

Abduction

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Journal entry (8 December, 2002)

Modifications to the journal entry are italicized.

I was volunteering at *the zoo*. *Person-A* drove me out to a backup property where they were keeping some antelope. They had a house by a river. I think *Person-B* was also there. In a previous dream (that I don't remember now, but I remembered when I was dreaming) I stayed there for a week watching the place.

It was raining hard and there were storm clouds outside. I looked out the window and saw something strange... it looked like a **large building amidst the cloud**. *Person-A* and *Person-B* saw it too. (*The scene* kind of reminded me of Close Encounters of the 3d kind - with **clouds all around the space ship**)

I ran outside and started waving towards the UFO. It landed near me, coming so close it almost hit me. A door (like you'd find on a flying skyscraper made of glass) was in front of me. **I opened it and entered.**

I walked into something that reminded me of a diner. (*It was actually the **kitchenette of the UFO.***) I waited in line and talked to

someone that came to greet me. They said they had been looking for me and were glad to find me. (They were human looking, but I kept trying to see through any illusion. I couldn't. *I would later remember that they were **black-and-white lemur-evolved.***) They also mentioned that they had sent a **diversionary ship to keep the RAF busy (actually, the off-planet Homo Sapiens)** while they came down.

While waiting in line I noticed that stars were flying past the window and we must be in space. (*No stars were flying past.*)

Someone came up to me and said they'd have to do a **mind blank so I wouldn't remember any of this.** I said OK. I was thinking about having them look at the damaged area on my retina that I've always had, but which seems to be annoying me over the last few weeks.

Interestingly, I didn't see any aliens on the ship.

Also interesting: I was very eager to take a ride on the UFO. Most people wouldn't be so eager.

*Some **interesting observations** about the "dream":*

- *The lemur-evolved woman was **more afraid of me** than I was of her.*
- *I showed this text to a number of people, whom I had previously shown some UFO photographs I had taken. **None of them put 2 +2 together and asked if I had been "abducted" any other times, which I had.***

The night before Day #1 of the hospital (Late July 2009)

No brain, the drive down the hill, and wonderland

A combination of swine flu, kill bots, venom bots, and some other factors really damages one's brain.

I awoke after sunset, feeling like I was in a dream.

Earlier in the day, I was told that a UFO would pick me up that night. All I had to do was drive down my hill and crash my car into a tree. I later discovered that the plan was to get me into a non-lethal accident so that someone would drive me to the hospital, where I would receive medical care.

Having enough sense NOT to get in a car accident, I drove to the base of the hill, park on the side of the road, and began walking to the nearest open field where a UFO could use a claw to (extradimensionally) pick me up.

On the way there, someone telepathically suggested that I pull off my pants and walk in the middle of the road in order to look crazy (or drunk). I had so little brain left that this sounded like a good idea, and I complied. While wandering insanely/drunkenly down the middle of the road, a car drove past me and didn't stop.

Without being rescued, I reached an open field. I stood there, waiting to get picked up.

(I think) that while I was waiting, my baryons were rotated, pushing me half-way into a close layer that I call "wonderland". Colours are slightly different – more purple and more grey. It's difficult to breathe due to low oxygen. Insect noises are louder, and different insects are audible.

I was no longer sure if I was dead or alive.

“You’re dead, Mike. You’re dead.”

After waiting a few minutes in the empty field, I heard a telepathic voice: “You’re dead, Mike. You’re dead.”

By that point, my mind had gone from a dream-like daze into one where I actually believed I could be dead. I didn’t know where I was. I looked around for my body but didn’t see one. I vaguely doubted my own death.

In front of me, a dotted black line began to appear in the darkness of a wonderland night... or at least I think it began to appear.

Someone said, “That’s the black line of death. Turn around and walk away from it.” Though I didn’t know it at the time, I would later learn that the dotted line was a ramp gateway materializing in front of me. If the gateway fully materialized, which it hadn’t, and I walked up it, I would have entered someone’s ship... No one knew if it was crewed by friendlies or enemies.

I walked away from the line, and a few minutes later the black-line of death appeared in front of my path.

Once again, a “voice” said, “Go back. Do not walk on the black line of death.”

Not wishing to die, while thinking that I could very well be dead, I veered away from the line and walked into the middle of a paddock. I had no idea where I was. It was nearly pitch black.

Around this time, a voice said that “shade adders” were around. They existed in a reality between my own and the land of death. If I stepped on them, they would bite me and kill me instantly.

I imagined I could barely see them in the wonderland night. I’m not certain if they were visible.

While wandering aimlessly for the next thirty minutes, I was occasionally informed when “shade adders” were nearby so I could avoid them. At some point I was told they were following me, ensuring that I couldn’t turn around and walk back into the world of the living.

I could see the lights of a few UFOs flying overhead, searching for me. The ships were unable to materialize, and their pilots couldn’t find me because my “energy” was so low.

Never play an arthropod-invented real-life adventure game while brain dead

“You are in the Elysium fields. You can walk straight ahead to a road, turn left on the road, and make it to Paradise, where you can return back to reality. Or, you can cross between the second and third wires of the barbed-wire fence to your right, and into Hades, where you can then cross the river Styx and return back to life.”

Huh?

I walked to the right, carefully counted to the proper gap between wires, and slid between them, puncturing my hands and back on the barbs.

“Now that you are in Hades, all statements are negated. No “nots” is now a “not”, one “not” is a “not not”, and “not not” is “no nots”.”

“To cross the river Styx, you should not not find Chiron near those bushes.”

My brain found the double-negative adventure-game puzzle to be extremely taxing.

I walked to the bushes but couldn't find Chiron, or a boat. The river Styx was just a dry creek bed.

It dawned on me that there should be water in the "river", but that thought lasted around eight seconds, and I decided to wander up the dry creek bed for Chiron.

"In front of you is a stick that you can not not push branches away with. To see the stick, open your third eye horizontally wide, and vertically narrow."

How do I do that?

"Just think it to yourself."

I did so, and in front of me, I could see a dim blue-purple light over a stick. I picked up the adventure-game object.

"You can not not use the stick to push aside the branches. You are only allowed to use any tool two times before you need to find a different tool."

I spent several hours wandering around trying to play the adventure game. The hints became easier and more numerous, but my brain failed so much that I couldn't remember the telepathic sentence spoken only ten seconds before.

After I wandered up and down the "river" Styx a few times, I asked about the lack of water.

"Oh. [There's no water? We can't really tell.] You need to climb up the hill to open up the dam and let the river's water flow, or you need to cast a magic spell to summon the water."

My brain began to think... Can I have see some documentation about how to play this game?

"Uh, no. [We're making it up as we go along, to try and get you back to civilization without getting in trouble with the Homo Sapiens empire.]"

Eventually, I decided to stop playing the game and forge my own path.

At the top of the hill, I saw a house, shed, and farming machinery. I now thought I was 20-70 years in the future and that everyone had died in a nuclear war. It only took a few days of my time to make it out of Hades though.

I stumbled up the hill. My foot had been sprained (actually broken) a few days before, but I didn't feel the injury. Up top, I discovered a post-apocalyptic demountable walk-in chiller, entered, found a bottle of water, and drank thirstily.

My neighbour walked out of his house and saw me come out of his chiller, without pants or shoes (which I had traded in for extra hint points).

"Mike? What are you doing?"

He looked awfully good for twenty to seventy years later.

Huh?

"Are you all right?"

Huh?

"Get in my ute. I'll take you home."

Playing administrator

Ten minutes later I was sitting on the steps of my house. My neighbour had returned home.

In my mind, I was still playing an adventure game.

"We can't pick you up. The rules won't allow it?" said Clarke (a person formerly known as a "grey").

Can I change the rules?

No answer.

I wish to change access privileges to “administrator”.

“You have been changed to an administrator.”

Change the rule that prevents me from being picked up by a UFO so that I can be picked up now.

“You can now be picked up,” said an administrator.

“I can’t pick you up,” said Clarke. “I’m not allowed to get close enough to the ground.”

Change the rule that prevents Clarke from getting close to the ground.

“I still can’t pick you up.”

An administrator said, “Your rule changes have been overridden.”

Make a rule to promote me to a second-level administrator.

“A tenth-level administrator? Sure.”

As a tenth-level administrator, I have higher administrator rights, and override the previous overriding of my rules.

“We have just changed ourselves to eleventh-level administrators and overridden your changes.”

I continued to try and verbally outmanoeuvre the other administrators of the “game” by inventing more complex and obscure rules. I quickly proved incapable, especially when someone used five “nots” in a row and rules expanded from five to thirty-word sentences.

Clarke joined in, but he couldn’t make headway either.

After half an hour of this, I gave up, deciding that I must be in real life, and went to bed. I shivered with cold (or infection) for a few minutes before I fell asleep.

Oops

I would later learn that I had caused a bit of an “incident” that night while trying to get “abducted” as ships of the Homo Sapiens empire(?) prevented anyone from picking me up. People began to wonder why the empire (or someone else) was so intent on preventing contactees from leaving.

Day #1 of the hospital (Late July 2009)

The waiting room

I woke soon after sunrise.

My right foot wouldn't bear weight. It was swollen (from a break), black-and-blue (from internal bleeding), with infected blisters (from the barefoot wanderings the night before). I couldn't walk. I crawled to the door.

My neighbour, who had driven me home the night before, arrived before I reached the door. I'm not sure if I crawled out of bed when I heard him drive up, or if he arrived after I crawled to the door. He saw my condition and rushed to fetch the local doctor, who lived a few houses away. (Rural living has its advantages.)

Both returned, along with some other concerned neighbours. They helped be out of the house and into a car, where I was driven to Darwin Hospital.

I recall filling in some basic emergency-room paperwork. I was asked to sign some sort of waver, but I couldn't understand even a single sentence of legalese; so I didn't sign.

After I sat in a chair to wait, Clarke (or perhaps someone else) telepathically warned:

“They are looking for you.”

“Keep your shields up.” (I had no idea what my shields were, so I tried to think about blocking my brain.)

“Don’t do that. You’ll hurt yourself,” was Clarke’s response to my attempt.

I felt a short chill, and shivered slightly.

“They just scanned you.”

Some time passed.

“They’re scanning you again.”

Again, I shivered.

More time passed.

To occupy my brain, I looked around at the other waiting people, wondering if their injury was more severe than mine... if they’d get called first... and how long I’d have to wait. There wasn’t much else to do in a waiting room. I certainly wasn’t going to tell my neighbour about the previous nights’ alien-originated adventure game.

“Don’t look at anyone. They’ll scan them.”

Huh?

“See that person who you just looked at. They just scanned him.”

“Put your shields up again. They’re about to scan you.”

I shivered briefly again.

No cast, no antibiotics, mental test

Within an hour, a doctor called me in. He did some routine checks, looking at my eyes, feet, etc. Nothing unexpected. I thought he'd send me on to the plasterers for a cast on my foot... which was either badly sprained or broken.

I pointed to my barbed-wire impaled hands, scrapes on my arms, and infected blisters on my feet: "I need some antibiotics," I said.

"Not now. Antibiotics are dangerous in your current state of health."

Huh?

Disregarding the antibiotics, the doctor asked, "What year is it?"

2009.

"What month?"

July.

"What day"

I don't know.

What about my cast? And I need antibiotics.

"Can you count backwards from 97 by 7's."

97. 90. 82. 75. 68. I couldn't pass the counting test.

"That's good enough. I'm going to send you for a CAT scan."

Having entered the hospital for a broken (or sprained foot) and antibiotics, I received a CAT scan, and returned to my curtained alcove.

Wavy suit

It was around 7:00 as far as I could tell; no sun reached the baby-blue-painted hospital ward. My brain was numb; I could hardly think.

I was given a tasteless sandwich, allowed to lie back, and the alcove curtains were closed for my privacy.

I closed my eyes for a few minutes, opened them, and noticed a pitch-black “shadow” standing just left of me. I didn’t dare move, so I only observed the “shadow” out of the corner of my left eye.

The “shadow” that stood by my hospital bed looked like the black silhouette of a four-foot tall person. The edges of the shadow where wavy and rippling.

I still didn’t move.

With thumb and index finger positioned to pick up a small object, like an insect, the shadow extended its arm towards me.

It (most likely a she) slid her fingers a few centimetres into my abdomen, and pulled something out. I didn’t feel anything.

I closed my eyes and (I think) fell asleep.

A week later, while at Darwin’s mental institution, I was visited in the middle of the night by someone else in a wavy-suit.

Potential conflict imagined

When I next awoke I had a sense of déjà vu, or, a feeling that I had dreamt (or lived) the next fifteen minutes of my life before.

I was still in my curtained alcove. My brain was dysfunctional.

I “knew” that UFOs were hovering above the hospital.

I “knew” that two rival sides, a rivalry I had learned of a few days previously, had people invisibly positioning themselves around the hospital. I couldn’t see them, but I “knew” they were wandering around, eyeing each other off, weapons ready.

From my *déjà vu*, I “knew” that open conflict was moments away. I expected greys, and their rival race, to suddenly appear and begin shooting.

“If people start appearing, roll out of your bed and onto the ground. You’re less-likely to be accidentally hit (and killed) by our weapons’ beams that way.”

I waited, tension high.

“Can you sneak out of your alcove, and out the door to your right?”

I considered the idea, but didn’t want to behave any more crazy than I already had.

“Don’t sneak out the doors. You may start a war.”... or was it? “If a war erupts, you’ll need to rush out the hallway to your right.” I’m not sure which telepathic message I “heard”.

I waited a few more minutes, expecting people to appear at any moment.

I fell asleep... Since then, I have learned that falling asleep is an excellent way of resolving problems with “aliens”.

4000 levels of hell

I woke sometime later, and quickly entered into a bizarre telepathic conversation that caused me to coin the phrase “religious wacko”. Up until this point, my telepathic conversations

had obviously been with people (from other planets). They were good-natured, a bit odd, and never accusational.

While I don't remember the details of the "4000 levels of hell" conversation, here's the gist:

I was having a telepathic conversation with a different "alien", one who had earlier commented on the poor nutrition of my hospital sandwich. I don't recall the topic; it may have been about what was happening in the hospital, or my health, or something else.

Religious voice: "You are evil, you are sentenced to the second level of hell where liars(?) go."

We kept on talking telepathically about more interesting subjects than hell.

Religious voice: "For consorting with the devil [the "alien" I was talking to], you are now sentenced to the seventh level of hell, where you will be buried up to your head. You [the alien] are sentenced to the twelfth level of hell."

Huh?

For some reason, the two of us got into a mud-slinging match... or rather, the religious voice read into our conversation, finding fault with everything we said. Within ten minutes of further conversation, the religious voice promoted me to the second level of heaven, while my alien friend was down to the fifteenth level of hell.

My "alien" friend tried to get me to shut up at that point so I wouldn't get into any more trouble... but I couldn't resist the conversation.

Ten minutes of conversation later, we had both been gradually downgraded to the 4000th level of hell for some unremembered and unspeakable sins.

4000 levels of hell, the previous night's adventure-game in Hades (NOT hell), and my deteriorating brain, led me to worry about my own sanity. For the previous two weeks, I had pleasant and rational telepathic conversations with people (from other planets). All of the sudden, fundamentalist Christian religions (with 4000 levels of hell?) were brought into the fray... which was odd, because I never really believed in heaven or hell.

The fundamentalist-Christian voice wouldn't return until the middle of the next day.

Near coma

Soon after being committed to 4000 levels of hell by a fundamentalist-Christian telepath, I was wheeled off the RAPU unit, where I spent the night.

I was nearly in a coma by that point.

To keep my mind active and prevent me from falling in a coma, I was jokingly put through "grey training" by a telepathic companion.

I won't repeat the transcript of that night... but all the mental and physical exercises were humorously insulting to "greys". Some of the tasks involved lifting up my arm to push the "blorple" (blue + purple) "button", a blorple-coloured decolourization that moved around my field of view.

I don't know how much I slept that night, but the hours passed quickly, and my brain didn't go into a coma.

Home visit (1997?)

I awoke in my Seattle bedroom in the middle of the night.

In front of me stood a “grey”.

Startled (kind of), I leapt out of bed, ran past the “grey”, and bolted down the hallway leading from my bedroom.

I ran into a large, walking, 70’s shag-carpet that gently caught me.

I don’t remember any more.

Tracking down my first UFO (mid-july 2009)

Waking up from a nap, I heard a subsonic hum, almost below my threshold of hearing. For most people, the frequency would be too low to be perceived... or their refrigerator (and other house noises) would mask the sound.

Rotating my head back and forth, I tracked the hum outside of my house, where it became quieter. I suspect that all the steel framing, walls, and roofing in my house somehow amplified the sound.

Even though the hum was quieter outside, I followed the sound’s direction down into a valley behind my house. Near the floor of the valley, the sound came from all around.

I didn’t see anything.

I looked up and noticed a cloud directly overhead...

... which was unusual since it was the only cloud in the sky.

... and it was also unusual since it was a 100 meter long cloud, 10 meters wide, (tail-shaped) and only a few hundred meters

above the ground. The “tail’s” direction was obviously determined by the dry-season’s strong breeze.

... which meant that whatever created the cloud was on the windward side of the cloud.

I studied the cloud for a minute.

The hum moved to the east.

I stubbornly followed the hum half way up a hill, where it once again came from all around me.

Once again I looked up.

A new cloud had formed above me.

Oddly, this cloud had straight edges, like a cloud-drawn outline of a cube.

When the cloud noticed that I noticed this, it bolted southward... or at least small rotoscoped cloud-lets dotted their way southwards. The hum vanished.

I trudged up the hill, following the short cloud trail south.

The trail disappeared after 100 meters, half way to my house. I had lost. ☹

Giving up, I returned home, climbed up on my deck, and looked over the vista to the south. Around a kilometre away, I saw a small cloud, but I was unsure if it was the fleeing cloud.

I decided to return back to the valley to see if the cloud had returned.

After walking fifty meters from my house, I turned around and saw a blurple-coloured diamond-shaped vapour only a few meters above my house’s steel roof. (No, I didn’t take any photos until months later, after UFO pilots gave me permission to take photos of their ships.)

The blorple mist hovered over my steel roof for half a minute, and then evaporated as it flew over me. A trail of dried autumn-like leaves fell in its wake.

Following the falling-leaf trail, I tracked the UFO's path a few hundred meters to the west. I lost track of the UFO when it ran out of leaves.

No one will admit to piloting the UFO. Apparently, it got "stuck" on my oddly-shaped steel roof (and electrically well-grounded house). Luckily for the pilot and me, the UFO didn't crash into my house.

Caltech (1987-1991)

When at Caltech in Pasadena, California, my roommate and I would perk up our ears at night when we heard subsonic hums; no one else heard them. We assumed the sounds were generated from large trucks.

Looking back, the subsonic hums may not have been produced by trucks... The UFOs hovering over my house near Darwin, Australia, produced similar-sounding hums.

Free medical and dental (1998?)

I woke up in my bed.

Several people dressed in doctor's gowns were leaning over me. I wasn't afraid, so I let myself fall back asleep.

For a few weeks prior to the experience, my left nipple was inflamed. A week after this dream, I noticed that my left nipple no longer hurt, and was slightly depressed, as though some flesh had been surgically removed.

Journal entry (23/9/2000)

I had a dream where Someone was telling me that I had some arterial blockage in one of my ventricles, but that it was old damage. It seemed like the lower left side.

Five nights before Day #1 of the hospital (mid-July 2009)

Dancing

It was a night... but not dark and stormy.

“You are in danger,” announced Clarke.

“Some people are planning to take you by force.”

“They are going to teleport you, if possible.”

I didn't like the sound of this.

I had previously spent several days in telepathic conversation with Clarke, who named himself after Arthur C. Clarke. I spent one night watching “2001: A Space Odyssey” and telepathically discussing the movie with him. I suggested that someone place a

monolith in front of the White House for fun. I also pointed out how atrocious the interior decoration of the post-jump-gate apartment was. During the conversation, he mentioned that he had seen the movie when it opened, alongside some US military brass; they didn't "get it".

"What I need to you do is step to the left."

"Now step forward."

"Step right".

"Step left."

Why am I doing this?

"If you keep moving, they'll find it difficult to get a lock on you, and won't be able to teleport you."

"Step back."

"Step right."

Are you following a pattern?

"No, I'm just using the random-number generator in my brain."

"Step left."

"Step left."

"If you start feeling light-headed and weird, tell me. They may have a lock on you, and may be teleporting you. I'll try to interfere in that case."

"And two steps backwards."

This went on for some time.

"Time to move to another room. Can you walk quickly to your west bedroom wing?"

Yes. I hurried there.

Once inside, Clarke began with, "Step forward".

"Left."

"Right."

“Diagonal.”

How do you know where I am?

“I can track you on my display. You show up as a small dot.” I imagined a glimpse of Clarke’s display.

“Forward.”

“Step right.”

The dance went on for an hour.

“I think they have given up teleporting you.”

“You can rest now.”

“Be careful. They can come through your fly screen. It’s more difficult for them to pass through walls.”

“Sit against your bathroom wall and rest. The wall should provide you some protection.”

After fifteen minutes of rest and chat, Clarke said, “I think they’re gone. Head back to your bedroom [west wing] and you can go to sleep after awhile.”

Someone on my steps

I walked to the other side of my house, where my bedroom was located.

When I got there, Clarke warned, “They may be here [landed in encounter suits].”

I froze and listened.

After a few minutes, I heard my deck’s floorboards shift as if someone were walking on it.

I could imagine a grey-clad (in a grey encounter suit) person slinking like Gollum (from the Lord of the Rings), up my steps and towards my room.

I didn't move.

The sounds ceased.

"They're gone," said Clarke.

I looked outside.

Wait a minute, I don't want to get caught in the middle of anything. I don't want to take sides.

"They're dangerous," warned Clarke. (Or something to that effect.)

I walked into my kitchen, grabbed a piece of printer paper, and wrote, "*Do you want to talk?*" in large letters. I placed the sign on my deck, at the top of my steps, and weighed it down with glass filled with water.

Clarke must of thought I was crazy.

A randomly deep thought

First contact, lesson #116: **Blue ballpoint-pen writing is NOT visible to people in encounter suits.** "They" could read my mind though, and they appreciated the offer to talk.

Blorple lights on my driveway

"Your house is too confining. Can you walk somewhere else that is open?"

I can dance on my driveway.

"Do that. Walk quickly down the pathway to your driveway."

My driveway parking area is quite large so that if/when I have parties there is enough parking space.

“They’re here.”

“Be careful, they’re stronger than you think.”

Once on my driveway I began to “dance”, moving left, forward, back, right, etc.

“If they grab you, don’t fight. We’ll try to get you back.”

“And whatever you do, DON’T attack them. If you attack them, they may attack back.”

At that moment, I either remembered a dream from a few years previously, or I had premonitional *déjà vu*, perhaps from someone playing with the timeline.

My dream repeated minutes later, but not exactly as I remembered.

On my driveway, I saw a blorple-colored spot of light half a meter in diameter. The center of the spotlight was dark, creating a light ring. I could see no source for the light.

The light sped along the ground in front of me and then disappeared.

Clarke, I remember this from a dream. I don’t think Clarke noticed the comment.

“They’re behind you.”

I walked forward, turned around, but didn’t see anything.

To prevent “them” from grabbing me, I walked to a different location on the driveway and turned around.

The light (perhaps one of two) sped right past me.

Curious, **and** stupid, and not knowing if the light was caused by an invisible object or person, I reached out and tried to grab (or touch) whatever was creating the light.

My hand swiped though the air, touching nothing.

A deeply random thought

First contact, lesson #117: **Listen to Clarke when he says, “Do NOT attack them.”**

Fist contact, lesson #118: **Do NOT try to grab invisible blorple lights. They might shoot you.**

I'm not really sure if I was shot, but I was later told that I might have been.

A randomly deep thought

[The above is] **Not quite correct, we have more accurate records. Your brain was fairly sozzled at the time.**

Day #2 of the hospital (Late July 2009)

Wrong “reality”

I awoke, knowing that I was at a hospital in Darwin... although I might have also been in a hospital in Darwin River, 40 years later.

I borrowed a phone and called my neighbor so she could pick me up from the RAPU unit. It took me several tries to properly dial the phone. After fifteen minutes, I eventually got through and she said she'd pick me up.

“Don't stay in bed. You don't want to look ill.”

I got out of bed, and put my clothes on, discarding the prison-like uniform of the hospital smock.

In the center of the RAPU room was a partially-enclosed room where the staff worked on computers. It was built on a raised platform, about 20 centimeters off ground level.

“Stand outside the doorway to the staff area. Look like you're waiting for someone,” suggested someone, who I thought was a “Grey”.

I did.

“Feel the air. It's stuffy here. You are in the wrong “reality”. If you walk over there you'll get better air.”

I walked a few meters away to “over there” and the airflow improved.

After a few minutes, the air stilled and became stuffy again.

“You are in the wrong reality again. Time to move. Try standing in the staff work-area.”

I moved inside the staff work-area and found it easier to breathe.

The stuffiness returned a few minutes later,.

“Your reality has changed again. Move half way down the staff area to return to your reality.”

Again, after moving the air cleared up.

At the time, I had no idea what “reality” meant, and why it was difficult to breathe. I have since experienced this stuffiness when an extradimensional UFO is invisibly occupying the same three-dimensional space as me, but is offset extradimensionally. Airflow is impeded by the extradimensional hull and walls of the UFO. Moving “out” of the area restores airflow... not to mention the oxygen’s baryons rotating so they’re easier to breathe.

Jumping timelines

The telepathic prompting got even weirder.

I heard and felt the ground shift slightly. The plywood boards that made up the elevated floor of the staff work-area “popped”.

“Hear that. You have just been shifted to a new timeline.”

In my state of mind, that statement almost made sense.

“You’re now in the wrong timeline though. Your neighbor won’t pick you up in this timeline.”

That didn’t sound good. I would be stuck at the hospital without my neighbor.

“In about twelve seconds, the timeline will change again. Take a step to the left when you hear it.”

On cue, the floor popped; the world moved slightly.

I stepped to the left.

“Too late. You missed the proper timeline by 0.4 seconds.”

I don’t want to be stuck here.

“Don’t worry, another timeline will be along in 64 seconds. Step to forward then... wait... wait... now!”

Step forward.

“No good. You’re too early.”

This repeated for half an hour until I finally managed to step into the proper timeline. I have no idea what this episode meant.

Left versus right-sided universe

The theme of the telepathic prompting shifted.

“You are now in the correct timeline.”

“Do you know if you are in a left-handed or right-handed universe?”

I don’t know.

“See that door. Watch for your neighbor to walk through it.”

I noticed one of the exit doors for the RAPU room. (I hadn’t noticed the exit doors before this.)

“If you are in a right-handed universe, then your neighbor will enter through that door. If you are in a left-handed universe, then she will enter from the door behind you, and touch on the back of your right shoulder.”

That sentence was a bit too much to comprehend, so I just watched the door I was told to watch.

“The timelines have shifted again. Turn around, walk forward a bit, and watch the other door.”

I did.

“If you are in a left-handed universe, your neighbor will enter from the door you’re looking at. You’ll know you’re in a right-

handed universe if your neighbor enters from behind, and touches you on your left shoulder.”

This repeated a few times until my neighbor arrived. I believe that she entered through the door I was looking at, and that I ended up in a left-handed universe... with left-handed physics.

I would later find out that many planets in solar systems are “rotated”. Upon flying into a solar system, most of the solar-system’s planets are invisible. They only become visible when your UFO is “rotated” to the same angle as the planet.

However, if your UFO is “rotated” to 0 degrees, then you can also see and land at planets rotated oppositely, at 180 degrees.

If you land on planet rotated 180 degrees off, then everything is backwards. All the writing is backwards. The laws of physics are backwards. And... you need to eat different foods, especially different sugars.

Heart attack?

I had had very little to eat or drink over the last 36 hours, maybe 48.

After my neighbor arrived, she decided to spend fifteen minutes chatting with one of the staff... whom she had never met before.

During that time, I started to get heart palpitations.

I knew I had system infections (which tests would to later show – a value of 247+ where the normal range was 3-5), and half-knew I was dehydrated.

I might be having a heart attack, I said.

“Sit down and we’ll do an EKG,” said a concerned nurse.

By the time the wires were taped onto me, the palpitations stopped. Nothing showed up.

I felt quite stupid/ashamed to raise an alarm.

My neighbor and I left the RAPU ward, walked out into the hall, and...

The heart palpitations started up again, MUCH stronger.

Again, I think I'm having a heart attack.

At this point, my parents (inconveniently) called from Los Angeles; they had booked an emergency flight out to visit me.

Someone wheeled in a hospital stretcher. I laid down on it. They wheeled me into the emergency room.

And then things got even weirder...

"That man over there. We don't trust him," a telepathic voice said.

"Move a bit to distract them. We're going to try and get someone from OUR side into the room."

Two days before, running around half naked didn't sound like a bad idea. Why not cause a distraction? I slid down the inclined hospital stretcher and delayed things a minute.

Different people arrived in the room.

"Some people on OUR side have arrived. You'll be okay."

Someone pointed an X-ray machine at my chest.

"Keep your eyes closed. We're going to push you to a different reality.", or was it "timeline", or was it "version of reality"?

I opened my eyes a few minutes later and the room color looked different. Different people seemed to be in the room.

And I then I closed my eyes and had a very interesting telepathic conversation...

A few notes:

- I saw the chest X-ray a few days later, though still mentally impaired. I noticed a small metal object near my heart. It most likely was a clasp from my smock, not an “alien”-implanted remote-controlled defibrillator.

Apparently, “alien”-implanted defibrillators can come with mini-neutron bombs that kill the heart. The people (from other planets) were concerned about this also.

When I had an MRI a few weeks later, the magnetic field of the MRI tugged at something near my heart.

Weeks later, I was telepathically informed that the defibrillator had been removed.

- At the time, I had no idea what “OUR side” meant. I can now: Imagine two opposing high-tech sides, each with telepathy bots, both trying to control/influence the medical staff with those bots.

Never discuss philosophy with an “alien” while religious wackos are telepathically eavesdropping

After closing my eyes, I slid into a semi-conscious state.

I began a philosophical telepathic discussion with another “alien”.

I won't go into detail about the conversation. I am inevitably mixing multiple philosophical conversations I had over the upcoming days.

The conversation it started out with me stating that I don't wish to be here... I wish to get off the planet.

"There is only Earth," interrupted a telepathic religious wacko.

No there isn't. There are other planets, and stars with planets around them.

"No there isn't. There is only Earth. Nothing beyond Earth is real." Or was it, "Everything beyond Earth and the sun is a painting on the celestial heavens"?

Not true. We have landed men on the moon and sent probes to other planets. Planets definitely exist.

The "alien" listened, amused.

"Nothing exists outside the solar system."

It must. I know I've met aliens.

The religious wacko's tact changed: "Even if there were aliens, they aren't allowed here."

That doesn't make sense.

"They can't land. The only way they can be on Earth is if they transform into Humans."

... which made absolutely no sense to me at the time. It now makes perfect sense. According to the Hominids in control of Earth, Earth was to exclusively Hominids, "whites-only". Non-Hominid "aliens" would never be allowed to land. The Homo Sapiens living on Earth were to be kept ignorant.

"You will never get off Earth. And... if any aliens arrive from another planet, they will have to look like Humans."

That makes no sense.

I don't want to be here. I want to live someplace with more than just Humans. I want to get off the planet.

The "alien" interrupted, "We can create a world for you to live in."

"We can put you in a coma and you can live in the dream world for the rest of your life," continued the alien.

At the time, this made no sense either. "Coma" was correct, followed by an awareness dream that would turn permanent after my body was euthanized a few weeks later, and my awareness was permanently attached to someone off-planet.

No, I don't wish to be in a coma.

I blanked out.

Select (and misunderstood) portions of this and other philosophical conversations have been used by religious wackos to telepathically call me satanic, evil, etc.

What year is it?

"Wake up, Mike," said a nurse. She was pushing her fingers down on my sternum to forcefully wake me.

I opened my eyes. I was in another room. I don't know how much time had passed.

"What year is it?"

Um... 2008? No, 2009.

"Can you tell me what month it is?"

Someone telepathically suggested that I pretend I have the swine flu... which sounded like a reasonable idea, because by now, I suspected that my brain damage was from the swine flu.

It's May. (Wrong!)

"What day in May?"

I don't know. The 15th.

A telepathic voice suggested, "Cough on them".

Why not? I felt flu-ish. I coughed.

"Have you travelled anywhere lately?"

Yes, Mexico.

I blanked out.

Hulu medicine

I instantly awoke on a hospital stretcher.

In my right arm was a catheter for an IV. Nothing was attached. Despite the protests of the staff, I ripped out the catheter.

Don't give me any of your Hulu (pronounced "Hoo-loo") medicine!, I stated emphatically. I had no idea what I was saying.

I held out my left arm and pointed it at one of the staff; I'm not sure why. If I had an extradimensional strap-on weapon attached to my arm, the staff member would NOT be happy. (I had no knowledge about such weapons at the time.)

"Just relax. We're going to take you in there."

No, I don't want to go in there, I declared. I didn't know why, except that I was afraid someone would kill me if my hospital stretcher was wheeled into the neighboring "pink" room.

My experience with being "showered" at CalTech (the university I attended) paid off. If a group of people is about to carry you off (into an awaiting cold showers), the only way to

survive is to grab onto something heavy (or fixed to the ground) and don't let go. I did so.

The staff couldn't move the hospital stretcher.

Some security guards appeared.

"He's being a problem."

Can we go anywhere else but there?

"Certainly. If you don't like that we'll take you to a different room for the night."

I was wheeled to a mostly-empty ward, where I was assigned a bed.

My neighbor got me a tasty sandwich from a take-away restaurant below. I ate it.

She went home.

I stayed in the hospital for another night.

More blorple buttons

The night was spent pressing more "blorple" buttons to keep me out of a coma. Instead of mocking "greys", this test had snide comments about the Hulu and Hulu medicine.

I noticed that scratches on my arm were raised and purple... I don't know the signs of septicemia, but I don't think "purple" is a good color.

Day #3 of the hospital (Late July 2009)

Waiting to get out

I awoke in the morning, determined not to have a heart attack, and very determined NOT to stay in the hospital another night. My broken foot was STILL not plastered. I HADN'T yet received any antibiotics.

I called my neighbor to pick me up... again. I think she has the route to the hospital memorized. 😊

A member of the staff led me to an enclosed courtyard, where I waited for my neighbor. He offered to get me a bite to eat. I gave him some money and requested an orange juice.

Returning fifteen minutes later with some change, I was handed the juice bottle. I didn't recognize the coin, thinking it was from another country (on another planet, or from an alternate reality). I didn't recognize the juice label, although I could read it. It was the best orange juice I ever drank. I wondered why I had never tasted such sugars before.

A jet flew overhead. I didn't recognize it as a Boeing or Airbus jet.

The color of the sky, sun, and walls seemed to change slightly every few minutes.

That was the first say that I saw "violet". Previously, I had only seen "purple" at the end of the rainbow, a combination of red and blue.

My neighbor arrived. I had survived my first trip to the hospital.

At home

That night, my broken foot not plastered, I got around the house on a swivel chair.

I thought I was going to die. I tried writing a will (being of UN-sound mind and UN-sound body); I couldn't remember what year it was.

Three nights before Day #1 of the hospital (mid-July 2009)

"They're back"

On yet another dark, and not-the-least stormy night:

"They're back," said Clarke telepathically.

"Walk to your living wing and start dancing again."

Once there...

"Step left."

"And two steps back."

Etcetera.

"Teleportation"

"This isn't working," Clarke said after half an hour of evasive dancing.

"I will try to teleport you."

"Just stand there while I get a lock on you."

"Stand absolutely still."

Easier said than done. From the comments, “greys” found it easier to stand still than Homo Sapiens.

My body began to feel weird. The sound of the room changed slightly. I could almost hear the internal buzz of a UFO.

“Try not to move.”

I tried.

“You’re moving too much. Just stand still for 30 seconds.”

Despite trying to stand still, I found myself swaying a bit.

“You’re running low on oxygen.”

I noticed the air getting a bit stuffy.

“Move your thumb to get more air.” (“Stick out your tongue” would have been more appropriate, but “greys” don’t have tongues.)

I moved my thumb. It didn’t seem to help with the stuffiness.

“Wait, you’re not fitting. Let me push you.”

I felt someone (invisible) gently push me from behind.

“Can you slowly move your arms down by your side.”

No, I’m holding a jacket.

“Try squeezing your arms together tighter.”

I did.

“Your oxygen is getting low. Stick out your thumb again [to tear a small hole in the baryon bubble]”.

The air was still old, despite the fact that I could feel a breeze blowing against me.

Clarke noticed: “You can feel the breeze, but it isn’t providing you much oxygen.”

“I don’t have much air left for you.”

I waited to be teleported.

“If you don’t get you teleported soon YOU ARE GOING TO DIE.”

“You don’t fit. Drop your jacket. It’s the jacket or your life.”

I DROPPED my jacket, and put my hands by my side.

Clarke pushed me from behind.

“There. I’ll try teleporting you again.”

The volume of the buzz increased.

“Just stand still.”

I’m feeling nauseas.

Blank.

“He’s not dead. I thought we killed him.”

“He’s not dead. I thought we killed him,” said someone else in telepathic voice.

I found myself lying on my living-room floor. I think I was on my side.

Clarke spoke, “Mike, I can’t teleport you here. There’s too much metal.”

“You have to go outside onto some flat ground. I’ll teleport you from there.”

“Hurry. I can’t stop the teleportation process now. You don’t have much oxygen left.”

“If you run out of oxygen, YOU ARE GOING TO DIE.”

I hurried outside and to my parking-lot area.

“Wait there, and I’ll continue the teleportation.”

I waited.

“I have used up all the oxygen on my ship, by the way.”

Not good.

“I can’t teleport you here. There are too many stones by the surface.”

“Can you climb up on a tree to get away from the stones?”

I wandered off into the bush, and climbed up a steeply angled tree until I was a meter off the ground.

“YOU HAVE 20 SECONDS LEFT TO LIVE,” warned Clarke.

“Are you ready?”

Yes.

I waited to be teleported.

“I managed to get more oxygen.”

I waited.

“No good. There are still too many rocks around. Do you have any place with lots of deep soil?”

Yes, down by the lake.

“Head down there.”

In the dark, I jumped off the log... and onto the side of a rock. I sprained (or broke) my right ankle.

“Hurry up.”

“YOU HAVE 30 SECONDS LEFT TO LIVE.”

My brain wasn't working; By this point, I should have realized that I was “going to die in 20 seconds” of lack of oxygen about ten minutes ago.

Despite the sprain, I briskly walked down to the lake's spillway.

Teleportation didn't work there, “Still too many rocks. Is there anywhere else with more soil?”

Yes.

I temporarily pilfered someone's plastic-resin chair, and walked (starting to hobble) half a kilometre to a large dirt pile.

I climbed on top the pile, and sat on the chair, exhausted.

“You have no head”

I took off my right shoe and examined my foot by the light the nearby resort’s street lamp. My foot was swollen. Assuming that I was bleeding internally, I put pressure on my ankle so I wouldn’t lose too much blood internally.

Clarke, or perhaps a different voice, said, “You don’t have enough energy. You are losing it through your foot. You need to get energy from somewhere.”

I didn’t know where, but might as well try. I tried to imagine sucking energy from the ground.

At that point, the voice led me down a path that showed I was an idiot.

He (or she) got very angry at me... Basically, pissed off.

I would later learn this anger was caused by a combination of my stupidity, people (from other planets) thinking that I was in league with the off-planet Hominids, and other events taking place all around Australia that night.

Still sitting on the resin chair, on top of a four meter-tall dirt pile, I put my shoe back on.

I looked down at the ground and saw my sitting shadow. It was cast by the resort’s street lamps... I think.

“You have no head,” rebuked the telepathic voice.

My head’s shadow disappeared, though the shadow of my headless body remained.

“Look at your precious house.”

I looked to the horizon. I couldn’t see my house at night, but I could see the silhouette of the hill it was built on top.

Above my house was a large top-like cone-UFO glowing orange, at least 50 meters in diameter.

“We are going to destroy your house.”

The UFO rose a bit, with a black column below it. An image appeared in my head: My house, completely steel, was being torn apart and pulled up, like a stream of iron filings attracted to a magnet.

While I didn't want my house to be destroyed, all I could think of was: COOL.

Not many people think that their house being vengefully dismantled by a UFO is "cool".

The voice lost its derision, or was now spoken by someone else: "We are going to get you off the planet now."

"Can you contact someone and tell them you will be away?"
Yes.

I pulled out my mobile phone and typed in a text message to my neighbour. I wrote that I would be gone for a week, and asking her to watch my bird.

I didn't know it at the time, but other people (from other planets) were trying to prevent me from sending the text message. They used technology to "befuddle" my mind.

The act of thinking was as difficult as trudging through waist-high mud.

I managed to get the message sent though... to my detriment, when my neighbours showed up the next morning thinking I was slightly crazy... and to my benefit, when people (from other planets) realized how stubborn I was.

"Go back up your hill and see if your house is still there."

"And don't forget to return the chair you borrowed."

I returned the chair and limped up the hill.

My house was still there, but my brain wasn't, so I didn't particularly notice that my house was supposed to have not been there thirty minutes before.

Are you alright?

I hobbled up my stairs and followed my elevated walkway to my bedroom wing.

Before opening the door to go in, someone telepathically said, “Turn around.”

I did so.

A very-bright 2-mm UV-light appeared in front of me, about 6’ up. It was so bright that I had retinal burn for a week. (UV lights are used by people in encounter suits to see people in ordinary three-dimensional space. Being raised 6’ high meant the light was held by one of the saurians I had been telepathically chatting with for a few weeks.)

“Look up.”

I did so and saw a circular UFO, the same one that I photographed (with permission) a few months later.

I smiled.

This light was gone.

I walked inside and fell asleep, still not off the planet.

Day #4, not at the hospital (late July 2009)

Once home from the hospital, I slept well.

My neighbour picked me up before lunch and took me to the Batchelor medical clinic, where the doctor gave me crutches and antibiotics.

We then drove into Darwin to pick up my parents from the airport. Hearing that I was hospitalized, they had hurriedly purchased some plane tickets from the US to Australia.

Throughout the day, my brain was working well, though I was very tired.

Once back at my neighbour's house, (I think) we ate dinner. I must have gone to sleep early. I don't remember.

Day #5 of the hospital (Late July 2009)

More Hades, Elysium fields, purgatory, weirdness

My parents, neighbour, and I returned to the Darwin Hospital so I could get my cast put on. (The rural doctor couldn't didn't have the facilities for casts.)

Weirdness hit as soon as I entered Darwin, and strengthened while I sat in the hospital waiting room.

I felt the full force of the "imperius curse".

My brain numbed. I couldn't think logically/sequentially. I couldn't think intuitively. I once-again thought I was dead... because I was told so.

The telepathic "spam" was a competing mix of aliens telling me one thing, and telepathic religious elite telling me I was in hell, or purgatory, or wherever... for the next 200 years.

My brain was so far gone that whatever a voice suggested that I should do, I did...

Harry Potter references entered the telepathic conversations, and I wandered aimlessly about looking for a “portkey” to take me off the planet. Sometimes the portkeys were day-glow blue. Other times they were identified by black linings. Etcetera.

My parents had to chase after me and continually redirect me, kind of like the scene in “Sleeper” where Woody Allen wanders around aimlessly after being defrosted.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleeper_\(film\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleeper_(film))) They became concerned about my mental well-being, of course.

Hours of telepathic spam later...

A hospital worker finally put a temporary plaster cast on. It reduced the movement in my ankle, but didn't support and immobilize my foot well.

Interviewed by police officer dressed as a doctor

We were about to leave the hospital... when my parents, neighbour, and I were directed into a small meeting room with very comfortable chairs.

In the room was a “doctor” that asked my parents questions. He may also have asked me some questions. I don't remember what the conversation was about.

I recognized the “doctor” as a police officer that was acquainted with a lawyer-friend of mine. I had briefly met him a year before, while lunching at a restaurant with my friend. The under-cover(?) police officer didn't recognize me.

When I looked at him, I saw black “clown” diamonds painted around his eyes. I’m not sure if they were really there, or they were telepathically “painted on”.

Meanwhile, I heard telepathic voices of different “aliens”, advising me that he was a police officer, along with other information that still makes little sense to me a year later.

By the time we left the room to finally returned home, I didn’t know where, when, or why I was.

People with brain-damage should NOT be kept awake for the entire day.

Awareness split between timelines?

We didn’t drive home until dark.

Sitting in the passenger seat, I couldn’t recognize any part of Darwin that we drove through.

I felt like I existed in two realities at once... or perhaps my awareness was split between two timelines at once.

In one reality, I was in a Honda CRV, being driven through Darwin and towards home, an hour’s drive away. At the same time, my mind’s eye perceived another reality where it was 2080, and spacecraft were rendezvousing for some unremembered reason.

On the Stuart Highway, half an hour outside of Darwin, I saw a series blorple flashes illuminate the sky a few kilometres ahead. A flash occurred every few minutes, always far in front of the car. No one in the car mentioned seeing them. A telepathic voice misleadingly commented, “We are re-creating your reality for you.

Your world was destroyed while you were in hospital. Those flashes are new sections of the world being recreated.”

At the same time, my mind thought I was returning home 70 years later.

There was very little oxygen, about 5%.

Darwin had gone from tropical savannah to a semi-arid desert with only scrub.

The city and surrounding rural area were abandoned, except for a few die-hard people who occasionally needed oxygen canisters to supplement the oxygen-weak atmosphere.

I didn't know this at the time, but in the alternate timeline, the Earth had been hit by neutron bombs. Its atmosphere was hydrogenized, and the hydrogen combined with oxygen. The oxygen level in the atmosphere had plummeted from 20% to 5%.

“Tear off that cast”

Staying at my neighbour's house for the night, my parents and neighbours ate dinner. I hobbled into a bedroom to sleep... for a few minutes.

“Tear off that cast,” said a saurian woman.

My impression was that two saurian women wearing encounter suits were in the room, seeing how I was doing.

“It isn't doing you any good.”

Having slept for awhile, my brain could judge whether telepathic commands/suggestions were worth listening to. The cast wasn't tight enough to set my broken foot. It was pointless.

I found some dull children's scissors and cut off the light plaster cast.

Just after I finished removing the cast, my parents entered, shocked that I had cut it off.

If they didn't think I was crazy from my morning's "Sleeper" walk, they did now.

The doctor, who lived nearby, arrived a few minutes later.

Though he knew it wouldn't do any good, he placed the bisected cast back on my foot and taped it together. Illogically, my parents felt happier about this solution.

He also gave me a blue antipsychotic pill. Feeling that I had no choice but to accept the drug, I let it sublimate in my mouth.

The last time I saw a black sky

I awoke a few hours later and silently walked outside to look at the stars.

That was the last time I saw a black sky. Since then, even moonless nights are a dark blue-jean colour to my eyes.

Despite the moonless night, only a handful of stars were out. Normally, I'd see the Milky Way.

"We ran out of processing power rebuilding your world, and don't have any left for the stars," commented a telepathic voice.

Day #6 of the hospital insane asylum (Early august 2009)

"Accio portkey"

I awoke at my neighbour's house, still not off the planet. While my parents were eating a late breakfast, the alien-originated telepathic voices started talking:

"There is a portkey stone around here," said an alien voice.

"To find it, say "Atshio portkey"."

(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_spells_in_Harry_Potter)

I wasn't crazy enough to speak the incantation aloud, so I telepathically thought, "Atshio portkey".

Unlike Harry Potter's broom, the portkey didn't magically fly into my outstretched hand.

"Maybe you have to speak it."

I walked about ten meters away, so my parents wouldn't hear, and said, "Atshio portkey" very quietly.

Nothing appeared.

"No good. You may need to say it louder."

"Atshio portkey," I said in a louder voice... perhaps loud enough for my parents to hear.

"No, it isn't working."

"You have to REALLY want the portkey to fly into your hand."

I concentrated... as hard as I could with a walnut-sized brain. "Atshio portkey."

My parents must have heard by then.

"No, it's not working."

"Just a minute."

I waited.

"It won't work because you're saying it wrong."

"It's "ATSIO portkey"."

That made perfect sense... not really. I recalled that the actors in Harry Potter said "Atshio", but... Oh well. Six days previously, I

had walked half-naked the death-adder infested Australian bush, at night, without shoes.

“ATSIO portkey,” I said, strongly willing the portkey to appear.

It worked in the movie...

Nothing happened.

My parents definitely heard. Oops.

How you know you're crazy

You know you're crazy when:

1. You are **incanting magic spells** (made up from the Harry Potter series) and speaking them aloud **in front of your parents...** who have **flown all the way from the US** because they have been told **you are behaving oddly**.
2. **You actually expect a portkey stone to come flying** out of the Australian bush, in your general direction.
3. **You have a direct connection to J K Rowling's pronunciation lexicon, via aliens**, who tell you that you're pronouncing the word “accio” incorrectly.
(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/J_K_Rowling)
4. And the really crazy part... IF the spell had worked properly, **I would have had a one-ton rock flying at 60 kmph in my general direction**.

If I were a sufficiently high-tech alien, “Accio portkey” might have worked.

- Instead of extradimensional strap-on weapons, some people (from other planets) have **extradimensional strap-on “Accio” telekinesis bracelets**.
- Having said that, **Newtonian physics still applies**. If I were to use my hypothetical telekinesis bracelets to pull a 1.0 ton stone towards me at 60 kmph, weighing 75 kg myself... You do the math: The stone would hover towards me at approximately 4.19 kmph, and I would be hurled towards the stone at 55.81 kmph. (Yoda could never have used his telekinesis bracelets to lift the X-wing fighter out of the Dagobah swamp either.
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dagobah>)
- Some high-tech people have **Tardis-like UFOs** (without the time travel). Apparently, my “Tardis” was a 1 ton rock, which is slightly cheaper to paint and clean than a 50 year-old blue UK police-box.
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tardis>)
- **Most Tardis-like UFOs don’t actually look like anything**, especially not like police boxes. **They’re invisible**. Their owners merely have to **think the right keywords** (perhaps

“Accio portkey”), and within minutes, they will be **extradimensionally transferred into their UFO’s mud-room.**

Sadly, I wasn’t a high-tech alien. I had no telepathic bracelets. I had not Tardis.

More telepathic spam

After my parents finished breakfast, they drove me from my neighbour’s house to my house, half a kilometre away.

My mother kept the car keys.

While my parents cleaned up their temporary bedroom, I wandered around my house for awhile, relieved to be home, and happy that my nightmare was over.

Within an hour, the telepathic spam started up in full force.

All I wanted to do was get away. I wanted to jump in the car and take a ride to someplace distant.

Why? I don’t know.

“Getting away” sounded like a compelling idea to me... and it worked...

Remember, I didn’t have my car keys.

“Mom,” I said, “Lets go for a ride. I want to get out of here.”

“No, no. We just arrived. Stay here,” she said.

“No, I want to take a ride.”

“Nope. We aren’t going anywhere.”

She had my car keys. I was a child begging for a ride.

... but I had spare car keys!

...which I got a hold of a few minutes later. I drove off without my parents.

After twenty minutes drive, I found an empty field and sat down in its centre.

The telepathic spam that plagued me at home was (for the most part) gone.

I relaxed.

Chloe, another “grey” I had been telepathically talking to, found me with her UFO, the blue circular one in the night-time photograph from my first document. I could barely see the transparent UFO as a deep red. (Some UFOs can extradimensionally displace themselves towards infrared instead of ultraviolet.)

“I’ll try to pick you up.”

I sat in the field, waiting, hoping.

Minutes passed.

“I can’t do it. Your soul is too heavy.” (I’m still not sure what “Your soul is too heavy” meant.)

Her UFO went invisible. Chloe eventually left.

I sat and enjoyed the telepathic silence for awhile.

Then I drove back home.

A randomly deep thought

At 100 insanity points, you are admitted to the Arkham institution for the insane.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cthulhu_Mythos,
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arkham>)

At **0 insanity points**, you let a **17-year-old teenager decide your life's career**, have **children at 25**, retire at **59 ½** when your children leave home, **move to Florida**, and spend the rest of your life playing **golf**, **smoking**, and **drinking** yourself to death.

All things in moderation; An insanity-point score of 30 – 70 is considered healthy.

100 insanity points

I returned home to find a police car parked in my driveway. My parents had called the police to begin a search for me.

In ten minutes, my bag was packed, and I was driven back to the hospital, but instead of the emergency waiting room, I was taken to an adjoining “mental institution”.

I was involuntarily, voluntarily admitted.

The insane asylum (Early august 2009)

Telepathic conversations

I won't detail my two-week experience(s) at the mental institution. Bullet points are quicker:

- When I first walked through the doors, **I thought that the mental institution would be the worst experience in my life. It wasn't.** It was sad though. **The staff put a lot of effort into helping the clients. Most of the clients were oblivious to their efforts.**

I returned a few months later with a care package, including chocolate-covered coffee beans for the night shift.

As friendly as the staff were, I never want to go back to the mental institution, though.

- **The religious telepathic spam was horrendous.**
- **I have never-ever been afraid to go to sleep. I was terrified of sleeping at night** in the insane asylum because the telepathic religious wackos would verbally walk me through 4000 levels of hell. The feeling at night (the cruciatus curse?) was 10 – 100 times as bad as spending a night in a windowless hospital ward with curtained alcoves.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crucio#Crucio .28Cruciatus Curse.29](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Crucio#Crucio_.28Cruciatus_Curse.29)

- To make matters worse, I had quite a few **philosophical discussions** with people (from other planets), which were **misunderstood and later misquoted by the religious-wacko voices**. Simply put, telepathic conservative Christians think that saurians are demons, and anyone talking to saurians (or reptiloids) is in league with the devil.
- The first night I arrived, a non-religious telepathic voice philosophically asked me, **“Do you want to live in a world with angels and demons, or one with aliens?”** I decided to live in a world with aliens.
- **One of the voices told me not to listen to the telepathic voices in my head...** which is a bit of a **brain teaser**. Should I therefore NOT listen to the voice that was telling me not to listen to the voices?

Medical treatment

My **medical treatment** consisted of:

- **The staff provided some basic activities to try to keep their clients busy...** and from smoking the entire day. I didn't smoke, so I appreciated the diversion.
- **My antibiotics were clandestinely confiscated** when I arrived. I was too “out of it” to realize that they were

missing for a few days. I had only managed to take three pills out of a ten-pill prescription.

- **One member of the staff kept trying to push antipsychotic medication**, while most others were happy that I refused medication.
- **I FINALLY got a (very good) permanent cast put on** four days after being admitted.
- A week-and-a-half after being admitted, I received an **MRI** to look for brain tumours.
 - **No tumours were found.**
 - **MRIs are highly NOT recommended.**
 - While the MRI was scanning my head, **I felt a piece of metal near my heart being magnetically tugged at.** This may have been an alien pacemaker.
- Because no-one could determine why I had gone crazy, **the doctors considered a Lumbar puncture.** (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lumbar_puncture) Not wishing to undergo invasive surgery, or stay in the hospital any longer, **I declined.**

Strange events

The **strange events** that happened at the mental institution were:

- One afternoon, I was telepathically informed that a **saurian triangle ship was going to land and pick me up**. I was asked to wave some palm fronds so I could be identified.

I actually saw a large, transparent, violet triangle-ship hovering above the parking lot. The saurians weren't allowed to land and rescue me from Earth, however. One staff-member found me soon afterwards, and sadly presented me with a blue antipsychotic pill, which I involuntarily voluntarily let subliminate in my mouth.

- **I was visited (at least once) by someone in a wavy suit**. The person in this wavy suit was 5' 6" – 6' tall.
- At night, the air in the room would get "stuffy", as is typical when an **extradimensional UFO is occupying the same three-dimensional space as you**.

When I was telepathically chatting with saurians (and others) **weeks before, I was 98% certain that I was sane.**

After three days of hospitalizations and a few days in the nearby mental institution, **I questioned my sanity.**

Two events **convinced me that I was (at least partially) sane:**

- The Northern Territory News (<http://www.ntnews.com.au>) was provided to read. A few days after my institutionalization **the NT News included a photograph of a puff of smoke**, which looked like it was floating in the hospital's suburb. I wondered if (and hoped that) the puff of smoke was UFO related.
- One alien woman telepathically told me about mythical **"air traders"** on another planet.

A group of six traders **lived in a gondola** on top of (or underneath?) a **helium balloon**. They travelled high-up in a very dense atmosphere, over a low-gravity planet that was mostly rainforest and ocean.

The **land dwellers below caught large 1-meter-long geckos**, cut off their fatty tails for meat, and freed the geckos so they could regrow their tails. **Some of the older land-dwellers, past child-bearing age, would take to the air and trade**, living permanently in the air at specific elevations so they wouldn't have to spend weeks repressurizing and depressurizing (aka: "the bends", http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Decompression_sickness).

The traders floating at the very top **trapped (or traded with) large floating balloon-creatures to get the valuable helium**, which was then traded downwards. It was **high-up that the race saw their first UFOs**.

The ancient myth was **written in a script based on macropod handprints**.

When I heard the myth, **I knew my brain couldn't be inventing the voices; I wasn't creative enough to invent such a story**.

Proving to myself that I hadn't gone insane (August 2009)

After three weeks of hospitalization and mental institutions, my brain healthier, I questioned my sanity. **Had I really been telepathically talking with "aliens"?** Or was my brain malfunctioning and talking to itself?

I temporarily assumed that my previous month's experiences were the result of brain damage, and **sought out new evidence** that I had "jumped into the deep end" of disclosure.

In the weeks following my escape/release from the mental institution, the **observable facts were:**

- **Telepathy** – Telepathic spam was greatly reduced at home, compared to the hospital and mental institution.

- **Violet** – I was seeing violet as a unique color. I knew I had never seen violet before.
- **Hearing UFOs** – I frequently heard the low hum of UFOs.
- **Seeing triangular clouds** – During the day, I would often look up and see triangular clouds.
- **Hearing loud white noise** – When I would take walks (with crutches for my broken foot), I would hear loud white-noise in my right ear, and a negative sound-field (or nothing) in my left ear. If I turned around 180 degrees, the sound would be in my left ear.
- **Emergency beeps in my ear** – While walking one day, I heard emergency beeps in my ear, kind of like a UK ambulance siren.
- **Small invisible triangular spy-bots** – Inside, and outside, I would hear quiet computer-like fan noises, or buzzing, caused by small, triangular spy-bots. I could “chase them around” and the noise source would move away from me.
- **UFO lights at night** – I would occasionally sneak out at night and look up at the stars... and the lights attached to UFOs parked above.

- **Cloud shapes on moonlit nights** – On a few occasions, UFO pilots used their ships’ engines to create cloud shapes that were 100% NOT natural.

Parents won’t leave (august-September 2009)

After my “Sleeper” day at the hospital, trying to cast “Accio portkey”, driving off with my car, and then being committed to a mental institution, **I couldn’t tell my parents, “The aliens made me do it.”** They would have stuck me right back in the insane asylum.

As far as my parents knew, something happened to my brain and I went crazy.

They wouldn’t leave.

“You don’t need to be here,” I said. “All I do is sleep [to recover from my brain damage], and get driven to the supermarket once a week.”

“You are bored here.”

“The build-up is coming with 39c temperatures and you’ll do nothing all day but sit under a fan.”

“You need to return home and do all the usual chores, like paying bills that would be piling up.”

“You are making your relatives go out of their way to maintain your house and deal with your mail, while you just sit around here watching me sleep.”

No matter how much I tried to rationalize with them, they wouldn't leave.

I eventually convinced them to purchase returning plane-tickets for late September, when they finally left.

I was "abducted" just over a week after they left.

"Abduction" (October 2009)

"Teleported" (The highly not-recommended way of being abducted)

Just over one week after my parents left, I put some flour, water, and yeast into my bread maker to mix into pizza dough.

I had the impression that something would happen that night...

"Walk out onto your deck," requested a telepathic voice.

I did so.

"Stand still."

"Slowly turn around and face your balustrade."

"Now, take a step forward."

I did so.

"Take two more steps."

I was now standing just in front of my deck's balustrade, overlooking the valley below my house.

A triangle-ship was hovering a few hundred meters above in the dark, observing. It was somehow implied to me that the triangle ship was an Aurora spy-plane, but it may have been from off planet. I would later learn that if it was an Aurora, it was NOT flown by Americans, but by off-planet Hominids.

I heard the gentle clink or two of water glasses inside the kitchen.

I remained still and didn't investigate.

"Hold out your left hand," said Chloe telepathically.

I did so.

"A bit lower."

I lowered my hand.

"Open it up."

Thirty seconds later I felt someone lightly grasp my hand.

I turned my head slowly to look, and saw semi-transparent grey fingers holding my hand.

"Hold out your right hand."

I did so.

I knew, or was informed, that Chloe was standing to my left, invisible but for her hand. Someone was to my right, invisible. And someone tall stood behind me, also invisible.

"Seven other people are also here to make sure you're safe. Four are higher, and three are lower," said another voice. I didn't know what that meant at the time.

"Stand there." Chloe didn't seem to hear the other telepathic voices.

I stood still for minutes.

"Stand as still as you can."

My bread-maker beeped, indicating that my pizza dough was mixed and raised.

"Keep standing still."

I began to feel nauseous, and then light-headed.

I'm going to faint, I said telepathically.

I began to lean forward to grasp the balustrade for support.

Blank.

Waking up, back on my deck

I woke up, lying on my deck, looking up at my roof.

It was telepathically quiet.

I could see “blue tinglies” above; I would later learn that they are an indicator of a time-warping field.

I felt like crap.

After a few moments, I gradually sat up, then crawled over to the kitchen doorway, and sat down against the door. I heard Chloe’s telepathic voice say something, a bit confused. I didn’t hear from her again that night.

I found it difficult to breathe, like my mouth was covered with a semi-permeable cling-wrap.

I didn’t know what to do, so I opened my mouth wider to breathe.

That helped slightly.

It felt like something lightly stretched across my mouth. I cleared it out of my mouth with my hand.

I could neither feel it with my hand, see it, nor taste it.

My breathing improved as soon as I pulled in invisible cling-wrap away.

A minute later, breathing once again became difficult.

I cleared my mouth of the invisible cling-wrap again.

I later learned that this was a baryonic bubble used to keep people (somewhat) safe during “teleportation”... the same “stuff” that Clarke used a month previously.

After sitting for twenty minutes, my strength and wherewithal returned enough that I staggered up, opened the kitchen door, and went in.

The telepathic image of Gollum (from the Lord-of-the-Rings movies) flashed through my mind. Abigail, not a “grey”, would show me that image when she was around or involved. I believe she created the time-bending field.

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uj411At8VRI>)



<http://www.moviemobsters.com/wp-content/uploads/2009/07/gollum.jpg>

My pizza dough smelled rank and was crusty; it had been sitting in the bread maker for a long time.

I looked at the clock, subtracted twenty minutes, and noticed that one hour and thirty minutes had passed.

It was telepathically quiet.

Thirsty for juice, I downed at least a liter of fruit juice.

It was still telepathically quiet.

Too ill to be hungry, I put the crusty pizza dough in the freezer and went to sleep in my bed.

My butt hurts

I awoke the next morning.

My butt hurt, approximately where my tailbone was.

One of the reasons why I DIDN'T get a Lumbar puncture (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lumbar_puncture) at the hospital was because some of the "aliens" I was telepathically talking to at the insane asylum suggested they could perform one more safely, and with a quicker recovery time.

My butt only hurt for a week, much less time than it would have taken for me to recover from Lumbar-puncture surgery in the Darwin hospital. And there wasn't any scar... that I could feel.

A few weeks later, I noticed that my entire tailbone seemed to have gone missing.

Someone must have kept it as a keepsake.

Afterwards

I later learned that I couldn't be taken off planet because any attempt to do so would have resulted in the destruction of the ship where the surgery happened, and the deaths of everyone inside.

I have yet to receive a complimentary DVD of my abduction from whoever was flying the triangle ship.

Angba (FEBRUARY 2010)

Landing

“We’re going to attempt another landing tonight.”

“Put your shoes on in case we melt the floor; you don’t want to lose the bottom of your feet.”

“Remember your torch.”

I assembled my gear, exited my bedroom wing, and walked into my star-lit living wing, which also included my kitchen and dining areas. At the far end of the wing, the floor was elevated four meters above the ground... perfect for an encounter suit landing... except for the copious amounts of steel in my house.

“Turn your torch on.”

I pointed my LED torch at my feet and turned it on.

“Walk forward slowly.”

I took a few steps forward and stopped at the edge of my kitchen section, looking at my ironwood table at the far/elevated end of the living wing.

“Just wait there.”

Pause.

“I’m dematerializing,” said Angba telepathically.

I waited and watched.

I telepathically “saw” a glimpse from within her encounter suit. I was a grey figure slightly visible against a grey background.

“Don’t do that,” she said. “My suit doesn’t like it.”

I blanked my mind.

A few minutes later, a shadow gradually appeared at the far end of my table. All of the chairs had been cleared away from the table.

“Step forward, holding the torch down. Don’t point it at me.”

I slowly stepped forward.

Angba was nervous; entering someone’s home with an encounter suit while they were awake was dangerous.

“Slowly walk up to the table so I can see you better.”

Light pointing down, I approached the table, Angba on the opposite side.

“Point the light up at yourself.”

I rotated the light up, illuminating my body.

“Good. I know where you are.”

I re-pointed the light at my feet.

“I am melting the floor here. I need to move.”

“Can you slowly walk counter-clockwise around the table?”

Angba’s semi-shadow faded as I walked around the table to where she had stood.

Once on the other side, I looked across the table to where I had been.

Her semi-shadow stood there.

“I am wearing a silver suit.”

“It’s actually quite roomy in here.”

“I can pull my arm out of the suit’s arm.”

Angba did so, and her shadow’s form changed.

While she was demonstrating, Angba continued dematerialization.

She put her arm back into her suit’s enclosed sleeve.

“It’ll take me twenty minutes to dematerialize.”

I waited, watching.

Trouble

After a few minutes, Angba leaned forward and put her hands on the table to hold her weight.

“This isn’t working. I’m [my hands are] melting the table.”

Angba sidestepped to the right to reach a bit of unmelted floor and table.

Several minutes later: “I’m tired. I can’t stand anymore.”

“Dematerializing is very tiring.”

“Do you have a metal chair I can sit on?”

No. I have a step ladder.

“That won’t work. I need a flat piece of steel for my back.”

“Any other chairs?”

I have a canvas chair.

There was a pause.

“I think I can adjust my suit so she won’t fall through the chair.”

“Position the chair to my left.”

Angba’s shadow faded away.

I slowly walked to where the chair had been stored, and carried it to a spot near a metal support beam. Angba could grab onto the dense steel if she needed.

I oriented the chair towards the outside of the room, and stepped several paces away from the chair.

Angba’s shadow reappeared in front of the chair. In the dark starlight, I couldn’t tell if she turned around.

Her hands carefully touched the chair's ironwood arms, and she sat down.

Her butt slid through the fabric.

"I need to adjust my suit so it won't pass through the chair."

She stood up slightly, pulling the fabric with her as it stuck "inside" her shadow field. The canvas eventually lost its grip and fell down.

Angba sat down again, this time without sliding through the canvas seat.

Angba then gradually leaned back.

Her back slid through the canvas back of the chair, swivelling the wood support columns slightly.

"Your back went through the back of the chair," I said.

"That explains the proximity alert I just got."

Angba leaned forward and then back again.

Her back seemed more solid; the canvas was pushed by her back.

And then it went through.

The fabric faded to grey and then became transparent.

"I'm going to try adjusting the back," I said.

I walked forward slowly and tried to push one of the ironwood support columns that the fabric was tensioned onto.

By that point, the support column was grey and turning invisible.

My hand went through the wood.

"Don't touch the wood," said someone.

In front of me, Angba sat, with her back juxtaposed through the chair-back's fabric.

She no longer looked like a shadow, but a silvery, semi-transparent form.

“Mike, get out of there.”

“You’re in danger. Hurry.”

“We’ll help her,” said someone else.

I received the impression that several people in suits stood on either side of the chair.

Afterwards

I walked down my driveway as directed, around half a kilometre from the house.

I stood there for half an hour, and was told I could return.

Angba wasn’t sitting in the chair anymore.

I later learned that Angba had been shot by a bot while she sat and her suit disabled, causing an emergency “freezing” sequence to activate in her encounter suit.

She was “thawed” in a spaceplane that was monitoring the landing, and then flown to a hospital... perhaps on Raaka.

She died a month later, potentially assassinated.

The landing project was halted.

8 weeks before Day #1 of the hospital (May 2009)

How to tell if you’ve been abducted, the Aussie way

According to the internet, the usual signs of abduction are bruises, scratches, and triangular dot formations... as well as high hypnotherapist bills.

None of these metrics worked for me. Because I volunteered at a zoo, performing physical work like captive animal/plant management, my limbs were regularly covered with scratches and bruises. I never had any triangular marks or hypnotherapists appear though.

However...

A mob of Northern Wallaroos

(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wallaroo>) lives around my house. They show up at least once a day for a drink and some “horse cubes” to snack on. They sometimes sleep under my house.

The only times that the wallaroo regulars aren't around are when dingos were on the prowl...

... and for a couple days AFTER I was abducted.

The hubbub of abduction would scare them off.

Oh yes: A few days after being abducted, I would have an abduction dreamlet, and/or spontaneously remember part of the abduction.

Remembering

The abduction eight weeks before my hospital trip took me quite awhile to remember and reconstruct, probably because I was given large quantities of “forget me” drugs to obscure the incident.

I first remembered the abduction in a dreamlet of being on a plane, as described below, and then mentally walking forwards and backwards in time from there, asking myself questions like,

“What would I have done in that situation? Would I have walked left or right? Would I have stood up then? Etc.”

Other techniques include asking myself questions like: *“What surface texture was I standing on? What was the ceiling like? Was I holding anything? What did I eat? Were there any seats?”* and *“Before I noticed that I wasn’t served roasted peanuts, what did I do?”*

Are you okay?

I was sitting in a business-class airplane chair; I’ve had many dreamlets/rememberings of being in business-class airplane flights since arriving in Australia (via affordable steerage in Qantas flights). It took me quite awhile to realize that Australia abduction UFOs are much-better fitted out than ye-olde sterile aluminium UFOs reported by US abductees.

Someone approached; I later recalled that she was macropod-evolved.

“Are you okay?” she asked telepathically. “You seem depressed.”

My airplane chair was at the back of the airplane, in a small alcove all to itself... facing towards the plane’s median. I think the toilet was to my right.

The airplane seats weren’t organized properly either: The airplane wasn’t rectilinear. It was mostly triangular, with the pointy end up front walled off. Seats pointed forward and/or inwards.

Awake

A few days later, I remembered the following abduction segment with the help of a dreamlet:

I woke up in a bed. At first, I thought I was in my childhood home, and was for-some-reason sleeping in my brother's bedroom... except that the room was the wrong size, colour, shape, and the bed had hospital whites.

Still thinking I was in my childhood home, I got out of bed, walked through a door, perhaps into a hallway, and then down some stairs. The stairs were actually a ramp.

At the bottom of the ramp was a room. At one end was a receptionist's counter with a receptionist standing behind, perhaps the same person that queried if I was okay. (The receptionist's counter doubled as a wet bar.)

A very-tall man in a blue (or blue-grey) uniform stood in front of the counter, looking directly at me. I didn't notice his face.

My attention was diverted to the woman behind the counter.

When my eyes returned to the man, he had turned to look at someone else. I noticed his profile and commented, "*Why do you have a dog's head?*" Though he didn't show it, I may have insulted him; I believe he was also macropod-evolved.

Without obvious prompting, I turned to my left and exited the room into a short hallway, heading right.

Someone stood in front of me. Beyond them was a narrow elevator door.

Thinking I was in a dream, I crouched down and tried to change shape, something I can sometimes do in my dreams. This didn't work.

Other proofs I was in a dream?

I can sometimes fly in my dreams.

From my crouched position, in an attempt to fly I leapt up with full force.

I hit the ceiling with my hands; this UFO had reduced gravity enabled, to make moving semi-conscious abductees easier, as well as giving the crew an advantage in the event that an abductee brawl.

After returning to my feet with no major injuries, I was led through the door.

The white room (remembered three weeks before day #1 of the hospital)

I didn't remember this section of the abduction until three weeks before I visited the hospital. The dates are correlated.

I was in a small, white-painted room, at the pointy end of a triangular UFO.

Two people were in the room.

One was a 5' 6" red-haired woman who I frequently saw in UFO dreams; she sometimes sat next to me in whatever spaceplane trip I was on.

The other woman was tall, very tall.

She was looking straight at me.

She looked somewhat green-ish.

A thought escaped her mind.

I counter-thought, "You're a saurian. 😊 That doesn't phase me."

She was relieved and then delighted that I didn't mind she was a saurian... I knew this telepathically.

In a Michael Jackson "Black or White" morphing effect, her face bubbled outwards into a Saurian face as the fields visually flattening her skull into a Hominid shape relaxed.

(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Black_or_White)

I could tell that the red-haired woman wasn't very happy.
Blank.

I drew a quick sketch of her on my computer.



Her facial-features aren't proportioned correctly... and the art style I used makes her look like a Muppet.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Muppet>)

Her feathers have grown in since then, covering most of her face and back.

7 weeks before Day #1 of the hospital (May 2009)

In late evening, I felt a flu coming on.

I awoke the next morning with a very strong flu. By noon I had a fever (and a dead battery for my digital thermometer) and a rapidly beating heart. The fever broke late in the day.

I slept for a week, and didn't fully recover from the flu for a month.

I suspected I had the swine flu, but the nurse I called said I couldn't be tested unless my fever was high enough... which it wouldn't.

She further added that the odds of my having the swine flu were very low. At the time, the Northern Territory of Australia had 64 confirmed cases... which meant the probability of me having the swine flu was around 1 in 500... assuming that only 1/4 of the swine flu cases were detected.

Having experienced venom-bots since then, I now wonder if I wasn't infected with the swine flu (or another virus) as a result of my abduction experience.

For more stories

You can download more of my short stories for free from:

<http://www.disclosuree.com/Stories.pdf>