



# EARTHFILES

Reported and Edited by  
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## REAL X-FILES

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### Another Extraordinary EBE Telepathic Upload/Download

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Return to: **"Military Man's Description of EBE Telepathic Download"**

**May 8, 2006 Albuquerque, New Mexico** - Since I filed my Earthfiles report, "Military Man's Description of EBE Telepathic Download," on May 8, 2006, and my Dreamland Online radio report at Unknowncountry.com, I have received e-mails from a few people reinforcing the USAF "Dan" account from their own experiences with extraterrestrial biological entities (EBEs). But none have had the extraordinary memory of the the initial "cellular body fear" that Dan described, followed by complete peaceful calm that allowed memory of the content in the telepathic exchange, as described in an e-mail I received on Sunday, May 7, from a man I will call "Mitch." He is now a 35-year-old family and businessman now living in the southeastern United States. He was born in the Midwest and was not consciously aware growing up that EBEs had been interacting with him. But in the 1996 to 1997 time period when he was about twenty-five years old, a non-human being woke Mitch up in his bedroom.

### E-mail from "Mitch" on May 7, 2006:

"Linda,

... I'm fairly well read on the ebe and ufo subject in general - who wouldn't get an interest in something like this happening personally to them, heh? Anyway, in all that I've heard and read over the years, nothing whatsoever seemed to match up with the experiences I've had.

That changed, quite remarkably, when you came forth with the story about Dan. I'm not a subscriber, but a friend of mine in NY City, with whom I've confided my personal stories at great length, contacted me the other day and said he was really stunned with something that was on Dreamland and it was imperative that I listen to it asap. Brian's a pretty calm guy usually, so I knew something serious was up. So, I gave it a listen.

Well. That's the first time *ever* that I've heard a contact like my own described by anybody. It doesn't sound like they were quite as 'nice' about things with that guy as they are with me, but I guess the circumstances and purpose were pretty different there. Generally even with 'experts' I'm inclined to really doubt their authenticity unless a few specifics get mentioned - stuff that only someone who's genuinely been in the presence of one of these ebes would think to mention, or in fact would understand at all.

My story is quite similar in certain details to Dan's account [050506Earthfiles]. ...It was 1996 or 1997. I could actually, with a bit of research provide an exact date due to other circumstances - there are medical records for my grandfather that must indicate exactly when this happened, I just don't have them at the moment but if it's worth the effort I'm sure I could obtain it.

Some friends of mine and I were living on the west side of our small Midwestern town, young bachelors sharing a mobile home that had a few extra rooms added on to make a house of it. This belonged to the girlfriend of one of the guys, but she didn't live with us at the time. I was involved with a girl at the time, and she was present at the time of the event. Also present were our other roommate, and I believe, his brother.

In the house there was a living room, and down the connecting hallway a small bedroom that I had converted into my computer area, then my personal bedroom, and lastly my roommate's room. I went to bed earlier than usual that evening.

At 1:20am, I became conscious, wide awake, already sitting up in bed. This is pretty unusual, since I'm usually a groggy slow waker sort of person. But there I was sitting bolt upright, wide awake and very aware of everything around me. I felt that I wasn't alone either. My dresser was on the north wall of the room, about 5ft tall and had my alarm clock on top of it. The glow from the red LED numbers illuminated the top of the dresser, and I noted that something else was there also... what looked like an arm and hand was resting along the edge of the dresser top. I was pretty much stunned frozen with alarm while trying to figure out if that was something real or imaginary when it moved, which took away any doubt that I had of it being some trick of the darkness and shadow. Then I noted that I could see the side of this being's face as well.

I'm no great artist, but I spent several hours fiddling around in photoshop attempting to reproduce what this looked like. Here's my best effort. The head is definitely not accurately portrayed, since I used a common 'grey' illustration, and only added color and shadow myself. But, the forehead just doesn't look like that. However, it's close enough to get the point across.

Earthfiles, news category.

The idea behind this is to convey coloration and shadow mainly.



Computer photoshop image by "Mitch" after face-to-face telepathic upload/download in 1996-1997 time period when Mitch was about 25-years-old.

So that's about as much as I could see of him, except for a bit of shoulder and the forearm and hand that aren't represented here. The light is mainly from the clock, but there was also a bit of white light coming from the crack between the door and carpet.

Once I realized what this was, that it was actually there, and such, I experienced the merest moment of the most utter insane terror that I don't think I could possibly describe to someone who hasn't felt it themselves. Mercifully, the ebe was very quick to act and I felt an immediate flush of warmth and calm fall over me. It still took me a few moments to get rational thought back under my command, and we spent a few seconds or perhaps a couple of minutes - time isn't well perceived under that circumstance - looking each other over. I could very clearly hear the television in the living room, and the voices of my roommate and his brother having intermittent conversation about whatever they were watching. This whole thing was utterly surreal, yet undeniably happening.

At some point, I got comfortable enough that I decided to speak. I started to at least, but then I almost heard my own voice in my head explain that I didn't need to do that, which cut me off short. It wasn't really like it spoke inside my head, it was more that I had a thought dropped in there that sounded like my own but very clearly wasn't. More of an 'understanding' than actual words, but it wasn't like a mental picture or anything, it was a pretty structured idea, and this sort of thing happened several more times during the following minutes as I struggled with what I should do.

I'm going to shorthand this a bit so I don't feel like I have to clarify whose thoughts are whose here. Stuff in my head that isn't mine, I'll put \*'s around (meaning the EBE telepathic communication). These aren't literal words but rather the understanding that I came to realization of. This process sort of explains itself in the dialog, because this ebe was quite informative about assisting me in understanding the process and how this all worked. It started out organized like mental speech, but that was all my doing so I could understand it. Of course, once I stopped doing that it ceased to be something I can really put into words easily - so it's good that we started out slowly. In fact, that was pretty much explained to me that was the intent and why we didn't just jump straight into a mutual upload/download exchange this time.

## EBE Telepathic Exchange With Mitch

**Mitch:** Hi... should I..

**EBE:** \*words are unnecessary of course\*

**Mitch:** Ok, it's telepathic - I guess that's for real after all. *I try to sort of mentally push a sentence toward the being.* Is this OK? Can you understand me?

**EBE:** \*amusing. Yes, but also unnecessary. You've done this before. Remember that you don't need words.\*

**Mitch:** *(I'm still of course pretty startled but I'm dealing with this rationally at this point)* Ok, I don't need to project anything, you're just aware what I'm thinking?

**EBE:** \*words again. Yes. If you feel more comfortable, use them, but it's just for yourself. I don't want to make you distracted. Before you form words in your mind for yourself to hear, you already know what you intend. We're both aware of your intention then, but you can do this without embarrassment because you'll retain the information for more easy recall later. We want you to recall this. Often not, but this time yes. We are 'giving' you this because you need it. You can keep the memory of this contact, it is healthier for you that you do.\*

**Mitch:** *(I sort of felt embarrassed or 'primitive' in my performance about the time he*

*started talking about I not need to feel that way. My thoughts in reaction to the 'conversation' as it was unfolding somewhat guided the course of it. That sort of made it click that he was very aware of everything I thought and felt.)*

**EBE:** \*You understand now. Before the question is done forming, the answer is already there as if you always knew it. You can do this with me also but there isn't enough time to learn to operate outside your learned pattern of behavior. We will use the faster/more complete/"real" other way fully, when it is time to do so. Not yet.\*

**Mitch:** I don't understand everything but I'm understanding more and pretty fast. I can keep this one (memory)? How many other times have...

**EBE:** \*Many times, more than you would comfortably want to know. You don't want to remember, but you always know, just at a distance from daily thought that your mind uses to protect itself. This is best for you.\*

**Mitch:** Do you make us forget?

**EBE:** \*Natural process. Defense mechanism that self heals. We can assist it, but it's not necessary. Some things you cannot remember as reality, and if we want you to remember - as now - we have to make an effort to ensure you can. You will see this and understand later why it is good to not remember always. You are comfortable now?\*

**Mitch:** Yes. I feel 'too' comfortable though, given that you're here. Why do I feel so calm? Are you doing this? You must be doing this?

**EBE:** \*Assisting. Necessary. Very necessary. Would you like to explore this process? It will be very unpleasant to see yourself without my assistance. Are you ready? It will be brief. Has to be very brief.\*

## Cellular Body Fear

**Mitch:** Uh.. sure. I feel ready, and I feel very protected so you obviously won't let anything bad happ...

(Up until this point I have to say that there was a cloud of almost artificial 'warm fuzzy calm' that was enveloping me. I knew it wasn't really how I felt, couldn't be how I felt with this obviously real and - my god it's THERE and talking to ME! - ebe standing in my room. It wasn't a "high" or in any way clouding my perception at all. In fact, I felt more awake and aware than usual daily activity - completely tuned into everything that was going on. I just felt so damn peaceful about the whole thing. Well, I felt this being relax whatever it was doing that was keeping me in that state. It didn't totally let go, just enough that I could feel the primal shrill insane terror that I can't begin to describe to anybody. It felt like at the center of my being I was this animal that was so terrified that I couldn't even scream - it was just impossible. Just a silent primate shriek that wouldn't come out. If I could have leapt out of my skin and clawed my way through the wall to get out of that room, I'd have done it. I felt like this thing was holding me dangling over a cliff and if it let me go I'd fall into a chasm or raw unthinkable insanity. Mercifully, this might have lasted 2-3 seconds of real time. Just enough that I got the message 110%. Then the 'warm fuzzy happy' cloud was around me again, and I was damn happy to have it back.)

**EBE:** \*You are well? Unfortunate that happens. Always happens, but reduced from what it was early on. Even this isn't usually possible normally, with other people or with you at the beginning. You've learned to control and be able to communicate. The emotions are difficult for us. It is part of what we are learning from you. You would call it empathic, we can read and project emotional states to you, assisting you to be calmer. Humans have a lot more ('emotional range') than us or some others. *(that's a pretty bad translation of the concept handed to me, but it works for now)* Part of the mission is to understand human emotions better. It's something we either lost or didn't have and want to acquire more understanding of. (I'm unsure of the intended translation of that. The ebe definitely wasn't unsure. I just don't grasp what it meant. How did they lose it? How much did they have? Didn't really understand that. Maybe they have emotions - just a different sort than us. Maybe they're just in control of their brain chemistry enough that they don't have outbursts of emotion like we do and miss it? I dunno.) Humans do some tragically unfortunate things but also some wonderful things as a result.\*

**Mitch:** Looks like I've got fear all figured out, if that was any indication. Holy shit, don't do that again... even if it is my idea. I understand now though. That at least. *(In retrospect, I've learned a lot about how people seem to be made up, from dwelling on that particular incident. I felt a distinct separation between my rational thinking self and that bestial primate 'other me' that was so clearly displayed to me there. I think that was really the lesson being taught here. We try as much as possible to reject that part of ourselves, but really, how much does that primitive cave dwelling part of us influence our daily interactions with each other? More than we're willing to admit.)*

**EBE:** \*This makes open contact difficult. It has been tried, and we regret the attempt because it has created disturbances in your entire culture that persist even now. The whole path of development of your culture was set back, made much more complex. We are much more cautious now. From learning about your people we have developed compassion in our activities. We did not have the concept of this initially, and this caused much suffering that we

did not intend. We did not understand the impact it would have. We are not the only group involved with humans. There are others who are in agreement with us. Some groups disagree. Some want to change, others to study and influence. One idea is that humans are to be left alone entirely, but we have decided that without assistance there is too much danger of losing the established effort completely. You will be shown this, but not at this level. This is too slow to explain what you could know in a shorter time.\*

**Mitch:** So there really are more than just one or two types of you guys? Are there good and bad aliens or what?

**EBE:** \*Opinions, disagreements, and vastly dissimilar goals. Good or evil doesn't apply, just philosophies in disagreement. What would cause more harm to humans would be seen as bad by humans. What would bring more result for their ideas, solve questions, would be seen as good for the others. Good is subjective. We would cause as little disruption to you, make as little discomfort as can be avoided. Others are less concerned. We find that minimal disruption makes less difficulty for all purposes. This benefits you as well, so see it as good in your terms. This world is the center of a long term debate, but it isn't a central concern. It is very interesting to us, though.\*

**Mitch:** *I just want to point out again that these words I'm filling in for whatever it was "saying" aren't in any way exact reproduction of the conversation. I think that's pretty much impossible to convey in its literal form anyway. This is as close an approximation of what went back and forth in my head while I was sitting there staring at this ebe. I'm making an effort to not really over dramatize or expand upon what concepts were passed to me - but it's been 10 years since. Granted, I don't think there has been a day go by in those years that I haven't thought on some level about this, so it has stayed pretty fresh to me, although there's some room for error for sure.*

So why are you here now? Can I just go with you? I'd like that and there's nothing here that would hold me behind. I'd go anywhere, right now if I can.

**EBE:** \*That isn't possible. There are physical reasons. You wouldn't do well in our conditions, and we cannot take anyone off this world without agreement from (some concept I don't remember enough to understand - some group that dictates policy?). Humans are 'contained'... they are not allowed outside the set limits. There are exceptions, but not often and not for lengthy times. Do not want it, it can't be done. You are a volunteer already. This is all by your agreement. Every interaction with you is by your agreement, even if you don't remember choosing it when you did. I am a volunteer as well. It is difficult for us, and changes us more than it does you. To (relate to/interact with you?) changes us, we absorb some of your thoughts. This is not without a price for us. I have no regrets, but am different, changed from the rest of my group.

Humans are considered a danger to the established system, primitive and not in control of themselves on most levels. Undesirable to be free to leave their boundaries. What makes your kind unique also makes all others cautious of you. If all knowledge was revealed to humans, you would demand a place in things you aren't ready to understand. It would cause great harm to all of you. There have already been setbacks, impatience, and it has caused loss of established efforts already. Humans are very prone to conflict, and resolving that through violence. That must be avoided completely, without question. One of the most interesting yet disturbing items of study is this need to control or destroy. This is very counter to what should be a survival instinct, how this manifests itself in you. Fear is understood to be a self preservation emotional state, but at times becomes quite opposite and is a drive to self annihilate. We do not understand this at all. It does not make sense. We would call it insane behavior. We are very cautious about your kind until we can understand all of this. Your leadership is perhaps most unstable in this regard. Small interactions work best, and groups of humans seem much more prone to this irrational behavior and fear based responses.\*

**Mitch:** *Basically the gist of what I got out of this is that him, coming from his structured and 'their' way of thinking, to step down and swap brainwaves with humans at length means it sort of 'taints' them. Might even risk them being seen as a little eccentric in their culture. There's some sort of communal mind at work for sure among them, since they are pretty much on a mental open-door policy with each other. I don't know what range that involves, but at least in close proximity they sort of exist with each other's thoughts freely floating among them. Cozying up to us primitive wild-men makes them cautious about each other. Like they might have some latent human 'odor' about their thoughts that freaks their co-workers out when that's introduced into the pool. So, this guy ends up being rejected a little as a result was my impression. The thing about humans being 'quarantined' seems basically that given their technology, the fear is that we would out of fear of not being the center of our universe anymore, start destroying things - most likely ourselves. That's bad news, so until they figure us out or we evolve past that behavior, we're not going anywhere. I had a distinct thought here that if I had a weapon and didn't have the 'assistance' of keeping my emotions in balance that I'd certainly have killed this ebe or myself. It was sort of an image that we agreed on to prove his point.*

**EBE:** \*It has been considered that your group might destroy itself despite our intentions otherwise. It would likely do this without outside influence anyway. While we wish to prevent this, the loss of your group would be a great disappointment. Perhaps you would understand that we would feel guilt at the occurrence. There are, therefore, humans elsewhere. If we lose this group, we have the other. They are 'transplanted,' you would call it.

**Mitch:** *(I had a mental movie at this point of definitely some other planet. Two suns in the sky, one similar to our own, the other smaller and much paler. People there, that looked pretty much like us. I knew they were from here. Volunteers, maybe homeless people, those who wouldn't be missed, or whatever. The place seemed somewhat arid, but not harsh conditions. A few people seemed confused at being there, others seemed excited and happy.)*

**EBE:** It is time to move on to faster communications. You will remember all of this clearly. That has been arranged to happen, so that you keep this experience. If you are ready and comfortable we can start to do the rest.\*

**Mitch:** *( I became aware that for a while here I'd been staring at his eyes. I mean, it's really the most startling feature on their face, but given the very dim conditions they just seemed like two black voids there. I could see the reflection of the red light from the clock on the side of one eye, but there wasn't really any definition and none of the reflectiveness that I would have expected. At this point I was mentally just in another world. There was no question that this was really going on, I wasn't dreaming this, and I'd finally come around to complete acceptance of it.)*

Can I move?

**EBE:** \*Nothing has prevented you. You are not restrained in any way, since you demonstrated that you were not going to cause yourself any harm. Yes, you can open the door or whatever your intent is. Please do not draw the others' attention or we will have to terminate this visit immediately.\*

**Mitch:** *It knew of course what I wanted to do, and I was pretty damn surprised it let me do it. It was bugging me that here I had an ebe in my room and I could only very vaguely see him. I wanted to see more, remember more. No way was I wasting this chance. So, much to my surprise, I was able to slide to the end of my bed, reach over - I never took my eyes off him though - and tap my door open a few inches, letting some hallway light into the room. Then I could see him a bit better, and the whole time my mind had been fighting with me that it couldn't be real, some hallucination or whatever. This removed the opportunity to play those mind games on myself. This guy was clearly there, more obviously than ever.*

**EBE:** \*More comfortable? The light does not irritate me, don't be concerned. I appreciate your concern. Can we begin the rest now?\*

**Mitch:** Yes, what do you want me to do? (I happened to note the time on the clock at this point. 1:28am. We'd been at this for about 8 minutes or so, although it seemed like all night with the speed things were going back and forth.)

As soon as I'd settled back into a comfortable position, I looked him over again. Mainly the eyes, because that's what I kept being drawn back to. Now that I could see a little, I noted that they were pretty reflective. Almost like liquid, because there seemed to be some refraction going on that I couldn't make sense of. It wasn't a mirrorlike reflection, just a bouncing and bending of what little light was in the room. I noticed this seemed to be inconsistent too. One moment it was hyper glossy and liquid looking, then it seemed to 'dry out' and then it returned to its former hyper reflective state.

If I had to guess, I'd almost say it was like he was blinking and rewetting his eyes or lenses or whatever the heck those were. Maybe it was just a trick of the light, or my brain spinning in circles trying to find a good way to deny what I was looking at. I couldn't tell you with any certainty. If he was blinking then they must have some sort of 3rd eyelid like frogs do, because I didn't notice him blink like we do.

## "Movie" Upload/Download 34 Minutes Elapsed Clock Time

Anyway, once I was seated and comfortable again and thought the question about what it wanted me to do to start whatever 'the rest' was, it was like my head opened up. I remember the audible sound of a rush, like my ears getting ready to pop or being underwater or something and then I lost complete perception of my normal 5 senses. It was just gone. Everyone has heard people talk about in some time of stress when they thought they were going to die or whatever, their 'life rushed past their eyes.' Yeah, that was pretty much the effect, except it paused for a clearer picture of some events. There were memories in there that I know were mine but I just don't have access to normally.

Stuff where I was too young to really have much recall of it, things that apparently aren't meriting recall normally. I remembered very clearly what it was like to be in my mom's arms as an infant, not knowing anything but the emotional flow between us - before I had anything to really think about, or words to put it into mentally - just being and feeling loved. There was, for some reason, a vision about riding a tricycle. Doesn't make any sense why, but I remember now seeing it then very clearly. I relived times when I'd done some rotten embarrassing shit, stuff I felt really ignorant about. It felt like I was just floating in a void with this *movie running past me*, like I didn't have a body that I was living in anymore. There was just *this* and nothing else.

Occasionally it would slow down, and I'd feel that I needed to try to explain something. Why had I felt a certain way, why did I make a particular choice. Then it would take off again. It definitely wasn't a linear thing either. I think I was actually partially in control of it, sort of leading the way through to stuff I wanted to show him. Things I wanted to see again myself. Not a lot of stuff from adult life, mostly childhood stuff is what I remember it consisting of. A lot about things and people that I felt strong attachment to. Memories of family, stuff like that.

I don't have a ton of recollection about everything that got dumped out of me. There are the few



things that were toward the beginning I think - time was just GONE during this whole thing, so I think it was at the beginning of the dump though. It really did feel like I was straining to keep up with the speed of it... like trying to put 100 lbs of memories up a 5 lb pipe all at once. It felt completely saturating, like I just couldn't do any more and it was such an overwhelming sensation that it was highly unpleasant but not painful. Sort of akin to being tickled to the point where you just can't stand it, feel just desperate, but know its not doing any harm. Just translate that to a mental overload experience.

The thing was, this was also a two-way street. I was able to explore whatever it was willing to show me too. I feel like it was more like my head got packed full of its (EBE) thoughts, I couldn't hold onto them, and they just fell off pretty quickly. I just couldn't retain it. But while it was happening, it was like I knew everything I wanted to know. Just understood why all of it made perfect sense, just how unthinkable complex everything 'outside our understanding' was, and how all of it just worked together in some sort of cosmic machine that kept doing its thing forever.

I was just able to swim around in this sea of understanding, but there were also a lot of questions that it didn't know, so it wasn't like this was some mind-of-god or anything. Just like us, there are things they know exist, have a general idea of how it works, but they're not all complete experts on every aspect of everything by any means - but I had more than enough to keep me enthralled. Just like with my memories, I perceived his imagery from his point of view, I remember that much. One thing I really wanted to know about was how their craft worked, and while he wasn't a pilot he had apparently been trained on operating them. I can still cloudily remember what it feels like through his hands to slide your palm across the surface of the control plate and feel the electrical numb that happens when they start to control it. I could kinda speculate how that works and why it feels the way it does, but that's for another time.

The majority of what I brought back from my trip inside his head isn't organized into any sort of rational pattern. Nothing I can mentally browse or anything. There are fragments of memories that just aren't mine, and knowledge that I don't understand that just pop to the surface occasionally - usually when I'm driving or daydreaming. Sometimes I'll dream something that isn't mine, and that's pretty damn disturbing. But I never really hang onto it. I think my brain just shuts it down as fast as it can. Rejects it, and shuts the door on it.

This is pretty much the vague impressions I have left afterwards. It was, in retrospect, a pretty damn mentally traumatic experience for me. I was aware of the beginning, the middle seemed to last forever but I can't remember much at all of what I saw and felt, and then at the end I was just aware that it was over. I felt profoundly sad, and I remember having tears in my eyes as I slumped over on my side in bed - still looking at this guy in my room, and wondering what next. Then I remember feeling just impossibly relieved and happy. Ultra contented. And with my visitor still there, I just closed my eyes and faded off. I think about that now and wonder what the hell I was thinking. How could I just go to sleep, with the most important single event of my life happening right there in my room? I don't know. That's just how it went. I remember noting the time as 1:54. It seems I was pretty good about noticing the clock, granted it was standing right next to it. But, 34 minutes total time elapsed. I must have been in that mutual brain-dump for a good 20 minutes and had no sense of passing time whatsoever.

## 2.5 Hours Later

So... then we get to Part 2 of that incredibly strange night.

4:35am. I'm awake, out of bed, and already have one leg in my pants and I'm trying to finish putting them on and stumble out the door at the same time. I'm in one hell of a hurry and I don't understand why. I don't remember getting out of bed, waking up, or anything. I just remember coming to awareness already heading for the door and I had something very important to do and I'm going to be late. I, for some reason, noted the time again. I definitely at this point did NOT have any recollection of what had gone on a few hours earlier.

As I said before, the computer room was between the living room and the bedroom I was in. I was moving pretty fast and very determinedly for the computer room, still on some sort of urgent auto-pilot and it felt like I was just along for the ride, not really myself yet. So, I came in the door, noted that my girlfriend was on the computer and most likely on the modem. My roommates were definitely 'night people,' working afternoon shifts and generally heading to bed when the sun was rising, so this wasn't unusual at all.

In one motion, I leaned past her, snatched the modem cord out of the wall socket, and reached for the telephone that was on the shelf on the side of the room. Just as my hand hit the phone it started to ring and I lifted it. I said, 'Hi mom, what's going on?' She informed me that she'd just gotten to my grandfather's house. He had called her about 15 minutes earlier and seemed concerned that he was having chest pains and asked her to come up. She'd called the ambulance then headed over there and was waiting on the ambulance to arrive. She said they were definitely going to take him in when they got there, so I needed to meet her and drive her to the hospital. I already had my keys in my hand, set the phone down and turned around to see my roommates staring at me with quite the 'what the hell just happened here?' look on their faces. Then it came back to me, what *else* had gone on that night. Wow. This was all pretty weird, but I wasn't on auto-pilot anymore, so I told them I'd explain later but I had to go now, and stumbled out the door.

I had all day sitting around the hospital to ponder what the heck HAD happened the night before. I seemed pretty rational and sane at the moment, so it had to have been real, right?

I talked to my roommate when I got home, asked him if he'd heard anything. He said he'd heard me talking to someone at some point, and thought it was to my girlfriend, but they were watching a movie so he wasn't sure. Nothing unusual otherwise. I wasn't really ready to come out with the whole story about the ebe in my room, but there was some definite interest in my apparently psychic phone-grabbing and such. This didn't make much sense to me then, but as the years have gone on I've come to understand the timing of things. As my mind continues to attempt to construct new methods of denying that the ebe incident could possibly have happened - even despite my very clear recollection of it - and has nearly succeeded many times in convincing me that I somehow hallucinated it, I've got the latter part of the night's strangeness as an undeniable anchor for the whole thing.

I've got 3 witnesses to it that I can call any day and confirm that it really happened just like that. Grandpa's doing fine, by the way. He's another interesting story.

Since it indirectly involved him, I decided after a few years that I really had to bring up the subject with Grandpa. So I told him the reader's digest version of things, without getting too much into the telepathy and such. Just that I had this not-human thing in my room, talked to it, woke up later and was already on the way out the door to see him during his trauma. I was pretty convinced that him, being a religious man, would either play it off as some godly thing, angelic visitation at best, or just tell me 'weird shit happens.'

However, he instead gave me a very startling story, coming from one of the most no-nonsense realist people I know. It seems that he'd already seen this sort of creature. In the late 50s or early 60s, he and a relative were building a log cabin at Atwood Lake. He's always been a build it with his own two hands sort of sunrise to sunset working guy - which I greatly admire but don't aspire to myself. Well, it was getting dark and they decided to knock off working on the cabin for the night, so were sitting on the edge of the lake having a beer before heading home. The other guy said to Grandpa, 'Hey, the moon sure is bright on the lake, ain't it?' and he looked out on the lake to see the full moon glowing on the surface very brightly. He looked up in the sky and the problem was, the moon was a half-moon. Looked back at the water and saw the full moon reflected there. Then it came up out of the lake and hovered there for a while while they watched it. According to him, it drifted slowly over near to where they were. It was glowing yellowish white and they could see windows in the side and people 'a lot like you describe' standing in there. Then it went over toward the other side of the lake. The other gentleman had had quite enough, got in his car and got the hell out of there. Grandpa stuck around to see what it was going to do. After a while, this disc took off with a streak of light like what he described as a falling star, but going up and away from him.

Well, I was pretty stunned to hear this coming from my Grandfather, the ultimate voice of reason and rationality, and shooter-down of every foolish idea I'd ever had. And now I pretty much understood why everything that night had happened the way it had. There was just absolutely no denying the reality of what had happened to me. Although, 10 years later, I'm still trying like hell to doubt it every day.

Another interesting thing that I noticed in the weeks following my visitation. I was very strongly empathic. This faded over the course of 2 or 3 weeks, but it was very pronounced the first week. I couldn't literally hear the thoughts in other people's heads, but I could definitely pick up how they felt and what they were thinking about in a very general way. This was somewhat annoying actually, because it made me extremely uncomfortable and self conscious when I knew they were thinking something about me, of course, and I felt the tone of it either positive or negative as it may have been. I found myself fighting it, and trying to tune it out. At one point in this period my mother and I had a conversation with each other while in the grocery store. I turned around and she wasn't standing there where she ought to have been.

I went looking for her, expecting her to be in the next aisle over perhaps, and found her actually on the other side of the store. I walked in the aisle she was in, and she said, 'Oh, there you are...' and picked up the conversation right where we'd been when I had been at least 200 feet away. How's that for something that'll scare the shit out of you to have happen unexpectedly? This must have been some residual 'talent' from being so completely opened up when the ebe was there. I feel rather fortunate that it faded away before it was too disruptive, although I do get a little twitch of the empathic stuff now and then - but it's generally quite tame by comparison to what went on those initial few weeks.

Actually, that's one thing that I did take away from the ebe's thoughts that I really have trouble conceiving of. Imagine a society where you don't have your own private thoughts. Perhaps you can if you really wanted to, but it's not the accepted practice. Not really a 'hive mind,' but just that while everyone is an independent thinking being, there is also wide open mental communication and sharing of experiences. In essence, no privacy, and your individuality is sort of lost in it. The flip side is that you're never lonesome or feel misunderstood, since you can get the exact concepts someone has right out of their stream of thought. To me, it's a pretty disturbing way to contemplate existing, because we're very used to being behind our curtain. It's pretty obvious that (with some help at least) we're capable of this sort of communication - but I think much like everything else about this experience, our minds reject it as a threat to our stable mental health, or at least maintaining the status quo. If the greys could just teach us to do it when we mutually agreed to, with each other, it would solve a ton of communications issues.

One thing that did get clarified in that incident was that it wasn't an isolated thing. This has apparently been going on with me for a long time. I don't have any memory of it since then, but it made clear a couple of times where I'd had lost time in previous years, and some things I thought were dreams when I was a child definitely weren't. On one hand I'd be very eager and willing to have another visit. I'd REALLY prefer it to be in daylight hours though, since I spent a few years sleeping with the lights on afterwards and every now and then I still wake up very uncomfortable in the middle of the night and have to check the house and turn on the lights - which irritates my wife to no end. Yes, daylight would be really nice as an alternative :-).

There's the 'on the other hand' aspect here, too. On the other hand, if it doesn't happen again that's ok. Even though I know everything would be ok, friendly, and would answer a lot of my remaining questions, that complete fear and apprehension about the possibility of waking up to find my visitor back is enough to make me pause and think 'Nah... that's ok. Not again.'"

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### More Information:

If any Earthfiles or Dreamland viewers and listeners have had any similar experience, please contact me at:  
**earthfiles@earthfiles.com.**

For more about the human abduction syndrome, please see reports below in the **Earthfiles Archives** and my books and documentaries in the **Earthfiles Shop:**

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