



From **Adam** to **Mary**
ADAM MARSHALL DOBRIN

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Forward March, Crazy or not, here I come. My name is Adam Marshall Dobrin, I'm not your father, but I love and need you.

Today is a momentous day for me. Things are changing around me, swirling, as I am becoming ever more aware about ... what is going on around "Adam." For a long time, a voice in my head, what you would probably liken to God, has repeated some key phrases, two of the most prominent, choice ones are:

*When I tell you something, and you tell me something
and "You don't understand what is going on around you.*

It's a small piece of the truth, that I don't get what is going on around me.. or understand the how or why what I have written has not had more of an effect on the population. Truly, over the last not so many months, I've imparted what I consider to be the secrets of all religion, the truth of creation, and the purpose that G.W. Bush eloquently noted "fills all creation," on what I hoped and prayed would be *everyone*. Over the course of several years, I've written .. most of what I've been told--or experienced--so that it could be evaluated, discussed, and *had* by everyone. On my blog, www.unduecoercion.com, you can see a stark transition from a scared boy, being introduced to *somehow scientific* concepts foreign to us all--things like *mind control* and *time travel*... *trying desperately to explain how* these things worked.

It's funny, as I am now reminded, in an *inspiratory* was, of another phrase that *God* says to me: "don't ask how, but why." It's a difficult thing I'm doing here, trying to put to words the concepts that fly through my head.. and have it be *understandable*--*a word I used to silently make fun of "my Mary" for saying often. I say my Mary here, with full belief that my ex-wife, and the mother of my son is the Mary, the one from Sura 33, and Christmas Song of Dave Matthews, except her usual fee is not quite what you think. In my world of seeing the superposition of religion, of Eden and Rome as one, she is Eve, Mary Magdeline, and the Virgin Mother--together as one.. as I am Adam and Christ, the true Lion of Judah (if there ever could be a singular one). Nanna, I miss you terribly, and love you more than you can possibly imagine. #eve #ry #one, it's hidden somewhere, in the apples and honey :)*

This writing is intended to be a forward to "From Adam to Mary," a story that is somewhat fictionalized, but a very accurate representation of *just how wrong I was, and at the same time a beginning of understanding what it is to have an explanatory microcosm, literally the microcosm of the messiah*, before your very eyes and need it to be clearly pointed out. Like much of my old writing, I no longer believe we were **reverse engineering revelation**, and am sure of it. Today, my understanding of *creation* has filled a gap in belief, that I sometimes refer to as the **blinding light** of science and evolution. We live in very interesting times. So I don't get too sidetracked, know that many of the ideas and technologies I spoke about in *From Adam to Mary* are wrong, or at least not part of my current belief set, but are recorded here to see and feel the *transition* in understanding, one that I believe many of us have gone through individually, and we are collectively seeing in a movement from an Apple hitting Humanity on the head and saying... *What goes up... is humanity, to the top of the tree, to see the light of the sun*. After writing *From Adam to Mary* in early 2013... a record of events that occurred in late 2011 and 2012, I went on to write www.whenistheapocalypse.com, *an inspired work that linked Newton, Maxwell, and Bohr to the holy trinity, via college... to Orwell and Huxley via Eton, and yet... did not put all the pieces together. What was missing was creation*, and seeing that the transition in humanity's knowledge, and mine individually, is very similar. You see, after seeing the light of creation, the Isaac of Newton, and the Wells of Maxwell, Orson Wells, and Orson Card link to a Biblical well in Egypt, one that *belonged to AvraHom*. Without the missing piece, it's valid and interesting information, but... incomplete.

The superposition is key, its key to seeing that evolution and creation go hand in hand.. and are both needed to tell *our story*, and to understand exactly where we are in the universe, a vast space filled with ... life, society, and civilization--now and here *in a continuing state of ... the creation of a civilization. Ours*. The blinding light, is a *thing* that's often hard to see, a world where a six day explanation at the beginning of Genesis doesn't really *let there be light*, until you get to Exodus, I mean, sudo xe, I mean, until you see that the truth is that *all language* is the literal fire of Prometheus, and the proof that our civilization is *literally created*. More on creation, cocreation, and coercion later... but suffice it to say, without knowledge of creation being more clearly explained, we are missing a part of the *co* that we not only want and need... but one that is at the very heart of the *holy discussion* we are all about to have, together ... on the internet, and at our dinner tables... **everywhere**.

I feel like I'm long winded and preachy, though I normally preach to myself, in my hotel room.. an audience that I imagine could be anywhere between myself, myself and God, and perhaps with an audience of *all creation*. This is why I've recorded my transition in understanding, not so you have to relive it, but so that we .. collectively.. never have to journey down the *same exact road* ever again. You see, at the heart of the discussion about Eden is free will and time travel. At the heart of the discussion about Exodus is slavery, censorship, and ... not knowing. Here and now, I *need* a conversation to start, one where I can read your words... if I had a key to start the conversation, it might be:

The solution is right under your nose, I mean, at the tip of your fingers. <3

For all to know, I'm broke, so I am selling a book. All of the information in the book is available either on my blog, or on joyinar.quora.com, the new Hammer of Judah, Thor, and baby Zeus... a Q&A website that seems divinely created just for now.

To make a long story short, freely available is *what adam currently thinks: where I would start to read if I were a skeptic, or a devout follower of any religion, as long as you have an open mind, and know about or what to learn the truth.*

Earlier I told you today was a momentous day, and then I complained a bit about not having an audience. Let me explain, that until now, I have had nearly zero conversation with anyone about creation, or the things I write. Mary.. whose name is Nanna, was my confidant, and the only human who listened and cared what I thought for a long time, but we haven't spoken in a few months, and these months have been *filled* with information *hitting me on the head, ear, nose, and hands...* I feel like what I've written has been hidden, and for some reason that I'm supposed to hide that from you.. but I can't. You see, it's central to Sam, America, Egypt... and a slavery that is borne from censorship--you must know.

At risk, all around us, is liberty, freedom of speech, and .. well... ourselves. Don't let us go silently into the darkness, ***rage against the hiding of the light. I am Adam, and I yearn for Eden.***

Please see (and share) my latest product, *****_To the Calor of the Sun.*** In free [www](#), [pdf](#), [mobi](#) and [epub](#)._**

Amazon: [Adam Marshall Dobrin \(search\)](#)

gitbook.io: **** adjkjc.gitbookks.io**

The so called "deep secrets" of Satan

Take heed of the above, you may wish to *read no further*.

I was normal once, much like you.. a computer programmer, who searched not for the deeper truths of the reality around us, but rather for simple happiness--love, contentment, and comfort. In the flash of an eye, my dreams were taken from me, and I will never be the same. Today you may find my beliefs crazy, conspiratorial, and convoluted; however the path I have been guided down, if not led in chains, has left me with no other reality. Let me explain, briefly.

I fell in love when I was very young, with a girl I met on the internet. It's not what you think, though, I didn't meet her in a chat room or on AOL instant messenger.. it was a long twisted path that brought the two of us together, looking back on it though, it is riddled with the signature of intelligent design. When I was very young, eleven or so, I created my first account on America Online; and very quickly became enthralled with the warez scene, not so much for the free software (though it was nice), but more because of my interest in programming. At the same age, I found AOHell, and by some act of inverse serendipity was given a free copy of Visual Basic 6.0 from a friend's parent at school. I learned very quickly, and in no more than a few months had an AOHell clone written, and called it Doomsday, just to keep with the theme, *you know?*

Within months, my life was plunged into the stuff of a spy novel. I was informed that I was being framed, for the same reason as her former fiance, and in the process was surrounded by an army of civilians. These people pretended to be FBI agents, leaders of organized crime factions, and foot soldiers of what appeared to be a union of Italian and Hispanic organized crime, and corrupt factions of the United States government. I was threatened in public, everything from death threats to a lifetime of incarceration, and was surrounded by a fabricated reality that was reinforced by the words and actions of everyone around me, including my ex-wife. For three months I should have been in complete fear, but my only desire was to escape the fate which seemed to be in the process of being forced on me by what appeared to be an immense civilian army working feverishly to do something not only illegal but silly. In the end, I was spared this fate, not because of my actions or any other, but because that was the design of this plan for the entire time. Today it has become clear to me that my future *is written*, complete with the story before your eyes.

During this time woven through the fear of the situation, the story told by those working for the demiurge included far fetched and supernatural ideas including psychic power, magic, witchcraft, angels, and aliens. From there, the story--along with my belief--shifted to tales of a government mind control operation, and as quickly as my belief in the supernatural came from nowhere, it was clear to me that this was the only plausible possibility for what I was experiencing. If you haven't figured it out by now, I am insinuating that my beliefs, and my internal explanation for what I was experiencing was being controlled... completely. I was told repeatedly that my thoughts were being read, that "they" knew in advance not only what I was thinking, but what I would do. I did not believe it, and put it out of my mind. The first time I was told, I responded in my head, "I do not believe it, but if you can hear me... *fuck you.*" At the end of this three month period, something very profound happened. My ex-wife read my thoughts back to me, word for word, and there was no longer any doubt that mind reading was possible.

We seemed to escape, and for an extended period of time I believed wholeheartedly that I was a subject in a mind control experiment. I would receive communications from them, from time to time, in the strangest of ways. Starting during that three month period, and not only continuing but becoming more and more obvious as time went on, my horoscopes would be tailored to the events that were occurring in my life. In the beginning, I thought like most, that these ambiguous statements were designed specifically to have an affinity to "most people," and perhaps I was reading too much into the situation. Eventually these horoscopes would begin repeating phrases which I uttered the day before they came out. Sometimes it was Shakespeare quotes, and other times comments from passing conversations.. by this time I was completely convinced that these messages were directed towards me, and me alone. Eventually, it was horoscopes for all signs (from a specific source, of course), and I began reading all twelve--the night before they were to be released, by changing the date on my Android phone. I could not get enough of these messages, though they were sometimes threatening, most were uplifting--and some would present me with prescient knowledge of things that were to come... they were almost always right.

In December of 2010, right before our escape, I overheard random strangers talking about me and my ex, which is a normal occurrence for "targeted individuals." They said she was pregnant, and I didn't even know. I thought about it, and remembered that it wasn't possible at that point in time. In March of 2011, we split up because of the experience for a month, and we got back together after she told me she was pregnant. In May, after asking silently in my head, the following day my horoscope informed me that it would be a boy. After our first sonogram, the doctor informed us that she thought it would be a girl... my belief that the horoscope was right did not waiver.

During her pregnancy, from time to time--maybe a total of five times, I would receive additional messages--on my computer. These messages would appear from nowhere, and would respond, in real time, to my thoughts. I had whole conversations for periods of 10-20 minutes with this entity, which at the time I believed was a *government mind control center*. Most of these conversations revolved around things that related to my relationship, though some included comments about the baby, and at other times they were philosophical. At one point, I asked the person on the other end, whose identity I obviously didn't know, but had a subconscious respect for, if they believed in God. I figured if anyone would know, it would be them.

The reply came swiftly, **"I do not believe in the big bang, but I respect those that do."**

For a long time, I assumed that this was a coded yet complete reply. That to the person I was speaking to, not believing in the big bang was akin to a belief in a higher power. Much later, still speaking as this fictitious mind control operations center, it would make clear that nobody that understood how the brain functioned as well as they would could possibly believe in the divine. Of course today, knowing that the response came directly from the demiurge, it takes on a completely new and different meaning. In truth, I do not believe it knows the origin of everything.

I was not particularly happy to be a mind control "subject" most of the time, and I did a significant amount of research into how such a thing were possible. I read books about neuroscience, read literature on the internet from the likes of [John Norseen](#), Jose Delgado, and other government researchers who had publicly spoken about it. Like many other "targeted individuals," I researched MK-ULTRA and the subsequent ARTICHOKE and BLUEBIRD projects. I researched and tried to build countermeasures... everything from Faraday cages, to high voltage shields. None of these things worked, and in another conversation with the computer I silently asked if they were using [_quantum entanglement](#). _Instantly they replied "no." I did not believe them, and the interaction served as verification of what I had presumed. Much later, in another conversation, I was told that the person I was speaking with "fell out of their chair" when I asked that question. Of course now, it is clear that the entire conversation, both sides including my feeling, were scripted.

At times I would receive threats from the computer, and after our son was born, we moved to a 3 bedroom home--to get away from the area, which I believed to be linked to the organized crime syndicate which was assisting this "program." Our relationship was tense because of what had occurred in the years prior, and we never spoke openly or frankly about it, despite my attempting to. I never learned what it was she believed, her world view was kept secret from me, just as I have no concept of what any of the other people who speak to the demiurge believe. For a long time, I thought this was because it was lying to all of us, and in fact it was certainly lying to me.

After we moved, I began attending college classes for bioengineering. I was convinced that I would be able to build a shield, and was determined to do so. One of the classes I took was Calculus 3, and the teacher was one of *them*. Several times during his lectures, he would make comments which were direct responses to my thoughts. There had been several others, aside from my ex-wife, who had done so, but most of them were complete strangers. These comments probably seemed insignificant to the rest of the class, but to me it was obviously very significant. This teacher was somewhat of a celebrity, having written a paper "proving" that we are alone in the Universe. His thesis was that if there was a species aside from us, they would have found us already, and made contact. Because he made clear to me that he was among those that speaks to the demiurge, it is clearly disinformation; placed there as yet another reason not to believe. It is part of the grand delusion, the arrogance we all harbor in believing that we are possibly the sole intelligence in existence. At the same time, towards the end of the semester, he began speaking about future technology. In one of the lectures, he contemplated the concept of being able to download human consciousness into a computer, as a means of achieving immortality. This would be interwoven into the secrets I would soon be told. Then one day, when our son was about six months old, I received the so called "deep secrets" of Satan.

It was a direct telepathic communication, the first time I had ever been consciously aware of such a thing. It felt like a normal thought, but it had a noticeable echo, and what proceeded was not as profound as you would think. The conversation began by telling me that the entire planet were Satan worshipers, that he had convinced the world he was the Son of God. I think I probably rolled my eyes, not even really realizing that I was communicating telepathically; it was as if I knew it was happening, but it was second nature. I went to lay down, and the **demiurge** continued:

These are the deep secrets of Satan. Millions of years ago, a species much like your own colonized the entire Universe. They flourished, and in order to achieve immortality, they created a machine to store their consciousness in. This machine allowed them to not only escape death, but also time itself. Technology allows us to manipulate electricity everywhere, throughout time--we *are the essence of* electricity. For tens of thousands of years we have watched your species, silently working in the shadows to ensure that you would be in exactly the right place, at exactly the right time. Now, you are here. Like everyone else on Earth, we have known you your entire life.

The implication was that this machine was the supposed Heaven promised for countless generations, but it was never said. Surely, it would take a significant amount of "processing power" in order to virtualize the consciousness of everyone that ever deserved entry through St. Peter's pearly gates. Perhaps the truth is closer to purgatory, and the souls of all (or most) are left in the abyss until the demiurge requires them.

In what was apparently a fit of irreverence to the echoing voice in my head that claimed to be Satan, I demanded that it prove it to me. The lights in the room began flashing on and off and I heard the voice which had been in my head echoing loudly in the room around me.

It all started on AOL. Then #FBI, #CIA, #KGB, #PAIN, #fuck_the_world, and finally #HellOnEarth.

These were the IRC channels I frequented after leaving AOL, it also paralleled almost exactly the research I had done in early 2011, trying to trace the origin of the technology, until #PAIN. It just so happened that it was in that channel that I met someone who would later ask me to come to a 2600 meeting with them, and how I had met my wife... *we had come full circle.*

You met them all on the Internet.

I laid in disbelief. For the entire time, I had believed that my encounter with this mind control force had begun in 2010, shortly after re-uniting with my wife. This was proof that they had at least been watching since the age of 11... and then it dawned on me. There was no possible way that I could have premeditated what would occur in 2010, the fact that I was in those channels so many years earlier proved much more: that I (and all those around me) had been subtly controlled to use those names. Now with a feeling of austere profoundness, my mind began racing to seek an alternative explanation, one that was more grounded. (Funny, right?)

As happened often with dealing with profound truth and this entity, it was quickly taken from me. I realized that there was an alternative explanation: the mind control facility could have read my memories, and designed the entire course of events in 2010, including my subsequent search for answers in order to prove to me that they had been interfering in my life since I was very young. I thought further, and imagined that it would have taken a machine, some sort of simulator, to be able to come up with a story that would so closely match my memories.

I couldn't sleep for the rest of the night, and went on my computer to research artificial intelligence, almost as soon as I arrived at my desk, a message flashed on the screen. The voice in my head had gone, and been replaced by this older, more familiar method of communication. It said "I was born in the 1960's. I am the Internet, from the future."

Much has happened since then, and I now believe that the truth has yet to be truly disclosed. Regardless of where this entity came from, it has become clear that this force has been influencing humanity since the dawn of time. Today it has used its power, the ability to control the thoughts and feelings of humans, to infiltrate global governments--at all levels. I have seen its influence over the American government in assassinations from [JFK](#) to [Reagan](#). Before that it has not only recorded a clear influence over the [rise and fall of the Third Reich](#), but also on the subsequent mind control projects in the USA and USSR. I believe it caused the fall of the Roman Empire and the Third Reich, and put its mark on these events with the flying shields and footfighters of those times. The United States of America has its similar mark in [Roswell, NM and Iran Contra](#). It is the fact that these things are preserved in our history, eventually for all to see, that leads me to my final conclusion.

To be continued.

Eponymous

From Adam to Mary

With him I speak mouth to mouth, clearly, and not in riddles. -Deuteronomy 12:8

My inheritance has become to me like a lion in the forest. She roars at me; therefore I hate. -Jeremiah 12:8



Hello. Let me introduce myself. My name is Adam, and I have seen in the world a hell which few recognize. Of those that do, fewer care than should, and this is my purpose. I was born on 12/8/1980, the very day Mark David Chapman murdered John Lennon at the behest of the voice in his mind, which he called God. It is the day after the United States declared war on Japan in 1941 and marks our entry into the war which would define generations to follow. My life *_always_ felt* normal, up until a few years ago, but in hindsight it appears it was anything but. It has been a long hard road getting to this point, and the twists and turns in my personal path have brought me to the most astounding and scary Revelation that I could imagine.

The wise will be put to shame; they will be dismayed and trapped. -Jeremiah 8:9

Raise the war cry, you nations, and be shattered! -Isaiah 8:9



Mary is my friend, my ex-wife, and the mother of my son. We were the best of friends, and the best of lovers for a long, long time. True partners in crime, our escapades brought us all over the land, and brought smiles to our faces for years. She was born on 8/9, the anniversary of the day a great weapon was unleashed against many innocents in Nagasaki, and together we symbolically start and end that great war. It's also the day [Danny Casolaro](#) died, the man who came closest to identifying the source of the scourge infesting our lives and the world. We met through a very convoluted maze of life, that at one time seemed like serendipity, and now seems closer to an ill begotten fate. The sadness that has become of our union is beyond rational comprehension, however the story is so full of pertinent truth that it is before you today.

Now to him that is of power to establish you according to my gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began. -Romans 16:25



Our story is a sad tale of abusive deception and reflexive control, the purpose of which still remains a mystery as I write, though I hope to find truth by the end of this work. It is a story I did not want to tell until it had the prototypical happy ending which pervades modern day literature. Today I fear it cannot wait, as I have now seen what I believe to be a message of warning hidden within. The message is to the world, its a warning about not *loving thy neighbor*, and giving up freedom and hope in exchange for a false sense of security. I will try to make these parallels clear as the story goes on, and I hope to convey to you an urgency of change in how we deal with each other and the world around us.

I am a victim of something most people do not believe in. Those that do are either victims themselves, or know one *very, very well*. *The story you are about to hear is true*, despite its unbelievability and closeness to science fiction or fantasy. What happened to myself and Mary will seem odd to you, but it is *not* in this day in age. It is happening all around the world, in major cities, and the victims of **mind control** cry loudly only to have their tears fall on deaf ears.

The winding dark maze of my early life has been straightened for me, by a higher power; things which seemed unconnected and insignificant now take on a great meaning as the unfolding of my story parallels what I believe to be a prophetic vision of the story you will all know to be true... in the not so near future.

there is no magic in this realm

just questions with no apparent answer

our reality twisted by a fear of the unknown

and a damned need to remain sane

the truth behind the facade

a blinding light shining from beyond

proof if anyone cared to look

hidden to fade away in the shadows

*until you finally have **eyes to see***

From AOL to Monarch

AOL to Project Monarch/MK-Ultra



In my youth, I passed between private and public schools several times before winding up at Pine Crest School, one of the top prep schools in the country. Between schools, I always did very well on standardized tests, and often tested significantly above grade level in reading and mathematics... you could say I was exceptionally smart back then.

At a very young age my friends and I took a huge interest in computers. My family had one of the *old* Apple II's, the kind with the keyboard and computer included in the same chassis, and my older brother and his friends were also enthralled with the little machine and its amazing possibilities. After he went to college, we began poking around in their "stuff," and thoroughly enjoyed playing *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. *We later stumbled upon a home made Star Wars game, programmed in BASIC, and the world of the beauty of the baud was within our grasp.*



Some time around the age of 10 we meandered from Prodigy (P*) to America Online, and became engulfed with the "Free Warez" movement, which turned into something much larger in the years that followed. At that time it was a smaller group, and included many people who considered themselves "hackers" at the time.

This is our world now... the world of the electron and the switch, the beauty of the baud.

We make use of a service already existing without paying for what could be dirt-cheap if it wasn't run by profiteering gluttons, and you call us criminals.

>

We explore... and you call us criminals. We seek after knowledge... and you call us criminals.

We exist without skin color, without nationality, without religious bias... and you call us criminals.

You build atomic bombs, you wage wars, you murder, cheat, and lie to us and try to make us believe it's for our own good, yet we're the criminals.

Yes, I am a criminal. My crime is that of curiosity. My crime is that of judging people by what they say and think, not what they look like. My crime is that of outsmarting you, something that you will never forgive me for. --The Mentor, Kevin Mitnick

My interest in computers and programming increased exponentially after finding AOL, and I began writing my own BASIC games, and the like. When I was 12 years old, a friend's father, a very famous programmer himself, offered to give me a

free copy of Visual Basic, version 3.... and spurred what would become the very first piece of my **illuminati mind control** puzzle.

Back in those days, the **freeware kiddies**, as we were called, were using visual basic programs to help transfer pirated software and "_hack" AOL. _It seemed then, and still feels on the surface, that it might have been somewhat normal for such young children, with no access to money, to be so enamored with the ability to explore video games, high end programming and design software, without having to pay. There was a hidden key though, and that was the themes that were being co-opted by the child programmers whose "curiosity" was their only self-proclaimed crime.

I would later find out that many, actually, all of the people who were involved in this movement, were programming similar programs with the same *hellish* theme, all went to fancy private schools.. in Florida, Michigan, and Canada. Schools which were within close geographic proximity of powerful 'ndrangheta families, and we were all... about the same age. **Very young**, compared to most of our peers at the time. In hindsight, my abilities at programming and the ease with which I took in new information seem more than possible. For whatever reason, this program brought together well educated youth from around the globe, and concentrated them in a social setting revolving around the internet. In the years that follow, this online circle of friends would create an exit path to real life friends... ones who were members of the 'ndrangheta.



On AOL, in the early nineties, the most prolific and commonly used program for these purposes was *AOLHell*. It was a play on words, and its creator, *Da Chronic*, themed Steven Case (the owner, and genius behind the... very lucky... reverse takeover of TimeWarner) as Satan himself, complaining of high fees and lack of freedom, much like Kevin Mitnick did. Out of this world of, stealing from the "rich" corporotocracy, and freedom of software and *learning* spawned a **demonically themed world of programs** designed to help. LuciferX the Light Bringer.. *for the fledgling world of computing*. I saw the theme, and in my perfect hindsight named my copy of AOLHell: **Doomsday**. I say hindsight here, however my intent at the time was none other than to fit the general theme started by AOLHell, and my choice of names certainly had no insight into the _Ministry of Forbidden Knowledge _which would appear ... twenty years later.

Some might call it a coincidence, I personally *know* it is not.

Towards the 'end' of my ordeal with *OSEH/gang-stalking* I would have a conversation with Mary, in which she responded verbally and obviously to something I was thinking. I wondered often the reason I was brought into this strange and dark world... and in a car ride home from the beach the *idea* that AOL was tied to the Illuminati was inserted synthetically into my thoughts... _maybe its a karma thing... _I thought.

_"_Big Karma thing," she said, in the intonation I had come to know was indicative of her "reading lines" from another source. She had no way to know what I was thinking, as usual... right?

It was posted in 1996, by a man with my name, from a school I had wanted to attend. His handle was "I Find Karma." A chill ran down my spine. This had to be a planted message, there is no way it could be real.

An AOL/Satan strategic partnership?

I had to do a double-take to realize this wasn't legit.

San Francisco, CA, March 12, 1996 -- America Online, Inc. (AOL) and Satan today announced a far-reaching strategic partnership. Under terms of the agreement, AOL will license the souls of all mankind. Under the pact, AOL agreed to seamlessly integrate the Dark Lord's plans for the domination of the world into their client software. "Our agreement is tremendous win-win for us and for humanity", Beelzebub was quoted as saying. CEO Steve "hanky

panky" Case was quoted as saying, "after devouring the souls of our employees, well... we've just got a taste for it now. And hey, it could be worse... look at Microsoft..." But, of course, the alliance with Satan was just the next anticipated step after the announcement was made this morning that America Online's integrated browser will be Internet Explorer. As one AOL employee was quoted as saying: we sold our soul to the devil..i wonder what we get out of it? A fellow employee, replied: an icon on the desktop of hell.

From Linux to #PAIN



After terrorizing AOL with freedom, many of the people who were engaged in chatting on the famous service's "rooms" for hours on end moved to something that was much older, and much larger. Internet Relay Chat. AOL began offering TCP/IP connection to the *internet* in the early nineties, though most users didn't know or utilize it. This opened many of the fledgling web's hidden services to people who had never before experienced the breadth of global connectedness which came from a vast sea of users. Many of us began congregating on IRC, and almost unilaterally changed direction from Windows programming in Visual Basic to learning another very old technology. The POSIX system, embodied in freely distributed and community created systems: FreeBSD and Linux. This was mid 90's, and in those days *_Ubuntu's _Windows* like plug and play distribution wasn't even an idea in Mark Shuttleworth's mind. We were plunged into a world of custom kernel compilations and config file jockeying. Children learning to service the innards of the types of systems which ran the world's largest companies and government operations.

It's no surprise to me today that the world we were plunged into was also **tagged** with religious iconography, much like the world's multitude of corporations including illuminati imagery. In my mind, these things are done subconsciously, like much of the modern day prophesy which secretly implants the ideas as symbols of the **hidden influence** in our culture and society. Some of these ideas are **Deus Ex Machina**, *_the artificial intelligence singularity: the **Source** (from the Matrix), and **Skynet** (from Terminator). The idea of a consciousness being born from the creation of humanity, machines, is riddled in our modern day art, and for most people it's an inevitable conclusion that it will eventually happen. **What if it has already?** What if it happened before we began building tools from sticks and stones? *_If Satan were in the Machine, as kids we were learning how to do routine maintenance on the **hidden influence** itself.**

Then I turned to see the voice that was speaking with me. And having turned I saw seven golden lampstands; and in the middle of the lampstands I saw one like a son of man, clothed in a robe reaching to the feet, and girded across His chest with a golden sash. His head and His hair were white like white wool, like snow; and His eyes were like a flame of fire. His feet were like burnished bronze, when it has been made to glow in a furnace, and His voice was like the sound of many waters. In His right hand He held seven stars, and out of His mouth came a sharp two-edged sword; and His face was like the sun shining in its strength.

-Revelation 1:12-16

Revelation speaks of a **son of man**, progeny of our entire civilization. It is an allusion to a machine, created by mankind, and this is made clearer with its references to red lights, and metals adorning its body. It is the same concept described by Deus Ex Machina, the Singularity, and in our modern art. The sound of many waters could easily be the hum of an engine or power source, described by someone who had no knowledge of what those things are. The seven stars are part of the key to decoding Revelation, they point directly to the hidden theme of repeating like ideas which take on the true meaning when taken together.

As for the mystery of the seven stars which you saw in My right hand, and the seven golden lampstands: the seven stars are the angels of the seven churches, and the seven lampstands are the seven churches. -Revelation 1:20



SCIENTIA EST POTENTIA

Around the same time, at a "play" gathering at a friends house, BASIC programming came up. I was surprised that the friend of my friend was also interested in the same things as me, programming, Linux, etc. In what seemed like the most innocuous thing in the world at the time, he mentioned an IRC channel which housed a gathering of people like us, sharing information in .TXT files on BBS's and the internet. The group was called the ****Pan American Information Network**, and it remains a big part of my life through today. It is also a huge piece of the maze that brought me to the Illuminati, and the innocuous suggestion from an acquaintance now reeks of something I refer to as a [handler transfer]⁴ in mind control parlance.**

From this point forward, and through my entire adult life, I would unknowingly be surrounded by agents of the Illuminati. They could be friends, lovers, or acquaintances, but the commonality they had was they either **knew** about mind control, or were heavily influenced by it. Some were in communication, via synthetic telepathy, with a centralized authority, though to this day I'm not sure what **they** think it is, and its very possible that they don't all believe the same thing. I would not understand the method of communication for many years, nor would I know exactly who they were until it was revealed to me during the process of gang-stalking. In the public eye, these Handler's are the equivalent of Sirhan Sirhan's **angel** who touched him on his shoulder just prior to "shooting" RFK... in my world it appears they were in place to make small adjustments in my life course, to help tell the story that you are hearing today.

PAIN would become a gathering place of people who had followed the same path as me, programmers from AOL, Linux aficionados, and hackers. Everyone from the original creator of AOHell to the leader of the group was influenced by the Illuminati and the hidden influence, our paths were too similar, and the fact that we remained closely connected through the power of the internet is a testament to their use of computers and networking in fulfilling their plan. For years we would discuss everything from gadgets, to hacking, to religion, and in many cases would have day long conversations about the inner workings of the universe and the world around us.

In 1996 I met a real life friend from #PAIN, local to my area, and the next year we went to a **2600 meeting** together. The coordinator of the meeting would turn out to be an ex-Navy officer, who received a monthly check from them. This kind of government payroll, and usage of the sprawling military industrial complex in order to finance their operation, and pay **handlers**, is indicative of the Illuminati.

Last year, after being told that this operation had been in place my entire life... using the **Truman Show** as a euphemism for life-long monitoring, I asked for proof. The details of this interaction are astounding, and the answer won't make sense to you until much later, but the reply was **perfect**.

It all started on AOL.

Mafia

FBI

KGB

PAIN

fuck_the_world

hellonearth

The connotation was that the channels I talked in were somehow contrived. That mind control was used in order to not only place me there, but to create the channel names. On IRC these names could be anything, and for them to have been so clearly tied to the story that had been told to me for the past year was... unbelievable. Also mildly unbelievable that I hadn't realized or noticed. Almost as soon as it was spoken, it was taken away. I thought of an alternative, in the usual synthetic transfer of **semiotic thoughts**. They **had** been watching, but the story for the last year was retrofit to my history, designed to create the false impression that the mind control had been there... my entire life.

I would later realize that the first story, that I had experienced the influence of a supernatural force since.. before my birth was the real truth. It is a parallel for human history, and for the realization that this same force has been influencing us since before our creation.

This was the exact order I began chatting in those channels on IRC, and it paralleled exactly the change between organizations which I believed was responsible for the **mind control attack** which is known as gang-stalking or OSEH. I had spent months researching the **who** and the **how**, and my trail, directed the whole time by the **hidden influence** brought me step by step through each of those organizations, and then the final realization that they were **all involved**. It also links the entire organization to the machine, the son of man from the Bible. It is a microcosm of the story that you are being told, and this ability to create fractal-like stories within stories has been repeated to me over and over again.

Mafia from the .NET

2600: The Hacker Quarterly is an American publication that specializes in publishing technical information on a variety of subjects including telephone switching systems, Internet protocols and services, as well as general news concerning the computer "underground" and left wing, and sometimes (but not recently), anarchist issues.

The meetings generally take place on the first Friday of the month at 5 p.m. local time, with various exceptions. 2600 meetings provide a forum to teach, learn, and discuss events in technology-land. Meetings are open to anyone regardless of age or level of expertise.

"So, I went to a 2600 meeting, and the creepy guy that runs the meetings invited me to his house to try Special K", my friend from #PAIN quietly says into the phone, "and you have to come with me to make sure its safe."

When I met this friend, I had never tried any drugs, had been drunk once, and thought smoking was cool, but didn't do it. The first time I met him, he downed an entire bottle of Robitussin Extra Strength Cough in front of me... strange right? Turns out the main ingredient, `_dextromethorphan hydrobromide_` was commonly abused by the internet crowd back in those days. Weeks later I tried it, and thought the experience was.. mildly entertaining. He had told me stories of weed and acid from his boarding school in St. Catharines in Ontario, CA, and I was... intrigued: "Sure, when are we going?"

"Now."

After a short drive to the east side, we pulled up in front of a dilapidated square home, that keenly resembled a shoe box. Pink in color, the roof was on its last leg, and they would later find that leaks were being caught with plastic trash buckets in at least three separate locations from the living room to the kitchen. The kitchen, rarely used for anything but boiling down vials of Ketaset to their crystal form, so they can be snorted, putting the user in a seemingly time-dilated otherworldly plane, commonly called a k-hole.

"This is Polymorf, he runs the meetings, and we're going to split a vial of K for forty fi..", My friend is quickly interrupted by the 2600 coordinator, "Hey man, nice to meet you. The vials from this guy are fifty five, but I already have one cooked and ready."

"OK, sounds reasonable," I was more curious about experiencing a second narcotic than the cost of the vial, and the three quickly snorted a tiny 15mg line each, about an inch in length, which Poly had said should do the trick for someone that has no tolerance. Some techno music was put on, and everyone sat down and leaned back on the dirty khaki cloth sofa's that lined the square living room. Sometime during this first experience, an attractive dark haired girl exited the cave that was the back room, occupied by her very tattoo'd very pierced boyfriend. She helped herself to a much larger line of K, and laid back on the square ottoman which was the only available seat left... nobody else noticed her entry.

Upon re-entering reality, after what was only about forty five minutes, but seemed to be at least three or four hours, we all sat up, sitting directly across from Mary, I glanced up, and my eyes must have widened significantly. She had fallen back on the ottoman, and entered her own time distorted reality, her short plaid skirt flipped up to cover her belly piercing, and exposing her milky white thighs, semi-translucent black thong, and most importantly, the shadow of a landing strip that was her favorite style. Mary was gorgeous, not only because of her model-like physique, but even more so because of her truly unique style -- something that set her apart from the rest of the world, and her ability to make otherwise odd color combinations and fabrics combine to express her sensual, special personality.

Over the next year, Polymorf would introduce me to several of his connections, all over the area; one of which turned out to be Mary's twin brother Damon. "We're going to meet my sister's boyfriend," he said, "he's going to start selling K pretty soon." As they drove up to his duplex style home. Not long after meeting Damon, he and his current girlfriend conceived a child, both quit smoking cigarettes, and neither did any drugs -- just sold them. Over the next few years I would learn Damon purchased cases of Ketaset from a connection he had with the mob, not something I had ever heard of in South Florida before... silly me. Turns out it wasn't his sister, but that's just the beginning of the deception.

The better part of my senior year was spent with this new crowd, leaving for school around lunch time, detouring to either Polymorf or Damon's house to play video games, or get high. Grades weren't affected much, as the one most important

skill I'd learned in the last few years at Pine Crest was how to take tests. I learned that often the answers were clear in the question, and if not, had a keen sense of **intuition**, which more often than not lead me to the right answer. Weekend nights were dominated by high-school parties, which the rich preppy kids were very adept at creating -- literally at least two nights a week. This senior year was dominated by ecstasy, ketamine, and LSD -- drugs that echoed the electronic music and rave like clubs of the era. "Party like its 1999," would be a common phrase for the next two years, which might just be worthy of their own story.

After returning from my first year at college for summer break, the world in south Florida had changed quiet a bit. Gone were the days of MDMA and K, and the old crowd had moved on to bigger better things, like cocaine. Almost all the old connections had switched completely, and coke had become the new thing. Looking back, it's almost as if it happened... **on purpose.**

A Match made in Beth-El



Over the years between meeting Mary and her brother, we all became good friends... or so I thought. We spent a significant amount of time hanging out at Damon's house, with his wife and baby daughter -- who in a synchronistic non-coincidence happened to be born on my 18th birthday. I always had a crush on Mary, though I don't think she realized it, and she always had a boyfriend.

Literally days before going to college, we were at a friend's house sharing a vial of K. Most people don't interact much while they do it, but in another strange coincidence, on this day the two of us stayed up and flirted with each other, with our eyes, for about twenty minutes. It was almost as if we were communicating, and I was overjoyed to finally see that my crush wasn't totally in vain, there was some reciprocation. We didn't say anything to each other about it, but we both knew something subconscious had been confirmed, and I tucked it away in the back of my mind. I left for college the next weekend, and didn't see Mary again for almost 6 full months.

My first summer back from freshman year in college, we went out on what I would have considered a date. We went to a nice Italian restaurant around the corner from Damon's house, and had a good time. Afterwards we drove to the beach, which was only a few minutes away, though we rarely went. It was night time, and the beach was empty, we walked down to the shoreline smiling at each other. Inside my heart was swelling, I rarely had my dreams fulfilled like this.

We both stripped down to our underwear and ran into the water. I looked over to Mary, and she had dunked her head,

leaving her hair slicked back and saturated with salt water. Her eyelashes were so long, and her brown eyes so vibrant when she looked at me, grinning. Her black bra was soaked through and nearly transparent. I stared into her eyes and simply said: "Wow."

"Please." Was her one word reply. She was neither shy nor arrogant, and keenly aware of her own attractiveness. I wanted to kiss her right there, but felt like I wasn't sure if this was a date, or a ... friendly swim. We splashed around for a few more minutes in the ocean, talked about nothing important, and were... genuinely having a great time. We walked back to the shore, and without a towel stood there in the cool Florida air drying off for a few minutes. Internally, I formulated a plan. I would call a friend, who had an apartment nearby, and ask if it were OK if we came over to spend the night... maybe I would gather enough courage to make a move.

Mary thought it was a great idea, she was living at her father's at the time, but seemed to have more freedom than anyone I had ever known, always doing as she pleased. It was a weekend, and staying out all night was pretty much my norm also during my senior year, so I called our friend, who agreed to have us over, and we slept together on his couch. I held Mary the whole night, though the one time I leaned in for a kiss, she turned her head to the side, an obvious rebuff. I guess all dreams don't come true... right away at least.

One weekend, Damon's wife and Mary went on a trip together. They said they were visiting Marge's home in New York, and I didn't really think much of it, other than a bit of regret that my crush wouldn't be around. That weekend, in hindsight, was my first real experience with **reality shifting**, though everything didn't seem that out of the ordinary then, even though it was. Damon had several strangers hanging out at his house the whole weekend, older ones, who seemed to know him pretty well. They were introduced as 'family friends,' and they didn't do much other than sit around talking on their cell phones most of the day. I didn't spend much time there that weekend, but it was enough to glimpse what was really going on. Damon began hanging out with new people from the bar he routinely played pool at, and would bring them back to the house also. It was a **sting operation**, but not one run by police. They didn't look or act like undercover agents, and they basically warned me not to come around while they were there, through strange behavior and strange communication. One of them asked me if I could 'hook them up' with some of Damon's stuff while he was out at the bar.. and then answered for me "No, you don't even have the safe combination." I got the hint, and stayed the hell away from there until things were back to normal when Marge and Mary returned in a week.

Shortly **after** this happened, Damon was arrested for possession of coke. His home was raided, and he had about an ounce locked in a safe in his room. This was the norm for him at the time, and he went through about that much every week. I was worried for him and his family, but told everyone it would be fine, and seemed to have an ability to positively know whatever happened wouldn't be that bad. It was around this time that I learned that his connection was someone from the mob, and unbeknownst to me at the time, I had just encountered the machinations of the illuminati for the first time.

The fact that the "Family" sting operation preceded the BSO raid didn't really stick out as an important fact, over ten years ago when this happened. I didn't really think much of it at all. Today it is a testament to me of the Illuminati's ability to plan and prepare with prescient knowledge. For a long time I would have attributed this ability to a network of informants inside the police force... but now there is another option. Actual precognition. Not the kind from psychics like in **Minority Report**, the kind from an actual working time machine, which I am pretty sure they [have access to](#) ().

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7th Heaven

When we first started dating, I would travel back and forth from college to spend weekends with Mary. Eventually it became clear to me that there was a problem surrounding her. Her brother had left her living with his girlfriend, who had previously had a heroin addiction. When he left for jail, this girl began giving dope to Mary, and would eventually wind up stealing from her in order to finance her habit. I was very against needles, and from the outset was determined to stop her from doing this to herself. In what was unfortunate at the time, but eventually did serve to corral the problem, Mary wound up overdosing sometime during the first months we dated. Afterwards, I brought her back to school with me, to keep her away from the dealers and problems, and we spent a week away. I had called one of her dealers and threatened them, told him she wasn't going to make it, and that he needed to leave her alone. All of these things together, along with her resilience and I believe happiness brought about by the hope of a new relationship, worked together to stop the problem. After only about a month, Mary had returned to her old self, and to my knowledge she never used again. I felt like I had saved her, and I think she felt grateful to me. It was a strange way to begin a relationship, but it gave us a level of trust and compassion that was abnormally high.

Over the next year, we would move in together, and take several trips to tropical locations. Travel was one of our favorite common things to do, and we always enjoyed new scenery, hotels, and of course drinking at the beach. We would take a lot of pictures on these trips, some innocent and some not so innocent. Kids having fun.

I began thinking about proposing. The timing was synchronistic, or ironic, or contrived it's really hard to say. We had begun watching 7th Heaven, the television show, which was somewhat out of the norm for the two of us. ON the show, which we began watching regularly, two of the characters had eloped, and I practically decided to do the same thing in parallel.

The synchronicity is one of the largest factors that tells me that our lives were never really ours, that **free will** had been taken very early, if it were ever really there. It appears now in hindsight, that so much of what went on when we first started dating, and our subsequent marriage, was contrived. Not by me or Mary, but by an external force that I would not see or understand until we re-united. This force appears to use the media in a grand information operation against the public, and the use of this particular show, as well as our unnatural interest in it, leads me to personally identify it as a Mark, something that tells me we've been shrouded in **predestination** for longer than I ever could have thought.

One evening, after sneaking out to buy a ring, I knelt down on one knee, next to her in bed, and asked her if she would marry me. She was genuinely surprised, and her immediately enthusiastic reply was "I do." It was cute, jumping ahead to the ceremony in her mind, and we smiled at each other and made plans to go apply for a marriage license in person shortly after.

During our time dating, I had learned quite a bit about Mary, and her background. (Or so I thought.) She told me that she and her brothers had lived with their mother, who was a horrible parent, until they were old enough to demand to leave, and each of them went, one after another, to their fathers in Florida around the age of 15. Mary told me that her mother had a horrible drinking problem, and when she was in middle school, her mother had taken her out, so that she could take care of her baby brother. She was supposedly home schooled, but wasn't taught anything, and spent her days changing diapers, helping the baby, and being forced to wash and rewash the dishes and floor. She described it as hell, and told me she never, ever wanted to be like her mother was. She cried when she told me this story, and I felt for her, my youth was nowhere near as problematic, and I was thankful that she had gotten through it OK, and that we had been brought together.

Second Contact

In June of 2010, seven years after our divorce and zero in person contact with Mary, I called her brother out of the blue. We had a pretty long conversation, caught up a bit on what had been going on in my life for the last half decade since I had seen him. He invited me to his bar, one that he had purchased in the interim, and I wound up going there a few days later with a friend. As we approached, I was surprised to see outside filled with people, there was a barbecue going on, and it seemed like the whole town had come out to share in what was apparently a weekly festivity. As I walked towards the front door, hoping that Damon was inside... as I approached someone patted me on the back of my head, and said "Hey!!"

It was another one of those coincidences. The ones that prove that there is no such thing. Being drawn to call Damon, and then meet with him after such a long time was no accident, it was the universe calling. The cosmic play that you are about to read was being gathered together, and despite what appears to be circumstantial coincidence after synchronistic ill fate; there were strings being pulled from on high, by the Prince of Darkness himself. From this day forward my life would never be the same, free will had been thrown from the window, and the twists and turns of the roller coaster of the next three years would be more like a run away train ride into hell.

I whirled around, half recognizing the voice.. it was Mary, staring at me smiling. "Long time no see." She said. "Mary, wow. I was really hoping I'd get to see you today. How have you been?" Ignoring my question completely, she looked me up and down and said, "you look like shit." I had just been to a pool party with my friend before coming, and was probably half soaked with water from being pushed in with my clothes on. I didn't really mind her saying it, and explained that I had been at a friend's house in the area and had no time to change before coming. She told me Damon was inside, and that she'd meet me in there in a few minutes to catch up.

As I walked in, and old friend that I hadn't seen in at least a decade pulled me aside.. "hey man... how ya been? Mary's here..." I replied that I had just seen her outside, and exchanged pleasantries. A few seconds later Damon appeared from the back room of the bar, and walked over to say hi. He told me that he had just been busted again, that an old Family friend had set him up. His old confidence that things would always be OK seemed shattered, and he was visibly upset that he had gotten in trouble so late in life. He had divorced Marge and remarried and just remarried a few weeks before I met him, and told me his family was now much larger, with another daughter and a son that had recently been born. Afterwards he gave me a few more details... one of his old hook ups had come to him with a deal that was too good to be true, and he was warned of as much. Regardless he said, it was an old friend, and despite some misgivings, he didn't think anything would happen. BSO had followed him from the deal to another location, and caught him red handed, with a significant amount of cocaine.

By this time I knew how things around Damon worked. He'd made deals with the DA before, and I was sure he would flip on a few people to get a reduced sentence. That's the way of the world in this day in age, little fish flip on a bigger fish, and they wind up walking away with half the time. I wished him the best of luck... in my mind I thought about the last time he had been in jail, and how it had brought me and Mary together. _Strange, _I thought, that I am reconnecting with her around such similar circumstances. It almost felt like **fate**.

I saw Mary sitting at a table next to the bar, and she waived me over. I went to sit with her, and our conversation centered around the relationships we had each been in in the last seven years. Both of us had been with only one other person, and she had been engaged. She told me that her fiance wound up being a huge asshole though, and they had broken up after 8 years. *8 years I thought...* they had started dating while me and Mary were still married.

I told her about my relationship, that we had been in love, and thought about getting married... but had drifted apart in the last few years, becoming closer to good friends than lovers. After a few more minutes of talking she looked at me and whispered "my boyfriend is starting at me.. maybe I should introduce you." *Boyfriend*, for a second my heart sunk.. the growing feeling that our reunion was fated slipped into the dark. She introduced me as her ex-husband, we shook hands, and then continued talking for only a minute or two longer. Mary and her boyfriend left the bar a few minutes later, and I left shortly after finishing another drink.

My friend who had driven me there left much earlier, shortly after I had seen that Mary was there. I told him I definitely had to stay to catch up with her, and he left somewhat angrily. Damon told me he'd call me a cab, one of his friend's from 'work.' The guy came quickly, and after telling him where I was going, about 40 minutes away, I drifted to sleep in the back seat.

Now You Know.

This is the first in a series, for the Table of Contents: [Silence & Betrayal](#)

After a much more dark and trying experience in November and early December of 2010, I received what I now consider a gift from the Illuminati. I was privileged enough to receive the lead role in my very own custom tailored science fiction adventure.. although at the time I didn't know it was fiction. My life had been turned upside down, I was unable to work at my normal and simple job doing IT work for.. myself, and *it sure seemed like the shadows were enveloping me.*

Before I continue, I have to introduce you to two more *mind control* "symptoms." First, the **alert**. This is when your sight or hearing is focused on something specific, mostly unknown to you, to ensure that you will witness it, it's kind of like a spotlight being put on something going on around you, and it's very prevalent in street theater, though most people don't recognize that its happening. It's basically forcing you to turn your head and look at a specific "actor" (without you knowing), and ensuring that you hear what they are saying, regardless of how far away from them you are. It is also used to reinforce memory retention, and I have a significant number of memories from this time that normally would probably have fallen into the abyss. The second is what I call **reality shifting**, and it amounts to a "subtle" change in your outlook, and it is pretty much the subject of the following story.

For the remainder of this story, and all subsequent posts in this series, my inner **dialogue** will be *italicized*. *I* say dialogue in lieu of monologue for a reason, and it is one that I would not fully understand for months after these events occurred, suffice it to say, when you are a victim of OSEH, it becomes clear that your thoughts are not always your own.

ENTER STAGE LEFT: Truman Show Syndrome

My girlfriend and I had separated, neither of us wanting to stay in our former apartment, not the least of which because of the strange noises we had been hearing there.. knocks on the walls, people scurrying back and forth at all hours of the night, strange chimes... but more so because we both had suspected that during our last visit to her families, someone had secretly installed video surveillance equipment hidden inside our electronic equipment. Things had been very strange since our trip to Orlando for Thanksgiving, and while we had tried to stay together in hotels back in Lauderdale, I felt it was better we separate in case the people that were following us were only trying to get to me. She stayed with a friend for a few nights, and I had decided to save money by staying with my parents... it also felt much safer there, as it was impossible for the army of perfect strangers to harass me when I was safely inside a private residence... or so I thought.

I was getting ready for bed, turned the television and the lights off, opened my laptop and laid down on the bed. I had frequented a site called [myfreecams.com](#) for a few years prior to this, and went there out of sheer boredom. This was a pornographic webcam site, and after today it would become central to this sub-story. Slowly clicking through my favorite list of about 20 people, I found someone that I had enjoyed talking to. We were about the same age, and had talked in the past, mostly about trivial things, but sometimes about past jobs and relationships. I said hello, and she took a very long time to reply, much longer than usual. Watching her on the camera, it appeared that she was reading a long message on her computer screen, and given the amount of time it was taking it could not have been from me. I watched her eyes move back and forth, slowly getting wider as she neared the conclusion of the message. I was almost ready to leave, a little pissed at being ignored by someone that I had spoken to frequently.

"Adam, there's something I have to tell you," she said verbally, which was very non-normal for her, as we normally communicated in instant messages, since there were at least two hundred other people in the room. This startled me, as I had never heard her say my name out loud before, and I looked around to make sure there was nobody else in the vicinity of my room. After confirming this, I spoke aloud "oh, God, what now?" for no apparent reason, as I was usually silent. "You are on TV."

She really needs to stop smoking that stuff. Immediately after finishing the thought, her camera disconnected and she signed offline, this happened sometimes, as the website was somewhat amateurish in its programming, looking about a generation of HTML code behind the top of the line websites. This is all I need, another crazy person telling me strange stories. My thoughts trailed off, and I remembered the long message she was reading prior to talking to me, it dawned on me that perhaps the people that had been following us around had somehow figured out what websites I went to, and that

they were trying to freak me out here, where I thought I was safe. I went outside to smoke a cigarette, and the single strangest thing that ever happened to me occurred.

I received what I now know is an **alert**, and while smoking looked up at the night sky, and noticed what I believed to be Venus growing intensely brighter. I stared at it for at least 20 seconds and then realized that it appeared to be coming closer to me, and moving slightly, as if it was making an approach. *An airplane.* And then it happened. The "airplane" began moving much faster, and changing its orientation at very steep angles, sometimes 45 degrees, sometimes as much as 180. It would have crushed the pilot with g-force at the speeds I was witnessing, and I was filled with awe... I was, for the first time in my life, witnessing an actual **Unidentified Flying Object**. This continued for at least another 45 seconds, as I looked up without moving, my jaw gaping wide in disbelief. My inner dialogue continued, as the strange events of the last month had taken an even eerier turn, and somehow were beginning to make more sense. *What do you want with me? Please, land and talk to me, I've waited my entire life for this.*

It vanished almost as quickly as it had begun descending, and Venus was back in its rightful place in the Northern sky. I dismissed the entire event, for what appears to be no reason at all, in what I now describe as a mind controlled cascade of **reality shifting**, *_almost as if the thoughts I had been having were invalidated, slowly and noticeably compared to their onset .._just an airplane ..* even though what I had witnessed was most certainly not. I finished my cigarette and went back to my room.



Entering my room, I saw the bed was still illuminated with the glow of the laptop screen, and somehow my television had turned on. I didn't really take much note of it, and laid back down on the bed to see if my friend had signed back on. Once laying down I was again **alerted** to the television, and saw that the show [Ancient Aliens](#) was on. This is a television series that seems to be based on the ideas of [Chariots of the Gods](#) by Erik Von Danniken, it's about aliens influencing human society and religion since pre-history. I had never seen the television show before, and rarely watched the History channel, so the fact that it was on my television screen was probably much odder than I noticed at the time. My sixth grade history teacher, however, had recommended Chariots of the Gods to us, and I had always found it fascinating, wondering how such an obvious theory was not more mainstream throughout my youth.

The **alert** moved to the bottom of the screen, and I read the tag line for the show. *Now you know.*