I actually started to get a laugh out of pushing the cubes, pyramids and spheres down the pathway. Just as I had mastered the ability to shoot the whole assemblage of forms to the deepest part of the landscape with nothing more than a whim, the entire scene changed so that now the landscape included foothills and mountains behind these. It took more concentration and more mental effort to compensate for this newly introduced terrain. I was starting to get a headache, but was prodded by the thought jabs of the bug eyed teacher to try harder. Now at the lower slopes of the mountain range, I

gave up. It was too difficult and what was briefly an amusing exercise had turned into a painful and unwelcome drain on my mental resources.

I stood up and looked around for Adam and Brent. Apparently they had given up on this test even before I did and were now in cubicles in another part of this small room doing something else. The insect person didn't waste any time in prodding me with his thought jabs to move over into one of these small partitioned areas. Having no choice in the matter I shoved my body into this cramped space and along the way thought I saw my cousins doing something bad. I suddenly got a sickening feeling of shame accompanied by disturbing memories of previous situations where I had been forced to do something extremely humiliating. I didn't want to think about it, and knew that there wasn't any way I could physically fight back because of the overpowering strength these creatures with huge black eyes have to control their victims. There was some equipment on a shelf in the cubicle I was sitting in and trying not to pay more attention than necessary knew that a device had been attached to my genitals. This caused an erection and only moments later ejaculation. During this totally degrading process I looked out of the little window my cubicle had looking out into the woods and desperately hoped that nobody would walk by and see what was happening to me.

After the sperm extraction was over with my cousins and I were informed by our abductor in a monotone telepathic communication that we were now free to leave. The marionette-like bug person walked over to one side of the cabin and pushed a button, causing a small section of the floor to hinge downwards to form a ramp to the ground outside. My cousins didn't waste any time to scramble out and regain their freedom. I paused for a moment and demanded the pencil-necked bug man for something to take with me. The idea of having some kind of evidence of the experience was important to me. Just some small token of having been in a flying saucer, that's all I wanted. The bug man stared at me and made it clear in his peculiar jabs of thought pulses that I should get out of his ship. He seemed to be more than a little alarmed that I didn't make a run for it like my friends. For a few more moments I stood my ground, insisting that he give me something to take with me. It was no use – I got what felt like an electric shock of a thought jab which physically propelled me down the ramp and into the woods. Obviously I had been treated just like one of those cubes or spheres in the optical landscape that this ghoulish being could mentally push around at his pleasure.

My cousins were impatiently waiting for me at a safe distance from the bug man's ship. I ran over to them and we then walked together. back over to the sand dunes. Even though we had a lot on our minds none of us spoke a word about what had just happened. The sun was almost behind the trees and the three of us agreed it was time to go home. All of the day's previous enthusiasm and cheerfulness had been drained away so that now we were tired and sullen. Adam suddenly broke the silence by saying in a loud and strained voice, "Man, did you see that mummy back there? I mean, that guy was ugly!" He went on a little bit more and then as though the wind went out of his sails he fell silent again. Brent and I looked at each other, not saying anything but communicating an understanding. The unspoken agreement was to say nothing, forget about what had happened and move on.



Discussion

The physical form of the creature who captured me and my cousins in this abduction had several notable features, not the least of which was its long, scrawny neck that seemed to almost impossibly hold up a very large head. At the top of the list of other oddities regarding this thing's appearance are its eyes. In my contact experiences I've seen several varieties of exogenic beings that have very large, all black oval or almond shaped eyes. It's not by any means just the Ant People i.e. the grey-skinned alien types that display this startling feature. Never once, as best I can recall, did these eyes blink or display a capacity to move in any direction – they just stared fixedly and penetratingly ahead at whatever they were targeted to. The surface of these lens-like organs – or possibly devices? – didn't show any noticeable detail such as small units forming the compound eye structure of insects, or for that matter any indication of an iris or pupil, items that one might reasonably expect of living, humanoid beings, at least within a narrow framework of understanding. I've been transfixed by this type of eye more than once in my contacts, in some cases while standing immobilized only a few inches away from the source of the stare. In these situations involving the Greys the point seems to have been about transferring information to and from my mind. In the situation of this pencil-necked being who abducted me and my cousins, the eyes were used also to

THE VERGES

cause a strong force capable of pushing and pulling my body – apparently a telekinetic effect – and I remember being forcibly ejected from this being's craft like I had been given a kick in the butt, but without even having been touched. At the outset of this abduction somehow my cousins and I had been remotely induced into a sleep-state, very effectively rendering us to a state of being unable to act in either a defensive or offensive manner. After we had come out our stupor and recovered our senses we found ourselves inside a small craft with not enough headroom to stand upright except in the center area of the low, domed shape of the cabin, and even then in a stooped posture. From the inside this vessel looked like it had a circular floor plan, with an interior diameter of approximately sixteen feet or a little less. Around part of the perimeter of the cabin there were counter tops and some stools to sit on. The rest of the cabin perimeter was divided into booths with partitions sticking out into the cabin from the outer wall. Everything looked spotlessly clean, white and sterile. There were small windows spaced evenly around the outer wall, just above the counters and I could see that we were in the woods near the sand dunes.

WHIDBEY ISLAND CRAFT *1969 Abduction by the 'Bug Man'*

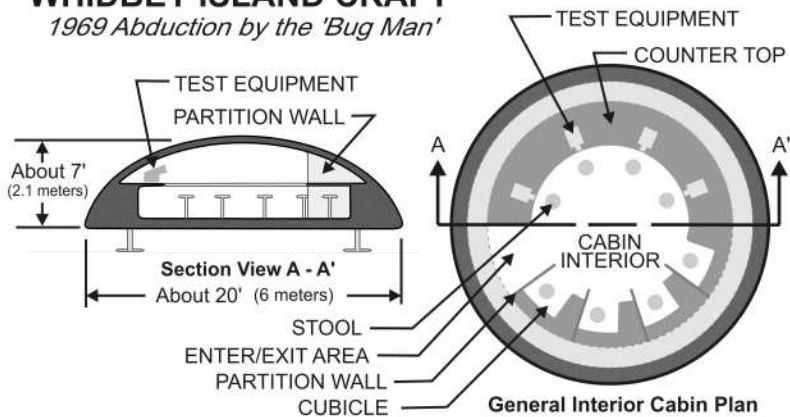


FIG 19: This graphic gives a general idea of what I recall about the pencil-necked Bug Man's craft. About half of the craft's interior consisted of counter tops with equipment to test our mental ability to move objects in a simulated landscape. The other part was divided into small booths or cubicles where the humiliating process of sperm extraction was carried out.

THE VERGES

Something I would like to emphasize is that this type or species of being seemed morphologically and also behaviorally distinct from the Ant People – the Greys – and also, based on what I've observed, performed a different sort of job in its interactions with humans. My thoughts go to a very strange incident I, along with a friend, experienced in the mid 1980s in which we were abducted by beings who looked and behaved like the Bug Man on Whidbey Island. The interest of these creatures, as best I can determine, was to artificially stimulate strong emotions in humans – in this case, me – and then by their peculiar system of technology record the output and, I suspect, archive the results in some kind of database. In effect, they seem to have been in the business of building a catalog of human emotions, perhaps not too different, by way of analogy, from an ornithologist who records the warbling of interesting avian species or a batrachologist studying the mating rituals of Bullfrogs. In the case of the Bug Man of Whidbey Island there was a programmatic approach to a similar type of evaluation. But rather than recording human emotions, bird songs or frog croaks the emphasis was on testing psychokinetic skills and extracting sperm from those who passed muster, or at least that's what I'm guessing. The ramifications of this seem to underscore the general theme that a range of exogenic entities have been studying human psychic attributes and aptitude and also collecting gamete samples from selected individuals, all in a purposeful manner. For me, it's impossibly hard not to consider the scenario that humans are part of a very large-scale, ongoing eugenics program which has roots and branches that span worlds, both in a planetary and a multi-dimensional sense.

Another topic that I think should be addressed regarding this abduction experience relates to how my cousins and I reacted after being released from the small craft. By this time in my life, as a fifteen-year-old, I had already experienced multiple encounters with highly exotic beings and had reached a point where my psyche was pretty well conditioned to deal with the strangeness. A significant part of the conditioning, as I've touched on in earlier discussions in this volume, concerned the art, if that's the correct word, of partitioning the mind. This ability is probably part of the psychological tool box of all 'normal' humans, however in the case of those who have been repeatedly exposed to extreme trauma, both physical and emotional, the accumulative construction of differentiated zones of the mind far exceeds what might reasonably be considered to fall within normal

THE VERGES

parameters. In my case, the bifurcation of my psyche was well established by this point and almost immediately after the abduction event the focus of my attention was automatically rerouted to thinking about going home and enjoying a delicious dinner with my family. Brent also appeared to have this dissociative skill well under control and I distinctly recall a very brief eye-contact communication with him where we both acknowledged the best way to navigate out of the weirdness was to NOT TALK ABOUT IT. In contrast, Adam wasn't negotiating the paranormal terrain so smoothly. His reaction was to translate the encounter with the Bug Man to something more familiar to his awareness but equally as horrible, namely a mummy man.

At the risk of appearing to veer off on a tangent I would like to share an experience I had with my now long departed grandfather. This took place when I was about twenty-one years old and volunteered to help my elderly grandparents with yard work, shopping and so forth. My grandfather, Kenneth, whose name I share, served as a medic in World War One in France. As a young man I was interested in hearing about his experiences, knowing that it was probably a delicate subject, but finally asked him one day what some of his memories were. After a short pause, my Grandpa told me he wanted to show me something and to follow him into his den. After we were both inside this small room that seemed always to be kept with a minimum of lighting Grandpa simply pointed to a small, framed picture that was hanging on the wall next to other memorabilia. It was a poor quality copy of a watercolor showing the inside of Reims cathedral in France. The view was looking down the nave toward the magnificent west rose windows. At first I didn't understand what this was about but then Grandpa told me, "Ken, this is what I remember". As he said this he had a far away look and then in a soft voice he followed up by saying, "It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen". I knew that my grandfather had been inside of Notre-Dame de Reims but it took a few moments for the significance of what he said to sink in. Then I began to understand – the horror of my grandfather's experiences during WWI as a medic had been superseded by embracing a glorious vision.

This type of substitution seems to be an instinctive survival mechanism that kicks into gear when the psyche is confronted with extremely traumatic circumstances. I recall at the end of a horrible 1984 abduction experience I saw what looked like three Greyhound dogs running full speed around the corner of a house. Today I realize that what I saw in the early hours of the morning probably weren't

THE VERGES

Greyhounds but were three of the grey-skinned, bug-eyed beings racing out of my sight. My mind had converted what was unacceptably weird into something familiar and significantly less disruptive to the socially acceptable normalcy bias. In the case of my cousin, Adam, the pencil-necked Bug Man I remember seeing had been viewed as a mummy man, a hideous character starring in many horror movies. But thinking about it decades after the fact, maybe Adam was right and my perception might have been just my own personal interpretation of the entity that my cousins and I encountered on Whidbey Island in the summer of 1969.

The Spirit Chief

Late August 1969, age 16

At the age of sixteen I was champing at the bit to get my driver's license. Our family car was still the '65 Pontiac Catalina, by now showing a few dents and scratches, not to mention its embarrassingly out of date styling. Even though I wished my parents bought a new BMW with a stick shift, this barge of a car was better than nothing and I kind of enjoyed the power features, like being able to steer with just using your little finger. Now with my learners' permit, I volunteered at every available opportunity to drive. One chance presented itself just a few days before school started -- I would be entering the 10th grade -- when I went with my mother to shop for some new school clothes for me. I was surprised at how generous my mom was with allowing me to buy good clothes. My preference was for Nordstrom's and after selecting new shoes, a sweater and a few shirts and pairs of pants the bill topped \$100.00. I was sure that Mom would object to this staggering sum of money, but without flinching she got out the credit card and handed it to the cashier.

Our next trip was to go to Mrs. J.'s new house, built on the slopes overlooking Meydenbauer Bay. Wearing some of my new clothes (a polyester, short sleeve pullover shirt with horizontal white stripes on a blood red background and a new pair of white corduroy pants) I hopped into the driver's seat and chauffeured my mom to this nearby destination. Ostensibly this trip was to drop off some books about rhododendrons but I thought it was probably more like a chance for my mom to gab with her friend and admire the just completed home. Still a student driver, it was a bit of challenge for me to fit the ridiculously wide Pontiac up the steep, narrow access road leading to Mrs. J.'s house. I noticed that my mom was gripping the handle of the passenger side door as though she were bracing for the car to go careening off the hillside. We made it safely to the top and I parked the barge without incident.

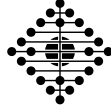
While my mom was inside taking a tour of the new house and undoubtedly sharing all the updated gossip about her circle of friends, I waited outside by the car. This new housing development had been gouged into the hilltop so that the original landscape was now scarred by the ugly tracks of bulldozers and other heavy equipment. Fallen trees, some of them probably over a hundred years old, were pushed into large piles, waiting to be hauled away or burned. What only a few

THE VERGES

months earlier had been a secluded, dense forest of Western Red Cedar trees and ferns, populated by deer and countless other creatures who thrived in a wild habitat, had been brutally ripped apart to make room for the new expensive homes and a maze of asphalt roads and driveways. I felt kind of depressed about how the natural landscape had been treated with such blatant disrespect. It struck me, however, how hypocritical I was, considering that I was wearing a polyester shirt, driving a gas guzzling automobile and getting ready to go to school to learn how to exploit nature even more efficiently.

This kind of thinking about the land was something that I had previously paid little or no attention to during my relatively short life. At the moment though I felt a really oppressive sense of guilt for things that realistically were totally out of my control as a sixteen-year-old kid. Leaning against the shiny body of the Pontiac, I was consumed by an unfamiliar and confusing swirl of ambivalence about the necessity of destroying wilderness to make room for more and more people and all their buildings, roads and cars. My attention was suddenly shifted to a figure in the woods. On a knoll about a dozen yards away from me stood the glowing, crystal-white body of a being who I somehow knew and privately identified as the 'Spirit Chief'. He was wearing his full regalia, also glowing white, including a long tailed feather headdress that framed his light body like rays of an otherworldly aura. I stole a quick glance toward the house, worried that my mom and her friend might suddenly come outside and see what was going on. In a strange and uncomfortable way I felt guilty about interacting with this spirit being. Even worse, I felt guilty about feeling guilty!

The arrival of the Spirit Chief was a surprise, but under the circumstances I intuitively understood why he was there. It was about my transition to adulthood and entering into the role of making decisions and being responsible for the outcome of my choices. The weight of this kind of burden was something that was completely unfamiliar to me, also I didn't want it. In a stern tone, the Chief telepathically gave me a simple message. It was, "Don't forget your People". As his translucent, white figure faded from sight, the haunting message reverberated in my mind, "Don't forget your People". Before I could make any headway on answering this vexing question, I saw that my mom had come outside and was now ready to go back home. Steering the Pontiac carefully down the narrow road, my undivided concentration was on avoiding dumping three tons of automobile down the hillside and into Meydenbaur Bay.



Discussion

Along my journey into adulthood I met several people who became acquaintances and friends, pretty much just like everybody else resident to Earth. I suppose that if reincarnational considerations are factored in I was probably meeting at least some of these people once again. But in addition to the cast of terrestrial characters who intersected with my mundane life path, some of the beings I met in my extraordinary encounters were, I think, long-time acquaintances who preferred to operate from the dimensional outskirts – the verges – of the often pugilistic, gravity dense arena where consciousness becomes bonded to a physiological apparatus. One of my acquaintances of the ethereal sort that I seem to have known for ever was the being I called Spirit Chief, for the obvious reason that he liked to display his radiant white form in the configuration of a Native American in full regalia, complete with a full-length feathered headdress.

To be honest, I have mixed emotions about Spirit Chief. Part of the cause of this ambivalence is due to how he made me feel guilty about harm to the natural environment caused by humans in general. Why was such an onus placed on me – a sixteen year old kid back in 1969 – and what difference did it make to a non-physical being who seemed to have no stake in the matter? He admonished me, "Remember your people". But who were my people? All my life I had tried very hard to fit into the superficially picture-perfect suburban world of my human family. Sublimating the knowledge of my encounters with alien events and beings had been a huge struggle ever since I was a young child. I recalled an incident when I was a toddler, learning how to master the art of walking, being outside on a warm summer day. I saw a shiny, silver object passing overhead high in the sky and screamed to my mother, who was nearby hanging laundry on the clothes line. Jumping up and down, I pointed to the silver craft passing a few thousand feet above us. My baby talk and screeches of excitement were returned in reply by my mom, who said in a calm and obviously unconcerned voice, "Kenny, that's just an airplane". Just an airplane? The silvery object disappeared from sight and I felt a horrible letdown. I was sure that this silver vehicle in the sky was going to come

THE VERGES

pick me up and rescue me from my current predicament – being stuck in a child's body in a remote village on Earth! It must have been some kind of mistake, because surely I didn't belong here.

In the House of God

December 1969, age 16

During my childhood and teenage years my mother and father professed a faith in Christianity and were adamant that both my sister and I follow them in their religious tenets. Adding to the weight of this indoctrination, the church that my family attended, a conservative Presbyterian church, was located only one house away from ours, at the end of the block. It seemed to me that 'The Church' was a little too close for comfort. Even if that weren't enough, my mother worked part time as a secretary for this church and sang in the choir. My father, to my absolute horror and embarrassment, decided to be the Sunday school teacher for my class one year. By the time I was entering High School, I had been thoroughly brow beaten with the dogma of conservative Christianity. Mom had even forced me to join the Church, even though I told her that I wasn't sure I believed in either God or Jesus. To her that wasn't the point. You joined the Church simply because it was the right thing to do.

When I was sixteen, I somehow 'got volunteered' by my mom to lock up this church at night. I had to wait until ten o'clock or later at night, depending on what activities were going on, and walk through all three floors of the buildings, making sure that the windows and doors were closed and locked and that only the night lights were left on. Even though it was only a short walk to and from the church, it took me about a half-hour to make my rounds through the building. For this I was paid \$2.00 per night. Since I had to wait until the church was empty, I was completely alone in this process. Room after room, floor after floor, I walked in the darkness, sometimes feeling my way along the hallways with my hands until I reached the doorway. The experience of walking alone through a dark, empty building close to midnight conjured up a variety of feelings in me, not the least of which was stark fear.

It was only a few days before Christmas in 1969 when I had to go over to the church, one more time, to lock it up. The choir had been preparing for the season's events and the practice had run late. Now, almost midnight, everybody had finally left the building allowing me to make my rounds. My normal route was to start with the administration offices, move on to the education wings, on to the large lower floor assembly hall and then walk up the stairway leading to the sanctuary. I had just reached the top of the stairs when I heard the sounds of somebody playing a flute. The soft, melodic strains of music floated up

THE VERGES

the stairway, coming from the basement level of the church, from the large room that I had just walked through. In a few fractions of a second my mind frantically tried to come up with a plausible explanation for this flute music but hit an impasse.

Gathering up my courage, I called down the stairs, anxiously asking, "Who's down there?" After a moment, the flute playing stopped and I heard a young man's voice reply to my question. In a pathetic, lilting tone it said, "I'm cold so I came inside." The idea that some homeless guy had sneaked into the church was bad enough, but to think that I had just walked by him on my way to the stairs gave me the creeps. Trying to quickly collect my wits and come up with a suitable method of disposing of this person, I debated whether to just get out of the church and call the police or to try to cope with the situation myself. The tone of the flute player's voice was so dejected and non-threatening that I decided to deal with him one step further. I yelled down the stairs, telling him, "You have to leave the church. I can't let you stay inside." The flute player didn't hesitate to reply to my statement and said in a lamenting voice, "But its cold outside and I'm naked". This sentence floored me. True, it was freezing cold outside. And now, the idea that a homeless and naked flute player had entered the church on this December night only a few days before Christmas played a cruel tug-of-war between my credulity and my indoctrinated religious views of compassion.

After some more thinking I came up with what I thought was a reasonable compromise. Directing my voice down the stairway I told the homeless flute player that he needed to come up the stairs to where I was. In an act of Christian charity I offered to take my shirt off and give it to him so he could cover himself. Then I would call the police so they could arrange to find a place for him to stay for the night. In my naive mind this offer resolved both the security issue and the need to provide the derelict flute player with at least a temporary solution to his situation.

In an instant of time I saw a blurred streak of small people come rushing up the stairs. There were three of them now standing in front of me on the top landing of the stairway. One pointed a wand at me, immobilizing my body. In this frozen standing position I saw that all three of these beings looked identical. They were the familiar elf-like people who periodically intruded on my life. Obviously I had been duped by their clever ploy to induce me to invite them up the stairs. They all wore gray, hooded jackets. Their ash-gray skin color and

THE VERGES

huge, shiny black eyes were familiar to me from the many previous visits from this type of being. Standing only about four feet tall, they were slight in body build and I probably could have physically fought them off if only I hadn't been paralyzed by their technology. I wanted in the worst way to give them each a kick or a shove and watch them bounce down the stairs. So much for my feelings of Christian charity!

While one guy held me at bay, two others were busily involved in another task. To my horror they had pulled my pants and underpants down and were placing a gold colored woven belt around my hips. This belt was attached by a gold colored cord to a small box that one of the elves held in his spindly fingers. I had already taken my jacket and shirt off in preparation to give it to the 'flute player', and now stood agonizingly exposed in the church. The other elf held a steel colored cup in his hands, in front of my genitalia. After the gold belt had been tightened around my hips I began to feel a building sensation of low frequency vibrations. In only a few seconds my penis became erect and the pulsing energy transmitted by the belt caused me to ejaculate. An elf collected my semen in the cup. This having been accomplished, I watched in a stunned state as the three beings flashed back down the stairs in the same blurred sprint as that of their arrival.

I was left alone on the top of the stairway. It took me a minute or so to collect my thoughts. Eventually I pulled up my underpants and pants, realizing that this was at least the minimum of what I should do at the moment. I put my shirt and jacket back on too. In the process of covering my body with my clothes, I was also struggling to cover my memory of what had just happened. "Cover it over, make it go away, forget about it", said a voice in one sector of my mind. That voice was, however, having an argument from another messenger in my mind, who said, "You just committed a mortal sin!" It continued, screaming at me, "You masturbated in the House of God!" Yet another portion of my mind was trying to enter into this dialogue. Its voice said, "You have just been sexually violated. It was not your fault!" This three-way mental yelling match went on for a few moments until finally the voice that declared that I had committed a horrible sin drowned out the other voices.

I eventually stumbled out of the stairwell and entered the church sanctuary, gripped by a massive burden of guilt. The sanctuary was lit only by a few lights that I had deliberately turned on earlier. I was shocked when suddenly the pipe organ blasted out a rapid sequence of chords. Looking in the shadows to see who was playing the organ, I

THE VERGES

saw rising from the sunken console a figure wearing a dark brown, hooded robe. As this person got up from the organ bench and walked towards me, I could see that where his face should have been there was only a pitch black void framed by the hood. Intuitively I felt that this being was connected with my current state of sin, almost as though my actions had attracted this creepy Faceless One to me. The figure spoke to me, his voice resounding in the empty sanctuary. He said, "My dear boy, you don't look to be in very good spirits tonight." His tone was noticeably sarcastic, and the borderline pun didn't escape my attention. Keeping my distance from him, I proceeded to spill out my grief about my perceived state of sin. Without mentioning the horrible details, I told him that I thought that I was going to Hell, for sure.



FIG 20: The Faceless One. This entity appeared in the church I was locking up for the night just after I was raped by a trio of Greys. It was able to move and gesticulate even though there should have been a body inside the hooded monk's cowl there was only a black void.

THE VERGES

The Faceless One patiently listened to my self-accusation and then mentioned that maybe he could be of some help. Continuing, he said that he might be able to arrange for my soul to be cleansed of sin. But in return for this service I would have to provide repayment in some form. Pausing, he asked me if I had any ideas of what I might give in return. I told the robed figure that I only made two dollars a night locking up the church and didn't have very much money. Laughing dramatically, the Faceless One told me that he didn't want my money. He said, "Its not your coins that I want, dear boy, its your service!" This sentence seemed to echo throughout the dimly lit sanctuary longer than the laws of physics would normally allow it to. In my mind I imagined that maybe he wanted me to pull weeds in his garden or do some other menial chores. When I mentioned this to him he laughed again. He went on to explain that he was actually an agent for a variety of organizations. These organizations, he explained, were in constant need of healthy and intelligent young people like me. The Faceless One waved a handless arm in the air, seeming to dismiss the importance of the exact details of my service, telling me that the details of my involvement with the organizations would be worked out at a later time. He concluded by saying, "Why, you'll hardly even remember that you did any work at all."

I wasn't very comfortable with the lack of clarity in this deal. However, bypassing further discussion, the Faceless One moved the agenda forward and told me to lie down on a church pew. He was going to call in an angelic entity to perform my soul cleansing. All that I had to do was to lie still with my eyes closed for a period of time. I became quite overwrought at the idea that an emissary of God was going to show up. I wanted to know exactly which pew I should lie down on, and was for some reason afraid that I might get too close to it. The Faceless One seemed a little irritated by my picky concern and told me to choose any row. He informed me that the angel would appear at the peak of the A-frame ceiling and work from there.

Following instructions, I laid down on one of the oak pews and closed my eyes. In a few minutes, an extremely bright white light began to fill the entire sanctuary. Sneaking a quick look, I opened my eyes for just a moment and saw a ball of light about two feet in diameter near the ceiling. It shone like a small sun. Closing my eyes again, I felt my body becoming very relaxed. The light gave off a pleasant warmth. I began to feel sleepy and slipped off into an unconscious state.

I woke up lying on the wooden church pew. Sitting upright, I saw

that I was alone in the sanctuary. I felt wonderful, almost overwhelmed with a feeling of happiness. I tried to remember what the events were that led up to this situation. Now standing and moving around, I remembered that an angel had come to the church. I felt blessed, like something miraculous had happened to me. What I didn't remember were the three robed elves who had extracted my semen and the Faceless One who on behalf of unspecified organizations had extorted future service from me. Radiant with an inner warmth, I walked home, oblivious to the sub-freezing temperatures all around me.



Discussion

This 1969 encounter which took place inside of the local Presbyterian church sometime near midnight clearly demonstrates how the grey-skinned Ant People are skilled tricksters. Stealth and cunning is their forte. A link between these strange beings and traditional concepts of fairies, elves and so forth is impossible to overlook, I think, particularly in light of the tactics used on me in this experience. The lilting and beguiling flute music that came from the bottom of the stairway could have been from the eighteenth-century and combined with the pitiful voice of what I thought was a young man asking for assistance turned out instead to be a trio of Greys. For the record I should probably add that there was another occasion when this flute music trick was used to get my attention. This took place during the early morning hours in July, 1987 at the infamous Astoria Hotel in Vancouver, B.C., Canada. In this situation the source of the ruse turned out to be the deep-blue colored Dwarf 'aliens' and not the Grey types. In both cases the subterfuge of old Irish flute music was successfully employed to lure me into their grasp. And in both cases the treasure these curious folk were after wasn't gold but gametes, in other words the substance of my seminal fluid.

It's rather irksome for me to look back on all the shenanigans I've had to put up with just for these 'aliens' to collect my sperm. Why was it that they operated in such secrecy? In the current era they might have placed an online ad, maybe on Craig's List, to expedite the process. But I suppose there would probably be issues with posting an ad like, "Inter-dimensional fairies seeking sperm donations to make mutants. No compensation". Sarcasm aside, there has been an anachronistic quality

THE VERGES

to much of what has taken place in my various skirmishes with strange beings. It is as though these exotic transients, who obviously have something to gain by exploiting humans, are not altogether in synch with the styles and standards of any particular contemporary setting. This has not infrequently been demonstrated to me by how their curiously awkward and sometimes old-fashioned approach – MiB and their vintage cars come to mind here – is astonishingly juxtaposed with what appears to be extremely advanced technology. For me, this seems to point to a situation where many of the secretive beings who have meddled with my life are not resident to any particular time-line. While their savvy of pertinent human culture may sometimes be sorely lacking, their navigation skills seem to be independent of the shackles of time.

There is more – actually, a whole lot more – to be said regarding what might be described as the loose association that the grey-skinned Ant People have with what we ordinary, mundane humans think of as space-time, not to mention gravity. What I saw in the church just after hearing the lamentations – in perfectly good English, by the way – of the homeless flute player was a slightly glowing whitish-grey blur roaring up the lower part of the staircase, pivoting around 180° effortlessly in the landing mid way up and without slowing down then coming to a sudden stop only inches away from my body. The rush of this movement instantly congealed into the opaque and presumably solid forms of three small Grey aliens. By this point my body had been somehow locked in situ while these little devils did their job on me. After their mission was completed – collecting my sperm – they streaked back down the stairs in exactly the same blurred, rapid motion by which they had arrived. Standing mostly undressed and in a state of shock, I was struggling to make sense of what had just happened. Of course my psyche was trying to deal with just having been raped but I also recall being bewildered at how these little creatures could move so rapidly. What I saw, in a flash of time was that as they arrived and departed they appeared to leave something like a wispy trail with a strobe effect.

In encounter events years after this 1969 experience I've also noticed the ability of the grey-skinned Ant People to perform what by conventional Earthly standards would be considered an impossible feat of near instantaneous relocation. I recall in particular one situation in 1976 when the little Grey I called Robot Man lured me into an abandoned gravel pit on Whidbey Island. I first noticed him standing

THE VERGES

about forty yards away. He telepathically told me something to the effect of, "Don't be afraid", which was pretty much irrelevant because in a blink of an eye this being had relocated to a position only a few inches away from my body and had locked its huge black eyes on mine, not so very different from a snake who has struck out and seized its prey.



FIG 21: The relocation motion of the Greys appeared to leave a wispy trail with a strobe effect. It was as though they were rapidly skipping through space in multiple pulses before they arrived in a solid form.

In my strange experiences with exogenic beings there sometimes seems to have been a disturbingly nefarious undercurrent that surfaced by means of enacting an occult ritual. This leads my thoughts back to something I touched on earlier in this discussion, which is the quirky, anachronistic and sometimes histrionic elements appearing in many of my contact events. From my vantage point today, more than four decades down the road, so to speak, from where I was as a sixteen-year-old kid, I can also see that there was a darkly comedic tone to events. It was as though I was a child actor who had been recruited to perform a role that would satisfy the weird taste of otherworldly beings whose preference in entertainment was decidedly chthonian. It isn't exactly clear to me if the appearance of the iconic Grim Reaper figure who showed up just after my emotionally devastating rape by a trio of Greys was integral to the drama of a naked, homeless flute player or if it was a case of opportunism. From a psychological standpoint I was pretty much like road kill at this point and any number of hypo-dimensional, soul-sucking scavengers would probably be delighted to take advantage of the situation. However, given the milieu and genre that saturated this experience I think that the events from beginning to end were a carefully planned operation to insure that I would remain ensnared in service to a very alien agenda.

Lie Down on the Altar

Winter 1969, age 16

My job of locking up the neighborhood church every night had turned into an unwelcome chore. It was nice to have the few extra bucks I earned doing this but having to always stay up late and wend my way through dark hallways and rooms, sometimes well after midnight, wasn't exactly a pleasure. The recent experience with the homeless flute player had by now been pushed back into the dark recesses of my memory. Even still, I was on edge as I made my nightly route through the church buildings. There had been a recent break-in and I wasn't exactly looking forward to the possibility of bumping into a burglar. As a result of my nervousness, I had worked out a system to always leave at least one light on ahead of me. At the start of my rounds I turned on some lights in the sanctuary, the last part of the nightly circuit, so that as I came up the stairs from the basement into this cavernous room I wouldn't have to walk down the center aisle of the nave in the dark.

After having made sure all the windows were closed and the exterior doors were locked, I ventured up the stairs that led from the lower level congregation hall to the sanctuary. I was glad that the lights were on, per my plan, because there was something about that stairway that gave me the creeps. Next time, I thought to myself, maybe I should change my route in order to avoid the stairway. Bucking up my courage, I walked over to the antechamber next to the pulpit. This was a small room where the minister hid while waiting until just the right moment to make his dramatic entrance in front of the congregation and deliver the sermon. Our minister, Mr. Burgess, had a very deep, commanding voice that sounded like it was speaking directly from God. It struck me as a little odd that his waiting room had an exterior exit door in it – this is what I had to make sure was locked – and I imagined that it might have been built there just in case Mr. Burgess chickened out at the last minute and needed to make a run for it. I didn't waste any time in this dark, cramped space and was looking forward to getting out of the sanctuary, out of the church and going home.

As I was about halfway down the nave I thought I noticed a shadowy figure standing in the gloom of the south aisle. Impulsively jerking my head around to look towards this form, I squinted my eyes in an attempt to compensate for the dark but concluded that there was nothing there to see. Obviously I was imagining things and needed to

THE VERGES

remain calm and just walk a few more dozen feet to the sanctuary doors to reach the bank of light switches next to them. Just as I extended my arm to turn off the lights they somehow turned off by themselves, leaving me in pitch darkness. My previous determination to remain calm instantly gave way to panic and groping in the dark I frantically flipped the switches on and off several times, thinking that there might just be a problem with the wiring or the connections. All this fiddling didn't solve anything so I decided to make a run for it through the dark and get out of the building as quickly as possible.

An instant before my fingers touched the handle of the heavy, copper plated door, a single spotlight over the "supper table" at the opposite end of the sanctuary from where I was positioned at the moment, turned on full blast. This light was mounted at the apex of the A-frame ceiling and illuminated a huge cross hanging on the wall and shone down on a large Bible placed on the table. Stunned by the new twist in electrical malfunctions, I didn't know how to immediately respond. This moment of hesitation was suddenly interrupted by a booming voice, apparently working through the choir loud speaker system. It commanded, "Approach the altar." I was torn between getting the heck out of the church and investigating what was going on with the lights and the voice. I tried to reassure myself that there was probably a logical explanation for these bizarre events. Under the circumstances this took about all the self control I could muster, and after calming down a little it occurred to me that some of my school friends might be playing a nasty trick on me. Determined to get to the bottom of things, I walked back down the nave and stepped up onto the raised flooring of the chancel.

Trying to mask my nervousness, I called out to whoever might be pulling this joke on me to come out and show themselves. After nobody appeared or made any detectable noise, I walked over by the organ to the rows of pews used by the choir members. Looking behind and under the pews for my sneaky friends, I was disappointed not to find anyone. Growing more anxious because of the lack of an obvious explanation for the voice and lighting malfunctions, I again was jolted by a booming voice commanding me one more, "Approach the altar". This time I obeyed, and stood under the spotlight, shaking a little and beginning to drip with sweat. The voice ordered me to take the huge Bible and the two flanking candles off the top of the table. This definitely seemed like something I shouldn't do, but despite my reservations I carefully removed the heavy Bible and the two large red

THE VERGES

candles with their brass bases and put them on the floor. To my horror, the voice now told me, "Lie down on the altar". Even though I knew that this was completely crazy I felt compelled to bend to the will of the voice. After taking my shoes and coat off I carefully climbed on top of the table and placed my body in a prone position. As I was hoping that the heavy marble top wouldn't tip over, the spotlight shining down on me suddenly grew in intensity. It was now a blinding, white pillar of light that no ordinary light bulb could possibly produce. The voice told me to close my eyes, hold still and just wait for a few minutes. At this point I seemed to have been paralyzed anyway and couldn't move even my little finger, let alone climb off the altar.

Feeling like I had become stuck in a nightmarish science project, I sensed the beam of light slowly move up and down my body, from head to toe, causing an extremely painful electrical sort of vibration in the process. After making a few of these full passes, the beam stopped and focused on my head. My body shivered involuntarily with whatever kind of energy the light pillar was generating. I felt my eye glasses begin to jiggle on my face and then heard a cracking sound that was immediately followed by my glasses flying loose. This light treatment continued for some period of time and then, without my noticing, came to a conclusion. While lying on the altar, I had apparently lost consciousness, which wasn't surprising considering the agonizing pain caused by the light pillar. Coming back somewhat to my senses, I tried to lift my head and focus my eyes. I felt extremely weak and my vision was like when you have been exposed to a camera flash at close range. Thankfully, at this point the intense spotlight had been turned off, or perhaps burned itself out. The few lights that I had left on earlier were back on, so that after waiting a few minutes to get my eyes adjusted to the current low level of light, I could see better.

Struggling to regain muscle control, I made an effort to climb off the altar. This resulted in my body flopping onto the floor with a dull thud sound that echoed in the empty sanctuary. With a tremendous amount of effort, I was able to crawl around on hands and knees, my main objective at the moment being to find my eye glasses. They were about ten feet away and I put them on my face. To my great annoyance, the lenses had exploded out of the frames and my next mission was to try to locate them. This having been accomplished, mainly by brushing the carpet with my hands in a tactile search, I managed to stand upright and begin to collect my wits. Something very, very strange had just happened and I didn't want to think about it. I needed to get home, go to

bed and most importantly, forget.

Before leaving I had to place the enormous Bible and candles back in their proper place, the way they were before my ordeal began. I took a quick look around to make sure that everything was in order and then made a hasty retreat, mercifully without further incident. After locking the heavy porch doors of the church I walked the short distance back to my home. It was now close to 1:30 in the morning. As I unlocked the front door of my family's house, I thought about how nice and snug my parents and sister were in their comfortable beds while I had been experiencing some kind of weird religious ritual inside of the local church. Sneaking back to my bedroom as quietly as possible, I hoped that I wouldn't wake anybody up. The last thing I wanted at that point was to have to answer questions about what took me so long to get home.



Discussion

As best I can piece it together this incident took place sometime near the very end of December, 1969. It seems to have happened just shortly after the horrible experience I had in the same church about a week earlier, only a day or two before Christmas, as described in the account *In the House of God* in this volume. It's hard for me to not link these two bizarre events together, not only because they took place in close sequence but also due to what amounts to a ritualized desecration of the environment of the church that took place on both occasions. Whatever or whoever the entities that exploited me might have been, they were clearly, in my estimation, contemptuous of the sacred architecture and corresponding symbolism built into a Christian house of worship. For the Faceless One and the voice that boomed through the sanctuary loudspeakers the church seems to have been an ideal stage in which to enact the next installment of my subduction into an insidious operation. The occult symbolism in this setting could hardly be more evident, again pointing to what seems to me like a predilection of parasitic entities to enshroud their activities in perverted versions of spirituality acted out with a garishly dramatic flourish.

It's painful for me to think back about how incredibly naive I was at this time in my life. I suppose somewhat to my credit, even though I

THE VERGES

was raised in a conservative religious environment, by the time I was twelve years old I had serious reservations about the dogmatic nature of church teachings. I remember in particular being forced against my will to recite the Nicene Creed in a formal ritual of professing my faith, what little there was. As a sixteen-year-old I was in the stage of life where I questioned just about everything and wanted more than anything else to break free and begin to independently explore my own life without any encumbrance such as institutionalized religious belief systems. But it's very difficult to divest oneself of memes that have been instilled in one's psyche since early in childhood and my indoctrination into the Passion of Christ was an exceptionally convenient lever for opportunistic types – both human and otherwise – to manipulate my behavior. As a result I was sufficiently intimidated by the booming, God-like voice that rather than running for my life I obediently followed the command given, "Lie down of the Altar".

It should probably be pointed out that in the Presbyterian faith and correspondingly, the church architecture of this denomination, there is no altar. The table that I was commanded to lie on by the deep-toned voice broadcast through the sanctuary's sound system was, properly defined, the 'supper table' and not an altar where gifts or sacrifices would be made. Maybe this is a fine point, but it's evident that whoever or whatever was messing around with me inside the church back in 1969 wasn't interested in making any such distinctions. The command was, "Lie down on the altar", irregardless of how relevant the order was to the local environment. The perpetrators of this operation wanted an unquestioning, obedient human victim – me – to be used in their occult rituals. Also, if it's of any relief, I think it's safe to say that the Faceless One and the source of the God-like booming voice were most likely not Presbyterians, or at least very good ones.

Taking a somewhat more expansive view of this experience, the picture that I can see from my current vantage point shows the hallmarks of what very loosely might be labeled as the 'Grey Agenda'. The Greys, as I've indicated previously in this volume are what I called the Ant People when I was a kid, who had ash-grey colored skin and huge black eyes. Their program, such as it might all entail, is most likely only a subset operating inside of an unimaginably large universe of exogenic influences, activities and interactions involving life on Earth and, of course, elsewhere. At any rate, based on what I've observed in my experiences over the decades, the 'Grey Agenda', or at least a significant part of it, involves recruiting humans, preferably at a

THE VERGES

tender age, to be trained – i.e. subjected to trauma-based mind control and given a few temporal rewards – and then placed into service as needed. I think it's important to note that as far as my involvement went, the Greys themselves did not seem to directly engage in the 'dirty work' of the training. The intentionally brutal, carefully planned and executed process of restructuring the psyche of someone chosen to be of service was delegated to other categories of beings and entities, specialists in this aspect of a dark enterprise. In my life, the principle being included in this mix was my Reptilian handler, Renjeck.

The Faceless One – a variation of the Grim Reaper by my best guess – was also involved and present in two of my key soul contract related experiences. In one horrific, soul shattering experience I was abducted by exceptionally ugly, human-appearing types to be tortured and subsequently forced to sign an agreement against my will – see *A Contract from Hell* in this volume. To try to wrap up this part of the current discussion, I think that the Greys are by design incapable of comprehending the subtleties and nuances of human emotions. In a complex occult agenda, sometimes it probably makes sense to outsource at least some of the work.

Wrapped up inside of the ritualistic drama of making me lie down on the 'altar' there was, I think, the core issue of furthering the process of having my physiology optimized so that it could become more compatible to the nervous system of my Reptilian master. If one pardons the pun, this was the crux of the radiation treatment I suffered through while lying on my back on the 'supper table' – the Presbyterian euphemistic assignment. The light that shone down on my body from the top of the huge cross that made my body feel like it was on fire and eventually caused my eye glasses to explode off from my face wasn't, I think it's safe to say, a stock item found in the local hardware store.

A Minor Operation

Late Summer, 1970 age 16

As a sixteen-year-old I reached and successfully passed one of the most important coming-of-age rituals in American society -- I now had my driver's license. This achievement bestowed a new dimension of independence, allowing me to move one step forward on a path to becoming unstuck from the suffocatingly mundane ontological tunnel vision of my parents. Still, my freedom was quite limited because I was just a teenager, and an invisible tether continued to bind me to my family somewhat like an extra long umbilical cord. This cord, for the day, was generously extended a little by my mother, who allowed me to drive by myself to the shopping mall and buy some new school clothes.

My goal was to make this trip as uneventful and quick as possible. My older sister had already put a dent in the front of the family car and the last thing I wanted was for my first solo adventure driving the car to go wrong. Spending my own hard-earned money, I bought some essentials like underwear and socks and then picked out a shirt and trousers. Because I was footing the bill for these purchases, I decided to shop at the local J.C. Penny store rather than the considerably nicer but more expensive Nordstroms. After paying the cashier I began to walk to the store's front doors, determined to get back home without any delay or accidents.

Just as I was a few feet away from the glass doors, the ordinary forward walking motion of my body was brought to a standstill by some invisible, incomprehensible force. It was as though large rubber bands had been attached to my waist and now having reached their elastic limit were not only preventing me from moving forward but also were exerting a strong pull back to the interior of the store. This weird force had also left me unable to vocalize, so that my first instinct to yell out for help turned into a silent shout of alarm. Even though I had by this time escalated my efforts to move forward and get the heck out of the store my body was slowing moving in reverse, leading me in slow motion toward the escalator that connected to the lower floor of the store. As the invisible pulling force continued to yank me backwards, I was able to see the middle aged clerk at the cash register, who by now was only a few feet away from me. With every ounce of mental strength and determination I could muster, I attempted to scream at this lady for help. Nothing came out of my mouth and to my amazement and extreme disappointment the clerk simply ignored what must have

THE VERGES

looked like a very strange sight, namely that of the body of a young man skidding backwards along the terrazzo floor.

Like a mannikin being transported from one part of the store to another, my upright body slid onto the top of the escalator. Because I didn't have any muscle control I was sure that my rigid form would topple over and bounce head first, step by painful step, down the moving mechanical stairway. This worse-case scenario didn't happen, and after arriving at the bottom of the escalator my body swiveled around so that it was facing in the direction of motion and then continued its inexorable journey, now heading for the exit door at the rear of the store. To my complete exasperation, the store personnel didn't pay any attention to me. Did they think I was just some kooky kid playing a game? I tried to scream for help, but like before no sound came out of my mouth.

I was aware that a set of steps led from the lower level of the store out to the parking lot. The thought of having to endure yet another stairway transit in a paralyzed condition took my mental state dangerously close to blowing a fuse. I pictured my helpless, rigid body crashing down the stairs and breaking into thousands of pieces like a broken ceramic figurine. So it was to my great relief that just after being pulled outside the building I managed to regain some control of my muscles, even though the elastic force that was reeling me in to some destination continued to exert its influence. I stumbled down the stairs like somebody who was just learning how to walk, then continued to be pulled for a few more yards into the outdoor parking lot. I saw a young mother with her children in a car not too far away from me. Using the slight amount of dexterity I had, I waved one of my arms to this woman in a desperate plea for help. She just sat motionless behind the steering wheel of her car, staring into space like some kind of zombie. Even her kids weren't moving, making it look like they had somehow been frozen in time.

My attention was next turned to three men in the parking lot. They were standing next to an unmarked, white delivery van with a roll-up door in the rear. Any hopes that I might have had that these guys were going to help me were instantly dashed when I saw that one of the men was aiming a rifle-like rod directly at my body. After determining that this wasn't an ordinary type of gun, I figured that this object, attached by a cord to a backpack the man was wearing, had something to do with reeling me in. This realization was confirmed when my body was forcibly turned towards the van, and subsequently advanced in an

THE VERGES

unrelenting march toward what I had by now determined were kidnapers.

In the short interval of time during which I was being pulled toward my captors I tried to make a quick evaluation of who and what I was dealing with. The three men, all wearing white jump suits, looked exactly the same. They had straight blond, rather stiff hair, blue eyes and skin with a strange yellowish-tan complexion. There was something about their appearance that didn't look quite human. It was almost as though they were made of plastic, an impression that was reinforced by their unnaturally stiff postures and completely blank expressions. One of the men moved to the back of the van and opened the roll-up door. Another man produced a hypodermic syringe from his pocket and gave me a jab in the arm. Without saying anything or providing any clue whatsoever about why I was being taken, my kidnapers then lifted me into the cargo area of the truck and closed the door. In the blackness I could feel myself slip into a really sleepy state and then become completely oblivious to anything that might have been happening around me.

At some point I came out of unconsciousness, finding that I had ended up in a bleak, concrete room, painted a dull yellow color. Looking around this windowless cell, I was unhappy to see that the bags of my newly purchased school clothes were nowhere in sight. Even more troubling, the clothes that I had been wearing before the kidnaping had been removed from my body and replaced with a flimsy hospital gown. Climbing out of an old fashioned, folding military cot that I had somehow been placed on, I walked over to the open door and peered out into the hallway. After looking left and right, I didn't see anybody and since I didn't have any restraints on my motion or volition I decided to look around this space in an effort to figure out what was going on. The hall, of the same construction as the small room I had been left in, was made of concrete with the pattern of the form boards evident in the texture of the walls and ceiling. Lighting came from ordinary florescent fixtures mounted on the ceiling. Still not seeing anyone, I ventured down the hallway, noticing an unpleasant smell that seemed like a combination of chlorine disinfectant and the revolting odor of rotting meat.

The disgusting smell got stronger the further I went down the hallway. It seemed to be coming from a particular room, and with a somewhat perverse interest I entered this space wondering what might be causing the stink. By this point, my hunch was that I had been taken

to an underground complex. This tentative conclusion was based on the fact that all of the rooms I had been in up to this point didn't have windows and also the bunker-like concrete construction of the walls and ceilings. Also, there was an obvious deficiency of ventilation. The smelly room I had just entered was fairly large, with other rooms in sight connected to it. The floor sloped downwards, away from the hallway and I could see a metal drain grate at the lowest point. To the right of me, a variety of crude looking implements were organized on the wall. They consisted of different sizes and styles of saws, pliers, clamps, hooks and other things I couldn't identify. Walking further into what was now looking and smelling like something between a rendering works and a butcher shop, I had to hold my nose because of the putrid stench.

My expedition stopped when I came to a large table, on top of which was scattered an assortment of severed legs and other body parts of cows, including gooey globs that looked to me like internal organs. I involuntarily yelled out an expression of disgust. Only a few seconds after this, a loud buzzer sounded in the hallway and I realized that my short adventure trying to get an idea of where I had been taken to was probably about over. My exhortation clearly had the unanticipated and unplanned for result of attracting the attention of somebody. This was confirmed when a short, balding, white-haired man came out of the room near where I was, looking completely surprised and irritated that somebody had entered his area. This old guy was identifiably human, unlike the 'men' who had pulled me out of the J.C. Penney store. He wore a white smock which was soiled by splotches and smears of red. Behind him I could see a band saw, like the kind I had seen before at the neighborhood butcher shop.

Only a minute or so later, two people wearing white laboratory coats entered the room that I had wandered into. I heard the old meat cutter complain, saying something about lax security. Of the two people who were now standing next to me, one was definitely not what I considered human, at least in appearance. The least unusual of this pair, in my opinion, was close to seven feet tall and along with very pale skin and piercing, blue eyes, had fairly long, wavy blond hair. His companion stood only about five feet tall and had olive-brown skin and black, straight hair in a conservative cut. What made the short guy look weird to me were his unusually large, all black eyes. These were oval shaped and, spaced apart widely on his face, slanted upwards slightly at the outer corners. These two people didn't seem overly worried about

THE VERGES

my escape. The tall guy asked me a few simple questions while the short guy stared into my eyes. My attention was completely absorbed by this penetrating gaze so that I barely noticed the jab of the syringe needle into my arm.

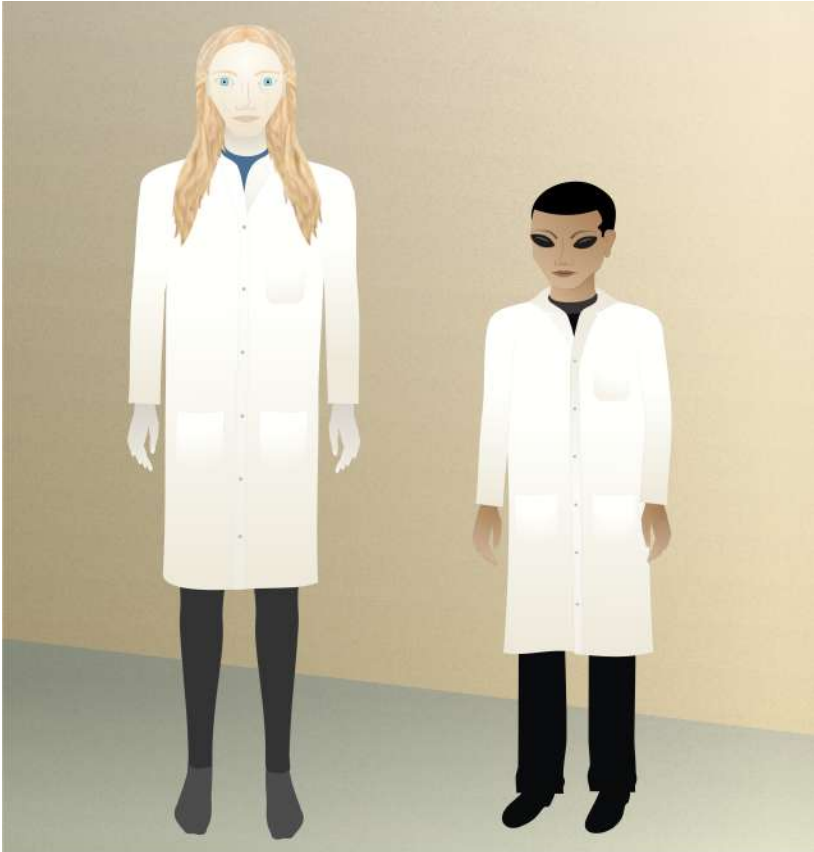


FIG 22: Left: The tall blue-eyed man with long blonde hair. He gave me a shot with a hypodermic syringe. Right: The technician who stared into my eyes to make me feel very relaxed. These two people worked as a team in the foul smelling facility I had been taken to for my operation.

My eyes opened to look upwards to a concrete ceiling painted pale yellow. I was being moved on a gurney down a hallway and didn't feel good. There was somebody next to me that looked like he might be a doctor, or just another person in a white coat. Feeling really weak, I asked this man what was going on, what did they do to me? He said that I had just had a minor operation, and that there was nothing to worry about. "Screw you", I told him with as much energy as I could

THE VERGES

muster. I was worried and was going to keep on worrying until somebody explained what the hell they were doing to me. I insisted on being told what kind of operation. I got silence in reply. Repeating my demand for information a few more times, the man walking alongside the gurney finally said something about an adjustment to my endocrine system and something to do with adrenal glands. I had no idea what this was or what it entailed and gave up trying to understand the weird things that had happened to me, beginning with being pulled out the J.C. Penney store by what seemed like invisible rubber bands.

I was rolled out through a set of double doors and saw the sky and smelled fresh air. What a relief that was. Still laying on the gurney, I could at least move my head around enough to see that I was in an enclosed courtyard. It looked very utilitarian, with the surrounding construction made of poured concrete. Feeling revived by the fresh air, I struggled to move some more with the objective of getting off the gurney. This, to my great consternation, proved impossible because I was strapped down. Apparently my earlier escape had prompted the 'hospital' staff to take no chances and tie me down! I voiced my complaints, laced with a suitable dose of profanity, but felt so helpless and dejected at this point that I began to cry. Someone next to me said that I shouldn't worry – not a particularly helpful suggestion – because I was going to be taken back home in just a few minutes. Before I could choke out an obscene reply, a mask was placed over my face. Having no choice in the matter, I breathed in whatever concoction was being given to me. In only a few seconds my previous state of high anxiety was shifted to a pleasant feeling of detachment along with a complete lack of concern about anything. I recall coming somewhat back to my physical senses when I felt my limp body being lifted and strapped into a seat. Just barely awake, I also heard loud wump-wump-wump sounds and with an effort managed to open my eyes to see that I had been placed in the front seat of a helicopter. Just before I passed out I heard the helicopter pilot talking to me in a soothing voice. He said, "Buddy, don't worry. I've got everything under control and I'll have you back home in no time".

The feeling of gravel pressing into my skin woke me up. I was on the ground with the side of my face being poked by crushed rock spread over a parking lot. Sitting upright, I brushed off the small chunks that stuck into my skin. Quickly taking a look around, not only did I feel horribly embarrassed to be in this situation, I couldn't remember how I ended up in it. The last thing I remembered was shopping at the

THE VERGES

J.C. Penney store and walking toward the front doors. Now standing up, I was tremendously relieved to see right next to me the bags of clothes that I had purchased. Inexplicably, I had ended up next to some bushes in a graveled parking lot. Beginning to sort things out, I saw that the rear parking lot of the J.C. Penney store was only a few dozen yards away. I only had to walk through some bushes and trees to retrace my steps.

In a sudden wave of panic, I remembered that I had driven the car by myself to the store, but now couldn't remember where it was parked. My current state of mind was horribly confused, as though a whirlpool of images and sensations were all competing for attention. I had to try extremely hard to focus on finding the car. Walking through the back parking lot, I got a creepy feeling accompanied by some deep seated warning signals. One of these was to the effect of, "Don't go back inside that store!" The escalator seemed an especially dangerous component of this fear, which struck the rational part of my mind as completely ridiculous and immature. The emotional side of my psyche had a very different opinion and forced me to walk around the building back to the main parking lot of the shopping center. After a few minutes of wandering around, almost giving up in despair, I finally stumbled across the family car, parked exactly where I had left it, right in front of the J.C. Penney store. Sitting in front of the steering wheel, I forced myself to calm down, pay attention and think about following all the rules about safe driving.

Pulling carefully into the carport back at home, trying not to bump into anything, I put the gear shift into park, pushed down on the emergency brake and turned the engine off. Letting out a sigh of relief, I gathered my shopping bags and prepared to go inside the house. It was late in the afternoon and I was completely at a loss to account for how so much time had elapsed since I left to go shopping that morning. My various test explanations (excuses) that I attempted to formulate, in anticipation of my mother's shrieks of concern and recrimination, all seemed pathetically feeble and unbelievable, especially to me. Bracing myself for Mom's inevitable lecture, I entered the house and tried to act as nonchalant as possible. Mom was working on getting dinner ready. She simply greeted me with a 'hello' and some other casual comments and questions about what I bought. I was absolutely dumbfounded that my mother wasn't screaming at me for taking so long to come home. After turning on the TV, I collapsed onto the sofa to watch some stupid rerun before dinner. It still bothered me a little that I had been away for

so long but listening to the laugh track of the TV show took my mind off the problem. The important thing was that I managed to get home without crashing the car or getting into any trouble. After all, the last thing I needed to have happen on my first solo adventure driving the family car was for something to go wrong.



Discussion

It's somewhat disturbing to look back on my strange experiences and consider the likelihood that my various everyday activities and whereabouts had probably been surveilled well ahead of the engagement. For example, my abduction from the J.C. Penney store in 1970 most certainly wasn't the result of a random act of weirdos nabbing a teenager shopping for school clothes but, very much in contrast, a well planned operation. As paranoid as this scenario may seem the awkward truth is that there was a group of odd looking men in the rear parking lot of the old J.C. Penney store in Bellevue, Washington waiting for the perfect moment to abduct me. By some trick of telekinesis they managed to literally drag me out of the store and over to their white box van. I have to say that despite the fact that this experience was extremely traumatic for me at the time, now given the somewhat detached viewpoint more than four decades removed I can see that there is an almost comedic aspect to it. But It still really bothers me that the sales clerks didn't pay attention to my statue-like body being dragged through the store, out to the exit door. How could they not have noticed?

The individuals who had abducted me in this case, irregardless of their outward appearance, were in my estimation not human, at least in the conventional sense of the word. These man-like beings had a sort of plastic, synthetic appearance something like life-sized replications of humans. Their very pale, unblemished skin looked bloodless and I recall how their faces and in particular their eyes didn't give any indication of expression. Despite this apparent lack of humanity they were clearly intelligent, very aware and also armed with some kind of gun. In other encounters later in my life I've met beings similar to the plastic-like men in the J.C. Penney parking lot. By my best estimation they are a manufactured item – intelligent appliances designed and

THE VERGES

programmed to serve in an exo-political agenda concerned with the management of soul-enriched terrestrial fauna, including of course a large selection of humans. The equipment that one of these android-like entities used to pull me out of the store consisted very simply of a narrow rod, about eighteen inches long, attached by a cord to a backpack. I had seen and experienced the effects of similar equipment used on me several times before this particular abduction. Based on what I've been able to observe, there is a consistency in the appearance and application of these devices, leading me to think that they are something of a stock, off-the-shelf item, or in other words, a conventional tool used by unconventional beings.

Thinking back about the abduction maneuvers I've been caught up in over the years, they were for the most part very smoothly executed with little or no apparent disturbance to the local mundane environment including uninvolved people who just by happenstance were in the vicinity at the time of the event. There have been, however, a handful of occasions where things didn't go quite so well and there was a need to deal with witnesses in an appropriate manner. This involves either stunning them into a temporary state of paralysis or by some method making them oblivious to what was going on around them. Based on what I've observed, the most common application of this sort was accomplished by using equipment consisting of a wand attached to a small backpack, as previously described in this discussion. I still vividly remember seeing the young mother with her children inside her car in the rear parking lot of the J.C. Penney store. Her body, along with the bodies of her young kids, were apparently frozen stiff and judging by how her arms were sticking out and her mouth was wide open it looked as though she had been instantly shut down in the middle of a hysterical scream. I know what it's like to be in this artificially induced, functionless state and can report that it's terrifying because the mind is still alert but totally unable to control the movements of body's skeletal musculature. It's a type of experience that the psyche does its very best to bury in deepest realms of the subconscious and resume 'normal' life as quickly as possible.

As is not infrequently the case, at least in my own unusual experiences, there is a curious sort of contradiction, something along the lines of a disconnect between what sometimes appears to be advanced technology used by my exotic abductors combined with what is not only out of date but also in some cases disturbingly unclean. 'Unclean' is probably an understatement and as much as I don't like to

THE VERGES

think about it there have been times in my abductions were I had the disgusting feeling that I was literally in physical contact with the cadaverous, corrupt flesh of the dead. For some reason I'm compelled to point out that the gray-skinned Ant People – the Grays – that I've dealt with have for the most part given strong indications of being what approaches germaphobic clean freaks, at least this is the outward presentation. But there still remains something that for a long time I haven't wanted to give serious consideration because it's too terrible to think about. At the risk of wandering off into 'what if' scenarios, I'll admit that I have considered the possibility that at least some of the various 'aliens' I've encountered are actually the dead – deceased, decayed vestiges of life forms – which by dint of applied residual consciousness sometimes augmented by technological savvy, either gleaned or invented, have enabled themselves to not only engage with the living but to further their existence by availing themselves of soul.

On this rather dark note, I should probably make a few comments about the bunker-like facility I had been taken to in this 1970 abduction. Again, there is a very weird and for me inexplicable conjunction between what by outward appearances would seem to be advanced, almost futuristic components, such as android-like abductors using telekinetic and remote muscle paralysis technology, and the very rudimentary appearance of the concrete facility I had been taken to. The inside of this concrete structure looked like it had been recently painted and looked clean but there was a foul odor that permeated the premises. This was unmistakably the nauseating stench of rotting flesh. After wandering down the hallway for a while I eventually located the source of this smell. This part of the facility seems to have served as a butcher shop. The floor was paved with red ceramic tiles and was built at a slight slope inward toward a drain presumably so that it could be hosed down and sanitized. In general the room in this area looked clean but the stench was so horrible I had to hold my nose and try to fight back an urge to vomit. This is where I found a large table covered with various body parts including squishy internal organs of animals. I saw the hacked off lower legs of an animal, complete with hoof, and realized that what I was both looking at and smelling were probably bits and pieces of a cow.

It was at this point that I was confronted by the two strange looking men who wore long, white coats. At the time I thought of them as doctor's jackets but after reviewing this experience decades later think they could have been a butcher's coat. Unlike the old butcher who had

THE VERGES

red smears of blood on his coat the clothing of these two odd characters was spotlessly clean. These two guys worked as a team to subdue me and inject something into my arm using a hypodermic syringe. At the time this episode took place I knew that these people looked very strange but didn't have any sort of frame of reference to place them in. Today it strikes me that the very tall fair skinned man with bright blue eyes and long flowing blonde hair resembled the stereotypical so-called Nordic type – whoever they are – and the shorter man with olive-brown skin and all-black eyes looked a lot my the hybrid girl I named Alice, as described in the account titled The Introduction in this volume). I have no idea where this building I had taken to was located but there were some WWII vintage Willys jeeps painted light gray parked out in the courtyard. I saw these just before my sedated body was hoisted into the front seat of a small helicopter and strapped in, taking me back to the relative safety of normal, suburban life. These jeeps and the style of clothing some of the men in the courtyard wore gave me the general impression that I had been taken to some kind of military installation. But there was also the stinky butcher room that I probably wasn't supposed to see, making me wonder if I had been taken to an old slaughterhouse that had been commandeered for nefarious purposes. Even more troubling is the thought that I seem to have been taken to this foul smelling location to have some kind of medical treatment.

Maybe it was just my drugged mind grasping for sympathy at the time, but I recall that after my body had been lifted into the helicopter the pilot appeared to show a concern about my condition. This guy looked like he was about forty years old and was wearing a flat top army-green cap and utility jumpsuit. He radiated a very human aura, much unlike the plastic-looking men who had abducted me. In an encouraging, upbeat tone of voice with a noticeable country twang he told me, "Buddy, don't worry. I've got everything under control and I'll have you back home in no time". Under the circumstances this simple bit of humanity made a huge difference for the better. It was as though the relaxed and informal attitude of the pilot erased any traces of the possibility that a teenager going on his first solo drive might be abducted by strange beings. For the helicopter pilot this operation of carting people around in a drugged state seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary. It was almost as normal as a bus driver on a route taking kids back home after a day at school.

Dangerous Cows

December 1970, age 17

Randy, my high school friend, was trying to convince me to go cross country skiing with him at his parents ranch in the Methow Valley. It was Christmas vacation and he wanted to get out of town for some activity and a change of scenery. Randy knew about some trails near the ranch that promised to be a good recreational resource for skiing. As I looked out the kitchen window in my family's warm house I was having doubts about the freezing cold weather and laborious efforts that would be involved in this proposed vacation trip. Even worse, I felt a vague but deep seated foreboding that I shouldn't go.

My mother joined Randy and me in the kitchen. Having obviously overheard my reluctance to go on this jaunt, Mom accused me of being a stick-in-the-mud and sided with Randy to get me out of the house. Now it was two to one, but my riposte, which I thought was solid, was that I didn't have any cross country skis or related equipment. To this Randy countered that we could rent everything needed from REI, a local outdoor equipment store. My feeble attempt to play the poverty card was quickly circumvented by my mother's offer to pay for whatever was needed. At this point I had to concede to losing my doomed fight to avoid this trip, and thus was destined to embark on a winter vacation that by some twisted process of fate actually managed to combine both a fun outing and a full scale realization of my initial dread.

After taking a rather long road trip which involved crossing both Snoqualmie pass and Blewitt pass, my friend and I arrived at the ranch. As I climbed out of the Volvo station wagon and stepped through the crunchy snow I felt the sudden impact of sub-freezing temperature. It was late in the afternoon, the sun having already dropped below the mountain range. We began to unpack our gear, mainly the food, and entered the cold cottage. I wanted the heat turned up full blast, but Gene was annoyingly conservative with the watts. I got out my down sleeping blanket and walked around with it wrapped it around me, both for comfort and as a somewhat exaggerated demonstration of my irritation about the thermostat setting. Dinner was sandwiches, cheese slices and some granola. After reading for a while – no TV here – we decided to go to sleep.

At some point during the night my sleep was interrupted. I have a vague recollection of going up the narrow stairs into the attic. This area

THE VERGES

was being remodeled for future use as bedrooms. It seemed to be an unusually busy night – but I was supposed to be asleep! There was, as I recall, a somewhat confrontational meeting that took place between myself and a group of small people while I was upstairs. Why was I arguing with children? When I woke up in morning this was an unsettling but quickly fading memory which I decided to relegate to the category of a troubled dream. After breakfast, Gene and I got ready to set out for our first cross country ski venture for this trip. I looked out the glass windows of the sliding deck door and saw a group of small birds trying to get water from icicles melting next to the building. It amazed me how such tiny creatures could survive low temperatures and I wished I could help them out somehow. My sympathies were brushed off by my more pragmatic friend who assured me that the birds could take care of themselves.

The morning was frostbite cold with a brilliantly clear blue sky. There was about three feet of fluffy snow on the ground, making for good but energy-demanding skiing. Randy said that there was a trail on the opposite side of the large wheat field, now of course covered in a blanket of white. We could slip under the barbed-wire fence around the field a little ways down, at a worn out part of the enclosure. Trying not to prong our clothing on the rusty spikes, we slunk under the fence and traipsed a few dozen yards towards the trail which was an old, abandoned road. At some point during this walk I noticed two unusually large cows in the far corner of the field. They had to have been at least 300 yards away and were directly in line with the route that we were going to take to access the ski trail. I stopped and asked my friend if it was normal for cows to be out in this kind of freezing cold weather. Before he could answer I commented to him that these cows seemed alarmingly large and expressed my concern – now growing by the moment – that perhaps it wasn't safe to get near these animals.

While Randy was trying to formulate a reassuring reply, my attention was diverted to a strange structure nestled in the trees a few yards outside the far edge of the field. This object, whatever it was, had a form that was approximately bullet shaped, or perhaps better described as a dome elongated vertically. Peering into the distance, I saw that it was a dull grey color and in addition to having a small doorway was perched on four skinny legs extended beneath the dome part, holding it vertically to compensate for the slope of the terrain. In estimated measures it looked about ten feet tall and perhaps six or seven feet in diameter at the base.

THE VERGES

Pointing to this curious object, I asked Randy what he thought it was. After a moment's hesitation he suggested in a rather tentative tone that it might be a small building his father had built that previous summer to smoke salmon. This seemed like a rational although, in my opinion, unconvincing explanation but it didn't matter at that point because the cows, which had before this point remained unnaturally motionless, were now moving towards us. They weren't walking like ordinary cows but were more like cartoon images or plywood cutouts advancing sideways. I now knew that something was wrong, really wrong. As though sensing my realization, the fake cow image broke down and what was now rushing towards my friend and myself were two bright orange spheres. In a flash they were next to us, by some means commanding our attention and effectively gluing us down to the spot. I mentally heard a command to drop our ski equipment. Gene apparently also heard this and told me to stick my skis in the snow vertically so we could find them later. In striking contrast to my current state of extreme distress it surprised me how level-headed my friend was and I obediently followed his instructions. It isn't at all clear to me how, but I seem to have entered one of these orange spheres and was then transported across the wheat field, toward the dome-shaped object parked in the trees. As I was being moved along I could see out of this sphere as though looking out of a perfectly clear glass ball. We – the ball and I – were about four feet above the ground. Now in a calm, passive state, I watched the progress of our movement and was impressed by the ability of our bubble to effortlessly navigate a pathway between the trees on the hillside.

The surreal, emotionally detached qualities of this transportation ended after floating through the small opening in the domed structure and resulted in me standing upright, alongside my friend. We were now inside of what was obviously not a 'salmon smoker'. This was made painfully clear by looking at a pair of beings who stood only a few feet away from us. They looked like insect men with huge, black bug-eyes. These were the 'ant people' that I had encountered many times before in my life and now they were screwing up my winter vacation ski trip! No wonder that I had a bad feeling about going with my friend to the Methow Valley. Naturally, my first instinct was to escape and I looked toward what formerly was a doorway in the structure. This opening was now not visible at all, seemingly having been sealed without even a trace of an outline.

Trapped, I looked back at the bug people, who stood about the

THE VERGES

general height of humans, some five and one-half feet. But even though they had the same basic physical configuration of humans their heads were disproportionately large and were dominated by a set of huge black, oval eyes set widely apart on the face. Their skin color was a drab, pale ashen grey. In addition to a body-fitting light grey suit they wore a black vest that I supposed was for insulation purposes. Around their waists they wore a black belt with what looked to me like some control buttons on it. Although the structure we were now locked inside of – presumably the transport vehicle of these bug men – looked only about six to seven feet wide when I first noticed it from the outside, it was clearly now about twice that size when viewed from the inside. My friend and I stood next to each other as far away as possible from the bug men. There was a partition wall in the center of the circular floor plan. This stuck out about midway into the room and allowed on one side for a curtained area that reminded me of a dressing room and on the other side for a counter top with plain cabinets above and below.

Our abductors didn't waste any time to mentally instruct us to take off our packs, mittens and outer clothing. I felt a horrible sinking feeling, like being sucked into a downward spiral of complete helplessness. Looking at Gene, I asked him what we should do, but at this point my friend seems to have become detached from our predicament and looked at me with an expressionless face. Probably trying to cling to some sort of rational, familiar response to the demand to undress, I was worried that the bug men were going to steal our clothes and equipment. The order to undress was repeated, this time much more forcefully and with a threat of using force if necessary to get this done. The telepathic communication wasn't in English, and I didn't sense the use of specific words or grammatical construction, but the message was clear: follow orders or else!

We stripped down to our thermal underwear and to my relief, considering the circumstances, this seemed to be enough to satisfy our captors. At this point I had to a certain extent 'checked out' – mentally detach from any attempt of self governance or individual sovereignty – and along with my friend was for all practical purposes owned and operated by the bug men. I had, however, retained enough consciousness to view what was going on, but even this was severely limited because my body, now standing alongside Gene's and in front of the two alien beings, was frozen in a rigid position. I couldn't turn my head or move any part of my body using my own volition. To make my situation more wooden, I seem to have lost the ability to detect the

THE VERGES

sensation of touch or, at the very least, had this sense greatly diminished. I stood staring straight forward, struggling to pay attention. This was a challenge not only because of the lack of muscle control but also because of an imposed mental for that interfered with my ordinary ability to clearly connect sensory perception with ongoing physical stimuli.

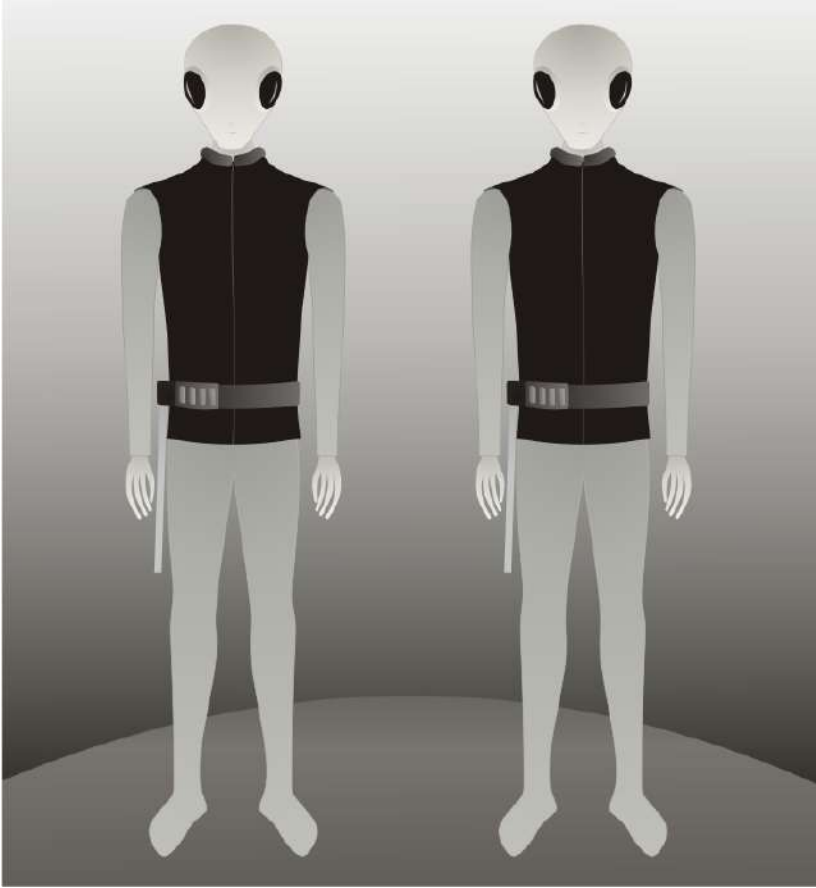


FIG 23: A variant form of the Ant People. The eyes of these two individuals were widely spaced and located off to the side of the head. They wore vests and carried short rods used to control the physical and mental functions of their subjects, in this case me and my friend.

I saw the bug man who was attending to me get some items from the cabinets and put them on the counter top. In what seemed to me to be an awkward manner, he used his long, spindly fingers to hold a tong device that gripped a small wad of white cloth-like material. My mouth opened involuntarily, allowing the bug-eyed man to stick this swab inside and presumably take a sample. This wad with a swipe of the

THE VERGES

inside of my mouth on it was then carefully placed inside a small cannister, about the shape and size of a 35 mm camera film holder, and put back inside the cabinet. Next, I saw that my technician-like abductor was preparing a long, small-diameter needle. It was hard to determine exactly what 'he' was going to do with this seven to eight inch long device at first but its purpose became somewhat more clear when, using what limited range of vision I had, I saw the needle being inserted into my left nostril. I wasn't sure why this was being done, but considering my history of nose bleeds this poking around in my nose wasn't at all welcome.

Still staring straight ahead and with a limited range of vision, I could just detect that the waistband of my long underwear was being pulled down. I strained to see what was going on but was unable to look down to observe in lurid detail what I thought was going to take place, namely the process of sperm extraction by stimulating my genitalia to cause cause ejaculation. The idea that this was happening right next to my friend caused an agony of humiliation. Every instinct in me screamed out to react violently but my body was in a locked position, unable to deal with this invasion of my privacy. Observing the seemingly indifferent, clinical behavior of the bug man, I didn't think that he cared in the least about human sexuality and the psychological complexities of eroticism. For all I knew, he may have been traveling scientist from another galaxy, but this didn't change the fact that I felt I had been raped.

The procedures came to a conclusion and my friend and I were released from the previous paralyzing, numbing grip so that we could put our clothes and gear back on. I suspect that this was probably accomplished in record time, although I seem to have been still somewhat in a fog and don't have a recollection (as of this writing) of being returned to the point in the field where we were first picked up by the orange spheres. I do vividly remember, however, standing in the snow next to Gene and having a strained discussion about what had just transpired. My position was that we needed to call the police and file a report. This suggestion horrified my friend, who took me by the arm and told me in a quiet but definitive tone that we shouldn't tell anybody about what happened to us not only because they won't believe our story, they will think we are completely crazy. He insisted that I promise not to tell anybody. I reluctantly agreed, understanding the truth of what he was saying. It still bothered me, though, to just pretend that something this important didn't really happen.

THE VERGES

We picked up our ski equipment which was still standing upright in the snow. At this point I realized that I was missing one of my mittens. This really irritated me because good mittens are expensive and besides, I couldn't go skiing in freezing cold weather without a mitten on one hand! I looked and looked in the snow but just couldn't find the lost mitten. Randy told me not to worry about it because he had an extra pair back in the house. I glanced back at where the 'salmon smoker' hut was, but it was now gone. In the rush to get out of the landing capsule I had apparently forgotten to take one of my mittens. Either this or perhaps the bug men had stolen it, and now had it like some kind of trophy to prove they had actually interacted with humans.

Feeling shaken by the whole experience, my friend and I decided to go back to the house to warm up and let our nerves calm down a little. We retraced our previous path, climbing back under the barb wire fence, and now inside tried to act like nothing unusual had just happened. I looked at the clock and saw that about an hour and a half had transpired since we first left in the morning. It was hard for me to refrain from talking about the 'space men' at first but in a few minutes my memory of the bizarre encounter was somehow reduced to just the original concern about unusually large and possibly dangerous cows blocking our path to the ski trail. Gazing at the clock again, I was having a hard time feeling comfortable with the length of time we had been outside. There seems to have been an hour or so more time taken up than was reasonable for the distance we had walked. While I was privately trying to sort this out in my mind, Randy announced that he was ready to go outside again and resume our skiing. He said he knew of a different way to get to the trail so that we wouldn't have to cross the field where the cows had been standing. This was good news to me because there was no way at that point that I would willingly get near those creepy cows.

Finally we were on the trail, swishing through the fresh snow which covered the old, winding road. It felt wonderful to be free in this pristine winter landscape and to let my teenage body be charged up with the rush of energy generated by sustained exercise. In contrast to my enthusiasm, Randy seemed to be dragging along, which was strange because he was probably in better physical condition than I was. He stopped and had a really pained look on his face, finally blurting out that he didn't think it was safe to be skiing on this old road because there had been reports of a bear roaming nearby. Some dogs in the area had apparently met up with this bear and ended up on the losing end of the

deal. Well great, now you tell me, I thought to myself. I definitely wasn't interested in dealing with a bear, but at the time thought that meeting up with a bear wasn't very likely. I suggested that we go just a little further and then turn around. We trudged on for only a few minutes more when Randy stopped again and now informed me that in addition to a bear on the loose, the old rancher who owned the adjacent property might come out with his shot gun and shoot us.

It was obvious to me by that point that my friend was really upset and was having some kind of anxiety attack. I reluctantly agreed that we should turn around and head back to the house to avoid all of the dangers on this old road -- even though I thought the scenarios he described were improbable and more like a product of irrational fear than of realistic concerns. At the time, I didn't stop to consider that it was rather odd that just a little bit earlier I had been terrified by cows but now wasn't particularly worried about being shot by a senile farmer or being eaten by a rogue bear.



Discussion

My recall of this 1970 experience was one of the first of a batch of memories to resurface to my conscious, 'awake-state' mind (a relative term) back in 1993. The most striking visual element that I remembered at first was seeing two huge, menacing looking cows impossibly standing on top of several feet of snow a few hundred yards away from me and my friend. Along with this extremely odd sight was a level of fear that would most likely cause anyone in their right mind to make a run for it but my friend tried to convince me that there wasn't anything to be afraid of. When these out of place animals unexpectedly made a sudden advance towards us the innocence of the cows became highly suspect and even my friend had become alarmed. Just before the cows started moving I had seen the dull gray colored structure in the woods. My mind at that point was racing ahead, connecting the dots in a pattern that did not draw a happy picture. A lot happened in a small space of time and what seemed like in only a blink or two of the eye the cows were, at least for me, recognizable as bright orange orbs and decidedly not bovine creatures of any sort. This items, the orbs, appeared to be about four or five feet in diameter and somehow absorbed us into them. By this point in my life this wasn't the first time I

THE VERGES

had become engulfed inside an otherworldly bubble and transported to shuttle craft. Once inside, it's like being in a disembodied state and one's consciousness just looks outside what seems like the perfectly clear wall of a big bubble as it moves from one place to another.

As I ponder this experience as of this writing it still isn't clear to me if what I perceived as cows in the snow covered field were products of my own psyche or something along the lines of a projected image used by the beings who abducted me and my friend. Many years after this experience, I think it was about 1997 or thereabouts, I met with Randy (not his real name), my friend and asked him if he recalled anything odd happening during our cross country ski trip at his parents ranch in the Methow Valley in 1970. I was interested if he could corroborate some of the events that I had recalled. In only a breath of time his assertive response was that he had absolutely no recollection of even being on this trip. Apparently it was a total blank for him. Then Randy told me that he was feeling afraid. In a shaky voice he started to talk about how when he was a child one of his parents' friends came over to their house sometimes and she talked about UFOs, aliens and such like. He said that at the time it scared him a lot. Sitting at the little table in the breakfast nook, my friend looked pretty shaken up. I realized that it was time to change the subject. For some people there are things in life that are probably best left unremembered.

A False Alarm

July 1971, age 17

Unlike a normal teenager growing up in the 1970's, my passion in music wasn't the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd or any number of other rock bands. No, it was J.S. Bach, Handel, Frescobaldi and pretty much the full range of Renaissance and Baroque composers. My small record collection consisted mostly of Bach organ works, but I also was intensely interested in the harpsichord. The Goldberg Variations, French and English Suites and, of course, the Well Tempered Clavier were for me like a life-preserver would be to some poor sailer cast adrift in a tempestuous ocean. My enjoyment of what was generally labeled as Early Music led me to attend a Saturday afternoon harpsichord and violin performance that was going to take place at the Museum of Industry and History, near the University of Washington in Seattle. The advertised list of music to be performed included one of Bach's violin and harpsichord sonatas, which were among some of my favorites.

It was a hot day, especially for Seattle, and after entering the museum I was looking forward to some relief provided by air conditioning. After paying my entrance fee, making sure I got a student discount, I found my way to the room that the concert was going to take place in. I took a seat and waited for the performance to begin. There wasn't a whole lot of people in attendance, maybe about three or four dozen at most. This local collection of Early Music enthusiasts was starting to look familiar to me. It consisted of an interesting assortment of characters, ranging from bushy bearded professor-types to attractive women wearing colorful, form-revealing dresses to scruffy young university students. I felt conspicuous just sitting in my chair, so I got up and walked around, watching and listening to this curious group of people. Everybody except me seemed to have something important and historically significant to talk about.

As I was trying to absorb some of the erudite chit chat, I began to feel uncomfortably hot. There was a thermostat mounted on a wall near me, so out of curiosity I went over to it and checked the room's temperature. The needle pointed to 70 degrees, which was a normal and, ordinarily, comfortable setting. That fact wasn't particularly relevant or reassuring at the time because my body was getting hotter and hotter with beads of sweat beginning to pour off my forehead. I felt a sudden need to go outside to get some fresh air. Hopefully there

THE VERGES

would be a breeze coming off Lake Washington to help cool me down a little. There was a side door that exited off the room that the performance was going to be in. This exit led to a small patio, ringed by raised planters and behind that a trimmed laurel hedge. Standing outside on the patio, I was disappointed to find that the outside air temperature was much hotter and more humid than inside.

Just as I was ready to go back inside the museum I saw a head poke through the hedge a little. This head, topped by a bird's nest style straw hat, had dark green scaled skin and golden yellow eyes. Good grief, it was Renjeck! The lizardman pushed his torso through the bushes some more and I could see that in addition to the hillbilly hat, he was wearing blue denim bib overalls. Apparently his ridiculous costume was intended to mitigate the consequences of someone noticing him. The disguise in combination with Renjeck's reptile-like appearance was so incon had entered our area and was now making a slow aerial sweep around the University area. I looked up into the air and didn't see anything unusual. Immediately I realized that this was a stupid thing to do because, obviously, the craft wasn't making its physical presence known. Looking back inside the museum, I could see that people were beginning to take their seat, indicating that the performance was about ready to begin. Renjeck made a last quick comment, which was to the effect that he needed my assistance to transmit a fake broadcast to the intruding craft in order to flush it out. He was going to try to wait until the intermission of the recital if possible and then meet with me outside on this same patio again.

I went back inside the museum and sat down on one of the folding chairs, trying to act calm and not show how upset I really was. My body was still unusually hot, almost like I was running a fever. The performers finally entered the room and took their places and began playing. For me it was comforting to hear the carefully ordered counterpoint of J.S. Bach. Just listening to the first few bars of the Sonata in B minor for violin and harpsichord melted away a great deal of the anxiety caused by Renjeck's presence. My mind was transported to a place far away from the jagged discord and pressure cooker atmosphere of modern life.

Finally, the intermission took place. While the audience resumed their scholarly socializing inside the air conditioned room, I snuck out to the patio. My body was now boiling hot and my heart rate was probably off the chart. Even though I didn't understand why, I was pretty sure that this acceleration in my metabolism had something to do

THE VERGES

with Renjeck. Still hiding in the hedge, the lizard-man motioned for me to come over to him. In a hurry, the lizard-man told me that the craft was still nearby. He poked his arm out of the bushes and pointed up at the sky to where it supposedly was now hovering. I couldn't see anything but clear sky and maybe a few clouds way up high, but Renjeck assured me that there was something up in the air that shouldn't be there. Wanting to get this job done with as quickly as possible, I asked what the heck I was supposed to do. My role, I was told, was simply to aim my eyesight exactly in the direction of the invisible craft. I looked in the general direction that Renjeck had been pointing to, and heard his thoughts in my mind. He was telling me to move my head a little to the left, a little up, a little down, a little to the right and so forth until, like some kind of beam machine, my line of sight was spot on. Now ordered to hold perfectly still, I stared out into space like an idiot, hoping that nobody would come outside and ask me what I was doing.

Right away I heard in my mind a sequence of numbers. They were sounded in a mechanical tone, not at all like Renjeck's deep pitched telepathic voice. As each set of numbers was sounded in my mind I could see them written almost as though I was looking at a small screen placed over my eyes. It seemed to me like some kind of code, the meaning of which I didn't have the slightest clue. In only about ten or fifteen seconds, the long sequence of numbers stopped and I was told that I could now relax. That was good news because I was starting to get a stiff neck. I needed to get back inside the museum now, but couldn't resist asking Renjeck what the effect of the numbers would be. In a brief explanation, he said that the code was a combination of things, including a distress call, emergency sighting report and the set of coordinates needed to locate the intruder. I didn't understand why I had to be dragged into all of this. After a short pause, Renjeck told me something about deflecting attention away from him, and that I shouldn't worry about it. Oh great, I thought to myself sarcastically -- one thing I had learned in my life was that when someone tells you not to worry, that's when you really need to worry.

Relieved that the job was over with, I went back inside the museum and sat down to wait for the second half of the performance. It felt good to be in the air conditioned room. My body temperature and heart beat were, thankfully, gradually returning to normal. Trying to forget about Renjeck's intrusion into my day, I let myself be caught up in the sweet sounds of a gut stringed violin and harpsichord reproducing the genius of the Baroque composers Scarlatti and Gemiani. For better

THE VERGES

or worse, over the years my psyche had developed a talent for sequestering activities on the verges of the weird. A well crafted partition had been built in my mind so that almost like the obvious and comfortable division between centuries-old music and that of the present time I could, with a minimum of effort, achieve a remarkably effective disjunction between the bizarre and the mundane.

After the performance concluded I went outside to wait for my ride home. I had hitched a ride with my eccentric friend, Jake, who was now busy hobnobbing with some of the people who attended the recital. I knew this was going to take a while, so I walked around the outside of the museum a bit and ended up near a World War I cannon placed in the middle of the parking area. As I was reading the inscription of the display, a white van came screaming into the parking lot. Its tires screeched and burned rubber as it came to a sudden stop. The rear roll-up door opened and three men wearing black clothing jumped out. A man from the truck's cab also came out and held some kind of device about the size of a pocket calculator, slowly waving it side to side. These motions stopped when the device was pointed to me, and now these men were descending on my solitary figure like it was going to be their dinner.

It was too late to run away, so I had to deal with what obviously was a rapid response team -- assuming that taking nearly an hour is rapid -- that was sent to check out the anomalies Renjeck and I had caused. The lizard-man's strategy of using me as a transmitter made perfect sense now. After all, who would suspect a seventeen-year-old wearing blue jeans and sneakers of broadcasting both an alarm and interdiction code in one fell swoop? The lead man, also dressed in black clothes, looked at me with an expression that combined intense anger and incredulity. He fiddled with his device some more and then ordered me to follow him down to the loading zone of the museum. This area was somewhat secluded and I was starting to get seriously worried that I might be roughed up some.

My job at this point was to act as innocent and ignorant as possible. The leader demanded to see my wallet, particularly my driver's license. This steamed me I bit and I told him that it was none of his god damned business, a proclamation that resulted in the three other men moving towards my body, easily within arms reach. It had been made very clear it had been made very clear that I had to cooperate or suffer the consequences. Digging into my back pocket, I produced my wallet and stood still for the short time that it took the leader to paw

through my personal things. He punched the little buttons on his hand held device, probably entering details of my identity, and then after a moment glared at me with a look like he had bitten into a moldy lemon. Asking the leader if anything was wrong, I received his reply which was to simply to throw my wallet down onto the ground and order his small team back to the van.

Picking up my wallet and driver's license, I was really irritated by all the interruptions that had taken place during the day. At the same time, I couldn't help but laugh about how clever Renjeck had been. Not knowing or even caring about what happened to the intruding craft and its crew, I walked back to Jake's old jalopy, fortunately still there in the parking lot. After a few minutes, Jake came out, talking nonstop as usual. We drove back to his house where he allowed me to drink one of his import beers. Taking a sip from the ice cold glass, I thought to myself how wonderful it was to have a chilled pilsner on a hot summer afternoon.



Discussion

In the assortment of my responsibilities regarding service to the Gray military police one of them was to act as an extension of my Reptilian handler, Renjeck. To be useful in this application not only my mind but also my physiology needed to be modified to make it reasonably compatible to an alien format. This requirement went beyond just the trauma-based mind control that I had been exposed to in graduated steps as a child. That part related to partitioning my psyche so that there was something like an on-off switch that had been installed whereby upon command I would flawlessly function as an obedient slave. The other part, for lack of better terminology, had to do with ramping up my nervous system. To be honest, I'm pretty much clueless as to the details of this process but it seems to relate to both my body temperature and to my sensitivity to light. The experience I had in 1969 as a sixteen-year-old – see *Lie Down on the Altar* in this volume – was a session when my entire body was exposed to extremely intense and painful white light. A little more than seven years later I was subjected to a similar treatment where I was literally screaming in pain and begging for the light session to stop. If this was supposed to be some kind of path to enlightenment the samādhi part was sorely lacking. In terms of body temperature,

THE VERGES

when I served as an adjunct to Renjeck's consciousness I experienced high fever, with symptoms of sweat pouring off my body and horrible, gut wrenching nausea. The gradual elevation of body temperature would begin about an hour or sometimes more in advance of the point were Renjeck was able to fully possess my body.

Even though it's embarrassing to bring up the topic, I should probably make a few comments regarding Renjeck's appearance in this particular experience. At the time I was shocked to see the lizardman peering out through the hedge and it was bad enough that he had shown up in the first place but seeing him dressed as a hick, complete with worn out blue denim overalls and a bird's nest straw hat was too much. The absurdity couldn't have been more pronounced, which I suppose was the point, after all. Anyone who might have noticed him most likely would have thought that Renjeck's green, scaly skin and bright golden-yellow eyes with vertical pupils were just part of the strange costume. Along with my Reptilian handler's relatively prosaic costume of overalls and a straw hat, on some later occasions he dressed up in a baggy clown suite, complete with red, bulbous nose, white painted face and an orange, curly haired wig to top things off. As ludicrous as the use of a clown ensemble by a Reptilian 'alien' may seem to those who are faithful adherents to normalcy bias, I think it might be worth noting the curiously malicious reputation that clowns have both in contemporary society and also from a historical vantage point. Tricksters, jesters and I suspect even the flute playing Kokopelli fertility god – reference *In the House of God* in this volume – come in different guises and, I would suggest, different otherworldly species. Another aspect of this use of culturally recognizable disguises by my handler concerns the shrewd manipulation of conditioned human livestock and what I'm inclined to believe is the very deeply rooted involvement of exogenic beings in human history. The lavishly symbolic trappings of kings, bishops, politicians and perhaps at least a few deviant clowns are, after all, only the outer wrappings of something that has humanity firmly within its grasp.

A Contract from Hell

Fall 1972, age 18

After graduating from high school I was scheduled like some kind of manufactured product to continue on the educational conveyor belt and go to college. Because my interests were mainly art and music, I thought that the relatively new state college, Evergreen, would be a good match for me, especially since it was known to be geared somewhat more to the liberal arts than to the hard sciences. Also, I thought that for a change I'd like to put some distance between my parents and myself. All of my requests to avoid the crusty, old fashioned University of Washington were rebuffed by my mother, who told me succinctly, "If the University of Washington was good enough for your father and me, it will be good enough for you". Absolutely no consideration of what I wanted factored into the choice of my college education. The bottom line was that my parents were footing the bill and they were going to decide what institution of higher learning I would attend.

It had been decided for me that rather than live at home – I refused to join a fraternity – I would live in a dormitory close to campus. My room was on the fifth floor of Lander Hall, and had all the charm and spaciousness of a prison cell. My move into the dorm room took place on a Saturday morning. It was the beginning of autumn, with orange and red leaves skating across the sidewalks and streets with only the slightest encouragement from the wind. Classes would begin the following Wednesday so I had a few days to walk around the campus and try to envision myself as a diligent, hardworking student eager to become one of the cogs on the well lubricated gear wheels of society. That wasn't going to be easy. The extent of my belongings was minimal. It consisted of just a few boxes of clothes, books, a manual typewriter and miscellaneous odds and ends. All of this would easily fit into the back of my family's station wagon and require only one trip. I could make the move by myself, which was actually my preference, but my father insisted on helping out, probably wanting to be a part of an important stage in the life of his son.

After unloading the last few cardboard boxes from the station wagon and putting them down on the floor of the lobby next to the elevator I thanked my dad for his help and said goodbye. He seemed reluctant to leave me, offering to help with carrying the last few things to my room. There really wasn't enough left to move to require a

THE VERGES

second person. Also, I was trying to avoid some kind of emotional, teary eyed type of scene. Picking up the two last cartons of my stuff, I walked into the elevator to go up to my room. Just before the door closed two larger than normal men entered the elevator along with me. There were just the three of us now in this confined space. I wanted to push the button for the fifth floor but one of these guys was standing directly in front of the controls, blocking my reach. Immediately I had a gut wrenching feeling that something was wrong. For one thing, in addition to the abnormally large height and girth of these two people, the skin on their faces was extremely wrinkly and puffy. Even more strange, they sported Bozo style hairdos – a bald crown ringed by a bright orange, kinky-curly fringe. Their appearance made me think that they were wearing Halloween masks. As though reading my mind, one of these beefy Bozos said, "Trick or Treat".

The elevator doors were closed but we still weren't moving because nobody had pushed any buttons. I was trapped. Suddenly one of these creeps grabbed my arms and yanked them behind my back and the other one forced my mouth open and shoved several pills down my throat. Swallowing involuntarily, I couldn't believe what was happening to me. I was just some kid from the suburbs getting ready to start college. Why were these weirdos picking on me? Almost right away I began to feel drowsy and then couldn't stand up any longer. It may have been a side effect of the drugs, but I had the sense that the elevator chamber was going down. Slumped on the floor, on the verge of passing out, I thought I heard someone say, "Sweat Dreams".

Somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness, or perhaps between life and death, I managed to open my eyes. What I saw for the most part was just darkness. With an effort I could barely detect a hint of light reflected off of what surrounded me. It seemed like a cage. This was confirmed by running my hands along the surfaces that supported and surrounded my body. By touch I determined that my cage was built of metal slats spaced apart a little but not enough to fit a hand through. What was lacking in light was more than compensated for by stench. A horrible blend of vomit, urine and excrement saturated the stale air. It was almost impossible to breath, with each nauseating inhalation equal to the worst kind of torture. I felt my body and found that all my clothes had been removed. At the moment, that was the least of my worries, and considering that the air temperature was probably close to eighty or ninety degrees it didn't matter anyway.

Like a sound track from Hell, there was a continuous din coming

THE VERGES

from all around me that consisted of moaning, retching, crying and pathetic pleadings for help. Obviously I wasn't alone in this God forsaken place. Incredibly thirsty, I joined the cacophony and cried out for something to drink. Nobody came. Feeling so weak, I tried to find a position in my cell that resulted in the least amount of pain. Just as I was about to drop off into unconsciousness again, the person in the cage above me let loose with a flood of urine which spilled onto my naked body. I climbed over to the corner and curled up in a fetal position, hoping to stay out of the path of another shower of piss.

Startled awake by the sound of someone opening the door to my cage, I opened my eyes and tried to focus them to see what was going on. Having completely lost track of time -- for all I knew it could have been hours or years since my incarceration began -- and not even knowing where I was, I was afraid to leave my tiny prison space. A small cup of water handed out was enough to lure me out of my cell. Feeling really wobbly and completely exhausted I climbed out of my pen and then followed the person who was hopefully liberating me. We walked down a narrow aisle that was only slightly illuminated by light coming from a door a few dozen yards away. I could now see that this walkway was flanked by small jail cells, stacked three high. Mine was in the mid level and I felt bad about the poor person below me who undoubtedly had to deal with my bodily emissions at some point.

At the end of the jail cell area, we passed through a door and entered a large, dimly illuminated room with a high ceiling. I was given a little more water, barely enough to moisten my desiccated mouth and help me to regain some degree of alertness. Looking around, I saw that this space appeared to be roughly carved out of rock, giving the impression that it was a cave or underground chamber. An ordinary metal business desk was placed near the center of the room. Sitting behind the desk was a middle aged woman with pale skin, straight black hair and bright red lips. A small group of males stood near her, looking like they were ready to jump at any command given by who I had judged to be their female superior. The individual who had led me into this room, a stern faced man, walked me over to the desk. Acting as though she was annoyed at my presence, the woman turned the pages of a ledger book she had on her desk top. Next to the ledger, I saw my wallet, with its contents removed from it and spread out on the desk.

The frumpy looking woman cleared her throat and then asked me in a raspy voice what my name was. After I gave the answer to her question the woman ran a finger down a page until it landed at the

THE VERGES

correct entry. "Ah, yes", she said. She then asked me what the names of my parents were. At this point I was beginning to feel like things were getting way too personal. It was bad enough that I had ended up in some kind of hellish jail, and I definitely didn't want to drag my family into this mess. I refused to answer. The book keeper snapped her head up and glared at me, saying something to the effect of, "Well, we can arrange for a longer stay at our accommodations for you, if that's what you want". Of course I didn't want that, and I also didn't want to play whatever game this wretched witch was trying to get me involved in.

I heard the woman clerk order the guard to take me back to my cell. Upon hearing this, whatever willpower I might have had before completely dissolved into mush and I blurted out the full names of my parents. This apparently was sufficient to delay my return to imprisonment and the clerk busily scanned the pages of her ledger to presumably review the accounts of my parents. After a minute or so I was informed that there was an outstanding debt. Now with a smile on her face, the clerk looked at me and announced the amount owing, down to the penny. The sum she had just specified was in the thousands of dollars. This was a staggering declaration, both because of the dollar amount and because of the total lunacy of the idea that this woman could simply look through a worn out ledger book and unilaterally decide that somebody had a debt to pay.

This madness was then ratcheted up even more when the clerk informed me in a business-like tone that I couldn't be released from custody until my family's debt was paid. She added that the outcome of this matter wasn't for her to decide, rather, it was entirely a situation of having to enforce the rules. Incredulous, I stood still for a few moments, feeling desperate to come to grips with the insanity that I was facing. More than anything else, I wanted the current horror to come to an end and to regain my freedom. The thought of having to return to the prison cell and be subjected to my cell mates urinating and vomiting on me was too much to bear. Looking at my wallet and its contents strewn out on the desk top, I knew that there was less than fifty dollars of cash available. I offered this money to the book keeper, saying that it was all I had. Shaking her head side to side, the woman declined my offer, explaining to me that this miniscule amount of money was woefully inadequate and would be insufficient to grant a release. Standing naked with my hands handcuffed behind my back, I was completely exhausted both psychologically and physically. It would be impossible to attain a more defeated and hopeless state than what I was now in. I

THE VERGES

lowered my head in submission, prepared to be returned to my confinement.

The jailor gave me a rough push, propelling my body toward the doorway. We were suddenly stopped by the command of the clerk who, almost in an offhand manner, told me that there was an alternate method of payment. Pulling some papers out of a drawer in her desk, this bureaucrat from Hell informed me that in rare cases, such as mine, a contractual agreement could be entered into whereby payment for debts would be made by providing services rather than cash. There was something unpleasantly familiar about this offer and I told the clerk that I would have to read the details of the contract before agreeing to anything. Apparently this was an acceptable request, and the woman placed the paperwork on top of her desk for me to review. Trying to see in the dim light, I was having a hard time focusing my eyes. Making my effort to read even more difficult, it seemed as though the words were squirming around on page. Just as I was in the middle of a sentence, the letters somehow rearranged themselves, leaving me completely confused as to what the actual intent of the paragraph was. After repeated attempts to determine what the substance of the contract involved, I gave up and simply asked for a pen so that I could sign my name to the document. At that point I was willing to agree to anything as long as it would release me from the horror of the current situation.

* * *

Someone was lifting my body out of the back seat of a car. The tugging and pulling was enough to stir me from what seemed like a drug induced stupor. Struggling to focus my eyes and regain control over my body, I saw that a dark skinned individual was working hard to get me to stand upright. This was a bit of a problem because I was so woozy that my body was tending to lean at a precarious angle. After some considerable effort I managed to stand without assistance and was then unceremoniously left to my own devices. Taking a few steps forward, I looked down and saw that I was on a sidewalk. Propelled by the wind, orange and yellow maple leaves were skating across the pavement around me, making a delicate sound as though they were talking to one another in their pedestrian scamper. I touched my face and felt the rough texture of several days growth of stubble. This unfamiliar amount of beard growth and the rank smell of my clothing was something totally out of character for me. After all, I was a kid from the suburbs who showered and shaved each and every morning.

After walking down the sidewalk for about a half block I determined that someone had dropped me off in front of Lander Hall, the dormitory I had just moved into on Saturday. With this realization alarm signals went off inside my mind. God, what day was it now? After the challenge of making my way up a few stairs and entering the lobby of the dorm building I asked a girl at the main desk what the date was. She looked at me with a somewhat troubled expression, no doubt put off a bit by my disheveled appearance and rather unusual question and said, "Well, it's Tuesday, don't you know that?" Seeing my look of disbelief, the girl pointed to a newspaper on a table near me and told me that if I didn't believe her I could check the date for myself. Just as the girl had said, it was Tuesday, and my first day of college would begin the next morning.

In a state of bewilderment, I tried desperately to reformulate the history of the last three days. The most I could recall was saying goodbye to my dad and then walking into the elevator with the last few boxes of my stuff. What happened to those boxes? I went over to the girl at the desk again, trying to act as respectable as possible, which was definitely a challenge considering my unkempt appearance and toxic aroma of barf and urine. I explained that I had left some boxes of my possessions in the lobby and now needed to take them up to my dorm room. To my relief, I saw that these items had somehow been rescued and were now sitting on the floor next to the lobby counter. After managing to convince the young lady that the items belonged to me, I picked them up and walked toward the elevator. Just before my finger pushed the button to open the elevator door, a shock wave of anxiety slammed my body. Backing away from the elevator, I decided that for a change I would use the stairway.



Discussion

Clowns and elevators – these do not make a good combination in my opinion. For me this is a psychologically toxic cocktail of coulrophobia and – for some reason there isn't a latin term for this – fear of elevators. The two brutes who abducted me inside the elevator of Lander Hall at the University of Washington in 1972 either by nature or by disguise had grossly wrinkled faces and a classic bright orange clown hairdo. What is the connection between clowns and malevolent

THE VERGES

tricksters? I can't help but think back to an early childhood experience I had as a 'treat' for my second or third birthday. My mom had hired a clown to perform for me and about a dozen of my young friends. I recall being somewhat suspicious of this from the get go but was instructed to sit on the floor of our living room and form a circle along with my playmates. The clown was stationed in the center of the circle and stood patiently until all the children were placed correctly, quiet and attentive. Then all Hell broke loose. The clown began to holler and dance wildly, acting like a demon possessed maniac. Instantly all of us kids erupted in hysterical screaming, crying and sobbing which only stopped after the clown had left the house, I suspect well ahead of schedule. But this horror was quickly soothed by the mothers in attendance who calmed their children and we kids were told that it was time for the birthday meal. The horrible experience of seeing a clown behaving in an irrational manner inside of an initiatory circle comprised of preschool children had in short order been remedied by the deliciously sweet taste of cake and ice cream.

If for some reason I was forced to decide which strange contact event I have experienced was the most devastating to me I would probably have to choose this 1972 abduction as being at or very near the top of the list. I've had many other experiences that were more terrifying in some respects but in terms of deconstructing the integrity of my soul, this demonically engineered torture session had a grave impact that has left deep and what I'm afraid are irreparable psychic scars. There are, I think, two especially significant words in the previous sentence and they are 'demonically' and 'engineered'. Usually I try to steer clear of connotatively loaded terms such as 'demonic' but in the case of this viciously manipulative abduction I feel that it's appropriate and probably even too tame. The 'engineered' aspect concerns what seems to have been a production line process of abducting people and subjecting them to an occult regimen in some of the most degrading circumstances anyone could possibly imagine. The dark, cavernous location I had been taken to was filled with dozens of people locked in cages like myself. We were all begging for water and help while unavoidably vomiting, defecating and urinating on the prisoners in the lower cages. I even remember that we prisoners were forcibly rotated from lower to higher cages – given a small sip of water in reward – so that the puke and excreta was evenly distributed among the abductees. This was, at the very minimum, a good approximation of Hell.

THE VERGES

The thought has occurred to me that perhaps some of the people who were incarcerated in this hellish facility along with me might also have attended mysterious night school sessions like I had been taken to as a child. These classes took place inside of a strange, round aircraft and were conducted by the gray-skinned Ant People. These kids, like me, were of course by this time grown up and for all I knew some of them could have been walking around on the same college campus that I attended, at this point diligently working on being good students and preparing for a productive life ahead. But the more sinister angle of things, at least for me, was that I had been subjected to a very dark and demonic version of freshman hazing, the results and consequences of which would unfold over the coming weeks, months, years and decades of my life.



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