

# LIFTING THE CURSE

## PART I: A NEW DAWN



*Konstantine*

# LIFTING THE CURSE

GALACTIC INDEPENDENCE WAR - BOOK I

Konstantine

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This book is dedicated to those brave, maverick souls that have the courage to stand out from the crowd and speak Truth, no matter the consequences...

To those who fight for what they know in their hearts to be right despite being trapped in an unjust world gone mad...

This book is for all the Rainbow Warriors...

When the Earth is dying there shall arise a new tribe of all colors and all creeds. This tribe shall be called the Warriors of the Rainbow and it will put its faith in actions not words.

– *Native American Hopi Prophecy*

## Acknowledgments

This is not like the typical acknowledgments lists you see in other books. Then again, this is not your typical novel and I actually take pride in that fact. This book was [not written to give me fortune and fame](#) (though I do not doubt it will give me these things one day, as a nice side bonus!), but because it *had* to be written to convey a much needed message to the world.

First and foremost, I would like to thank the great Archangels, [Michael](#) and [Metatron](#), for choosing me as a vehicle through which to write this amazing fantasy saga for the ages. While this may seem like a controversial, even “crazy”, statement to make, I care not what people might think of it, because the truth about the Higher Realms and Dimensions needs to finally start gaining wider acceptance in the mainstream. As I said above: I did not put this book out to become rich or to win some popularity contest, hence the ideas in it will not be watered down just to fit in with the current norm. And, while we’re on the Archangel subject, many readers with a developed Intuition, and who already have a prior interest in the topics discussed in the book, will readily recognize the novel has a feel of a channelled work. They will, no doubt, perceive that the underlying themes behind the veneer of the fictional adventure story ring true –uncannily so. For those who don’t know, by the way, Archangel Metatron is the one who oversees that great repository of Cosmic History known as the Book of Life or [Akashic Records](#).

As far as the more “corporeal realms” are concerned now, there are a few people I wish to thank, though not nearly as many as other first time authors usually do because, frankly, I received next to zero support from people while going through the, often soul-destroying, ten year odyssey of putting this book together. I actually had to cut myself off from the great majority of “family” and “friends” in order to find the peace of mind and space needed to work on the book.

The person I feel most compelled to mention first is the lovely, talented and ever-helpful [Dina Kole](#), who gladly offered to design the book cover/s for me, without asking for anything in return. The cover you now see resulted after my initial suggestion for her, around mid-2014, to make something based on the [Sigillum Dei](#) (or Sigil of Ameth), which, after much consideration, was the symbol I’d finally settled on to use for all the franchise’s branding. Also, my fellow Libran Warrior Mystic, [Zachary Dedmon](#), who came in at the last minute, seemingly out of “nowhere”, and helped me to polish the heading text. Headings that, having been originally created using my ingenious, patented, “paste-some-cool-looking-Wordart-text-into-a-photo-using-Microsoft-paint” technique, looked quite horrible! And, of course, [Rowan Lefwyn](#), who, in addition to some great grammar tips, also gave me crucial developmental editing advice. Having worked as an editor, as well as being an author of similarly themed fantasy books herself, she understood what I was trying to do. Since all these FB friends were eager to help me free of charge, the best way I can return the favor at the moment is to help them get more exposure, hence the hyperlinks provided.

And last, but certainly not least, the dozens and dozens of fantastic people I’ve met online, through that most *magickal* of rabbit holes, collectively known as Alternative News/Truther Facebook Groups. These great souls have supported me because they understood what I was really trying to do with this book and with the saga as a whole. You all know who you are and I’d like you to know that, without your support in the past year or so, this book would not be what it is today, nor would it have come out as soon as it has. In fact, the extensive re-writes I did between early ‘14 and now resulted in loosely basing more than one character in the saga on real people I know through the aforementioned online communities.

I love you guys!

Konstantine  
Melbourne, Australia  
April 2015

## **HYMN TO THE SLAYER**

*In seven suns and seven moons  
The Slayer brought the Dark Ones' doom*

*In crimson flames their Empire burned  
Black ashes filled Earth Mother's urn*

*A fate foretold in scrolls of yonder  
Yet blind they were to heed the omens*

*Their web of power millennia old  
A bitter truth Man couldn't behold*

*And were it not for the Guardian's battle  
The slaves would but remain as cattle*

*No man had such great power to see  
Deep in the heart of villainy*

*The battle fought was hard and long  
Yet Man emerged robust and strong*

*For breaking down the evil spell  
Was no small task as history tells*

*The tyranny brought to its knees  
In light of day for all to see*

*The ones who lived the tale to tell  
Forever would his name extol*

*For he who smashed the Demons' schemes  
Was the greatest one who'd ever been*

A man who is doing his true will has the inertia of the Universe to assist him. Man is ignorant of his own being and powers. Even his idea of his limitations is based on an experience of the past and every step in his progress extends his empire. There is, therefore, no reason to assign theoretical limits to what he may be or what he may do.

Man is capable of being and using anything which he perceives, for everything that he perceives is, in a certain sense, a part of his being. He may, thus, subjugate the whole universe, of which he is conscious, to his individual will.

The microcosm is an exact image of the macrocosm. The Great Work is the raising of the whole man in perfect balance to the power of infinity. There is a single main definition of the object of all Magickal Ritual. It is the uniting of the microcosm with the macrocosm. The supreme and complete ritual is, therefore, the invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel (Higher Self) or, in the language of mysticism, union with God.

– *Aleister Crowley, Magician (1875 – 1947)*

Now I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse. And He who sat on him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He judges and makes war...

And the armies in heaven...followed Him on white horses...

And He has on His robe and on His thigh a name written:

KING OF KINGS  
AND LORD OF LORDS

– *Revelation 19:11 – 16 (New Testament, Book II of the Bible\*)*

The Slayer of the Serpent he comes from beyond  
His Spirit so mighty for Earthmen too strong  
Hunter of Demons and Warlocks he'll be  
Exposing the Great Lie for all men to see  
Sorcerer-King of their world they will make him  
Freeing the Cosmos from darkness his calling  
Twelve thousand years of evil will flounder  
The Grandest Illusion shall be torn asunder

– *The Slayer Prophecy (circa 12,000 BC, Atlantis, Earth)*

\* Holy text of the Christian religion. It was twentieth century Earth's most influential Holy Book and considered by millions of Earthlings to be the unadulterated Word of God. Even though this was not the case, it nevertheless contained many Divine Truths as did the scripture of all the other Earth religions. What made the Christian Bible stand apart, however, was The Revelation of John, which was the most accurate prophetic vision about the end of the Piscean Aeon ever received by a Mystic on Earth. As the reader will come to understand, after careful study of both the Revelation and the ancient historical events described in the book you're now reading, this great prophecy foretold the demise of the Illuminati at the hands of His Majesty's illustrious forefather, Lord Maxell John Casey, almost two millennia before it occurred. This is precisely why, even though we have long abolished religion in our galaxy (borne from the common understanding that there are only varying levels of Knowledge, of which Spiritual Knowledge is the highest, leaving no room for ancient superstitions, of any kind, to prevail in our societies), the Christian Bible has been instituted as 'required reading' in our great learning institutions. It is recommended that the reader first peruses the Revelation before studying Lifting the Curse, in order to better understand the events described in this series. This in **no** way condones the Order's use of religion to Mind Control their slave societies. In fact Christianity was the Order's greatest weapon on Earth and the premier obstacle to that planet's Spiritual emancipation. This was because, from its inception, it was expressly designed to obfuscate the Truth about Reincarnation from its devout believer-slaves. The trap was almost foolproof! The Dark Brotherhood (also known as the Babylonian Brotherhood or the Illuminati) believed they had found their perfect Mind Control tool, at last. Though it was just one of many Brotherhood created religions, it had succeeded in imprisoning the Minds of almost one sixth of the planet. Organized Religion was the primary weapon in the Order of the Serpent's Mind Control arsenal, a Covert Control System implemented on countless other Milky Way Prison Planets, besides Earth. And it considered Christianity to be their greatest ever triumph in the science of Mind Control. However, it also must be noted that Earth carries a **very special** distinction for being the first Milky Way planet, in many, many millennia, to break out of this Draconian-made Illusion called Religion –accomplished through the Earthlings' own, self-determined action no less! Considering the ruthless efficacy of Organized Religion (a powerful tool of Mass Population Control that was refined over many millennia with the purpose of creating perfect slave societies; in fact, its goal was to create the exact opposite of what came to be known on Earth as the Aquarian Age, after which our own galaxy is named), this was a remarkable feat for the Earthlings, bordering on the impossible. This tiny little planet went on to lead a successful, galaxy-wide revolt against the Order, which elevated its status to one of royalty. In the centuries that followed the Galactic Independence War, the Earth came to be seen as the model of the perfect civilization, and its natives widely acknowledged as being the Milky Way's premier Warrior Mystics. As a result of this, the Earthlings became the de facto galactic leaders of their scattered Human brethren. Of course, were it not for Lord Casey's titanic struggle against the Cosmic Darkness, none of this would've happened in the first place. For to Him is this great Book of Chronicles dedicated!



# Foreword

House Vorlon Official Announcement  
September 27<sup>th</sup>, A.D 4276

*'It was another time, a forgotten time...a time when all civilized creatures in the galaxy understood that Magick and Technology were one. You see, when the earliest galactic civilization had made its initial attempt to understand Life and the Universe –or, in other words, when Philosophy was first developed in our galaxy– this produced two opposing schools of thought: Mysticism and Science. The Mystics sought the answers through the Intuition, by connecting with the unseen world; Logic was the Scientists' preferred method of truth discovery. These two disciplines were the progenitors of Magick and Technology respectively and, for long aeons of time, it seemed these two fields could never be reconciled. This, of course, is in keeping with the standard evolutionary pattern that has been observed throughout the known Universe, i.e.: when a civilization is still young, Magick and Technology are thought of as being polar opposites. Only when a society reaches a certain level of understanding are its members then able to see that these seemingly antithetical bodies of knowledge are, in essence, two sides of the same coin. As was to be expected, the Milky Way followed suit and, so, there were those with great wisdom, who came to see that Magick was but a Technology not yet widely understood and Technology was but Magick, albeit a Magick stripped of the mystique and awe associated with the Occult.*

*From this initial understanding, the entire galaxy came to know that Magick and Technology were all but indistinguishable and both had the same purpose: they were means by which Sentient Beings could understand, control and bend Nature to their Will. They only differed in their method of application. For people on Earth to better understand what is being said here, let us liken Technology to that branch of Earth Philosophy known as science –a method of inquiry that uses a materialistically oriented approach to explain Life and the Universe. Magick, on the other hand, would be a school of thought that takes into account more than just the Third-Dimensional Plane of existence in its attempt to understand and control the Natural Forces around us. Thus Magick could be thought of as being a Spiritual Science or a very advanced Technology (and is what Organized Religion should have been had it stayed true to its original stated purpose, viz. to actually explain the Higher Realms, rather than shroud them in further mystery!). An easier way of saying this, of course, is that Magick is a far more advanced science than the Five Sense based "science" that, unfortunately, almost plunged our world into a new technocratic Dark Age!*

*Thankfully, we dealt with that threat and both the Earth, and the galaxy as a whole, have now entered a new era of enhanced Spiritual evolution, reminiscent of an age that was almost wiped from Galactic History forever, an age when Magick was rightly seen for what it was and none feared it. This was an era faintly echoed in myths and fairytales now, considered mere legend and nothing more in these "enlightened" times. But it is no legend. For it is an indelible part of our history –a secret history zealously guarded for millennia by the priesthood of an ancient galactic brotherhood.*

*A chameleon-like, super secret order that has been known by countless names and gone under many guises throughout its long history, but whose grandiose designs for the galaxy had remained unchanged through time: they were hell bent on reclaiming their lost territories, which comprised about three quarters of the civilized worlds. And they would use any means necessary to accomplish this. Blackmail, murder, diabolical intrigue...they knew no limits. Its members were convinced this sinister plot was justified because, in their view, the galaxy was stolen from them thousands of years ago and divided amongst what they considered to be inferior and lazy races. Also the fact that it was done in the name of galactic "peace" –a foreign concept their war mongering race could never fully understand– was taken as a huge insult, making them all the more determined to carry through with their dark agenda. This evil brotherhood was the Order of the Serpent.*

*While compiling this Encyclopaedia, it was deemed necessary to include an accurate account of the Order of the Serpent's four hundred thousand year, epic odyssey to retake the*

*Milky Way galaxy. This heretofore unknown history was obtained from their secret archives. Part of the reasoning behind this, seemingly radical, decision was that a serious study of the nature of Evil would work as a preventive measure lest the citizens of the galaxy were, one day, tempted by the same malign force. Also it must be understood that, for the past four hundred millennia, the Order has falsified, and even outright erased, vast amounts of historical data on the worlds it controlled, in an attempt to conceal its presence on said planets. Thankfully this data was reclaimed when the galaxy-wide chain reaction that began with the defeat of their terrestrial proxy, the Illuminati, culminated in the Order of the Serpent's final destruction earlier this year. Sadly, however, this also means all of these worlds –one of which is our own– must now rely almost exclusively on the Order's version of events if they wish to know what transpired during the Occupation. It is the best we can do with what we have, so I decided to publish these records in the belief that all Free Beings have a right to know their true history and that of our galaxy. Certainly the fact that we have this information at all proves that we are the victors.*

*The final volume of this work is written by me, leader of the Human Intergalactic League during the final years of the 2017 – 2029 Galactic Independence War and current head of the New Federation. Whoever is unsettled by the fact that a key portion of this Official Galactic History Encyclopaedia was derived from the Order of the Serpent's very own historical archives should seek consolation in the fact that the last book in this monumental series is a detailed account of the Order's defeat and was written by the man who destroyed them!*

*December 21<sup>st</sup>, 2032'*

The above excerpt is the introduction to the original English language edition of *The Forbidden History of the Milky Way*, by Lord Maxwell John Casey (1990 – 2140). King of Earth 2027 – 2040, Grand Master of the New Galactic Federation 2030 – 2140, Supreme Galactic Ruler 2040 – 2140. This comprehensive Encyclopaedia of Milky Way history comprises part of the Vorlon Dynasty Royal Historical Archives, which have been kept secret until the time was right. It is time now for the entire galaxy to learn about the mysterious origins and legendary history of our race. Just as my great ancestor decided to publish the first part of these records, almost two and a half thousand years ago in our native galaxy, I, too, now release my family's secret historical records to the galaxy for the benefit of posterity. For the Humans across this galaxy are now ready to know whence they came from, so that they may figure out wither do they go in this mysterious and beautiful adventure called life.

King Vorlon "the Sorcerer", A.D 4236 –  
Supreme Ruler of the Aquarius galaxy  
(A.D 4266 –)

## Introduction

Even though it is not in chronological order, the first part of *The Complete and Definitive Milky Way and Aquarius Galactic History Encyclopaedia* starts off where it all turned around for Earthlings and, by consequence, the entire Milky Way. The events that made all of this possible must be studied first, because, had they not transpired, we wouldn't even be here now and this historical knowledge would be lost to us forever. While the series has been written in a manner that resembles a fictional tale, it should certainly *not* be seen as such. The only reason I have crafted it in such a way is because the King insisted I do so. He thought it would make for a more entertaining read if presented as an exciting fantasy saga, rather than a boring history encyclopaedia. It would reach a much larger audience this way, he said, thus bringing as many people as possible (especially the youth of the galaxy) in contact with the paramount historical and scientific truths presented herein.

It all began in the early twenty first century on a small and insignificant planet on the edge of the Milky Way galaxy, called Earth, which, at the time, had just entered its space-age era. There, a young man, John 'J.C' Casey –Lord Vorlon's ancestor and the Milky Way's first Supreme Ruler–, embarked on an incredible journey, as if by chance. Of course, those select few of you, who have had the privilege of studying the Ancient Ways at the Aquaria Academy of Advanced Magickal Arts, where I teach, know full well there is no such thing as "chance" or "coincidence", only varying degrees of synchronicity. By the way, for those few readers, who don't already know, the word "synchronicity" is just a fancy way of saying *meaningful coincidence*. You see, as a series of coincidences becomes ever stranger and uncannier, the more likely it is that it's pointing to something meaningful; there is some sort of pattern there –hence it is a series of "meaningful" coincidences. So, in truth, all coincidences are synchronous; there are only differences in degree. With J. Casey the synchronicities spiralled out of control at some point, while at first they were quite inconspicuous.

This eight-part series chronicles John's gradual transformation from unassuming college student to the most powerful adversary the Order of the Serpent had ever known. It is, in large part, based on the detailed diary he kept from early on in his journey. Additional information about John Casey was pieced together by accessing the King's Ancestral Memory, using a secret procedure known only to the Royal Family. Details regarding any other individuals or events, mentioned herein, that could not be verified through viewing Lord Vorlon's Genetic Memory, were gleaned from planet Earth's Collective Memory Matrix (though, admittedly, this last task was difficult). In this wise, we were able to piece together all the unconnected, yet crucial, elements of the story –events that could not have possibly been included in the diary, for they were not witnessed by John.

This diary, by the way, is almost as legendary as the one who wrote it and, until now, has only been a rumor. It is very real, however, and has been passed on from father to son in my King's family since Lord Casey left it to his firstborn upon his passing. In his Milky Way history, little mention was made of the arduous personal trials and adventures John underwent in order to fulfil his mission. Only the key events and battles were covered. This left out an extraordinary, untold story, which deserves to be told! In this series you will learn of the years-long odyssey he went through in order to uncover the galaxy-shaking revelations that, first, led to the Illuminati's downfall and, then, ultimately dismantled the Order of the Serpent itself. Initially we intended to include these books in their proper chronological order, but the King felt strongly about inserting this information at the beginning of our encyclopaedia. We all owe our existence to His Majesty's illustrious ancestor, after all, so we felt obliged to ensure his life and deeds will never be forgotten by the people of our galaxy.

The reasons behind Lord Casey's decision to keep his diary a closely guarded secret for most of his life are not clear to us, but the tradition of secrecy continued out of respect for the progenitor of the Royal Bloodline. So, until now, only eighteen other people have laid eyes on the Casey Diary, aside from J.C himself. Lord Vorlon numbers eighteenth in a succession of firstborn sons of firstborn sons –number one in the succession being Casey's first son.

His Majesty has decided to break the tradition, however, because he believes it is the right time now for Humanity to learn the truth about its origins; to know the grand history of the galaxy that birthed them. We will gain strength through knowing our unique heritage, so that we may reach technological and Spiritual heights heretofore undreamed of; that we may colonize yet further galaxies and worlds unknown...bringing civilization where there is darkness, justice where there is lawlessness and peace where there are warlike Beings. You are about to join me on an incredible journey, which spans over four billion years and answers the three most important questions a creature in the Multiverse can ever ask...where do we come from? Why are we here? Where do we go...?

Zalroth the Seer, A.D 4202 –  
Advisor to and Official Chronicler  
of His Royal Majesty, King Vorlon  
(A.D 4270 –)

# Part I: A New Dawn

# Prologue

Groom Lake, Nevada, USA

Schneider walked down the dark corridor at a brisk pace; his heart rate increased with each step. He tried his best to act normal: he couldn't risk bringing any unwanted attention to himself. His breath caught in his throat when a couple of MPs emerged from a connecting hallway, but they just walked straight past him. *No one has suspected anything yet...so far so good.* Almost there now. Steadying himself, he dug his right hand into the pocket of his white coat and pulled out the stolen access card. Moments later, he came to a stop, turned his head right and looked at the only thing that stood between him and his prize: a chrome colored, steel door that gleamed in the low light. The black, bas relief stamp at the top read PU-38.

It was the most secure room in the facility; this is where they kept the stuff that wasn't supposed to exist. Most people that worked down there called it "section thirty eight" and had no idea what was in there. But Oscar knew; he had known for some time now. Beads of sweat began to dot his brow and he wiped it with the back of his hand, access card gripped tight. He turned and faced the door directly, took a deep breath and then glanced left and right. He ran the tip of his trembling finger over it, as he listened for the dreaded, and inevitable, intruder alarm. But there was nothing except for the sound of his heavy breath and pounding heart. Deciding to act while still brave enough to do so, he slid the access card through the door swipe with such force it almost snapped in two.

PU-38 was in the sixth level underneath Area 51; special, Above Top Secret clearance was required to gain access to Level 6. Not even the President knew about Level 6: Presidents were told the facility only went down three levels because that's all they needed to know –Exopolitics was not part of their job description. Those were the levels that primarily dealt with back engineering crashed extraterrestrial craft. The real work was done at the lowest three levels, however: it was there that they kept live Aliens in vats; it was there that they did their bizarre cloning experiments, which even attempted Human and Alien crossbreeding...and many other things of this nature.

Dr. Oscar Schneider II, a forty five year old physicist that had been recently transferred from Level 3 to Level 4, had managed to get access to the infamous Level 6 by slipping some tranquilizer into the morning coffee of Dr. Cameron, head scientist of Projekt Ubermensch, and taking his security card. He'd planned this for several months. Each morning, before everyone started their day, all but a handful of Area 51 staff flocked to the cafeteria situated on the ground level. For security reasons, there was no food or drink allowed in the underground levels, except for limited amounts of water, and they were not permitted to go out during their lunch breaks either. So it was common practice for most personnel to have large helpings of breakfast and plenty of coffee in the café before their shifts began.

Oscar managed to put the tranquilizer pills in Dr. Cameron's coffee, as well as a diuretic (water pill), which forced the geneticist to go to the restroom not soon afterwards. Dr. Schneider had experimented with the two medications a great deal and added just the right doses. The plan was for the tranquilizers to take effect around a couple of minutes after the water pill: the head scientist of Level 6 would go under while he was in the restroom and Oscar would be there to tie him up, gag him and stick him in a cubicle before anyone even realized what had happened. And the plan had worked. Flawlessly. He didn't know what would happen when Cameron woke up, however. He hadn't thought that far ahead. He'd gotten past the iris and fingerprint scanners at

the Level 6 entrance by using a synthetic iris and thumb, reverse engineered from the original samples he secretly obtained from Dr. Cameron months earlier.

He was now inside room PU-38. The automatic sensors turned on the fluorescent lights above, which flickered and, after a few seconds, illuminated the small room. He squinted and, when his eyes had adjusted to the bright light, he saw it: the most important artifact in all of Level 6, and possibly the entire world, which he only knew by its nickname, “the eight ball”. It had been extracted from a downed Alien ship, whose sole survivor was being kept on Level 4. The Alien was a “friendly”, as they called the non-hostile species, and it was the first ever time one of its kind had crash landed, let alone been captured alive. Oscar had been assigned with the special task of interrogating the EBE. The mysterious prisoner communicated via telepathy alone and, over time, he and Schneider came to develop a close bond. Once he’d gained the Alien’s trust, it told him about the special device on its crashed ship and that he needed Schneider’s help to get it into the hands of the right people. The plan was hatched soon afterwards.

He walked up to the reinforced, bulletproof glass window, six feet from the door and edged nearer; he peered through into the adjoining room. Right in the center, and inside a small, rectangular, plexiglass display case, sat the eight ball. It was spherical and transparent, like Clear Quartz, and about half the diameter of a billiard ball. There was no trace of man made milling on the orb’s perfect surface –a construct of a technology most Human Minds could not even begin to comprehend. As he stood there, transfixed as if under a Trance, his earlier unease fell away: the object, which appeared to have a consciousness of its own, began to connect with the deepest recesses of his Soul. In a language that transcended the limitations of linear, 3D space-time, it, for lack of a better term, spoke to him. He could not explain it; he could not understand it...he could not *fight* it; but it was happening all the same: the Alien sphere spoke to Oscar’s core self and he was changed in a profound, mystical way. He no longer felt any fear, not even the natural fear of death. It was as if he had seen the other side and, upon liking what was shown to him, was not in the least bit concerned about leaving the Material Plane.

Some moments later, he regained his senses and thought back to the amazing Mind Power techniques the friendly had secretly taught him in the past months, and the rigorous training he’d subjected himself to, in preparation for this pivotal moment. *This had better work...for all our sakes.* He shut his eyes, concentrated for half a minute and slid his hands straight through the reinforced glass as if it was made of water...

The best way to control the opposition is to lead it ourselves.  
– Vladimir Ilich Lenin

Broome Street Residential College, New York, USA,  
May 20<sup>th</sup>, 2015, 8:19 A.M

It had been almost eight years since John first found out about the Illuminati and, from that serendipitous day forward, he would never be the same again. With a zeal seldom witnessed in a Human Being, he'd plunged headfirst into the amazing world of Conspiracy Theories<sup>1</sup>. His obsessive quest to learn everything he could about this mysterious secret society had consumed his life. This is why it took him almost twice as long as expected to earn his Astrobiology degree. And, even though his parents were happy that he'd completed it, J.C knew a qualification in Astrobiology didn't afford him a great range of employment opportunities. While it seemed like an exciting idea when he'd first picked the course, it wasn't long before he got bored. He had decided to stay in University, however, out of convenience: it gave him the time needed to devote himself to his Illuminati researches.

During his last few years at NYU, he'd even started his own YouTube channel, [TheNewAeon2012](#), on which he expounded his numerous theories and interviewed an assortment of Conspiracy Theorists, Alternative Historians<sup>2</sup>, Gurus<sup>3</sup>, Psychics<sup>4</sup> and Occultists<sup>5</sup> (He even came

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<sup>1</sup> **Conspiracy Theory:** detailed theory pieced together through painstaking research and deductive reasoning, which attempts to explain the workings of, and uncover the key players behind, a conspiracy. Though this term has fallen out of use in our just and transparent society, it was frequently used (often in a derogatory way) on Earth during the early 21<sup>st</sup> Century, which was a time when a great many conspiracies were being both hatched and exposed. Due to the nature of conspiracies (i.e.: they are, by definition, secret cabals), of course, most of them went completely unnoticed by the broad public on Earth. And even when a conspiracy did get exposed, it was next to impossible for a Truth Researcher to "connect all the dots" and make sense of it. The more sophisticated the conspiracy, the harder it is to expose/understand it and, often times, this meant that Conspiracy Theories were wrong. However, there were *many* more that were correct. But, unfortunately, as mentioned above, the term had a derogatory connotation on Earth, because the masses had been conditioned through the Illuminati-owned Mass Media into believing the theories were ravings of mad men and that Truth Researchers were crazy and/or stupid. In fact the exact opposite was true: the Hidden Controllers had dumbed down and debased the general masses to *such* an extent that stupidity was at an all time high (it is a statistical fact that the percentage of geniuses per capita, at the time, had reached its lowest point in the planet's history) and what, to us, would seem like sheer madness today was considered, by and large, normal behavior back then. Some examples of the latter were: obsessively watching reality T.V shows or sports (see *Television* footnote), preferring idiotic pop music over classical (see *Mozart* footnote), trusting corrupt politicians, believing that one only lives once (see *Reincarnation* footnote), taking destructive, mind-altering drugs (see *Illicit Drug Trade* footnote) for "recreational" purposes and, incredibly, believing this to be **harmless** activity, blindly following either Religion or Materialistic Science, thinking that the meaning of life revolves around having children and grandchildren or, even worse, around *how* many material possessions (i.e.: houses, cars, clothes, trophy wives, boy toys, et al.) one has accumulated in a lifetime, etc, etc., ad nauseam. Tragic does not even begin to describe the state of these peoples' vacuous lives! Thankfully this sorry state of affairs didn't go on forever, because the Spiritual Renaissance that was the Aquarian Aeon eventually straightened the planet out by injecting the *one* key ingredient heretofore missing from the planet: undeniable proof that the Higher Spiritual Realms exist!

<sup>2</sup> **Alternative Historian:** historian who ignored the Illuminati Dark Cabal's largely falsified, "official" version of history and based his/her conclusions on *actual* proof, in defiance to the Hidden Elite's bad habit of routinely falsifying history to suit their various socio-political and/or economic ends and, perhaps most importantly, to keep Earthlings in the dark about the Archontic/Reptilian planetary takeover that had occurred in Atlantis.

<sup>3</sup> **Guru:** suffix denoting great expertise in any given area. E.g.: music guru, financial guru, etc. However, since this tome revolves heavily around Spirituality and conspiracies, whenever I use the word it would usually denote a Spiritual guru, Conspiracy Theory guru and related terms.

<sup>4</sup> **Psychic:** individual that has achieved heightened levels of awareness due to having a stronger connection to their Higher Self than the average person typically does. This acute awareness produces abilities like: Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Psychometry, etc. In John Casey's day, many people saw these abilities as being "supernatural" or "superhuman", but this was merely a reflection of the general population's *appallingly* low Spiritual Awareness Levels! When they finally woke up after interest in all matters Spiritual reached a critical mass, they came to realize these abilities were normal phenomena. They could've done it much quicker though, had the planet not been infested with so many Service to Self people that couldn't care less about Spiritual Advancement or about the Greater Good! If I were Lord Casey, I would've just eliminated these kinds of people without remorse. It's not as if I would be



close to getting an interview with the great [David Icke](#)<sup>6</sup> himself once; unfortunately, the interview was cancelled at the last minute due to scheduling conflicts. John would become good friends with him many years later, however). The channel made him infamous on campus, but J.C figured infamy was better than no fame at all.

He lay on the bed, fully dressed and on top of the blanket, as he stared at the white ceiling of his dorm room. He felt a mixture of relief and sadness. *Finally...graduation day; how mighty thoughtful of them to give us official certification of the Left Brained, Mind-shrinking brainwashing. I'm still gonna miss this place though.*

The knock on the door startled him; a muffled voice behind it soon followed. "Please tell me you're ready!" John sprang to his feet and ran to the door, flinging it open, "Xan the man," he greeted his friend with a beaming smile, "how nice of you to drop by! Don't worry, we've still got time," he glanced over his shoulder and nodded at the wall clock behind him, "see?"

Xander frowned. "That's what you *always* say," he shook his head and walked inside. John shut the door. "Five years, John...*five* years I've known you! And, in that time, I've completed a double degree –with honors, I might add– while you – you've *barely* scraped through one. And you've been here seven! You're the strangest man I've ever met, you know that? You're like this surreal cross between David Icke and [Van Wilder](#) or something; it just boggles the Mind. Seriously, remind me of one instance where you were right on time or, heaven *forbid*, even five minutes early. Just one will do; I'm being pretty lenient here; really."

"Xan, Xan; c'mon, buddy, why so serious? We both know time doesn't really exist; it's all just a big illusion, or whatever, remember? So what's the rush?"

"You know, I'm starting to think you're incapable of being serious. Like *literally*; I mean, your brain, it – it just can't do it! Are you *sure* you haven't got some strange, as yet undiscovered, medical condition? I'm not joking, J.C! Then again, the way *your* brain is wired, you probably can't understand what I'm saying now, since I'm *actually* being serious."

"I'm sorry, what was that...?" He put his hand to his ear acting like he couldn't hear. "I don't speak *serious*; I see your mouth moving and all, but my brain, it just...I don't know...I seem to be having trouble decoding your bullsh –"

"But, like you keep saying ad nauseam, you speak sarcasm just fine, don't you? Well, sorry to break it you, Maxwell John Casey: life isn't one big joyride! We're not living in a perpetual sitcom, in case you haven't noticed. Uh, tell me something, how long were you planning on staying an eternal teenager for exactly? A *rough* estimate will do, I don't need a precise number."

"Sitcom...? Dude, have I taught you nothing all these years? We're living in the goddamn *Truman Show*! All of this nice stuff you see," John looked around the room, "it's all fake, buddy, *fake*; how long has it been since you watched [The Matrix](#)<sup>7</sup>, by the way?" Xander looked to his right at the *Matrix Reloaded* poster next to John's bed and sighed. He then crossed his arms and faced J.C again, who continued. "You need to brush up I think; that movie should be watched at *least* once a month. By everyone! It's good for your health, trust me. And make sure you pay close attention to the bit where Mouse is pondering the profound metaphysics behind the taste of

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really "killing" them: their immortal Spirits would simply reincarnate on other planets better suited to their stupidity, laziness, irresponsibility and selfishness, making way for the Starseeds on Earth to turn that world into a powerful Light Planet. Then again, one of the reasons I am *not* as powerful as John Casey –or his great descendant, Lord Vorlon, for that matter– is precisely *because* I do not possess the same tolerance, benevolence and wisdom as they.

<sup>5</sup> **Occult:** Advanced Magick that was kept hidden from the public; the masses were led to believe the Occult was synonymous with Black Magick, but this was very far from the truth. The word "occult" simply means hidden and, thus, was a very apt term to describe a secret body of knowledge. The reason Christianity had hoodwinked Earthlings into thinking the Occult was exclusively comprised of writings on Dark Magick, was because this Illuminati-directed religion did *not* want people to have access to the powerful White Magick that could defeat the Dark Overlords of Earth.

<sup>6</sup> **David Icke:** (1952 – 2152) great Light Warrior, who devoted his life exposing the Illuminati Grand Conspiracy. He wrote many books and lectured to millions of people about the sinister conspiracy, and was dubbed "the most controversial speaker in the world". He was the first Truth Researcher to teach the broad public about the reality of the Time Loop Earthlings were trapped in. While, at first, ridiculed and rejected by the mainstream (of course he would be; did anyone take *Galileo* seriously when he said the world was round?), his powerful message eventually reached billions.

<sup>7</sup> **The Matrix (1999 AD):** groundbreaking science fiction film, written and directed by the Wachowski brothers, whose concept was inspired by the reality of Earth's Lower Astral Plane. Thus millions of Earthlings resonated with it, without really knowing why, making the film a great success. There were those rare few, however, that were fully aware the film was showing people a fictionalized version of the Truth.

chicken. Real deep stuff. Oh, and another thing: the only condition I suffer from is awesomeitis; remember that. Now don't be givin' me that look, you know I speak sooth!"

"Of course. How could I forget? Forgive me, Your Highness," Xander bowed down, "King of the Badasses, Lord of Awesomeness."

"I might be a slightly mad King, but I *am* a just one, so I'll let it slide this time," he placed his right hand on Xander's blonde head, "you're forgiven, peasant," Xan pushed it away and J.C went on, "seriously though man, why would I *want* to grow up? *Grown up*, what does that even mean? Like, actually define it. From where I'm standing," he made quotation marks in the air, "*grown ups* look like the most miserable people: always stressed out about payin' bills, always arguing with their spouse...complaining about politics and a *million* other things, when, instead, they should just be in the moment, be nice to each other and live it up to the max, baby! By all means, Dr. Jones, please remind me again: how is being stressed out twenty four seven and working a hundred and sixty nine hours a week –in order to pay off a massive mortgage on a house that's *way* bigger than it needs to be and which you'll *never* have time to enjoy, anyway– meant to be a *recipe for happiness*? I don't get it; really, I don't. I'm dead serious –imagine that, *me* being serious– I *literally* can't understand why this society is set up the way it is. And you know why? It's because it doesn't *make* any fucking sense, that's why! I was kinda hoping my absolutely *divine*, carefree, slacker attitude would rub off on you after all these years," John shrugged, "apparently not."

"Are you finished?" Xan said in his prominent Scottish accent.

John frowned and moved his eyes around, feigning deep contemplation. "Yep, pretty sure I successfully dealt with this morning's generous helping of ballbus –"

"Good. I suggest you write some of those gems down. You could even publish a self help book one day; maybe call it *How to Accomplish Nothing at All and Most Definitely not Get Rich*. Now are you gonna get your ass ready, Captain Fantastic, or what?"

"Hey, come to think of it, that just might work," John brought his index finger to his face and crouched down, leaning closer to his shorter friend, "it'll cater to a previously untapped niche market," he then turned around, put his left arm over Xan's shoulder and extended his other one in front of them, "imagine it, Professor Jones, hippies would be lining up in the *streets* to buy that shit! And I like the title, too, by the way; it has a certain r –"

Xander forced J.C's arm off. "For the love of God, will you just get ready, please? What do I have to do, *pay* you? It's almost like you don't wanna go. What's the matter, John? Seriously. I know you," he regarded him, "something's wrong, isn't it?"

John put on his serious face for the first time since Xander had arrived. "Okay, look, to be perfectly honest with you, I kinda have a funny feeling about today. You're right: part of me *doesn't* wanna go...I –"

"Really?" Xan let out a chuckle. "Johnny boy missing college? Well, who woulda thought? It's ironic that you've always been accusing *me* of being overly sentimental."

"No, you don't understand, it's this –"

"Just get your ass ready, dude, and don't be such a wuss!"

"Alright, alright, Mr. Grumpy," John walked into the bathroom. He shut the door behind him with his foot and continued at the top of his voice, "it's not like it's somethin' super important like a hot date or, better still, an *Iron Maiden* concert; it's just graduation, bro."

"*Just graduation...*" Alexander Joshua Jones said to himself and shook his head in disapproval, "sure, whatever you say, Einstein." *Unbelievable! He'd rather see Iron Maiden than go on a date with a beautiful woman. What am I gonna do with this guy?*

Xan was the only other Conspiracy Theorist in the entire campus aside from J.C; the only other person that was on the same wavelength when it came to this kind of stuff. Xander always understood him. But he was more responsible than John and often tried to talk sense into him. He believed he did it for his best friend's own good; he cared about him like family, since John was the older brother he never had. J.C, on the other hand, had hoped his sunnier outlook on life would be a beneficial influence on his younger friend. They were as odd as an odd couple could be –they even had opposite hair color– but, somehow, it worked and they made a great team. Each seemed to complement the other's weaknesses. Xander had been instrumental in helping

the chronically unorganized and procrastinating John get through University, while the latter introduced his “little bro”, as he liked to call him, to the wonderful world of college partying, giving him a much needed confidence boost in the process.

“C’mon, little bro, what are you waitin’ for? Get on,” John revved his black Ducati, “you’re the one that kept nagging me up there; now you’ve got cold *feef*?”

“I guess I just realized how much I’m gonna miss college, too...you know?”

“I hear ya; I feel the same, man, trust me.” J.C then realized how long he’d been there for. *Wow, seven years to get a four year degree and I’ll probably never even end up using it. On the bright side, at least my folks will finally get off my case now.*

Xander jumped on the bike and held onto John’s waist. NYU Commencement Day was to be held at Yankee Stadium, which was about ten miles away. As usual, J.C darted off like a bullet, as if competing in some strange death race where only the winner survives.

“Whoa, slow down a little, sunshine! We’re not *that* fucking late; and why aren’t you wearing your helmet again? I swear that unhinged Sagittarian Moon of yours is gonna get you killed one day, dude!” Xander yelled.

John turned his head right so Xander could hear him better. “Yeah, well, you’re the one that was complai –” suddenly there was a blinding flash up ahead. They both covered their eyes. John lost control of the bike and rammed into the back of the cab a few feet ahead. Meanwhile, the traffic behind and in front of them came to a grinding halt, and everyone on the crowded sidewalks froze in terror. J.C turned off the Ducati and they both dismounted. He glanced down at the dent in his bike and then at the taxi’s door, which had just swung open. The deafening blast soon followed and panic ensued amongst the hundreds of drivers and pedestrians: horns tooted, people ran in all directions, women and children screamed in terror! It was total chaos.

“Jesus! What the hell was that?” John cried. Xander placed his right hand on his friend’s shoulder and pointed up ahead. “Look...” they both gaped at the rising mushroom cloud that had started to blot out the sun: New York had been attacked with a nuclear weapon!

“Do you think that could’ve come from Yankee Stadium? Practically the whole of NYU is there except for us two!”

“What?!” said Xander and took off his helmet. “What the hell would make you say something like that?”

“I don’t know, just a feeling,” said John and turned to him, “so you’re the physics nerd: was that an A-bomb? It’s gotta be, right? Must be like – like one of those suitcase bombs or someth –”

“It’s the only type of nuclear weapon they’d use in an attack like this! And they’re usually between five to ten kilotons.”

“What does that mean?”

“Well, if it *is* from Yankee Stadium, like you said, then everything within about a one mile radius is gone, blown away, nothing left, John. Nada! Washington Heights, Upper Manhattan, Melrose and everything in between,” he extended his arms outward, “all gone; swallowed up in a five hundred feet *fucking* high fireball! At least a quarter million people have been instantly killed! And this is just the beginning; that’s what it means!

“Oh, God...you can’t be serious...” the lump in J.C’s throat grew heavy as he stared at the ground, a blank look on his face.

“Oh, I’m dead serious: I’m the neurotic one here, remember?” Xander tapped his chest over and over with his right index finger, as his whole body trembled. “So I’ve done a *ton* of research on this exact nuclear attack scenario. Trust me; I know what I’m talking about!”

The middle aged, Italian-American cab driver, who was now a couple of feet in front of them, turned around and looked at Xander. “Say, kid, what do we do now?” He said in his Brooklyn accent. “We gotta find shelter for the next twenty four hours, don’t we? I think that’s how it works.”

“Yeah, even though, technically, we’re quite a safe distance from the blast, it’s only a matter of time before the nuclear radiation catches up with us, so it’s best we find a tall building to –”

“Wait a minute!” The cabbie slightly moved his head to the left and concentrated. “Is that a – a radio announcement? I guess we are a safe distance away if the EMP hasn’t affected the electronic equipment here.” He then walked back to the driver’s side door, reached through the open window and turned up his SONY stereo’s volume to full. All three focused on the female news presenter’s voice.

*...and, according to Emergency Services calls made near the area, the blast originated from Yankee Stadium at 9:11 a. m, Eastern Standard Time. This would make Yankee Stadium ground zero and means it has been completely obliterated! I repeat, Yankee Stadium is ground zero and has been completely destroyed! And, if we are to believe the claims made in Twitter’s newest trending topic, hashtag newyorkattack, all lower case, thousands of eye witnesses swear the explosion was in fact a nuclear one. There are also disturbing reports that parts of Upper Manhattan have been wiped off the map, though this cannot be verified. Information is still scarce at the moment, but we will be giving regular updates, so stay tuned...*

The men just stood there, wide eyed; they couldn’t speak. The taxi driver’s cigarette fell out of his mouth. All three understood the true significance of the reported time of the blast.

“You were right! How did you know?” Xander asked John as he turned and faced him.

“Never mind how I knew, that’s not important right now. I’m more concerned about the time the bomb went off:” both friends gave each other knowing glances, “you know as well as I do that it’s a False Flag Attack<sup>8</sup>, just like 9/11<sup>9</sup> was! But I – I never thought they’d hit New York again...I mean...” a shocked J.C paused for a while and looked away. A few moments later, he addressed both of them in a deadpan voice. “We’re completely screwed! Congratulations, gentlemen; you’ve just witnessed the birth of World War III<sup>10</sup> today. Let’s hope we live to tell the tale.”

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<sup>8</sup> **False Flag Attack (FFA):** terrorist attack that has been secretly planned by factions within the attacked country’s own government, but made to *look* like it has been perpetrated by an outside group. FFA’s are often used by politicians as convenient excuses to both rally nations into preplanned wars and put dictatorial constraints on their government’s Constitutions. This can clearly be seen from the analysis of the two case studies below, which are the two most famous FFAs on Earth:

**Case Study 1: Reichstag Fire**

• **Target:** Reichstag building • **Location/Date:** Berlin, Germany, Feb 27<sup>th</sup> 1933 • **Casualties:** Zero • **Perpetrators:** Nazi party  
• **Political Outcomes:** a) Nazi persecution of the Communist party was justified. b) Enabling Act was passed, which bypassed the Weimar Constitution and gave Adolf Hitler dictatorial powers.

**Case Study 2: 9/11 Attacks**

• **Target:** World Trade Center and Pentagon Buildings • **Location/Date:** New York, USA and Virginia, USA, September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001  
• **Casualties:** 2,996 • **Political Outcomes:** a) Preplanned Afghanistan and Iraq wars justified. b) False “War on Terror” campaign began. c) Patriot Act was passed, which bypassed much of the US Constitution and gave George W. Bush near-dictatorial powers.  
• **Global Spiritual-Psychological Impact:** morale of planet dramatically dropped. Global state of Chronic Apathy/Fear was generated that took several years to wear off.

**Note:** *The last outcome was highly desired by the perpetrators of 9/11 in order that it strongly counteracts the increasing Vibrational Frequencies pouring into the planet.*

Even someone who is blind and can’t read *English* can see from the above famous examples that the attacks greatly benefited the governments that planned them. The similarity between the two FFAs is nothing short of astonishing.

<sup>9</sup> **9/11:** FFA planned and carried out by certain covert forces within the US Government, Military and Intelligence circles (also known as the Secret or Shadow Government) on September 11<sup>th</sup> 2001. The “terrorist” target was the World Trade Center building in New York and, to a lesser extent, the Pentagon. The official fairy tale told in the controlled News Media was that the Trade Center was hit by a hi-jacked plane. In truth, the two buildings had been secretly rigged with explosives months prior to the day the patsy-terrorists struck. While the Mass Media went to *incredible* lengths to sell the false story of the hi-jacked plane to the stupid/suggestible masses, there were so many things out of place with the official version of events that it raised many peoples’ suspicions. This ruthless FFA woke many people up to the truth about what was going on in the world and interest in Conspiracy Theories skyrocketed after this time. Nevertheless, the people who had awakened were still a minority for, as we said in the very first footnote, Earthlings were at their dumbest point they had ever been in their entire (both official *and* unofficial) history! So, naturally, the majority didn’t have the requisite intelligence and/or insight to fathom that 9/11 could’ve been a FFA, or to understand why governments would even need to carry out these acts in the first place. The fact that history was *replete* with instances of FFAs didn’t seem to matter much to most people, much in the way that logic doesn’t seem to matter much when one is hard at work debating a **brick** wall.

<sup>10</sup> **Word War III (the Final War):** the final and most devastating of the three great wars engineered by the Illuminati. It would be the war that would give them their long awaited One World Government. While Word War I was designed to destroy the European Monarchy, World War II was started in order to create the state of Israel. Then, the third war, which would be fomented by the

In a sleek New York penthouse, fifteen miles away from the bomb blast, a tall, black haired, muscular man, dressed in a grey Armani suit, stood by the window and observed the mushroom cloud. His cell phone soon rang. He put it to his right ear. "It's done, Colonel. Everything went exactly as planned." His accent was not quite English, though not quite American either.

*"Excellent work, soldier. You were the big star of this play's final act, but a new play will soon begin: a New Dawn is coming! I will contact you in the next few days with further instructions."*

"Yes, Colonel."

The Colonel, a gray haired military man, who sat behind an oak desk in his enormous mansion's Library, hanged up and soon called another number. After a few rings, the person on the other end picked up. *"I trust you have good news for me, Colonel?"*

"Couldn't be better: the operation was a great success, Sir. We can now proceed with the next phase of our plan."

*"Have you made sure they will find enough clues to incriminate the right parties?"*

"Without a doubt! We've planted more than enough evidence to implicate the terrorists and tied any loose ends that could lead back to us. Plus our people in the Media will say exactly what we told them to say. As always, of course, the suits will do their usual investigations and, like the dumb *animals* that they are, will conclude the terrorists were working alone. What a bunch of stupid assholes!"

*"But they are useful assholes, Colonel; we still need them to help us solidify the New Order."*

"Not for too much longer; when the war is over and our rule finally becomes overt, they'll suffer the same fate as those useless eaters they now police."

*"Indeed. We must be patient, however: we can't control the world without our trained dogs there to keep everyone in line; at least not yet we can't. Goodbye for now, Colonel. You did a commendable job today."* said the man and hanged up.

A few hours later, John and Xander were holed up on the tenth floor of an empty, twenty storey construction site. They sat on the ground next to each other, their backs against the south wall, looking out of the newly installed windows around twelve feet across from them. Nails, small pieces of wood and used up sandpaper lay scattered around the dusty, cement floor. An empty, five gallon paint bucket stood in the middle of the room; the scent of freshly painted walls filled the air. As if this day did not contain enough bizarre synchronicities, the small portable radio a few feet in front of them provided what seemed to be the perfect background music: the melancholic voice of Jim Morrison singing *The End*. Both men were silent, thinking of all the people they'd known in University that were now gone forever. Even though J.C never liked the academic aspect of college much, he'd enjoyed his time there overall and had some fond memories. He still couldn't believe this had happened. He thought about his most recent girlfriend, Anne O' Narkey.

She was a blonde cheerleader turned lawyer and when she had been accepted into Law School three years earlier, everyone, not least herself, was dumbfounded. John could never understand how the hell she did it. He and Xan would often joke about the fact that she'd probably sent several of her cheerleader friends to take the entrance exams in her place: she and her blonde girlfriends looked so much alike that John could sometimes swear they were all clones! J.C chuckled at the thought and it somewhat lifted his spirits.

Then he remembered her last words to him a couple of months earlier, before she slammed the door of his dorm room shut on her way out: *You're a tin foil hat wearing loser...and you'll always be a tin foil hat wearing loser! Get a life!* It was right after a three hour argument they had about 9/11: she was adamant the official story was true and would not budge. This was the final straw for J.C; for the first hour of the fight he was positive it was just a bad dream he would soon wake up from. He couldn't, for the life of him, understand how somebody could be so ignorant in the real world, you see. They broke up a few weeks later, of course. After being with

Anne, John had sworn he'd never get married unless he found someone who was on, or near, the same wavelength as him!

But now he reconsidered; he wished he could see her one more time...try and be a bit more tolerant of her ignorance, maybe even make it work again. "Man, I wish I could turn back time and see Anne again, even if it was just once; try to talk things through..." his eyes watered and he swallowed hard to get rid of the lump in his throat. He turned right and looked at Xan, "I – sometimes I can be such an ass, you know? Just 'cause she wasn't a hundred percent, *exactly* on our wavelength with all this Truther shit, I was a bit –"

"I know, man...I *know*. It's okay; I'm as shocked as you are," Xan let out a deep sigh, "listen, this is probably the last thing you wanna hear right now, but at least we made it out alive. That's still somethin', right? And we can thank your chronic tardiness for that: if we were on time, we would've been blown away too!"

John looked ahead again and nodded in agreement. "Yeah..." he then slumped his head down between his knees. A moment later, the song was interrupted by the latest news update. Xander grabbed the radio and brought it closer to them.

*...the FBI has released an official statement claiming they had Intel pointing to a potential terrorist attack being carried out on New York, but, just as it happened over ten years ago, the Intel was apparently inconclusive, so the government didn't act on it...*

*The attack seems to bear the mark of the Iranian radical group, Arabian Knights –the fanatical supporters of ex-Irani President, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad– whose members promote the anti-Semitic propoganda that America's supposed Secret Government, led by International Bankers, has been manipulating the Iran-Israel<sup>11</sup> conflict in order to spark World War III. Ironically, just like a self fulfilling prophecy, it will be the group's own terrorist act today that will likely spark another World War...*

"I knew it!" John looked up and faced Xander again. "They finally pulled it off: they'll get their damn war now. The US will try to hit the *terrorists*, knowing full well that Russia and China will side with Iran. Israel seems to have fulfilled the purpose it was created for; and it all went exactly as described in the *Letter to Mazzini* almost a hundred and fifty years ago!"

"God knows how many people will survive this, John..."

"Well, whoever *does* live through it will get to see the Global Fascist State we've been talking about all these years. And, by the way, if we're fortunate enough to be among the survivors, we gotta find a way to *stop* these maniacs once and for all!"

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<sup>11</sup> **Israel:** nation created by the [International Banker](#)-led arm of the Illuminati in 1949, under the pretense that it would serve as a homeland for Jewish people. In truth, however, the Illuminati (who were not Jews, but mainly of Germanic extraction and strongly affiliated with the Nazis, Knights Templar and the [Jesuits](#)) did not care one iota for the Jews in Israel. The real reasons behind the creation of Israel were actually as follows: a) to create the necessary tension between Jews and Muslims in the Middle East that would eventually lead to World War III b) to use the Jewish people and Israel as a convenient scapegoat whenever Illuminati activities were scrutinized. As high-level Illuminati insider and whistle-blower, Simon Parkes (a confirmed Reptilian-Human hybrid, by the way), says at approx. the 1:03:00 mark in this video [here](#), the Jewish/Israeli faction of the Illuminati bloodlines was allied with a race of Aliens, generally known as the [Anunnaki](#) to Conspiracy Theorists, that had come down to Earth in the Babylon area, in about 5,000 BC (we will delve more into the Anunnaki issue at a later time). This is the real reason why the Dark Illuminati Cabal showed such a huge interest in the Middle East. It had nothing to do with the various, 100% Emotionally based, fairy tale-like reasons given by Organized Religion.



Synchronicity hints at the unified world behind the illusory veil of the Material Universe.  
– Roger S. Jones

Willenskraft, NY, USA,  
October, 2015

John had recently turned twenty-five. But he hadn't celebrated his birthday. He was happy enough to be alive; that was celebration enough for him. And, besides, he was too morose these days to be throwing parties. He just wanted to forget about New York and heal. In fact, if at all possible, he didn't want to go back there ever again.

After graduation day, he had moved back home again, you see. And, even though he had the usual problems that people like him often have with their parents, there was no denying it: when one needs a safe space to heal from deep trauma, there's no better place than home. The psychological shock of witnessing the nuclear attack on New York had had a profound effect on him, because he had a great fondness for the "city that never sleeps", as the Earthlings liked to call it. Never mind the fact that everyone he had known in University, except for Xander, had been blown to kingdom come in a blink of an eye! His folks were happy to let him stay for as long as he needed and John decided to utilize this precious time to mend his shattered psyche, as well as to figure out what he was going to do with the rest of his life.

He tried as best he could not to think about New York and continued, as per normal, to upload two new videos a week to his channel, like clockwork: one on Wednesday and one on Sunday. He spent the rest of his time helping his father at the store during the day, while, in the evenings, he'd stay up late doing Internet research and reading books on the Illuminati, Spirituality, the Occult and the Grand Conspiracy in general. The more he learned about the Dark Cabal problem, the more he wanted to get out there and do something about it! He wanted to be a field man, not just some guy that reads about Conspiracy Theories all day and tells people about them on YouTube.

Just as he had expected, the war started only two weeks after the FFA. As a matter of fact, John was surprised it had even taken *that* long. While losses on US soil had been minimal, on a global scale, the Final War was devastating: entire countries had been reduced to ashes, their populations decimated. The Middle East was no more...completely wiped off the map. The western half of Australia had been ravaged, as well as parts of Europe, Africa, India and the Americas. Russia was left untouched, since the USA wouldn't dare risk facing retaliatory strikes from the indomitable behemoth that was Mother Russia's military. Last, but not least, the damage in China was as negligible as it had been in North America, as the Elite, having sucked the USA and Europe dry for centuries, had long been planning to move their base of operations there. On the bright side, the war didn't last long: it was over as suddenly as it had begun, running a little over a week. The Earth's<sup>12</sup> leaders, psychopaths though they were, seemed to at least have

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<sup>12</sup> **Earth:** small water planet on the edge of the Milky Way galaxy that became the focal point of the monumental, galaxy-wide confrontation known as the Galactic Independence War (2017 – 2029); a war which decided the fate of the entire galaxy and eventually freed it from the four hundred thousand year yoke of the Order of the Serpent. Subsequently, these events thrust the planet into an inadvertent galactic leadership role and, for a little over two millennia now, it has served as Galactic Capital of the Milky Way. It is House Vorlon's planet of origin (via their ancestor and Earth-native, Lord Maxwell John Casey) and was formerly believed to be the central planet of an ancient, and now extinct, civilization from our own Aquarius galaxy. This belief was, until now, deliberately disseminated to the public by the Royal Family in order to safeguard both the real Earth and the Milky Way from further Alien threats. However, as elucidated in the Foreword and Introduction, the King's decision to publish *The Complete and Definitive Milky Way and Aquarius Galactic History Encyclopaedia* meant it was finally time for the citizens of this galaxy to learn about their true place of origin.

sense enough to stop it before it destroyed the planet beyond the point of no repair. They wanted to take over the world after all, so there needed to be *something* left for them to take over.

Nevertheless, a nuclear war, however tame, is still a nuclear war and there were severe consequences for the planet, chief of which was the nuclear smoke that had enveloped the Earth's stratosphere. This prevented about twenty-five percent of the Sun's light from reaching the surface of the Northern Hemisphere and ten percent reaching the Southern one. It was not bad enough to bring the Earthlings to the brink of extinction, but it did create food shortages in certain agricultural-heavy regions of the planet, being that certain crops would no longer grow because of the sharp decline in temperature. It resulted in mass starvation: fifty million people had died from this in the first week alone! There was also the radioactive fallout and toxic smoke to deal with. And, while North America, Russia and China did not suffer much from the abovementioned problems, they could not escape the effects of the damaged ozone layer: skin cancer had suddenly become one of the biggest causes of death all around the world. If we add up the fatalities from the conflict itself, the subsequent starvation, radioactive poisoning and everything else, by year's end the Final War had managed to wipe out almost two and a half billion people.

Since this war had been planned from the very beginning by the Dark Illuminists as a way to both reduce the population (they would've preferred it if the death toll was at least twice as much as it ended up being) and to put their Global Police State into place, their plans were set in motion right after it had ended. The rhetoric plastered all over the Mass Media was that, if there was a One World Government, world war could never happen again. So, in what seemed like no time at all, they had utilized the power of the [United Nations](#) to create a World Government, a World Army and a World Currency. They told the world that these were the essential three prerequisites for achieving lasting global peace. And the world bought it. It bought it hook, line and sinker. Oh, how easy it was to fool the Earthlings back in those days! Like shooting fish in a barrel, as they themselves were fond of saying.

You see, the Dark Ones often played a nifty little trick on the Earth-Humans, known as Problem-Reaction-Solution<sup>13</sup>, a term [coined by the great David Icke](#). The way it worked was as follows: the Ruling Elite would secretly create crisis situations, which would then be blamed on manufactured, external enemies and the true perpetrators of the problem (i.e.: the Dark Elite themselves) would step forward as the supposed "saviors" of their people, offering them a prearranged "solution". Perhaps not surprisingly, of course, the proposed "solution" always brought on further loss of rights and freedoms with it, under the pretense that this would help the government better "protect" its citizens. But, as one would say on Earth, that was complete bollocks!

This sinister technique stemmed from the perverted, self-serving use of the great Occult Truth which says that, throughout the Material Universe, whenever a Living Energy System (be it an individual, a society, a country, a planet, a system, a constellation, a galaxy, etc.) survives and comes out the other end of a crisis (or chaotic) situation, it reorganizes itself into a higher order of existence. In other words, if the organism doesn't die during the crisis, it evolves and, thus, emerges stronger. It is the very stuff of evolution. In fact, the well known Freemasonic<sup>14</sup> motto,

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<sup>13</sup> **Problem-Reaction-Solution:** insidious Covert Control System typically used on Dark Planets to create a desired change in a society without the population ever realizing this change was engineered, behind the scenes, by the Secret Government. As its name suggests, it worked in the following manner: 1) First the Secret Government, by using carefully placed [Controlled Opposition agents](#) in highly influential positions (Politics, Banking, Media, Military, Education, Arts, Health Industry, etc.), would engineer an apparent "problem" in the society, such as a Manufactured War, FFA, Financial Crisis, Health Scare, etc., which the Official Government would then deny. 2) This engineered crisis would create the predictable, and *much* desired, outcry from the public, which would, of course, then run to their government and demand a "solution" to their horrible new "crisis"! 3) Finally the Official Government—which in reality was, of course, controlled by the Secret Government that ultimately answered to the Order of the Serpent—would provide the populace an already predetermined "solution". Only about 5% of any given planet's populace was smart enough to understand this game and realize that the three steps mentioned above were *not at all* random events! Out of this top 5%, most usually did not complain about the situation, some of them chose to side with the enemy and the few who did try to do something to change it, would invariably end up either discredited, financially destroyed, framed, or, in the worst case scenario, murdered. In this way, the hybrid bloodlines on the Dark Planets were able to hold on to their power for seeming perpetuity.

<sup>14</sup> **Freemasonry:** secret society with thirty-three degrees of initiation, modeled on Earth's ancient Occult/Mystery Schools. Officially thought to have originated in 1717, in truth it was much older than this. Though initially a benevolent group and independent from the Illuminati, it was infiltrated completely by the latter at some point the 18<sup>th</sup> century. After this happened, further degrees were added beyond the thirty-third, called the Illuminati degrees, which went up to sixty-six. It was in these degrees that the initiate



Ordo Ab Chao, which means *order out of chaos* in Latin, is derived from this great Truth. This, of course, is where we also get the universally known saying “what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger”.

Now, while it is indeed true that order *does* come out of chaos, it does not, however, mean that this Universal Maxim should be used to covertly *control* people! Nevertheless, the Dark Masonic-Illuminati secret societies did just that. They basically used this secret knowledge of theirs against the masses. They wished to foster a kind of “artificial evolution” on Earth, you see. While, in a certain sense, we *could* say that speeding up the evolution of the planet was beneficial, and hence desirable, what was not desirable, however, was the fact that they attempted to control the *direction* said evolution would take. And, in this way, of course, they controlled the world itself. You see, through their carefully placed agents, they would create chaotic situation after chaotic situation in the world so that they could then replace this manufactured chaos with *their* version of order. Let us use the Final War as an example to show how this was done:

- a) They plan the FFA on New York themselves
- b) They utilize their controlled Mass Media to falsely blame “terrorists” for the attack and, of course, the gullible masses buy it, like the sheep that they are
- c) They then go to war with said terrorists, who in truth have been secretly trained/funded by the Dark Illuminists themselves
- d) This war eventually erupts into a world war, which is what they wanted to happen all along
- e) After the world war, they succeed in getting their long-awaited World Government
- f) Mission accomplished: they have now taken over the world

So, in essence, wanting to achieve f) all along, they perpetrated a) themselves in order to get there. As can be seen in this particular case, they had replaced the manufactured chaos of WW III with the New World Order<sup>15</sup>...*their* New World Order! And, to add insult to injury, most people didn’t even realize this was what had really happened. If only this book had been released *at* that time, as a warning, instead of over two thousand years later, in four thousand, two hundred and seventy six A.D! Had the novel gone viral enough, it could very well have averted the Final War. So this, then, dear reader, is the basic breakdown of Problem-Reaction-Solution. And it worked like a charm for them for centuries, so they kept doing it. As they say on Earth to this day: if something aint broke why fix it?

The Black Magicians knew exactly what they were doing. Even if a segment of the population was indeed waking up to their deceptive ways, they’d, more likely than not, manage to put their NWO in place before the majority had realized there was a plot at all. By then, of course, it would be too late for the masses to stop their inevitable enslavement. See, as outlined in Pike’s<sup>16</sup> *Letter to Mazzini*, the Illuminati had been planning on starting World War III by taking

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learned about the Order of the Serpent and the labyrinth of secret societies set up on the other infiltrated planets of the Milky Way. It is very interesting to note that all but two US Presidents (one of them being John F. Kennedy) were 33<sup>rd</sup> degree Freemasons. Presidents and Prime Ministers of many other countries were also high-ranking Freemasons.

<sup>15</sup> **NWO (New Word Order):** the Illuminati version of a peaceful, One World Government; in truth, nothing more than a Global Police State favoring the super-rich. They had been covertly working on creating their New World for two hundred years before the public –around the turn of the 21<sup>st</sup> century– finally realized what was happening. At this point a great effort was made to brainwash the masses, through the Mass Media, into believing the Illuminati’s World Government was the best one that could possibly exist. But Earthlings were not that easily fooled and, with the help of Lord Casey, eventually derailed the Illuminati’s plot to make Earth a Prison Planet for all time.

<sup>16</sup> **Albert Pike** (1809 – 1891): American 33<sup>rd</sup> Degree Freemason; major Illuminati figure and most celebrated mason in US history; wrote the seminal Freemasonic work, *Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry* (1871). He is noted for having outlined the Illuminati’s plans to create the three major world wars in a letter to Giuseppe Mazzini (the then head of Italian Freemasonry), dated 1871. His reference to the Final War was *uncannily* close to what actually happened almost one hundred and fifty years later. While it was said that this letter was a hoax, put together by detractors of Freemasonry, it also happens to be the most prophetic hoax the Multiverse has yet seen!

advantage of the tensions between Muslims and Jews in the Middle East. Incredibly, even though written almost one hundred and fifty years before the Final War, Pike's instructions seem to have been, well, followed to the *letter*, pardon the pun. All joking aside, by hook or by crook, the Black Magicians got their One World Government in the end!

The worst thing about this World Government was the police: as if it wasn't already bad enough that they'd begun militarizing the Police Forces of the first world nations many years before WW 3 broke out, after the war they virtually merged the Police with the Military within a matter of months. There was little difference between the Police and the World Army anymore. John detested this part the most because, out of all his pet hates, nothing else pushed his buttons more than bullies. And these new Police Officers were just that: professional bullies! It didn't help, of course, that they'd recently been given near unlimited power to arrest whoever they felt like, without having to provide valid legal grounds. It was a direct result of the latest fascist law the newly created World Government had passed, called the Domestic Terrorism Prevention Act. It made the PATRIOT Act<sup>17</sup> look like child's play! All the Dark Luciferians needed now was to take people's guns away. Once that happened, their takeover of planet Earth would be complete. John dreaded this moment, but knew it would soon come.

He was bugged to no end by the fact that the FFA, which had triggered the war that killed off one third of the Earth's population and, in turn, was used to institute the New World Order Global Police State, happened on the day of his graduation. And, even though he'd never told anyone about it, John had seen a dream warning him about the attack on New York months before it occurred. The dream proved to be frighteningly accurate. John could never forgive himself for not trusting his own Intuition. He knew that, had he told people about it on YouTube, maybe some of them would've listened. But it was too late now: what's done was done and he had to live with that.

Even though he'd wanted to expose the Dark Illuminists practically since the first day he found out about them, after New York, his resolve had redoubled. The synchronicities surrounding it were just too great to ignore: for one thing, he only stayed in University because it gave him the time needed to study the Illuminati and the associated subjects. Then there was also the fact that, much like Bill Cooper<sup>18</sup> and Alex Jones<sup>19</sup> had both done with 9/11 before him, John knew there'd be a False Flag Attack on a major US city months before it happened. And, what's more, it happened on his graduation day! All these things put together convinced him that, somehow, he was not destined to be a simple Astrobiologist. While other people embarked on their mundane, soul destroying careers upon graduation, in J.C.'s case, he seemed to have embarked on a lifelong odyssey instead. He was now more determined than ever to expose the Dark

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*"The Third World War must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences caused by the "agentur" of the "Illuminati" between the political Zionists and the leaders of Islamic World. The war must be conducted in such a way that Islam (the Moslem Arabic World) and political Zionism (the State of Israel) mutually destroy each other. Meanwhile the other nations, once more divided on this issue will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion... We shall unleash the Nihilists and the atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the effect of absolute atheism, origin of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil. Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with Christianity, whose deistic spirits will from that moment be without compass or direction, anxious for an ideal, but without knowing where to render its adoration, will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out in the public view. This manifestation will result from the general reactionary movement which will follow the destruction of Christianity and atheism, both conquered and exterminated at the same time."*

<sup>17</sup> **USA PATRIOT Act:** acronym for *Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism Act of 2001*. This Act was created to curtail many of the rights granted by the US Constitution and was presented to the public as a "[response](#)" to the 9/11 FFA. It was a big step towards creating the dictatorial New World Order of the Dark Illuminists, who absolutely *loathed* the US Constitution and forever tried to devise ways of circumventing it.

<sup>18</sup> **Milton William Cooper:** (1943 – 2001) American writer, radio broadcaster and Conspiracy Theorist, who gained fame through his book [Behold a Pale Horse](#) (1991), which had the distinction of being the highest selling, self-published non-fiction book of all time. He apparently must've known what he was talking about because, just like Kennedy and Kubrick before him, he was assassinated by the Shadow Government. As was customary in these types of assassinations, there were vague and conflicting accounts about the death, as no other witnesses, apart from the policemen who killed him, were present on the scene.

<sup>19</sup> **Alexander Emerich Jones:** (1974 – 2124) influential American Truth Researcher and Conspiracy Theorist that was most famous for being the first person to successfully infiltrate Bohemian Grove and capture one of the Occult ceremonies held there on film.

Brotherhood. But let's go back now and see how he stumbled onto the Illuminati subject to begin with...

All the trouble had started due to his love of adventure films in general and science fiction and fantasy in particular; John had always liked sci-fi and fantasy since his early high school years. Interestingly enough, however, he didn't look like a stereotypical "geek". On the contrary, he was handsome, with an athletic physique and stood at six feet two inches. He had his mother's green eyes and his father's jet black hair; these two features only added to his boyish good looks. You see, according to the prevailing idea back then, his six foot two, muscular physique (which had been sculpted from many years of practicing martial arts, specifically Taekwondo and Jiu Jitsu) and handsome visage were seen as the exact antithesis of what a "sci-fi nerd" was *meant* to look like.

This was only a silly stereotype, but a pervasive one nonetheless, so he was not candid about his sci-fi geekness. He especially avoided telling the girls at school (who rather liked him). It would take the Earthlings many years to recognize the true significance science fiction and fantasy held. For they were the main vehicles through which the great Universal Truths –truths that had been suppressed by the Powers That Be– could reach the eyes and ears of very large numbers of people. Like the myths and fairytales of old, sci-fi and fantasy tales had become the *new* carriers of Hidden Knowledge in the twentieth and twenty first centuries. Even if most fans of these stories didn't consciously realize they communicated important Truths about the state of their world and about the Universe, and Life in general, this mattered not. For these tales spoke to people's Subconscious<sup>20</sup> and, in so doing, managed to easily bypass that filter we call the Mind. This was how these paramount Universal Truths were implanted deep inside the psyches of all who came in contact with the stories.

The main reason John was drawn to sci-fi was because, for some strange reason, he'd always felt he didn't belong on Earth and, tried as he did, he just couldn't understand most people's way of thinking. He possessed a rare and remarkable gift, you see: he could perceive things about life that almost no one else could; the little details others never seemed to pay attention to. He would see meaningful patterns where his baffled friends saw only randomness. Needless to say, he thought the vast majority of the planet was rather stupid and backward, and, despite his most valiant efforts, couldn't completely rid himself of this elitist sentiment. All great men go through a similar phase in their formative years and, of course, Lord Casey was no exception. However, most of his friends and relatives didn't care what he thought of them and just believed he was crazy! Nevertheless he still managed to get by just fine with people. But, deep down, he knew there was something very wrong with the world, even though he couldn't work out what this was. John was sure there must've been a far better place waiting for him somewhere out there...amongst the stars.

Sci-fi, to him, was more a way of life than a hobby. It wasn't just fiction to John. For instance, he somehow *knew* there must've been a Galactic Federation out there. He didn't know

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<sup>20</sup> **Subconscious Mind:** the part of an Unenlightened Third-Dimensional Humanoid's Mind that is hidden from their conscious awareness. While the Conscious Mind is governed by and Logical Thought, in contrast, the Subconscious is the abode of Instinct, Fear, "fight or flight" Survival Mechanisms, Sexual desire, etc. The very lowest expression of the Subconscious is encapsulated in the Reptilian Brain and, especially during the 20<sup>th</sup> and early 21<sup>st</sup> centuries, life in the Western societies of Earth was custom designed to continually reinforce this Lower Mind in people. It is of interest to note that the Subconscious is not a separate aspect of the Conscious Mind but, rather, the part of Conscious Mind that is dormant or, one could even say, asleep. The truth is that the Mind of a Humanoid is but one; the term for its unusable "shadow side" has unfortunately created the erroneous impression that there is a distinction between the Subconscious and Conscious. In fact, as the Initiate eradicates (or perhaps re-awakens) more and more of his/her Subconscious, through diligent practice of Meditation, et al, he/she progressively recovers greater amounts of usable Conscious Mind Power and, as a consequence, begins to display a number of seemingly "supernatural" abilities. These abilities, which could be things like increased Intelligence, Clairvoyance, Spiritual Healing Power, Enhanced Strength etc, are not supernatural at all but *very* natural. Sadly, however, Earthbound Humanity was operating at a mere fraction of its full capabilities at this time and the great majority seemed to be averse to any notion of "self-empowerment" whatsoever. Another important thing that must be known about the Subconscious Mind is it can be used to insidiously Mind Control a Humanoid. This is primarily accomplished through the language of symbols and imagery, because this Lower Animal Mind thinks in simple pictures and symbols and not by using Higher Logic, which is based on language and Analytical Thought. Thus the Dark Controllers, who had a sound understanding of how the Mind really functioned (from knowledge they preserved in the various Secret Societies and Mystery Schools), used this knowledge to carry out a well-organized, Mass Brainwashing Operation (see Appendix III) across most of the planet, with the intention of subjugating and steering the Collective Consciousness of Earth towards their own nefarious ends. Hollywood was the primary tool the Dark Illuminists used to accomplish this planet-wide brainwashing.

how he knew; he just did. And there were many other things about the subject of Extraterrestrials he just seemed to “know”. This keen interest in Alien life was what eventually led him to take up Astrobiology at University. Even though he later regretted having done so, this still didn’t negate the fact that it had imparted him with valuable knowledge, which proved to be of great help in his overall mission.

He was particularly fond of *Star Wars*, *The Matrix* and *Dune*, but enjoyed many other things. He liked *Superman*, *Batman* and *Spiderman*, as well as *The X-Files* and other such works. As the reader already knows, all these works (including others mentioned throughout this book) are still popular in our galaxy, over two thousand years later. However, until the publication of *The Complete and Definitive Milky Way and Aquarius Galactic History Encyclopaedia*, the Classics<sup>21</sup> were commonly believed to have originated in an earlier, and now extinct, Aquarius galaxy civilization of which Earth was the capital planet.

After having watched and read many movies, novels and comic books in this genre, he noticed an underlying thread running through most, if not all, of them. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but he could tell they were attempting to communicate Universal Truths, in the manner described earlier. He could see that films like *Independence Day* and *Men in Black*, or series like the *X-Files*, seemed to touch on the, behind-the-scenes, reality extant on Earth at the time, even if presented in a fictional, and sometimes light-hearted, way. However, it was not until he had a powerful synchronicity involving a movie, eight years before the Final War, that his interest in the Illuminati was sparked. In fact it was his first major synchronicity.

You see, the day John first read about the Illuminati (on [www.illuminati-news.com](http://www.illuminati-news.com), an anti-NWO website he stumbled on entirely by accident, while surfing the Net<sup>22</sup> one night) was also the first time he’d watched *Tomb Raider*. It so “happened” that the film had started playing on his bedroom television<sup>23</sup> just as he’d exited the webpage. When, after watching for a while, it emerged that the Illuminati were being portrayed as the primary antagonists, he became intrigued. He found it ominous that the movie had begun while he was engrossed in deep thought, trying to make up his Mind about the veracity of the Illuminati Conspiracy Theories he’d read on the site –and one called **illuminati-news.com** no less! So, of course, that got him thinking.

Why would someone put the Illuminati in a fictional movie? Why, if it were rumored to be a very *real* organization, like the articles on the website claimed, would someone put it in a movie script and pass it off as make-believe? And why *then* (2001 A.D), just when secret information about them was beginning to come out at an exponential rate from a wide variety of sources? All of these “coincidences” could not be ignored, so it didn’t take long for J.C to realize this was a sign from God telling him to take a closer look at the Illuminati subject.

Since he possessed a very methodical and analytical Mind (it is understandable that Lord Casey had a superior intellect, for only the *smartest* of the smart are good enough to be Master Magicians. A fact that the many unsuccessful applicants of the A.A.A.M.A discover every year), he set out to either prove or disprove the existence of the Illuminati for himself through objective research. It was a fresh topic, so he was dispassionate about it; he saw it as an intellectual pursuit, a fascinating subject for him to look into at the time and nothing more. But, before long, he was hooked: after just a few weeks of research on this secret society, he just had to find out what was really going on and wouldn’t stop until he was satisfied. It was an obsession! He needed to get to the bottom of it, even if, in the end, it all turned out to be an invention of paranoid, anti-

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<sup>21</sup> **The Classics:** timeless works of science fiction and fantasy, created on Earth between the 19<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> centuries. Many of these novels, movies, television shows and comic books were allegories of Universal Truths, and of the political and social realities extant on Earth, at the time. As explained in the Introduction, *Lifting the Curse* has deliberately been written in a very similar manner, albeit we have chosen to do away with allegory this time round, deeming it to be unnecessary for our purposes.

<sup>22</sup> **Internet (abr. the Net):** pre-cursor and primitive version of our modern-day Holographic Intranet.

<sup>23</sup> **Television:** pre-cursor and primitive version of our own Dimension Simulators. Unfortunately, on Earth, these devices served a very different purpose than our Simulators, which, as the reader would know, are used solely for entertainment and are under the user’s full control. Instead, the Dark Overlords used them as a means to insidiously influence the Minds and behavior of Earthlings to their own advantage. Virtually every household owned one of these Brainwashing Machines and most Western families spent an *inordinate* amount of time watching the mindless entertainment offered through these devices. You can learn more about these infernal contraptions in Appendix III.

authoritarian, cannabis<sup>24</sup>-smoking Conspiracy Theorists. That's what most people thought the theories were, anyway, and mistook them for paranoia. John knew there was more to it, however, because he could think outside the box.

Upon finding out that, among other things, the Dark Brotherhood also controlled Hollywood<sup>25</sup>, he began to examine other movies to see if they, too, contained any Illuminati references. He soon discovered that almost every major Hollywood film was full of Illuminati symbolism. Stranger, still, was the fact that, in a lot of them, the symbolism had no relation to the storyline whatsoever, but seemed to have been put there solely to create a subliminal effect on the viewer! By far, the most common symbol inserted in the films was the All-Seeing Eye<sup>26</sup> (**Note:** There were many movies on Earth that were replete with Illuminati references and, if mentioned here, would slow down the fiction-like retelling of this true story. However, since this is a history book after all, I have taken the liberty of providing a comprehensive list of these films in Appendix I for research purposes). It soon became obvious to him that many of these films had an insidious, malevolent agenda. One that seemed to be in direct opposition to the few science fiction and fantasy films that attempted to teach the masses Truth and, in some cases, even warn them about the Problem-Reaction-Solution technique (like the ingeniously plotted *Star Wars* Prequels, for instance, which showed how the Emperor Palpatine character engineered crises of all kinds –that culminated in a massive galactic war, both sides of which he secretly controlled– in order to rise from Senator, to Chancellor and, finally, to Emperor).

It seemed like all this was done on purpose, but by whom or why, exactly, he didn't know. Didn't know yet that was. Because this man would, one day, not only expose and defeat the Illuminati, but the head of the snake itself, the Order of the Serpent, which had its invisible

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<sup>24</sup> **Cannabis:** psychoactive drug made from the dried leaves and flowers of the hemp plant (a plant found on Earth and similar planets in the Milky Way and other galaxies, including our own) which induces relaxation and altered states of consciousness when smoked or chewed. The hemp plant also has many amazing healing properties, including –among other things– cancer curing properties, which was why its use was made illegal by the Illuminati-controlled Health Industry. Lord Casey, while not terribly interested in the psychoactive properties of Marijuana (it is an undisputed fact that not a *single* genuine Spiritual Guru in the entire Multiverse has ever advocated that use of marijuana, or similar substances, is a legitimate path to Enlightenment!), was very vocal in his defense of cannabis as a cure for various illnesses and legalized it for medical purposes when he rose to power.

<sup>25</sup> **Hollywood:** the Earth's major movie making center from the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century onwards. It was situated in a district of the US city of California. It is very interesting to note that, on Earth, Magicians' wands were made from the wood of holly trees. In light of this, the name Hollywood takes on a whole new meaning. Clearly the Ruling Elite that controlled it were trying to tell those, who could read between the lines, that Hollywood was the Magick Wand with which they cast their stupefying spell on the unassuming masses.

<sup>26</sup> **All-seeing eye (Eye of Providence):** major symbol of the Illuminati, drawn as an eye within a pyramid. Often the pyramid is also depicted inside a circle. The eye symbolized the Earth's Sun, which was considered by advanced Occultists to be a manifestation of God. According to this, the Sun was a "lesser god" –the god of the Solar System to which Earth belonged. This is actually the literal truth and not merely symbolic, since planets and stars are, in reality, very advanced Spirit Beings. The Illuminati worshiped this star as their god and, by extension, believed their plans for the Earth were also sanctioned by the One God, which was why they used the All-Seeing Eye symbol as frequently as they did (it was their way of saying that God was watching over them and sanctioning their work). However they only worshiped the lower two manifestations of the triune nature of the Sun Spirit: a) the lowest expression of Sol, usually called Satan, or Ahriman, who rules over Materialism and b) Lucifer, who rules over the Intellect. Unfortunately for them, they were thoroughly oblivious to the existence of the highest and most important level: the Christ Consciousness. This is where, of course, Jesus, the Buddha, John Casey and other, lesser known, Christed Ones gained their considerable advantage over the Illuminati and were able to triumph over them. The Sun was also representative of the Male Energy; the Creative force of the Universe. Thus, Illuminati Sun-worship was synonymous with the worship of Male Energy, which would explain the overabundance of phallic symbols found in their various sacred sites around the planet (obelisks in particular). There would have been nothing wrong with this, however, if it was done properly but, unfortunately, since the Dark Ones insisted there was no Christ Realm, all they were really doing was worshipping the Materialistic Forces of their world, as all Black Magicians –whatever planet/galaxy they may be found on– do. These forces have been also known as: the Dark Side, Satan, etc. In light of this explanation, it can be easily seen why Satan was, among other names, also called the "Lord of this World" by Earthlings for, clearly, we are dealing with the Lower Materialistic Forces of Creation. The more esoteric researchers on the subject claimed that the self-proclaimed Illuminated Ones worshipped the Dark Side of the Sun, which is a fitting description indeed. By the time Lord Casey embarked on his mission, the Masculine Energy of Materialism on Earth –lacking any connection to Higher Spiritual Planes– had greatly overpowered that of the Feminine Energy (which, as we know, of course, traditionally resonates to Spirit) and was very close to destroying the planet. The outward manifestations of the Hidden Elite's marked inability to see much further than but the lowest of Spiritual Planes (the ones just a shade above the corporeal world) were: War, Environmental Destruction and Crime –all manifesting on a planet-wide scale. This was the old paradigm refusing to give way to the new one, even though the "new paradigm" had been *already* announced to the world, wholesale, by Master Jesus –an embodiment of the true Christ Spirit– two thousand years prior to the tumultuous period we are covering in this book. The millennia-old, Male dominated, Hierarchical and Materialistic status quo had become a monster that was very close to devouring the whole of the Earth and, so, a new Christed One was needed in order to restore the balance again.

tentacles clutched around three quarters of the Milky Way's civilized worlds. Exposing their proxy on Earth was just the beginning for Casey. For he was destined, it seemed, to rid his entire galaxy of this cancer that had no cure until he surfaced from obscurity out of a backwater planet, most of whose inhabitants believed they were the most advanced life forms in the *whole* of Creation. Were they in for a shock!

While this disturbing occurrence with the Hollywood movies had done much in the way of convincing him about the reality of the Illuminati Grand Conspiracy, he still had a long way to go. He became more and more engrossed in his research until it reached a point where he was neglecting the rest of his life –some days not even hunger or fatigue would interrupt his painstaking web searches or New Age<sup>27</sup> and Occult bookstore raids. Fortunately he'd just gotten into college when his obsession with the Illuminati began (he'd first watched the Tomb Raider film about six months prior to that). And, while he still managed to get okay grades, they were never quite as good as they had once been in high school. He had little time for homework those days: there were far more important things to focus on. So he learned more about the Illuminati through YouTube videos, websites, books, radio shows, DVDs, magazines...and from anywhere else he could (**Note:** a comprehensive list of these materials is provided in Appendix II). His skepticism soon collapsed under the enormous amount of evidence, which proved the mind boggling Conspiracy Theory without a doubt! John was now convinced, but found it *unbearable* that almost no one else could see what he could.

The majority of Earthlings were oblivious, just as they are depicted in *The Matrix* when Agent Smith, looking down on a crowded city street through the window of a skyscraper, says to a shackled Morpheus, "*Billions of people, just living out their lives...oblivious.*" Knowing what John knew now, he saw that movie in a completely different light. Smith was referring to Humanity's total nescience of the Matrix's existence, which, in the film, symbolized the real-life slavery the Illuminati had created on Earth. In the movie, there were those few who were "unplugged", but the vast majority hadn't the faintest idea they were being used as batteries to sustain the very Matrix that had enslaved them! It was the same with the Humans of John's world: the great majority were Sleepers, who had not a *clue* that their beautiful home was in fact a Prison Planet. One was a movie, the other was real life; and he couldn't tolerate it happening in real life!

J.C knew what would happen if the Dark Cabal was not stopped: they ultimately wanted to microchip every Human Being on the planet. Even if people resisted to it, at first, the Illuminati would push on with their nefarious agenda regardless and, if need be, kill any and all dissenters. Subsequent generations born into this system would think it to be the norm, thus giving the Black Magicians a free pass to microchip people at birth without meeting any resistance! These chips had the ability to control a person's thoughts, which would've reduced the Earth-Humans to little more than a race of robots existing solely to serve their Elite Masters (much like it is shown in *The Matrix*, as described above). John knew he had to stop it before it got to that point. Foreknowledge of this Microchipping Conspiracy was what had given him the initial impetus to start his YouTube channel a few years back. This is what gave him the drive, the stamina, the *will* to carry on his quest to both learn and teach Higher Truth to others via the Internet! *The people need to know. If they take over our Minds, we're finished; the planet is theirs for good!*

However, despite his unrelenting passion and drive to warn the world about the Grand Conspiracy, John felt that having a YouTube channel or a website somehow wasn't enough. And he believed this applied to everybody, not just to him. While there were hundreds of fabulous researchers, authors and speakers dealing with these subjects all over the world, he wasn't satisfied with the impact their work was having on the planet at large. Something was missing; he could see there was no real change forthcoming: the same International Banking Families were

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<sup>27</sup> **New Age:** of or relating to the New Age Movement, a Spiritual/Philosophical movement that began in the mid to late 20<sup>th</sup> century, which rejected outmoded Piscean ideals and worked towards ushering in the New Aeon of Aquarius. Many misleading, false gurus, however, sprung out of it and a lot of the New Age philosophies were too abstract to be of any practical use. The Hidden Controllers did this by design in order to pacify the New Age adherents, while giving them the false impression that they were being empowered. Even though, in large part, it was created and controlled by the Illuminati, it was still a very positive movement that was instrumental in preparing the masses for the inevitable cosmic changes that lay ahead and in providing a breeding ground for all manner of anti-Illuminati activities. At some point, however, the Earthlings realized it was just another Illuminati attempt at creating an Organized Religion, whose purpose was to weaken/control instead of empower people.



still in power, the same Political Dynasties still held the highest positions of office in the senates and parliaments of the world, the Police and Military were still used as the bully-enforcers of the Dark Cabal's every whim and so on and so forth, ad nauseam. J.C sometimes thought the only thing that had really changed, compared to, say, a generation or two before his time, was that people now knew the *names* of the criminals that were screwing them! But they were still slaves, same as they were fifty years previous to this realization.

He'd eventually concluded that the problem boiled down to this: most people did not want to accept the Multi-Dimensional nature of the Grand Conspiracy. But, like it or not, this was the reality of the situation and the only way the Earth-Humans could be truly freed from their slavery, was to *become* Multi-Dimensional themselves through making direct contact with the Higher Self<sup>28</sup>! However, to try and convince the bulk of the population that, at its highest levels, the conspiracy was Multi-Dimensional was no easy task. The thing is that the Illuminati had done a fantastic job of suppressing or ridiculing any reports of "paranormal" or "metaphysical" phenomena. So the general public, being conditioned in this way, couldn't accept these things were valid, perfectly natural occurrences. However, in order for one to properly understand the Illuminati problem, it was essential to realize metaphysical phenomena were quite real and *quite* normal. Sadly though, while many people were quick to recognize that Political Conspiracies were commonplace, whenever the evidence suggested there was *more* than just a Five Sense, 3D element to the Grand Conspiracy, the usual, knee-jerk reaction would be to dismiss the whole thing as a hoax, over-exaggeration, crack-pot theory or whatever else.

And this was, of course, due to Cognitive Dissonance<sup>29</sup>, which was a very big problem in those days. If only people on Earth, at the time, knew how real Magick and Sorcery were. If only they knew their *entire* planet was controlled by Dark Magick and they were, all of them, under a sinister Black Magick Spell...unknowingly kept in a perpetual, Global Mass Hypnosis, even as they scoffed at the notion of Magick being real. It was right under their noses all along and, yet, they saw it not! Unbelievable as it may seem to us now, this was the situation on planet Earth back then and the majority of its inhabitants believed it to be a perfectly normal state of affairs. Imagine that. Just imagine it for a moment, dear reader! It's not hard to see that these poor people were in dire need of saving and, of course, John Casey was sent by Providence for this very purpose.

And, since we got started on this particular topic by talking about the sci-fi and fantasy genre, mention must be made of the fact that John had also become aware of the deep Truths embedded within popular masterworks such as *The Lord of the Rings*, *Star Wars*, etc. It was obvious that these works did not just teach the viewer about things like Problem-Reaction-Solution, as mentioned earlier. There was much more being shown in them, if only one had eyes to see: Sauron...Sauroman...Darth Sidious...Darth Vader; all of them Black Magicians,

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<sup>28</sup> **Higher Self:** a Third-Dimensional Being's True Self or Spirit, which is immortal, all-knowing and all-powerful. It is the direct connection to Source, or Prime Creator, and is what animates a Sentient Being's Physical Body and gives it its higher intelligence. The Earth-Humans of John Casey's day had almost completely forgotten about the Higher Self and, instead, were mostly concerned with *external* things, thus focusing their lives on the acquisition of material wealth, status, sexual gratification, etc. This was the reason that depression and suicide rates were at an all time high in those days, since a Sentient Being can *never* truly be happy until they awaken their innate connection to Prime Creator. This is why Lord Casey had a burning desire to develop a workable technique/system/technology with which to easily prove the existence of the Spiritual World to anyone, even the biggest skeptic. Just as with Earth back then, most 3D, Incarnated Beings, throughout the universes of Creation, are similarly unaware that they are their Higher Self, which they cannot sense and, instead, identify with their Physical Bodies. This problem can be overcome with the dedicated practice of Meditation (or a similar technique of the Adept's choice), which, over time, allows the practitioner to become aware of their True Nature and directly communicate with their Higher Self, which is, in turn, their direct link to God. The phenomenon of awakening the Higher Self was known on Earth as becoming Enlightened, awakening the Christ Consciousness or awakening the Buddha.

<sup>29</sup> **Cognitive Dissonance:** mental anguish caused by holding two contradictory beliefs in one's Mind simultaneously. This may, at first sight, seem like the very definition of insanity and that's because it's not very far from it. You see, the lies that Earthlings had been filled with were so numerous and so dark that they had been embedded *very* deep within the majority of the population's psyches! So Cognitive Dissonance was to be the expected reaction when one was confronted with Truth. A sort of madness whereby a person, on the one hand, knows, deep down, they are being told the truth, yet, paradoxically, on the other, is still **compelled** to cling onto their old Mind Programming Patterns! Thus it was often near impossible to wake the average person up to what was really going on behind the scenes of the world stage. Their immediate, instinctual reaction would be to revert back to the LIES they were taught by the Unholy Trinity of Organized Religion, Education and Mass Media! It was only *after* these three Mind Control Institutions were completely dismantled and built anew that the inhabitants of Earth began to slowly see the light again.

Satanists<sup>30</sup>; all of them trying to take over an entire world, or an entire *galaxy*, through use of their Dark Magick! This was no coincidence, nor was the fact that Tolkien<sup>31</sup> had based his books on ancient myths like Atlantis<sup>32</sup>, Lemuria<sup>33</sup> and so on. But were these *just* myths? Did Lucas<sup>34</sup> and Tolkien know more than they let on? And were they trying to warn Earthlings about the Grand Conspiracy through their epic tales? Why do the Sith have an uncanny similarity (to say the least) to the Illuminati and to the Order of the Serpent in general? These were burning questions John needed to answer, but wasn't sure how to go about it other than asking the head of the Illuminati himself.

As time went on and he understood more about the conspiracy, he realized the ultimate solution would be to find a foolproof way of snapping any given person out of even the most

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<sup>30</sup> **Satanist:** individual that worshipped Satan, who, according to Earthlings, was the master of all Evil Spirits, or the Adversary of God. This name (Satan) was merely one of many labels used to describe the great collective of Evil Spirits that exists throughout Creation and gives a Black Magician his or her powers. This Dark Force has in fact been known by a multitude of names throughout different historical eras, civilizations, planets and galaxies, and has been personified by many different images. But, just like there is ultimately only *one* God, there is only one Adversary of God. A diabolical Illuminati ploy, however, had fooled many Earthlings (especially New Agers, pagans, Wiccans and so forth) into believing Satan was merely an invention of Christianity and did not, in fact, exist, while at the same time *they* (the Illuminati) worshiped this Dark Force, in secret. Various Illuminati-controlled, New Age/nature-worshipping religions that began surfacing in the mid-twentieth century tried to convince people that the Christian idea of Satan was contrived only to give power to the Christian Church, which needed an enemy in order to justify its existence. While it *is* true that the Christian Church gained much of its power through capitalizing on this fear, it does not necessarily mean the Vatican **invented** this Being out of thin air. It may have exploited peoples' fear of it, yes, but the Evil Spirit known to Earthlings as Satan, the Devil, Ahriman, etc., was definitely real and existed independently from Christianity, because it is part of the natural order of things. All the Church did was give a new name to something that was already there, so, whether one believed in its existence or not had no bearing on the fact that this Dark Force was, and is, real. There was a popular proverb on Earth that said, "The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was proving that he doesn't exist." This was the Collective Consciousness of the planet subconsciously picking up on the Great Lie.

<sup>31</sup> **John Ronald Reuel Tolkien:** (1892 – 1973) English author, who became famous for writing *The Lord of the Rings*, 20<sup>th</sup> century Earth's definitive fantasy novel. He had admitted to close friends that, when he wrote, the words seemed to flow out effortlessly as if it were not him that was writing them. So, in a sense, much of his masterwork was received via a process of Automatic Writing. This certainly makes sense, for, just like *Star Wars* or *The Matrix*, *The Lord of the Rings* was rife with very strong allusions to the Illuminati situation on Earth. And, of course, it is immaterial whether or not the bulk of the fans consciously noticed this, at the time: the stories primarily spoke to peoples' Subconscious. The book you are now reading belongs in exactly the same category; however, the difference with *Lifting the Curse* –and with all subsequent books to come in this Galactic History Series– is that the author of this work admits, from the outset, that the (seemingly) fictional story presented is based on Cosmic Truths. This is because, in our case, there is no time to waste. We needn't take the back door into our readers' Minds, through their Subconscious, like the movie-makers and authors of 20<sup>th</sup> century Earth did. The people must learn the Truth in a straight-forward fashion at this point in of our history, for, unlike the Illuminati, we have *nothing* to hide.

<sup>32</sup> **Atlantis:** ancient civilization that existed between approx. 50,000 and 10,500 BC. It was a huge island situated in the Atlantic Ocean and ruled over most of the Earth during the height of its power. It was very prosperous and the most technologically advanced nation of its time, but lagged behind Spiritually, which was the root cause of its downfall. Just before its destruction, a cabal of ambitious men in the highest places of government turned to Black Magick practices in order to gain more power over their fellow Humans. They knew not what they did, however, for they unwittingly awakened an ancient Evil that possessed them and worked through them to take over Atlantis and, then, the whole planet. This was the birth of the Dark Illuminati, who reopened the Interdimensional Gates that brought the Archons (Demonic Beings that controlled the higher echelons of the Order of the Serpent's hierarchal pyramid) through to the Earth Plane for the second time. Not soon after, the once-great island Empire ended up being swallowed by the sea in a cataclysmic flood. This was the result of the Illuminati's warped experiments with Atlantean Crystal Technology, who, in their mad quest for world domination, had attempted to bend Natural Laws and paid a heavy price.

<sup>33</sup> **Lemuria:** ancient civilization that existed prior to, and during, the time of Atlantis. It emerged around 400,000 BC and died out at about 13,000 BC. It was located in the South Pacific Ocean between North America and Australasia and was also known as Mu. Lemurians were more Spiritually inclined, as opposed to the technologically predisposed Atlanteans.

<sup>34</sup> **George Walton Lucas, Jr.:** (1138 –) immortal Spiritual Master, originally hailing from the enigmatic planet, THX, who had inconspicuously assumed the public persona of the mild mannered Hollywood film-maker, George Lucas, between AD 1971 and 2012, in order to help the Earth make it through to the next evolution in consciousness. During this time he managed to achieve complete independence from the Hollywood System, becoming the greatest movie-maker in Milky Way history in the process. Because of this artistic freedom, he was free to insert many clues about the Illuminati –and about Occult Truths, in general– in his films, with the specific intention of countering the Cabal's relentless Mass Brainwashing Operation (see Appendix III), which was done mainly via their favorite Mind Control tool, Hollywood. He was primarily known for his *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* film franchises, which presented hidden truths within the backdrop of exciting fictional tales (much like the book you are reading at this very moment does). It may also be of interest to certain readers that, due to his highly developed skills in White Magick, Mr. Lucas served Lord Casey as a general in the Galactic Independence War. Some time after the war, he got bored with the Milky Way and relocated to another galaxy, far, far away. When he arrived there, he happened to show *Star Wars* to the less evolved natives and, after explaining to them that he had developed the saga himself, they unanimously decided he was a god and appointed him Galactic Emperor. He even got them to make real lightsabers for him at some point. However, his benevolent reign almost came to an end, when a rebel faction was formed by a group of people that had seen his film, *Howard the Duck*, and decided he was an evil god. But it wasn't long before he quelled that insignificant rebellion by using his unlimited power and, thus, creating a safe and secure society again.



severe case of Cognitive Dissonance. If he could accomplish something like this, he knew it would be revolutionary! The ideal scenario would be to be able to offer objective proof of the Higher Spiritual Realms to skeptics at the push of a button, so to speak. That way the truth about the Higher Dimensions would spread like wildfire among the people, creating a Spiritual Renaissance the likes of which the Earth had never before seen! J.C had been hard at work trying to figure this out for at least a couple of years before the New York FFA and, in recent months, had formulated a rudimentary idea that showed considerable promise. However, it was still too early to tell for sure if it worked. So he put it on the backburner for a later date, choosing, instead, to focus on his ongoing attempt to expose the Dark Illuminati Brotherhood to as wide an audience as possible.

Oppressors can tyrannize only when they achieve a standing army, an enslaved press and a disarmed populace.

– *James Madison*

Willenskraft, NY, USA,

December 11<sup>th</sup>, 2015

9:02 p.m

Like every other night, John was in front of the computer tonight doing research. And, after getting bored, he started fantasizing about how exciting it would be to have a lifestyle similar to that of Indiana Jones', Jack O' Neil's, or Flash Gordon's. Unbeknownst to him at the time, he would indeed one day become something of a combination of these two classic heroes and more. He then heard the familiar chime of the Yahoo message notification. He went into his inbox.

## ● I have Above Top Secret information for you!

From: otto87@yahoo.de

Today at 9:02 PM

To: me

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Hello Truth Warrior,

I have been following your YouTube channel for a while. I'm a big fan. I've heard you mention several times that you believe only hard evidence of the conspiracy will convince the masses and I agree 100%! I think I may have come across such evidence and I think you are the perfect man to hand it over to. But I can't say much on here. they're watching me. They'll probably read this email even before you do! Do you have messenger?

Otto S

John replied and told him he was happy to talk on Yahoo messenger. They soon continued the conversation there.

**Truthwarrior90:** hi Otto, thank you for the kind words. what do you have for me?

**Otto87:** Top secret information that was obtained at great cost. It's the real deal. I need to get it out to the public and I have chosen you for the job

**Truthwarrior90:** why me??

**Otto87:** Because you're on the right track. You understand what's really going on

**Truthwarrior90:** how do i know ur for real tho? if i had a dime for every person that emailed me telling me they're a genuine insider...

**Otto87:** Please, I'm not one of those. A man died to get this information to me! I am also putting myself in danger just by talking to you. This is very serious

**Truthwarrior90:** ok, let's say i believe you. what does this information pertain to?

**Otto87:** It's difficult to say, since it's coded. But I know part of it has to do with secret underground bases, alien-human cloning, etc

**Truthwarrior90:** jesus! you're talking about DUMBs<sup>35</sup> aren't you?

**Otto87:** Yes. And, if this info gets out to the public, they are finished!

**Truthwarrior90:** who are "they" exactly??

**Otto87:** Must we really play this game? You know who they are. The ones you've wanted to expose for years now

**Truthwarrior90:** the illuminati!

**Otto87:** Of course. The rabbit hole goes deeper than you can possibly imagine, however

**Truthwarrior90:** oh, i have quite a vivid imagination

**Otto87:** When you see what I have to show you, you will understand what I mean

**Truthwarrior90:** speaking of which, how *will* you give me the documents, or whatever it is u wanna give me?

**Otto87:** I am coming to the US in 2 days. I've already booked a flight; I'll be at JFK early Sunday morning. When can we meet?

**Truthwarrior90:** wow, youre not playin around. i guess anytime after 10 am is good for me

**Otto87:** What about midday then? It needs to be in a public place obviously

**Truthwarrior90:** sure, works for me. i don't live too far from jfk actually, and i wouldnt mind going for a sunday morning ride. how bout we meet somewhere halfway? if you get on NY 27 and head east, there's a diner a few miles before the meadowbrook state parkway intersection, called dominoes. you cant miss it

**Otto87:** I'll be there!

**Truthwarrior90:** so how will i recognize you?

**Otto87:** I'll email you just before I arrive and let you know

**Truthwarrior90:** alright but fb is easier. my fb name is JC Truthwarrior

**Otto87:** okay. I'll send you a friend request a little later. See you in a couple of days

**Truthwarrior90:** bye

John wondered whether or not this person was genuine. Either way, he had to satisfy his curiosity now, so he wanted to meet him and see what would happen. He researched DUMBs for the next few hours until he went to bed.

This Sunday morning's breakfast table had the usual delicacies on offer: sarcasm, criticism and his father's bad jokes. Even though John's parents thought Conspiracy Theories were crazy and his YouTube channel was silly, maybe even a little subversive, they could see that this bizarre hobby of his had done much in the way of helping him get over his PTSD from New York, so they let him be. Except for breakfast time that is. During breakfast, they would often have conversations about him and, much to his annoyance, spoke about J.C as if he wasn't even there! Today was one of those mornings.

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<sup>35</sup> **DUMBs:** acronym for Deep Underground Military Bases. These were high-tech underground bases the Cabal had built all over the planet. Their main purpose was to house the Dark Elite in the event of a surface world disaster, whether natural or man made. Secondary purposes were: conducting Human-Alien cross-breeding experiments, ritualistically sacrificing, and then eating, young children, etc.

“He’ll find his way eventually, Sarah.” said John’s father, a handsome, square jawed, fifty year old man with grey hair. He was very fit for his age and sported a military crew cut. He bore a strong resemblance to the actor, [Kyle MacLachlan](#); it would take John years to see the cosmic irony in this, however. The dark eyes under his frown were thoughtful. He lifted his head up from the morning paper, turned left towards his wife, and continued, “He’s got more brains than both of us put together; he only needs to find a constructive outlet for his talents. One that can *hopefully* pay the bills.”

“True. I’m sure that YouTube channel of his is just another phase he’s going through,” his mom said, “just like when he wanted to be a Rock Star a few years ago, remember?” she then turned left and gave her son a condescending look, with a smile to match. A moment later she looked down at her plate again and sighed as she continued to play with the last remaining hash brown, moving it back and forth with her fork.

His mother was a typical all-American blonde. A local beauty queen in her younger years, she was forty-five, but could easily pass for thirty-five. People often assumed she and John were siblings. Her green eyes were her most striking feature. And, again, as if by some grand design that John was not aware of at the time, she looked a lot like the actress, Linda Hamilton, who’d played [John Connor](#)’s mother in *Terminator 2*. Isn’t it funny how these things work?

“Ha! Oh yeah,” he looked straight across at John, “remember when you used to dress up like Ace Frehley, Jack? What was that tribute band called again...*kiss* something? I think the second guitarist was that Kyle kid that thought he could do Teleki –”

“Kiss My Ass!” snapped John and jumped out of his seat. His conservative mother almost choked on the last hash brown and her husband gave her a sturdy pat on the back.

“Oh, yeah, that’s right. I always liked that name; clever pun. Hey, where are you going, kiddo? You didn’t finish your panca –”

“I suddenly lost my appetite,” said J.C as he walked out of the kitchen and headed towards the front door, “gee, I wonder why?”

“C’mon, buddy, what’s gotten into you today? You know I’m a kidder, same as you. I just wanted to lighten things up a lit –” the front door slammed shut before his father could finish.

Sarah Casey looked to her right at her husband and put a hand to his right shoulder. “That’s okay, Paul, leave him alone. He’ll be fine, he just needs more time. We promised to give him space after what happened in New York and we have to *keep* that promise.” Paul nodded in agreement and gave her a somber look.

John raced along the Meadowbrook Parkway; he looked down at the Ducati 848’s speedometer: 90 mph! He had never gone this fast before. Until this day, he’d barely gone over seventy miles an hour. But today was different; today was the first anniversary of the vision he’d received that warned him about the attack on New York a full five months in advance. The fact that he doubted his own vision and decided not to tell anyone about it had been slowly eating away at him since that fateful Wednesday back in May. Thousands of people had died at Yankee Stadium, many of them people he knew personally. He felt he somehow had to make up for this failure, and meeting with Otto today could be the perfect way to do so. If his info was genuine and John helped put it out there, he would finally be able to redeem himself.

He knew the risks involved with meeting a total stranger from the Internet, but figured a crowded diner in the middle of the day was about as safe as safe could be. It was worth showing up, especially if the total stranger from the Internet was going to give him what he’d promised. Then he got to thinking about what his mysterious German friend had written in the email: *you believe only hard evidence of the conspiracy will convince the masses*. He truly did think hard evidence of the conspiracy was paramount; second only to offering people undeniable proof of the Spiritual Realms’ existence. Obtaining the evidence that would prove the Grand Conspiracy –at least on a Five Sense level anyway– would be great, but he knew he’d need a miracle to accomplish something like this. And miracles were hard to come by those days, regardless of

what various New Age Gurus babbled on about. Yes, even in the Age of Aquarius<sup>36</sup>, the so-called Golden Age, things didn't always turn out how our ancestors wanted them to...unless one utilized the power of Magick that is.

Then again, even while John had been well aware of the power inherent in the Occult Arts, he hadn't read many books on Magick and Witchcraft, because he didn't believe the mainstream publications on the subject were any good. As far as he was concerned, the Advanced Magickal Teachings he wanted to get his hands on were not available to the general public. The Illuminati Overlords had made sure of that! Their power stemmed directly from their mastery of the Dark Arts, you see, and, having been subjugated by means of Dark Occult Power, the entire planet would forever remain under this hypnotic, slow death until the curse was lifted! So they went to great lengths to keep the highest secrets of Magick safely out of Humanity's reach in case people might, one day, use that knowledge against their masters and topple them from their usurped thrones.

He knew, all too well, that the only chance he had at defeating the Cabal was through using this secret Occult Knowledge against them. But, as much as he wanted to be like Indiana Jones – fighting the Nazis<sup>37</sup> and going on exotic treasure hunts all over the world– he was just plain old John. Indy was a fictional character. The Illuminati and the Nazis were not, however, and that was a problem. *Out of reach or not, I somehow need to find a way to get my hands on their arcane texts, because New Age bookstore Magick will get me nowhere!* This got him thinking back to the first time he'd realized the New Age Movement was just another Prison Religion.

Due to his huge interest in the Occult and Spirituality, John had studied some New Age philosophies and, interesting as they were, he sensed the invisible hand of the Illuminati behind them. The majority of what he'd read was as fatalistic as Christianity<sup>38</sup>. The only difference was that they'd replaced the childish, fairy tale-like notion of Master Jesus returning from the skies like Superman to save Humanity, with the idea that, in December two thousand and twelve, everything wrong with the world would somehow miraculously mend itself without anybody having to lift a damn finger! It was that same old theme being rehashed again; a theme that had been used on numberless words throughout the Milky Way's long history. And, while it had worn innumerable masks in the form of the myriad cults, religions and "isms" of all kinds that sprung up around the galaxy, it conveyed the same, unchanging message: *"Don't worry. We'll take care of you because you are clueless and powerless."* John would've had a stroke if he found out how long this insidious Covert Control System had been in place and on *how* many other planets besides Earth it had been implemented on.

Yes, dear reader, incredulous as it may sound, that's how the masses on Earth were conditioned. And those who didn't fall for the Old Religions were sedated with a new kind of drug instead: the New Age Movement! While, as mentioned in the relevant footnote in the previous

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<sup>36</sup> **Age of Aquarius:** astrological Age (or Aeon) of Earth, which started somewhere between 1960 and 2000 AD, and reached the zenith of its energetic output, or critical mass, if you will, on December 21<sup>st</sup>, 2012. The Dark Ones subsequently did all in their power to MINIMIZE the effects of the resultant, inpouring Cosmic Energies. Our galaxy was named after it, since the great changes this Age caused on Earth and, by consequence, in the Milky Way were what made its discovery possible. Astrological Ages on Earth are approximately 2,200 Earth-years long and they occur in the reverse order of Earth's Twelve Astrological Signs. These Signs are, in order, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius and Pisces. So the Age of Pisces preceded the Age of Aquarius and was, in turn, preceded by the Age of Aries and so on. Astrological Ages affect a planet's Cultural/Spiritual evolution and the traits ascribed to the Astrological Sign of a particular Age are visible in all aspects of life on the planet in question. The basic traits of the Sign of Aquarius, for instance, are: altruism, rebellion against authority, unconventional behavior, radical, near-miraculous scientific discoveries, sudden change and the quest to discover the Higher Truth underlining all things. These traits *exactly* mirrored what happened on Earth during that Age. Currently on Earth, the Age of Capricorn has replaced the Age of Aquarius and it is as tumultuous a time as it was during the first century of Aquarius.

<sup>37</sup> **Nazi Party:** (1919 – 1945) German right-wing political party led by Adolf Hitler, which he used as a vehicle to become Chancellor of Germany and transform the country into the Third Reich, a militant totalitarian regime. From its inception, the Nazi Party was steeped into a particularly dangerous and bizarre brand of the Occult –a fact that was discovered by historians decades later. This eventuated into the Third Reich's complete descent into Black Magick, which, in turn, resulted in the near total destruction of Earth via the Nazi-instigated Second World War.

<sup>38</sup> **Christianity:** religion based on the life and teachings of the greatest White Magician and Light Warrior of the Piscean Age, Master Jesus the Christ. The Great Master's [True teachings](#), however, were either altered or kept secret throughout the centuries and, so, the tenets of Christianity ended up bearing little resemblance to them. These teachings were originally intended to empower the Earthlings who followed them, and not enslave them even further to the dark gods of the Illuminati –something that Christianity excelled at doing.

chapter, it was more or less a positive movement, the majority of New Age Thought was too vague to be of any practical, real-life value. Even though the New Age philosophies and healing modalities were presented to the masses as being life-changing and empowering, closer examination, however, demonstrated that, by and large, they were nothing of the sort. Aside from good old-fashioned Meditation<sup>39</sup>, most everything else practiced by New Agers was, quite frankly, a waste of time. In some ways, the movement was even more effective than Christianity in making spineless victims out of people.

Speaking of spineless victims, John had recently figured out he'd been a Light Warrior<sup>40</sup> all along, as opposed to a Light Worker<sup>41</sup>, New Age disinfo<sup>42</sup> notwithstanding. Around a year prior to

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<sup>39</sup> **Meditation:** Spiritual practice that uses various techniques, which cause a temporary stilling of the practitioner's Mind or, in other words, stop it from thinking. Beginners always find it *very* difficult to do this, as it apparently asks the impossible of them. This is why it took many, many years for all Earthlings to embrace Meditation and make it as important to their daily lives as food and sleep were. Intelligent Life Forms experiencing the Third Dimension that are new to Meditation believe it is impossible to stop their Minds from thinking, even if for a short time. But *this* is the Grand Illusion, however, for "thinking" (as Third Dimensional Beings know it) is what literally creates their illusory Low Density world, which blinds them from the higher True Reality. Their thoughts about what is true, and what is not, continuously *create* that reality, without them being aware of this, of course. This is why Meditation is universally considered by all Mystics to be the most important thing a Third-Dimensional Being can do. It is the best way to see through the fog of Third Density "reality", because when one is able to completely stop thinking, at will, it is only then that the individual perceives there is something else behind his or her Mind and –more importantly– can begin to communicate with that "something" *directly*. In other words: Meditation is the best way to commune with God, when in the lowest world of His Creation, the Third Dimension. As one advances in his/her Meditation practice/s, awareness of Realms other than the Third Dimension becomes more acute and an ever-greater mastery over daily life is also achieved (since "everything is in the Mind" and Meditation strengthens the Mind like nothing else can). The only draw back with it is that it is impossible to describe in words what an advanced Meditator perceives, because the things seen, felt and heard belong to a Higher Plane than that of the Intellect. The only way for one to know is to try it for themselves! Unfortunately this deters many a beginner from attempting the practice, since they are never told exactly what it is they will gain from it. Apart from the most *extraordinary* benefit of waking one up from the Spiritual stupor that is the Third Dimension, Meditation also has many other more "mundane" benefits, like strengthening the immune system, raising the I.Q and relieving stress, to name but a few. All this notwithstanding, Earthlings –*especially* in the Western nations– took a long time to universally accept Meditation for what it was.

<sup>40</sup> **Light Warrior:** individual who volunteered before birth to help the Earth and its inhabitants ascend to a higher Level of Consciousness; Warrior Mystic that has balanced the Masculine-Feminine Energies within and, thus, uses both the Active Masculine and the Passive Feminine Energies in a complementary fashion, which is the correct way they were intended to be used in the first place. Many Light Warriors were born with enhanced Psychic Abilities and *all* of them were more loving and compassionate than ordinary and, hence, many had very easily fallen for the shallow New Age/Hippie teachings of Peace and "Love & Light". These people had a burning desire to help the planet move into the higher Frequency Band of the New Aeon of Aquarius and felt an inner unrest until they found their true calling. They were Old Souls, meaning they had had more incarnations than the majority of the ensouled forms on Earth, at the time, and, therefore, had learned more Life Lessons than the average person, which, of course, made them more advanced than the general masses. They were the ones who helped bring the Truth to the world at the grass roots level. However, knowing in advance that these noble Defenders of the Light would, one day, incarnate into the planet in ever increasing numbers, the Illuminati created the New Age Movement in response (if not creating it outright, they, at the very least, co-opted it at some point), which was used as a way to reduce these powerful and, in theory, unstoppable Noble Warriors into frightened, easily controllable little slaves! Thus the *fundamentally* flawed concept of the passive Light Worker (who rejects the inherent harshness of Objective Reality [it is recommended to re-watch "[Desert of the Real](#)" scene in *The Matrix* film to get a stunning visual representation of this paramount concept] simply because he/she lacks the requisite testicles, so to speak, to face said Objective Reality) was born, which, fortunately or unfortunately, is expanded upon below.

<sup>41</sup> **Light Worker:** former Light Warrior, who was reduced to a mere shadow of what they could have potentially been; these people were thrown off their *true* Life Mission by the massive Psy Op that was known as the New Age Movement. You see, contrary to what the [New Age Bullshit](#) peddled to the Earthlings, the planet was *not* to be freed from the Reptilian yoke by just passively sending "Love and Light" out into the Ether and expecting said Dark Entities to magickally "transmute themselves into Light". No! While there is certainly a time and place for the passive, Love and Light Energies (after all, Intelligent 3D Life Forms have an equal amount of Masculine/Feminine Energies within them and, if the individual is a balanced and healthy one, neither Polarity should prevail over the other one. So we are **not** actually advocating for the use of raw, unbridled Masculine Force completely unchecked, for this is what the Dark Brotherhood and the Order of the Serpent, in general, epitomized. The ultimate goal, here, is to achieve Balance. And the New Age Movement was a form of Feminine Polarity imbalance, which was equally as destructive as the Dark Occultist's Masculine imbalance), they need to work in *conjunction* with the Masculine Polarity if they are to be at all effective. A Masculine Polarity that the NAM was hell bent on stamping out! And, not only that, but, sadly, there are Dark Beings in the Cosmos that do not *understand* the concept of Love, period. They have consciously and knowingly sectioned themselves off from The All and, thus, do NOT wish to reconnect with it. And this the New Age "healers" did not want to understand...even when it was plainly pointed out to them, again and again. Such was the awesome power of the New Age Psy Op that had been played on them. Incredibly, Lord Casey had even once seen a Royal Draconian overshadowing a famous Reiki Master without her knowledge. "*How on Earth could this possibly happen?*" you may ask. Well, the answer to that is that this particular Reiki Master was so steadfast in her (entirely subjective, erroneous and *dangerous*) belief that there was no Dark Side AT all that she, of course, had left her self wide open to Lower Astral Entity Possession! This is but one of many examples of the rampant dangers of New Age ideologies.

<sup>42</sup> **Disinformation:** false information (misinformation) purposely injected into a society in order to create confusion. The Order of the Serpent excelled at using this method as a way to control its colonies. It was, and is, a *supremely* successful way to prevent a taken population from reaching Truth and, in this way, weaken it and eventually bring it down into a state of Chronic Apathy. The



this time, he'd developed an aversion to the idea all of a sudden. He didn't know why, but something just didn't feel right about being in "Love and Light" mode twenty-four-seven, while ignoring all the blatant evil running rampant in the world. Not that John ever did this, but many people he knew in the scene –nothing more than acquaintances– were *constantly* trying to push this attitude onto him and he would often find himself at odds with them. This culminated in him breaking away from all his New Agey friends and from things like Reiki<sup>43</sup> share groups, etc., which he felt were dominated by a head-in-the-clouds, occasionally man-hating, ultra Feminine Energy. He remembered when he was banned from the Manhattan Reiki share group he used to frequent and shook his head in disbelief. *Boy, this must be one screwed up planet if a half-baked New Ager like Kyra Taureau is allowed to throw someone like me out of a Reiki share group.* John could now see it clear as day: the entire New Age Movement was in serious danger of becoming a vehicle for imbalanced, polarized Feminine Energy. Much like the Cabal was, in turn, an embodiment of distorted Masculine Energy.

Not soon after realizing he was a Light Warrior, he came to learn that those deluded New Agers, who saw themselves as "Light Workers", had in fact initially incarnated on Earth as *warriors* of the Light. They were the Cosmic Cavalry sent to the planet in droves by Prime Creator in order to help free it from bondage! And, knowing of this threat, the Dark Ones had co-opted the New Age Movement, turning it into a trap that was expressly designed to make Light Warriors forget who they were. It worked to dampen the fire of the Light Warrior and turn him or her into a namby pamby, "Love and Light is all there is and I refuse to confront the Shadow of this world head on, no matter *how* much evil I see blatantly carried out all around me", easily controlled little slave. In other words, it was the new Christianity.

A Light Warrior is a Warrior Mystic, who has balanced the Masculine-Feminine Energies within and, thus, uses the Active Masculine Power in the correct way, i.e.: channeled through the prism of the higher Feminine Energies of Love, Compassion and Intuition, thereby ensuring their raw, Masculine Force can *only* be used for the Greater Good and not as an instrument of death and destruction. And, of course, the Babylonian Brotherhood feared this type of Being more than any other! This idea immediately resonated with John and filled a void he felt ever since he'd embarked on his quest for Higher Truth.

You see, the Dark Cabal, wanting to subjugate the entire planet within a pyramidal, top-down, hierarchical Control System, had found that the act of deliberately feeding people lies about the true nature of Life and the Universe was the most effective way to achieve this ambitious goal. The reason this tactic works as well as it does is because knowledge is power. So, if a ruler hoards all the Higher Knowledge and keeps his subjects ignorant of the true workings of Life, it is, of course, synonymous with amassing all the power. Understandably, the Dark Occultists had become quite the experts in this dirty little game of keeping all the Higher Knowledge (i.e.: Spiritual Knowledge) for themselves and giving their subjects wrong, or incomplete, data about Life. This particular arm of the Mass Brainwashing Operation revolved around two key components: either a) hiding the truth about or b) deliberately *distorting* Universal Law<sup>44</sup>. The

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reason why this sinister Covert Control System always sends a society, culture, planet, system, etc., into a Chronic Apathy is because Sentient Beings (and especially Humans) have an innate desire to know Truth and, if prevented from doing so for a long enough time, become Spiritually ill. This, then, slowly trickles down into the individual's denser bodies and, when it reaches their Emotional Body, manifests as a sorry state of helplessness, resulting in a loss of the will to fight all forms of oppression. Like I said above: it is done to *control* slave societies. Obviously it works. And the worst part of it is that the slaves eventually get used to being this way and **genuinely** start believing that "this is simply the way of things". It is certainly **NOT** the way of things! Make no mistake about it, dear reader: being prevented from knowing Truth is the surest path to destruction and anyone who tries to stop you from discovering Universal Truth, does so with Selfish motives in mind (whether consciously realizing they are doing so or not).

<sup>43</sup> **Reiki**: Spiritual Healing Technique developed by [Mikao Usui](#) (1865 – 1926) that uses laying on of hands. The word itself is Japanese and roughly translates to "Universal Life Force Energy". Reiki has astounding results on both patient and healer, alike. Master Usui received the Reiki energy during a deep Meditation session, while on a Meditation Retreat. His Life Mission was to then transmit this High Vibrational Energy to others so they could go on and found their own Reiki Schools, in order that this Divine Gift may reach as many Earthlings as possible. Much like the [Violet Flame](#), Reiki was something that was badly needed on Earth, at the time. The planet had descended into such depths of darkness that it was next to impossible for Earthlings to ascend to the next Level of Consciousness without the Higher Powers showing them some clemency by ameliorating some of the effects of that world's Bad Karma.

<sup>44</sup> **Natural Law**: another word for the immutable, eternal Universal Cosmic Law, which has been set into motion by Prime Creator itself and by which ALL Living Beings are bound irrespective of whether or not they like, or even know, this. Natural Law, like

Earthlings would forever remain in chains, until which time they rediscovered these same Higher Truths so zealously guarded by their black hearted masters!

The Illuminati saw the New Age Movement as a fabulous vehicle for carrying out such an aspirational plan. It was simply a new religion designed to replace the older ones. And, as even an amoeba in this galaxy well knows, Organized Religion is every self-respecting, would be enslaver's Mind Control tool of choice. Yet, at the time, the majority of Earthlings saw this not, and this frustrated John Casey to no end. The Babylonian Brotherhood had done their job well, it would seem. For even those intelligent people, who'd managed the praiseworthy feat of breaking away from traditional Organized Religions all on their own, were prone to fall for the New Age deceptions. The ploy was ingenious, you see: while sprinkled with many a great Truth, among those Truths were also poisonous lies! The fact of the matter is that it's impossible to outright lie to a Human Being. The only sure way to deceive a person is by giving them a large dose of Truth with some untruths mixed in as well. That's how *all* the other Organized Religions did it...so that's how the New Age Movement did it, too.

The ultimate goal of the Black Magicians was to dupe the followers of the various New Age ideologies into thinking one's life circumstances, whether good or bad, were simply "meant to be" and, therefore, could not be changed no matter *what* the person did. Various ridiculous reasons were put forth to justify this idiocy, but the "explanation" that had received the most widespread acceptance went something like this: apparently the Earthlings had made Pre-Birth Contracts in order to have certain experiences in life and these supposed "contracts" could not be altered in any way, shape or form. I don't know about you, dear reader, but this sounds an awful lot like fatalism to me! You should have seen it: millions of people, going around saying things like "Oh, well, I guess it was a *lesson* for me to go through this; so it had to happen that way." and a host of other (not so) ingenious statements. Of course, it never once occurred to these types of people that they had the power and Free Will to *change* their destinies all along, much less that there could've been an actual *conspiracy*, whose express purpose was to keep them forever trapped in this sorry, apathetic state.

There were, of course, those special few within the Alternative/Truther/New Age community that taught Truth. If, and when, they became too influential, however, the Dark Ones would often utilize all means at their disposal to either control them or, failing that, bring them to ruin. Blackmail, bribery and character assassination were the preferred methods, but, in extreme cases, they would resort to actual assassination. Two shining examples of this popped into John's Mind: Phil Schneider<sup>45</sup> and Bill Cooper. *I would gladly die for Mankind like they did. There's no better way to go; a true hero's death!*

The sound of an approaching police car siren snapped him out of his deep thoughts. *Shit! Speeding ticket!* Moments later, he pulled over to the side of the road. He looked into his mirror and saw the Police Officer getting out of the driver's side door. J.C took off his helmet and reached into his pockets looking for his driver license. Then he turned to see the cop standing to his left.

"License and registration, please." John handed him his driver license and the policeman continued. "Sir, are you aware that you exceeded the speeding limit by more than twenty miles an hour?"

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Gravity or Electricity, for instance, is impersonal and cares not whether you believe in it or know about it. Just like with Gravity, if you jump off a cliff you will still fall to your death, regardless of whether or not you "believe" it exists. Something that all Dark Planets in the Milky Way shared in common was that the unchanging, Objective Truths of Natural Law had been either: a) completely obfuscated and hidden from public view or b) distorted to the point of being useless information, even if partially known by the population. In Earth's case, a) had been perpetrated by the main Organized Religions of old, particularly that of Christianity, which had successfully removed almost all extant writings on Universal Law from the public's hands. When the Earthlings began breaking free of this, due to the proliferation of knowledge during the Aquarian Aeon (sometimes also called the Information Age), whose coming the Dark Ones had already foreseen, option b) was then implemented by the Elite Controllers and the New Age Movement was the main vehicle through which this insidious agenda was perpetrated.

<sup>45</sup> **Phillip Schneider:** (04/23/1947 – 01/17/1996) geologist and explosives expert that worked on several DUMBs construction projects. In 1979, while working in the Dulce, New Mexico DUMB, he was involved in a shootout between the Greys and Humans working there. Over sixty Secret Service and FBI Agents were killed, as well as many Greys. Schneider [began lecturing about what he saw](#) in the DUMBs and went on to become a high profile whistle blower. He eventually paid the ultimate price for revealing too much and was murdered.



“Really? Wow, I knew I picked up some speed back there for a while, but I had no idea that it –”

“I’m going to ask you to wait here, while I go back to the car and see if your details check out.”

After a few minutes, John felt it was taking longer than it should have and turned around. Both officers frowned as they looked back and forth between their computer, each other and him. His heart started to beat a little faster than usual. He whispered to himself. “Why the hell are they looking at me like that? What did I do? It’s just a simple speeding offence for Christ’s sake!” Then he took his phone out and sent a quick Facebook message to Otto, letting him know he was running late. The Police Officer came out of the patrol car again and approached. “Sir, we’re gonna need you to dismount the motorcycle and come with us.”

“Come with you *where*, what do you mean?”

“Sir, I’m not going to ask you again: please dismount the motorcycle and come with us.”

“I need to know what for. Am I under arrest or something? I know my rights!”

“We can do this the easy way,” the Officer put his right hand to his gun holster, “or the hard way. It’s your choice, son.”

“You – you’re kidding, right?” John let out a nervous laugh. “Did I miss something? I thought this was just a simple traffic ticket.”

“It just became a resisting arrest offence now, wise guy. How’s that?”

“But I was never *under* arrest to begin with! So how can it suddenly be a resisting –”

“Do I look like I care? Get *off* the bike and put your hands behind your back. Now!” the Officer yelled. A moment later the second Officer also got out of the car. J.C knew something was wrong now. He thought that, if he made them angry, they’d be more prone to make mistakes and he could use it to his advantage. “Make me! How’s *that*?”

“Oh, look, Steve,” the first cop turned to the other one, who now stood to his right, “we got a tough guy on our hands this fine Sunday morning. They don’t act so tough after spending a few nights in county! What do you say, *truth* warrior, should we stick your ass in county for a couple of nights so you can cool off?”

*How the hell does he know my Facebook name...?* “H – how do you –”

“Oh, we know a *hell* of a lot about you, Johnny boy: we know you don’t like cops...we know you think we’re just dumb dogs on leashes that serve their *elite* masters...and that you think it’s all a *big plot*. See, we keep a close eye on *all* guys like you, ‘cause, frankly, we just don’t like you; you’re nothin’ but trouble. Our job is to serve and protect law abiding citizens. We don’t need your kind calling us murderers and Satanic Cult members!”

“Oh, yeah? Serve and protect? Serve who exactly? That’s what *I’d* like to know.”

“Okay, enough chit-chat, asshole. Time to eat some dirt!” He thrust his hands onto John’s shoulders and yanked him off the bike, throwing him to the ground. John landed on his left side. The Officer then turned him around and quickly handcuffed him. “Stay there and don’t move!” He started towards the car again and turned to the other cop, “Keep an eye on him, will you?”

The left side of J.C’s face was now flat against the gravel and he could see the other Officer standing to his right. The policeman started to talk. “You’ve been a bad boy, John; the Sergeant’s right, you know,” he tilted his head towards the police car, “what are we gonna do with you, huh...?”

“But I haven’t done anything wrong...I – I can say whatever I want on YouTube: freedom of speech, remember? It’s not like I’m telling lies; whatever I’ve said about the militarization of the Poli –”

“Freedom of speech,” the Officer chuckled and shook his head as he walked closer; he then crouched down beside his face, “you a – a *comedian* or somethin’? If we wanted to, we could kill you, right here, right now, in broad daylight and we’d get away with it, too. Where’s your precious *freedom of speech* then? You people don’t really know what you’re up against, do you? There’s no stopping it, son; not you, not me, not *anyone* can stop the New Order! It’s just the way it is. That’s what fools like you don’t understand: you’re fighting a losing battle and all you’re gonna accomplish in the end is getting yourselves killed. Listen to what I’m tellin’ ya and just walk away...forget about all the Conspiracy Theories and that crap about the lizard people and

whatever other bullshit you read on the Internet. Just play by the rules and you'll be left alone; don't fight a battle you can't win. Trust me on that one. See, my boss over there, he wouldn't tell you this stuff; he's not as nice as I am. But I'm giving you gold advice here, buddy boy: walk away and we'll leave you alone. You're a good kid, just a bit misguided is all."

John found it suspect that the policeman mentioned Reptilians<sup>46</sup>, since he'd rarely, if ever, discussed this topic on his channel. He was familiar with the basic gist of it, but didn't put much stock in this theory at the time. "I've barely mentioned the *lizard people* on YouTube; why bring it up out of nowhere?"

"Well, you know, guys like you always seem to find a way to throw the Reptilian theory into the mix. For some fucked up reason, seems to be all the rage in the Truther scene these days. And, while we're on it, take it from me: that so-called *theory*," he waved his hand for emphasis, "total fantasy! Bright young man like you, there's way better things to spend your time on." John then noticed the red, Maltese Cross-shaped cufflinks on the end of the cop's sleeve. *What the fuck! Who are these people?* The Sergeant returned from the car. "The Chief just said we're free to teach this little punk some manners," he gave John a derisive look, "truth warrior my ass. You look more like a *slave* from where I'm standin', boy!"

"What do you wanna do with him, Sarge?"

"Just get him on his feet and follow me." he then started walking into the woods on the side of the road; Officer Blake forced J.C up. John protested. "You can't do this! It's unconstitu –"

"The constitution doesn't really *exist* anymore, pal," the policeman snapped, speaking into John's right ear from behind. Sergeant Thomson then stopped and spun around. He pointed at a pine tree to his left, "Over here; hurry up." Officer Blake walked John up to it, turned him so that he could face them and then pushed him. J.C stumbled back and crashed against the massive tree. His lower back took the brunt of the impact and he screamed out in pain. "I think he likes it, Sarge." the Officer jeered. A moment later, John's legs gave in and his back slid down the trunk. He just sat there at the base of the tree, helpless, looking up at the two men and wondering what on earth would happen next.

"Like the good Officer here said: constitution's only there on paper, so people can think they're living in a democracy," Sergeant Thomson explained, "but, soon, when we bring in our new laws, it's gonna go completely. And, you know what, I say good riddance! No more of this bullshit red tape to tie our hands; we'll finally be able to bring *order* into this chaos you laughably call *society*," he turned to Blake, who now stood to his left, "can you believe these jokers think [Anarchy](#) is actually feasible? Ha! Whenever there's a problem though, who do they call...?" he looked down at John again, "That's right, dirtbag: you call the *pigs*, don't you? Scum like you just love to accuse us of being murderers for hire, but – but when you have the slightest little emergency, your fingers always seem to find their way to your phone's number nine and number one keys, don't they?"

"If you really served and protected *us*, you would go and arrest the Banksters and all the politicians they have in their pockets instead! Not to mention other big players, like the Military Industrial Complex, the CIA, NSA<sup>47</sup>." the tall, stocky Sergeant grimaced at the mere mention of the

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<sup>46</sup> **Reptilians:** predatory and aggressive Reptilian Humanoid race that first arrived in the Milky Way, from an unknown galaxy, four billion years ago. They instigated a long series of galactic wars over the next billion years, through which they subjugated three quarters of the Milky Way by force. The Lyran's, who were their main adversaries during the Billion Years' War, eventually managed to oust them from their colonies when, together with other peaceful civilizations, they formed the Andromedan Council, the Milky Way's first true Federation, in 400,000 BC. The Reptilians were forced to retreat to the Alpha Draconis System and give back all their conquered territories. Perceiving this to be a great humiliation, they vowed to take back the galaxy one day, which they saw as being rightfully theirs. However, since they were overpowered by the Andromedan Council at the time, they had to use stealth in order to accomplish their goal. To this end, they originated the concept of secret societies and formed the first ever secret society in the Milky Way: the Order of the Serpent. Over the next four hundred millennia, they slowly worked to infiltrate every one of their former colonies, setting up hybrid bloodlines and secret societies on these planets, which all ultimately answered to the Order of the Serpent. By the time Lord Casey appeared on Earth, a fabulously intricate, near-incomprehensible network of secret societies had been created around the galaxy, via which the Reptilians –the spider at the center of the web– secretly controlled all their one-time colonies. Earth was the first colony to awaken and break out of this Covert Control System, since its inception –a momentous Cosmic event, which caused a galaxy-wide chain reaction that eventually freed all the other Reptilian colonies.

<sup>47</sup> **NSA (National Security Agency):** one time head of all US intelligence agencies; mother agency of the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency). It was known to have access to technology that was many decades ahead of the accepted, publically admitted technologies and was involved in a gigantic spying operation aimed against the whole the planet, via its Echelon Spy Network. By

three letter agency and exchanged knowing glances with the shorter, slimmer Blake. John, realizing he'd struck a nerve, decided to push their buttons even further. "Yeah, that's right, I fucking said NSA! And I know all about that cheap [itanimulli.com](http://itanimulli.com) ploy, too: they come out and say it's *just a prank*, but no one tells you the guy who owns that domain used to work for [DARPA](#). Prank my ass. I can't believe so many people have bought into that bullshit explanation! If you ask me, your bosses are trying to tell us something with this *most peculiar* of URL forwarding cases."

Sergeant Thomson composed himself and fired back. "Christ, you Conspiracy Theorists, you *never* learn do you? We're the good guys, son, that's what you don't get. All we want is a world without war, without theft...without murder! And these so-called *Bankers' Wars* you keep yappin' about on the Net, you're barking up the wrong tree: the Bankers don't cause the wars; they're just shrewd businessmen taking advantage of certain, well..." he paused and the left side of his mouth rose, forming a repulsive smirk, "*opportunities*. Wars would happen regardless. People have egos, they fight...they all wanna be top dog. Every country wants to outdo the neighboring one. Now, tell me: did the *Bankers* do that? Guys like us want to see a peaceful, orderly Brotherhood of Man spread across the world. If it means we gotta get a little rough and do some unpleasant things once in a while in order to get there, then so be it. You can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs, can you now?"

"So that's what *guys like you* call a Global Police Dictatorship? A Brotherhood of *Man*? And you think that by – by roughing me up, you'll stop me from saying the *truth* about it on the Internet??"

"Roughing you *up*?" He tilted his head back and frowned. "I'm afraid there's been some kind of misunderstanding here, Jack. Who ever said anything about roughing you up?" Sergeant Jake Thomson then reached down and pulled a gun out of his ankle holster. John was stunned.

"Shit, Sarge, where'd you get that piece?!" Officer Blake said. "I thought we was just gonna rough him up a little, like he said!"

"Well, you thought wrong..." said Thomson as he attached a suppressor to the threaded barrel of the Ruger SR22. A moment later, he shot Steven Blake in the right temple, at point blank range. He looked down at his lifeless body, "dead wrong!"

"Jesus fucking Christ! You – you *shot* him in cold blood! What –"

"If a Sergeant shoots his subordinate Officer in the woods and nobody's there to hear it, did he *really* shoot him? Way I saw it, it was *you* who shot him, buddy boy; and I shot you back and saved the day. At least that's what my report's going to say," he then took a white cloth out of his left pocket and started wiping down the gun. He walked closer, "you see, *truth* warrior, guys like you can upset the peaceful New Order I was just telling you about a minute ago. If enough people listen to your crackpot theories, who knows, you might even have a whole *army* of truth warriors hanging off your every word one day; and we, uh, we *don't* really like that sort of thing around here. The world needs more *order*, not more revolutions and uprisings. If you really think about it, I'm doing you a favor right now. At least it's going to be quick and painless, unlike some of the others." he then pulled his standard issue, Glock 19 pistol out, holding the other in his left with the cloth and making sure not to get anymore prints on it. He aimed it at J.C's chest and continued. "Let me tell you a little about how this works: when you come back again in the next life, you won't

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using very advanced satellite technology, they could eavesdrop on any phone call, or any other type of electronic communication (such as email, Facebook messages, sms, etc.) on Earth, without anyone being able to stop them. Unbeknownst to most Earthlings, it was an Illuminati created/controlled organization from the beginning. As the reader has likely come to realize by now, the Illuminati's actions were chiefly centered around control and domination, so, of course, creating something as powerful as the NSA –with the near-invincible Echelon Satellite Network and other similar technologies at its disposal– would be something we would surely expect of them. Funnily enough (though I very much doubt it is *actually* funny), the Illuminati had decided to play a rather wry joke on the public by commissioning a low level, former employee to set up a domain name called [www.itanimulli.com](http://www.itanimulli.com) (which is Illuminati spelled backwards), and other similar ones ending in .org, .net and so on, that, when clicked on, led straight to the official government site of the NSA! Previous to this footnote, I had not made mention of the fact that these sick people within the Illuminati networks had an equally sick and taunting humor, preferring to tease their slave populations and, often times, show them the Illuminati Agenda, quite blatantly, through films, television shows or disturbing "jokes", such as the one mentioned here. The reader is free to confirm the veracity of this shocking claim by doing some simple research on the recently released CHIEFs (Complete History of Internet Earth Files), which can be readily, and freely, found when using any public or private HILL (Holographic Intranet Limbic Link-up) Machine in our galaxy.

even know the difference. See, death is not really *death*; it's just the body that dies. So I'm not really *killing you*, buddy. Trust me, it's just business. I simply have a job to do: my role is to eliminate any obstacles to the New Order. Like I said, I'm the *good* guy, Johnny. In a few years *you'll* likely be back, *I'll* be Police Captain at the rate I'm going...and the New Order will be firmly in place by then. Incredible isn't it?" He cracked a wide smile. "And all this unpleasantness will be just like a *bad* dream. You won't remember any of it! Hell, who knows, you might even come back as a big titted blonde, in which case, if we bump into each other again in, oh, say," his eyes moved about as he did the math, "twenty years' time, I'll be *extra* nice to you, if you catch my drift." He winked at John and went on. "I'm simply doing my *duty* to Mankind here; so, uh, please," he shook his head apologetically and squeezed the trigger, "please don't take it personally."

I am very worried about the activity of the federal government. They have lied to the public, stonewalled senators and have refused to tell the truth in regard to alien matters.

– Phil Schneider

Just when John thought he was going to die, a man came up behind the Police Officer, as if out of thin air, and whacked him over the head with a thick log! The Sergeant was out cold. “I’m Otto,” he said and knelt down beside the cop; he grabbed the handcuff keys off his belt and moved closer to John, “turn around.” J.C turned his back to him. Otto undid the cuffs and got up again. “C’mon, we gotta get out of here! We need to go to a motel or something; a public place wouldn’t be safe now. Trust me, these guys don’t play games,” he looked at the downed Sergeant, “before you know it they’ll have a nationwide APB out on you! But I still think you got off easy: being framed for murder is better than dead.”

“Wow, lucky me.” Quipped John. He threw the handcuffs to the ground, then bent down and picked up Thomson’s unregistered gun. He put the safety on and unscrewed the silencer, putting it in his pocket. After that, he unstrapped the ankle holster, placed the Ruger in it and fitted the holster onto his own leg. J.C glanced up at Otto and noticed the puzzled look on his face. “Can’t be too careful, right? I guess I’m gonna be a wanted man now; might as well have a gun to match my outlaw image. And, besides, his report’s gonna say it belongs to me, so I’m going to play the part like a good little boy.” John winked and stood up.

“I’m beginning to like you *already*,” Otto crouched down beside the unconscious cop, “and you just gave me an idea actually.” He started to unbutton the man’s shirt.

“Um, what are you doing...?”

“I’m impersonating an Officer! Got a *problem* with that?”

“Nope. None whatsoever.”

Otto removed Thomson’s shirt, then took his hat and handed it to John. After finding a nearby tree with a thin enough trunk to put the policeman’s arms around, he dragged him up to it, lifted him up and cuffed him to it. Thomson, who was now stuck to the tree whether he liked it or not, moaned and started to come to. Before he could say anything, Otto gagged him with the cloth the Sergeant had used to wipe down the Ruger, tying it into place with part of the policeman’s own undershirt after he tore it off his back. He turned to John, who stood a few feet away. “He won’t be going anywhere for a couple of days.” Meanwhile, muffled sounds of protestation could be heard as the desperate Sergeant tried in vain to free himself from the tree.

“You know, I think the tree hugging might actually do him some good; he seems to have a lot of anger issues.” John said. “Poor guy, it’s probably ‘cause he was bullied in high school.” He then looked at the policeman. “I bet you haven’t meditated once in your entire life, have you? I highly recommended it: it’s even better than tree hugging, trust me. No, really, it is. And, by the way, please don’t take any of this personally.” The cop became even more frantic now. Otto wore the shirt over his black sweater as he walked up to John and, after taking it back from him, put the police hat on.

“What do we do with the dead cop?” John asked and turned to look at the fresh corpse a few feet behind him.

“Nothing. It’s best not to go anywhere near the body, otherwise you’re just giving the forensics teams more ammunition to use against you. As it stands, even if they found Thomson five minutes from now, they can’t pin anything on you right away without a murder weapon or witnesses; so it’ll take them at least a few hours, maybe even a full day, before they can trump up some charges against you and put out the APB. See, framing you was never part of their plan: this was a summary execution, pure and simple! Mr. Anger Management over there,” he glanced at Sergeant Thomson, “would’ve planted the gun on you –matching prints and all– only *after* he’d blown you away. So now we’ve somewhat thrown a spanner in the works and bought you a little



bit of time...but not *that* much time. To be honest, you should be glad I showed up when I did; otherwise you'd be dead right now!"

"Right..." said a thoughtful J.C, "and I just realized: in all the excitement, I forgot to thank you for saving my neck."

"Don't mention it. Okay, let's split," Otto buttoned up the shirt as they walked towards the road, "I'm going to be Sergeant Thomson for the next five minutes and take a little peek at their Mobile Computer, while you sit by your shiny bike over there and pretend you're still being booked for speeding," he turned to John and grinned, "and let's hope nobody notices there should be one more cop in the car." He then motioned to the police car a few feet ahead of them, "It's truly amazing what you can learn in those things sometimes."

"I bet. Don't you think I should take just a *little* peek?"

"Not a good idea. It already looks suspect enough that we're coming out of the woods like this without a second cop."

"So how did you know I was here anyway?"

"Your last Facebook message: when you said you were running late 'cause you were pulled over, I knew something was wrong right away, so I came looking for you. Luckily, a trucker was just leaving the diner at the time and was kind enough to let me hitch a ride; he was heading west and, since you already told me you'd be coming from eastside," he tilted his head to the left, "I knew I'd bump into you. Believe me: finding you wasn't going be the hard part. Finding you *alive*...? Now that's a whole 'nother story. See, I *know* how these scumbags work; I've been doing this most of my life. These people have been after my family for generations! This definitely wasn't just a *regular speeding ticket*."

"Say, you're, uh – you're German, right? So where's the part where you do the cheesy, *thick German accent*?"

"Oh, right, the *accent*; you're the millionth person to ask me that. I was born in the US and moved to Germany later on, in my mid teens. Been going back and forth ever since. My dad was German, my mom American. So I automatically qualified for dual citizenship. I've lost count how many times I've travelled to and fro; I practically *live* on airplane food."

"Sounds delicious." John stared at him as Otto reached for the door handle; he'd only just noticed that he reminded him of his favorite German metal singer.

"What?" said Otto.

"Oh, nothing, you just, uh – you kinda look like a German power metal singer, Hansi –

"Kürsch?"

"Right! So I guess I'm not the first one that's noticed."

"Quite a few people have mentioned it before; I'm a big fan of [Blind Guardian](#) myself, actually. So I kind of like the idea that I look like him."

"I think Germans have a special talent for music making. It's not just the power metal bands I like. Classical is my favourite type of music overall and the Germans take the cake there, too: Beethoven, Pachelbel, Mozart<sup>48</sup>; I mean, especially Mozart!"

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<sup>48</sup> **Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart:** (01/27/1756 – 12/05/1791) commonly known as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, was an Austrian Classical music composer, who is unanimously regarded as being the greatest composer in Milky Way history. Mozart, like many musicians, was, in fact, an instrument of God, who, even by his own admission, channelled his spellbinding music seemingly out of nowhere and in completed form. What is meant by this is that he would normally "hear" his compositions in his head, as if they were already finished musical pieces. He would then write down what he was hearing and, very often, end up with a perfect piece of music in a first draft without having to make any corrections to it. This was an astonishing feat, never replicated by anyone else on Earth, either before or since, and, in general, it is a phenomenon that is very rarely witnessed across the known Universe. It is ten times more astonishing in Mozart's case, since the music was often incredibly complex and. But, most importantly perhaps, this ability is all the proof we need in order to substantiate the theory that his music was, in a very real sense, transmitted to him, wholesale, from a Higher Dimension. There is no doubt whatsoever that Mozart was but an instrument of God, used for the purpose of uplifting Earthlings to higher Vibrational Frequencies through the heavenly sounds his music evoked. It is worth mentioning that, when Lord Casey rose to a position of influence over the Earthlings, among the many amazing things he did to uplift the Frequency of the planet was to institute a worldwide campaign he dubbed the *Mozart Aficionados Community Healing Project*, wherein passionate Mozart fans would network and organize themselves into local community groups. The groups would promote the great master's music to the public through a variety of free activities, such as Mozart listening/playing sessions, musical competitions and so on. The statistics invariably showed that, wherever these Healing Projects were instituted for a long enough time, crime rates dropped, literacy rates increased, instances of depression/suicide became non-existent and the communities just seemed to become more peaceful and organized in general. It was an astonishing

“Well, technically, he was *Austrian*.”

“Yeah, but he’s still Germanic. Not much difference between the two, if you ask me.”

“If you say so.” Otto rolled his eyes.

“Music’s one of the few things I like about this joke of a planet, so I could talk about it till the cows come home, but I guess now is not the time and place to be talking about epic German metal bands. I’ll just go and wait near the bike, like we agreed.” John headed for the Ducati.

Otto pressed the space bar and the screensaver disappeared to reveal a file on John. He had seen hundreds of these kinds of Police and Intelligence Agency files before. It seemed to be a standard one, except for the entry at the very bottom: INSOMNIA 9. “Weird; I wonder if this is some kind of code...” A moment later he got out, since there was nothing more he could find. He took off the shirt and hat, threw them into the car through the window and started towards the bike. John looked at him expectantly. “Find anything helpful?”

“I found *something*,” Otto frowned as he gave him his driver licence back, “and it wasn’t just your licence. But I’m not sure if it was helpful.”

“Here, put this on,” J.C handed Otto his helmet, put his licence in his pocket and mounted the bike, “so what was it?”

“This might sound strange, but do you, uh, have trouble sleeping at all?”

“Say what?”

“Sleeping? Do you *sleep* well at night or not?”

“What the hell has that got to do with anyth –”

“Just something strange I read in your file is all: *Insomnia nine*; probably some codeword I’m not familiar with, never mind.”

“They think I have trouble sleeping? I guess that explains why the *noble* Sergeant Thomson was trying to help put me to sleep back there. Permanently!”

“This is serious though, John. I think it means something deeper than we can guess right now.”

“Well, whatever it is, I don’t wanna know. C’mon, jump on; I know a motel not too far from here. They won’t think to look there; at least not right away they won’t.” Otto put on John’s helmet and got on the motorbike.

They were now right outside room ninety nine of *MacGuffin’s Motel*. Otto had suggested they get the room under his own name instead of John’s, in case the APB went out earlier than expected and the Police traced them there. John turned to him. “The *big reveal*. This had better be worth it.”

“Oh, trust me, it’s more than worth it.” said Otto; he slid the key into the keyhole and turned it right. A moment later, he pushed the door open with his free hand. They stood and watched each other for a few seconds.

“After you...” said John and motioned to the room.

Both men were extra cautious. Even though Otto had saved his life, John didn’t know what his true agenda was. This was why he’d gone for Thomson’s unregistered gun as soon as possible. After Otto uncuffed him, J.C had also taken care to kick away the Sergeant’s standard issue handgun the second he got up from the ground. His mysterious new friend, on the other hand –who, by the way, had seen J.C do this– was aware that John suspected him and, from reading his file, he already knew he was dealing with an expert martial artist, and one who seemed to possess cunning survival instincts at that.

Otto obliged and walked into the motel room first. John followed right behind and then, as he often liked to do, shut the door with his right foot without turning around. Otto sat in the only chair in the place; it was in the right hand corner: an old, light brown, checkered armchair, a few feet from the wide open bathroom door. The single bed was directly across the bathroom. John

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thing to witness, but it was truly as if these areas were being “sprayed” with sanity, for lack of a better explanation. It was usually referred to as the MACH Project, a very fitting acronym, since the Earth-word “mach” (pronounced ‘mok’) was a term used to describe the rate of a flying craft’s supersonic speed (i.e.: how much faster it travelled than the speed of sound). And, as we all know, music is all about sound, so a very apt name indeed! Last but not least, of course, Lord Casey decided to institute this very same community betterment program all around the Milky Way after witnessing the incredibly positive effect it had had on Earth. This made Mozart the most widely known and revered musician in the galaxy, an honor he more than rightfully deserved!



sat on the edge of the bed, facing Otto. "So...here we are then," he said and spread his hands out for a moment, then placed them just above his knees, "I'm all ears, but I got my eyes open, too, if you know what I'm saying to you. Nothing personal; you gotta understand: it's been a *hell* of a morning."

"Indeed it has," Otto said, "so, you seem to be pretty handy with guns and have an instinct for survival in general. If I took a guess, I'd say you've got some kind of military background."

"Well, you know, you tend to pick up a thing or two when your dad's a Rear Admiral in the US Navy. He's retired now, but I grew up surrounded by scores of his military pals: Admirals, Colonels, Commanders...you name it, we had it! Now let's do you:" said J.C and stroked his chin with his right hand as his elbow rested on his thigh, "if I took a wild guess, I'd say you got a great big neon sign over your head that says *spook* in capital letters." Otto hesitated. John continued, "Well...? C'mon, don't be shy now: sharing is what group therapy is *all* about."

The German-American finally spoke. "You might choose to believe me, you might not, but, truth is, agencies like the CIA look like girl scouts compared to the group I work for."

"Oh?"

"Believe you me, all that stuff you see in *James Bond* and *Bourne Identity*, well, it's just child's play when you –" the barrel of the Ruger SR22 facing right at him was enough to make Otto pause.

"Is that *right* is it?" Said John. "Well, if you're even hotter than double-o-seven, it means you got a piece on you; or a knife. Either way, I know you're carrying *something*," John put out his left hand and motioned for Otto to hand over whatever weapon he had on him, "c'mon, cough it up; *slowly* now..."

Otto reached behind him, down to his lower back, and grabbed the gun he kept there: an SP-01 Phantom 9mm Luger. He handed it to John, holding it by the barrel. Just before John took it, Otto paused and spoke, "I was wondering: were you planning on shooting me with thin air if things got a bit funky in here?" John's face lost its color. Otto quickly flipped his gun around and cocked it. "You *really* thought I'd let you carry a loaded weapon around?? You could've been anyone; an impostor, for all I know!"

"What do you want from me? Who are you?"

"Who, me...?" Otto said and touched his chest with his free index finger. "I'm just a guy who's doing all he can to help the planet get *out* of this mess. You have no idea what I've seen; what I've *been* through...the risks...the sacrifices! You do this sort of thing long enough, after a while certain people get real pissed at you; *powerful* people. So I need to be extra cautious; nothing personal: it's been a *hell* of a morning, right?" He motioned left with the gun, "Drop the weapon and get over there. Go! On the other side of the bed, quickly." He briefly glanced at the door to his left, "We wouldn't want you making a run for it, now, would we?" John reluctantly complied and now sat at the head of the bed, in the front left corner of the room, while Otto stood a few feet away, between J.C and the front door. He continued. "See, I'm going to need a blood sample from you, chief. I have to be certain."

"Certain of what?"

"You know, for someone who has a gun pointed straight at 'em, you ask a *lot* of questions." Otto then pulled out a switchblade from his right pocket and tossed it on the bed next to John, "Like I said: blood sample!" Next he took out a small, black device from his back left pocket. It was like a twenty first century iPhone, except circular in shape and smaller –about the size of an ancient mini disc. "Here," he threw it into J.C's lap, "a few drops should do it; on the little screen there." John stared at him in disbelief. "C'mon, make it snappy, navy boy, we haven't got all fuckin' day!"

John put the device on his right thigh and held the knife with his left hand. He pressed the release button: the blade flicked out. He then placed his right hand a foot above the device, palm facing upwards, and brought the tip of the knife to it. "Like this?" he said.

"Yeah, that's right. Get on with it!" Otto grew impatient.

"On second thought, I – I can't; the sight of blood makes me faint actually. I won't be able to do it. You're gonna have to do it for me."

"What! Are you serious?!"

"I'm not shittin' you: one time, I remember there was this bedside lamp," in what seemed like a blink of an eye, J.C dropped the knife, grabbed the lamp a couple of feet to his right and smashed it against Otto's left shoulder, "and I *whacked* it against this asshole's head!" the gun fell from Otto's hand.

By the time he could react, John got up and gave him a roundhouse kick with his right leg. Otto blocked with his right forearm, grabbed the leg with both hands and threw John to his left and onto the front window! The window smashed and J.C fell on the floor. He got out of the way just in time to avoid his throat being sliced open by a large shard of glass. Then he saw Otto's gun on the ground a few feet ahead of him and reached for it. Otto stepped on his hand before he could grab it, pushed the Luger to the side with his other foot and kicked him in the stomach; John replied by punching him in the groin with his free hand. Otto was winded and buckled over from the pain. J.C jumped to his feet, grabbed his left arm and judo flipped him onto the bedside table, which broke under his weight. While Otto lay on the demolished table, moaning and holding his groin, John turned and saw the gun was now at the other side of the room, near the bathroom door. He leapt to the floor in an attempt to get it. Just when it was within his grasp, he felt a searing pain in the back of his right thigh and screamed: Otto had stabbed him with the switchblade! He then lifted him by the shoulders and threw him onto the bed, face down. Otto bent over, with effort, and picked up the gun, which lay a foot away from him. He fitted the silencer onto his pistol, all the while watching John like a hawk. John soon heard the Luger's familiar click and, not a second later, felt the cold steel of the suppressor pressing against the back of his neck.

"Turn around!" Otto demanded.

"Okay, okay..." J.C slowly turned and Otto backed away. Then, in a surprise move, John slashed Otto's forearm with a small window shard he'd picked up from the floor earlier and, after quickly jumping to his feet, he grabbed his assailant's wrist, forcing his arm upwards in an effort to disarm him. During the scuffle, the gun misfired into the ceiling. John then head butted him in the nose, kneed him in the stomach and threw all of his weight on him, which caused Otto to stumble back: they both dove through the open bathroom door and landed on the bathtub. Otto fell inside. John, with gun now in hand, soon got up. "Looks like you have a nose bleed there, buddy. I think I got just the thing for it." he said and turned the cold water tap on. All the while he made sure to keep the gun aimed at the troublesome German-American. He held it in his left hand, while pressing against his leg wound with the right. "Let's try again, shall we: why did you want a blood sample so badly? Answer me!"

"You *know* why," said Otto, his voice nasal, "don't play dumb." he squinted as the shower stream brushed against his face.

"No, actually, I don't know! Do I *look* like I'm fucking pretending?"

Otto realized John wasn't lying. "Jesus, you really don't know do you...? I – I had to make sure you were human, of course."

John couldn't believe what he was hearing. "What? What do you mean make *sure* I –"

"You *do* know we're at war with Reptilians, right??"

J.C could feel the truth in his words. "Please tell me I'm dreaming..." a moment later he limped towards the toilet to his left, put the seat cover down and sat on it. He stared at the ground as Otto spoke.

"What'd you *think* this was? A Sunday picnic? My father died to get me what I'm about to give you! They killed my grandfather, too...it's only a matter of time now before they get to me as well. If you ask me, it's a goddamn miracle I've survived this long as it is!"

After an extended period of silence, John spoke again. "Alright; to prove to you that I'm on your side, I'll *give* you your precious blood sample; even though I don't really have to, since I'm the one with the gun now. But I'll do it." He went and turned off the running water. "Sorry about that, by the way," he glanced up at the old, rusty showerhead, "I guess you needed a cold shower after our intense workout." Otto nodded in acknowledgment. J.C then went into the other room and got the device and knife from the ground. Meanwhile Otto climbed out of the bathtub and followed right behind. By the time he had walked through the bathroom door, John was already sitting in his original spot on the edge of the bed.

“Just sit over there, like you did before,” John said and a drenched Otto made his way to the armchair, his Levis 501 Dark Stonewash jeans sticking to his legs like leotards, “we might as well get this over with and bail before the motel manager comes to check what all the ruckus is about, and sees what a fine mess we’ve made. Give me a moment...” gun in right hand now, John made a small incision into his right palm using Otto’s knife. He winced. Then he tossed the knife to the other side of the room, grabbed the device, which sat right beside him on the bed, and held it under his hand. A drop of blood fell onto the gizmo...then another...and another. To John’s amazement, however, the droplets went right through the screen as if it was some surreal sink drain that led straight to a black hole! *Where the heck did those droplets go, to another Dimension?* He put his thumb to the screen: the surface was solid alright. He was mystified and turned it over and over, examining it from all sides. The machine then beeped and a little green light on its outer edge started to flash. Otto’s eyes widened as John turned it right side up again.

A moment later, a foot long, full color, 3D Hologram of a DNA helix, which rotated around its vertical axis, appeared over the contraption’s surface and John jerked back. “What the fuck?” He dropped both gun and gadget simultaneously. It sat on the floor now, between the two men, who were fixated on it. Soon, a computerized female voice spoke. “DNA: *unclassified. Unknown species. Have a nice day.*” The Hologram then faded. Otto looked like he’d just seen a ghost and stared at John in awe. “It – it just said your DNA is not in its database! Do you have any idea what that means?”

“No, but I *do* know those drops of blood went to another fuckin’ Dimension or something! Stuff like that’s only meant to happen in the *Twilight Zone*, not in real life!” John eyed Otto up and down. “Who are you...and where would you even *get* a device like this?”

The Hansi Kürsch lookalike gaped at him for a little while longer and then, after coming back down to Earth somewhat, responded. “Oh, you aint seen nothin’ yet,” he took the eight ball out of his right pocket, as he held some toilet paper to his bleeding nose with the left, “say hello to what is probably the most important device on the *planet* right now.”

“Is this some kind of joke? I used to play with those when I was a little k –”

“Not with one like this you didn’t,” he winked and extended his hand, “here, take it and see for yourself.”

“What does it do?”

“Just *take* it, Mr. DNA *Unclassified.*”

John snatched the eight ball from Otto’s palm and waited. At first, nothing happened. About ten seconds later, however, he experienced the most incredible thing: he saw strong, but fragmented, visions of what seemed to be an advanced Alien civilization. In fact, they weren’t just visions; it felt like he was actually there. It soon became too overwhelming, so he dropped the sphere on the ground and it came to a stop right next to the DNA reading machine. He looked at Otto. “I saw – I don’t even know what it was; another world...advanced...on a Higher Dimension I think. And I didn’t just see it, I was there! I – I can’t really put it into words. Have you –”

“Yes. Though, just like you, I only get glimpses; I can’t make much sense out of it. That’s the only drawback right now: no one can really figure it out. The only thing we know for certain is it’s Arcturian<sup>49</sup>.”

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<sup>49</sup> **Arcturians:** most advanced race in Milky Way galaxy; one time primary opponents, and polar opposite force, of the Reptilians (before Humans took over this role). They are a 5D (Fifth-Dimensional) race and their entire culture revolves around cultivating Spirituality –all else comes second. The Earth eventually became a shining example of an Arcturian-like, 5D planet after the Draco-Reptilian forces in control of it were overthrown. Arcturian ships were the most advanced in the Milky Way and were feared by the Order of the Serpent, who would’ve taken over the galaxy completely were it not for the Arcturians acting as a buffer. Arcturians, as a matter of course, fight when they absolutely *must*, whereas Reptilians simply fight because they can. This Arcturian mentality gave the Reptilians a false sense of security and, so, they often made very bold moves in their relentless quest for galactic conquest, thinking that none would dare oppose them. However, they would often be surprised at the last minute by the might of the Arcturian Starfleets, when least expected. In keeping with the Universal Law of Non-Interference, which the Galactic Federation strictly enforced, the Arcturians were not permitted to interfere in the affairs of other planets, Earth included. This rule could be circumvented, however, in cases where: a) other Galactic races ignored the Law of Non-Interference and needed to be stopped and b) a planet/system was in imminent danger of being destroyed, particularly from nuclear weapons, the reason being that the nuclear energy could affect other planets in a system as well. Many Souls, who’d previously lived as Arcturians had agreed to incarnate on Earth several millennia before the time period this book is chronicling. They did so with the intention of helping to transform Earth into an Arcturian-like civilization. After initial hardships, they succeeded triumphantly in this stated goal.

“Arcturian...?” John was confused for a few moments, but then realized what was going on. “Wait, you’re tellin’ me Arcturus, the star of the Boötes constellation, is –”

“Inhabited, yes. Well, one of the planets orbiting it, to be precise.”

“Funny that I never really stumbled onto the Arcturian thing till now; I’ve read up on the Pleiadians<sup>50</sup> and the Andromedans<sup>51</sup> quite a bit though. The latter was thanks to Alex Collier<sup>52</sup>. He’s such a badass.”

“Yeah, I like Collier, too. And, even though some idiots are trying to make him out as being a fake, he’s a hundred percent legit; telling it like it is. As for the Arcturian thing, you know what they say: when the student is ready, the master appears. Thing about the Arcturians is that they’re the most highly evolved race in the Milky Way, so a person learns about them only when they’re truly *ready*, I guess.”

“So, pretty much, you’re saying I synchronistically happened upon the Arcturians because I’m reaching a new phase in my Spiritual development.”

“Bingo! And it’s definitely no accident I chose you for this. Well, actually,” Otto looked down at the Crystal Quartz-like ball, “it’s more like the eight ball chose you.”

“The *eight ball*?”

“That’s what we call it, yeah. There’s no official name for it as of yet. Hell, to be honest, we don’t even know what it is. I guess they gave it that name because of the drug-like effects it produces. As you probably know, *eight ball* is slang for cocaine, so...” John gave him a funny look; Otto continued, “well, *I* think it’s a good nickname, anyway.”

“So, uh, when you say it *chose* me?” he eyed Otto intently.

“It’s a long story.”

“Give me the short version then.”

“Okay, let’s just say the eight ball has got a Mind of its own. That’s all I can tell you right now. And it’s not because I don’t *want* to say anymore; it’s simply impossible to explain unless you experience it firsthand. And, believe me, when you become acquainted with this little baby,” he pointed at the artifact, “you’ll definitely have your fair share of surreal experiences. What you saw before was just a teaser.”

“Here’s an easier one for you then: where the hell did you get it?”

“From a downed Arcturian ship they keep at Area 51. My father...” Otto felt the familiar tightness in his chest whenever he talked about his father lately, “he – I don’t know how on earth he pulled it off, but, by some miracle, managed to smuggle it outta there early this year, without getting caught. At least not for a couple of days, anyway,” Otto looked to one side, lost in thought, “luckily, he was able to get it to me before they killed him.”

“Sorry to hear that.”

“That’s okay; I guess we all do what we gotta do. He died for a very great cause.”

John nodded. “So how have *you* gotten away with it for so many months?”

“Like I said right before our little morning sparring session: I’m in deep with some guys that make agencies like the CIA, MI5, and the like, look like a bunch of pencil pushers, but I can’t s –”

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<sup>50</sup> **Pleiadians:** Human race that originates on Erra, the main planet of the Pleiadian Star System. The system is a cluster of seven stars located in the Taurus Constellation, 500 Light years from earth. Much like Arcturians, the Pleiadians were very keen on helping the Earthlings overthrow the Reptilian Dark Cabal, but were not allowed to directly intervene, except for instances where the two exceptions mentioned in the previous footnote applied.

<sup>51</sup> **Andromedans:** blue skinned humanoids from the Zenetae System in the Andromedan galaxy, not to be confused with the Milky Way’s Andromedan constellation. They are the oldest race in the Milky Way and their technology rivals that of the Arcturians. However, unlike the Spiritually inclined Arcturians, they are primarily concerned with learning and education. As such, their civilization is modelled after this innate inclination and they are renowned for teaching students of their learning institutions all the arts and sciences known to their civilization. They also played a key role in the Andromedan Council, an ancient alliance of benevolent Milky Way races. The Galactic Federation was a junior body, subordinate to the Andromedan Council, which acted as a peaceful enforcer of the various Galactic Protocols decreed by the Council.

<sup>52</sup> **Alex Collier:** (? – 2,532) contactee, who had many amazing, first hand encounters with the Andromedans during which he was taught a wealth of things about Milky Way history, shown exotic Alien technology, etc. He spoke about his experiences in lectures and on a [handful of video interviews](#) that he did. He was particularly concerned about the Reptilian presence on Earth and was very vocal about it. Even though he had some detractors that claimed he had invented his contactee story, Alex’s story was completely genuine.

“Sure you can. It’s not nice to stop at the cliffhanger; you *gotta* get to the end of the story. I mean, it’s not like we’re inside a serialized novel or somethin’. We’ve even taken a shower together,” J.C looked towards the bathroom, “so we’re way past the *what-do-you-do-for-a-living talk* by now, don’t you think?”

Otto didn’t exactly appreciate John’s sarcastic brand of humor. “What’s with all the sarcasm? Seriously. I’m sure you’re not deliberately being an asshole, but are you, like, one of those guys that are stuck in *permanent sarcasm mode* or something?”

“Something like that; and whenever I’m in a stressful situation, it gets worse. I guess it’s my own little way of dealing with life’s bullshit, I don’t know. And you’re right, by the way: I don’t do it to offend. I just think it’s the best type of humor there is, that’s all. I guess most people don’t see it that way though.” John shrugged.

“Fair enough. So you got like a wise ass, [Jack Burton](#) thing going on there.”

“He’s one of my all-time favorite movie characters, actually,” John smiled, “so I’ll take that as a compliment.”

Otto returned to the previous topic. “Now back your question: I can’t tell you what the group is called or where we’re based or anything like that,” Otto leaned in closer, “but what I *can* say is this: our entire operation revolves around fighting Reptilians.”

“You mean the flesh and blood kind?”

“Yes,” Otto looked J.C right in the eye, “I mean the flesh and blood kind. While researchers on the Net mainly talk about the Lower Astral<sup>53</sup> rept, what most people don’t seem to realize is that there’s thousands of 3D, physical Reptilians underground.” he looked down at the floor.

“In the DUMBs.” John said knowingly. Otto nodded in the affirmative and J.C continued. “So, do you know their locations? The main entrances?”

“Only a handful; we’re still working on that part. See, we caught onto them quite late in the game, not even twenty years ago, and these bastards have been at it for at *least* a hundred.”

“They’ve been building DUMBs for over a hundred fucking *years*?!” John jumped to his feet, but the sharp pain in his Biceps Femoris muscle forced him to sit down again. “Ah, shit! I should tie this up; look at that, would you?” he pointed at the large spot of fresh blood on the bed right beside him, “If I leave it like this, I’m probably gonna bleed to death. You got me pretty good, I’ll give you that.” J.C tried to get up again, “I gotta get that knife of yours and cut some of the bed sheets up; I need to make a band –”

“No need for bandages,” Otto stood up, put a hand to John’s shoulder and gently pushed him down, “I got something way better for you. See, my line of work may be dangerous, but there’s certain perks that come with it. And I don’t mean airplane food either.” He threw the blood-soaked wad of toilet paper on the chair to his right. “Just sit tight for a second. I’ll show you a magic trick. A little something I picked up from my dad, just before they took him from me. Give me a minute to get ready, okay?”

John complied. Otto formed an isosceles triangle with his hands (the thumbs touched at the tips, forming the base of the triangle, while the ends of his fingers formed the apex) and put them close to his heart. He then closed his eyes for around a minute and visualized Cosmic Energy descending from the Milky Way’s Galactic Sun and into his head. He imagined it going down to his

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<sup>53</sup> **Lower Astral:** the lower spectrum of the Fourth Dimension (Astral Plane), in which all manner of malevolent and negative Entities abide. The Entities (Intelligent Energies) at this level have no understanding of the oneness of all things and thus have no desire to ascend to Higher Dimensions. Therefore, the standard thing that happens when a planet falls prey to Entities of this type is that all Life in the Dimensions below the Astral is suppressed and purposely kept in a degenerate condition. This was very evident on Earth –especially in the final decades of the 20<sup>th</sup> century (just before the Aquarian Age properly began), which was the lowest point the planet had sunk to since the time of Atlantis. The reason for their behavior is that these Entities cannot perceive of a different reality than this. It is all they know and, so, they impose it on the Life Forms existing in the Dimensions underneath them. One could perhaps construe from this that it is essentially “not their fault”, since they ultimately do what they do out of ignorance. However, this does **not** mean the Entities (and their Human hosts) should not be dealt with appropriately. For not doing so would be the same as not defending oneself from an attacking wild beast and then attempting to explain this irrational action away by claiming the lethal attack was “not really the poor Animal’s fault” in the first place. While, from a certain perspective, this reasoning *may* be true, it still does not mean one must suffer in the hands of an attacker merely because this attacker acts out of ignorance. The ideal resolution to a problem of this sort would be to find a way for both parties to co-exist peacefully. Failing this, the attacker must, at the very least, be somehow incapacitated and, in the worst case scenario, outright destroyed in service to the Greater Good of all.



heart and, from there, into his hands. He opened his eyes again and moved closer to J.C. He placed his hands about half a foot above John's right thigh for less than thirty seconds and the almost two inch deep stab wound disappeared. It was as if it had never existed. A miracle! John sprang to his feet. He ran his hand over the back of his thigh: nothing. "That was an inch deep; at least! How?"

"Arcturian healing technique. My father was assigned to interrogate the only surviving crew member of the crashed Arcturian ship – the one they found the eight ball on. He taught him a bunch of stuff like this."

"So this Arcturian ship, then, do you think it crashed by *accident*?" J.C. made quotation marks in the air.

"We both know there *are* no accidents in the Universe. Apparently this has been the one and only time an Arcturian ship crash landed on Earth."

"Curious."

"Very. Especially considering the fact that their ships are renowned for being the most advanced in the galaxy. Reptilians fear the Arcturians and if it wasn't for their fleet protecting the Earth we'd be Human hotdogs in intergalactic Reptilian fast food joints right now."

"Arcturians are protecting the Earth?? No way! And please tell me that last part was a joke, by the way –"

"No, I'm of half German stock, John, so I'm afraid I don't have a sense of humor. Well, at least not one as colorful as yours. I was only half joking for effect: they actually *do* eat people. And, yes, the Arcturians are most definitely protecting us. Their main fleet is stationed between Saturn<sup>54</sup> and Uranus. The Reptilian Empire would think twice to send an Armada to our Solar System with the Arcturians there guarding it. Their ships are cloaked though; that's why NASA can't see them. Not that they'd *tell* us, even if they could," he shook his head in disgust, "but that's another matter."

"Reptilian *Empire*...?"

"Like I told you on yahoo chat two days ago: the rabbit hole goes *way* deeper than you can possibly imagine right now."

"So let's say I believe you. Would you have any idea how *long* this supposed empire has been around for; and maybe how big it is?"

"I can't say more, sorry. I've already divulged too much as it is. In fact, the standard protocol is to plug the leak whenever a person outside of our organization stumbles onto this information. You're a rare exception, of course, since you passed the, ahem, *blood test* with flying colors; so that's why I've told you all this. But I need to stop here."

"And how do you *plug* these leaks, exactly? *W* – we're not talkin' about murder, here, are we?"

"Of course not; that's the Cabal's MO, not ours! You could say we *influence* the leaks. We persuade the person to keep quiet and hand any information they have over to us. And the reason is that, if this info is not released to the public in a controlled, gradual manner, the ramifications could be devastating: the reptils would come out of their underground bases in full force and turn the surface world upside-fucking-down, a living nightmare! The only reason they don't bother us too much right now is 'cause they have an *understanding*, let's say, with the major governments of the world; especially with the Unites States. The agreement is that, if the governments turn a blind

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<sup>54</sup> **Saturn**: second largest planet in Earth's Solar System; known as the Greater Malefic by Astrologers the galaxy over. This term signifies that, while not 100% dark, it is, comparatively, the most negative Planetary Body in the Solar System. The planet's Dark Side was, in a sense, worshipped by the Illuminati (in other words, they channelled and worked with the planet's energy), who had expressly designed all of the rituals found in their Mystery Schools and Major Religions –as well as the Holy Sites and Temples where these were performed in– to be the ideal vehicles for calling down the Dark Side of Saturnian Energy into the planet. After untold centuries of carrying out this dark Saturnian agenda, the planet had been so thoroughly entrenched in Saturnian Dark Power that it seemed a near impossible task to break its spell! The only way that the Great Lie was eventually reversed, was by slowly eradicating the Major Religions –and specifically Christianity– from the face of the Earth and replacing them with Master Jesus the Christ's [True Gnostic Teachings](#), i.e.: teachings that revolved around helping people achieve a direct, **personal connection** to the Divine Spark within, thus doing away with the need of middle men, like priests, rabbis and so forth. As is understandable, of course, this campaign lasted many generations, for one does not simply *undo* a relentless, twelve thousand year long, Mass Brainwashing Operation in but a few short years. And it wasn't just the Earth: there was an identical problem found on thousands of other worlds around the galaxy.

eye to the abductions, they'll stay down there and won't bother coming to the surface. It's more of an uneasy truce than an anything else.

"So, yeah, this is why we're forced to keep a tight lid on it; at least for the time being. We have no other choice. They've got all angles covered: they're either gonna stay down there and abduct people whenever they damn well feel like it or, failing that, come up to the surface and bring the party right to our doorsteps. And it's the kind of party I wouldn't mind skipping. Now, I know this might sound like a terrible thing to say, but, considering the mindless brutality this species is truly capable of, I'd say we're sitting on the least fucked up end of a near impossible, Catch 22 situation." John didn't look convinced, so Otto tried a different approach. "Okay, look at it this way: at least this arrangement will buy us enough time to get ourselves out of this mess," he let out a deep sigh and went on, "and what we need to do is bust up their entire network of underground bases. Blow them all to kingdom come! There's just no other way, John. If the DUMBs stay as they are, then they hold all the aces. Forever."

"Did I hear you say *abductions*?"

"By the thousands; many of them prepubescent children. All these missing *milk carton kids*, where do you think most of them end up? Surely there can't be *that* many child molesting serial killers running loose out there."

"Jesus..." J.C felt nauseous and sat down. He soon looked up and continued. "Gloss it over all you like, but, to me, this doesn't sound too different to what the Cabal is doing. Sure, you might *think* you're doing the right thing, but you're just helping perpetuate the situa –"

"Not really: the Cabal is in cahoots with the rept and *knowingly* lets them abduct people left and right. Sure, we may want to keep a lid on this thing as much as the Illuminati do, but here's the big difference: *they* wanna suppress the truth about the abductions because they want them to go on indefinitely; *we* try to plug the leaks because we need to expose this thing the right way. And we don't silence people by killing them either. Another huge difference."

"You mean expose it *your* way."

"Look at it however you like; all I can say is this: if word got out about it through the wrong channels, then the situation would just escalate. Like I said before, the best way to stop this –in fact the *only* way– is to hit the DUMBs themselves. And we have to do all we can to make sure we don't expose the truth about the underground bases to the masses before that. Trust me on this one: if the surface world finds out too soon, the big, bad, walking alligators down there," he tilted his head toward the ground, "will be pissed. And I mean *royally* pissed. What do you think's gonna happen then, huh?"

"Alright, look, even though I already knew about Reptilians, all this stuff here today," John waved his hands around, "it's all new to me. I need a day or fifty to process everything. I'm sure you understand."

"Fine with me. Just remember: I'm on the good guys' side, *Mr. DNA Unclassified*. And we're sometimes forced to do bad things in order to prevent worse things from getting even *worse* than they already are."

"So what now? What am I to do with this *eight ball* of yours? To be honest, I was kinda hoping you'd give me some documents or something like that. I never expected –"

"First of all, the artifact is yours now to do with it what you will," Otto explained, "obviously this thing came to you for a reason, so I'm sure you'll work it all out. Secondly, way I heard it, the Arcturian survivor *wanted* it to end up in our hands. I got it straight from the horse's mouth: my father himself told me the Alien persuaded him to retrieve it, at any cost. Apparently it holds the key to defeating the Reptilian-Illuminati Cabal. So you *still* think that *some documents* would've been more important than this...?" John was speechless.

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