

I am writing this for the glorious beacons of light at THI. Thank you for being you. Aug 30, 2018

What I Learned From 20 Years of Being Around Non-Humans

I have only told 3 people in my life that I have met “aliens”. I am in my mid 40s. I only told them this year; timing is everything. Those around me weren’t ready to hear it, and I wasn’t ready to tell my story. Now it will be 3 people, plus the family of THI, that has heard this. Here goes.

Firstly, I am not telling this to the masses. You know the history. I’ll keep it as brief as possible. I want not to tell a whole story, but focus on what I think people really want / need to know: *How it happened, What it feels like, how I reacted, how to defend yourself / absolve fear, and how to be strong for others.*

One of my grandfathers was in the Navy in WWII. He got briefly involved in SSP related nonsense, which made his offspring of special interest, both genetically and contractually (as I was basically government property in their eyes). My other grandfather was super connected in HAM radio MARS net, had teletype and prototype internet as far back as I could remember (yes, the 70s), and a whole slew of antennae all over his house. It seemed like he knew everyone, from NASA astronauts to foreign royalty, and would let me listen in to his conversations with people on space shuttles and stuff. He was an amazing, good-hearted person who people just liked, and told him everything while I sat there like a mouse in his HAM-shack, taking it all in. So... basically random. That’s how it happened.

The SSP clowns use kids for all kinds of things, but they used me to talk to EBENs (extra-biological entities, I prefer to “aliens”). It’s way easier to teach a kid a new language, or adapt them psychologically to being in the room with these things, right? Right. Lucky me. On a regular basis, my school work was done alone in a room without other kids, doing other types of lessons. They told me I was in a “special program” because I showed “promise”. But check this out; no matter how many times I asked, they *never* told me the name of the program I was in. On top of that, no matter how many times I asked the creepy, hungry-smile administrator what her name was, *she never told me*. I was just supposed to call her “teacher”. Dear God. On a semi-regular basis, I was taken to labs for genetic skullduggery and memory / hypnosis screening and reinforcement. They made me drink weird juice in cups, eat medicine, get shots, etc. Plus, they f*****cked with my head. Trauma is an effective form of hypnotic influence, btw. Hypnosis is always bad. And there were EBENs.

When I was a kid I HATED them. HATED. When other kids in my school heard the word aliens, they would have all sorts of wondrous reactions. My hair would stand up. My stomach would knot up in an angry, frightened ball. I wanted to cry. I wanted to kill shit. I was mad. Probably not most folk’s reaction to the thought of aliens. I called the grays “monkeys” at first. Then

“egg-headed insects”. Eventually I began to call them “dickless, cosmic mosquitos” when I was older, but that’s inappropriate. I called the saurians / reptoids “serpents” or “lizards” mostly.

When one of the worker-clone grays comes at you it’s disgusting. It’s almost impossible to describe the non-humanness of it. If a lion or an assassin comes after you, in some way you can relate to its aliveness. You understand something of its intention, and there is at least a type of animal warmth to the encounter, albeit terrible. When a soulless, not human / not insect, bug-eyed monster of a flesh-computer puts its cold, violating touchers on you... Terror. Want to scream but can’t. Want to escape but can’t. Want to fight but can’t. Want help but there is none. Want your mom but she is irrelevant. Want your dad but he is irrelevant. Want to know when it will be over but it feels like never. Want to know what they want but... You get it. Powerless and afraid. But I was a kid then. Things have changed.

When you’re around a Draco, you can’t even look at them. For layers of reasons, you by and large will not look them in the face, nor glance unasked in their direction. If you can smash through enough layers of psychic oppression, you can give it a go. I did once. They hurt me baaaaaad for that. I won’t relive that here, other than to say, the effects on my mind lasted for years in the form nightmares, daymares, and painful irregular “spikes” like hot, vivid image-shocks of things I wanted to forever unsee. But, of course, I was a kid then. And thanks to a lot of love, friendship, understanding, and a ridiculous amount of meditation, things have changed.

I stopped interacting with them when I was about 25. The short version is that I was walked into a room where the EBENs and the military-clad, human bad-guys were, and they gave me the option to play nice. I did not want to play nice and join the team. I wanted to kill everyone in the room. They hurt me again, and did their worst to make sure I wouldn’t remember. I do, however. I will say here that the only reason I suppose they didn’t just finish me on the spot was because they most certainly had cloning material of me if they needed it, and they seemed pretty confident that their screens would work on my mind. Besides, who would believe me?

Thomas is right; grounding and shielding. Repeating myself; a ridiculous amount of meditation.

Let me put it this way: When you are ALL of yourself, in ALL of your strength, in ALL of your love, gratitude, faith, courage, intention, and focus... *you are invincible*. When you become your WHOLE self, you don’t feel like a million bucks, you feel like a *million stars*! Tell me; what can stop a million stars? A freaking alien? Pish posh and balderdash, don’t make me laugh. The day I owned myself, regardless of past fears and failures, and peered boldly into the *now of who I really am*, they had no power over me. As an unexpected bonus, I stopped hating things, including non-humans and the Nazis they hang out with. Oh... they will be punished. Karma, cause and effect, balance; these things encompass us all. We have no power to stop that, nor do they.

Plus, angels.

I have also met a non-human that doesn't have a native 3D body, yet can become corporeal if necessary. My friend has manifest before, but only once. It was like the warmest hug imaginable. It honestly felt like all of the hugs that every loving mother and father across time ever gave their children, all at once. Understanding, compassion, acceptance, givingness, and strength. That's what it's like to be hugged by a (7th? dimensional) non-human who actually cares. Big love, big hug, called from across all of space and time, here in the now. Which was precisely the lesson my friend was trying to teach me. I wasn't being hugged for my own sake. My friend wasn't just stopping by because I needed a little pick-me-up. I was being shown how to treat others. I was being taught that I need to accept others, hold them close, and give myself in service to others, as much as is healthy. I was also being taught that we are never truly alone. By the time the hug happened, I knew this, but did i really FEEL it? Did I really feel my connection to others, or just believe it? You know what I mean. We need to really dig deep, become loving light soldiers, and forge fearlessly ahead in the now. Not for ourselves, because we are already a million stars; but for others who need our light.

Thanks for listening.

Hope it helps.

I love you all.

Zenja...