

# *The Elves of Canada*



**How the Pleiadians  
Taught Me to Live,  
Love, and Laugh Again**

Joel Blanchard

**The Elves  
of  
Canada**

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Live, Love, and Laugh Again**

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This book is dedicated to the people who are making  
this world a better place to live in.



Special thanks to Lasca Randels

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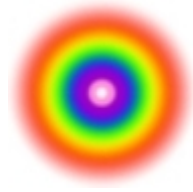
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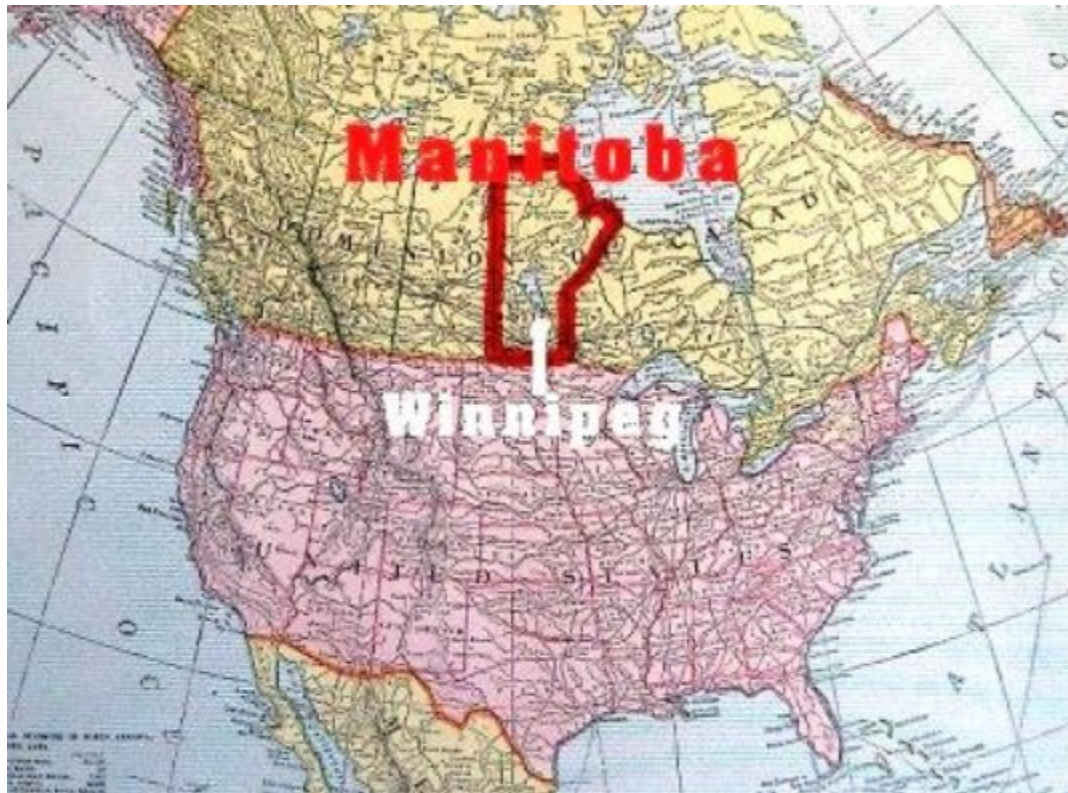
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# English Tea in the Canadian Woods



Above us, the bright blue sky housed just a few fluffy white clouds and the sun lit up this part of Canada with a cheery radiance. I thought it was going to be cold here, but apparently, it's warm even in Manitoba in July. The air was incredible; crisp, clean, and pure, and smelling like a fine perfume created from extracts of vanilla beans and pine needles. This day and place made it easy to feel very grateful to be alive.

My mom, dad, and girlfriend, Sarah, seemed as happy to be walking around outside as I was. It felt good to stretch out after having traveled over 400 miles north from Winnipeg in our rented Honda CR-V. Our last stop was at Lake Winnipeg and we'd driven many miles since pausing at that massive lake. Bed and Breakfasts were rare in these parts and hotels were virtually nonexistent, so we had decided to stay at a hotel in Winnipeg and complete today's mission in one long day's trip. Tomorrow we planned to travel to Saskatchewan and stay at a scenic lodge for three days before flying back to California from Winnipeg four days from now.



When my father told me of his plan for us to visit Canada, a wave of pleasant anticipation washed over me. I consider myself an open-minded person who likes to experience new things, so I embraced the unknown possibilities a different country could offer. It was near the end of my sophomore year of college at [a University in San Diego] when my father laid the news about the trip on me, and at that time, I was thinking that anything other than schoolwork would be just wonderful. I was enjoying spending time with my friends at college, but I wasn't enjoying studying. I was starting to resent having to memorize facts and opinions and regurgitate them onto a test paper to pass a class so I could get a piece of paper that might help me get a good-paying job someday. I was starting to think that computer science wasn't the right area of study for me. I found computers fascinating and dreamed of programming lucrative software or video games, but several of my actual courses were incredibly boring and difficult. Some classes were about electrical engineering and other aspects of computer science that didn't interest me at all. I was one of the lucky ones, as I didn't have to take out a student loan to attend college because



my parents were paying for it all. Still, I believed I needed time to figure out what I really wanted to do with my life and I felt guilty about all the money my parents were spending on my tuition. Unfortunately, my parents seemed to believe that college was the best thing for me and I certainly didn't want to disappoint them. To make matters even more complicated, my girlfriend, Sarah, attended [the same University] with me and I didn't want her to be there without me.

In any case, when I realized that we were going on this trip to Canada I immediately set about mentally rehearsing how I would ask my parents if Sarah could come with us. In my mind, I was envisioning us staying at a luxurious hotel, maybe even talking my parents into giving Sarah and me our own room. No such luck. Although the hotel room was okay, Sarah was going to sleep on one of the double beds alone and I had a rollaway bed all to myself. I accepted the fact that a romantic night with Sarah would have to wait until a future date and focused on the happy fact that the cute, five-foot two-inch girl that I adore was with me right now.

My dad had insisted on renting a vehicle that had a Global Positioning System device to help us locate the remote house of the person that we needed to meet with; the woman who may be able to cure my mother of cancer. As it turned out, the device did help keep us moving in the right direction on the lonely dirt roads out here.

As we approached the front door of the healer's house, we couldn't help but notice that her land displayed an amazing assortment of wildflowers, some with tiny, bright heads, and others with intricate trumpets of purple, red, or orange.

"Alex, check out all the plants," Sarah said to me while pointing toward a group of particularly eye-catching flowers. So many vining plants had climbed up the sides of the house and interwoven themselves on the latticework of the porch that it was hard to tell where the small Victorian-styled house ended and where nature began. My father tested the limits of his wire-framed lenses searching for a doorbell. Finally giving up on finding a doorbell, my father tapped lightly on the wooden frame of the screen door. The warped frame of the door amplified his meager knocks by rattling against its catch. The word "Coming!" emanated from inside the

house and a tall, older woman with perfect snow-white hair appeared in the doorway. She pushed the screen door open, stretched out her arms wide and said, “You made it!”

My father said, “Hi, Donna. Yes, it was a long drive, but we found you!” and reached out his hand to her. She refused his hand and insisted on hugging each one of us and giddily welcoming us into her home.

Donna led us through a dimly lit room lined with overstuffed bookcases and several candles. “Come into the kitchen here,” the naturopath instructed. It occurred to me that this house might not have any electricity, but then I spotted a light bulb capped with a lampshade decorated with dried flowers swooping over a worn cloth chair. After gathering inside her sunny kitchen, Donna said, “Please sit,” as she motioned toward the four chairs set around her small round table. We all quickly complied while Donna asked, “Who wants tea and who wants something else?”

The small pantry area visible from our chairs completed the most whimsical country kitchen I had ever seen. The old wooden cabinets, the numerous mason jars and teacups, the patterned cloths, and the simple yet plentiful examples of charming country decor were fascinating.

“We have chamomile, mint, rose, lavender, holy basil, gynostemma, ashwagandha, lemongrass, fennel, ginger, cinnamon, hibiscus ... and we also have Ceylon, English Breakfast, peony, green, white, and black teas, but we didn’t grow those.” My impish sense of humor tempted me to ask for a cup of coffee or a “regular” cup of tea, but fortunately, I held my tongue. My father asked for gynostemma, my mother requested black, and Sarah ordered cinnamon. I said, “I’d like English Breakfast, please” because I had heard about that type of tea but had never tried it. Donna filled a teapot with water and set it upon a stovetop ring sporting an impressive propane-powered fire. Donna turned, looked squarely at my mother, and said, “I’ll make you your black tea, dear, but I have some other tea for you as well.”

My father’s anxious body language divulged his eagerness to begin conversation that’s more serious-minded and he managed to voice, “Do you think that you have something that can cure my wife’s cancer? Jackie has

stage two and she's agreed to give natural treatments a try before getting a lumpectomy or mastectomy."

Donna paused for a heartbeat and replied, "Well, everybody is different and every *body* is different. I can't promise anything. However, I've had several people tell me that I've helped them cure themselves of cancer, including breast cancer, so it's certainly possible that the cancer in Jackie's body will decrease, not increase." Donna focused her piercing hazel-blue eyes on my mother as if she were expecting to see an answer written on my mother's body.

"I'm going to give you an herbal formula that will help get things started in the right direction," Donna said as she retrieved a mason jar from the kitchen. "This is for *you*," she said emphatically as she handed the cylindrical jar to my mom.

My mother managed to utter, "Thank you," as she forced a smile onto her face. We all just stared at the glass jar filled with some sort of herbal matter. From where I was sitting, it looked like an herb that was popular among some of my college friends.

"What kind of herb is this?" my mother asked with artificial optimism in her voice.

"It's mostly burdock root and sheep sorrel, but it also has some slippery elm in it and trace amounts of Turkish Rhubarb."

Donna may as well have been speaking in another language to Sarah, Mom, and me, but my father burst out with "Oh, Essiac tea!" My dad has a keen interest in herbal medicine and was always reading about natural cures and gardening stuff.

"Here are the directions on how to prepare the tea. It's somewhat tedious to prepare but everything's there," Donna said as she handed my mother a two page hand-written essay. My mother thanked Donna as she took her new assignment into her hands.

The teapot on the stove sounded out a loud "oooowooweeeHEEEEEEEEEEE!" as it declared that the water inside it had reached an exceptionally hot temperature. Donna moved like a cat,

quickly turned off the fire on the stove, and popped jars and tea infusers open with the fervor of a child opening Christmas gifts. Within a single minute, she had five different teacups on the counter, with the proper herbal infusion in each one, and had expertly guided boiling water into four of them. She completely ignored us as she tapped out a rhythm with her foot. After what apparently was the proper number of taps, she removed the tea infuser from one of the teacups. Several taps later, she removed two other infusers and poured water from the kettle over the tea ball in the fifth teacup. She soon removed all the remaining infusers and tea balls, evidently extracting them at exactly the right moment. The healer placed a differently patterned teacup saucer in front of each of us and soon brought our tea over to us in cups that matched our saucers. She opened her antique refrigerator and returned to the table with a tray containing honey, maple syrup, milk, sugar, cream, cinnamon, and scones. The spoons and napkins were already on the table. "I'm sorry, but I'm *oot* of lemon at the moment," she stated with a charming Canadian accent.

After doctoring up my English Tea with a teaspoon of sugar and a glob of maple syrup, I was blowing on the hot tea in anticipation of taking my first sip when I saw the naked man. Yes, to all of our amazement, the small side door in the kitchen swung wide open and a completely naked, mature man started to enter the house. The instant he realized that we were there he released the door handle, spun on his heels, and exited the house. It's fortunate that I didn't have a mouthful of tea because I probably would've spit it out. I couldn't even look at Sarah because I knew that she would be smiling like a Cheshire cat, and seeing her smile would make me laugh out loud. I just returned my gaze to Donna and tried my best to play it off that nothing crazy had just happened.

"Oh dear, I apologize, I guess my husband didn't realize that we had company over," Donna said in a sincere but good-humored tone. "We both enjoy a nudist lifestyle during the time of year when the temperature is warm ... which isn't long here. Also, there usually aren't people within five miles of our house," she explained. Donna leaned out the door and shouted, "Do you have some clothes, Roger, or do you need me to bring some *oot* to you?" The barely audible sound of a door in the back of the house closing gave her enough of an answer.

Donna attempted to smooth things over by steering the subject back to my mom's condition. "Your diet is *very* important," she said. "You should be eating a lot of whole foods, not processed foods, and very little sugar. You should be eating low glycemic, organic vegetables, some healthy fats, and some eggs from properly raised chickens." She returned to her pantry, retrieved a document from a drawer, and selected a small, finely netted bag of something from a cupboard. "Here's a list of dos and don'ts as far as your diet goes," she said as she handed my mother another hand-written document. "Also, I want you to eat six of these pits every day along with one piece of fruit," Donna instructed, while giving my mother a bag of what looked like almonds. "Once you're on a low-sugar diet your cancer cells will be craving sugar something terrible and when the cancer cells open up to take in fructose they'll be taking in something else as well. Also," she continued, "once you get back to civilization get yourself some vitamin D3 and some proteolytic enzymes. That'll help shrink any tumors."

"Wa-what kind of enzymes?" my mother asked.

"Proteolytic," my father said before Donna had a chance to answer. "I'll get them for you when we get back home."

My mother swept her hand over the things Donna had given her. "Can I take all of these things together?"

"Absolutely!" Donna replied. "All of these natural foods are fine together ... like eating a salad with nuts on it."

"I'm sure it's fine," my father added.

Donna's husband, Roger, now fully clothed, made his way through the house and shyly introduced himself to us, quickly asking forgiveness for his grand entrance earlier. He explained that he had been gardening behind the house and hadn't realized we had arrived.

Donna put her cup of tea down and ambled over to a drawer where she acquired a pencil, a small sheet of paper, and a large piece of paper. "Roger, I'm glad you're here. I might need you to draw one of your patented maps to Ancien."

Shifting her body toward us she continued with, “There are some mushrooms that can help your condition, Jackie, but I don’t have them on hand here,” she said, as she wrote “enoki” and “turkey tail” on the smaller piece of paper. “Would you be willing to drive another 40 minutes up the road to acquire these things?”

“Y-yes we would, absolutely. We’ve come *this* far,” answered my father as he reached his hand out and took hold of the paper Donna had written on.

With a determined grin, Donna handed her husband the pencil and other sheet of paper. “Well, looks like we need that map, dear.”

“Sure thing,” replied Roger. “Let me draw it up. It’s always fun to give people the chance to meet elves, aye.”

“Oh, hush up now!” Donna shot back in a semi-serious tone before clasping her hands together and looking at the linoleum near her husband’s feet.

Eventually, the map was created, hands were shaken, and goodbye hugs took place. On my way out the front door, I looked back and saw my father insisting that the couple accept a 100-dollar bill that he had produced from his pocket. I heard Donna say, “This is a labor of love that we do because we enjoy doing it. We enjoy growing herbs and helping people, but thank you. We accept your gift with much gratitude and thanks.”

Once we were back in the car, I was eager to break any residual tension due to the seriousness of our conversation at the house, so I announced, “Well, *that* certainly was interesting. At any minute I expected her to get a big black cauldron out or tell Mom to eat eye of newt!”

Sarah laughed. “Be nice, she was *nice*.”

“I know,” I replied while chuckling. “I’m just kidding, she was cool ... and so was naked guy.” My parents looked at each other and laughed a little. “How do you know when it’s time to put clothes on? When four people you’ve never met come over,” I said jokingly.

As we drove down the narrow dirt roadways, my father gripped the CR-V’s steering wheel with both hands and periodically looked at the map

Roger had drawn. My mother did her best to hold the map steady while appearing unconcerned about our progress. It was almost four p.m. now, and we didn't want to have to try to find our way back to Winnipeg in the dark. We were currently heading north and moving further away from Winnipeg. I had brought my Kindle Fire HD with me and Sarah had her Nook, but neither one of us was interested in surrendering our views of the landscape quite yet.

I had another reason why I wanted to stay alert, I was tree watching and hoping to catch a glimpse of a chipmunk or an exotic squirrel. I had always had a soft spot in my heart for animals, and I had secretly consulted with my field guides to the mammals and trees of North America before the trip. This definitely was Least Chipmunk and Red Squirrel territory. I was imagining seeing a squirrel with tasseled or tufted ears, like some kind of arctic version of a Gray Squirrel. I also wanted to see a deer, a bear, a fox, or any mammal larger than a squirrel. I held Sarah's hand and continued staring out my window hoping to observe something other than spruce, poplar, and Jack Pine trees. I started thinking that all the furry animals were taking a siesta during this hot part of the day. Clearly, the Northern Flying Squirrels were waiting until nighttime to put their little goggles on and glide out of the trees.

There was no point trying to have a deep conversation with Sarah, as my parents could hear every word we said at normal speaking volume, and whispering would be considered rude. I made some small talk with her about how our cellphones had no connection to any cell tower before surrendering to relative silence. My mind soon drifted back to my mother's situation. As a former nurse in the cancer-treatment wing of a Children's Hospital, she had seen many people suffer and die from cancer, not only children but her coworkers as well. During the early years she worked as a nurse, the hospital required their staff members to hold babies and toddlers while the infants were being X-rayed, which exposed the nurses and medical assistant X-ray technicians to high doses of electromagnetic radiation. As a result, five of the six people my mom worked with developed cancer and four of them were already dead. My mother's doctor wanted her to get a double mastectomy and undergo chemotherapy, and I could sense my mom's stress and confusion regarding the topic. She

wanted to be the good nurse and follow doctor's orders, but that's what all four of her dead former coworkers had done. My father had met someone who told him about people who could cure diseases using natural substances, and upon hearing of my mom's diagnosis, he immediately began searching for a naturopath who might be able to help her. He found a woman on the internet who claimed that Donna had cured her of breast cancer and eventually talked my mom into agreeing to try natural remedies.

This is what led to us being on this remote road. Occasionally, there would be another dirt road connecting to the road we were on, but I always got the sense that those other roads led to places that are even more desolate. Being a passenger in the back of a car with my parents in the front leading me where they wanted to go seemed to be a perfect metaphor for how I regarded my life was currently going.

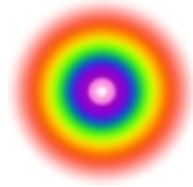
We had traveled for about twenty minutes before my father had to steer the SUV to the edge of the road to allow a small orange car to pass by us. Soon thereafter, the dirt road we were traveling on connected to a paved road. "Wow, a sign of life!" I declared, as we turned left onto the asphalt. "Are we actually approaching somewhere where people live?"

"We should be there soon," replied my father as he glanced down at the map.

A short while after passing a large lake we turned left onto another dirt road. After traveling about a mile, the road widened to the point where two cars could pass easily and there was enough room on the sides of the road to park. Well, there would've been enough space to park if it hadn't been so crowded with cars, trucks, and VW buses already; there were nearly 20 vehicles parked alongside the roadway and most of them looked like they could even run. The dirt road was in the shape of a large horseshoe with both ends connecting back to the asphalt road. At the apex of the road was a massive building built out of wood and stone with a sign that read "Café Ancien."



# The Old Coffee Shop



“We’re here!” my father happily declared as he eagerly drove the CR-V off to the side of the road, positioning it parallel to the roadway.

“Is this where we’re supposed to go to?” I asked, wondering why a coffee shop would sell medicinal mushrooms.

“Well, this is where we’re supposed to be. This looks like our final destination,” replied my father while pointing to the words “Café Ancien” at the final point on the map Roger had drawn for us.

When I stepped out of the car, the beauty of nature descended upon me. I looked up at the sun and produced a mighty sneeze. The warmth of the sun felt good on my face and body, and the sunlight illuminated the forest that surrounded the road. The pine-scented air seemed so clean and fresh. I could sense the presence of nature all around me, and I could hear several birds singing and chirping from the neighboring trees and bushes. Suddenly, I noticed movement in the woods and yelled, “Red squirrel!” as I pointed to the small, cute, crimson creature clawing its way up a tree about 30 feet away from us. “Did you see the white rings around its eyes?” I excitedly asked Sarah.

“Yeah, it’s cute!” she replied with a smile.

Since my parents were hurrying directly to the front door of the large cafe building, I took the opportunity to capture Sarah before she walked away from me and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. The kiss reminded me of the first time we had met, about three months ago. I was hanging out at my friend Scott’s dorm room at [a University in San Diego] when she walked in with her roommate, Hannah. My buddy knew Hannah intimately from high school and apparently, she was down for some fun,

even bringing her own wine coolers. We were watching a DVD on Scott's small television set. After we all had a few drinks, Scott and Hannah climbed up onto the top bunk bed and I found myself sitting next to Sarah on the bottom bunk. It wasn't long before we started holding hands and stealing little kisses. For some reason neither one of us wanted our friends to know what we were up to, and whenever Scott or Hannah came down from the top bunk we would scoot away from each other slightly and act like we were just tamely watching the movie. It was fun and exciting for me to have found a member of the opposite sex who seemed to accept me immediately and want to make out with me. I was rather shy and certainly wasn't the big man on campus.

I saw my father look back toward us as he held the door to the cafe open for my mother before entering the building himself. As we approached the large granite steps which led up to the cafe's front door, a lively, friendly man skipped down the steps, tipped his head to us, and offered us a big smile before scurrying across the dirt road to his car.

I pulled the heavy wooden front door open for Sarah and we walked into a small, L-shaped entranceway. There were old photos of the cafe, some in black and white, on one side of the tiny room, and a large corkboard on the other wall. There were dozens of hand-written notes posted to the board, most from people offering something for sale or seeking a specific item or service. Above the interior door was a large sign that read, "Cellphones Not Permitted." I turned to Sarah and asked, "Do you have your cellphone on you?"

"No, I left it in the car with my Nook. It didn't have any bars."

"Yeah, I left mine in there too. Imagine if a coffee shop in Southern California had a 'no cellphone' policy? People would think that the owner was crazy!"

"I know it," Sarah agreed. "The majority of people I see there *live* on their phones or tablets. I read some news story that said that the average person checks their cellphone 150 times a day!"

"I heard that too. I can understand it if you're doing business with your phone, but I think some of those people should just make an actual

phone call instead of sending 20 texts.”

“Yeah, I’m not a slave to my phone like some of my friends are,” Sarah added.

My heart leapt for joy as soon as we passed through the entranceway and I saw how lively things were inside the massive building. There were people everywhere, doing all sorts of things! Most of the highly animated people were near the pool table with the overhanging Tiffany Styled lights in the center of the room, where they were laughing boisterously. At the tables in the proximity of the pool table, people with sparkles in their eyes were having riveting conversations. Around the perimeter of the room, people were reading, staring at laptops, eating, playing chess, or sipping drinks. The smell of coffee filled the air, and the handsome, richly stained wood floor complemented the tasteful leather, cloth, and wood furnishings perfectly. Huge wooden support beams ran up from the floor and across the ceiling. Beautiful, multi-pronged, rustic, mock-candle chandeliers hung from the rafters and I could see at least two stone-lined fireplaces from where I stood. There was a small outside patio on the left side where a few people were blowing smoke into the air. It was the overall demeanor of the people there that made the place so delightful; they all seemed so cheery, aware, and alive. I noticed that many of the people in the cafe were rather short and looked like one other, but that just added to the enchantment.

Sarah and I walked toward my parents, who had already made their way to the counter. I watched as my father handed a barista the paper Donna had given him with the words “enoki” and “turkey tail” written on it. The barista, a sandy-haired girl about five feet tall who looked to be about my age, read the note, looked at my parents, politely asked them to wait a minute, and rushed the note over to another man working behind the bar. This man, who reminded me of Danny DeVito, read the note and a serious look washed over his face. He looked up and then walked over to us.

“I have some turkey tail, but the enoki is still out in the woods,” he said, intently evaluating our reaction to his words.

“Oh, does that mean that the enoki isn’t available?” my father asked.

“Well, no, it’s there, it just has to be gathered. It’s important that you get this mushroom today?”

“Well, yes. We’ve come all the way from California to gather healing things for my wife, Jackie,” my father said as he motioned toward my mom.

The look of concentration showed on the man’s round face, as he appeared to be weighing evidence to make a proper decision. “Gianna [ j ee-AA-nuh],” he said as he turned toward the sandy blonde barista, “we need to go *in back*. Mind the public house,” he said to the other worker behind the counter as he grabbed a key ring and motioned for all of us to follow him. He led us to the very back of the place where he unlocked a beautifully varnished door with one of the keys on his iron key ring. The door opened to a hallway that led straight to a much less elaborate door. The hallway was adorned only with drab wallpaper that looked as though it was from the nineteenth century. He unlocked the other door and the six of us moved into what appeared to be another coffee shop. There was another counter in front of us cluttered with various beverage-making devices and the odor of coffee was strong in the air here as well. The man working the counter looked like many of the men I had seen in the previous room: short, somewhat overweight, with pale skin and a large nose. The only difference was that he looked slightly older, was wearing a simple white apron, and was completely bald instead of having balding black hair like most of the other people. He managed to say, “Well, hello” to us, as he and the two patrons at his bar stared at us with keen interest.

“This woman needs some enoki,” the man I dubbed “Danny DeVito” said quickly while motioning toward my mom.

The man with the apron smiled. “Oh ya? Well, my name’s Zack. What’s your name, dear?” he asked, while holding out his hands toward my mother.

My mom approached the counter and put her hand out to allow Zack to close his hands upon it. “My name’s Jackie. Nice to meet you, Zack.”

“It’s nice to meet you as well,” he said with a smile, as he gently squeezed her hand between his while gazing into her eyes. He continued holding her hand and looking into her eyes longer than what I would consider to be normal. Then he released her hand and announced, “She can go to the village, but the others will have to remain here. It’s up to her.”

“You-you mean we can’t go with her?” my father stammered.

“Yes, we’re sorry,” Zack explained, “but we have a very quiet community and we don’t usually allow visitors there. Normally, I wouldn’t even want her to go, but since she’s the patient, I think it would be best if she chooses the actual mushrooms herself. She may even wind up selecting a different variety altogether.”

My mom and dad looked at one another and I heard my father whisper, “Do you want to do that?”

“I don’t know ... I guess there’s no harm in it,” she answered softly.

I could sense the indecision and inner turmoil in both of my parents. The boss-man from the front coffee shop, not wanting to stay so close to the tension, begged off and disappeared back through the door leading to the front of the building, but Gianna remained with us.

“I would take you to get the mushrooms,” Gianna explained.

It seemed to me that this put my parents in a somewhat awkward position. Would it be disrespectful for them to turn down these people’s offer while they all were looking at us waiting for an answer? Clearly, my parents couldn’t just voice any concerns they had with the local villagers there.

“How far is it?” my mother asked.

“Not too far,” replied Gianna. “The fields are about a fifteen minute walk from here.” My eyes scanned Gianna, and for whatever reason, lingered on her leather bracelets.

“Well, I want to at least get some enoki mushrooms,” my mother stated as though she was trying to convince herself of that fact.

“The rest of you can remain here as our treasured guests,” Zack offered with a friendly smile. “Are any of ya hungry?”

Just as he said that, the scent of some wonderful food reached my nose, above even the smell of coffee, and it occurred to me how hungry I was. I felt hollow inside and I could even feel my intestines rumble – what people call stomach growling. I was quite certain that Sarah and my father were hungry as well.

“Well, yes, I believe we’re all hungry,” my father said finally. I nodded in agreement.

My mother bravely added, “Why don’t you three eat something and I’ll try to hurry back then.”

My mom and dad hugged each other. My mother faced Gianna and said, “Are you ready to take me now?” and Gianna nodded yes. “We’ll be back soon,” my mother said as Gianna slowly started walking toward an open doorway on the side of the room.

I leaned in toward my mom, kissed her on the cheek, and gave her a quick side hug. “I love you, Mom,” I whispered.

“I love you, too,” she replied, while displaying a warm smile. She waved goodbye to us and followed Gianna.

My father followed her footsteps for about 14 feet so he could peer around the end of the bar and look out the open doorway. He watched her pass through the back of the building. I politely acknowledged the presence of the two patrons with a nod of my head and a weak smile as Sarah and I approached Zack.

“We have herb-seasoned, fire-roasted chicken with fresh red potatoes and summer squash,” Zack said in a robust voice loud enough for my father to hear from the other end of the counter. “We also have slowly grilled squirrel, marinated in olive oil, black pepper, apple cider vinegar, and lemon juice. That comes with rice and green beans,” he added as my face dropped in horror.

“I’ll take the chicken,” I said weakly.

“There are also all kinds of lighter fare,” he stated, while motioning toward a glass case containing various breads, muffins, cakes, pies, and tarts.

“I’d like the chicken as well,” answered Sarah.

My father joined in with, “Make that three orders of the chicken, please.”

“O-kay and what’ll y’all have to drink with that?”

I looked at Sarah to give her a chance to order first. While staring at the handwriting on the chalkboard drink menu above Zack’s head she said, “I’d like a raspberry tea with sugar, please.”

Attempting to appear bold and manly after the squirrel meal reveal had nearly brought me to tears, I stated in my best adult male voice, “I’d like a medium-roast coffee ... with a little sugar and cream.”

Zack looked at me with a smirk on his face and said, “A regular coffee then?”

“Yes,” I conceded, suddenly realizing that my order hadn’t been nearly as bold as I imagined it to be in my mind.

My father said, “I’d like a café mocha, please.”

“All righty, make yourselves at home and we’ll get your drinks right oot to ya, aye.”

We circled around the bar and headed through the doorway my mother had walked through a few minutes earlier. The back section of the cafe was more spacious than I had previously imagined and I could see that it was divided into two main sections. The first, smaller section directly behind Zack’s work area looked like an old library or antique bookstore. Tall wooden bookcases lined the walls and all eight of the people in there had books either in their hands or on the table in front of them. Every one of the people in the room looked up from their books with curiosity in their eyes and a smile on their faces as we passed by them. For a few moments I imagined what life would be like if I could just come here every day, get wired on caffeine, and read books all day long. I’m sure that it gets freezing cold outside here in the winter, but the fireplace in the room looked

perfectly functional to me and there was even wood stacked next to it. Reading lights hovered over every chair and handmade quilts added to the charm of the room.

We needed to find a place where the three of us could sit and eat an entire meal, so we continued through that room to a larger room that looked more like a dining area. I was amazed to find that this dining room was alive with more happy people. I had been so focused on our conversation with Zack that I hadn't noticed the sounds emanating from back here. A long table offered the three of us a convenient place to sit and watch the locals. The patrons there seemed to welcome our audience; they smiled at us whenever they looked our way. I was now certain that the people here really did all look like one another. A few people were eating, but many more were engaged in lively games of bridge, euchre, sevens, or cribbage. A man was standing up on his chair to make a dramatic point.

“You don't count doubleton dummy points when raising me four trump points! You didn't have the hand to support me!” he declared emphatically.

“You were bidding in my longest supporting suit,” responded his partner

“You didn't have a card higher than a nine! I couldn't keep coming in Hearts!” the chair-stander countered.

At first we thought we were witnessing a heated argument but when the man hopped down from his chair, walked around the table, and grabbed his partner's shoulders with his hands from behind, it was a playful massage disguised as an “I'm going to choke the life out of you” joke. Soon, everyone at their table was laughing and the two female players on the other team were even able to add their own good-natured barbs such as, “Well, I for one am glad he can't count,” and “He's your handicap!” without upsetting the player who may have bid incorrectly.

Soon, a waiter carrying a round tray emerged from the door leading to the kitchen. He was noticeably younger, thinner, and taller than most of the people here.

He laid our drinks before us. “Here you are.”



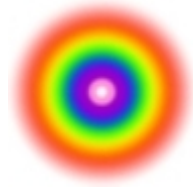
“Thank you.” “You’re welcome!” was heard three times.

“I’ll bring your food out as soon as it’s ready. We just need to steam cook the squash. My name is Jonathan. If you need anything please don’t hesitate to yell ‘Jonathan,’” he said, while pantomiming a megaphone.

About fifteen minutes later, he reappeared with our three dinner plates of roasted chicken. The food tasted so amazingly good. The chicken just dissolved in my mouth in a pool of herbal flavor beyond my culinary experience to identify or describe precisely. The red potatoes were mashed with just enough butter to give them a perfect consistency. Under my direction, Jonathan had added some freshly ground black pepper to the spuds and the result was oral ecstasy. The fresh summer squash, tossed with butter and sea salt, was yummy too.

About half an hour later, we decided to complete our wonderful dinners with an order of blueberry dumplings and chocolate strawberry shortcake. We had finished our desserts and had already received refills on our drinks when the back door of the cafe opened. A tall man with long brown hair and a regal, angular face entered, followed by Gianna. A hush fell upon the place as all eyes turned toward the man. He walked directly over to us and told us something that would irreversibly change our lives forever. Looking into my father’s eyes, he delivered the words, “There’s been an attack. Your wife is dead.”

# Entering Unfamiliar Territory



Tears were flowing so freely from my eyes that it seemed as though I were floating on water out the back door of the cafe and across the cobblestone road outside the building. It seemed as though this was a nightmare scenario on a rainy day even though I was actually being led into a quaint bucolic village on a sunny day. My father and I stumbled forward. Apparently, Sarah was directly alongside me because I could feel her arm wrapped around mine.

I heard my father ask, “How was she killed? Who did this!?”

I sensed that I was surrounded by many people, and when I looked behind me, my feelings were confirmed by the blurry outline of many cafe patrons following me. Was that a horse in front of me?

“How was she killed!?” I cried out, desperate for answers.

“It was an animal attack ... like a bear,” someone in front of me replied.

“Where is she?” my father asked, probably half-expecting her to be alive somewhere still as the sudden news of her death had too much depth for us to immediately fathom.

The tall man walking ahead of us answered, “She’s still where she was struck down. A woman from our village has also been killed.”

“Is that where you’re taking us, to see her?” asked my dad.

“Yes,” replied the same calm, authoritative voice ahead of us.

Someone handed Sarah a box of facial tissues and she began handing them to me one after another. Soon, I could breathe easier and I

regained my eyesight. After becoming more aware of my actual surroundings, I realized that most of the people walking with us were crying. Realizing that they were grieving as well gave me a great deal of comfort because I was beginning to think these people let outsiders die in their village on a somewhat regular basis and I would perhaps get myself killed trying to prove to them that that wasn't okay. Evidently, they all realized that a great tragedy had occurred and they had supposedly lost one of their loved ones as well. Still, I couldn't help but ask, "How often do these attacks happen here?"

"The last attack of this nature took place in the '60s when some good people living near us were killed," replied the tall person in front of us holding the reins of a horse.

Gianna leaned in and whispered, "His name is Oren, he watches over the forest here."

We continued walking down the cobblestone street. I just mechanically put one foot in front of the other and moved forward. I began to scrutinize the surrounding houses. People would never have known this village even existed if they had only been on the unpaved roadway where we had parked our CR-V or hadn't exited the cafe through the door in the rear of the building. There were several small houses on both sides of the roadway, arranged in neat rows. They looked like miniature versions of true Victorian houses that are common in the older parts of New England. The houses were only about 20 feet wide and 25 feet long and were painted bright pastel colors such as light blue, pink, yellow, and orange. Two rock walls lined the narrow road. Brick paths delineated walkways through the overgrown grass and wildflowers and led to the front doors of the houses, some accented by a granite step or two. As we moved deeper into the village, the rock wall tapered outward and eventually ended. There were two other houses, set further from the roadway, that were painted dark red and dark green. I could see a small garden and some animal enclosures around one of the houses. Curiously, there was a complete lack of electrical poles, signposts, and cars throughout the entire place.

Soon the roadway became nothing more than packed dirt. When I looked behind me, I realized that nearly all the people who had been

following us had left our company, assumedly turning into homes along the way to inform family members of current happenings. The road led straight up a southwest-facing, grass-covered hill. The spruce, fir, birch, and hemlock trees that had been so numerous around the village didn't grow on this hill. The rich green grass on the hill reflected the late afternoon sunlight off its many shiny blades. I watched the light on the grass flow under the gentle breeze and I smelled the grass and dirt on the hill. Tiny Buttercup and Star of Bethlehem flowers seemed perfectly placed on the knoll. For the first time since hearing about my mother's death, I was glad I was still alive. I began to take stock of what I had and what was around me. There was the tall man named Oren walking in front of me with a horse. Sarah was here. She had been alternating between holding my arm and holding my hand to offer me both physical and mental support. I raised her hand to meet my lips and kissed the back of it. My father was here, looking vulnerable, shaken, and fatigued. I released Sarah's hand, put my arm around my father's back, and walked alongside him for several paces. As I removed my arm from my dad, I looked back and saw Gianna and our waiter, Jonathan, walking behind us. I was so surprised to see Jonathan that I almost asked, "What are *you* doing here?" but I realized how inappropriate that comment would be. I wanted to say something to someone, but I didn't know what to say.

When we reached the apex of the hill and my eyes beheld what was on the other side, the idea of engaging in small talk seemed foolish. There, before us, lay the loveliest section of Earth that I have ever seen. Grass, fruit trees, evergreen trees, and rows of cultivated plants came together to form a thick verdant blanket. A lake in the distance was sparkling like a million diamonds and spawning two rivers that were shimmering like ribbons of light across the countryside. As we started descending into this land, feelings of awe and peace entered my body. I suspected that I was entering a pristine part of the earth that had somehow been shielded from environmental pollutants. So profound was this feeling in me that I was actually thinking, "I don't want to leave here." The look on Sarah's and my dad's faces confirmed that they were contemplating similar sentiments. Ahead of us, on our right, various dirt and cobblestone roads defined the layout of a village. Two vivid white buildings shone like pearls in the

center of the hamlet and a blacksmith work area and some horse stables were visible in the foreground.

As we descended the hill, two horseback riding men approached us on the road. They were wearing leather armor, reinforced in certain areas with metal plates. When they stopped and dismounted, I could see that they had bows and quivers of arrows strapped to their backs. The men walked the horses toward us, and it soon became clear that the two horses were intended to provide us with a means of transportation. Although the horses were beautiful, I didn't know how to ride a horse and I wasn't in the mood to learn equestrian skills. Fortunately, Jonathan indicated that he knew how to ride and would be my driver; all I had to do was hang on. Sarah seemed happy when Gianna offered to be her chauffeur and with Gianna's help, mounted one of the horses. Oren respectfully invited my father to ride with him while explaining, "This is the fastest way to get to the area where the attack occurred."

Somewhat to my dismay, we veered off the road that led to the interesting looking white buildings and headed left toward a nondescript section of forest. It was frightening to be riding on a horse moving at the quick pace Oren was setting for us. I pretty much just grabbed the sides of Jonathan's shirt with clenched fists and hung on for dear life. We rode through a fruit tree orchard and even crossed a sizable river. I wondered if my mother had ridden on a horse today. This was turning into the most bizarre day of my life.

Mercifully, it wasn't long before we reached our destination and were able to dismount the tall horses. The horses seemed very obedient and didn't need to be tied or held in place. Oren spoke to my father and then my father said to Sarah and me, "You two should stay here ... this isn't something you actually want to see." Whereas before all I could think about is "seeing" my mother, it suddenly occurred to me that my father might be right about this. I really didn't want to see my mother dead, and I didn't want Sarah to have to experience that either. Even though Sarah had just met my mother for the first time a couple months ago, I knew that Sarah's tender heart would be severely affected by a horrific sight of that

nature. I figured that I could always ask to view my mother's body later if I changed my mind.

"Okay," I answered as I watched Oren lead my father away further into the woods. I looked for a place to sit down and decided to sit on a fallen tree because the ground looked moist. Sarah sat next to me, and Gianna and Jonathan remained standing. I looked toward the two of them and asked, "What are those white buildings back there?"

"One is a spiritual center and the other one is our City Hall. They're made out of limestone," Jonathan replied.

"Do you live in that village?" I realized that my question was a bit prying, but I needed to get more information and soon.

"Yes, I live there with my father," he responded without any sense of imposition.

"I live there with my parents," volunteered Gianna.

"You don't have any cars or anything?"

"No," they replied in unison. "But I might be able to get a motorized bike soon," added Jonathan.

Sarah held my hand and offered me another tissue. I still had many questions swirling around in my head, but I couldn't come up with a single specific one to ask them that would not sound as though I was being nosy. My mind quickly returned to my mother and finally I asked, "Did someone from your village get killed here where my mother was killed?"

"Yes, her name is Oihana. She tended the forest here and knew all about the mushrooms here," said Gianna. Once I got past her pronunciation of the word "about" the word "mushroom" stuck in my mind. I suddenly realized hundreds of mushrooms were growing in the surrounding woods, some on the sides of trees, many on the forest floor. There were even mushrooms growing on the log we were sitting on ... or was that lichen?

Soon my mind became preoccupied with what my father was seeing and doing. I stood up and took several steps in the direction Oren and my dad had headed. I stood there until I observed Oren and my dad walking back toward me. My dad looked small and sad. As soon as I was certain

that my dad was indeed crying, I felt woozy and despondent. This confirms it then. I didn't fully believe it when Oren told us that my mother was dead, but now I knew it must be true. Tears started welling up in my eyes and I turned toward Sarah, who thankfully got up and gave me a hug just in time for me to sob uncontrollably without having to worry about falling down.

My father made his way over to me and we shared a long, tearful hug. Sarah did a good job of keeping us supplied with tissues even though she was using several herself. Both Jonathan and Gianna were teary-eyed. I looked at my father intently to let him know that I needed to hear him speak. He said "It was horrible ... she was slashed several times."

"Like bear claw slashes?" I asked.

"Yes," replied my father quietly.

It was all a bit of a blur, but eventually, Oren said that we should ride into town to "be more comfortable" and we climbed back onto the three horses.

"Hold on tight," instructed Oren. We rode as we did before, except this time I rode with little fear. I was too numb to worry about falling off a horse.

Once we had exited the woods and reached the river, I realized the sun was getting lower in the sky and dusk would be upon us in just a few hours. The plan we had had to acquire mushrooms and get back to our hotel room in Winnipeg before nightfall seemed terribly naive and was now pointless and unfeasible. As we passed through the fruit tree orchard, Jonathan pointed to a small house surrounded by hundreds of plants and said, "That's Oren's house." Then we headed directly toward the heart of the village where the two magnificent white buildings stood. Before the horses' hooves struck the first cobblestone of the settlement's main roadway, I noticed that many of the townsfolk had turned out to greet us. They all looked similar to one another, but in a different way than the people at the cafe looked like one other. Instead of being short and chubby, most of these people were exceptionally tall and rather thin with flawless light complexions and long hair. They looked regal and most were shockingly beautiful. All the women had smiles on their lovely faces.

Several women were wearing pastel blouses and dresses with white ruffled edges and several had eye-catching metal wire jewelry, some set with gemstones, which snaked up their forearms. As we rode into the midst of the crowd, all the people we passed by said “Welcome” or “Hello” as they waved to us.

In front of us stood a huge limestone building built in a gothic style. Beautiful stained glass windows and two bell towers adorned the upper levels of the structure. It reminded me of a cathedral that I had seen in a photo once ... like the Charles Cathedral or something like that. An old man dressed in a white linen robe stood near the doorways at the top of the building’s wide front steps. He appeared to be nearly six and a half feet tall. He had wild white hair and a goatee shaped into a long, straight tail by an ornate leather strap. He wore a colorful cloth that draped down from one of his shoulders before crossing his chest and tapering down to the opposite side of his waist. Tall men wearing white linen robes flanked the old man.

Oren dismounted and soon we were all standing at the base of the cathedral’s stairs. The old man adorned with the cheerfully colored vestment descended the stairs toward us, followed by his little entourage. The man approached Oren, put his arms around him, and said in hushed, emphatic tonalities, “Oren, my son, I know you will miss the physical presence of your partner, but we’re all still here with you.” When the man stepped away, I realized that tall, rugged Oren was crying.

The man then stood in front of us and stated, “For those that are unaware, Oren’s wife, Oihana, was killed in the attack today.” I sensed that Sarah and I were the only people unaware of this fact. I suddenly felt ashamed that I had been so focused on my own pain and welfare that I had been completely unaware of Oren’s sadness. He had unselfishly taken the time to show us to the site of the attack and during most of that time, I was busy wondering if he was someone who could even be trusted.

Then the tall old man smiled, reached his hand out to my father, and said, “I am Deybeyden [ ' dā-bā-dīn, pronounced like daybaydin], it is a joy to meet you.”

My father weakly reached his hand out and took hold of Deybeyden’s hand while saying, “I’m Martin, nice to meet you.”



Deybeyden half-smiled and said, “I realize how you perceive this sudden loss causes you fright and deep sadness, but we will help you understand what has happened today in broader terms.”

“T-Thank you,” said my bewildered and overwhelmed father.

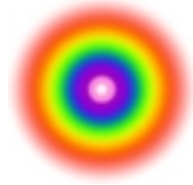
When Deybeyden turned to me I instinctively began to say “Hi” and raise my hand for a handshake, but he ignored my hand, said “Peace be with you, young one,” moved in close to me, and laid his hands upon the top sides of my head. I involuntarily closed my eyes and I could feel a current of energy flowing through my head. It was a sensation similar to the feeling of blood flowing into a leg that had “fallen asleep.” My head hummed and tingled.

“Everything’s going to be okay,” he said as he removed his hands from the crown of my head. I felt like I was drunk. I was giddy and lightheaded and I could hardly stand.

Deybeyden took a step to the side. “And you, sweet Sarah. You will have joy sooner than you even believe possible,” he said as he smiled and placed his hands over the cheekbones of Sarah’s face. She smiled and said “Thank you” while being too dazed to spend time wondering how he knew her name.

Deybeyden took several steps backward and looked toward the sun. My father dropped down into a kneeling position and Sarah and I did as well; it just seemed like the right thing to do at that moment. Deybeyden, engulfed in the waning sunlight, extended his arms out from his sides and raised his voice into the sky to declare, “THESE THREE SOULS ARE ONE WITH US HERE!” His voice was so booming and resonant that my entire body vibrated with his words. I saw a flash of white light and I started trembling. I fell forward onto my hands and lowered myself down to the ground. I heard Deybeyden say, “May you be blessed with a revelation of your true selves.” Then I passed out.

# My New Life



When I regained consciousness, I discovered that I was lying in a bed in a small bedroom. I sat up, looked around, and saw that everything looked old-timey. There was an old wooden dresser next to me with an unlit oil lamp on it. Moreover, there was a strange sensation inside me that had nothing to do with my peculiar surroundings. I felt as though I had been forgiven for everything I believed I ever did wrong in my entire life. My mind and body were so light, open, relaxed, and unencumbered. A new frequency of energy was circulating through my body and I just rolled back down onto my back and surrendered to it. I thought of Sarah and felt so much love for her in my heart. I sensed a connection with everything, and I started smiling and laughing for no particular reason. Jonathan, the young man who had been our waiter at the cafe, walked into the room.

“Good morning!” he said cheerfully. I rolled my head to my side to look at him and for no clear reason I started laughing again. A broad smile lit up his face and he started laughing as well.

“Where am I?” I said casually, as it didn’t really matter to me where I was.

“You’re at my home, in my bedroom,” replied Jonathan.

“Well, where is everybody?” I asked, while thinking primarily of my father and Sarah. I was aware that my mother had died, but I was either in denial of it or at peace with it, I couldn’t decide which.

“They’re in the meditation garden behind the cathedral. Sarah slept at Gianna’s home last night and your dad slept at Oren’s house.”

I knew that I wanted to be with “everyone” so I hopped out of bed and started heading for the bathroom to start my day. Unfortunately, I

didn't know where the bathroom was.

"It's just in the hallway to the left there," instructed Jonathan, "but if you need a toilet you'll have to go outside to the outhouse."

After closing the bathroom door, I could see for myself that there was no toilet in the room. I quickly took my shirt off and threw it on the floor. There was an antique, porcelain bathtub there, but I decided that I didn't have time to take a bath. I stood in front of the sink and splashed water onto my face and under my armpits. I quickly removed my pants, underwear, and socks even though I didn't have any clean clothes to change into. I washed myself as best I could in the sink using only water and my hands. For a moment, I considered not using the large towel hanging in the room because I thought it was inappropriate for me to use their towel all over my body. Then, after getting a notion that it was okay and even thinking that "they would want me to make myself comfortable," I grabbed the towel and gleefully ran it all over my body. I turned my underwear inside out and put it back on. I put my pants back on, but I didn't want to put my shirt or socks on, as they smelled dirty. I walked out of the bathroom holding my shirt and socks, and when Jonathan saw me, he chuckled, reached into a dresser drawer, and threw a shirt and a sock ball at me.

"Did you want to use some deodorant?" he asked.

"Okay," I said, fearlessly.

He handed me a small jar. I unscrewed the lid and looked at the white stuff inside the jar. I sniffed it and asked, "What's it made out of?"

"Shea butter, baking soda, corn starch, and cocoa butter mostly," he replied.

I dipped two of my fingers into the mixture and rubbed it under an armpit. After realizing that I had put too much on and couldn't apply the deodorant to my other armpit with the same hand, I was forced to retrieve some of the balm with the fingers of my other hand and apply it to my other armpit. I washed the remaining balm off my fingers and put on the shirt and socks Jonathan had lent me. My sneakers were on the floor next to the

bed and I put them on. I was eager to get to the outhouse so I said, “Let’s go!”

“Did you want to eat breakfast?” Jonathan asked.

“Um ... I’m hungry, but I want to get going.”

“I have chicken eggs. The chickens often lay in a corner behind the house.”

“Oh, I don’t want to wait to cook eggs and eat,” I said.

Jonathan displayed an amused look. “You can just eat them raw. Just crack one open into a glass and drink it.”

“Don’t they have salmonella?”

Jonathan laughed. “Well, if they do I must be immune to it because I’ve been eating raw eggs for about 16 years.”

I knew that he wasn’t lying to me, but I still didn’t want to eat raw eggs so I said “You know what, let’s just go and I’ll worry about eating later.”

“Ookay,” he said agreeably.

Jonathan and I exited his small house, dodged a couple of chickens, and I used the toilet that was located in a shed next to his house. When I stepped out of the outhouse, I realized that Jonathan’s house was located behind the City Hall Building. We headed northeast, passed a small wooden cabin, and quickly arrived at the very well maintained area they called the meditation garden located behind the cathedral. A stream of water flowed through the garden and a small, arched, Asian-style bridge spanned the brook. The brook poured into a pipeline that apparently allowed it to flow underneath the cathedral.

We happily followed a natural walkway that led to the area of the garden where people were sitting. Sarah, Dad, Oren, Gianna, Deybeyden, and three men from the village were there.

As we walked toward them, Deybeyden looked at us, smiled, and said, “There they are.” Then, speaking loudly enough for Jonathan and me to hear, he said “Good morning,” with a pleasant smile. The other villagers

offered us big smiles as well. My father and Sarah stood up and jogged toward me, reaching me before I could get to where they had been sitting. Sarah practically leapt into my arms and gave me a big, tight, soulful hug and kiss. As soon as Sarah released me, my father hugged me tightly as well. We couldn't help but profess our love for one another. The men of the village remained seated and Jonathan walked over to join them to give us some privacy.

“Wasn't that energetic shift last night amazing?!” my father asked. “Even though your mom has crossed over I realize now that everything's going to be fine. The people here are incredible!”

“Yeah, last night was crazy!” I exclaimed. “I felt like I was laid upon a cloud and worked on by shamans who reprogrammed by brain. I watched as my brain was carefully guided up a tube that lead to this huge hive mind. There was this entranceway at the end of the tube that looked like a cervix, and it only let good things in. And it opened up and allowed me, or my brain, in and then I realized that the ‘cells’ this huge mind seemed to consist of were actually individual brains from different types of beings ... and they allowed my brain to join with their brains. I've been so peaceful ever since having that experience. Before, I kept running scenarios, thinking about Mom mostly, but now I want to focus on a fabulous future and what's happening right now, and I'm able to do so!”

“The last thing I remember doing last night was lying on the ground out there,” Sarah added eagerly, while pointing toward the front of the cathedral, “but I had these *amazing* dreams all throughout the night! It was like I was given permission to seek happiness and do what *I* want to do. I feel like I don't need to search outside myself for answers ... as if I'm tapped into a great consciousness. I feel like my heart and mind are open and free. I woke up in Gianna's bed feeling *super* happy. I laughed and hugged Gianna until I started crying with joy.”

“I think that Deybeyden gave us this gift, in part, to help us cope with Mom's death,” my father said. “Even though her death was due to a completely unforeseen event, the people here are keenly aware that it happened on their land, under their watch. But isn't it amazing how everyone here feels like family now?”

“I know it!” Sarah and I declared simultaneously.

This perception that the people here were part of our family seemed so solid and real that we all felt as though this place was our home away from home. We had no strong compulsion to leave.

“I might go to the cafe later to call our hotel and the woman holding our lodging in Saskatchewan, since they don’t have electricity here,” my father said. “I’m going to ask the people at the hotel if they can put all of our luggage in a storage area ... oh, you know what ... we have things in the bathroom and closet. I’m gonna have to drive back down there [to Winnipeg]. But it doesn’t have to be today.”

“I’ll ride back down there with you tomorrow,” I offered, knowing that Sarah would probably come with us and give me company.

“Yeah, we need to get our clothes and stuff. Maybe I’ll just pay for an extra night or two ... that way no one messes with our things and we can take showers there and be comfortable.”

“Sounds good,” I said.

“Well, I need to get going,” my dad explained, “Oren and I have to discuss your mother’s burial, and he said that he and some other people had some important things to tell me. We’re going to talk in the City Hall,” he said, while pointing to the giant white building right next to the cathedral. I could tell that he thought that his meeting there was important because he pressed his index finger into the nosepiece of his glasses, something he does unconsciously when he believes that he needs to be on top of his game. “What are you and Sarah going to do?”

Sarah and I looked at each other, but before we could form any sentences, Gianna, who had crept closer to us, exclaimed excitedly “Let’s go to my house! Now that you’re a part of our community I can tell you what’s *really* going on around here!”

Sarah smiled and said, “Okay,” and once I realized that Jonathan was invited as well, I said, “Okay, cool!”

“I’ll stop by Gianna’s house after I’m done at City Hall,” my father stated. Then he turned and started walking back to rejoin the group of

men.

Gianna motioned for us to follow her, and Sarah, Jonathan, and I fell in line behind her. I hadn't seen many other people our age in town, so I asked, "There aren't many other people our age here, are there?"

"Yeah, there are some. Most of them are out around the lake," Gianna answered. "The guys went out with some of the men to look for ... the bear that attacked us. As far as the girls go, well, some of them went out to wash in the river and some of them just like to go wherever the young men are if you know what I mean," Gianna said with a smile. Sarah chuckled.

"My father is out there tracking as well," said Jonathan, "and my mother is washing clothes in Tallulah Brook."

I had noticed that the two limestone buildings here looked very old, which prompted me to ask, "When was this city built?"

"About a thousand years ago," answered Gianna without missing a beat.

"Really?" I said.

"Yeah, well, just the older section like the Cathédrale de l'illumination and City Hall. Everything else isn't as old," she explained. "The cathedral is made out of limestone and the City Hall Building is made out of marble. Marble is metamorphosed limestone."

"I didn't even know that there were buildings that old in Canada."

"Well, right, almost no one knows that!" she said with a bit of self-satisfaction. "Our kind has been here for a looong time."

"Our kind?" I asked.

A mischievous look appeared on Gianna's face. "Yeah, you don't think all these people are just regular humans do you?"

Sarah and I shot each other an amazed look, but we were both smiling. In fact, ever since Deybeyden did that "thing" that changed my normal thought patterns I was having trouble finding anything to worry about, including even my mother's death. Undoubtedly, one of the main

reasons Deybeyden did that thing was to help buffer us from the emotional pain of my mom's passing. I now knew that I wasn't in denial of her death, and I certainly wasn't forgetting it happened, but my heart had been opened and that opening allowed me to accept things I can't change just as they are instead of judging them and giving them space in my head. In any event, before I had the chance to ask Gianna what the people here were if they weren't human, we had arrived at the front door of her house. Gianna's house stood right next to the meditation garden and was, in fact, the small wooden cabin we had passed on our way to the garden from Jonathan's home. She opened a screen door and we followed her inside her home. We became enclosed by beautifully finished, light, knotty pinewood.

"My mom is out in the eastern fields tending crops right now," Gianna stated. "Do you want anything to eat or drink?"

The old me would've probably said "No, I'm fine," but I had such a strong heart-based connection with everyone that the idea of *not* accepting offerings from them seemed silly and wrong. "Do you have any breakfast-type food?" I asked.

"We have rice muffins, cornmeal, milk, yogurt, and strawberry tarts."

"I'd love a strawberry tart, please," I said.

"Coming right up. And what do y'all want to drink? We have strawberry juice, tomato juice, milk, and water."

"You probably wouldn't like the milk or tomato juice ... they're at room temperature," inserted Jonathan. "In fact, everything's at room temperature since there's no electricity down here."

"What kind of water is it?" I asked. I had done a paper in college about all the harmful chemicals in tap water, and ever since then I always tried to drink water that had been put through something akin to a reverse osmosis filter.

"It's water from the lake," she replied.

"The water's awesome," said Jonathan. "It's like the cleanest spring water you'd ever find. That brook out there is something we made to direct



water from the lake right into our town.”

“Oh, I’ll have that,” I said enthusiastically.

“I’d like some too, please,” added Sarah.

“Me too,” added Jonathan.

“Okay, make yourselves at home now,” said Gianna.

Sarah, Jonathan, and I took seats around the kitchen table. My eyes searched the kitchen while we waited for Gianna to retrieve my tart and pour water into the four crystal glasses she had placed on the counter. Although modest, everything looked rather quaint and functional. There seemed to be a bit of a cat theme going on: An embroidered cat on a towel, a cat mug near the sink, and a stained glass cat hanging between a stained glass angel and a stained glass rainbow. “Do you have a cat?” I asked nervously.

“Yes, we dooo. Her name’s Electra, and she’s the most lovey thing ever,” cooed Gianna.

I didn’t have the heart to tell her that I’m allergic to cats, but as it turns out, words were superfluous. “I’m aware that you’re allergic to cats,” Gianna said. “That’s one of the reasons why you slept over at Jonathan’s house.”

Gianna spun around with a look of concern on her face and said “Electra is mostly an outdoor cat, she usually only comes in to eat, sleep, or lie on my mother if she’s sitting in here. But she always sleeps in my mother’s room, not in *my* room.”

Judging by the amount of cat hair I could see on the quilt on the sofa, I surmised that Electra liked to snuggle with “her mother” quite a bit.

“Don’t get me wrong,” I said apologetically, “I *adore* cats ... I’m just somewhat allergic to them is all. If she’s not in your room much we can probably hang out in there no problem.” I always hated being allergic to certain animals. People always seem to think that I dislike the animal or something.

“Okay, well, let me know if you’re suffering from it at all. We’ll move into my bedroom in a minute,” she said as she slid a plate with a tart on it onto the table in front of me.

“Okay, will do,” I replied. “Thank you.”

Jonathan leaned in toward me. “You can sleep at my house again tonight.”

“Okay, I’ll probably do that,” I said, while smiling.

Gianna handed Sarah and me glasses of water and then retrieved one for Jonathan and herself. “Let’s hang out in here,” she directed as she headed off to her bedroom.

We followed her into a small room that contained a dresser, a bed, and a small desk and chair. The layout of Gianna’s house and bedroom was nearly identical to the arrangement of Jonathan’s house and bedroom. The morning sun reflected off the City Hall Building and lit up her bedroom. Gianna sat on her bed, and Sarah and I sat on the beautiful, thick, colorful, handmade tapestry that was set upon the floor where it served as a rug. Jonathan made his way over to the desk and sat down on the chair there.

“So what do you mean they’re not human?” I asked scandalously.

“Well, there was no way I could’ve told you this before,” Gianna started, “but now that you’ve been accepted into our community, I can tell you. Deybeyden and most of the other people in this village are the direct descendants of beings from another planet!”

“Whaaa?” I said as my mouth fell open.

“Why do you think they’re all so tall and beautiful? They’re not even human!”

“What about you and Jonathan?” I said with unconcealed urgency.

“We’re hybrids, half human, half Plejaren [ ‘ plē-yar-en]” Gianna replied.

“Plejar is the name of the planet your ancestors are from?” I asked.

“No, our particular ancestors are from a star cluster called Pleiades[ ‘ plē ə dēz], a cluster that some people call the ‘Seven Sisters’.

They were living on a planet called Teka in this Pleiades system. They had terraformed the majority of Teka into a beautiful, fertile environment, bringing in all kinds of plants and animals. The people who lived there became known as Pleiadians [ ' plē-ah-dē ə nz]. Most of our race lives on a planet called Erra and our race is known as Plejaren because Erra is in the Plejares system. It's like we're Pleiadian Plejarens like you might be American Homo sapiens. Here on Earth, the term 'Pleiadian' has come to mean the people who live in the Plejaren villages, including the hybrids."

"Are those planets like really far away?" I asked. "Do people still travel back and forth between these planets?"

"They're in the Milky Way, but yeah, they're quite far away. The people who came here originally regarded their voyage here as a one-way trip. No one is headed back and forth anymore. When my ancestors left Teka, it was under violent attack from another race of aliens. Most of the Pleiadians who were on Teka fled to Erra, but *my* crazy ancestors decided to continue to live away from the main colony."

"Wow," I said as my mind frantically tried to incorporate all of this information into my belief systems. As incredible as her story sounded I knew in my heart that she was telling me something she believed to be the truth. I darted my eyes between Jonathan and Gianna. "So you two are hybrids?"

Jonathan nodded in agreement and Gianna said "Yup. That's why I'm not that tall. Hybrids are usually kinda short."

"Why is Jonathan so tall?" I asked

Jonathan emitted a slightly embarrassed laugh. "People always say that! I'm not really that tall, I'm only like five-foot ten. I just sprouted up fast. I'm probably done growing." He paused and added, "My father's like six-foot four."

I managed to utter "Y-your father's a human?" despite the fact that the question sounded ridiculous to my mind.

"Yeah."

"He's just a freak, that's why," teased Gianna.

Jonathan kiddingly stuck his tongue out at her, causing her to return the gesture and smile.

“But why would a taller species mating with even an average height human produce offspring that’s shorter than most humans?” I queried.

“Well, I don’t know *exactly* why it happens, but I can tell you that it happens almost every time,” replied Gianna. “In fact, the shorter the offspring are the more Plejaren traits they usually have.”

“Oh, here we go. Now she’s going to brag about her extrasensory powers because she’s such a midget,” ribbed Jonathan.

“Oh, shut it, Jon! You’re just mad because you don’t have them, ha ha!” countered Gianna.

“Hey, maybe you have Plejaren powers, Sarah ... ‘cuz you’re about the same height as Gianna,” I added.

Sarah gave me a playful shove.

“Are the people who live on the other side of the hill hybrids?” I asked, just before taking a bite out of my tart.

Gianna explained, “Yeah, nearly everyone who lives in Ancien is a hybrid. There was a baby boom here about ... 47 years ago when a group of humans was interacting with this community on a daily basis. There’s still a small group of humans living to the north of Ancien.”

Sarah asked, “Is this village here part of Ancien?”

“Well, yes and no. Where the cafe and the homes behind it are is Ancien,” clarified Gianna. “Where we are right now is called ‘Les Anciens Supérieurs,’ which means ‘The *Higher* Ancients’ *not* ‘The *Superior* Ancients.’ Some people believe that humans are ‘less than’ Plejarens, but that’s not how we view it. Both races have what you could call their good and bad qualities.”

“It’s just amazing to me that people living around here don’t know about this city or these people who look different,” I exclaimed.

“Well, there aren’t many people living around here,” laughed Gianna. “We’re out in the middle of the woods. Besides, this city is

buffered on the west by the hybrids in Ancien who look normal enough to pass as humans. To the north, the lake and streams block anything on foot, and we have sentries out there. And to the east, there's a group of native people who help protect us from anything traveling from that direction. Even the overhead view is protected by ... well, we Pleiadians do have some tricks up our sleeves," she said with an impish smile. "Pretty much the only thing humans who pass through this area see is the cafe and the hybrids who work at the cafe. Some of the people who live around here call my cafe coworkers 'elves.' Sometimes people tell other people tales of 'funny-looking' people or 'elves,' but if anyone ever comes to investigate, all they see is us hybrids and they think that that's all there is to see here. We know when people are snooping around."

"And how do you know your secrets are safe with us?" I asked with a smile on my face. We all chuckled. Somehow, I knew that they understood that we would never betray them like that.

"For the same reason the original humans never told other people about us ... we only allow the right people to meet us in the first place. We know whom we can trust. But throughout history on this planet, the whole idea of elves and the stories of people seeing elves have come from our presence here. There are groups of us in other parts of the world, too."

"Really? There are other groups of Pleiadians here?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah," Gianna continued, "right now we have communities on every continent except Antarctica, but they're smaller groups than ours here."

"How many people live here in The Superior An... er The Higher Ancients?" I asked.

"About 56 purebloods, 6 hybrids, and 7 humans live here in Higher Ancients. If you guys stay here, we would have 10 humans here," she added enthusiastically. "Worldwide there are only about 100 purebloods, but purebloods have longer lifespans than humans do."

"How many Pleiadians came here originally?" Sarah asked.

“We have records that show that 38 people came here on the original spaceship. They utilized inconsistencies in the fabric of time and space to travel here quickly. Our population here spiraled up and then settled back down. When it became clear that we would be unable to prevent humans from engaging in warfare with one another, some of the Pleiadians left the earth on that original spaceship. They didn’t want to live out their lives living among the energies of anger and hatred. Most of the Pleiadians who left wanted to return to the more technologically advanced civilization of Erra. The people who chose to stay here are the ones who had fallen in love with the earth and the living things of the earth and wished to remain close to them.”

“I wanna see what that spaceship looked like,” I said.

“There are images of it in the attic of City Hall,” Gianna stated, while throwing a thumb in the direction of the giant marble building situated behind her. “It’s disc-shaped and looks like a typical ‘flying saucer.’”

Just then, the sound of a screen door creaking open and slamming shut emanated from the front of the house.

“My mom’s home,” stated Gianna. “Her name’s Noelani.” A few moments later, a tall woman with long blonde hair and an angelic face appeared in the doorway of the bedroom. I craned my head around to get a good look at her – to get a good look at a being I now knew was an alien!

“Hello, everyone!” she said cheerily.

“Hello,” we all uttered in unison.

She looked at Sarah and me. “It’s so nice to have you here.”

“Thank you,” we both replied.

I got goose bumps knowing that I was in the midst of intelligent people of an altogether different race. Gianna and Jonathan looked so “normal,” but this woman really did seem different. She was very tall and her skin had a particular flawless luster that I’d only seen in airbrushed photos. She turned and made her way back down the hall away from us. I

faintly heard her say “Hiii, Electra,” before hearing the screen door open and shut once more.

Jonathan offered, “If you want to see photos of the spaceship or learn more about the history of Pleiadians I can show you some stuff online next time we go to the cafe.”

Hearing about the internet caused my mind to visualize my Kindle Fire that I had left under my sweatshirt in our rented SUV. “There’s internet at the cafe?” I asked with keen interest.

“Just dial-up.”

“Oh,” I said, mentally trying to envision how my Kindle would connect to a phone line and not getting a sense of victory.

“Yeah, near the turn of the century, Zack and the others thought that they should ‘modernize’ the cafe so they agreed to install additional phone lines near the tables the customers sit at,” Jonathan said wryly. “We keep extra phone cords around and help people configure their laptops to work on dial-up, but most customers aren’t thrilled about it because web pages load slowly, and many of the modern laptops don’t even have voice modems. The elders say that wireless internet and cellphones damage your health by interfering with the electrical impulses in your body and interrupting the communication system the cells of your body use.”

“I’ve heard about that,” Sarah said.

Before we could get any other meaningful conversation started again, Noelani said sweetly from the other room, “Alexander, your father is here.”

I stood up quickly, reasoning that my father was waiting outside the house for us. He was. Sarah and I thanked Gianna and her mother for having us over and made our way to the door.

“Catch ya later, Jonathan,” I said.

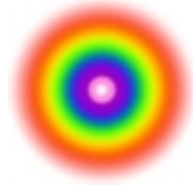
“Alright, my brother, talk to ya later,” he replied. I nodded in acknowledgment and stepped out of the house to join my father. My dad had a surprisingly sad expression on his face, especially when compared with how he looked earlier.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“There’s something I need to tell you about your mother’s death,” he said somberly.



# It Wasn't a Bear Attack



My father waited for Sarah and me to walk over to him. He put his arms around us and pulled us in toward himself as though we were in a football huddle. He asked, “Has anyone told you about the true nature of these people?”

“You mean that they’re from another planet?” I responded.

“Yes. That they’re from another planet and they have enemies from another planet here?”

“N-no! I didn’t know that their enemies were *here!*” I sputtered. “Gianna told us enemies had attacked them on their home planet, but she didn’t say that they followed them here.”

“Well, the villagers were told not to tell us about this until the elders had spoken with me about it. Besides, I’m sure they didn’t want to frighten you, but yes, they’re here,” he said as he lifted his arms off us and straightened himself out. Jonathan had stepped out of Gianna’s house and was looking at us, unsure whether he was welcome in our conversation. Gianna was looking out through the screen door. My father held up his index finger to them to indicate that he needed more time to speak with us alone. “I didn’t want to tell you about this...” he said as his lips quivered in an odd fashion, “but your mother’s body ... she was eviscerated. She had her guts ripped out. It was in line with something a powerful bear could do with his claws,” my father said as his eyes moistened and he held back a sob, “but it wasn’t a bear.”

“How do you know it wasn’t a bear?” I asked, while I struggled to stay focused and not start crying. Tears welled up in Sarah’s eyes.

My dad darted his eyes toward Jonathan. Jonathan sat down on the granite step. Then my dad said in a whisper, “Because Oren’s wife, Oihana, was struck by a vehicle and then beheaded.”

“You saw her body?” I asked quickly in a hushed tone.

“No, her body had already been removed before Oren led me to where Mom was. But just now, he explained to me that she had been beheaded, and I don’t mean her head was pulled off, it was a straight, smooth cut.”

I was flabbergasted. “What kind of being did this then ... and where is it now? Are there more of them?”

“It’s what they call a Reptilian,” my father answered. “They’re literally seven feet tall and they look like upright-walking green reptiles. Oren and Wymond showed me pictures of them and showed me an example of the type of weapon they used to do the decapitation; it was this huge, heavy, double-headed axe. There’s probably an entire group of Reptilians around here, as they usually travel in groups.”

“What are we going to do?” I asked, hoping a magical solution would suddenly present itself and make this nightmare go away.

“Well, the Pleiadians are prepared to fight back. You’re aware they’re telepathic right?”

“Gianna said something about that. How telepathic are they?” asked Sarah.

“They can sense energy and receive and project thoughts. They assured me that they would be able to sense if the Reptilians approached the city. Apparently, in the past, the butchering or abduction of mammals on this planet by different alien species wasn’t uncommon, but now it’s very rare. It was explained to me that after December 21st, 2012, the native beings of Earth came under the protection of a new cosmic law. Alien beings, including the Reptilians, are aware of this law. Virtually all the experimentation and interference that aliens were doing with humans has stopped since then. So the Pleiadians are very surprised that this attack occurred and have reason to believe that it won’t be allowed to continue. In

any case, they aren't waiting around; they're out in the woods right now trying to locate the Reptilian that attacked here."

I felt dejected. My shoulders slumped down and I just looked at the ground. I had been having such an amazing day, despite my mother's recent passing. Everything here seemed good, new, interesting, and exciting. Now, I learn that monstrous beings might attack this place, and the idea of being in fear the entire time I was here didn't appeal to me at all. I don't want to live in fear for an extended amount of time. I don't want to live in fear for *any* amount of time. Abruptly, I hear a voice in my head say, "You are the master of you. You are the master of your internal states. Decide to not be in fear." Were these someone else's words or my own? If they were my own, then the mind/energy thing that Deybeyden did to me last night definitely got me thinking differently. Regardless, I wondered if I could actually simply decide never to live in fear. Isn't it possible that I could refuse to allow myself to entertain fearful thoughts? My father's words brought me back to the present.

"These people are teaching me so much about life, and the nature of existence, that I don't want to leave here. They even said ... well they said they would reveal some amazing things to me later if I chose to stay. I understand if the two of you want to get the heck out of here. We can all leave right now. I'll bring you two back to the hotel. Heck, maybe we should just do the rest of our vacation in Canada like we had originally planned and get out of here as soon as possible."

"I want to stay here a while longer," I said with a level of boldness that even surprised myself.

"I think I want to stay too," Sarah said. I looked at her with admiration. It took a lot of courage for her to decide to remain in a place targeted by a seven-foot tall monster known to kill people.

"We're not going to find a place more interesting than *this* to visit," she said. "I mean, these people are from another planet, and they have actually accepted us into their community. I have a heart connection with these people. These Pleadians are remarkable, and they apparently have telepathic abilities, so I don't see how Reptilians are going to outsmart them. I bet they'll find and defeat that Reptilian."

It was at that exact moment that the words “soul mate” popped into my head. I had adored Sarah since the first time I met her, but now I felt as though her spirit was profoundly intertwined with my very essence. I had woken up this morning knowing that I had love to offer everyone, but she was perhaps the only fully human being that I knew, other than my father, capable of sending deep, unconditional love back to me. Sarah had been given the same gift of infinite love that I had been given, and all this was due to the kind people here.

“Sounds like we want to stay, Dad. When is our flight back anyway?”

“Our flight is on Tuesday morning, so that gives us two days to get back to Winnipeg.”

I looked into Sarah’s eyes. “Sounds good to me.”

“Sounds good to me too,” she said, while looking back into my soul.

Just when I was about to give Sarah a big hug and kiss, my father went and ruined it.

“Okay,” my father continued, “but there’s something else. Deybeyden told me he spoke with Mom last night and she wanted us to know that she’s perfectly okay. So try not to even think that something horrible happened to her because *she*’s okay with what happened and is doing fine. Her quick exit from this dimension apparently spared her several months of slowly dying from cancer.”

“They can talk to dead people?!” I asked.

“Yes, they can,” my father said plainly.

“But I thought the herbs and mushrooms were going to cure her.”

“Oren told me that nature has the cure for everything, and those things *could* have helped restore your mother’s health, but apparently it helps a lot when the patient *believes* the natural items can heal them. Not only didn’t your mother have enough faith in the natural remedies, she didn’t really believe that she was going to get better. In any case, Deybeyden said she was simply ready to pass on from this dimension at the

time she did so, and she wouldn't have benefited from staying here any longer. He told me to use her unexpected passing as a reason to stay focused on my now. He told me to focus on my beliefs to make my life better now and in the future."

I thought for a moment and asked, "Why did *Oren's* wife die?"

"Oren told me Oihana died because she was 'called up,' which is a very rare occurrence on this planet. Her careful attention and devotion to the living things that were under her care proved she was ready to advance directly to the fifth dimension where she will be able to create and oversee more good things."

"Sound like she got a promotion," Sarah remarked.

"Wow, that's amazing!" I said.

"Yes, knowing Oihana has ascended has given Oren much comfort," my dad stated.

"What did they do with her body and what's going to happen to Mom's body?" I asked.

"They already buried Oihana in the mushroom fields. She loved that area, and they commonly sprinkle mushroom spores onto their deceased and bury their people in the ground there. They believe part of the energy or consciousness of the deceased person merges with the mushrooms and becomes integrated into the mycelium network that spreads out for hundreds of miles underground. I was considering asking them to bury Mom next to Oihana," my dad said in a thinly veiled attempt to solicit my opinion on the matter.

"That's fine," I said, "but what about the authorities? Don't you have to report her death or whatever?"

"Well, Oren and I had a discussion about that. We simply cannot lead Mounties or morticians here due to the nature of this community. I originally proposed we move Mom to an area to the west of the human camp and report that a bear had killed her. Oren worried that a forensic pathologist or medical examiner would be able to tell that the marks on her body are not exactly consistent with a bear attack. We could probably pass

it by a coroner, but the idea of moving her body over there was too emotionally unsettling to me anyway. The only people out there who will be truly impacted by Mom's passing are her friends, her sister Gabrielle, and her sister's children - your cousins in Indiana. I can't imagine any of them will question my story if I tell them a bear killed her, in fact, Oren assured me that no one is going to question her death. Still, to cover my butt, I think I need to take a couple photographs of her body to have proof there was at least an attack. Did we bring the camera, or not?"

"I'm not sure," I said, "but my Kindle and cellphone both have cameras on them."

"Okay, well, retrieve your cellphone from the car please so we can have it here."

"Okay."

"Just be sure to leave it powered off until you get it to me," he said.

"Yeah, I know, they don't like cellphones here."

My father looked around and seemed to bring himself back to the present. "I need to call the woman running the lodge in Saskatchewan and tell her we're not going to be able to make it there. Are you guys ready to go to the cafe with me to eat right now?"

"Yes" we both replied quickly.

My dad looked at Jonathan and said, "How would you like to eat at the cafe with us?"

Jonathan eagerly sprang up from his stony seat. "I'd love to! I have to report to work in about an hour anyway. Let me just grab my serving apron and I'll be right back," he said as he darted around the corner toward his house.

Gianna hopped out of her house with a hopeful smile on her face. "Can I go too?"

"Of course," we said in unison. Sarah rushed over to her and gave her a big hug.

“I have to work soon too,” she said as she begged off to fetch her work clothes inside her house.

Once everyone was ready, the five of us headed off toward the cafe. Everyone we encountered on the way out of town made a point to smile and say “Hello” to us. We were definitely the new kids in town. As we made our way up the street leading to the hill that separated The Higher Ancients from Ancien, I noticed several empty horse stables on our left.

“The men are out on the horses right now,” Gianna explained. There were chickens and goats walking around loose in the area. “People put their leftover fruit and vegetable scraps out for the goats and chickens, and whenever you want some milk or eggs you can just help yourself to them. This wonderful Plejaren artist named Melanie makes certain that all the chickens and goats return home to the coops and pens each evening. We can’t leave them out because foxes, coyotes, and gray wolves sometimes pass through here. Melanie can communicate directly with our animals so she knows if they need anything.”

“How does that work exactly?” Sarah asked.

“Well, she can actually speak with them in their own languages as well as communicate with them telepathically,” replied Gianna.

“But how do the Plejarens communicate telepathically to begin with?”

“Oh, they’ve been evolving for a lot longer than humans have been. Telepathy is just a natural milestone in the progression of intelligent species. Humans are at the stage where they can send and receive thoughts, but most people aren’t even aware that they have this ability. It takes practice and focus to develop it. If you don’t believe in it, or don’t believe you can do it, you won’t be able to do it on your own. Any of the Plejarens in this town can speak with you telepathically, but they’re choosing not to do that with you yet.”

“Really? Why not?” I asked.

“’Cuz they don’t want ta freak ya the heck out!” she said. “If you stay here long enough I’m sure you’d become fully ready to have a

telepathic conversation.”

We slipped into silence as we climbed the little hill separating the towns. The grass and wildflowers on the hill seemed to be celebrating another bright, sunny day here as they danced and swayed in the slight breeze. Soon we were passing through the heart of Ancien with all the gaily colored houses lining the road. A pony stood under the shade of a tree near the street so we paused to greet and pet the gentle animal. With a container of water nearby and patches of clover scattered about the neighborhood, the animal was perfectly content.

We reached the back door of the cafe and entered the building. As before, there were several hybrid people sitting in the dining area. It was cool being on the “secret” side of the cafe most visitors aren’t allowed to see. Other than a couple of very old people, we were probably the only fully human people here. Sadly, a serious energy hung in the air instead of the joyful vibe that permeated this hall last time we had been here. The people were having discussions that were more serious, and some of the people were carrying rifles. Several people were brooding over something on a nearby table where two hybrids were making frantic gestures in an attempt to add weight to their vocalizations.

Gianna leaned in toward us and said softly, “They’re trying to figure out how to defend our villages from a Reptilian attack.”

“Oh, *they* know about that now?” Jonathan asked, with “they” referring to Dad, Sarah, and me, not the residents of Ancien.

“Yup,” said Gianna in a somewhat know-it-all tone.

I walked over to see what was happening at the crowded table near us. A couple of hybrids gave me a startled look as I drew close to the drawing they were studying. They quickly softened their look into a smile when they realized the degree of my allegiance. They allowed me to get a good view of the parchment on the table, and I quickly realized it was a map of the area. According to the map, Lake Weegwas was about a mile northeast of The Higher Ancients and the West Ojibwa and East Ojibwa Rivers extended like two giant appendages off the lower sides of the lake. A brook named “Tallulah” flowed from the lake toward The Higher



Ancients. This same brook supplies the town with water and runs through the meditation garden. Several marks and notations were penciled around the various waterways on the map, especially between the West Ojibwa River and Ancien. It seemed like the majority of Ancien residents suspected that a group of Reptilians were located north of The Higher Ancients.

After viewing the map, I returned to our table and sat down next to Jonathan. “How long have the Reptilians been around here?” I asked.

“I don’t know...,” said Jonathan.

“There are records of Reptilians coming to and leaving Earth in the distant past, but in modern times they arrived around 950 A.D., shortly after my ancestors arrived here,” Gianna explained. “They were concentrated overseas, and for over 300 years they added fuel to the fire of the Crusades that killed thousands of people there. Shortly after our beamship had left Teka, the Reptilians began trying to find out where our ship went. They used sophisticated particle-analyzing devices to detect the ions our ship’s engines emitted. But because our ship used X-point portals and the universe is just sooo big, it took them years to find us here. In the end, they wound up just searching every planet that could support life within this sector of the universe. Our ancestors made it harder for them to find us by selecting a planet that was off the beaten path a bit.”

“Why are they so bent on killing your kind?” I asked.

“Well, at first they wanted the resources some of the planets we inhabited had,” expounded Gianna. “I’m told that Teka was absolutely beautiful. Plejarens always work together with nature to keep things healthy and beautiful. Everything was vibrant and just awesome. Meanwhile, the Reptilians had totally trashed their main home planet and were too lazy, selfish, and disorganized to do anything to fix it. Their plan was to just take over our worlds by force and have some nice planets to live on, even if that meant killing the local inhabitants. We weren’t prepared for their level of brutality, and we fled. But to answer your question, the Reptilians dislike Plejarens because we represent things they aren’t, such as kind, honest, joyful, loving. Whenever they see a Plejaren or hear about Plejarens, it reminds them of their failures and shortcomings. Really they

dislike *all* other races, even their own. Infighting reduced their numbers on Earth to the point where we thought we might be done with them here. They don't usually live as long as humans do because they didn't evolve to live here, and the earth's climate isn't as warm as they'd like it to be. So just when we thought they were all going to die off due to natural causes, another group of them arrives on Earth. These Reptilians weren't looking for us; they just wanted to move to a planet where they could be the bosses. On their homeworlds there are so many of them vying for power that the planets are full of murder and lies and stress. They agreed to 'claim new worlds' for their kingpin so they could escape their homeworld and have a better chance to be the boss on some new planet. They basically try to kill or destroy anything that gets in their way."

"Wow, they sound like total tailholes," I said.

"Oh, they are," agreed Gianna. "The only reason why they don't tell the people of Earth about our presence here is because they're afraid we'd retaliate by telling everyone about *their* presence here."

After a brief silence my father said, "Well ... let's try to put all of that out of our minds for now and enjoy a nice meal."

Eventually, we put in our food and drink orders and were busy enjoying our meals. During the meal, I couldn't help but notice two tiny adult hybrids playing a game of chess in the corner of the room, seemingly oblivious to everything happening around them. Sarah and Gianna were having their own conversation, so I looked at Jonathan and said, "Are those the resident chess masters?" as I motioned toward the tiny players.

"Yeah, that's Bertrand and William," replied Jonathan. "I've seen them spend six hours playing one game of chess. They could beat any human chess player on Earth."

Before I could even raise my eyebrows high enough, Jonathan continued with "No, really, they would because they can read minds. They have a lot of Plejaren telepathic ability."

"Woow!" I managed to say, as I envisioned one of them beating Gary Kasparov at a game of standard chess in an official chess tournament.

“Their games are brutal because they’ve incorporated reading their opponents’ minds into the game, so whenever you’re actively thinking about what moves you’re going to play you have to take into account that your opponent is learning your plan as you devise it. So the game becomes far more intense, involving tricking your opponent into lines of play that lead to your advantage and visualizing your intended moves in your mind so quickly that your opponent is unable to remember your entire plan.” Then Jonathan leaned forward and lowered his voice to add, “And they purposely think thoughts to distract the other person: personal stuff, lines of play they don’t really plan to play, and provocative and perverted things. It’s mental brutality, and they usually leave here exhausted.”

“Aren’t you afraid they’re gonna read your thoughts and come over here and kick you in the shins?” I whispered jokingly.

“No,” he whispered back. “Fortunately, they’re focused on chess and each other’s minds and nothing else. If I poured a glass of water onto the head of one of them the only reason he would notice it is because the other guy would see it happen and think about it,” he joked.

“Wouldn’t a full-blooded Pleiadian beat them at chess?” I asked.

“You mean Plejaren, but no, Plejarens don’t play chess,” replied Jonathan. “One of the differences between humans and Plejarens is that Plejarens don’t enjoy competition or even tolerate it well. They think of it as the opposite of working together.”

“Oh,” I responded. I became strangely aware that I had involuntarily knitted my eyebrows while I was considering the profundity of Jonathan’s words.

I asked, “Do the Plejarens come here to eat? I never see them here.”

“Well, occasionally they do,” Jonathan answered, “but they’re mostly vegetarians. I mean most of them eat fish from Lake Weegwas, raw goat’s milk, and eggs, but that’s about it other than fruits, nuts, honey, vegetables, and chanterelle and morel mushrooms. They can get all those foods right in Higher Ancients so they certainly don’t *need* to come here.”

Rejoining our conversation, Gianna added, “Yeah, many of the main dishes served here are based around animals that are hunted by the hybrids that live here. Tonight’s special is Hasenpfeffer, which is basically marinated hare or rabbit.” She paused while I wrinkled my nose in judgment of the dish. Irrepressible, she launched into the enticing server description of the meal that she delivers to the customers that patronize the public side of the cafe. “The meat is marinated in white wine and homemade apple cider vinegar, braised with onions, and seasoned with black pepper, garlic, lemon, bay leaves, and juniper berries. Served with buttered fiddleheads and mashed potatoes.”

“I never know what to decide about eating animals,” I said. “I love animals so much, but I think my body feels better when I eat meat. Maybe humans have more of a need for protein or meat than Plejarens do?”

“I’ve thought about becoming a vegetarian several times,” confessed Sarah, “but I never seem to actually stick with it.”

“I’m the same way,” said Gianna. “I like the idea of not eating animals, but I wind up getting really hungry and eating whatever we’re serving here that day.”

“I have no problem eating meat,” said Jonathan. “My father’s a hunter and I grew up eating all kinds of different animals. If you treat animals with respect and honor their habitats then there will be plenty of them and plenty for you.”

“I at least try to be grateful whenever I eat,” my father said. “I give thanks for whatever food or drink I have and I feel gratitude inside.”

After a reverent pause, Gianna said, “The white-tailed deer will come and drink from the river directly above Higher Ancients but won’t go near the human camp or near here. Occasionally, a full-blood will take one, but they only kill deer that they know are suffering or are ready to die. They make clothing out of deer hides sometimes,” explained Gianna. “Also, some of the young Plejaren men eat bone marrow and certain organ meats, but we use everything. Whatever’s not used in Higher Ancients winds up in Ancien.”

After finishing our lunch, my father tried paying for our meals, but Zack told him that he didn't need to pay for anything at all. Gianna and Jonathan jokingly thanked my father for picking up the bill and headed to the cafe's bathrooms to get ready for their work shifts. After receiving permission from Zack, my father used one of the cafe's landline phones to call the woman who ran the lodge in Saskatchewan we had planned to visit so he could cancel our reservation. He was able to placate her by agreeing to let her keep the deposit we had made on the lodge, which was equivalent to the cost of one night's stay. My dad also officially extended our stay at the hotel in Winnipeg for three more days to help ensure that all of our belongings we had left in the room would remain undisturbed. After my father finished his phone calls, Sarah used the phone to call her parents in Escondido, California. She didn't mention anything about my mother's death to her parents because she knew it would cause them too much worry. While Sarah was still on the phone, I acquired the keys to our rented CR-V from my dad and got permission from Zack to walk through the building to the front cafe. Such dense, intentionally planted vegetation surrounded the cafe that getting to the road through the woods was virtually impossible. I walked through the hallway, entered the public side of the cafe, and said "Hi" to Gianna, who was now working behind the counter. I exited the cafe and found our vehicle was just as we had left it. I cast my gray sweatshirt aside to access my Kindle and cellphone. I turned my cellphone on, but with no cell tower within range, it didn't offer me anything useful except the local time. I powered the phone off and put it in my pocket. As I hid my Kindle under the passenger's seat, I saw the items my mother had received from Donna on the floor mat, and I had to force myself to visualize my mother happy and smiling. I locked up the vehicle and returned to the cafe.

Once I was inside the main cafe, I made my way to the counter and quietly told Gianna that I needed to get back to the "hybrid only" side of the cafe. She spoke to the man who looks like Danny DeVito and he got his big iron key ring out and unlocked the doors leading to the "non-public" side of the cafe for me. I moved through the hallway into the other side of the cafe, thanked the man, walked over to my father, and handed him the car keys

and cellphone. Sarah had finished her phone call and was now in the building's reading room enjoying a conversation with two women there.

"I'd like to get back to City Hall and find out if they've received any new information or made any conclusions about Reptilians in the area," my father said.

"I wanted to get online to look up 'Pleiadians' or 'Plejarens,' but I don't really want to ask to use *their* computer to do that," I said.

"I don't think they'd mind," my father replied.

Despite the changes in my way of thinking that Deybeyden had initiated, I was aware that I was keen to keep myself busy so I wouldn't start thinking about my mother's death. I approached Sarah and asked, "Sarah, would you want to go into the City Hall Building with me?"

"Sure."

We said goodbye to Zack, Jonathan, and a few other people in the cafe, and said hello to the few villagers we met in Ancien as we passed through the town. The pretty pony was gone so we didn't get to pet it again, but when we reached the other side of the hill we saw it in one of the stables there in The Higher Ancients. We continued directly to City Hall, ascended the outside stairs, and passed between two of the beautiful smooth marble columns that flanked the front entrance. We walked in through the front doors and saw a wide set of handsome, chestnut-brown, wooden stairs in front of us. On both sides of us were smaller sets of wooden stairs leading down, also finished in a beautiful, reddish-brown tone. Without hesitation, my father started climbing the wide steps in front of us, and we followed right behind him. Alongside the stairs were exquisitely ornate balusters that supported the thick, smooth, wooden handrails on either side. When we reached the top of the stairs, we entered a large hall that featured vaulted, lustrous, wooden walls accented at regular intervals with lifelike portraits of assumedly important Plejarens. There were four staircases leading up from this hall and there were four doorways in the hall, each leading to a separate room. We could see and hear that one of the rooms had several people in it. As we headed toward the doorway of that room, a Plejaren man dressed in linen walked out into the hallway, smiled a sincere

smile, and invited us to enter the room with a sweep of his open hand and a tilt of his head. As we graciously passed by him, we offered him a smile and a head bow as well.

There were all types of remarkable-looking people inside the large room, some standing, some sitting, at the huge, rectangular, wooden table occupying the center of the room. There were elders dressed in fine linen, there were stocky men who looked like mountain men, there were hybrids, and there were people wearing an insignia on their clothing that identified them as First Nation people. There were also three tall, strikingly handsome, young men dressed in leather and fur. They stood out from the rest because their tan skin was literally glowing, and they were showing a lot of their buff bodies. A wave of jealousy rolled through my body, but I allowed that energy to flow right out of me and dissipate. I was certain Sarah found them attractive, but I decided I was going to continue to love myself, believe in myself, and even be happy for these guys that they were so healthy and good-looking.

Enough people in the room noticed us enter that conversation was suspended, and soon every eye was looking at us. I felt another brief sensation of inadequacy ripple through me, but I decided I had nothing to be ashamed of, took a deep breath, and chose to feel comfortable. I even decided to believe I was somewhat hip and stylish wearing a shirt from a bona fide hybrid. If only I had had the chance to wash my hair – oh well!

A tall Plejaren male with straight white hair looked at us and addressed the group saying, “Please welcome the newest members of our community, Martin, and the youthful Sarah, and Alexander.” A surprisingly large amount of applause and friendly cheers filled the room. “Children, you have not yet met me, my name is Wymond,” he said as he ceremonially bowed his head toward us. “Welcome to our community.” We nodded our heads back toward him and displayed smiles. “I have already spoken with Martin. Please make yourself at home and at peace here.”

“Thank you,” Sarah and I said in reply.

Wymond continued in a measured, diplomatic tone, “There are many people present here who you do not know,” he stated while looking our way. “There by the door is Ertaway and here is Monoma,” he said as he

gestured to the linen-clad Plejaren to his right. “Here are our finest young archers: Daniel, Michael, and Nathanael,” he said, while leading our attention to the three tan, young, Plejaren men who could pass for Chippendale dancers.

“Our exalted human friends present here include Ivan and Luc,” Wymond said as the large human warriors nodded in acknowledgment. “And from the group of native people who have allowed us to live on their land for centuries, please allow heart space for Kio and Mi'kmaq,” Wymond said as he extended his hand out toward the two men I assumed were actual descendants of the first humans to live in this area. “That is Clinton and Tomas on the end there,” Wymond said, while our eyes fell upon two hybrids who looked virtually indistinguishable from nearly any other hybrid man.

We smiled at everyone present and soon they resumed their conversations that centered on the best way to deal with the Reptilian threat. They were discussing the advantages of having archers on the high points of the city – the rooftops and in the limestone spires - and weighing those advantages against the benefits of having archers in stealthy locations on the ground. Many of their tactics were based on an attack coming from the north and the maps they had scattered about on the large table resembled the map I had seen at the cafe. There were interesting drawings and symbols etched onto scrolls made from the bark of birch trees. Although the hearts of all the people in the room were clearly with us, I couldn't help thinking it was something like “take your kid to work day” and we were merely the children of pentagon war planners. I hadn't a clue as to how to help with anything here. My eyes locked with Sarah's eyes long enough to know she was thinking the same thing. My dad was leaning over the table listening to what the men were saying, searching for the opportunity to say something meaningful.

“I'm the only female here,” Sarah whispered to me.

“I know it,” I said. “I guess they're a little old-fashioned in some ways.”

We realized that no one would really care if we stepped away, and I took Sarah's hand and wandered back into the main hall outside the room.



We marveled at the sight and smell of the building's ancient wood interior. We walked around to view the paintings that hung on the walls. One painting depicted a tall, angular-faced man wearing animal hide clothing and standing in front of some trees. An inscription on the painting's frame read "Golawean, 1782-1928."

"Whoa, this guy lived like one hundred forty six years!" I exclaimed to Sarah after doing the math.

"That's nothing, check THIS out," she said, while motioning to a nearby painting. The inscription read "Anshawtin, 1725-1914."

"Whoa, he was almost a hundred ninety years old," I declared. "These people really *do* live a long time!"

"Yeah."

"Let's go upstairs and see what's up there," I propositioned.

We held hands and ascended the short flight of stairs to the landing. When I was confident we were out of the sight of anyone, I said "C'mere" and slowly positioned my smiling girlfriend up against the wall. I slid my hands around the sides of her head and we engaged in a long, passionate kiss. I caressed the soft skin of her cheeks with the pads of my thumbs and said, "I'm so glad that you're here with me."

"I'm glad I'm here too," she said with an endearing smile.

I removed my hands from her head and repositioned them around the back of her waist so I could feel the rise of her backside. "Are we ever going to get some private time together around here?"

"Maybe ... if you're good," she said teasingly with her kissable lips.

I knew from prior experience that that meant good things would happen if we found ourselves in a comfortable, private place. For now, however, I decided climbing the second flight of stairs leading to the second floor of the City Hall Building would have to suffice. The hallway on the second floor looked almost identical to the first floor hallway; beautiful wood walls adorned with paintings. The main difference was that the ceiling here was pure marble. The people in the paintings looked like other Plejarens we had seen, but the plants in the backgrounds were fantastic.

There were red trees, purple graminoids, and yellow plants that didn't look like any plants I'd even seen.

"Check out the dates on this one," I said, while pointing to the inscription marked "Plasphiny, 11,824-12,058."

"What the heck kinda dates are those?" Sarah asked with a laugh.

"They must be Plejaren calendar year dates," I guessed, "and if their years are as long as our years are this guy was over two hundred thirty years old."

"Wow, check out the hologram over here," Sarah announced, as her eyes scanned an item that I hadn't had the chance to look at yet. When I looked at the thing hanging on the wall I wasn't sure what I was even looking at. It looked like a large, oval, three-dimensional photograph. The photo showed a man dressed in pure white linen with his hands out to the sides and his palms turned to the sky. He was looking straight ahead and I could almost feel him looking at me. There were a few function controls on the bottom of the photograph's oval frame.

My finger hovered over the most inviting button. "Should I press the button?" Sarah thought for a moment, put her bent index finger and thumb against her mouth, and looked back toward the staircase half-expecting to see someone about to admonish us.

"Well," she began slowly, "I don't know why else they would have a button there if they didn't expect people to press it."

"Okay, here goes," I said, while depressing the little round button. Words began emanating from the wall hanging and a three-dimensional video recording started playing within the frame. The video showed the man in the white robe slowly moving his arms as he spoke. Unfortunately, the words must've been in the Plejaren language because we couldn't understand what he was saying. Still, we got the sense that he was imparting a message of peace and kindness.

"They must've brought this with them on their spacecraft," I postulated, "cuz I don't know how else they would've gotten this here."

"Yeah, probably," agreed Sarah.

“Let’s ask Jonathan and Gianna about it, I’m sure they’ll know. Hey, we need to figure out how to get up into the attic. Gianna said that there was a picture of the spaceship up there.”

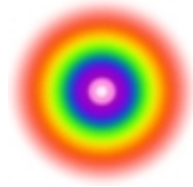
Just then, I heard a voice call “Alex!” from below, and I realized that my father was looking for me.

“Up here!” I yelled as I moved toward the stairs. I did a quick spin on my heels to check if there were any other oval wall hangings on display, but I didn’t see any others. Sarah and I skipped down the stairs to rejoin my dad.

My dad smiled and explained, “Most of the people here are going to head out into the fields just east of here. The scouts they sent out to search for Reptilians are heading back and everyone here is eager to learn what they have discovered, if anything. Do you want to go with us there?”

What I really wanted to do was sneak Sarah back to Jonathan’s bedroom, but since I didn’t think I could really get away with doing that, I said “Sure.”

# In and About the Fields



The two humans, Ivan and Luc, the young Plejaren men, Daniel, Michael, and Nathanael, and the native people, Kio and Mi'kmaq, accompanied my father, Sarah, and me out of the City Hall Building. Clinton and Tomas had exited the building quickly and were now near the pony in the stables. Daniel and Nathanael headed into the grassy field just north of The Higher Ancients. The two elders, Wymond and Monoma, led the rest of us out into the fields east of the town. It was like going on a field trip to a farm. The first obvious sign of their agricultural operation was three large greenhouses.

“These greenhouses help us get a head start on the short growing season here,” said Monoma. “We start the cucumbers, tomatoes, beans, peas, and corn indoors a couple of months before they are transplanted outside. Our outdoor growing season is only about two months long, but the hours of sunlight are generous here. Out in the main growing fields we have corn, tomatoes, strawberries, salmonberries, squash, peas, lettuce, beets, beans, carrots, onions, radishes, cucumbers, and potatoes.”

“... and Marigolds,” Sarah said, while pointing to the pretty, orange flowers interspersed among the cucumbers.

“Yes, they help remind the bees to pollinate the cukes,” Monoma said with a smile. “That is something that the native people of this area taught us to do. The First Nations people provided our ancestors with seeds and showed them how to grow plants in the soil of the earth. Their teachings have been a huge support to our life on this planet.”

Clear water from Lake Weegwas coursed down Tallulah Brook toward the fields. Some of the water from the brook funneled into the

field's many irrigation canals. The moist dirt gave the warm July air a little humidity and an "earthy" smell. My father and I love plants, and the acres of plants here were so lush and green that it was a gardener's fantasyland. There were at least eight varieties of tomatoes, producing fruit ranging in size from grapes to massive balls weighing about six pounds each. In addition to the red varieties, there were white, purple, and black tomatoes as well, and they were all growing organically without any pesticides or chemicals. Our guides encouraged us to sample the yellow heirloom tomatoes right off of the vine and they were the sweetest, best tasting tomatoes I have ever eaten. We saw women gathering summer and zucchini squash and they had so much to harvest that a horse-drawn trailer was waiting to haul their load back to town, complete with two horses.

As we walked northeast, we reached four friendly berry-pickin' girls who looked like full-blooded descents of the original Pleiadians who had landed on Earth. Two of them walked with us until we passed the raspberry, salmonberry, and carrot rows and then waved goodbye to us as they turned down the edge of the carrot-growing area. Almost immediately after leaving our company, one of the young women squatted down and urinated in the irrigation canal running alongside the edge of the row. Her dress covered herself enough so that we didn't see anything scandalous. Wymond explained that the diluted urine of vegetarians is a wonderful plant fertilizer, and they routinely spread urine and hair around these particular fields because those things discourage rabbits and other animals from eating the crops. I learned that rabbits often like the carrot greens more than the carrots themselves and left to their own devices, will ruin the entire carrot harvest by eating all the carrots' leaves.

We saw thick, green potato plants in the distance, but we didn't get close enough to get a good look at them. Monoma told us that the potato harvest here doesn't really begin in earnest until August. The cucumber plants covered their trellises, giving the appearance of rows of green tents. Bean plants snaked around corn stalks. Hay oscillated in the breeze in the large fields to our south and ahead of us on our left were several large mounds of compost as well as a few pitchforks.

“We improve the clay soil here with compost and peat moss,” said Monoma.

Opposite the compost piles, were several rows of an exotic-looking yellow plant that was producing black, disc-shaped pods.

“What type of plant is *that*?” I asked.

“We have a few varieties of Plejaren plants here that we managed to bring with us on our beamship,” said Monoma. “The seed used to grow these plants’ ancestors traveled hundreds of light years. This plant produces a highly nutritious legume in its pods. There is no human name for this plant.”

My father asked if he could take a pod and Monoma allowed him to take one. He opened the pod and put the little bean-like seeds in his pocket.

We continued heading northeast and soon Lake Weegwas appeared large and glorious in front of us. When I saw a group of men and horses resting under the shade of the White Birch trees by the lake, I was confident that we had reached our destination. About a dozen men in the group looked like Plejarens. The other men present appeared to be either Native Americans or typical human outdoorsmen. There were two all-terrain vehicles (ATVs) parked nearby, looking surprisingly shiny, nifty, and modern. In the field beyond the vehicles were several gorgeous horses, peacefully working on getting hay in their bellies. Upon seeing us, a Plejaren man who had an inscribed animal horn hanging about his side walked toward us and greeted our group with a warm “Hello.” His eyes fixated upon Sarah and me and it occurred to me that he had heard about us but had never seen us. After various introductions centered on us newbies took place, the man with the horn invited us to “take a drink [from the lake] and find a comfortable place to sit in the shade.”

“What is the news then, Mulafadra?” Wymond said to the man with the horn.

“We followed the tracks from our fungal gardens to beyond the top of the lake. There the tracks blended in with several other motorized vehicle tracks, most likely Jeeps or other four-wheel drive vehicles. We

rode several miles beyond the lake, but the trail had no definitive end,” Mulafadra answered.

“He was probably a scout then,” Wymond replied. “A scout who didn’t have the patience and restraint to do his job well.”

“Yes, he was probably detected and acted rashly,” agreed Mulafadra.

I deduced that the people out here had been searching the countryside looking for Reptilians all day. The indigenous people to the east were working together with the villagers to search the area east of the lake. Ivan, Luc, and some of the other humans here were from the small human settlement west of the lake, just north of the West Ojibwa River. Although they planned to post lookouts in the area throughout the night, the elders concluded that we would likely have to wait to learn if more Reptilians were in the neighborhood. Everyone agreed that it was not a good sign that even a single Reptilian had returned to this area.

After we had sat and talked with most of the people there, Sarah and I held hands and walked around the shoreline of the picturesque lake. We walked over a bridge spanning Tallulah Brook. It amazed us that we could see several fish in the clear water. As we continued walking, we spotted four young Plejarens near the shoreline: three boys and one girl. We greeted them merrily and traded open smiles. One of the boys had waded out into the lake so he could cast his fishing line into deeper water and another boy was swimming. Two wooden buckets, each containing water and fish, sat near the shore. We peered into the buckets to look at the fish.

I asked the girl who was gazing at us with a pair of large, stunning, hazel eyes, “What kinds of fish are these?”

“Yellow Perch, cisco, and there’s a small Northern Pike in there. We’re going to let the pike go, we just like to look at it.”

“Oh, nice,” I said.

She turned and pointed to a canoe way out on the lake. “To catch the large pikes and walleyes you need to go out in a boat.”

After spending a few hours around Lake Weegwas, we headed back toward The Higher Ancients with Wymond, Monoma, and a few of the

Plejaren scouts who had finished their work. On the way back to town, my father spoke of heading back to Oren's house in the northwest field to take the postmortem photographs. Oren and my dad had both lost their wives suddenly, and that common thread fashioned a special kinship between them. My dad said that Oren is an amazing man who has a spiritual relationship with nature. My dad wanted Oren to teach him how to strengthen his own connection with the earth and the things of the earth. This morning my father had learned that Gianna had led my mother to Oren's house where Oihana had taken my mom out into the mushroom gardens located in the nearby forest. Oren had sensed that his wife was in danger but couldn't get to her in time to aid her.

Sarah and I wanted to get back together with Gianna and Jonathan, who were still working their shifts at the cafe. After walking to the City Hall Building with Wymond and Monoma, we continued walking with my father on the main road that led toward the hill until we reached the path leading to Oren's house. My father told us that the road we were on leading to Ancien is called "Chemin de Terre" which literally translates from French as "dirt path" but means "Earth Road" to the residents here. After we all exchanged big hugs, I asked my dad to give me the car keys again because Sarah mentioned that she wanted to get her sweatshirt out of the CR-V. Then my dad headed toward Oren's house as Sarah and I began walking over the hill to the cafe.

Once we got to the cafe, we told Jonathan about our plan to hang out until he finished working. He seemed pleased. We spoke with Zack briefly and he said it was okay for us to go out into the public cafe. Sarah ran up behind Gianna and laid a big hug on her. I gave her a hug as well, but I became aware that I rarely give women that I'm not dating really good hugs. I needed to work on that. Gianna offered us drinks, and Sarah ordered a caramel mocha and I ordered a cup of yerba mate tea. I had heard about yerba mate but had never tried it. Gianna asked me if I wanted it in a gourd, and when it was clear I didn't know what I was being offered, she said that she would serve it to me in a gourd so I would be able to see for myself what she meant. While waiting for Gianna to prepare our drinks we exited the cafe and walked down the dirt road to our rented vehicle. I unlocked the doors, grabbed my gray sweatshirt, and waited for Sarah to get



her little blue sweatshirt. Her sweatshirt had been hiding her Nook so after snatching the sweatshirt, she slid the device, along with her cellphone, into a bag in the hatchback area. We locked up the vehicle, engaged in some passionate kissing, and returned to the cafe.

Inside the cafe, we sat at a small, inviting table and pretended to be “normal” bar patrons. Gianna sashayed our drinks out to us. My yerba mate came in a gourd about the size and shape of a coconut with a steel straw called a bombilla in it. The tea was slightly bitter with a somewhat woody taste, but after I drizzled some honey into the gourd, it tasted fine. The large public cafe wasn’t as loud and lively as the first time we had been here, but the full-blooded humans enjoying their food and drinks didn’t seem to mind. The human patrons seemed naive to me now that I knew they regularly interacted with the hybrids without realizing they were half-alien. My knowledge of the Pleiadian community was an amazing secret that I simply couldn’t share with my fellow homo sapiens.

After Gianna finished her shift, Sarah and I stood up and tied our sweatshirts around our waists. The Danny DeVito man led the three of us through the locked doors and we hooked up with Jonathan. After he finished cleaning up after the last diner, Jonathan was ready to head back to The Higher Ancients with us. As we exited the cafe, Gianna and Jonathan explained why they only worked about 24 hours a week. They said that their community considers 24 hours a week to be a lot of time spent doing any one task, especially for younger people. Gianna had worked from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. with a one hour lunch period on Thursday, Friday, and today [Saturday], and only needed to work again tomorrow before she got three days off from work. Jonathan had a more complicated schedule but would be working from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. tomorrow.

As the four of us walked through Ancien I said, “We were at City Hall with the people deciding how to defend the city from the Reptilians today, but we weren’t there long. We wound up going out into the vegetable fields and meeting with people out there by the lake.”

“Were the First Nation people there?” Jonathan asked.

“Yes, and so were some rugged outdoorsmen ... Luc and Ivan I think their names were.”

“Was there a guy like six-foot four with black hair and a mustache out by the lake?” inquired Jonathan.

At once, the image of one of the men I had seen came to my mind. “Yeah, there was a guy like that.”

“That’s my father,” said Jonathan.

“Oh, wow,” I said, not knowing what to say.

“What’s his name?” asked Sarah.

“His name’s Peter.”

“How is it that all these human men know about ... know that the people who live here are from another planet but they don’t tell anyone.”

“They’re part of our society,” Jonathan said.

“Yeah, they’re totally part of our community,” Gianna added. “In the 1960s a group of people, humans who wanted to do their own thing, formed a commune near where the current human encampment is now,” Gianna said, while pointing north. “One day a young couple named Leija and Jordan were foraging for food in the woods near here and accidentally ate some clitocybe mushrooms, which have the poison muscarine in it. They were both having violent reactions: sweating, blurred vision, abdominal cramping, palpitations, etcetera. A Plejaren named Manihan sensed their situation, helped the two of them relax, and then rushed back to our village to get the antidote. Oren’s father, who was still alive at that time, made the antidote using some belladonna plants, and Manihan and a Plejaren healer named Deandra rushed back to the poisoned people and nurtured them back to health. Manihan and Deandra could read the minds of these people and knew that they were good, trustworthy people, so when they recovered from their muscarine ingestion and started asking questions, Manihan and Deandra just answered their questions honestly. They didn’t tell them that they were the descendants of aliens, but they did tell them that they lived near here. Well, as soon as this couple returned to their commune, they, of course, told everyone there that two ‘magical’ people who lived out in the woods miraculously healed them. Eventually, more and more people from the commune ventured out into the woods in this

direction. Even at that point, we could've remained hidden from them. Deybeyden has the ability to hide our community from view by altering the way light moves around it, and we could've subtly put ideas in their heads telepathically to 'go back' or 'walk in another direction.' But we didn't. We checked the human commune out and decided that the people there had enough joy, love, and peace in themselves to be allowed contact with us. Of course Deybeyden had to make certain that they would never disclose our presence here by rewiring their neural pathways a bit, but the people benefited greatly from that rewiring."

"That's what he did to us," Sarah stated slowly. Her words seemed more like an answer to a question she had in her mind than a statement.

"Yeah," said Gianna. "Your neural pathways are constantly changing and rewiring anyway. You have about 50 trillion brain synapses and the actual physical structure of your brain changes every time you learn something. Energy healing can help strengthen beneficial neural connections and sever unsupportive ones."

We crested the hill leading to the northern section of Earth Road. After admiring the view for a few moments, I looked back and forth between Gianna and Jonathan and asked, "So was one of your parents a person from that human commune?"

"Mine was," Gianna blurted out quickly.

"My father came along later," said Jonathan. "He was part of a small group of people who wanted to live a more independent life away from the psychosis of modern society."

"My dad's helping a group of Plejarens in Africa get some things done," Gianna stated. "I'm sure you can imagine how hard it is for Plejarens to help the local people while they have to stay hidden from most of the people in the area. My dad is able to be seen publicly and attend human meetings."

"How long has he been gone?" Sarah asked.

"He's been gone for about six months and might not come back until next spring. I think that he wants to avoid another bitter cold winter

here if he can help it. Anyway, a bit of a love fest took place shortly after that original human commune started mingling with the Pleiadian community here,” Gianna said with a sparkle in her eye. “The human men were head-over-heels for the beautiful Plejaren women, and the human women found the Plejaren men alluring as well. The commune was already largely a group of single people who were heavily into peace, love, and sharing. Plejarens always try to see the good in others, and they found all the fawning, attention, and ‘love’ the humans were offering them to be just wonderful. Although some people raised in the Pleiadian culture choose to be monogamous with one partner, many do not; they believe that not allowing themselves to express that depth of affection to more than one person limits their love. So this big love-in happens and pretty soon nearly all of the women, both human and Plejaren, are pregnant.”

“And that’s why there’s nearly an entire city of hybrids in their forties here,” Jonathan added.

“Yup, that’s why!” Gianna said jovially. “Plejarens have no history of overpopulating a planet or place. They always live in harmony with their environment and would just instinctively stop procreating if they were putting any strain on their natural surroundings. So really, they saw no harm in producing more little ‘love babies’. But the Reptilians learned that we were breeding with the locals, and they didn’t like that we were significantly increasing our numbers. They attacked the commune, killing many people there before quickly retreating into the wilderness and leaving this area. The commune disbanded soon after that, and many of the people who had been living there worked together with one another and the Plejarens here to build the houses of Ancien. And then, when almost all the hybrid babies were of low birth weight and didn’t seem to be growing at a normal rate, many of the human parents started thinking that breeding with Plejarens was a bad idea, and the short baby boom came to an abrupt end.”

“But it didn’t *completely* come to an end did it?” I said with a knowing smile.

“Nope, Jon and I are two of the newer hybrids,” Gianna answered. “My father was one of the few children who lived in the original human commune, and Jon’s father is an outdoorsman who came along later.”

I looked at the tall, thin, smirking young man. “Is that what your friends call you, ‘Jon’?”

“Yeah, that’s fine,” Jonathan replied.

“And you can call me ‘Gigi’ [jee jee] if you want ... that’s what most of my friends call me,” added Gianna.

“Okay, Jon and Gigi!” said Sarah, testing out the new words.

We reached town center and began walking between City Hall and the cathedral toward Gianna’s house. Jonathan looked at the large, smooth marble building and then looked at me. “So what did they say at the meeting?”

“Well, they mostly talked about where to position archers,” I responded.

“Did they show you the armory?”

“N-no ... where’s that?”

“It’s in the basement of City Hall.”

“Oh, we explored upstairs, but we didn’t go down there.”

“So you didn’t see the *laser* weapons?” he asked with a grin.

“Really, laser weapons?” I said, thinking he was joking.

“Yeah, they had two of them on the original ship. They had crazy technology. Only one of them still works though. They’re not gonna let you play with it either ... they don’t even let *us* hold it. But that’s okay. Tomorrow I plan on heading over to the human encampment and picking up my shotgun.”

“The human camp north of Ancien?” I asked.

“Yeah. My father hangs out there a lot. My father has his own shotgun, but he bought one for me last year when I turned eighteen. I was letting a friend of mine at the camp use it, but now that there might actually be ... something to defend against, I’d like to have it handy. Do you guys want to go to the camp with me tomorrow?”

“Yeah, I’d like to do that,” I said, hoping Sarah would also want to go.

“I was planning on going to the river to do my washings tomorrow,” Gianna announced. “Don’t you have any clothes that you need to wash?” she said, while looking squarely at Sarah.

“Yeah, I have my *only* set of clothes to wash,” Sarah said with a laugh.

“Well, we could go there while the boys play with their guns.”

“Okay,” Sarah said, while giving me a sympathetic look.

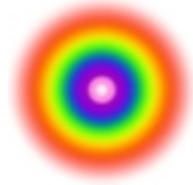
“We can meet up with you guys there after we go to the camp,” Jonathan added.

“Oh, you’d like an excuse to go to the river during wash time wouldn’t you, Jon?” Gianna said with a sly look.

“I don’t need an excuse, I’m welcome there anytime,” he replied with a large, goofy grin.

Before I could figure out why someone would need a clever reason to go to a river, we had arrived at Gianna’s home.

# Hanging Out at Gigi's Clubhouse



Gianna invited us all to come inside her house while her mother was visiting with friends in another house. Electra circled the front entrance while meowing in an attempt to garner as much attention from us as she could. “I’m sorry, but you’ll have to stay outside for now,” Gianna explained to her.

Gianna fired up an oil lamp and after setting us up with milk and strawberries, the four of us headed down the hallway to her bedroom where she placed the lamp on her dresser. Although it was still bright outside, the late afternoon sun didn’t penetrate her bedroom due to the large neighboring buildings that flanked her home on the southwest side. In any case, the oil lamp provided cozy ambiance for our inside gathering. It was nice to be back in Gianna’s bedroom, and we all assumed our usual places: Gianna on the bed, Jonathan on the chair, and Sarah and me on the thick, padded carpet.

I found this community, that I was apparently a part of now, utterly fascinating. I wanted to know everything about everyone. I wanted to find out where Gianna’s father was and what he did for a living, but instead I asked, “What do people do here to make money?”

“What do we need money for?” Gianna said with a surprising degree of seriousness.

“I don’t know ...,” I said, somewhat taken aback. “Don’t things cost money?”

“Yeah, but not here,” she said with considerable satisfaction. “We build our houses with our own hands so we don’t have mortgages or rent. We choose not to have electricity so we don’t pay for energy, no cable bills,

no water bills ... we get water and fish from the lake, and the lake here is still owned by the people, not some corporation. We work with Canada's Wilderness Committee to help protect the waterways in Canada. Our cafe uses electricity, but it actually makes us money. In addition to all the drinks we sell, we sell our surplus fruits, vegetables, and meat from our hunts. We have goats and chickens and there's always plenty of everything to go around. People share things here. In a typical urban neighborhood, everyone on the street goes out and buys their own lawnmower instead of getting together with their neighbors and sharing one. There's no deep sense of community, no deep connection with one another. We always share our tools and things here."

"Hmm," I said as I tried to come up with a reply. "I see."

"And it doesn't matter what a liter of gas costs when your ride runs on hay," added Jonathan.

"Yeah, says the guy trying to get a motorized bike!" said Gianna.

Jonathan shot her a look. "Hey, I need *something* to spend my money on."

"Yeah right, you're always on the cafe computer trying to buy something off of EBay or Amazon."

"I'm not *always* on there," Jonathan said with a dismissive shake of his head. "You're just mad 'cuz *you* always want to get online whenever I'm using the computer."

Gianna just looked at him as if he were crazy.

Sarah asked, "What do you spend *your* money on, Gianna?"

"Well, most recently this," she replied while pointing to her bed mattress. "I used to have this old mattress made out of hay and feathers, but I got tired of that old thing. I think having a comfortable mattress is worth it because you wind up spending about one third of your life on there."

"I spend even more than eight hours a day on the one I have back in San Diego," I affirmed.



“A super-comfortable mattress would just encourage me to sleep more,” countered Jonathan.

“Hey, I slept on your mattress, and it wasn’t bad, or at least I didn’t notice it being uncomfortable in any way,” I replied. Jonathan just shrugged.

“Hey,” said Sarah, “we wanted to ask you guys about this oval, talking video that was hung like a painting on the second floor of the City Hall Building.”

“Yeah, that’s a recording brought from Teka,” Jonathan replied. “The guy in the video is Prochorian. He was in charge of the ‘Hall of Learning’ on Erra and was famous for emanating love and joy.”

“What was he saying in the video?” I asked.

Jonathan leaned back in his chair. “He was talking about staying focused on love and peace and joy.”

“He was telling *how* to stay focused on love and peace and joy,” interjected Gianna. Jonathan wrinkled his nose at Gianna but maintained his easy smile.

“And how do you do that?” Sarah asked.

“It’s about staying in a certain vibration,” she explained, “tuned to a specific frequency, and always being the watcher of your consciousness ... and always realizing that you’re creating your reality and being conscious of every choice you make. Choosing the enlightened response instead of reacting with conditioned responses.”

“Whoa, that sounds deep,” I stated.

“It’s really cool stuff,” she affirmed. “A big part of where humans go wrong is that they usually act from conditioned responses, reinforced by societal programming, and aren’t even aware of the important decisions they’re unconsciously making every day. The modern world out there is so complex, with so many different aspects to it, that it’s hard to focus on any one thing for very long. People are subjected to so much stimuli that their senses get overwhelmed. Some people try to simplify things by just doing the same things they’ve done before. It often gets to the point where people

start to avoid doing new things because they fear change or the unknown. I see the same people come to the cafe every week, and they usually do the same thing they did last time they were there. They sit in the same place and order the same drink. They come to our cafe because it's the happiest place around, and they want to be a part of that happiness. But so many people get caught in habits that stifle their personal growth, and they wallow in indecision instead of using the power that decisions backed with intent have."

There was a pause in the conversation as Sarah and I tried to absorb her thought-provoking words. Finally, Sarah broke the silence by saying, "I agree. I see people on their cellphones totally unaware of what's going on around them. They're trying to text or talk on their phones while driving. They're on their phones while they're eating. They can't even watch TV or any sort of live event without checking in with their electronic devices."

"When multi-tasking attacks," I quipped. "I admit that I almost always do more than one thing at a time. If I'm playing video games, I often have the game sound turned down so I can listen to music or a talk show on my computer or Sirius XM radio. I'll be eating at my computer while monitoring a TV program and doing laundry or whatever."

"Deybeyden once told me to that I needed to slow down to allow good things to catch up with me," Jonathan added. "And I live *here* where there's practically nothing going on. Imagine how ADD I'd be if I lived in a busy city."

"I've learned to just chill the heck out and simmer myself down whenever I catch myself getting frantic," Gianna reported. "I say 'Ease, joy, and love in *this* moment' despite any other thoughts I might be having. I visualize myself at the lake reaching up to the sun that's smiling its sunny smile down upon everything. If I start worrying about anything or thinking that I'm not getting enough done with my time here I just remind myself that I'm an infinite being, and every emotion or challenge I'm experiencing is there to help my soul learn and grow. I'm always going to be working on improving some aspect of myself. Always. What sense does it make for an infinite being to worry about time?"

After waiting three heartbeats, I said, “I wish *I* were an infinite being.” They understood that I was mostly joking. I continued by saying, “Sometimes it’s hard to remember things like that when you’re in the middle of a stressful situation; like when you get in a car accident or there’s some huge deadline looming over you. Even when you’re just working at a job, customers or coworkers can stress you out. When I worked as a hotel desk clerk, I would get it from all sides. The hotel guests would want things that I couldn’t give them and then get mad at me, and my boss was a dumbass who had no business managing people. It’s pretty frustrating when you’re responsible for serving people and making them happy and you’re not given the authority or tools you need to make them happy.”

“People seriously need to give themselves permission to do what they know is right and not worry about what some other person might think,” Gianna stated. “You’re right, Alex, that’s hard to do in a workplace sometimes ... you might get fired for doing the right thing because your boss is shortsighted. But even in their personal lives most people regularly edit their behavior in some way to conform to beliefs that they don’t even believe in themselves so as not to offend or disturb some less evolved soul or resident tyrant.”

“I don’t mean to change the subject,” began Sarah, “but I wanted to ask you about some paintings up there in City Hall that listed the person’s born date as like 11,800 and the year of death as 12,100 or so. Are those years different from Earth years?”

“Yeah, those are Pleiadian calendar years,” said Gianna. “A Pleiadian year is about 45 Earth weeks long, so it’s a little shorter than an Earth year.”

“Stilllll, they lived a long time,” remarked Sarah.

“Yeah, and they still do,” replied Gianna. “Deybeyden is almost 150 years old and there’s a woman here that’s 183, and those are *Earth* years!”

“Wow!” I said. “Oh my gosh!” Sarah declared.

“The diet they eat here is so healthy and clean,” explained Gianna. “Most people in Higher Ancients don’t eat preservatives or artificial

anything, and we just drink pure water from the lake or raw milk or berry juice. Almost all the milk and juice people in North America drink is pasteurized, which destroys the enzymes and denatures the nutritional aspects of the food.”

“We saw a bunch of berry and vegetable plants today,” I said.

“When you went through the northeast garden?” Gianna asked.

“Um...” I said, trying to figure the direction, “yes, it was northeast from here.”

“We have fruit trees and herb gardens northwest of here.”

“Is that near where Oren lives?” I asked.

“Yeah, he cares for all of the plants and trees out there.”

Jonathan asked me, “Did any of the scouts out there say they found any evidence of Reptilians being around here?”

“The only actual footprints they found were the ones at the original attack site. They think the thing was driving a Jeep and that there might be other vehicles involved because they found a bunch of vehicle tracks north of the lake,” I answered. “Tell me, why is everyone so convinced that the Reptilians would attack from the north?”

“Well, they’re deathly afraid of being seen by humans,” Jonathan explained. “They know that if a human sees them he or she will go and tell all the other humans about them, which would probably lead to a massive hunt for them. They’re always afraid that the human population will wake up to what they’re doing here on Earth.”

“And what *are* they doing exactly?” I asked.

“They’re trying to kill everyone off to have the place for themselves. There are several small groups of Reptilians actively working to depopulate the people living near them. They would undoubtedly keep some people as slaves, but they hate having to hide from people all the time.”

“So... why would they attack from the north again?” I asked.

“Oh, there’s Mystery Lake Road south of here that people actually travel on. People come from Thompson all the time, and there’s a village of people southeast of here that uses Mystery Lake every time they head west.”

“Just so you guys know, we would never have invited your mother onto our land if we thought that we would be subjecting her to any danger at all,” Gianna said in a serious tone. “We hadn’t had a Reptilian attack in over 40 years. There never was an attack in my entire lifetime until this one.”

“We know,” I said softly. Thinking back upon my mother’s death I finally thought of asking, “Did you just stay at Oren’s house while his wife Oihana went into the woods with my mother?”

“Yeah, I was gathering some herbs for the cafe while waiting,” she replied. “It all happened so fast, almost as soon as they got out into the woods. I’m so sorry for your loss.”

“Well, my dad always says that things happen for a reason. I guess maybe when I die I’ll find out what the reason was.”

“You won’t have to wait that long,” said Gianna. “Information has a way of flowing into here. Pretty amazing when you consider that we don’t even have high speed internet,” she said in an attempt to lighten the mood. “I know that most of the people in this village believe that nothing happens by accident, and everything has a purpose to it. One positive outcome of all this is that you, Sarah, and your dad now have the opportunity to interact with the Pleiadian community and receive information from us.”

“Yeah,” I said, while forcing a smile onto my face and trying not to feel sad about my mother’s absence.

“We hybrids try to incorporate the best aspects of our human and Plejaren heritages into ourselves,” continued Gianna. “We have the open heart of the Plejarens without restraining ourselves with the Plejaren customs and traditions. When you have a society that’s been around for about a million years you tend to have a lot of social mores accumulate,” she said with a smile.

“Hmm, I haven’t noticed anything ‘wrong’ with the Plejarens,” I said, while gesturing quotation marks in the air.

“Well, even though they’re more open to love, peace, and joy than most humans are, they tend to try to ‘fix’ things a lot. Like, here on Earth, they’re monitoring all these things that are happening around the planet and trying to protect people from all kinds of things; things that are usually brought about by human greed or shortsightedness. Right now, there are Pleadians near Fukushima sending healing messages through the ocean water at the frequencies the radioactive cesium and strontium are tuned in to. And then there’s all this meditation and forays into the fourth and fifth dimensions. They’re always connecting with beings beyond this planet ... even talking with what you would call ‘Gods’ or ‘angels.’”

“Oh, I didn’t know all that was happening,” I said quietly.

“Gigi, the only thing I noticed that was sorta strange is the way many of the elder men always dress in linen,” Sarah added. “The women don’t seem to dress plainly like that. I’ve seen many of them wearing beautiful, colorful clothing.”

Gianna laughed. “Yeah, the way the Pleidian women dress is due in part to the humans from the commune. I mean those people were wearing tie-dye shirts and hippie dresses. There’s a woman named Juliana, a human who lives just a house over, who sews beautiful clothing and gives the clothing to the women of the village. Look, I have something she made right here,” she said as she swung herself off the bed. “Excuuuse me,” she said to Sarah and me in a playful tone. We shifted away from the dresser, and she opened a drawer and pulled out a beautiful dress. It was long and frilly and every color in the rainbow was represented on its fabric.

“I just loove this dress,” Gianna said, while hugging the garment and doing a little twirl. “Juliana taught me how to make tie-dye shirts, and I have a bunch of those too,” she boasted while pointing to a stack of multicolored shirts in the drawer.

Sarah leaned in toward the drawer to get a better look at a yellow, green, and light blue tie-dye shirt. “Oh, that one’s pretty!”

“Well, I guess we know which shirt *you’ll* be wearing tomorrow,” Gianna said as she pulled the shirt out and laid it on top of the dresser.

“Oh, thanks!” said a delighted Sarah. “Where do you get the actual shirts to make these? Do you grow your own cotton?”

“No, unfortunately we can’t grow cotton here because it’s too cold. You need a warm climate to grow cotton. Almost all the cotton grown in the United States has been genetically modified to produce the Bt toxin, so we wouldn’t want any of that in our fields anyway. Because of our relationship with nature, we don’t have to use any pesticides on our crops. We pay the animals and insects back during Gaia Week. Near the end of August, before it gets really cold here, we invite the animals and insects into our fields to clean up whatever is left after our harvests. We leave any damaged or moldy veggies in the fields and put out some good corn for the deer. The animals and insects do their thing and help clean up our land. All of the people around here agree to suspend all hunting activities during Gaia Week.”

“That’s so cool!” I said. “How do the animals know that it’s safe to come at that time?”

“Deybeyden and Oren go out into the woods and telepathically invite all the surrounding creatures to visit our farmland. You can even sit down in the fields and the animals will just walk right around you. Deybeyden can communicate so well with the creatures in the surrounding woods that the insects even know they’re not allowed to lay eggs here or bite or bother us!”

“Wow!” said Sarah.

“That’s amazing!” I said. “But Wymond told us that they sometimes have to use urine and hair to discourage rabbits from coming into the garden.”

Gianna laughed again. “I know the girls who work out there. They adore the rabbits so much that they can’t help but invite them in. Pretending that they’re trying to keep all of them out is a game they play. Monoma knows that they secretly invite their favorite rabbits in to nibble on the carrots, and Wymond knows it too even though he doesn’t approve

of it. The urine is really just a fertilizer and the birds use the hair to weave soft nests. The rabbits are actually *attracted* to wherever those girls leave their hair,” she said before laughing yet again.

“That’s too funny,” remarked Sarah.

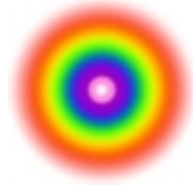
“Yeah,” agreed Gianna. “Anyway, getting back to where I get the cotton shirts ... I order them online. There’s a good Fair Trade organic cotton vendor that sells shirts at a good price. I order a bunch of them at a time, and they ship them right to the cafe. The cool thing is that Juliana and I are about the same size, and you’re about the same size too.”

“Yeah, how about that for a happy coincidence,” Sarah replied.

Someone knocked on the door, and we soon realized that my father was here. He was in a very calm, mellow mood and just stopped by to say “good night” to us as he planned to sleep at Oren’s house again. I handed him the car keys in case he needed them. I suddenly became aware I was sleepy; perhaps the cat hair had affected me after all. I decided to use my father’s announcement that he was retiring for the evening to tell everyone I was going to go to bed as well. We exchanged hugs, and I gave Sarah an intense kiss on the lips before heading off to Jonathan’s home for the night.



# Meeting Our Neighbors



I woke up to the sound of a chicken squawking outside Jonathan's bedroom window. Jon had graciously allowed me to use his bed again while he slept in the front of the house. His father had come in late at night and had left before I woke up. I ate a breakfast consisting of eggs and spelt bread while Jonathan went to the City Hall Building to get something; he wouldn't tell me what. He did tell me that he was going to pick up a four-wheel drive vehicle that a friend had left for him at the rear entrance of the cafe. We would use this ATV to drive ourselves over to the human camp.

Soon after I had finished eating, Jonathan returned. He informed me that one of his neighbors had made a toothbrush for me and handed me a toothbrush cleverly created from bamboo and swine bristles. I brushed my teeth with baking soda and rinsed my mouth out with salt water. I told Jon that I wanted to take a bath, and he showed me how to heat a pot of water on their wood-burning stove to create a warm bath for myself. Jonathan lent me more of his clothes, and after stepping out of the porcelain bathtub, I applied his homemade deodorant cream and got dressed in my borrowed clothing. Jon gave me a burlap sack to carry my clothes in so I could wash them at the river later.

As soon as we stepped out of his house, he grabbed a shiny black object off the ground, said, "Check *this* out," and showed me an elongated, flat object that resembled a skateboard. One side of the object had what looked like two foot-shaped indentations with bindings and the other side had a wide ribbon of hook-shaped metal that resembled a flattened question mark.

I could plainly see that there were elbow pads and a helmet on the ground, so I didn't hesitate to ask, "What's that, a Plejaren version of a

skateboard?”

“Yeah,” Jon replied. “The coolest skateboard on Earth.”

“What’s it do?”

“I’ll show ya,” he said as he started putting the elbow pads on. He grabbed the helmet, put it on his head, and pulled the chinstrap tight as he began strutting towards Chemin de Terre Road.

We walked past Gianna’s house but didn’t knock at the door because we figured they were still sleeping, and we already had plans to meet up with them later in the day. We crossed a curious-looking zigzag bridge that spanned the little brook. Jon explained that the bridge was designed in that manner to remind people to “slow down” and “be mindful.”

When we arrived at Earth Road, Jon placed the shiny board on the roadway metal side down. He placed his feet into the indentations on the board, reached down and secured his feet with the bindings, and pressed a button on the platform. The board elevated about three inches off the ground. He looked at me, said, “I’ll be right back,” and proceeded to jump up, lifting the board into the air. When gravity pulled the board back down and the springy metal piece under the board touched the cobblestone beneath him, the board propelled Jon up into the air and he flew forward in an arc that carried him about ten feet down the road. When the metal band struck the road again, the device lifted Jonathan up into an even higher arc, and by the time he gently fell back to the earth, he had traveled about 50 feet up the road. His jumps were getting longer and longer and he was rising higher and higher into the sky. I watched as he leaped the entire grassy hill in one long, high jump.

About two minutes later, I saw an all-terrain vehicle crest the hill. Jonathan drove over to where I was waiting and said in a voice loud enough for me to hear over the engine noise, “How’d ya like my skateboard?”

“That was freakin’ amazing!” I said as I climbed into the passenger’s seat.

“That thing is so fun to ride. You can get so high in the air it feels like you’re flying.”

“How does it get so high?” I asked.

“It has anti-gravity technology in it.”

“But how do you ever get it to stop?”

“There’s a sliding button on it that regulates how much anti-gravity is activated. You can set it so you just do little jumps the whole time. When you’re ready to stop you just switch it off, and it will automatically give you just enough anti-gravity to prevent you from landing hard. It senses your weight and all that automatically.”

“That’s so cool,” I asserted.

“Yeah, and it even works on dirt and grass. The metal spring underneath is a sensor as well as being a propelling mechanism.”

“Why don’t you just use that to go to the cafe instead of buying a motorbike?”

“Well, for one thing, the board is precious. There’s only one of them on Earth. The only reason Ertaway let me use it is because I begged him to let me show it to you. Really I should run it back over to City Hall right now, but I feel like driving [the ATV] right now.”

“Can’t the Plejarens just make another one?”

“Not really. Just because humans have built computers doesn’t mean that *you* can build a computer. Besides, the elders just consider the board to be a frivolous novelty item that doesn’t serve any real purpose. Also, part of the metal component is made out of barringerite, which is rare here on Earth. Still, if you want to try riding the board I can show you how to use it.”

“Naw, maybe later,” I said. I was somewhat fearful of the thing as I have a healthy respect for heights.

“Okay, well, maybe we can play with it later. We only have the one board so we’d have to take turns anyway. Did you want to wear that helmet while we ride over to the encampment?” he asked while pointing to a helmet on the floor of the vehicle.

“Nah, I’m good,” I said as I tossed the burlap bag onto the floor behind Jon’s seat before buckling myself in. The ATV had a roll-cage over the top of it so I wasn’t particularly worried about my safety. “Where’d you put the board and your helmet?”

“They’re zippered into a bag in the back,” he said, while pointing to a bag that was strapped to the back part of the ATV.

Jon masterfully executed a U-turn and roared up the road toward Ancien. Before reaching the hill he turned to the right, drove past the fruit trees near there, and then began driving west through the grassland north of Ancien. The ride was bumpy but fun enough. It was a nice day, and I smiled as the sunlight warmed me. A few birds took flight, and several rodents went scurrying for cover as we marauded over the untamed land. I got a glimpse of a cute little animal that looked like a Least Chipmunk. After traveling about two miles, we turned to the north and soon arrived at the edge of the West Ojibwa River. The river itself was about 40 feet wide, and Jonathan continued west down a trail that ran alongside the riverbank until we reached an old wooden bridge. The bridge was certainly nothing elaborate, but it served its purpose. After crossing the river, we headed north and then slightly west on a dirt road that snaked through a healthy forest of cypress, cedar, poplar, larch, and juniper trees.



About ten minutes later, an old, glossy yellow school bus came into view, and beyond it was a less colorful trailer home. An old man sitting on a faded, webbed plastic lawn chair slowly raised his head up to look at us as his little yapping dog sounded an alarm. Instead of grabbing his shotgun, he slowly raised his left hand and waved to us as we rolled past him on the dirt road leading into the heart of the community there. We passed by several tents and recreational vehicles. I saw a few houses made of wood in the distance that had solar panels on them. We parked in front of a large canvas tent. A laundry line extended from the tent to a nearby tree. Dogs came around to bark at us, but they weren't aggressive. A woman with graying blonde hair emerged from the front of the tent.

“Hello!” she said warmly.

“Hello!” Jonathan and I said back in unison.

“How are you doing, Jon?”

“Fine, thanks,” he answered.

The woman approached me and stuck her hand out for a handshake. “My name’s Helen.”

“My name’s Alex,” I said as I shook her hand.

She smiled pleasantly. “Welcome to our humble home.”

“Thank you,” I replied.

She turned toward Jonathan. “It’s a good thing your father told me you were coming; otherwise Marc would’ve taken the shotgun out into the bush with him today. Well, come in and get it, I don’t know what else with it is yours,” she said, while ducking back inside the tent.

Once I was inside the tent, I could see that they had their belongings arranged in a very orderly fashion. Two bunk beds supported three single mattresses and provided some storage area. Beyond that, three well-fashioned wooden shelves housed many types of storable food items. On the other side of the tent lay various cooking and camping gear, propane tanks, fishing poles, and all kinds of portable lights, headlamps, and flashlights. Helen reached under a red and white checkered tablecloth and pulled out a long black nylon bag. She unzipped the black case so Jonathan could examine the shotgun it contained.

“So there she is with the trigger lock on, and here’s the keys to the lock,” she said, while reaching into her shirt pocket and producing a tiny key ring with two little keys on it. “Was there anything else that you had with it? Did you give us any ammo or anything?”

“No, I think that’s it, we have our ammo at our house,” Jon said with a smile while he worked at freeing one of the tiny keys from the key ring. He pocketed the key on the ring and offered me the other trigger lock key.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” I asked, while instinctively reaching out and taking the key.

“Use it to unlock the gun if you need to,” he stated. “The gun will be under my bed.”

“O-kay,” I said slowly.

He zipped the gun bag up and slung it over his shoulder.

Helen looked squarely at me. “So are ya ready to give up all of your comforts of home and start living out in the woods?”

I laughed. “Probably not quite yet. But it’s cool that you guys are prepared for everything,” I said, while eyeing the fire extinguisher and first-aid kits.

“Ayup, we’re prepared for about anything, but we’re not mere survivalists!”

Not really knowing the definition of a survivalist, I just said, “Oh, good,” and emitted a nervous little laugh.

Realizing that I didn’t really know what she was talking about, she said, “Most survivalists are storing food and supplies in case the system breaks down in some way. They’re a helluva lot smarter than those that aren’t making any provisions for something to go wrong, but the point is that they’re just preparing for an interruption in the everyday flow of the system whereas we’re living *outside* of the system entirely.”

“I see,” I said. “You’re *living* this lifestyle, not just preparing for an interruption in business as usual.”

“Egg-zactly,” she stated with satisfied emphasis.

I motioned toward the rows of glass mason jars full of various foodstuffs. “I’m envious of your canned food supply.”

“Yeah, it’s a bit of work, but it beats punching a clock,” she said with a chuckle.

“My dad makes sauerkraut about once a year,” I said, trying to act as though I’m not one of those people who are immersed in the system despite the nagging feeling that I was. “He gets bits of purple cabbage allll over the place when he makes it,” I said, while thinking about the time I slipped on a piece of wet cabbage that had fallen onto the floor.

“Oh, sauerkraut is easy,” Helen replied. “You don’t even need to boil the jars. Problem is you gotta eat it within a couple of months unless you’re gonna ‘frigerate it.”

“Oh, yeah,” I said.

“You ready to go?” Jonathan asked, probably trying to save me from having to discuss more things I didn’t know much about.

“Yup, sure,” I said.

We thanked Helen for helping us out and walked back to the ATV. Jonathan placed the gun bag in the zippered compartment next to the anti-gravity board and elbow pads. An older man was standing in the roadway, staring at us and smiling from ear to ear. The hair on top of his head was almost as white as his beard. He was helping his hand rolled cigarette produce a cloud of bluish-white smoke around himself.

“I got White Widow and Northern Lights ... Woooo!” he said, while seemingly crying with delight.

“Right on, cool,” I said, while giving him a thumbs up.

Jonathan waved to the man. “Hi, Hank!” The man waved back.

Jon started the engine, and we started riding back toward the river. “That’s Herbal Hank,” he said, purposely invoking the European pronunciation of “herbal” to form alliteration with the word “Hank.” “He has some *interesting* fields of plants further north of here.”

“Oh really?! Do they grow other plants here ... I mean to eat?”

“Oh yeah, they’re growing all kinds of fruits and vegetables west of here. They use the river for irrigation. Their fields are sorta like our fields, but I like ours better. Remind me to show you our food storage barn and root cellar sometime. You won’t believe how much stuff we have in there.”

“I’d like to see that.”

“Usually there’s a bunch of cool guys here, but they’re out in the woods looking for Reptilians right now.”

“I bet they’d love to shoot one and have it stuffed or something ... have its head mounted on a wall somewhere,” I said.

We rode out of the settlement and soon arrived back at the river. The sunlight shining off the water was blinding in a radiant, magical way. We crossed the bridge and headed east on a different path which ran along



the south side of the river. Nature sure looked beautiful here. Dragonflies hovered in the air and then shot off in unpredictable directions. The river water looked so clear and clean. Different varieties of wildflowers bobbed their colorful heads along the riverbank. We passed a Blue Heron and a group of Black Ducks. When we reached the area north of Ancien, the trail shrunk down to a single track. A Northern Blue Jay scolded us from a riverside tree. We decided to make a detour to Oren's house, park the ATV, and walk the rest of the way down the river to meet Sarah and Gianna. We cut the engine before we reached Oren's house so we wouldn't make any loud, disturbing noises around his residence. I was amazed at the vast diversity and sheer number of plants that were growing near Oren's house. The cherry trees had an abundance of ripening cherries on them, and I could only imagine what the trees had looked like this spring when they were all in bloom. Various types of herbs, laid out in neat rows, reminded me of the garden my father and I had recently made in our backyard in San Diego. Since my dad was probably at Oren's house I said to Jon, "I'm gonna pop on in and say 'Hi' to my dad if he's here."

I raised my hand to knock on the door of the house, and Jonathan laughed. "What's so funny?" I asked.

"Oren so knows we're here." Jonathan grabbed the doorknob, stepped back while opening the door to the house, and swept his hand directing me to enter.

"Hello!" said Oren warmly as he approached us from the back hallway. My smiling dad waved to us from behind Oren. I managed to say "Hi" back to them with a smile, but my focus was diverted by how the inside of the house felt.

"Wow, there's such a feeling ... such an energy of life in here ... I can *feel* the color green in here!" I said in amazement.

"Yes," said Oren as he displayed the most prominent smile I had seen him wear, "you feel the energy of life and love ... a love of life and a life of love!" I knew at once that he spoke the truth; I was somehow feeling the vibrations of life and love. There were interesting new-agey items strategically placed around the room, and I could sense a strong current of energy flowing through the house. I realized that the houseplants were

somehow helping to produce this ambiance. They were so ... green. Most were disrespecting the borders of their pots and were mingling with the other plants around themselves. Robust vines and creeper plants flowed and unraveled all around the house, especially around the windows.

“The plants...” I said.

“Yes, what about them?” Oren responded, in an obvious effort to get me to verbalize my epiphany.

“They’re ... alive.”

“Of course they’re alive,” he said with a chuckle. “And...”

“And they’re sentient ... and they can feel and communicate.”

“Of course they can communicate, why do you think people talk to their plants?”

“I-I just thought that that was an expression or something crazy people do,” I said with a laugh.

“I find it crazy that so many people do not realize that nature is more advanced and more amazing than the most cutting-edge human inventions,” Oren said with a grin. “Yes, plants are very sensitive to vibration. They can easily feel the intent of words you speak to them. What people call sound waves are actually vibrations interpreted as sound. What is it that the plants are communicating to you?”

I listened intensely, trying to hear something in-between absolute silence.

“No, you don’t hear it with your ears, you ‘hear’ it here,” he said, while placing his open hand against his chest. “Open your heart and receive their message of love.”

I really wanted to receive it more fully, but I couldn’t keep enough focus on it with three people watching me.

Oren smiled. “You don’t have to do it right this instant. Start by sitting with your favorite indoor plant. Touch its leaves ever so gently, and tell it you love it. Put your arms around it, and hold that position or allow one of its leaves to rest on your skin. The most common first gift a plant

will give you is ease and relaxation. Potted plants are often lonely and eager for interaction, especially if no other plants are nearby. The plants here keep one another company. Their direct contact with one another helps them communicate, but they can send out messages through the air as well. Out in our fungal gardens all the ground beings are interconnected by the mycelium network through which they send and receive information.”

“Wow,” I managed to say.

My father moved two steps closer to me and said, “Notice anything different?”

“Yeah, your face, you’re not wearing your glasses,” I said after actually looking at my dad for more than a second.

“Ertaway used a laser to give me perfect eyesight!” he declared.

“Wow, that’s amazing! I mean I’ve heard of LASIK eye surgery but ... wow, that was fast!”

“Yeah, and Oren gave me some bilberry and ginkgo biloba to increase the flow of blood in and around my eyes to accelerate healing. I need to stop by City Hall and let Ertaway take another look at my eyes later but yeah, that fast!” he said with palpable delight.

“Well, that’s awesome!”

We engaged in some more small talk, but I soon told them that Jon and I had to go. “We were just on our way to meet Sarah and Gianna at the river. I need to wash my clothes.”

“Okay,” my father said. “I washed some of my things by the river earlier, it was nice.”

I walked over to my father and we embraced in a hug. I even hugged Oren. I saw my mom’s purse on the counter with my cellphone in it and seeing one of her belongings began to trigger a conditioned response of sadness in myself.

Sensing what had happened, my father said, “Oren buried Mom next to Oihana in the fungi forest. I want to show you the site so you know exactly where she was laid to rest.”

“Okay,” I said weakly. “Maybe after we do our laundry Sarah and I can come back this way.”

“Well, I need to go to City Hall to meet with Ertaway soon...”

Jonathan looked into my father’s improved eyes. “I’ll give you a ride over there when I come back through here. That should save you some time and get you back here sooner.”

“You have a horse here?” my dad asked.

“No, it’s an ATV that I borrowed from a friend. We’re going to leave it here while we walk over to where the girls are.”

“Oh, okay, that would be great,” my father replied.

“Alright, well we gotta get going, Sarah and Gigi are waiting for us,” I said.

We bid one another farewell, and Jon and I headed back outside into the bright sunshine. The sunlight was blinding but wonderfully warm and life-affirming. I retrieved my burlap bag of clothing from the ATV. I was extra careful to watch my step as we maneuvered through the rows of herbs so as not to step on any sentient beings. When we reached the grassy field east of Oren’s house, I told Jonathan that I wanted to walk alongside the riverbank where it was mostly dirt. Jonathan took off his leather sandals and carried them in his hand before stepping into the river. I stopped, took my sneakers and socks off, and put them into the burlap bag. Then I rolled up my pants and stepped into the lukewarm river. The riverbed was mostly soft sand, and it felt delightful. The gentle flow of the river was soothing and grounding.

After walking for just about two minutes, we could see several articles of clothing affixed to clotheslines tied to some trees. There were two young women standing in the river near a slight bend in the waterway, and I knew in my heart that they were Sarah and Gianna. I became aware of the love I had for both of them. Lately I could feel my heart leap with joy every time I even thought of Sarah. As we approached them, it became increasingly obvious that Sarah was dressed only in shorts and a bra and Gianna was only wearing shorts.

“Well, hello there!” shouted Gianna.

“Hi!” said Jonathan and Sarah. “Hello!” I said, while trying not to look below Gianna’s head.

“How are you girls doing?” Jon said cheerfully.

Sarah stepped over to me and gave me a hug and a kiss. Then she gave Jon a quick, loose hug.

“Fine, we’re almost done here ... well, I’m totally done here,” Gianna said matter-of-factly. She shot Jon a look. “We gotta get to work soon. You gonna give me a ride over there?”

“Sure,” Jonathan replied.

“Well, you’d better go and get your look in now ‘cuz we gotta go!” Gianna said in a bossy voice.

“Okay, I *will*,” Jonathan replied snarkily. “I at least have to point out all the natural beauty of our land to Alex, don’t I?” he said with a huge grin.

“Oh yeah, you’re sooo kind and thoughtful,” Gianna said with teasing sarcasm.

“C’mere,” Jonathan said to me as he began to walk down the river further eastward. I was happy to oblige, as I was a little uncomfortable being in the presence of bare-chested Gianna. Jon pointed to the shoreline. “Put your bag of clothes on the shore over there.” I did as he directed and then jogged through the water to catch up with him. He led me to the bend in the river and told me to look down the river. When I did so, the easternmost section of the river came into view, and I could see about a dozen people in the water there - a group of completely naked women. They were about 200 feet away from us and most were sitting near the edges of the river where the water was shallow. Others were standing or swimming where the water was deeper. The group seemed to be composed primarily of Plejaren women. The sun was shining off their bodies, illuminating their exquisite figures. Just beyond where they were standing, was a lovely waterfall.

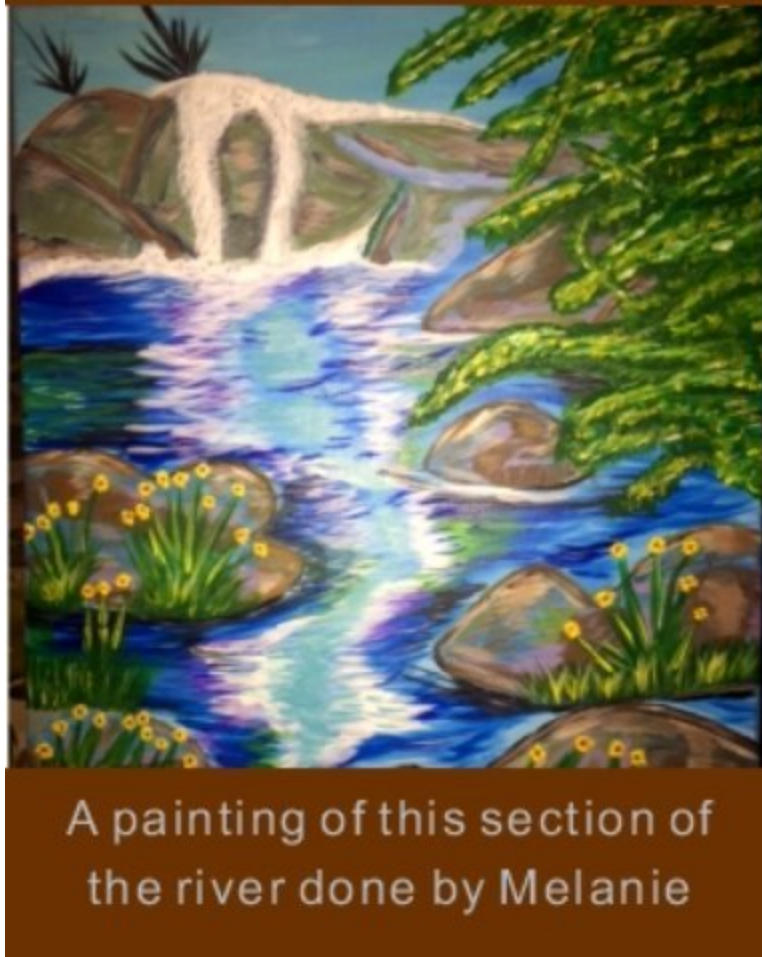
“Just beyond that waterfall is Lake Weegwas,” Jonathan stated.

I stared in utter amazement and delight at the beautiful women for a few seconds, but soon thoughts of bashfulness and worry came into my consciousness. “Oh, I don’t want them to see me looking at them, bro,” I said to Jonathan as I turned to walk back around the river’s bend. “They’ll think I’m lecherous or spying or something.”

Jonathan grabbed my arm and pulled me back. “No, no, you don’t understand! They don’t care at all if you see them naked.”

“How can that be?” I said.

“They don’t have hang-ups about their bodies or nudity. Being ashamed or embarrassed about being naked is a learned human response. The people here accept their bodies and are comfortable in their own skins. They know that this is the way they came into this dimension and this is a completely natural way to be ... the *most* natural way to be in fact.”



A painting of this section of the river done by Melanie

“I’ve always kinda thought that too,” I said, “but I’m not gonna walk around San Diego naked.”

“Well no, I wouldn’t do that in the current version of modern human society either. As long as there are people around you who are judging you and people who are unable to control themselves because they see nude parts, it isn’t easy or even possible to be nude in public. People are constantly judging themselves and others by how they look, instead of what’s in their hearts.”

“I’ve seen that kind of superficiality firsthand in Southern California,” I said. “Some people even feel the need to get plastic surgery or have cosmetic surgeries done to them. It’s sad.”

“It’s easier to change the color of your hair or nails than it is to change your heart or your habits,” Jon added. “But the women just come here to bathe and relax. The feeling of being completely nude in the sunshine is amazing! Humans think that it feels wonderful to take their shoes off at the end of the day and often leave it at that,” he added with a laugh. “Watch this!”

Jonathan stepped out into plain view and yelled, “Hi, Ladies!!!” while facing them and waving a hand over his head. They all looked toward us, smiled, and began waving and shouting friendly greetings back. I waved back sheepishly. Jonathan twisted around toward me and said cockily, “You can go right up to them and even hug them if you want. In a sense they knew we were here anyway, or at least they knew that we posed no threat to them.”

I was having trouble enjoying the view knowing that Sarah probably wasn’t thrilled that I was looking at other women. “Well, thanks for showing me,” I said with a smile and a chuckle as I started heading back toward Sarah. Jon quickly caught up with me.

“How do they bathe in the winter when it’s freezing cold out?” I asked.

“There’s a large public bathhouse past the large storage barn right there on Cathedral Road [the road that runs past the front of the cathedral and City Hall Buildings]. Have you noticed the building with the huge chimney?”

“Oh, I did see a big chimney from the hill once, but I didn’t notice the building it was on.”

“Inside that building they have an elevated platform with a large wood fire on it that heats a lot of water, and then the water flows down these two huge gutters. One gutter has holes in the bottom part of it that lets the water drip though like a showerhead. The other gutter has a grooved end that makes thicker streams of water of different sizes. There are valves to control the flow of water down the gutters and a pulley system that scoops up water from the floor back up into the vat of heated water.



Anyway, the elder men and women usually bath there year round and the younger people bathe there whenever they want to.”

“Oh,” I said.

Gianna was fully dressed now and was walking away from the clotheslines toward us. “Let’s get going, Jon, it’s getting late!” ordered Gianna.

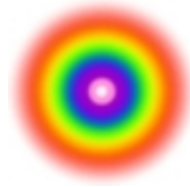
“Okay,” he replied.

“Aww, you guys have to take off already?” I said.

“Yeah, I gotta pick up your dad, stop by City Hall to return the board, go to my house and drop the gun off, get changed, and then get to the cafe by eleven,” he answered.

After a brief discussion with Sarah about the anti-gravity board, we exchanged hugs and goodbyes. Then I was alone with my sweetheart in a beautiful river with the warm sunshine shining down upon the two of us.

# A Devil in Eden



After engaging in some kissing and conversation, I walked with Sarah back to where I had left my bag of dirty clothes. Sarah had just learned how to wash clothes by the river and was going to help me wash my clothes. I dumped out the burlap sack of clothes and took my shirt and pants off. First, we mixed this cleaning solution made of coconut oil, citrus oil, baking soda, and aloe vera in a bucket of water. Then we had to dunk the clothes in the bucket, scrub them with a brush if they had stains, agitate the clothing with our hands, and let them soak for at least 15 minutes before rinsing them in another bucket of water that we would later pour out in the grass field. Sarah told me that Gianna had told her that the Pleiadians always keep the river so clean that the human camp downstream not only uses the river water to irrigate their crops, they also drink it and cook with it.

Once I had all my clothes soaking in the large bucket of cleaning solution, I walked back into the river with Sarah wearing only my underwear. I walked away from the bend in the river that led to where the Pleiadian women were bathing to ensure our privacy and prevent me from being tempted to look at them again.

“What’s with all the nudity around here?” I asked Sarah somewhat rhetorically. “Donna and Roger were nudists and now the people here are.”

“I told Gigi about them!” Sarah replied. “She said that she knows Donna and Roger! They were part of the commune group that lived near here like 40-something years ago.”

“No waaay! That’s amazing!”

“Yeah, that’s how they knew to send us here to get mushrooms. When Gianna saw the note Donna wrote, she knew right away that we had met Donna. I’m virtually certain that Donna and Roger learned to be naturalists from the Plejarens here. I’m sure that most of the people in Canada aren’t nudists. Gianna told me that Plejarens have been bathing in this river for hundreds of years even though they only do it a few months a year because it gets so cold up here. The Pleiadians come here to bathe so of course they’re gonna be at least mostly naked.”

“Yeah, that makes sense,” I said. “But where do the young Pleiadian men bathe, in the *East Ojibwa River*?”

“They bathe right here in the same place the women are at now but usually at a different time of day. Gigi was trying to talk me into coming back tomorrow when they’re here,” Sarah said, while laughing.

“You’d better not,” I said semi-seriously.

“It was Gigi’s idea! I think she was trying to get back at Jon.”

“Okay, but if *you* wanna see something I’ll show you something myself.”

“Oh yeah?” Sarah said.

“Yeah!” I said, while pulling my underwear down.

Sarah let her mouth fall open in a mock display of shock.

“Don’t act like it’s anything you haven’t seen before,” I deadpanned. “Besides, I really need to wash my underwear more than anything.” I stepped out of my underwear and held my undies in my hand. “Don’t you need to wash your bra and panties?”

“Maybe,” she said in a teasing tone. “But my panties are already drying on the line,” she said as she pointed toward the clotheslines. I couldn’t really tell if she was kidding or not.

I put my underwear on my head loosely and wore them like a hat. Then I walked up to Sarah and gave her a passionate kiss on the lips. I reached behind her back, carefully unclasped her brassiere, and helped take it off her body. I stepped back while holding the bra and smiled.

“That thing seriously needs to be washed,” Sarah said, referring to her bra.

“Oh ... okay,” I replied. I scurried to the edge of the river and snuck back to our soapy soak bucket, trying all the while to stay hidden from the Pleiadian women by positioning my body behind the trees on the river’s bank. I tossed my underwear and Sarah’s bra into the bucket and stirred them around.

I hurried back to where Sarah was standing. “So you’re not wearing any underwear?”

“Maybe not.”

I walked up very close to her, looked her in the eyes, and reached my hands behind her to feel the back of her shorts. Nope, no panty lines. I smiled, leaned forward, and rubbed the tip of my nose on the tip of her nose. The sun and water felt wonderful on my body and I tilted my head back and proclaimed, “I LOVE this!” with an expansive smile.

Sarah glanced down. “I can SEE that!”

All of a sudden, a huge wall of fire about 20 feet tall burst through the forest just north of us! Smoke was rising up off the trees, and we could see a plume of fire sweeping back and forth. A fraction of a second later, Daniel, the young Plejaren archer, leaps out of the bushes at the foot of the firewall and rolls onto the grass. He rolls up onto his feet and starts sprinting toward the river yelling, “They’re here, they’re here! Run! RUN!!!”

I glance at Sarah, and then start taking quick, tall steps through the water to get to some clothes. Sarah is running right behind me. I grab a pair of shorts off one of the clotheslines, put the shorts on, and head toward my sneakers. Daniel runs past us toward the village but pauses to wait for us. Sarah has a yellow and light blue tie-dye shirt in her hands and is desperately trying to navigate its interior. I start tying my sneakers onto my bare feet while keeping an eye on the tree line. I don’t see anything threatening there now, not even fire. Sarah has her shirt on and turns to run but doesn’t because she sees that I haven’t finished tying my second

sneaker yet. I frantically gesture for her to run while shouting, “RUN! RUN!”

I hear Daniel and another person yelling. As my eyes scan the tree line I spot a green reptile-like monster about seven feet tall, wearing an armored vest and an armored helmet, holding a device that looks like a flamethrower in his hands. I can hear the sounds of motorized vehicles. That was all I needed to see and hear. I am up and running full-tilt out of there. I hear the bells in the cathedral’s bell tower clanging and decide that I like that sound right now. I glance to my left to see what the Pleiadian women are doing, but I don’t see them anywhere. There’s smoke rising up into the sky in the east, above where the First Nation people live. Ahead of me, Daniel is running up to a man riding on a horse. Sarah is in front of me as well, not too far ahead; I’m running faster than she is, in part because I’m wearing sneakers and she isn’t. The motorized vehicle sounds are loud and close but are no longer advancing toward me; the river must’ve served as a blockade. Life and reality seems to be rushing at me in quick, shaking waves, dictated by the rhythm of my bobbing head as I run. Daniel is looking back at us. I’m up with Sarah, and we’re nearing Daniel and the man on the horse. I hear yells and notice that there’s another horseman further afield to my left. I glance back toward the river and witness several green monsters carrying a Jeep across the river. Daniel and the equestrian are helping Sarah get on the horse. I continue running past, confident that I can make it to the city before the giant reptile people can. There are motorized vehicles approaching from behind me; some are now on our side of the river. I hear more engine sounds to my right and notice four small all-terrain vehicles heading across the field from the west. The people driving these ATVs are humans, and that is a very comforting sight. Daniel is running with me, and the horse is bringing Sarah up to and past us now, into the city. There are people on the rooftops of the nearest residential buildings. Arrows are sailing above my head toward the Reptilians. I continue running until I reach the cobblestones of Chemin de Terre Road. I turn around and glimpse several Jeeps driven by huge, armored beings heading toward us from the river area. I hear gunshots and realize that the humans in the ATVs are firing guns at the Reptilians. A couple of the Jeeps veer off to engage the human counter-offensive directly. Still, several Jeeps

will reach the village, and soon. The Plejaren equestrian pulls up to a stone horse step so Sarah can get off the horse easier. I rush to her with Daniel to help her dismount. As soon as Sarah is safely on the step, the horseman nocks an arrow in his bow and positions himself to face the Reptilians who are headed directly at us.

Sarah, Daniel, and I flee into the heart of houses. I head to the place that I'm most familiar with, Jon's house. I'm thinking just clearly enough to realize there may be a gun there that I could use. Sarah is following me and Daniel is accompanying us wherever we go. We race past Gigi's house and quickly arrive at Jonathan's house. I swing the front door open and hold it open. Sarah rushes in, and Daniel indicates that he will post outside the house. I quickly move inside the house and shut the wooden door. Sarah is shaking. I am shaking. The sound of vehicles draws closer to us, and knowing what is riding in the vehicles, I feel sick to my stomach. I rush down the little hall into Jonathan's bedroom, and Sarah follows me. I drop down onto my knees near his bed, reach under the bed, and grope around for the gun bag. I feel it, grab it, and pull it out from underneath the bed. I start to unzip the case while it's still lying on the floor, and I hear a yell. It sounds like Daniel yelling. "Run to City Hall!" he's saying. Sarah is standing next to me looking shocked, scared, and vulnerable. I open the gun bag and some shotgun shells spill out as I take hold of the shotgun with the trigger lock on it. I realize that my key to the trigger lock is lying next to the soap bucket near the river where I had placed it. A raucous noise fills the house as a window near the front entrance shatters. I drop the shotgun and crawl out into the hallway to get a better view of what is happening. A red laser beam is slicing its way through the front door, systematically cutting the entire house in half! I spin around, lunge at Sarah, and command her to "GET DOWN!" while I pull down on her shirt. She drops down and lies on the floor next to me. The red laser beam is visible in the air directly above our bodies, cutting through walls to make itself present above us. The beam continues on its path, causing the window near Jonathan's bed to shatter. I hear a "smash" noise emanate from the front of the house. The blow is so powerful that the entire top three-fourths of the house lifts up about two feet before crashing down and sliding out of alignment with the bottom part of the house's walls. I crawl forward to peer

down the hallway again. I notice that the front door has been cut into two pieces. Suddenly, the top half of the door is ripped off its one remaining hinge. I can see a massive armor chest plate and a thick Reptilian arm that looks like the side of an alligator. The colossal creature shifts his body, aligns himself with the square hole he has created, and squats down to gaze into the hole. He sticks his head into the house, and I wind up staring at his big, cold, beady black eyes and massive Reptilian head. I'm like a deer in car headlights. The words "I SEE YOU!" resonate inside my head. I hear Sarah scream. I break out of my state of frozen fear just in time to leap up from the floor, dash across the bedroom, grab the pillow off the bed, and place it in front of me as I leap out what's left of the broken window in Jonathan's room. Even while I'm in midair, about to fall to the ground on top of the pillow, I'm thinking about Sarah and am hoping that she's going to follow me. As soon as I'm able to get back onto my feet, I look at the window and start moving back toward it. Sarah is starting to ease herself down through the window feet first. Just as she's about to get her feet on the ground, the top part of the house starts rising upward; the Reptilian is lifting the entire top of the house into the air! Sarah jumps down off what's left of the house, and I help make sure that she lands safely. Now that the top of the house has been lifted up, I notice that Jonathan's father, Peter, is standing behind the house wielding a shotgun. He must've just arrived there or carefully ducked the laser's beam. Aiming across the foundation of the house, he quickly unloads several shotgun blasts in the direction of the Reptilian. The top of the house falls down, and Sarah and I immediately start running as fast as we can between the food storage building and the City Hall Building toward Cathedral Road. There are chickens squawking and frantically running around us. We run as fast as we are able to, our hearts pounding over a hundred times a minute. I suddenly become aware that I'm dressed only in shorts and sneakers and Sarah is running barefoot in her shirt and wet shorts. Once we reach the cobblestone street in front of City Hall, I glance back to make certain that nothing is following us. Nothing is there, but when I swing my head around and look at what's happening in the street in front of us my pounding heart feels as though it completely stops for a second. Two Jeeps with Reptilian drivers are roaring down Cathedral Road ... right toward us! Suddenly, a flat plane of bright red laser light cuts across my field of vision. The complete upper bodies of

the two Reptilians in one of the Jeeps literally go flying out of the Jeep because the laser had severed their bodies. The other Jeep only has one Reptilian in it, and this Reptilian, who has just had a leg lasered off, promptly crashes his severely disabled Jeep into what's left of the other Jeep and rolls out of the vehicle. Before he can get all the way up from the ground, several arrows stick into him and he falls back down to the ground. I look toward where the arrows and laser emanated from and I see Wymond and two other Plejaren men standing near the marble columns at the top of the City Hall steps. The archers are tall, dressed in leather, and are loading arrows into their bows. Wymond is dressed in the same white linens he was wearing the last time I saw him and is holding a medium-sized weapon that looks like a white plastic Tommy gun, complete with a grip under the barrel. Wymond motions for us to climb the stairs and get into the building. As we're racing up the steps, the engine noise of more vehicles becomes acute and two Jeeps and a Humvee race by perpendicular to us on Chemin de Terre Road. The archers release their arrows but to no apparent affect.

Wymond tells us to "go downstairs and acquire some armor and weapons." Feeling terrified and quite underdressed, we're happy to oblige. We rush into the building and virtually jump down the wooden stairs leading into the basement. Once we're down there, we notice that the basement is quite shabby-looking compared to the beautifully appointed upstairs levels. The floor appears to be nothing more than a smoothly chiseled piece of solid rock. The wall closest to us is lined with dozens of hooks holding articles of clothing made from leather, fur, and other natural materials. The wall on the opposite side of the large, open basement has a futuristic-looking case mounted on it and is lined with weapons and hunting gear. A literal pile of additional weapons lie on the ground near the wall, and two people are picking through the items there. We decide that we'd better try to find something more substantial to wear before doing anything else. After searching, I find a pair of suede pants with a threaded leather waistline tie that seems to fit great. Sarah is looking at a leather kilt, assumedly hoping that it will serve as a dress. There are tops that are fitted with metal armor, and after trying a few on, I find a lightweight armored vest that fits okay. Sarah has found what she believes is the shortest kilt



there; it still looks long on her, but it'll do for now. She's looking for a shirt to wear over her shirt because it's chilly down here and she's cold. I encourage her search because I don't want her to be cold. I walk across the cellar to the large pile of weapons. There's a Plejaren man and a Plejaren woman there.

"Hello!" says the man cheerfully. I suddenly become aware that he is purposefully countering the tension I had allowed the Reptilian attack to foster in myself.

"Hello!" I say back in an upbeat tone.

"I'm Abranon and this is Zikka," he says with a huge smile as he extends his hands directly out in front of him with the palms facing each other. Uncertain what to do, I intuitively start bringing my hand out in front of me. To my surprise, I somehow know to open my hand and slide it parallel between his hands. He gently presses his hands on either side of my hand and smiles. I also engage in the gesture with Zikka. Sarah walks over to join us. Sarah's attire makes it look as though she's headed to a Viking prom. We can hear some rumbling noise outside, but we decide to ignore it.

"Are you looking to arm yourselves?" Abranon asks.

"I guess we are," I state.

"Well, perhaps one of the smaller swords would serve as a start," he advises.

Unexpectedly, the entire building starts violently shaking as if an earthquake is happening. A deafening rumbling noise seems to fill the basement. I quickly decide that the basement of a heavy, old building is not where I want to be during an earthquake. I grab Sarah's hand and we rush back toward the stairs. Abranon and Zikka follow. We all ascend the stairs and are near the front entrance. My first instinct is to rush outside, but because I'm afraid that there might be Reptilians out there, I hesitate. I see Ertaway, the curator of City Hall, standing on the first floor hallway above the grand stairs. He's just standing there above us looking toward us but not at us. Sensing Sarah's and my concerns, he puts his left hand out signaling us to "hold on." The entire building is shaking and I'm afraid that

it will collapse. I hold Sarah tightly, ready to jump out the front door with her if need be. Abranon and Zikka now seem completely unafraid. Suddenly, the shaking stops. There is deafening silence.

“The Reptilian that was making the building shake has been killed,” Ertaway announces in a detached manner before turning around and walking down the main hallway until he disappears from our view.

Abranon pushes the front door open and declares, “It’s safe to go outside now.” He exits the building and holds the door open so Zikka can exit as well. Curious to find out what is going on, I follow close behind them. I hold the door open as I watch my two new friends walk directly down the side of the front steps toward the northernmost side of the building as if they know exactly where they’re doing. I see Wymond and the two archers standing on Earth Road.

I look into Sarah’s eyes. “Do you want to come outside or stay inside there?”

“I’ll follow those people with you if you want,” she says.

Taking one more sweeping look around, I ask Sarah to “wait here” right before I skip down the steps to peer around the corner of the northeastern side of the building. I see Abranon and Zikka walking toward Peter, who is standing behind City Hall. There’s a large object on the ground near Peter. I glance back at Sarah and decide to run down the side of the building to better assess what is happening. I catch up to my new Plejaren friends just as they are reaching Peter. Lying in front of Peter is a dead Reptilian wearing an elaborate contraption on his back that is connected to the jackhammer-type device he had been wielding. Prongs of the device are still stuck into the side of the building where they had caused large cracks to form in the marble exterior. Upon closer inspection, it was obvious that the Reptilian had died due to multiple shotgun wounds.

“Two down,” said Peter.

“You killed the Reptilian that attacked your house?” I asked.

“Yup,” he replied.

“That scared the heck out of me,” I added. “Is Daniel okay?”

“Nope, he’s dead,” Peter replied.

“Well, at least it’s over now,” said Abranon.

“The entire Reptilian attack is over?” I asked optimistically.

“Yes,” he said with a relaxed smile.

“Is my father okay?” I asked.

“Yes, he’s fine,” said Abranon.

Apparently, he had solid knowledge of these things. Upon reflection, I realized that even *I* had suddenly felt much lighter right before I came out of the City Hall Building.

“We’re going to join the rest of the community gathering in front of the cathedral now,” Abranon announced just before he and his wife bowed in acknowledgement to us. We bowed back, and I said, “Okay, nice meeting you two. I’ll probably meet you out front there.” Just as I’m thinking that I should head back to Sarah, I see her come around the front corner of the building and start heading over to where I am.

“What was this guy trying to do, collapse the whole building?” I asked Peter as I looked over the massive body that lay between us.

“Yeah. With enough time he would’ve been able to do it, but it was a pretty stupid way to attack with people who are willing and able to fight back still around,” Peter declared.

I bent down to examine the hardware strapped to the Reptilian’s back. “That’s quite an elaborate power pack he’s got there.”

“Yeah, they originally started wearing electric generators to power the heated bodysuits they wear when it’s cold out. They don’t like temperatures under 25 degrees.”

“Oh, well, no one likes temperatures under 25 degrees!” I said.

“That’s 25 degrees Celsius, son ... probably about 80 degrees Fahrenheit.”

“Oh.”

When Sarah reached us, Peter continued by saying, “They have to constantly use these backpack generators to generate heat for themselves when they operate outside in this area in any season other than summer. They have adapted their generators to power a wide array of things, like flamethrowers or electrical crap like this,” he said, while gesturing to the jackhammer-like device. “People in the middle ages used to live in fear due to these types of attacks. The Reptilians used flamethrowers and psychic attacks to convince people that their villages were under attack from huge fire-breathing beasts. It was an easy way for them to acquire resources and prevent the refugees from coming back to snoop around. Those attacks certainly helped keep the legend of dragons alive. In fact, many Reptilians come from the Draco Constellation and ‘Draco’ translates from Latin as ‘dragon’ or ‘serpent.’ Some people refer to the snake in the Adam and Eve story as ‘Draco.’”

“They’re like devils,” I added. “But nowadays, why don’t they just use things like tanks?”

“Well, they wouldn’t even fit into a tank. Besides it would be rather difficult for them to get their hands on a tank ... I don’t think that the Canadian Government would be willing to let them buy any,” he said with a laugh. “They live in fear of most human militaries and carefully avoid being detected by them.”

“I guess that’s the same reason they don’t have nukes or missile launchers,” I said.

“Yeah, they don’t usually even attack like this. Something must’ve gotten them all riled up. They’re usually not even around here. They like hanging out in warmer climates. That’s why we knew something was up when we ... learned of their presence here recently.”

“Is Daniel okay?” Sarah asked.

“No, he has passed on,” Peter answered.

Sarah and I were silent for a few moments while we said a prayer for him in our heads.

“I need to inspect the mess back here,” Peter said before starting to walk toward his house. I decided to follow Peter, but Sarah stayed where she was.

Peter and I made our way around Gianna’s house and the outhouse. One glance confirmed that Jonathan and Peter’s house was thoroughly demolished. On the ground in front of the house laid the Reptilian Peter had shot from across his house’s foundation. Lying on the ground next to the Reptilian was a large, white, laser weapon.

“Don’t touch that,” Peter warned, pointing at the firearm. “That thing is so dangerous that I don’t even dare touch it.” It was quite amazing to see an actual alien laser weapon just lying on the ground. Suddenly, Ertaway appeared next to us. He walked directly to the weapon, picked it up, and walked over to the back corner of the building that had been damaged by the Reptilian jackhammer. He shook his head and then proceeded to walk past Sarah toward the front of the building.

Peter and I moved beyond the downed Reptilian, closer to the bisected house. We saw Daniel there; he had been cut into two pieces. It was a horrible, disgusting sight. As we moved around the outhouse to the northeast, we spotted another dead Reptilian. One of Daniel’s arrows was sticking through the creature’s head, serving as a postmortem testament to Daniel’s archery skills.

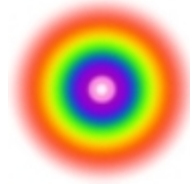
“Well, looks like I’m gonna hafta find a new place to live,” Peter said glumly.

I couldn’t help but think that Peter’s house was the closest thing I had to a home here as well. We started walking back toward where Sarah was standing.

“Well, we should probably join the others at town center,” Peter stated before continuing toward Cathedral Road.

When I reached Sarah, we just held each other for a while.

# Karmic Lessons



We walked between the cathedral and City Hall Buildings and reached Cathedral Road. In the short amount of time Sarah and I had spent behind City Hall, virtually the entire village, as well as several humans who lived at the encampment, had gathered in front of the cathedral. Even more astounding was the fact that all the pieces of the Jeeps and Reptilians that had littered the street here had been organized into two neat piles. A pile of Jeep parts was stacked near the road and a collection of Reptilian parts had been placed in the nearby field. Despite the fact that Daniel had been killed, moods were curiously high. Sensing my confusion, Peter leaned in toward Sarah and me and said, “The Plejarens think that everything happens for a reason, even killings.”

“Oh,” I said. “Wow,” said Sarah.

As we made our way through the large crowd, we were greeted with smiles and hugs and we engaged in the Pleiadian handholding greeting several times. I learned that it’s customary to place your free hand on top of the other person’s hand after he or she is gently pressing your first hand. The jovial energy of the gathering was contagious and I soon considered that perhaps this *is* a time to celebrate. The looming fear of a Reptilian attack had vanished and other than Daniel, I wasn’t aware of any other human or Plejaren casualties. I soon learned that a human had been killed and two others had been injured. Daniel’s father had also been killed. I found out that he had been the man on the horse who had brought Sarah across the field and into the city. I wanted to know why people thought that it was okay that these people had died.

Sarah and I continued moving through the group of people. We were looking for my dad, Jon, or Gigi. Once we reached Chemin de Terre

Road, we saw my father down the street walking with a few Ancien residents. Sarah and I ran all the way over to him. We all sported enormous smiles and exchanged spirited hugs.

“You’re okay!” he said gleefully.

“So are you!” I replied.

“I knew that you two were fine because Bertrand told me you were. Oh, I’m so glad that you’re both okay!” he said again, while putting his arms around us and giving us a squeeze.

“So glad you’re okay,” Sarah said.

“Do you know where Jon and Gigi are?” I asked.

“Yeah, they’re helping to close the cafe. As soon as the attack started, they turned off the electricity at the cafe and told the patrons that they would have to leave as soon as they finished their food and drink. They’re trying to get everything cleaned up and closed down properly.”

“Well, where were you during the attack?” I asked, “Did you see anything?”

“Oh my God, did I!” he declared. “You ready to hear a fantastic story?”

“Yeah!” Sarah and I said in unison. We began slowly walking back toward the cathedral.

“I was walking down the path from Oren’s house to Chemin de Terre Road here on my way to go to my eye checkup with Ertaway.”

“I thought Jon was going to drive you over here,” I said.

“When he came over to get the buggy with Gianna they were all in a rush and I wasn’t ready to go yet so I just told them to go on without me,” my father explained.

“Oh, okay, sorry, go on,” I said.

“No worries, but yeah, Jonathan and Gianna had already driven the ATV to the cafe from here before I had even left Oren’s home. Anyway, I was walking down the path over there away from Oren’s place. I was in no

particular rush, in fact, I was testing out my new eyes looking at several of the plants around there. Suddenly, I hear the cathedral's bells ringing and I hear engine sounds coming from the direction of the river. I turn and look back to see what's happening, and there's a Jeep with two Reptilians in it coming out of the woods! They're on the other side of the river just north of Oren's house. So I start running away from Oren's house all the way toward Earth Road here, but before I can reach any of the buildings here, I see two Wranglers with Reptilians in them go by, and then I notice that there are two Jeeps getting on the north end of Chemin de Terre heading in my direction!"

"I saw those vehicles rush by!" I said, while glancing toward Sarah and pointing a thumb at her to request her confirmation. I looked back at my dad and said "Right before we went into the City Hall Building I saw two Jeeps and a black Humvee rush by with a Reptilian in the back!"

"Yeah, they only had the one Hummer so you must've seen the same one. So I turn and start running faster than perhaps I ever have before in my adult life, climbing the hill away from them toward Ancien. As I'm going over the top of the hill, I glance back behind me and I see two Jeeps and a Hummer roaring up behind me, bearing down on me! I start running down the slope into Ancien, right before the first Jeep leaps over the summit of the hill. I leap off the roadway to avoid being crushed by the Wrangler as it lands. I fall down on the grass, and I hear all these loud gunshots going off. I look over and see that there are about a dozen ... Ancien residents hiding behind the trees there, and they are unleashing a volley of bullets into the Jeep."

"You can call them 'hybrids' Dad, they don't take any offense to it."

"Okay, yeah," said my dad with a quick, knowing smile.

"They consider the term 'half-breeds' to be somewhat derogatory," Sarah interposed.

"Okay," said my father. "So by now the second Jeep has come leaping over the hill, and the windshields and interiors of the Jeeps are getting shot up. I'm on the ground, cringing, hoping not to be shot, or run over, or seen by a Reptilian. The first Jeep crashes into a tree, and the



second one continues rolling down the street out of my view. I keep looking toward the crashed Jeep, hoping nothing is going to get out of it. Then the Hummer comes bounding over the hill, and just as I'm turning my head around to look at it I see this yellowish-orange ... mist in the sky about 25 feet above the ground; it looks like a misty cloud. It looked yellow for a second, and then it turned orange and then red. Then I feel this dread and fear bear down upon me like nothing I've ever felt before, I mean I was instantly completely frozen with fear to the point where I couldn't even move. This red glow is getting brighter and seems to be filtering down to the ground. I even see the people around me, the hybrids, dropping their guns and falling to the ground. They're putting their hands on the top of their heads as they're lying face down on the ground. It was as if everything went into slow motion. All this is happening while the front of the Hummer slowly rolls into my line of sight. As the driver's window lines up to where I'm lying on the grass by the road, I can see the Reptilian driver's head slowly turn toward me and look at me. It was totally surreal, I couldn't move ... it was like a nightmare where you're running in quicksand and can't get away. So the Hummer is still slowly rolling forward, and when the backseat area comes into view it seems to be empty, thank God. But when the open bed in the back rolls up directly in front of me, I see a huge, green Reptilian, all decked out in armor with weapons and leather slings across his body. All I can see is this huge eight-foot Reptilian, who's looking right at me, while I'm still paralyzed with fear on the ground ... and I know all the people around me are paralyzed with fear too. The Reptilian shifts his body until he's facing me, hops off the still rolling Hummer, and starts walking toward me. As he's slowly swaggering up to me he reaches behind his back and grabs this huge double-edged battle-axe. He's about ten feet away from me, and he starts raising the axe up high into the air. Meanwhile, I'm on the ground, trying to kick my legs into the ground to move away from him, but I can't even seem to do that. He looks like he's ten feet tall now as I'm lying on the ground fully expecting to be killed. I could literally see the sun or a light shining off the blade of his axe as it's elevated in the sky above me. Then, two shots ring out and then two more shots. I can see his body shake from absorbing each bullet, and a bullet rips through his neck. Two more shots ring out. His eyes start to close and he starts to fall forward, still holding the battle-axe in

his outstretched arms. As he's falling down, I swear something drags me backward a few inches, and the axe sticks into the ground about two inches from my family jewels." My father paused for a heartbeat to acknowledge his somewhat unrefined comment and Sarah's giggles. He continued, saying, "Suddenly, I feel a *lot* lighter, like this huge weight of fear has been lifted off me. I raise my head up and look past the body of the fallen Reptilian. I see Bertrand and William, the two little chess players, standing on the other side of the road with hunting rifles in their hands pointed in my direction. The ominous red cloud is hovering directly above them, looking even denser than before. There appears to be two large smoky red claws or talons extending down from the cloud, and these talons grab Bertrand and William. The two little guys begin to shake and fall down, dropping their weapons. Then I see this super-bright white light cut across the legs of the red demon bird. The light cuts the thing's talons right off and Bert and William get free from its clutches. There's a flash of light, and I feel this burst of energy in the street just a short distance from where I am and I hear the sound of a collision ... like a car accident. I didn't know it at the time, but what I heard was the sound of the Hummer getting wedged between the narrow stone walls lining the road near there, completely immobilizing the Hummer. The Reptilian driver got stuck inside it and has been captured."

By this time, we had reached the gathering in front of the cathedral and were just standing around listening to the rest of my father's story.

"Anyway, there's this super-bright light shining on the red cloud. It's illuminating it so brightly that, instead of only seeing a plain cloud, I can actually see the outline of what looks like a giant bat or pterodactyl. There's an outline of a skeleton, with long, thin arms extended out to the sides and a ribcage and thin legs. Its head looked like an alligator's head. At first, the bones looked dark, then they started looking gray, and finally they seemed to turn white. Soon the entire 'cloud' is engulfed in the bright light, and it looks as though the creature's very bones are being atomized into dust. Then the light faded away, and the cloud dissipated away into nothing, and I was left staring at a blue sky above the treetops. The hybrids were all okay, even Bertrand and William. Their mental toughness saved my life."

“Oh my ...!” I said in amazement.

“It’s a miracle that you’re okay!” Sarah proclaimed.

“I know it, it really is,” my dad said.

“So it’s agreed that we all believe in *miracles*?” came a voice behind me. I turned and saw Deybeyden standing behind me. The aura of his six-foot five-inch body always seemed to astound me for a heartbeat. When you’re in his presence you can’t help but feel awed; you can sense his deep wisdom and love.

My father said to him, “Please, Father Deybeyden, explain to me what that red cloud I saw in the sky earlier was?”

Deybeyden laughed and smiled. “Please, call me ‘Dey’ [Dā]. What you observed was the reason these Reptilians were here ... so far from where they would have favored to be. You witnessed a being from another dimension making bad choices.”

“Like a demon?” my father asked.

“Yes, that is a name humans have called such things,” Deybeyden replied.

“And what about the light ... the bright light that I saw?”

“Well, you should know that if there are *demons* then there are *angels* as well,” Deybeyden replied with visible amusement.

“Did the angel kill the demon?” my dad asked.

Deybeyden laughed again. “Killed? You can’t kill an infinite being. He was sent back to the fourth dimension. He’s far too powerful to be playing on this plane ... powerful enough even to shield the movement of his three-dimensional minions from my perception. He has been returned to his lessons. He’s a mischievous soul, but now that he’s reconnecting with oneness, he’ll soon be genuinely happy that he’s back on his path. He perceived himself as being unloved and unappreciated, perhaps underutilized,” Deybeyden said, while displaying a distant look in his eyes. “This being impulsively attacked the brightest light in this area, like a moth drawn to a flame. My home was the target. One of the

Reptilians tried to attack the cathedral four times before he realized that his weapon wasn't being allowed to penetrate its walls." He paused, looked at Sarah and me, and continued by saying, "Take heart, the souls that left the earth today left for good reasons."

"What about Daniel?" I asked.

"His father was also taken ... their soul group had business elsewhere," Deybeyden replied.

"H-how do you know?" I asked.

"I know because I spoke with them about it a few minutes ago," he answered with an easy smile.

"What about the First Nation people? There was smoke rising up from the area where they live."

"They are all fine. They were not attacked. The smoke signal was their way of letting us know that their lookouts had spotted the Reptilians headed this way. In all, fifteen Reptilians arrived here: three were stopped in the field, six were put down here, and five were struck down in Ancien. They were all on detrimental life paths and will now be given the opportunity to improve themselves elsewhere." Deybeyden focused his attention on my dad. "The Reptilian who still lives is not the one who killed your wife. The Reptilian who did that died while trying to kill *you*. Now, the Reptilians on this world wholly understand what happens when you violate cosmic law. There will be no more attacks from Reptilians here." Then he smiled, turned, and walked away to speak with some other people.

After Deybeyden's debriefing, Sarah, my dad, and I stood there in silence for about a minute. The information that I was learning about "the other side" was certainly helping me view death through a larger lens. As I reflected upon my new beliefs, my eyes shifted from viewing the cobblestone to exploring the intricate gothic details of the white cathedral jutting into the sky above me like a giant glacier. It was bizarre that we were actually in this hidden city living alongside people of a different species. We had been attacked by beings from another planet. One of these beings had been captured and would probably be able to tell us more about

his species. “I want to try to talk to that Reptilian tomorrow if he’s properly restrained,” I said.

“I might want to go with you,” my father said, “but I’m still thinking that we have to drive down to Winnipeg tomorrow to catch our flight Tuesday morning. Heck, I even miss some things about the outside world.”

“Yeah, I’d love to check my email,” I said.

“There are some people that I need to contact. Okay, we’ll leave tomorrow afternoon early enough so we aren’t traveling on the dirt roads during the night.”

Oren approached us and my father soon walked away with him to speak with other people gathered near us.

The thought of leaving here permanently didn’t fully appeal to me. It was truly amazing how “at home” I felt here in the Ancien villages. I recalled the things that were important to me before coming here: school, my family, Sarah, video games. I didn’t miss school a bit. In fact, I could barely imagine spending a lot of time focusing on schoolwork after my experiences here. It seemed as though there were many important facets of life that I had barely even begun to explore. When I was busy studying or playing video games, I wasn’t learning hardly anything about myself. My college textbooks weren’t teaching me about the important things in life. My thoughts returned to the time my philosophy professor told my class, “Don’t try to learn about yourselves by reading other peoples’ words.” Then he proceeded to test us on the reading assignments. Sure, I could study computer science and possibly even graduate near the top of my class, but all that does is help me get a job. Why do I want a job? Oh, that’s right, to make money. Why do I want money? To have the freedom to do what I want to do? To have what I want to have? But don’t I already have the freedom to do what I want to do? Wouldn’t the responsibility of a job give me *less* freedom? What if I’m happy with a lifestyle that doesn’t require a lot of money? The most important thing to me is spending time with Sarah and my dad. At least now, I wouldn’t be disappointing my mother if I chose to tell “my family” that I’m quitting school. I secretly decided that I would continue to allow myself to play video games occasionally.

Suddenly, I hear Sarah's voice say "What are you thinking about?" and I realize that I'd been completely zoning out. She was staring at me, waiting for an answer.

"Um, I was thinking about school."

"What about it?" she asked

"I'm not sure that I want to continue on in computer science."

"Oh, I'm *certain* that I don't want to study economics anymore."

"I'm not sure I even want to go back to [the University in San Diego]."

"I *know* I don't want to go back," she said.

"What should we do?" I asked.

"ATTENTION, EVERYONE!" a loud voice proclaimed. Sarah and I swung our eyes and attention over toward Monoma, who was standing at the top of the City Hall steps. "Tomorrow we will be celebrating peace so I want you all to make merry preparations tonight!" he stated. A large cheer emanated from the people gathered there.

"Woo-hoo, that's awesome!" I heard a familiar voice say. I spun around and saw Gianna with a big, sunny smile on her face. "Celebration days are *so* fun!" she declared. Jonathan was walking up behind her, and we all gave one another hugs.

"It didn't take you guys long to close up the cafe," I said.

"Yeah, it was actually easier than a regular day's cleanup," said Jonathan. "We tend to stay on top of the dishes and cups, and Zack said that he would make sure all the electrical appliances were okay now that he put the power back on."

"I *like* your outfits ... very intimidating!" Gianna said to us teasingly.

"Thanks," Sarah said with a self-conscious giggle.

"Oh ... we have to come up with a theme for tomorrow!"

"A theme for what?" Sarah asked.

“For the celebration! Tonight everyone’s going to be preparing for the party tomorrow,” Gianna explained.

“I thought you were just going to go as a little freak as usual,” stated Jonathan.

After hitting Jonathan in the gut with the back of her hand, Gigi said, “Shut it, John-Boy. What are you going to go as, a basketball player or a nerd?”

“Maybe a nerdy basketball player,” he said.

“It’s a costume party?” I asked.

“No, but it’s fun to dress up for these celebrations. It’s going to be festive so you don’t want to be all drab,” Gianna declared.

“That’s cool, I like to be festive, but I don’t really have anything to wear other than what Jon can lend me. Oh, that reminds me, our clothes are still out by the river,” I said, while looking at Sarah.

“Yeah, we need to get back there. Some of the clothes aren’t even hung up to dry,” Sarah elucidated.

“You don’t still have that ATV do ya, Jon?” I asked.

“Naw, I parked it at the cafe because I knew that a friend of mine from the camp was coming down to pick it up. We can walk over there with you guys.”

“Why don’t you and Alex go, and Sarah and I will start getting things going at my house,” said Gianna. “Are you guys sleeping over at my house tonight?”

“Prob-ab-ly,” Jonathan said slowly. “Unless my mother wants me over at her place.”

Apparently, they both already knew about the current condition of Jon’s house.

“Okay, whatever you want,” said Gianna.

“No, I want to stay at your house. Yeah, let’s just plan for Alex and me to stay at your house.”

“Alright, well, take care of the clothes, and meet us back there.”

“Okay, cool,” said Jonathan.

I hugged Sarah and told her that I’d catch up with her later. I found my father and told him what we had planned. He said that he’d stop by Gianna’s house later.

Jon and I traveled northward into the grassy field, heading toward the river. I apologized to Jon for leading the Reptilians to his house. He told me to forget about it, and I knew that he felt that no apology was necessary. I changed the topic by asking him where his mother lives.

“She lives with her sister and mother on the southeast side of the village [The Higher Ancients],” he explained. “My father and her still get along fine, but she was quite young when they hooked up. I think that she realizes now that he’s rather crude compared to Plejaren men, I mean he’s a hard core hunter for one thing. Also, since she’s younger and will probably live to be about 170 years old, she knows that my dad probably isn’t going to be around for the entire latter part of her life.”

“I see,” I said.

“I’m sure that I could sleep at my grandmother’s house, but I don’t really want to do that.”

“What’s your dad going to do?”

“I’m not sure. He has plenty of friends at the human encampment so maybe he’ll start sleeping there. We can just ask him what’s he’s going to do,” he said, while motioning for me to look more closely at a Jeep that was standing in the field. Around the Wrangler were three humans, one of which was Jon’s dad. Two dead Reptilians were lying on the ground next to the Jeep.

“I was talking with your dad earlier,” I said. “He killed at least two Reptilians himself.”

“Yup, I know it.”

“Hey, Dad!” Jonathan said as we approached the men. His dad greeted us warmly, as did the other two men there. One of the men



introduced himself as Jerome, and the other man was Luc, one of the men I had met at the assembly in City Hall yesterday. Luc had been one of the humans literally riding shotgun in the human-driven ATVs that I had seen earlier. He had killed the Reptilians who had been riding in this Jeep Wrangler and was busy determining the operational condition of the vehicle. Apparently, there was evidence that the Wranglers were from a Jeep dealership in the nearby city of Thompson. The men were discussing what to do with the vehicles. The loss of six Jeeps and a Humvee would be a massive loss to any car dealership, but they may have been insured. It would be risky to return the Jeeps to the dealer because the numerous bullet holes the vehicles exhibited would raise many questions.

The two dead Reptilians were a remarkable sight. One of the Reptilians had a flamethrower device connected to his backpack. I gawked at the dead beings for about a minute, but both Jon and I had already seen dead Reptilians today. Jon had seen the carnage in Ancien on his way home from the cafe earlier.

“Where are you sleeping tonight, Dad?” Jonathan asked

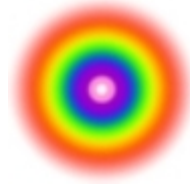
“I’m gonna stay at Jerome’s place. How ‘bout yourself?”

“I’m gonna probably sleep at Gigi’s house with Alex and Sarah.”

“Okay,” Peter said.

Eventually, Jon and I arrived at the clotheslines near the river. I retrieved the trigger lock key and explained to Jonathan how leaving it here had prevented me from using the gun earlier. We rinsed the clothes that had been left in the soapy water, wrung them out, and hung all the items on the lines to dry except for Sarah’s bra. We gathered up all the dry clothes and silently headed back across the field toward the village. Little did we know that Gianna had suckered us into doing laundry while she was partying with Sarah.

# Our Last Evening in Canada



We could hear laughter emanating from the meditation garden before we had even crossed the zigzaggy bridge. Deybeyden, Oren, my father, and several other Plejarens were sitting on the ground behind the cathedral. Once we were within normal conversational range of the gathering, the group greeted us and invited us to join them.

“Sarah and Gianna are expecting us, and we’ve got these clothes to drop off,” I explained, as I lifted the clothes I was holding in my arms up a few inches higher.

“Okay, go on then, but find out if they want to join us as well,” said my father.

“What are you guys doing, just talking?” I asked.

“Yes, just talking right now, but we plan to do an energetic activation later,” he said.

“What’s that mean?”

“Well, we’re going to do some chanting, then activate our various internal chakras, and then connect to the Stellar Gateway and beyond,” he said with dramatic flair. Before I could respond, he continued with, “Did you know that this site is built on a powerful natural ley line that is part of the earth’s power grid?”

“No, I did not know that,” I said with a significant degree of amusement.

“Well, come back later if you want, and you’ll be able to see for yourself what I’m talking about. I’ve been doing Qigong with Oren, and I swear that I can actually *feel* energy now.”

“Okay, I’ll try it later if Jon and the girls want to.”

“Okay, son, hope ta see ya later, love ya.”

“I love you too, Dad.”

Just a few seconds after saying goodbye to the people at the garden and moving toward Gigi’s house, I could perceive the faint sound of music. As we approached the front door I could clearly hear Bob Marley singing the words, “Every little thing’s gonna be all right.” When we pulled the screen door open and walked inside the log cabin, we discovered that we had entered a mysterious land inhabited by two small, laughing hippie girls. They were burning incense and candles and the air was smoky. Sarah had paired her tie-dye shirt with a loud pair of tie-dye shorts and proceeded to give me an outrageous full-body hug. Gianna, who was wearing her favorite tie-dye dress and had a collection of multicolored cloth bands encircling her wrist was shouting “Welcome, welcome!” above the music as she danced around like a gypsy. She gave me a quick side hug and then bumped her rump on Jonathan’s thigh.

As Jon and I unloaded our armfuls of clean clothing onto the table Gianna said, “We decided on a theme for tomorrow. Guess what it’s gonna be?”

“Stoners?” I guessed.

“Yup, happy, horny, hippie stoners!” Gianna said right before shaking with laughter. Between the loud music and Sarah and Gianna’s laughter, it seemed futile for me to try to speak. Gianna turned the music coming from her iPod and battery-powered speakers down to a more dialogue-friendly level.

I handed Sarah her damp bra. “Well, what are we going to wear to match you girls?”

“Jon has some really *groovy* clothing,” Gianna replied.

“It’s true,” Jonathan confirmed, “I have a tie-dye shirt and a leather outfit that looks like something Robert Plant would’ve worn forty years ago. It’s something that my dad considered to be normal clothing when he was my age.”

“Can I just wear the tie-dye shirt, please?” I pleaded.

“Sure,” Jon said. Then he looked pointedly at Gianna and asked, “So all of my stuff is fine?”

“Yeah, your house is trashed, but all of your stuff is okay ... except your pillow,” she said with yet another laugh.

“What happened to my pillow?”

“I used it to brace my fall when I jumped out of your window,” I said.

“Oh,” Jonathan said.

“It’s just a little dirty ... and it *might* have a little chicken crap on it too,” Gianna said with slightly too much amusement.

“Sorry about that. I’d like to change my clothes right now if I could,” I said. “This armor plate thing is a bit much.”

“Okay, let’s go over to my place, get some stuff, and come back.”

I headed to the outhouse while Jon proceeded directly to what was left of his home. Eventually, I changed into some very comfortable, very colorful clothes. Jon put on his outrageous, retro, leather outfit, and after gathering a collection of bedding material and finding another pillowcase for his pillow, we headed back to Gigi’s house. We found the girls sitting together on Gigi’s bed. Gianna had moved her modest stereo from the front of the house into her bedroom and was now broadcasting Abba. An oil burner on her dresser filled the room with the marvelous scent of jasmine. The girls found our attire very amusing. Jonathan sat on his usual chair, and I sat alone on the floor. Noticing the sad look on my face, Sarah scooted over a bit and told me to sit next to her on the bed. I obliged.

“So what’s going to happen at the celebration tomorrow?” I asked.

“People are just going to be extra happy and show more of the real, individual side of themselves,” Gianna said. “It gives everyone permission to forget about formalities and just let it all hang out.”

“I hope that the nice weather holds out,” said Sarah.

“It’ll be fine, we get about 500 millimeters [about 20 inches] of rain here each year, but it won’t rain tomorrow,” Gianna said. “It’s usually cloudier than it has been recently, and we usually get rain about every other day this time of year. You must’ve brought your Californian weather with you.”

“Alex’s dad invited us to join the linen-clad lightworkers in the garden later,” Jonathan stated.

“Oh, that should be fun,” responded Gianna. “You should experience that at least once before you go.”

“Experience *what* exactly?” Sarah asked.

“Connecting with more of the higher energies of the universe,” explained Gianna. “You can tune your body to frequencies that most people never stay connected with. Humans are able to activate energy centers in their bodies, like their third eye/pineal gland, to activate their natural ability to receive information and messages from other beings. Groups of people all over the world are starting to become more psychic, more telepathic, more intuitive, and more connected.”

“That sounds neat. I want to learn how to do that!” Sarah avowed.

“I’ve been doing that for years,” said Gianna. “Due in part to my Plejaren blood, I always receive the answer to any question I may have, either in my dreams or through actual signs, conversations, or messages during my awake life. The cosmic community of various benevolent aliens wants to bring the people on this planet into their group; they’re just waiting for more people to be ready to be contacted. Some people are already ready, but many people aren’t tuned into this at all and would immediately relapse into their default state of fear and confusion. We’re trying to ease people into realizing that we’re here by leaving signs and messages. That’s what many of the crop formations are about.”

“You mean like ‘crop circles’?” I asked.

“Yeah.”

“Oh, I always thought that those were fake. I saw some show about how some humans made them once.”

Jonathan responded with “There *are* fake, man-made crop formations, but they’re so hokey compared with *real* crop formations.”

“Yeah,” said Gianna, picking up the conversation, “the fake crop formations are usually laughably crude and obvious. The real glyphs are *much* more complicated and perfectly formed. There’ve been several instances where pilots flew over a field with nothing remarkable there and ten or fifteen minutes later, they fly back over the field and there’s a massive image there. Go online when you get back home and do a web search for ‘Chibolton Radio Telescope’ and learn about the crop formations that were displayed there.”

“Chibolton? Can you write that down because I’ll never remember that,” I said. Jonathan grabbed a pen from the desk and quickly wrote the word down on a piece of paper and handed the paper to me.

I delivered the line, “I don’t believe in aliens anyway,” just before breaking out into a huge smile.

“Believe it, brother!” Gianna proclaimed with a smile of her own. “So what are we gonna do for the celebration tomorrow?”

I didn’t know what to say because I had never attended a celebration day. Jonathan finally offered, “We could bake something.”

“Yeaah!” said Gianna. “We should bake cookies. Do you guys like ginger snap cookies?”

“Yeah!” Sarah and I answered happily. I could tell that Sarah wanted to eat cookies at least as much as I did.

“Let’s do it!” Gianna said as she hopped off the bed and began gathering her little stereo system into her hands. She scurried out of the room with the audio system and headed toward the kitchen. Sarah got off the bed and headed off in that direction as well.

“Looks like we’re making cookies,” I said to Jonathan as I slid off the bed.

By the time Jon and I reached the front of the house, Gianna had already assembled several jars containing white powders on the counter.

“We’ll get the fire going,” Jonathan stated, as he headed over to the wood-burning stove.

“Okay, thanks!” said Gianna. “By the way, Alex, my mom is staying over at Juliana’s house so I’m gonna sleep in my mom’s room tonight. We cleaned up all of the cat hair in here, and you can sleep in my room tonight.”

“Okay, great, thanks,” I replied.

Soon Gigi announced, “We have to go out and get some eggs,” and headed outside with Sarah.

I watched Jon place kindling and wood in the cast iron stove, manipulate the stove’s air vents, and light the kindling on fire. “Have you ever thought about leaving here and living in a human city?”

“Oh yeah, many times. Recently I’ve been going to the human encampment more often and asking Gianna if I can switch shifts with her so I can wait on fully human customers. She doesn’t like to switch much because the humans actually leave monetary tips instead of inviting you over to eat at their houses once a month. But yeah, I’m becoming increasingly interested in human society. After all, I live on Earth, not Erra.”

“Is that why she picked up a Canadian accent?”

“Yeah, probably. Full-blooded Plejarens don’t develop regional accents, but even as a child, Gigi would always hang out in the public side of the cafe. She truly has her feet in two different worlds. Gianna says that the reason I don’t pick up an accent is because I’m stubborn-minded.”

“Maybe the Plejaren blood in you affects you differently than it does Gianna and allows you to be unaffected by accents. Anyway, you should stay with us down in San Diego,” I offered. “The weather’s great and there’s a lot going on.”

“Yeah, I like the warm weather ... it’s just too cold here for my taste.”

“When was the last time you’ve been to the beach?”

“Never. The closest to that I’ve been to is Hudson Bay.”

“Oh, man, you gotta get to the ocean some time; the warm sand and the waves. We have a bunch of boogie boards you can use to ride the waves on ... it’s easy! All the women in bikinis...”

“Yeah, I know. I feel like I’m missing out on a lot of things. But I’ve heard a lot of bad things about human cities too, like how people engage in road rage and try to take advantage of you.”

“Well, yeah, there are always some unenlightened people around who get caught up with money or trying to beat others down to get ahead. I was sorta like that myself when I was younger. I used to race around, mad at the world, but I eventually started taking responsibility for my life and stopped blaming others. I used to believe that I was in competition with everyone else and everyone was out to get me. Now I realize that I am the master of my own future, and I really have love and compassion for other people. Not only do I wish them the best, but I also try to help them get what they want. That has helped me believe that most other people really are on *my* side as well. But there are times when I’ll be happily driving along and some idiot comes roaring up on my tail trying to vent their frustrations out on me or out on the world. I’ve learned to just pity these angry people and hope that they find peace and comfort sooner rather than later. I even put a sticky note on my car’s visor that says ‘Love for other commuters.’ I’m sure that you can just do things like that too.”

“I already have compassion for them,” Jonathan replied, “but I’m not sure if I want to subject myself to their unhelpful energies. That’s why my dad moved out here to begin with. The more sensitive you are, the harder it is to ignore the ‘negative’ energies others may be giving off.”

“I know what you’re saying. Well, you’re always welcome to come visit us, and you can stay as long as you want.”

“Thanks, bro, I will definitely keep that in mind.”

By now, the stove was emanating a significant amount of heat. Jon was talking about the possibility of retrieving his MP3 player from his destroyed house so he could play some Skrillex or Eminem. Before Jon had absolutely decided to stand up and walk over to his house, Gianna and



Sarah returned with eggs and a story to tell. They had stopped by Juliana's house because Gianna's mother is there and it's nearby. After a brief discussion, Juliana came up with the idea of making a tie-dye robe for Deybeyden to wear at the celebration tomorrow. So now, after making cookies, we had plans to head over to the cathedral to acquire one of Deybeyden's robes.

Sarah helped Gianna mix the flour, eggs, sugar, shortening, and molasses together. They also used baking soda, salt, cloves, cinnamon, and ginger. They rolled the mixture into balls, rolled the balls in sugar, and then flattened them out after they put them on a cast iron pan greased with coconut oil. They placed the pan on top of the stove along with a kettle full of water for tea. They had to flip the cookies over halfway through the cooking process for them to cook evenly. The smell inside the house was fantastic: a mixture of cinnamon and sugary flour. Gianna had evidently programmed her iPod to play songs from the 1950s and we heard "Rock around the Clock" and "Splish Splash." Gianna served water, milk, and tea. The music selections segued into the sixties and seventies and "Blue Moon," "Please Mr. Postman," "Truckin'," "Joy to the World," "Me and Bobby McGee," and Terry Stafford's version of "Suspicion" played. We devoured the first batch of cookies while the second batch cooked.

After the second batch of cookies had finished cooking, the cookies that escaped our stomachs were put aside for tomorrow and the remainder of the cookie dough was placed on the stovetop. By this time, the music had shifted into quintessential seventies songs such as "Stayin' Alive," "Band on the Run," "Wish You Were Here," and "Kashmir." Our conversation turned to a discussion of what life was like in the United States because both Gianna and Jonathan had a keen interest in learning what was happening in other parts of the world. I let Sarah do most of the talking as Gianna seemed to have an endless supply of questions, and Sarah seemed to be answering Gigi's questions quite satisfactorily. Many of Jon's and Gigi's inquiries revolved around why people in America ate so much processed, microwaved, and/or "fast" food. Gianna had spent a lot of time online reading about genetically engineered food and the various chemical compounds and preservatives that are commonly added to foods, and was genuinely confused about why anyone would agree to eat those things. We

had no choice but to throw our fellow humans under the bus and tell her that most people are unaware of how harmful certain commercial food ingredients are. Sarah and I explained to her that the eating habits of most of our friends stemmed from whatever tastes good to them, what they grew up eating, what is offered to them, their mood or emotions, or the diet or nutrition tips they hear or read about in the mainstream media. I told her that I know many young people who think that inexpensive food is a smart thing to buy or simply don't place much importance on proper nutrition so they don't spend much time, money, or effort on their meals.

We talked about several other aspects of life in the United States, including our government, the economy, and the social scene. The more we talked the more I realized that these people living outside conventional society had a lot to teach me about the society I lived in. Gianna said that the worldwide community wouldn't ever improve due to any political or religious organizations. She said that only a widespread awakening in people's hearts and minds would make the people of the world more cohesive. She said that if enough people changed on an individual basis, then, by definition, society would change.

Gianna's iPod dutifully presented the '80s songs that she had painstakingly downloaded from the cafe's dial-up internet connection and we heard Madonna, Michael Jackson, and Whitney Houston. Shortly after Lenny Kravitz's "Are You Gonna Go My Way" had ushered in songs from the '90s, Gianna announced that it was time that we headed over to the cathedral to try to get our hands on one of Deybeyden's robes. After all the crumbs had landed, we had managed to save about a dozen cookies to offer people tomorrow.

We strolled out of Gigi's house into the beautiful, summer evening. Although the tall buildings blocked our view of the low sun, we could see the trees in the forest across the grassy field engulfed in a reddish-orange light. My father, Oren, Deybeyden, and a few other men were in the meditation garden, some sitting, some lying on the ground.

"C'mon!" Gianna commanded as she peeled off to the left. We walked between the City Hall and cathedral buildings toward the front of the cathedral. "It's hard to keep a secret from Deybeyden!" Gianna

explained. “If we all tromped through the garden he wouldn’t be able to *not* know what we’re up to!” She was laughing about it, realizing as I did that Deybeyden probably knew what we had planned and was giving us his good-natured approval. The retreating sun illuminated the facade of the cathedral with a beautiful orange light. We hurried up the steps, pulled the front door open, and scurried inside the building.

Nearly everything in the main hall of the cathedral was orientated toward the center. Hundreds of inlaid stones formed a large circular configuration on the floor that reminded me of the design of a crop circle. There were several wooden chairs facing the center, and several mats of different thicknesses lay upon the floor. It looked like a fantastic place to do yoga. The sun shone through the stained glass windows in the front of building, creating a marvelous display of colored light on the opposite wall of the massive chamber. There was a particular “old” scent in the air that reminded me of an antiquated gold mine in California that I had visited. Intricate carvings, etched out of stone, adorned the partitions that had been designed into the chamber. Most of the stonework depicted Plejaren people engaged in various everyday activities.

“The Chartres Cathedral in France was built with a design derived from this cathedral,” Gianna stated. “After this building was built, some of its original architects moved to Europe where they helped design many gothic buildings.”

“I knew I’d seen a photo of a cathedral that looks like this before!” I announced. “I knew it was in France, too.”

“You guys need to see the view from the tower,” Gianna said as she led us back to the base of a spiral staircase close to the front doors. We ascended the stone steps, one after another, as we went around and around, higher and higher, inside the limestone cylinder. I ran my fingers along the smooth walls. Periodically, a window would appear along the well-worn insides of the belfry, offering a foretaste of the view the uppermost section would offer. About halfway up, we danced out upon a rooftop above the cathedral’s main entrance. From here, we could look back upon the cathedral and get a good view of the intricate flying buttresses that adorned the sides of the massive structure.

Soon we were back inside the conical steeple, rushing up the ancient steps toward the zenith of the spire. We reached a level where three large bells hung from leather straps and steel chains. Gianna urged us to continue climbing the stairs to reach the level that “doesn’t have its windows obstructed.” We followed her instruction and quickly reached a small, round room at the top of the staircase. The room had several holes in the walls that served as windows. The tower was so high that my heart was pounding. I had been able to keep my fear of heights in check until now. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and reconnected with my demand that I no longer allow myself to stay in the state of fear.

“Oh my God, the view is a-mazing!” Sarah declared. I opened my eyes and approached a window. I was facing mostly northeast, and it appeared as though Lake Weegwas covered the earth like a small ocean. I could see hundreds of acres of forest beyond where the First Nation people lived. Sarah, who was facing southwest, announced, “The sun is sooo beautiful!” I turned around and walked over to her to share her view. I put my arm around her and observed one of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever witnessed. The sun was a perfect orange circle, looking more like something about to land on Earth than a ball of gas 150 million kilometers away. I leaned into Sarah’s orange face and gave her a soft kiss on her soft cheek. She turned her head toward me, and we executed a quick kiss on the lips.

“This tower is known as ‘sun tower’,” Gianna explained.

“The view is breathtaking,” I said, not caring to reveal that part of the reason it was taking my breath away was due to my fear of heights.

“Sometimes Deybeyden is in the other spire over there late at night,” Gianna stated while pointing across the front of the cathedral. “So I’ve dubbed that other tower ‘moon tower’ because I always think of it as the tower to be in at night. Spires channel and concentrate energy from the universe into the areas below them, and Deybeyden works with that energy. In the winter, when I’m walking home from the cafe, it’s dark out and it always makes me feel warmer and safer when I see the light on in the moon tower.”

While Gianna spoke, Jon, Sarah, and I were checking out the view from every window.

“I even made a poem about it,” Gigi said. “There is a wizard in the tower. I can see his light in the night sky. He hovers above us, fingering exquisite thoughts. His thoughts are beyond the guess of all, because they are not ordinary, and are not limited to perceptions of reality.”

“That’s a nice poem,” stated Sarah.

“Thanks,” said Gianna.

After everyone had a chance to look out of every portal in the walls of this uppermost part of the spire, Gianna made it known that she was eager to get going. “We need to get that robe to my mom and Juliana!” she said as she started making footsteps down the stairs.

Before we had all finished descending the stairs, Gianna had hurried across part of the main floor and disappeared behind a stone partition. Sarah, Jon, and I followed her at a less frantic pace. I walked over to the edge of the large pattern the differently colored stones formed in the floor of the place. “Okay, Jon, I give up. What does this pattern mean?”

“It’s a map of this section of the universe. See the tiny gemstones there and there and there?” he said, while pointing to some specks in the design that I hadn’t noticed. “Those are planets that are inhabited by Plejarens.”

“Oh, cool,” I said.

Gianna reappeared from behind the stone room divider with a long white robe in her hands. “Got it!”

“Where’d you get that from?” I asked. “Is that where Deybeyden lives?”

“Yeah,” said Gianna. “That’s where he usually sleeps.”

My curiosity piqued, I just had to peer around the wall to see what Deybeyden’s pad looked like. Sarah was already examining some items on a table there. Normally, I wouldn’t even consider pawing through someone else’s personal stuff, but I somehow knew that Deybeyden wouldn’t mind if

I looked at his belongings. Frankly, there wasn't much to look at other than the items on the table. He had apparently mastered the art of minimalist living. The only furniture present was a bed, a table, an armoire, and a pole from which an oil lamp was hanging.

Gianna pointed to the bed. "That's my old mattress."

"That's good that you could find a use for it," said Sarah. She pointed to a large collection of differently sized metal bowls surrounded by beeswax candles on the table. "What are *these* anyway?"

"Those are singing bowls," Gianna stated. "They make sounds that correlate to different energy centers ... what most people call chakras."

"Oh, I just thought that he was adamant about always having the perfectly sized soup bowl," I said.

Sarah examined the inside of a goblet. "What's the stuff at the bottom of this chalice?"

"It's powdered minerals ... like gold and rhodium and iridium," said Gigi. "They help energy flow through the body."

Sarah carefully placed the chalice back down on the table. "I seeee."

"We gotta get this robe to Juliana!" Gianna said in her typical authoritarian manner.

We fell in line and exited out the front entrance of the cathedral to try to avoid Deybeyden in the meditation garden behind the building. The ramifications of the superb sunset we saw earlier were now clear as the village was becoming immersed in darkness. We walked past the front of City Hall and then headed northeast alongside the food storage building. Gianna pulled the door to Juliana's house open, and we all piled inside the modest home. Juliana and Gigi's mother, Noelani, were laughing and drinking wine. Juliana was a beautiful human woman with green eyes and blonde hair. Juliana's husband, Jain, who was wearing a white, tan, and brown knitted poncho, got up from where he was sitting and came to the front room to greet us. He was carrying the cutest baby I have ever seen.

The baby had big bright blue eyes and a tiny little nose. She looked like an anime character.

“This is our daughter, Emolie,” Juliana explained.

“Oh, she’s sooo cute!” I said. We all showered the baby and her parents with sincere compliments. We sat for a while and listened to the new parents tell us about various endearing things Emolie had done recently.

Juliana asked me “Is your toothbrush okay?”

“Oh, yeah, it’s awesome ... I didn’t realize that *you* were the one who made it! Thank you so much!”

“Oh, good, you’re very welcome.”

“Yes, thank you for that!” Sarah added.

“Oh, you’re very welcome, dear.”

Eventually, Gianna declared, “Well, we gotta get going. We’re going to meet Alex’s dad and Deybeyden in the meditation garden.”

“Okay, Gigi. We’ll get right to work on the robe,” Juliana said with twinkle in her eye. “Enjoy your time in the garden; it’s such a beautiful night for it.”

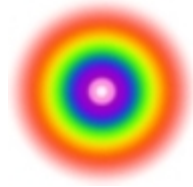
“Have fun!” Noelani and Jain added.

“We will, thanks,” Gianna said as the four of us turned toward the door and exited the house.

“Good night, Gigi, I heart-love you,” said Noelani.

“Good night, Mom, I heart-love you as well,” Gianna replied with a smile.

# In the Light of a Billion Suns



As soon as we started walking toward the meditation garden, I became aware of how bright the stars in the sky were. The New Moon was hiding from view, but since Juliana’s house was so close to the garden, Jon and Gigi were able to lead us through the darkness without the aid of a flashlight or oil lamp. With no electricity, this village had absolutely no light pollution. The pitch-blackness around us made the starry night sky appear bigger, closer, and clearer than I had even imagined possible.

“The stars are so big and bright!” I declared.

“Deep in the Heart of Texas,” sang Sarah. “Yeah, they *are* big!” she agreed.

“And there’s so *many* of them!” I added.

I was looking at the sky more than the ground as I followed behind Jon like a duckling. The night was warm and peaceful. We soon reached the place in the meditation garden where my father was lying down on chamomile that covered the ground like a soft blanket. Apparently, Oren and the other men who had been here earlier had left, but magnificent Deybeyden was still here. We happily greeted one another and the four of us youngsters sat down on the ground. I sat near my father, and when he laid himself back down after greeting us, I decided to lie flat on my back as well.

“Aren’t the stars amazing!?” I said.

“They certainly are,” my father affirmed. “I’ve been staring at them ever since it got dark.” He pointed toward a group of stars in the sky. “Dey showed me where the Pleiades star system is. It’s relatively close by in our Milky Way Galaxy, about 400 light years from Earth.”



After seeing the stars in the Pleiades star cluster so plainly in the night sky, it made their homeworlds and ancestry seem much more real and concrete to me.

“When you see starlight you’re actually looking into the past as the light you see left that star many years ago,” my father said.

“I remember reading a news article about how scientists were saying that there were like nine billion planets in our galaxy that could harbor life based on the data a NASA space telescope provided them with,” I said.

“Yeah, and they also estimate that there are about 200 billion stars in this galaxy and that there are about 500 billion galaxies!” my dad stated. “Just based on those numbers alone a reasonable person could conclude that there’s life on other planets.”

“Unless they believe that God only created life here,” Sarah said.

“Well, sure ... I suppose God can do whatever He or She or It wants to do,” my father happily conceded. “If you guys have more questions about the universe you should probably direct them to Dey.”

I sat up, thought for a moment, looked toward Deybeyden, and said “We were talking about eating animals earlier, and we couldn’t decide whether it was really okay to do that or not.”

Deybeyden responded in a patient, loving tone, “On the planets where we Plejarens are from, where you would consider us to be the only ‘highly evolved’ species present, there is the energy of cooperation in the environment. The animals on these home planets of ours always communicate and work in harmony with one another and us. On Earth, there are still many human beings who have not demanded harmony and symbiosis for themselves and the animals who live here. Consequently, there is predation in both the human world and the animal kingdom here. Most people have not yet reached the state of development necessary for them to *not* eat meat.”

After thinking for a few moments, I couldn’t help but ask, “Are humans less evolved than Plejarens are?”

“The answer to the question in your mind is ‘yes.’ Plejarens predate Homo sapiens. However, human vessels have the capacity to reveal their resident creator, and humans who encompass courage and love certainly have my utmost respect. Humans who are courageous are able to be truthful, fearless, and love deeply. Humans who are able to love deeply display the look of love, which is happiness, and this happiness allows them to remain true to their genuine selves and become creators that are more impressive. Humans who allow their hearts to lead them can exist at the vibration of playfulness. They seek cooperation not competition, compassion not comparison, and can reach high levels of enlightenment if they maintain focus upon such things.”

Deybeyden continued by saying, “In any case, this planet will soon be receiving an energetic upgrade. As the universe itself continues to evolve, more advanced training centers are useful. Whereas the level of learning that normally takes place here is considered rudimentary to the beings already operating in the fifth or higher dimensions, this planet will soon experience a comparatively huge increase in its default level of consciousness. People’s personal levels of awareness, of both themselves and surrounding energies, will become heightened, and they will be able to dismiss the limiting belief systems that are prevalent on Earth. As more people remove the judgments that cast shadows over their own light, the light will shine brighter here. More people will realize that it is their privilege and responsibility to transform this reality by unswervingly making choices from their hearts. When caring decisions are routinely made, unsupportive beliefs wane. It will no longer be acceptable for humanity to keep creating unconsciously as they have been doing for thousands of years. Soon thereafter, it will become impossible for people to live unconsciously here as they will see, hear, and feel the truth everywhere. Perceptions will deepen, and the vibrations of love and even joy will become omnipresent. People often think love is the highest vibration ... it is not! You need the flow of love to be in place before you are able to claim consistent joy. Love yourself, love others, and then joy may very well come, especially if you seek it! When people are in joy in their lives, enjoying their lives, then they may even choose peace for

themselves and the living things around them,” he said right before laughing.

“That sounds wonderful,” I said, “but it almost seems to me that the world is getting greedier and more cold-hearted. Every time I watch the news I hear about some crime that was committed or hear about some horrible thing happening in the Middle East or somewhere.”

Deybeyden responded by saying, “Whenever change is taking place it feels as though things are in flux; it feels uncomfortable and there are growing pains. There are still many young spirits on this planet who have not yet learned the basic aspects of working with energy and being conscientious creators. Most will live out the rest of their current human lives flailing about, sometimes learning, mostly not. It is not our job to save them from themselves. If someone fails to make any progress on their path in their lifetime here they will be given the chance to learn on another planet, but they will not be allowed back onto the earth until they are more accustomed to quieting their mind and focusing on positive energies. Still, one must always be perceptive to the needs of others and help them when it is appropriate to do so. The better other people’s lives are, the better your life will be. There will be more smiling, happy, healthy people about and more celebrations to attend. It has already been decided that human beings will become a more significant part of the galactic community. The consciousnesses of some humans have already found their way into the Stellar Gateway where they interact with the cosmic minds in this section of the universe.”

“I felt like that happened to me after you allowed us to become residents here,” I said.

“That *is* what happened, but I did not *do* that for you. It’s true that I removed some unhelpful beliefs that were interfering with the flow of energy through your mind and body, but it was the purity and maturity of your essence that allowed you to flow so high in your consciousness. Your energy body consists of energy centers that need to be nurtured, exercised, and tuned, just as your physical body requires movement to remain in the frequency of health. Your compassionate heart has raised your energetic

vibration. You also have risen high due to your open heart, haven't you, Sarah?"

"Yes, I've felt such love and joy recently even though all of these horrible things have been happening," Sarah replied.

"And you can sense that they weren't actually horrible things, can't you?" he probed.

"Yes, I'm beginning to trust that things really do happen for a reason," she said.

"Learn to trust your feelings, your intuition. Tune into love and joy and ease. Don't respect fearful thoughts. Cast aside your need for approval. Stop worrying what others are thinking. Be the creator you are, and stop worrying what other parts of us are doing. When you look up at the stars in the sky," he said, while directing our gaze to the bright lights suspended above us, "you see lights up there, and you may think 'those lights are so very far away from me,' but they are a part of you. The atoms of your body were created by stars. Furthermore, you exist. You are existence. Everything that exists is part of existence. You are a part of every thing because you are existence itself. When you witness the sun on a beautiful day, know that that beauty is an aspect of us, and nurture that beauty in yourself. The light is inside you; it has always been there. If you choose to love, then love will always be present where you are. If you choose to be joyous, then joy will become an everyday part of your life."

After a brief pause, he said, "Some people are going deeply inward and discovering that they are infinite. Their entire energetic and physical bodies are vibrating at such high levels of consciousness that they are becoming closer to pure energy and pure light. People who become too light for their human bodies to contain them ascend to higher planes, but most people still have some specific lessons to learn here. All of us chose to come to Earth before we were born. You decided that this is the best place for you to be right now. Learn from the nature of Earth itself. Invite the energies of Earth into your body by making physical contact with the surface and plants of the planet."

I laid back down on the soft ground and Sarah, Gianna, and Jon did as well. Everything seemed calm and peaceful, but soon my mother's face appeared in my mind. I turned my head toward Deybeyden and asked softly "Can you tell me more about how you talk with people who have died and what they say to you?"

"Yes..." he replied slowly, "it's quite simple. You tune into the frequency where they are. The humans who have passed on and are remaining in the fourth dimension are there, consistently vibrating at the frequencies present there. To fully connect with them you bring your physical, mental, emotional, and energetic bodies to those frequencies, but to simply communicate with them you do not need to make every part of yourself be that energy. Humans are fully able to do this, and many are."

"They used to call them 'psychics' or 'mediums,' but many people call them 'channelers' now," Gianna added.

"But what do these people who have passed on say? What are they doing there in the fourth dimension?" I asked.

"Well, they all have different things to say and do as most souls do," Deybeyden explained. "Even what they *perceive* their reality on the other side to be is often quite different. Upon passing, most people experience a sense of lightness as they leave their physical bodies behind. For some, this is quite dramatic, as if they were casting off heavy body armor. For those who had already experienced astral projection or were close to energetically leaving their bodies throughout their lives, it feels more natural. Because we all are creators who create our own realities, what happens next depends upon what you *believe* your death experience will be like. People who believe that they will see Saint Peter and Pearly Gates will see Saint Peter and Pearly Gates. People observe the beings aiding them in their energetic transition in different ways, through the filters they have erected around their consciousnesses. People who led petty, selfish lives, or who allowed themselves to live in fear, might see their interpretation of Hell. People who have contacted, or been contacted by, their watchoverers will often perceive these 'guardian angels,' as well as the people from their soul group who are already in the fourth dimension, immediately upon death. You will be given the opportunity to reconnect with familiar souls and even animal

spirits that enrich your resonance. Regardless of how you perceive your crossing, you will experience a review of your entire life. During your life review, you will *feel* the effect that each one of your thoughts, words, and actions had on others. If you led a compassionate life, you will feel joyful. If you were selfish and competitive, you will feel miserable. *You* are the one who judges you. You will compare the life you lived with the life that you had aspired to live before coming here. You will then decide what is next for yourself with the full understanding that beings vibrating at lower vibrations must raise their baseline vibration to interact freely with beings in the higher dimensions.”

My father sat up and turned his head toward me. “Alex, I know that you’ve been thinking a lot about Mom and wondering how she’s doing. Well, I’ve been talking with your mother, and I can tell you that she’s doing fine. I’ve been spending a lot of time at Oren’s house because he’s been helping me energetically connect with Mom and communicate with her. This is the main reason why I’m not a blubbering mess. I haven’t lost her, rather I have integrated her spirit more fully inside me, and I allow her essence to flow through me every day.”

“I want to be able to do that,” I declared. “I want to talk with her again.”

“I will help you do that when we get back to San Diego,” my dad said. “When we get back we can invite her to meet you during your dream state first. But your mother is doing fine. She has some regrets about how she lived her life now that she sees the larger picture, but she has a good, loving heart, and that helped keep her close to her best path here. But *we* are *here* now, and we should focus our attention *here* now. We can learn things here. I’ve learned to ask myself ‘What am I focusing my mind on and why?’”

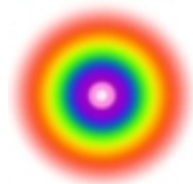
He paused for a few heartbeats and then put his hand on my hair. “Listen; let’s not worry about anything right now. Oren says that worrying is praying for what you don’t want. I’ve always thought worrying was a waste of time. Let’s focus our attention on something wonderful. Perhaps Dey will set an ohm tone and lead us into a wonderful meditative frequency.”

Deybeyden smiled, instructed us to take a few deep breaths, showed us how to help open our hearts by stretching our arms back behind us, and then invited us to close our eyes and quiet our minds. He then picked up his singing bowl tuned to 528 Hertz, rolled a small wooden mallet around its rim, and literally set the tone for our mental voyage.

[\[Click here to go to Appendix A and read the details of this meditation\]](#)

After the meditation, all of us were very serene and sleepy. We soon said good night to one another and headed directly to where we had been planning to sleep that evening.

# Celebration Day



I woke up to the smell of jasmine and the sound of chickens talking excitedly near Gianna's bedroom windows. Sarah, who was used to sleeping on the thick, soft carpet in Gigi's room, had slept next to me, so my intention to have some private time with her had become a reality. Jon slept on a couch in the front room, and Gianna spent the night in her mother's bedroom. We all woke up around the same time and took turns freshening up in the bathroom. Sarah stepped out of the house and retrieved her brassiere from the nail on the side of the house she had hung it on to dry.

We donned our groovy threads and stepped outside to see why the chickens were so excited. We could hear the clamor of several people talking. We walked past the City Hall Building and could plainly see that the party was already in progress. I hadn't seen this many people gathered in one place since Sarah and I visited the Fashion Valley Mall in San Diego. All evidence of the battle that had taken place here on Cathedral Road had been swept away, and it seemed as though every person in town was here as well as every hybrid and human who lived nearby. I felt privileged to have been invited to this exciting party.

Some lovely, lively music was playing, and people were dancing and engaging in various forms of blissful self-expression. Gianna put the cookies we made down on a long table decorated with an intricate, beautiful tablecloth. The tablecloth was iridescent and displayed joyful, detailed scenes of Plejarens and nature. My mind was lost in the wonderful scenes depicted on the fabric, and I only returned to my body when a Frisbee, rolling on its edge, gently tapped my leg before falling over. I looked down at the glow in the dark Frisbee and then up at the human who was



needlessly apologizing with a “Sorry about that!” I picked up the Frisbee, sported a huge smile, and skillfully flipped the disc into the grasp of his fingers.

“Thanks!” said the Frisbee player. “Would you like to join us?”

“Naw,” I replied. “I haven’t even had a chance to look around yet!” He nodded while displaying a pleasant smile, took a quick step, and launched the flying saucer at one of his friends.

“Oh my gosh, look at all the wonderful food here!” Sarah announced as she led my attention to the smorgasbord that was laid upon the ornate cloth. It was a veritable feast, consisting of about 50 percent raw items and 50 percent cooked items. Everyone in the area must have been busy cooking or gathering food items last night. Bottles of homemade wine and cider were set out on the table, and there were wooden casks of water and beer next to the table. Looking around me, I realized that Gianna and Jon had run off to greet other people, and Sarah was busy talking with a woman standing by the table. The beauty of the Plejaren women overwhelmed my senses. Most were dressed in thin, flowing dresses that featured amazing texture patterns and vibrant, life-affirming colors. The sun, which was just far enough west to shine down most of the street, illuminated the lovely faces of those around me and flashed brightly off their exquisite belts and jewelry. People were walking around greeting and hugging one another so I engaged in a bit of that myself. Everyone was very aware that this was my last day here and were flattering me and bidding me a fond farewell. One woman was wearing such an amazing, low-slung sun necklace that I unabashedly stared at her chest for a full six seconds; her smile actually increased the longer I stared. This is when I consciously realized that Pleiadians never wear bras.

I got to meet and high five a few of the humans who lived nearby. Several young humans on Chemin de Terre Road were kicking a soccer ball around, and the uneven cobblestones somehow just added to their playful mirth. I turned back toward Sarah, and as I met up with her at the table, I saw Peter adding venison to the buffet. I shook his hand and complimented him on being such an impressive hunter. He laughed and told me that he was so glad that he had been able to meet Sarah and me.

Sarah and I headed south down Cathedral Road and mingled in the heart of the gathering. Some Pleiadians were playing handmade musical instruments and were producing enchanting, peaceful music. People were laughing and smiling to a degree that I had rarely ever seen before; surely, these were the happiest sober people I had ever encountered. As usual, Pleiadians who we didn't even know were coming up to the two of us and giving us big hugs while delivering the sweetest words to our ears. Most of the residents of The Higher Ancients are about six feet tall, so I felt a little short, but I was able to laugh at this awareness instead of deciding to feel insecure about it. I saw Gianna standing next to Noelani, Juliana, Jain, and Emolie, and next to them, I saw Deybeyden himself. He looked absolutely resplendent in the vibrantly colored tie-dye linen robe he was wearing. Knowing that Sarah and I wanted to check out his garb, he turned toward us and spread his arms out to the sides. He looked like a giant scarlet macaw only he was greener and bluer with less red. Sarah gave him a hug and realizing that this was our last day here, I was compelled to experience his touch one more time as well. When I stepped within the radius of his auric field, I immediately felt giddy and lightheaded, and I practically fainted into his body. He supported my body, placed a hand on my head briefly, and placed me back into a stable standing position.

“Your robe looks amazing!” Sarah said to Deybeyden.

“Well, thank you very much!” he said, while using his 149-year-old wrinkles to form the perfect Duchenne smile.

Sarah turned to Juliana. “You did a fantastic job on Deybeyden’s robe!”

“Thanks,” Juliana said, “and I love your outfits too!” We looked like Deybeyden’s little minions in our tie-dye clothing. Jonathan came over, and we all started laughing for no apparent reason other than his goofy attire. The entire group of us laughed so hard that several of us, myself included, started crying.

“See, this is why my self-esteem is so low,” Jon said jokingly, “people start laughing at me as soon as they see me!”

Just as I was catching my breath and drying my eyes with the bottom of my shirt, a particular smell reached my nose. There, next to us, was Herbal Hank with two lit joints in his mouth.

“ere!” he said as he started handing out unlit marijuana cigarettes to everyone, “Merwy Cwissmas!” Everyone accepted his gift. This community considers it unkind to refuse a kindhearted offering from someone because that would deny the giver the pleasure of giving.

“Thanks,” Jain said with a laugh as he held up his cannabis cigarette, “but we don’t even need this right now, we’re having more than enough fun already.”

Hank snatched his two self-rolled cigarettes out of his mouth and said “Save it for later then!” Turning to Sarah and me, he said with an intense gleam in his eye “Isn’t it amazin’ that Plejarens have cannabinoid receptors too!”

“Wow, that *is* amazing,” I said.

Deybeyden smiled, put an arm around Hank, and walked away with him as Hank continued to offer his hand-wrapped gifts to more people. Sarah and I didn’t quite know what to do with our joints. Gianna said, “I’ll hold those for ya!” eagerly snatched them from us, and proceeded to put them into a tiny, rainbow-colored cloth purse that looped around her neck and hung near the opposite side of her body. As the smell of burning herb began to subside, another smell took its place: the scent of roses. A woman had come up to us with an armful of cut roses. They were creamy white with dark pink edges and smelled delightful.

“Who wants a rose?” the woman asked while handing a rose to Juliana. Gianna, Noelani, and Sarah indicated that they wanted one as well and quickly received her gifts with smiles. In this case, the giver was *asking* who wanted one, so an honest answer was expected. Since I didn’t want to carry a rose around, I politely declined her offer.

“I didn’t know there were roses growing around here,” Sarah said.

“Oh yes, these are from Calita’s flower garden,” said the rose donor. “This variety is called ‘Double Delight.’”

“They’re lovely roses, and they smell so strong and wonderful!” Sarah gushed as she took another hit of the scent. “Thank you so much!”

“Oh, you’re very welcome, dearie,” replied the kind woman, “and do yourself a favor and visit the flower gardens.”

“Okay, I hope to.”

As soon as the woman sauntered away Gianna said to Sarah “I’ll take you over to the flower gardens.”

After a brief discussion, it was decided that Sarah, Gigi, Jon, and I would continue heading south down Cathedral Road toward the flower gardens. I hadn’t had the opportunity to see what was down there yet so I was happy to agree to the plan. After bidding adieu to Juliana’s family, the four of us proceeded to make our way through the revelers talking and dancing in the street. Zack and Danny DeVito’s twin were drinking beer and were in exceptionally good moods. Just past the food storage building, several hybrids and children were congregating around a young pony that had a rainbow-colored tail and mane. A rainbow blanket hung around its neck and back, adding to its colorful look. The pony’s purpose was to delight children, and a young person was riding on it. I was pleased to see so many kids in the village because I hadn’t seen many here before today.

“Look, it’s Rainbow Dash!” Sarah declared while pointing at the filly.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“It’s a My Little Pony figure.”

“Oh,” I said. “Isn’t it funny how other people are mirroring our tie-dye multicolor theme?”

“That’s no accident,” elucidated Gianna. “Ideas have a way of spreading around here.”

“They certainly do,” I said. “Deybeyden knew that we stole his robe and dyed it, didn’t he?”

“Yes, but he may have chosen to un-know it. He can do that to offer more genuine surprise and delight when people present him with things.”

“Hmm, interesting,” I said.

My thoughts scattered as a goat appeared before me, and I realized that several goats were making their way through the crowd. Soon thereafter, a sizable brood of chickens decided to join the party. There were stables and chicken coops along the west side of the road here, and it was safe for these animals to move about freely during the day. A chicken stood in front of Gianna, tilted her head back, and looked up at Gianna quizzically.

“Hello, Tesla,” Gianna said to the large, blonde-feathered bird. “Oh, you thought that I was Melanie didn’t you ... too funny!” Gianna bent down, scooped up the bird, and gave it a soft, loving hug. Almost at once, an eye-catching woman approached us wearing a dress similar in style and color to the one Gianna was wearing. The woman’s expression turned from concern to joy when she saw Gianna holding Tesla.

“Ha! Tesla thought I was you for a second there!” said Gigi.

“I know it, I could feel her confusion and was coming to check on her,” replied the woman.

Gianna put the hen down. “This is Melanie, the best chicken-keeper in the world!”

Melanie laughed, held her hands out, and engaged in the traditional Pleiadian hand squeeze greeting with Sarah and me. I had learned to place my bottom hand palm side up during these exchanges because that hand positioning indicates a complete reception of the other person; it was the physical equivalent of saying a heart-felt “Namaste.”

Melanie looked at Gianna. “The pattern and style of our dresses are so similar that she read you as me. She didn’t realize you were you until she looked up and saw your face.”

“Oh, I’ll take that as a huge compliment if she’s reading me as you, even if it was the dress that misled her.”

“Oh, you,” Melanie said, modestly deflecting the compliment. She looked down at Tesla and said, “You should pay more attention, honey, you have better eyesight than we do.”

Sarah stepped toward the edge of the road to get a better look at the horse stalls and coops that were located on the south side of the blacksmith's work area. Several roosters and baby chickens were milling about there; most of them were looking at us.

"I told my babies and the guys to stay over there," Melanie explained. "I already led them into the fields to eat some worms and bugs. I wanted to get back here in time to mingle in this energy, and frankly, so did they. However, Tony over there is too vicious to play nice around ponies. Isn't that right, Tony?" she voiced while facing the attentive roosters. One of them bowed his head. "Oh, a child is hugging Mrs. Peepers too tightly, I have to go!" she said as she dashed off toward a human child holding a chicken.

"Why *didn't* the chicken cross the road," I said. "I would never have imagined herding chickens in a dress."

"Oh, usually she dresses very casually. She just got dressed up for the festival," Gianna explained. "It's just neat that she's graceful enough to pull off caring for chickens in a dress without getting it dirty."

"Just what time exactly does she get up and let them out?" I asked.

"It depends on what time of year it is. Probably around 6:30 a.m."

"Oh, no wonder I hear them around your house so early in the morning," I said. "Look at all the differently colored baby chicks over there!"

"They're so cute!" Sarah exclaimed.

"I thought baby chickens were always yellow."

"No," said Gianna, "their color depends primarily on what breed of chicken they are."

We continued walking south, and I was able to see how Tallulah Brook ran underneath the street and flowed past all the animal pens, providing the animals with a continuous supply of fresh water. There was a clothesline near the brook, and I realized that some of the villagers probably wash their clothes there. My eyes flowed down the brook, and I saw that it

eventually snaked its way into the hay fields where it was being used for irrigation.

We walked past the bathhouse, a large orderly pile of stacked wood, and more clotheslines on our left and came to the end of the cobblestone street. A dirt road connected to Cathedral Road here at a 90 degree angle, running eastward between rows of houses. Gianna and Sarah wanted to continue moving beyond the houses on the south side of the road to reach the flower gardens, but Jonathan had other ideas.

“C’mon, Alex, you gotta see this!” Jon said as he pulled me toward the bathhouse.

“Um ... okay,” I said, somewhat hesitant to leave Sarah and Gigi.

“It’s okay,” said Gianna, “I figured we were all gonna head over there later, but you can go with him now and Sarah and I will catch up with you there soon.”

Sarah leaned in for a hug and said, “Yeah, go hang out with your buddy, and I’ll tell you what the flower garden was like.”

“Okay” I said, while hugging my girlfriend. “I’ll catch up with you girls later.” Before leaving, I gave Gianna a big, warm hug as well. I was learning not to limit my affection for others as much as I had done in the past.

I scooted back up the road to catch up with Jon at the front door of the bathhouse, and we entered inside the building. Within the room’s four walls was perhaps the wildest, wettest, wackiest scene I had ever witnessed! There were about two dozen young adults in there, and most of them were completely naked. People were sliding down these enormous water slides, and water was splashing down all about the place. There was a large wood fire burning under a large copper tub on an elevated platform supported by four huge tree trunks. Michael and Nathanael were there, completely naked, and Jon was quickly stripping down to just his underwear. Despite the nudity, the energy in the chamber was more playful and joyous than sexual. I was moving very slowly as I labored to take it all in.

“There are racks over here where you can hang your clothes up,” Jon said, while motioning to the one completely dry wall of the room where many articles of clothing were hanging from simple metal hooks.

Not having yet decided how much clothing I was willing to part with, I just continued slowing moving toward where Jon’s humorously out of fashion outfit was hanging. Shouts of laughter and the gleeful screams and squeals of those sliding down the huge gutters blended with the sound of falling water to fill the hall with noise. I was mesmerized by the amount of water raining down from the waterways and watched as it flowed into the large channel in the floor that eventually fed the water back into moving buckets that lifted it up to, and back into, the copper tub. Many people were reclining in the water-filled floor channel as it served perfectly as a hot tub.

“The water’s the perfect temperature,” Jon said with a smile.

He wasn’t exaggerating. When I bent down to touch the water, it *was* the perfect temperature, and the entire hall was pleasantly warm. The heat and humidity encouraged one to disrobe. Adjustable plates positioned in the ceiling above the fire regulated the amount of air and steam flowing into the massive chimney. A group of extremely shapely, naked young women came by to greet me and encourage me to join in on the fun. I found it hard to think straight, but I managed to smile and say, “Okay, I will.”

I tried to focus on Jon. “Do you think that Sarah and Gigi are going to want to hang out in here?”

“Oh, definitely, Gigi will be the next girl running around naked in here,” he said.

The thought of my friends being naked around me bothered me for a few seconds. The thought of Sarah being naked around other men bothered me for additional seconds. Then I started thinking, “What the heck am I so afraid of? So what if they see me in my underwear when they’re totally naked, and they don’t even care that they’re naked or are being seen naked?” I realized that no one here was judging except me, and if anything, *I* was the one with the problem, not them. After acknowledging that I had



suboptimal beliefs that linked shame, insecurities, and guilt to being naked, I forgave myself for being “imperfect,” silently laughed, and decided to take a baby step toward dispelling those limiting beliefs and replacing them with more empowering ones.

“Okay,” I said to Jon, “when in Rome, do as the Romans do ... when in Pleiadianville, do as the Pleiadians do!” Then I proceeded to hang up all my clothes on a hook except the underwear that I was wearing.

Jon and I were soon climbing up a circular staircase that led to the top of one of the water slides. A large metal plate near the top shielded us from the crackling fire.

“How are these buckets of water getting pulled up to the top?” I asked

“Just outside there are oxen walking around in circles, turning gears. We have a team of them in town primarily for this purpose. Other than their daily workout they have a pretty easy life.”

“Some poor person has to be out there supervising that?”

“Not at all, you have to remember that Plejarens can communicate directly with animals. The oxen know when to come to ‘work’ and when quitting time is. They even know to swap themselves out with other oxen to give themselves breaks.”

“That’s rad!” I said. “Okay, show me how this slide thing works.”

“It’s easy. When this place is being run as a usual bath and shower hall the gutters don’t even reach all the way to the ground, but we’ve added extended gutters onto the ends of the waterways to allow you to come to a comfortable stop at the bottom. The older folks know to take their showers early on festival days!” Then he jumped onto the slide and let out a celebratory yell on the way down. Although I was quite high up and am afraid of heights, I wasn’t going to back out now. I lowered myself down into the water slide.

“WOOOOOOO!” I yelled out involuntarily as I slid down the length of the water run. It was certainly invigorating! After a few trips down both

slides, I found a place underneath one of the gutters where wonderfully warm water dripped down on me every time someone went down the slide.

Soon the large door opened and Sarah and Gianna walked in, still holding their cut roses. A wave of guilt flowed through me for a second. I even imagined that the people outside were suddenly going to find out how we were conducting ourselves in here and scold us, even though in actuality they all knew what we were doing in here and had no problem with it. Perhaps someday, I'll believe in my own awareness and integrity enough not to worry what judges might think. Sarah waved to me but continued walking directly to the hooks, being led by an animated Gianna who was unshouldering her tiny purse and acting as though she needed to get her clothes off as soon as possible. Sarah kept her underwear on, but Gianna evidently found no reason to be modest.

There was a pile of dry towels neatly folded in a corner of the room and after Sarah and Gigi had gone down the slide a few times, some people who were in the floor channel got up and headed to that corner to dry off. Jon and I procured the vacated area in the "hot tub" and invited Sarah and Gianna to join us there. Gianna was busy talking with someone, but Sarah picked her cut flower out of the little puddle she had placed the stem in and walked over to us.

"You should've come to see the flower gardens with us!" Sarah said as she eased herself into the water and sat next to me.

"They were nice?"

"Oh my goodness, yes, and the same woman has been watching over the gardens there for over 170 years!"

"Wha ...! How is that even possible?" I asked with a laugh.

"She's the oldest Plejaren on Earth, she's 183 years old!"

"Oh, so *she's* the one."

"Yeah. Her name's Calista, and she was so cute. She was tending her roses when we found her. I asked her if she was going to join the celebration, and she smiled and said 'I *am* enjoying it.' I thought she was

being sarcastic at first, but later Gigi told me that she's actually able to have part of her consciousness outside her body while still tending her plants."

"Wow, talk about Zen Gardening," I said.

Sarah laughed as she swirled her rose stem in the water. "Yeah, and there were geraniums, chrysanthemums, and several types of lilies there in addition to like a dozen different kinds of roses. There's even a variety of roses named after her, the 'Calista Dreampetal.'"

"That's cool. Were there a lot of bees flying around there? I know you're highly allergic to bees."

"There were some, but they weren't bothering us. There was a beautiful Red Admiral butterfly around the lilacs."

"They purposefully maintain beehives near the fields," Jon explained. "The bees help us pollinate everything."

"Does someone talk with the bees too?" I queried.

"Yup," Jon said with a sly smile. "The beekeepers are able to get honey without ever getting stung, and they never use any protective gear."

"And that's why there aren't flies around the food table out there," said Gianna as she walked over to us and sat down in the channel of water.

I was trying not to have any reaction to her nudity. After some superficial talk about the festivities that were taking place around us the sad thought that I was leaving this place later today weighed on my mind. Wondering what the chances were that I would see Jon or Gianna again, I asked, "So what plans do you two have for the future?"

After a slight pause, Gianna said, "I'd like to get my own home ... a place all to myself. Well, maybe I'd let a *special* someone share it with me. I'd like it to be a quaint house that has an extra bedroom and bathroom so I could make money by running a Bed and Breakfast. It would need to have some land that I could grow plants and trees on and raise some animals on."

"Oh, that sounds lovely," Sarah cooed. "Maybe we'll come and visit you there sometime."

“Yeah, that would be awesome!” Gianna agreed.

“I don’t know what I want to do exactly,” confessed Jon. “I want to have my own place and just do what I want to do. I want to live in a city like East Lansing, Michigan. I have a friend that I talk with online who lives there, and he says it’s a pretty cool place to live and the cost of living is low. But I like warmer weather, and it’s still really cold in Michigan. That’s one of the reasons why I would consider moving to California.”

Gianna, perhaps inadvertently, redirected the attention back to herself by saying “I used to want to go out into the world and save everyone. I still do, but I’ve learned to accept that some people aren’t open to change; they’re just gonna do what they’re gonna do. So now, I’ve just been working on myself, deciding what I want, and working toward what I want, while hoping that other people find what they really want in whatever way they’re gonna. I’ve joined in on many discussions online, and although I think people are slowly waking up to what I consider to be the important aspects of life, there are still many people who don’t even believe they have the ability to change their lives. They’re in some kind of fearful, survival state. They don’t realize their life actually changes to mirror their inner beliefs. They don’t realize if they believe it, they will see it. They think life is a battle instead of an exciting adventure. Many good, intelligent people believe it’s noble and moral to live small. Other people try to do the complete opposite and beg, borrow, or steal everything they can because they don’t understand how life works. They don’t understand karma, and they don’t see that an ideal life consists of a flow of giving and receiving. They keep themselves busy trying to grab fleeting pleasures and engaging in addictive habits so they don’t have the time to slow down and take a long look at themselves in the mirror. Some people spend years of their lives working at jobs they don’t even like and wind up lonely and scared after retiring and finding themselves alone with a stranger – themselves.”

Gianna paused for a moment and then continued by saying “These people don’t realize that not accepting and using the gifts we’re given is equivalent to testifying that God is not generous. They’re setting bad examples for others, encouraging those around them to live diminished lives and not practice being efficient, powerful creators. Overall, they’re

lowering the vibrational frequency of this planet. They don't understand what they are or even who they are. Anyway, I have a lot of compassion for those people, but I don't want to spend *my* life trying to talk them into changing their ways."

"But you can help the people you meet that are ready to change ... wherever you live," I stated.

Gianna looked as though I was stating the obvious. "Oh yeah, I'll always at least do *that!*"

We surrendered to the sound of falling water, lost in our own heads. Looking down at my hands as I moved them through the water I finally decided to say, "How do they clean this water anyway ... it's so clear."

Gianna explained, "At the end of every shower cycle the water is released into Tallulah Brook and directed into the fields. A couple of older men gather here every morning, channel water from the brook into here, and get the fire started. I'm sure they scrub everything clean while they drain the water out too."

Deciding not to ignore the pink breasts ... er, the pink elephants in the room, I said to Gigi, "When you find your own place you'll need to make sure there's a place where you can be outside without clothes on where people won't see you."

"I'm not worried about that," Gianna replied. "As long as there's a backyard I think I have a right to do whatever I want back there. If people are looking at me and they don't like what they see they can just look somewhere else! Ha ha!"

We all smiled. I was definitely going to miss hanging out with Gigi and Jon. Suddenly, my mind switched back to my life in San Diego, and then I started thinking about my dad. "I should find out what my dad is up to. I haven't even seen him today."

"He's in front of the cathedral eating, drinking, and talking with Oren," Gianna said with such authority that it led me to believe that she possesses more impressive clairvoyant abilities than I had previously realized.

“Oh,” I managed to say. “Well, I should join him there. I’m getting kinda hungry anyway.”

“I’m getting hungry too,” said Sarah.

“Me too,” said Jon.

We climbed out of the channel in the floor, made our way over to the pile of dry towels, and dried ourselves. I soon realized that the logical thing to do would be to take my wet underwear off, so I too wound up being nude briefly before stepping into my borrowed pants. I had been wearing Jon’s underwear anyway since my only pair was still hanging on a clothesline near the river. Even Sarah realized the impracticality of wearing wet undergarments and awkwardly danced naked on one foot before putting her tie-dye shorts on without underpants. Once we had finished drying ourselves off and putting our clothes on, we headed back outside. The party was still in full swing outside with children joyfully squealing and older people laughing. We walked around to the south side of the bathhouse and hung our wet garments on the clotheslines there. Peering around the east side of the building, I was finally able to see the oxen powering the water pulley system.

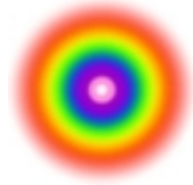
We headed north up Cathedral Road toward where the food was set out, exchanging many festive greetings and hugs with the people we met on the way. When we arrived at the buffet table, my father was there with Oren, Abranon, and Zikka, with a drink in one hand and one of our cookies in the other. I felt my heart leap with joy when I saw them. We all exchanged hugs and verbal greetings and agreed that this was indeed a wonderful, jubilant day of celebration.

“I love your necklace!” Gianna declared as she eyed the clear, round, crystal stones that loosely ringed Zikka’s neck. The quartz stones gradually increased in size before climaxing into a large, beautiful, teardrop crystal that had been perfectly cut by multitudes of laser beams. The refracted sunlight from the crystal seemed to light up and energize the very air around Zikka.

Soon Sarah, Jon, Gigi, and I were pigging out at the food table. After stuffing our faces, it was eventually decided that Sarah and Gigi

would go to the river to retrieve the rest of our clothing there. Jon had to go to the cafe to help the barebones crew on duty there get everything finished, and although he assured us that “Frankenstein” had nothing good to say, my father and I decided to visit the Reptilian being held captive in Ancien.

# The Resident Psychic Vampire



My father, Jon, and I walked up the grassy hill that served as the border between The Higher Ancients and Ancien. As usual, the sight of the sun on the grassy hillside lifted my spirits and put a smile on my face. I welcomed the sensation of happiness into my body and tried to lock the energetic intensity of that emotion inside to steel myself for my impending meeting with the Reptilian. Although both my father and I felt apprehensive about visiting the prisoner, we were also compelled to speak with the creature. It helped to know that this particular Reptilian was not the one who had killed my mother.

“In the winter, this whole place is usually covered with snow,” Jon said. “We sled down this hill. It’s awesome.”

After heading down the hill into Ancien, my father quickly noted that the Jeeps that had been fired upon by the hybrids here had been removed. He pointed to the clearly visible damage a Jeep had caused to a tree there. As the southernmost part of Chemin de Terre Road loomed ahead of us, we could see the black Humvee still wedged between the two stone walls where it had come to rest. The vehicle blocked the entire roadway, inviting us to scoot up a few well-worn stone steps and cut across the lawns of a couple of the whimsical, pastel-colored houses to reach the front of the vehicle. Iron bars had been fastened around where the windshield once was, and two hybrids were sitting on the grass nearby with rifles in their hands. We exchanged greetings with the two guards, and Jon said, “Have fun with the green jerk,” to us just before he continued walking toward the cafe without us.

My father and I squatted down at our vantage point on the lawn overlooking the vehicle to gaze inside the Hummer’s cabin. As our eyes



searched the shot up interior of the trashed Humvee, we could see a large green creature sitting in the middle of the truck. We slowly moved closer to the front of the being's makeshift cage to get a better look at him. He appeared to be sitting on a blanket. Several of the seats inside the Hummer had been removed to allow him more room to move. A thick iron chain, made by one of the villages' blacksmiths, connected his ankles together, but it was the guns of the sentries that kept him from escaping, not his shackles. An unlit oil lamp lay next to him. I had been told that his name was Pervitus, and they fed him by lowering food in through where the sunroof used to be.

As we drew nearer, he raised his head slightly as he sensed our presence. He was a massive individual and likely weighed over 400 pounds. The last thing I wanted to do was irritate him, not only because I feared him but also because I sensed his sadness. Despite his ostensible malevolent alignment, I was keenly aware that all his comrades who had accompanied him here had died. I sat down about fifteen feet away from him, and my dad sat down next to me. The hair on my arms and neck stood up as I abruptly realized that he was staring right at us. I could see the same dark black eyes that were staring at me through the doorway of Jon's house. I lowered my gaze and looked at the Hummer to ease my anxiety and not appear confrontational. Suddenly, I heard a voice in my head speak, "So the humans have come to view the monster." I jerked my head up and then toward my father to confirm that he had heard the voice as well; he had.

"You think that these Plejarens and their half-breeds are your friends, do you?" the Reptilian said to my father and me telepathically. "The people who killed your mother and then tried to erase your memory of it to make you forget all about it." A chill ran through my body. "Don't think that the Plejarens haven't been reading your minds the whole time you've been here, because they have."

"I have communicated with a Plejaren this way before ... but like right now, I can *feel* when I'm having a telepathic conversation," my father said aloud.

“They are very sneaky,” replied the Reptilian telepathically. “They’ve been reading your thoughts, using them for information and entertainment while not sharing *their* thoughts with *you*.” I could see a criminal smile on his face as he hurled these thoughts toward us.

“I’m glad they helped lessen the blow of the death of my mother ... and they’re *not* the people who killed her,” I said aloud, desperately trying to cling to the version of reality that I preferred to believe.

“Is *that* what they told you?” he said, challenging my statement. “And I’m sure they also told you that we came to this planet to take over land and have a nice place for us to live at *your* expense?”

“Yes, they *have*,” my father stated, “and I’ve seen evidence that your race has worked to kill off many people.”

“And how is our coming to this planet to find a place to live any different from what the Plejarens have done?”

“Well, for one thing they’re not going around killing people,” my father countered. “In fact, they’re helping people all around the world.”

“If they’re helping people so much then why are sooo many people still suffering due to poverty, hunger, and sickness?”

“Because there aren’t a lot of Plejarens here, and like your species, they have to remain in hiding due to the threat of judgment and condemnation from humans,” my father responded.

“And why have they not made peace with more humans? The only humans they allow near them are the ones who accidentally discover their presence here. Then they make sure that their secret will stay safe by changing the neural pathways and chemistry of their pets’ brains. They are so ethnocentric. Why is it that there are no Hispanic or Black or Asian people here?”

“There are some non-Caucasian people at the human camp...” my dad began.

“So what if there’s one or two!?” Pervitus abruptly shouted in our minds.

“Maybe there just doesn’t happen to be many people of those ethnic heritages you mentioned living around here,” my father answered nervously. “There are Native American people here, and they are most welcomed.”

“That’s because the Plejarens **STOLE** their land to be here!” the Reptilian shouted telepathically.

I was getting very unnerved by both the nature and theme of the conversation. I stood up and started walking away. My father stood up and said, “If your species were a decent race they wouldn’t have brutally attacked these cities for no damn good reason!”

“We were under the control of a powerful, spiteful spirit!” the Reptilian roared in our heads. “We were held in a state of fear. We were out of control of our minds! If we had been the ones to plan an attack on these cities, our attack would have been *much* more successful. This city would have been leveled!” he said, while moving his thick arm and hand horizontally across his body. “And don’t blame me for anything my ancestors did. I didn’t choose to come here, I was born here ... and now I have to live a life of being hated and hiding ... always hiding.”

I said, “I’m sorry” to the being telepathically and quickly walked northeast past the vehicle - back toward The Higher Ancients. I was extremely grateful when the sensation of the telepathic link had stopped. Fortunately, his telepathic powers could only affect minds close to him. My dad soon walked away from the captive and joined me.

“Dad, do you believe the things he said?”

“No. He’s full of crap. I’ve felt what it’s like when a Plejaren is reading my mind, and it feels similar to what that felt like ... like he’s right in there with you,” my dad said, while he put his fingertips around his head. “Besides, I know in my heart that the Pleiadians are kind, loving people,” he said, while bringing a hand to his chest.

“Yeah, that’s true. I know they’re good people too,” I said. “And if the Plejarens really thought lessor of humans they wouldn’t have bred with them for Pete’s sake!”

“Yes, yes, the Reptilian was just saying whatever he could to try to get back at them,” replied my father. “The people here plan to let this Reptilian go free. They just want some assurance that he’s not going to lie about everything that happened here to his group when he gets back to them. They offered to help him rewire his neural pathways, and he refused their help. His heart is closed, and he’s not allowing himself to receive love or even love himself. It seems as though he still has a lot of work to do.”

We walked north up and over the hill toward The Higher Ancients. My father told me that he wanted to show me where my mom was buried, and we selected the trail off Earth Road that led to Oren’s home. We walked past Oren’s house and headed to the point in the river where a few carefully placed logs allowed one to cross without getting their feet wet; the logs were staggered in such a way as to not dam the river.

The ground on the north side of the West Ojibwa River always seemed moist or downright wet. Undoubtedly, all of this moisture contributed to the number of fungal organisms that populated this area. We stayed on the footpath that ran from the log bridge into the forest, underneath a dense tree canopy. Although at times I wished I were wearing a pair of rubber boots instead of a pair of sneakers, I managed to make it past the many types of mushroom caps and rotted trees without getting my socks wet. I had never seen so many mushrooms; there were tiny little ones and huge ones that looked like something a triceratops would eat. Some of the mushrooms were bland shades of cream or brown, but others were as colorful as Christmas wrapping paper.

At a fork in the trail, my father took the path on the right side and soon we were standing at the edge of a charming meadow. The clearing allowed the sun to illuminate the wildflowers and green grass in the pasture.

We continued moving eastward through the field until we reached the area near the southern tree line on the east side of the clearing. On the ground lay several flat stones with people’s names written on them in an amazingly elegant and beautiful script. The spot was currently in the sunlight but clearly received enough shade for many types of mushrooms to thrive. I remembered what my dad had said to me about how the Pleadians

like to sprinkle spores onto the bodies of their departed to encourage the essence of the deceased to become part of the vast mycelium network that exists under the ground here. Most of the ground was covered with mushrooms other than the stone markers and the areas that had clearly been dug up recently. The etched memorial stones informed me that Daniel and his father had been buried here. When I saw a memorial marker with my mother's name on it, I slowly dropped to my knees. This was the first time since hearing of my mother's death that I had been physically "with" my mother.

I believed what my dad had told me about how Oren helped him speak with my mother after her death. I believed what Deybeyden had said about how people who have passed on still fully exist in another dimensional frequency. Nevertheless, here lay my mother, and I could no longer touch her or share a smile with her. I broke down in tears. I don't know how long I knelt there sobbing with my face in my hands. My father intermittently put his hand on my shoulder and handed me tissues.

After I had created a pile of soft, wet, crumpled tissues in front of me, I heard a sharp "snap" noise behind me. I turned around and looked north across the field to see what was causing the noise. I heard more noise. Startled, I leapt up onto my feet, and my mind became full of thoughts of Reptilians. Presently, I could see something large moving in the woods north of us. Just before I felt as though my little guinea pig heart couldn't take much more I saw the majestic sight of a huge Bull Moose stepping into the full sun of the meadowland. This beast looked to be about seven feet tall at the shoulder and sported huge, velvet-covered antlers.

Before I could voice any concern that the animal might hurt us, my father said, "It's fine ... he won't bother us."

I looked at my dad with big eyes, as if I were a young boy, looked back at the giant, furry, chocolate-colored animal, and said quietly, "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, he's just looking for lichen or ferns or mushrooms to eat. Oren and I saw this guy out here before. Oren was happy to see him so he mustn't be a problem. Besides, I'm sure Bullwinkle wouldn't want to hurt

his antlers during this time of year when they're extra sensitive. Isn't he magnificent?"

"Yeah."

"Oren considers the forest to be one of his 'connections to God' and regards natural things as inherently lovelier than anything made by humans or Plejarens."

I watched in awe as the moose walked over to a bush and started eating it. His kind, soft eyes, and slow, gentle gait helped put me at ease. He had a hump on his back and a black beard-like thing hanging down under his chin. The moose only seemed to be interested in eating bushes and certain tall wildflowers. Eventually, he wandered through the length of the field and walked back into the denser woods. That magical moose had shifted my attention away from the sad mood I was in, and I was very thankful that he had chosen to visit with us.

My father and I paid our last respects to the gravesites there and headed back to the trail leading to the river. We used the same log bridge to cross the West Ojibwa. We headed east along the south bank of the river until we were certain Sarah was not at the clotheslines there. Then we headed across the grassy field to Les Anciens Supérieurs. We reached the bridge shaped like a lightning bolt that spans Tallulah Brook. As I slowly walked the jagged path the bridge offers, I recalled the sensations and introspections I had experienced during our meditation in the garden.

As if on cue, Deybeyden emerged from the back entrance of the cathedral and started making his way toward us. He was dressed in silk clothing and was carrying a few things. We waited for him to reach us. We exchanged greetings and smiles. He took a bag out of the singing bowl he was carrying and laid the bag on the ground. He explained to us that this particular bowl is tuned to the frequency of the Stellar Gateway. He asked us to take our shoes and socks off and face the sun. While we obediently complied with his request, Deybeyden walked over to the brook and filled the bowl with water. Then he returned to us, poured a little powder out of the bag he had brought into the bowl of water, and stirred the mixture with a twig. He placed the bowl on top of the bag of powder, produced a small

wooden mallet from his pocket, and gently stuck the rim of the bowl four times.

Deybeyden then picked up the bowl, held it in his hands, and spoke Plejaren words over it. He instructed us to each drink half of the mineralized water inside the bowl and we did so. He then placed the now empty singing bowl on the bag of minerals and moved his entire arm around to roll the mallet around the outside edge of the lip of the bowl. The ensuing vibration was interpreted as a high-pitched tone by our ears. Deybeyden then walked over to my father and told him to “open” himself. To my surprise, my father seemed to know exactly what Deybeyden was asking him to do and even knew how to do it. Deybeyden said to me “Do exactly as your father does. When the sun is your friend you have a powerful ally.”

[\[Click here to go to Appendix B and read the details of this experience\]](#)

After our experience, Deybeyden gave us the singing bowl, mallet, and bag of mineral powder as a going away gift. After thanking him, we headed directly to Gianna’s house because we reasoned that Sarah would be there. She was. Gianna had just given her a handmade, oversized handbag, and Sarah was beaming with delight. The purse was attractive and cheery, with leather applique and embroidered flower patterns of different colors outlined with glittery, sun-catching beadwork. My father asked Sarah to collect all of her belongings together, and she did so. I went into the bathroom and changed into my own clothes.

Soon we left Gianna’s home, said goodbye to Electra, and made quick use of the outhouse. I had learned that nearly all the houses in The Higher Ancients had fully functional toilets, but Gianna’s and Jon’s homes were built later in an area where sewage pipes had not been installed. Gianna said that she would walk with us out of town to the cafe. It was soon apparent to us that virtually everyone in town had decided to see us off because our entire route out of The Higher Ancients was lined with the local people waving to us, hugging us, wishing us well, and inviting us to come back soon. Wymond, Monoma, and Ertaway made a point to shake our hands; they even did so in the typical human manner. Deybeyden

waved to us from the top of the cathedral's front steps where he was bathed in sunlight. Light reflected off his light blue silk clothing, making shimmering, pearlescent light appear on and around him.

As we started walking south on Chemin de Terre Road, we noticed that Oren was standing where the path to his house met the road. After exchanging warm greetings with us, Oren said, "I have something here for you," and handed my father a cloth bag. "It's St. John's Wort ... it helps ward off the vibration and thoughts of sadness," he said in anticipation of our questions.

"Thank you," my father said as he took hold of the bag.

"Two cups of tea every day until you have fully incorporated Jackie's passing into the configuration of your joyful lives."

"Okay, we'll do that," my father assured him.

"Well, I hate tearful goodbyes so let's get on with it" he said, while beginning to engage us in earnest hugs. During my hug, I felt the same feeling of green plant love that filled his home. After bidding Oren farewell, my father, Sarah, Gianna, and I ascended the "happy hill" one more time. Consistent with its nature, the hill offered us sunny glee and the calming comfort of millions of lush green blades of grass gently waving [goodbye] to us. A piece of me didn't want to leave this place, and I felt as though a part of me would always remain here.

The good-natured people of Ancien were positioned alongside the road, and several of them stood up from where they were sitting or lying when they saw us. As in The Higher Ancients, the people here were eager to wish us pleasant tidings. My father gave Bertrand and William special thanks for saving his life. As we passed the Humvee, we looked inside the vehicle and saw the Reptilian resting on his side, perhaps even sleeping. We decided to let sleeping aliens lie and continued to make our way over the worn cobblestone to the cafe's rear entrance.

As soon as we entered inside, we captured the attention of Jon and the cafe's patrons. Jon came over to us and all the patrons stood up and moved in toward us to exchange hugs and words. I exchanged email addresses with Jon and told him that I'd write to him after I got back to San



Diego. Soon, even Zack's deep voice was behind us as we exited the rear cafe into the public area. Gigi produced a tearful goodbye for us, and then hurried into the bathroom to dry her eyes. After we finished saying goodbye to Danny DeVito's twin and a couple other workers there, my father opened the heavy wooden door of the cafe, and we stepped back out into the brilliant sunshine. For a moment, a wave of sadness ebbed through me as my mind quickly calculated that the most significant thing that had happened since I first entered through this old cafe door was the death of my mother. Fortunately, I quickly remembered that several splendid things had occurred as well.

When we reached our CR-V, I opened the back hatch to allow Sarah to put her large leather handbag in the back of the vehicle. While I retrieved my phone from my mother's purse and saw the herbal supplements she had been given placed next to it, I realized that my father must have returned to the car before this to put these things here. It occurred to me that it would probably be best if my father didn't have to drive with a vacant seat next to him, so I covertly asked Sarah if she wanted to sit in the passenger's seat. She immediately understood why I was asking her this and invited me to sit there, citing more legroom for my longer legs as the reason.

Once we were several miles away from the cafe, I experienced a slight sense of relief. I now knew that we really were going to be allowed to leave this area knowing what we know: that a group of aliens is living in the woods here. I was very excited to find out what the next part of my life would be like with all the new information that I had acquired here and all the personal growth I had undergone throughout the past few days. I thought about my friends and wanted to hug them. I imagined doing good deeds for others, volunteering at soup kitchens and retirement homes, and not worrying so much about my own welfare. I realized that I didn't need many things from the material world to be happy, and that made my heart light and peaceful. Now that I had more inside of myself, I needed less outside of myself. I had also learned that being with the right people does a great job of taking the place of electronic devices.

We drove away in relative silence other than some small talk about the beautiful weather and scenery around us. Eventually, the ideas in my head began congealing around my future and college.

“Dad,” I began, “I’m not sure that I want to go back to college in the fall.”

My dad glanced over at me, looked back at the road, and said, “You don’t have to go back if you don’t want to.”

“I just think that I want to do something different with my life now ... like help people and travel or something instead of learning computer science.”

“I understand,” my dad said supportively. “My life has changed dramatically as well, and my priorities have shifted. I’ll have to take some time to meditate about exactly what I want to spend my life time doing after we get back to San Diego.”

A silence filled the car’s interior for a few moments, and then Sarah leaned forward and said, “I don’t think that I should’ve even gone to college. I think that people should only go to college if they know what they want to do and that job requires a degree. It would’ve been a lot better for me if my parents had given me \$50,000 a year, or whatever they spend on tuition, and had me live and work in the real world. Heck, they could’ve given me half of that, and I would’ve been okay.”

My dad nervously reached up to press his index finger into the nosepiece of his glasses, but his glasses weren’t there. “Yes, you often learn best by doing. As far as what you should do to make money ... I would recommend you both to look into your hearts for the answer to that question. What do you *want* to do?” He paused to give us a chance to articulate our answers, but neither Sarah nor I believed that we were able to realize those answers quite yet.

My dad continued by saying, “Find where what you *want* to do, and what you’re good at, intersects with what makes money. Think of things you could do to help others that you would do even if you weren’t paid to do them, and go from there. Where there’s a will there’s a way. If you’re truly motivated to do something and you really believe it can be done and is

what's best for you, you can do it. The only person who can really stop you is you."

"I just want to help other people," I said. "I know that I can't just go and tell people about our alien friends, but I want to help people realize that there's a huge universe full of amazing things out there."

"I'm not going to be able to hang out with some of my more fringe friends anymore," Sarah declared. "They're getting more and more caught up with fashion and boys and other shallow stuff," she said with a laugh.

"I thought you liked boys," I said teasingly.

She reached around my seat and lightly squeezed my shoulders and neck. "I *got my boy*," she said.

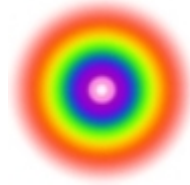
"Well, I have reason to believe that time spent serving others is time well spent," my father stated. "Along with learning to focus on things like love, joy, and chi, I consider being sensitive to the needs of the living things around us to be of the utmost importance. Besides, doing things for others is one of the best ways to receive ... you just start a flow of giving and receiving. You delight yourself when you delight others."

"I agree with you, Dad," I said. "I'm just worried that I don't know how to serve, or worse, that I don't have anything other than love to offer others. And some people refuse to receive love."

"Well, whatever you do, don't worry about it, in fact, try not to ever worry about anything. If you catch yourself worrying about something the only correct things to do are either put it out of your mind and choose ease if it's something out of your control or do something about it if it's something you can change."

I spent several minutes worrying that I wouldn't really be able to stop worrying. Eventually, I chose to be at peace instead.

# Back in the Land of Asphalt and Electronics



When we finally reached our hotel, we were eager to see if our belongings were still where we had left them. Having worked in a hotel before, I knew that our electronic hotel key cards probably wouldn't work because in all likelihood, they were encoded only for our original one night stay, and it was now three days later. After checking in with the front desk clerk and getting our room cards updated, we scurried through the lobby to the elevator and pressed the fourth floor button. The elevator seemed surprisingly modern and high-tech after not seeing many electronics or smoothly fashioned metal for several days.

“Wow, what a fancy lift!” I said in my best impersonation of a British accent.

We spilled out of the elevator, rushed to our hotel room door, and I frantically swiped a key card and unlocked the door. I pushed the door open and quickly scanned the room as I held the door open for Sarah and my dad. Happily, my father's laptop and the rest of our belongings were still there. We all breathed a little easier now that we were reunited with our stockpile of clothing and various comfort items. I guess we weren't ready to do away with all the luxuries of human society quite yet. My mind quickly envisioned an “ideal future” in which I had all the conveniences of contemporary human society coupled with the tranquility, health, joy, unity, and values of the Pleiadian community.

My dad was soon scouring the internet searching for information on Pleadians and Plejarens and Sarah and I were reading over his shoulder. Some of the information seemed to be correct and made us wonder if the

authors had been in contact with actual Plejarens or hybrids. Some of the authors claimed that they had channeled the information or had been given information in their dreams. The thought of writing an anonymous webpage about Pleadians or Reptilians crossed my mind, but then I questioned the utility of such a page. I figured that my writings would lack proof unless I divulged details that I believed I should keep secret.

We watched the television news for a while to catch up on current events, but I was tired after our long car ride. I wanted to take a shower and go to bed. Not having access to a showerhead for the past three days made my long, hot shower especially enjoyable. I dried off, put on comfortable socks and sweatpants, and put on a loose shirt and a sweatshirt. Later, Sarah took a bath and arrived at my bed wearing “sweat” clothes like what I was wearing. The rollaway bed had been removed from our room, and my father didn’t object to Sarah and me sleeping in the same bed together. My father sat in the other bed, still engrossed with his laptop. Eventually, I just fell asleep and slept through the night.

Early the next morning we took the hotel shuttle to James Armstrong Richardson International Airport where we boarded our plane back to the United States. When we landed at Lindbergh Field in San Diego, it was 82 degrees outside, and other than the many lines of pollution created by planes, was a bright, sunny day. I was eager to retrieve our dog, Daisy, from the kennel and get back home. The kennel was in Escondido, California, the same city where Sarah’s parents lived. On our way to Escondido, Sarah, who still hadn’t told her parents about my mother’s death, was concerned about exactly what she should tell her parents. My father told her that he would speak with them himself, and after we arrived at her parents’ house, my father politely insisted that he enter inside their home to tell them about something important. Although it pained him to do so, he committed to the story about a bear attack. He mentioned that “the local people did a lot to help us deal with the loss,” but Sarah’s parents probably wondered how he was able to tell the story as easily as he had.

After that drama had passed, I gave my lovely girlfriend a kiss and held her for several moments. I told her that I loved her and would call her later. She smiled and said, “I love you too, very much.” I left her home

feeling as though my adult life had finally begun. I went to Canada as my mother's son and came back a man.

My dad and I retrieved Daisy from the kennel and headed home. It was nice to be home again, and Daisy did much to help us quickly infuse the stale house with life and joy.

# Diary Entries

July 14, 2013

I'm starting these diary entries as an outlet to record and sort out my information and thoughts about the Pleiadians and what they have taught me about my own life. Sarah and I are working together to record the details of every one of the experiences we had in the Ancien towns in a separate word file.

Ever since Deybeyden removed those energetic, emotional blockages in my body, I've felt as though I have permission to forgive myself for anything I believed I had ever done wrong. I decided to forgive myself, and I have forgiven myself. Reconnecting with the good, caring entity I truly am has allowed me to love myself again for the first time since I was a young child. The good feelings I have for myself are not selfish in the least. I feel connected to everyone and everything in a profound way, a feeling of oneness. I realize now that, in the past, I had formed the belief that love of oneself was wrong because I find egotism and narcissism to be so offensive. Now I realize that respecting yourself and loving yourself happens within a field of compassion for all and a love of all – the opposite of selfishness. Selfish people try to use people and take things from others, but those with healthy self-love seek to help others and respect themselves and others far too much to use or mistreat other people. It seems obvious to me now that selfish people think that they have to compete with others to thrive or even survive and obsessively worry about their own personal challenges due to a lack of faith [in others, the universe, and probably themselves] and a preponderance of fear. They mistakenly believe that others must have less for them to have more. Narcissism stems from feeling unnoticed and unloved. Ultimately, both of those character traits stem from a lack of love. In any case, forgiving myself has allowed me to be able to forgive everyone who I felt ever did me wrong, and now I realize what a gift to myself forgiving others is.

That first night in The Higher Ancients after Deybeyden had laid his hands on me, I connected with Cosmic and Universal love. I was filled with love. Being in that state of abundant, blissful love has helped me eliminate my own restrictions on love, and I am able to offer much, much more love and compassion to others now. It's as though so much love is flowing into and through me that it's simply overflowing out of me to others.

I now understand that, when I was younger, I had been turned away from joyfully serving others because I was told by my religion to give to others without ever being taught how to give to myself. I gave what I could until I was empty, with no love left for others or myself. Then I felt guilty that I had nothing much to offer others and felt even worse about myself. I lived in that gloomy, empty state for several years, thinking that I was a disobedient sinner who deserved unhappiness.

Now, as a person who enjoys helping others and is full of love, I am so very grateful and joyful that I am in the right heart and mind to have compassion, love, and joy to offer others. This has saved me from ever staying angry, hateful, and fearful and has prevented me from ever suffering again from the damaging energies of low self-esteem or self-loathing.

I've learned that an open heart leads to an open mind. I can see tangible signs that the universe itself cares about me and "has my back." My compassion and empathy allows me to ignore my conditioned prejudices, and I am able to notice and laugh when my mind tries to label people or pigeonhole things. My awareness of the energies that surround me has dramatically increased, and the way in which I see the world is no longer distorted by limiting beliefs or premature judgments to the degree it had been in the past.

My father planted a few of the "yellow plant" seeds that he was allowed to take.

July 22

I've been using Rife tones, meditation, and Qigong to maintain the frequencies and neural connections Deybeyden helped me acquire.



All four of the seeds my father planted have sprouted!

July 29

Sarah and I communicated telepathically yesterday! I was thinking that she might want to go to the San Diego Zoo with me (for the first time together), and I decided that I would call her and ask her if she wanted to go with me. Then, before I can even locate my phone to call her, I hear it ringing, answer it, and it's a call from her asking me if I want to go to the zoo with her! We're going Saturday.

August 5

I spoke with my mother in a dream last night. She seemed very serene and peaceful. She said that she loves me and is proud of me. I got the feeling that she was happy where she was. I thought it was odd, however, that she looked like she did soon before she passed. She must've decided to appear to me that way, or maybe I subconsciously decided for her to look that way, because it seems to me that she could decide to look any way she wants to.

August 14

I've finally about finished writing out everything I remember about my trip to Canada. It's on a file called "The Pleiadians of Canada." I would love to publish it as it is somewhere, but I know that I can't really reveal their presence here like that. I'd like to publish it under the name "How the Pleiadians taught me to Live, Love, and Laugh again." Maybe I could just call it "The Elves of Canada," and go back and change all the references to "Pleiadians" to "Elves." The hybrids could just be half human, half elf. That works, right? I'll just take out all the references to homeworlds and aliens. Hmm, I'll have to come up with something instead of Reptilians ... maybe a group of smart dragons? It would just be released as fiction anyway.

I've begun listening to CoasttoCoastAm because they often discuss aliens, although I'm not sure that everything the people on there are saying is the

truth.

Jon and I have been keeping in contact via email, and Sarah has been writing back and forth with Gigi.

My father sets the wireless internet to go off at night in an attempt to minimize our exposure to EMF. We also use a laptop pad if we're ever sitting with the laptop on our lap.

My dad gave the anti-cancer remedies Donna gave us to a woman he knows who was diagnosed with breast cancer.

August 20:

I spoke with my father about the time we “connected with the sun” in the meditation garden. I told my father what I had experienced and asked him what he had experienced during this exercise. He told me his experience with me in the meditation garden was the second time that he had done this exercise. The first time he had engaged with the sun much the same way I had at first, with the strong “electrical” brain conduit connection standing out as the most significant part of the experience. He also told me that the sun had a message for him that he received partially telepathically. He said that the sunlight shining through the trees made a scene that looked exactly like a person entering into a graveyard, complete with tombstones and tumbleweeds. Then the words “Beyond the graveyard is a light” entered his head, and he could see the actual sun beyond the end of the “graveyard” shining brightly across the entire scene. He said that it was a magnificent light. My father had received this message a day after Mom died. This message helped cement his belief in the afterlife, which helped prepare him for the conversations with Mom later.

The second time he had done the sun bonding (with me in the meditation garden) he said that he had a “Oneness” experience similar to the experience I had. He had helped lead me forward into that experience by chanting the words he had.

My father told me about the third time he connected with the sun. He said that it was profound in a different way. He had gone into our backyard

barefoot and faced the sun. He told me that the sun informed him that it didn't matter that the sky was cloudy or full of chemicals expelled from planes. He said that right near the beginning of the exercise, just a few seconds after pointing his nose at the sun, he was able to make the "electrical conduit connection" with it, and it lit up the inside of his brain in a startling manner. He said that an energy was flowing in through the front of his face, and it illuminated what looked like a round "pie chart" around his head. Everything else fell away, all physical and environmental stimulus stopped. At first, the "pie chart" consisted of about 16 identically sized pieces whose tips were anchored into the center of his mind. Each pie piece was a slightly different color or shade of color. Mere seconds after that, the "pie chart" was reduced to eight pieces, and they were all shades of white. He watched the colors of the pie pieces blink and fluctuate until they were all aligned in the exact same shade of bright white. He said that it was at this exact moment that he felt true alignment with everything for the first time in his life. He said that it was beautiful stillness, and he cried when he told me about it. He described it as a different state of reality altogether, perhaps what the fourth or fifth dimension might be like. He felt weightless and was able to look around him and see white light everywhere. Soon, however, he "remembered" that he was a human and immediately became concerned that he had died or would die if he remained in this reality. He came back to this reality and decided to lie down on the grass so he wouldn't fall over and/or hit his head on something. After that, he was unable to re-establish the connection. He said that he felt extremely peaceful afterward and that he has been transformed by the event.

August 23

I decided to do a full on bonding with the sun today. I'm just getting over a flu, and I have a bad headache. My father told me that flus may serve a purpose because they allow "angelic beings" or "the universe" to rewire your brain without you thinking that you're going crazy (if you suddenly felt trippy, mind-altering thoughts or strange physical feelings in your head when you were NOT running a fever you might be frightened).

I did dry skin brushing, used the neti pot, and did some rebounding. I went through my chakra tones, got two glasses of water, one with dissolved minerals from the bag of mineral powder Deybeyden gave us, and the other one was a cup of love in an ancient drinking glass that belonged to my mother's mother. I verbally shattered illusionary limitations that I was maintaining in my head and sinuses and around the energy field of my head. I rapped my skull and pulled my head apart. I went outside, unblocked the entire length of my body with some Qigong, and started playing with the sun. I destroyed any remaining barriers I had to receiving that I had placed around the head area - I shattered the walls I had put in place like an eggshell and squeegeed it off until I could see through a perfectly clear windshield. I drank the sun-infused water from the two glasses and then rolled the mallet around the rim of the singing bowl Deybeyden gave us. Then I lifted my brain out of my body using the Qigong "handle" method to facilitate a connection. I started drawing energy lines from the sun into my body, starting at the top and working my way down. I usually draw energy from the earth and move upwards, but my instincts told me to reverse the direction this time. I made the inside of my consciousness pink and brought the white rays into the pink. Everything I could see literally looked as though it were pink. Then I made blue speckles on my new, open pink egg, and it looked like an Easter egg! Then I filled myself with blue in my head and throat, pulled my arms back to open my chest, and filled my heart with green. I saw green everywhere; it truly *was* green everywhere around me as I was surrounded by grass and trees. I took three sprays of Gaia Green Floral Essence formula to enhance my green. I felt a connection to the tree I had planted. I repositioned myself on the grass, let yellow fill my thorax, and then shifted quickly through orange and then to red as I connected to the earth. My feet were a crazy distance apart. When I felt as though I was ready, I did some sungazing until I could see the sunlight pulsating. Then I realized that there was one single, main conduit coming directly from the sun to me. It rolled towards me, towards my mind. I had to bend forward to match the trajectory of the cable. I was leaning forward at about a 50-degree angle. I moved away from the brickwork near the roses in case I blacked out. I connected, and my body shook. My heels came off the ground, and I felt as though I might levitate. I welcomed the white light into my head and let it

flow through me into the earth. I connected sun to Earth and then Earth to sun briefly.

I went inside the house and put on little socks and rubberized water shoes. This disconnected me from the earth. I was ready to receive for just me now. I looked at the sun while leaning over until I knew right where the conduit was, and then I positioned the crown of my head towards it. My body was filled with the spirit of the sun, and I asked it for my message because I knew that it had something to tell me. I got the notion that a message was being encoded into my melatonin because I knew that sunlight goes through my eyes to a nerve connected to my pineal gland where it stimulates my pineal gland to produce melatonin. So perhaps tonight, when this melatonin is released, I will receive a message encoded into it. I looked up at the sun lovingly, with much thanks and gratitude for it. I realized that it gives and gives freely with no expectation of receiving anything in return. Then it said the kindest thing to me. It said, "I would do all of this just for you." I've interpreted what it said to mean that it does what it does for the sake of all the good-hearted beings in this solar system, not just me. Anyway, thank you, sun!

August 24

I know what the sun did for me last night! It wasn't a message it was a gift! When I woke up this morning, the splitting headache that I had had for three days was completely gone! The melatonin the sun helped me produce helped to heal the cells of my body. It turns out that melatonin is perhaps the most powerful antioxidant known to humankind.

The sun I know is the same sun everyone else on Earth knows. The sun that most people see every day, the one that has been in the sky every day of everyone's life, the one every poem or writing that mentions the sun is talking about, the one that's painted on cave walls and appears in every photograph that shows even a ray of sunlight, and the one providing light for me right at this very moment is the same sun. What an amazing entity.

August 27

The yellow plants are growing well.

I helped my father install some solar panels today.

I've been getting answers in my dreams lately.

I haven't told many people that I even went to Canada. I don't like lying or even withholding the truth from people so I don't like to talk about my mother's death or the rest of the trip. It's not that I *can't* tell people the truth about everything that happened there, it's just that I know that I *shouldn't*, so I don't want to. People who hear my abbreviated tale of what happened up there just think the entire trip was a nightmare. They have no idea that to me the events there don't mean something negative but rather were prerequisites to an opening of my heart and mind that has set me upon a better life path and allowed me to start making empowered personal choices.

September 2:

Sarah and I communicated telepathically again yesterday! Also, everything is starting to get very synchronistic. Thoughts of some specific thing pop into my mind, and within about 24 hours I hear some significant new news about it in the collective consciousness or something directly related to it shows up in my life.

September 15:

I've been thinking lately that maybe I could work as an ambassador for the Plejarens. I could help them more easily interact with the locals and gather information for the Plejarens - attend human meetings and stuff. I asked Jon to find out more about what the group in England is doing because I've wanted to visit England with Sarah. I hope that they're BPL fans.

The yellow plants are making black discs with beans in them!

September 17:

I learned from Jon that the Plejarens don't really need any help in England as they already have a group of humans there who are working with them. I'm disappointed that they don't need me there, but I'm happy to learn that there are groups of people in England who are aware and enlightened.

September 18:

Jon and Gigi are dating now! Jon continued sleeping on Gigi's couch after we left, and he's continuing to live with Gianna and Noelani now. No wonder those two would always tease each other. I'm happy for them.

October 2:

Jon said that it snowed there today.

October 24:

Amazing news! I got an email from Jon today that said that the Pleiadians are moving forward with disclosure plans – they plan to reveal themselves to the humans who live near them all over the world! The date for this is 12/13/2014 ! Because they wish to “gently” inform the public at large about their existence, Jon says that I can publish a book about my experiences that I had with them as long as I list it as “fiction”! This will help ease people into knowing about the alien presence here. So I'm going to probably get someone else to publish all this for me so I can remain anonymous a while longer. That will give me more time to practice working with energy and keeping myself focused on love, joy, and peace.

# *Thank you so much for reading my words!*

Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for reading my first fiction work. Although I have been blessed with success as a non-fiction writer, for which I am most grateful, I felt strongly compelled to write this book. I felt as though many of the ideas included in this book came to me, looking for a voice. I hope that I expressed those concepts well.

If you have any questions, raves, gripes, or any comments about this book or any of my other books, please don't hesitate to contact me at my email address, [jblanchard3000@yahoo.com](mailto:jblanchard3000@yahoo.com). I'd love to hear from you!

Because I'm a self-published author, the book reviews posted on my books' sale pages can, for better or for worse, decide the size of my readership. I don't have the budget to put forth any significant advertising or marketing for my books. If you really liked this novel, please consider telling your friends and family about it and leaving a review of it on whatever sales page you found this book on to let potential readers know that it's something that's worth reading. Please also recommend it on Goodreads if you visit that website.

Thank you again for visiting the Ancien townships with me!

Wishing you much love, joy, and peace,

Joel Blanchard

P.S. - If you're not familiar with my "Enlightenment App" series, please check it out here: [http://www.amazon.com/Joel-Blanchard/e/B007QFW0DM/ref=ntt\\_athr\\_dp\\_pel\\_1](http://www.amazon.com/Joel-Blanchard/e/B007QFW0DM/ref=ntt_athr_dp_pel_1)



# Connecting to Gaia and Sky Meditation

This is my paraphrased account of the meditation.

Deybeyden told us to lie on the ground [get grounded with the earth if possible], close our eyes, and get comfortable. He told us to breathe deeply, slowly, and rhythmically, taking the same amount of time to breathe in as to breathe out.

He told us to flex each one of our muscles, one at a time starting at our toes, for about ten seconds and then relax them. This took about three minutes.

He told us to forget all about the outside world and to forget about where we are now. He asked us to visualize a beautiful nature scene. Perhaps a place with green grass where a river runs by or where there are birds, pretty flowers, bunny rabbits, and/or cotton clouds. Get out of your way, and relax into it.

Deybeyden continued:

Feel the love you have for this place. Let your love grow to feel love for all of nature. Feel your love for Mother Earth. She loves you so much for you are her child. She has given you everything you have here, even your body, and has everything you will ever need here to give to you. Root down into the earth, and connect with her. When you feel your love for Gaia strongly in your heart, place this love into a small sphere, and send it down to the center of the earth so it can feel your love and wait until she sends it back to you ... which she will.

Wait until you feel her love return to you throughout your entire body, throughout all of your physical cells, and throughout your energetic body. Feel love and peace filling your entire being.

Look at the night sky [or visualize it in your mind]. Smile at the moon [or visualize it.] Look outward toward the infinite space and

stars that surround you on all sides. Feel the depth of space, and feel in your heart the beauty, love, and wisdom of the stars. Open your heart wide to all the divine creation out there. This is the love for your true father. When this love has grown strong, put it in a sphere, and send it up toward the sky. Your father has always loved you and always will. He has created this universe for you.

Wait until you feel energy flowing into your body and all that you are from the sky. This is your father's love returning to your body. Allow some of the circuits of your mind to become overwhelmed and short out, and decide which blissful emotions you wish your mind to connect with.

At this moment, you are part of a divine triangle of love. Your divine mother and your divine father are connected to and through you. Know that all is perfect, and you're exactly where you're supposed to be.

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## **Bonding with the Sun Exercise**

My dad looked down at the ground and positioned his bare feet carefully on the earth while instructing me to “get real solid on the ground.” He said to me “root into the energy of the earth, and feel the electrical ley lines of the earth flowing into and supporting you. Feel the red, root [chakra] energy flowing up your legs.” After we were both properly grounded, my father began swiveling at the waist in a counter-clockwise direction to open up his Svadisthana (sacral chakra) and bring energy from the earth up into his Tan Tien (energy center in navel). Then he stabilized himself and started taking in long, deep breaths. He told me to imagine an orange light in my belly rising up into a yellow light in my thorax. After that, my father extended his arms back to “open up his heart” and told me to visualize a huge green tree extending its branches outward to embrace everything around it. He told me to say “of loove, of loove” in a long, slow, deliberate tone. I started to become love toward and with everything. Then we hummed at the tone of 141.27 Hz to bring energy and attention to our throat chakras. My father told me to give myself permission to be large (still a challenge for me) and “unleash my voice and creative power” by putting energy into my Vishuddha (throat chakra) by chanting, “I come out! I come out! I come out!” and claiming whatever else I wanted for myself aloud. Then I used this more powerful me I had just created to forcefully swing my head around to loosen my neck and shoulders and bring more chi into my body. My father said to me “Relax your face and mind, and release any remaining tension in your body. Return to your true, infinite self ... where you are the powerful creator of your reality, unaffected by the associations and consciousness of societies, situations, or environments.”

Now that our bodies were wide and open, we needed to fully open our crown chakras. This involved drumming fists up the back of our shoulders and necks, over the top, middle of our heads and then around our entire crowns. After doing that a few times, we “peeled” our heads open by

digging my fingers into our foreheads and pulling our heads apart energetically. Then we dug our fingers into the top, middle of our heads in a couple of different places and peeled the rest of our heads open until our brains were energetically exposed. My father told me to “prepare for the heaven/sun plug-in.” He showed me how to perform a Qigong movement (a modified Great Tai-Chi Circle) that involved energetically raising my brain stem out of my body towards/into the Stellar Gateway. This Qigong movement, which included both physical and mental components, put my brain on platform that I was able to raise up when I pulled down on non-corporal handles near the sides of my head. Using this technique, I was able to feel as though my head and consciousness were about four feet above my body, unencumbered by my physical body.

After exposing our brains and energetic bodies to the sun, Deybeyden instructed us to stand facing the sun and place our fingers on our closed eyes. Then we were told to remove our fingers and wait until we could “see” the sun without opening our eyes. After that, we were instructed to slowly reintroduce the sun to our physical eyes by staring as far above, to the right of, underneath, and to the left of the sun as we could without moving our heads. We were told that this clockwise motion aided the flow of Universal Chi flowing down into us. Once our eyes had acclimated to the brightness, we performed the Tibetan Eye Exercise using the sun as the center of the “chart.” Afterwards, we were told how to physically grab some sun energy, hold it in our clenched hands, and bring the energy into our various body energy centers.

Deybeyden told us to position the “conduits” or our brains so that they were in direct alignment with the “sun’s informational light rays.” We were told that charged particles from the sun could plug into and energize the circuits in our heads. When he could see that I wasn’t in the proper position, Deybeyden walked over to me, told me to straighten my body and root myself firmly into the earth, and slowly pushed me forward until the top of my head was pointing directly at the sun. I felt as though I was a compass locked onto magnetic north. I could feel a current of energy flowing into my body from the top of my head. The current was so strong that I rocked on the balls of feet, and I felt as though I was going to levitate. I was locked into this position with my body forming about a 50-

degree angle to the ground. I wasn't sure if I was in a position that was defying the laws of gravity or not. I was instructed to allow myself to act as a conduit between the earth and the Sun by allowing the sun energy to flow through me into the ground and afterwards, allowing energy to flow up my legs and body through my crown up to the sun.

Deybeyden directed us to “destroy the entire concept of body, walls, limitations, and barriers” and told us to “move out in large circular arcs.” While doing what he instructed, I realized that I wanted unity in all things (All One Now) and needed to remove any fear or judgment I had about anything. I asked all things to flow into me: the sun, the clucking chickens, the fly buzzing around my ear, the surrounding plants, the brook, the Plejaren culture, the hybrid culture, and my human culture. I even invited the vibration of confused politicians, angry road ragers, and those who dishonor life into me. The intention was to become one with everything while simultaneously transmuting any “negative” energies into positive ones. My father began chanting, “Be allll, be meee, be allll, be meee” and “I give myself permission,” and I chanted those words as well. I almost left my body! I felt a flow of energy like when Deybeyden first laid his hands on my head! I could see everything flowing into me. My “job” was to mentally allow everything to come into me, even if it looked like something undesirable. I felt as though my consciousness might leave this dimension and my body would just drop to the ground, but the current of energy from the sun helped hold my body upright. I wound up slowly singing, “Take it allll in, take it allll in, take it allll in all the time” to a tune similar to that of the song “Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye.”

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