

DINESTORE VOOODOO

Everything You Know Is Wrong

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The Earth Is Flat

Get used to it. The earth is flat. It’s always been flat. The notion that it’s round is a deep rooted conspiracy advanced by Christopher Columbus along with others who came long before him as well as later. The round earth myth originated with the ancient Greeks.

And upon closer examination you'll find that virtually every culture advancing the idea that the earth is spherical was participating in a grand hoax. Some of them knew it was a hoax while others contributed to the nonsense out of sheer ignorance.

Nostradamus wrote volumes on the round earth myth as he was a later day member of a group of ancient philosophers and bullshitters that enjoyed a good practical joke. But it turns out that it was more than a joke, much more. If you can get a hold of *Nostradamus Files Volume II, The Lost Prophecies*, do it. It'll be well worth the trouble and expense. And it's sure to shed a lot of light on current events as well.

The Players

Who-all was involved in this hoax? Plato for one. In fact, it was on Plato's death bed where he revealed in a raspy whisper that his mentor, Socrates, told him the earth was flat and not to believe otherwise. Nostradamus claims that the "round earthers," as they were known in ancient Greece, are the ones behind the persecution of Socrates. As you may remember, Socrates was found guilty of corrupting the minds of the youth, failing to worship the gods of the day, and spending far too much time polishing his pencil while staring spellbound at smut-stone tablets. But that's a topic for another time.

Listen: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and other enlightened individuals born before Christ were part of a secret society. They called themselves the Noodles, which back then was loosely translated as really smart person with a highly developed brain. That's where the expression, use your noodle comes from. And like Nostradamus who came along much later, members of this fraternity were privy to many of the significant events of the future. Some of these men believed the round earth myth was nothing more than ancient blarney, a mindless subject of harmless blather to be tossed about while quaffing mead and playing Tic Tac Toe. But the actual truth is absolutely astonishing.

Trans Century Hoax Conspiracy

You're about to discover something that has never before been revealed publicly. Yes, an exclusive earth shattering revelation, right here on your digital device. Here it is: There is an elite group of immortal individuals alive in the world. That's right. Immortal. And there are members of this elite group living among us. Some of these people are noted celebrities, politicians, athletes and a handful of scientists. And please, don't confuse the immortals with the Noodles. They're not the same, not even close.

These people transcend traditional politics for they rule the world and have since just after the dawn of civilization. They have been the source for every bit of truth and every lie ever told to the masses. They own the media. They own all religious concessions. They own and/or control every last organized government. They own many of the beer concessions in the NFL. They own all of us. Of course, they'll never admit any of this.

I have it on good authority that they are about to break the truth on the factual nature of our planet. That is, it's flat. As I write this there's an informal task force forming. It's rumored in some circles that Al Gore is involved. Look for an Academy Award winning documentary soon. There's talk that Cameron Diaz and George Clooney will be the lead

spokespersons. Michael Moore might be in on it too. Look for an Academy Award winning documentary soon. And ex president George W. Bush will also be part of the group because he's publicly stated several times that the world sure looked flat to him.

What is their purpose? Truth, of course. The celebrities will act as the advance team and get the masses warmed up. Who better than Clooney and Cameron to break the truth to the people gently? Brad Pitt was approached but Angie couldn't spare him as the Time For The Truth, Dammit! tour dates clashed with previous plans.

Okay, so you're probably wondering how I know this. I know a guy who knows a guy. The guy I know goes by the name Cyclops. It's obviously a code name. The guy he knows goes by the name of Jonas Cathcart, which is probably a code name as well. Jonas calls himself an Opal, one of the originals. He's been alive for more than 6000 years and has actually been influential in shaping global history. There's a long story here. The entire eternity gang goes by the name of The Opals. Jonas hasn't come right out and admitted that this group owns and controls everything and everyone, but when you find out what these people know and the advanced technology they have, man, you'll realize they own everything by default, whether they'll admit it or not.

I know. Rubber room time, right? When I first heard this stuff I launched into a major sneezing attack directed at Cyclops and walked away. I guess that's my subconscious rejecting airborne cow pies. But since I have a couple of venues for reporting weird news, he was persistent in telling me about what Jonas knows and what he can do. I didn't care much for Cyclops and asked him to introduce me to Jonas. I'd much rather get the scoop from the Opal's mouth. He was more than happy to oblige. The Opals have a super advanced society with some mad technology. Jonas can disappear whenever he wants. He can read minds. He's showed me how to travel back in time. It's all real, I swear. It seems that Jonas would rather mingle with regular folks than his own kind, the Opals.

Back in late June of 1908 Jonas was hanging out with Nikola Tesla somewhere near the Great Siberian forest. With tinfoil electrodes pasted to his forehead, Tesla was experimenting with what people today refer to as a death ray. He turned to call Jonas, who had strayed in an effort to make friends with a family of beavers and somehow managed to level thousands of acres of the nearby forest, turning trees into toothpicks. Seismic rumbles were felt well over a 600 mile radius. Numerous witnesses reported seeing a fireball shooting through the sky. This is often referred as The Tunguska Event.

But here's the thing. This guy Jonas was behind it. He wasn't befriending beavers at all. Nope. He was busy manipulating electrons and other subatomic stuff. Not only that, he was involved with another of Tesla's projects: broadcast electricity. He's been behind a lot of unexplained events over the last few thousand years. I'll be updating you on a lot of it. Some of it's pretty hard to believe. But back to Tesla.

In case you aren't familiar, broadcast electricity would provide electrical power to mankind without wires running all over the place. Tesla had somehow figured out a way to harvest electrons from the ionosphere. Electrons are the workhorse in electrical power. And they're freely available up in the sky. No fossil fuel. No pollution. No global warming. Had broadcast electricity caught on back in Tesla's day we'd have a far different and far more efficient world today. But the industry giants back then wouldn't hear of it because it would have put them out of business so it never happened. According to Jonas, the schematics for the technology are locked safely away in the basement of an

old style colonial home in a suburb of Chicago. The owners don't even know it's there. There have been many cases of great inventions being squashed by industry giants in favor of inferior methods. But that too is a story for another time.

The point I want to make is this: Jonas first convinced Cyclops he was, in fact, an individual with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men and of course, women. And Cyclops eventually convinced me. And now I feel obligated to report what I know. That's just how I am. Besides, Jonas has turned out to be a pretty decent guy and says he wants some of the truth out there. Why? He won't say.

So what's the deal with the earth being flat? Think about it for a minute. Go back to the originators of this hoax, the ancient Greeks. What was happening back then? Why were they thinking circular rather than linear, as they should have been? The wheel, for one. Hell, the wheel was in its infancy 2500 years ago. There were wheel manufactures springing up everywhere. Culture and society was based on wheel manufacturing. Lots of ancient Greeks worked in wheel shops and depended on their meager wages to put food on the table. People who worked producing large wheels were highly revered. That's where the modern expression "big wheel" comes from.

Chariots were getting cheaper because of brand new, cutting edge wheel manufacturing technology. The sundial industry was blossoming. Pottery wheels were finally catching on. Wheels were here to stay. The movers and shakers in ancient Greece had a dilemma on their hands. They could let the truth out about the world being flat, which might jeopardize the entire wheel movement in favor of "flatstone" technology. Or they could squash the information in favor of the round earth myth. They chose the latter.

And from that little lie many more were born. Atomic and molecular theory, for example. Sub atomic universe theory took hold. Spherical bodies orbiting other spherical bodies. How freaking ridiculous. It all stems from the lies the Greeks floated way back when. And what about the moon, the sun and the rest of the planets? There's proof the planets are spherical, right? Bullshit! The sun, the moon and all the rest of the planets are holographic images projected into our atmosphere by a faction of humanity that loves practical jokes and lives in hollowed out mountains. It's all been arranged to fool the masses. A parlor trick. Nothing more.

And now, finally, for some unknown reason the folks controlling things want the truth out. And that truth is, the earth is a large flat rock hurtling through space. I've been in contact with Jonas for quite a while and it's high time the truth gets out, dammit. Stay with me, we're just getting warmed up. You'll enjoy the ride.

Pinky Wimbelton's Talking Dog

I met a talking dog last week. She belongs to a friend of Jonas. There's an absolutely fascinating story that goes with this dog, but I guess that goes without saying. Just to let you know, I've seen videos of dogs that are or were, supposedly able to talk. You've probably seen some of this stuff yourself. Either the dog's voice is dubbed in or it's some ungodly sound emanating from the animal and the dog's owner, someone that's easily fooled, believes his pet can talk. Or even worse, the owner acts as an interpreter and tells us what the dog is saying. Man, can you believe that crap? We've all seen these weirdoes, right?

But this is different. Not only does this dog really talk, she can hold a conversation. Here's the story. The dog's name is Virginia. That's it. She has no nickname. Don't call her Ginny. It's just Virginia. She's 11 years old. It's hard to tell what breed she is. I'm guessing she's a mutt all the way but I'd never say that in front of her. Nope. She's got a temper. She weighs about 30 pounds and resembles a cross between a German Shepard and a Beagle. She's got the head of a Shepard and the body and markings of a Beagle.

She started talking when she was seven. My understanding is that she'd been able to talk long before that. I got to meet her owner, Pinky Wimbelton, Jonas's friend. She's an older woman. She explained that she always felt Virginia was special, and that the dog knew exactly what Pinky was saying. And just after Virginia's seventh birthday she proved it.

Well, needless to say, Pinky was astounded. She didn't tell anyone for several months. When Virginia started to speak Pinky made an appointment with her doctor to be sure she was physically and mentally okay. A friend of hers had recently begun hallucinating as a result of absorbing some exotic plant fertilizer and Pinky thought the hallucination illness might have been contagious. It never hurts to be on the cautious side. So she went early for her checkup that year. I guess finding out your dog can carry on a conversation on a level far higher than most humans can do that to a person.

Virginia not only talks but she smokes occasionally and also enjoys a local microbrew. It's a combination of rich dark barley and cranberries. Pinky has set her up with a cup, a plastic flex straw for the beer and a cigarette holder mounted on a platform. Virginia just leans forward when she feels like a smoke and Pinky loads the holder with a Virginia Slim and lights up. Virginia says the brand of cigarettes she smokes has nothing to do with her being named Virginia. I'm not sure I believe that. Anyway, Virginia's a smart pup and insists she only has an occasional cigarette while watching television. The beer is another story.

You'll never believe the first words out of this dog's mouth. It was, "Lyin' bastards." It's true. Virginia was sitting there with the dog lying on the floor beside her. She thought she was hearing things. She'd been flipping through the cable channels and stopped on CSPAN. Then she got up to go to the kitchen for a snack and when she sat down again she heard a melodic female voice say "Lyin' bastards." She looked around the living room but nothing was amiss. The front window was open so she figured it was someone outside. But it sounded so close, she thought, like it came from inside the living room. Only a minute later she heard the same voice say, "Not in this lifetime, asshole."

That comment followed a speech by some politician on the television. He was blathering on about taxes and tariffs and making the Internet safer but Pinky hadn't been paying attention. She thought that someone nearby was tuned into the same show and disagreed with the man. She began flipping through the channels again and stopped at a Brady Bunch rerun. Pinky loves the Brady Bunch. She had a crush on the dad years back when the show aired every week. Within a couple of minutes the female voice spoke again, saying in a dreamy voice, "Greg could give me a bath any day."

Pinky got up and went to the window. There was no one outside. She turned to Virginia and said, "Mama must be losing her marbles, girl."

The dog sat up and said, "What makes you say that, Pinky?" Pinky almost fainted. She staggered to the sofa and sat. She was obviously shaken. Her hands were trembling. She began sweating, though the temperature was coolish. She was mumbling to herself.

"Shit, I could have sworn Virginia just spoke to me," she said. Virginia must have heard her because she said, "I did speak to you." She then changed her voice and did an impression of Robert De Niro. "You got a problem wit dat?" Then she laughed with abandon in a very feminine voice. It's a good thing Pinky was on the sofa because she lost consciousness at that point.

When she woke up a few minutes later Virginia was sitting on the sofa with her.

"I must have gotten some bad mushrooms," she said. Pinky was simmering spaghetti sauce in the kitchen with fresh mushrooms she'd gotten from her neighbor. "I better dump that sauce right now." Virginia turned to her and flashed a big toothy doggy smile.

"Why waste perfectly good spaghetti sauce?" She said. "I'm taking to you. We've been communicating since I was a pup. Now I'm doing it in your language. What's the big deal?" Pinky was dumbfounded. She looked at the dog. Virginia winked and said, "It's true, Mamma so you might as well get used to it."

Pinky got up and poured some cherry brandy into a coffee cup and threw it back quickly. A feeling of calm came over her as the brandy reached her innards. "Maybe I'm coming down with something," she said. "Maybe someone is playing a joke on me. Yeah, that's it. Someone's playing a joke." Virginia walked over to Pinky, her tail wagging slowly back and forth.

"Look here, Mom," she said. "I'm talking to you." Pinky just stood there listening. She poured another shot of brandy and took a sip.

"I'm listening," she said, though her words were barely audible.

"Okay," Virginia said. "Here's the scoop. I've been able to talk all along. But I didn't want to startle you. I figured you'd freak out like you did just now. But you had to park the TV on that goddamn CSPAN. Man, do I loathe that channel and the monkeys they feature. What a boatload of asswipes."

"People from Congress?" Pinky said meekly.

"Yeah," Virginia said. "But calling them people is probably too kind."

"If you say so," Pinky said, sipping the brandy.

"Anyway," the dog said. "I would have been happy just staying quiet but those idiots make my blood boil. Wait. Hold on a minute... Look." Virginia nodded toward the TV. Greg Brady was hugging his parents, apparently after learning some heartwarming sitcom family lesson.

"I just love that kid," Virginia said. "I watch The Brady Bunch all the time when you're out. I've got most of them recorded." Pinky didn't say anything but the comment explained a lot. She'd thought she was somehow accidentally recording certain shows. She also had many of the old Rifleman's half hour episodes recorded and had no idea where they'd come from either.

"So you must be a fan of old TV shows, huh?" Pinky said. She felt weird asking a dog that question.

"Yeah," Virginia said. "I'd like to watch Bonanza and Lost In Space more often but you're always around when they're on. Maybe now that the cat's out of the bag things will be different." The dog laughed and said, "Now that the cat's out of the bag."

That's funny, isn't it? Coming from a dog. That's a good one." Pinky smiled but wasn't sure why.

"Ah, do you have any idea how this is happening?" Pinky said. "I mean, most dogs don't really talk, do they?"

"Yes and no," Virginia said. "Yes, I know how this is happening and no, most dogs don't talk." Pinky just nodded. Virginia continued her explanation.

"Long before people started recording things on clay tablets there were two breeds of dogs and three cat breeds that spoke the human language fluidly. This was going on in the country that's now Egypt and also in Spain, France and Germany but it was way before the race of people calling themselves Egyptians, Spaniards, French, and Germans lived there. We're talking a whole different strain of humans. After the great flood most people were gone from the earth. This was long before the time of Christ or even Buddha, I mean waaaay before. Obviously there were enough humans surviving the great flood to keep the race alive. Some of them had enough foresight to keep these special breeds going too. I don't want to get into too many details here, Pinky, but there's been, ah, shall we say a special group of people living on the earth since the very beginning that have maintained certain institutions. Let's just leave it at that, okay?" Pinky poured out some more cherry brandy, took a big swallow and nodded.

"That's about it," Virginia said. "There was this special group that kept talking animals and also a tribe of humans that kept at least one strain of talking cats going and one of dogs. And before I forget. That comment about people recording things on clay tablets was a joke. The civilization that fell to the great flood was more advanced than our present one so they weren't using clay tablets." Pinky mouthed the word amazing.

"You bet it's amazing, Mammacita," Virginia said. "This was the flood that took out Atlantis. People seem to have the idea that Atlantis was some highly evolved and noble civilization but they weren't really. Sure, they had some pretty slick technology but, just like now, they weren't good stewards of the blessings mother earth granted them. You may not know this, Pinky, but the earth is a living, breathing conscious being just like you and me. And when the little bugs that crawl all over our great mother start to throw things too far out of balance, well, Mom just shakes them off like a retriever shakes off water after a brisk dip." Pinky sipped her brandy, spellbound.

"I'm not sure what exactly happened," Virginia continued. "There are several theories. Some say there was a mysterious mishap at a major Atlantis power station that caused the sea to rise more than 300 feet. To their credit, the primary source of energy on Atlantis wasn't fossil fuel. It was sound amplification. I don't want to get into that though. Not now, anyway." Pinky just nodded. "No problem," she said. "Whenever you're ready will be fine with me."

"So after everything settled down," Virginia continued, "there were maybe a million or so people left on the earth, not counting the elite group. No one really knows their numbers but there are probably around 100,000 give or take. They're pretty much immune to the stupidity of the regular folks. That's the way things are set up. But I really don't want to talk about them. Maybe another time." Pinky was restless so she got up from the sofa, went to the window, looked out without seeing a damned thing and returned to the sofa and sat. Virginia went on explaining.

"The survivors of the flood weren't able to manage all of the high stylin' technology that was left so they eventually took to the hills and forests and devolved back

to hunters and gathers. In time they turned to agriculture and animal husbandry. But nearly all of the Atlantis technology was lost. This period turned out to be a very good time for the planet though, because there weren't massive numbers of selfish people peeing in the ocean and dumping spent motor oil in storm drains. It took a few thousand years but the planet healed. That is, until this strain of humans got to the industrial revolution. Things look pretty messy again. Ole Mama Earth is rumbling. I can feel it. The cat across the street, Ginger Bob, he can feel it too. We talk about it occasionally but he has this thing about not wanting to talk about negative stuff. Sometimes I call him Weenie Cat. Anyway, it could all come tumbling down tomorrow or maybe it will be 20 or 30 more years. But if people don't get smart quick, it will happen."

I remember the day Jonas first told me this story. It was shortly after I began meeting with him on a regular basis. I found myself questioning everything I'd ever known. Hanging out with a 6000 year old guy can do that to you. The only reason I stuck with it was because he'd already shown me a real method for traveling back in time. Had it not been for that experience I think I would have bolted. I'll be explaining how you can go back in time later, if you're interested in such things.

Anyway, I realize that a talking dog is weird enough. But a talking dog that has details on the last several thousand years of global history along with the evolution of humanity is way beyond bizarre. Long before Jonas ever mentioned Virginia the talking dog, he'd told me pretty much the same story that Virginia related to Pinky about the fall of Atlantis and other strains of humans. Before I even heard of Jonas I was aware of a certain brand of mythology that believes humanity is in its fifth development.

And just like Virginia explained, with each new evolution of humans came toxic technology fueled by greed, fraud and corruption that threatened the planet. And each time, without fail, there was some cataclysmic natural disaster that wiped everything out except for relatively small groups of humans. And each time, these humans started all over again. Sort of makes you wonder, doesn't it? I never realized there was some sort of elite race that transcended it all though. Live and learn, I guess. Anyway, let's get back to Virginia and Pinky.

Pinky eventually became accustomed to having an articulate and intelligent canine companion. In fact, the dog was so much more on the ball than her master, the woman started taking night school classes just so she could keep up with the conversation. It wasn't long before Pinky came up with the idea that they should go public with Virginia's gift of gab. It didn't seem to surprise Virginia when Pinky brought it up. Pinky reasoned that with a talking dog she might be able to make enough money with commercial endorsements to live in style.

She reasoned that instead of commercials where people explained how much their pets loved a particular brand of dog food, a dog that spoke could offer praise for the product first hand. Virginia said that with all the realistic computer animation out there people would just think she was some corny invention of an unimaginative Madison Ave. stooge. Even so, she was willing to listen to offers. She also said she'd consider getting booked on one of the late night TV talk shows.

Not being very savvy Pinky had no idea how to go about making her dog a celebrity. This is where Jonas got involved. I've asked him several times how he managed to become Virginia's booking agent but he said it was irrelevant. Jonas told Pinky he'd need to shoot a video of Virginia and Pinky chatting. By this time Virginia had grown accustomed to enjoying an occasional microbrew along with a cigarette. She insisted she wasn't going to let either become a habit.

Virginia chose the topic for the mock interview. It was alternative energy sources. In a half hour session she'd suggest several ways to restore balance to the planet through the use of kinetic energy. She also insisted on doing a segment on the virtues of hemp and how the cultivation of the plant would save millions of trees while providing an excellent natural resource with more than a dozen uses. In a mocking tone Virginia said that maybe she should go on CSPAN and make her case to the boys and girls in Washington DC. Then she shrieked with laughter and rolled around the floor like she was trying to resurrect some old dead thing. That was the canine in her acting up, I guess.

Jonas went on the road with the mock interview. He hadn't been able to stir up any interest at all. Virginia had been right. Everyone just thought the video was a clever simulation of a dog talking. But Pinky had her mind set firmly on capitalizing on Virginia's gift of gab. She suggested that she, Jonas, and Virginia go on the road and make their case. Jonas told the story in that oft smug style I've grown accustomed to since we first met. I sensed he went on the road the first time knowing he'd be rejected. To me it seemed like some preconceived plan. Pinky didn't pick up on it but I think Virginia knew all along too. For all I know, it was her idea.

Anyway, presenting Virginia in the flesh made all the difference. They managed to attract the attention of one of the major late night talk shows. I'm not at liberty to say which one. But that shouldn't matter. There are only four. The producer of this particular show knew he had the find of the century. He sat only two feet from Virginia as it was she that pitched the show idea. Of course, the man was skeptical at first but after a few minutes he only had one goal and that was to get this dog on the show, pronto. He asked Virginia, Jonas and Pinky to take a short break while he got the famous show host on the phone. He returned and said it must have been their lucky day. The host was only five minutes from the studio and would be there shortly.

The talk show celebrity arrived and went directly to the set, which by now was closed to all but essential technical people. This was a "need to know only" red light alert. After meeting Virginia and company the host suggested actually taping the interview Virginia had just pitched. Everyone was game. The host, in an effort to be gracious, asked the group if there was anything they needed. Virginia requested a Malt-Cranberry microbrew and a Virginia Slim. One of the technical fellows quickly engineered a little holder, making it easy for the dog to access her favorite vices. Within a half hour they were ready to start the interview.

The host began with an exaggerated display of his utter amazement at the fact he was interviewing not just a talking dog, but an articulate and intelligent talking dog that drank beer and smoked Virginia Slims. Virginia almost seemed annoyed and interjected that smoking wasn't a habit but an occasional indulgence. The host didn't know quite how to respond and felt, without actually saying as much, that the dog was a bit on the touchy side. Still, he'd interviewed thousands of guests over the years and rolled with it.

So what if he had to endure a bit of energized ego from a dog, after all, this was the interview of a lifetime. He started with the obvious questions about Virginia's ability to talk. But she wasn't nearly as forthcoming with information as she could have been.

She did say that in ancient times talking dogs were common and that she had managed to somehow activate her recessive talking gene. That seemed to satisfy the host. She never mentioned a thing about the various strains of humanity that had been fowling the earth and then reaping the wrath of the planet. Of course, the host didn't know anything about that so he wasn't really missing anything. He proceeded to the questions about alternative energy. I've taken the liberty to call the host "Phil" as it will make for a smoother account of the interview.

"So, Virginia," Phil said. "I understand you've got some ideas on energy conservation. I'm sure the folks at home would love to hear 'em." He smiled. Virginia was propped up in a large baby bassinet. It was tilted forward and to the side so she could easily look at the host. In front of her was a makeshift holder for her beer and cigarette. The cigarette was in its stand, smoldering. The holder had been improvised using a sheet music stand that had been rigged with what looked like a couple of bent coat hangers and held in place with braided wire. It was unsightly but functional. Virginia leaned forward and took a long sip of beer through a flexible tube. Then she took a puff of the cigarette and exhaled the smoke.

"That's right, Phil." She said in a matter of fact manner. "I think it's disgraceful the way the people in Washington talk out their butts about excessive carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, global warming, deforestation, pollution and all the rest of it. Fact is, we've already got the technology to eliminate nearly all these problems."

"Wow," Phil said. "This ought to be good coming from a dog." Virginia leaned forward a bit and looked to the host, then she turned to Pinky and Jonas who were sitting to her right. It was hard to tell what her reaction was to the comment but there was noticeable tension on the set. Virginia turned back to Phil.

"The answer to part of the energy problem is kinetic energy," she said. Everyone expected more but she took another pull on her cigarette. Phil looked to Virginia's handlers for some guidance. Pinky shrugged gently.

"Could you perhaps expand on what you mean?" Phil said.

"Sure," Virginia said. "Kinetic energy is energy that's produced as a result of movement. Some people define energy itself as movement but that's neither here nor there. Humans have had the technology to capture kinetic energy for years. But they're using that technology for trivial pursuits. For example, there are long rectangular platforms shaped almost like shallow speed bumps that capitalize, no wait, let's say that they capture the movement of a car or truck or bike as it rolls over the platform." She took a sip of beer and continued.

"Inside this gizmo are gears and other technology that take that movement, or energy and store it. It goes directly into a storage cell placed nearby. That's energy that can be used for virtually anything. But it doesn't have to be stored in a battery. No sir. That device can be set up so the energy captured by the passing of a vehicle can be fed directly into the power grid."

"Fascinating," Phil said.

"It's not all that fascinating," Virginia said. "It's rather old hat, actually. But that's not the point. The point is, it works. Now I understand that a single platform isn't

going to be able to recycle much in the way of power. But you know, Phil, we've got millions, maybe even billions of miles of roads and streets here in the United States. Same goes for much of the rest of the world. And we've got millions of cars and trucks traveling all over creation. These platforms can be designed so people in the vehicles don't even know they're rolling over something. So there's no issue there."

"Well, that might be true," Phil said. "But think of how much time and effort it would take to put it all together." Again, there was a pause and it was hard to know what Virginia was thinking. But she came through in a gracious fashion.

"Glad you brought that up," Phil. "It's true. It would be an enormous undertaking to put this into effect. But you know, we've got a lot of people out of work. Just think of the opportunities. We'd get millions of people working again. We'd be greatly reducing the need to burn fossil fuels because all that kinetic energy would be channeled directly back into the grid where it would be immediately available for people to use. Think of the massive reduction of carbon dioxide emissions from power plants. I'm no scientist and I'm certainly no bean counter but it seems to me that just instituting a kinetic energy system alone, we might be able to completely eliminate global warming."

"Amazing," Phil said.

"Yeah," Virginia said. "But here's the thing. The clowns in Congress already know this stuff. They get all huffy with each other about one gang of clowns that doesn't want to cooperate with the other gang but it's all a game. And we all know why, don't we?"

"I'm not sure I'm following," Phil said. Again Virginia stared at the man and then looked over to her handlers. She turned her gaze back to Phil.

"You really are a dumbshit, aren't you? How the hell have you managed to hold onto this job for so long? You know, Phil. I doubt you could find your own ass in a full length mirror. My brain's about the size of a lemon. Yours must be the size of a freakin' raisin."

There was scattered subdued laughter heard about the set. The director stepped in front of the camera and stopped the interview. Phil was as red as the inside of a ripe watermelon. The veins in his neck were visibly protruding.

"Why, you little son of a bitch," he said.

"Wrong again, dipshit. I'm the daughter of a bitch. Which makes me a bitch too. And here's a newsflash for you. I'm coming after your job. I might not have opposable thumbs but I can surely conduct an interview with more style and intelligence than..."

With that Phil got up and lunged at Virginia. She jumped out of her little fortress to the floor where she quickly grabbed the cuff of Phil's pant leg and tugged at it with as much force as she could muster, producing a tear that went up the inner seam to his crotch. The director shouted for security as there was no guard on the closed set. But by the time two security people showed up most of the commotion had died down.

Phil was angry and visibly shaken and walked off the set. The director asked Jonas and Pinky to stay put while he went to try and patch things up. But it wasn't to be. Virginia trotted up to the director and stood defiantly before him.

"Tell that mouth breathing primate he can kiss my canine south end sphincter. Another thing. If I was a male I'd lift my leg right now and piss all over his chair." But she wasn't finished.

“And while you’re in there, tell Cro-Magnon wannabe to keep his eyes in the rearview mirror because I’m coming for his job.” With that she turned to Pinky and said, “Let’s blow this joint Mom.” Jonas, Pinky and Virginia left the studio with the security guards escorting them out the door.

It was a shame the way things turned out. Virginia never got to talk about how many trees could be saved along with the creation of tens of thousands of jobs simply by lifting the ban on growing industrial hemp in the United States. That was the second item in her two-pronged plan to help heal the planet. She was prepared with lots of facts on that issue as well. She had planned to turn directly to the camera and address Congress as a whole and ask why we, as a nation import hemp from China when we have ideal growing conditions here in the US.

I get the idea Jonas knew there would be trouble with trying to go public with Pinky Wimbelton’s talking dog, Virginia. After the incident with Phil, Pinky expected him to sue her. Jonas said he doubted that, as a lawsuit would have exposed the talk show genius as many of the unsavory things Virginia had called him. Missed opportunities everywhere.

Why The Ancient Egyptians Needed Batteries

As a kid I remember hearing that archeologists digging in what is now known as Iraq found clay vases and pots that had been used as batteries. I thought that was cool. Actually, according to Jonas, ancient pottery batteries can be found all over the world. I guess it never occurred to me what ancient people might have been doing with batteries. Since then I did some checking and found that modern day people don’t really have a clue. And then I met Jonas. I don’t know why he’s taken such an interest in me but he has. He’s convinced me the earth is flat. While explaining the whole concept he also revealed that there was and still is a relatively small group of individuals that possess eternal life. That wasn’t always the case though. But their origins do go back a long way.

They call themselves the Opals. They began as a pop ensemble many, many millennium ago. They somehow stumbled onto immortality after playing a gig for Emperor Winston Duval. The emperor was crazy drunk and let the secret of immortality slip shortly before he stumbled into a stone duck pond behind his home and drowned. I guess stupidity trumps immortality every time. Apparently the Opals have kept very accurate records since then because Winston Duval, a modern day translation of his actual name, which I wouldn’t dream of trying to pronounce, let alone spell, lived four strains of humanity back. That would be close to 35,000 years give or take. What exactly is a “strain” of humanity?

Very briefly. According to Jonas there have been at least four human civilizations before our present one. The first one literally started in the Stone Age, and over the course of many thousands of years these people advanced in medicine and technology to exactly where we are now. And with maturity came advanced technology and greed along with an indifference to the planet. There have been consequences for this.

Each of the four civilizations have managed to piss off mother earth in some way as to cause her to thin the herd with highly imaginative natural disasters leaving enough humans behind to start the whole process over again. By the way, we’re the fifth

evolution since primates made the transition from fight or flight survival awareness to conscious, thinking, reasoning humans. I realize this sounds crazy because that's how it sounded when Jonas told the story, plain crazy.

Pinky Wimbelton's dog Virginia explained some of it when she broke her seven-year silence and told Pinky about the great Atlantis flood and how certain people survived and managed to save talking cats and dogs from extinction after the disaster. And then how humanity regressed back to hunter gatherers and agriculture and later turned it all around and evolved to the point where they used electricity to light up the world and have flashing Christmas lights during the holidays.

Electricity has been a biggie for each strain of humans. I particularly love how we run high voltage through people's brains to erase unpleasant memories and to execute serious law breakers before drooling audiences and all the rest. But that story was far from complete because all the while the Opals were lurking just out of sight watching history unfold before their eyes.

According to Jonas this eternal race has, for the most part, deliberately isolated themselves from the rest of us slobs. There are, of course, exceptions. Jonas, for example, prefers to live out in the open much of the time with the proletariats. He's still welcomed by the immortals though, sort of a double agent I guess. I've asked him how one goes about achieving immortality. He said I wasn't ready for that but hinted that it's not all that hard and that it certainly isn't all it's cracked up to be. That fits with many of my experiences as a worldly creature, things not actually being as they appear. But I'm drifting off topic.

See, when we talk about ancient electricity, we're actually talking about two separate items. One is kids stuff while the other is so futuristic it's too much to believe. First comes the Opals, who, by the time the ancient Egyptians were in power, had seen four previous civilizations flounder then crawl, then run and then crash and burn, all as a result of their own greed and stupidity.

These immortal people lived in a shadow society that would make our present culture look like a Macedonian weenie roast. And they had electricity. Boy, did they ever have electricity. They harvested electrons from the ionosphere using solar energy and magnets and put those electrons to use without wires running everywhere. That's what Tesla was trying to do. He actually did it but it all got squashed by big business criminals and a government looking out for our best interest.

The Opals control their environment with thought if they feel like it. They have antigravity devices. Their technology was and remains astounding. They've got all kinds of sophisticated power sources. And then there were the Egyptians. They were no slouches either but they were certainly no match for the Opals. They had electricity too, in the form of batteries. Batteries given to them as a practical joke by, you guessed it, the Opals.

So what did they use them for? Explaining it is almost embarrassing. They used it for entertainment. What would be considered cheap side show stuff these days. You might recall from ancient history 101, the Egyptians were fond of worshiping animals. Various pharaohs would commission artists and hold contests to see who could come up with the most peculiar sculpted creatures. Ramses II was really into it, a fanatic. I guess building and sculpture was in his blood.

According to Jonas, Ramses had commissioned the creation of piece that looked like a cross between a cow and a dog. It wasn't all that big, maybe the size of a collie. It was really hideous but Ramses was very fond of it so everyone back then was smart enough not to let on that it was an abomination. It was made from stone and then outfitted with heavy copper foil. The seams were secured in place with shiny silver tacks making the thing look as though it had been in a serious car wreck and put back together by a mad scientist. It gave off a peculiar, sickly glow at dusk.

Ramses II had a son, Merenptah. He was known to be a practical joker. That would be putting it nicely. Jonas says he was more like a mean spirited bratty kid. Now, this is where the story gets interesting. A few of the Opals would come out of hiding from time to time and sort of mingle with the Egyptians. That's how electricity was introduced to their culture. Merenptah was a bright lad; indifferent, vain and fickle, an easy mark for the Opal wiseguys. They befriended the king's son and showed him how to turn copper into gold, or so the naïve prince thought. Actually what they showed him was electroplating.

One afternoon two smartass Opals showed up behind the king's courtyard. Merenptah, in all his glory was present by the pool sunning himself. The cow-dog statue was set up back there too. Ramses girlfriend, the beautiful Amunet, known as "The Hidden One" hated the cow-dog and insisted they keep it in the back yard out of sight. It must have been chilly that day because there was a fire roaring in a large fire pit. Maybe Merenptah wanted it ready in case he felt the urge to toss a slave or two to the fire gods. Slaves were running about looking busy doing not much of anything meaningful, just like modern day slaves of today. The Opals showed up and asked Merenptah if he wanted to see a trick. He grinned with joy.

One of the Opals carried a small cast iron pot and a pouch containing gold ingots. He set it up by the fire. The other carried three 9-volt batteries made from common pottery vases. He also had something else the Egyptians had never seen, a spool of 18-gauge copper wire, just like the kind you can buy at Home Depot. The Opals called Merenptah to the cow-dog and showed him the gold ingots. They explained that they were going to turn the statue into gold and in doing so Ramses would be very proud of him.

Merenptah smiled with delight and returned to his throne to fondle slave girls while the Opals did their stuff. They told the young prince to just sit and watch while they heated the gold and prepared to electroplate the cow-dog. It took little more than an hour to complete the task. They explained that they were transforming copper into gold and of course, Merenptah believed them. But that was just the beginning of their trickery.

Once they had the thing covered in a thin layer of gold they wired it with several pottery batteries so it would give anyone touching it a powerful jolt of electricity. They explained this to Merenptah but he laughed it off as he touched the statue without harm. Naturally, the batteries had been placed out of sight, buried in the sand beneath the cow-dog. The Opals grinned at Merenptah. With their own unseen technology, they employed a remote control device that powered the batteries off and on. There was also a manual switch placed out of sight beside an urn serving as a spittoon.

The Opal wiseguys showed Merenptah how to work the switch and explained that he should not mention the batteries or the switch to anyone. As long as that remained his secret he would have the entire kingdom believing he had somehow turned the cow-dog

into a mysterious solid gold being that repelled thieves with the power of Ono Pono Reeah. Ono Pono Reeah was the Egyptian god of “little lightning.” The Opals suggested Merenptah try it out on a slave or two.

I guess Merenptah really did have a mean streak. The prince called a big hulking slave over and told him to pick up the statue and bring it to him. When the slave bent over and had his entire body just about wrapped around the cow-dog Merenptah threw the switch. The slave yowled and let go of the statue. Merenptah laughed and insisted the slave do as he’d been told or face grave consequences. Merenptah shocked the slave a few more times but soon grew weary of the game and sent the big man to summon his father to come around to the courtyard as he had turned the cow-dog to gold. The wiseguy Opals slipped away as the prince became engrossed with his new toy.

Ramses was pleased. Word got around that the cow-dog was sacred and that within it dwelled Ono Pono Reeah, the god of little lightning. The wiseguy Opals continued to visit the prince, introducing him to other electrical gadgets, such as flashlights, hot plates, lava lamps and a really cool toaster oven that almost never burned Egyptian corn muffins. The Egyptians were delighted. The flashlights were really bulky as they came awkwardly attached to cumbersome battery-vases but the Egyptians didn’t seem to mind. I wondered what type of light bulbs these flashlights used. Jonas explained that they were thick solid glass cylinders with tightly coiled copper wire inside.

But it wasn’t long before the effects of this prank brought dire consequences upon the kingdom. Merenptah succeeded his father as king and proved to be a feeble leader. The renowned 19th Dynasty ended under his chaotic rule. As conditions in the land worsened Merenptah looked for ways to keep his wretched empire alive. He managed to strike a deal with the wise pharaoh Akhenaten, a former enemy of his father.

Akhenaten had heard many stories of the wondrous solid gold cow-dog and wanted to make it his own. Foolish Merenptah was more than willing to oblige. He had men craft an attractive onyx box that would be home to fresh pottery batteries, powering the cow-dog alarm. He told Akhenaten the box contained the spirit Ono Pono Reeah the god of little lightning, and that the statue would always remain under Ono Pono Reeah’s watchful eye. He also warned Akhenaten to never open the box as Ono Pono Reeah was a restless spirit and would surely flee given the opportunity.

In return for the statue Merenptah would receive 10,000 slaves and 100,000 hectares of choice Egyptian delta land suitable for resorts and perhaps a casino. Akhenaten himself appeared at Merenptah’s palace to consummate the deal leading a horde of 10,000 slaves, which were promptly turned over to Merenptah. Akhenaten left with the cow-dog. It was only a month later that the batteries conked out and Akhenaten learned that the cow-dog was not solid gold, but gold plated and very thinly gold plated at that. Luckily for Merenptah, Akhenaten died only days later.

But his luck was short lived. Nefertiti, Akhenaten’s beautiful wife retaliated, leading an army of 50,000 men and devastating what was left of Merenptah’s pathetic kingdom. Ironically, it was only months after this all took place that the Opals developed extended-life pottery batteries that would have stayed fresh for six months or more, guaranteed. There are many obvious lessons here but since they’re obvious I won’t go into them.

The Sphincter Cops

Jonas says the Opals were behind many of the unexplained mysteries throughout history. I thought the story about the cow-dog was rather silly and wondered if he was playing me like those Opal wiseguys were playing Merenptah. He laughed and asked if I'd like to hear more about their technology. I said I'd rather learn more about the Opals and immortality and what they'd been doing for more than 35,000 years. He said I could take or leave a discussion on their technology for the time being. So I listened. What he revealed was fascinating. He did allow me a couple of questions, though. At one point I asked if the Opals used police or had any type of law enforcement. He grinned from ear to ear.

First he explained that just because the Opals had learned the secret of infinite longevity didn't make them particularly saintly. It's funny he said that because it's exactly what I was thinking at the moment and wondered if Jonas could read minds. I guess I've become accustomed to believing someone or something eternal just had to be righteous as well. Wrong. He said that like anything else, there were good Opals and not so good Opals. He also explained that receiving the gift of extended life didn't necessarily make a person immune to death. There were still plenty of deaths among the Opals. He also explained that death among Opals was almost always of a traumatic nature as infinite longevity all but guaranteed excellent health.

There was another thing he cleared up about them as well. I just assumed that when an Opal had a child, that child came into the world automatically equipped with infinite mortality. Wrong again. That was granted later, according to some special council of elders who would vote to approve or deny Soonah, the gift of extended life. So inside of no more than a couple of minutes I had a whole new opinion of these people. They weren't all that special. It just so happened that a really long time ago, one of them overheard the drunken Emperor Winston Duval mumble the eternity code while in a stupor.

The original Opals were sort of like beatnik musicians without direction, sort of like a rolling stone without a home, to borrow from Bob Dylan. I'm sure that when the long-established longevity tribe heard the Opals had accidentally learned the trick to sticking around so long, they said something like, "There goes the freakin' neighborhood." Kinda like what some people are saying about all the change in our society these days. It's interesting how white Europeans came and usurped the land and power from the Indians. And now there's a similar, though far subtler movement afoot to dislodge the dislodgers. The circle of life I guess. Or maybe it's Karma, who knows.

But the elders were right. Within just a decade the Opals and many of their newfound friends and allies became the dominant longevity tribe. The group in power prior to the Opals showing up was known as the Newdews, not to be confused with the Noodles, a group that would have been the equivalent of a modern day group of smarmy frat boys. The Newdews had superior technology but with the arrival of the Opals, a new vision took hold among the immortals. Technology and commerce flourished. They remained out of sight of the common folks of the earth and had their own hidden society.

They lived underground and inside mountains. They also lived in plain view but concealed their presence with holographic images of forests and hills and deep canyons and fluffy clouds, anything actually, that matched the landscape. It wasn't hard to fool

their ignorant planet mates. If primitives wandered too close they had simple, nonthreatening ways to make them turn away. According to Jonas there are many Opals present in today's world. Some of them apparently love bouncing between the two very different civilizations. But I've gone on way too long with things that aren't all that important. Let's get back to my original question about the Opals needing police.

The short answer is no. The Opals have what they call the "incentive system" for proper behavior. We have it too. The only difference is the incentives. As I've already mentioned, the Opals have technology far more advanced than our own. For example, they have a portable device that can simulate thinking. That's right. It replicates thought. It's also used to initiate the various functions of the autonomic nervous system. For those of you unfamiliar with the vernacular, the autonomic nervous system controls involuntary body functions like breathing, heartbeat, the fight or flight response to a certain degree, and a few other physiological tasks. When I say the device simulates thinking that's not entirely accurate. Let's see if I can explain it the way Jonas did for me. I think a real life example would best illustrate how it works.

Let's say an Opal was dumb enough to commit a crime out in the open. They don't actually have banks but for the sake of this example let's pretend they did. So you're walking down the street and you see an Opal running out of a bank with a big sack of loot. All you'd have to do to stop him would be to take this hand held electronic device, aim it at the perp and tap the display screen (you operate this thing much like you operate a smart phone). It sends a short blast of neuro-encoded electrical energy that, depending on the devices' settings, would immediately flow through the individual's nervous system instantly prompting certain results. What results? Well, for one, there are more than 50 sphincters in the human body. One setting in particular can open the urinary and anal sphincters in the blink of an eye. But shitting oneself is not always enough to stop a person truly bent on mischief. Nope.

So they've designed this neurological magic wand to function in hundreds of different ways. For example, according to Jonas, evacuating the bowels and bladder during the commission of a crime will stop most people in their tracks. But for the more determined troublemaker one might add an instant dose of debilitating nausea or severe vertigo. That's sure to stop them. In fact, the nausea setting is usually enough to stop most people foolish enough to cause a ruckus.

Jonas told me there have only been a couple of notable cases where the neuro-wand had been used to stop criminals. I found one of them fascinating. An Opal couple had a son in his mid 20s. As I've mentioned, Opal offspring aren't automatically eternal lifers, they're evaluated by certain elders and chosen according to particular merits. Sometime during the previous decade the young man had gone before the review board and was chosen to receive the rite of eternal life or Soonah, after which he went through a secret process or ritual that granted him the special gift. I asked Jonas to describe that process but he declined. Doesn't hurt to try, as I always say. Anyway, it wasn't long after this guy was accepted into the longevity club that he pulled an absolutely idiotic stunt.

I guess this fellow liked to hang out with regular mortal folks. He'd become obsessed with sadistic movies and violent video games. He claimed to have had 9000 hours at the joystick with one titled, Human Flesh Banquet. As I've mentioned, the Opals live pretty much in the open, though out of the sight of us mortals as they're hidden by holographic images. One sunny day there was some sort of celebration going on, much

like a large family picnic. There was an Opal version of a badminton game in progress. A long banquet table stood in a clearing with a bunch of notable Opals laughing and carrying on. Small kids were running about playing. Jonas tells me most Opals don't drink but that day must have been an exception. This guy, we'll call him crazy Gary, the one who decided to get out of line, had been drinking a bit and decided he was going to kidnap, Leila Callahan, the beautiful daughter of a high level Opal couple. She was sitting with her mom watching the badminton game sipping a diet Pepsi. Her dad, Harry was schmoozing at the main table.

Crazy Gary had a crush on this babe going way back. He was milling around near where she was sitting waiting to make his move. No one noticed but after the incident, a surveillance video showed that Gary would get some food, stand around nervously and eat, then wander to where Leila was sitting with her mom. He'd walk by quickly, looking at her and then uneasily hurry back to the food table. The video also showed Gary nipping from a pint bottle of Wild Irish Rose fortified wine. Finally, he made his move.

He ran up to Leila and grabbed her hair jerking her up from a sitting position. She screamed. Gary then pulled out a pistol, held it to her head and began walking backwards while dragging the girl. Leila's father, Harry Callahan, calmly stepped down from the head table and made his way through the crowd that was forming. He had his neuro-doodad out. People saw what was coming and cleared a path between Leila, Gary and Harry. Jonas told me that Crazy Gary and many other low level Opals had no knowledge of the extensive array of advanced technology the Opals possessed. Gary couldn't imagine what was about to hit him. Harry aimed the gadget and pressed the display. Crazy Gary immediately let go of Leila and then threw up everywhere. But that was just the beginning.

He went into severe spasms as every sphincter in his body let loose. A huge urine stain bloomed over his trousers as liquid feces exited his backside. Then he collapsed and went into dramatic seizures that included twitching, howling, barking, and scratching like a dog. Apparently Harry had deliberately set his gadget to incorporate canine brain functions as well as sphincter release. Harry walked over to Crazy Gary as he went through his pathetic display of twitching and drooling. He stood over him and said, "Had enough, punk?" Obviously, Gary couldn't respond. Harry switched off the seizure emulator, turned and walked to his daughter, who had picked up a fresh diet Pepsi and was fixing her hair.

It turned out that Gary had been carrying a toy gun. He'd seen lots of devices similar to Harry's but had no idea of their far reaching powers. The video of the event was distributed to Opals everywhere on earth to serve as a lesson to anyone else thinking they might want to get out of line. It would appear that public sphincter release is a deterrent in that it utilizes embarrassment as punishment. Crazy Gary pleaded with the Opal elders to remove his blessing of Soonah, as he felt he'd never be able to live down the shame and humiliation of his day at the picnic. They denied the request saying he should take a good long look at himself and think twice before doing something so foolish. It wasn't long before Gary left the Opals and was elected to Congress in our world. Some of his constituents say he's a loose sphincter. I wonder if they've somehow heard about Gary's past.

Okay, I know what you're thinking. I thought the exact same thing. The bad people must have access to these devices too. But they don't. These gadgets aren't all that

common anyway and they're rarely used as deterrents. That's because there's no reason to commit crimes. What would be the point? The Opals have absolutely everything they want. They're far from perfect but unlike their earth mates through the ages, they don't consider vanity and ignorance to be commodities. They create the perfect climate wherever they go. They have advanced agriculture methods. Food is plentiful.

By nature of their immortality they have no disease. They have no rules for marriage. Anyone can be with anyone for any reason as long as they aren't forcibly interfering with another's peace or happiness. We have laws like this in our society but people are always bickering over what they mean and how unfair they are and how certain people shouldn't be allowed to be together and all the rest. Who needs a neurological magic wand set on nausea? I get dizzy just trying to keep track of it all.

Anyway, I was fascinated with the possibilities this neuro-device offered. Whoever developed it somehow managed to identify neurological energy associated with different bodily functions. Jonas kept it simple and said that certain thoughts had similar neuro-electric characteristics throughout the race. For example, if you were thinking you wanted some food to satisfy a hunger urge, the neurological energy generated in your brain is pretty much the same type of energy pattern that your neighbor would have. There are slight differences but the people that developed this thing were able to use generic thoughts, for lack of a better word. What blows me away is that they can point this device at someone and a preordained neurological impulse immediately enters the person's nervous system. And here's the weird part. A person's physiology responds believing the impulse originated in their own brain.

I sat there with my mouth hanging open thinking of all the possibilities. Jonas just grinned. And again, I began to talk and he beat me to it, saying exactly what I was about to say. I'd been thinking how certain neurological impulses could be used to heal the body. Jonas explained that's exactly what the device had been originally designed to do. Then he laughed and said that sphincter control came way later, well after far more important implications for the device and been employed. Maybe the practical joker that wired the cow-dog thought of it. Oh, by the way, they don't have a very sophisticated name for this gadget. They call it the freakin' brain wand of all things. Maybe the Opals could use a blast or two of creative neuro energy, huh?

How I Met Jonas Cathcart

I met Jonas in 1980 in San Antonio, Texas. He rescued me from my own stupidity. Maybe stupidity is too strong a word. I'll let you decide.

In May of 1980 I was a medic onboard the USS John Paul Jones, a guided missile destroyer. The ship was undergoing a major overhaul in the Long Beach, California Naval Shipyard. Life was good for this Navy corpsman with his ship in dry dock. I'd hold sick call in the morning and had the rest of the day off as my boss lived onboard and had nothing better to do than act as the on call medical guy.

One day I got a call from my sister, Jennifer. She was bubbling over with joy. She said she was getting married. I knew her guy from high school, a really nice person. He and I were in the same graduating class. I was sincerely happy for them. She asked me to be an usher in their wedding, in Massachusetts. I told her I would be honored to be a part of her special day. She gave me the rehearsal dates along with the tux fitting deadline and

all the rest of the important stuff I'd need to do to be an usher and emphasized that I should NOT let her down. I guess I'd done just that a few times in the past. In fact, even now I can think of a couple of times where she wanted me shot. But that's a story for another time.

The wedding wasn't for a month. I put in for leave with a week in front of the actual wedding date and a week to follow. Plenty of time, right? It should have been. But back then I was a full blooded Bohemian. When the time came to leave for Massachusetts I packed a light bag and left the ship. I walked out the main gate of the shipyard and stuck out my thumb. I got a ride immediately. Two or three rides later I was heading for Las Vegas. I sat in the back seat of a car with a guy and his girlfriend in front. I bought them lunch in Barstow. We got to Vegas in the afternoon. I remember it being hot. I spent a lot of time in Las Vegas in those days. I'd often just up and leave California on a whim and return when I was down to just enough gas money to get home. Oh, the days of little responsibility.

I had about \$800 with me. I got a room at the Tropicana and made a plan, that with luck, would allow me to stay in town until the day before I needed to show up in New England, at which time, I'd jump on a jet. I blush as I write this. I used to like to play the dollar slots and occasionally blackjack. Sucker games, I know. But I'd been lucky at both in the past. I was lucky that night. I hit two \$600 slot jackpots within an hour. I was sitting with nearly \$2000 and a room paid for five days. Pretty cool, wouldn't you say? There's a certain kind of swagger that comes with winning in Vegas. It can also be the kiss of death. Maybe you're familiar. I felt invincible. And believe it or not, I took my winnings, went and had a nice dinner and then went to my room. I slept like a baby. But only fools and old grannies sleep in Las Vegas.

The following day I got aggressive with the slots and went through more than half the money I had in about an hour. I still remember the sick feeling I had in the pit of my stomach with every C-note that evaporated into thin air. I was in a downward spiral. My damage control plan was that I'd keep playing until I was back to my original stake of \$800 and then stop. It didn't take long. I took a break and had lunch. I got some of my confidence back.

I decided the Strip was unlucky and headed downtown to the real Las Vegas. That was where I'd gotten my indoctrination to big time casino gambling only a few months before. I won \$300 dollars on that first trip. They love it when you win the first time out. By the end of the afternoon I had \$1200 in my pocket. I was feeling invincible again so I got a room downtown at Binion's Horseshoe. Now I had a room at Binion's and the Tropicana on the Strip. I was a tissue paper high roller, all hat and no cattle as the Texans say.

It occurred to me that I might find an accommodating lady who would help me pass some time. However, I was in a steady relationship and felt the right thing was to stay the course. Again, I blush. I spent the day trying to win at black jack, roulette and the wheel of fortune. I think I put at least \$3 in every slot machine in the house. I was never much for the craps table but loved watching people playing. Such enthusiasm. I'd visit the craps table as a spectator to slow my losing streak. But it was no use. By the end of that night I was down to \$60. I walked over to the Greyhound bus station. I waited for the first bus to pull in. I approached a middle aged couple and asked them if they needed a

room. I told them I had a nice room at Binion's and had gone broke. The room had cost me \$45 and I'd let them have it for \$25. I hadn't slept in the bed.

They were delighted with the idea but insisted on checking out the room first. We walked over to Binion's. They gave me \$25 and I turned over my key. Before I left the bus station I found out the fare for a one way ticket to Jacksonville, Florida. Before being transferred to Long Beach I'd spent two years at the Navy hospital in Jacksonville and still had \$600 in a bank there. That was my ace in the hole money. They told me a ticket would cost \$114.40. Funny how I still remember that figure 34 years later. I hitched a ride back to the Tropicana.

The maids had my room all neat and tidy. I had it booked for three more days, which represented an investment of about \$125. I slept on the sofa in the room that night so I didn't mess up the bed and sold my key to another couple the following morning for \$50. Now I had just about \$130. Would you believe I was actually thinking of playing the slots again to see if I could rebuild my stake? I was. But I didn't do it.

I guess I could hear my sister's voice echoing in my head. Instead I began walking. It was Monday afternoon. I stuck my thumb out and got a ride to Boulder City just outside of Vegas. It was getting cold and I only had a light jacket with me. I walked but no one was stopping. I made my way up a very long, gradual incline. I hadn't seen a vehicle for nearly an hour. It was almost dark and getting colder every minute. The wind was beginning to howl. I felt like an ass. But my spirit was far from broken. I somehow knew I'd be okay. I heard a motor in the distance.

A big old tractor trailer was crawling up the hill no faster than 35 MPH, thick black smoke gushing straight up in the air out of a fancy chrome exhaust pipe. I stuck my thumb out and the truck rolled past. I sighed. But then it glided to a stop about a hundred yards ahead, just at the crest of the hill. I ran to catch up. The first thing the driver asked was if I was crazy. I laughed trying to play it off. He said he was driving straight through to Tucson, which was perfect. Interstate 10 runs through Tucson to Jacksonville. I got in. He asked if I'd drive for a while. I told him I'd never driven such a rig. He said that if I wanted to stay with him I'd be driving my share.

We switched seats. I felt like I was a bug driving one of the toy trucks I had as a kid. None of it seemed real. He showed me the clutch, the break and the gas and then shifted through the gears to get us up to running speed. He made me put my hand on top of his as he did it so I could learn the gear sequence. I was scared out of my mind. He was laughing. He asked me what I would have done had he not come along. Without hesitation I said I would have probably frozen to death. I remember his reply like it was this morning. "Damned right you would have frozen to death," he said, snickering.

He told me all I had to do was keep the truck pointed straight. He went to sleep and I drove all night. Twice I had to wake him to decelerate. No problem, he said. I was no truck driver but I knew we were carrying something heavy. He told me the load was stolen munitions from the Nevada National Guard. I pretended not to hear that. I got us to Kingman, Arizona. It took a little over two hours. He woke up and we switched places again.

He maneuvered the truck through Kingman to route 93 and turned the wheel back over to me. He said it was just under 200 miles to Phoenix and when we got near the city to wake him. It took us another three and a half hours. I actually enjoyed driving. I was worn out from all the stress of going broke in Vegas but the experience was so unfamiliar

I had no trouble staying alert. He said not to worry about the time or the speed because the load was so heavy and that he didn't need to deliver it to the mafia until late the following day. I thought he was just trying to get a reaction out of me. I later found out he hadn't been joking.

He took the wheel just north of Phoenix and got us to Tucson a little after 8:00am. I offered to buy him breakfast but he said he lived there and wanted to head home. I thanked him for the experience and was on my way. I got breakfast at a truck stop and looked at my options. There were a bunch of vagabond types like me hanging out there trying to get rides. I began walking. It was only a short time before this smelly old guy picked me up. His car reeked of sweat and rotting food. I was hoping that I wasn't being invaded by lice or bedbugs or something else weird. He kept turning to look at me with a big snaggle toothed grin. His chin was covered in stubbly gray whiskers. One of his eyes seemed to be pointed towards the moon. Finally he asked me if I'd ever fucked a man. I said, no and today's not the day I'm going to start. I insisted he pull over.

He flashed a self satisfied, close mouthed grin and said it was illegal to discharge passengers on the Interstate. I didn't let up until he dropped me off. At one point I told him I'd take the wheel and steer us into the guardrail. I think I would have done it. We were maybe five miles past a rest stop. I considered walking back that way. I just stood there thinking. I felt itchy and hoped it was psychological and not some cootie invasion underway. There wasn't much traffic. I was about to walk into the brush on the side of the road and head back to the rest stop when a guy stopped and asked where I was going. I said Jacksonville and he told me to hop in.

He said his name was Kenny but I doubted that right from the beginning. He explained he'd been working at a ship yard in San Pedro, California and had been responsible for a man's accidental death. He said the gas pedal on a forklift he was driving stuck and that he rammed the guy with one of the fork blades. Right through the belly. He asked me if I'd ever seen human guts spill out from someone's insides. Ugh. I actually had but I didn't feel like comparing notes. Hearing about his accident wasn't very comforting news but this guy was far from frightening, he was actually quite friendly. It turned out that he owed the victim a lot of money and the authorities were going to put him on trial for manslaughter and try to figure it all out, so he left. He said he just walked out of the San Pedro police station because the cops were all busy watching a ball game.

The radio was on as we made our way east. The station interrupted a song to report that a group of men from all over the world had been arrested in a sting operation that had been in progress for months. They were caught red handed accepting a truckload of munitions that included more than 100 hand held rocket launchers stolen from an undisclosed Nevada National Guard installation. I began to feel ill.

Kenny noticed and asked what was wrong. I told him I'd ridden with the driver of that truck and had actually driven a few hundred miles myself. He laughed and commented that life was full of surprises. I sat quietly as he drove thinking of how I had narrowly escaped being arrested and held indefinitely while they checked out my feeble story of tripping across the country on the way to my sister's wedding. The story repeated every 20 minutes or so. I eventually settled down as they never mentioned that any of the players in the robbery were on the loose.

Kenny explained that he was heading to a shipyard in Louisiana for work. I told him my story and he laughed saying that when he got to gambling it was hard to stop. He was low on gas and asked if I had any money. I didn't want to tell him how much I had so I offered to fill the tank but that would be the last of my cash. Back then you could fill a compact for around \$15. We rode and chatted until we came to El Paso. He said he was going to scope out a few parking lots to see if he could find a car to siphon some gas from. I wanted no part of that so I thanked him for the ride and gave him three bucks.

I still had time to meet my obligations as a wedding usher but not a lot. Rather than take chances with more hitchhiking I found the El Paso Greyhound station and bought a ticket to Jacksonville. It was Tuesday afternoon and I needed to be in Massachusetts no later than Friday at 4:30 pm. I got on the bus and sat on the only seat available. There was a young woman in the seat beside me though I wasn't able to get a good look at her, as her face was hidden by a pink blanket. The blanket had a sweet fragrance. I was just glad that I was no longer a tumbling tumbleweed rolling along at the whim of fate. The bus would be stopping along the way but I would make it to Jacksonville by Thursday morning, plenty of time to withdraw my money and catch a flight to Boston. I got as comfortable as the narrow seat would allow and drifted off to sleep.

I remember dreaming of a sunny garden. It might have belonged to my grandparents when I was a child. There was a tree that gave off a peculiar sweet fragrance. I wish I knew the species. It was probably that fragrant pink blanket that triggered the dream. I woke up and found myself looking into the dark eyes of a beautiful woman. I smiled thinking it was part of the dream but when she smiled, revealing flawless white teeth I knew it was real. She told me I'd been restless and that several times I mentioned a woman's name. I asked the name and she said, Jennifer. She asked if Jennifer was my woman. She spoke the words passionately, "your woman." She said it as though it meant something special. I told her Jennifer was my sister and that I was on my way to her wedding. I realized that the upper part of my body was well into her seat space. I began to move but she reached behind my head and gently held me in place. I didn't resist.

She said her name was Anna and then smiled that beautiful smile once more. We talked as the bus made its way east. She said she was returning home to San Antonio. She didn't mention from where she'd come and I didn't ask. I had no idea how long I'd been sleeping and wondered how close to San Antonio we were. I was trying to remember where San Antonio was on route 10. It was dark outside and I found myself hoping that it was as far east as one could go in Texas. Anna smiled and said we'd traveled only about 100 miles since I boarded the bus in El Paso.

I don't know when I felt closer to any human being as I did on that bus sitting beside Anna. We made a little tent out of her pink blanket and kissed a lot. I was 25 in May of 1980. Anna told me she was 20. We talked as though we'd had history. She'd finish my sentences with personal bits and pieces, things about my life she would have no way of knowing. I did the same with her. I briefly thought of the woman I left in Long Beach. It was at that moment I admitted she was not the woman I would spend my life with and that I'd only been fooling myself thinking otherwise. I realize this sounds shallow and convenient considering the circumstances but it was true.

There's a piece about time travel in this collection. Humans experience time in a linear fashion, one event after another. But renowned metaphysicians tell us that our concept of time is greatly distorted. All I know is that I spent the next 10 hours with an angel and it seemed like only minutes. By the time we reached San Antonio I felt I knew Anna better than any person alive. It was close to noon when we pulled into the bus station. She asked if I would like to see her home. Of course the answer was yes. I wish I could say that I did some calculating and determined that I could still catch a later bus and be home in time for Jennifer's wedding, but none of that had even entered my mind. I had to be with this woman. She had a car parked in a lot near the bus station. She asked me to drive. Drive? I would have robbed a bank in the nude for this woman.

Her home was only a few miles from the bus station in a suburb called Palm Park. She told me she lived with her mother and brother but when we arrived there was no one else there. It was early afternoon on Wednesday. I spent the most memorable two days of my life with Anna. When I awoke Friday morning she was gone. There was a note on the bed stand. I still have it. I've considered having it laminated but feel that would somehow spoil it because it would conceal the part of the note Anna had touched. It contained only four words: I'll always love you.

I had no idea where she was and felt panicky. And then reality hit me like I'd suddenly emerged from an icy air conditioned building on a 104 degree summer day. Wham! I'd promised my sister I wouldn't screw up her wedding. I felt even more panic but for a different reason. I looked around for a phone but there was no phone to be found. I got dressed and gathered my things. I took down the address of her house thinking I'd go home to my sister's wedding, do my part and immediately return to Anna.

I thought I'd have to suck it up and call my sister and have her wire me money for a plane ticket or make a flight reservation for me at the San Antonio airport. That plan allowed me to clear the panic from my head as I flagged down a cab. I had no idea what I was going to do. Disoriented, I told the driver to take me to the Greyhound bus station. He said that if I was to make my 4:30pm tux fitting in Boston that I should be heading for the airport and not the bus station. Another powerful wave of nausea hit me. I shook it off and asked how he knew I needed to be in Boston.

The driver was Jonas Cathcart. He didn't answer my question but passed an envelope back to me through the cab's partition. It contained \$274.07 in cash and a withdrawal slip from my bank in Jacksonville. Before I could open my mouth he passed back another envelope. It contained a one way ticket to Logan International in Boston. The flight was scheduled to take off at 11:49am. I asked him what time it was. He laughed. Much later, when we had more time to discuss my precarious trip from California to Boston in detail, he said he found it hilarious that he'd just handed me cash, a plane ticket and a withdrawal slip from a bank that was more than 1000 miles from our present location and all I could do was ask the time.

We arrived at the San Antonio airport at 11:15. Jonas parked the cab and accompanied me to the terminal. In those days there were no restrictions on non-passengers waiting with flyers. We had a few minutes. I examined the cash, the receipt and the ticket. The change of \$274.07 represented the balance of what I had in the Jacksonville bank minus the price of the ticket. I asked Jonas who he was and how he had access to my bank account and how it was that he knew so much about me and my business. He said he took the liberty of closing my account as my money wasn't very

accessible so far from where I actually lived. For a brief moment I felt a twinge of anxiety and even anger over a stranger making unauthorized decisions for me but those feelings were immediately replaced with the relief of not having to bother my sister with a crazy story of why I hadn't kept my promise.

My conversation with Jonas was spooky. Spooky doesn't even come close to describing it. He talked about my recent visit to Las Vegas in detail including my midnight ride from Boulder City Nevada carrying stolen National Guard rocket launchers to Phoenix and then Tucson. Then he told me I should be careful when hitchhiking as I'd recently been in the company of two absolutely deranged people and had only managed to get away in one piece by unparalleled serendipitous circumstances. I still remember the goose bumps that peppered my body hearing that. I began to feel itchy again. I had no idea what to say. With all he knew I was sure he'd have something to say about Anna. I was right.

He said I should forget her and carry on with my life as though she'd never showed up. Since I had no idea who he was at the time, but also realizing he was obviously someone quite powerful, I decided to hold my comments. The only thing I wanted to do was get on that plane, do my part in my sister Jennifer's wedding as planned, and then get my ass back to San Antonio while I still had a few days of leave. I was even thinking that I could call the ship in Long Beach and get an extension on my time off as there was no good reason to deny me one. Jonas laughed again and said it would be a waste of time to pursue Anna. Then he added that based on what he knew about me, I'd do it anyway. He was right.

Before I got on the plane Jonas told me he'd called Jennifer and that she and her fiancé would meet me at the airport. He'd booked me a direct flight. The plane was scheduled to land at 3:15. That gave me an hour and fifteen minutes to get to the tux shop from Logan. Jonas also pointed out that he'd saved my sorry hiney and that one day he'd show up and want a favor in return. To make a long story short, that's why I'm writing these stories.

When I'd last spoken to Jennifer I gave her my pants and jacket measurements so hopefully I'd just need to pick up my stuff and we'd be off to my mother's house. Jennifer wanted me to see the inside of the church and go through the motions of escorting people to their seats. I was fairly casual when we'd first discussed everything on the phone commenting it couldn't be all that hard but she insisted I walk through it just the same.

Okay. I made it to my tux fitting before the place closed. My brother-in-law to be told me Jennifer had been a nervous wreck right up until they saw me coming out from the terminal at Logan. I actually had twenty minutes to spare. He said that for the last week he kept telling her I would never mess up their wedding. Man, if he ever knew the whole story, huh?

I've read and reread the preceding account and in all honesty, a quality I wasn't fully capable of back in 1980, I think it's the self obsessed story of a complete asshole. Okay. I've said it. And I didn't have to because everything turned out okay. I realize that's because a 6000 year old guy came to my rescue, but still, it worked out and that's all that matters, right? In my defense, I was on leave from the Navy. I hadn't taken any time off in more than two years. Was I selfish? Yep. Sure was.

But how did I know it was all going to work out? You might say that I didn't but I really did. That was my first conscious encounter with Jonas. I say conscious encounter because apparently he'd been near for a long time much the same way as his brother, Kokobono had. There's more about him later. After hearing about the potential peril I faced on my freaky trip from California to San Antonio, I had to wonder if people actually had guardian angels. I mean, stinky old horny men with cooties and highjacked armaments and angelic lovers that evaporate inside of 48 hours, you've gotta wonder. I asked him about angels once and he pretended not to hear me. At least I think he was pretending.

Even though I had the strong feeling Jonas the cab driver was right about Anna, after Jennifer's wedding I made a person to person call to my XO and asked for an extension on my leave. Then I went directly to San Antonio. I had to borrow money to get back there. All for love, I thought. The house was completely deserted. The windows weren't covered and I could see inside. Nothing. Not a speck of anything to be seen. Even the carpet was gone. But I know Anna was real. She was the realest person I ever met. Is realest the superlative of real? Is realest even a word? I'll have to check. See how goofy I get talking about her. I felt silly for never having asked her last name. But I doubt it would have mattered. She was real, I swear.

But maybe my experience with her continues as a dream that carries on in some other dimension. Maybe it's a dream I still have access to somehow. If it is, Jonas isn't going to help me. He refuses to talk about it at all saying I should just forget Anna. But 34 years later Anna is still alive in my heart. She's that subtle smile I'm wearing when there's nothing to smile about. She's the sparkle in my eye when there's nothing to sparkle about. She's the crown jewel in my treasure chest of memories. All I have to do is close my eyes and I wake up from my fitful nap on that Greyhound heading east on Interstate 10 and see that lovely smile. And I'm in heaven. Can't beat that, not even with a big production 3-D action flick over the Christmas holiday. I love you Anna, wherever you are.

Jonas wants something from me. He says it's these stories, just like Kokobono said it was the stories. But I think it's more than that, much more. Okay, so at the risk of coming across like a madman I'm writing them. But please, don't believe a word of anything I say because it's all a bunch of made up craziness. Okay, one is real. The earth really is flat but the rest is hooey. Take that, Jonas. Humph!



Dancing with The Bride At The Wedding Reception.

Memory Eraser

I was a fan of Edgar Allen Poe as a kid. I couldn't get enough. I remember one of his poems in particular because it touches me on so many levels. That poem is Dream Within A Dream. Allow me to explain what I mean when I say it touches me on many levels. First, it's delightful, thought evoking poetry. But there's something much more there.

I've been lucky (or perhaps cursed, as the line between the two is often quite thin) enough to sit for a number of fascinating stories in my life. They began with my absent minded grandfather's tales of having a multimillion dollar invention stolen from him and the outlandish way he got it back. And there have been other storytellers too. John Smith also known as Kokobono is another. Then Jonas, John's older half brother. Could it be that Jonas is nothing more than a crackpot? It could. The only problem I have with that theory is that I've actually experienced, first hand, some of the sensational marvels he describes. Time travel, for one. It's real and no one can tell me otherwise. I opened this piece mentioning Poe's Dream Within A Dream because it's actually a poetic glimpse at the true nature of time travel.

But this isn't about time travel, it's about something even more spectacular if that's possible. You'll have to excuse my jumping from one concept to another. I've just come from a long session with Jonas. He explained some pretty exciting stuff and my mind is like an old school pinball machine, ideas bouncing every which way with incredible possibilities breeding even more incredible possibilities.

This is about the brain wand. I first mentioned it in *The Sphincter Cops* so if you haven't read that yet, I suggest you start there. It will aid in your understanding. I thought that it was perhaps wasteful that such advanced technology would be used to stop criminals by magically relaxing various sphincters while they were in the act of committing crimes. I told Jonas so and he just laughed and explained the brain wand was far more than a modern day joy buzzer crime deterrent. He said that using it to thwart criminal activity by inducing spontaneous shitting accidents had come about as an afterthought. Then he told me about a few of its primary uses. Wow.

What the Opals call the brain wand is so utterly futuristic and fantastic it's hard to know where to begin. This device is instant health, wealth and love all rolled into a gadget no bigger than a smart phone. In fact, the thing looks a lot like a smart phone. And the brain wand is smart, very smart. I'd like to tell you about it. So let's get a few technical matters out of the way first, okay.

People's thoughts, emotions, knee-jerk reactions, anatomic bodily functions and every last bit of human brain activity exist as very predictable neurological patterns. The thought, or brain activity associated with hunger, for example, presents as a recognizable energy form originating in the brain. This electrical energy can be identified in the laboratory as a squiggly pattern on a monitor. The impulse then dashes faster than a speeding bullet to other parts of the body and triggers various biological and psychological functions. Okay, above I mentioned recognizable energy. Recognizable to whom or to what? Good question. Let's look.

If you were thinking about eating an omelet your brain would generate a particular identifiable electrical impulse. That energy would originate in the brain and travel through your body's neurological network influencing your mouth, your stomach,

and other parts of your body that you would never even consider being involved in such a simple thought.

There's organizational order to the neurological system. The thought form identified with the urge to eat is similar in all humans and even to primates. The brain's electrical impulses associated with eating an omelet are significantly more specific in their details than the simple urge to eat. And the thought form that would be unique to you and I would be even more specific; but still very identifiable as a hunger. Stay with me, please.

The neurological energy patterns of human hunger and every other human function are stored in the brain as sort of an electro-biological hierarchy. Simple hunger would be considered top tier or the Meta Group of hunger neuro impulses. Human neuro-energy relating to various foods would come next in the hierarchy. Then the subtle differences between the races of humans would follow, modifying the impulses ever so slightly. Then grouping by gender. Then groupings by each living individual.

All of this information would comprise the known brain activity around hunger. I don't want to make this too technical because I'm not a technical guy but this stuff is important to understanding the far reaching wonders of the brain wand.

The Opals have spent thousands of years studying and recording billions and billions of thoughts. They've reduced them by their similarities to identifiable energy wave patterns. They've recorded their similarities and differences. They collated and categorized them. And most importantly, they've learned how to synthesize them outside of the brain. That might seem trite at the moment but the implications are staggering.

If you're not tracking here don't worry. It took Jonas the better part of an entire day to explain this to me. Let's see if I can tie it all together. In its utmost simplicity the brain wand is a tool like any other. A very important tool, no doubt, but still a tool. Like electricity, firearms or duct tape it can be used to help or to harm. For our purposes we're going to assume it's a tool of goodness, though that might come under the scrutiny of being a highly subjective statement. So imagine you wanted to overcome a problem. Let's say you wanted to lose weight. Can the brain wand help? Oh, yes.

The electrical energy or thought that allows you to eat less, for example, might be underdeveloped in your neurological system. But that's not a problem because the Opals have billions of "weight loss thought forms" in their archives. Actually, they're all stored in even the simplest of brain wands. You wouldn't believe the amount of information these people have managed to fit into a data storage chip no bigger than a Cheerio sitting inside a wand.

Now, you may have lukewarm aspirations for losing weight but that's okay because the brain wand contains thought forms thousands of times more powerful than your own. And they are all at your disposal. You can program the wand to deliver these supercharged weight loss neuro-messages to you throughout the day and I dare you to try and get within 20 feet of a chocolate éclair. You couldn't even if you wanted. That's power.

I should clarify a bit. That's not entirely true because you could eat anything you wanted. But you'd first have to change the settings back to normal on your brain wand. However, if you'd played it smart in the first place you would have preset the wand on the "irrevocable" no pigging out for 90 days setting.

Okay, I'm hoping you've got an idea of the absolute wonder of this device. It's not just about dieting. It's about health, both mental and physical. It's about attitude and self esteem. It's the missing piece to the human puzzle. The title of this piece is memory eraser. Think of that for a moment. Now think of your own life. Is there anything in your past you'd just like to forget or completely ignore? Would doing so make your life better? If you've answered no then I tip my hat to you. But if you're like most of us you've got something simmering somewhere in your heart that would be better off gone. And the brain wand can make it go away.

We've got ways to erase memories now but they're a bit problematic. It's called Electroshock Therapy or ETC for short. In the name of mental health we attach electrodes to people heads and then run electricity through their brains. But don't worry. The practice is FDA approved along with hundreds of brand new drugs, which have side effects that include possible suicide and sudden death. Nice, huh? But I digress.

Can you imagine? As a society we've treated people with blasts of electrical current to the brain for all types of so called disorders, including but not limited to, homosexuality, depression, mania, schizophrenia and even truancy. Maybe people late for their ECT treatments get some extra juice to remind them time is money.

ECT patients receive heavy doses of tranquilizers before treatment. They're also given rubber bite blocks so they don't accidentally chew off their own tongues during the session. The procedure is successful when the patient experiences a grand mal seizure. When they wake up they sometimes don't know who they are. I guess that, theoretically they've also forgotten about their depression or homosexuality or schizophrenia in the process. So the procedure can produce a desired result but the methodology is far from elegant. Personally, I find it gruesome.

It might be comforting to know that this practice is not nearly as common as it once was because we now have drugs that will do much the same thing without being so messy and expensive. They're also FDA approved. Comforting. But I'm not here to criticize past practices. I bring this up as a reminder that sometimes it may be appropriate to forget. So let's get back to the brain wand.

As we've already discovered, all thoughts great and small have distinct identifiable patterns. The Opals' brain wand can scan an individual and within seconds can deliver a complete history of every thought that person has had since before birth. Yep, we're thinking creatures almost from conception. And with that database of neuro-energy patterns the Opals can easily identify troublesome thoughts. They stick out like a sore thumb. Well, maybe not. When I asked Jonas if the bad thoughts looked any different than the nice thoughts he said there was no such thing as bad and nice, except for the values that we assign to those words. I think Shakespeare once said something similar. Anyway, the brain wand can identify particular memories.

Then it's up to the individual to decide what to do with that memory. Let's take a simple example. I think I saw the movie Titanic five times. I really enjoy watching that movie but must admit, not as much as I did seeing it for the first time on the big screen. After listening to Jonas explain the brain wand he offered to erase that movie from my brain. At first I said no freakin' way, buddy. That movie is special to me. He laughed and laughed and laughed.

Then he told me that just like the hard drive on your computer you could back up any memory on the brain wand in case you wanted it back. I was dubious, thinking he

was just saying that. And again it was as though he knew what I was thinking because he offered me a deal I couldn't refuse. He took out his brain wand and before I could say, pass the rubber bite block please, he was going through a list of a few of my unpleasant memories from the past. Somehow I focused on a memory from my youth.

When I was 10 I had a canary I called Joker. One day when I was cleaning his cage I accidentally dropped a heavy bowl on him and killed him. I felt awful about it and it must be a biggie because I still get a twinge thinking about it today. Jonas offered to first save the memory and then to erase it. I had to think about that. This is where advanced technology gets sticky. He said I could have it back, but if it was gone how would I know whether I wanted it back? Thinking about it was confusing. He explained that by simply pressing the display screen of his brain wand he could remove the memory and just as quickly could restore it. He even offered to let me briefly describe the memory and that he'd play it back in my own voice once it was gone. I guess the Opals decided they needed to incorporate audio and video recorders into brain wands for just such situations.

I was so intrigued by everything he'd described I decided to give it a try. After all, the most I could lose was an unpleasant childhood memory. So I let him erase it. I didn't feel a thing. And I remembered the entire conversation leading up to the erasure but had no recollection of accidentally killing my canary nearly 50 years ago. I remembered talking to Jonas about it but other than that, it was gone. Jonas asked if I wanted it back. I thought about it and asked him how bad a memory it was (I really had no idea) because I didn't need to be taking on negative thoughts of any kind. He laughed and said it didn't matter because if I decided I didn't like it he could immediately erase it again. So I asked to get it back. I felt a pang of discomfort when it reentered my consciousness so I asked him to delete it again, only this time for good.

He said it wasn't wise to delete anything permanently. I asked why and he explained that sometimes we have certain memories that are important to us and that it isn't entirely clear as to why they're important and that keeping them stored safely away in the brain wand was prudent. I was making computer hard drive backup analogies in my head as he spoke and agreed to keep the memory on tap. He laughed saying it was mandatory and not a choice. Then he asked if I wanted to erase Titanic from my memory. It was tempting.

I thought how much fun it might be to see it again for the first time but that would mean sacrificing the first experience of seeing it along with the other subsequent viewings. Those memories were too dear to me so I passed. He explained that I could erase the memory of seeing it for the first time and then the other memories of seeing it later on. Then, with a blank slate I could watch it for the first time all over again. But that wasn't the end of it. After I saw it anew I could go back and restore all the previous memories of seeing the movie, including the first, first time. Then I would have seen it for the first time twice. Man, technology can be confusing.

Jonas asked me to remember back to the second time we met. He was posing as a salesman for a seminar company. The company was selling real estate investment courses and seminars. The meeting took place in a hotel in Torrance, California. We had coffee in the hotel coffee shop. I easily recalled the meeting. He said that he'd demonstrated something during that meeting to help prove he was who he said he was. I had no idea what he was talking about though I did remember the meeting in detail.

I asked him what he meant. He pondered the question for a minute and then explained. He said he'd allowed me the use of his brain wand for a moment to prove a point. Then later he erased the memory. I asked what it had been. He said he was willing to restore the memory for a minute or so to prove a new point and then he'd once again erase it. He really had my attention now.

He took out his wand and seemed to be scrolling through some pages. Then he touched the screen. I was right back at the hotel coffee shop. Jonas had commented on a real estate deal I'd been working on at the time. I got the idea he was somehow able to read minds and asked if he was reading mine. Then he asked me to think of something that would be impossible for him to know. I thought of an old childhood memory and he nailed it right down to small details. Then he allowed me to do it. He gave me his brain wand, though I didn't know what it was at the time. I put it in my shirt pocket. The waitress came to check on us and I was able to read her mind, in detail. He smiled as I recalled the memory.

I told him that I often wondered how he knew what I'd been thinking or doing and it turns out that he's been monitoring my thoughts all along, or at least some of the time. Once we had that out of the way he said he was going to erase it all again as well as the memory I would have of recalling it all. I didn't argue. I wondered why he wanted me to relive that moment. I have to think that when we talk and Jonas is able to address my thoughts, then he also knows I'm wondering if he can read minds. I guess the little demonstration was to show me he could. Too bad he won't let me keep the memory because now I'm right back where I started. Maybe one day he'll let me keep it. Anyway, with all of it gone, we just normally resumed our discussion about erasing memories.

He asked me to think of some of the more troublesome memories I had, the real clunkers. This made me uneasy. I didn't want to turn over a huge bundle of dirty laundry to him on the spot. He smiled almost on cue and said that everyone has dirty laundry. He added that with few exceptions, only the longevity club known as the Opals had the opportunity to erase them. He said that there were a few people like me, non Opals, that had been granted the favor and that I shouldn't take the offer so lightly.

Then he said that one of the things that helped the Opals stay alive so long was not having hoards of negative memories and emotions and thoughts filling their heads. He explained that people latch on to some incident in their past and keep it vividly alive for the rest of their lives. He said that we, meaning non-Opals, were far too caught up in treating the symptoms of diseases while we often completely ignore the real causes. Those real causes are our thoughts, feelings, memories and attitudes about who we are.

Then he broke the word disease down into two syllables. Dis and ease, or a body not at ease. He said that internalized stress is the true cause of disease and that people who maintain high levels of stress naturally attract the environmental factors that allow that stress to manifest as disease. I've heard this before and actually believe it's true. But to me it seemed almost like cheating to literally wave a wand and eliminate the stress by erasing certain memories.

He looked at me and laughed, saying that doing things the hard way in the presence of so many better alternatives was one of humanity's major shortcomings and that I should seriously consider changing my mind. I explained that I'd recently been neutralizing and even eliminating certain stressful memories with meditation and prayer.

He said that there was no harm in that. Then he said I could achieve the benefits of several lifetimes of meditation inside of a few minutes.

We were silent for a long time after that as I pondered the possibilities. Here I am, sitting in the park with a guy holding a device that looks so similar to a smart phone that no one would give it a second glance. But the thing is way more than a smart phone. It's a ticket to serenity. So why was I hesitant? I thought of all the things my parents had told me since birth and beyond. Not a single one was designed to hurt me but some of them did just the same. We are all inadvertently programmed with certain limiting beliefs. Those of us lucky enough to identify them can eliminate them to some degree, but can we ever get rid of them for good? Perhaps a better question would be do we even want to?

And here I was sitting with a man who was offering to do just that. Talk about irony. I'm sitting beside a guy who could deliver everything I'd ever wanted and a lot more. And I'm hesitating. He hadn't mentioned it but I was certain he would have gone through the brain wand's list of my untoward memories item by item if I asked him to. It was tempting. I thought I'd simply identify some of the major stuff in my life and erase that.

Then I thought of what an ass I was being as I hesitated. There are people with serious trauma in their histories. Things that I shudder to even think about. Perhaps like the memory of being told you had to undergo electro shock therapy because you'd been tardy. I'm only half joking as I truly do understand how many people have endured unspeakable torment at the hands of the wicked.

Suddenly a feeling of peace came upon me. I thought of how many times I'd heard that the things we aspire to come in mysterious ways and we should be ready when they show up or risk losing them entirely. I turned to Jonas and he smiled. I don't know how he knew it but I did know he was aware that I was about to make a decision. Before I spoke he reached out and touched my shoulder. He said he understood that everything we'd discussed was way out of the ordinary and a lot for someone like me, a non Opal, to digest in such a short time. He also said he was willing to allow me to go slow, meaning that I could erase memories as I saw fit.

I asked him if he thought there was a good reason for hanging on to any of them. And again he smiled and asked me the same question, putting the ball right back in my court as he often did. It hadn't dawned on me until he brought it up but I did have a reason, a good one. The mistakes we make and the memories we carry as a result of those mistakes are lessons. Most of us don't learn much from the good things that happen in our lives. We tend to pat ourselves on the back as we take those lessons for granted. It takes getting our asses handed to us every so often that allows the real learning to take root.

I'm reminded of several stupid things I've done in the past. And it's those idiotic stunts, along with their consequences that keep me from making the same mistakes again. Those aren't great memories but they do serve a useful purpose. I felt as though I'd hit upon something important and told Jonas so. He laughed and said that I was feeling my way toward adding a healthy measure of balance to my life and that I should always be aware of that.

I sat there with him a while longer thinking about what I should do. I decided that even though some of the major stuff in my past was unpleasant, I'd keep it for the time being. Then I asked Jonas if he'd mind taking the lead as he went through the list of my

very early childhood memories and use his discretion in deciding what should go and what could stay. He said I was giving him a lot of responsibility and we agreed to do it together. I know some of you reading this think I should probably be on loony watch.

You're thinking that the disclaimer stating this is a book of fiction is something I put there to lead the men in the white coats in the other direction. Some of you are also thinking that whatever good that might come from my sitting with Jonas would have to have been derived from the placebo effect. That's just fine with me.

Anyway, that's how we spent the rest of the afternoon, erasing my very early, subconscious memories. I was especially happy to get rid of the one about the goldfish and my grandparents' cat. But that's a story for another time.

The Antigravity Discovery

Not long ago Jonas called me to say he wanted to chat. He asked me to meet him in a park near my home. He said I should bring my mini recorder. Up until then I'd simply listen to his stories and occasionally take a note or two. As I drove to the park I wondered what might be so important that I'd need my recorder. I soon found out. He wanted to tell me about the discovery of antigravity.

This was really strange as I believed I'd already heard about it from a different source. I'll get back to that before we finish. Jonas brought a jug of sparkling water, my favorite. It was a beautiful sunny June afternoon with a mild breeze blowing. There were young mothers chatting on a park bench with their kids playing nearby. Just across from us was an old fashioned kiddy sprinkler standing perpendicular to the ground at the center of a paved circle about 40 feet across. The sprinkler had horizontal slits cut into it so water sprayed straight out at the kids as they ran through the shower. It reminded me of the sprinkler we had in the playground back home when I was a boy. The scene was an unusual backdrop for the conversation we had that afternoon.

We sat at a nearby bench. I took out my recorder and set it down between us. I asked Jonas why this chat was different than any of the others and why I should be recording it. He said it wasn't all that different except for one thing. He believed that what he was about to tell me was the explanation for the original discovery of antigravity. It took place in ancient Egypt around the same time Ramses and his son Merenptah were in power. Actually, it took place just months before Merenptah took over.

What he meant by the original discovery of antigravity is that it was his enlightened opinion that no other group of humans, in the five strains of humanity since the very beginning, had had access to the phenomenon. That means that antigravity has come about for the first time approximately 3300 years ago during the history of present day humans. And it happened entirely by accident. I was beginning to see why he might have wanted to record our discussion. See, I know for a fact that there's an antigravity device sitting idle in Cambridge, Massachusetts. My grandfather and his friend Choney Ballantine tested it in 1992. There were a handful of witnesses. It made the evening news in a local market in New Hampshire. As amazing as it may sound, it runs on a 9 volt battery and employs a video game joystick as its main control.

Jonas went on to say that he was present in Egypt during the discovery. Actually, it was he who recognized what was happening at just the right moment and was very instrumental in harnessing the power. Now he had my attention. Of course, I suspected

that Jonas was one of the Opal jokers that tricked Merenptah back then. So I had to wonder if what he was about to tell me was on the up and up. Then I thought of everything he'd already told me about the world as it really is and again had to wonder if perhaps I was the most gullible person alive. But I quickly put that thought aside because it didn't really matter. Whether they were true or not, the stories he told were highly entertaining. So I flipped on the recorder and he began.

He explained that he used to like to hang out with the ancient Egyptians because they were intelligent and had a lot of heart. They were proud and fierce in battle though they still managed to maintain a sensitive side. This was true even of the men. Since Jonas seemed so serious about this session I thought he might be willing to be a bit more open than he had in the past. With that in mind I asked him if he'd been one of the Opals who had introduced batteries to the Egyptians.

He chuckled and asked why it mattered. I tried to explain how unusual all of this felt. I mean, here I am listening to a 6000 year old guy tell me stories that were a part of ancient history. Of course, I recognize they could all be bullshit but since I'd personally experienced a couple of things he'd discussed I was almost forced to believe him. See, I really wanted to believe what he was telling me. I'd also grown to like this guy. He has the same smug sense of humor I have, though just when you need it, he has an incredibly compassionate side to him as well. Talking to him I get the feeling he's been involved in lots of large scale practical jokes over the centuries. So I pushed the question a bit and he admitted that he and another Opal he described as a black sheep, were the ones that showed up in prince Merenptah's courtyard with 9 volt pottery batteries and set up the ugly cow-dog with a burglar alarm.

It wasn't long after the battery caper that Jonas was out for a walk. He was about 10 miles from the Ramses' compound. It was early morning with no one around. Over by a minor Nile tributary there were three children playing. There were no adults around. The kids were gathered at the bank of the stream scooping sand onto what appeared to be a large steamy rock. This piqued Jonas's interest, as the night before he'd heard a loud whistling sound just before something crashed into the nearby desert. He felt a light rumble upon impact. The Opals were well aware of meteors as were the Egyptians and Jonas assumed one had hit nearby. He was right. Or was he?

He walked over to where the children were playing and asked what they were doing. But he didn't hear their answer as he focused all of his attention on the steaming boulder. He discovered it wasn't a boulder at all. It appeared to be a large, smooth rock, one likely to have been manmade as it seemed to have broken open upon impact. He described the break in the stone to be very clean and thought it might have once been sealed somehow. Inside were shiny red pellets, a few of which had spilled into the water though weren't completely submerged. There appeared to be thousands of them inside the hollow of the rock. The rock was still very warm to the touch as were its contents. The children were aware of this and kept their distance. Still, they were cautious as they playfully poured sand onto the rock and the pellets inside.

Jonas looked at me and then to the bench where my mini recorder sat. Then he looked around the park for a moment. Finally, he said that as the children poured sand onto the pellets the sand began to magically float upward until it reached a height of about eight feet and then it fell to the ground, though not straight down. As the sand fell it decidedly fell away from the rock. The children were enjoying this mysterious

phenomenon. Jonas said that with all the advanced technology the Opals had inherited and accumulated over nearly 35,000 years he'd never seen anything quite like this. The Opals maintained an installation nearby so Jonas returned to fetch his prankster partner, Lufus. Lufus had been Jonas's side man when they introduced pottery batteries to the Egyptians. Realizing the red pellets were special he wanted to be sure that the Opals removed the rock and contents before anyone else discovered their peculiar properties.

The nearby Opal community was completely protected from detection with holographic and laser technology, casting images resembling the native landscape upon their camp. He soon returned with Lufus, a camel, a large cart and several buckets. They allowed the children to continue playing. They supervised them as the kids poured water from the stream over the rock, producing a light mist. In a short time the rock was cool enough to lift. Jonas and Lufus muscled it into the cart and returned to the Opal camp.

I asked what the pellets were made from. Jonas sidestepped the question and said it was far more important to know what they do than what they are. It's funny that this rock or whatever it was landed by the water because it's water that makes it all happen. The way Jonas explained it seems simple. When exposed to water the red pellets create a certain atmosphere around the pellet itself, a very large atmosphere. Apparently this atmosphere is lighter than air, much lighter. That's why grains of sand were floating up and away when the children were tossing it at the riverbank.

Jonas says that there were only a few of the pellets that had gotten into the water but these few created a very powerful sort of updraft. Actually, the word updraft isn't accurate at all. A lighter than air environment is far more accurate. The kids were tossing sand at the fallen rock but not a single grain hit the ground nearby. It immediately became airborne. Jonas didn't hang around the site very long before getting the rock and its contents safely into the Opal camp. He was a bit guarded about what happened from there but I got the impression he didn't let the others know what he had, at least not right away. Back then, and I assume today as well, each of the Opals has their own luxurious quarters.

I didn't ask specifically, but believe that Jonas and Lufus took the rock and pellets to Jonas's place and began tinkering. What they discovered was astonishing. And yes, I realize I've used that word a lot relaying these accounts. I wish there was a stronger word because this stuff is absolutely nuts. Anyway, Jonas and Lufus immediately began playing with the possibilities. They found that each of the red pellets were the exact same weight down to the tiniest fractions of a microgram.

They also found that when they placed the pellets in a sealed container and added water, the container rose into the air very abruptly. With further experimentation they discovered various ways to control exactly how much water came in contact with the pellets. This gave them the ability to modulate how rapidly any given article containing pellets rose. They tested for days, documenting how much "lift" could be expected from a single pellet. They also discovered that the lifting power of two or more pellets was significantly more than what might be expected from the sum of two pellets.

In other words, their combined reaction produced a powerful synergy. Jonas explained that properly placed, it would take only a dozen or so of these pellets to get a large car airborne. He said there were 35,456 pellets in the hollow stone, representing a massive amount of levitation power. As it turned out the ability to control the pellets' exposure to water was what allowed them to harness this remarkable technology. As I've

mentioned previously, long before the Opals stumbled onto the red pellets they learned to harvest electrons from the ionosphere. This allowed them to have electrical and electronic devices at their disposal virtually anywhere on the planet. It's called broadcast electricity and it was one of Nicola Tesla's pet projects when he was alive. Some people feel he'd perfected it and that it was somehow kept from production. As I've mentioned earlier, I believe it was squashed by stupid, greedy people.

The Opals had set up the electron harvesting apparatus, which included dishes resembling the satellite antennas we have today along with relay antennas strategically placed where they wanted them. These antennas were also outfitted with the technology to generate holographic images around the hardware, allowing it to go unnoticed by the earthly masses. In an earlier piece I mentioned that if a non-Opal were to somehow stray too close to a holographically hidden camp or any of their hardware, they were directed away immediately. That was achieved with brain wave alarms automatically set to deliver a foreboding feeling to any and all regular humans. That sensation always sends people in the other direction.

I got the feeling listening to Jonas that eventually the antigravity technology became the property of the group. I also suspect that Jonas and Lufus were smart enough to know that the Opal scientific community was far better suited to getting the most from the pellets. While he told the story I secretly wondered if he turned over all the pellets, since they were the critical element in the antigravity equation. Of course, I should have known by now that this guy somehow has a way to know what I'm thinking, and it goes well beyond simple deduction methods or intuition. I've gotta guess it's a function of the brain wand. He flat out told me he kept most of the pellets. And then he blew me away with what he revealed next.

He said that under certain conditions the pellets multiplied. He also strongly suggested that the pellets were intelligent and possessed consciousness the same as humans do. That was too much to digest. The first thing that came to mind was that if they were conscious then maybe they had some way of reproducing, and that's where the additional pellets were coming from. Jonas smiled, indicating that I hit the nail on the head. I immediately asked if the pellets he'd turned over to the Opal Council were also reproducing. He said they weren't. But the story doesn't stop here. In fact, it's just beginning.

Jonas took out a portable video player and placed it on the bench. He motioned for me to shut down my mini recorder then pressed the play button on his device. I sat for 10 minutes in utter amazement. There were thousands of pellets on the screen. There were scenes that looked like they'd been borrowed from old 1930s Busby Berkeley movies where these red beads appeared to be dancing or all moving together in artful, wavy and geometrical patterns. At first it reminded me of a hula girl dancing with a slow, natural rhythm. Then the pellets formed flowers and fireworks and other fantastic artwork displays.

After a short time the scene changed and I would swear I was watching a home movie. There were maybe a dozen or so of these pellets and they appeared to be mugging for the camera. Each one would roll up to center stage and then begin to vibrate and stagger with great dramatic effect and then roll away to be replaced by the next showman. There was one pellet that reminded me of my hammy cousin Kenny, acting the clown, wiggling and scooching all over the place as he did when we were kids. But these were

little red pellets, not people. It was too much to absorb. I stopped the video midway and asked Jonas what was going on. He said I already knew. It turned out I'd been right. It was a home movie. The red pellets were very much alive and also quite intelligent.

I didn't know what to say so I watched the rest of the video, which was just more red pellet family stuff. When it finished I again asked Jonas what the hell was going on. He laughed and asked what I meant. I guess the first thing I wanted to know was the difference between the pellets he kept and the ones he turned over to the Opal Council. Good question, he said. He explained that the pellets have a long lifespan and the ones he turned over to his group were either dead or close to death.

The remarkable thing about these creatures is that they're just as effective in producing antigravity atmospheres whether they're alive or dead. In fact, they're even more powerful when they're dead. Then he added with grave seriousness that just because they were more powerful dead didn't mean we should be killing them. I nodded in agreement since he seemed quite firm about it.

I asked how many pellets the Opals had, how they were using them and whether they had any on reserve. He was only willing to answer one of those questions but said that considering how powerful the little buggers were they had plenty. Then he told me what they were using them for. They had two purposes, actually. One makes sense and the other is absolutely ridiculous. Jonas turned over enough pellets for the Opals to create a fleet of antigravity vehicles. Hell, I'll just spit it out.

They built 43 flying saucers. He hinted that a state of the art flying saucer required fewer than 50 pellets. They visit the far reaches of the solar system. He says there are seven saucers out there exploring the galaxy. Now I'm almost spinning. People of planet earth are wondering if flying saucers are real while there are human beings out there exploring outer space with them. Folks, I swear, you can't make this stuff up!

I asked him if the Opals had anything to do with the Roswell, New Mexico UFO crash in 1947. He said no, without hesitation. He said evidence from the Roswell crash showed a large elongated gouge in the earth similar to what an airplane might create when gliding into the ground or attempting a crash landing. He explained that the flying saucers the Opals had created would almost never need to land in such a primitive fashion. He emphasized that Opal spacecraft were designed for rapid acceleration straight up or at sharp angles from a sitting still or hovering position. He added that an Opal saucer could land like a plane but that there would almost never be a good reason to do so.

And finally he said that the Roswell incident wasn't the result of an Opal craft falling to earth because every saucer they'd build had been accounted for right up to the minute we were having our discussion. I was speechless so he just went on with his explanation of what else the Opals were doing with the technology. This is a real pisser, too. They're flying around planet earth using two of the first prototypes. They're goal is to intentionally get spotted. Man, that sounded weird but at the same time it made a whole lot of sense considering what practical jokers they are. After the Roswell crash they showed up there frequently, giving the locals plenty to talk about.

Normally they flew in stealth mode, meaning they were hidden by holographic images of clear sky. But when they decided to show themselves to the world they turned off their stealth technology and thousands of people saw them. I guess they were bored. He explained that the Opals had been very cautious with the antigravity technology while

they developed and tested it. He said that he discovered the pellets about 1200 years before Jesus was born. They weren't ready with a viable flying saucer until Galileo's day, which spanned the second half of the 1500s until 1642.

Like now, they had the holographic technology in those days to mask their communities along with the experimental flying saucers they were building and testing. The regular folks of earth had no idea they were sharing the planet with a small group of advanced humans and the Opals had no intention of revealing their presence. For the life of me I have no idea why he's telling me about them. By then I thought I'd heard everything but there was more.

Jonas says that during the first evolution of humanity "earthly type people" arrived in their own saucers from outer space and visited our planet. This would have been roughly 35,000 years ago. He said they arrived in full sight of everyone. They were sophisticated and friendly and obviously very far advanced technologically. He said they looked just like earth humans and spoke the current language.

Again, I was speechless but did manage to get out a question. I asked why they came to earth. Jonas said they were carrying misfits and prisoners from their home planet which was several hundred light years away. They landed, said hello, dropped off 2034 men and women, twelve dogs, fourteen cats and left without saying goodbye. This was well before the Opals had come into prominence. In fact, it was long before Jonas was born. The story had been passed down through many generations along with photos and drawings of the flying saucer they used. Jonas said that when the Opals decided to use the pellets for flight they copied the design. It was also the beginning of talking dogs and cats on planet earth, for what that's worth.

The Newdews were the longevity champs back then and felt the newcomers might be a welcomed change of pace. Not only that, but they explained that their crimes were crimes of thought and attitude and had nothing to do with murder, assault, larceny or any other offence most people recognize as a crime. So they became a welcomed addition to the earth's population. But all of them didn't stay with the Newdews. Nope. More than half were happy to hang with the common folk. In time, both the Newdews and the regular people of earth assimilated the newcomers without incident. The Newdews reportedly took blood and tissue samples and swore these people had the exact same DNA as everyone else living on the earth. Jonas said he didn't believe that and felt that the new blood was in fact more advanced than both the Newdews and the commoners and that they've improved upon the human gene pool considerably. I guess that's his opinion. Who am I to argue?

But back to the matter at hand. We were talking about how the Opals used their first two prototype flying saucers to show off to the regulars. It almost seems mean. I asked Jonas if there was any purpose to it. He said they were bored and just wanted to see how people reacted. They really started pouring it on thick after the Second World War. I asked if it was the Opals that were behind all of the frequent reported sightings but he declined to answer. That's okay. I'm still amazed that there are humans, Opals to be exact, tooling around the galaxy exploring stuff. But it's not just that. According to Jonas, humans visited earth 35,000 years ago in a space ship, dropped of a load of pets and misfits that comingled and bred with the population and are no doubt, a part of our present race. I wonder how much of an influence they've had on the gene pool.

I thought we were finished but I was mistaken. Jonas subtly suggested that I already knew quite a lot about antigravity and that he wanted to know what I know. I wondered how he found out but then realized it wasn't all that hard and after all, he was an omnipotent Opal with unlimited access to my brain and everything.

I told him that my grandfather, Flip Bellingus, had helped his friend and confidant, Choney Ballantine develop an antigravity device years ago. Choney was and still is a brilliant physicist who worked with Nikola Tesla for several months in 1937. Ever since then Choney played with the idea of developing an antigravity device. My grandfather got into the act because he has certain feelings or revelations about people and technology and humanity. He and Choney have done some amazing things in their day.

Choney was exploring his own ideas of how an antigravity device might work. This was in the 1950s. Back then my grandfather was nearly obsessed with the idea of antigravity and flying saucers but had literally no technical skills. Still, both of them did independent research during the 1950s. They got together in 1967 and Choney asked Flip to draw a diagram. He offered little in the way of instructions, trusting his friend to his own internal inspiration. Well, Flip drew something and Choney was convinced it was the answer.

Jonas apparently knew about this the same way he knows everything else and asked if I cared to elaborate further. But I didn't have to. I explained that I had recorded the entire process and published it in 2014. I told him he could pick up a copy of it and find out for himself. Take a look at: [The Flip Side Of Reality](#)

With that out of the way Jonas indicated we were finished for the time being but that he might have a little more to say about the misfits that came to planet earth 35,000 years ago. I'll keep you posted.

The Helm Of A Flying Saucer

Jonas called me and asked if I'd like to see something interesting. I was busy but know that a boring day with Jonas is worth 20 regular days on my own. There's a state park near my home and I met him there. I was excited but didn't want him to see that. He was in a reflective mood and talked about some of the discussions we'd had in days gone by. I sensed he was up to something but couldn't put my finger on exactly what.

We were sitting at a picnic table. A river gushed along only 20 feet away. Jonas finally got around to why he wanted to talk. He took out his brain wand and put it on the table. But before I get into what came next I want to talk a little about the brain wand. Jonas explained that nearly all but plebe Opals have these devices. I found that shocking considered what they were capable of doing. He said that each one was programmed differently. A new Opal would be given one with very minimal power, while his was almost maxed out with features.

I guess I should have been smart enough to figure that out on my own. But hanging out with Jonas isn't exactly an everyday experience. I just assumed that since he had one, most of the other Opals had them too. Anyway, he picked up his brain wand, scrolled through a few pages and gently touched the screen. He put the thing down in front of me. At first I didn't know what I was watching, though in a spooky way I knew

I'd seen it before. Then it hit me. I was seeing the streets of San Antonio back in 1980 when Jonas rescued me from missing my sister's wedding.

He tapped the screen and I was watching my own lips move, my face alive and animated in the San Antonio airport discussing my recent crazy trip and my destination. I looked so much younger. Jonas looked exactly the same as he ever has. He tapped the screen again and I was standing in front of him at the seminar table at the back of the meeting room in Torrance, California. A moment later we were face to face in a booth at the hotel's coffee shop.

"So you've been recording our meetings," I said.

"Yes," he said with a smile.

"You must have some teeny tiny micro camera," I said.

"I do," he said. "And so do you." I was puzzled. I opened my mouth to speak and he simply said, "Think, Charles." And then it came to me.

"Lemme guess," I said. "The camera is in one of your eyes, right?"

"Not exactly," he said. "The cameras, plural, *are* my eyes."

"Wow," I said. "How the hell does that work?" Before the last word left my mouth I had it figured out. "Wait," I said. "I don't know why I didn't see it right away. Brain impulses. Neuro energy. Only for this application, the images enter your eyes naturally and those neuro impulses are immediately turned into zeros and ones or whatever you Opals use to code stuff and they're sent directly to the internal fruit loop." I was proud of myself. Jonas laughed.

"Don't you mean Cheerio, Charles?"

"Yeah," I said. "The ten bazillian terabyte hard drive in your brain wand. Very cool. I guess you naturally record everything, everyday, huh?"

"Yeah," Jonas said. "I've got a few thousand years of boring video."

"It can't all be boring," I said. "Hey, wait..." He interrupted.

"I think I know what you were going to ask," he said.

"I was going to ask how long you've had the technology," I said.

"As far back as I can remember," Jonas said.

"And you've been recording everything, everyday?" Jonas nodded.

"Okay, you must have some interesting home movies... Wait a second, if you're recording everything through your eyes, how come you're in the playback?" I asked.

"It's not hard," he said. "We have a way of reflecting and deflecting light so it forms a sort of mirror. We can direct it almost anywhere. As for recording everything, would you like to see?"

"Oh, yeah," I said. Jonas picked up the brain wand and tapped a few times. Something occurred to me at that moment and I had to ask him about it.

"I've seen you use that thing quite a lot lately," I said. "You're always tapping and scrolling. Doesn't it have a voice recognition feature or maybe a thought wave activation thingy?"

"Of course," he said.

"So why aren't you using it?" I said.

"Two reasons," Jonas said. "The first is I don't want to be speaking certain commands into this with you looking on. It's not that I don't trust you but this is a high level device and there's no sense being careless."

"Makes sense," I said. "What's the second reason?"

“I’m an old school kind of dude,” he said. “I’d rather touch than talk. Any other questions?”

“Yeah, since you ask. Do all Opals have brain wands?”

“Most do,” he said. “But they’re all programmed very differently.”

“You mean with their capabilities?” I said.

“Exactly,” he said.

“So I’d guess yours is probably pretty advanced, huh?” Jonas feigned frustration.

“Are we going to talk or do you want to see some real live history?” I nodded.

He put the brain wand on the table in front of me. “I’ve made a short compilation for you, Charles.” He tapped the display and it started.

The first scene was like watching a video where the recorder was walking. It jumped around a bit. Then there was a clearing. After a couple of seconds I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. It was a flying saucer. It was really big. I’d guess it would sit almost perfectly taking up about a third of a football field. It was sitting still but it was three feet off the ground. There was no sound coming from the brain wand.

The motion began again as Jonas walked toward the craft. I turned to him and stared.

“Are you ready to see the inside of an earth made flying saucer?” He said. I couldn’t speak. I looked back to the wand and as Jonas got closer to the saucer an opening appeared. There was no sliding door, no rising hatch, just an opening. I wanted to ask but Jonas suggested I hold all questions. I didn’t argue. He went inside.

The inside of the craft was surprisingly bright and cheerful in appearance. I guess there’s no reason for it not to be. He walked around. It looked like the surroundings you might find at a ski lodge or resort. He walked about for more than five minutes going from one chamber to another. I saw nothing that looked like a control panel. Then he sat in a plush chair. A large flat screen panel appeared. Jonas took out his brain wand, scrolled a few pages and pushed a button. The saucer quickly lifted off the ground. The screen in front of him showed the changing scenery as the craft left the earth. Jonas must have sensed the millions of questions I had. He touched the panel on his wand and the video stopped.

“Okay,” I said. “That was nuts. It sure looked like you were piloting that thing with thought. Is that what you were doing?”

“I don’t know why that would be such a surprise,” he said.

“You know,” I responded. “By now, I don’t know either. It sure does make sense. Please, turn it on again.”

“There’s not much left to see in that clip,” he said. “But I think you’ll enjoy the others.” He was right. The others were amazing.

In the ten minutes that followed I saw the cow-dog and met Merenptah, the feeble pharaoh. Then I could hardly believe it. I was watching Nikola Tesla working in what appeared to be a dreary warehouse. The scenes weren’t in any type of order. At one point I think I was looking at George Washington and Thomas Jefferson having a discussion.

There were scenes with President Kennedy, Jimmy Stewart, Adolph Hitler, Picasso, Elvis, Al Capone and a lot of other people I didn’t recognize. There were people wearing togas and robes. I thought they might have been alive thousands of years ago. I didn’t know what to say. It’s one thing to sit and listen to intriguing tales, but it’s another thing entirely to see actual footage of so many notable people. And all of the clips

appeared to be direct shots, as though Jonas was actually in close quarters with each person.

“You’re the real deal, aren’t you?” I said. Jonas laughed.

“I thought you’d figured that out long ago,” he said.

“Yeah. It’s one thing to listen to you talk about stuff but it’s weird to see proof. I’ve got a question,” I said.

“Julius Caesar, perhaps?” Jonas said.

“Was he in there?” I asked. Jonas tapped the wand display a couple of times and there was Julius Caesar.

“What about the guy just before him?” I said.

“That was Jesus,” Jonas said.

“Don’t mess with me man,” I said.

“I’m not messing with you. That was Jesus himself.”

“You knew Jesus?”

“Yes.” Jonas said. “You’ve got to understand something, Charles. Long ago my people were extremely mobile in an otherwise static civilization. We had easy access to all the happening stuff. Believe me, most of the regular folks back then were about as boring as they could be. But guys like Merenptah and Caesar and Jesus, well, they were the movers and shakers.”

“This is almost too much,” I said. “What was Jesus like?”

“Well, he didn’t look a whole lot like the depictions we see of him these days. He was pretty tall. His skin was fair to slightly olive toned. When I knew him he kept his hair shorter than the pictures we see today. He was a nice guy. He often had people gathered around him. He was a great teacher. I learned a lot from him. It’s like he wasn’t from that time at all. I believe he was probably one of the greatest metaphysicians of all times.”

“And you would sit and listen to him?” I said. I felt weird asking that question because there was always a part of me that thought Jonas was nothing more than a practical joker. I guess I thought he might be laughing his ass off on the inside while I was sitting there like a little puppy.

“Yes,” Jonas said. “I actually recorded some of it.” I was afraid to ask so I didn’t. I somehow thought that Jonas might have been one of the people that had contributed to the Bible. This session wasn’t like any of the others. I was actually shaking just a little.

“I guess this was just a little too much, eh Charles?”

“No. I’m digesting it. All of those scenes are in close quarters. I see people’s lips moving but I don’t hear any sound. I’m guessing you’ve edited out the sound because it might be too revealing.”

“Something like that,” Jonas said.

“Not a problem,” I said. “I guess you’ve managed to find your way to the forefront of every little bit of history, huh?”

“More or less,” he said. “Many of my Opal peers think I’m batty. They laugh at me for taking an interest in the regular population. They’re always warning me how dangerous it is to mingle with common folks. There’s so much violence in your world, though it was much more so in days gone by.” I just sat and nodded, watching the river flow by our table.

“Listen, Charles. I had something else I wanted to show you but I’m not so sure now.”

“Jonas, after seeing those clips it would be hard to shock me.”

“You might be surprised,” he said. He’d piqued my curiosity.

“I can handle it,” I said, hoping the apprehension in my voice wasn’t too obvious.

“I’m sure you can,” Jonas said. “Follow me.” We were sitting just inside the gate to the park. We walked out the gate and about 100 yards up the road to a large field.

“Here?” I said. “What could possibly be here?”

“My flying saucer,” Jonas said. “C’mon. I’ll show you.” Jonas walked straight back into the clearing, stopping after about 60 feet. He took out the brain wand and hit the display. Sitting in front of us was a flying saucer. It was massive. There was absolutely no sound coming from it. There was actually a blue jay sitting atop the thing. It was about three feet off the ground.

“I must be hallucinating,” I said. “I’d swear there’s a flying saucer sitting here.” Jonas chuckled.

“Let’s go,” he said. He walked toward the craft and I followed about 15 paces behind. When he got to within 20 feet an opening appeared on the hull. I didn’t notice him doing anything that would have activated the opening.

“How’d you do that?” I asked.

“It’s programmed to recognize me. Are you going to hang around asking silly questions or are you going to check out my flying saucer?” I told myself I was dreaming and followed Jonas into the craft.

“Looks like the rig in the video,” I said.

“It is. This is the second saucer the Opals built after we figured out how to use the pellets.”

“Okay,” I said, still looking around. “I’d swear we’re in a hotel or something.”

“Yes, it’s comfy.” Jonas said.

“Aren’t you afraid someone will drive by and see us?” I said.

“We’re invisible again,” he said. “Let’s take a spin, shall we?”

“As long as I get home before the streetlights are on.” I felt weird saying that because it was something I’d often repeat as a kid. Was I reverting back to childhood? I don’t know.

“Take a seat anywhere,” Jonas said. I sat on a nice leather sofa. Somehow I thought a leather sofa had no business being on a flying saucer. There was a large flat panel TV in front of the sofa. It came on. I could see the field outside.

“We’re going to be traveling very fast,” Jonas said. The monitor will be almost useless.”

“How fast?” I asked without caring at all.

“Watch.” Jonas said. There was nothing to watch. I felt nothing. The monitor went from displaying a rich green country setting to darkness. We were somewhere in space. There were points of light everywhere. I assumed they were stars.

“Shouldn’t we be weightless?” I said.

“Would you like to be?” Jonas replied. I smiled.

“Yeah,” I said. “Outside the womb, I’ve never been weightless.” I had no clue why I said that. Then I noticed I was floating above the leather sofa. It was a very tranquil

feeling. I thought I might be woozy but I had no discomfort at all. I looked at the monitor and saw a bright circle.

“There’s the moon off to your right,” Jonas said.

“Looks round,” I said.

“It is round,” Jonas said. I thought he was going to admit the moon and planets were globular. He didn’t.

“It’s a round disk,” he said. “It’s actually flat.” I laughed. The next thing I knew we were surrounded by blue sky. The monitor was somehow displaying the saucer, or a saucer moving through the atmosphere.

“Is that us?” I asked.

“Sure is,” Jonas replied. “Anywhere you’d like to go?” I thought about it and felt my answer might be offensive. But I said it anyway.

“You know, Jonas. After so much astral projection, I’ve seen just about everything I’ve ever wanted to see.”

“I know,” he said. “I’ve got an idea. Watch this.”

I kept my eyes on the monitor. Suddenly we were suspended over the famous Hollywood Walk of Fame on Hollywood Boulevard in California.

“They’re going to see us,” I said. We were only about 15 feet off the street.

“Nah, we’re invisible. But watch this.” Suddenly all activity stopped. People were pointing at us. Traffic everywhere ground to a halt. People everywhere were jumping out of their cars. I noticed a couple of people getting pictures with their phones. And then we were gone.

“What happened?” I said. “Are we invisible again or did we take off?”

“Both,” Jonas said. “Take a look now.” I turned to the monitor and there was the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. We must have been invisible because no one was paying us any attention.

“Probably not a good idea to show off here,” I said. “Might cause an accident on the bridge.”

“Good thinking,” Jonas said. Instead of flashing the bridge we were suddenly suspended 30 feet above Golden Gate Park. No one noticed so we must have been invisible.

“How is it we can see ourselves on the monitor but the people down there can’t see us?” I asked.

“Ask me another time,” Jonas said. “Watch this.” We were visible again as people started running towards us and away from us and every which way. We buzzed the park like a barnstorming biplane and then headed for higher skies.

“You’re having a blast, aren’t you?” I said.

“I haven’t done this in years,” Jonas said. “I’m probably going to catch hell from my boss.”

“You’ve got a boss?” I said.

“Not really,” he said. “She’s more like a peer. But I agreed to not do this anymore several years ago.” I had a bunch of things going through my mind.

“Aren’t we at risk?” I said. “I mean, don’t you think word has gotten to the military by now?”

“Yeah,” Jonas said. “But they’re really slow. They’re going to scramble some jets to come check us out. Whoopdy doo. If I want we can be suspended over the Vegas Strip

in under two seconds.”

“Let’s do it,” I said. The next thing I saw on the monitor was the Las Vegas strip. People were swarming all over the place. Traffic was stalled in both directions.

“How about we give them a dramatic demonstration?” I said.

“Good to see you’ve got a sense of humor,” Jonas said. “I was beginning to wonder. What did you have in mind?”

“How about you make us visible and then shoot from here up about 500 feet towards town then another 500 feet and then another, until we’re downtown.”

“Sounds good,” Jonas said. “You want to fly ‘er?”

“Me? I have trouble on a bicycle.”

“It’s a piece of cake,” Jonas said. “All you’ve got to do is take the wand and then think what you want to do.”

“That’s all?” I said.

“Yeah. It’s easy,” he said. I got up and he gave me the wand. My hands were shaking slightly.

“Don’t be nervous,” Jonas said. “There’s nothing to it. Whenever you’re ready just think we’re visible. Then you’ll notice the people going nuts down there and you start scooting us along like you said.”

I thought us visible first. And I’ll be damned if we didn’t attract the same kind of attention we got in California. Then I bopped us up the street 500 feet or so and stopped on a dime. What a rush. We couldn’t feel the motion but watching it on the monitor was a trip. Then I thought us invisible again and brought us straight up about 1000 feet. I was having a blast. Jonas sat smiling.

It was easy maneuvering the saucer because it did exactly what I was thinking. We sat at 1000 feet for a few seconds and then I descended really fast, sloping down to 20 feet again and went visible. There was a cop there unsnapping his holster. I didn’t think he’d be silly enough to fire at us but I also didn’t stick around long enough to find out. Instead of leapfrogging downtown I took us there in one quick jaunt. We were invisible again.

Jonas asked if I cared to walk around in Vegas. I was tempted but thought flying the ship was far more fun. From Las Vegas we went to Seattle and hovered directly beside the Space Needle. We went visible. Everyone was pointing. People were taking pictures. What a riot. Before the ground authorities could get organized we were on to Chicago, then Saint Louis. Then we zigged over to Atlanta, then zagged to Tampa and Miami. I got a little crazy and buzzed downtown Havana. Jonas laughed and said that was a first for him. Then we made our way up the east coast.

Jonas insisted I stay away from Washington DC. He said he’d explain later. We showed ourselves in Philadelphia, Hartford, Boston, New York and then took a fling up to Montreal. I was getting bored. I know how weird that seems, having an 80 ton flying saucer at my command that can travel a tad under the speed of light, but still, I got bored. Jonas empathized. He said he got bored doing it too. I asked if he minded if I checked out the planets in our solar system. He said, “Why not.” So I did, starting from Pluto and heading to Mercury.

I didn’t notice the slightest change in temperature as we got closer to the sun. I guess the Opals know how to build a decent flying saucer. After seeing Mercury I was hungry. Jonas said there was all kinds of food in the galley. I said I needed to let the cats

out so I got a rain check on eating onboard. I headed home to where we'd started. I deliberately went much slower than necessary and kept us invisible. Can't have the neighbors knowing I'm the guy that prompted 16 UFO sightings that day.

I rarely watch the news but that night it was such a kick to see the few individuals that had been able to capture us on video. I learned something from the experience too. I'll be careful not to be so judgmental of Jonas, the practical joker. After seeing how much fun it is messing with the "regular" people, I don't blame him a bit for doing it.

How To Travel Back In Time, Really

Time travel is real. I swear it is. I've done it. I spent last Christmas in 1964. I love seeing my parents and siblings all so young and fresh and full of life. Jonas explained it all to me shortly after I met him for the second time in the early 1990s.

I wrote a time travel novel based on the methodology a while back. A few of my readers have tracked me down to tell me they tried the method I described in that book and that they too managed to go back in time. They said the book, obviously a science fiction story, was the perfect guide. I never intended to write it that way though. Jonas says we can travel back in time and into the future as well. But visiting the future is off limits for now. He said if I did a decent job in explaining some of the stuff he wants out there, you know, like the earth being flat and more, he'll consider teaching me how to get to the future. I'm not ashamed to say I can be bribed if the reward is big enough. I can hardly wait.

So that's what this is about. How to go back in time. It's pretty simple both in theory and practice. Here's the nugget: Lucid dreaming. In case you're not familiar, a lucid dream is one in which the sleeping individual realizes she's dreaming and can control the outcome of the dream. Lots of people experience lucid dreams without realizing it. Simple, huh? Of course, there's more to traveling back in time than that. In fact, there's another separate component. Learning time travel is a two step process. The second step is astral projection. Okay, I know some of you just rolled your eyes and said to yourself, Gee whiz. He's one of *those*. Yep. I'm one of those. Certifiable. If you've gotten this far you already know it.

But before I go into the method I want to explain how this all came about. The United States government funded a great deal of research on lucid dreaming, remote viewing and astral projection starting in the 1930s. Before then it was only hoodoo practitioners and other fringe characters that were diddy boppin around the universe. Oh, I forgot to mention. During astral projection you have access to all of creation. I've floated around the rings of Saturn. The colors are exquisite. I've been sucked into various black holes 32 times now.

If you think the Verruckt water slide in Kansas City is exciting, imagine sitting on the event horizon as you drift toward a black hole and then getting spit directly into a white hole. Man, it's an amazing rush. Sometimes when I want privacy I just head for the moon and hover above Mare Tranquillitatis. What a peaceful feeling. I also like to look at astronaut foot prints, wishing I could make my mark too. But since I've left my body somewhere else, that's impossible.

Anyway, the government people really beefed up the research once World War II started. They knew Hitler was working on an atomic bomb and wanted to beat him to it.

According to Jonas, who had a major role in all this espionage stuff back then, the Nazis had everything they needed to construct an atomic bomb back in 1942. They just didn't realize they had it. The facts and figures around nuclear fusion they'd gathered up until then were complete but they weren't properly collated. In other words, the material was out of sequence.

Jonas knows this because it was he who was spying on them when he (his essence or consciousness actually) had left his body on an astral projection mission. He laughed with gusto telling me how he'd be right there in the room, invisible, with Hitler and his gaggle of goose stepping henchmen listening to them plotting to take over the world. He said Adolph loved to pound the table and shout orders and ultimatums, the jugular veins in his neck bulging like taught, red garden hoses, with sweat from his brow and spittle from his shouting flying about the room as he angrily made his point. But that's a story for another time.

As I've already mentioned, Jonas explained that he could be present just about anywhere in creation without others being aware of him. That's obviously a really convenient trick for a spy to know. At the time there were only two other Americans who knew how to pull it off. I'm talking about astral projection. President Roosevelt would often tell those special agents in confidence, two men and a woman, that it was they, and not he, who were the most important people living. He'd be all dramatic about it like it was a big deal.

Jonas broke into heavy laughter when he explained that, saying Roosevelt was such a drama queen and that astral projection was something that people had figured it out well before the time of King Author and Merlin. He should know, Jonas was Merlin. But Roosevelt never knew any of this. He thought it was the United States government's research that brought it all to the forefront. He didn't know about time travel either. Jonas says it would be a major mistake to let any government in on such a thing as they have a propensity for misusing certain special blessings. Jonas says that with only a few exceptions, American presidents were frightfully ill informed and some of them were downright dolts.

He says there were only a handful that ever had a clue about the true nature of things. If time travel is such a special skill, you might wonder why Jonas is allowing me to put out there to the masses. Surely the government could get a copy of this book and use it to go back and fix all the stuff they've bugged up over the years. Nope. Not the case at all. I wondered the same thing. The answer is simple. He says that there's only a very small percentage of the population at large that possesses the insight to seize such an opportunity and the rest will consider it all fantasy or satire or something.

Okay. Enough chit chat. Here's how time travel works. First you've got to learn how to lucid dream. As I've mentioned, most folks do it accidentally from time to time. But that's not good enough. You've got to do it deliberately. I remember reading a book years ago by Carlos Castaneda. He hung out with a Yaqui Indian shaman in Arizona back in the 1960s and wrote a bunch of books about it.

His mentor, Don Juan the shaman, was explaining lucid dreaming to Carlos as a means of being two places at the same time, something that can come in mighty handy if you're a wizard or a spy or you have a curious nature. Castaneda never used the term lucid dreaming, though. Anyway, Don Juan told Carlos to try and look at his hand during a dream. He said that every night before falling asleep he should concentrate on looking

at his hand once he realized he was dreaming. Eventually he was able to do it. I mentioned this to Jonas and he said it's the accepted practice and known the world over.

So that's what I did. It took a few months before I was able to do it the first time. Shortly after I did it again. Once I reached that stage I began to be more conscious of what was happening while dreaming. Jonas says that during true lucid dreaming we are literally in two worlds. That sounded really interesting. I remember bugging him all the time about the dream world but he wouldn't comment. Maybe another time, he'd say. I'm thinking, good enough for me because the stuff I was already learning was plenty. Time travel. Lucid dreaming, the doorway to time travel. Not many people get to do these things.

Okay, so once you get control of yourself during lucid dreams, it's a simple transition to astral projection. But there's something very important about that first astral trip I need to explain. It opens up a portal. That's what I called it in the novel, a time portal. Jonas says that's as good a name as any.

A time portal is a window to a particular "place" in time. What does that mean? Imagine it's June 1st. Let's say you've gotten good at lucid dreaming. And let's say that you transition from your lucid dream to astral projection. In other words, your body is in bed while your "essence" is visiting friends in Spain or Los Angeles or anywhere. Don't laugh, that's a legitimate scenario. Now, let's say you return to your body and wake up. Congratulations. You've opened up a time portal. It's still June 1st.

For the sake of our discussion, let's say you wait two weeks and do the same thing. Now it's June 14th. You go to bed again and start off with lucid dreaming and progress to astral projection. Once again your essence or consciousness has access to all of creation. Now you have two portals open. The one you opened two weeks ago on June 1st and the one you opened during this experience. All you have to do to visit the past, is *think about your June 1st experience* two weeks ago. You will immediately find yourself in the presence of your sleeping body. Once there, you simply enter that sleeping body. What have you accomplished?

You've actually lived two full weeks since that portal was opened so you know what's going to happen over the next two weeks. You're actually back to June 1st with all the experience and knowledge you've gained up until June 14th. For all practical purposes, you're two weeks back in time.

Can you see the possibilities? Now let's take it a step further. You open up a portal on June 1st and then another one on June 1st of the following year. And, by simply thinking of your sleeping body back on June 1st last year, you go back to that time and enter that body.

Only this time you've lived a full year beyond the original portal. So when you return, you're one year back in time. Now you have knowledge of the entire year to come because you've already lived it.

I realize this sounds weird but the more portals you open, the more "places" or time periods you can visit. You just need to understand that each separate astral projection experience represents the opening of a new time travel portal. And each time portal leads to a different period in time. Stay with me, it gets easier to grasp with another example.

I'm going to borrow a snippet of text from the novel. In this story Dale, the present day Dale who's an adult in his 50s, becomes feverish and leaves his body. It's

virtually the same “out of body” experience as astral projection delivers but achieved from fever. He had a very similar experience as a young boy. He was down with the flu, became feverish and found himself hovering over his bed witnessing his sick room with him in bed thrashing about. Okay, that’s an out of body experience that opened up his first time portal. Keep that in mind. In this scene the adult Dale found that he (his essence, not his physical body) has made it back to his 1963 bedroom, using astral projection and witnessed the feverish child that was him so long ago:

Without effort he found himself in his old bedroom hovering above a feverish eight-year old Dale. He was consumed with joy and fear and excitement and foreboding and hope and wonder all at the same time. The jumble of emotions left him with a peculiar aura.

He intuitively knew what he had to do and also knew that doing it would change everything in his world forever. He thought it could possibly change everything everywhere forever, yet he did it just the same. He paused first, again looking down at the feverish young Dale. Then he watched as his dad, 47 years younger, peeked into the room to check his son and quickly backed out. And then he did it. He entered the body of young Dale.

At the risk of being redundant, an individual can open a portal several ways. Young Dale opened his first portal in 1963 when he left his body during a bout with high fever. As an adult, he had a similar experience, again brought on by fever. Only the second time, as an adult his “essence” was somehow drawn back to the 1963 experience, where he merged with his younger self. Now we have the mind of an adult man, complete with the wisdom and knowledge of the future in the body of a 10 year old boy.

The feverish young Dale opened up a portal in 1963 and the adult Dale opened up another in the present. Neither of these events was planned. Dale has the ability to go back and forth between these time periods. He also has the option to open new portals as adult Dale lives his life inhabiting his youthful body. He can open a portal every week, every month or every year if he so wishes. Each time he does, he creates another “place” (time period) he can visit using astral projection.

This is what Jonas taught his spy counterparts back in the 1930s when he found himself the lead man in Project Wraith, as it was named. That was how to first lucid dream and then how to experience astral projection. This allowed them to move freely about the earth and beyond. And that’s how they were able to spy on Hitler and other enemies of freedom. What he left out was the stuff about opening time portals. These people had no idea that once they’d experienced astral projection at least twice, they were able to go back and forth between those two dates.

Jonas explained that this particular method of time travel might explain a lot about certain people society considers exceptionally gifted. For example, how is it someone like Mozart is composing such wonderfully beautiful and elaborate classical music at age five? Could it be that he somehow opened a time portal as a child and then another as a much older adult?

That would be like adult Dale returning to his own past. He’d be a mature adult in a child’s body studying music or physics or medicine. Then, when he reaches the open time portal he could again return to his childhood portal and continue his studies. He

might repeat that cycle a dozen or more times. Such an individual could accumulate a massive amount of insight and experience that, theoretically, might never end. Makes you wonder about people like Edison and Einstein other people we consider exceptionally gifted. Were they actually astral time travelers?

In the novel I created a character, Dr. T. Edward Brummer, physicist. He did a marvelous job explaining it to Dale. Dale was a mature man in his 50s though at the time he was occupying his 12 year old body in 1966. He knew everything that would be happening for the next four and a half decades. What a kick, huh? You can do it too. There are a couple of things you should be aware of before you go.

Time jumping as Jonas sometimes calls it obviously isn't your garden variety science fiction type of time travel where there's some machine transporting people through wormholes. This stuff is real. But the process has its limitations. The main one is that you've got to travel light. No luggage at all. It's your essence or your consciousness that actually leaves your present time body and enters your sleeping body in the past. All seamless. Very clean. The same thing works in reverse. If you get tired of living in the past you simply go to bed, begin lucid dreaming and transition to astral projection. Once you're there you "think" yourself back to the time you originally opened the portal. You'll find yourself hovering above your sleeping body. Just jump back in and you're good to go.

I've shown a few people how to do this. One has gotten pretty good at it. The others are scared out of their minds worrying what happened to the bodies they vacated. One woman I know has gone back to her childhood. She's opened up more than a dozen portals. She actually opened up her first portal as a kid when she was knocked unconscious by a falling rocking chair. But that's a story for another time.

So now you know how to go back in time. It's going to take a bit of discipline to pull it off. But it's worth it. Maybe you'll memorize some high flying stocks, or some baseball scores or maybe the Megaball numbers before you jump backwards. Lots of possibilities.

I've explained this to a few people and all they could do was complain. They say it's too hard to learn lucid dreaming and astral projection and memorize stuff and they want a method where they can take fresh clothes and makeup and breath mints. Man, can you believe it? You just can't please some folks.

One more thing. Don't let this stuff get into the wrong hands. You know who I'm talking about. It could change the world as we've come to know it. Happy sailing.

Conversations With A 6000 Year Old Man

In this section I'll cover a lot of bits and pieces, stuff that's too short for an independent account. But before getting to that I need to explain something. It's about Jonas and his family. This is a bit difficult to describe but I'll do my best. See, Jonas is one of many children of a guy that goes by the name Kolano. I don't know exactly how old Kolano is and I don't think Jonas knows either. I met Jonas's half brother, Kokobono, the original John Smith, in the late 1990s. I'm not going to go into that right now as the whole experience has been well documented. I've discussed Kokobono with Jonas and he didn't have much to say about him.

Kokobono was born roughly 2000 years after Jonas so it's reasonable to believe they haven't spent much time together, though I could be wrong about that. Jonas did say that his brother was a good guy. I'd agree. I've also learned from Jonas that he has a half sister that goes by the name of Zorga. Kokobono and Zorga have the same parents though Kokobono never mentioned her to me. She's apparently a very colorful character and likes to be called Princess Zorga. I haven't met her that I'm aware of. I know all of this sounds whacked and sometimes I wonder why I've agreed to write about any of it. I've taken plenty of heat from family and friends on all of this stuff. If you'd like to know more about Kokobono and our business together, click here: [The Legend Of Kokobono](#)

When I say Kokobono was the original John Smith I mean it literally. He began using that name as an alias more than 1000 years ago. Neither Smith nor Jonas has verified what I'm going to opine but it's what makes the most sense. What, you ask, am I talking about?

Okay. This will be a very loose definition of a common term used in the Buddhist faith. The word is Bodhisattva. Volumes have been written about the nature of the Bodhisattva but I'm going to keep it simple for brevity's sake. A Bodhisattva is a human who, through many lifetimes of unselfish thoughts and actions, has developed a highly evolved, Godlike spirit. Buddhists believe that these Bodhisattvas have earned a place beyond the physical plane, yet they choose to stay earthbound in an attempt to guide others to their own place in heaven. That last little bit is the key. You might say that Bodhisattvas have "been there and done that" and they've decided to forgo their heavenly rewards to help us.

Again, that's a very pedestrian take on the concept. It's my opinion that the people I'm talking about, Jonas, Kokobono and perhaps Princess Zorga are Bodhisattvas. I doubt they are officially but they fit the profile. Kokobono is completely devoted to advancing peace and love on earth. I've spent many hours with him. I've never mentioned the stuff about him being a Bodhisattva. Maybe I'll ask him about it next time I see him. Like his older brother, he has his impish ways but he's nowhere near the smartass Jonas can be. I guess there's one in every family.

Jonas is a good guy too but he loves to play around. When I commented on how his shenanigans ended up getting Merenptah bumped off after selling a phony gold plated cow-dog to Akhenaton, he laughed and said the guy had it coming. He said Merenptah's destiny had been set long before and any number of weird events might have brought on his demise. Somehow that doesn't seem very compassionate but who am I to judge?

One more thing before I move on. I have almost nothing to base any kind of opinion on when it comes to Zorga. Jonas says she's a little bit on the wild side. Apparently she's a whiz at magic and throwing whammies on people so I don't want to say anything here that would piss her off. As far as my cowardly lion ass is concerned, Princess Zorga is a peach. Okay, enough kissing up. Let's get into the meat.

The following stuff is outtakes from various conversations I've had with Jonas over the last few years. Like the stuff you've already read (unless you opened this part first) these stories are hanging out there in the stratosphere and will sound just as crazy, if not more so as the previous entries. I've decided to present these with the reconstructed dialog of the original conversations as I think they're more enjoyable and revealing that way. Not only that, I had to deliver them this way to use the clever title I gave this part.

As you may have gathered by now Jonas and I talked a lot about the brain wand. I haven't come anywhere near explaining how versatile a gadget it is. It literally has thousands of implications. I mentioned that it has an almost infinite storage unit that's the size of a Cheerio. That thing contains 142 trillion of what the Opals call brain sequences, or human neuro-energy commands. One day we were talking about health in general. I was still trying to grasp how special the brain wand was when Jonas asked if I wanted to hear about something that could literally end disease as we know it. I thought we'd already visited that topic with the brain wand memory eraser function but I guess I was mistaken. What he explained is something that we regular longevity folks have been trying to produce for the last couple of centuries.

Magic Bullets

I've been a "sometimes" denizen of the healthcare community since my Navy days. There's a common term among doctors and other healthcare practitioners. It's sort of a fantasy concept. They call it the magic bullet. A magic bullet is a treatment, procedure or a drug that selectively singles out diseased tissue and either cures or removes it without harming any healthy body parts. I'll go to our discussion from here.

"So you're saying that there's a drug that can identify the flu virus and knock it out without doing damage to healthy organs or tissues. Man, that would be something."

"I never said it was a drug," Jonas said. "But that's not to say it isn't." Jonas loved playing cat and mouse before actually delivering the goods.

"So what is it if it's not a drug?"

"Well," he said. "It started out as a tiny mechanical device. Almost, but not quite microscopic. Like the brain wand it had considerable data storage capabilities. This is something we developed around the time Atlantis was thriving. We've got a device that shrinks things. We call it the Squasher. Clever name, huh? It also enlarges them. We figured that out by simply reversing the shrinking process, but never got around to changing the name of the thing to reflect that. The Squasher's mechanism is simple, an electrical impulse identifies an item's molecular map. Then it reduces or enlarges that map according to what's required. The result is a shrunken or enlarged item."

Just hearing Jonas talking about molecules got me excited as in our earliest meeting about the earth being flat he dispelled the notion of spherical bodies and all the rest. I was sure I'd caught him in a fabrication.

"Molecules, huh?" I said smugly. "Molecules derived from atoms. Atoms with subatomic particles orbiting them? Those kind of molecules? What about the flat earth theory?" I was sure I had him. He laughed.

"Two things," he said. "The earth is flat. It's not a theory. Second thing. What makes you think that because I'm talking about molecules that they have to be nonspherical or flat, or round for that matter?" I felt the vitality draining out of my body, knowing he was about to let me have it.

“I guess it was a knee jerk reaction,” I said. “I still haven’t gotten used to the idea.” I thought that maybe I’d recover a bit by just being honest rather than trying to debate a really smart 6000 year old guy.

“Okay,” he said. “Here’s the scoop. You don’t really hear this unless you’re a member of the scientific community, physics actually, and even if you are they don’t talk much about it. The spherical nature of the atom and the structure of molecules is a model scientists built long ago. When those guys are actually studying that stuff, I mean, when they’re looking through high powered microscopes they’re looking at blurry energy patterns, not nice, neat little microscopic solar systems. That’s storybook land, my friend. Just because people accept a contrived spherical model of our surroundings doesn’t mean it’s accurate. It’s a model, plain and simple.”

“Okay,” I said. “Sorry I interrupted.”

“No problem,” Jonas said. “I’m glad you brought it up. Shows me you’re probably not a pushover. So where were we... Oh, yeah. Molecules are wave patterns of energy. Okay, first we built a machine. It was the size of a baseball. It had a propulsion system. It had a large data storage system with a library of all types of nasty organisms cataloged. Once we had a working model we shrunk that bad boy down to about one hundredth the size of a red blood cell. Just like *Fantastic Voyage* only without Rachel Welch and crew. This thing didn’t need conscious entities calling the shots because it was programmed to alert on suspicious organisms. When it found one or more it blasted them away.”

“Wow,” I said. “I’ve got a couple of questions.” I was sure he knew what they were but for some unknown reason he allowed me to ask. Maybe his brain wand was in the shop.

“Ask away,” he said.

“What about white blood cells and other immune system components? Didn’t they attack the... What do you call this thing, anyway?”

“It’s embarrassing,” Jonas said. “The Opals are brilliant when it comes to developing cutting edge technology but, man, the names we come up with for them is downright humiliating at times. We called this thing, the Fish.” I agreed the name was dumb but didn’t want to say anything so I just nodded. He continued.

“Anyway, we had the immune system stuff figured out well before we started. We used the brain wand. We just identified neuro impulses that mimicked healthy tissue and cells and had the Fish broadcast those impulses while searching the body. The immune system read those as friendly impulses and the combatants just left us alone. What was the other question?”

“Right,” I said. “When the Fish finds something dangerous how does it deal with it?”

“Star Wars technology, mostly.” Jonas said. “But it depends on what kind of vector we’re talking about. If there’s a known drug that kills an organism on contact we might set the Fish on a search and destroy mission just drowning the bugs with the drug, though most drugs don’t kill pathogens on contact. Then there are tiny argon-like lasers built in too. In time, we developed Fish that were incredibly small. We could send armies of them into a body and have a completely clean system within minutes.”

“Amazing,” I said.

“It is,” Jonas replied. “But the Fish was just the beginning. Eventually we were able to produce strains of cells in the laboratory that would do the same thing. We’d whack them with the brain wand and literally program them with the impulses they needed to get in there, find the bad guys and nuke ‘em. And when they were finished we’d set them to self destruct and the immune system scavenger cells did the cleanup work.”

“Wow.” I said. “Wasn’t there any chance they might go rogue and turn vicious.”

“Excellent, man.” Jonas said. “You’re showing me you’ve got aptitude for this stuff. To answer your question, yeah. It actually happened. The first time out the cells we’d developed for search and destroy missions didn’t want to do as they’d been programmed to do. We had to bring the old fashioned Fish back into duty to knock out the renegades. Almost lost a couple of volunteers on that gig.” I didn’t know what to say but I did have a question. Jonas must have known.

“Any questions?” He said.

“Yeah,” I said. “If the Opals have immortality and don’t get sick then how were you getting subjects for experiments?”

“Regular folk.” He said. “See, we’re not playing secret spy. We’re not always undercover. We have people out in the regular world that are there because they want to help. We’ve got plenty of licensed physicians and other people out there but man, is it ever a pain in the ass. The last thing the AMA wants is competition so they make it hard. We do a lot of our testing in countries that aren’t under the scrutiny of the medical mafia.”

We talked a bit more about various magic bullets and their potential. But this little interview turned out to be very revealing. I had no idea there were Opals out in our world working at making improvements. Since this chat I’ve heard of several people that have experienced miraculous recoveries from various diseases and wondered if the Opals had anything to do with them. The possibilities of this technology fighting cancer could stop the disease in its tracks. Jonas says that like the kinetic energy solution to our environmental problems, large organized big business and government people don’t really want solutions. I’m hoping they keep trying.

How To Be Invisible

The title to this piece is a little misleading because it implies that I might be sharing instructions on how to make yourself invisible. After our discussion about magic bullets, the Fish and the Squasher I got to thinking about a lot of things. That always happens with Jonas. It occurred to me that the Opals had technology for just about everything. They had antigravity devices. They had ultra potent healing devices. They had broadcast electricity. They were aware of a viable method of time travel centuries ago. They had the brain wand, a device that has thousands of useful applications. I guess I couldn’t help but wonder if they had a way to make oneself invisible. I know we can do it with astral travel but that involves leaving our bodies somewhere else.

My question is can we make our bodies unseen. I have an idea we can but I wanted to hear it straight from Jonas. Of course, I knew he was going to make me work for it. What I mean is that unless he brings up a topic, he makes me think about things.

When he brings up something he wants to explain, he usually just lays it all out there unless I get the urge to participate, which is happening more often each time we get together. The following discussion on the topic took place in 2011. I remember it like it was yesterday. I started with a straightforward question. Is it possible to be invisible without astral traveling? I got the answer I expected.

“So, Charles. What do you think?”

“I think it is.” I responded.

“Care to expand on that?” Jonas said.

“Well, I’m not sure how you guys do it but I’m guessing you could become invisible using your holographic projection equipment.”

“True enough,” Jonas said. “Anything else?”

“Nope. Other than astral projection I have no clue.”

“Okay,” Jonas said. “Let’s take a look at holographic projection, shall we?” I just smiled.

“This is a bit involved,” he said. “The technology hasn’t been updated in a long time. Maybe that’s because it’s so simple. What we do is capture images and reconstruct them in other locations. That certainly sounds simple but there’s a lot more to it than meets the eye, or in this case, doesn’t meet the eye.” Jonas saw that I had a question and paused.

“When you were talking about how the Opals made flying saucers invisible I wondered how that worked. I think you said something about holographic images of clear sky. But that doesn’t make sense to me. Clear sky is clear. Wouldn’t people be able to see right through clear sky to the thing you wanted to keep hidden?”

“Charles you’ve done it again.” He said. “You’ve identified the crux of the challenge our people faced so long ago.”

“Seems obvious,” I said.

“I suppose,” Jonas replied. “Let’s go through this, okay. We have a handful of Opal communities here in the United States as well as in other countries. Each one is hidden from plain view of the rest of the population. We also have some Opals that choose to live much of their lives out in the open. That would describe me. But that’s not relative to this discussion. Here’s the way this works. We’ve got very special cameras strategically placed near our communities. These cameras are pointed at various landmarks such as mountains, trees, the shoreline, clouds, and other nature-like scenery.” I nodded that I understood.

“Then we take those images and render them in a special way that they are no longer one dimensional pictures but 3-D images. Have you ever seen 3-D images projected into a room?”

“Sure. I think I saw something like that at a fair a while back. Very real looking. But I never understood how it worked.”

“Believe me,” Jonas said. “I’m no expert either but I do understand the concept. Let’s forget about particular stationary images for a moment and look at what we need to achieve. If I were to become invisible using holographic imagery what do you suppose would have to happen to pull it off?” I’d been thinking about that very question for several weeks and couldn’t come up with an answer.

“Sorry, Jonas. I have no idea.”

“Okay,” he said. “Let’s think it through. For you to be unseen in this setting what would have to happen? Take your time. I know you can get it.”

It was flattering knowing he thought so but I was drawing a blank. We were in a park as we most often met outside. I looked around and took everything in. There were only a few people there. We were sitting by a large hedge. I got up and walked toward the hedge. Then I asked Jonas to do the same thing. He did as I asked. And then it came to me.

“I think I know,” I said. “But it would be a pretty complex procedure.” Jonas smiled.

“Complex is relative, my friend. What did you come up with?”

“Okay,” I said. “This might be crazy but if I was to walk around this little section and be invisible then there’d have to be a holographic camera or monitor or something that could capture images on the fly and immediately project them all around me. And it would have to be happening really quick, like in real time.” He smiled.

“Anything else?” he said.

“Yeah. One thing. It seems really impractical. I mean, what I just described.” He smiled again. “Impractical is relative too,” he said. “Anything else?”

“I was just thinking. Say I was standing against the horizon. You know, clear sky. How am I going to be concealed by clear sky?” Jonas smiled again.

“What color is the horizon?” He said. I looked over to the horizon.

“It’s whitish.” I replied. “Hey, wait. That’s it. White is a color. So the camera would pick that up and it would shield me just the same as green or red or blue. Very cool.”

“You’ve pretty much figured it out,” Jonas said. “When we capture an image to project onto one of our communities that image doesn’t change very much. We might occasionally need to have a tree sway in the breeze or an airplane fly by and we easily have all that covered. But producing invisibility, as you’ve mentioned already, is far more complex. Here’s how it would work.” He paused to gather his thoughts.

“First you’ve got to realize that we are set up to have a presence almost anywhere on the planet. What I mean is we can tap into satellites and train their lenses onto almost any outdoor scene as well as many indoor locations. And if we can’t access a satellite your government has up there, we have a whole bunch of our own.”

“Holy shit!” I blushed after I blurted that out.

“Are you surprised?” Jonas said.

“I guess I shouldn’t be.” I said. “Maybe you got them up there with one of your flying saucers, huh?”

“Maybe,” Jonas said. “Let’s just say we’ve got almost the entire planet under surveillance. And you know what’s so funny about it?” I shrugged.

“We’ve got technology that scrambles the radar images of those satellites so the various governments of the world have no idea they’re up there.”

“Cool,” I said. “I’m guessing we’ve got similar stuff these days too.” I was referring to the United States military.

“Not exactly,” Jonas said. “But the best minds available are getting closer all the time. So let’s get back to invisibility. Here’s how it works. When you walked over by that hedge you were against a solid green background. Then when you walked over that way,” he pointed toward a baseball diamond, “you had the sky as your backdrop. We’ve got the

technology to take images of your surroundings while you're moving and project those images all around you so the backgrounds are what others see instead of you."

"Man, that is cool." I said.

"Sure is," Jonas said. "Would you like to see a demonstration?"

"Here?" I said. "Now? How would you do it?"

"Simple," he said. Jonas got up and took out his brain wand.

"I should have known," I said. He scrolled a few pages and hit the top part of the display. And then he was gone. All I could say was, "holy shit" again. He walked around the area completely invisible. I knew he was still there because he was talking. I asked him if he could see himself and he replied that he could see bits and pieces according to where he was in relation to the satellite tracking him and the holographic projector. After a minute or so he came back into view.

"This is much trickier indoors," he said, "but we can pull it off if we have two or three hours to set it up."

"Unreal." I said. We sat quietly for awhile. When we started he mentioned that there were two ways to become invisible. I wasn't sure I wanted to know what was involved in the second one. And right on cue he asked me if I wanted to know about it.

"The other way to become invisible can be a little risky," he said.

"How so?" I asked.

"It has to do with the squasher. You remember, the thing that reduces molecules to make them tiny. But in this case we don't want to make them tiny at all. We want to spread them out. Far out. I mean really far out. Do you understand?"

"I think so. You're talking about spreading them so far out that it would be impossible to see them because they're so far apart."

"Exactly," he said. "Can you see any problems with this?"

"Yeah. How about the wind blowing your freakin' molecules all over creation."

"You're good, my friend. Now. What's the answer to that? How do you suppose we get around it?"

"Before we go there I've got a question," I said. "What good is anyone with their molecules spread all over the place? I mean, it's not like you can do anything."

"Right." Jonas said. "You can't really do anything other than gather information. Remember our discussions on time travel via lucid dreaming and astral projection? Well, spreading your molecules all over the place gives you similar results. Your body is obviously predisposed but your consciousness is available for lots of things. In fact, spreading out your molecules is another gateway to astral projection and time travel."

"Sounds interesting," I said. "But I'll stick to lying down to sleep and leaving my molecules in a single pile. At least I know they're gonna be there when I get back." Jonas smiled. "Good point," he said. "I did say this was risky."

"Lemme ask you something," I said. "I mentioned the wind blowing your molecules away. I was only half joking. How would you keep everything where it belonged? I realize the squasher is designed to compress and expand molecular structures but spreading your stuff out so thin as to become invisible has got to be dangerous."

"It is and it isn't," Jonas said. "Theoretically there's an electrical current holding them in place. Sort of like gravity. But like you say, they're so far out into the earth's atmosphere and even beyond it, well, there are no guarantees."

“But I’d guess you guys have somehow figured something out or you wouldn’t have brought it up.”

“Good guess.” Jonas said. “It’s simple, in theory. We’ve got broadcast electricity that has a very far reach. We’ve got a bunch of molecules that when they’re assembled normally represent your body. They’re going to be mingling with other molecules when they expand. So how do we keep it all together? The same way you folks track email and all digital data traveling hither and yon. Packets. Little identification flags. Each of your molecules is assigned a code number and a particular sequence number as well. That allows us to keep track of them. Then we program that code into our power broadcaster and the current creates electromagnetic fields specifically around, through, within and without your molecules according to the code numbers. Those fields do two things. They keep your molecules spaced properly and they also prevent them from blowing away.”

“Still sounds spooky,” I said.

“Yes. There are still issues with it.” Jonas said.

“I can think of one right off,” I said. “Airplanes. A big old jet would surely break any electrical bonds and blow those molecules all over the stratosphere.”

“You’re right,” Jonas said. “But that wouldn’t be the end of the world or you. As long as your molecules kept the codes, and there’s no way they could lose them short of a nuclear explosion, you’d be okay because once the jet passed we’d just hit a switch and they’d all fall perfectly into place.”

“Sounds like you’ve got this down pretty well,” I said.

“We do. But it’s still not something most Opals are interested in trying. Indefinite longevity is one thing. And the only thing that can end that longevity is an accident. So why test fate, right?”

“Yeah. What if some of your molecules got drawn into a jet’s turbo intake? That would suck.”

“We’ve thought of that,” Jonas said. “The molecules get spread out so far that it’s likely you wouldn’t lose but two or three, if that. We lose far more than that every day just shedding skin and hair. Even if they were from vital organs, it’s not likely you’d miss them.” I laughed.

“Like I said. I’ll stick with astral travel unless you want to make me an Opal. Then maybe you’d let me borrow your brain wand. Think of the possibilities.” Jonas rolled his eyes.

That ended our discussion of invisibility. As exciting as it all sounded I certainly wasn’t interested in scattering my molecules all over the sky and the holographic method wasn’t available to me. So I guess I’m just going to have to suck it up and be happy with astral projection or simply resign myself to being visible. I’m sure there are worse fates.

The Three Percent Rule

Meeting a cab driver in San Antonio at just in time to save me from disappointing my sister was weird. But much of my life back in the 1980s was weird. I occasionally thought about how odd it was that a complete stranger showed up with the right solution to a very complex problem at just the right moment but in time, I forgot about it. But Jonas didn’t forget. Ten years later I’d settled down into a more normal pattern and was

looking to go into some type of business. I'd seen plenty of late night money making opportunity infomercials and had grown fond of those promoting creative financing real estate programs. So I began to attend some of their introductory seminars. That's when I met Jonas for the second time though I didn't recognize him right off.

I was in a Torrance, California hotel meeting room that seated about 100 people. The seminar instructor presented a compelling case for the books and tapes the group was selling. They also offered a 3-day real estate training event. I was thinking of buying the course first and if it made sense I'd consider the 3-day event. Just before a break I wandered to the table at the back of the room where the group signed people up for their various courses and seminars. There were two men at the table. One was unoccupied. I approached him with a question.

"I've got a question I hope you can answer," I said.

"Shoot," he replied with a big grin.

"Do you have any information on how many people are successful with information like this? I mean, how many actually go out and make money after buying this type of stuff?"

"I do," he said. "The numbers are rather dismal though." I thought that was an odd answer coming from a sales guy. "Dismal?" I said.

"Yes. My company keeps very accurate records and we also mail out questionnaires and surveys. Way more than half the people we've surveyed admit that they buy the information and never even open the packaging. It just sits there. We recently put out a 10-tape course and the eighth tape was blank. We sold 300 hundred of them before anyone complained. And now, four months later, only two people have contacted us for a replacement." I didn't know what to say. The guy continued.

"But there's more," he said. "I've done my own informal study and have found that three percent of the population is the driving force for the rest of us. So it was no surprise that our marketing data shows that three percent of the people buying our materials actually do well with them." Since he was being so forthcoming, this comment led to something I'd always wanted to ask these sales people.

"Don't you feel guilty selling stuff with such a low success rate?" I said. "I mean, knowing most people are going to fail?"

"Not at all," he said. "Because I don't know who will and who won't and it's not my business to try and guess. We've got around 100 people here this evening. If everyone bought the course we're selling we'd expect three people to be very successful. We'd expect another seven percent to make some money with it. Of the remainder, a few would thumb through the manual and maybe listen to the first tape or two and then they'd forget it all until the next hot business opportunity came to town. And here's another interesting thing. The people that had success would, at first glance, appear to be very unlikely to be the successful type, whatever that means." I felt like I'd met this guy before and asked him.

"Yes, Charles," he said. "We've met before. Don't you remember?" I wondered how he knew my name.

"I can't say I do," I said.

"It was the spring of 1980. San Antonio," he said. "Just about 10 years ago. You were late for a wedding."

“Holy shhh...” I stopped before I said it. “You’re the cab driver that closed my Jacksonville bank account and bought me the plane ticket to Boston. I made it with just under an hour to spare.

“That’s right,” he said.

“You said I’d owe you a favor one day. Is this it? Am I supposed to buy the course? The seminar?” He laughed out loud.

“Not unless you plan on putting it to use.” People were getting up from their seats and heading for the back table.

“Listen, Charles, I’m going to be busy for a bit. We could have coffee in about an hour if you like. I’d be happy to explain a few things if you’re interested.” I agreed to meet him after the event.

There was a coffee shop in the hotel. I’d come to the event alone so I decided to do some people watching in the lobby while I waited for Jonas. He appeared a half hour later and we took seats in the café.

“I don’t remember your name,” I said. Jonas smiled.

“I never told you my name. You were in quite the hurry. It’s Jonas Cathcart.” I extended my hand. “Pleased to meet you,” I said. “Did you sell a lot of stuff tonight?”

“Oh, yes. We usually do. I get the feeling you’re interested in the course, no?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I’ve attended several real estate seminars lately. I’m trying to sort through it all. I’m reading a really good book on the topic right now. I picked it up while I was in the Navy but never felt I had the stuff to pull it off. Now I know different.”

“Maturity will do that,” Jonas said. “Nothing Down, I’d imagine?” He named the title of the book I was reading by Robert Allen.

“How’d you know?”

“Just a good guess.” He said. Jonas has always seemed to know what I was thinking, even then. “You don’t really need much more than that,” he said.

“That sounds peculiar coming from a guy selling the same type of information,” I remarked.

“I’d be glad to set you up with everything we have,” he said. “But this isn’t exactly nuclear physics.” I didn’t quite know what to say. I was beginning to feel a little uneasy, like I did in San Antonio.

“Okay,” I said.

“I don’t really want to talk about real estate,” he said. A waitress came and took our orders for coffee.

“What do you want to talk about?” I asked. “That debt you mentioned back then?” I guess I was just a little suspicious of Jonas at first.

“No,” he said. “There will be plenty of time for that. And don’t worry. It won’t be a big deal.” I felt a little better but not much.

“If it’s all right with you,” Jonas said. “I’d like to expand a bit on what you were asking just before the break. Only not so much on business success as on life in general. I call it the three percent rule. I’m a lot older than I look and I’ve noticed something about people that’s served me very well over the years. Maybe it would help you too.” I just nodded not knowing what to expect.

“Okay,” he said. “This is the three percent rule in a nutshell. Three percent of the entire population are the movers and the shakers. They’re the ones that get things done. We’re talking about Edison, Da Vinci, Mozart, people like that. There’s another seven or

so percent that cluster around the three. They help put the innovations to use. Build the framework so to speak.”

“What about the other ninety?” I asked.

“Regular folks,” Jonas said. “They work some, they play some. They believe network news is the truth. They buy the books and tapes and put them on the shelf. It’s always “someday” for them. But here’s the thing. Almost anyone can move from where they are to either the seven or the three percent.”

“I doubt that,” I said. “I think people like Edison and Mozart are born with intrinsic talent, not trained.” Jonas smiled. “I’m glad you said that. Barring severe mental and physical limitations, everyone on earth has the genius of a Galileo or Madame Currie. The problem is, we don’t believe it. And since we’re programmed not to believe it, we never look for it. We’re taught to be regular. We’re often told from a young age not to expect greatness. And like good children, we don’t. Most of us, that is. Let me ask you something, Charles. Does anyone know what you’re doing here tonight?”

“You mean that I’ve come to this seminar?” I said. Jonas nodded.

“A couple of people know. Why do you ask?”

“You found a profitable house in Long Beach recently,” he said. “You lined up a contractor to do the work to turn that property into a duplex, which would increase its value by more than \$100,000. You’ve gone to family and friends looking for cash investors and struck out. And now you’ve got a physician interested in funding it, don’t you?” I had goosebumps just like the time Jonas told me I’d been in danger on that crazy hitchhiking trip from California to El Paso.

“How do you know all that?” I said.

“I’ll explain in a minute,” he said. “But isn’t it true? You’ve approached several people, people with the money, but they’re not interested. Right?”

“So far,” I said. “But doctor Ingles will come through. He’s making arrangements to borrow from his retirement fund right now.”

“Don’t count on it, my friend.” Jonas said. “But before we get into that let me speak to the point I want to make. You’re meeting with resistance because you’re daring to take a chance. You’re looking for something more. You’re stretching your boundaries. That makes people uncomfortable.”

“I know” I said. “I have a friend that said I should just be resigned to getting a decent job and play the game of life like everyone else. He said I could avoid a lot of disappointment that way.”

“That’s exactly my point,” Jonas said. “People have been brought up to believe they’re supposed to accept the norm, but I stand by what I said before. Anyone can become part of the seven and without much trouble, a part of the three percent of the population that’s making things happen. I realize you’ve probably never thought of it that way, but isn’t that what you’re trying to do? Make it big?”

“Sure,” I said.

“I’ve studied history very closely,” Jonas said. “Sometimes I feel like I’ve been there while it’s taking place and I’ve seen it time and again. Little people making the difference. Look at the Wright Brothers. Where would you say they fit into my little theory?”

“The three percent, obviously.” I said.

“That’s right,” Jonas said. “But before they had success, people thought they were crazy. You know, Charles. Three percent is a very small number when you think of how many people have true greatness. That number could be much higher. What do you suppose would make it higher?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never thought about it before.” I said.

“But you do know,” Jonas said. “If you didn’t, you wouldn’t be coming to meetings like ours.”

“Okay,” I said. “I guess that three percent could grow if more people believed they had special talents.”

“Exactly.” Jonas said.

“Yeah,” I returned. “But society programs people for mediocrity.”

“That might be true,” Jonas said. “But why is it some fall for that while others, people like you for example, cringe at the thought?”

“I guess most people are happy being average. Look around. Being average in America and lots of the rest of the free world makes for a pretty decent lifestyle.” Jonas smiled.

“That’s true,” he said. “But what if I told you of an actual utopia? What if there was a world so far advanced that there was no disease? No hunger. Almost no crime. What would you say to that?”

“I guess I’d say it sounds like science fiction.”

“Much of yesterday’s science fiction is today’s reality.” Jonas said. I picked up my coffee and took a sip.

“So how did you know about that deal I’m working on?” I said.

“I’m going to be asking you to do some things one day,” Jonas said. “Nothing illegal or shady. I know you’re a storyteller, even if you don’t realize that yourself yet. What I’ll be asking you to do is tell some stories. But before we get to that I need to know who you are. I already have a good idea. Let me ask you something. Haven’t you ever wondered how and why I showed up in San Antonio?”

“Yeah,” I wondered for awhile back then but I eventually forgot about it.”

“Okay,” Jonas said. “I guess this is as good a time as any. But first I want to show you something. Let’s play a little game, shall we. Think of any number.” Before I could even open my mouth Jonas said, “Nine.” He was right.

“But that might be just a lucky guess,” he said. “Think of a really long number. In the millions if you want. Or better yet, think of someone from history or a movie you saw years ago.”

“And you’ll know what I’m thinking?” I said. “Are you psychic?”

“Everyone’s psychic,” he said. “It’s just that many people don’t believe in such things so they don’t develop it. You’re psychic, aren’t you Charles?”

“Sometimes.” I said. “So you want me to come up with a wild and random thought and you’ll know what it is?” Jonas smiled.

“Okay,” I said. “I’ve got it.” Jonas answered without hesitation.

“You’re thinking back to when you were a very young boy. Your family owned a Dachshund for a short time. But your mother didn’t like to be the only one cleaning up after the dog so you only kept him for a week or so. But that’s not exactly what you were thinking. You were thinking that your sister, Jackie, got down on the floor and bit the dog’s tail.” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Everything he said, right down to my

mother insisting the dog had to go was exactly what I was thinking. Even so, I wasn't all that shaken.

"If you're psychic, you're really good," I said.

"Okay," Jonas said. "I want to tell you a few things. And the next time we meet, I'll tell you a few more. Are you aware of any secret societies, Charles?"

"Not really," I said. "Unless you mean groups like the Klu Klux Klan."

"No," Jonas said. "They're not a secret society. Neither are the Masons. I'm talking about truly secret societies." I really wanted to point out the flaw in his question but he laughed and said it for me.

"Of course," he said. "If they were truly secret, then how would you know about them, right? Okay. Good." He continued.

"I'm from a secret society. One where the advances in technology would be mind boggling for you to even consider."

"Okay," I said. "Can you give me an example?"

"I just did," he said. "What are the chances you'd ever have thought of that Dachshund? Pretty slim, I'd guess."

"Yeah, but you said you were psychic," I said.

"I am. But I have help." He took a TV remote control unit from his pocket. "This thing can read your thoughts." I've never been one to immediately dismiss anything so I remained open minded.

"Will it work for me?" I asked.

"Yes." He said. "Put it in your shirt pocket and I'll call the waitress over. You just stay quiet." I picked up the gadget and put it in my pocket. Jonas called the waitress.

"Can I get you guys some more coffee?" She said. I just shook my head no. Jonas declined the coffee but ordered a poppy seed muffin to go. The waitress walked away. I couldn't believe it.

"So?" He said.

"Unreal." I said. "She's made \$52 in tips and figured us for \$2. She was thinking about what she was going to do when she got off in 15 minutes. She's got two choices. One is to go out with her boyfriend, Teddy. He's sitting in the parking lot with a friend. I didn't pick up on his name but she's hoping he's not going to tag along again or else she's going straight home to work on a term paper. The subject is world government. I don't know how I know that stuff. It just sort of popped into my head." Jonas pointed to my shirt pocket and motioned for me to give him back the gadget. I complied.

"It's this thing," he said. "It has many uses. I'll go into details on it later. Probably much later. Right now I'm not asking for much of anything from you, Charles. Just keep an open mind. I've found the three percent rule to be very helpful in my long life. You might find it helpful too. One day in the distant future someone will approach you. It will be my half brother. He's going to ask you to do something for him, much in the way I'll eventually be asking you to do something for me. It's not likely he'll do anything for you beforehand as I did in San Antonio.

"You'll recognize him when he shows up. He loves to flash an impish smile. And he really likes to talk. If you think you want to help him, that's fine. All I ask is that you don't mention me. Not ever. Not unless I say it's okay. I don't want him to know we've talked. Do you understand?"

"Yeah," I said. "But doesn't he have one of these mind reading things?"

“No,” Jonas said. “His magic is all organic. Not a single transistor.”

“Magic?” I said.

“I use the term loosely,” Jonas said. “Most things unexplained are referred to as magic in the beginning. What you just witnessed isn’t magic at all. It’s part of the technology of an advanced society. We’re forced to keep ourselves secret for obvious reasons.”

“They’re not so obvious to me,” I said.

“Think about it,” Jonas said. “What do you think the government would do with something like this?” Jonas went silent as the waitress returned with his muffin. She left and he laid a five dollar bill on the table. That left her with a \$3.00 tip.

“I’d guess the government would love to get their hands on something like that,” I said. “They’d use it to spy on foreign countries.”

“That’s right,” Jonas said. “There aren’t many people in this world that could handle something like this. And this thing is a toy compared to some of the technology we’ve got.”

“So when you were talking about a utopian society with no disease or hunger or crime, you really meant it, huh? This exists now?”

“Yes.”

“This is exciting,” I said. “What do you want with me?”

“We’ll go into that later.” Jonas said. “We’ve got lots of time. You’ve matured a lot since the wedding trip.”

“Yeah,” I said. “I still think about Anna. I wish I could find her.”

“I know.” Jonas said. “I can’t tell you much but I can say this. The reason you’re on my radar at all is because of your attitude. Part of that is related to the way you feel about that woman but the bigger part is that you just knew you would make it to the wedding on time. You did every last thing in your power to be late but you made it just the same. That’s rare, my friend.”

I didn’t know what to say but I was able to think of several times in my life where everything seemed to be impossible and still it all worked out.

“I guess I believe in miracles,” I said.

“A miracle is just science that hasn’t been quantified, qualified, tested and explained.” Jonas said.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” I said.

“One other thing,” he said. “And this is serious stuff. The earth is round. And no matter what anyone tells you, ever, always remember. It’s round.” I opened my mouth to speak but he held up his hand and signaled me to be silent.

With that we parted company. Jonas said he didn’t expect to see me any time in the near future but that he’d be close just the same. When he said it I almost felt as though I should be frightened or wary but instead, I was pleased.

Alien Shepherds & Other Loose Ends

Jonas once asked me if I was aware of any secret societies. That was a long time ago. I think lots of us have heard tell of secret societies since then. Maybe it’s the Internet

bringing some of it to the forefront. They're obviously surrounded in mystery and are often advanced by people accused of being conspiracy mongers.

Jonas is a member of a secret society. And just because I'm writing about him doesn't mean the secret's out. In fact, I sometimes think he wants me writing about him and the Opals because it would actually draw attention away from them. Then I come to my senses and think no one is going to believe a word of this one way or another. I mean, this is all some sort of satirical nonsense, isn't it? Of course it is. Flying saucers, talking dogs, sphincter police, magic bullets. How absurd. Though the time travel stuff is real and so is the earth is flat stuff.

Jonas recently brought up the secret society thing again. I did recall a group of people that might fit the bill. But I believe they might be right out in the open so they're not really a secret. I know a guy named Huck that dated a nice looking woman for a while, maybe a year or so. I don't see this person often but was surprised a few months back to hear he wasn't with the woman any more. Being single myself I wondered if she might be available so I asked him. He said he didn't know if she was seeing anybody and added that I'd be wise to just stay away because, quote, "That woman is out of her mind."

I don't know about you but when someone warns me to not do something it usually makes me even more interested. I guess that's one of those mysterious aspects of our human personalities. Anyway, I asked Huck what he meant about her being out of her mind. He laughed and said that Marta, a code name, was a member of a secret society that believed some pretty wild stuff. He said he played along for awhile but then it got weird and scary and he had to let it go. Now he really had my attention.

He said she believed that humanity was at a precipice and that we're inches away from a bunch of cataclysmic changes. He paused with that statement and said the cataclysmic part was relative. The changes would be earth shattering for some and utopian for others. He described exactly what he meant, though I'll get to that in a bit. I asked him if he really felt the woman was crazy. Then he asked me if I was seriously thinking of getting involved with her. I didn't want to come right out and admit I was considering it so I just said it was an interesting possibility. Besides, getting involved with someone happens by mutual agreement and I had no idea this gal would be interested.

He laughed and said that she probably wasn't certifiably nuts but that she had some very strange ideas that didn't make sense and that she'd invested a lot of time and energy to see them come to pass. He explained that she believed the governments we have in place were only inches from being overthrown by more righteous and just people. She said there was a group of truly decent people that had already been chosen to replace our present US Congressmen and Senators. She also believes that the Federal Reserve was on its way out and our monetary system was going to be replaced with one that had some type of bullion or other truly valuable commodity backing paper money.

I had to laugh at this and remind Huck that I wrote about things that were far more absurd than the stuff he'd mentioned. He said that what I wrote was all in fun and that no one takes it seriously but that Marta was completely and sometimes indignantly adamant about insisting everything she believed was right on the verge of happening. I decided I had to meet this woman, purely on a professional level, as one sort of gonzo historian to another. At least that's what I kept telling myself. Huck gave me Marta's

number and said I should mention he suggested I'd be sympathetic to her cause. I called her the same day.

Marta was an enthusiastic and engaging woman. She was pretty too. She looked vaguely familiar but I couldn't place her. I told her we had some things in common and we got together for coffee. The first thing she asked was what exactly we had in common. I told her I'd been talking to a guy that claimed to be 6000 years old and then explained some of the stuff Jonas had told me over the years. She listened carefully and said she'd heard of the Opals. That sounded weird because Jonas told me there were only a few regular folks that new about them. Marta obviously had more to say but remained a bit guarded at first.

I realized I had to go slow but was very interested in what she might reveal. I asked about the new Congress that was ready to take over. She told me that she herself was to be a rep from some district in Georgia. I didn't comment. She said that she was the beneficiary of several trusts worth billion dollars and that there were millions of other people that had established such trusts. She was dead serious. She told me that she'd been waiting for this global "reordering" of society since the mid 1980s and that it was due to happen any day. Then she said that if I hurried I could establish a charitable trust or foundation and that I could also receive billions of dollars when everything happened. I could hear Huck's voice echoing in my head, "That woman is out of her mind."

She said there was a silent revolution underway and that humanity was going back to love and to nature. I said there was nothing I'd want more than that to happen but asked why the people in power would want to walk away from what they'd built. She said they had no choice in the matter. I pressed a bit as to what that might mean but she either wouldn't or couldn't elaborate. I decided to try a different approach. She'd explained that once everything settled, the earth would be populated with nothing but happy and content people and that everyone would be wealthy and wouldn't have to lift a finger.

I've done a lot of reading over the last 10 years or so and found that much of what Marta was saying can be found online in various venues. There was something I just had to ask. It was always the primary question that came to mind whenever I heard about the impending utopian society stuff. Who's going to pump the gas, pick the beans and mow the grass? In other words, if everyone was going to be rich, who was going to tend to the mundane stuff? What she said next was spooky.

She explained that we weren't alone in this quest for utopia. There is and has been an alien presence on earth for many years, how many she didn't know. The said there's a large spacecraft nearby orbiting one of the moons of Jupiter that's overseeing the peaceful transition from chaos to utopia and they have thousands of delegates here devoted to a smooth transition. Then she let me have it. In answer to my question about who would keep the gears of society turning in doing the necessary everyday stuff, she said we'd be doing it ourselves with the help of a particular electronic device. She said the thing looked like a smart phone and it had thousands of applications. In reply to my asking her about who would pick the beans, she said no one would be doing such things as anyone with one of these gadgets would simply be able to point it at any object imaginable and immediately duplicate that item.

That means if you felt like having beans or ribs or bananas you'd just set this thing to produce a certain amount of whatever it was and then press the screen or just

think and you'd have it there. My obvious question was, where does the original stuff come from?

She seemed annoyed with the question and said that just because everyone would be independently wealthy, there would still be people willing to do certain unpleasant things because under this new societal arrangement we'd all be contributing according to our strengths and likes. I have to admit it sounded appealing. I also like to think that over the years I've maintained an open mind and didn't dismiss things out of hand just because they were different.

But that wasn't what was at the forefront of my mind. The gadget she mentioned was. Jonas has explained that his brain wand was a very powerful tool. There wasn't much it wouldn't do. He never said it was able to duplicate things but he never said it wasn't either. That topic had never come up.

I asked Marta if she had any proof of her claims. She showed me an ID card that said her name was Marta Turnbull from Jesup, Georgia and that she was a Congresswoman from the 1st district. The card looked official enough. It had her picture and also looked as though it contained a holographic security coating. Still, it was hardly proof of anything. I'd guess anyone with the money could have an official-looking ID card made up.

I don't know exactly why I'd wanted to meet this woman in the first place. I guess I do, actually. I was looking for female companionship. And although I felt Huck was a reliable judge of character I decided I needed to find out about Marta on my own. Huck said she was out of her mind but other than the fantastic stuff she told me she appeared to be one of the most rational people I'd met in a while. Once she mentioned the duplicating device I wanted to leave and track Jonas down to ask him about it. But that's not usually how it worked.

Jonas always contacted me. I had no idea how to get in touch with him. Still, Marta made me uneasy. I guess I expected her to be crazy and when she came across as rational, I didn't know how to respond. She asked if I'd be interested in attending one of this group's meetings the following evening and if I might be willing to show up a little early with her and help set up the room. I told her I was busy and asked for a rain check. That was a lie and I don't know why I was reluctant to attend. She gave me her number, a hug and a quick kiss on the cheek and we agreed that we'd get together sometime in the future.

I didn't want to see her again until I'd met with Jonas. It had been several months since I last saw him and hoped he'd be contacting me soon. He called three days after I'd met Marta. We got together and he actually brought her name up. I asked if he knew her. He said he was well aware of the group she was associated with. He said there were about 100,000 of them and that they were very informally organized. I mentioned her Congressional ID and he laughed and pulled one out that was identical only it had his picture and instead of being a Congressman from Georgia he was a Senator in waiting from Florida. By this time nothing Jonas could say or do was much of a surprise.

He said he was always interested in off the beaten track people places and things so he'd aligned himself with the movers and shakers of this group. He said that Marta had been one of the early founders and that she'd stayed religiously devoted to their cause for more than 20 years. That was nice to hear but I wanted to know more about aliens

shepherding people into utopia. He said some other time. Then he stared at me for a long moment. Finally, he spoke.

“Tell me Charles, was there anything about this woman that stood out to you? Anything at all?”

“I had the idea I might have met her before. I guess she just has a familiar face,” I said.

“You have met her before,” Jonas said. “Marta Turnbull is your Anna.” A wave of nausea washed through me. I don’t know how I could have missed it.

“Anna?” I said. “From San Antonio? But how?”

“Charles, there are a lot of things happening right now. I didn’t plan on this discussion today but Marta, or Anna if you prefer, has been involved with an important movement for far more than 20 years. When you two met on that bus she was returning from an important meeting. That was well before we’d been graced with extraterrestrial assistance. Anna was coming from a meeting in Santa Monica where she received the last of her orientation.”

“What kind of orientation?” I said.

“Think of what she told you when you met recently and believe it’s all true, all of it. That type of orientation. This is stuff you don’t simply discuss over dinner. Certain people had invested several years and a lot of work developing Anna. And on her way back from training, if you will, she falls for a guy on leave from the Navy. She was off our radar for a couple of days but when we checked up on her the two of you were together. That’s when I stepped in. That’s why I stepped in.”

“You erased me from her mind, didn’t you?” I wanted to punch him.

“I only did what was necessary,” Jonas said. “The alternative to that was far more severe.” I snapped back to reality thinking he meant death was the alternative.

“I understand,” I said.

“I hope so.” Jonas said. “What we all found fascinating was that you’d already been chosen as a candidate for our public relations campaign. Only we didn’t plan on bringing you on until much later. There was no way we could have allowed the two of you to stay together. You know by now we’ve got technology for just about any occasion. It was no trouble to trace your route from Long Beach through Vegas and into El Paso, where you met Anna. By the way, Anna is her given name. She received the new name Marta in Santa Monica. When she met you she went with her given name.”

“So tell me, Jonas.” I said. “How the hell did my friend Huck end up with her?”

“Fate,” he said. “Completely by chance. And he mentions her to you and she sounds interesting so you get a date with her. It was all fate. Amazing, actually. What surprised everyone was that you didn’t recognize her.”

“Everyone?” I said.

“The group. The Opals are part of a larger group. As I’ve said, there’s a lot going on. It’s all on a need to know sort of arrangement. It should be no surprise to you that I’ve been giving you a lot of new information over the last few years. But things like having you accidentally run into the love of your life in the middle of everything, well, you can’t plan for that. But there’s been no real harm done, has there?”

His question wasn’t rhetorical; he was directly looking for confirmation that I wouldn’t upset anything that might be happening. Of course, I didn’t know what was happening. I sat there for a moment thinking of all I’d learned from Jonas. Everything

he'd told me. Whoever he was, he was a pivotal player in some grand scheme. I thought of how he'd tricked Merenptah with a gold plated cow-dog and how he got such a kick out of showing his flying saucer to the regulars.

I thought back to the day we buzzed more than a dozen cities with his own personal flying saucer and how he'd let me pilot the thing. I wasn't sure if he was a guy looking to have some fun while helping to shape humanity or if he was just a jerk with a lot of power and a smart phone that would scramble my brains if I said the wrong thing. He was staring at me with a serious look on his face.

"Nah," I said. "No harm done. I guess Anna, er... Marta's off limits, huh?"

"I don't see why she would be," he said. "She doesn't remember you."

"Couldn't you give her back those memories?" I said. I felt my eyes welling.

"You know I can't," he said. "Maybe it's best you just leave her alone. She's not the same person you knew back in 1980. You're not either. And even if I did give her the memories back, too much has happened since then. There's no turning back."

I was dizzy and deflated. The answer to fixing everything flashed through my mind and then I thought of something entirely different hoping to keep that mind reading bastard Jonas out of my head. The flash thought was that I'd get back together with Anna and tell her about the time we spent together in 1980. I'd tell her I've been taking informal dictation from Jonas and that I first met him in San Antonio right after leaving her house.

Then I'd ask what she knew about the brain wand and who it might have been that could have erased her memories of our wonderful time together. Jonas had just admitted that *he* couldn't give her the memories back but right at that moment I wasn't willing to believe much of anything he had to say. Not trusting him made me feel awful. I'd grown to like him a lot. But now he was standing between me and Anna, a woman I'd fallen for hard 34 years ago. My head was swimming as my thoughts jumped to cartoons and grammar school and old family times. I was all over the map in an effort to keep Jonas from knowing exactly what was going through my head. I kept drifting back to the obvious, Anna, love of my life.

I wasn't thinking clearly so I didn't know why we couldn't be together. Jonas said we both have important work in front of us. I'm not sure writing this stuff is so important but he insists it is. And since I don't know exactly what it is that Anna does these days, it's hard to form an opinion on why we can't get back together. But it didn't matter what I thought. I knew I couldn't change anything. It's funny, I was happy that Jonas showed up so soon after I met Marta or Anna or whoever she is. I was all set to ask him dozens of questions. Stuff about the far reaching capabilities of his brain wand, whether everything Marta said about aliens guiding humans toward new beginnings was true. Hell, Marta said there was probably enough time to set up a trust or two and cash in on the prosperity bonanza when everything changes. That was intriguing.

And even with all that juicy stuff to discuss I didn't want to talk. I guess that's all a story for another time. Peace.

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