...And all the rest

Miscellaneous stories of the weird and unusual

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Introduction

Over the years I've had some interesting things happen. "The Vortex" **http://in2worlds.net/the-vortex** being one example of an entire year of paranormal weirdness, other examples being my book, "Chasing Phantoms" **http://in2worlds.net/abductions2** which details abduction related happenings (abductions and paranormal happenings typically go hand in hand…) and of course the various sections on my website that discuss a variety of topics including extreme synchronicities, reality glitches, parallel timelines, deja vus, etc. **http://in2worlds.net/**

But back before my crash course introduction into the paranormal courtesy of "The Vortex" and back before I knew I had "stuff" happening to me in life of the abduction variety, there were still interesting and weird events worthy of being mentioned. So here it is, my mini-book compilation of "all the rest," those random anecdotes covering the gambit from mysterious strangers crossing my path at key times in life, dream time powwows with people, invisible voices from nowhere intervening in situations, crazy brushes with death, telepathy, premonitions, remote viewing, telekinesis, entities from other realms, possible past life memories, and more. Some of these are stories I've relayed on a message board forum I used to post at, others I'm sharing for the first time.

Although I wrote this mainly for personal reasons (to document these incidents before I get too old and forget) the purpose of this write up wasn't just to talk about random weird stuff just for the sake of it. Entertainment is good and all and serves a purpose, but there really should be some sort of greater point and value to it, something the reader can get out if it, otherwise why bother sharing? For that reason many of these incidents include those bigger picture insights, ponderings and questions, something more to chew on than just "oogedy boogedy woo-woo…the end." ;)

Enjoy….

Mysterious strangers crossing paths

"Don't move to L.A." Back in 1994 I began contemplating moving to L.A. At the time I was living in boring and soulless Orange County, renting a room in Aliso Viejo. I'd only just recently gotten my first car and had started taking trips up to L.A. This of course led me to want to move up there. I hadn't yet visited the Bay area, otherwise I never would have even considered L.A. L.A. was the only other place I'd been besides San Diego – but despite how popular San Diego is with everybody else, at that particular time I didn't like the Tijuana "border town" aspect of San Diego, the heavy Naval base presence or the weird paradoxical sleepy vibe of the city mixed up with the crime. (A few years later in 2000 I'd changed my mind however, and was seriously contemplating moving down to San Diego, though it never ended up happening.) But NOT living in California was not an option to me as I considered it one of the ultimate places to live, so therefore L.A. seemed to be it. I found one of those free apartment finder magazine things and was casually pricing how much it would cost to live there.

In the meantime, there I am at Carl's Jr. in Lake Forest one evening eating a burger. I'm sitting at my booth facing up the aisle towards the entrance when I get a "tug" to look up…right as this guy sort of bursts through the door. Not in a Seinfeld "Kramer" sort of way, but still in a high energy, slightly frazzly sort of way. He was tall, over 6 feet, with shoulder length dark blonde hair, wearing a long black trench coat type of thing, with weathered/craggy good looks and a tan. He looks wildly around…….then sees me down the aisle to his right, and then makes a beeline straight for me. Like he came in there looking specifically for me. As he walks towards me I see that he's carrying a black musical instrument case.

He gets to where I'm sitting and stops about five feet from my booth and then strikes up a conversation with me. I'm slumped down in my booth seat casually with my feet resting on the other seat, and just sit there, looking up at him, completely still. Assessing this situation, feeling him out with furrowed brows. Normally I would have brushed off a strange dude charging up to me and honing in on me like that, since I seemed to attract in a lot of weirdos at that time, but this time something was different.

Instead of brushing him off and shutting him out so he'd leave me alone, I engaged him in cautious conversation, just going along with it. I have no memory any more of what he said to me – just casual superficial stuff. Wish I could remember. So I'm nodding and engaging him, and I catch the eye of the couple sitting to the left of this guy, which was my right. They both give me a look and a nod that says, "Are you okay? You need us to intervene?" And I give a small dismissive shake that says, "No, it's cool, I'm fine."

So me and trench coat dude are chatting, which is completely unlike me at that time in my life. I had a lot of issues due to very negative life events growing up and as a result was not a happy, chatty person just engaging random strange people in conversation like that. But there I was, feeling comfortable with him. So much so that he eventually takes a seat in the next booth up from me, facing me. Keeping a polite social distance. He tells me about how he played saxophone for Eric Clapton on tour, and opens up what turns out to be an empty sax case and produces pictures and reaches over to give them to me to look at. I could tell they were on a stage, with the stage lights, but I couldn't make out any faces. I just nodded and handed them back. Who knows, you know? Just roll with it. ;) He went on to tell me how he was jumped down at San Clemente beach and his sax was stolen, probably then pawned for money he theorized. I just nodded and listened. He could just be some crazy deluded homeless person, yet he did totally look like a musician, from his hair to his long coat and his overall looks, and he was nice.

And as we're sitting there talking, he suddenly gazes out the window at the traffic going by on Lake Forest Drive and says out of the blue, "I know you want to move to L.A., but don't. I know this area can be boring, but you don't want to move there."

I just stared at him, feeling "!!!!!!!!!" I hadn't said a word about that, or even mentioned any disgruntled feelings about OC. and how soulless and boring it was. He had no *way* of knowing that. I just listened intently to his words. I stammered about how right he was, I *did* want to move to L.A. This area *was* boring! Wow!!!

He nodded, knowingly, then said I shouldn't do it. This area wasn't so bad really, you know?

I nodded, like, "Sure...okay...." and agreed.

Then he turned to me, kind of shook his head back and forth, said, "Well alright then. I gotta get going now...." And he got up, got his case, bid me a farewell, and just as suddenly as he arrived, he was heading out again.

He never ordered any food. Just came in, honed in on me…and told me not to move to L.A. Then was gone.

And I didn't move to L.A. Solely because he told me not to.

"So you want to be a waitress…" When I moved to Fort Lauderdale in February 2002 I was excited, but soon became overwhelmed with doubts, like, OH MY GOD!!! WHAT HAVE I DONE!!! WHAT WAS I THINKING!!! I had a motel room paid for a week, but was panicked about the job situation and just freaking out in general. I'm pretty strong emotionally, and had gotten in my car in Portland Oregon with $2,800 to my name and then drove the 1,000 miles down into SoCal via the 5, and then another 3,000 miles across the country on I-10, into Jacksonville, Florida, and on down to Ft. Lauderdale on the 95 by myself, with my cat in my lap the entire way, to a place I'd never been and where nobody was waiting for me and where I had nothing lined up. Just……...trusting it would all work out. Now, I was having second doubts and beginning to panic.

I wandered up the A1A in the morning of my second day there. The sun was out, it was hot and beautiful, green palm trees against a piercing blue sky, and white condo towers lining the ocean on a stretch of beach known as the Galt Ocean Mile. I walked down the sidewalk, intensely thinking to myself that I wish I could find a local who knows the area and who can tell me where to go, give me good tips for where to go for restaurants and bars. I wanted to be a waitress or cocktail server. Quick, easy money in the heart of the tourist season. If I could land a waitressing position, I'd be set. I wandered off the AIA onto the beach to ponder all this some more. Now I debated just scrapping everything altogether and moving back to California. But the idea of that drive back was so unappealing!! Over 3,000 miles!! And driving back across 900 miles of never ending empty Texas!!!! I felt like I just could *not* handle driving across the vast empty desert wasteland from Texas to Arizona again. No way.

I sat on the beach, thinking thinking thinking. If I stayed in Florida, Tom, who was currently in Iowa, would come down to be with me. (he's the author of the website www.montalk.net.) If I went back to California, he wouldn't be able to come see me. Going to California was not possible for him. Florida was. And I really wanted to see him. Total dilemma.

I went back to my car, parked at the Burger King and Walgreens there at Oakland Park Boulevard and the A1A. Using my then-cell phone, I called my longtime friend Mike in California about my dilemma. I didn't mention the job stuff, just my impressions of the transient, impersonal vibe of Fort Lauderdale, and then my dilemma - should I go or shouldn't I? After talking to him, I made my

decision -- I was moving back to California. Coming to Florida was an impulsive, crazy decision. A mistake, I shouldn't have come here!! I hung up the cell phone, relieved that I at least made a decision. I would finish out my week in the motel, then head back to Orange County. I wasn't even thinking about Tom anymore at this point, I was just listening to mental intellect which was overriding things with fear. I hopped down from the trunk of my car where I had been sitting and talking to Mike, and was about to get into my car and drive back to my motel room.

Right then a guy approached, seeming to come out of nowhere from the front of my car.

"Hi there!"

"Hi..." I said, cautiously, curiously sizing him up and extending my mental feelers.

"So.....you want to be a waitress, huh?"

I just stared at him, speechless. I nodded. He had no way of knowing this. HOW DID HE KNOW THIS??

"Well here, let me tell you where to go....." he said.

And he did just that. He stood there, pointing this way and that up and down the A1A, telling me about the best restaurants and bars to check out, and who might be hiring, etc. and so on.

I just stood there, completely incredulous, soaking up what he said. I couldn't believe this. It didn't seem real. Only a half an hour before I'd intensely wished for a local who knew the area who could tell me where to go to be a waitress. And here was this guy, appearing out of nowhere, doing just that. My mental feelers told me that he was a nice guy though. He had dark hair and a moustache, seemed to be about in his 40's, skinny. Florida tan. Friendly. He told me that he'd lived there his whole life, and knew everything about the area. He handed me his business card. His name was Rick. I still have this card, it's in my log book of woo-woo happenings. Told me to call him if I needed any help or tips or anything about the area. Welcomed me to Florida, and wished me luck.

Then he was on his way.

I followed his tips, wound up getting hired for a waitressing job by the next day, and because of that, decided to stay in Florida after all, signing a lease for an apartment exactly a week after arriving. Which means Tom did get to come down and be with me. And the rest, with everything that came after it, including this website among many things, is history.

Magic the homeless guy. This was mid-1995. Don't have specific dates because I wasn't keeping track. I was by myself up in L.A taking a late night drive doing who knows what, don't remember anymore by this point. But on the way back home on the 101 south I wound up on the wrong freeway, since the freeway interchange situation is a bit tricky if you're not paying attention. I think I

wound up on the 60 or something, and exited off of Euclid Avenue. But there was no onramp that I could find to get back on the 101.

I stopped at the first 7-11 I came to, but the middle eastern guy behind the counter (no kidding…what a stereotype, huh? ;D) was not at all helpful, so I got nowhere. I jumped in my car and raced up and down the road, trying to find a 101 onramp, but there was nothing. Finally I picked a random gas station to pull into. Feeling highly stressed out (as I was prone to back then, definitely a lot calmer at this point in my life), I whipped the car left into the lot and saw a black guy in my headlights with big surprised eyes staring back at me. I stopped and jumped out, intending to run inside and get help finding the onramp.

The black guy however approaches me and says, "Excuse me ma'am….are you lost?"

He was dressed with a long saggy coat, baggy pants and shirt, facial scruff…definitely looked homeless. But the vibe of pure goodness emanating off of him hit me like a wave, like walking into a wall. It stopped me right in my tracks, and now it was my turn to look at him with big surprised eyes. "Yeah, actually I am…" I admitted. All my stress and anxiety immediately dissipated in his presence, all walls went down. Again, pretty noteworthy for someone who always views the world from behind cautious walls on lockdown – and even more so back then. "I can't find the 101 onramp!" I explained.

"Oh, well that's easy, let me tell you what you need to do..." And he proceeded to point me where to go and how to get to the onramp. Turns out there were no signs for it…...you had to take this tiny little side road between buildings (alley is more like it) to get to it. So no wonder I couldn't find it. I would have been there all night.

He then asked me if he could squeegee my windows for some spare change, which was fine with me. I sat in my front seat with the door open, chatting to him as he squeegeed, and then he decided to broach the subject of what he thought might be my naive vulnerability. Kind of frowning, and seeming concerned, he said that I should be careful, and not just talk to or trust people. He said that he was okay but not everybody is. In fact, last week they found the body of a girl chopped up in a dumpster over on 4th Street. So be careful, you know??? !

I smiled because I understood his concern, and explained that I know, I don't normally go around just talking to people….but, I felt his vibe and I could tell he was good. He smiled and revealed that his friends all call him "Magic." Because he has a magical vibe.

He sure did!

I gave him $10, which was half the tips I made as a waitress that night at Red Robin, thanked him, and was on my way. His directions were perfect too.

Brushes with death

When it's not your time to go, then it's not your time to go. Plain and simple. Many people are afraid of death, which is understandable, but a big part of that fear I think stems from the fact that our media/society has tried so hard to pummel it in to our heads that death is random. That you are a powerless victim not only in life, but definitely when it comes to death. That you have no say at all in the things that happen to you, and death is going to grab you in a horrific, unseen way and there's nothing you can do about it at all. BOO! Here comes death. Plane crashes, car accidents, fires, earthquakes, shootings, robberies and mayhem. And while that may seem to be the case in some instances, it's definitely not the case for everybody.

Years back I wrote an article called "What they're not telling you about death," the premise being that death is not random the way we might think it is. And that just because other people around you may die in a horrific way doesn't mean you will too. There are reasons for this. For starters, we can't know what another person's karma is. There may be more to the story in what initially seems like a random and senseless death of a sweet and innocent person. We don't know who they were in a past life, what they may have done…and what they may have been trying to balance out in this life. We can't. So don't even try. Just know – what happens to them is their deal. **It's not yours.** Also, with the reports I've received from psychic people with the sight, reporting people with no auras and energy fields out there in the world side by side with people who do, I also have to wonder how much of what's happening around us is really real, the way we've been led to believe. Is everybody in this world fully real? Are some people acting as "placeholders" to fill in the blanks and perpetuate the illusion that it's "business as usual" in this realm? It's fringe though, topics for another time I suppose, but I keep both things in mind when faced with a story of random tragic deaths and killings. All I can know for certain is that we don't have the full story, and most importantly…that their situation does not apply to me. If it's not our time to go, but something tries to take us out before we've finished what we're here to do, then intervention *will* happen to reverse that. This is a subject that many skeptics and non-spiritual types have a knee jerk passionate response about, because all they see are the thousands of people all over the world every year who seem to die very tragic, horrific deaths, as if they were forsaken. For them it proves there obviously is no God, and zero higher "stuff" at work in this reality. **But you can't cherry pick your evidence**, of which includes the endless stories of very obvious intervention that so many people in this world have. There's no denying the stories that so many people have, where they shouldn't still be here….but they are. So just because we can't understand why one person had intervention but another was left to die doesn't mean something bigger and beyond us doesn't exist. **All it means is that we don't understand what's going on here and how it really works.** Which is actually nothing new with humans. Most people's idea of "God" is childish at best though. Because "god" doesn't work the way they were taught to believe in church then for them it must mean there is zero higher positive/spiritual/metaphysical anything of any sort happening. That's just bad logic though, plain and simple. Black/white extreme binary false two choice dichotomies, mixed in with what's known as "throwing the baby out with the bathwater." There are forces at work in this place with motivations that most people will never comprehend, and it just is what it is, whether people believe in it or not.

It's imperative to begin listening to your intuition and honing it, because it's that gut feeling, and sometimes higher self voice that will guide us so that we don't wind up in the wrong place at the wrong time. So with that in mind, here are some examples to illustrate:

I-95 – approx. 1975. We had been visiting my grandma back when she was living in North Carolina, and were making the drive back north to New York, late at night. My dad was driving, going about 80 as he later relayed, and my mom was in the front passenger seat and I was in the back in my car seat. My dad was tired and spacing out…..and realized too late that he was about to miss the highway interchange that he needed to be on. Made a poor judgment call and jerked the wheel over to try to get on the other highway, but it was too late and he was aimed right at the median that separated the two highways.

Next thing he and my mom know, they're on the correct highway, and everything's fine. **The scene jumped ahead, from being about to hit the median, to traveling along on the correct highway, with no in-between**. Then he heard a voice/thought form say, "Don't worry….everything's going to be okay…" which made them relax. My mom immediately dozed off. And they never talked about it. Ever. I only found out when my dad revealed it to me in 2002, after I had been telling him what turned out to be a near-identical story involving my brother Joe when he was driving us in my then-Nissan. (Coming up in a short bit.) As he relayed, he'd never talked about this incident to anybody out loud until that moment, 27 years later. He and my mom never discussed it again, and just pretended it didn't happen, in almost the same exact way me and Joe didn't want to talk about it immediately when the same thing happened to us.

Meningitis – July 4, 1976. We were living in an apartment complex on South Hampton Road in Westfield, Massachusetts. My mom and her neighbor friend had taken us kids to Hampton Pond to go swimming. (I look back at that and think "ew…" Never go swimming in a pond! Even in big popular pseudo-lake ponds!) Needless to say, I came down with some sort of sickness via the pond that required me to be taken to a doctor. And apparently while I was in the hospital with the first illness the stage was set for the second illness – meningitis. From what I've been told, the doctor assigned to me was in a hurry to get to his July 4th (Bicentennial) festivities and so was being sloppy. He had me put into this sort of holding room thing with other kids…including somebody who had meningitis from what they later discovered. Worse yet – it was discovered later on that he apparently knew there was a kid with meningitis in that room and put me in there anyway. I remember being in that group holding room too. I was laying in my crib thing, staring up at the ceiling and around at the other cribs and beds, the room lit by daylight coming in from outside, and there was a kid a couple of years older than me in another part of the room who was constantly moaning in pitiful pain. Turns out from what my parents later told me he'd blown off three of his fingers with some 4th of July fireworks, and even though he was highly medicated he was still feeling it. And I remember it.

I was then sent home and the Doc who was in a hurry was on his merry way. Soon I fell deathly ill – fever of 104 degrees, vomiting, lethargic, in and out of consciousness, and unable to turn my head. I don't remember this part though, since I was so sick. My mom put me to bed anyway and goes

about her business, despite these symptoms, instead of calling the doctor. (My dad was at work and didn't realize this was happening…) and that's when my mom claims she heard a voice yell, "MENINGITIS!!!" Either in her mind, or as if coming from the air next to her ear, I'm not sure which one it was. But it was alarmed, like, Hello! Meningitis!! Get with the program woman!!!

Because of that voice from nowhere, she FINALLY decides to call the pediatrician and relay my symptoms. One listen to what she had to say and the doc was extremely alarmed and told her to get me to the hospital, now! She got a ride to the hospital, with the neighbor friend I think, or maybe a taxi, I don't know, and my dad met up with her later on in the waiting room. At the hospital, the docs performed the spinal tap and determined I had meningitis – my mom said she was in the waiting room and watched a nurse burst through the door, panicked, saying to the other staff "WE HAVE MENINGITIS!!!"…and it STILL didn't register with my mom that they were talking about me. Her first thought was, "We have to get Carissa out of here!"…not realizing I was the source.

From there I was transferred to a bigger hospital, where I spent three weeks recovering - and part of that time in quarantine, strapped down to the crib to keep me from pulling the tubes out of my arms like I kept doing. (The two hospitals I was at were Noble Hospital and Bay State Medical Center. But I don't know which one was which.) The doc later told my mom that had she left me in my crib like that (her original intention) I would have been dead by morning. So – no yelling voice, and I wouldn't be here. It's all just so odd. I was brought to the hospital for far milder symptoms, but then when things escalated to the point of life or death the ball was totally dropped. :/ And it wound up being a close call, and they were pretty sure there was going to be trauma afterwards. Usually kids with meningitis become deaf, or retarded. But despite the severity of the situation and the close call of it all, I came away miraculously unscathed. It's to where at this point in life I no longer tell people in the everyday world that I once had meningitis, because several have stared at me in a puzzled way, and said things like "Wait….don't kids who have meningitis go deaf?" And meanwhile I'm sitting there in front of them, completely okay. So it just becomes weird.

I remember some of the tests they gave me when I was getting ready for release. I was sitting at a kiddy table in the playroom in the morning – yellow morning sunlight was coming through the windows – and a young nurse woman was sitting in front of me. There were these Fisher Price toys scattered on the table between us, including a swing and those little Fisher Price people with the holes in the bottoms so you can put them on your finger. The nurse woman asked me to pick up one of the Fisher Price people. I did. Then she asked me to put it on the swing. I did. The swing seat had a little hole that the person fit into. Then she asked me to push the swing. I did. Then she said push the swing so it goes over the top. I did. And by that point I knew what she was doing. I had the clear thought that she was testing me to see if I understood her. I was right – she was testing hearing and looking for any signs of brain damage. I was only 1 ½, but I felt like an old person in a little kid's body, and had adult understanding, and adult thoughts even as a "baby," complete with adult lingo in my mind that I wasn't able to verbalize. Like most little kids I wasn't really a "kid"….I just found myself trapped in the body of one, yet again, after previous lifetimes. But, that's a whole other issue in itself.

Beverly and Poinsettia, Los Angeles, 1995. This was during the summer of '95. My then-boyfriend Gary and I were visiting a casual acquaintance of his named Jay, who lived in a dorm at UCI, and Jay's girlfriend Sharon. The conversation was mind numbingly stupid, as things typically were with Gary and his friends, and the only bit of anything interesting going on that night was the fact that they were smoking pot. I was 20 and had never smoked pot…or even a cigarette, for that matter, so this was my first night of doing both. Kill two birds with one stone I guess. I smoked out with them but to me I didn't really feel anything going on. I thought pot would pack more of a punch. Oh well. Unable to stand the mind numbing conversation any longer, I told Gary I was taking off. We'd arrived separately in our own cars, so it was completely feasible…thankfully. And I bailed out of there, glad to get away from them. (relationship on the skids.) Back out on the road I made my way through the streets of the UCI campus under the glow of the orange streetlights….driving on the wrong side of the road, I soon realized with a giggle. I was completely over in the left lane. Whoops! Luckily there was nobody on the road with me.

I realized, Okay, the pot obviously did have its effects, gotta focus here. And I did, driving normally after that, making my way out onto Culver Boulevard, and then the 5 freeway north. It was 10 p.m. exactly at this point according to my dash clock.

My first inclination was to head up to L.A. and go hang at the Insomnia Coffeehouse at Beverly and Poinsettia, off of Melrose, since it was open til at least like 4 a.m. That's a good place to go to hang out, get away from things. And I loved the vibe of L.A. at night. It would take about an hour exactly to get to Insomnia and get parked. It always did at that time of the night, since there wasn't tons of traffic interfering. As I raced north towards L.A., a "thought form" cut in on the line and very clearly told me, **"Don't go to Insomnia."**

Because I was mildly high, and because the voice/thought form meshed seamlessly with my own, I didn't question this. In fact, I began engaging in a back and forth conversation with it. I argued with the voice, protesting that I wanted to go! The voice argued back, ***No, you can't.*** The voice was like me, only older, more mature. I would later recognize this voice as being the same exact voice as what I've come to believe was something akin to my higher self, in those times I've talked to it. **http://in2worlds.net/the-higher-self**

So I was arguing with this voice, and finally it told me point blank, very firmly, ***"You can go anywhere you want tonight, BUT YOU CAN'T GO THERE!"***

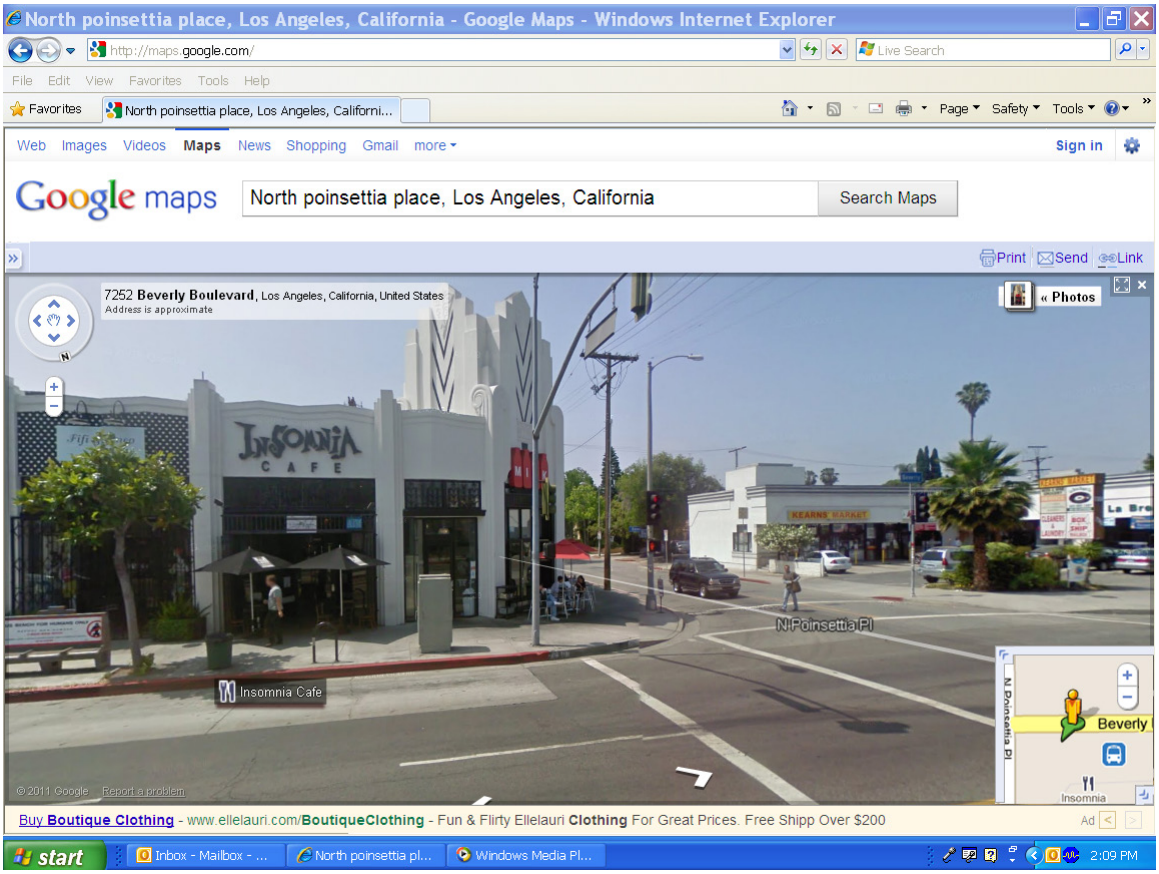
OKAY! I agreed. !!! Still not questioning the entire exchange.

So I detoured to Fullerton instead, and went to the Winged Heart Café (no longer exists). And everything was fine. I forgot about the voice and went on with my life.

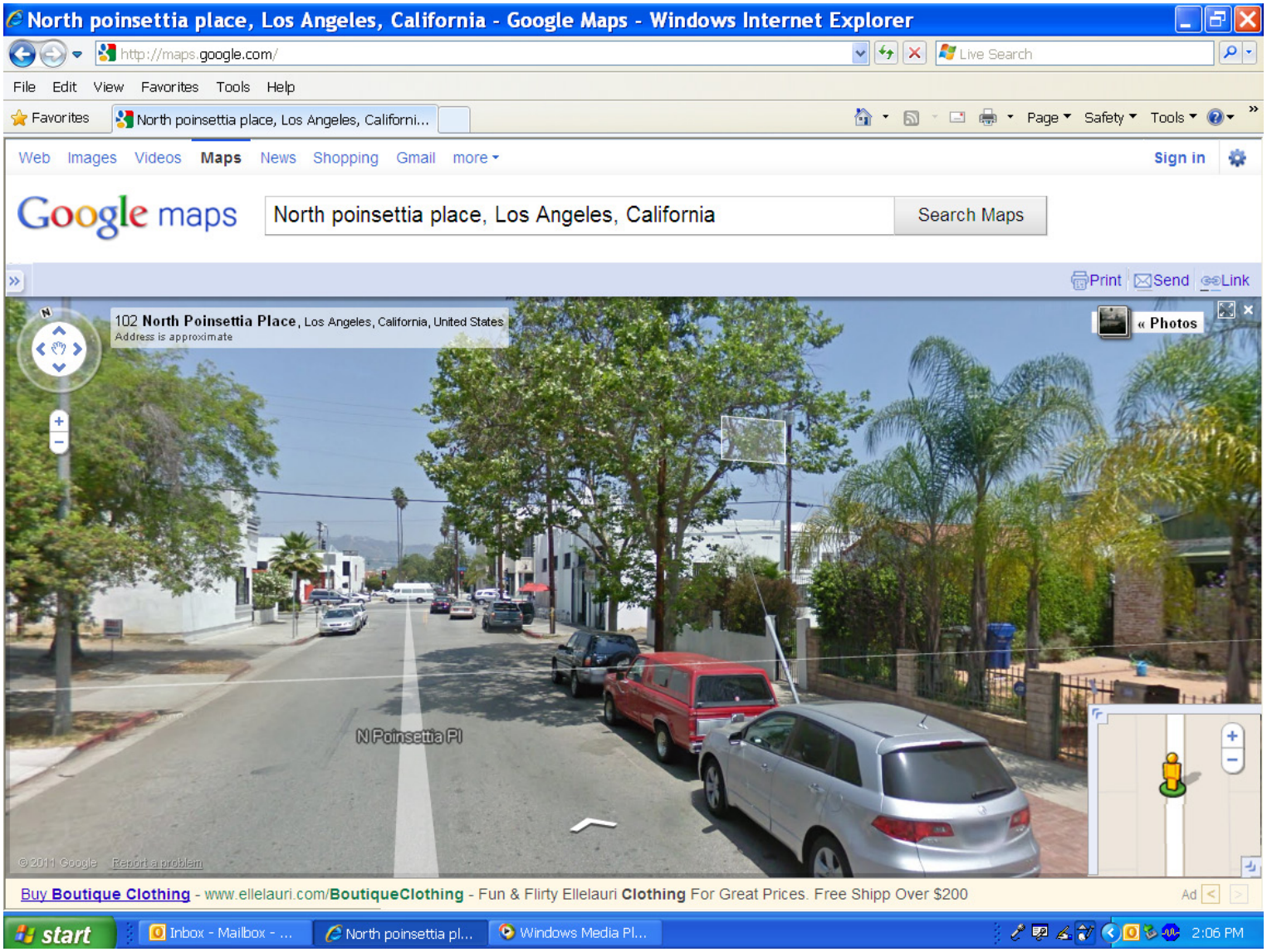
About two days later I was at work at my hotel desk clerk job when I came across the L.A. Times laying around. I picked it up and randomly flipped through it….and saw an article about a murder that had taken place at the intersection of Beverly and Poinsettia. On the night that I would have been there. At 11 p.m., the time that I would have been parking my car. A guy had parked his car

where I would have been parking and gotten out and was walking…and then was jumped. He was either shot or stabbed to death, can't remember, and had his wallet jacked.

I was going to be there. The same place. The same time. That could have been me….very well might have been me…..except something cut in on the line and firmly told me that I wasn't allowed to go there. Go anywhere else, just not there……



(Insomnia from the front as seen from Beverly and Poinsettia. Let's hear it for Google street view.)



(Poinsettia; the right side of the street is where I always parked my car and where I would have been parking that night….)

Florence Avenue, L.A. – 1995. See the story about the car accident in the section "My Grandma and the name Florence." It overlaps here as well.

"GOOOOOO!" – 1997. This was sometime in September or October of 1997. Again, didn't keep track of things back then the way I should have. I was living in Rancho Santa Margarita (CA) with my then boyfriend Steve, renting this apartment on Santa Margarita Parkway. Since Steve had a night of studying and homework to do for college, I took a book and went out to this coffeehouse in the plaza across the street from us. I was always taking books and going to cafés and such to read and had no problems doing that alone. So I was there probably for a good three hours, just reading

and drinking my coffee. As it approached 10 p.m. I heard a "thought form" you could call it tell me in my mind, a bit tense and commanding, **"Okay, time to go."** Kind of like Chop Chop, let's go!!

I didn't question things back then, just reacted. I looked up from my book, "Pale Blue Dot" by Carl Sagan, and began packing up, putting the book away in my backpack, cleaning up.

"Hurry…!" the voice urged me. I sped up my movements and hurriedly left through the front door, out into the night. As I walked across the parking lot the voice cut in again, "Hurry!!! RUN!!!!!"

My eyes got big and I just responded, starting to run. The voice kept at it, screaming *"RUUUUUUUUUUN!! GOOOOOOO!!!! GOOOOOOO!!!! GOOOOOOO!!!!"* panicked. I responded accordingly, now running at top speed, across the relatively empty and quiet SM Parkway, up the small hill to our apartment complex, madly pounding down the sidewalk to our apartment. I burst through the front door like a nut…..

…..Just in time to smell the natural gas in the air, and see Steve sitting there on a chair at his computer desk, cigarette in mouth, lighter hovering in hand mid-air, with a surprised look of shock at my sudden entrance. I screamed "STOOOOOOOP!!!!" like a crazy woman. He did. Steve's sense of smell was almost non-existent, so he hadn't noticed the smell of the natural gas as it slowly filled the apartment in the three hours that I'd been gone. It came from the gas oven range, which apparently hadn't been completely shut off when we'd made ourselves dinner earlier. The knob was bumped a little bit, allowing gas to slowly pour out. And he was just about to flick his Zippo, to light a cigarette.

So yes, not to state the obvious but had that voice not screamed at me to get up NOW!! and run home!!! then there wouldn't have been a home to run to. Or an apartment building either, for that matter.

Timeline insertion advice. This was probably 1999 or so. Now living with Steve in a different complex on Santa Margarita Parkway, down the road. I was talking with Steve one afternoon in the apartment about mundane stuff, and out of nowhere he changed the subject. In retrospect it was like something came over him, since his eyes got kind of glassy and dazed, like something else was using him to speak to me. He suddenly felt compelled to tell me what to do in a situation where I was driving, and had to jerk the wheel over to avoid hitting something, but which then causes the car to start a violent rocking process, back and forth, which eventually leads to the car flipping over.

I'd never experienced what he was describing, but listened with interest nonetheless as he explained about it all. It was certainly more interesting than whatever we'd just been talking about! He said that most people instinctively will try to turn their wheel the opposite way from which it's rocking, but you actually need to turn it *towards* the direction you're rocking. This will stop it immediately. He emphasized the importance of overriding the instinct to do the opposite. **You have to turn the wheel *towards* the direction you're rocking.**

I looked at him and his sudden compulsion to tell me this out of nowhere, and just nodded my head. Okay. Sure. Then he "came to," looking a little confused about why he was talking about that. Went

back to talking about normal mundane stuff. I put it out of my mind less than five minutes after he told me, going on to other things. But since I did have interest in what he was saying my subconscious filed it away. I didn't forget.

Six months later I was driving on the 22 west, cruising along at 60-65 mph when I realized I was approaching a pickup truck ahead of me that was probably going no more than 25 mph, just put-putting in slo mo in the middle of this busy freeway. I'd seen cars ahead of me peeling off to the right and to the left, but hadn't realized that it was for a reason……there was something in the freeway causing an obstruction. By the time I realized, it was almost too late. There was no time to slow down. I had to jerk my car sharply over to the left to avoid hitting it……and had to pray that nobody was in the left lane, because there was no time to even look before changing lanes. It was that close.

Luckily there was nobody in the left lane, but that soon turned out to be the least of my problems. Because after jerking the car so sharply to the left like that I had to straighten it out again, and so jerked it back to the right….and I felt as my car began the violent rocking process, going out of control. Couple more back and forths like that and the car was going to flip, especially an old model Nissan Sentra, raised high off the ground as the old models were. Old Sentras definitely weren't road huggers.

But right then I had this instant flash knowing of Steve's advise from six months earlier. I can't say it was a "memory" because that would have taken too long to be processed by my conscious. It was something in the back of my mind, the subconscious, instant knowing of what to do, thanks to the fact that he'd told me and it had been filed away in my mind. And I just…did it. I overrode the urge to jerk the car back in the opposite direction and instead turned the wheel towards where it was rocking, and stopped the whole process right then. My car was back to normal, and I was cruising west on the 22, once again. Only after it was over and I realized what had just happened did my body get flooded with an intense adrenaline surge. My legs were knocking together as I drove, my body shaking. But it was like someone "went back" and inserted a piece of useful advise that I needed for the future. Like the movie "Dark City."

I've pondered on this particular experience with my boyfriend Tom, wondering about why this source, whatever it was, only seemed able to use Steve as a pawn to speak through, six months before the incident was to occur, versus using more direct means, or taking action closer to the actual event. And the reason I wonder about this is because I later had experiences of intervention that were way more direct, happening right before my eyes, as the reader will see in upcoming anecdotes. So the vastly different methods of intervention has always puzzled me. To speak through somebody a full six months before an incident even happens is quite risky. For starters, the farther off something is, the probability of it happening becomes even more unpredictable. Secondly, the farther off something is means the greater the chance I could have forgotten the advise. Luckily I have a good memory, and my brain is wired in such a way that anything that interests me gets seared into my mind. Because of the way Steve was conveying this bit of "useful information" I hung on to his every word, and thus insured that it was burned into my brain. But the risk was still there that I wouldn't have been interested, and just brushed the whole thing off. So it brings it back to why this risky method was used in the first place, and why something couldn't just directly intervene at the actual time of the near-accident, the way it would do several years later in Florida and Virginia. (again, coming up.)

Tom's theory was that it basically could tie into karma. For whatever reason I seemed to have this karmic vulnerability regarding an early death back then, and most especially concerning dying prematurely in a car crash. So dying prematurely in a car wreck on the 22 would not have been a full fledged free will violation in that regard, though it certainly wouldn't have been a good thing if my intent was to try to stick around in life longer than that. It was partially "okay" in terms of karma and free will, though something higher didn't want to see this happen if at all possible. So apparently this form of intervention was the best that could be done in the circumstances. It had to be allowed to go through on schedule, with the hopes that the "timeline insertion advise" from six months before would be enough to see me through. I have this analogous image in my mind of a sports game playing on a TV, with a group gathered in front of the TV excitedly leaning forward anticipating the way a play will pan out, each rooting for their own team. Only instead of it being a sports game on the TV, it was this incident, and the outcome was my life. So the "good guys" were leaning forward with furrowed brows, intently hoping for the best with the little that they could do, and the "negs" were leaning forward, raucously cheering with big grins as my car approached Mr. 25 MPH Put Put in the Middle of the Freeway, certain they were about to see a wild car accident complete with flipping vehicle, bursting flames and fiery death. Fists pumping, big grins, eyes gleaming….come on….!!.....come on….!!.....there we go……!!!.....DAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Money trades hands, and the negs vow to do better next time.

And next time there was. And the next, and the next, and the next, and the next, and the next.

Vegas. Probably around April of 2000 maybe, on a Friday afternoon after work, I had an idea to take an impromptu trip to Vegas with my brother Joe. He'd never seen it before, and it's only a four hour drive, so why not! Road trip! This would be fun! So off we went. Four hours later we were in Vegas.

We were probably only there for like four hours tops though when Joe wanted to leave, pronto. Even though the roller coasters at State Line and New York New York had been fun, he'd become disillusioned with all the zombies shuffling around the casinos with their buckets of tokens, mindlessly pulling on levers, over and over like robots. But then he reached his threshold of disdain. It was the moment when we were ambling down a sidewalk back on the Strip and passed by this doofy, clean cut guy tailing behind two giggling females that he'd "befriended," and we overheard him inviting them back to his hotel room for a three way. I glanced over at my brother, smiling like teehee! to see if he'd heard that, and saw him staring straight ahead with this look on his face of frowning disdain and contempt. I said, "You wanna go?" He nodded. "Get me out of here, **NOW.** I've seen enough." I'll never forget that…"I've seen enough." It didn't make sense really to leave after only four hours…especially since it took us the same amount of time to get there!...but we did anyway, by some invisible prompting.

The next day I found out that shortly after we passed through the (Tejon?) Pass back down the San Gabriel mountains into Los Angeles, thick fog had rolled in and caused a 60+ car pile up…..with fatalities. We missed it by a hair. If we hadn't left Vegas when we did, prompted by Joe's "Get me out of here, NOW…" then we probably would have been involved in the 60+ car pile up too.

But I also wonder if it wasn't a "tug-of-war manipulation" to give me the bright idea to go to Vegas on that particular night in the first place, out of all the nights we could have gone.

The Median – approx. April 2000. In the early part of 2000, probably March or April or so, (not really sure because at that time I wasn't keeping a log of events like I do now) I was riding passenger in a car driven by my brother. We were heading south on the 5 freeway from L.A. back into Orange County, where we lived at the time. We got to where the junction of the 91 freeway was, on the left side of the road. Because of the construction work, there was a concrete barrier separating the onramp of the 91 from the rest of the 5. My brother had been spacing out at the wheel, and by the time he noticed that the road forked, and there was the end of a concrete barrier coming straight at our car – which by the way was going 70 miles per hour – it was too late.

Or was it? I'm still here, writing this. So what happened?

The concrete barrier was several feet in front of the hood of the car. It was happening so fast I didn't even have time to emotionally react and have an adrenaline rush. But I remember my eyes focusing on the pointed barrier straight in front of the hood, and then my eyes getting wide with surprise. It was so close, I can still see it in my mind, right there. I saw Joe jerk the steering wheel a little, and next thing we know, the car slid sideways back onto the 5 freeway, and that was that. We were traveling south again on the 5, smooth and effortlessly, as if nothing had happened. It was a technically impossible feat, being that the barrier was right there in front of the car. Even though Joe had tried to jerk the wheel, it still went too smoothly. The car should have careened out of control since we were going at least 70 mph. Under normal circumstances it would have been a hell of job gaining control over the car again, especially 1980's model Nissan Sentra, which is high off the ground and not a lowered "road hugger."

I sat there, too stunned to say anything. It had all happened so fast I still hadn't comprehended what just happened. Or almost happened. Then it began sinking in, and I glanced bug eyed over at my brother who looked back at me, pale faced and equally as bug eyed. Neither of us said a word. Not then, nor for the entire ride home, or for several months after the fact. We just didn't talk about it. Several months later I broached the subject finally and his reaction was the same as mine — something bizarre had indeed happened, but who was responsible and how it all worked was beyond us. He didn't want to talk about it, which was odd for him as he was all about "the weird." But this was too weird even for him. So we dropped the subject.

Fort Lauderdale, FL - December 4, 2002. I was in my apartment and had an intense, uneasy feeling. So much so that I decided to just get up and leave, get out and go somewhere, try to get away from the feeling. As I was driving along approaching the intersection of Federal and Sunrise, with a green light, I saw a car blow through the intersection – and his *very* red light - going at least 50 mph, easy. I mean, the guy barreled through a long term red light, totally oblivious to it. I was only a second and a half/two seconds away from being in that intersection, in the lead out of all the cars in the three lanes around me, on a collision course with the car which would have plowed into my driver's side. It would have been NASTY. Only two seconds ahead of myself and I wouldn't be writing this right

now. It wasn't meant to be though, because I felt like I was going slightly slower than I normally would be, like something was holding me back a little. The irony is though I left the apartment to get away from intense uneasy feeling, and it turns out the reason for that feeling lay beyond my apartment. Two days before this incident a mysterious red geometric mark appeared on my left arm – a diamond shape with a small dot above and below it. The pic of this can be found in my Anomalous Markings section. **http://in2worlds.net/anomalous-markings** Coincidence? I don't know. There was a lot of weirdness throughout 2002 – 2003 for me though in general, and December of 2002 was no exception. Every December 4th I stop and think about this incident. On the second and fourth year "echo windows" (as goro adachi would refer to it as, which I explain more in depth at the end of this piece) I didn't go outside on those nights because of that.

Sunrise Boulevard, 2002, Fort Lauderdale. On a minor note there's another one worth mentioning. I don't know if this one would have resulted in death necessarily, but it would have been a bad car wreck, bare minimum…and not once, but twice within several minutes with two different cars! But again, there was a warning. It was back in mid 2002 sometime, at my then office job in Fort Lauderdale. For some odd reason my coworker David, this black guy in his late 20s, had felt compelled to start telling me his life adventures earlier that day while in my office – it's a phenomenon I mention later in this piece, about how over the years, too many people to even count have felt compelled to tell me things, the stories of their life, and even confessing their secrets and stuff that they've never told anybody else. It's nuts. I've become a storehouse of people's secrets and confessions. But he was doing it that day as well, telling me all about his life adventures, as I of course listened with interest. As I always do. But since we'd "bonded" like that earlier, when I was on my way out the door at 5 and passing by where he stood with other co-workers milling about, he made sure to look me in the eye and say goodbye, which he wouldn't normally do. But, again, we'd bonded over his life adventure stories, so a personal "see you later" was in order. But as he looked me square in the eye he said "Drive carefully," with this caring – knowing – look.

I nodded. He nodded.

Then he said it again for good measure, still looking me right in the eye and nodding.

I was getting a bit smarter by 2002 and recognized what I was seeing in his eyes, no longer ignoring things and bulldozing through life in a chaotic frenzy. And it was like somebody else was speaking through him right then.

So as I drove home down Sunrise Boulevard I made sure to pay close attention to everything happening around me on the road. Admittedly I'd normally drive home with the music going in a relaxed state….trusting that everybody around me drives the way they're supposed to drive. Basically on autopilot, not thinking. Which was really stupid, considering this was south Florida, which has *the* worst, craziest drivers I'd ever encountered anywhere in the country, hands down. But again, because of what David said, not once but twice, and the way he said it, I was alert.

And sure enough, two different drivers did really dumb things. And had I not been on alert I would have been in a wreck. The first one involved a car slamming on its brakes suddenly in the middle of

the road to make a last minute left turn, I think into the Swap Shop…and without any sort of warning or signaling. One minute they were cruising, the next, slamming on their brakes. But because I was paying attention and not spacing out the way I normally would, I didn't rear end them. So I dodge the first one, thinking "whew!" and feeling thankful for David's warning, and then about a minute up the road *another* car just comes right on over into my lane from the right side without even seeing me. Didn't even look. But I was already on top of things and swung my car over to the next lane to get out of their way in time. It was like a damn video game or something! :D So yeah, no pointed warning from David on that day of all days, then no car, and who knows what other bad stuff.

Charlottesville, VA - January 2006. I was smack in the middle of writing the content for my website when this happened, probably not so coincidentally. On the way to work at a temp job one morning I was cruising down the 250 east. I'd passed through Peter Jefferson Parkway and was hitting the series of traffic lights where the onramps for the 64 are. They were all very green, so me and everybody around me were coasting along at steady speeds of about 50.

Right as I approached one of the – still very green – intersections, a cop car that had been waiting on the right side of the intersection suddenly pulled out into traffic. Probably got a call on his radio, who knows, but he suddenly pulled out into the intersection making a "right on red" right in front of me, and I wouldn't have had any time to stop. I would have plowed not only into a car, causing serious damage, if not death to both parties, but it was a *cop* car no less.

And I say "would have" because what happened next was pretty interesting. I actually watched time slow and get distorted, warped. This was outside manipulation, literally slowing/warping time around me and the other cars. **I saw what that looked like.** It held all of us back, allowing the cop car to pull out unimpeded in front of me and be on his way. When he was far enough away, the warp distortion lifted and the rest of us resumed back to normal time.

I get to my temp job, which was at a rural Baptist church of all things, filling in as their church secretary, where my nickname had been "Rescuer," since I came in at a precarious time when their former church secretary had stolen everything she could from them in the middle of their pastor being out on medical leave, and so I had literally rescued them by coming in when I did. An assignment my temp agency had literally begged me over the phone to take because they had nobody else qualified to fill the assignment, and so I did. I answered the church's phones, put together their calendar of events, paid their employees and the bills, including all the bills that were months past due and thus negotiated with companies over the phone to make sure things weren't shut off, promising that now that I was in the position things were getting paid, helped run their food bank, put together the Sunday worship bulletins in Word (with the content provided by the pastor, obviously. I'm not that good, haha I just formatted things) and their monthly newsletters in Publisher, among many other duties. All that, and I'm not even Baptist. Nor a practicing Christian. I'm a friend to all, the kind of person a lot of hardcore Baptists would judgmentally look down upon because of the life I've led and the company I've kept. But yet I'm the one who came in as their rescuer. It's because of me that the church's power was kept on and the trash was collected and the staff got paid. So I get to the church and get in the office after this incident where I'm supposed to just…go about my day like everything's normal and there's nothing weird to see here folks, move it

along. The day was bright and sunny outside with a clear blue sky, I'll never forget that, and meanwhile I should have been dead. A cop car pulled out in front of me leaving me no time to stop, so time was warped and slowed down holding me and all the other cars back. And instead of being dead I was here, opening the office, turning on my computer, checking the voicemail, and getting ready for the bright and sunny and blue skied day. Being the "rescuer." And the ironic part of it all was that were I to even try to explain what had happened to these religious God fearing Baptists, they wouldn't have been able to understand, and probably wouldn't have even believed me.

Charlottesville, VA - July 21, 2006. This was coincidentally the Friday before I was to upload the electronic copy of my book to Lulu Press, making it available for hardcopy purchase on my website. Until that point it had been available as a downloadable PDF only, and this latest version to be sent to Lulu was going to be revised and updated and improved – it would now include information about psychic/neg entity attacks, as well as revoking illegal metaphysical contracts of either the alien or MILAB variety. Seems something wasn't too happy about this bit of progress being made and put out there for the public, as some "interference" was experienced. All morning at work I felt sick, just this weird hot skin with chills and energy drain and lethargy. I decided I needed to get out at lunch and soak up some sun, so I did, heading to my favorite local Chinese buffet, East Garden, down the Pantops hill. I started feeling better as I sat in the sun in traffic, crawling along. When I got to the intersection to turn left to where the buffet place was, I purposely went slow so as to miss the yellow light and have to sit there through a red. I wanted more time to soak up the sun. Because I wasn't feeling well I was spacing out and so didn't go right away the second the light turned green. I heard a quick "HONK!" from the car behind me, waking me out of my spaciness. I glanced up to see the green arrow. Whoops.

Right then however a car on the left side of the intersection ran his very red light, entering the intersection at about 30 mph.

Had I "been on the ball" and gone immediately when I was "supposed" to, then that car would have plowed into my driver's side, and who knows what would have happened. I was hoping the car behind me saw all that since they'd honked at me.

The other issue is that I felt the compulsion to purposely miss the yellow light and sit through until the next green…which set things up like a chess piece so that I would be in this other car's path when he ran his red light.

(And on a side note, later that afternoon/early evening my sick symptoms grew worse and worse, to the point where I crawled onto my bed, so lethargic and sick and slightly nauseas that I didn't want to move. I began to recognize the symptoms though as being a psychic/neg entity attack, because they were so intense and unnatural in feeling, not like real sickness. Tom did a hands on healing to intend for anything that may be attached onto me to leave. And whatever it was it immediately flew off. The change was instantaneous – literally one second I was horrendously sick, the next I was instantly better - instant energy, hot skin and nausea gone. So something was definitely up this day, an attack of some sorts.)

The vibes of places

I'm not super psychic like some people I've been fortunate to meet in life, the kinds that can actively see the future, see a person's aura, talk to the dead and communicate with other realms and beings, and who can know hidden secrets about people they're talking to, such as their past lives and the overall details that surround them in life. But I've had my moments with various psychic phenomena, and one of those things includes being able to feel out the vibes of an area that I'm in. This is an important skill to hone, as it's your body's personal guidance system letting you know if you're in a positive or negative place, or tipping you off to interesting energy that may be happening with a place in general. The following are some notable examples:

Alcatraz. During one of my trips to Frisco in '98 (by myself, since my then-boyfriend Steve worked 60 hours a week, plus went to school full time. But me being me is perfectly happy to go do things by myself if somebody isn't available. I'm not waiting around. :D) I decided, Hey, why not visit Alcatraz? I didn't know much about it, but it's famous, and the ferry ride over and back should be fun, it's a new experience. And it's cheap, doesn't cost much. So off I went. The day was sunny and the trip across the Bay was windy and chilly, but nice. Now, during this time period I was trying hard to be an atheist, courtesy of Steve who'd converted me you could say, and so I was probably the most in denial of spiritual stuff as I would ever be in this particular lifetime. So thinking about the vibes of a prison that had housed so much pain and suffering was the absolute last thing on my mind. I just saw it as this fun historical thing to do, with a boat ride on a pretty day included.

Then I get to the island and step off the ferry and make my way up the long and winding walkway up the big hill to the prison. They have self guided walking tours, where you wear headphones and listen to the narration tape while following along the marked floor through the prison. As I began my tour through the prison my internal excitedness about this fun new experience began dissipating. There was nothing overtly spooky going on with the prison – again, the day was bright and sunny, so the prison was well lit with natural lighting, there were plenty of people all around, and it was all very calm and innocuous. But nevertheless, I found myself subdued. Then subdued morphed into an overall growing antsy uneasiness, although I wasn't paying much attention since again, I was atheistic and in denial about things.

Even though I was fascinated to learn about the infamous "Escape From Alcatraz" and it was neat to see the cell where it happened, sealed off behind plexiglass, there was also a layer of uneasiness blanketing me, kind of ruining the whole thing. Eventually the uneasiness culminated into an all out "issue" when I got to the five isolation cells. "The Hole."

The isolation cells are open to the public, you can walk into them and look around. And I made the mistake of doing exactly that. I'm not sure what happened, I didn't stop to think about it or analyze it while I was in the middle of it. I just freaked out inside. That's it in a nutshell. I stepped into that cell, which for all intents and purposes was just a cell – slat in the door to pass through food, drain on the floor for when the cell was hosed down. Plain cement walls, no windows. Okay. Looking around at it all....then I was overcome with total and intense panic, this crazed feeling of…madness.

Don't know how to describe it. I don't know whether something caused that panic, like a presence, or whether I was picking up on the vibes that had permeated that cell via its former occupants.

Either way it didn't matter to me. The feeling of crazed panic that overcame me was so intense I promptly fled the cell….then fled the island. Running through the prison aisles I made my way past tourists and back to the entrance where the tour starts, threw my headphones on the table where an Alcatraz worker was, and kept right on going. Never even came to a full stop. Out the doors and back out to the sunny chilly day and down down down that steep winding hairpin walkway until my knees hurt from the intense downhill pounding. People were slowly dragging their way up the steep hill like a herd of cows and there I was, all crazed panic energy, running past them in the opposite direction. People turned their heads and looked at me quizzically as I flew by.

There was a ferry leaving the island every 15 minutes……..I had a couple of minutes until the next ferry at 3:30, and I wasn't going to wait another 15 minutes. Not one more minute in this place. I wanted out of there NOW. I got to the ferry in time, running onboard in a panic. The look on my face was a complete 180 difference from how I looked on the trip over.

I learned my lesson though, let's put it that way. You couldn't pay me to ever visit Alcatraz again….or any place that was the site of intense negative vibes, like concentration camps, for instance. How people do tours of Nazi death camps is a mystery to me. WOW. You couldn't get me within ten miles of one. (What's weird is after writing this I was looking up Alcatraz on the 'net and came across an account that matched what I'd felt/experienced, the same feeling of crazy panic after stepping into one of the isolation cells. So it's not just me being a weirdo.)

The Mausoleum. There was this interesting looking building in Anaheim that I'd seen from the 5 freeway a bunch of times as I whizzed by. It had neat architecture and I wondered what the building was. There was a sign out front and I made a mental note of the name of the place, "Melrose Abbey." http://www.oac.cdlib.org/affiliates/images/csta/kt6v19p65d/webfullsize/11499495.jpg So when I was 20 and working at my hotel desk clerk job one night and really bored, I randomly thought to finally call the place up. Let's find out what that neat building is off the 5 freeway up in Anaheim! I was so funny back then. So I called information, and then rang them up…and some guy with this amazing voice answered the phone.

"Hi!" I said. "I've driven by your building on the 5 freeway and I was just wondering…what do you guys do? What sort of business are you?" I asked, grinning to myself, all curious.

Amazing Voice Guy answers in a smooth and friendly way, "We're a mausoleum."

!!!!!!

"Really!" I said. "Wow!!" I wasn't expecting THAT. The Scorpio in me was intrigued. Smooth Voice Guy said, "We are….would you like to visit sometime?"

:D! I thought. He was flirting with me. His voice was all like, sexy and alluring, and you could hear him smiling. How funny. Then again, I've heard over and over that I have "the phone voice" too, hence why I did so well as a switchboard operator/receptionist for years. So maybe he was unconsciously responding to that. But who would have thought they'd have guys like that working at a mausoleum! :D I giggled and said I don't know, maybe, sometime, who knows. And that was that. If I was one of those mature, flirtatious girls who liked to work it with guys I probably could have kept that call going, but I was a bit kid-like, so, nothing came of it. ;)

Several years later when I was 23 I finally got around to making that visit. Again, during my atheist phase, so it didn't occur to me about vibes. I just thought the place looked neat and I'd been curious about mausoleums ever since I saw the B-horror movie "One Dark Night" http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0086050/ as a kid one weekend afternoon in Connecticut. So, off I went on a Saturday afternoon by myself.

The trip started out well enough. The marble walls and architecture were interesting, the regular cemetery in the back looked pleasant, green grass under a nice sunny day. There was a chapel inside, dark, with wooden pews, stained glass windows and flickering votive candles in the darkness, really neat. I always like really "churchy" looking churches, with the crosses or full on crucifixes and stained glass and candles and all the ornate pomp. But as I began walking around my mood slowly started to deflate, despite the interesting aesthetics. Roughly an hour later the excited mood at seeing something new and interesting was gone and I just felt blah, ick, deflated and depressed. I realize now that I was probably picking up on the vibes of all the mourners over the years, feeling despondent over the loss of their loved ones. Either that, or the vibes of entities who feed on it all, or even the presences of the departed themselves, lurking about. People who didn't want to be dead, and hadn't come to terms with it all. That place was soaking in a cloud of depressed doom, despite its pleasant look.

Another lesson learned – don't visit mausoleums for fun. Bad idea!

Portland, Oregon. I moved up to Portland in November of 2001 from SoCal in order to roommate with my brother and learn things from him about the nature of our abductions. Upon arriving in Portland via the 5 freeway, I was passing through the heart of the city under the cloudy gray white sky. It was very old and industrial looking, and on the water. There were bridges galore, and brick buildings, and multi-layered freeway overpasses. Signs directed people to the 405 North, and Seattle, and Swan Island. It was a whole different world up here, felt completely different from any place I'd ever been. My first thought upon hitting Portland, taking all this in, was NOOOOOOO. I DON'T THINK SO. It was an immediate gut intuitive instinct. I knew instantly that I would not be settling here permanently, even though I was kind of hoping in the back of my mind that I would, and it would be cool, and I could just stay and everything would work out. It wasn't the look of the city that created this instant repulsion.....it was something else I couldn't place at the time. Something about the whole city felt instantly wrong to me, it had a bad vibe, something that made me very uncomfortable, and it hit me like a wave.

I located my brother's apartment in North Portland, parked, and went inside to talk to the building manager. Joe wasn't home at the moment, so I headed back out to my car. Since I was waiting, I decided to go exploring around the neighborhood, check out the scene. I left my cat curled up on the front seat of my car while I went for a quick walkabout thing.

North Portland neighborhood where Joe lived

Well.....that didn't last very long. I managed to cross the street and make it to the next signal down before being so overwhelmed by the strangest feeling of something disturbing. There was something majorly profoundly WRONG about this place, I had no other way to describe it. !!!!!! It felt wrong in every way, and yet, there was absolutely nothing bad happening around me to justify this feeling. The day was mellow and quiet, there weren't very many people out, nothing bad going on. But the vibe was very off. I had no idea what it was, I couldn't put my finger on it.

My steps slowed to a complete stop, so that I was now just standing still in the middle of the sidewalk, looking around at everything, curiously, thinking, WHAT the…?!?

I spun around in a slow circle, trying to figure out what the problem was, why things felt wrong. I stopped circling about and stood still again. I was in front of a smoke shop, smelling of incense. That's always a cool thing, right? Sure, usually.

I was so disturbed that I was now getting scared. I'd never experienced something like this before. Finally the feeling became so overwhelming that I panicked and ran back to my car. Got inside the car, picked up the cat, sunk down in the seat and clutched her for security. I'd wait for Joe there instead!

I would come to discover that Portland is…a very interesting city. It's one of the neatest places I've ever visited…but not necessarily in a good way. There used to be a write up on my site about my time in Portland, and Oregon in general and my observations about the weirdness that I witnessed. But I received some interesting corroboration about it all from a friend that I met at a message board,

almost three years later. She mentioned things about Portland that at the time, I hadn't talked publicly about, out of fear for how crazy it would all sound. But what she noted was:

> "The friend we stayed with was in a deep depression, **the area was a demon dimension bleed through. I do not know how else to describe it...."**
>
> "...saw a bumper sticker that said "Keep Portland weird" apropos indeed...**the rest felt so completely icky to me that I could not wait to get out of there. I have traveled all over and never wanted out of a place like that. I had to constantly find my center, breath, focus and keep a mirrored egg around myself because there were so many low frequency beings.** The hum of city was poverty and despair. Yet it was mostly beautiful to look at...."
>
> "...also gave money to a man who was in so much pain I could not pass him by. He was afraid as I was approaching him, it was singular, he had the look and desperation of a drug addict way over do for a fix but there was something else to it. I touched his hand as I put money in it and a surge of energy went into him... **I heard within that he was trapped here from another dimension; I do not know how that could happen or what dimension he was from but I saw a planet in my minds eye as the message came that did not look like earth at all. Needless to say, Portland is not in fear of becoming not weird anytime soon...."**
>
> "...My very close friend lived there for two years...but basically the reason we went to get her stuff is because **I had to intervene to get her out of there. Portland did a number on her. When she showed up at my house, I barely recognized her. It took over a month and steady hard core healings, detoxifying, long therapy sessions to ease her back. I have never seen anything like it...."**

Later on in a personal email she would note that there were areas of unstable reality, where things kept shifting. I found all that interesting, because what I was told about Portland from my brother was that indeed, there were areas of the city that were unstable, with realm bleed throughs occurring, so negative that you didn't want to go near them. I personally didn't witness/experience things to that severe of an extent, but I definitely felt some off/negative things while I was there, enough so that I believe it!

New Orleans. While making the cross country move from Portland to my soon-to-be new home in Florida, I had to pass through Louisiana via the I-10. I was going to be able to pass through New Orleans!!!!!!!!!!!!

To say I was excited about this is an understatement. Since high school I'd wanted to visit New Orleans. The architecture, the food, the music! The lingo and accents, the history, the above ground cemeteries and dripping trees and moss and vines, the whole culture of it all…I was so there! I planned to stop in New Orleans, get a room and see the city the next day. It would be the only one day stop over on my trip, the only thing that I'd be passing through on this trip that I either hadn't seen yet or which was worth it. The signs for New Orleans grew closer on the 10, and soon I passed

over the Mississippi River, growing more excited as the lit up skyline approached ahead against the black sky.

And right when I neared the city, I was suddenly hit with an absolute wave of negative……evil? It sounds extreme, but it was *powerful.* I'd never felt anything like it before, and my body actually jerked back a little in the front seat, like running into a wall or barrier of pure negative that surrounded the city. I'd never experienced something like that before in my life. It shocked me…and left me feeling extremely confused and disappointed. *NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!! This wasn't what I wanted!!!! I wanted to visit New Orleans!!!! I WANTED TO HAVE FUN!!!!!* The 10 freeway swings right through the heart of the French Quarter and my car made its way past the city and the lit up buildings and people walking in the streets below the freeway overpass, as I sat frowning in my front seat, tensely feeling the very bad vibes that were now surrounding me all around. *NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!* This was *SO EXTREMELY FRUSTRATING!!!!!!* I'd looked forward to seeing the city!!!!! But now, feeling what I was feeling, there was absolutely no way I could possibly stop for the night and visit and hang out. It was out of the question.

Very let down and frustrated I hit the gas and raced off east towards Mississippi, away from the city, as fast as I could get away. As frustrating as it was, at the same time I wanted NO part of this place, feeling the way it felt. I was so freaked out by the vibes in fact that I passed right on through Mississippi, Alabama, and didn't stop for the night until I reached Pensacola, Florida.

Los Angeles. Once I got my car in 1994 I began taking day trips up to L.A. on my days off from work. Besides the fact that I'd come back with clogged up lungs/nose/throat from the air pollution ;) I soon noticed that I seemed to have a **"one hour tolerance level"** for being anywhere in the L.A. area, before suddenly being overcome with some overpowering desire to leave. Never mind the traffic I combated to get up there, it's time to go!

I'd arrive there all excited, it's my day off, it's sunny and bright and cheerful, there's tons of stuff happening…….Santa Monica Boulevard, the 3rd Street Promenade, the pier, Venice Beach!!! The sidewalk artists selling their handiwork, the drum circles on the beach! The nutty performers like the guy juggling chainsaws that were on and running (!!) and flaming torches and bowling bowls….all of them over people who volunteered to lie on the ground underneath him. Very nervously. Then sometimes chickening out. :D Melrose Avenue and all the funky shops, get pizza at my favorite little pizza joint there selling New York style pizza, then roam from shop to shop and take in the sights and do people watching. Driving around Sunset and Hollywood, all those little plazas crammed full of stores, Wilshire Boulevard and the L.A. County Art Museum, which I actually went to once for a day back when I tried to do the college thing and I was there for a project assignment. The La Brea Tar Pits with the replicas of wooly mammoths stuck in tar. Through Beverly Hills, seeing how literally from one street corner to the next, where West Hollywood segues into Beverly Hills, the buildings and cleanliness completely change when you cross the intersection. The city break between the two is just THAT glaringly obvious….

….But after one hour, every time, I'd max out on the vibe and it was like a timer would go off. Ding! Time to go.

The kicker is when it happened to my friend Mike R. too. We were there one day together, both enthused, had battled the traffic crunch on the 405 at LAX, got there, had lunch on Melrose, were roaming around people watching and deciding which shops to check out next, when suddenly we found ourselves both stopped on the sidewalk, looking around contemplatively. Mike was frowning as he took in the calm, sunny scene around us. It was a great day, and we had the whole afternoon ahead of us. It had been exactly an hour, but like me…….he wanted to go suddenly. Let's get out of here. He felt weird, some strange pressure to leave, like an energy slump that drains your enthusiasm to be there. It makes you feel like you need to get away, ASAP. To hear him experiencing the same thing as me was wild. The same one hour timer. Ding! So we left not too long after, deciding to cut our trip short. No disappointments. I was used to it myself by that point. (obviously no matter how many times it had happened I kept going back, hoping maybe this time would be different. :D)

What that timer thing is, I don't know, but L.A. to me has a dark energy underlying it, and it doesn't matter how pleasant and sunny and cheerful the day may be. There's always this dark current running under it all. And the people are detached and cut off for the most part. You can wander around all day there going from shop to shop or eatery to eatery and not have even one person talk to you or make a connection with anybody. Even the cashiers and servers who have to talk to you because it's their job, do so from behind this figurative wall of glass. Stony faces, flat voice, lack of eye contract, talking to others while ringing you up, not seeing you, and being completely flat and unresponsive to attempts at friendly conversation No real human connection going on that I really remember…with the exception of Venice Beach, where there are a lot of eclectic, and sometimes downright crazy people. But that's it. Which probably explains why Venice Beach eventually became my sole focus for why I'd take trips up there. I eventually scrapped the other parts and would just hang at Venice all afternoon. Buy stuff from the sidewalk artists, watch the performers and the awesome drum circles. Very cool. It was the only part of L.A. that was even remotely real in any way. In my opinion. Venice Beach's drum circles….you can't top those. ☺ People just show up toting their drums and bongos and join in the circle on the beach, and people of all colors, male, female, young and old, gather around and dance together barefoot in the sand under the palm trees. And when all the drummers fall into synch with each other pounding out a rhythmic tribal beat it can be heard up and down the beach. The smell of pot smoke wafts through the air while dealers sell, with the LAPD standing only 20 feet away with their backs to the circle, purposely ignoring it. ;) They're not stupid. You don't break up something that draws in crowds of money spending tourists.

I'll leave off with a seemingly mundane and random anecdote of another instance of humanity I remember in L.A. – driving back home, hitting the traffic crunch on the 405 south at LAX again, everybody's crawling along under the hazy smoggy sky, tucked away in their steel boxes. Approaching an overpass up ahead I see a man sitting there on the edge, casually, legs dangling, watching the sea of cars stretched before him for miles. As my car approaches him I glance up and can see he's an older guy, maybe 50s, Asian. I guess Korean, because there was such a large Korean population in L.A., and that's just what went through my head…Korean. My car is rolling very slowly forward, my neck craned up looking at him with interest….I see him sitting there, hands resting in his lap, legs dangling, just hanging out, watching life go by…..seeming to actually notice me amongst the hundreds of cars. And I had the strong urge to wave at him. So I did. I gave him a small wave….Hi! He perked up and smiled, and waved back. Hi! I grinned. Cool! Two random

strangers connected in a sea of thousands of nameless faces sliding by in their steel boxes. Then my car rolled under the overpass, onwards into the hazy afternoon…….

Las Vegas. Two words: Hollow shell. There's nothing there. At a hotel I was working at in '96, one of the guests I checked in had recently been to Vegas for the first time, so out of curiosity I asked her what she thought of it. She frowned and used the same exact two descriptive words. "It's a hollow shell." Hearing that I was like, "!!!" Interesting. So it's not just me. Vegas is thin air nothing adorned with blinking neon, to the point where it may as well be just a **holographic projection** populated by the walking dead, snarfing on all you can eat buffets, pulling levers and shuffling across the casino carpets in a daze with their buckets of tokens.

I do wonder, rhetorically of course, why so many small town USA areas with poor blue collar working types who live paycheck to paycheck get wiped out by floods, tornadoes and hurricanes, leaving the already poor in a further destitute state, meanwhile, as America's havens of evil, (sex slave trafficking, mind control, gluttony, greed, vanity and self absorbed consumption, etc. etc.) sit stalwart and untouched. Protected, almost.

Rhetorical question, of course….

Charlottesville, Virginia. To be fair and balanced, I'll finish off this section with a place that felt positive. ☺ It can't all be negative, there has to be good spots too. After leaving Florida in September 2004 with hurricane Frances on our heels, Tom and I arrived at our destination – Charlottesville, Virginia. Tom had visited here once before in 2002 and loved it, so when it came time to find the next place to go after Florida, we decided…Charlottesville. I'd never been there, or Virginia either for that matter, but when I looked it up online it seemed really nice. Solid economy, college town with the University of Virginia, beautiful countryside and mountains, and four seasons, but with decent climate, not all extreme like up north. And hey, it was even voted the #1 place to live in America. I'm there!! :D

When we arrived into Virginia and drove up the 81 through the mountains it was very beautiful and green against the off and on rain of the day. A really nice vibe. We landed in Charlottesville, took a spin through part of the downtown area which was low key….but no bad vibes. Certainly not like my opposite experience with Portland. Then we got a motel room for the week at the Super 8 on the 29 north, away from the downtown area, while we settled in and began our relocation process. And it was during the first two days that we were there, looking for apartments and taking care of errands and business that I noticed…that this place…feels so…so…LIGHT!!! It's just so *LIGHT!* And feels so *GOOD!* I couldn't get over it! Tom agreed…he was feeling it too, and had obviously felt it the first time he visited, hence, the reason he had raved about it. In fact, I realized that **this was the lightest, most positive feeling area I'd ever been in.** And I'd been all over, but this place felt better than any other place I'd been, with the exception of Sandia Peak, New Mexico. (Felt so good up there at 10,000 feet as I sat in the stone cabin window on the mountain ledge that I never wanted to come back down.)

Charlottesville we soon figured out is a haven for the metaphysical community, with the Monroe Institute, Hampton Roads Publishing, and many other organizations and groups, and even has a free local metaphysical newspaper called The Echo. The downtown district is all arts and artisan work, performance theaters, independently owned bookstores, cafes, restaurants and boutiques, with an outdoor pavilion for concerts, and groups for all sorts of activities and interests such as yoga, art, acting, dancing, singing, music, new age/metaphysics, outdoors activities, you name it. And Charlottesville is noted as having many natural energy vortex points around the area. In fact one of them apparently sits right where Thomas Jefferson placed the Rotunda of the University of Virginia. Domes – esoteric architecture – capturing energy. He knew what he was doing. ;) The Virginia countryside is some of the prettiest I've seen too. Lush green tree lined two lane roads winding their way through lush green rolling hills and pretty farms. And the vibe – so light, so positive and energizing. Recently we took a drive up the 20 north and there were horses in this one pasture as the setting yellow orange sunlight fell upon the rolling greenery – and I turned in my car seat to catch the sight of a baby horse looking up and around with its mane blowing in the gentle breeze, lit by golden setting sunlight. Just the sight of that – I think I actually connected up to what the horse itself was feeling, because it was just this amazing, pure happy youthful energetic feeling.

Psychic stuff

Trying to explain psychic workings to people who believe they don't have experience with would be a little tricky I imagine. It's hard to explain how something works when you just automatically do it without thinking. For me, it's just there like another one of my senses, or as my boyfriend joked, it's like those people who can wiggle their ears. "I don't know how I do it…I just do it." For me I've often described what I do as being "mental feelers." I'm sure I picked that up from someplace in my travels, I don't claim to have invented the term, but it's certainly the most fitting. It really is like a set of invisible antennas that you put out there and which senses and relays information back to you. I do it all the time with everything to the point where it's second nature, it's just how I live my everyday life. I extend my feelers to read the vibes of people I encounter (which is always very useful in trying to peg who's who and what's what, since something I *can't* do is see energies and auras….) and I extend feelers to get feedback on any sort of thing I'm about to do, to feel out whether it's the best thing to be doing or not, and/or whether it will work out. Sometimes mental feelers leads to a bit of premonition knowing as well, where I "know" how an entire situation is going to play out, like it's just downloaded into my mind instantly. There isn't necessarily visuals that go with it, it's just "knowing the story," or "knowing how things will go down," boom, dropped into my head.

I've used the feelers a lot when applying for jobs and such, since I worked at so many places in my 20s, so this skill was important. I just already "knew" whether I was going to get the jobs or not right when walking into the company for the first interview, and looking around and extending the feelers. A loud and enthusiastic "YES!" or a big "NOOOOOO!" There also those times though where I didn't get much of anything back, so I couldn't tell what the deal was. It just felt neutral. It wasn't a Yes, but, it wasn't necessarily No either. So that may have been because things were still up in the air. Many things are not set in stone in this reality, and so the universe probably wasn't necessarily committed to any one outcome just yet.

With people that I cross paths with I can just tell what the deal is, and this goes for both online interactions as well as face-to-face. The online interactions can be a hoot only because I can tell within one email what the deal is with somebody, and it's a combination of both writing style as well as "something else" coming through that's intuited with feelers. I used to sigh and respond back anyway to the ones I was getting bad or sketchy vibes from, already knowing the interaction was going to wind up going down the toilet…..many times knowing specific details of how it would all play out, even some of what was going to be said by them, or me, in the upcoming emails, knowing the whole word for word back and forth exchange…….yet giving it a try anyway. Now I won't, because I've learned it always blows up in my face, so, save everybody the trouble and just stay away from the get-go. Since I've proven that my intuition has been 100% right in all email interactions, I rely on that without question by this point.

In face-to-face interactions I've been able to detect various things about people and to read people pretty well. In these cases I think it's a mix of intuition as well as interpreting body language, voice/speech, the way they behave and carry themselves and all around common sense. I don't practice the art of being able to cold read somebody in terms of telling specific details about their background (although admittedly many things are easy to detect so long as somebody is paying attention to details). It's used mostly in work situations where I'm interacting with a wide variety of people from all walks of life and intelligence levels. I hone in on what things about them are going to come into play with me, directly or indirectly, good or bad. "How is this person going to affect me?" which taps into intuition as well as straight up reading them.

In looking back on my life I realize now that this skill probably honed itself partly as a mechanism of survival, because I found myself thrown out there early on. A case of sink or swim, you're on your own at 18 in the middle of SoCal, with no family to help you, surrounded by millions of people and you need to survive. Lot of stuff coming at you, so you have to be on your toes and constantly reading people and figuring out what's what as you navigate around, working multiple jobs and staying above water. Other people are the biggest obstacle in anybody's way of being able to take care of themselves. There you are just trying to live your life, and work and do your job and make money so you'll be okay, but there are a lot of unstable people who impose their crazy behavior and antics on everybody around them throwing major wrenches in the works. So the skill of reading people and having that "knowing" kicks in as a necessity of survival. Again, a case of "How is this person going to affect me?" Over time I've gotten good at pegging people, the good, the bad, the neutral, and everything in between, like those shades of gray where a person doesn't have bad intentions, but they may just be a little screwy or have a crusty exterior masking a nice interior. It actually can be frustrating because many times the people around me were slow to catch on to things that I sensed instantly in dealing with somebody or some situation (usually at work) and so there I am clashing with some person, but others couldn't see what the problem was, in fact, going as far as to think that "Carissa's the one with the problem…." only to *finally* find out for themselves months, or even a year, later. Then my coworkers were coming back to me venting their frustration and I'm just shaking my head. Guess it wasn't me with the problem after all. ;) (the most recent example happened at my current job, where I found out that my coworker fired off at another employee, "You know what, Carissa was right about you!" O.o Well yeah I was right, but nobody was listening. They never do. :D ah well. Everybody's got to figure things out on their own I've learned, in their own time for their own reasons. Though from what I've seen, it usually takes mainstream asleep

people a long looooooong time to catch on.) A lot of this can be learned and honed through the art of reading body language, as well as being good at observing things about people and remembering your past interactions with people so you can notice patterns in others. When intuition is at play it adds this other element to the mix called feeling, that can't be explained. You just…know something. Or you just feel it, even when nothing overt has actually occurred to show you anything.

Since I've had so many jobs in life (temping helped with this) I've had a pretty extensive interaction with the public, in the four corners of the country for over 20 years now as I write this. It's interesting what's going on out there in the world with people, that's all I can say. Definitely had my share of experiences with phony slicksters hiding behind what seems like a "friendly face" that would fool others, but not me. And conversely, I've encountered people who looked a little rough around the edges you could say, yet emanated good vibes. (Two good examples of this are featured in the opening section of this document, in "Mysterious Strangers Crossing Paths" where I talk about using my mental feelers to feel out what was going on in a situation with random strangers.) The feelers probe under the surface, disregarding exterior appearances. What is it that I'm picking out about the slicksters that tips me off? I guess it's several things I've come to realize. One is the eyes. The face may be smiling, but there's a cold, "dark glint" or something deadened in the eyes. It's almost a subconscious thing to notice, it's not like it's overt. The cold glint also manifests itself in conversation, most often when the slickster/energy vampire isn't getting the response from me that they're looking for. There they are trying to maintain this fake friendly upbeat tone of face and yet, I watch as the dark glint/shadow crosses over their face, a silent "grrrrrrrrrrrr!" that contradicts the affected persona mask. They'll also have that personality that's trying way too hard, too forceful, too smiley, too salesman-ish. It causes me to want to put a wall up between us. Yet on the flip side I've dealt with a couple of sales reps through my current job, one for our local office supply company, the other for the cell phone company, and even though both were outgoing and chatty - having perfected the art of social interactions you could say - I surprisingly don't have any bad vibes or reservations when dealing with them. So outgoing, extroverted "sales" types doesn't automatically equate to problematic. It's something else going on under the surface that I'm picking out within individual people.

There are a lot of people that create this feeling of **"tentacles"** when they're approaching me, needing something, trying to connect to me and suck me in, draining my energy and sometimes, worst case scenario, **holding me hostage** to their needy needs and whims which they drag out for waaaaaaay longer than need be…..a tactic for maximizing time and energy drain. And then I've experienced the rare types who also need something when they're coming at me but yet……they don't create tentacles. With the non-tentacle types they make me want to help them out beyond what they need just because they're so real and sincere and non-energy feeding, whereas the tentacle hostage holder types make me want to push them away and not help them for even one second. So just because somebody has a question or is lost or needs help doesn't necessarily mean they're going to be energy feeding or are a fake slickster. I think a lot of it has to do with ego projection. Most people project a strong "me me me" ego, and even though they're trying to sound friendly there's something demanding and aggressive going on with them, in their speech and body language. Another thing that closely ties into this, which I've recently realized, is that so many people out there are in constant **"self promotion"** mode, trying to sell themselves and their products, always hustling hustling hustling for a buck, constantly networking to increase their visibility and thus ensure more money

and survival for themselves. Loathesome, crazed tentacles that are always whipping around, trying to latch onto every last person they cross paths with. This whole way of being COMPLETELY rubs me the wrong way. It's the antithesis of who I am as a person. Totally incompatible frequency clash. Whereas a precious few carry themselves in a calm way…..as if they have no ego, nothing to sell, no self promotional goals. Other times though there's no outward difference between two people, yet, one will create psychic "tentacles" while the other does not.

What psychic stuff has meant for me, especially with the instant knowings, is that I pretty much know anything that's coming up down the road in my life, and there really aren't any surprises. If something is brewing on the horizon that directly affects me then I start to get "rumblings" and indicators ahead of times, sometimes outright knowings as mentioned where I know the entire way something is going to play out. And the only thing I can do in some cases, like if other people are involved, is to just sit back and watch it play out. Sometimes it really helps though to have foresight, especially if somebody is planning to try to pull the rug out from under me. There's been more than one instance where I've one-upped somebody with my foresight, and turned the tables on them, much to their shock. (And/or I was able to prepare myself for what was coming up, and at least not be caught off guard.) They were trying to screw me over, but I already knew what was going on and maneuvered myself accordingly, so in the end things worked out fine for me. I admit that it's very satisfying being able to take that away from people. I wish everybody real could have this ability because we live in a world full of snakes (no offense to real snakes! :D) and many people are played and chumped and strung along and lied to everyday because they lack the ability to know and see. If they had this ability the snakes could never have the upper hand.

Following are elaborations on the various types of psychic phenomenon that I've experienced, along with general commentary/insight about these subjects:

Telepathy

Telepathy is probably the most common form of psychic happening for most people – even if they aren't consciously aware that it's taking place. "Coincidentally" bringing up a subject that the person next to you had just been thinking about, answering a question they were just thinking, or thinking about somebody and having them call/email you a minute later are some common examples that many have experienced. It's telepathy, although there are people who are still in denial about it all for whatever reason. My ex-boyfriend Steve was a diehard skeptic atheist…who also happened to read minds pretty well, but refused to admit that this is what he was doing. To admit to doing such a thing would mean tearing down the whole fragile atheist skeptic house of cards that he'd worked so long and hard to assemble. ;) When his abilities were pointed out to him his eyes would get really big and he'd just freeze up.

Telepathy to me is extremely natural, and my lamentation is that this isn't the normal way of communication all the time in this reality. Having instant knowing and instant transfer of ideas is the way to go. It would also open everybody up to knowing what everybody else is thinking – the good and the bad. And it would eliminate people unnecessarily not liking each other merely because they don't understand where they other person is coming from. It would solve a LOT of problems. Then

again, I also lament that I can't fly or move objects with my mind, and other such abilities that I feel like I should be able to do – and used to do - but which is now being denied. Very frustrating! My very psychic Filipino former boss Edwin once confirmed that "YES you used to be able to move objects with your mind…but it was taken away from you because you ABUSED it!" There! He said! Now the cat is out of the bag! (that was the way Edwin would reveal things…he'd blurt things out kind of like "You made me spill the beans!!" then run off and hide, dodging the guaranteed questions that would come up. ;D)

What I've noticed is that in my own experience, I can often times psychically pick up on people who are thinking about me in a strong way. Even if it's somebody I've never met, and only know via the internet, it doesn't matter. I always seem to know when I have an email….and many times who it's from. The phone will ring and I'll often already know who it is without looking at the caller ID. Another time at a past job in Florida my supervisor Suzanne, who was really cool and who I got along well with, was sitting in her office wondering where her stapler went. Meanwhile I'm in my cubicle, and turn suddenly to her stapler sitting there on my desk which I'd borrowed a couple of days before but forgot to return, and feel compelled to pick it up and go return it to her. I get into her office and see her looking at the stapler in my hand with wide "!!!" eyes…telling me she'd JUST been wondering where it was. It amazed her, but to me it was old hat. ;) Another time I got my cell phone out and then just stared at it, waiting, moments before my former supervisor Felicity from California rang me up out of nowhere one night when I was up in Portland. And knowing when female friends or coworkers are pregnant is another one I've done a few times. Sometimes knowing before they even know. Always seem to know what the gender will be too.

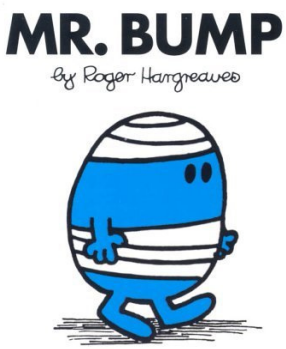
What I've come to realize is that **I should ideally have some psychic connection with anybody close to me in my life,** whether it's a friend or boyfriend or even a co-worker or boss whom I've become closely connected to and mesh well with. If we're not mutually reading minds it means something probably isn't right and there isn't a real connection. Funny enough – with my ex Steve, the psychic mind reading was a one way street. He read my mind…but I never once read his, or picked up on him or his thoughts in any way that I can remember. I noticed it at the time in a puzzled way, but being young and naïve I let it slide. **I shouldn't have, as it was a clear indicator that something was very off with that situation.** If someone is fully "there" and "real" and is supposed to be closely connected to me, then I'll read their minds and pick up on their presence at *some* point, period.

I was talking to a really psychic woman back in 2005 who broached the subject of my abilities. She was one of those people who's "on" all the time, and actually makes a living as a psychic counselor of sorts. Sounds cheesy, but her and her husband were the real deal, and are at the top of a short list of purposeful psychic people that I've known in life. (her husband didn't do it professionally the way she did though.) But something she noted was that I have the base foundation to be very psychic, and if I wanted to, I could hone it…but I have all my walls up and keep people at a distance, cutting it off. "People have treated you very badly," she once noted carefully when we were talking and hanging out, picking up on things about my life, and noting why in general I've shut people out and am not one of those actively "on purpose" super psychic people. The potential is there…but I don't want it. To be that way is to be open all the time, connecting up to people, and a big part of me wants to just hide. As it is, I've had experiences where I could inadvertently feel what complete strangers around me were feeling, to the point where one time I had to put up this "bubble of protection" sort

of thing to keep it from happening. And when people around you are amped up, angry or edgy, it's not pleasant to be absorbing those feelings. So for the most part the walls are locked down and I keep my distance. However, with people I'm close to in life it happens – usually a lot! :D - and in those instances it's fun and cool. So here are a few fun, stand-out examples that have occurred over the years with various people I've known….

Mike R. Mike R. (or Mike, as I'll refer to him for the rest of this section) became my other best buddy back in California. He also had/has some amazing psychic abilities and is at the top of a short list of "accidental psychic people" that I've known in life. (as opposed to "purposely psychic" people.) Three years older than me, born in 1971, I first met him in 1994 and the first second of our meeting I felt like I was hanging out with somebody that I already knew going WAAAAY back. All my walls went down, which for me was amazing, considering everything was on lockdown at the time and I was extremely guarded and had a lot of issues. I wasn't the friendliest person in the world. I kept to myself and was very quiet and introverted. But I already "knew" Mike R. from our first introduction, the walls melted and I was completely relaxed and at ease with him in a way that I wasn't with ANYBODY at that time. Again, we went WAAAAY back, that's how it felt. It was strange, as I'd never experienced that with anybody before. (We were only ever just friends though, as we weren't compatible dating material and the attraction wasn't there on my end.) We later discovered that we were born about two hours away from each other. I was born in Middletown, New York – he was born in Olean, which I think you can get to via some route that went directly between both cities. Right after I was born my parents left New York for Massachusetts, then Connecticut and onto Orange County, California; when he was a tot his family moved to Illinois, where he spent his childhood, then onto Orange County. And now here we were. ☺ We were also both part Italian and English. (though I have more nationalities going on as well. But he was just those two.)

After knowing Mike for about four years I started to theorize that he was a walk-in, which was later confirmed to me years later by a psychic friend of mine who knew nothing about him. She tuned into him after I mentioned him offhand to her in an email, and reported back that he's "a higher density walk in." Made sense to me. He was not equipped for 3rd density, that's all I can say. Always bumping and crashing into things, seemingly unable to ever adjust to being in a physical body, so I nicknamed him "Mr. Bump" from the "Mr. and Mrs." childhood books we all read. :D



Forever lamenting that he has to eat, whine whine, has to shower, whine whine, has to maintain a body, whine whine. ;) I'd never met anyone who was so ill at ease in a physical body. Several years after theorizing that Mike was a walk in he confessed that he had no memories in life prior to age eight. Life for him began at age eight when he woke up in the hospital, heavily medicated, with a leg broken in three places. Family photo albums and hearing his family trading anecdotes did nothing to prompt his memory. And he didn't tell them this either, so they apparently don't know. But according to him, he literally woke up one day in strange surroundings, with strange people. If I'd known all that way back when, then there wouldn't have been mere "suspecting" that he was a walk in – I would have been pretty positive that he was.

And, he was psychic. I mention the "cleaning" he helped me do on my paranormally polluted room in "The Vortex" and the way he tapped into my mind as I did my meditation thing, literally following along with what I was doing and being inside my head with me, as well as lending me his physical energy, giving me a major boost. Which in itself is a very big "!!" deal in terms of psychic abilities. But in general Mike and I often read each other's minds. He said my thoughts were really loud and would bleed over into his, almost like a radio station bleeding over. We were so good though that whenever he'd start to try to bring up an anecdote from something that happened in the past, be it a person we ran into, or something that happened, or whatever, I would already immediately know. "You remember that time with that chick who…" he'd say to me. "Remember that one time with that guy…" "Remember when we visited that place…."

"Yup," I'd immediately know exactly what he was talking about and describe it. :D Mike and I had done so much stuff together and met so many people and had so many crazy stories to such an extent due to being roommates at one point and friends in general, that it was near impossible to just know what he was referring to without any details. So for me to just immediately know what he was referring to was kind of neat, and very handy, considering that Mike found verbal communication tedious and cumbersome. Telepathy is SO convenient. ;) The best example of that was the time he came home one day (to the house we shared as roommates along with two other guys) all excited about a song he'd heard on the radio. But he didn't know the name or who sang it. I looked at him as he was enthusing, but without any actual song details, and I just knew. "Yeah, 'Solsbury Hill' by Peter Gabriel." And I sang a small bit to illustrate.

THAT'S IT!!!! OH MY GOD!!!!!!!!!" he pointed and grinned and laughed, super excited now that he knew what song it was. "How did you KNOW?!?" he laughed. I don't know. I just did! I'd recently heard the song myself for the first time and loved it and so just assumed it had to be the same song. We were on the same wavelength with a lot of things – so it made sense that we would have both discovered the same song within the same week and loved it. So this was either telepathy or just a lucky guess, along with a hefty dose of amazing coincidence thrown in. But we had a good set up – I could just read his mind so he didn't have to bother with cumbersome verbal communications half the time, and he in turn read my mind and gave me boosts during psychic cleanings.

Another very noteworthy incident took place on the day Mike had surgery to remove some benign tumor lumps around his armpit area. I was at work answering phones as a receptionist at an executive suites in Irvine, and around 4:45 or so in the afternoon I got up from the desk to go clean up the kitchen area as we did every day before leaving. As I walked down the hall I was hit with a wave

of wooziness. Really dizzy, almost fell over, slightly nauseas and just light headed and goofy in general. As I staggered to the kitchen and back I had the distinct thought about how today was Mike's surgery day, in fact he should be out of surgery by now. Immediately upon returning to the front desk the switchboard rang……..and it was Mike. Laughing and sounding out of it he was like, "Heeeeeeeyyy! It's meeeee! Guess whaaat….I just got home from the hospital!" then laughed and groaned about how dizzy and nauseas he was, and that the room was spinning as he flopped out on his bed. He told me that as soon as he got in the door he wanted to give me a call and talk to me about it all. I laughed and told him I know….I could feel it! And told him the story of what I'd just experienced moments before he called. The whole reason I picked up on what he was feeling was because he had intent thoughts about calling me and connecting up to me simultaneously while feeling all wacky; in fact, wanting to connect up to me specifically *because* he was feeling all wacky. So instead of just having a sudden thought about "Mike" out of nowhere, which is how normal telepathic pings tends to go, I also completely felt what he was feeling in the moment.

Several years after I left California, Mike and I fell out of touch. Like all the people I've been positively connected to in life it was never a case of being permanently out of touch, because I feel like I'll *always* know these people, whether it's in future lives or in other realms. Even if we've gone our separate ways and I've since lived in four other states and I'll never see them again in this lifetime it doesn't matter…to me it still feels open ended. It's hard to explain. Like I know it's never truly over. The door is never closed. So it was 2004 and Mike and I had been out of contact for almost two years, living life and being busy, when one day at work in Florida he began cutting into my thoughts. It started out small, but grew progressively stronger and stronger as the day wore on. "mike mike mike mike mike mike mike mike MIKE! MIKE! MIKE! MIKE! MIKE! MIKE! MIKE! MIKE!...." Like with Shirley, as mentioned elsewhere in this piece. Same deal. I wrestled with these maddening Mike thoughts that were invading my mind, not wanting to email him because I felt like if he wanted to be in contact, well…he'd contact ME. Right? And he hadn't. I hadn't gotten an email or anything from him in almost two years. Based on what I know of Mike and how he is, I figured his attitude was that he knew we'd never see each other again so what was the point, you know? Let it go, move on, over it, next. Mike is very Aries like that. ;) (April 1st) And towards the end of when I'd known him he'd really become a detached hermit, with a habit of never calling or emailing his friends. So if you wanted to hang out with him then you had to be the one seeking him out. And that went for his family too. That's just how he became, for a variety of reasons, nothing personal.

I debated back and forth about it all, then finally caved in. ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! I thought to myself, digging around in my old emails to see if I still had an email address from him. Fine, I'd cave in and once again, be the one seeking him out even though intellectually I figured he didn't care either way about hearing from me. After digging around I actually found an email address from him. Not sure if it was still good or not, but I simply sent an email that said:

!

That was it. He'd "get" it. ;)

The next day I surprisingly heard back from him – the email address did still work, wow. And not only that, but he was excited to hear from me. He went on to say that he'd done a little "wish magic"

as he called it to get me to contact him, intensely putting out signals for me to track him down and get in touch with him because he'd lost my email and phone #. (VERY mike! :D) He wanted to tell me…. that he'd gotten married. ☺ I definitely heard him though, loud and clear, same as Shirley. So that must have been funny for him on his end, to be putting out "wish magic" intentions that I email him, and then right away I respond, with nothing but an exclamation point. Like, Alright, I hear you!!!! :D He's since dropped out of the picture again, focused on his own thing, and we've basically gone in two different directions in life – I've been knee-deep in the weird since 2000, with VERY unconventional viewpoints on reality ;) while he's relatively mainstream now, despite being a Wiccan. But he had his important place in my life back in the 90's.

My aforementioned psychic friend who described Mike as a higher density walk in said that when she thought of us, she had this image in her mind of two tow-headed kids playing in a sand box, seeming like the 1950s. She wondered if maybe it was something to do with a past life?

?? I thought when I read that. Okay. Shrug. I had no idea why or what that meant, and doubted it was a past life thing, that didn't feel accurate to me, so I soon forgot about it.

Months and months later though I realized with a "!!!!!!!"……

…The Mojave Desert. 1999. My then-boyfriend Steve and I are on an astronomy outing along with Mike at Mitchell's Caverns, near "the Devil's Playground" and the Providence Mountains. Mike was into astronomy too, since he received his first small scope as a kid. So we'd frequently have these astronomy mini-road trip outings into the California desert. At Mitchell's there's no civilization or light pollution for literally, 50 miles around square radius. The darkest skies I've ever seen….the Milky Way band cuts vividly across the sky and you can see the Andromeda Galaxy with just a good pair of binoculars. And billions of stars, covering the sky. Mike's 1979 Datsun Z that he called Karma – it was a girl according to him ;) - is parked with the two doors open, cranking one of his favorite CDs (and mine too) – Tom Petty's Greatest Hits. Especially Track 11- **"Don't Come Around Here No More"** and Track 15 – **"Learning to Fly."** My two favorites on the disc. ☺ It's the rare opportunity to play music loud and not have to worry about people calling the cops. "Don't Come Around Here" is blasting with Mike's kick ass stereo system, and Steve is on the 'scope, but Mike and I are in our own world. Playing in the sand. The sand is the softest, airiest and most weightless sand we've ever felt in our life, and we both can't get over it. We're giggling and playing with the sand, like we're five years old, and nothing else exists but the stars and the Tom Petty songs and the sand. Steve keeps looking over at us, his usual nervous, weirded out self, but we pay him no mind. ;) I get up and dart over to Steve's truck and find a little baggy to bag some dirt up for posterity. Then dash back to Mike and the sand, more giggling and playing with the sand and marveling over it. And no, we weren't high. ;) We were just genuinely like that. We both have little kid personalities at the core. So, five year olds in a sandbox….indeed.

That's one of my all time favorite life memories in general for this time around, and that little baggy of sand still sits on my bookshelf to this day. ☺

Shirley. I mention Shirley elsewhere in this piece, but she was my best buddy from Israel in 11th and 12th grade after we moved to Mission Viejo, California. My literal lifeline to some semblance of normalcy and sanity during my two years in high school in California while I was living with my crazy abusive mom. Shirley was about 5'2", "curvy" (she was always obsessing that she was fat) had long black naturally curly hair, big brown eyes and brown skin, and a pretty face that was always smiling, a very sunny, upbeat, extrovert personality. I met her at "New Student Orientation" because both of our last names began with "C" and so we were in the same small group. I didn't give her another thought after orientation, but during the first week of school I'd run into her in the hallways of school, and she'd be smiling and saying hi to me, and I was thinking to myself, "who *is* that chick?? why is she smiling and saying hi to me???" Then I'd remember….oh yeah, she's that chick from orientation…then I'd give her a feeble smile back. :D Our lockers were right near each other too, which gave her another avenue for being able to talk to me which otherwise wouldn't have happened. Basically she honed in on me and totally latched onto me (not in an annoying way though) and I have no idea why. I had a LOT of issues back then stemming from a troubled family situation, the sudden move from a rural small town Connecticut to urban Orange County, CA and extreme depression, and as mentioned in the Appendix section of "Chasing Phantoms" I was in a numbed, withdrawn state, not all mentally there. I was very quiet. The dutiful, loyal listener, but rarely the talker. (part of the reason I could kind of sort of later relate to the character of Dot in the 2005 movie "The Quiet"….Dot pretends she's deaf (I didn't do that though) and never speaks, wanting to be invisible and feeling like nobody and nothing in a crowd of people, meanwhile as everybody confesses their deepest thoughts and secrets to her. That was me in a related way, as I mention in other parts of this write up, the quiet listener who just sits there with that passive yet interested look on my face as everybody confesses their secrets to me. The movie also takes place in Connecticut, where I spent nine years, and there's a scene where Dot is in her biology class having to dissect an animal and goes at it a little too gung ho and everybody's looking at her…the same sort of thing happened to me in my 10th grade Connecticut biology class. It came time to dissect our frogs and while everybody else just sat there staring at their frogs, immobile, I picked up that scalpel and went to town, opening up the frog, skillfully pulling out organs as if I'd been slicing up dead animals my whole life, to the point where I looked up and realized the whole class had gone silent and everybody, including the teacher, was staring at me. :D Kind of funny I guess.) Entire chunks of my life were a blank during 11th grade…not just now in trying to look back on it but back then while I was in the middle of it. So if it weren't for Shirley coming into my life, who knows what would have happened to me. For whatever reason she decided to latch onto me and in the process wound up pulling me out of my withdrawn shell and helped revive me back to life, and made my two years of California high school as positive as it was.

Recently I remembered that in 11th grade, because our respective neighborhoods were next to each other she'd tag along with me when I was walking home from school, and she'd sing songs to me as I walked along next to her, in a half daze. They were always her favorite funny radio songs, and I remember one of them was a Salt 'n Peppa rap song. I'd just listen and look at her with a small smile. I know I did say stuff obviously, it wasn't like I never said anything (but there are times when I do remember for a fact that I'd go most of the day without saying a word to her, just sitting, standing or walking next to her in this semi-tranced out state, too messed up/out of it from things that were going on at home to even be able to talk, yet she would loyally stick by me, sometimes carrying on one sided conversations), but in general I was very quiet. She was the talker, I was the listener. Just the

idea of that…..her insisting on sticking close to me, even despite the fact that I gave her no reason to but really needed her to even though I didn't know I needed her to….and even singing goofy pop and rap songs to me with a smile to cheer me up…..looking back on that as an adult in my mid-30s I'm just like wow. My boyfriend Tom says it's almost like "something else" (positive) was working through her. By 12th grade though things had vastly improved with me (again, she played a large part of that) and I talked much more and interacted in a much more normal way, totally coming out of my shell.

It didn't take us long to figure out that we were really psychic. We would both answer questions that the other one was wondering about but hadn't said out loud yet, or just mention things in general that the other one was thinking of. We hadn't known each other for long, so this was amazing, but, there was that connection going on. The whole telepathy thing intrigued her but scared her all at the same time. She'd be fascinated with wide eyes, then immediately want to drop the whole subject…didn't want to talk about it!! But then be drawn back to it again, of course. ;) So one time I'm washing the dishes after school, totally in the middle of it with the hot water and soapy bubbles everywhere, when I get overcome with the most intense urge to CALL SHIRLEY! It just gets out of control – CALL SHIRLEY!! CALL SHIRLEY!! CALL SHIRLEY!! So I do, like, AHHHHH! and grab the phone next to me on the counter with soapy hands and dial Shirley's number…….soap up to my elbows and water still running and everything. But that's how strong the urge was. Shirley answers the phone right away and I can hear her grinning, "Hi Carissa!" (She didn't have caller ID.) Turns out she'd been testing out the psychic thing and was sitting there at home staring at the phone, thinking over and over, "Call me Carissa….Call me Carissa….Call me Carissa…." Certain that I would hear her and do it. And I did.

Another time at school it was the end of the day, and I'm in the hallway at my locker while all hell is breaking loose around me. Just a cacophony of madness, kids everywhere, happy to be getting out of class, on to other things. And this guy I knew named Mike was trying to talk to me at my locker, (I've known a lot of guys named Mike and mention a few throughout this piece…but this was a completely different one. Try to keep it straight! :D) but I could hardly hear him over the steady roar of noise around us. We're literally shouting back and forth, not much of a conversation, but then I clearly hear in my mind Shirley's voice, saying, "Carissa!"

I stop in mid-sentence and whirl my head around, SO certain that she was standing right next to me. I heard her clearly, after all. But…she's not there. Really confused I frown, and slowly turn back to Mike with a weird look on my face. He asks me what was wrong, and I told him, "I thought I heard Shirley say my name…" and trail off.

About a minute later Shirley approaches me through the crowd, smiling. I smile back and say "Hey! That's so funny I could have sworn I heard you call my name like, a minute ago. I heard 'Carissa!'!"

Her grin fades and now she has this look of fear on her face.

"What?" I say, confused.

She explains that she was down the hall, stuck in the mob of people, unable to really move forward right away. Then she saw me down the hall at my locker with Mike talking, and thought to herself, "There's Carissa!"

Well, that must have been some loud thought, because I heard it plain as day. !! I wanted to talk about it, I thought this was the coolest thing ever, but she did NOT. It scared her. So, that was the end of that. I mention elsewhere in this write up how later on after Shirley had moved back to Israel after high school and would come back to the States to visit her parents I'd always feel her when she'd be hunting me down, trying to find me. It would cut into my thoughts in a maddening way. And then there were times we met up in the dreamtime years after she was gone, which I also talk about later on.

Zach. Zach was a trip, 17-18 years old during the time when I knew him, forced out on his own, mom threw him away. A double Pisces sun and moon, four years younger than me born March 8, 1978, a lover, not a fighter. Very smart, really cute. Natural girl magnet without even trying. And very psychic. Very wise, way beyond his years, a total old soul. He was my substitute little brother, and whenever I'd run into him up in Fullerton I always looked out for him, made sure he had food, made sure he was okay. He wasn't, but I did what I could, considering I only saw him here and there. I'm not sure what ever happened to him – last I heard from his friend Andrew, he was fried out. Maybe completely gone, I'm not sure. Every March 8th I stop and think of him. Zach gave off the impression even at 17 that he wasn't interested in playing "the game" of this reality, and didn't plan to live very long. "I'll never have the things that everybody else has," he once said very calm and matter-of-factly, with that knowing smile that he always had going. He was here, but he didn't much care for what he was immersed in, and didn't seem to plan on sticking around much longer. Being a typical Pisces you never quite knew where you stood with him or what he was really thinking. He didn't like direct questions and didn't care much for direct answers. Direct questions would usually illicit soulful looks, or the artful dodger routine. And when he did have something to say he tended to just calmly drop his revelations at unexpected times, catching you off guard, letting you know that he knew something that you didn't know he knew. And no, he wasn't going to elaborate, so don't bother asking. ;) He'd let you know just enough, then leave you hanging on the line. He wasn't an excitable person, always calm, low key, watching the world go by with eyes and a sixth sense that missed nothing.

And that boy was *psychic*. He with me and I with him. That was what defined him, and we had some really unbelievable moments in that regard. I went hunting for Zach one night where I knew he'd last been crashing, his ex-girlfriend's apartment in Fullerton. When his ex answered the door, she told me that he was gone. He'd already left to go up to Oregon with one of his friends. ("My alcoholic Scorpio friend" as Zach had wryly referred to him.)

I just stood there feeling shocked and deflated. Deflated because I didn't get to say goodbye, shocked because I didn't actually feel that he was gone. She wasn't lying – I could feel that she truly believed he'd left and was en route to Oregon - but I knew that he wasn't. I could feel that he was here in the vicinity. I told her so too with this dazed look – umm, noooo…he's still here. I can feel him. I'm going to go find him. Thanks, bye….

I got back in my car and threw caution to the wind, letting some other force guide me. Bring me to where Zach is, I said to whatever was going to guide me. Kind of amazing that I knew how to do this considering I'd never done it before and hadn't read anything about people doing that sort of thing. But nevertheless, my car wound up at The Hub coffeehouse down the street. I could feel him. (and no he didn't have a car that would have been parked in the lot, tipping me off. ;) The idea of Zach ever owning a car or living in any sort of mainstream way was nuts.) Yeah, Zach spent a lot of time at the Hub…but he spent more time elsewhere, and was always on the move, sometimes at the Winged Heart, or visiting with people, hanging out, dealing drugs, crashing with friends, getting into adventures - he was all over the place, all the time. To try to pinpoint his exact location at random in the very large Fullerton/Buena Park/La Mirada area would be like trying to find a needle in a haystack. But I got out of my car, walked in through the front door…..and closed my eyes. Just stood there, eyes closed, surrounded by the din of people and music drifting in from the patio. I could feel him in here. Let him come to me.

And he did.

Within five seconds of closing my eyes, the first voice to greet me was Zach, standing before me, wondering what I was doing. I smiled with my eyes still closed and said, "Looking for you!" Then opened them. And I told him the story, about how his ex told me he was gone, but I knew he wasn't, and I told her he was still here. He smiled a little, saying he would have liked to have seen her reaction, me telling her that I could "feel" him in the area. He was pleased in his usual low key way. Turns out he was supposed to already be gone on the road, but stuff had happened so it was all delayed.

Then there's what Zach had to say about my brother Joe. It was this one particular night when we'd both crossed paths at the Hub and were in the parking lot, about to get into my car to go drive someplace. I mentioned my brother offhand – Zach knew nothing about him, not even his name, only that I *had* a little brother, back in Connecticut.

When I mentioned my brother in this light and peppy and happy "lalala!" oblivious way, Zach just stared at me with that old soul look, not saying anything for a few seconds. Then finally, deadpan,

"Yeah, you gotta love those Aquarius suns with Sagittarius moons and Scorpio rising."

That stopped me in my tracks. HOLY SHIT. ***HOW DID HE KNOW THAT?!?*** Zach had no WAY of knowing Joe's astrological configuration!! He didn't even know Joe's name, let alone birthday or time of birth in order to know the placement of Joe's chart! You couldn't just know something like that anyway. You would have to look that sort of information up in a book. Basically, it's a 1 in 1728 chance of nailing somebody's triple astrological configuration by a random guess. Sure, maybe somebody could be that 1 in 1728…..cough, right…..but good luck also getting things in the exact correct placement, with which planetary body is actually in what one of those three signs.

Zach didn't answer my "!!!" response. Of course. But in retrospect his look conveyed it all, without the need for words: You have no idea what you're in for with your brother. But you're going to find out. The long, really hard way. You'll find out.

And that's all he would insinuate about THAT.

It would be the first of other unheeded warnings from various sources about Joe.

Andrew. Andrew was a friend of Zach's, older than both of us with a birthday in 1970. I first met him when hanging out with my then-boyfriend Gary at the Hub in Fullerton. Andrew was always around - this loud, boisterous presence, talking to people, making wisecracking commentary and jokes, spouting off interesting facts and bits and blurbs, an aggressive boisterous energy that was always on the kinetic move, practicing his mish mash of martial arts by himself in the parking lot. And most people there didn't like him. ;) Most of the Hub guys were sensitive and effeminate, if not flat out bi and gay, and the girls tended to be these really reserved and unfriendly hipsters, "too cool for you." Which means, *major* clash between Andrew's can't-miss-it, blunt and in your face, funny, smart, and aggressive ways, and their reserved, snooty, wilting flower personalities. I caught his eye the first time we crossed paths, with him honing in on me and bantering back and forth as we stood over Gary and his friend playing chess on the sidewalk. He was 24 at the time, I was 20. Andrew in turn got my interest – he was far more interesting to listen to then anybody else there, he always had interesting knowledge and wisecracks to spout about all sorts of things. And yeah, he wasn't bad looking. (with a different personality it could have totally been a go in terms of looks.) But even I was held back with him due to how "out there" his aggressive energy was. And to be seen talking openly with him and being friends with him in any way was the unspoken no-no for the crowd that my then-boyfriend Gary ran with. ;) So I kept my distance so as not to attract disapproving snooty looks from them. That changed the night of my near brush with death at Beverly and Poinsettia, mentioned in the "Brushes with Death" section. I wound up going to the Winged Heart that night instead of Insomnia Coffehouse…and that's where I again crossed paths with Andrew, but this time by myself. That night he went from being just one of the wacky characters that populated the place to being my flirtation buddy, or whatever it was. I still don't know how to classify it.

So there we were, sitting in the back room where the vintage "Argosy" pinball machine was, some tables, and the exit to the back patio. I was at my table sipping my coffee and scribbling in my notebook while Andrew was at the table right next to me, loudly proclaiming something about Scorpios to the others in the room, and how he was a Scorpio. I don't know, it had something to do with whatever they were talking about. ;) To which I sat there sizing him up suspiciously in a typical Scorpio way, then said my first words of the night to anybody (not counting my coffee order at the counter from earlier….) "Really? Me too. November 9th."

Surprised, he turned to me. And then was skeptical in return and made me prove myself, as any proper Scorpio would. ;) Back and forth Scorpio suspicion. And I whipped out my driver's license. Turns out he was November 10th – Scorpio sun, Aries moon I'd later discover when I looked it up in a book. Completely explains EVERYTHING about his energy and personality. (in Linda Goodman's "Love Signs" book I think it is she gives dire warnings about males with this particular configuration,

basically saying to STAY AWAY FROM THEM!!!!! :D haha) But, he was also Year of the Dog, giving him some nice. ;) From there we hung out the rest of the night, and he didn't waste any time flirting with me since I was already on his radar anyway. His energy was completely engrossing and charismatic, it just drew you in, very magnetic. After that I'd see Andrew intermittently when I'd go up to the Hub or Winged. He didn't like Gary, AT all, and was quite hostile about him, wanting him out of the picture so we could have something going instead. But I couldn't…Andrew was just too TOO much. ! He had heavy occult connections, a former Satanist who'd grown out of that and was now into Norse religion; he did hallucinogens and went to other realms where, along with Zach, he claimed to shape shift into an animal alter. His animal? A wolf. This was all news to me, I'd never heard of such a thing as "shape shifting." And the amazing part was, Andrew had icy blue wolf eyes like I've never seen on anybody else, and a wolf continence to boot. (and was year of the Dog, which also matched…) Among many other things about him that I won't get into. I was 20 going on 12 in many ways, a bit innocent and childlike, while his whole way of being was like nothing I've ever seen with any guy before, or since, and it was just way too much. So being involved in any way was out of the question. But, I was no longer afraid to at least hang with him in front of Gary and his wilting flower friends. ;) Like the one night at the Winged when I was there with Gary and his silly friends, bored out of my mind, as I always was with them…and then Andrew shows up. I sensed his presence and look up to see him entering into the back room where we were, passing through to get outside to the back patio. Our eyes locked as he silently strode through the room, wearing his trenchcoat, heading outside. He never said a word, just locked eyes on me. After he passed by, I just sat there, feeling blank and mesmerized. Then I slowly got up…and followed him outside. Totally ditched Gary and his mind numbing friends without saying a word or even giving them a second thought, and hung with Andrew for the next two hours, absorbed in our conversation.

So yeah, not dateable, but fun to hang with as he had tons of energy and charisma and gave me a much needed self esteem boost with his endless flirtations and hilarious spot-on insights about various things. And he was fun to be psychic with. Like the time I went up to the Winged Heart by myself in 1996. I had long since broken up with Gary and was now roommating with my friend Mike R. and his friends back down in South Orange County. I was playing pinball and sipping my mocha with whipped cream when I heard Andrew say, "Hi Carissa" as he approached from my left. Immediately recognizing his unmistakable deep cigarette tinged voice, I turned to him with a grin. He later claimed he never said my name out loud though. Same deal as Shirley, back in high school. And after what came next, I can believe it. Soon we were out on the back patio, hanging out, and that's where he demonstrated he could read my mind. Taking from a journal entry that I wrote days after it happened, the exact quote of the exchange went like this:

"You can't read minds," I told him out loud, skeptically.

"Yes I can."

"Okay then, say something to me then."

"Okay," and he leans in, eyes locked with mine, thinking who knows what because I certainly didn't hear it. I giggled nervously.

"You're not open to it, you're blocked. Relax," he said.

But I couldn't relax I guess, and looked down at my leg, picking at my tights. *You can't read minds,* I thought to myself.

"Yes I can," he answers me…out loud. !!!!

Uh huh, sure...

"Uh huh sure, I *can.*"

Stop it!!!

"I *can't* stop it," he answers me out loud, deadpan.

Yes you can!

"*No*. I *can't*," he responds, still looking me right in the eyes. "It's just there. I can't control it."

He answered back everything I thought using my own words, to show me that he was in fact clearly hearing me. To me this just blew me away, I'd never experienced anybody who could do that. In general with Andrew I seemed to get "hits" about when he was going to be at whatever particular Fullerton coffeehouse, and would know what nights to go, and would make the trek and then connect up with him as if by magic.

Then life changed, and I eventually stopped going to those coffeehouses. But then I ran into Andrew one fluke night three years later in '99, when I happened to be there with my friend Mike R. Andrew was roaming the patio, having zero luck connecting with anybody since the people around us were pretty flat, with deadened vibes. (big reason I had stopped going there.) "Andrew!" I called out, watching him turn, curious. Who's that? Some chick? How does she know me? Then his face lit up once he realized. It was like a day hadn't gone by, when in fact it had been over three years. But that's what I mean when I mention here and there in this write up about how with some people, the door is never closed. There's some strange connection going on and it won't matter how much time has passed or whether you never actually see them again – it never feels like it's over. What's also weird is that this was the second time I just happened to cross paths with somebody I hadn't seen in years, at a coffeehouse in OC, when Mike R. was with me. Odd coincidence. ;) Soon Andrew was sitting with Mike and I at a table, and we proceeded to have the most energetically charged up, awesome hilarious and interesting conversation that I'd had with anybody in a long time. Andrew was an extremely smart guy who could talk about any topic. Mike later commented that old friends/acquaintances seem to come in two varieties – there are the ones that when you run into them again, all you can do is talk about the time period back when you knew each other. Then there are the ones that it's like a day hasn't gone by and you just pick up where you left off…and are in the present, moving on into the future. This is so true too, it's another spot-on insight and Andrew fell into the latter category.

I was now dating Steve at the time, who happened to be in Vegas at that moment for our former roommate Todd's bachelor party. (sounds exciting, but these were guys raised in oppressive Catholic environments whose idea of a good time was playing the card game Magic ;) And Todd was marrying a bossy, no nonsense (translation – really mean) Catholic good girl who wore the pants in their relationship, keeping him on a short leash, not thinking twice about emasculating him in front of other people in a flash, so there'd be no typical Vegas shenanigans for them.) But boyfriend or not, it didn't matter to Andrew. As Mike and I sat in his car saying our goodbyes, Andrew leaned in through Mike's driver side window, right past Mike with no regard, and stretched across the seat over to me and kissed me. Still Andrew, all the way. :D And that was the last time I ever saw him. So that's the gist of mind reading, occultist Andrew, one of those rare characters I've known in this strange and nutty life…

Tom. Back when my boyfriend Tom was still living in Iowa in 2002 and I was in Fort Lauderdale, FL, we were emailing each other probably every day. I mention one anecdote in my book "Chasing Phantoms" about the night that I seemed to have brought Tom to my apartment in the middle of the night. I have no idea how that happened, but I met with him outside of my body in my astral state….but while he was there, in his regular physical body, still sleeping. It's a bit nutty, but that was only one of several strange and unusual events to happen to us during that time period. For more on that check out my book, it's all in there.

Another minor thing that was happening during that time period was that I'd find myself waking up in the middle of the night, murmuring words out loud, my lips moving in synch with what seemed to be some other force. The words would start and stop, start and stop, as if I was following along with something. I came to realize that these middle of the night waking trance speeches, whatever they were, coincided with the times when Tom was emailing me back in Iowa. Iowa is one hour behind the east coast anyway, and not only that but Tom is a night owl to boot. So while I was in bed at about 3:30 a.m., it was 2:30 in Iowa and Tom was wide awake and doing his middle of the night thing. The way I would start and then stop, start and then stop, matched the way people type. In particular, it matches exactly the way *he* types, since he types in a herky jerky sort of way as I would later witness. I seemed to be murmuring out loud what he was typing, following along, completely connected, although I could never remember the words that I said later on since I never emerged into full consciousness. REALLY wild!!!!! But totally understandable, considering we had this inexplicable connection, even long distance.

On the night of October 12-13, 2002, after Tom had moved to Fort Lauderdale, he was attending a Gwar concert with a coworker buddy of mine named Ryan who was personal friends with the band. And meanwhile I was at home in bed sleeping. Gwar wasn't my thing. ;) But I woke up suddenly at 12:40 a.m. absolutely drenched in sweat. My clothes were soaked, my pillow was soaked, and all my covers were soaked. It was the most bizarre and inexplicable thing. Mystified as to what was going on here, Tom then calls me on the phone to say Hey! I could hear him grinning from ear to ear, telling me that the concert had just let out. He told me that he was completely soaked, head to toe, with fake blood and all that. They had sprayed the crowd at about 12:20…twenty minutes before I woke up, completely drenched myself. !! Coincidence? I think not. :D I never wake up soaked like that.

Other times we used to play games where we'd think of numbers, colors, shapes or whatever and see if the other can guess what we're thinking. We've had some pretty good moments with that. In general the psychic stuff with us has calmed down drastically by this point, nothing out of the ordinary anymore. At best, we just have this general tendency to read each other's thoughts to where we can't tell who thought something first. It happens all the time by this point actually to where it's like we share the same brain or something.

Co-worker girl. God, this is horrible but I can't remember this girl's name. !! But it's really worth mentioning. Back in 2000 while living with my brother in "the vortex" I had a second job at one of those home and bath stores as a cashier for about five or six weeks. Anyway, I didn't have a car so would usually just walk the approximately two miles each way. One night at the end of my shift one of the girls who worked there heard that I was going to be walking home and insisted on giving me a lift. She was in her mid-20s. I'd never talked to her before and hadn't really seen her since she worked the floor and I was at the registers. And normally I was introverted and didn't like being a burden to anybody, especially people I don't even know, but something about her was really nice and genuine and warm. A really unusual standout for soulless south Orange County, full of so many cold and snooty and/or blank people with no personality. So I agreed to her offer, and off we go to her car. As she began making her way out of the parking lot to the main road she asked me small talk questions about myself. I in turn asked about her and her situation. And in this sort of far away, slightly distracted voice she mentioned that she had another job. But, didn't elaborate on what it was.

Oh yeah? So what do you do? I asked.

I don't remember the exact quote of what she said, but she said that it had to do with the Orange County Sheriffs, police stuff. Still sounding far away and distracted.

Huh…I thought. Interesting! But then I had a sudden knowing that she was leaving out most of the story here, at the same time I was suddenly hit with a barrage of rapid fire thoughts – *corpse autopsy death morgue decay dead bodies rotting smell crime scene…*with accompanying images of a morgue sort of thing, the table, the bright lights. It was all so rapid fire too, boom! boom! boom! in my mind. I'd never experienced telepathy like that before…or since. This was and still is a unique situation for me, something more along the lines of what highly skilled psychics are able to do on a regular basis. For me it was just this fluke happening, and had to do with me being in a relaxed and receptive state at that moment, while simultaneously being next to an emotive transmitter.

Frowning, due to this barrage of – very unusual and grotesque– thought imagery, and knowing that there was more going on here, I pressed for more details, asking her what she actually did for the police.

And that's when she sighed and in this deflated, weary sort of voice admitted that she worked for the Orange County Sheriff's Coroner's office in Santa Ana. But she was brand new to it, just out of school. And that was probably why she was purposely vague – it's not exactly your typical job. It's gruesome gory work, and doesn't make for happy conversation material for normal 20-somethings. And she proceeded to tell me her whole story, about how she'd thought forensics would be this neat

thing to get into, but the reality of it was wearing her down. How one of her first crime scenes involved a dad who'd shot his two little kids and then himself in Mission Viejo. How the smell of the dead bodies gets in her hair and clothes and never seems to come out. She was just so weary sounding about it all and concluded with being in a major dilemma about not wanting to do this anymore, feeling as if she'd chosen the wrong line of work. She was newly married and had just bought a home with her husband and was working the second job at the bedding and bath store I guess because they needed the additional money. From what I remember she was an intern at the morgue, and not highly paid.

I was shocked…not only because of the barrage of thought form knowing I'd had, but because she looked nothing like somebody who would work in a morgue. This girl was gorgeous…could have been modeling, easy, and was so sweet and nice. You just don't think of people who look like that with all that warmth and empathy…seeking out a career in forensics. Anyway, this is definitely one of my more weirder telepathy moments. My regret in looking back on it all is that I didn't offer up some sort of something to help her out. Like encouraging words or something. Maybe I did, who knows, but I don't really remember. I don't remember what I said to her upon exiting the car other than probably thanking her for the ride and token words of niceness. But I feel like maybe I could have done more. People have had this tendency to pour their hearts out to me when they get around me, with spontaneous confessions and everything, things they've never told anybody else, it's the craziest thing. All the while as I just…listen, with rapt interest. And sometimes just listening is really what they need most, so it is beneficial to them. But in retrospect, I wish I'd been better equipped emotionally and psychologically to do something more for a lot of these people, including her.

Kitty. This section wouldn't be complete without mentioning my awesome little cat Kitty. ☺ Kitty and I had a bond since back when my brother and I first rescued her as a little stray running around our apartment complex in Rancho Santa Margarita. The whole way in which she arrived in our life was interesting in itself. Flashback: During the last week when Joe and I were still living with my soon-to-be-ex boyfriend Steve down the street, there was this black cat that suddenly started coming around at night. A big, friendly, muscular, healthy male adult black cat with thick shiny fur. Very sociable and comfortable around people. We gave him some baloney that Joe had in the fridge and that was it, he was hooked. He started coming around every night to say hi, meowing outside our front door on our ground floor patio. Joe wondered whether he was a stray, but I shook my head and concluded no, I mean, look at him…..he's big, just pure muscle, and his fur is thick and shiny and clean. Someone's taking care of him. He's well fed and clean, unlike strays that are always so scraggly with fleas. He's just an outdoor cat, that's all. So, we'd let the cat into our apartment to hang out, and he would follow me around wherever I went, including out into the garage one night when I was sitting in the front seat of my car to get something. I think he may have even jumped up into the car with me, but I can't remember. What I do remember about him though that night in the garage was that he was very meow-y. To the point of being neurotic. An intense need to constantly be "talking" and getting attention. I liked him though, and I missed having pets in life (Steve was adamantly against it, and I hadn't been financially stable in a long time to even consider it) so this cat got me thinking about the idea of having a cat again. And especially a black cat. I'd never thought about black cats before, but now since being around him I realized they were really cool cats.

Without realizing what I was doing I began putting together a "customized wish list" of what I would want for myself in a cat. An all black, female kitten, I concluded, as I sat there in my car in the garage with this friendly meowy black boy cat. Female, because you don't have to get their balls cut off (that seems so horrible to me…) and kitten, because then you have the chance to mold them into what you'd like them to be. I wanted a friendly, cuddly cat that you can pick up and carry around and hold in your lap and snuggle with in bed. And if I got her as a kitten, then I could mold her to be that way, because if you pick them up and carry them around and cuddle them all the time when they're kittens they'll be used to it as adults. And then she also won't turn out to be needy and neurotic, like this other cat was.

Then Joe and I moved into our new apartment down the street on May 27, 2000. And within the first week of moving in, Joe crossed paths with this little all black female stray kitten running around outside. Three nights in a row he ran into her on the sidewalk, and one of those times she was drinking out of a puddle. He claims that he squatted down on the sidewalk and patted his lap, and she actually tentatively jumped onto him. I have no idea if that's true, but there's no doubt that each night she did follow him back to the apartment, trotting inside behind him, tail straight up in the air, very friendly and open to people. Despite being emaciated and kind of dazed, with dull fur, you could tell she was a cute cat underneath that stray-induced malnutrition.

Funny enough though I didn't immediately scoop her up and take her in on that first night she followed Joe home. We didn't have any food on hand that was suitable for a cat, so the only thing I could think to give her was some milk, which I did. But then I let her leave. !!!! And I look back on that and think "HOLY SHIT!" O.o Just the idea that I let her slip through my fingers like that. Even though I'd thought about having a cat I hadn't taken it too seriously, and I was busy and distracted with our move and my finances and everything else going on that it just didn't click. I wasn't in the mind set of "Oh yeah, hey, let's have a new pet!" Luckily though that wouldn't be the last time Joe ran into her. The next night he crossed paths with her again, and she followed him back into the apartment. And then yet *again.* So by the third night I finally realized that Hey, I'd specifically asked for this exact sort of cat, right? Well, here she is! I decided we had to keep her. We closed the door behind her on that third night and she's been with me ever since. Over twelve years and four states later. ☺ I ran out to Albertson's grocery store to buy food, litter, a litter box and scooper, and a food and water bowl, as well as a book I saw there on a rack called "Kittens." Then I immediately set to work de-fleaing her with flea bath treatment from the pet store, since she was scritch scratching with the fleas, and getting her fattened up. Those first few days she ate more food then she'd probably eaten in her whole life, and basically just laid around recuperating. Also during that first week I came home from work one afternoon and was greeted by my brother who had a weird look on his face, telling me that he'd found these little pieces of "rice" looking stuff in her poo….wiggling around….and I immediately nodded, realizing she had worms. So I went out and bought worm treatment as well. By the end of the first week there was a moment as I woke up in the morning and Kitty was walking along the edge of my waterbed bumpers, and I noticed that the early morning sunlight was gleaming on her fur. For the first time her fur now had shine to it. yay!!!! And she was putting on weight, especially now that I'd wormed her. From there her health took off, and after that she was always a well fed and healthy cat with shiny fur. ☺

We alternated between calling her "Ferret" since she was always moving her neck all around like a ferret does, or just simply "Kitty." Eventually Kitty stuck. So imaginative, I know. ha. ;) When we first got her she kept wanting to dart out the door and go run wild outside, since that's all she was used to. Unfortunately, having her as an outdoor cat wasn't an option as far as I was concerned. WAY too many risks, and I wanted to have her for the long haul, not just like, a few months or a year until she one day just mysteriously disappears, never to be seen again as most outdoor cats seem to do, or else gets run over by a car, their other typical fate. But she still managed to slip out and run off a couple of times after we got her. And this is when I first discovered our psychic connection. She'd run off for an hour or two, and so I'd go back about my business in the apartment, worrying of course, while periodically getting up and opening the door to check to see if she'd come back yet. One of those times I checked, didn't see anything, closed the door and sat back down at my computer desk. I was checking every half an hour, however not even five minutes after sitting back down I "felt" her. Got a nudge of, "Kitty!" Got back up curiously to go check, and sure enough, there she was, sitting patiently and dainty cute outside the door. When I opened the door she trotted happily back inside. Another time she ran off – while she was in heat - when I was coming inside carrying my groceries. I'd gone outside, calling her, to no avail. She was gone, who knows where. I went back inside, closed the door all upset, and began putting away the groceries, worried and going in circles. She wasn't going to come back, she was going to get hit by a car, stolen by somebody else, *something….*

Less than five minutes later though I felt her cut into my thoughts. "Kitty!" Puzzled, I stopped what I was doing in the kitchen and opened the door. There she was…sitting patiently. Trotted back inside. I was shocked. She could have run off for as long as she wanted. Instead she was out there for five minutes, hiding in the bushes probably just to see what I'd do, messing with me, then when she realized I went back inside and closed the door she was like, Hey…wait….here I am! :D

Another time she was out on our second story balcony enjoying fresh air while I was inside washing dishes. Suddenly her thoughts cut in on my mind – **I was seeing what she was seeing, through her eyes, and feeling what she was feeling.** She was poking through the rails of the balcony, trying to judge the distance between our balcony and the neighbor's downstairs, contemplating jumping. She was teetering back and forth, trying to muster the nerve to jump into their patio.

"!!!!" I thought, stopping what I was doing and running across the living room with my rubber gloves on, water still running. When I got to the balcony I found her doing exactly what I saw in my mind….between the rails, teetering back and forth, trying to muster the nerve to jump down to our neighbor's balcony below. "Kitty!" I said, alarmed. She looked up, surprised, then slowly backed up into our balcony, abandoning her daring plans. After that we wrapped tape across the rails so that she could still go out, but wouldn't be able to go through the rails.

So that was my introduction into me and my cat's psychic bond. I've never experienced another moment of reading her mind like that, but she definitely reads my mind, all the time. And there are times when our minds seem to be linked up, in synch. Like when I'm holding her, petting her and we're both relaxed and spacing out. Then we'll both twitch and jerk out of the mind daze at the same time. I've never been able to tell who's the one breaking the link, if it's her, and then I'm responding, or if it's me and she's responding. Other times I've been able to mentally call her to me from where I

lay in bed – which is pretty amazing when you stop and think about that - or like the time when I happened to think "Kitty!" to myself as I heard her walking around in the hallway, and she squeaked in response and came into the room to say hi. I hadn't been purposely trying to call her to me, but she responded to my thought. Or on a related note there have been many a time when I thought to myself, "hey, where's kitty? I haven't seen her in awhile…" and then suddenly she'll come running to me from wherever she is in the apartment, like, "HI!!! HERE I AM!!" all excited, responding to my query. It's very cute. ☺ Tom has reported that many times she has felt me when I was on my way home, getting up from her nap and coming over to the door or jumping up into the window several minutes before my car even arrived in the parking lot.

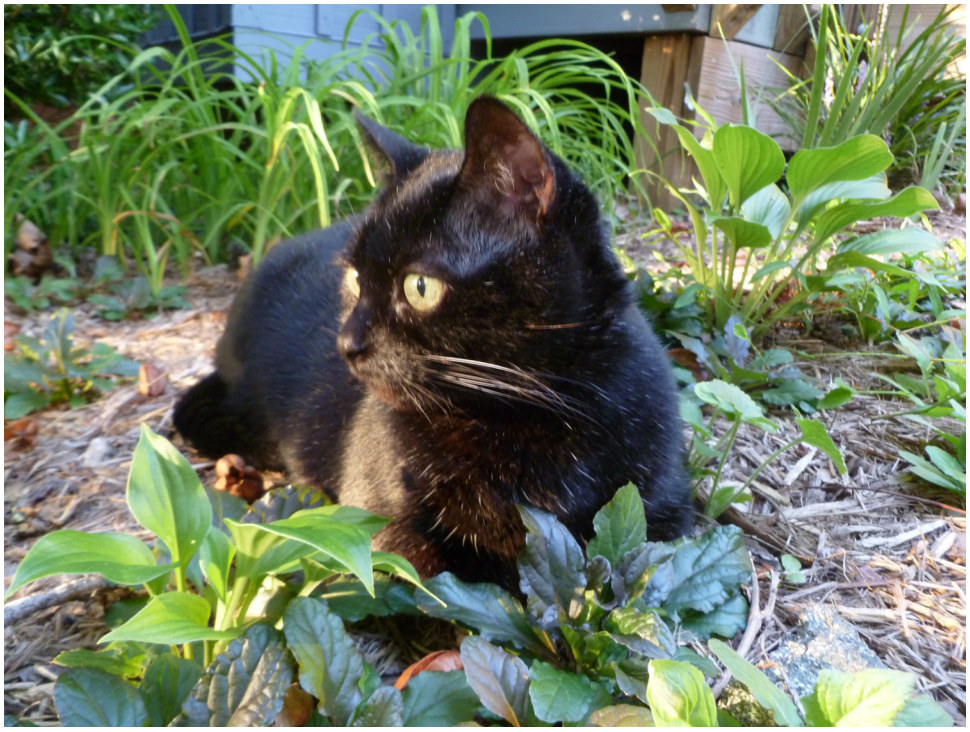
Even more amazing is that she also always seems to know when I've officially woken up – even when she's in the other room, and I haven't done anything to give away the fact that I'm awake now in my bed. But she somehow telepathically "hears" that I'm awake, senses that I'm now back here in this realm, and will come running into the room all excited, getting up onto my mattress peering into my face. The reverse of this is when she's laying with me at night as I fall asleep, and the moment when my consciousness officially starts to slip away into the alpha state and the first stages of sleep, she always gets up and bails out. So the thing that both have in common is wanting to be around me….so long as my consciousness is fully "here" and back in this realm.

In 2009 I had a dream in the morning where there was a pretty pink flower of some sort, maybe like a wild rose (since at that time I passed by a wild rose bush every day on the way to and from my job downtown….) I was leaning in to smell the rose in my dream…..and the moment when my nose was about to connect with the rose, my cat touched her nose against mine in real life. ;D So the dream lined up to match my cat who was approaching my bed and about to touch her nose to my nose and wake me up. Obviously we were connected on some level, and it translated over into my dream. ☺

My cat, like all cats, is super sensitive to stuff that we humans can't see. She was instrumental in my "Vortex" write up, having seen many things that I could not – or stuff that I could see, validating that I wasn't imagining many of those incidents.

There are also times when I find myself amped up and agitated in life, and Kitty always responds to that energy as well. Suddenly she'll begin tearing around the apartment, racing up and down the halls, then jumping up into a window, huffing, then jumping back down again and tearing around some more. It's amazing to watch, especially when I haven't even verbalized any of the negativity. The fact that she "coincidentally" starts tearing things up in the apartment when I'm in an aggro mood but haven't even verbalized it says to me that she's very much connected up to me, reading my mind. The opposite is the way she likes to curl up on my lap whenever I'm doing positive meditations and such, raising my frequency and connecting up to the good. She likes to be around that.

She's such a sweet little kitty. Very smart and loveable and cute. At this point in the game she's a part time outdoor cat, as I let her out to play while keeping an eye on her. She's good and doesn't run away. She just likes to eat grass and chase bugs and poke around and explore. ☺



The last picture ever taken of Kitty, August 2012.

Remote Viewing

After my brother Joe moved up to Portland Oregon in June 2001, I'd keep in touch with him via phone calls. Since neither of us had a phone, and he was bouncing around in life, he'd have to call me from a payphone when I was at work, give me the number of the payphone, then I'd call him back. He faithfully kept in touch, calling at least once a week, sometimes probably more, I don't really remember at this point. But then in August he disappeared. Three weeks with no phone calls, no contact, no checking in, nothing. I had no way to get in touch with him, so all I could do was wait for him to call me…if he ever did. He could be dead, and with Joe and the way he lived life, that possibility was very high. After three weeks of this the worry was so maddening that I couldn't take it anymore. Then one night I realized….wait a minute, I can mentally "find him" if I wanted to. !!

I had no conscious knowledge of "remote viewing", never read anything about it nor even knew that I had such skills, but due to the intense emotional crisis I was in with regards to not knowing where Joe was I just suddenly **"knew"** (remembered?) that I could do this. With what I now know about my abduction/MILABs status – and his as well - I of course can connect a few dots for where this inexplicable knowledge and ability came from.

I plopped down in the middle of my floor, sitting cross legged, and closed my eyes. I mentally began searching for Joe, getting right to the point, no frills. The desire to find him was so intense that I searched with everything I had, reaching out to connect with wherever he was. Suddenly it felt like I was moving rapidly through a tunnel sort of thing, and there was a bright flash of electric blue against black, and POOF! I was in a room, seeing my brother.

He was on the floor in a sleeping bag, facing me, pushing himself up on his right elbow while saying something to somebody who was "behind me", from my vantage point. It was a house, empty, no furniture, and he was camped out on the floor in that sleeping bag. There were other people in the room with him, in his age group, both male and female, I could sense that. I saw that Joe's normally shaved hair had grown in, and that he had lost weight and was skinny. So he obviously had no money, and wasn't able to afford to eat well, or even get his head shaved.

Then I became so alarmed at being able to do this that I gasped and pulled myself out of it.

WOW!!! I thought, realizing what I'd just done. And I felt better, and was able to relax, having been able to see that Joe was still alive and out there, and see him in live time. Eventually I did hear from him again, and all was well, but I didn't mention this incident to him.

Only months later did I think to mention it to him, and he confirmed that during that time period when I supposedly remote viewed him, he was squatting with a few other people around his age – both male and female, as I'd sensed – in an abandoned house with no furniture. Yeah he was sleeping in a sleeping bag, and his hair had grown in, and yeah, he had lost weight he confirmed. He sounded weirded out when I described the scene to him. He wasn't used to me having those "powers" for once; that was stuff that usually only he had been capable of for years. I've never been able to duplicate this since, only because on some level it scares me, the fact that it really works. That feeling of zooming through some electric blue and black tunnel – I wasn't expecting that, since I had no preconceived expectations whatsoever - and then suddenly *being there,* with whoever I'm trying to find, in live time. As if I'm a fly on the wall, or my face is pulling through spacetime, peering into another location point. It's just a little…unnerving. I think part of the uneasiness stems from me still being kid-like in many ways back then. So it was like suddenly being waaaaay out of my element and with no preparation beforehand, feeling caught off guard.

Brief foray into telekinesis

It's minor, but hey, at least I can say I've done it. ;) When I was 16 in '91 my first job was at Taco Bell, doing the low-income, teen-fast-food-right-of-passage thing. So one slow afternoon when there weren't any customers I was standing in the drive-thru window area, leaning up against the little counter next to the soda machine…and I notice that the glass display case/warmer oven for the churros was open. The churro display case was on the front stainless steel counter next to one of the cash registers. Nobody was up front, and I just stared at it thinking REALLY intensely that it NEEDED to be closed! Staring, staring, staring, thinking intense thoughts, but too lazy to just walk over and manually close it myself.

Suddenly the oven door just…..slammed shut. *BAM!*

"!!!!!!!!!" I thought to myself. Wow! Did I just do that?? I wondered. There wasn't any breeze going through the place, and it would take a blast of wind, not a mere breeze, to slam the oven door shut with that much force.

`Right then one of the Mexican line cooks creeps around the corner, looking at me with this weirded out look on his face, looks over at the oven, over at me, back and forth, not saying anything. Then he skulks back to the line. The look on his face said it all though, it was slightly accusatory.

Cop Radar

Back when I was living in Florida, I discovered that I had a skill I didn't even know I had – cop radar! Who needs an expensive "radar detector" when you have the ability to feel a cop within about a one mile radius? ;) It came about because I didn't have the money to register my car back in 2002 when I first moved to Florida and get it all legal like that, so I was driving around with expired California plates – like, 6 months expired. I also lived off of Broward Boulevard, and Broward has the Ft. Lauderdale police station. So I was completely in the middle of cop territory. You couldn't drive up or down Broward without encountering cops at some point. With six month expired tags this means – I don't want a cop getting behind me! I'm NOT going to get pulled over.

Well…just thinking that was enough to flip this unknown ability to "on." Next thing I know, I'm consistently getting hits when a cop was around me. Whether he was up ahead in traffic, behind me, and even what lane he was in. My lane, or the next lanes over. Sitting in rush hour traffic one late afternoon on Broward I could feel a cop behind me and what lane, so I started maneuvering through the cars to get away. Sure enough – I eventually spotted him in my mirrors behind me, but now I was in a different lane and out of the way. Exiting the 95 another time I very strongly "felt" a cop around and knew what lane to get into so he wouldn't be behind me. Mumbled something about it all to Tom who was next to me in the passenger seat, while I made the last minute lane adjustment. I get to the red light at the end of the off ramp – and sure enough, a cop rolls up beside us to the right. I nodded over to Tom. If I hadn't moved over, he would have been behind us.

One night I was merging onto the 95 north with Tom and his acquaintance Rob who was visiting us. After getting onto the highway I stayed over in the right lane, only going 60. Realizing this would seem strange for me, as I would normally get over to the middle, or even left lane, and be doing 70-75, I explained that I felt a cop around….right as one came racing past us in the left lane. Ha! I knew it! Another time I was approaching a red light at Broward and Federal, and came to a stop with only about two feet between me and the car ahead of me. A very strong thought form urged, **Back up! Put more space between both cars! Enough to be able to change lanes!** Without thinking or questioning this, I did, rolling backwards since there was nobody behind me. Next thing I know…a cop rolls up behind me. ohhhhh shiiiiiiiiiit, I thought, heart racing. If I change lanes NOW it's going to seem so flipping *obvious* that I'm guilty of something and trying to get away! So I can't move now, it'll just draw more attention to myself! I had the maddening urge to *DO IT ANYWAY!* because to keep sitting there was to REALLY be a sitting duck. Shit…what do I do?? Back and forth, back and forth…finally I just swung the car over and moved lanes, since I had all the extra room to do it now.

My heart raced. I waited to see what he would do, so sure this would arouse his suspicions. The cop rolled forward and claimed my former spot. And nothing happened. The light turns green, and off we go. No strobes in the rearview! Didn't get pulled over. !!!!

What's funny is that when I finally did get my car registered and was officially legal, I was driving back home again on Broward Boulevard with my new plate, registration sticker and receipt sitting next to me in the passenger seat and I kept thinking over and over that I wanted a cop behind me now. Go ahead, bring it on, get behind me, I WANT you to pull me over and try to harass me thinking you "got" me, come on! Do it! Bring on a cop!

Right then a cop whips over and comes up behind me, seeming to manifest out of nowhere right as I had thought that. !!! And the way he moved his car over sliding up behind me, and the way the black grill against the white body of the Crown Victorias look are just so much like a shark in the water, coming up right on you. I was full of this giddy glee and wanting him to pull me over, daring him to do it, because HA! I'm legal. But surprisingly he didn't. He pulled back and got into a left turn lane to turn onto a side street that goes near downtown, and that was that. I was actually a bit disappointed. ;)

Here in Charlottesville I'm registered and all that, but nevertheless…I decided one day that I don't want to mess with cops. I don't want them behind me, I don't want them near me. NO COPS. Just get away from me, you crazy predators. The second I decided that, the ability flipped back to being "on" and once again, I found myself being able to feel cops within about one mile of me. It's something that appears almost on a subconscious level. I'll be driving along, then find myself looking all around, without really even thinking about it, going, Okay where are you…where are you….I can feel you…where are….ahh, there you are…as the cop races past me going the other direction on the opposite side of the road, or whatever. Conversely, another time Tom and I were sitting at a red light off ramp, nonchalantly chatting. The light turns green, we go…and I look in my rearview and realize that the car behind us had been a COP. Stunned, I could only keep saying, "Why didn't I feel him??! *There was a cop behind us the whole time and I didn't even feel him!!* Why!!! I ALWAYS feel cops!!" They give off such a strong predator vibe it can't be missed. Sharks on the prowl, just looking to pull people over and harass and "get" you. So I should have felt it!! Why didn't I?! Tom theorized that maybe he had stuff to do and so wasn't looking to be pulling anybody over right then, maybe he was off duty or something. Sure enough…we watched as the cop turned left behind us into Bodo's Bagels. No wonder I didn't feel him. He had bagels on the brain. ;)

Knowing the time – or, being locked into 3rd density?

Back when I was 15 I discovered accidentally one day that I could mentally tell the time without a watch. It happened one day at the mall, when two women passed by me and one said to the other, "Do you know what time it is?" I saw the time in my mind as she asked – 12:10 p.m.

Right then the other woman answered, "It's ten minutes after twelve." !!

I've been able to do this here and there over the years, guessing the time sometimes to the minute, sometimes about a minute off. Overall I'm a good judge of time in general and so don't even wear a watch anymore, gave that up back in the mid-90s. I've also programmed my mind on several occasions to wake myself up at a certain time in the morning in the event my alarm doesn't go off; and for those few times when I did forget to set it, my mind has woken me up on its own within ten

minutes of my alarm not going off. Some part of my mind is always keeping track of the clock and becomes aware even in the middle of a dream that "it's time" but, the alarm hasn't gone off yet, and then will jolt me awake. Overall I've wondered whether it's natural psychic abilities, or the result of tinkering by "something else."

I used to think being such an accurate gauge of time was a great thing…but not anymore. It probably just means that I'm REALLY embedded in this limited 3rd density reality. Those people who have no sense of time and are skewed when it comes to estimating and gauging it are probably actually better off than me. Means they're less firmly rooted in this reality!

Premonitions/Instant Knowing

Premonitions come in several varieties – dream time premonitions, waking premonitions where you're suddenly living out a future event, completely removed from your present situation, as well general intuitive KNOWING – this 100% knowing about how something is going to go, there's no doubt. The way you know that 2 + 2 equals 4 without having to think about it. It's the same thing, only, the knowing just appears in your mind.

While any type of psychic happening to me is very cool, the only time premonitions/psychic knowing is frustrating is when I know something that somebody close to me doesn't know, something involving them. And when I try to tell them, they don't get it…I can feel what's going to happen, I already know…but they don't. In those cases I just have to let things play out the way they will, then resist the urge to say afterwards, "HA! I told you so." Anyway, here are a few examples of the various types of premonition knowings:

Waking premonitions – Offhand I think I've only had one of these, but it was wild. I was 16, in 1991, and walking to my job one afternoon along the sidewalk of Marguerite Parkway in Mission Viejo, where we lived. Suddenly I wasn't on the sidewalk anymore. I had arrived at work and was walking behind the counter. My coworker Nabil comes up to me grinning, and asks me a question. I answer the question, and he in turn responds. I wish I could remember what exactly was said, but it's been so many years. All I remember is that the question involved another coworker named Mike.

Then boom! I was back on the sidewalk again, walking along. I don't know how I managed to keep walking all fine despite being "blacked out," experiencing what seemed to be a very vivid hallucination. So I get to work, walk in the front door, head behind the counter….when my coworker Nabil approaches me. Comes up to me grinning and asks me the same question about Mike that I'd seen him asking me in my "hallucination." Stunned, I hesitated for a split second with wide eyes, wondering if I should answer it the same way and fulfill the premonition, or say something different? I chose to answer his prompt with what I'd seen in my mind, verbatim, fulfilling the premonition. And he in turn responded exactly as he had in my mind.

This incident taken by itself is pretty amazing, to me, but it's cool for another reason in that it led me to make some realizations about the nature of time. The future has already happened, and all

possibilities have played themselves out. And if you then find yourself living out one of your premonitions for real, you do have the choice to respond and react differently. Say something different, do something different. Things are not locked into stone. The only reason you foresaw it one particular way is because that was the most probable outcome, based on if things kept going the way they were currently going. So I could have changed things and responded to Nabil differently if I'd liked. I could have even deviated wildly off course and not even gone into work at all…but of course that was a really low probability outcome, hence, the reason I didn't see that in mind. ;)

I love this time stuff, it's fun to me. Even though I don't understand the math and physics of it all I have the rudimentary understanding of some of the principles, thanks to first hand experience.

Instant Knowing. Most often though my premonitions are just instant knowing about how something is going to go. Like when I was 15 in Connecticut and we were at the church bazaar, which had a roulette wheel going for people to win prizes. The next prize up to be won was a homemade quilt. My mom placed her guess to win, but I already knew what the number/color was going to be. Black something, can't remember the number of course. But I tried to tell her as she placed her guess, but she wouldn't listen to me. The wheel slows, slows, slows to its stop and sure enough…the ball falls into black/the # that I already knew. She lost. The quilt went to somebody else. And in retrospect I'm glad. She didn't deserve it. She would have had no appreciation for it. So it went to the person it was meant to go to. ;) As the way reality tends to work. Another good example of a premonition that overlaps with this section would be the anecdote regarding my car that was going to break down on me, mentioned in the section "Listening to intuition/being in the flow of things."

Seeing the boyfriend who comes next. Another aspect of premonitions I've encountered in life involved seeing the guy I was going to date next…..usually while dating somebody else. This has happened with four guys total, so it wasn't just a fluke one time occurrence.

The first time it happened was in November of '94. I was renting a room in Aliso Viejo California (which I mention in the "Custom ordering life" section.) I'd just turned 20, and was writing a letter one night to my friend Shirley who'd recently moved back to Israel. (she's mentioned in the telepathy and Miscellaneous sections.) In the letter I mused about finding a guy and wondering when I'd have a new boyfriend. As I was writing I had the sudden total knowing that after tonight what I was writing would no longer apply. **I was going to meet somebody that night in fact….and it would be through my buddy Paul**. Paul was a guy I'd known in 12th grade who I occasionally saw from time to time when I went to Sav-On drugs, since he worked there.

I had no idea how this would work itself out and as with most things back then I didn't ponder on it or question it. But I "knew" it enough so that I stopped writing and put the letter aside. I decided to take a drive to Sav-On, since they were open 24 hours and it was now after 10 p.m. Believe it or not I actually wasn't even thinking about the whole meeting-a-boyfriend-through-Paul thing and instead, was focused on the idea of getting out and going for a drive since I loved driving around SoCal late at night, listening to music and clearing my head. The wide, empty streets sprawling for miles and

miles through south Orange County suburbia were totally perfect for that. I'll get a peach ice tea while I was there, I thought, and maybe a snack, and just enjoy being out. So off I went. When I entered the bright fluorescent lit Sav-On a short while later I scanned the registers to see if Paul was working, thinking of my "knowing" from earlier. Didn't see him, and thought "huh," and just put it out of my head, figuring it was his night off and that my knowing was wrong. I saw a People magazine on one of the register racks and grabbed it to read. (I remember that Ricki Lake was on the cover. When I double checked this online it says she was on the cover of People for the week of November 21, 1994.) Instead of flipping through the magazine right there at the racks, which I would normally do, I took it to the magazine and book aisle and read it there. So that put me into position for everything that came next, like a chess piece being controlled by something else. As I was standing there reading I became aware of two guys talking to my right. They were poking fun at the romance novel covers, joking around. Fabio, the romance novel cover model dude, had his own romance novel out at that time and I heard one of the guys say "….it's bad enough he wrote a book, but then he went and stole the title of MY book!"

This got my attention. A guy who claims to have written a book?? Like me?? (I had written my own fiction manuscript at the time, unpublished of course ;)) I looked over to see who it was, and saw the guy in question happened to be with none other than……Paul. So Paul was apparently either on break and hanging around with one of his friends, or off his shift for the night and lingering about with a friend.

Without even thinking I walked over to them, which was not my usual behavior for me during that time period, I was definitely introverted. I wasn't actually thinking about my earlier "knowing" either, the only thing I was focused on was encountering somebody else my age who'd written a book. That was the only thing of interest to me. I smiled and said "Hi! You wrote a book??" Paul's friend just looked at me, surprised. "Me too!" I said. "What's yours about?"

He was a little taken aback, like, "uh…um…." But then laughed nervously and told me a little about his book (manuscript, unpublished.) We went back and forth for a bit, talking about book writing, totally hitting it off with instant chemistry like Paul wasn't even there, (it helped that he was cute and my "type" in terms of looks, with dark brown/black hair and brown eyes since he was half Mexican, half white…) while Paul just looked back and forth and back and forth between us like, "hanh??!!?!" :D Until finally I said, "Oh, I'm a friend of Paul's by the way….I'm Carissa….." Then I glanced over at Paul, smiling, "Hey Paul!" Paul just looked at me like o.O ! because we just had this sort of polite relationship, where every time I saw him it was,

"Hi Paul! How are you?

(pause, as he looks around, actually pondering about this…) "I'm doing good. How about you?"

"I'm good."

"Good!" he'd reply, nodding.

…And that would be it. But suddenly here I was having this full on conversation with his friend, more words than Paul and I had ever spoken in the entire time we'd known each other. :D Paul's friend introduced himself as Mike. (as noted in another area of this write up, I've known a LOT of guys named Mike over the years. To differentiate, this one is "Mike W.")

And that was the beginning. There's more to the whole thing, but to make a long story short by the end of the conversation Mike was giving me his number on a scrap of paper. (although I didn't call him with that scrap of paper – it wasn't in my way to call a guy first, even if he gives me his number. Besides, I didn't know him well enough from just a few minutes of talking to call him like that. Instead now that he was on my radar, this cute single guy my age with similar interests, I concocted a plan to go into Sav-On almost every other night practically, buying stuff I didn't even need and getting in Mike's line just so he'd ring me up. ;D This gave us a chance to check each other out and chat a little bit more. Finally a week or so later after finishing ringing me up for more random stuff I didn't even need he point blank asked me to go out with him some night. For our first date we agreed to meet for coffee, but which turned into dinner, then turned into a movie (Pulp Fiction…! which most people would think is the worst "first date movie" ever, but we loved it and had a blast) and then turned into anything we could think to do that was still open at almost midnight, including a trip to Tower Records, because we didn't want the night to end. And that was that, it was on. From hours long phone conversations, to meeting his mom, and bringing me to meet his grandparents, to a date at this family fun park thing in Anaheim, where we got stuck in the big maze late at night when the place was like, closed by that point, and it was my idea that every time we found ourselves in yet another dead end that we had to make out. :D Eventually the only way we could get out was to just squeeze ourselves underneath the walls. ha) So everything about my earlier premonition knowing/thought form had come true, to the letter.

In December, in the beginning throws of our "relationship" I guess you could call it, Mike and I were going to be going to dinner one night to the Rusty Pelican restaurant in Newport Beach. Mike wanted to detour over to his friend Gary's house in Buena Park to drop something off. On the way there Mike kind of warned me to not get too much into conversation with Gary because he was a talker and we'd be there all night if you get him going, and our reservation was for 7:30, so, you know…..

Okay I said, a little mystified at his tone, which was kind of negative towards Gary who was supposed to be his friend. I'd met Gary once already and Mike's description of him wasn't exactly accurate. Gary and I hit it off as friends the one time we'd all hung out. He was a good conversationalist – both Mike and Gary were actually - but not an endless yapper. He was also good at doing vocal impressions, and was fond at the time of impersonating Samuel Jackson from Pulp Fiction. He was lounging in the back seat of Mike's car, while I sat up front in the passenger seat faced backwards and kept going "oh my god that's awesome, do it again, do it again!" cracking up. :D He'd grin this lazy stoner smile and keep going with the kick ass impressions. Gary was 18 at the time, a cute Asian guy who had this really nice, deep kind of smooth voice that was very un-Asian. The first time I heard his voice in the background when talking to Mike on the phone I envisioned a white stoner surfer/skater kind of guy, based on how he talked. So when I first met him and saw that he was Asian I was genuinely shocked. He did NOT sound at all like Asians usually do. (Asian males typically have a distinct nasally quality in their voices, that Gary lacked.) But I was right about the stoner thing. :D Gary liked the weed. And he dressed like a skater, with baggy

pants, long sleeve striped-y shirts, or T shirts with long sleeve shirts underneath, complete with streaks of green Manic Panic dye in his brunette hair. He also played guitar. So I was mostly right in how I pegged him based on the voice alone. Something interesting to note about the night Gary and Mike and I had previously hung out was that we found ourselves talking…..about aliens, abductions, Area 51 and related UFO conspiracy of all things while drinking coffee at Diedrich's coffeehouse. I don't even remember how the conversation got started, but Gary was wearing a black T shirt with a big "Gray" alien face on it, by Schwaa. So it was probably him, or Mike. So, keep that in mind for later on.

We get to Gary's and his mom lets Mike and I inside, and we head upstairs to Gary's room. We knock on the door and hear Gary's muffled voice from inside telling us to come in. I open the door and head in first, with Mike behind me in the hall. The only light is from the glow of the TV, flickering, and Gary gets up off the bed where'd he'd been lounging. As he looks at me, taking a few steps towards us, it's like Gary and I both got hit over the head or something. Doiiiiing!!! All of a sudden just looking at him I was totally taken in by him, like love at first sight. Just the way he looked, standing there, he was really cute to me. Plus he had a cool personality as I already knew, and a good sense of humor. He too apparently was hit over the head, as he had the same look on his face. We just stared at each other, entranced, oblivious to everything else but each other. He mumbled "hey…" and I said "hey" back, and we continued staring at each other in this weird trance, just taken in by each other. Mike finally broke the silence, sounding slightly irritated from behind me, so I wonder in retrospect if something was obvious to him. :D Then Gary and Mike started talking as I stood there off to the side, looking around Gary's room, taking things in. He had the most intriguing, odd room I'd ever seen, ever. (to this day even, 15 years later.)

And as I looked around, taking in the scene, I had this distinct thought form "knowing" in my mind convey to me that "You and Gary will be together someday." As my eyes scanned around the room and fell on his bed, it was conveyed that we would be together, on that bed. That bed would be very important some day. (indeed it was…when I was living in his room later on, needing a place to crash, that was the bed I slept in. That was the bed preventing me from being homeless, basically.)

I argued with myself about this, not even stopping to question where the thought was coming from. "Wait! But what about Mike???" I even looked over at Mike as I thought that, watching him talking to Gary. I took it to be my own thoughts, because it sounded like me and blended so well with my own thoughts. (It's something I talk about in my book, the idea of mind control or external thought influencing meshing seamlessly with one's own thoughts.) Though in looking back now I recognize this thought form voice as being different from the voice that I've associated with my higher self. Whereas my higher self voice has a more feminine, soft, wise and maternal quality to it, this voice was more flat, kind of mechanical.

"It won't matter, because you'll be with Gary by then," it responded. Very matter-of-fact, no emotion.

oh. okay. And I mentally shrugged, accepting that. No worries. "oh well, so it goes." And to make a long story short, by the time New Years had rolled around Mike and I were soon broken up due to what seems in retrospect to be a classic case of "Alien Love Bite." **http://www.alienlovebite.com/** One of the attributes of alien love bite is sudden switching on of intense feelings, then, the sudden

switching off (among other things) which is exactly what happened. One minute Mike was "on" with intense, passionate feelings, including woo-woo psychic connections and mind reading, then Mike suddenly "shut off" on me during the one week I was gone visiting my dad in Connecticut during Christmas. When I left he was hot, when I came back it was like he'd been reprogrammed, and was totally cold. Inexplicable 180 that I started noticing during the last phone call I had with him from Connecticut, and which continued full force after returning to California, and which left me an emotional wreck. Despite the knowing I'd had about Gary I was quite happy to continue being with Mike, so this didn't go over very well with me at all. "Stuff" got quite the emotional feed fest out of that whole deal, which is exactly the point of alien love bites, if that was indeed what this was. What's funny is that when Mike picked me up from Orange County airport – behaving in a detached, standoffish way, completely contrasting his passion before I left - I found a piece of folded notebook paper stuffed loosely into the compartment of the passenger side door that hadn't been there the last time I'd been in his car. Curious I picked up the paper, which appeared to be a handwritten letter/note of sorts, scanned it, and saw own my name in the text. Well that got my interest….so I looked closer and realized it was from Gary, talking about various random things. But one of the things he mentioned was me, telling Mike that I was really cool, and then basically advising him not to screw it up with me. :D Apparently Mike had a habit of screwing up any girl situation that came along, and Gary knew it, but he really didn't want him to screw it up with me because I was different. Enough so that he was even going to meddle in the situation and interject his own unsolicited two cents and write a letter, something he hadn't done before. (Gary and I later talked about this note.) When I mentioned the note to Mike he laughed uncomfortably and didn't want to talk about it. And it just continued to go downhill from there. The whole Mike episode was a trigger that spiraled me down into a deep depression, complete with immobilizing panic/anxiety attacks. (I had no family close by me in life, whatever family I did have was severely fractured and dysfunctional, no extended family, and all my friends had scattered their separate ways in life, some moving far away. And now that he had come and gone I was left with the realization of just how alone I was in this reality/life, and hence, the panic attacks and severe depression kicked in.)

So now the door was open for Gary, the chess pieces lining up into position. The whole way in which Gary moved over to now become my friend too is a whole story in itself, but it was my instigation. I pursued it. Basically a case of, I didn't want to never see him again now that Mike and I were over. He was one of the most interesting people I'd ever met, and really nice, and so cool, and I was totally drawn to him, and you just don't walk away from people like that. And he happily went with it. Soon Gary and I were inseparable friends, practically joined at the hip, clinging on to each other like we were life preservers. (we'd have anxiety and antsiness if we went longer than a few hours without seeing each other, and there were times when we'd spend entire days and nights and days again on endless adventures where I was even calling out sick to both my jobs and playing hooky from life in general. Including an impromptu trip to San Francisco at 1 in the morning, driving all night til we got there. :D His idea. This was all fallout from the severe depression and anxiety attacks I'd experienced months earlier. It shut me off to taking life seriously anymore. Now everything was a colossal joke, and I didn't care about my jobs or money or any of the ways of the mainstream world, just couldn't take it seriously anymore. I wound up living in the hotel I was working at, then ran off on a cross country road trip with Gary. So in a way you could say I went a little nutso. The only thing that mattered was so-called love, and hanging out with Gary and escaping from all of it. It was really intense, which is more signs of alien love bite at work….) Though at the very beginning of us

hanging out I wasn't ready for anything more than friends just yet since I was still hung up on Mike, and Gary was still a little hung up on his ex girlfriend who'd dumped him just before I came into the picture. (more manipulation and chess piece maneuvering? Makes me wonder….) I "knew" Gary and I would eventually be together though, but I wasn't forcing anything, it would all just evolve the way it's "supposed" to. Which it did, by April. But I admit I was already hooked this one night we hung out at a pool place and he was standing there at the pool table gazing at me in his skater boy clothes with a pool cue and cigarette in his hand and green streaked strands of hair falling in his face. ☺ It's such a story, which I won't get into because there's so much to it (the end of '94 to the beginning of '96 was *the* craziest fun time period of my life. I'm just going to stick to what's relevant. And then several months after we hooked up I inexplicably "shut off" to Gary, just as Mike had done to me, and in the middle of a cross country road trip no less. Not exactly the best timing. And so the love bite games like to go, passing the emotional upheaval baton to the next person. :/

What is weird though and worth pointing out is that Paul, a random guy that I casually knew from high school and had never actually hung out with one-on-one became the link to Mike W., which resulted in a psychological downward spiral that thus became the link to Gary, and all of our crazy adventures including a cross country road trip, and which drove me into having to move back down to south Orange County and become roommates with my casual acquaintance Mike R. after Gary and I broke up, and resulted in Mike R. going from casual acquaintance to one of my best friends and a lifesaver on more than one occasion, all of which I can guarantee would never have happened had I never met Mike W. (And the story of how I met Mike R. is a crazy tangled spider web in itself…..!) Which led to becoming part of a houseful of roommates and all the adventures spawned from that, which then led to Steve. Which was a relationship I always regretted. It was like a flip flop back and forth between good links and negative links, bouncing around between the two. It's absolutely amazing how the spider web of connections work in life. You never know who is going to lead to what. A random comment from a stranger, a casual acquaintance you barely know inadvertently introducing you to someone who winds up becoming somebody important and thus leading to more important connections, an innocuous random something or other encountered in passing that spawns an idea that becomes something huge and genius in your personal reality….it's crazy how it works, when you really stop and think about it. Most things lead to nothing. But then every once in awhile, something random leads to something big. And you never know when it's going to happen, or where, and who's going to be the link to what, and how it'll all play out.

Towards the end, before Gary and I broke up I had a "vision" you could call it, of the guy who would be next. I saw a plain beige room, and the yellow-y lighting from the lamp light source, and the vague image of a guy in that room that had blondish brown hair. I knew that we were together in that scene, and it was like seeing a regular old moment in time, nothing special. (I got the impression we were getting ready to go out someplace, at night.) But this was coming up. He was in my future. I even mentioned this to Gary one night. We both knew we'd be breaking up, it was just a matter of when, not if, so I didn't care and just told him what I'd seen. He kind of frowned, but what could he do. Flash forward to 1997, several years and all sorts of connective spider web incidents, people, places and crazy life adventures later (when you read the section called "Tangled Timelines," and then the bit at the end of this write up called "Adventures in Repossessed Houses" that gives at least some indicator of what I'm talking about….) and there I am standing in the plain beige room in the rented house we shared with the roommates, with my now boyfriend Steve, who had blondish brown

hair. I realized as I stood in his room one night, with the lighting from the lamp next to his bed, that this is what I'd seen several years earlier…when I was with Gary. I'd seen this plain beige room, with that yellow-y lamp lighting, and the guy with the blondish brown hair. Him.

Only one month into my relationship with Steve I was writing in my journal one afternoon that I knew that Steve wasn't "the one." I even had an image right then in my head of my "the one," and he was coming up in 4-5 years' time I could feel. (specifically it felt like 4 ½ - 5 years.) I could see myself looking up at him….his face was blurred out, but I saw his black hair framing his face, and that he was definitely much taller than me. He was the one. Not Steve. It's about four to five years away. When I pushed beyond, trying to get a sense of whether there was anybody else after him I got nothing. Just him. This actually matched up to what my psychic Filipino former boss Edwin had told me one night in '96 when we were at the front desk, working the 3-11 shift. That I wouldn't ever get married or have kids….but that I would meet somebody. When I'm 26.

I would cross paths with a lot of guys in my life, but based on the way Edwin said it, apparently this one was "somebody." Not just any guy. But somebody. At that point I was almost 22, so that was about four and a half years away according to his prediction. And Edwin never even mentioned Steve, because Steve ultimately didn't count. The only one that mattered was the "somebody" I'd meet when I was 26, after Steve.

It's kind of weird being with somebody when you know they're not "Mr. Right," but rather, "Mr. Right Now," and when you've seen who comes next. It becomes **mindful folly,** humoring an illusion and playing along with a game when you should know better, merely because it's better to have a Mr. Right Now than to be alone. But so it goes. The entire time I was with Steve I would "jokingly" think in the back of my mind that we need to be broken up by the time I'm 26, so that I can be available for my "the one," the one I saw in my vision and who Edwin even talked about.

The relationship with Steve took its last breath in May of 2000, when I was 25, after already being dead in the water for months anyway. And sure enough during the last two months of being 26 in 2001 - four and a half years after seeing the vision while writing in my journal on the railroad tracks - I met Tom. He's much taller than me at nearly 6'1", so I have to look up at his face…..framed in black hair. And true to Edwin's words, neither one of us has plans to marry, and kids are not on the agenda, because that's not what we're here to do in this timeline. There are a few other interesting indicators of the "beyond time" nature of our partnership, which I won't get into here. But nothing was forced, I didn't try to make a square peg fit into a round hole, it all just happened and came together. Everything clicked and fell into place, and only in retrospect did I realize that things matched up. And I've never seen anybody else that's supposed to come after him. No visions. No thought forms communicating anything else. No intuitive feelings and knowings of anybody else. Nothing. Psychic silence. So either we stay together until one or both of us die, or, we break up and I'm never with anybody else.

The Gary and Mike situations both involved thought form voices you could call them, making them highly suspect as being "alien love bite," and/or outside negative manipulation. Whereas Steve and Tom both involved visions in my mind, and my own internal feelings, with feedback coming from my own mental feelers pressing outwards, seeking more info. No thought form voices cutting in on the

line, narrating anything, telling me "how things would be." Although as mentioned in the section called "Tangled Timelines" it seems that "something" (my higher self? I don't know….) *really* didn't want me on the timeline that eventually led to Steve, and (futily…) tried to prevent it with a thought form that cut in on the line, which I ignored. So a thought form *was* actually involved in the Steve situation….but a different sounding thought form, and in the opposite way, trying to get me *away* from the timeline that lead to him. (Steve also ended up being the only ex I regretted hooking up with, the only one I've fantasized about going back in time and undoing. So, no surprise there I guess that "something" higher also felt the same and didn't want me to be with him.) But it was like I was a train plowing ahead on an already determined set of tracks, unstoppable….

Inadvertently controlling people

Another "skill" I discovered was that I was inadvertently able to get some people to bend to my will. The first time this happened that I knew of was when I was applying for a waitressing job at a restaurant/bar in Fort Lauderdale at the tail end of February, 2002. (see the other related anecdote to this in the "Mysterious Strangers" section called "So You Want to be a Waitress.") I showed up at this one restaurant on the AIA in a hotel that overlooked the beach and filled out my app, turning it into the really good looking brunette manager named Peter. He was really nice, with a mild foreign accent and had a boyish innocent quality to him. He nodded, looking down at my app, and said they'd keep it on file. That's it. He gave a quick glance and nod and smile at me but kept his focus mostly looking down, at the app.

Well, I needed a job and needed money to be coming in ASAP. I already had a second interview lined up with a bar I'd applied at earlier in the day who wanted me to come back again, located in a hotel further up the AIA, which was promising. But something about this particular place tugged at me more. It was both a restaurant and bar – a little less party/sleazy I guess. More respectable. And waiting around for somebody who most likely was never going to even see my app let alone call me wasn't good enough. I stood there looking at Peter standing behind the hostess stand, his gaze still down at my app, and without even consciously realizing what I was doing I thought to myself, **"nooo….you can do better than that…."** Staring intensely at him in this weird way.

In retrospect I watched him "crumple" a little, actually physically bending over a little, hunching closer towards the hostess stand. He frowned in this confused, dazed sorts of way as he continued looking down at my app, then he said,

"I'll pass this along to Jeff, the general manager, and have him call you for an interview…"

nooooooo….you can do better than that, I thought……..staring at him in an intense way….

I watched him hunch further down towards the hostess stand, leaning on his elbows now with his butt sticking out, looking even more confused and dazed.

"Let me see if Jeff is available to talk with you right now…" he said in a dazed way, then stood all the way back up and took off for the kitchen, looking for Jeff.

Next thing I knew I was sitting at a booth, interviewing with Jeff. I was hired on the spot and told to report to work tomorrow. And that's where I worked for the next 5 weeks working the last of the Spring Breakers, Snow Bird and Tourist crowd, making lots of money until transferring over to an office job in April once tourist season died. I never stopped to ponder at the time in depth what had taken place with Peter and how he – quite literally - bended to my will, doing exactly what I wanted him to do. I just….moved along, putting it out of my mind.

The second time this happened I was at Whole Foods in Fort Lauderdale in late 2002. I was buying this pack of probiotic capsules that cost $14. I didn't have a lot of money at that time to be wasting on supplements, but really wanted these as I'd heard great things about probiotics. In a dilemma, I debated the issue internally all the way up to the check stand. I found myself being rung up by an older woman, probably in her late 60s at least, all the while thinking intently that I WANT those probiotics…but I don't want to pay for them….I WANT them…but I don't want to pay for them….

I had no idea that my random thoughts were going to actually control another, I was just thinking what I honestly felt. Next thing I know, I watch the cashier woman pick up my pack of probiotics, about to scan them….then she stops, looking REALLY confused. She frowns, looking at the pack of probiotics in her hand, in an obviously confused state….then reaches over and above the scanner, NOT scanning them, and puts them with the rest of the items that have already been scanned and were ready for bagging.

Still confused, she resumed scanning the rest of my stuff. Not charging me for the probiotics.

Amazed, all I could do was watch this take place feeling like o.O ! By this point I was now having to reflect back on the Peter situation mentioned earlier, realizing that hmmm……I guess I have that ability. My conclusion though is that it's not going to work on everybody. Free will is always a factor in things. When it came to the restaurant job, nobody's free will was being violated, because they actually did need servers, they always had turnover going on. People quitting, people getting fired. That's why it was allowed. Nobody got hurt. They needed people, and I needed a job, and I was a really good, solid worker while I was there.

With the woman cashier, again, it didn't personally affect her in any way, so it happened.

And in both instances, both Peter and the cashier woman also seemed to have very pliable personalities. Peter was European from the Czech Republic, and had a much more innocent, sweet, boyish quality to him, versus a hard edged American with their emotional and psychic walls up. And the cashier woman was older, which also often times equals pliable and fuzzy minded.

What's interesting is that recently I woke up in the morning with thoughts running through my mind about all this. It was like an external force was reminding me that I have this ability, and trying to amp me up about it, all giddy, like, "hehehehe….you can do this!! You can make people do whatever you want them to do!!!! hehehehe!! hehehehe! Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!" Basically I was being made to feel like this was a really fun and awesome thing to start actively doing to

people….consciously manipulate them and make them bend to my will so I can get things in life out of it all. Fun fun fun!! hehehehehehe! hehehehehehe!

I laid there in bed listening to this external prompting, feeling how this thought form felt about it all, understanding its giddiness and that particular p.o.v., yet feeling detached and neutral at the same time. I thought in response, nooo, I don't think so.

It was this back and forth debate. Part of me realized that I really could go out there and start actively trying this out on people and that if I did, I would have some pretty amazing results…but another part of me steadfastly resisted, saying No, definitely not. Not an option. That's a dark path, very STS. You can't do that, it doesn't reconcile with the direction you're heading.

I got up from bed to get ready to go to work, my mind made up, No, the line is drawn, feeling calm and amused by the whole scenario. It's black magic occult realms when you think about it. It's one thing when I inadvertently did this without consciously realizing what I was even doing, when nobody's free will was being violated. It's another thing entirely to actually go out there in the world and begin knowingly messing with people and playing with their minds. !!! Yes, I can do it apparently. But no, I'm staying away from that path, thank you. I know that if ever I was in a threatening situation being preyed upon, I can whip this handy skill out and use it, and that would be fine. But not to just go around targeting innocent people for kicks. It's the third choice compromise. The skill itself is neither positive nor negative, good nor evil. It's just a skill. It just is. It's how you use it that matters.

Communicating with Critters

The subject of communicating with animals came to my attention while visiting our local metaphysical bookshop, which happen to carry several books on the subject. I'm already a firm believer in ESP, no question in my mind about it all due to personal experience as outlined in this piece, and had experiences of clear telepathic connection between my cat and I. So this subject was the next natural step to take with it all. So, after reading through several of the books on communicating telepathically with animals I then found myself consciously applying the basics while out and about in the world.

For instance, one afternoon my boyfriend and I were at a coffeehouse in downtown Charlottesville called Milano, sitting outside on the upstairs balcony overlooking the parking lot and busy West Main Street. Across the parking lot I noticed the bright red coloring of a male cardinal, down on the ground, poking about. Probably because I'd just come from the bookstore where I'd been reading more on animal communication, I inadvertently projected my thoughts at it, whereas normally I might not pay much attention to it. The cardinal suddenly took off and landed closer to the building where we were, looking towards us. Then in another quick fly/jump it got even closer, until finally it was down below us on the sidewalk area, looking right up at me the way birds do, from a sideways, head cocked to the side way. I looked at it looking up at me, and was like, "hey!" Wow! It clearly heard my thought projection and stopped what it was doing and came over to get a closer look, curious. Pretty cool! Then immediately after that, some sort of yellow and black bee thing landed on

the purple metal railing that our table was up against, and proceeded to just sit there, watching me for the longest time. I could feel that my mindset was different from normal – very calm, relaxed, happy, and feeling the desire to be more in tune with critters, thanks to reading those books, so it's no wonder these things started happening immediately afterwards.

Other random anecdotes that occurred after I started reading those books: Standing in the yard area of our apartment building next to the woods, staring into the woods and spacing out, just listening to the sounds of the birds and bubbling creek and other random noises on a sunny hot summer afternoon. Suddenly I felt the tug of something staring at me. In the exact same way many people have felt when another person is staring at them, my head involuntarily whipped to the left, to the source of the "tug." Bringing my eyes into focus I realized…….it was a common housefly. Of all things. He/she was just sitting there on a leaf on a branch about three feet away, staring at me. I mentally said "Hi" to it and just watched it in return.

But yes, a fly of all things. Who would have thought that a fly would have enough sentience to connect up to a human, with curiosity, and then be "heard"? How is that possible, considering what flies are? Tiny flying bugs that eat garbage and rotting stuff and…well….poo? You can't get something more different and kind of creepy looking from us than a fly…….hence, the reason for "The Fly" horror movie, both the original and the 1986 remake, with the concept of the accidental genetic splicing between the mad scientist and a common housefly. Of all things to become….ugh. shudder. I've never ever been a fan of flies and always found them gross and repulsive and as a kid when I wanted to creep myself out I'd pull out the volume of our encyclopedia that featured an up close pic of a magnified fly. EWWWWW.

But all that has since changed.

Soon after this seemingly small and insignificant, yet eye opening occurrence with feeling a fly staring at me, I had another even more eye opening experience. Sitting on one of our patio chairs in the late summer afternoon, leaning back and half asleep, I realized there was a fly on the outside wall of our apartment building, up above me…seeming to just be watching me. I mentally reached out to it, saying Hi! to it, and sort of like a crazy drunk person (because I was half asleep and out of it ;D) I started telling the fly that wow, you know, you're so lucky….you can fly! That's so cool, you can fly around all over the place and be free……we can't…..we're big and heavy……..just communicating to it that it was little and free and able to fly around, versus us, and how I thought that was neat. Next thing you know, the fly took off……..and proceeded to fly in a loop-de-loop right over my head……once…..twice……three times, loop-de-loop-de-loop, as if demonstrating with pride and humor what it could do. Then returned back to his former spot on the building wall. Watching me.

I was like, WOW! hahaha!!! That's awesome! What are the odds on that? Pretty slim. So, I know, it heard me loud and clear, and then responded to my thought. When I asked my boyfriend how a fly of all things could be so…connected to humans in that way (because I'm not the only one out there who's had experiences communicating with houseflies of all things, I've read others' stories about it all as well…) his theory was that flies have been living in close proximity to humans for a long time. Humans generate a lot of garbage and waste, after all. Wherever there are people, you'll find flies. So, they've probably been around us long enough to have developed an ability to read us, since we

provide endless food for them and probably seem like a pretty positive thing to them. And I think that theory makes sense.

Another time I was sitting on a rock down by our creek reading a book when a brown and white beagle dog came bounding down the walking trail, somebody's pet, out for a walk with its owner who was further up the trail. When he saw me he growled a little, as if saying, Hey! Who are you? Challenging me, unsure. I sat there calmly, looking at him, then decided to see if it would hear my thoughts. I telepathically projected the thought of, "Hey! Look at you! You're so cute! ☺" Which he was. Beagles are cute. His face changed from unsure and challenging, to happy in an instant, and suddenly he was bounding towards me, hurling himself onto me on the rock and licking me all over my face. It was awesome! The instant change in his demeanor once I had that thought about how cute he was is just too funny.

I disagreed with a guy on a message board once who was of the mindset that the only way to get a dog to be submissive to you was to play by the rules of the animal world, and establish yourself as the ALPHA DOG, the owner, IN CONTROL, DOMINATING. I was like, No. Just tell it how cute and wonderful it is, they love that sort of thing. I gave him my beagle anecdote at the creek, and he had nothing to say about it. Silence. Figures. Can't speak for him, but a lot of people are of the mindset that animals are stupid, non-sentient, non-feeling piles of flesh and fur, and the only way to interact with them is to be an aggressive, (sometimes abusive) dominating force that breaks their will into submission.

Another time I heard rummaging in our recycle bin outside on our patio at dusk, knowing it was one of the local raccoons that likes to come around. I don't have a problem with them the way a lot of people do, and always go out and say hello. And sometimes we'll even leave them food. But this time……..there were five babies, in addition to the adult raccoon. As I opened the door to quietly slip out onto the patio expecting the usual adult raccoon, I saw the tiny little balls of furs with striped tails waddling up the stairs that lead up from our patio to the parking lot. Wow! Babies!! I thought. This was a first! The big raccoon, most likely the Mama, was still rummaging determinedly in our recycle bin, not ready to give up just yet despite me being out there and the possibility of her babies being in danger. I crept over to the bottom of the stairs to take a peek at the disappearing balls of fur - there were five of them - while Big Mama grunted a warning at me from the bin, yet still continued to rummage anyway. The babies heard me approach and all of them paused to glance back down the stairs at me, slightly fearful but curious at who I was and what I would do. All I could think though was "THEY'RE SO *CUUUUUUUUUUUUUTE!!!!!!!!!* AWWWWWWWWW!!!! HIIIII!! YOU'RE SO CUUUUUTE!!!" They were just so adorable, little balls of fur with cute little faces and fluffy tails.

And as soon as I thought that, they all turned around and started waddling back *down* the stairs, running *towards* me, all happy and bouncy…..meanwhile as big fat Mama still grunted warning grunts at me from the recycle bin….but refusing to stop rummaging. She wanted food, dammit! I didn't want to risk upsetting her, having her think that I was going to hurt her babies, so as much as I didn't want to I had to slip back inside. I moved back into the doorway watching the line of fur balls happily waddling towards me across the patio, like HI!hi!HI!hi!HI!hi!HI!hi! wanting to interact with me, and as much as I wanted to stoop down and pet them, I had to quietly close the door. I felt bad

doing that, closing the door in their faces, being unfriendly, but I couldn't risk petting them. So yes, another case of critters positively responding to thoughts about how cute they are.

For me though, critter communication has been mostly a one way street. With the exception of some rare times I've read my cat's mind, as mentioned in my telepathy section, under the heading "Kitty", usually with me it's critters hearing my thought projections, instead of the other way around. But, I'm appreciative of those random, accidental telepathic experiences I have had with various critters, from flies to birds to raccoons, dogs and cats, even if they were one way. **It still shows the potential.** And even though I still eat meat, I don't kill critters that I come across, no matter how "lowly" they may seem. Earth worms, caterpillars, spiders, flies, june bugs, beetles, whatever it may be that finds itself in our apartment during the warm weather and after the rains, I always capture them and let them go. I used to be so scared of bugs, but with the exception of large spiders (especially Wolf spiders) or wasps, centipedes, and roaches/palmetto bugs I'm no longer fearful.

(btw….on a distantly related subject something interesting I noticed in regards to my cat Kitty and her interactions with insects is that she somehow "knew" not to mess with spiders and centipedes. Like any cat she would clue me in to the fact that a bug was crawling around on the floor by getting all up on it, staring closely at it, and circling a little bit around it. But unlike harmless crickets that she would bat at and pounce on and then usually gobble up (apparently a lot of cats love to eat crickets…) or little beetles that she would bat around, or lizards that she would try to capture in her mouth (and palmetto bugs too, back in Florida…..so gross) and house flies that she would leap around chasing, she never tried to eat spiders or centipedes, and would avoid touching them and usually wander away from them. It eventually became really clear that she was avoiding bugs that sting and bite, while eating or playing with the harmless ones. (as gross as roaches/palmettos seem to us they are in fact harmless and have zero biting or stinging capabilities, hence, why my cat loved going after them.) But how would she know which one is which?? Obviously there was some sort of telepathic something or other going on. Stinging and biting bugs apparently give off some sort of field or negative energy signature, and my cat could hear/feel it loud and clear and knew not to mess with it.)

Communicating with your pet doesn't have to be just telepathic – **be sure to talk to them as well.** Verbal interaction is important for being close and connected to your pets and engaging their brains. I say this because I grew up in a household with pets that were basically treated as inanimate moving furniture in the background, ignored, and the difference between how my cat has turned out – whom I interact with extensively – and the pets we had growing up – who were often times not treated well – is like night and day.

Everybody knows you can teach birds a small vocabulary, but you can do that with dogs and cats too. And I don't mean training them to do demeaning tricks on command, but teaching them real words for the various objects around them so that you can truly communicate to them. My cat is an all black "Bombay" cat, **http://www.moggies.co.uk/breeds/bombay.html** which is a great breed because besides being athletic, and having had the cat traits of aloofness/wariness bred out of them, they're also very smart, sociable/friendly and vocal…all of which translates into being very receptive to learning and communicating. (So they're actually a lot like "dog-cats" for that reason, as any black cat owner will tell you.) She has the understanding of a small assortment of words, including sun,

window, grass, birds, food, brush, catnip, go outside, and so on. It's easy to teach her too, all I have to do is repeat a word in the presence of said object. Repeat it an enthusiastic way, and do that for the next couple of times she encounters whatever the object is. And that's it, she's got it. She learned "sun" right off the bat. Soon all I had to do was let her know "Hey Kitty….sun!" while looking towards the back room, and she knew what that meant – I was announcing that the sun rays had finally arrived in the back room. She stops what she's doing and runs off for the back room, making a beeline straight for the sun rays on the rug or in the windowsill. After I taught her "birds", since we have a bird feeder outside the window, all I had to do was say "Where's the birds?? Where's the birds??" and her eyes would get big and she'd do that involuntary bird hunting "chirping" sort of noise that cats do whenever they see a bird. Just the mere mention of the word was enough to trigger it, showing she understood what the word represents. Mentioning "food" usually results in her eyes getting big and trotting into the kitchen and rubbing against the cabinet door when I keep some of her food, or going into the kitchen and walking in circles in front of the fridge where her homemade food is stored. So, she knows. ☺ When we're outside we have a nice little rapport. When I find some grass that I know she'd like to chew on I just say "Grass…." and she immediately stops her poking around and runs over and goes strait for my hands, looking for the blades of grass in question to eat. In fact she not only knew that I'm helping her find grass, but she'd keep her eyes on me while doing her own thing, waiting for word that I'd found some. !!

The more I've paid attention to my cat, the easier our rapport has become and the smarter she seems to get. It's a mix of telepathic, verbal and just knowing each other well enough to know what the deal is. You have to pay attention to your pet(s) though and make an effort to interact with them to get to that point. In fact, I noticed something unusual about my kitty when she was still young – she takes her response cues from me often times. This is a trait one would expect with a human child, not necessarily a cat, but then again her personality is on par with a human child of about three or four. The first time I noticed this "cue taking" thing was in Florida shortly after moving into my new apartment. My cat was in the bathroom with me as I went to flush the toilet – a sudden and unexpected loud ruckus from a new toilet that was completely unfamiliar to her – and she immediately turned tail to run as any cat normally would. Loud sudden noises do not mix well with sensitive cats. But then she stopped in the doorway, looking back at me all wide eyed. I saw her pausing, frozen in mid step looking at me like "?!?!" and I realized……**she wants to see what my reaction is.** And an instant idea came into my head. I bent down over the toilet watching it flush, the water going round and round and round, and looked back and forth between the toilet bowl and my cat, as if this was the most interesting and exciting thing ever! WOW! She should come see this! This is amazing! And sure enough……with wide eyes she slowly crept back into the bathroom, trusting me on this…..cautiously approaching the toilet bowl….then got up on her hind legs, putting her front paws on the toilet seat, peering in. Then glancing up at me with big eyes and the cutest little face as if saying "WOW!" then back to watching the water go round and round. She watched it til it finally stopped then got back down on all fours again. And after that she was totally fine with the flushing of the toilet. **She took her cue from me and overrode her natural instinct to run from the loud noise…..and in the process taught herself.** I have so many of these kinds of stories about my kitty, examples where she's learned and taught herself in some way about various things, and that's just one. But my cat is a bit unusual though in terms of sentience and personality, and I've been around enough cats to know by this point. She's not "normal" by any means. Her face is often so full of expression and light that me and my brother would often joke about her having "Kitty people face."

"She's got people-face right now…" we'd say to each other. And even random strangers who've seen her picture commented on her people-face expression. Which was very interesting, so, it wasn't just me or my brother way back when noticing this. There are times when she's more sentient and full of energy and light than a lot of people I've seen out in the world with their dead eyes, slack faces and dim consciousness, it's astounding. Should a cat be more sentient than a person???

An important thing to note for animal verbal communication is that it does also involve telepathic exchange as well, as I've learned. **So make sure that you have an image in your mind of what you're saying out loud.** That really helps. Don't say one thing while thinking other thoughts. That's a bit confusing for them. And most important of all….***animals do not understand the concept of "no" and "Don't do _____."*** !! They can only get the part about the thing you don't want them to do. Example – One time while heating up the stove in the kitchen of this house I used to rent a room in, I specifically had the thought that I didn't want my cat to suddenly jump up on the counter and go near the red hot burner. Well guess what happened next? My thought was pretty "loud" and specific, and I watched as my cat, who was across the room at the time, literally stopped what she was doing, ran excitedly across the kitchen, jumped up onto one of the barstools and then onto the counter and made a beeline straight for the glowing red burner. I was like, "AHHH!" and luckily intercepted this catastrophe waiting to happen. But if any anecdote illustrates that animals don't understand "no" and "Don't do _____" then this would be it. **So if you don't want your pet to do something, then think of the action you want them to do instead.** Ideally what I should have done was envision my cat staying on the other side of the kitchen, away from the stove, instead of picturing the stove itself and thinking "no." 'Cause they don't understand "no."

Another interesting thing I noticed about Kitty's vocalizations is that they mimicked the inflections that humans use. That was amazing to see, considering how different cats are from humans/primates. But, the thing we have in common is that we're both mammals, so maybe that's it. She had a variety of "meows" for various occasions, and based on the way she meowed – the inflection behind it – conveyed the specific mood/feeling. Curiosity/questioning was a meow that went up at the end. A literal "???" An excited reaction was a short and high burst. A literal "!!!" A meow of sad disappointment went down at the end, sounding deflated. So that made me have to question whether the way in which creatures vocalize their communications, including humans, is universal in the animal kingdom no matter how different the species may be.

Since the original publication of this ebook Kitty has since passed away. A year after her death, after we had moved back down to south Florida, we befriended another all black female cat that a neighbor had abandoned after moving out of their apartment. It's a story in itself, but being who me and my boyfriend Tom are, we of course went out of our way to interact with the cat and befriend her, including feeding her. We couldn't take her in as a permanent pet for multiple reasons (including the fact that I intuitively felt it wasn't right, and it seems that she was eventually taken in by somebody else, and the fact that she REALLY liked going outside, and was a high energy feisty cat; had she been scared and sensitive we'd have been more apt to try to adopt her) but during that in-between stage when she was homeless she knew she always had a warm safe place to go to get out of the cold rain during Florida's brief "winter" period, and a steady supply of food with nice people. So she would stop by on a daily basis when she was hungry, or just wanted to take a break and get inside to rest. We never named her though, as it didn't seem right if we weren't taking her in

permanently. So I just call her The Black Cat. :D I always knew that Kitty was going to ruin me for all other cats, considering the level of communication rapport we had. Any other cat would have to be taught from the ground up from scratch. And of course that's how it was with this other black cat. It sucked not being able to talk to her from across the room and just have her know what I was saying and respond appropriately. She was definitely no Kitty. But…..she began to learn. Very quickly. There was one night when I started talking to her from the kitchen across the room, telling her that I was going to get her some food……and of course she's not listening or realizing what I'm saying, AT all, not even looking at me. She obviously wasn't used to people talking to her in a conversational way the way people talk to each other, so she didn't even look over. I stood there going "hey……Hey……yoohoo!! HEY!!! YOOHOO!!!!!!" :D until I got her attention. She FINALLY looked over at me like, "huh??" surprised, seeing me looking right at her. Then I said it again, "I'm getting you some food over here, why don't you come over…." And that was the start of her learning about the idea of being verbally communicated to. All it took was to see once that sometimes our vocalizations were directed at her (it was the eye contact while speaking to her that clued her in. "hey…she's talking to *me*! wow!") so therefore…..pay attention. And after that she started to listen. If I said something directly to her from across the room she would now look over at me, listening, and started to respond. It also helped that there was **a reason why it was worth it to listen**……..**ie, food**. :D And that's another important key. If you're just telling your pet about your day, then they're not really going to have a reason to learn to listen to you. So there always needs to be some point to why you're communicating, **something interesting or fun that's in it for them**. She caught on quick for that reason. Shortly after that she was apparently taken in by somebody else, so that was the end of that, but it showed the potential she – and probably all pets – have. I'm sure if I'd kept going with things I could have taught her a basic vocabulary, and she would have continued to learn that she can participate when being around Tom and I. (That was another thing about Kitty – because I was always talking to her and giving her boatloads of attention she'd learned….she was part of our group. She's included. So when she came into the room she behaved exactly as a person coming into the room would do. There were *always* greetings, eye contact, and then joining us, like, "So, what are we up to? What's going on?" :D **She participated.** Not at ALL like most people's cats, who just wander around in their own world because their people are wrapped up in their own thing and barely pay attention to them. :/) My favorite memory of the other black female cat was this one night when I had just gotten back from the store after buying some cans of cat food for her, and there she was outside on the grass in front of our building, hanging out. I called over to her, "HIIIIIIII!! THERE YOU ARE!!" excited to see her, and she immediately responded, all excited, running over to me, then ran alongside me as I walked down the sidewalk. She was full of energy and bounding along, as I talked to her about how I had a bag of food for her, she was going to love it. Then for fun she ran over to a tree and jumped up onto it, clinging on, looking wildly around….just because, why not :D …..then jumped back down and continued running alongside me, never missing a beat, happy and meowing. :D I loved it. Then we headed upstairs to our apartment where it was food time. HUGE difference from only three months before where she was friendly enough, but minimally responsive.

Animals have their own vocalizations they use with their own species, but it seems that a big chunk of their communication is done telepathically……which apparently used to be the a more normal way of being for humans, until we lost most of our abilities. Since telepathy is a natural way for the rest of the critters on this planet to communicate then it makes complete sense why they can clearly hear us,

whether we realize it or not, and sense our intentions. Add to the mix animals' abilities to learn words and respond when shown that there's a reason to listen.

Being in the flow with things

It used to be that I'd let the intellect pilot the wheel, blindly bulldozing its way through life, which resulted in chaos, all the time. Mishaps, accidents, being in the wrong place at the wrong time, surrounded by people that weren't compatible with me, working at jobs that I hated which treated me like crap but I was afraid to quit because intellectually I felt I needed the money, and so on. By the time I was out on my own in life at 18, I had the bad habit of just blindly racing my way through life, just trying to survive. There was no room for intuition, for trusting the universe. I'd never heard of such things anyway, so I had no idea there could be any other way to be. And again, I needed to survive. I was a gerbil in a wheel, the blue collar working girl working 85 hours a week at multiple jobs. There was no room for higher concepts like "being in the flow," "listening to intuition," and trusting that I had higher stuff looking out for me, trying to help me out here. As far as I was concerned, I was on my own in this reality, I had no safety net, so stay on my toes. One false step and it's all over for me. So often times I was ignoring intuition and those gut feelings and flat out higher self voice interventions.

Not a pleasant way to be, and the crazy events of my 20s reflected that. They were fun events, no doubt, a lot of crazy adventures that part of me wouldn't trade for anything ;) but still…my life was pretty nuts. It could have gone so much better if I only knew then what I know now. Oh well. But, at least I did figure things out and lived long enough to have a chance to put it into action and experience it. O.o

Going from living a chaotic, half-hazard life where I blindly bulldozed my way through things to where I am now where I let intuition guide me and try to be in the flow and have trust and absolute knowing was a slow process. It didn't happen overnight. It namely started when I connected up to my higher self for the first time ever, in early 2003. I talk about it all in my "Higher Self" write up. **http://in2worlds.net/the-higher-self** Realizing that I wasn't alone here after all and that there was this invisible something going on behind the scenes changed everything. Pretty cool.

From there I learned about reality creation, manifesting. It was something I'd inadvertently done for years, drawing to myself the things I needed and causing stuff to fall into place perfectly….but I hadn't realized that's what I was doing. Once I realized it and consciously put it into use for the first time in my life there was no going back. The first time I consciously employed it was when I finally realized that I didn't have to just take the first stupid job that came along in life – something I'd always previously done, so afraid of running out of money, so used to having to survive no matter what the cost – and that I could manifest a job that was a better fit, dictating how **I** wanted things to go. It was a completely novel concept, just like closing my eyes and jumping off a cliff and trusting that the net would appear. And it did. I manifested what I needed, perfectly. So how could I ever go back to being the other way after seeing this in action for myself?

Another thing I realized was that I can make a concerted effort to **be in the flow with things.** That means slowing down a little, listening to intuition, and intending that the universe put me where I need to be, in the right place at the right time. So I started doing that, with positive results.

I also came to realize that there are a lot of self-help/spiritual books and such out there that talk about all of this. So obviously I'm not the first person out there to independently figure stuff out. But here are examples of how it's played out in my own reality:

Examples of *not* being in the flow

Taken from my unfortunately long list of life mishaps and bad, baaaaad decisions ;) here are some examples of what happens when you're *not* in the flow, and rush around forcing things and don't "read the signs" or listen to your intuition:

Jobs. I've held a number of "doozy" jobs over the years, and I'm not even going to count my early waitressing gigs, only because at that time I was newly on my own in life with zero safety net, no family, etc.…so, it doesn't count. There was no other way things could possibly have gone under the circumstances. But by the late 90s and into 2000 I was older, wiser, more awake, and things were calming down for me in life, and by that point…well…there really wasn't any excuse. ;)

Most telling were those jobs where I experienced outright **interference** that seemed to be trying to prevent me from showing up to either the interview or my first day at work…but which I ignored. These are the exact sort of important signs to be looking for if you're going to be in the flow with things. The first one happened in '98, at this stupid job I briefly had in Santa Ana. On my way to work on my very first day, I was rear ended by a guy named Lowell whose foot slipped off the break pedal as we all came to a red light. He in turn sent my car sliding into the car in front of me. I felt bad for Lowell, as he was so apologetic and weary about it all. Since there was no damage to anybody's cars, we quickly traded insurance info. as a technicality, and off I went to report to my new job. Quit five weeks later. Not supposed to be there in the first place. Hence the car accident interference on my very first day. Bit of a bad omen.

The second time was a whopper. It was 2000 and I was living with my brother in "The Vortex," out in the middle of soulless suburbia of Rancho Santa Margarita, California and desperately needing money, panicked enough to just take whatever job came my way. I had landed an interview for an admin position with a real estate agency about two miles down the road. Before the interview though I was out running errands…and got pulled over by a cop. Now I'm pulled over……with no insurance, and a STOLEN registration sticker on my license plate to boot….not good. (Joe's idea, since I couldn't get my car to pass smog, didn't have the money to fix it so that it would pass, and thus couldn't get the car street legal, but, I needed that car to survive. So, stolen registration sticker it was. He went out and "took care" of that for me. O.o Something I would never do/allow now, but I'm not going to lie either and pretend I'm perfect and this didn't happen or that it wasn't part of the experience I've lived through.) When the cop asked for my license, registration and proof of insurance I decided fuck it, forget it. Be honest. "You know what…" I said, like some other part of

me had taken over, not thinking or even worried about the outcome. "I don't have insurance. And the sticker is stolen."

I just admitted to something pretty huge. And you know what happens next? The cop thanks me for my honesty. O.o And lets me go. With only the promise that I wouldn't drive it anymore until things were taken care of.

WTF?!?!!?

It was unreal. So back home I go…..thankful that something worse didn't happen to me, but now in a dilemma. I'm due to be at an interview at 2 p.m., in only one hour. And now I can't drive.

If I'd been in the flow and paying attention to signs and indicators, I would have recognized this as a MAJOR red flag trying to prevent me from going on that interview. Instead, stubborn and persistent me called a cab and made it the interview anyway, exactly on time. And got the job pretty much on the spot, by the end of interviewing with several people.

And it would end up being one of the worst jobs I've ever had.

It wasn't the job duties, it was the people I worked with. Cold, "reptilian" fake and soulless Orange County hoity toities and hoity toity wannabes. Not everybody was bad – in fact the big irony was that I'd been warned by the office admin staff that the real estate agents had potential for some major difficult personalities, and in the end the agents were just fine, I liked most of the agents…..it was the cold, mean and fake office admin staff that made my life a living hell for the six months I forced myself to stick around. The agents just wanted to be taken care of, and as long as you did that then they'd love you and were very appreciative. There was no problem there. The office staff? Either totally insincere fake "nice," or icy cold and disdainful, where *nothing* pleased them, very unappreciative, taking things for granted. As it was, they chased out another one of the real, very un-pod like girls named Shannon who was there when I first started and who I became buddies with and even hung out with outside of work. I was a good worker, very solid, just like Shannon…but see, we didn't drive a Lexus, Beemer or Mercedes, didn't live in Coto de Caza or Dove Canyon and were **real**. So it wound up being a nightmare job in every way, becoming pure agony to go there every day…but the warning obstacle had been there. I just didn't pay attention. If I'd been in the flow I wouldn't have even had my brother in my life in the first place…let alone all the rest of my life issues at the time.

Car accidents. Several of my car accidents didn't have to happen. But I wasn't listening. My first car accident in November of '95, the one with "Florence Avenue" mentioned in the section about my grandma…didn't have to happen. I was at work as a hostess at this restaurant in Anaheim, trying to be able to get off work a little bit early to take this trip to L.A. (long story) but interference and obstacles kept happening to prevent me from being able to leave when I wanted to. At the rate things were going I wouldn't get out early at all, and would end up having to leave at my normal time. But stubborn and persistent me forced my way past things. And less than a half hour after FINALLY

getting out of there…….my car was totaled on the side of the freeway. Should have stopped and taken the time to note the obstacles in my way. They were trying to tell me something.

The next car accident a year later, December of 1996…didn't have to happen either. I had just finished my 7 am - 3 pm shift at a hotel in Anaheim and was unlocking my car door, looking up at the blue sky and green palm trees thinking about how great and wonderful my life seemed to be going at that exact moment, when a voice cut in on the line and told me to wait five minutes. The voice was the same voice as the one who yelled at me that I wasn't allowed to go to Insomnia Coffeehouse the night of the murder, mentioned earlier in this piece – female, and sounding like me, only more mature and wise. The voice went on to gently suggest/prod me to wait a little bit…"Go back upstairs and hang out with Edwin for five minutes." (Edwin was my supervisor and psychic buddy and kind of like my substitute dad figure.)

Hang with Edwin, the voice told me. When a voice cuts in on the line like that, sounding like you, only older and more mature, then listening to what it's saying is probably a REALLY good idea. But me being me at the time, young and stupid, didn't listen. And I got in my car anyway. My nice, nearly new, only one year old '96 Nissan. And five minutes down the road, at the onramp at Katella, my car was totaled. And everything in my life changed because of that. It wasn't life threatening, and the changes apparently weren't SOOOO bad and so destructive that it warranted flat out intervention, as with the case of some of my "brushes with death" incidents. So it was "allowed" to happen…….but something was *really* hoping that it wouldn't. I had the ultimate final say though. And I made the wrong choice by not listening. Timeline fork in the road, here we come….

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Tangled Timelines. Something that I noticed about when you're not in the flow and make bad or destructive choices – the timeline gets a little crazy. **Things get tangled as reality tries to "right" itself.** There may be "glitches in the program" and a whole lot of nonsense happening as reality tries to take the train and set it back over another ten tracks. My boyfriend Tom had the perfect way of putting it after we talked about all of this one night: **"You can take the wrong exit and still wind up on the right road…but not without going through the bad part of town first."** I thought that was so perfect.

After that last car accident in Anaheim where I didn't listen to the voice prompting me to wait for five minutes, I soon found myself without a car, unable to work anymore at my hotel job and now stranded back down in south Orange County. I had no money saved, so running out to get a new car was not an option. I was pretty much screwed. I had to take two jobs that luckily were across the street from the housing tract that me and my roommates lived in, so I could walk from one to the other, with our house in the middle forming the apex of the triangle. But it was back to doing the two jobs thing. A waitress working lunch shifts five days a week, and a hotel front desk clerk working 40 hours a week at night, 3-11, at the total "hotel from hell," (a total joke of a place with horrible management and crazy employees, nothing like the hotel I'd been at in Anaheim) until I could save money to buy a cheap used car. And meanwhile, now that I was home all the time and stranded, unable to go up to all my old haunts in Fullerton, I soon fell into a "situation" with my roommate Steve. I'd never had interest in him like that despite the fact he was clearly the best looking guy in the bunch, the leader of the household and the guy who always got the girls while the other guy

roommates looked on, jealous. (definitely some big time jealousy and competitive issues going on with Todd, Mike and Steve. Todd openly admitted that their "friendship" was entirely based on constant competitiveness, [with Todd always failing miserably] while Mike always feigned disinterest from the sidelines yet, while shaking his head in disgust and stealthily waiting to swoop in and make his move on all of Steve's discarded leftovers. And confused James who followed Steve around like a lovelorn puppy, though never consciously admitting he had a crush, while also wishing to be with me. And Steve's ex Daylene. And Leonardo DiCaprio. He just wanted to be with everybody. :D) Not until Steve and I were hanging out together all the time, because I was trapped, then, and only then, did something happen. There was clearly something "off" about Steve, which I'd picked up on loud and clear as roommates and which was why I was never attracted to him despite his looks and leadership position. But it's funny how one is willing to overlook certain things when in a weird and unlikely situation and caught up in the moment. Within four months he'd made his move and it was on – **and it never should have been.** It's the only relationship I ever kicked myself over and the only one I had regrets about. Like, WHY WAS I WITH HIM!?!?!?!? AHHHHH!! Mike later laughed that all of Steve's exes come crying to him, saying the same thing, "WHY DID I DATE HIM!?!! Mike had heard it too many times. So "it was on" turned into 3 ½ years of being energy drained and subtly undermined and picked apart on a regular basis in Steve's desperate effort to keep me beneath him. I didn't know about energy vampires at the time, I hadn't developed enough awareness or backbone yet – or anger – to rise up against the weird behavior and undermining until three years on.

Now, I feel fortunate that I had those two job options available to me to get me the money to eventually get me my cheap used car, but damn…I *don't* feel fortunate for having fell into a situation with Steve (and the other things that happened as a result of that relationship which I won't get into here), and something *really* didn't want me in that position. I've always wondered what would have happened had I listened to that voice and gone back inside to hang out with Edwin. For just five minutes.

I would have still had my new '96 Nissan. I would never have fallen into anything with Steve, never would have happened. Because even though he was by far the cutest of the guy roommates and the one in charge of the house, (and even though he liked me) it doesn't mean we actually had a natural chemistry or that I was interested in him in the same way. And when the roommates situation dissolved, as it did in July of '97, I most likely would have moved to north Orange County on my own. Maybe my brother would still have come back into my life in 2000 – but it would have been in north Orange County, not south. And maybe all the paranormal stuff we experienced would still have happened anyway, since it followed him around in life – but it wouldn't have been "The Vortex." That wouldn't have happened. But maybe he wouldn't have come to California to live with me at all – which means, no awareness about MILABS and abductions, the paranormal…and maybe no winding up with Tom, and no website or writings and this entire life that I currently know. !! I don't know. Life also wouldn't have been a struggle the way it was during "The Vortex," as I would have had a car and money, unlike the way it went in this timeline. Everything would have been different, probably much, MUCH easier. And all because of one choice – a decision so bad even the Higher Self tried to intervene. It's so nuts to even think about…so tangled, so many possibilities.

Take a moment to stop and ponder those "fork in the road moments" of your life, and the timeline consequences of decisions, both good and bad. **http://in2worlds.net/timelines** It's fascinating when you really look closer.

...and when you are in the flow

And conversely, here's what happens when you *do* listen to your intuition and are in the flow. Thankfully I haven't been a complete screwball in life. I have done at least a couple of things right here and there……

Volunteer work. Tom and I'd been going to the local metaphysical bookshop here in town since 2004, when we first moved here. Eventually when we'd go I'd feel this strong tug about doing volunteer work there. I couldn't understand why I felt this, I couldn't imagine what they'd need volunteers for. The urge was strong though, this feeling that I'd be working there as a volunteer. I felt the urge to talk to the owner of the shop named Kay about it, but thought, That's dumb…she doesn't really know me, and besides, what would they need volunteers for anyway?? To me the whole thing made no sense, so I never mentioned it, even after Tom and I got to know Kay better.

Eventually I wrote my book, which I mentioned to Kay, and she asked to have a copy to look at and possibly even sell in the shop. Sure, no problem I said. So I ordered a copy for her from the printing press I use, and then went to the shop one late Saturday morning to give her the book. Kay looked it over with plans to read it later on, and then filled out the consignment form, and I was on my way.

I walked out the front door, into the sunny day that awaited on the sidewalk, but felt that it was all wrong to leave. The feeling was subtle, but enough to stop me in my place. As mentioned, at this point in the game I've become sensitive enough to intuitive promptings to hear what they're saying, versus the old me that just ignored them and bulldozed past. And what it was telling me was, Don't leave. Go back inside. You're not done here. **There's something else that needs to happen.**

Hmm, I thought, looking around. Okay! And back inside I went. I didn't worry about making things happen either – just roll with it all. I'd forgotten to buy some of my favorite vanilla oil the first time I was in there, so I could do that. And in the meantime whatever else still needed to happen would fall into place. That whole "trusting the universe to do it's thing" thing. ;)

As I was being rung up for the vanilla oil, Kay seemed to be in a slightly distracted state and suddenly thought to mention to me how she recently started leasing out a space on the second floor for her whole "books for prisoners" program she runs. I was vaguely aware of the program – they were donated books that Kay then gave to prisoners who wrote her requesting books and dictionaries and stuff like that. She'd been doing this program for years, working with men's and women's prisons throughout Virginia. She used to run the program out of her house, but it had gotten so big that she decided to rent space upstairs for it. There were shelves, and all these books that needed to be sorted and organized on the shelves. They were just sitting around in boxes and bags and piles on

the floor in the meantime. She asked me only half joking, "You wouldn't have a few hours to spare this afternoon, would you?"

I immediately perked up, recognizing this as the reason I was prompted to come back in here…and as the reason for my overwhelming feeling all these months that I was to volunteer here and help Kay. This was it, this was the volunteer work! I love books, I like organizing, so the idea of playing with books and organizing them was very appealing to me. I didn't have anything on my schedule – I usually don't anyway - and was completely free to help. And that was the start of getting involved in the "Books Behind Bars" program. I'd soon be in there nearly every weekend, putting away the mountains of books that were coming in as donations, organizing and alphabetizing, matching letters from the prisoners with the types of books they were requesting (sometimes even going out to Barnes and Noble and buying books with my own money for requests that we didn't have on hand, like GED test study programs and such), and just overall helping to get things started in the new space upstairs, along with a couple of other volunteers that she also found.

Nissan breaking down. This was in 1997, in SoCal. I was getting ready to go out and run errands around noon time one sunny Saturday and I had this knowing in my head that my car was going to break down on me. [note: after my '96 Nissan was totaled in a car wreck, the next cheap used car I bought was an '87 Nissan Sentra.] I could already see myself using a payphone to call somebody I knew to come give me a lift and everything. But despite all that I knew it was okay….**go out and run my errands anyway.** I was getting the urging to just go about life like normal and let this all play out the way it's apparently supposed to play out.

Really odd logic when you think about it – your car's going to go break down, but you need to go and drive around anyway and just let it happen. hmmmmm. But I complied. It was a rare time back then when I followed my intuition and just did what it guided me to do. And I didn't stop to question this uncannily detailed premonition either. Just went with the flow of things.

I drove all around, taking care of things, not even thinking about the car breaking down because deep down I didn't truly believe my so-called "premonition" anyway. ;) But sure enough when I was down at this plaza in Laguna Niguel/Aliso Viejo off of Alicia Parkway……my car conks out on me in the parking lot. (the plaza with Tilly's and Old Navy…) I was very glad that it happened in the parking lot and not on the main road in busy traffic. True to the premonition, there I was on a payphone in the plaza since I didn't own a cell phone, calling my infamous friend Mike R. (mentioned throughout this write up) who worked at a garage and was handy with cars. He came and picked me up and helped me out. Turns out the car needed a new water pump, but it was an easy thing to fix in that particular car. Mike took me to the auto parts place to get a new one and he was able to replace the pump right there in the parking lot that afternoon, and I was able to make it to my evening waitressing shift on time.

I realized after the fact that had I not followed my intuitive prompting and driven my car all around that afternoon, **giving it the chance to break down sooner rather than later,** then it would have conked out on me on my way back from work that night….as I drove down the relatively empty stretch of Antonio Parkway that went on and on for miles through suburbia with nothing but tract

homes and no stores or phones. Then my car would have been left stranded on the side of the road, needing to be towed, costing me money, as I walked in the empty dark for miles by myself with no cell phone…….instead of being left in a parking lot next to a payphone in the middle of the day where my friend could easily fix it and send me on my way. So, all things working out the way they're meant to work out, providing you just go with what intuition is guiding you to do…**even if at first glance it doesn't appear to make sense!**

Dog walking lady. This one is very….odd. But it does illustrate that when you put out an intent and trust in the universe, then it will work out. But one night there was a knock on my apartment door in Fort Lauderdale where I was living. It was 10 p.m. so it kind of alarmed me a little, like, nobody should be knocking on my door, let alone at this hour. So who is it?? When I opened the door a crack I was greeted by two large dogs straining at their leashes with hyper edgy energy, and their owner off to the side asking me if I had a red car. She explained that the car's interior light was on.

The dogs were making me nervous and the woman completely caught me off guard. Plus, life in Fort Lauderdale in general had added edginess to my personality that hadn't been there before, making me always on guard with people. So admittedly my response wasn't as friendly as could be. I only opened my door a bit, enough to see the woman holding the leash, and tersely told her no, that wasn't my car. Itching to close the door again and get back inside.

She left, and I closed the door. Then I realized….*Tom's* car. *His* car is red. !!! So back outside I went, around the corner of my apartment to where our cars were parked. And sure enough it was Tom's red car that had the inside light on.

Dah!!! I thought, feeling sorry for having been unfriendly to the woman who was only trying to help. I ran through the parking lot to the street, looking for her to apologize and say thank you, but it was too late, she was gone.

I felt really deflated about the whole situation, really wanting to make it right. So I put out an intention that reality would have us cross paths again, so I could say thanks and sorry. I'd never seen her before that night in the time I'd lived there, but it didn't matter. I **knew** that reality would do this, all I had to do was intend that it be. Then put it out of my mind and let it rearrange things.

Months later, long after forgetting about the dog walking lady, this crazy thing happened one afternoon between me and a neighbor. It involved this new neighbor chick that had recently moved in letting her little dog poop EVERYWHERE when she walked it, especially all over the nice landscaped garden between her building and ours. So the air always reeked of steaming poo in the hot Florida sun, with flies everywhere, to the point where you didn't want to sit outside anymore. And now my cat could no longer roam about outside in the garden the way she liked to, nibbling grass and lying in the shade watching the scenery. Our other neighbor who liked to sit outside all the time was unhappy about it too, so I decided to broach the subject with this girl when she was out one evening walking her puppy. We chatted for a short bit, with me mentioning the issues with the smell, the flies, and not being able to sit outside anymore many times because of it all. I suggested using a

pooper scooper with baggies – seemed like a fair compromise. She nodded and smiled and said no problem and was on her way. It seemed like the situation had resolved itself. Cool!

X. Think again. The very next day and for the next few weeks after she was out walking her dog around the landscaped garden again, letting it poop here and there and everywhere **as if we'd never talked or had the conversation.** There was absolutely no attempt to get a scooper and bags and clean up after herself. Finally I got so pissed off one afternoon that I snapped. Grabbed my cat's pooper scooper and went around the garden gathering up all the little piles of dog poo everywhere. Then dumped them all on her front doorstep. Nice little heaping mountain of poo, just for *you*, I thought. It got the message across…and also led to a screaming confrontation with her after she came pounding on my door, pissed at my antics. She said she was going to call the cops on us for me putting her dog's poo on her doorstep. I said go ahead, and then Tom and I left in my car. If she was going to call the cops, I wasn't going to be there. See ya! I have no idea if she ever did call the cops or not, but when I came back later I decided to park my car in a different area of the complex……..and that's where I just so happened to run into dog walking lady from months before. !!!! Talk about bizarre circumstances. But in a way it killed two birds with one stone. The poo confrontation brouhaha completely put a stop to that little problem from then on out, AND I got to say Sorry and Thanks to the dog lady. So basically one crazy dog walking lady lead me back to the nicer dog walking lady. Funny how it was so synchronous. O.o

Odd story, I know. ;) But poo and weirdness aside, the point of it all is that you can request for reality to rearrange things if you need to cross paths with somebody. So long as nobody's free will is violated, reality will do its thing to help. One time back in 2000 I just so happened to cross paths with an ex-boyfriend of mine named Gary (mentioned earlier in this piece) who'd apparently been trying to find me, looking for my phone number with Information (unlisted) and having no luck tracking me down. There were things he wanted to set right four years later, now that he was older and was looking back on it all. I guess he felt bad about how things had gone towards the end, and in looking back felt that he should offer up some sort of explanation of sorts. (I mentioned earlier in this piece that I shut off to him in a "Love Bite-esque" kind of way, but there were some problems in the relationship that precipitated that.) I do also think in retrospect that he was hoping maybe we could get back together again since he was newly single, and back to living at home with his mom with nothing going on his life. You know how when people find themselves newly single with empty voids to fill they'll often start reminiscing about exes, wanting to call them or email them, get back in touch again, forgetting the bad stuff and that there was actually a *really* good reason for the breakup, and only remembering the good…..;) But this urge to see me again must have been pretty strong, because reality worked things out so that I ran into him again four years *to the week* after the last time I'd ever seen him in life. Amazing coincidence, two-fold.

I happened to be with my brother Joe and friend Mike at the Gypsy Den coffeehouse in Costa Mesa the night that we ran into Gary. Mike, Joe and I stayed much longer at the GD than we normally would have - **for me it felt like something was kind of holding me in place in my chair** – so that when we finally decided "Okay, let's go" and got up to leave, **we were exiting through the front doors at the exact moment Gary was walking in.** We walked right past each other…but he didn't see or recognize me. I stopped and looked back at the Asian guy who'd just passed me, watching him head inside, and then tentatively said, "Gary?" He turned, confused, then finally realized who I was

and his face lit up. The whole thing was nuts! I looked over at Mike and Joe and even they were like, "Hanh?!" kind of stunned at the strange turn of events. The last time Gary had seen Joe, Joe was just a 14 year old kid in Connecticut. Now he was 19 and there in California, a jail vet, (three years locked up) and slightly taller than Gary and with a shaved head, wife beater shirt, leather jacket and huge jean shorts past his knees, and steel toed boots, looking like somebody you don't want to mess with. And Mike – the two had met each other, since I'd been friends with Mike back before I dated Gary – so that probably also surprised Gary, seeing Mike and I still hanging out, still friends after all these years. So everything had changed after four years, yet in some ways it was like nothing had changed.

Will skip over the details of what transpired other than to say that we moved to the side to have a conversation in private where he told me how he'd been trying to track me down. Indeed he must have, because reality did its thing to make it come together. He got things off his chest, and took care of that feeling of unfinished business and loose ends left hanging. Closure. And that was that. I've lived in three states since then and will never see him again (in this reality…) but there was that much-needed closure for him.

Talking to the body

Mind over body first came to my attention when I was a kid, hearing about those people that can walk over hot coals without injury. That always seemed pretty neat. Later on I came across an even more in-depth coverage of this subject in the book "The Holographic Universe," by Michael Talbot. There's a funny scene in the book regarding how the author had been experiencing ongoing problems with his spleen. He visited a woman with some psychic abilities who looked at him surprised and asked, "Have you been yelling at your spleen??" And it turned out…he had. In looking over his energy body and physical body, she "read" his spleen and felt how he'd been grumping and yelling at it in frustration. What is this saying? That our organs have sentience and can hear…and respond…to our thoughts? (or lack thereof?)

Apparently so. Shortly after reading that I found myself with a bladder infection. I'd been on a diet of cranberry juice, but it was only keeping the infection down, but not eliminating it altogether. And it was killing my teeth too. (this was before I learned about cranberry extract, and also the Uva Ursi herb.) So I decided to try a last resort of talking to my bladder and see if I could give it a boost that way. As I lay down in bed I envisioned my bladder and pictured the bacteria, and then my body being able to swarm in and conquer them. I gave my bladder and that whole region a major "You can do it!" pep talk for a good ten minutes, words of positive encouragement to swarm in and fight the infection. Then I drifted off to sleep.

In the morning the infection was completely gone. ☺

Another time I found myself with some kind of jaw issue, near where my ear is. I'm not quite sure what was wrong or what was going on, but I've had jaw and ear issues since about 1999. Nothing like this though. I couldn't even pinpoint whether the problem was my back teeth or the jaw itself, or the ear, or what. Is this a dentist issue? An ear/nose/throat issue? And what doc do you go to for a

jaw problem anyway? Not that it mattered 'cause I had no money and no insurance. The pain was getting worse and worse by the day to the point where I was now almost unable to talk. So at this point I had an impromptu pow-wow with my body. In the middle of the afternoon I flopped on my bed and started talking to my jaw. Explained that I didn't have any money, didn't have insurance, so this just can't happen. It's not the time for health issues. Conveyed that it would have to fix the problem because I can't afford to go to somebody else to do it. I did this for a good ten minutes or so, words of reasoning and encouragement, and then got back up and went about my day. By the next morning the problem was drastically reduced, and by the following day it was nearly gone. Within three days it was completely cured. I still don't know what it was, but, it's no longer there, and that's all that matters.

Another thing we can do is to adjust our personal temperatures. I think this was also mentioned in "Holographic Universe," but I'd tried it out on my own back in 2000. While waiting at the bus stop in Rancho Santa Margarita on a chilly night with intermittent rain, with no jacket, I found myself shivering and feeling stressed at being in the wet and dark cold. That's when I realized/remembered – in the same way I "remembered" I could do remote viewing (mentioned in another section) – that I could adjust my own body temp. It was this sudden knowing from deep down. So as I sat there on the bench I closed my eyes and began putting myself into a meditative state of some sort, consciously overriding the cold temps with the idea of warmth. Soon the chilly wet air faded out and I was no longer feeling uncomfortable. But then the dry and heated bus showed up, so my eyes popped open and that was the end of that. :D Back during this time period I didn't have much skill or luck with self-meditation, and hadn't studied up on stuff like this, so it was neat that I could do it and even had the inexplicable knowledge of it.

And as I mention in another write up on my website, "Sickness – it's all in the head" we're the ones who determine whether we're going to get sick, not something else. I've personally found much use for this mentality when at work, surrounded by people who are deathly ill, hacking and coughing, with croaky voices and phlegmy lungs. *Everybody* will soon start talking about catching the same illness, "Oh no, I don't want to get sick!" "Oh no, I hope I don't catch it!" "Oh no, I'm sure I'll get it too!" – BIG MISTAKE. What you need to do is say the exact opposite. With calm confidence, proclaim to yourself that you WON'T be catching it, because **what happens to others doesn't have to happen to you.** Remind yourself that you're strong and healthy, and sickness isn't just about germs anyway. It's about what you believe is going to happen to you. The trick is to just KNOW that you're not going to get sick. And you won't. One time I was working at this company where all 18 guys in the office fell ill with this flu sort of thing. I worked in the same space they did, and one of the guys, a total hypochondriac named Dave who could get sick at the mere mention of illness, leaned on my receptionist desk and with his stuffy nose and sick voice told me I was next.

I looked at him like he was very strange and said, "No, I'm not going to get sick." He tried to argue with me, insisting I would. I smiled calmly and contradicted him. Nope. Sorry. I'm not going to.

He thought I was nuts and frowned and shook his head while walking away, so sure that I was doomed.

Two weeks later I still hadn't "caught" anything while everybody else was busy recovering, many of the guys having even missed work because of this nasty illness. And Dave was even like, "I can't believe you didn't get sick!" I was after all the one person in the entire office who didn't.

"I told you I wouldn't,' I said. He was very mainstream and didn't get it at all. But when I said I wouldn't "catch" it, I meant it. Their situation was NOT going to happen to me. I don't like being sick and wasn't having any of it.

There's so much that the modern world doesn't understand about the workings of the body. It would be nice if we did though. But then the pharmaceutical companies would be out of business. ;) :/ There's so much potential with this subject, and while I've had my few interesting and amazing moments I only wish I was able to apply it more often and gain total control of how everything goes with my body. I'm sure it's possible though, you just have to be committed and have the right mindset.

Custom ordering life

Custom ordering the way you want things to go in your life…spiritual practices refer to it as "manifesting" or "reality creation" but those terms are so heavily used by this point, and misunderstood and loaded to boot, that I shy away from them. "Custom ordering" is another good way to put it, and it's how I plan to refer to it as from now on.

From what I've been seeing, "reality creation," "manifesting" however you want to call it, is one of the bigger misunderstood concepts going on for people who are all into spiritual practices. It doesn't have to be complicated though – your life and everything that encompasses it is a reflection of what you believe either is or isn't possible. A lot of people have been reared by closed minded, boxed in people, so they grow up believing and emulating the same limited, boxed in mindset, and then pass that on to their kids. They believe that reality is just the basic physical five sense world, that they have no say in how their lives will go, and are just a victim of random chance, being tossed about on the waves of life. Or other such similar and very limited beliefs. But my own experiences have shown me that this is not the case. We definitely have a say in how our lives are going to go, and our thoughts and beliefs about what we think is or isn't possible has everything to do with the sorts of life we draw to ourselves. All of which means…**pay attention to what your thoughts are. Because they're pulling to you every moment of the day the events that make up your life.** Here are some examples of how it works:

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The room for rent. In 1994 soon after getting my first car, it was time to move out of the guest house I was renting in my now ex-boyfriend's parents' backyard. I planned to rent a room somewhere there in south Orange County, and after reading through a few of the rooms for rent descriptions in the Pennysaver, I found myself forming a mental list of what I wanted. I didn't want to pay more than $400 a month, and it should include the utilities. I wanted a large master bedroom size room with a walk-in closet, my own bathroom, vaulted ceiling and skylight, and a balcony patio!

Well, guess what comes next. I found a room for rent in Aliso Viejo off of Alicia Parkway, in these town homes that were dual master bedroom suites, each with their own bathrooms. Walk in closet. Vaulted ceiling. Skylight. And balcony patio overlooking Alicia Parkway. For $400 a month. Including utilities. It even came with some of its own furnishings, including a TV, VCR, coffee table and lounge chair and a bed.

It amazes me more now than it did back then for some reason. I feel like I'm more alert and aware at this point in life to where it's actually almost a bit creepy that I got EXACTLY what I ordered. Back then I was just like, Wow…cool! And too oblivious to pay any attention to the implications of it all.

$260. Back in 1999 I worked as a receptionist/switchboard operator at an executive suites in Irvine. One of perks of the job was that if we attained a certain "billables" quota every month, a bonus was issued that would be divided up amongst the receptionists. Well, we made our monthly quota this one particular month, and so we were getting our bonuses.

However, shortly before receiving this particular bonus the carburetor on my Nissan had conked out on me, costing $260. That in itself was a funny situation, as the car didn't die on me until I was literally, pulling into the garage of our apartment complex and parking. I coasted it into the garage and turned it off, dead. My boyfriend Steve, and our friend Mike R. who were both in the car with me just looked at me and at each other in "!!!" amazement. The timing was uncanny. Very helpful! Much better than dying out on the road, leaving us stranded. So it ended up costing me $260, money I didn't really have and which was cutting into the money for rent and bills. I didn't worry about it though.

So then it came time for the next month's bonus check at work. My supervisor Tara pulls me aside to talk to me. She told me that a mistake had occurred with my bonus check. Instead of being for $50 like everybody else's, it was accidentally cut for $260. !!! But whoever was in charge of it all at the corporate office in NYC was just going to let it slide and not re-do it. For whatever reason. Tara and I didn't get along (she didn't get along with anybody actually), and so she said this all to me with a frown, a bit jealous even that I was getting all this extra money and that the people in charge didn't mind and just…..shrugged and said it was okay.

I just looked at Tara with big eyes, hardly believing this, but just going with it. Sure, fine by me. Like the 1994 room for rent that I drew to myself, I didn't dwell too much on this incident and its implications……even though I should have.

Apartment in Charlottesville. Before moving to Virginia, I'd been thinking that I'd like to live in a place that had all the best parts of the house that we lived in when I was a kid in Connecticut. I hated the town we lived in, but our house situation was nice. It had been a three story Dutch Colonial surrounded by woods with a brook on a dead end cul-de-sac. All that quietness and nature…I wanted that again! I was also tired of having to use Laundromats due to not having a washer and dryer. So we get to Charlottesville, and through Tom's connection Cameron, we're directed to go check out these particular apartments. Cameron didn't know anything about what I'd been thinking

in my mind and had no way of knowing what either of us would have ideally liked. So we get to the apartments and I was already excited just from what I was seeing in the parking lot. The buildings looked like **three story houses** on a **dead end** (and **private….ie, quiet….) road**, **surrounded with woods.** So we interviewed with the landlord lady and get a tour of the apartment that she has available. It's a two bedroom, with a laundry room…**that comes with a washer and dryer.** And again, it overlooks woods. And it turns out that there's a **creek** down at the bottom of the wooded hill, bubbling and gurgling loud enough to be heard inside the apartment. *And* there was the Rivanna hiking trail in the woods to boot, an added bonus. It was so perfect in every way. And that's where we proceeded to live for the next eight years. ☺

Job 1. After moving to Portland in November of 2001, I was interviewing downtown at a well known nationwide temp agency. In my mind I wanted an admin assistant job that paid $12 an hour, downtown in the financial district. I was told though that they didn't really have any jobs like that at the moment. They only had general office clerk and receptionist jobs for around $9/hour. I shrugged and nodded, saying that was fine. But in my mind I knew…I wanted an admin assistant job at $12 an hour.

The next day I got a call from the temp agency, giving me first dibs on an order that had just come in…for an admin assistant position downtown, at $12 an hour. !!! The job would end up lasting for the exact length of time that I was in Portland too. My brother Joe was arrested the nights of Friday, Saturday February 9th – 10th, then we permanently parted ways in life the night of February 12th into 13th, freeing me from him forever; the assignment finished Friday February 15th, and then I left Oregon to a new life, Joe-free, which was what I wanted, on Saturday morning, the 16th. ☺ It all worked out so perfectly it was scary.

Job 2. In late 2003 into early 2004 I'd been thinking that I wanted to see what it would be like to work in the downtown area of Fort Lauderdale, in one of the skyscraper buildings. Just because. It seemed like it would be fun and different. I'd sit at the Starbucks with Tom that was there on Federal and Broward while looking across the street at the downtown district, thinking that I wanted to work there. Meanwhile, I quit my job in January of 2004, which I talked about in my article "What are you going to DO with your life?!" I signed on with a temp agency…and the first job I was given was in one of the downtown office buildings, exactly where I'd been looking.

Job 3. I was finishing up with my latest temp job here in Charlottesville and so in the back of my mind I began pondering what I'd like next. Here and there I'd had thoughts about this one particular building downtown that we'd always park next to, and I'd think, I'd like to work there, see what that's like. You know, why not. Just because. ;) I pictured having a peaceful work space in there with some easy job. But I had no idea if my temp agency even worked with this company and never mentioned any of this to them.

Separately I also began thinking that whatever next job I have, I want it to be for a lot more money an hour than what I've been making. Like, at least $13 an hour, if not more! And I want a long term temp job, one that goes for several months. But not permanent. I'm not looking to commit myself to any company.

So as my temp job came to a close, my temp agency offered me an interview for this one company that was temp-to-hire….aka, something permanent, not temp. I reluctantly agreed at first…but then called them back and said You know…I'm REALLY looking for temp assignments only, nothing permanent.

After hearing that, one of the agency reps called me back to offer me an assignment they thought I might really dig – it was for that exact company I'd been thinking about for awhile when we'd park downtown. When I heard that through the phone receiver I went "!!!!" Stunned. It was a very surreal moment. The rep went on to explain that it was a long term temp job, through the end of the summer into the fall…not permanent, which is why they haven't been able to find anybody to place there, because everybody wants temp-to-hire only. And it would be for $15 an hour. !!! It was exactly everything I'd been thinking about in my hodge podge request. And the job itself turned out to be easy, with a peaceful work space in a relaxed work environment. Exactly like I envisioned. No stress. No petty tyrants.

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There are a lot of these sorts of stories in my life, but those are some of the best, and you get the idea. All you can see from the above examples, many times in life **I've gotten exactly what I asked for.** So of course that naturally leads one to have to wonder…**what is the limit?** We can't know until we try, right? Reality only gave me what it gave me because that was as high as I aimed. Because that was the limit of what I believed was possible. So what happens if we were to stretch the limits of what we believe is possible for us to have or achieve?

Can only speak for myself, but I know that for most of my life I've had self-imposed limitations about what I believed I "deserved." We don't realize how conditioned we are into the mindset of limitations until we're faced with the prospect of "custom ordering." Oh, I can't have that…I don't deserve it. It's not possible. It can't happen. **Why not?**

If you're feeling like you don't deserve something, then take a moment to stop and think about why that is. Where did that mindset come from? Was it ingrained in you during your childhood? Did it come from your parents or family, chipping away at your self esteem? Religion, trying to convince you that you're a lowly sinner, beneath a judgmental God figure that completely dictates your life? Society, giving you the message not to be the nail that stands out above the rest, lest you get pounded down first? "Don't shine greater than the people around you! Keep yourself down in order to make them feel better about themselves!" So many times there is that unspoken understanding of what happens when people are talented or successful and confident in themselves – people begin envying them and lashing out a them, wanting to tear them back down to their own level.

And if you're feeling like it's not possible or can't happen, just know that other people in the world, myself included, know that it definitely does work. So try to remove whatever programming is going on that makes you feel like it can't be done. The power of the human mind is something not realized by the vast majority, but it doesn't mean it's not real. The Powers That Be who control the direction of our world certainly know about it, and use this knowledge for their own benefit everyday, via the media. This is the darker aspect of things, and something I get more into here: http://in2worlds.net/thoughts?pg=2 in the entry entitled **"Hijacking our minds to create a reality**

that's in something *else's* best interest." In summary, the media, especially movies, TV shows and the news, can be used to program humans' subconscious minds in order to get our inherent reality creating abilities focused on the sorts of material and ideas that "stuff" wants us to focus on in order to bring that about. Messages conveying murder, torture, rape, fighting, hatred, division, discord, depravity, hopelessness, weakness, disempowerment, fear, anxiety, etc. run rampant in our media, and people watch these programs and soak up the messages/plots/ideas being subtly and not so subtly conveyed like a sponge, accepting them as normal and putting all their focus on that, instead of something positive and uplifting, or anything constructive and creative they could be thinking of on their own. It in turn pumps more of that energy out there, which in turn helps to bring more of it about. As my then-internet acquaintance relayed to me, which I quoted in that write up: "The bottom line is that **we are used in a million ways a day to perpetuate reality, as we are reality producing machines, and until we become conscious of what we are creating both in our personal lives and then in the macrocosm we are being used to manifest what "they" cannot manifest."** The same goes for the direction of the overall timeline. A particular concern that she and I discussed in an email exchange was the whole "apocalyptic end times" themes, with a word of caution to be careful what I put my thoughts on, because I could inadvertently wind up pulling that particular future to myself, winding up on that timeline. And with the rampant use of this theme in movies and TV shows it's hard not to think that way. It's being desperately pushed on everybody. Why is that, I wonder? Trying to get humanity to help them manifest a future that they can't bring about on their own? Makes you wonder.

Now, as far custom ordering events goes, there does seem to be a right way and a wrong way to go about things. In all of the above examples, the common thread was that I had a clear knowing of what I wanted/needed, and put that thought out there into the web of reality…then went back about my business without a second thought. **No expectation, no hoping, wishing, or nervous anxiety. No second guessing anything, no doubts.** I've heard of people in life who mope that "reality creation" doesn't work for them, no matter how hard they've tried. Well that's just it…they're trying too hard. You just get a clear knowing of what you need, while being willing to do whatever you might have to do on your end to help out, then put it out of your mind and just KNOW that it's going to happen. (So long as it doesn't violate anybody's freewill. That's an important point to note.) And don't even worry or think about it again. I did it inadvertently for years without realizing what was going on or what I was even doing, which is why there was no worry or self doubt clouding the works and why it worked so well. But once I finally figured out what was happening and became conscious of it, then **trust** had to come into play. **Trust that if it worked for me all those times before for years and years, then it will still work for me now.** Just because I'm conscious of it now doesn't mean it will suddenly stop. So, remember to not have doubts or desperate expectancy. Then put it out of your head with clear, calm knowing that it WILL line up and come together for you. I can't tell you how it does…but it does.

Internal feelings changing the outcome of external conflicts with people

Something I've learned over the years is that it's all about our thoughts, as evidenced by the previous section. And that our internal thoughts can change the outcome of a negative situation with people we're not getting along with. Elsewhere I mention that telepathy is probably the most common form

of psychic happening between people, whether they realize it or believe in it or not. We're constantly intuiting things about the people we encounter in our day to day life and those subconscious hits we receive influence our interactions, for positive and negative. What many don't realize though is that when it comes to interpersonal interactions, we can change the way an interaction is going merely by changing our thoughts. Even without any outward visual cues or changes, just merely thinking and feeling differently on the inside will affect the outcome of the exchange, because the other person picks up on the vibe being emanated. I learned all this accidentally…of course. As most things in my life it seems. Randomly stumbling onto discoveries, usually the hard way.

We've all encountered negative, rude, irritating people in life. Worse is when these are people we have to interact with on a regular basis, such as at work. Over the years I've encountered too many rude, crazy people at all my various jobs to even keep track of, and with nearly all of them I failed miserably at dealing with them. :D But what's stood out for me are those couple of instances where I somehow, someway, don't ask me how, managed to take all that inner frustration and anger towards a rude person at my job and transmute it - turning it into feelings of the 180 opposite - really amped up sincere positivity, resulting in the negative situation doing a complete and instant turnaround. It's a weird fluke thing when it happens and I just wish I could harness this ability all the time. It seems to only kick in with extreme people that I'm forced to deal with. With random rude and crazy people I haven't been able to master it. Here are a few examples I've accumulated over the years that perfectly illustrate this:

SoCal, 1993. Back when I was 18 in Laguna Hills, CA l I was hostessing at a restaurant part time. The woman manager there, Lynn, had "issues." I'd heard stories about her when I first started working there, and found her to be very mood swingy and a bit bitchy, just an unhappy woman in general. Gave off this really weird vibe. So those times that I had to work while she was the manager on duty I just kept quiet. Just did my job and kept busy and stayed out of her way. So then one day when working one of the waitresses filled me in about how Lynn's husband left her.....for a man. They'd been married 17 years and had two kids, and then he decided to come out and leave her for his boyfriend. And to top it all off, this waitress relayed a story about how when one time the servers were all eating after the restaurant was closed, piled into one of the booths, they invited Lynn to come sit with them…and she mumbled something about "...I'll sit in the corner where I belong."

!! holy schmolies. And the waitress who was telling me this said it with a cold smirk too, thinking it was funny.

I stood there listening to this story, watching this chick getting a kick out of it, and I just thought the entire thing was messed up. And I thought, how horrible is that, you know?? Having your husband leave you after 17 years and two kids would be bad enough...but for another MAN?? Talk about smashing one's self esteem. The whole realization that he was just living a lie all those years. And then thinking you deserve to "sit in the corner" ?!? Oh my lord. So after that I just totally felt sorry for Lynn, and had all this empathy for her, like I wanted to give her a hug or something. And I'm not even a huggy person! But if anybody needed one, she did. But, I kept quiet. Next few times I was working with her I did my usual thing where I just stayed busy and kept quiet, but all the while I had depressing stories about Lynn running through my mind, with all this empathy for her.

And I swear, she immediately started reacting to me and treating me differently. Became friendly, warmed up, started talking to me, and even started calling me honey. She became somebody completely different. And the kicker is....when other waitresses or staff would come up to the lobby she'd revert back to her tense, standoffish, unfriendly bitchy way of being, but then be nice again around me. Outwardly though I hadn't done anything different, it was just my thoughts that changed. And she was warm towards me for the rest of the time I worked there.

Fort Lauderdale, 2002. Shortly after arriving in Ft. Lauderdale I picked up a waitressing job to carry me over until I settled in with an office job, as mentioned a few times in this write up. So one day I think I got annoyed at one of the hostesses for seating my station in a screwy way or something, and questioned how things were being done. She was about 18, and the type of chick who was obsessed with clothes shopping, tanning, her hair, and getting her nails done. Just shallow and kind of detached, with this bored, slow energy. She didn't care…she just cared that I got snippy with her. ;) So after I questioned how I was being seated, she got peeved and ran to the other hostess who was working, this woman who was older than all of us, in her 40's at least. This older woman had that protective mother hen mentality with the younger hostess, which means when she heard that I'd gotten annoyed with her it sent her into a protective tizzy. I was in the busy kitchen when she flew up to me in a rage, confronting me. And I do mean rage. This woman was MAD. She flew off the handle at me, ROOOOWWWWR. To which I ducked out of the fight, because I had all these tables I had to get to. I was left feeling really pissed and frustrated at her though for sticking her nose in business that wasn't her concern, when she wasn't even there to see the exchange for herself. It was a situation that could have escalated into more negativity, and most likely would have with most people.

As I continued working, making salads and ladling soups into bowls, getting drinks and deserts, I intently thought about it all, and surprisingly found myself having all this empathy towards crazy "mother hen" hostess woman. Instead of feeling "GRRRRRR!" and hateful at her, I instead began wishing it had never happened, it was all so stupid and silly, a misunderstanding, it shouldn't have happened, there was just no need for her to be mad like that…so unnecessary…and I began inadvertently putting out intense feelings of "olive branch" you could say, wanting to smooth things over. Which, for me, was unusual. I can be all about the lingering "grrr!" feelings. ;) So about fifteen minutes later the kitchen doors swing open and I feel the tug to look up and see the "mother hen" hostess woman standing there, with a puzzled perplexed look on her face. She doesn't say anything for a few seconds, just continues to stand there looking at me looking at her. Finally, sounding slightly dazed and confused she tells me that she just sat one of my booths. Her voice has changed completely, from her former rage, to now being calm, sedated….even perplexed. She stands there for another second or two, looking confused, then slowly turns around to leave.

I felt what happened though. She picked up on my intense olive branch thoughts of just wanting to get along and responded to it, but not consciously realizing what was going on. That look of confusion was most likely wondering why she suddenly had nice feelings towards me, versus still being mad. :D And after that she was completely calm and peaceful and nice with me, very friendly and normal, like it had never happened. And no, she wasn't normally the type to do rapid 180s in

personality, or be up and down mood swingy. She was actually pretty stable, and her rage at me was the one and only time I'd ever seen her get like that in the time that I was there. I did try to finally broach the subject of it later on at the hostess stand, but she immediately waved it off, with this calm and serene look on her face, saying it doesn't matter, don't worry about it. And she meant it, it wasn't game playing. And everything was fine after that, even with the other younger hostess.

Charlottesville, VA 2006. At one of my temp jobs here in Virginia, there was this woman named Nina who works out of another office in another state, as a financial advisor. She was.....a piece of work, let's just put it that way. She had a demanding personality, expected immediate instant gratification when she called people needing something - put everything down and help her *NOW.* Nina would get admin girls so frustrated they'd have to put her on hold and get up and walk away to go cool off. Or sometimes she'd just get people so mad that they'd cry. One time I was told that she chewed out one of the female employees on a speaker phone conference call in front of everybody at multiple offices, causing the employee to cry right there at the conference table. And there was no complaining to anybody about this woman, because for whatever reason, she was secure. Complaints from people apparently fell on deaf ears. And there was no confronting her yourself to go at it head to head. I'd heard that people had tried to do that and it got them nowhere, fast.

In my own experience with her, when I first started working there in May of 2006, I'd answer her phone calls and not even make it through the greeting and she would be aggressively cutting me off, talking right over me. The first time I thought okay, well, she's just in a hurry. Soon realized that nope, that's just her personality. Every single time she called she'd aggressively steam roll right over me, to the point where I couldn't even finish saying the first five words...."Thank you for calling T....." then *BLAH!BLAH!BLAH!BLAH!BLAH!BLAH!BLAH!* from her. And her whole manner of speaking to me was extremely rude and aggressive, really cold and demanding. She'd ask me to do things that I had no idea how to do...stuff that wasn't my job. So I'd have to gently remind her that I don't know how to do that, to which I'd get the aggravated response. And so on. I was left shaking my head, getting more and more pissed and frustrated with every phone call from her, and my coworker Molly, who was experiencing even worse hell from this woman was left saying, "I think I hate her! I seriously think I *hate* this woman! I wish she would *die* in a plane crash or something and I've never said that about anybody! I wish she would *die!!!!!*" (plane crash because my coworker has to book all this woman's travel flights and has to do her calendar.) And while I didn't get to the point where I was wishing death on the woman, I did however get to a point where I vocalized that "….That woman does NOT act like a human!"

And then one day.....I don't know what happened, but something snapped, or clicked you could say. Something about her personality was just SO over the top, SO ridiculous, SUCH a caricature, that inside I began feeling like it was just funny. I concluded, there's something wrong with this woman, it's not me, because every person she deals with thinks she's a rude beeeyotch and can't stand her, so it's her, and at this point it's just funny. I got the idea to no longer be annoyed when she calls, and just be unfazed and nice and calm and serene no matter what she says.....and I realized that I could do it! I wouldn't be forcing myself to be nice, or suppressing my anger and hostility.....I just would naturally be that way. Why? **Because it doesn't matter, ultimately. She's crazy, it's not me, and so it's not worth one ounce of my energy anymore.** I could already see in my mind how it was

going to play out, and how it would feel to be that way in the face of an extreme ludicrous personality. And that's when I began to feel this sense of giddy mania surging up, which was the transmutation. Just happy giddy positive mania and serene bliss at the mere thought of dealing with her. It's hard to explain!

So, the next few phone calls I'm serene and unfazed, calm and happy and sweet, lalala, and not even trying to suppress anything, just feeling that giddy positive glee inside.

And something starts to change.

She begins to calm down. She would still cut me off every time I answered the phone, but I no longer cared. After she would cut me off, I'm like, "Hi Nina" all normal and nice. And she in turn starts being nice back. The voice softens. The ice begins melting. Then comes the first time she laughs and is actually normal and friendly on the phone with me. !!! And the thing to keep in mind is that my coworker who hates this woman also speaks very nice to her on the phone, talks to her the way she talks to everybody else, but for some reason, it has absolutely NO effect on Nina. So when Nina starts being nice to me, my coworker explains it away as a fluke thing, the fact that she's actually on vacation, so of course she's going to be nice. But when she comes back from vacation, watch out, it'll be back to her old tricks.

So, Nina comes back from vacation, and instead of reverting back to her old ways, she progressively gets friendlier, and friendlier and friendlier on the phone with me.....(but not with my coworker!) and so much so that she became no longer recognizable as the woman I was first dealing with on the phone. She was never rude to me again, and eventually, she even stopped cutting me off in mid-sentence!!! It just wasn't even an issue anymore. I don't know WHAT the hell happened other than the fact that internally, I changed the thoughts I was having about her and the entire situation, and then felt it transmute into this positive giddy mania, and lo and behold, she coincidentally changed as well.

I wound up meeting Nina in person when she had to come to our office, and she stopped by my desk to say hi and shake my hand. I was two days away from my last day at this assignment, which I told her about while she was here. And then she called me two days later on what was supposed to be my last day - totally normal and friendly with me - and asked "Is this really your last day??" sounding bummed (!) I explained that actually, I'd been extended for a few more weeks, and she was like, "Yaaay!!!!" and got so excited that she accidentally pushed one of the buttons on the phone so I got a "BEEP!" in my ear. !!! I'd almost say it was bordering on freaky by that point. Freaky in a good way, but still, pretty freaky. I was marveling to my coworker that Nina positively loves me now, and is so nice, it's just not even the same person I once dealt with.

Dream time meetings

As I mentioned in my **"Dreamtime and Waking Life – Two Sides of the Same Coin"** write up, **http://in2worlds.net/dreamtimewaking** I've come to learn that there's far more to dream time world then I'd ever realized growing up. It's not just simply a case of the brain firing off nonsense or

creating wild scenarios to keep you amused while you sleep – you're also often times visiting other realms, meeting up with people both alive and dead, having pow-wows, going to "school" where you learn things, and so on.

I've come to know this through personal experience, otherwise it would just be another case of "(shrug) Sure, I mean, I know that this stuff happens to *other* people, but I've never experienced it, so who knows. Maybe it's real, maybe it's not."

Here are a few examples to illustrate:

Shirley. As mentioned earlier in this piece, one of my best friends in high school in California was a girl named Shirley from Israel who'd immigrated to the U.S. in 9th grade. We met at the beginning of 11th grade when she transferred to my school from El Toro, which was the next city over. Shirley is a long and nutty and interesting story, endless coincidences and "woo woo" happenings, which I get into more at the end of this piece. What's relevant in this section are our dream time meetings in the years following us going our separate ways in life.

After we graduated in '93, Shirley moved back to Israel to join the army. Shirley came back to the States a couple of times to visit her parents, and whenever she did she'd always hunt me down…which is a story in itself. But because we'd had a strong psychic connection while in school, I'd feel her loud and clear as she tried to find me, interrupting whatever I was doing. I'd feel her and begin thinking "shirley shirley shirley shirley Shirley Shirley Shirley! Shirley! SHIRLEY! SHIRLEY! SHIRLEY! SHIRLEY! SHIRLEY!...." It would become maddening. Then I'd get the call from her. She amazed me. One time she first tracked down my ex "Kevin" (who she had actually gone to school with back at El Toro, and knew him before I ever met him…) in order to find out my dad's name in Connecticut to try to get my new contact info. Kevin couldn't remember where in Connecticut my dad lived, but all Shirley needed was his name, which Kevin did remember even though he and I had only dated for six months, and Connecticut's phone directory information assistance was able to provide her with the rest. So after hunting down Kevin, then calling my dad, next thing you know, I was getting a call. ☺ It was awesome, too funny.

The second to last time I saw Shirley was in March of 1996 – and I felt compelled to take a spur of the moment trip up to Buena Park to have her meet my ex Gary, just for kicks. I still liked Gary and we'd parted in a turbulent way but were still friendly, and I just had this desire to have two of the most important people in my life since being in California meet each other. And it was surreal! But cool and fun! And that was last time I'd see Gary for four years, and the second to last time I'd see Shirley.

At least in 3rd density, anyway.

Over the next few years I had a couple of "dreams" where I was meeting up and hanging out with Shirley. One of those times her other best friend in high school, Leila from Iran, was there, and we all showed up in this place that looked like a ballroom or something. I suddenly found myself in this ballroom place, standing around calmly, looking around like, "huh…." then spotted Shirley

approaching me, grinning. And just like in real life, Shirley did all the talking and seemed to be the one behind this meeting, wanting to see me and hang out and catch up. She was her usual happy and hyper and chatty and kind of child-like, self-involved self.

But the most interesting meeting dream of all happened around April of 2002. I was now living in Fort Lauderdale. It was 6 a.m. my time, EST in the States, and suddenly in my "dream" I found myself standing around in either a house or an apartment. From the sun and lighting it looked to be about 2, 3 in the afternoon. The sky outside was hot, hazy sun I could see through the sliding glass doors on the other side of the room. The walls were a plain beige, the carpet a darker beige to light brown, the decor simple, nothing spectacular. Suddenly I see Shirley across the room, getting up from a couch and approaching me with a big grin, very excited to see me there. I could again feel that she was the one instigating this meeting, having reached out with a request to meet up. On a higher level I was aware of it and responded, like, Sure. Why not. Shrug. ;) My attitude was neutral and curious, just looking around like, Huh, cool….

Shirley began talking to me, and I soon became surprised to notice that her personality had changed. For the first time ever, Shirley was now more mature and serious. She was very somber and subdued once she got talking and began giving me the update about her life.

She was now married, if I understood things correctly, and due to the escalating craziness in Israel she wanted to leave the country. Go back to the United States. But her husband wouldn't leave she explained, looking far away and sad. They were at an impasse. He was going to go down with the ship basically, to paraphrase the attitude that was conveyed to me. I got a feel for his very masculine proud warrior energy, completely loyal and devoted to Israel to the bitter end. She on the other hand wanted a future. And she didn't believe that was possible if they stayed. I felt her fear.

She went on to tell me, direct quote, "The U.S. was always just this place where I went to school. *Israel* was always my home. But now I want to leave!" I know her well enough to know that that's a big deal for her to say. By "just this place where I went to school" she was referring to the fact that she went to high school in the United States, was only here for four years, then bailed out and returned to her native country. It was truly just this place where she'd gone to school, and nothing more. She never intended to stay, and never stopped pining away for Israel in the four years she'd been here, and was always super excited to get back there ASAP and join the Israeli military. Her whole family was Israeli military. So for her to want to leave Israel, her home, and relocate elsewhere…permanently…meant life had taken a serious turn for the worse over there. It wasn't the same place anymore, and had become very dangerous.

I listened neutrally, being the shoulder to lean on, as always. That had been our dynamic and it still hadn't changed. And that was it, our meeting. I woke up shortly thereafter in my bed in Fort Lauderdale, and was messed up for the entire rest of the day. The meeting was REAL. I couldn't shake it out of me. We had really met up and talked, as far as I was concerned. It was so *REAL!!!!* And I was just amazed at the change in her personality. Shirley had grown up.

I later did some investigating and came to discover that Israel is 9 hours ahead of the U.S. east coast. Putting the time there at…….3 in the afternoon, exactly as I guessed it to be based on how the lighting

looked in the house where we'd met up. My guess is that Shirley wanted to see me again and laid down for a mid-afternoon nap, and since it coincided nicely with me also being in bed, asleep, we were able to have a little meeting. But who really knows though. !!!

The next time Shirley tried to meet up with me in the dream time we were blocked and got the smack down. It was now early 2005, and Tom and I were living here in Charlottesville Virginia, and again, Shirley initiated a meeting, kind of like picking up the phone and calling I guess, and I showed up……..but there was a wall blocking us from each other. The scenery around us was all black, not an actual place like it would be normally when we meet. It was as if we weren't fully able to access a place to meet, thus leaving us half in, half out, in a place of blackness. Both of us were trying to get to the other, communicate past this wall, but we couldn't. Soon her mother was there, a really sweet woman I remember from those times I'd hung out at Shirley's back in California. Her mom was acting as a go-between, going back and forth, trying to see what she could do to help bridge the wall that had been externally put in place by something to prevent us from talking to each other. She could go back and forth, but Shirley and I were held in place you could say, prevented from being able to get through to each other. Back and forth her mom went, but she was unable to find a way for Shirley and I to get through to each other through this block. We were both like :/ and eventually she had to give up. She returned to Shirley, looking back at me a little forlornly before disappearing. And that was the end of that. I woke up in my bed.

I don't believe this was just some "symbolic dream"…not considering our past dream time meetings. So it makes me wonder what Shirley was going to tell me that threatened something so much that it felt the need to give us the smack down and prevent the communication from taking place. It was apparently pretty important, because even her mom got involved. (For further stuff about the weird stuff with Shirley, see the section called "The guy in the white pick up truck" at the end of this write up…)

Joe. Back around '98 or '99 or so when living in SoCal I'd occasionally get these dreams where I was outside at night under the moon, on a winding road in a wooded area, flying along on a bike or something, seeing the tree branches against the moonlit sky. The feeling was always really positive, almost kind of a magical feel to it, since it was something very different from anything I did in my normal everyday waking life. I realized too that the winding road looked like a particular road called B_____ Road, in the town where my Dad and brother Joe lived in Connecticut. (won't mention the road name here because it's so unique as to be immediately recognizable to anybody who lives in that region, and thus pinpoint the town where my dad lives. I try to keep his real existence as anonymous as possible, since he didn't ask for me to be writing about him.) But I definitely had the feeling that this was B_____ Road, even though I'd only been on that road a few times when visiting my Dad, and during the day, not night.

Flash forward to several years later, after Joe had come to California to live with me. He described his many nocturnal bicycle riding adventures back in Connecticut on his treasured GT bike. He LOVED bikes, and he was a total night person all the way. So he was always out riding at night.

Then I remembered those magical feeling dreams I used to have and told him about it, saying that you know what, I used to have these dreams where it was like I was riding a bike at night under the moon, on B____ Road. My brother looked at me with this amazed look, saying that yeah, he used to ride his bike all the time on B_____ Road at night….and there were times where he sensed another (familiar, female) presence around with him, connected up to him, coming along for the ride. At the time he had assumed it was our dead grandma most likely. But we put two and two together and concluded that it was probably me. !!! Guess when I'd go to sleep I'd go seek out my brother, find out where he was. Or something, I don't know.

As of right now, in 2008, I own an 18 speed GT Timberline road bike that I ride around at night…..because of those dreams from years back. ☺ (and still do, as of this update in 2012. There really is nothing quite like riding my bike around at night in the summer under the moon to the sounds of tree toads and crickets and katydids, smelling the different flowering bushes as I fly along in the warm humid air. It's magical.)

"T____" Back in '99 I worked at this executive suites in Irvine answering phones on the 5th floor for up to 48 companies, at my peak. 33 at the lowest number. One of the companies I answered for was a law firm, and I eventually become buddies with their law clerk named T____. I won't use her real name here. I was 24 and she was 27, but looked older. She was cool though, a Pagan/Wiccan, at least 6' tall with meat on her bones, white skin, blonde hair, piercing blue eyes, a maiden name that was very German, and a friendly but edgy personality. Back when I first met her I was with my ex Steve, and was in my atheist phase. Before Steve I'd been an agnostic with a bent towards the "weird" stuff, and T_____ (and a Wiccan co-worker named Stacy) were both instrumental in helping to steer me away from atheism and back to the weird stuff. They didn't push it at all, but being around them I of course wanted to hear all about it. I'd studied up on stuff like that in the past, had a couple of decks of Tarot cards, and had previously been enthused with all things psychic and aliens, so just being around them rekindled the interest for me which had been suppressed and lying dormant, thanks to Steve. T____ in particular lent me books on Wicca and Paganism, and she got me into beading jewelry……something I do to this day. It felt good reading those books and connecting up with the ideas behind Paganism, because my soul was dying at that time, and I was rapidly going on "E" thanks to being around Steve who was sucking the life out of me (literally, as an inadvertent energy vampire, something Mike R. even confirmed, since he'd been friends with Steve for years) and killing my soul little by little with every passing month. So in a way you could say T____, and even Stacy in her own way, were mini life preservers. (To clarify though – I didn't "become Pagan/Wiccan" or anything. I've never joined up to any religion or spiritual concept fully, and I have a problem with the rituals and dress up fantasy play costumes and overall childish mindset that's so prevalent in many of the practitioners of Wicca. I'm too sensible for that, and in general I'm not a joiner, of anything. I like to read, listen, observe, research, and take the best bits from all sources that cross my path in life, but while never actually fully hitching my train to any one of them. But I did enjoy reading about it all during this time and having interesting philosophical conversations with T___ during our down times, because it was stimulating on a soul level, and was something that was completely lacking in my life with Steve.)

Years later when looking back on T, I suspected her of having been tinkered with in life, as in, the MILABS (military abductions) persuasion because she had some telltale indicators. Only to discover that her dad and grandfather had both been Navy…further cementing my suspicions, along with all her other indicators. But that's a whole side subject.

So that was T____ in a nutshell. Surprisingly we stayed in contact off and on for several years after I left that job and after we'd both gone our separate ways in life. I say "surprisingly" because she's the only person I've ever worked for or with that this has happened with. She'd occasionally send me emails, and in that time I'd left California and lived in Oregon, Florida, and then Virginia. !!! There was a connection going on between us that spanned my time in four states, even though we never saw each other in person again and only emailed occasionally over the years. Odd but interesting.

In 2005 when I was now in Virginia I was occasionally emailing with a woman named P____ that I came to know on a message board forum who's a MILAB, very psychic, and has a sister who's a famous major player in the alien abduction research field. P____ was telling me about the psych hospital she works in as a nurse in SoCal. When I heard the name and the location I was like Wait a minute….!!!! I think that's the same place T_____ works at!!! I emailed T____ back in California to find out, and sure enough…..it was. Now, what are the odds? They both held completely different jobs at this facility, but they were technically co-workers nonetheless. And later they did end up meeting each other in person. It even further cemented my suspicions that T____ was being used for stuff in life. All these strange connections.

Then we fell out of contact again after that. Months later I found myself having a "dream" one morning where I was watching T____ teaching a group of people. She was standing before the group, happy and relaxed and confident as she taught, doing her thing, and I was smiling and happy for her as I watched her. It was brief, and then I woke up.

Within two days, T____ emails me out of the blue, after being out of the picture for awhile. An odd "coincidence" in itself. In the email she mentioned the many changes in her life since we last talked….including that she now teaches some college classes several days a week related to her line of work at the psych institution. !!!! I read that and almost fell out of my chair. I emailed her and told her all about how I'd popped in on her teaching a class in my "dream." Either it was her real life self I was popping in on, or else she's also doing teaching in the other realms, and I was watching her there.

Entity run-ins

I wrote in depth about my paranormal experiences that occurred while roommating with my brother back in California in 2000 in a write up called "The Vortex." That one year time period where I was pretty much forced to keep living in a place that had paranormal stuff happening up the wazoo only because I had no spare money to move was basically the equivalent of going to school. When I moved in, I knew nothing, and was in a "recuperating" phase after having been an atheist and energy drained by my ex for three years. By the time I moved out it was like I was an old pro expert. (though I still had a loooong way to go. But the difference between when I first moved in, and was

terrified of everything with zero clue, flip flopping back and forth between refusing to believe what was happening and then reluctantly accepting it, to my more calm and collected nonchalance of the supernatural by the time we moved out, with actual knowledge about it all, was like night and day. Huge change.) I was never looking for anything of this sort to happen, but my brother being who is means he's surrounded by paranormal weirdness, and has been since he was a toddler. It's always been there for him, since the beginning, which I elaborate on in that write up. And after doing everything I could to bring him out to SoCal to help him and basically rescue him, pounding square pegs into round holes, roommating with him in my attempt to help him get on track in life, ie – bringing him directly into my fold, in close proximity and **giving "permission"** so to speak - means whatever was happening to him soon **spread to me, like a virus.** Once it spreads you're now on its "radar." It's like those wild animals who are tagged and released back into the wild – it's always going to be able to locate you and be aware of you unless you can figure out how to remove the "tag"/marker. That's something I've learned about this other side of reality, and something that others out there in the world have also apparently independently concluded as well. Apparently I've had under-the-radar abductions and things happening to me dating back to when I was a kid, as described in my book "Chasing Phantoms," but it was never anything that interfered with my ability to live my daily life, so I was able to obliviously bumble along, only thinking that these subjects were things that happened to others, but not me. Overt level harassment and terrorizing campaigns were not a part of my life until Joe re-entered the picture in 2000, and once it started the overtness never stopped. It includes everything from MILABs-level stuff on up to paranormal entities.

The "spreading" factor became apparent after moving to Fort Lauderdale, FL. I assumed all this paranormal stuff would be fully gone now from my life since Joe was out of the picture and I'd moved 3,000 miles away, but, that's not how it works. ;) My apartment in Fort Lauderdale was nice and clean when I first moved in, but due to being overtly abducted all the time and everything that goes with it (another new factor in my life that emerged after Joe re-entered the picture though I can't blame him. But it's probably at least an indirect result of the year and a half of him being back in the picture….) the place soon became paranormally "polluted." Entities were coming around, and strange paranormal stuff in general was happening, including some of the same phenomenon that had occurred in the "The Vortex." In "The Vortex" I wrote about the spot over my bedroom doorway being a portal entrance, and how my cat would try to jump as high and hard as she could, thinking she could propel herself up into it if she only jumped high enough. (animal logic. ;)) Well I soon noticed in Fort Lauderdale that in the corner to the left of the front door there was another "spot." My cat would jump up as high as she could against the wall, then drag her claws against the wall as she reluctantly slid back down again. She'd do this over and over, trying to get up into "something." I also felt energy going on over there, and woke in the middle of the night one time to see a small rectangular spot of blue green static-y energy – like TV static – going on at the bottom of the door. Exactly the same as an incident mentioned in "The Vortex." So the door was definitely a portal entrance area of some sort. The front window also became a hot spot. My cat was attacked in it on several occasions, which I'll talk about here in this section, and I had a "dream" one night of a powerful blue white "UFO" light descending outside that same window, blowing it in, which I talk about in my book "Chasing Phantoms." Might have really happened, might have been a screen memory. Guess I'll never know. Tom also had a dream one night where the cat was talking to him, telling him that she can see Grays and Reps lurking outside that window, and "they're mad, because they can't get in." Thought that was interesting.

I'm used to the paranormal oogedy boogedy and will write about it freely and nonchalantly, but have come to learn that most people get freaked about this subject. So if you're sensitive to spooky stuff, then yes, be warned, some of the following incidents are Halloween creepy level I guess. But do hang in there, because there's an important point to learn. I talk about the "fear frequency"…and what happens when we lose the fear over this stuff. Right now as I type this I necessarily don't have these sorts of incidents happening anymore. Why? Because of the fear frequency insight I gleaned in early 2004, which changed EVERYTHING. **This stuff hinges entirely on our personal frequencies – and how we do or don't react to it all.** So there's a big lesson to be learned with these incidents. It's not just creepiness for the sake of scaring people, the end. And meanwhile, the creepiness is still in my life, and it's worse than ever! dun dunnn DUNNNNNN!! No. In fact, at this point it rarely happens. The way I look at it now, it's like a disease or something that has occasional flare ups, which need to be managed. But, it can be managed.

On a related side note, I also get into neg entity harassment stuff in my book, and how awakening MILABS will sometimes find themselves suddenly being harassed in the dreamtime by these neg entities…which may not actually be real entities. They sometimes seem to have human "them" abductors/whoever they are, pulling the strings. But that's a whole other topic, and I recommend looking at the book if you'd like to learn more. (book is free btw, you don't have to pay to access the info.)

Following are some of the most noteworthy entity encounters I experienced post-"The Vortex." At the end I've added on a new small section which expands into additional observations I've noticed concerning the different types of neg entities. They can't all just be lumped into the same one category. There are definitely differences, with different purposes/agendas to them, and a reason that certain techniques apparently work on some, but not others…..

Cat attacked in window - August 2002, Fort Lauderdale. For whatever reason, I never logged this incident. I think it freaked me out so badly that I just put it aside after it happened, and didn't even have the energy to write about it. Although it seems really tame compared to actually physical entity run ins that I've had and which I did log. So, odd paradox there.

Tom and I were fast asleep in the middle of the night in my apartment. (He also had his own apartment across town during his first 6 months in Fort Lauderdale.) The lights were off and the only light in the room was from my red and purple lava lamp. Suddenly we were awakened from deep sleep by the sound of my cat in the front window behind the blinds, going absolutely BESERK with THE most intense cat screaming I've ever heard in my life. It was pain and terror, and the screaming never stopped. It just kept going and going and going and going.

Both Tom and I awoke with a terrified jolt, and I immediately jumped out of the bed, full of intense panic at the noise I was hearing. I just immediately and instinctually knew why she was making that noise – she was being hurt, attacked, by something in that window – and it scared the living shit out of me. I had to get her out of there, as she seemed unable to get away from it herself, whatever it was, but I was scared so shitless that all I could do was stand there next to the bed by the light of the

purple and red lava lamp, wringing my hands going "OH my god OH my god OH my god OH my god…" wringing and wringing my hands and jumping around, terrified by her intense screaming. There was intense psychological conflict. I can't NOT help her, that's not an option, but still, I knew there was danger there and I was scared to put myself in the middle of it. So it created this split conflict resulting in the hand wringing and panic. And there's just no words to describe the noise she was making, I've never heard anything like it. To wake from a deep, sound sleep to *THAT* craziness erupting out of nowhere was shocking, to say the least.

Finally I forced myself to break through my fear and lunged forward towards the blinds, sticking my arms under the blinds to get a hold of my cat……trying to make sure the blinds didn't go up far enough to reveal whatever was there on the other side. I was terrified to see the source of her screaming. My fingers found her fur and grabbed on, pulling her out of the window, the blinds falling back again. The cat was wiggling all around in my hands, still freaking out and clawing wildly in her lingering reflexive defense mode.

I collapsed back in the bed, clutching my still terrified but now quiet cat. Tom turned the light on saying "holy crap…." or something. We both just laid there in the bed in silence, breathing heavily and recovering from the situation. I clutched my cat tightly, refusing to let her go. And this is another weird psychological thing that happened – we couldn't talk. All we could both do was just lay there recovering on the bed for a really long time….with eyes that were profusely watering. Watering watering watering. We weren't crying. We were just speechless, breathing differently, with watering eyes. I've never experienced the watering eyes thing like that before. And the fact that we both had it was weird.

This went on for a long time for both of us, staring silently at the ceiling with watering eyes with the cat in my arms. Finally we were able to slowly move around and get up. We decided to leave the apartment that night and go sleep in Tom's apartment across town. We slowly got ourselves together, still hardly talking. I reluctantly let my cat down, and she crept over to the window, stopping about a foot away from it, too scared to look under the blinds…although you could tell she was curious and wanted to. She maintained about a one foot distance from it, cautiously listening and trying to get a sense of things on the other side of the blinds. Finally she just laid down on the carpet next to the window……looking absolutely exhausted with life force drained out of her, exactly as I myself have been after an entity attack.

We got our clothes and stuff together and I scooped up my cat, and we were out the door to jump in Tom's car and bail out for the night. As I sat in the front passenger seat with my cat in my lap, petting her, I saw something that really shocked me…….moving in front of our other apartment window (directly in front of Tom's car about six or seven feet) was a pitch black crescent shaped thing moving towards the right. The crescent thing was about two to three feet long maybe, but was hovering about six feet up in the air, from my vantage point. And it was blacker than black, and moved about the speed that a human might move. I squinted, wondering if I was seeing things. But I'm pretty positive about what I saw. So there was some sort of thing moving around the perimeter of our apartment.

We were so outta there that night.

The presence outside the window – again – March 3, 2003. I felt that something was "off" and wrong when I went to bed. I had fear when I laid down, and didn't know why. I could feel something lurking about. As usual though I had no idea what it was, or what it was going to do, if it even planned to do anything at all, which it might very well not.

But because of that feeling I was sleeping with one ear open, unconsciously expecting something to happen, and thus, be ready for it. Sure enough, my cat started wigging out at about 2:15 a.m., growling and getting increasingly more hysterical and panicky at something in or beyond the front window. Since this happened once before back in August I recognized her sounds right away and what was happening, and so jumped out of bed, immediately snatching her out of the window. I got scratched and bit in the process, which I expected. I shut the window and blocked off the blinds to keep her out of there.

It doesn't sound like much, but my cat never normally acted that way, save for that one previous incident. Then factoring in the negative presence I was sensing in the vicinity before tentatively falling asleep, and this is what it seems to be. An attempted repeat of the first incident.

…And again. March 4, 2003. Again I felt a lurking presence when I was getting ready for bed and felt the uneasiness and fear. I decided to close my eyes and do a mental search/scan – and I saw black splotchy patches in my mind's eyes. It's another one of those things where I don't know how I knew to do this or that I even could psychically "scan" for something, but I just did it. And dark black I happen to know indicates highly negative entities. So I went to sleep with one ear open again.

At it happened again. At nearly the same exactly time – 2:30 a.m. this time – I woke to my cat growling and starting to get hysterical and panicky at something in the window. I leapt out of bed and averted the situation again, before it got out of hand. Closed up and blockaded the window…and left it blockaded. However by Wednesday the presence, "it", was gone. Must have disappeared back to its own realm. I could feel that it was gone, there was no oppressing feeling of fear and tension of "something" lurking about. And when I closed my eyes and did a mental scan, now I only saw pink/orange. No more black splotches in my "psychic vision."

"Ralph the Rustling Plastic Bag" – Fort Lauderdale. November 13, 2002. Woke up at 5:20 a.m. and was nearly awake, and halfway opened my eyes, rolled over, and shifted around, adjusted blanket, etc. and was planning to just drift off to sleep again. (my lights were on too, as I wasn't prone to sleeping in the dark anymore.) Then through half opened lids I noticed a flash of black cut across the ceiling diagonally down to the right, then diagonally down to the left. A little puzzled, I wondered what it was, but was too tired to think much of it. Then it swooped in.

I was laying on my right side/back with my eyes open halfway, looking up at the ceiling. Then…there it was, right in my face above me. It was all black, and shaped like a Pac Man ghost, about a foot and a half tall from my perspective. And it completely paralyzed me so much so that I couldn't even attempt to flex/shrug my muscles to break free. I absolutely could not move, period.

Couldn't budge. I've never had paralysis to that extent before, ever, never, never. Then it began moving rapidly back and forth, back and forth, shaking itself around in my face while making a crinkling, rustling "whooshing" sort of noise that had a slight whine/squeal/high pitched feedback noise with it. The way it looked, the way it sounded, the way I was so completely paralyzed, it was all a bit scary, but I managed to keep my wits about me as I laid there, looking at it shaking itself rapidly back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, making a ruckus in my face.

I immediately realized that I needed to give up physically struggling with it, don't bother, at all, because that'll just feed it and make the situation worse. The more you fight, struggle, resist, the stronger and stronger they get. The big thing here is to **AVOID FEEDING IT FEAR.** Do NOT feed it, I thought. I remained calm, and then said over and over, "NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO….." very loud and firm and calm, no struggle. I also called upon the "good guys" and said to myself, "Okay good guys, where are you? Come on…." Repeated a few more times, and was JUST about to get to the point of MAJOR doubt, with fear beginning to creep in when it finally stopped. I didn't feel like I had a firm handle or connection to something positive, at all. No real conviction. However it if ever happened again, that would not be the case.

When the paralysis finally broke and the black thing pulled away and left, I sat up quickly in bed, covered in a strange almost "wet" feeling all over my body, with these weird chills. Icky goose bumps that felt wet and cold. I've never experienced that before either. My nerves were shot.

When I told Tom about it the next day over the phone, describing the noise it made, he jokingly nicknamed it Ralph, the Rustling Plastic Bag. :D !

Shortly after this incident I was at work when my coworker buddy Ryan mentioned the movie **"Jacob's Ladder"** to me. It was one of his favorite movies of all time, and Ryan was all about recommending his fave movies to anybody who would listen. But what stopped me in my tracks was when he described the spooky entities in the movie – they apparently shook themselves rapidly back and forth. He tried to imitate it for me. I was like, *"WHAT?!?"* I couldn't believe it. He was describing my entity encounter!!! I had to see this movie.

Tom and I promptly went out and bought a copy of the movie, without even watching it beforehand, and sure enough…the entities in the movie did that same movement thing as my Pac Man entity, the way Ryan described it. **Makes me wonder where the writers got the idea for that.**

Black cloud – November 25, 2002. Woke up in the middle of the night and was positioned on my back. **I had the distinct thought to reposition myself,** that it was a bad, vulnerable position to be in, because twice now in life I've had a run in with an entity while on my back. So I flipped over on my stomach which seems to me to be safer. (my lights were on again, same as before.) And good thing I did that too, because not too much later I awoke again, still positioned on my stomach, facing the left towards my front door, only to see the signature "black diagonal lines" of the November 13th entity cutting downwards in the air, left and right. Paralysis soon attempted to descend on me, pinning me into position…all the while as a new and interesting phenomenon took place. Some sort of black,

semi-hazy translucent cloud thing was in the room, in front of the front door/front window area, moving slowly towards me across the room.

My eyes bugged out, like, WHAT THE HELL IS THIS SHIT?!?!?! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" As I watched it moving towards me, feeling my paralysis, I panicked and yelled out "NOOOOOOOOO! NONONONONONONONONONO!" over and over. That broke the paralysis and stopped the whole thing.

Ralph the Rustling Plastic bag – again! March 2, 2003. I didn't keep track of the details on this but what I did write in my log book at the time is that Ralph tried to make another guest appearance, and my attitude was now like, Ah, go AWAY, I don't have TIME for this shit, I have to sleep, leave me alone….and I shook off the beginnings of intrusion and just rolled over the other way and fell back to sleep.

A HUGE, HUGE difference from what happened back on November 13th. Talk about two totally different mindsets, holy cow. There was just no fear, really. The reason being……major realizations happened between these incidents. I had my big insight into the **"Fear Frequency"** back in January, (which I elaborate more on in my "Higher Self" write up on my website **http://in2worlds.net/the-higher-self**) and learned that these things were happening to me because **something was trying to keep me scared, all the time**. In a constant state of terror, to keep my frequency low. **Once I learned this, it lost all its power.** I couldn't take these situations seriously anymore knowing that there was a "man behind the curtain" orchestrating it all. Now my attitude was Psssh, go away! waving my hand at it and rolling over and falling back to sleep. Who has time to actually take this crap seriously??

And after that incident, I believe that Ralph attempted to come around at two or three more times at night, but each time I barely gave it the time of day and felt absolutely nothing. Just rolled over, with an exasperated eye rolling attitude. It had become such a boring non-event that I practically forgot that these incidents even happened by morning, until remembering later on like, "Oh wow, wait…that happened last night, didn't it? I think Ralph came around and I just rolled over and went back to sleep! hahaha!!!!" :D

Eventually Ralph just gave it up and I've never seen him since. I'd come a long way!

Shadowy something from another realm – October 12, 2003. Approximately 12:20 in the afternoon. Sunday morning Tom had an ear ringing in his left ear while I was messing around on the computer. The cat then started to act really funny, running amok through the apartment, tearing back and forth from one end to the other, making weird squeak noises and looking around bug eyed. (a major indicator that "something is around.") Shortly after that, Tom left to go run errands and stuff. My cat settled down and laid down to nap, and I started to do stretches, while listening to music.

Right then, my cat and I heard **a loud crackling noise coming from the cabinet under the sink.** I say loud, because it was loud enough to be heard *over* the music that was playing, which was a little loud. It sounded like crinkling cellophane plastic. The cabinet door under the sink where the noise was

coming from was opened a few inches, and I stared at that area, wide eyed, thinking there must be a rat or some critter under my sink crawling around…!!!…in a plastic bag or something……even though there aren't any plastic bags under there……My logic was escaping me.

At this point the noise really got my cat's attention. She had been lying on the floor, faced away from the sink, but when she heard it she half rolled over with her front paws in mid air, staring at that area intently. The noise would crinkle, then fade out, the crinkle again, exactly as if an animal was crawling around in plastic. Crinkle and stop, crinkle and stop. I got up and slowly crept over towards the sink cabinet, but kept my distance, squinting at it, looking for an animal or something.

Suddenly a faint back shadowy thing darted across the living room carpet. It came from the direction of the sink and headed towards the opposite end of the room, whizzing right by me, inches from my legs. In a matter of two seconds it went from the kitchen to the front window area, and was gone, seeming to disappear through the wall under the window.

As it darted across the carpet, I tried to focus on it and follow it, but again it was like a faint black shadowy thing that I couldn't fully see or lock my sight on. It was about the size of a small animal though. So I *still* totally thought I was dealing with a small animal here, running around in my apartment! This whole thing was NOT sinking in, despite the fact that I've tangled with entities before that were A) Black, and B) made rustling/crackling cellophane noises. So I was seriously about to throw on my shoes, grab my backpack and get the hell out thinking I had a big ol' rat on the loose in the apartment. But then I realized I didn't see it anymore by the window…or anywhere in the apartment for that matter. If there was a rat on the loose then where did it go?? Then I was like heeeeeeeeey, wait a minute…!

Finally it began to sink in that it wasn't an animal, it was in fact an entity that had just "crossed over" and "blew through" as my brother would have said. (See "The Vortex.")

Emotionally I was feeling numb and blank about the whole thing. No reaction really. I wasn't scared, and just saw it as yet another weird thing to add to my ongoing never ending weirdness. Then I tried to go back to my stretches and exercises, but had to give it up after a couple of minutes. **I was suddenly feeling tired and drained,** like I needed a nap. **My face also felt hot and fiery.**

Later when Tom got home I became really annoyed at him over something stupid, and he promptly left again. I never get that annoyed like that. I actually felt mad, and didn't even care when he left. More signs of neg presence, doing its thing. Tom came back though in about 20 minutes.

The kicker was, right after that I was back online perusing the message board forum that I used to post to at the time back in 2003, and one of the main posters, a guy that I'd suspected of being a MILAB (an excerpt of one of his posts to me concerning the military abductions subject appears in my book in fact…) **emails me privately to tell me that he'd JUST experienced some black shadowy entity thing running through his house there in New York.**

Now, what are the odds? Really? ;)

All the indicators were there though that this was an entity – my cat was agitated and running amok before it happened, there was crinkling plastic/cellophane noises happening, it was black and shadowy and it drained my energy – all of the same things from my entity attack as written about in "The Vortex." It also left me feeling like I was on fire, and my good mood rapidly switched to agitated and angry. More hallmarks of neg interference, for me anyway.

The "it" from the ceiling - August 18, 2004, Fort Lauderdale. After going to bed early, I awoke for no apparent reason at **11:09** p.m. (**http://in2worlds.net/numbersightings**) I knew something was going to happen later this night, since 119 is usually a warning. I went back to sleep though since Tom was up and wide awake (figured it was safe to squeeze in a little more sleep) then finally just happened to wake up again at exactly **1:11** a.m., and got up for good. I was up for the next few hours reading. I knew something was going to happen that night and was very matter-of-fact about it.

At about 3 a.m. my cat noticed something above my bed up by the ceiling, and her eyes followed it, whatever it was, as it moved around up there. We didn't see anything, no bugs or whatever. She just sat there on the floor, unmoving, eyes HUGE, fixed on it, her face seeming really surprised by what she was seeing. The look on her face made me nervous.

Finally I made myself lie down to catch a nap at 5:30 before having to get up at 7:30. The light was on in the room, so it wasn't dark. WELL….Between 5:30 and 6, my dreams were negative, and I was tossing and turning, feeling the presence of something negative around in the vicinity. By 6 a.m. the dreams were just whacked, all of which indicates **hijacking of the sleep state** I now know in retrospect. Towards the end of one of these dreams, I saw a side view of a little "Gray" alien with a **gun,** standing in a doorway facing to the left, almost like a still frame photo. The negative presence closed in on me in the dream, and I could feel it enveloping me. Yet I was lucid and conscious of all of it, which is unusual for me. As I felt it all around me I the dream I thought to myself, "I want to SEE the hyperdimensional controllers...! I want to SEE what they look like…! .I want to SEE them….!!!"

Big mistake.

As soon as I said that in my mind, BOOM, that was it, it was all out. Whatever it was swooped in, didn't waste any time. As I felt it swooping in and felt the vibe of it – very dark and scary - I tried to retract what I'd just thought and said "NO! NO! NO! I TAKE THAT BACK!!! I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM! I TAKE IT BACK!" Too late though.

A…*THING*...suddenly fell down from the ceiling over my bed, **doing a loop in the air as it did so,** then landing with a **thump** next to my bed. I was lying on my left side, facing outwards to the lighted room and seemed to be viewing things with "astral vision." Things were slightly fuzzy, which means I was seeing things, but not in the realm I normally operate in.

This It thing was shaped like a humanoid, brown black in color - no face - and when it landed it was crouching in an animalistic creature way, its arms positioned between the bent legs which stuck out.

When I saw it I thought to myself, "***WHAT*** the ***FUCK*** is ***THAT****?!?!?!*" too surprised to even be scared at first. Just "!!!!" shocked. Same as my cat, earlier in the night. ;D

It in turn became slightly curious at my curiosity and cocked its faceless brown/black head to the side, peering in closer at me, still crouched with arms positioned between the legs. We stared at each other like that for a second or two. I'd seen so much negative crap by that point in life that I wasn't immediately terrorized. I was just frozen with intrigue.

The mutual intrigue didn't last for long. He got down to business, lunging forward and closing in around me and began doing what "Ralph" had done months earlier. His upper body/head area began violently shaking back and forth making this crazy noise, in a "Jacob's Ladder" demon entity way. His shape morphed into an indistinguishable blur and he became all noisy and "oogedy boogedy scary!" I don't know if this is how these things normally operate, and the JL movie was pulling from real situations with how real entities can be, or if this thing was copying something it pulled from my mind, something It knew would scare me. Although Ralph had done this too…..and the Ralph incident happened *before* I ever saw Jacob's Ladder.

As he did his "violent shaking, noisy ruckus, closing in around me oogedy boogedy scary!" thing I became paralyzed in the bed, unable to move. Fighting back, I screamed out in my mind "no! no!! NO!!! NONONONONONONONONONO!!!!!!...." trying with all my might to break the paralysis, while thinking about Tom and how I had to break out of this and get a hold of him next to me in the room. Then I had the passing thought of, *"What if I CAN'T break out of this?!! What's going to happen to me?!?!?!"*

I did manage to break out of it, but it took a lot of effort, and when I did I was gasping and flailing about, grabbing at Tom who was sleeping. I could still feel the remnants of the paralysis. I looked for "It" next to the bed but couldn't see it where it had only just been, moments before. I was actually surprised about that at the time, fully expected to still see it there. Again though I realize now that I has been seeing in the astral, or a realm that was not quite tuned into the one I normally operate in. So, it wouldn't have been visible to me in my normal waking state. (Although it was probably plainly visible to the cat!)

The kicker is, later on that morning after I'd gone to work, **it came around for Tom too, and went after him.** He had to wrestle around with it to break free from it and the paralysis it induced. So this was definitely something real, not a dream, and it wanted to go after both of us.

The "it" next to my bed – July 2007, Charlottesville. The only time something of this sort has happened in Virginia. I just finished up with a temp assignment and decided to take some time off from working. It was summer and I was in the mood for some vacation. Something that I wanted to do during this time off was take a trip up to Connecticut and visit the town where I was forced to live for nine years growing up, and hopefully make some peace with it all. I wasn't planning to visit anybody while there, and I'd be going by myself. The temp assignment finished up on Friday July 13th, and I planned to get packed up and ready to go over the weekend, and take off early Monday morning. Avoid the weekend traffic and sold out motel occupancies, as everybody packs every motel

and hotel in eastern and southern Connecticut to go visit the Indian casinos, especially during the summer.

Then, the "it" happened.

On the early morning hours of Saturday the 14th, I woke up in the "half in/half out" lower astral realms I guess it was, I'm not sure, to find an……It…..crouched next to my bed, whispering fast and furiously to me in an unintelligible speech.

My boyfriend Tom later nicknamed him "The Demonic Ewok" after I described to him what it looked like. (I love his funny nicknames for these sorts of creatures ;D) But the Demonic Ewok was crouched next to the bed, arms positioned between his legs. (They seem to like that position I take it. Animalistic/primitive crouching.) Not that big or tall – I imagine that fully standing he would have been not even four feet tall. Blackish brown in color, and seemed to have a furry face, although no real discernable facial features that I could make out. My vision was blurry, as it usually is during those times I've found myself in the half and half realms. And he was staring intently at me, whispering. Imagine unintelligible fast and furious gibberish whispering, whisper whisper whisper……..whisper whisper whisper…..whisper whisper whisper….

I just stared at him like I've done with some of the others, thinking "WTF??" I wasn't scared, just surprised and intrigued. He was completely unfazed by the fact that I had become conscious of him, the whispering never broke or slowed down. He was very intent. It reminded me of somebody casting a spell or something, determined to not be distracted. He kept staring intently at me, whisper whisper whisper…….whisper whisper whisper….

I finally broke out of it, and found myself fully back in "my" realm, and he was no longer next to my bed.

By this point I'd begun to realize some interesting things about this impending trip: I realized that just before moving to California when I was 16, we'd moved out of our house and moved into the motel on…….July 15th. Checked out of the motel on the morning of July 16th and then flew to California.

Now I'd be: Checking back into the *same identical motel*, exactly *16 years later to the exact date,* July 15/16. And not only that, but at *exactly twice the age of when we left* – 32 years old.

It was actually very creepy and ritualistic when you think about it. All these numbers perfectly lining up. What are the odds of checking back into the same motel, on the same date, exactly twice the lifetime later. Then you factor in the demonic ewok making a guest appearance next to my bed the night before I was set to leave, and you get a good case of "Second Thoughts."

Needless to say I canceled the trip for that Monday. Though by two weeks later, at the end of the month the urge to take this trip was strong enough that I caved in and decided to go after all. It was still the same motel, in the same month, twice a lifetime later, but at least it wasn't the exact same *day*,

like originally planned. :D The trip went off without a hitch, and was actually quite fun and pleasant, and I'm glad I went as it did make a positive difference.

The "feral creature" in my room – October 31 – November 1, 2014. This is the most recent example of an "it" encounter, after not experiencing anything comparable since the Charlottesville 2007 incident. And I really have no idea what to make of this one, considering the way it ended. But this was Halloween night into the morning of November 1st, of all nights, and even though the holiday means nothing to me and it's not something I do anything for, it apparently does mean things to "stuff" that reside in other realms. To the mainstream world it's just a fun day for dressing up and getting free candy, but for those who engage in the occult it has an entirely different purpose, and means there's a lot of nasty negative energy and "stuff" on the loose in our world and in nearby realms during the time period of October 30-November 1. That's why I can't dismiss the coincidence of the date for when this happened. I also probably had susceptibility due to having alcohol before bed. That's a known avenue in for "stuff," as alcohol creates vulnerability. So, there was a twofold factor happening. There's already stuff on the loose, and meanwhile, I had alcohol. So there I am sleeping in the early hours of November 1st, when I become aware in my dream that "something is around." Not the first time this has happened. The way it works is it creates a disturbing feeling that something is wrong, it feels negative and creepy, which then usually – and hopefully – can trigger me to start becoming lucid where I can then take measures to ward off whatever it is. I attempted to do that, tapping into Christian imagery and prayers which interestingly enough, works wonders on negative beasties even if one isn't actually a Christian as I've seen. I started doing that while still in the sleep state, though to no avail. The feeling of something negative being around become so strong, as if closing in, that it caused me to wake up, though I seemed to be in a state where I was partially awake, in this realm, but partially tapped into the astral. I was lying on my stomach, facing towards the room, which was to my right……where I could now see an "it" creature standing in the middle of the room, facing me. It was lit up by the faint light coming through the blinds from the sidewalk lights outside the apartment.

It was roughly three and a half feet tall, dark in color. It seemed to have the same general form we do in terms of a head, two arms and two legs, though it all seemed grossly distorted, not neat and tidy in shape, and I was unable to determine any real details about this thing, including what sort of face it had for a reason I'll explain in a second. Upon waking and becoming aware it immediately launched into its schtick. The "schtick" involves moving/jumping all around in an aggressive, spastic herky jerky way while making this crazy, intense sounding animalistic growling/demon noise. The combination of the movement, with the sound, and its dark color and strange distorted form and general "foreign" inhuman appearance does an effective job at creating instant terror, and also this paralyzed feeling. It's just very shocking….and it knows it. Which is exactly why it's doing it. It's not there to be your friend. It seems to be trying to terrorize and feed.

So my eyes bugged out with involuntary terror surging through me, and I continued in my attempt to use the Christian imagery and such, but it continued to have absolutely no effect whatsoever on this thing. This thing kept on with its animalistic behavior that I liken to being roughly on par with a feral dog. Something akin to a really aggro coyote in amped up predator mode or something. I laid there in the bed, completely still, realizing the Christianity thing isn't working and that I had to find a

Plan B, which was to realize "STAY CALM AND PULL YOURSELF OUT OF THIS…..STAY CALM AND PULL YOURSELF OUT OF THIS……" And I forced myself fully awake/back in this realm, sitting up in my bed. It was gone now. I laid back down. As I waited to fall back to sleep I pondered on how my newfound attitude of "just go at the heeby jeebies with love and hugs and kisses…they hate that shit! heeheehee!" wouldn't be possible for something this creepy. He was too sudden and in your face and oogedy creepy to be able to generate annoying and funny kissy lovey feelings for.

Sounds like a bad dream, I'm sure. Nothing to see here folks, move it along…….Except for when I eventually drifted off to sleep, entering into that slightly loosey-goosey out of body state where one can tap into the astral (as what often happens for me by the middle of the night) there it was AGAIN, immediately. Right next to the bed, jumping all around aggressively and making intense demonic animal noises. So he never really went anywhere. He was just waiting, in that adjacent lower astral realm, the entire time. Okay, well, this is interesting, I thought. Something like this had never happened before. The "it" thing continued, but I just laid there forcing myself to remain smooth, calm and still, no matter what, all the while staring at it with a "WTF??" look. I couldn't make out details of a face because of the way it moved and the fact things were slightly blurry, but it did seem to vaguely have one. I pulled myself back out of this half-in, half-out state and rolled over in my bed, fully awake again, to try to ignore it and get it to go away so I could just go back to sleep.

So now I'm facing the wall, drifting off again……and there it is AGAIN. Now it's on the actual foot of the bed, between my legs/feet and the wall, jumping all around and growling like an aggressive demonic dog of some sort. It will not be ignored, dammit! :D If you roll over it's just gonna jump on the bed. It seemed smaller than it was before too. So the size became variable. I don't remember how many times I drifted in and out of sleep, but every time I'd become partially awake again, this thing was there, in a determined way that I've never experienced before with other entities. For that reason I started to just roll with the situation. So I was laying there on my side with my knees curled up a little, watching this thing as it moved all around near my feet, trying to keep my fear in check while feeling curious and perplexed. (The encounter probably sounds comical, but this thing really did look and sound creepy as all hell. But "lucky" for me I've had enough experience over the years with negs to be able to get a handle on myself. O.o) I'm laying there watching it, wondering What ARE you?? What do you want?? curious and frowning to myself, a little disturbed, but calm.

As I laid there watching it, wondering about it, its movements begin changing from side to side jumping around, to nervous skittishness, where it started lurching forward a little, then pulling back…lurch forward, pull back, lurch forward, pull back……..then finally jumping into my lap. Exactly as a feral dog would if it was reluctantly trying to trust you, but terrified at the same time.

!?!?!?!?!?!?! I thought to myself as I looked down at this thing that was now curled up next to me, against my stomach, like a nervous feral animal.

I reached down and gingerly "pet" it, weirded out. I sensed "fur" but when I ran that by Tom he said that could have just been my mind filling in a sensory detail, much like a dream. (though I have noted before that some of these lower astral beasties do appear to have "fur".) Despite the sudden "nice" turn of events I still felt reticent as I did so. It's not like I could just switch off the creepy factor

and pretend this is an actual dog or cat. This thing is some creepy who knows what……..that it's my lap. That wants…..cuddles?? WTF???? O.o

I have never in my life experienced something like this, and have no idea what in the frickty frack was even happening here, but again, I just rolled with it. If this thing really was some negative oogedy boogedy that suddenly was overcome with a need for love and security, then okay, I will pet it and be nice to it and provide that, same as I would a needy animal in the real world. But yeah, it's still weird. :D

Eventually I drifted off to sleep again with this thing apparently curled up with me, and was able to stay asleep and get back into actual dreams. Strange dreams too, involving crossing over to a parallel reality/universe and being "over there," where I learned that bleedovers from that realm manifest in this one as "shadow people" and such. And at one point my new "buddy" was there, tagging along with me, though he/it was more like an indistinguishable shape of sorts. Its vibes felt like a pet dog or cat now by this point, a simple animal basically and without any aggression, and in one of the dream scenes when I was getting ready to leave a room and go elsewhere I bent down to pick up my new astral buddy thing and heaved him over my shoulder, saying Come on, it's time to go….taking him along with me.

Very, very bizarre. Something that started off as a super creepy pest trying to terrorize me somehow eventually changes its mind…and winds up seeking security and comfort from me, becoming my new buddy. If this really was fully real, and I tend to believe it was, then I'm guessing my calm and curious reaction is what eventually changed the direction of things. Maybe it had never experienced that before, and found itself being drawn in by the newfound response, and the longer it went on the more it realized that the feeling it was getting from me was that of something "safe." I don't know. Word of caution though to anybody reading this who may ever find themselves dealing with one of these middle of the night critters…."don't try this at home." !! :D While it was nice that this thing changed and became like a nervous feral animal, I can't say that this is something that could ever be experienced again by me or anybody else, and I truly don't know what potential negative ramifications exist for such an interaction. This could have been a completely fluke occurrence that is very much abnormal, where 99.9% of these things would never be capable of changing in such a way and an attempt to try to get one to do so might backfire on the person attempting to try it. I wasn't trying to do anything in my case, I was just steadfastly refusing to let it get the best of me in terms of generating a terrorized response, while observing it with intrigue, and this is what happened to occur.

The next few nights when going to sleep I did kind of seriously hope it would come back around. I wanted to see how it would be now that it had calmed down and we'd become buddies, but I haven't seen it since. The more of these types of incidents I've been able to amass over the years (I've had many more subtler encounters with various "stuff" who like to come around in the middle of the night when people are at their most vulnerable, which I haven't written about here because they're not as dramatic) the more I've been able to piece together in terms of my knowledge of negatively oriented non-human entities. It's still pretty basic, but I've learned that some seem to be simplistic, dumb and animalistic like this one, who have clearly never been human, and I now realize this is why Christianity imagery doesn't work on them. Because would you be able to ward off a rabid dog using Jesus? No. It has no affect and means nothing to them, because it's just an animal. Other entities are

of a higher level, with a more sophisticated, evil intelligence, and where some of these particular types seem like they maybe could have actually been human at one point (based on how their vibes feel) and have since evolved into a higher, negative state. For these types the Christianity stuff, as well as positive loving vibes of any sort, is a strong repellent. It's either because their sophisticated awareness "gets" what that is all about, and reacts violently to it, or because the vibe is so grossly incompatible with them due to the saturation level of "evil" within them that they can't deal with it, nor maintain contact with any target that switches over into that mode. Or it's both reasons, take your pick. Versus the animalistic feral "creature" types that are along the level of a self serving, but lesser evil animal. So there's definitely different classes and types, with a range of capabilities and intelligence, same as people. Some negs I've only encountered while in a mostly sleep state or while drunk/buzzed, which are the "small potatoes" negs as I call them, weaker and easily conquered/dealt with, which is exactly why they can only make their presence known on the sidelines while we're asleep or drunk. They're not capable of more. Others while in a mostly-awake-but-still-out-of-it-astral-ish state, who have individualized physical-seeming forms and a much stronger energy and determination, such as the feral creatures already mentioned; and still others have enough of an ability to actually cross over and come into physical contact with us/toss us around/kick our ass on our own turf despite not being physical themselves in our realm, something I've only experienced once in my life and hope to never experience again, and which I documented in "The Vortex." This particular type seems to be the rarity though, thankfully. O.o

The UFO

I'm not sure why I didn't put this anecdote in here years ago, but, I'm updating it now (September 2012) to include this. But it involves my one and only known/overt UFO sighting in life while awake. (versus dreams I've had of UFOs, which I mention in my book "Chasing Phantoms.") It occurred sometime in December of 2001, when I was roomating with my brother in Portland Oregon during a three month time period. I'm copying and pasting verbatim from another write up I did that's never been published:

"And the conspiracies continued with Portland. In particular, the night Joe came into the apartment excitedly telling me to Come look! There's UFOs over PDX!!!" [Portland International Airport, which was close by where our apartment building was located in north Portland.]

Being excitable was not Joe's usual way of being, save for that one time with drunken Richard and the walker and the bottle of JD with a tube. [Richard was the manager of the building Joe rented an apartment in, and there was one night when Joe came bursting in our apartment excitedly yelling "CARISSA GET YOUR CAMERA GET YOUR CAMERA!!! RICHARD'S PUSHING HIS WALKER DOWN THE SIDEWALK AND HE'S GOT A BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS IN IT WITH A TUBE SO HE CAN DRINK!!!!! GET YOUR CAMERA GET YOUR CAMERA!! COME ON!!"] But he was excited now.

It was just about 10 p.m., and I had been sitting on my air mattress, either reading or writing on the computer. I don't remember anymore, although if I was up at that time of the night that was pretty much the only two things I was doing. And I totally didn't believe him. Despite everything we'd already gone through not too long ago in "The Vortex," **http://in2worlds.net/the-vortex** and the five months I'd spent renting a room after that which had another ghost-y entity of sorts, and despite my recent head first dip back into the pool of inquiry concerning aliens, UFOs and abductions, and learning things about what has supposedly gone on in me and Joe's life, I totally didn't believe him at first. There aren't ***UFOs*** just…..flyin' around over PDX. Come ooooonnn. Get serious.

He insisted there really were UFOs over PDX, coaxing me from the apartment. Skeptically I followed him out onto the fire escape, where we were on the 2nd floor. It wouldn't hurt to humor him, was the way I looked at it. Like I had anything better going on at the moment anyway. Joe always had so much "stuff" going on in his life, making so many claims about all sorts of things that if you were around him long enough you just sort of got numb to it. You didn't know what to believe after awhile. Although I had been able to see proof for many things he'd claim. Meaning, most of the time he actually wasn't lying apparently, and really did have a very……colorful life. Joe pointed up into the urban night sky in the direction near PDX.

Sure enough, two lights hovered motionless in place up ahead in the near distance, cycling rapidly through a spectrum of colors not seen in normal human aircraft. Not just red, blue and white as with typical airplanes. But also gold, green, orange and violet, although I don't remember the exact order of the spectrum itself.

huh……I thought, frowning to myself, studying them in the chilly December night air. Was it really UFOs? Were they just human aircraft? It was near PDX after all, a major international airport, so you know….

The colored lights remained in place as several minutes ticked by. For a UFO sighting it was relatively anticlimactic. At first. Just two aircraft of unknown determination, hovering and rapidly cycling through a spectrum of brilliant colors. We stood there watching them for a bit. Whatever was said between Joe and I don't really remember at this point, other than that his attitude was really kick back and amused, acting like he was at home with the whole weirdness. (when people read "The Vortex" they'll understand why that would have been.)

Eventually the light on the right started getting smaller. I assumed it was flying off, and watched to see what the other light to the left would do now. It remained in place, cycling through its spectrum of colors.

Then the other light which I thought had flown off slowly grew larger again, and was back to full size in the same spot.

O.o

I realized it hadn't gone anywhere. It had been there the whole time, but had only shrunk….then grew large again.

And that's when things took a turn. The lights suddenly started moving around, no more hovering in place. They moved straight up….then made a sharp right angle maneuver off to the left…..then back over again, and down, and then another sharp right angle maneuver, moving all around the sky. I don't know why they decided to do that, but it suddenly became all out.

That's when my eyes bugged out. This was *not* human aircraft we were looking at, no human aircraft moves like that. At the point when they were moving around in the sky with these maneuvers that are impossible for known human aircraft they seemed to just be all white in color, if I remember correctly. I don't think at this point that they were still cycling through a spectrum of colors. In my mind I see white lights darting about against black sky, pulling high speed right angle maneuvers.

Anxiously I said to Joe, "That's it, I'm going inside in case they come for us…!" and bailed out. Ran back into the apartment and closed the door. I don't remember anything else after. I was "kidding" when I said that, but kind of not. Joe had been filling me in about our status as supposed abductees since I first moved up there in November (as I would later piece together, MILABS might be a more accurate description for what's gone on in my family) and so when I "joked" they might come for us there was a little truth to it. What if they did? There we were standing outside watching these things, and who knows if they could pick up on us and the thoughts we were projecting to them and suddenly honed in on us or something. I wasn't sticking around for that."

It's kind of funny that I'd waited my whole life to see a UFO, and when I finally did, totally unexpectedly, not even looking for it, I turned tail and ran the other way. As a kid I'd read these alien abduction books, checked out from the adult section of our local library, and wishing with everything I had to be able to see a UFO in the sky or meet aliens, because at that point I naively thought it would be really cool. But it never happened (as far as I was consciously aware; there's indications it was happening under the radar). And yet I never stopped believing in them for years, trusting other people's experiences, of which included my dad who once found himself standing directly underneath one at a military base in southeast Asia during Vietnam. And one of my all time favorite movies as a kid was "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." So there you go. But in the few months leading up to our 2001 sighting I'd come to learn about the insidious side of abductions and the so-called "aliens," and that things are not what they seem to be or what we've been told they are. (See my book "Chasing Phantoms" for more on this. Specifically, Part II and the anecdote called "My first overt abduction experience" that took place in October of 2001. I also get into more detail about my dad's UFO experience during Vietnam.) Hence, my newfound apprehensive reaction. The reality of it is very different when you see it for real, in front of you. For me it was scary and very unnatural. I was running back inside and locking the door, thank you very much. I didn't want any part of it.

I wasn't logging things at the time the way I should have, so I don't have an exact date for when this incident happened. However, on my wall calendar for 2001 (I save all my wall calendars) there's a notation on December 12, 2001: **"Joe saw UFOs again."** (The next day afterwards it says on my calendar **"Military aircraft all day."** Figures. "Go get 'em! Get 'em!") So when I wrote "Joe saw UFOs **again**" that leaves the question…..when did he see them before? I scanned the calendar but there's no reference. I don't think the December 12th notation was the above noted incident that we

witnessed from the fire escape. I'm thinking it was another one that happened after. ?? Wish I could remember, but there was a lot going on in my life back then, and I wasn't paying as close attention to things as I should have. So, it looks like I didn't log the first incident and therefore don't have a date. I think it just freaked me out so much that I skipped right over the whole thing. That's how I was back then. It's also one of the main contributing reasons for why I became more mindful and diligent in my logging efforts in the years following.

However, what's interesting is that I do remember that the main incident occurred at nearly 10 pm. And the December 12, 2001 incident is a Wednesday night. When later reading the works of UFO/woo woo researcher John Keel, he noted that **if you want to see a UFO then statistically the best time is on a Wednesday night, at 10 pm.** O.o

The other weird thing about this incident was that no jets were scrambled and no action was taken by anybody despite the obvious nature of what was happening with these two anomalous aircraft. These things were probably hovering and flying about pulling ridiculous maneuvers above the north Portland/southern Vancouver Washington skies for a good 20 minutes to half hour. Yet paradoxically, a month later in January of 2002, Portland had a totally overboard reaction to a supposed "pilot threat," a story that made it into The Oregonian newspaper. I have the newspaper clipping dated January 16, 2002, with the headline "Jets patrol Portland's skies after pilot threat."

The article goes on to say:

"Two F-15 fighter jets roar over the city looking for a small plane after the pilot reportedly warned he was going to fly into a high-rise."

"Two F-15 fighter jets were launched over Portland on Tuesday night after the pilot of a small civilian airplane made a "passing threat" to fly his aircraft into a downtown building, federal aviation and military officials said.

"A Federal Aviation Administration official said the 1946 Stinson took off from the Scappoose Airport about 2:30 pm. An Oregon Air National guard spokeswoman said the plane had failed to respond to radio calls.

"Mike O'Connor, an FAA duty officer in Seattle, said the plane had not been located at 9 pm. "It's such an old plane," O'Connor said, "there's a possibility that it doesn't have a radio."

"The fighter jets were launched form the Air National Guard's Portland air base at the request of the FAA about 6:40 p.m. and stayed airborn until 8:05 p.m., said Lt. Misti Oyler, spokeswoman for the 142nd Fighter Wing.

The roar of the scrambling jets prompted dozens of people, from Lake Oswego to the west hills of Portland, to dial 9-1-1, according to emergency dispatchers.

"Some residents near the University of Portland reported hearing explosions after the jets flew over. Portland police said the explosions came from the set o the movie "The Hunted," where crews were testing special effects.

"When asked if the missing aircraft posed a danger, Oyler said, "I don't know."

"The FAA became alarmed after a Portland field officer received a report from a person who fueled the Stinson at the Scappoose airstrip before takeoff. "The pilot made a passing threat on the ground that he was going to fly his airplane into a building in Portland," O'Connor said. "He didn't say which one, just one of the tallest buildings."

"However, there is no indication that the airplane entered or even got close to downtown Portland airspace, O'Connor said.

"O'Connor said he received information about the report in the late afternoon and contacted the FAA in Washington, D.C. Oyler said it was unclear why it took nearly four hours to respond to the threat.

"According to the airplane tail number provided by the FAA, the airplane is owned by a Guy D. Pratt of Lake Oswego. The Oregonian's attempts to contact Pratt were unsuccessful.

"O'Connor said the Scappoose airport is uncontrolled and the pilot wasn't required to file a flight plan if he didn't plan to fly into airspace with heavy traffic.

"Because of the limited capacity of the Stinson's gas tank, O'Connor said, the pilot couldn't have stayed in the air more than a few hours without landing to refuel. "We've got everybody in the world out there looking for him," he said.

"O'Connor said he could only speculate what the vintage airplane could to to one of Portland's high-rises. He couldn't see the plane doing much damage. "It's cloth and wood," he said.

I remember this incident, and it was positively alarming. The jets were whipping around really low all over north Portland, and just the way they sounded……it was like we were under attack. Everybody in the various apartments on the second floor came rushing out to see what the hell was going on. We went out onto the fire escape to look overhead and watch the "chase." It was a bunch of jets flying low and crazy at fast speeds for nothing. We couldn't see what the problem was. So the article sounds all well and good, but there's a few problems, as I noted at the time:

- The article claims the aircraft in question were F-15s. My brother, who as a guy has read up on jet craft and such, said No, those were not F-15s. They were more like Hornets. He rolled his eyes and made a face and said they picked F-15s because "…everybody's seen 'Top Gun.' That's what everybody knows." (You could see the aircraft despite being nighttime due to urban light pollution and such. It wasn't pitch black by any means.)

- The article also claims it was only two jets that were scrambled. It was more than that. Possibly up to four.

- The article said they kept the fighter jets airborn until 8:05 p.m. The whole thing *didn't even start* until about **8:30** p.m. I remember because me and Joe had just put in a movie to watch at around 8:30, when not even five minutes later this whole ruckus erupted.

- Why would you scramble fighter jets – whether F-15s, or F-18 Hornets, or what have you – to go after a wood and cloth plane that was last seen *six hours before*?? For an unsubstantiated threat?? Six hours. *Then* you suddenly scramble jets? For a threat you don't even actually see? Really? Yeah, that makes sense.

- The pilot made a "passing threat" to fly his plane into a building? How convenient considering the post-9/11 world we were now living in at the time. Certainly sounds like a viable excuse to give the public. Everybody was so recently traumatized by 9/11 they'd believe anything the authorities told them at that point, and if the authorities gave the excuse that they had to go after somebody because they were threatening to fly their plane into a building then by golly, that's okay!

The follow up article to this mentioned that authorities finally got a hold of the pilot – and while they were scrambling "F-15s" all over Portland, he was meanwhile sitting down with friends at their table to eat dinner, completely oblivious to everything going on, and this supposed "threat" he'd made hours before. The guy was going to visit friends, and was having a good time and eating dinner with them…..does this sound like a guy who'd go on a suicidal mission by flying his antique cloth and wood plane into a building? Hardly. Probably because it's not true, and he was the pawn in a cover story.

The whole thing makes absolutely no sense, even in light of the post-9/11 paranoid world we were in at the time. My theory is that the jets were scrambled for another reason, and this was the cover story. But oddly enough, I don't think the spokespeople were knowingly in on it. They were just repeating what they were told to repeat, and they had no clue either what was going on. Hence the reason the things they say don't make sense and why there's a lot of uncertainty and "I don't know's" going on. They probably were just as confused as the people on the ground who witnessed this weirdness.

But the reason I mention this is to illustrate the major discrepancy between the total non-response to two UFOs hovering for a long stretch of time over PDX, pulling wild and seemingly impossible aerial acrobatics, then, The Powers That Be going absolutely nutso cuckoo…….over the unsubstantiated threat made *six hours earlier* by the pilot of an antique wood and cloth plane from the 1940s, who "might* fly his plane into a building, and yet was never actually seen.

That's Portland for you though. The place is nothing but weird, as I've noted before on my website.

Recently I've been reading an interesting book I checked out from the library called "Visitors from Time – The Secret of the UFOs," by Marc Davenport. It's an interesting book as the author tries to tie

together all the seemingly separate phenomenon often noted during UFO sightings and close encounters, postulating that they can all be explained if one takes into account the idea that these things are not flying here from other planets, but rather, are maneuvering through time, and have some sort of time warping field surrounding their craft. The time warping field can account for everything from the way they cycle through a rainbow of colors, to the way they can pull high speed and right angle maneuvers that are impossible with our own technology and which no human could endure. Among the many other idiosyncracies of UFOs. It's a good book, and I recommend it to readers. I've learned a lot by reading it, things I hadn't previously known about UFO encounters. (including the way they can shrink up/disappear, then reappear again, exactly like what we witnessed, as well as the freaky deaky super fast right angle aerial maneuvering.) It was after reading this book that I had renewed interest in my own, lone UFO sighting and decided to add it here.

Images of other worlds and places

Years ago when I'd be in the middle of my day I would sometimes suddenly get a "feeling" of some other place. Sometimes there was even a visual to go with it. It was always like some sort of outdoor scene, in a nature-y sort of environment – no people or buildings that I could see - and it was always some place that looks like it could theoretically exist on Earth, versus a completely foreign alien environment. But it didn't **feel** like anything I've experienced in this life. That's the key part – how it feels. Also the lighting and overall coloring seemed a bit different. It didn't look or feel like the outside world that I see when I glance out the window. The first time this happened to me was when I was about four years old, living in Westfield, Massachusetts. I was in my room sitting on this tiny wooden rocking chair thing on a sunny morning, just spacing out – and in my mind I suddenly saw the image of these rolling green hills and very yellow sunlight in what seemed like late afternoon or dawn time. Hard to tell, with that really dark yellow sunlight. It looked like "Earth," but not exactly. And it seemed pleasant. And it seemed very familiar. Like a memory. But it wasn't anything I'd seen in my brief four years of life so far, that's for sure. Tom would later corroborate a similar experience. As a kid he said he'd see these images in his mind of what he describes as **"Teletubby Land." The same rolling green hills** and whatnot, although different coloring, a little brighter.

For the images and accompanying feelings they invoked, think of the movies "What Dreams May Come," and also "Gladiator," believe it or not. Throughout "Gladiator" there are these dream-like other worldly images of land and sky. The first time I saw that I was triggered. In particular, the scene in the middle of the movie where it's a time lapse image of the desert against sky. I "recognized" something about that image the first time I saw it and felt like "!!!!!!!!!!!!" and rewound it and watched it five or six times in a row. Whatever it was though, I couldn't pull it up in my consciousness, and it was maddening. Later when I saw "What Dreams May Come"- which is a movie about the afterlife realms - I was also struck by the similarity of the scenery in that movie to what I've seen in my own mind.

In a spacesuit. Related to this, one time I had an actual flash memory while going for a walk one afternoon along some train tracks between Lake Forest and Laguna Hills (Cali) in 2001. One second I was walking along the tracks, the next I found myself walking in what appeared to be a white sand desert environment. White sand beneath me. Piercing blue and cloudless sky above me, the sunlight bright and white. Very white. **And I had on a protective suit of some sort.** The feeling conveyed

was that you couldn't walk around exposed and unprotected, for whatever reason. Possibly due to radiation. It was just a flash of me walking along, experiencing a moment in time in a mysterious life. Is it the future? Another lifetime in the distant future? A parallel reality? Was it even Earth? Was it another planet? Some MILABS off-planetary ops project? ;) haha I'll never know. But the walk along the tracks triggered it.

Morocco? Another time while walking on the beach walk at Hollywood Beach, Florida in the late afternoon the way the sunlight was hitting a particular building was triggering one of those feelings/glimpsings of something, maybe a past life, but it involved possibly like middle eastern buildings in the late afternoon orange yellow sun.

Then I stumbled across a website about a Dutch guy and his travels through Morocco, and the images of the Moroccan city street and alley scenes going up steep hills were VERY VERY familiar to me. In fact, at some point in life, I wish I could remember exactly where/when, I'd had flash glimpses in my mind of the steep alley streets going up hills between buildings that were featured in some of his pictures. **I'd already seen that image/memory somewhere**, maybe in a dream, in my mind, I don't know. But I already knew it.

Egypt. In 1994, age 20, I was at Sav-On Drugs in El Toro in the middle of the night, and came across their rack of calendars. One of them was for Egypt, but I wasn't expecting the reaction I had when I opened the pages. The first image that greeted me was an enormous temple entrance or something under a bright desert sun with sandstone pillars and hieroglyphs, and I actually gasped out loud. !! The imagery was so immediately familiar and so instantaneously "home" to me that I gasped, and had emotional butterflies in my stomach.

During this same time period in 1994 while walking along Alicia Parkway in Aliso Viejo (Cali) in the late afternoon, the vision of the Chet Holyfield Ziggurat shaped Federal Building off to my left was triggering a memory of something that wanted to come up, but couldn't. http://www.hyperborea.org/journal/images/federal-pyramid.jpg Something involving the desert and pyramids. Maybe Egypt.

The only issue with all of this is having to factor in abductions. For those who've read my book you'll know what I'm talking about, but being an "abductee" of sorts, means nothing is what it seems to be. In my book I mention a "dream" of finding myself in the back seat of a car……..being driven on the expressways around Tehran, Iran. Right now, in this time period. It was a real memory of sorts, not just some silly dream. But what is it? I do have theories, being a "MILAB" or whatever I am, which means…do my memories of seeing Moroccan city scenery tie into the same thing? Or is it past life related? I'd like to believe it's past life related, as that's far more pleasant and cool, but, MILABS happenings can't be ruled out either, unfortunately. :/ As much as I'd like to. Same goes for "Teletubby Land" as Tom describes it. We both have had abduction stuff going on with us, dating back to childhood, although with him even more so. So I have to question that we've both had what sounds like near-identical images in our minds as kids. I had a lot of "funny stuff" going on in

particular when I was four and five years old, as noted in my book – which is when I saw that image. So these are all things that I have to keep in mind.

Miscellaneous

The guy in the white pick up truck

"The guy in the white pick up truck" story started back during the summer of 1992 when I was 17 and my brother Joe was 11. We lived in Mission Viejo off of Marguerite Parkway, and I would often walk down to Portola Plaza near where we lived. One sunny morning I was walking down the sidewalk along Marguerite Parkway, off in my own world, when I got a sudden intense "weird feeling"….and whipped my head around to the left to look behind me.

Apparently, **a white pick up truck with a **silent engine** had been following along behind me.** I never heard it. I don't know how long he'd been following behind me like that. My nerves immediately stood on end with intense alarm. I was the prey being silently, stealthily tracked.

But even worse was the guy who was driving it. I've never seen anybody who looked like he did. **It wasn't human.** He was Caucasian, with short, neat, all white hair parted on the side, and piercing blue eyes….like I've never seen. The most insane, piercing, crazy look, staring at me with all the rage and hatred that it could muster. He also had a red plaid shirt on. So he was "human" on the outside, but whatever was piloting him was definitely not. Take a moment to imagine what that must have been like. Feeling a sudden creepy alarmed feeling and whirling around to find a truck with a silent engine trailing behind about ten feet. With a guy who looks like *that* behind the wheel.

We locked eyes, and mine probably got as big as saucers.

He glanced in his rearview and saw that cars were finally approaching behind him, and he slowly up speed. And even though he had now passed me he locked his eyes on me in his rearview, STILL staring me down. Only reluctantly did he finally take off and leave me behind.

Worse…….this didn't just happen once. **It happened again.** The same deal, exactly as the first time. Walking along. Bad feeling. Turn around. **White pick up truck with a silent engine following me.** And crazy demonic "it" behind the wheel.

So fast forwarding to the fall/winter of 1992/1993 when weird stuff in general began happening in life, centered namely around Joe since he was approaching puberty. It's the prime time for telekinesis (moving/affecting objects with your mind) and psychic phenomenon…stuff he was now inadvertently able to do. So one night in the winter in the middle of all this weirdness, probably like December or so, I thought to mention to Joe my experience with being followed by a dude in a white pick up truck back during the summer. We were in the kitchen, and Joe was sitting at the table, and I told him everything mentioned above. And right as I was about to describe the way this guy looked….his eyes and expression….my brother's face got scared, and he interrupted me and closed his eyes….seeing this guy in his mind. Joe definitely had some skillz as mentioned in my write up "The Vortex," no doubt about that, and the foundation was already there as a kid. Only at this point he was still real, not reanimated and/or piloted by other "stuff," as was the case by the time "The Vortex" took place. So Joe described the white hair, parted on the side, the blue eyes…and then the facial expression.

He stopped when he got to that part, opening his eyes, proceeding to try to imitate "the look." Joe froze his face into the piercing bugged out eyes. It was close…it just lacked the raging hatred

driving it. ;) My brother's "vision" of this guy didn't stop with just seeing how he looked though. He proceeded to see that very soon, this guy would cross paths with me once again. And because nobody would be around on the road, he would use his chance to get out of the truck and come after me.

The scene unfolded in Joe's mind, piece by piece. It was night. The ground was wet, because it had been raining earlier in the day. I was walking home alone, coming back from somewhere. I was on the sidewalk between where our housing complex was and my friend Shirley's neighboring Vista del Lago apartment complex. Nobody was behind this guy on Marguerite, and so he pulled over, got out, and came after me. Joe saw the red plaid shirt – **I hadn't mentioned that detail to him** – but he was able to see that. And he also saw his pants, and boots – things I hadn't been able to see from my vantage point. Demon Guy chased me into the narrow area that's between our housing tract and Vista del Lago, and that's when I pulled out a knife. It was small, with a brown handle, and an oval silver plate on the handle. Joe showed me on his own body where I jabbed the guy. But it didn't stop him, he still kept coming. And he got me anyway.

Joe opened his eyes and lifted his head up from where he had been resting it on the kitchen table, seeing all of this play out in his mind. He looked pale and scared and very upset. "We have to start training you NOW!" he said. He was going to train me how to fight, defend myself, and most importantly, how to properly run from and ditch this guy.

We never did get around to that, as I didn't take this whole thing too seriously. ;) I was 18 and a senior in high school, working, and living in a bad home life situation with a mentally unstable mother who wasn't properly taking care of Joe, and threatening to kick me out several times a week. So "training" for a **possible** encounter with this dude was not my top priority.

Then came the afternoon in January of '93 when I had the impossible urge to go to the Laguna Hills Mall and buy a knife from the knife store (that used to be there but which is now gone). It was a dark and gloomy rainy day, and the urge was so overpowering that I ditched school in the afternoon and took off by bus for the mall in the rain. At the knife store (my first time there) I asked about the cheapest knives available, since I barely had any money. The guy behind the knife case directed my attention to the cheapest one in the bunch – it had a brown handle with an oval silver plate tag on it.

It was the knife my brother had described from his vision.

I almost laughed out loud when I saw it. No wonder I had that one in my brother's vision. Originally, that's the one I bought, because I was a cheapskate with no money.

Because of Joe's vision I upgraded and spent a few dollars more on a bigger knife with slightly more damage power. Let's start changing the way things are going to go.

When I arrived home later that afternoon I found my brother pacing around the kitchen/living room, looking intense and upset. Our mom was still at work.

"WHERE WERE YOU?!" he asked, scared. I calmly explained what I'd been doing. He nodded, very nervous and skittish, explaining that he'd had such an intensely bad feeling all day centering around me that he'd been smoking cigs all day….only to get home and find me not there, when I'm always normally there after school.

"I came home and you were gone!" he said, going on to explain that he thought that tonight was going to be "the night" when that guy came after me, and that's why he had such a bad feeling, and figured it's why I wasn't there when he came home. Meaning, I was out someplace, and by the time I came home, it would be dark. Exactly like he saw in his vision.

"I was going to go and fucking *wait* for him on Marguerite and be there when he shows up and tries to go after you!" he said, all riled up and still pacing around.

I tried to reassure him that everything was cool….nothing was going on…..Oh hey! Look! The movies we rented from The Wherehouse are past due!! I noticed the movie boxes lying on the counter. "I have to return these," I said, holding them up and reading the movie boxes, about to take off to go do that. "We're going to get charged a late fee."

"Wait!!" Joe said. "Don't you SEE?? By the time you get back, it's going to be dark!!"

I just stared at him.

"Look at the ground outside!!!! It's wet! ***It's been raining all day!!***" He pointed outside. "Isn't your life worth more than a *two dollar movie*?"

I looked at the movie boxes, then at him, then outside at the gloomy wet afternoon, and at the knife I had the "urge" to buy that afternoon, and his bad feeling, and the fact that I was about to head out and wouldn't be coming home until it was dark…walking down the wet sidewalk on Marguerite Parkway…and put all the pieces together.

oh.

wow.

"Okay. Well forget that idea."

So, I didn't return the movies. I didn't leave the house at all that night. In fact, it was so funny, but my brother stuck by me like glue the entire night. He refused to let me out of his sight. Wherever I went in the house….he went. So during the time period when I would have been walking home – at night, alone, in the dark, along the wet sidewalk of Marguerite Parkway – I was instead sitting on my bed doing homework, with my brother right next to me on the bed, staring straight ahead, looking spazzy and bug eyed. He refused to leave me alone.

In fact, he had the brilliant idea that we SHOULD actually go out there. And wait for him!

"Let's wait for him. I'm serious, let's do it. When he shows up and comes after you, I'll fucking kill him!!!" He was bug eyed. And quite serious. "If somebody doesn't kill him and stop him then he's still going to be out there! He'll just go after somebody else! Somebody has to stop him! I want to be there, I want to do it, I want to wait for him and kill him!!!"

This was exactly the reason that my brother was later selected to be specially trained in "Their" little agent provocateur, mind control programming. Because he already had the core foundation of no fear.

His heart was in the right place, and I admired his bravery and feisty spirit, and damn if he almost didn't have me convinced to get up and run out to Marguerite Parkway and wait for the guy and go be the bait. But I wanted no part of it. I refused, and stayed put that night. That was too scary for me. Knowingly putting myself in the path of some big powerful raging psycho who wants to kill me?? With my 12 year old brother as the "body guard"?? I don't think so. Joe didn't leave my side until it was time to go to bed.

*****

More about Shirley. The "guy in the white pick up truck" didn't end there though. Months later, right after graduation, I was hanging out with my best friend Shirley (from Israel) one night when she suddenly remembered to tell me about a crazy experience that had happened to her within the last few days. As we sat in my car outside the old Tower Records on El Toro and Rockfield, she began relaying this story…of a white pick up truck that started chasing her on the 5 freeway in Irvine. She had been driving along, when she had a "funny feeling," and looked over to her left side, and saw that a white pick up truck was matching her speed. If she sped up, he sped up. When she hit the brakes, he hit the brakes. She switched lanes…and he moved over, still matching her speed. He began chasing her wherever she went on the road. Even after she exited the freeway and was on the

surface streets of Irvine he was STILL following her! Only after a long while did he bail out and give it up.

And the guy behind the wheel….

"Carissa…his ***face***…" she looked scared as she remembered it in her mind. I already knew though.

"Did he have white hair?" I asked.

"Yes…" she said, looking at me, her eyes getting wide.

"Parted on the side?"

"Yes!"

"And blue eyes?"

"YES!"

"And he looked like this…" I tried to imitate the crazed, piercing, bug eyed hatred.

"YES! HOW DO YOU *KNOW* THAT??" At this point she shrunk back from me and pressed herself against the door.

"Because I saw him too. He came after me, several times." And I tried to explain to her the whole sordid drama, and Joe's vision.

"Carissa…**there's something that connects me, you, and your brother!**" she said after I was done explaining it all.

That was actually very interesting that she picked that out. Something did connect us, which I'll get into in a second. But the odds that she would have had a run in with the same guy is really quite unbelievable.

[On a side note: There was another psycho guy who targeted Shirley and I one afternoon when we were hanging out during the summer after graduation before she left to go back to Israel. He had his own "weird eyes" – deadened, but hard and angry. And it got physical in that incident as I had to hit the guy with my car door to get him to get away from us and my car. And then I was going to run him over with my car because he had me so riled up and on the defensive, coming after us like that, except, well, Shirley wouldn't let me. ;)]

In my opinion, the guy in the white pickup truck seemed to be a deliberate targeting of sorts. The thing about Shirley is that she very well may have been involved in "stuff" – unknown to her or me at the time. One night last year when I was pendulum dowsing answers to the whole Shirley thing, I was really connected up because I received an actual visual image and telepathic thought transfer, going well above and beyond simple "yes" and "no" answers. It's rare that this happens, so this incident really stands out. But something – hopefully my higher self, since that's what I intended to be connected to - actually conveyed an idea to me when I asked questions that were trying to get to the bottom of "who Shirley is." I saw a crowd of people, everybody bustling about their business, brushing past each other, hurrying about their daily lives. And the thought that was conveyed to me was that there are mind controlled people out there, sleeper agents, and those being used by their governments, passing by each other and crossing paths every day…without even knowing it. And that this was the situation with Shirley. It was a case of two mind controlled subjects who'd been used by their respective groups who just happened to cross paths in life when they weren't "supposed to." It wasn't planned. But it happened nonetheless, all because we happened to be in the same new student orientation together, with last names that began with "C."

When my mom and step dad moved to their new house in 1993 they had hired movers. Well, like a lot of things that happen to me there's more to it than just that. (everything that happens to me seems to have layers to it, linked back up to other things, in this interconnected web of craziness.) It turned out that the guy driving the moving van was Shirley's brother. I found myself hitching a ride back to Mom 'n Ray's new house in the passenger seat of the moving van, and the guy driving it, a black haired, dark skinned, brown eyed guy in his 30s asked me my name, making casual small talk. When he heard "Carissa" he lit up and asked me if I knew Shirley. But of course! ☺ He grinned, saying he was her brother and that Shirley talks about me all the time. He knew it had to be me when I said my name. It's a cool story, and an amazing synch, but that aside years later I'd come to learn about the infamous **Israeli moving companies** (and art student scammers) who were infiltrating the U.S. back in the 90s, pre-9/11. **Working for Israel's Mossad.**

Most all of Shirley's family was military, which in itself doesn't necessarily indicate anything since all Israelis are supposed to serve in the military if possible. But her two brothers did run one of those infamous Israeli "moving companies," which, as people are now realizing, were most likely cover facades for something else. Maybe her brothers really were running a legitimate moving company business……but it's an odd coincidence. And then Shirley and I were both really psychic, independently and also with each other, possibly indicating being trained and/or used for such purposes and having those abilities in a heightened way. We both experienced separately targeting by "the guy in the white pick up truck," which is a *very* important amazing coincidence detail. What are the odds there. And again, the intuitive insight and accompanying visual while pendulum dowsing relayed that we were both individually used for "stuff" and just happened to accidentally cross paths in life. Which I can believe. When I asked the pendulum if her group and my group - whoever the hell they are - became aware that we had connected up, I got "Yes." And when asking if we were ever jointly used by both groups connecting up together once they discovered that this had happened, I got "No" each time I asked. So it was very much a separate thing I take it. But who knows. It is after all a pendulum, so ultimately it has to be taken with a grain of salt.

But when Shirley said "**there's something that connects me, you, and your brother!**" she was also referring to the connection she had with Joe. Joe was younger than her by five years, but since Joe and I were close and hung out together like we were on the same level, and being that he was a cool kid, it meant that he was friends with her too. He had a crush on her and she in turn thought he was so cute. Joe wished that he was five years older, and she in turn wished that she was younger. :D But she had this psychic connection with him, so after he moved back to Connecticut she had "dreams" where she saw that he was NOT doing well. She reported to me that Joe was running around getting into trouble and acting out in school…because that's what she saw in her dreams. And he was. She was totally right. She had no way of knowing that either, as I hadn't told her….because even *I* wasn't aware of what was going on. Joe wound up having to repeat 7th grade in fact because of it, and completely went downhill in general, culminating in him going to jail for three years by the age of 14. So there was indeed "something connecting" us three.

Another thing to note is that Shirley started teaching me words in Hebrew, since that was her native language. And I took to it so well to the point where I could parrot back anything she said…without an accent. It was so unusual that she dragged me around to her Hebrew speaking friends and would make me say stuff to show off my accent-less Hebrew. I remember her friend Keron in our Geometry

class looking at me like, Huh….weird….as I parroted back things. One time I was hanging out in Shirley's room looking at her novels and letters and notes in Hebrew, then later on at work one morning at my restaurant hostessing job I began doodling random things…including what looked like Hebrew. Curious, I folded the paper and put it in my pocket, to show Shirley at school later on. When I did, asking her "Does this mean anything?" her eyes got huge. She said that yes, it did! That was the beginning of a greeting for a letter that basically said "Dear Shirley.." cutting off in mid-word. I told her it just came to me while doodling. So I obviously remembered the symbols I'd seen when I was looking at her letters back in her room. She thought that was so weird…the way I could just remember the symbols, and write them perfectly and in the correct order, from right to left. Recently I was watching a 4 hour speech by William Deagle, who's Jewish and at one point rattled off stuff in Hebrew…in a HORRIBLE accent. "Oh come ON!" I said, laughing at him as I watched….and turned to my boyfriend Tom and corrected Deagle's pronunciation. Jeez Louise I thought…William Deagle is Jewish and has studied the bible and Hebrew, and I haven't…why can I speak Hebrew better than he can?!?! !!!

Whatever is going on there, I can only guess. I feel like I know Hebrew, and it was maddening to hear Shirley speaking it with her friend Leila, because I felt like I should understand what they're saying, but couldn't. I feel too like I should be able to understand written Hebrew as well. And the fact that I can parrot it without an accent is very telling. Is it MILABS training? Past life stuff? Something else?

But in general with Shirley I never felt that "connection tug" that I've felt with others that I've known for even less time. She was my good buddy, but by the end she was seriously getting on my nerves and I was over it, only because she was very immature and self-absorbed having been the spoiled youngest of five kids with doting parents, whereas I was the oldest in my family and had to grow up fast due to the way my home life was. She didn't seem to be concerned or interested or truly aware of the crazy happenings in my life (being kicked out before graduation, having no money, not being able to eat, then working three jobs at 85 hours a week - none of it ever truly "registered" with her because she was just so incredibly immature and self absorbed and oblivious. There I was at 18, crashed out in bed at 12:30, 1 a.m. after having put in another 16 hour day at two out of my three jobs, on my feet all day, walking to and from my jobs on top of it because I had no car, trying to squeak in my measly five hours of sleep before having to get up and do it all over again….and again and again and again…..and she would obliviously call me at that hour of the night from her parents' house where she still lived, wanting to whine about how she thought she was fat and when will she find a boyfriend. Never concerned about anything that was going on with me, only wanting to talk about herself.) There's a reason I noticed that in one of our dreamtime meetings she'd finally grown up, ie, became mature and more subdued. All of which indicates that we didn't have a higher spiritual connection. There wasn't some sort of past life/karmic/higher connection bringing us together and causing us to be so psychic, in my opinion. She was really attached to me but I was always neutral and just went along with it. She's the one who befriended me in school and latched onto me. She's the one who would hunt me down when she was back in the States visiting. She's the one who's called me for dream time meetings. I think some part of her was recognizing something about me – maybe tying into how we were possibly both being used for stuff? - and felt drawn to me and latched on to me as a result. It was just an accidental crossing of paths. But I am thankful for having known her as she essentially rescued me during my 11th and 12th grade years and made life better.

Adventures in repossessed houses

Following is the wild story of what happened when me and my roommates were finally busted by the cops for crashing in repossessed houses. ;) I'm not even sure where it should go in this piece, but "Miscellaneous" seems fitting. It has a bit of everything – premonition knowing, mind reading with my friend Andrew, tarot card warnings, cop dodging, the whole gambit. It's nuts. ;)

The back story is that after I finally broke up with my ex-boyfriend Gary around Halloween of 1995, I moved back down to South Orange County and was crashing with my friend Mike R. on his floor. (The same Mike R. from the telepathy section, mentioned throughout this write up.) His offer, so I accepted until I could find my own place. (I never did move out into my own place. I wound up living on Mike's floor for three months, and when one of the roommates Dave moved out the leader of the house Steve offered me Dave's room, after seeing how I worked my ass off at multiple jobs and seemed like I'd be a reliable roommate.) I'd hung out with Mike and all his other roommates, Todd, Steve, Steve's part-time girlfriend Daylene, Dave and his girlfriend Jackie, and other people who came and went in their house on El Reposa in Mission Viejo (Jason, James, etc.), so I was already familiar with them all and they in turn were familiar with me. But what I didn't know was that these houses they were living in were abandoned repossessed houses that they'd…taken over. Steve, the unofficial leader of the group, was all into the whole don't pay taxes thing, rebel against drivers licenses, vehicle registration, social security numbers, etc. Lynn Meredith and her "Vulture in Eagles Clothing" books, and squatter's rights, taking over houses that banks had repossessed but weren't doing anything with and were just letting sit empty for anywhere from several months to over a year…or more.

I didn't find out about all this though until my second night there. The first night I crashed on the couch since I'd arrive at like 1:30 in the morning. The next time when I was getting settled into Mike's floor he said casually, "Oh, by the way…" and let me know what the deal was with the house. There were these two people named Henry and Patty who found the houses for them and would call them to let them know where to go. Steve and the guys would in turn show up, cut through the padlocks and whatnot with bolt cutters, then take over. They paid Henry and Patty their "rent," which was only a couple of hundred dollars total a month. So that was the big benefit – the low cost of living. $300 a month "rent" divided among five, six people chipping in was a good deal.

I listened. Wow! Cool. I'd never heard anything like it before and found it intriguing. And in my youthfulness, considered it a fun adventure. Mike asked if I minded, or if it would be a problem for me or anything. I shrugged and said nope. Like I cared? I had no place to go, come on.

Everything in the house looked relatively normal. Everybody's rooms were all set up, there was even furnishings in the house – a TV, couch, lounge chairs, end tables, coffee table, and a fish tank with turtles in the living room. A kitchen table and chairs, dishes, silverware, pots and pans, microwave, stove/oven, fridge, just like a normal set up. The electricity and utilities were functioning because they'd used bolt cutters to bust through the chains that were on things. Once they did that, they called the water and electric companies and had things set up in their name. That was the one thing they actually *were* doing legit. And ironically, it was the one thing that the cops would nail them for later on. "Burglary of utilities." Even though they were fully legit in that regard, only because the

copes couldn't bust them for squatting, but they had to charge them with *something*. So burglary of utilities it was.

They'd been in that house on El Reposa for most of 1995, but right after I moved in they received the final warning threat notices on the door, so it was time to go. So I was only in that house for about a week with them before we transferred to our new location on the other side of town. (And on a side note: the house we transferred into? It was located **in the exact same neighborhood that I'd lived in during high school with my mom and brother, back in 1991-93**. The "California Colony" neighborhood, off of Marguerite Parkway. I used to live on Darrowby Street – now we were on Thompson, which is all technically the same street, it just changes names as it winds around the square shaped neighborhood. I was also working at the time at a bakery restaurant up in Anaheim, among my many jobs during that time period, which was just like how I'd worked at a bakery restaurant back when I lived with my mom in this neighborhood. So I felt like I'd gone nowhere in life. :D It all ties into Goro's "echo window" thing mentioned towards the end of this piece, and how for me, back then, life was repeating itself every other year.)

The thing about living in repossessed houses is that the cops and other people come around periodically. They couldn't technically just bust in the door and kick everybody out or arrest us, because of the way the laws worked, but they could threaten you and poke around….and try to get into any unlocked doors and windows. So this means you always had to keep the windows on the ground floor closed and locked, and front and back doors locked at all times. Because you never knew when they'd show up.

One night probably around March of '96 is when things started to fall apart. The end was near for the house on Thompson Street, they knew it, and as always it became a matter of staving things off for as long as possible. So one night during this time period, Steve, Daylene and Mike all decided to head out and go do stuff. I planned to take a shower and then settle in for an evening of drinking and writing and eating chocolate. My normal routine back then. ;) They'd already taken off, and I was finished with my shower, toweling off, when I heard loud banging happening outside the door. I quickly got dressed and exited the bathroom to discover what was apparently a cop outside the front door, bashing on it with his baton or whatever. I heard my roommates in the kitchen and wandered in there with a look like, "What the hell…??" I found Mike and Steve silently holding their samurai swords, and Daylene just sitting there in a chair calmly with her usual wry smirk. I asked what was going on, since they were supposed to be going out somewhere.

They explained that when they got out to their cars to leave, they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong and off. Finally one of them broached the subject, (probably Daylene, since she had psychic in her, which she'd demonstrated. (she was another November 1974 Scorpio year of the Tiger, her birthday a week apart from mine…for anybody who knows astrology they'll recognize that as a notorious combination, pretty much one of the craziest combos there is……) and they all concurred that yeah, something felt off. It wasn't right to leave.

So they all turned and tromped back inside. Turns out when they'd left and I was behind in the shower, they'd forgotten to lock the front door behind them. Everything had been so quiet for so long

with no cop harassment that complacency had slipped in. So after they headed back inside they knew – lock the door.

And within *minutes* of changing their minds and going back inside and locking the front door, the cops showed up, trying to get in.

I heard that, thinking about how I'd been in the shower, vulnerable with the front doors unlocked with cops who had no qualms about finding a way in, and was like, "!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" holy shit!!!!! Luckily something had given them the sixth sense "funny feeling." And luckily they listened.

The cops were there for a good 10 or 15 minutes maybe, trying to find a way in, pounding on the doors, trying the back sliding doors, but to no avail. All the blinds were drawn. They finally gave it up for the night.

Soon after, a notice was posted on the front door saying we had a set amount of time to get out of there or else they were coming in with a warrant or something. So, time to bail out. We'd been there for five months at that point. Dave and Jackie had already decided to go their separate way from the house by that point, soon to be married and now living in their own place, so that left Steve, Todd, Daylene, Mike, and myself.

It all happened relatively fast though, so that Henry and Patty didn't have enough time to find us all one house with enough bedrooms. Instead, they could only get us two houses within the same neighborhood in Aliso Viejo. But they were completely stupid about it, because these were relatively brand new houses that would *not* be left empty by the banks for long…and one of the houses, the one I was staying in with Mike and Daylene, **just so happened to be right next door to the real estate agent who was planning to represent it.** :/ Hello.

So we were only there for two nights total before all shit hit the fan. Btw…the rest of this account, including dialogue, is courtesy of the journal entry I wrote two days after it happened after we moved into a motel. I thought to pull out an old box with my journals and double check for accuracy. Let's hear it for journals, preserving details that would otherwise be lost or mis-remembered twelve years after the fact. :D (re-reading my old journal entries from twelve years ago was almost a painful experience…it was me, but it was a REALLY young me. So it was not an easy thing to go back and read and I found myself wishing for a stiff drink to get through it. So the dialogue is exactly as it was spoken, with my own present day head slapping commentary added in.)

The utilities had already been turned on for both houses, and we were up and running in that regard. On the second night we were there I came home from work at the hotel I was working at in Anaheim as a front desk clerk, totally exhausted, and laid down for a nap. I got up around 7 p.m. when I heard Mike get home. Feeling oddly blank and emotionless, I emerged from my room like a zombie. Life and is placid and uneventful, I felt. I was alone and bored and too blank to want to go out and do something. Nothing seemed appealing at the moment. So I hung with Mike until he went back to the other house where Steve and Todd were living and I zombied my way back to my room, in a haze. Moo, Mike's black and white cat, came in and snuggled with me as I did a Tarot card reading,

which came out negative and foreboding. Swords, and other such stuff……including the Tower, upside down.

Hmm, I thought, re-shuffling them and doing another simple seven card spread. I got many of the same cards….**and the upside down tower again. !!**

I re-shuffled them, even more this time, to make sure they were all mixed up. I even spread them around on the floor to get them all mixed up. Laid out another seven cards……**the upside down tower.** *Again!* From what I understood of that card, the tower is total calamity. Upside down means narrowly avoiding total calamity. Or something.

Soon Mike came back home and reported that the cops had shown up at the other house where Steve and Todd were rooming.

"!!!!!!!!!" I thought.

If they showed up there, then they'll be here. **They'll follow you to see where you move your stuff.** But Mike argued that the cops didn't know about this house and that he and the other guys have it all figured out, so there's nothing to worry about.

My gut instinct - and pure logic - was saying Uh huh, sure. I don't think so. They'll be here, trust me.

Mike left again after that, and I sat on the top of the stair ledge, staring off into space singing and humming weird songs from my childhood, talking to Moo, singing some more, as the house echoed. Later back in my room, Moo came in and immediately curled up with me like spoons, his back lying against my stomach with his head lying on my pillow and a happy look on his face. ☺ And I started thinking about going up to Fullerton, to Winged Heart. And smoking cloves. And playing pinball, and getting a coffee drink and seeing who's up there and how it's going. It had been two weeks since I'd last gone. And I sat straight up in bed, deciding that I absolutely MUST go, now. And I think of Zach and Andrew and back to that whole time period of September, October 1995. So I threw on my red alien shirt with the black long sleeve shirt underneath it, my cord necklace, jean shorts, tights, black socks and boot shoes, (OH yes, I dressed a bit odd…but I was definitely unique, and it was definitely me, at least, the way I was back then…) do my hair, which was freshly dyed burgundy red, grab my backpack, and take off in search of clove cigarettes. Then, it's off to Fullerton. In the back of my mind I knew something was going to happen with the house, that we'll get caught, but I just assumed we'd get one of those notices on the door, as usual, and so I tried not to worry about it.

In Fullerton, true to my plan, I went to the now non-existent Winged Heart Café…and that's where I ran into Andrew, mentioned earlier in this write up. This was the night we had our mind reading adventures, where he kept reading everything I was thinking and repeating it back to me. (see the section called "Andrew" in the Telepathy section for the whole story.) It was one more bit of major weirdness to add to this night that was shaping up to be one of the craziest nights of my life. So I hung out with Andrew for several hours, drinking coffee, playing the vintage pin ball machine (Argosy) and talking, feeling anxiety always there, under the surface, pertaining to the house situation. I was there in Fullerton just trying to outrun it.

Finally I reluctantly decided to go home for the evening. I had a full tank of gas and it was my weekend on top of it, being that I had the next two days off from the hotel. So part of me wanted to drive up to Hollywood and check out the sights there, since the night was still young, it's not even midnight. There's no reason NOT to. Right?

Wrong. Something wouldn't let me, telling me to go back home instead. I had no idea why, but I followed along nonetheless.

And as I approached our neighborhood in Aliso Viejo around 11 p.m. or so I watch as a cop pulled out of our neighborhood. And I know. Oh shit. It's for us. And I made my way through the neighborhood and then down our street. And saw cop strobe lights going up ahead in the cul-de-sac where we lived.

ohhhhh shiiiiiit, I thought. I approached the cul-de-sac in my car and see *three* cop cars parked along the curb, red and blue flashing into the blackness. My heart stops. I see the front door to our house wide open. Nobody's around though.

Confused and unsure what to do, I turn my car through the cul-de-sac…and keep right on going. Back up the street, with plans to page Mike and see what's going on. But the first pay phone I find can't receive calls, and I don't feel like driving all around in search of one that can. So I decide I need to go back and face it. Just go back and see what the deal is.

And I turned the car around and headed back. Parked it against a curb, and marched towards the front door. Todd would later say upon hearing the story, looking down at me from his 6'1" vantage point with an amused smile on his face, "You either have the biggest….cajones….of anyone I know, or you're just really, *REALLY* stupid!" Then he laughed, not sure which one it was.

In retrospect I can not *believe* I did all this. I look back at myself, at age 20, this crazy kid, and it just makes me laugh and shake my head and go DAAAAAAMN. Seriously.

I still didn't see anybody around, no sign of life, as I charged through the wide open front door glancing around. I charged upstairs to the second floor and looked in all our rooms. Nothing. Dead calm. Headed back down the hallway…and that's when I heard unfamiliar male voices coming from downstairs.

I approached the second floor landing and looked down over the rails to the living room below where two cops had just walked in the front door, talking to each other. Both tall, typical strong cop builds, green OC Sheriff's uniforms with the green and yellow badges with the holsters full of weapons and radios. Completely oblivious to the fact that I was there. They hadn't seen me go in.

"Hey!!" I called down to them, getting their attention. Some chick standing there with a T-shirt that had a pic of a Gray alien shaking the hand of a government agent "them" defiantly yelling "Hey!" at two big cops acting like she was the one in charge here. (slaps forehead.) There was no fear on my end, not like I would have at this point. It never occurred to me that I was in a vulnerable position, it

was truly like a princess warrior mentality, one that I would probably not be able to duplicate at this point in life.

Their heads jerked up at me, shocked, speechless for a second or two. Then they glanced at each other, like, >:/

"Who are you?" one of them calls up to me calmly, frowning. He had thinning hair and more meat on his bones than his partner did, who had a moustache. He was the one who pretty much did all the talking that night. Taller, moustache cop was quietly in the background.

"What's going on?" I called back, not answering his question.

"Who are you? Come down here ma'am…" he repeated.

"Where is everybody? I just want to know what happened to my friends!" Still not answering his question.

"And who are your friends?"

"What happened to them? I just want to know." Still not answering his question. !!

"Could you come down here please….what's your name?" Not amused with me, at all.

I walk down the steps to join them.

"Carissa."

"Carissa who?"

(I gave him my last name.)

"Who's your friend?"

"Mike."

"Do you live here?

Pause.

"Yeah."

"Take a seat."

I do. "I just want to know where they are."

The two cops look at each other.

"Your friends are out there."

"WHERE?" I demanded. coughprincesswarriorcough

"Out in the back of the cars."

He let that sink in.

They were all arrested. At this point I think it's everyone. Steve, Mike, Todd, Daylene, all of them, and I'm next.

Then he starts searching my backpack, which I'd put down next to me, saying, "Can I look through this?" But not waiting for an answer.

"Yeah. But there's nothing IN there. Hey, are you supposed to have a warrant to do that?" (:D That cracks me up when I look back on that comment.)

"No."

"Are you SURE?"

"YES." He keeps looking through it. Then he says, "Why don't you tell me what you guys are doing here."

I don't answer.

"Who are your friends? Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"We just moved in yesterday."

"Why don't you tell me about that."

"No…I'm not going to say anything else, because I don't know what my rights are. I don't know what I can and cannot say and I don't want to say something that would incriminate me." (you go girl!! haha…ha….)

"Okay then…" and he pulls out the cuffs, motioning me to get up. Calmly, I do, just going into shut off mode, not even phased. Not feeling it, at all.

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do can and will be held against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney…"

I just stood there, surprised and blank, feeling the cold metal cuffs around my wrists, behind me. I was being arrested. Holy crap! When he's done cuffing me he goes back to poking around in my backpack, even showing the inside of it to the other cop. I wondered why the intense interest in my backpack considering there was nothing illicit in it. The answer, which I left out of the original version of this write up, arrived about a week later when I was rooting around in my backpack……..turns out there was a pair of clean panties in the inside pocket of my backpack which I'd forgotten about. I'd put a clean change of underwear in there months ago back when I was bouncing around so much in life – living at Garys, then at a motel for a week, then back at Gary's, while visiting with Mike and his friends down in Mission Viejo where sometimes we'd all get so drunk I'd stay the night and not drive back to Buena Park until the next morning, and so on. So apparently my forgotten panties tucked away in the pocket was of great interest to the cops and both kept passing the backpack back and forth to check them out. Pervs. ;D

Then he leads me outside, and all I can think is that my stuff is inside, and if we're going to jail, then it's just going to be there, in the house. My book. The book that I'm writing. I need it back, I need the computer disk. And I ask him if can please get it for me. He says, "Well see. If you co-operate we'll see about me doing favors for you." And then he needs my license for my i.d., so I explain it's in my wallet on the front seat of my car. I maneuver my cuffed wrists and hands to get my keys out of my left front pocket, which I wave at him with a little smile, to his surprise. He gives me a wide-eyed sideways look. I kind of beg him to PLEASE let me take at least my wallet with me, it has all my money in it! He gets sympathetic and agrees. Says I can have the whole backpack. Cool, I think. Then he has me go to the cop car, opening the back door to reveal Steve, cuffed.

DAMN! I think, sliding in on the black vinyl seats. Steve's just sitting there nervously to the far right like, uhhh……hehehe. Whoops.

The door closed and they left us there.

Inside a cop car it's a bit sound proof. Very quiet and muffled with unbreakable glass and a cage partition separating the back seat from the front, and the glowing red station numbers of the scanner/radio up front, and the soft background voice of the dispatcher talking back and forth, reporting incidents. The quiet sound proofing effect of the windows and the dispatcher's voice continually cutting in are the creepiest aspects of cop cars, to me anyway, really unnerving for some reason. When the back door slammed shut and the reality hit me that I was cuffed in the back of a cop car about to be tossed in jail, something I'd never experienced before, I became a little sniffly as I looked forlornly out the window. But then I snapped out of it. I'm not a mopey wallower, I can't handle that energy. And so for the rest of the time that Steve and I were locked up in the car I cracked jokes, and did a running commentary about things going on outside, making fun of the cops. At one point I bent my body in half, sticking my boot shoes on the ceiling since I'm tiny and flexible, but with my cuffed wrists behind me, of course, which elicited a nervous "stop!" from Steve, appalled that I would dare put my feet on a cop car ceiling. Why? I said. Who cares, fuck them. ;) Mike was

cuffed in the other car according to Steve, and Todd was safely at home at his parent's house in Lake Forest, missing the entire show. "Lucky bastard," he said. And Daylene…he didn't know where she was.

Soon however Daylene showed up. We watched as she came and went…but wasn't cuffed and arrested the way I was. She was standing out there talking to the cops, all casual like it was nothing. Not fair!!! we thought. :D

Finally the back door opened again. The cops wanted to talk to me again. Outside, I was interrogated by the same dude who'd let me get my computer disk. He was chubby and frowny and serious, no humor. His partner was taller and leaner, with a moustache. Meanwhile I told them the gist of how it was done, which matched what Mike and Steve had already told them, shivering.

Chubby cop wanted to know, "I'm just curious, but do you feel any guilt over paying a woman money for a house that doesn't belong to her?"

Did I feel guilt? I just needed a place to stay, and this was the situation I found myself in life, I thought. So no, not really. !! I explained that the houses would normally just be sitting empty and unused anyway, and that my roommates didn't hurt anybody or cause trouble. And they do pay for the utilities.

And Chubby suddenly "switched" and got angry, and started accusing us of stealing the utilities. I tried to explain that we didn't do that, that we were actually paying for them…but he was adamant in this.

And I just stared back at him, wide eyed…shocked…silent. And I realized, ***"this is your last chance. you need to just agree with whatever he says…..if you don't, you're never getting out of here tonight."***

So I did in the sense that I didn't argue back. I just stared back at him. He was wrong and accusing us of doing stuff that wasn't true, and of course the ego wants to defend itself. But I bit my tongue and just remained silent on the matter. I let him have his way. Whatever you say.

Then he calmed down again. "No, I'm not trying to pass judgment on anyone, saying who's moral or amoral, because I could give a *crud* about Sanwa Bank and their houses. I was just curious is all."

I nodded, shivering. Sure…just going along with whatever he says at this point.

"Well, let me have you get back in the car, I can tell you're cold…" he says. And then I'm switched to the car with Mike while they figured out what to do. Mike is also cuffed in the backseat, and I slide in next to him. Not sure why they switched us around like that.

Then the front door opened and moustache cop sat down in the driver's seat, talking to chubby cop standing outside. Now moustache cop was cranky and ornery and I heard him say, irritated,

"No, just book 'em. Book all of 'em. Take 'em to the station." God, just like a movie. !!

When I heard that, something pulled up to the surface of my consciousness. It wasn't just mere alarm over the fact that I was going to get arrested. It was something else. It was this **knowing** that "THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN TO ME! ***I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE PROTECTION!!!"***

Don't ask me where *that* came from, as I had no knowledge whatsoever about that sort of thing back at that age. But it was just this instant, 100% "knowing" on some other level, triggered by the cop's words, spilling to the surface, that ***I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE PROTECTION FROM STUFF LIKE THIS!!!!!!!*** From who? I didn't know. And where is that who located? I don't know. And why? I didn't know. But I just knew…there was supposed to be protection. There had been an **agreement,** a decision, a plan of sorts**.** And now something wasn't upholding its end of the agreement, because *this* was happening. These sorts of things were supposed to be "taken care of" so I would have no worries, and could maneuver freely without concern of premature death or harm of any type. All this welled up, in an instant, triggered, but without any further background details.

Then I sighed and sunk down into the seat, feeling numb, blank, defeated. Accepting my fate. There was nothing to do at this point.

And right then, as I had that realization of some supposed protection, and accepting that somehow things had gotten screwed up, oh well, so it goes …..I hear chubby cop say with a lowered voice, "Well, wait a minute…" And he starts talking to the other cop, trying to reason with him. About me. Telling him, "She's not the one in charge. She doesn't know how to activate the utilities or cut the locks, I'm sure. Cite her for trespassing, but don't book her."

The back door opens again. Back outside I go. My cuffs were removed. My backpack was handed back to me. And I was on my merry way after exactly an hour and a half of being cuffed in the back of two different cop cars. (I didn't actually get cited for trespassing either, they just…..let me go, as if none of it had even happened. So I had no record to speak of.) The two cop cars then left with Mike and Steve in the back seats, while Daylene and I were left to straighten things up. We had to round up Moo, get our clothes and stuff together, move Steve and Mike's vehicles one by one to their parents' houses in Lake Forest and park them there for now so they wouldn't get towed, get a motel room so that when the guys got out of jail there would be a place to go, and go to Ralph's grocery store to buy stuff for Moo.

The cop adventure for that night didn't end there though. Nope. Because later on in the middle of Daylene and I running our middle of the night errands, I flipped an illegal U-ey at El Toro and Rockfield with Daylene in the passenger seat….and watched as cop strobes came on behind us and started coming our way.

FUCK!!!!! I thought. *AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!* I'd just spent an hour and a half cuffed and came **this** close to being arrested, just narrowly escaping…I was NOT going to end up going down anyway for this, an illegal U-turn! I was sick of cops! So before even thinking about what I was doing……I gunned the car and took off, whipped right onto Bridger Road, cut the lights (not that it would have done much considering there were brake lights ;) but I wasn't thinking clearly…) and raced to the

dead-end and parked in some parking lot to the left, across from Green Thumb Nursery, which had some scattered cars about. Then we ducked down. Such a Scorpio year of the Tiger. :D Seriously.

I was panicked, but Daylene just had her usual wry and amused smirk going. Calm as ever. Doo-dee-doo-dee-doo. I was amazed that she was so nonchalant about it all, being inadvertently taken along on some pseudo police chase. :D That was her though. More Scorpio Tiger psycho energy. We stayed there a good 15 or 20 minutes or so, but then I was like, we can't wait here all night, we have stuff we have to do! We gotta go! I have no patience. This was crap, and I wanted to be on with my life. So cautiously I emerged onto Bridger Road…didn't see any cops anymore. Got to the intersection of El Toro Road…and glanced over to see the cop car from earlier parked at the gas station right there. Dah! And I whipped right onto El Toro and raced off, to the 5 freeway north onramp that was right there, and we were gone, safely on our way. Maybe he wasn't even interested in us, but it was awfully coincidental that when I did an illegal U-ey on a red light there was suddenly a cop car with strobes behind us.

Steve and Mike were sent to the OC jail, and were out the next day. Soon after that, Henry, whom I'd never actually met, was sent to prison for the ongoing repossessed houses racket he had going with a bunch of people. Steve's mom saw a small mention of it in the Orange County Register.

My grandma and the name Florence

I always liked my maternal grandmother Florence, known as Sissy to her brother and his wife. (Her own mom, my great grandma, was named Florence as well.) When I was a young child she moved from New York to North Carolina, so I didn't see her as much. After she moved back to New York my parents would make the trip maybe once or twice a year to see her, from where we lived in Connecticut. She didn't have a great relationship with my mom as they both had major issues stemming from a troubled life and upbringing, (the whole family had gone to pot after my mom's dad died at age 36 from a heart attack, when my mom was two years old. He left behind five kids under the age of 13.) But I liked her, and she was a great grandmother to me. She wrote me postcards and letters when she traveled (lots from California, featuring pics of Knott's Berry Farm or Disneyland or something, with the return address of the infamous "Midway City") and paid attention to what I liked, and spoiled me with lots of stuff every time we did see her. Even though she had 15 grandkids she was the sort to dote on them all as if they were the only ones. She was a Scorpio, like me, and had this reserved personality that watched the world from behind eyes that scoped everything in this observant sort of squinty way. She noticed everything. Nothing got past her. She even had what I would eventually call the "Scorpio eyes." Anybody who knows astrology will know what I'm talking about. Scorpios tend to all have this same look in their eyes. And her sharp observations got her in trouble with my mom a lot of the time. My mom could never handle truthful opinions that cut to the core of a person or situation, the way my grandma was prone to doing. Again, like me. ;) Although in retrospect, I realize that my grandma did have this overly critical kind of cranky frowny judgmental opinionated side to her. It's okay to notice things, but she wasn't always nice about the things she noticed. She wasn't bubbly and happy and warm, she had issues, but she was still good to me and my brother and visiting her was always fun. She never remarried after her husband died, so there was no step-Grandpa, just her.

Grandma was Cheez-Its, crossword puzzles, Scrabble, Pall Mall cigarettes, Chock Full O'Nuts coffee in a perculator, lipstick and a compact as she always made sure she looked good, costume jewelry, pot lucks at the local senior center, flea markets when she was in California visiting her brother and his wife (and then later living there herself in the same neighborhood as them), the Enquirer and all the tabloid mags, and Irish food. Always the corned beef and cabbage with boiled potatoes and carrots, or like, Brussels sprouts. She had salt and pepper hair when I was younger but which eventually went all white, like her own mom. She liked cats but didn't own one because she traveled so much, and her arthritis prevented her from being nimble enough to care for a pet. But she liked the cat imagery. And she loved her knick knacks and Precious Moments stuff. Her apartments were always riddled with knickknacks and scented candles and little soaps in her bathroom that were shaped like shells and things like that. And she was a bit of a compulsive shopper and was always buying stuff for all the grandkids and herself. Flea markets were definitely her thing. Grandma had arthritis with hands that were curled, so she was limited in the things she could do in life and had trouble moving. She also avoided doctors – exactly like me – and just ignored all of her health ailments. Partly I think it was because she just didn't have the money to be dealing with things, didn't have insurance. She was living on a limited pension.

And that was grandma, in a nutshell. So, on to the weirdness –

Incident 1. As a baby I was in the hospital at 1 ½ years old with meningitis, July of 1976. My mom told me that when I was first admitted to the hospital in Massachusetts (where we were living at the time), she was sitting in the hall outside the room where I was being kept quarantined. She said she was feeling nervous, and looks up to see what appears to be her grandparents, (my great grandparents, Nanny and Poppy, who were still alive at the time) walking down the hall towards her. My mom's grandparents helped raise her after her dad died, when my grandma had to give my mom and one of her brothers away, the two youngest out of the five kids. Both of them meant a lot to my mom for that reason. As the two figures approached her in the hospital hallway she realized it wasn't her grandparents…just a random elderly couple that happened to look exactly like them. Then for whatever reason the couple decided to take a seat next to my mom and struck up a conversation with her…calming her nerves. That was the first odd thing about my time in the hospital.

I have memories of being in the hospital recovering from the meningitis and remember looking up from where I was lying in my crib and seeing the nurse who was a spitting image of my grandma at the time, with salt and pepper hair and everything, gazing down at me with a smile. I reached up to her and said in a happy daze, "Grandma!" And I see her shaking her head back and forth, no, but with a smile. It wasn't her…she just happened to look exactly like her. So yeah, that was interesting that there was people around us that looked exactly like Nanny, Poppy, and Grandma.

Incident 2. The night of November 9, 1993 – my birthday – I turned 19 and was working as a hostess at the then-Reuben's Steakhouse in Laguna Hills, on El Toro Road. Several of the guests also happened to have birthdays that night, and as was the custom at a lot of restaurants the staff would gather around the table and sing a happy birthday song while presenting a free desert. One of the birthday guests was an elderly woman. So I'm there clapping and singing the birthday diddy at this

U-shaped booth along with the servers when I notice……the woman's face morphs into my grandma's. I watch her face change, and then it's my grandma looking at me through her. Her eyes are locked on me, with the same look and expression as my grandma and everything. !!! Just calmly looking back at me. I actually stopped singing and clapping mid-clap. My mouth was left open, my hands hovering in mid-air, just stunned at what I was seeing. Then the song was over and everybody began to disburse. I lowered my hands and then watched as the elderly woman morphed back into her own face, then shook her head a little, like shaking something out of her, looking dazed and confused for a split second. Then she regained herself and turned to a family member to her left in the booth and smiled and started talking.

Come to find out about two or three days later from my mom via a phone call that my grandma had died. And she had also been living back in Connecticut when it happened, which we didn't know since my mom had been estranged from her – yet again – for the past three years. After I hung up with my mom I sat there and started to cry…..but then it was like something "cut in on the line" conveying the idea of "No! It's okay, you don't understand…." then proceeded to show me how it felt. It was a feeling of being totally free, exuberant and ecstatic, with no more limiting constraints of a heavy, cumbersome physical body. Like if you were to fly and bounce around all over the room, weeeeeeeee! completely free to do anything you wanted. Boing! Boing! Boing! It stopped me crying and made me look around like, Huh….For my grandma this freedom was particularly important and enjoyable because her body had been crippled with arthritis for years, and towards the end she also had skin cancer, on top of whatever other physical issues she may have had that go along with old age. Now she was free…..and I could feel what that felt like, for her. I totally understood that for her, death wasn't a bad thing at all, so, no reason to feel sad for her. She felt much better off. I wasn't expecting something like that to happen, it wasn't like I was looking for feel-good confirmation. In fact I was all ready to settle into a cry fest depression but this cut it short.

My grandma's death was officially listed as November 10th. But I knew it was actually the night of the 9th, since I saw her that night. Interesting odds that she would die on my birthday. Not sure what that means. When I mentioned this to my mom (back before I had to permanently cut ties with her in life) she reported that on the same day, November 9th, she was at work (for FHP as a medical assistant at the time) and was prepping an elderly woman for her exam. She glanced up and looked at the woman, only to see my grandma's face looking back at her. She figured she was imagining it until I reported the same occurrence happening to me, also on the same day. (Ironically, as nutso as that would sound to a straight laced mainstream skeptic, this was a rare time where, to me, my mom was acting normal and nice and calm. It just happened to involve a woo-woo subject of all things.) Several years later when I was visiting my cousin Debbie up in Long Beach, the first time I'd seen her since I was 5 years old, she showed me the little funeral card that they gave out at my grandma's funeral. It said October 25, 1922 – November 10, 1993. I glanced at the card then tossed it back on the kitchen table, saying without thinking, "She didn't die on the 10th she died on the 9th, I know, because I saw her that night." Debbie just looked at me like, "!!" Didn't say anything. What can you say to something like that anyway.

Later on when I tried so hard to be an Atheist, since it was the easy way out that meant I didn't have to contend with all those pesky life mysteries and unanswered questions ;) this would be the one incident that would always prevent me from being able to be fully atheist. I know what I saw that

night. And it's funny because I was ALWAYS second guessing myself, always finding ways to be skeptical, or just being plain oblivious in general. But not with this incident.

Incident 3 - November 1995. I had all the obstacles and road blocks preventing me from taking this particular trip up to L.A. in the late afternoon, but me being well, me at the time, ignored them. Back then I didn't listen to intuition and didn't know to recognize obstacles. I do now though. Learn from your mistakes. ;D I was heading north on the 5, in the left lane, cruising at about 70. There was a car in front of me and behind me. The exit for Firestone Boulevard was passing by on the right. The car behind me decided to pass me – and as she did, the front left bumper of her car clipped the rear right bumper of my car, sending me careening into the guard rail to my left. I smashed into the guardrail, and she was now on my right side, trying to pass…so I was now sandwiched between the guard rail and her car, slamming back and forth between the two, out of control. I screamed at the horrible "CRUNCH" sound that my car made on impact, and kind of just squeezed my eyes shut and gave up trying to control the situation. Time really felt like it slowed down too. The only thing I thought as my car was being smashed around with that horrible crunching sound was "please don't let me kill any little kids, please don't let me kill any little kids…" over and over. That was my greatest fear. By the time it was all said and done I was in the far right lane, facing sideways, closer to being backwards than frontwards. Tires popped, front and side smashed in, car inoperable. But amazingly, no other cars were hit other than the girl who caused the accident….despite it being busy traffic nearing quitting time rush hour. And I was in one piece. Considering how many other cars were around us on the freeway, this strikes me as being near impossible in retrospect. It was as if a bubble of protection was put around my car. I emerged from my car, dazed…..and looked up to the see the exit sign for **Florence Avenue** staring down at me from overhead. Even in my dense obliviousness of the time it didn't escape me.

Incident 4 - July 23, 2003. I was at work, and my boss Rob called me by the wrong name, again. (eye roll…this was the evil homeowner's association I worked for back then, run by empty puppets who were detached from people and real human emotions and behavior. Not calling me by the right name after being there for *15 months* was the least of their problems, actually!) So I went up to a fellow coworker named Elizabeth and made a joke that "You may have some complaints about this company, but at least YOUR boss calls you by the right name!" Elizabeth was in her late 40s, smart woman originally from New Jersey with the typical NY/NJ personality, the kind who noticed things and saw through everything. She laughed and said that from now on my name would be Henrietta. I said that I didn't really like that name though, it's not me. ;)

She turned to me with a little smirk and said, **"Okay, how about Florence?"**

I just stared at her, stunned. Out of all the names she could have picked. And it was just weird the way she said it, the **glint** in her eye. Like something else was speaking through her. This was particularly weird month in general, a lot abduction related stuff going on, problems and issues, the sort I talk about in my book.

*****

In 2005 I was at a private get together/gathering of people here in Virginia who are into the fringe and woo-woo, hosted by a couple that I mentioned earlier in this piece as being two of the most purposely psychic people I'd ever met in life. It was a get together where people meet, eat potluck and enjoy

being in the company of other likeminded people. After eating everybody sat around in a large circle in chairs and on the couches and a topic of discussion was picked, and everybody had a chance to share their thoughts and views on the subject going around the circle. On that particular night it was mentioned towards the end by the husband (named Tom, just like my boyfriend) that many of the people in attendance had dead relatives joining them, hanging around the circle. Curious I wondered if I had anybody hanging around. Tom said that I did…..my grandmother. He went on to explain what he was seeing, staring off across the room. He said that for starters, she wasn't like anybody else there. I think he said she was peculiar, if I remember the word choice. :D While everybody else's dead relatives were eager to be seen and be connected up in some way, my grandma was standoffish, held back. She preferred to be on the outside looking in. He seemed perplexed about this, like it was something he didn't understand. I understood perfectly, that's my family for you. :D As I said earlier, my grandma wasn't warm and friendly, she was detached and observant.

But the clincher was when he proceeded to imitate her and what he was seeing. I saw him squint as he focused in on her across the room, and he hunched his shoulders forward a little, crossing his arms over each other in front of him, then mimicked the look on her face.

I hadn't seen my grandma in 14 years by that point, since 1991, and had totally forgotten the little details of her facial expression and mannerisms. What he mimicked was a spot-on accurate representation of her. He brought her back to life, things I wouldn't have otherwise remembered. He then went on to relay her two cents input, based on the topic that had been discussed that night (which I can't remember now, but her input fit whatever was being discussed) which was, She regretted the problems she'd had with my mom, and the way she'd handled things. Basically (I'm paraphrasing here because I don't remember the exact wording of things by this point) something about how they would always get into these fights and she didn't listen to what my mom was saying, she'd get defensive and blow her off and that of course led to more problems. Something about how she should have listened to what my mom was trying to say and acknowledged/validated her.

I knew exactly what he was relaying, but it was something he would have no way of knowing, just like he couldn't have known about my grandma's peculiar personality that was not like everybody else, and her mannerisms/facial expressions. But my mom and grandma were periodically estranged over the years because my mom had a lot of pent up bitterness and resentment for the things that had gone on in her upbringing and the way she was treated (I've said before as much as I think she's batshit crazy and choose to stay away from her, I understand why she is the way she is, and I would never wish her upbringing on anybody.) And I know that my grandma never once acknowledged it or apologized for any of it, least of all her alcoholism and the abusive way she was with my mother, and how she allowed my mom's brothers to verbally and physically (and possibly sexually) abuse her in a bad way. She'd get defensive and shut my mom out, and the conversation would end on a bitter note once more. And so would launch yet another period of estrangement, until one of them would reach out again, and things would be fine for a bit, until my mom would once again mention these unresolved past issues when provoked to do so, and my grandma would get mad and defensive and shut her out and not own up to anything……and halcyon and on and on. So that was my grandma's big regret now that she was on the other side and looking back on how she'd lived her life. A good lesson for everybody to take care of your problems now and come to some sort of resolution about it all, because once you're dead it's too late and all you'll be left with are regrets.

Some people may read this and think Oh, this Tom guy was probably just another charlatan psychic. But he had absolutely nothing to gain by it. He wasn't in business for himself as a psychic. And well, he wasn't a charlatan. This was just a private gathering of people hanging out. Tom and his wife later kind of frowned about my grandma, with Tom's wife making a reference to her not being very nice. Which is more proof that it was real, because charlatans just try to blow smoke up your ass and make you feel good. But there they were kind of criticizing my dead relative. :D Ah well. I can imagine how she'd come across to outsiders, but I just keep in mind that she had a very difficult life and have understanding about why she was the way she was.

The Crow that maybe wasn't there

I didn't log this incident at the time it happened sometime in 2000-2001, but I wish I did. It was during the time period when I was living in "The Vortex" apartment as I called it, in Rancho Santa Margarita, surrounded by paranormal weirdness. But the weirdness was always inside the apartment, never outside. For that reason I can't be certain that this incident is something strange, but it's enough of something that I'll include it here. I was sitting at the bus shelter on Santa Margarita Parkway one bright, sunny, blue skied morning waiting for the 82 bus to take me somewhere. The only other person at the bus stop with me was an Hispanic guy in his twenties or early thirties, sitting on the bench to my right. We didn't pay each other any mind. Then a lone crow shows up. Big, black, loud, and ALL worked up about something. He proceeded to land on top of the shelter roof, then into the tree next to it, then back on the roof again, then down to the small grassy hill behind the open sided shelter, then back up to the tree…..all the while, screaming and cawing like a crazy bird in a tizzy. I kept looking around at it as it threw a fit, screaming and flapping its wings….seeming as if it were yelling at *us*. Or me. In fact, I was sure of it. This thing was looking right at us. Or me. And there were no other birds around. I kept giving little laughs of amusement as it screamed and cawed and flapped and jumped around from the roof to the tree to the ground. The Hispanic guy never looked or acknowledged it. He sat passively on his side of the bench, staring off into the air and periodically looking down Santa Margarita for the bus.

The bird kept going though, he wasn't done. Now he flew down to the road **right in front of us, facing us,** in the gutter portion of the road up against the sidewalk. He was staring at me, not the guy. Screaming, cawing, and vigorously flapping his wings up and down and jumping around as if trying to tell me something, oblivious to the cars that whizzed past about six feet from him. I kept laughing a little and looking over at the guy next to me like, isn't this nuts? Haha! I'd never seen anything like this before. Crows are loud and boisterous, sure, and are pretty comfortable in the urban parking lots of SoCal that I'd seen, relatively unfazed by humans and cars as they rummaged for food, but this was bizarre. I'd never witnessed a crow so desperately trying to interact/communicate with a person before, standing before them hopping around and flapping and "yelling" at them for an extended period of time.

The other guy just sat there passively, never once making eye contact with this bird, just periodically glancing up Santa Margarita Parkway. Looking for the bus. Finally he glanced over at me nervously, with a funny look on his face that clearly conveyed, *"Why do you keep looking at me and laughing?!?"* His look indicated that I was being a weirdo. !!

I glanced at the bird jumping around straight in front of me, screaming and flapping its wings, and over at the other guy who was not acknowledging this, AT all, and I think it was by that point that the bus came. I don't really remember what happened only that the bird must have taken off. I vaguely remember getting on the bus, and that was that.

Only after the fact did it occur to me that the reason he never once acknowledged the bird's presence and strange antics was because…..he may not have seen it. The bird may not have really been there.

For him, anyway. It was there plain as day for me, trying to yell something at me for almost 10 minutes. But nothing about the guy's behavior indicated that he ever actually even saw the bird, at any point. He never turned or even glanced at it, which seems unusual to me. Sure, a lot of people have a passive, bored, slow energy about them and could care less about most anything happening around them, but shouldn't he have even *glanced* at it, even *once?* ?!

Crows are often seen as omens of misfortune and death. I was completely submersed in craziness at that point in life living with my brother in "the vortex," which is why I really wish I'd kept track of when this incident happened, to see when the date was and what events were surrounding it. Because not only were we surrounded by entities who were coming and going in our apartment, but one of them attacked me at one point, and later on we had a brush with death while living there, when the cops showed up and had guns trained on me and my brother's heads as we stood on the balcony. I make mention of that at the beginning of "the Vortex" write up though, along with the "bleeding ivy plant" omen that goes with it, won't get into it here. So it would be interesting to know what the date of this flailing, screaming crow was and what it correlated to..……

Death

I've had a lot of near hits when it came to death, but only two instances of being able to experience some form of it.

The first instance happened sometime in the late 90s maybe, back in California, and it was a flash glimpse of seeing myself getting suddenly killed in what appeared to be a parking garage. Most likely at night. I don't remember though when I experienced this or how I came to see this flash. But I'll never forget the flash itself.

One minute I had been walking along in the parking garage, probably to my car, the next minute something happened, and now I was dead. Probably got jumped, knifed, mugged, something. I felt female, so it seemed to be me anyway, not somebody else. And it was a big blur, all so fast, I never saw it coming. And the level of **confusion** and **denial** I was experiencing cannot be described. It's confusion – times 100. Denial – times 100. Hard to convey. There was no time to prepare myself, no time to come to terms with death. I was smack in the middle of my life, thoughts running through my mind as I walked through the garage, plans for the rest of the night of stuff I had to do, just assuming I had years and years left to go before dying, it never even OCCURRING to me that it could be instantly cut short like that.

So now I was suddenly ripped apart from my body, finding myself outside the body by the orange-y lights of the parking garage in this blur of absolute confusion and denial. My vision was different since it was no longer through physical eyes. It was like the astral vision I've experienced those couple of times years later when I found myself hovering slightly outside the body. And the denial isn't simply a case of burying your head in the sand - it's an actual inability to realize and come to terms with what's going on. Forcibly being ripped from the body like that so fast causes this inability to fully understand and accept what's happening here. It's not like you're just going to instantly be like, "Okay, that's cool, I'm dead, where's the highway to heaven!"

So yeah, that was quite an eye opener to experience, to feel it, firsthand. To know what a lot of souls go through when they experience sudden death, and how souls can get stuck so easily between realms due to confusion and an inability to process such a sudden and unexpected ripping apart from their bodies. My boyfriend and I have emailed with a British guy who does spirit rescue work at night, helping to usher stuck and lost/confused souls to where they need to go. I've always felt that what he does is extremely admirable since experiencing for myself what it can be like. I've never met him in person but from the one email I did get from him he had an amazing vibe, really nice guy, the sort of guy you'd want to have show up were you wandering around out there, lost.

What does this incident mean? I don't know. It could have been an alternate self on a parallel timeline biting the dust, and me glimpsing it here in this timeline. It could have been a lesson that something higher was giving me, to show me something. Possibly even a premonition of a future event. What's scary is my current temp job has a parking garage with very similar orange lights, near downtown which has experienced a wave of crime in 2007 attributed to the "white T shirt gang." Sounds hokey, but people are getting jumped and robbed to the point where this company I'm temping for has actually begun employing security guards to patrol the parking garage and surrounding sidewalk/building perimeter in the late afternoon and early evening for this exact reason. I plan to be on guard because of that. So I don't know. I'll never know. [update: I finished that temp job without incident, obviously, or else no update. ;) haha.]

The other incident occurred in about early 2003. I was living in Ft. Lauderdale and had this visual one night where I experienced myself dead – and saw myself hovering about 10 to 15 feet above my body which was lying on its side on the ground, in what looked to be outside. I was fascinated and drawn to the body, didn't want to leave it, felt compelled to stick around and be next to it. Kind of mesmerized by it in this fuzzy headed way. That's when this calm, mature thought form cut in on the line (sounding like my higher self) and explained that when I die, I may find myself wanting to hang around my body, staying near it, feeling drawn to it, not wanting to leave it….**but don't. You need to leave the body. That's very important. Don't hang around.** The idea being, this is how souls get stuck.

"!!!!" I thought. Got it. I could see how getting stuck happens though. I felt the strong draw and fascination to hover around my body and stay by it. Very strong. It's understandable. That's the body we live in every day of our lives, the body we feed, look at in the mirror, clean in the shower, dress with nice clothes, improve with exercise, and in doing so we come to identify with it so strongly that we believe it solely is us. So when we find ourselves dead, some of us may then naturally want

to stick with the body. We can't be "in" it since we're now dead….so….we'll do the next best thing. We'll just stand next to it outside it and follow it wherever it goes! :D But we're *not* the body, as this thought form was calmly trying to teach me. When you're dead, you have to leave the body. Don't stick around.

On a minor note is something that also happened one night in 2003 in Florida, when I was 28/29. Tom was reading or something, doing his thing, and I'd been on the internet checking into a message board forum that I used to participate at until 2004. The place had a very dark underlying energy going on with it due to some seriously dark troublemakers that were trying to muck up the works. And me being the way I was back then was A) still into the idea of message boards (I'm not anymore) and B) willing to "battle the negs" in order to infuse knowledge and empowerment to the minority who was ready to hear such information. (I'm not anymore. I have better things to do with my time at this point. :D But that's who I was then.) In fact this is the same message board where one of the male members PM'd me to tell me that he'd experienced an entity blowing through his house in New York at the same exact time I had a neg entity blowing through my apartment there in Florida, mentioned earlier in this piece. But I mention all this because I think some people, or neg forces, involved in that forum are the reason behind this particular near death moment I'm about to explain. So there I am one night, after battling some of the troublemakers on the forum and stubbornly persisting with my dissemination of knowledge of the woo woo and empowerment, I guess you could call it, and I get up and go into the kitchen. And that's when I suddenly feel like my heart is being squeezed. As if a fist is clamping around it, squeezing and suffocating the life out of it. It's a bizarre feeling, almost impossible to describe only because normally we never ever feel our hearts – not in that way, at least. At best we feel it beating rapidly. So, how do you even describe this to someone. But this was the most bizarre feeling. My heart was being crushed. I immediately bent over and began sinking down to the floor. I couldn't even speak. (that's why when I see movies that show somebody having a heart attack, calling out and yelling or moaning I just roll my eyes. You can't speak when that's happening. All you can do is crumple.) Tom had no idea what was happening and was obliviously faced away from me, doing his own thing. I knew I was about to die……..and I was completely calm about it.

During moments when I'm completely healthy and fine, the idea of death would unnerve me. Yet during those times in life when I've actually found myself in a situation where I very likely was facing my big moment of truth, like this moment, or say, one of my car accidents (especially the Florence Avenue one, mentioned earlier) or the entity attack described in my "Vortex" write up, I was shockingly nonchalant. I'm not sure why that is, other than at that moment I suddenly have a realization, a knowing, a soul memory maybe, of what death really is. It's nothing but a transition. A switcheroo. And nothing is ever really dead or over. So, no big deal. And in those moments I'm filled with this knowing and am completely and totally calm as a result. Accepting. "Oh yeah, I know the drill. We've done this hundreds of times before. It's cool."

I crouched down towards the floor feeling the life being squeezed out of my heart and unable to breathe or speak as a result. Totally accepting my fate. Oh well. Here we go. Until just as suddenly as it descended, it lifted. My heart was instantly fine again. I could breathe and move around. Feeling surprised I sprung back up, and in a kind of halfway hunched over way made a beeline for the bathroom straight ahead. I needed to sit down and recuperate and get my wits about me. I sat

on the toilet seat lid for a good ten minutes, trying to regain my normal breathing and calm down. And meanwhile Tom was still out in the living room, doing his thing obliviously. :D Now that the episode had passed I was feeling a little alarmed. I just could not get over how that felt, my heart being squeezed/forcibly stopped, and my first thought was that it tied into one of the neg people/presences associated with the forum that I'd just been on. I knew I was pushing negs' buttons over there BIG time, with the things I was talking about and the fact that people were listening. (I was actually starting to get through to some of the hardcore fear-based Catholics on a forum read by people around the world……..which I gather is some threatening territory to the negs that have an investment in keeping as many people as possible locked up in the control pens of the matrix.) There was even a group of crazy so-called Catholic women there that were scheming to try to get me kicked off the forum for that reason, except for the small problem that the web master woman in charge liked me ☺ so, good luck there, but still….I had no idea it was going to get to this. Not that it deterred me. If anything it spurred me on and I wound up amping things up into overdrive. :D It's going to take more than that to stop me, was my attitude. So, that was that incident. It never happened again.

Something else I want to add here is that for me, and I know for many other people too, identification with the body as being "me" has been the case for nearly all my life, versus having true understanding that it's just a shell that houses the spirit. It's been my biggest fear around the idea of reincarnation as well. Even though I've had actual memories and knowings of other lives and such, I had a hard time dwelling on the idea because it scared me to think of myself being in a different body and being "somebody else," because my mistaken way of being was to view this particular body as what makes me "me." Even after the incident where I saw myself dead and wanting to stay with my body, mesmerized by it and identifying with it as being "me" I still didn't fully get it on a core level. That wouldn't happen for another couple of years, until about 2007. Then it finally, FINALLY sunk in all the way. It just hit me one day……**"If I wasn't in this body, then somebody else would be."** Another spirit, another personality. They'd have the same genetics, maybe even the same astrological configuration, but it wouldn't be "me." And I was able to imagine watching my body from the sidelines as a different soul personality inhabited it, walking around, living its life. Talking differently, with different facial expressions and mannerisms, a different personality and way of interacting with people and the world. Instead I'm the one who took this body, so it's now "me." And then I imagined my spirit essence in a different body, walking around, interacting with the world, looking at my body in the mirror, living out a life. I picked a body type that's completely different from own to imagine myself in to accentuate the difference. Could I imagine having a different outer shell? Yeah, I could. For the first time ever in my life I could see that "me" was the spirit and not the outer image. I could imagine me in a different body. And one day while at a temp job during this time period in 2007 I had a moment where I projected myself ahead to a future life for fun, and could see me walking around in a different body, as a different person in some futuristic existence……yet…….the inner core was essentially the same. I could feel how the core remains the same, lifetime to lifetime, body to body. (I liked what I felt and perceived of this imaginary future life, because my temperament in that life was a lot more emotionally calm/neutral, not like this life where I've been fiery, with many emotional ups and downs. It was me, but more advanced, different. Who knows, maybe I actually was tapping into something and it wasn't just my mind goofing around. Would be kind of cool if I was.)

Recently I was reading a quote from the woman in France who had the world's first full face transplant operation several years ago, and she was talking about how she doesn't like the fact that she has somebody else's lips, somebody else's inner mouth and all that. A lot of people got annoyed at her for saying that, from what I saw of online comments, feeling that she was ungrateful, but I think the problem was she was doing what most people do….identifying with the physical outer body shell, instead of realizing that she is the spirit core. She's not the face. She's not the rest of the body. So if she has somebody else's face grafted onto hers, then just see it as a gift that's going to make life more bearable and don't view it as "alien" or "other." Because the original face that was damaged wasn't "her" either, and it could easily have wound up belonging to somebody else, had a different spirit taken the body. A face is a face is a face. But that's hard for many to fully grasp, understandably.

Anyway, I've made many intentions to my higher self and whatever positive protective forces I have looking out for me to help me out when I die and make sure I don't get stuck, or worse…trapped by other entities that take advantage of a soul's confusion. Hopefully all will go well when it's my time to go, but I think how awake we are in our lives determines what happens to us in death. And I have a long way to go with becoming fully aware and lucid every moment in my life, versus just flowing along on autopilot a lot of the time….

Goro's "Echo Windows"

On Goro Adachi's website, www.goroadachi.com, he frequently references a phenomena called a "two year echo window." He noticed that events will repeat themselves two years after the fact, that there's a two year "pattern" of sorts to when things happen. The reason for this is unknown, although one possible theory ties into Mars. One year on Mars is equal to about two Earth years. So if humanity did in fact ever have ties to Mars in the distant past (what, you thought that the version of history they taught us in school was actually accurate? Bwwwaahahahahaha!) then maybe that accounts for this two year pattern. Just a theory, although it's intriguing.

I'd independently discovered the "two year thing" in my own way, back when I noticed that every odd year, such as 1991, 93, 95, and so on, my life was full of upheaval and turmoil. Lots of moving around, job hopping, and craziness all around, and the same sorts of situations repeating from two years before. Whereas on the even numbered years, life was relatively quiet for the most part. At least, nowhere near the amount of excitement as those odd years. So basically what I was noticing was the "two year echo window." Same thing, different way of noticing it.

So, there I was. June 21, 2004, Fort Lauderdale, FL. Summer solstice. I wanted to celebrate the longest day of the year by going out to rollerblade in the streets around my neighborhood in the extended daylight. It was shortly after 8 p.m. Probably because I had a little bit of red wine in my system ;) I wasn't as attentive as I should have been. I was doing great, flying along smoothly up and down the first few streets, until eventually my rollerblade rolled over a random cracked street reflector, snagging onto the wheel…pitching me forward, onto the pavement. My ankles couldn't bend, of course, so I just went crashing down awkwardly onto the pavement, straight onto my right wrist, while scraping up my thigh with nasty road burn. I played it cool though and limped home in

extreme pain, cleaned the road burn with rubbing alcohol, causing me to jump up and down and up and down in my apartment yelling *AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!* and cussing. There's nothing like that moment just before the alcohol soaked tissues come into contact with the scraped raw skin with asphalt stain embedded in it and the rough bits of flaky skin sticking up…..poised, hovering, ready to disinfect……..bracing yourself for the intense searing pain that's about to happen but knowing you have no choice but to do this. O_O As bad as the injury hurts it's nothing compared to what's about to happen. Then you just have to force yourself to do it.

Tom wasn't home at the time, so after disinfecting and jumping around yelling and swearing I got in my car and drove one handed to the Walgreens down the street, trying to not put any pressure on my scraped up raw thigh on the car seat. Then I limped around the store and bought a wrist brace. The extreme pain was causing me to feel far away and dazed, like maybe I could almost pass out or something. So I was a bit dazed and woozy to the cashier as I handed her money and did the transaction one handed. I either badly sprained, or possibly even cracked, my right wrist. I'll never know 'cause I didn't go to a doctor. I just took care of it on my own with Tiger Balm and a wrist brace, and by a year later things were completely healed and the pain was completely gone to where I could put full pressure on my wrist (like with push ups) and not feel any dull jabbing pains.

Flash forward to June 21, 2006. Charlottesville, VA. Summer solstice, the longest night of the year. I'd been on the computer for too longer I realized, and decided to go out and enjoy the last bit of light on this extended day since it was a beautiful and pleasant evening. So I'm sitting at our patio table outside when suddenly, shortly after 8 p.m. or so, my right wrist begins hurting out of nowhere. Strange jabbing pangs. Puzzled, I wondered what was up. I hadn't had any pain in my wrist in ages.

Then it hit me. Two years ago, summer solstice 2004. Roller blading accident. Bad right wrist injury. *At this same exact time of the night.* !!!

Alice in Chains/Layne Staley, April 2002

This one is weird, and for the longest time I didn't include it in here. Recently I figured, why not. So, here it is. But back in April of 2002 I had just started a new office job in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. One of the other female admin girls who worked there, named Nicole, invited me to the Jerry Cantrell concert she and her friends were seeing in Miami. Jerry used to play for Alice in Chains back in the 90s, before they broke up, and now had his own band. I didn't feel any connection with Nicole at all, no pull towards her, and didn't care for her personality from what I'd seen so far, so hanging out at a concert with her was not my idea of a good time. (I'd rather have no friends then to hang with people I don't like just to have company. No thanks.) So I politely declined. But somehow the conversation got around to Alice in Chains, and I had this instant feeling/knowing that the lead singer, Layne Staley, was dead.

Nicole frowned at me and was like, Um, nooooo….he's not dead. If he was, we'd hear about it, trust me.

I just stared at her, feeling very intensely that *no, he's dead.* Just total knowing. Even though I had no memory of actually hearing about this in the media and she was right in that we would definitely have heard about it. Alice in Chains was huge, one of the big 90s bands, along with Nirvana, Soundgarden, Pearl Jam, Smashing Pumpkins, and all the rest. So we actually debated this back and forth for a maybe 30 seconds, my puzzled insistence that I was *sure* he was dead (I could really feel this) and Nicole's insistence that um, no, he's not. Then she left my office and I went back about my day. Except now, an obsession was developing, this intense need to hear AIC music. One of the only things I had left from my brother was his CD case that I'd brought with me from Oregon, and in it there was an Alice in Chains greatest hits CD. I had to find it!!!!!!!!!!!!

And so began my quest to locate my brother's AIC CD, and hear their music. I tore apart all the boxes of my stuff in my apartment along with every inch of my car, several times over, but Joe's CD case was nowhere to be found. I KNEW I had it, but it had just…….disappeared. No trace. It was maddening. Then a week later I went into my car trunk to get something…….and his CD case was lying there, smack in the middle of the trunk floor, as if somebody had placed it there deliberately. Just too obviously right there in the middle of the trunk, perfectly. It had *not* been there before. I combed every inch of my car trying to find it, so I would have definitely seen it. I just stood there looking at the perfectly placed CD case, stunned, not moving, everything feeling surreal. The whole thing was impossible and made no sense. (this wouldn't be the only Joe-related (probably MILABS) weirdness that followed me during my first few months of being in Florida. There was a point where I even felt he was around in the area because of it, but, that's a whole other story I suppose. See my write up on synchronicities **http://in2worlds.net/synchronicities, specifically, the first item on the list dated February 2002,** to get a better idea of why this would be, as well as my write up called "The Vortex" **http://in2worlds.net/the-vortex** for even further Joe background.) But weirdness aside, hey, at least now I had the much coveted Alice in Chains CD. ;)

A couple of weeks after the conversation with Nicole about Layne Staley, she comes into my office one morning with a really weird look on her face, asking me if I'd heard the news.

No, what?

Layne Staley was dead. They found his body in his apartment. Drug overdose. Turns out **he'd actually died several weeks before, but nobody knew.** They only just now discovered his body. She just stared at me with this weirded out look on her face. We had a short conversation about him dying, then she turned and left.

So during the same several week time period that I became obsessed with Alice in Chains music, triggered by my inexplicable conviction that Layne was dead and thus having to find my brother's old AIC which mysteriously disappeared then reappeared out of nowhere, it turns out Layne was lying dead in his apartment the entire time, unknown to the world.

What it means, or how it works, I don't know. I still have no answers for this one.

The Oregon Trail Map, end of 2001

Sometime towards the end of 2001 while roommating with my brother Joe in Portland, I decided on a whim to take a road trip out to Astoria. I don't have the exact dates anymore, but it's not really important anyway, though I think it was in November. I admit that the primary reason I know of Astoria is because of one of my childhood favorite movies, "The Goonies." :D Just thought it would be cool to see the town and get a glimpse of the Oregon coast. The day was cloudy and the temps were probably in the 40s, as I headed west on Route 30.

Scene from somewhere in Oregon on the 30, heading west to Astoria….

It's about 100 miles each way. The trip itself was easy and non-eventful, and when I landed in Astoria I cruised around checking out the scene, seeing the neighborhood where The Goonies was filmed, and the jail from the Fratellis jailbreak scene. :D

Then I saw the historical society building/museum, and thought that would be interesting to check out. (I like historical stuff.) I felt a tug to go in, so parked my car. The general theme of the museum was the Oregon Trail pioneers who arrived and settled the region, including clothes, dishes, letters/diaries, and other personal belongings on display from actual pioneers. The woman working there explained that Astoria was often the end of the line for many of the pioneers. I've always found the whole Oregon Trail and pioneers thing interesting and can completely relate to the pioneer energy - exploration, daring risks and adventure, freedom, independence, heading out into unknown territory in search of a better life and opportunity. That's been me in this life too, it's the same energy. So for me it was an interesting thing to do during my visit.

Flash forward to the next morning back in my brother's apartment when I awoke and sat up in my bed.…and realized there was something folded at the foot of my air mattress. Curious, I reached for it and saw that it was a National Geographic map. It was called "Western Migration," dated September 2000. It was in mint condition, but the magazine itself that it came from was nowhere to be found. Just the map. Opening up the map I saw that it outlined all the major trails and routes that the pioneers took to get west, showing how several of them ended in Astoria. I felt flabbergasted about this, weirded out and yet intrigued by the map at the same time. I sat there pouring over it, looking at all the trail routes and reading the informative text along the sides. It was cool, but completely bizarre. **How did this get here??** I didn't buy or get anything while in Astoria the day before, let alone a map from a National Geographic magazine. As soon as my brother was up I questioned him about this map, thinking it had to have come from him. **Because who else would this have come from??** He frowned at me and seemed annoyed at the accusation, denying it. I had to believe him because there were no National Geographics in the small apartment, I'd never seen my brother reading one at any point, nor making mention of them. So there was no established connection between him and anything to do with NG. Besides, even if it did come from him then **how would he have even known about the existence of this map published over a year before in the first place, then gotten his hands on one, and done it so quickly, within 12 hours of me coming back from my trip???? And especially since "thoughtful and spontaneous gifts" were NOT my brother's way of being, AT all??** (he was into stealing money from me and being a criminal, not seeking out thoughtful and meaningful gifts for people. :D) So basically this Oregon Trail pioneers map appeared out of nowhere at the foot of my bed the morning after I'd made a road trip out to Astoria on route 30, which is on top of the old Oregon Trail, and then visited the historical society museum full of pioneer memorabilia. O.o What this means I have no clue. I almost wonder though whether I have any past life connections to the Oregon Trail. It's something I've wondered about before. I think if I do then I probably didn't make it to the end. Probably got sick and died, or starved to death. (Even Tom has theorized that I starved to death in a past life based on various things he's noticed about me. Namely the way for years my attitude was a general indifference to food.) I've theorized that my brief and totally unexpected side track up into Oregon for that 4 month time period and desire to go so far out of my way to Astoria could tie into past life loose ends. Maybe symbolically completing a journey I didn't get to the first time around, I don't know. And as I type this I'm now remembering that as a little girl, about eight or so, my grandma had bought me a little porcelain decorative knick knack plate and on the back it said "Hotel Astoria" or "Astoria Hotel." But I would stare and stare and stare at the word **"Astoria"** because the name meant something to me (this was a couple of years before "The Goonies"…) but for the life of me I couldn't place how I knew it. It bothered me too, it was kind of maddening. So yeah, that's another trippy piece of the puzzle I guess, which I only remembered just now. Wow.

"Something" somewhere thought this map would be a cool little present to give me, though what that something is remains to be seen. (I wish I'd held onto this map. Oddly enough I have no idea where the map went after this. I didn't keep track of it. Life was a tad bit…….stressful and chaotic during this time, so I guess I can understand how things got lost in the shuffle. Though I did track down some copies for sale on eBay, if I ever was interested in getting my hands on another. Although it wouldn't be the same as having the one that materialized out of nowhere.) And actually……there is one other anecdote of an object mysteriously appearing out of nowhere that occurred to me while I

was in Portland, which I talk about in my book (in Part II, called "The Pen from Nowhere") so this wouldn't be the first time something like this happened to me while in Portland, though this incident happened before the pen.

During this time period of my life I was completely embroiled in weird woo-woo and MILAB happenings, including seeing my first ever UFO, and so this was just one more weird and random incident to add to the bunch. Though certainly something of a completely different (and a little less sinister) nature….

Conclusion

Again, I don't profess that the things that have happened to me are all that amazing. I've read enough books from people who have some truly spectacular psychic abilities to know that my stuff is small potatoes. And I've known enough highly psychic people in person over the years to know just how strong it can really be. There are those who make a living helping the police solve crimes with their psychic abilities, for instance.

I'm not some Toltec or Native American shaman, or super psychic crime solver or someone who's able to harness psychic and healing abilities at will in order to counsel others, like some people I've known in life. BUT, I've had my random fluke moments of strange and unusual events that have taught me some things, and have demonstrated that there's more going on in this reality than "stuff" would have us believe. Yet, there is always that insidious angle to things, especially when you're a "MILAB" and have abductions going on. If you've read my book then you know. There's more to the story here. Do I believe that a lot of the skills I talk about in this write up are entirely natural? No. Many of them definitely aren't. That inadvertent skill of getting people to bend to my will, the remote viewing, the intense psychic abilities that come and go - that doesn't seem natural to me, it seems like "Them" skills, from what I know of them. So I think a lot of these anecdotes have a very MILABs undertone going on under the surface. In fact there was one incident I initially included in this write up, only to realize after the fact that it was 99% most likely completely MILABs/mind control related. Since that doesn't fully fit with this piece, I've gone ahead and added it into my book instead, since that's what my book is about. But initially including it here caused me to really examine the incident in a way that I hadn't in the five years since it happened. So that was good, something useful came out of it. And even the stuff pertaining to other worlds (and past lives, another section I initially included in this write up but then removed…) I have to view through a MILABs programming lens. I don't fully trust any of my experiences or take them at face value because of that, unfortunately.

So whether natural or MILABs-related, I just hope that whatever I've presented is food for thought, something to expand people's view of reality…