

## **Time-Loop Chronicles**

### **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

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The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

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## **About Author**

John V. Panella has been writing off and on for decades. Back in the early 70's he dabbled in writing scripts for television shows and movies for personal enjoyment.

It was then in the 80's he began to get serious and started writing about potential errors in our historical archives and records.

This led him into a series of writings and his first book dealing with codes, prophecies, history, religion and spiritual belief paradigms.

For the last 25-years, he has spent a lot of his time sharing his discoveries, writing hundreds of articles, magazines, along with many books.

Then one day he decided why not go back to his past and leave the non-fiction genre behind for a while and get back to his first love, Science Fiction and Time Travel.

Instead of trying to fit all the pieces of our past, why not change a few of them with scenarios that make you wonder, what if this happened, or that happened, and what if what we have been told is simply not true?

After spending so much dedicated time trying to make sure everything he had written was accurate, he decided, why not throw it all up in the air, and let the chips fall where they may.

What if our history was wrong, who would know? Was any of us personally aware to prove it one way or the other? Is there a possibility of a totally different history than we have been told?

What if our accepted sacred stories and heroes were not what we had believed, but were somehow different? What if the times of these stories were not thousands of years ago, but mere hundreds?

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What if time travel was possible, and we could use it at will to learn a much different past? What if ancient stories of ancient Indian tribes disappearing had a totally different story behind them than what we have been taught?

What if things today that we take for granted is a controlled deception? What if the world is a virtual play station and none of it is real?

What if space, along with our sun, moon and stars are not what we have believed, but in truth it is nothing but a big interactive movie screen, with a few exceptions?

From strange stories to historical conundrums, this author has decided to tackle all of them in this fascinating science fiction tale, “The Time-Loop Chronicles – The Day the Earth fell backwards.”

Nothing is sacred, nothing is tangible, the table has been overturned, and now wherever this story leads us we may wander within a pseudo-reality.

Not even the story behind this book fits according to everyday logic. The twists and turns will leave you scratching your head as to what happened, how did it happen, and when did it happen?

And yet when it is all over you will be asking yourself, could this possibly be true? Well, maybe not, that will be for you to decide.

One thing is for sure, it will stoke the fires of your imagination, and leave you with more questions rather than accepting antiquities sacred answers.

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## **Preface**

This adventure begins with the protagonist walking down a path early one morning and he discovers a strange anomaly. It is a cave inside a red rock mesa in Southern Utah.

He stumbles upon a door that leads into the past, to another world, maybe even another dimension.

Yet, was any of it real, or was it a dream? The central character meets an ancient courier bringing with them information that could rattle the consciousness of all of humanity.

The protagonist carefully does as he was instructed only to find out the world is not what anyone would have believed. Now struggling with his own false paradigm, he goes on a mission to uncover the mysteries of reality only to get lost in the illusion of time.

As the story moves forward, all the information that was gathered is now gone, it slips the mind leaving a nagging imprinted memory with no plausible proof.

The journey is all but convoluted from the moment it begins to its amazing end.

Imagine a world that is stuck in a time-loop due to an inherent error of the Earth's rotation, and after an exact set of years the entire world reverts to a specific date in history, and starts all over again, proving nothing is new under the sun.

Thus, revealing even deeper insight that this is a never-ending story that everyone has experienced repeatedly, even though few ever awaken to this beguiling repetition, that one may even call hell. A seemingly eternal existence in the dream world of the mind.

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Imagine figuring out the key to crack the code to this amazing journey that will free you from its tight grip.

This story is going to take you on a very curvy path, leading you step by step into ideas, theories, worlds and counter worlds that will seem wholly false, and yet...

Deep down within the depth of your mind, no matter how crazy and off the wall it all seems on the surface, there will still be a ring of truth in it. Your adventure begins now!

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# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

## **(1) My Encounter**

“That which has been is that which will be, and that which has been done is that which will be done. So, there is nothing new under the sun. Is there anything of which one might say, “See this, it is new”? Already it has existed for ages which were before us....” *Ecclesiastes 1/9-11*

### **THE HIKE - MYSTERY OF THE RUINS**

My story begins, it is June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1984 we are having a normally warm beginning to our summer.

What I am writing in this notepad is going to seem unbelievable. If these events did not happen to me, I would deem it, ‘lunacy’ of the mind. I can't even begin to comprehend how all of this could took place, but what I am about to reveal will change every paradigm that you ever believed in.

I realize that most people will not give this a second thought that it will seem farfetched and it will become impossible to ever conceive of. Yet what I am about to disclose was revealed to me on a hike in the Red Rock Mesas of Southern Utah.

All I ask of you is to read my story and try to comprehend what it was that I was revealed. Realizing that something of this magnitude is too massive to be an invention of the mind; or is it?

According to what I discovered, if we do not take heed to this warning, then we are all about to see unexplainable massive events occur that will send humanity into another time and place.

I am not talking about terrible cataclysmic events Per Se, although these will indeed occur. I am talking about a shift in our entire consciousness, which will further the amnesia in everyone whom are going to be transported to the other side of time.

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My incredible journey begins and yet as you will discover, it is not the beginning, and in fact this journey may have played out for everyone cyclically.

The trail was very hot today, it feels like 100° in the sun, but that can be normal this time of the year, and the wind has slowed to a breath. I had just wandered into a lost Anasazi ancient burial ground.

Some of the artifacts there I'm told are 900 years old. It is amazing how some of their clay mixed fortresses and cave walls are still apparent after all this time. However, the mystery of these people has long been forgotten.

No more than an hour away, is a small thriving modern-day town where I live, and yet these ancient elements buried beneath our feet seem to leap to the surface and scream out their stories in the hope that someone would remember their flight and fight of endurance.

History seems so different upfront and personal. All the lore and myth begins to wear away as we peer into the past gaining a new perspective of what seems somewhat unmistakable. And as it touches the depth of our own memories, it reveals the possibility that we all might have walked this same path and endured its adversity.

I decided to sit down and take a swig of water out of my canteen, which is now three-quarters empty. I can't take too many chances out here. I know the terrain can be confusing and even to the avid experienced trekker, one could get lost and vanish in time.

I had hiked about ten minutes from the last dig, which was somewhat unknown. Most of us do not like speaking of where we discover these ancient relics.

We simply do not want the masses of tourism to distort or destroy these ancient marvels. We often keep our discoveries to ourselves making sure few tread upon these lost ruins.



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At this point I decided about turning around and heading back before it gets too late. Once the sun goes down chances of ever getting out of here are slim and none, and would force one to bed down for the evening, under the stars, along with the critters and creepy crawlers.

I had noticed a small stream a little way up, I could hear the flowing water. I meandered my way slowly over to the rushing bounty. I could sense the coolness of the stream when I decided to reconcile this heat by pouring some of its exquisite H<sub>2</sub>O over my head.

As I walked near the water I took a casual glance looking over to the southwest, peering through the trees. I realized the sun was noticeably getting lower in the sky.

I could see a small red rock mesa protruding from the ground like a sore thumb blended into the surrounding trees, its height was about thirty feet tall with a flat ridge on top.

And near the northeast side I noticed what appeared to be a strange curvature on the side of the wall that was somewhat hidden by trees and branches, it appeared to be a door or an entranceway of some type.

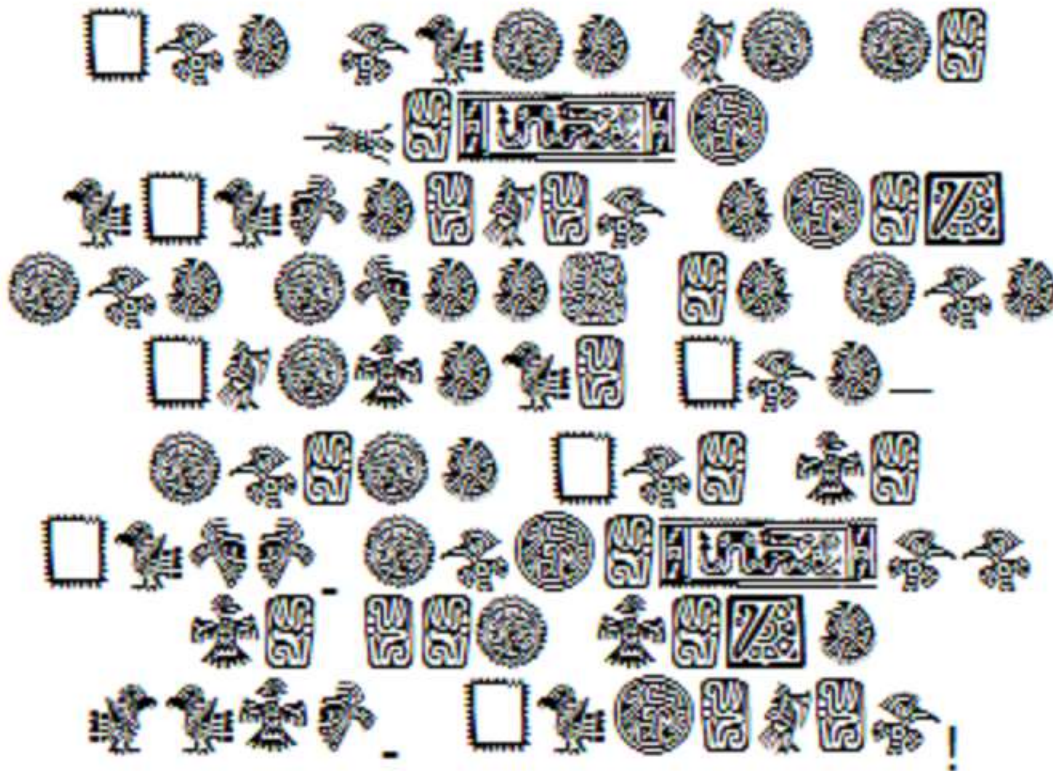
I was deeply intrigued by the appearance of this rock face, as it seemed quite odd to me. It was as if the rock had patterns designed into the surface, and it did not look natural.

That alone had me thinking, who could possibly have designed this pattern out here. It was a small rounded shaped pattern about four-feet high made of what appeared to be laser cut rock, and it was no more than three-feet wide; appearing as an entryway.

It was heavily crafted, meaning the entrance looked as if it had some sort of artistry with designs and etchings engraved into the curvature of the stone surrounding. It appeared alien-like.

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This was obviously not the work of some caveman, this appeared as a technologically advanced imprinted rock sculpture, but gave off the appearance of being very old.



It didn't make any sense why someone would be out here fastening a doorway into the walls of this mesa. It was an obvious enigma. And as you see above, I tried to copy the strange writing into my notepad.

I stared at the writing to try to ascertain some meaning. But no matter how long I tried, none of it made any sense. Some of the symbols looked familiar, most of them did not. I will need to ask my Professor about this, as he teaches about these symbols. It is obvious that there is a message here, but I do not have the gift to crack this code.

I have never seen these designs before, they appear more like pictures rather than writing, almost in the sense of being an ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic, but it is not quite accurate these seem Indian in nature.

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After I splashed some water on my face from the stream, it was time to investigate the anomaly of this rock face, because it was too inviting to let it pass by. I had to find out for myself why there was such an entrance-way into this mesa, and who could have built it, and for what reason.

I attempted to climb over a fallen tree that was in the path to this door, and I took a few acceptable scrapes and cuts along the way. There was no trail out here, this was off the beaten path, as one might say. There were no signs of invitation, it just seemed so out of context to see a doorway in a mesa hidden behind brush and trees.

This strange walled cave entrance that most likely no one would have seen unless they were in this exact area, did not have any rhyme or reason for its existence.

Yet the doorway was technologically modern, and as I got closer I realized to my stunned heart, which was now taking a few extra beats, that there was indeed a door. A small rounded thick rock door as if elves built it, and it was partially opened as it appeared to swing by some engraved latch that allowed for easy movement.

It is true, I am an adventurer but I do not like danger. Those things that I do not understand, I do not usually like blindly walking through, wherewith it might not have my best interest at heart.

There was something about this door that really kept my attention, and it was partially opened. I could see the faint glimmer of what I thought was light flickering from the inside. I did not know what to do, I was very cautious about getting too close or for that matter, entering.

I just sat there on the tree limb that I had just climbed over after cutting away some of the twigs that were spiked, and asked myself what could this be? Is this the workings of some artistic drifter? Is this some explorer's hangout? Is this some government operation... but out here?

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I was very nervous, and was deeply affected by this strange out of context anomaly; so much so, that I decided to leave and come back another day.

I figured no one except the actual builder of this door would even know about it, and being that the path to this door was untouched and was so cluttered by trees and brush, I really doubt anyone has been here for a very long time. It should remain a secret until I return, hopefully wielding a ton more confidence in the process.

But what about the flickering light inside?

I realized there were some strange inconsistencies here and there was an enigma about this doorway. However, I was not about to search any further today. As I turned around to walk back home, I was spooked out of my mind when I heard this voice call out to me, saying, "Friend, don't leave."

I had a thousand thoughts per second racing through my mind, I could not fathom who would be out here. Is this another hiker finding my secret discovery? Could this be some tramp who lives out here and is trying to hustle me for something? There was no doubt in my mind that I had no desire to turn around, however...

The voice was deep, and it rang with an odd dialect and a tone that seemed strangely familiar. Throwing all caution to the wind, I turned around, and standing there as if I was somehow teleported back into the past, was...

**Oh my God!**

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## **(2) The Doorway to the Past**

### **The Introduction - Mystery of the Gateway**

My hands are trembling, I can barely write as the overwhelming memory of my experiences are still strong in my mind, and I am hoping others will be able to read my shaky handwriting.

I always carry a decent sized notepad with me everywhere I go; mostly to verify directions when I hike using markers, where a certain tree is, or a valley or mesa, all of it is to make sure I do not get lost.

I am having to explain what I was revealed in the best way that I would hope others could understand. The things that were revealed were beyond normal intellectual protocol. And I know most people would have a difficult time in believing any of this.

The question I must ask myself is why would I even believe? I guess the answer is, because I saw it with my own two eyes. I was there.

What is so funny in life, so often no one is a believer unless they witness things for themselves, and yet only the few ever witness that which is out of the ordinary, leaving the mystery of life hidden under the sands of doubt.

I have been given the opportunity to write all of what I personally experienced. I am not sure I can explain everything cohesively, because much of it was beyond my own normal brainpower.

I was told that I would have to remain there for some time, and being gone for an extended period like this would alert my wife and friends that I might have fallen into some danger.

However, what was first revealed was so mind blowing that I had to remain, even at the anxiety of those who care about me. I just prayed that

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when I had the chance to explain all of this, they would understand why I had given them such a fright.

As I turned around, looking directly at me was what appeared to be an Indian Chief with all the regality and trimmings with a full headdress. He was my height about 5'11" and his face was thin and worn, obviously, he was elderly and the youth of his past gave in to age, yet he was vaguely familiar.

His skin was as if he had been standing in the sun for many years. It was very leathery, and his eyes were deeply sunken into his sockets. His nose was small and pudgy. His lips were thin and very pale, to that of his sunburned dried red skin. Yet he held himself with a certain distinguished demeanor.

Yet I could not fight the fact that he was very familiar, although I could not place him, like a long-lost memory of another time and place. He stood there in complete silence as I gazed over his body and behavior. There was this soulful compassion coming from his dark eyes, like he was looking at me as a trapped animal and there was little he could do to help me.

He allowed me to scan his facade and appearance, and he waited patiently for me to respond. Of course, not being educated in the ways of the Indian, nor their culture, I simply blurted out what was in my thoughts, saying, *"Who the hell are you?"*

I then backtracked over my reactive response, and tried it again, *"I meant to say, who are you, and where did you come from?"* Obviously not scoring many points for cultural diplomacy, he seemed ever willing to make my acquaintance even though my outburst left a lot to be desired. He replied with a slight smile on his face...

"My name is Chief Animae Cibus, I come from the Anasazi, a name meaning, alien ancestors and basket weavers. We walked this earth and these lands for a very long time. I have not come to harm you; I have come to admonish you."

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Instinctively I was pondering all of this and wondering how is it that he would even know me? Why would I need help? Who is he that he thinks he needs to admonish me? I responded in like, *"How do you know me that you would assume I needed help? I am just a hiker out here investigating ancient ruins."*

The regal clad man replied, "It is not of great importance as to how or why that I know you, what is important is that you of this time-period take what I will teach you and shout it out to the four winds, humanity needs to know."

*"This time-period? What do you mean?"* I queried.

*"The time you are living in is about to change."*

I was not sure if he was explaining this properly or not, or maybe I couldn't understand his reference to time. I carelessly corrected his remark by saying, *"You mean the world that I am living in, correct?"*

He bowed his head in sadness and shook it from right to left very adamantly and then proceeded to tell me these very strange words.

*"We all live in this world, we do not all live in the same time."*

I irascibly responded, *"You mean like... 1984?"*

He then waved for me to come over and follow him into this cave entrance. I really didn't want to do that, I mean, I didn't know this guy from Adam. I have no clue what he is doing here, and following him into a small cave didn't seem to be my idea of using my coconut properly.

As his head was turned away from me, I said, *"I am not sure that this would be a good idea for me to follow, I don't even know you."*

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He then, as he bent down pushing the tiny cavern door completely open, had this obvious look in his eyes that I wasn't getting it, "Friend, you know me, you have known me for a very long time. You have always known me. Do you know how many times we have had this encounter?"

He mumbled something as he turned around that sounded like, "How do you fight memory loss?"

I unabashedly I responded, "*Sir, how do I know you?*"

Laughingly he said, "It is so amazing how the soul forgets and the mind interrupts." He then continued, "My friend, we have known one another for a thousand years, continually, we have had this dance one too many times."

I was starting to think this guy was a sandwich short of a picnic. You know, the light was on but no one was home. However, I did begin to realize something of great import was happening here. Like a long-lost memory that was deeply embedded within my thoughts as it spoke its own revelation, telling me to follow and get it right this time.

I was very reluctant as you might correctly have surmised. Yet I knew there was something unique and uncanny happening here. To miss out on this opportunity seemed to be too great of a price to pay.

I then followed slowly, but deliberately through this small doorway and to my shock there was nothing inside. It was stone-cold empty, except a burning torch hanging on the wall, obviously, the flickering light I had noticed earlier.

There was no place to lie or sit down. It was completely barren, with rock face all around, and it appeared to be a circular rounded room. The cave was small; probably about the size of 10-feet wide, 15-feet depth and about 8-feet in height. And the only thing that was in there was another small door on the opposite end.



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As I stood there looking around this empty space, the Chief continued toward the other door. He then said, "Do not be frightened but you are a doorway away from the twilight zone."

I had to laugh because that was always my expression for things that seemed weird. I would have the, [da-da-da-da], [da-da-da-da], theme song ringing in my mind of the old Rod Serling show.

Again, still scrambling for the correct term in what he meant by time, I continued to believe he was referring to something different. And now the reference to the Twilight Zone really had me scratching my head.

Little did I realize when I walked through the second door, and came out into a large vast area of trees and mesas just like I had entered, I would be dumbstruck by what it was that I would see.

The area was filled with Indians of the Anasazi tribe and they walked over to the Chief and conveyed their allegiance to him in some ancient Indian dialect. I must have seen fifty to a hundred of them. They were milling about to and fro, from their dwellings, and working off the land.

They looked at me as if I was a ghost or something, a stranger from another place and time. But they were friendly, even beyond friendly, as if I was someone they all knew.

I wondered if this was some sort of play acting going on, somewhat akin to the Battle of Gettysburg, where every year they reenact the ceremony of that battle during the Civil War.

I asked him, *"Who set this up, and why didn't I hear this from the other side of the cave?"* I was referring to the chatter and talk of the Indians as their children also laughed and played like any other children would do.

There is very little distance between one side and the other of the mesa, and I am sure that I would have heard these voices. It never occurred to me

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that I was not on the other side of the mesa, even though it was obvious that I had to be.

“Friend, this place is not on the other side of your mesa.” The Chief correcting me as if he could hear my thoughts, while he jumped in to say.

**“This place is on the other side of time!”**

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## **(3) The Two Worlds**

### **Day One – Mystery of the Soul**

As I stood there examining my thoughts I was thinking, my God do you know what you are telling me? Are you really trying to tell me that I am back in time, that this is when the real Anasazi Indian tribes worked and lived, how is any of this possible?

I was starting to get angry, I began to believe someone was trying to trick me. I ran back into the cave entrance on the one side and quickly maneuvered out the front side. I was upset and wanted to show this Indian character that I don't like being made to look like a fool.

Of course, the reason there was so much anger is because I couldn't shake the fact that my consciousness awareness was experiencing a time shift and my puny little brain was not along for the ride.

What I saw on the other side was too elaborate, I mean ancient huts and the way the Indians were working and toting things along on their backs, everything looked so authentic. The children were all speaking a strange dialect that I had never heard before.

Their games were even strange, one such game that they were playing, was that there were three children standing and in front of them lay three small stones, one in front of each child. The first child bent down to pick up their stone and threw it about 10-15-feet in front of them. The other children laughed as if something went amiss.

Then the second child would throw their stone, this time it went a little further than the first child's stone. The children all made a sound like, 'awe,' as if the second child did much better than the first.

I did not comprehend what it was they were doing. I then noticed on the ground in front of them was a circle carved into the ground. I then understood

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after watching for about 15-minutes, that the object of the game was to get the stone inside the circle.

Then finally the third child threw their stone and it landed in the circle and bounced out. The three kids laughed and ran to the circle to retrieve their stones.

The first child who missed the circle was made to stand inside the circle. The other two went back to the start and held their stone in their hand, this time, instead of picking up from the ground.

However, the last child's stone that landed inside the circle and bounced out, that child had to turn around facing the other way at the start. The second child's stone that landed inside the circle, they could throw the stone first, and the objective was to get it close to the circle without hitting the child standing in the circle, if that child was successful then that child won the event.

The circle was about 4-feet in diameter. However, I noticed that it was not that wise for the child who made it in the circle the first time to get it in the circle again.

Because the chance of hitting the child inside could be too great. Hitting the child was an automatic loss, and the child that was hit returns to the beginning and the child who hit the one inside the circle must replace him in the circle, sort of as punishment.

Since the child landed inside the circle with the stone the first time, they didn't have to get inside the circle the second time. I guess that was the reward for doing it properly. Therefore, the child could throw the stone slightly away from the circle and still be able to remain in the game.

Obviously, they didn't throw these stones very hard, they tossed them. The child in the circle would not really get hurt if a stone hit them. In fact, the

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child inside the circle wanted to get hit so they could exchange places, they egged them on so to speak, like, 'I dare you,' in their language.

Now the child that had to turn around, they had to blindly throw the stone back over their head, and try to get inside the circle without hitting the child, if he didn't get inside the circle or if he hit the other child, they would also have to exchange places.

Who could have taught these children to speak in this language, and play these very odd games? It would have taken a good while. I was bound and determined to prove this was nothing but an elaborate hoax.

I scurried around the mesa as fast as I could, by the time I came to what I believed was the other side. There was nothing there, not even a doorway leading back inside of the mesa. I scratched at the walls, looking for any sign of a doorway, and there was nothing there.

I looked at the surrounding area, and it seemed all wrong. However, over to the northwest buried under trees and leaves is what appeared to be, one of the ancient Indian dwellings that I had observed moments earlier. It was in the same place, but trees were growing all through it and the hut looked centuries old and was badly deteriorated.

It was obvious that great periods of time had elapsed, and there was not a single soul anywhere to be found. This is when my heart sank. I stood there shaking like a leaf, saying this can't be happening. This can't be true. How can walking through a cave take one into another period?

My mind was firing neurons lightning quick. My thoughts were not making any sense, so much was happening in my mind I could not make heads or tails out of what I was thinking or how I was going to react.

I thought I needed to tell someone immediately about this, and let them know, but who would believe me? They would laugh at me and extoll the

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virtues of my stupidity. Yet, if I could get just one other person to verify this I would then have a witness, and then it wouldn't be so easy to toss it aside.

I wondered who would I be able to tell about these things, and what should I say? And then this familiar voice that I heard ever so recently spoke from behind and said, "I want you to tell your story to as many as you can."

The Indian Chief had come around to interfere in my chaotic thoughts as if he was reading my mind again, and he was telling me that he wanted me to reveal my story long and wide.

I turned around to see this amazing Chief in full regalia staring at me intensely, and I offered a voice in return, *"You really want me to tell others about this secret doorway to the past?"*

Chief Animae Cibus looked at me in this troubling aura and said, "No, this door is meaningless, soon this door will be open for no one and yet 'in time' it will be opened for everyone."

*"WHAT?"* I angst.

"Listen carefully to me, I want to teach you something, I need you to listen, and it is these 'words' I want you to share with your time and people."

*"What 'words' might they be?"*

"I want you to come back to my time and listen, and learn. I want you to understand what is happening to you and your world."

Still not really grasping all of this is I spurted out, *"Could you be a little more precise?"*

Again, he shook his head and grumbled in his breath while chuckling, and then he said, "Lost memory is the root of stubbornness, which creates lifetimes of bad results?"

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*"I am sorry, I really don't understand."*

"Yes, I know, I realize you do not understand, yet, and then after I am done explaining it, you might fail to realize the seriousness of this message and you may forget all about it, in time, and guess what, lo and behold; here we are again."

*"Sir...?"* As I was getting ready to reply... the Chief interrupted.

*"Please, call me friend."*

*"Why, should I do that?"*

"I don't want you to look at me as a stranger but someone very close, like a friend."

*"Sir? UH... I mean 'Friend', do you know who I am?"*

"Yes indeed, but it is more important that you remember to know thyself."

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## **(4) Historical Enigma**

### **Day Two – Mystery of the Past**

Trying to compose my thoughts, I didn't even want to respond to this, yet I was so intrigued that nothing mattered than to learn what it is that this strange enigmatic Indian wanted to tell me.

He looked again at me and said, “This door was opened to you because we are connected. We came from the same beginnings. And you and I have lived in many bodies during many ages. And therefore, you have been able to find this connection. This doorway is between our souls, not different time periods.”

At this point my thoughts were racing, but they became more focused on what it was that this Indian wanted to tell me. It was then I slowly walked back to the front of the mesa and then walked between worlds of time once again and found myself standing among those in the world of the Anasazi. I was then motioned over to sit down in what seemed to be in type; like an amphitheater. A large cylindrical monument with a group stationed in the center.

There were others who were with him that did not speak much although they would utter a few English phrases, as if the Chief had been teaching them, which then made me wonder, how did he learn the English language so fluently?

His friends that stood by smiled often with what appeared to be intense hope that I would understand, but more than that, they all seemed to know me. I was then asked to sit down in a round circle with the chosen tribe surrounding the mysterious stranger whom I met, which has become obvious that he is the Chief and the true leader of this tribe.

While the ‘Chief’ was in the center, each of us had our legs folded while staring directly at him as night time was quickly unfolding upon us. There was



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thirteen of us altogether, including the Chief, and as the twelve of us encircled him it was I that was in the center staring directly at the Chief.

As the stars were starting to reveal themselves, and two great fires were stoked, one behind and one in front of us, the Chief looked directly at me and asked me; “Consider the sky... (we all looked upwards) What is it that you see?”

I gazed around gently turning my head upward, “*I see the stars.*” Oh, they were brighter than I had ever seen them before. The sky was so pristine and clear. No smog, no pollution of any kind, no light to deteriorate its exquisite beauty other than the flames of the fire and the sparkling ash residue, as it fluttered into space.

The Chief continued, “Yes indeed, you see the stars, but you do not see what they mean. With your eyes you see, and with your ears you hear, but you do not see and you do not hear.”

I asked, “*What is it that you see, what am I missing?*”

The Chief smiled, as he gazed upwards, “I see a Time-Piece; I see time unfolding. The stars are everything, and they are unfolding, they are the hands of the Universal Clock.”

The Chief continued... “Do you realize that this world operates in ages, each age has a specific amount of time for the constellations to move to and fro? Space is a clock for time, but what most do not see is that it is constant. That time does not move outward forever, it rotates like a clock and returns from where it came from, just like the stars.

Therefore, we witness the sun every morning, with the newly formed grass in the spring and fallen leaves in the autumn, as a cycle, we see the same with the constellations every year as they move like hands on a clock. Time is in a loop; *time is not linear.*

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Earth is a time machine, it simply moves back and forth through time and always comes back to the beginning once it reaches the end. It cannot proceed further.”

As I was trying to take all his words within, I replied, *“Yes, I can see that, not sure I totally understand where you are going with this, but I understand what you are saying.”*

The Chief continued... “Earth is a time machine, the problem is earth is no longer set up on its original clock, it has been changed.”

*“Changed? I don't understand, what do you mean changed? It seems the clock as you call it via the stars functions perfectly.”*

“The clock we see in space time is the master clock, it reveals the times of the ages. Each age exists in a perfect numerical output of time. Each age last for approximately 2160-years. And there are twelve ages that last for approximately 25,920 years. This is the master clock.

This completes the grand cycle. The problem is, the cycle was interfered with, the earth clock jumped off the time mantle and has been rotating not in 2160-years of ages, but it is now stuck within one-half of an age, or 1080-years.

And it keeps repeating this half-age, continually, it doesn't travel through the twelve houses anymore, it is stuck in one house, the last one-thousand and eighty years of Pisces.”

*“Are you telling me our earth has its own clock and somehow it is stuck in a loop of time that lasts only one-thousand and eighty years? That would mean our history is only one-thousand-years old and it then starts all over again. Is this correct?”*

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“That is correct my friend, we are stuck in a shorter time-loop and it has become a prison. We are no longer following the initial ages of 25,920-years, the furthest we can go back in this loop is the 10<sup>th</sup> century AD.

Anything before this time has been eradicated from our memory, many millions of years have been erased except for memory fallout or information given to us from sources beyond.”

*“Memory fallout?”*

“Yes, this is when a person’s consciousness remembers something that has been blocked long ago. We call it fallout.”

*“So, you are telling me that there is no history prior to the 10th century? How can that be? We have plenty of proof our history goes back to the time of Egypt and even long before, and so much further back even unto the dinosaurs. What you are saying is not logical.”*

“The history that you speak of which we have been given, much of it is all a lie, it is either a deception, a fraud, or a forgery that has been replicated, duplicating historical events that have been relegated from one-time and replaced into another time extending the historical document.

It is an alternative history or a fake history created via wars, where the victor changed the knowledge of history, of which their history was usually wrong also. Because even those cultures were once conquered and their history was redacted.

There is no viable ‘known’ history before the 10<sup>th</sup> century. However, there is a history; it is just no longer available via memory, unless you have access to the energy centers on the earth.”

*“Energy Centers?”*

“Yes, I will be discussing this later.”

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*“What about the sciences of carbon 14 dating and other techniques like Dendrochronology, Potassium-argon dating, Thermoluminescence, Amino acid dating, and so many more, we use all these to prove our ancient sources and artifacts? They date back well before the 10<sup>th</sup> century? Also, what about family lineages that extend long before these said dates?”*

“Again, mostly fabrications, these inaccurate sciences were created to make sure you never know the truth that our history is only a thousand-years old and that you are stuck in a time-loop. But Remember the earth is not a thousand years old; it does go way back into antiquity.

Everything that occurred before this period was removed from our memory, there is very little-known history prior to the 10<sup>th</sup> century or 937AD to be exact; as of this time-line, based on this time-loop we are now within.

And the interesting thing is about carbon 14 dating is that it completely deteriorates about 900-years back, and it becomes corrupted, revealing false data, therefore much of our historical record prior is all invented or guessed at.

All that we have is a duplicated history of the same events repeatedly, with names changed and certain details are forged on top of others with a blending of actual events in false era, but never revealing the true source data about these lost ages.

It is the same history being repeated time and time again, from events in the future and not the past.”

*“Whoa, that’s almost too hard to believe. There are entire libraries with proof of our history, are you saying that they are all wrong?”*

“Most information gathered in from what many would call a library is repeat information of the same facts via fraudulent coercion. Most do not carefully examine the content; they simply repeat what past authors teach

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about the history. And if the deception was paramount back then, repeating it only empowers the lie.

The real libraries on this planet were all removed, hidden or destroyed, and the information either was buried or confiscated, except that which is within the energy vortexes, which keep everything in memory.

You have heard of libraries such as Alexandria. These were the works of the real ancients, and they were destroyed and replaced by the new albeit chronological historical lies. It is important that we not quibble over details, it is however important that you understand what is happening in the big picture.”

*“How did all of this happen, who could cause this to occur? I mean we are talking about changing of times and records, I would think only a deity could do this. Why would anyone want to do this?”*

*And secondly, if what you are saying is true, and our time-loop began in the 10<sup>th</sup> century, wouldn’t that mean the time I am living in now, that the events in my time are coming to an end?”*

“Now my friend you are beginning to ask the correct questions. Yes indeed, we know exactly when these events will occur within five-year period, the loop will occur, in April 2017, as you understand time, in this loop. It can go to 2022, maybe even as far as 2027, we are not totally sure why this is, but we believe the time will be cut short for various reasons.”

*“Holy crap that is only about 33-years away, you mean each time-loop could have a different end time date?”*

“Yes indeed, it can differentiate due to micro changes. Now maybe you can better understand why it is imperative that you start your training now. Time itself has changed in how it operates, and the earth is now programmed to follow an approximate 1080-year cycle instead of a 2160-year cycle of the 25,920-year grand cycle. It had to be changed because there was not enough

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control over historical events over long periods of time as there is with shorter periods.”

*“What do you mean control over, who is controlling this?”*

“I will get into all of that in time, no pun intended. (The rest of the Indians there with us began to laugh at his little pun joke.) The reason this was done was to imprison the soul. This one-thousand plus year period spoken often by your religious and secular academia is what your philosophers believe is a futuristic event.

Some call it the one-thousand-year Millennium, others call it, the Kingdom on Earth, and still others call it, the World Order. What I am telling you is this so-called Kingdom or this one-thousand-year millennial reign is not a futuristic event. **It is the time-loop!**”

*“Yikes, this is truly bizarre, I have heard of people speaking of a thousand-year period that a future time will bring in peace, and you are saying this is not our future, but it is our past?”*

“Would it be a surprise if I told you, that you are already living in this so-called millennial reign, and it is about to replicate again for one-thousand years? It is a perpetual kingdom without end, for eternity. WHY? Because it is a time-loop.”

*“Well sure, some of our religions teach this about a coming kingdom that will last for one-thousand years. But I believed this to be a futuristic, benevolent period, when peace and tranquility returns to earth.*

*I have even read about what is called, “The World Order,” and they say it will be a thousand-year reign also, not sure that I ever realized that this may be the same event.*

*It does seem to correlate between the two, that there is something dubious about this one-thousand-year period. And why just one thousand*

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*years? Why not two thousand, or ten thousand or even a million? Where did this arbitrary number come from? I have even read where Hitler wrote about this one-thousand-year rule on earth, and he called it the 'New World Order.'"*

"Exactly, this number is not even equal to an age, or the twelve houses of ages, so why even choose this number? Well maybe they were forced into doing it, because this is all that is remaining."

*"Excuse me, what do you mean they were forced?"*

The Chief responded, "Maybe even the controllers are stuck inside the one-thousand-year loop, so they have to abide by its parameters."

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## (5) Old Script New Information

### Day Three – Mystery of the Bloodlines

We took a break while the Chief wanted to have some time to prepare himself for what he called a very important lesson. I was having a problem with the concept of this time-loop, and although I have never been that scientific I realize science plays a great part in this world, which could help reveal more on this time-loop enigma.

The Chief continued... “What I want to discuss today is extremely important in that it is the basis of everything that is occurring in this world. Have you ever heard of the story of Caelestus Pater?”

*“No friend, Oh, let me call you Chief, it feels easier for me. But no, I do not believe I have heard of this story.”*

“There is a story among my people spoke long ago about Divinum Spiritus. This is a saga of a powerful link that certain people on earth have with the heavens and beyond into the invisible realm. This connection can only come from the soul.

However, long ago the soul lost something very important about its internal reality, and ever since then it has been seeking for this connection externally, completely forgetting about the Divinum Spiritus and how it only operates internally.

Caelestus Pater was the one that created the key in helping the soul to remember that connection. However, the only way to access this key, is one must eat it.

Therefore, Caelestus Pater of the Divinum Spiritus sent this key down to earth in a form that was so unique the world would never be the wiser. Only the true souls of the Divinum Spiritus would eventually realize what it is and then eat it.”



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*"Chief, what is it that they were to eat?"*

*"It is called the, 'Panem Vitae'"*

*"How does one find this special food?"*

"The key was placed into a substance called Sanguis. If you successfully locate the key, you would be able to access the Panem Vitae."

*"Do you know where this key exists, can we find it?"*

*"The key is called, 'Verum in Sanguinem'"*

*"You lost me!"*

*"Verum in Sanguinem means, 'TRUTH IN THE BLOOD.'"*

*"You mean there is something in our blood that contains the key? Are we vampires now that we must drink blood? Yuck!"*

"Not exactly, what it means is, the carrier of the Panem Vitae comes from a certain blood, meaning from a certain tribe of people. Now listen closely to the story that was passed down long ago.

Once upon a time before the world was, when it became known that a special key was being created, a malevolent entity known as Sol Malum decided to create a copy of this key and offer it instead to the people. He called it the, 'panis venenum'. This copy was so close to the actual key that most never knew they were not eating Panem Vitae, but instead, panis venenum."

*"What would happen if you ate the wrong one?"*

"It would slowly sedate the soul and recondition it to cause it to forget everything it once knew. Sadly though, nearly everyone took of the panis

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venenum and completely forgot about the Panem Vitae. And thus, the entire world was blinded and forgot not only who they were, but where they came from.

It was then decided by Caelestus Pater to send the key to one individual to be the key holder, and then entrust that person to send it down through their children until the time when the Panem Vitae could materialize into a form where everyone that was blinded would then recognize it and then eat it.

The key was given to an individual that would be successful in passing it down through many generations. It was almost like magic, no matter what happened the key was passed from one child to another until the grand deception occurred.

Every time a father was to pass this key down to the correct son, he did so towards the end of his life. This would assure the key remained safe. However, over the years there was so much intrigue and deception, and counter keys that it was nearly impossible to keep the key safe from the wrong hands.

Then one day, when one of the children who was the first born and rightful heir of the key was to have it transferred from the father to the son. The father was tricked.

What had happened was twin sons were born, and although they were twins, they were not identical, the second born son conspired with his mother to deceive the father and transfer the key to the incorrect son- the second born.

The father was very old and his eyes could no longer see. The day when the father decided to transfer the Key, that same day the mother conspired with the son to trick the father into believing the second born son was the chosen key holder.

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Since the father could not see to verify the truth, he succumbed to the black magic and he passed the key to the wrong son. There was one major problem though. The key was not physical it was encoded into the rightful heir and no matter what happened, the key would always remain with the true inheritor. This is something that Sol Malum never could not grasp.

When the twins were born, the second son was a progeny of Sol Malum. Therefore, they appeared and looked differently. And the key that the second son was given and then passed down throughout the generations had nothing to do with the Panem Vitae, it of course was the panis venenum."

*"How can twin sons be the offspring of two different sources?"*

"It is called DNA manipulation, and source integration, which I will explain in a future discussion. It is possible for a woman to have twins from two different fathers.

Let me return to the topic. Unbeknownst to the firstborn son, he still had the correct key and now his betraying brother had the fake one. The problem was the world was told a lie, that the false key had then become the true key, and the legitimate key became the erroneous key. And thus, the beginning of all confusion.

Manufactured deceptions were unveiled to make people believe that the carriers of the false key were the chosen ones, and the carriers of the true key were damned to oblivion and completely forgotten about throughout all of history.

Of course, this angered the brother who felt he was betrayed out of his royal birthright. He and his progeny were forced to separate from the clan and moved to a new location on the earth.

The second born son who was carrying the false key, went on to glory and greatness. His progeny went on to become great nations upon this earth that still exist to your day. It all began when the second son named, Proditor,

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had twelve children. Two of his sons of the twelve went on to become key holders.”

*“Chief, I thought there was only one key. Could these two have the same key given to different sons or were they different keys?”*

“It is true, there was only one key, but when Sol Malum added the false key he decided what the heck; let’s make two of them. The one key he gave he passed it through royal blood from one of the initial sons, and the second key was passed down for national greatness through a later born son.”

*“What is the difference?”*

“The Royal key was given to those who would then rule over great nations, and the second key was given to those who would become the great and powerful nations.”

*“What happened to the child who carried the correct key?”*

“We are not sure if the child was aware that he still contained the code of the correct key, whether he did or didn’t it was still successfully passed down through generations. His people went on to become the people in the Greek world of Turkey of the past.

Unlike his defrauding brother who was named Proditor, the one that had become vast and powerful over the nations due to this trickery. His brother that was named Verum who happened to be the correct key holder, was never given greatness, never given glory or power or anything. Yet he still carried the correct key and it was passed down throughout the ages until a specific bloodline son was born.

Finally, this chosen offspring of this long lineage was born and then given many titles, but only a few believed he was the key holder, most did not agree. He was different, he was unique. He didn’t fit into any of the other clan types of either Proditor or Verum, where this had all begun. He was not a

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warrior, he did not seek power and glory unto himself. He was peaceful and loving and he wanted above all else to restore the Key to the lost souls.

He was a child that carried the original key given by Caelestus Pater. And this child along with his many titles was named, Panem Vitae.”

*“I am still a tad confused Chief, I thought Panem Vitae was something we were to eat. How do we eat a person?”*

“Good question; that was also something many have asked down through the ages because they didn’t understand the key. What we had come to learn is the key was encoded in the blood of a certain tribe or race of people. And within those people, every generation the key was handed to one son who had been chosen to carry the key in his blood. By the time, it came down to Panem Vitae; he became the key in the flesh.”

*“Does this mean only one son chosen in every generation could have the key just to lead to the One? I am not sure how successful this entire operation was. So Panem Vitae became the key, but what about all the other souls who were blinded that had lost the key from before the world, how do they receive the key if it is only passed down to the One?”*

“Again, another excellent question. Understand, the key was simply in the blood, but the blood nor the flesh is Panem Vitae.”

*“Then what is it?”*

“Panem Vitae is the ONE that will transfer the key to all of the lost souls. Every soul who became blind and lost can now be given the Panem Vitae so they can eat it. It isn’t just meant for the one, it is meant for the many; it is meant for all true souls.

When the false key was added it also went through a blood lineage. And one named panis venenum took upon the name Panem Vitae. Sol Malum

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wanted to make sure that panis venenum became the chosen one under a false nom de plume.

However, he wanted people to worship him as a deity, and to believe he was the only one that had access to the Panem Vitae. The people all over the world were being seduced to follow a lie under the guise of it being the truth.

It was then decided to lock all souls together, and trap them into the time-loop. It was hoped that all souls would forever forget where they came from and who they were and this was accomplished by giving them the panis venenum. The time-loop was created after Panem Vitae was murdered to substitute the panis venenum for the Panem Vitae.”

*“He was murdered Chief?”*

*“Sadly, he was.”*

*“Was the key passed down before he died to one of his sons as was the tradition?”*

“No, and that was the indirect cause of all deception from the beginning on earth. When the real key stopped being passed down, the false key that was being passed down, continued. And when the time-loop was created, this has become the only key people understood, that which they can recognize. The great lie became the substitute for truth and it has caused great confusion.”

*“Oh wow, does this mean the true souls will never access the true key then?”*

“Fortunately, Caelestus Pater was much smarter than Sol Malum. The truth is, the blood was not the power it was in the Panem Vitae and that was the true encoding all along. You see there never was a key in the blood.”

*“Say what?”*

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“The key was only to distract the enemy away from discovering the truth.”

*“And what pray tell was that?”*

The Chief begins to laugh hysterically along with all his friends. It must have lasted for three minutes, I felt like I was the brunt of a bad yarn. I couldn't figure out why this was so funny. Finally, the Chief composed himself and said these words.

“The key as Sol Malum believed, was never placed into the blood, for the flesh and blood are meaningless. The key was inserted into all true souls.”

*“I am totally confused; how could that happen?”*

“It means at the death of the Panem Vitae; at that very moment it occurred, all keys were activated in all true souls. Now the key must be internalized by the soul's avatar, by eating the Panem Vitae and then it will unlock the doors of this prison to set everyone free.”

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## (6) The World Order

### Day Four – Mystery of Duality

The Chief told us to get some rest before he would explain anymore. He said, mysteries should be revealed slowly, one at a time, or else we would become scatterbrained.

He told us we would continue in the next morning. I was perplexed by the knowledge and information the Chief was revealing to me. But it took every break I had to make sure everything he taught me was being written in my notepad. I didn't want to forget a single word. Therefore, while he spoke to us I would keep notes and then later I would compile them into the notepad.

A lot of what the Chief was telling me had a ring of truth, almost like a long-lost memory. I am not sure if this was an ancient myth, or some story that was passed down. It just all seemed familiar to me. There were so many things I wanted to ask the Chief about Panem Vitae, and the panis venenum. He would always say, 'all in good time, all in good time'.

Now getting to the other part of what the Chief had been explaining to me that I was trying to grasp. He was explaining how that Sol Malum created an Order. I began to wonder if this had anything to do with the panis venenum, it was all so intriguing, and I wanted to learn more.

*"Chief, what really is this World Order as it pertains to the time-loop and the thousand-year trap that you were talking to me about earlier?"*

"The time and place you live in now is the most powerful time of all ages because it is the time of the information age. It means to be informed. If there was truly a coming World Order out of an ancient order or a massive intellectual collection depot, wouldn't the time that you live in now above all other times represent this new order of things?"



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Coming out of the Middle Ages and into the Renaissance, the people were wholly ignorant. They lived their lives in subjection to the Kings and Queens of Royalty and mostly the religious power who dictated the world's dogma, so they could control the masses via to influence and subversion."

*"Royalty? You mean like the secondary fake key of panis venenum?"*

"Exactly! The most powerful ruling royal line where all the key royals stem from is the continuation of the lineage of the panis venenum, which is now after all these years located in Great Britannia."

*"Are you saying the royal line of Britannia is the carrier of the panis venenum?"*

"Yes, indeed and it is also part of the secondary part of the key of national greatness. Together both keys found its home in the same place."

The Chief shook his head back and forth while in thought, and continued on, "It's a conundrum, isn't it? Let me finish... this is what they believe, those who are part of the deception, they believe they stem from the lineage key of the Panem Vitae, but they are foolishly following the panis venenum. However, the world basically has little to no understanding about any of this.

The people during this earlier period in my time did not have access to the technologies, and luxuries, and stupendous knowledge your time avails. And yet in your time that has a vast information depot of knowledge are slowly losing all of it, how is this occurring?

How is it possible to have a Global World Order when the world is returning to what the world once was, an Old-World Order? You are not evolving you are devolving where you are being controlled like the people were in the Middle Ages.

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Your present time is slowly reverting to the strange customs, where there is no freedom and the people are wholly ignorant of everything wise, proper, moral and true.

This is when humanity worked as slaves for breadcrumbs, and were forced to be obedient to strange laws or they would be beaten or even killed by the edicts of the panis venenum.

The period you are from now, your country, the United States of Americanus, had represented the greatest period of advancement in morality and creativity through all of the half-age time-loop cycles, and ironically it always does.”

*“Americanus did become a great nation; does this mean it is also part of this national greatness of the fake key? And what do you mean, it always does?”*

“Absolutely, it was all predestined by the false key in the blood.” The Chief then stood up as if he was wrestling with what he was revealing to me and then he began again.

In your last one-hundred-years, as it moves toward the end of all ages. People were free, they were learning to be moral and they were governing themselves with laws of virtue under a powerful Constitution. It really appeared as humanity was on the threshold of breaking out of this prison, and of course that is exactly what they wanted it to appear like.

Yet all of this is changing during this last portion or last fifty-years before the time-loop in 2017 as it always does. Everything began to change circa 1967. It was then that the world was no longer moving forward into a greater more prosperous time of both physical and spiritual wellbeing. It was all being reverted backwards.”

*“What happened in 1967?”*

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"It was the time when people demanded human rights forgetting they already had divine right. Morality was replaced with immorality. Individual power was being removed for central power. Government was being given more and more authority all under the guise of new freedoms based on conditions.

Then 20-years later a new form of power was given to the people called debt under the guise of financial responsibility. Banks made everything accessible as a debit not an asset, to create terrible debt upon the shoulders of the people until they became slaves again. You could live like a king but be in chains and balls.

However, it was not freedom nor was it rights. It was the removing of freedom and rights and giving one's own power and authority to another to establish a new creed.

The real power, which is given as divine sovereignty where all authority and power comes from, is within. This power was then rejected to give the power to others to control the masses under the guise of permissions and no longer rights."

*"Chief, correct me if I am wrong, it almost sounds like the two keys, where the one was the internal key of the Panem Vitae, and the other was an external key of the panis venenum."*

"I certainly do not need to correct you on that. You are exactly right, now you are understanding the beginning of the plan of Sol Malum who has been controlling this world in secret, but soon will unveil himself to reestablish the one-thousand-year control again.

Your soul is being prepared to go back in time, where the powers of this world will beat you with a rod of iron establishing their role as Sol Malum's servants, crushing mercilessly upon the breasts of humanity, while they serve their millennial long prison sentence under their Sun deity.

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Do you understand the reason these changes are occurring? It is because the time machine is starting to return in its cycle. And only those who are awakened will be able to free their soul from the delusion, the rest will be recycled.

So yes indeed, in my time the world is about to enter several distinct events which has been established in the choreographed time-loop. First the ancient religions have been re-established via the fraudulent monks who will keep the secrets with them from the future and the past.

The true Panem Vitae had come once to fulfill the mission to unlock the key to all that were encoded. To allow them to see through this global farce of the false keys of the panis venenum. Many have come to believe though, that the panis venenum is the true key, and have been led into greater dissolution and deception.

The panis venenum that has deceived the whole world is fraudulent to the core. And a lot of that story was added or blended in with the true Panem Vitae. A bad seed and good seed were planted into the same garden, and then mixed.

Today we have nothing but a potpourri of the keys that were passed down. Understand, the Panem Vitae died before the foundations of this world, when the light of Caelestus Pater was sacrificed via Sol Malum as darkness removing light and truth. But the man who portrayed the Panem Vitae in the flesh was simply performing a ritual of the original death of the light of Caelestus Pater, as the awakened key holder.”

*“When did the actual man known as Panem Vitae live?”*

“Panem Vitae lived in Turkey in the year 1053AD as best as we can deduce. And he died in the year of 1086AD, 33 years later.

My friend, everything that we know about this world primarily came from the 10<sup>th</sup> century and later. Very little has ever surfaced on what occurred

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in antiquity. So yes, I am trying to tell you Panem Vitae lived during an earlier time-loop in the 11<sup>th</sup> century.

I do not care who you are, or what you believe, the entire world is being ruled by those who have instituted their plan via panis venenum. You are either being controlled by panis venenum or Panem Vitae, there is no middle ground.

The Panem Vitae was killed at the beginning of the first time the earth went into this loop, and it happened a long time ago because the time-loop does not replay the death of Panem Vitae, it happened once and that is all, so the true memory is fading.

Due to the time-loop being engaged, this event does not happen repeatedly. Instead panis venenum is sacrificed repeatedly claiming to take away the sins of the world.”

*“Chief, forgive me, but this sounds a lot like the story of Jesus Christ in the Bible.”*

“There are many stories, some of which are contained in the Bible that try to reveal this event, but so much of these stories are the mixture of Panem Vitae and panis venenum, therefore, people are confused.

The greatest lie ever told was that the Panem Vitae was sacrificed everyone’s sins. A sin is created by faulty behavior, if you do not change then how can someone else change you?

The Panem Vitae brought the knowledge of how we are being controlled by the panis venenum. And that by only eating the Panem Vitae can we understand how to break away from this control, but you must eat it or else the panis venenum will kill you.”

*“Are you trying to tell me that panis venenum is something we also eat?”*

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“Yes! And that is the problem with your time, everyone seeks a savior but no one wants to change themselves. They want someone else to do it for them.

Therefore, the loop continually operates every thousand-years, because the lie is so infested into the mind of the masses, no one believes they have to change to reconcile their own behavior.”

*“How many times has this thousand-year loop occurred?”*

“Once!”

*“Ah, I’m not sure I understand, you keep saying it has happened time and time again, haven’t you?”*

“Yes indeed, but it is a dream loop, if it happened a thousand times, it happened only once, because you will never remember, and when you do finally awaken, then you will have taken the Panem Vitae.”

*“I am still not sure I completely understand this.”*

The Chief thought about it for a short time and then his eyes engaged with a brightness letting me know he has the answer.

“Let’s try to rearrange this puzzle. Let’s say you are driving down a highway and you come to what is called a circle, which was invented in Italy. This is when cars come off a merging road and go around a circle to merge back on either the same road or a new road in whatever direction they need to proceed.

Now let’s say you get stuck in that circle, and you go around and around, repeatedly. You are not moving forward, you are stuck in a loop.

As soon as you break free from that control, then at that moment your trap will cease to exist. You didn’t make any headway during the time of your

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mind-numbing revolutions, until you were released. Therefore, whether you went around once or a hundred times, it only accounted for one-time for your success that you had finally moved forward.

The sacrifice that Panem Vitae went through on earth was an allegory of an event that predated this world before it existed. Yes, Panem Vitae was murdered, because Sol Malum hated him for who he was, but the act of the physical event was not the real event. It was only a sign of what happened before the world had existed.

What had happened during this event only happened one-time when the earth went into its erred one-thousand-year time-loop. It does not need to happen every time the loop occurs.”

*“Why not, if it is a time-loop why wouldn’t his death happen repeatedly?”*

“Simply because when Panem Vitae brought with him the internal key to free everyone, he did so to finally break free from this prison, it was also a sign that it can be done.

He does not have to return to do it all over, he has escaped. We are the ones who have yet to be freed until we follow the same path to also become free, and then we will no longer remain trapped here either.

Now what we have is different cultures all speaking of the same event, but since it doesn’t happen again and again, people believe these were ancient events that predated Panem Vitae and then they add mythology and sun paganism into the mix as to the worship of Sol Malum, the Sun God.

And the true event drops even further back in time within the mind, and then we have all sorts of a myriad of stories that surface from this one event that is now being drastically altered.

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Therefore, the conclusion by some is that the story of Panem Vitae may not even be true, or it is simply a mythical reconstruction of a different people and history, because it appears to be a reduplication of the same event going further and further back in time. Yet it is all a deception that Sol Malum created to make sure we do not access the real key. Are you understanding it now?"

*"I am getting there but still a tad confused about one thing, if this continues to occur every time-loop, and it is all part of the setting up of Sol Malum to be the panis venenum over the people again, for one-thousand years, why does Sol Malum have to keep repeating the same event to get others to follow him? Doesn't he already have them?"*

"Yes, but as we enter towards the conclusion of the age, some begin to awaken and begin to share that information with others, which then greatly puts a damper on the plan of Sol Malum, so he simply reconstructs a new Panis Venenum as the Panem Vitae returning to earth at the end of all ages to set up his kingdom. Therefore, if you are getting confused then you will continue to follow the lie thinking it is the truth."

*"You have even told me that this bloodline is through the royal lineage of panis venenum, I would think that this would be understood that people are being taken for a ride."*

"Remember, what I said about the twin sons Proditor and Verum, and how the true lineage came through Verum, but the false one came through Proditor?"

"Yea!"

"Well what I didn't tell you was, there was another deception, another switch. Through one of the twelve sons of Proditor he gave the key to the son that became the royal ones, his name was Pendula, grandson of Proditor.



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Now Pendula had twin sons also and they were named, Calcaneo and Fracturam. Now Calcaneo is the lineage that we were told is the panis venenum acting as Panem Vitae.

Calcaneo and Fracturam, were also born as twins, but the actual bloodline was noted by a royal thread that was on Fracturam's hand coming out of the womb."

*"Why is that important?"*

"My friend, just as the Panem Vitae came in the flesh to establish the key, so also will Sol Malum come in the flesh to act as the copy of Panem Vitae, but he will be the panis venenum. Panem Vitae came from a bloodline so also will panis venenum come from a bloodline!

The problem is, if you do not know where to look you will believe that panis venenum is the Panem Vitae returned.

It was all a delusion to create the deception. However, since the royal bloods have come as part of the panis venenum lineage, it is believed that the one who is coming in the flesh direct through this bloodline is coming from that bloodline of which was Calcaneo, but this is the deception, it is actually coming from Fracturam."

*"Sorry Chief I don't understand, because frankly, who really cares, no one seems to know any of this anyway?"*

"Oh, Contraire mon ami. Someone does care, the royal bloods that control the world, they care."

*"So, what is the big deal, don't they know the true bloodline?"*

"They are part of their own deception and their pride and ego has led them to believe their own lie. Therefore, Sol Malum is allowing his own followers to be deceived, but for what reason you might ask? He needed to

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figure out a way to deceive the followers of Panem Vitae, and the only way to do this was create a secondary bloodline of Pendula carrying another false key.”

*“And this is important why?”*

“Because part of the lie is Panem Vitae is returning to the earth to take rule of the earth, when the truth is, it is Sol Malum that is coming back to give the world the panis venenum again to keep them in their continuous illusion.

However, he needs a way to make everyone believe it is the truth and the only way he could do that was deceive his own followers so they don’t let on to the secret of this global conspiracy.

The bloodline coming through Calcanéo is not the correct bloodline even though the royals have ruled during the entire thousand years. It is Fracturam’s bloodline who was given the royal key in the form of the scarlet thread upon his hand. Now of course babies are not born wearing clothing, this was all part of the hidden message.”

*“What is this scam going to produce, I mean the world doesn’t even understand what this is, so who cares?”*

“My friend everyone should care because it is the great double sting and switch that is going to deceive the whole world.”

*“Why, I don’t understand?”*

“Because those that believe Panem Vitae is returning as the sacred key have been led by the lie that the key is external and not internal.

Remember when the panis venenum was instituted everyone believed it except the few. This new bloodline, which will end the royal power of Calcanéo for a short period, will come out of the East through the blood of

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Fracturam, and this is where Sol Malum will rise as the false Panem Vitae to take over the world. He comes from the East, like the rising sun.”

*“East? From where?”*

“The Bloodline is now in Asia in your time and it is forming to become the new world power bloc of many nations under the dragon society. When Fracturam rises again as the secondary line of Pendula, this time he will subdue Calcanéo, and that long so-called noble bloodline will come to nothing until after the time-loop and it all begins again.”

“You are telling me Chief, that for a very short time, Sol Malum has set up a switch between his own royal followers at the end of the world just so he can get people to follow him once again as the Panem Vitae when it is really the Panis Venenum.” Was this ever really needed?”

“The people will feel that the world is changing for the better and that the Panem Vitae is the one that is really making the changes prior and upon his return, and everyone, believers and non-believers will worship this sun god.”

*“Will anyone know this is actually panis venenum?”*

“Only the true seed awakened by eating of the Panem Vitae will know the rest will be deceived. Most will really believe this is the Panem Vitae coming to free the world from this horrible monarchy and global deception that has created such a malevolence on this earth. So why fight it. Something good is happening; in their thinking.

As the sun rises from the east, so shall the coming of the lord Sol Malum return in the clouds, where every eye shall witness this event, from the East even unto the West.”

*“One thing I am not quite grasping, it seems for Sol Malum to pull this off he would have to have some friction or adversary as the component to this*

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*deception. Because right now it looks like he is fighting against himself and his own."*

"Astounding, you have unwittingly cracked the secret code of the ages. Sol Malum is fighting against himself as a ploy. From the very beginning, Sol Malum believed in the law of good and evil. He governs by the rule of law, and it is by law which reveals good and evil.

The key is, to control everything, one must also be able to control the enemy. If you control the enemy, you control everything. Sol Malum acts as if he is the good one, the savior, coming to free mankind and deliver them to the one-thousand-year kingdom of his rule; **with a rod of iron**, which on that merit alone should be suspect.

But do to so, he must also govern the enemy, he must control how everything works. It is called Ordo Ab Chao. It means to establish order you must create the chaos.

The sun god created a dual mask for himself to wear. As he is the sun shining upon darkness he creates the polar light of the moon to reflect his glory, and the god of the moon is Luna Lumen; known as the Diabolis.

Thus, he can control the light-good, and the darkness-evil and set up what is called the God and Devil conspiracy. God and the devil are one in the same. The one shines the light as the ruler and the other reflects the light as the servant, they are twins that are divided into a polarity of opposites.

Notice closely how corporations all over the world use the symbol of the sun rising as their logo, it is very important that you understand. Whether people want to believe any of this is true or not, it is being shoved down their throat all the time via symbols.

Obviously, many believe it is true, and that someone has so much power that nearly every corporate power in this world is following this power in one form or the other, whether realizing it or not."

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*"But why would the people of the world follow after this? People do not really believe in spiritual or religious stuff anymore."*

*"That is why they will follow...  
"*

*"Again, how do you eat the Panem Vitae and why would anyone want to?"*

"All things shall be revealed in time. And guess what, how much time do you have to change? A perpetual time-loop repetitively every thousand-years, repeating the same events continually, but having the choice to change things each time around.

Can you imagine waking up every morning and having the same events all around you happen again and again? And only you can change the day once you become aware that it is occurring. But no matter what you change the next morning it will be the same day, until you use your time wisely to change yourself. Then finally that day will turn into the next day.

In your near future, a movie will be released that will depict this very thing, keep an eye out for it."

*"How do you know all this about my future?"*

"Because time is irrelevant, it is not real, what happens in the future continues to happen because the future always returns to the past.

Panem Vitae came to reveal the true nature of our slavery and how to become free via the Great Caelestus Pater that lives within the true seeds via the code. But instead, what has been passed down is nothing but dogma of a bunch of do's and don'ts that seldom reveal any real answers to ever set you free, in fact it makes you a greater prisoner of Sol Malum.

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Soon during my time of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, a great evil is about to occur which will hit the shores of this new land, which in truth is very old.

There will arise even a greater malevolence as those who hid themselves within the earth at the time of the end, will arise, and between the 10<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> century their children's offspring will govern and rule with a rod of iron leading to the famed but albeit wicked inquisition, which does indeed always repeat itself... Do you know what the inquisition is?"

*"I have heard of it, people were tortured and killed for not believing in the teachings of the church."*

"Exactly, this was called the time where people were controlled using a **rod of iron**. Sadly, beating people does not change who they are, they may indeed obey, but only out of fear of their own lives, but never through character.

Force cannot and never will change any soul to become something else. They will always internally fight, regret and hate the direction they are following. But Sol Malum does not care, if you are being brutally controlled he keeps his power in place over the flesh hiding the soul.

Already during my time things are happening in Europe to continue this malicious sinister mindset, but first they must unleash the black plague again."

*"Oh, my god, isn't that the disease that killed a great portion of Europe?"*

"Yes, sick, isn't it? And yet it never ends. It is during my time, that the Phoenix has arisen from its ashes after the destructive time-loop occurred, it has risen in Asia, India, Africa, parts of South Americanus, the Middle East, Europe and Russia. Soon it will be coming once again to the shores of the New World, Americanus."

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*"Oh, so the New World Order is simply a metaphor for the new land of Americanus being discovered and becoming the new world, as the key holder?"*

"Well, sort of, Americanus carries on the national greatness that was offered as the panis venenum as they were handed it as a baton in a race from Great Britannia. The United States of Americanus also became great. Therefore, they are trying to establish the NEW WORLD ORDER, out of the Old-World Order. But their New World Order doesn't ever materialize because Sol Malum has other plans.

That once proud land, which stood for all that was right and true, that became a great nation, yet was decimated because of ignorance via stealth to once again repeat the process, and rise from the ashes to be born and soon become the greatest nation on earth, until it is morally decimated by plan again. Around and around it goes and when it will end nobody knows. It is a living hell. A ritualistic sacrifice!

Most of the crimes of humanity during my time of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, are occurring in other parts of the world as the church is gaining more strength as being the Kingdom of God on Earth. Americanus will not resurrect until the late 15<sup>th</sup> century. And then they will become a supra-nation that Sol Malum long ago promised unto them as one of the keys.

What I am trying to tell you is it is part of the plan, to make the key holders appear great only to destroy it from within. It is all a planned sacrifice!

If Americanus was truly a great nation with proper character it would never allow what always happens to occur time and time again. Its glory and greatness is only a façade created by a false Panem Vitae."

*"You mean there are some people planning the destruction of Americanus even before it comes into its greatness, what is the purpose?"*

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“People is a bad choice of terminology, there are dark entities out there that follow this precise plan. And many are being used to foster off this plan even without them understanding what is occurring.

Do you know what this does to the soul that believes with all their heart that this country is the result of the Panem Vitae? Many believe that Americanus became great by divine right. They have used this greatness to destroy others and use their power for deadly control. Sadly, it was the panis venenum that was used to lure the souls into a trap.

It is doing great harm to the soul. What I am trying to say is, Americanus is part of a greater deception to trap souls into the great lie. These same poor souls will be punished eternally, during the millennial time-loop, which is indeed Hell.

And what is hell, it is a repetition of the same events, repeatedly, never really allowing for true change, but only the reality that no matter what anyone does, nothing ever really changes.”

*“Chief, is this really hell?”*

“Sadly, it is. The very thing many fear, is the very illusion they exist within called, the time-loop. This is an eternal hell called the **Time-Loop plan of the Kingdom of Sol Malum.**

It is not just Americanus it is the entire world. However, Americanus brought hope to an otherwise hopeless world, albeit a false hope. And then that hope was dashed into pieces. It is all to destroy hope continually, to psychologically turn the soul into mush causing the soul to reject the **internal key** of Panem Vitae, believing the **external key** is more important.

The world is not moving forward in time, you are at the end of the one-thousand-year kingdom, where the world is going to shift back in time, at the beginning of the one-thousand-year kingdom to repeat the process.



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The ruler of this kingdom is not Caelestus Pater in the vast hidden dimensions, it is none other than the Sun God, known also as the Sun of God, and his quantum polar personality as the Moon God.”

*“These entities are real?”*

“Their spirit is real, their attitudes are real, and their motivation is real. They exist, and their fruits expose them in everything they put their grimy little hands on, and everywhere they go.

The SUN God and the MOON God are the adversarial opposites working together, revealing the tree of good and evil. Both are one and the same. This is not only real; they have a progeny that exists among all humans.”

*“What? They have human children here?”*

“Yes, but they are not human, they just look like us while they are dressed in the human costume, while using the program.”

*“The Program, Chief? What is that?”*

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## (7) The Generation that lost it all

### Day Five – Mystery of Ignorance

I had no words to express my shock, all I knew is I never expected in a million years for my world to be turned upside down like this. The next day we then continued where we left off, I began the day with these words, *“Do you realize Chief what you are saying is monumental?”*

The Chief went on to reply, “I want you to think about the world during your time and in your very near future. Isn’t it called the information age? Is it not the time when there is more information than ever in the history of humanity, where individually everyone has access to knowledge?

Now wouldn't you think that the people of your generation would be the smartest most intelligent people ever, having direct access to the fruits of all knowledge and they would be the cleverest over all previous times? Compare the 20<sup>th</sup> century from where you came from to the 13<sup>th</sup> century where you are now, do you understand what I mean?”

*“I understand what you are telling me. We have access to much information and our technology is vastly more supreme, especially compared to centuries prior.”*

“Exactly, and just wait in about 30 years, you have seen nothing yet, in your immediate future, information is going to become readily available to every person on your planet, where entire libraries will be accessed at the tip of your fingers, inside what is called the, ‘Internet’, more than at any other time in ‘known’ history.

It is a technological vehicle known as the Global Information Highway. And nearly every man, women and child on your planet will have access to it. There may have been great knowledge in the distant past but did the average person have access to it like humanity will have in your time? Obviously, not within the boundaries of your memory.”

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

*"I do not remember where I heard this, but someone told me that the military uses a secret communication called, the **Intranet**, but never heard of the Internet, is it the same or did I hear you wrong?"*

The Chief rapidly responded... "That may be your memory surging through from a past time-loop. The 'intranet' was the forerunner. Now ask yourself this question, if humanity has access to greater knowledge and information in your time than in any other time in memory. Why is your education failing and your morals are disappearing? Why are you not advancing to higher spiritual levels?"

*"Important question Chief, why is this happening?"*

"Within the next few decades what you will witness will astound you where the world will become blind, immoral and greatly lacking even in the simplest comprehension, and in great numbers most people will lose awareness and the ability to discern.

How is this possible unless something is occurring beneath the souls of your feet, through the blindness of your heart and above the crown of your head that is changing the world paradigm?"

*"Chief, I will admit the more I think about it, more people have fallen behind in their education than it was even one-hundred-years ago. Some people are becoming dumber than rocks so to speak. There is no doubt about it. There is very little discernment from the people or its leaders. I agree there is a trend developing.*

*I have met some that do not even know how to grasp simple equations. And as for discerning, I think that has been a lost gift for a very long time. People are more like sheep than those of educated minds. And that is really an oxymoron considering what you have just revealed.*

*I guess it is because people tend to gravitate to others, and believe what someone else tells them, instead of them trying to ascertain the core value of*

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*the knowledge for themselves. How can we be living in the greatest information age ever and the education of the masses is not even near the academia we had back in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, where it was considered much less civilized, and information was in little abundance?*

*I recall reading an 8<sup>th</sup> grade test for students that came from the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. Their curriculum was so advanced, 99% of College Students of my day would not have passed this test.*

*It is sort of eerie, but it is true when you think about it. And it must make one wonder, how could this be possible during the greatest time of information release ever, and most are becoming dog bone ignorant?"*

The Chief rocked his head back and forth in agreement and proceeded...  
"The reason it is possible is because humanity is being mentally bastardized. And sadly, my friend, within the next 30-years what you see now will be magnified one-thousand-fold in a very short period of time.

Humanity is being stripped mentally, emotionally, spiritually and physically of their innate talents and abilities and they are slowly entering back into the 10<sup>th</sup> century mind. Humanity is retrograding, reverting, going backwards. They are not evolving.

Most humans alive back between the 11<sup>th</sup> thru 16<sup>th</sup> centuries were ignorant, many were as dumb as rocks as is your idiom, because there was little developed mind power that remained after the Time-Loop and yet people were already retrograding before this event. And wretchedly, all that remained was the remnant of those whose minds had been wasted, polluted and destroyed.

Now understand this one truth, you cannot rule over people unless you first remove intelligence and then create absolute mental degradation which is granted to them via the loss of morals. Then and only then can people be governed by and under any extreme. Strip the spiritual innate inner quality out of them, and what you have left are dangerous animals.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

After the loop, an entire world had to start all over again to relearn the basic kindergarten level of knowledge, like having to learn to walk all over again as a child after being a world class sprinter. However, this time you're slowly being beaten by force to obey, making it nearly impossible to grasp any new personal identity or revelation, or to retain any memory, everything was stripped down in the soul."

*"This is beyond my understanding. If everything is shifted back in time, all that will be left are the people that existed back in 937AD, correct? Anyone from my time could not be taken back unless they time traveled somehow."*

The Chief's eyes lit up again and immediately cautioned me. "AH... you are partially correct. What you need to comprehend is that the people of the past, are the people of the future.

*"Breaking in to thought here Chief, if the people are moving forward from the 9<sup>th</sup> century into the 10<sup>th</sup> century, are they not already mentally bastardized, because if they are humanity of that time, they obviously lack quite a bit?"*

"My friend, that is correct! Now ask yourself this question, if these people lived for ages upon ages of time as their generations melded from the past into the future, why were the people so very ignorant after having so much time to change or evolve, maybe even millennia, unless something occurred that destroyed their comprehension?"

*"OH wow, Chief, you are right, they had more time than us to change, why didn't they, and if they did, then something must have gone wrong."*

"A world that should have had an articulate, dynamic, academic prowess due to ages of knowledge, instead became moronic and zombie like.

There is very little education or knowhow or smarts. It was all lost, because the people of your day, which came back in time had all their memory removed from them during a new retrograde cycle, and the

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ignorance remained. Remember, events occur slowly, from one birth to another, each soul enters and either begins to add to the equation or change it.”

*“Chief? Were the people in the 10<sup>th</sup> century changed because of the people in the last age returning during the Time-Loop?”*

“Not completely, remember Sol Malum’s Kingdom begins in the 10<sup>th</sup> Century, he rules with a rod of iron, he simply made sure the masses became ignorant and those who came back from the future simply melded into the ignorance that was already occurring in their minds and hearts. It was a dual attack.

And if they were becoming dumb as rocks during your time, what do you think they will become when they are the product of the Old-World Order design? Their minds will be beaten sponges to receive whatever a dictator decides that they need to learn, to allow them only the ability to work and eat as slaves.

These will become the fathers and mothers, and teachers of the old world completely forgetting the new world. May the divine spirit forgive us, AGAIN? A complete world of empty minds leading to great shame, easily controlled by the enemy.

During your time, technology becomes rampant, and many poisons will be entering the air, water and food, which are decimating the minds of the masses, not even talking about the drugs that the majority are ingesting, which is changing their DNA and limiting them to barely being able to scratch out an existence. It is more in tune to the mind of an animal than a human. I should retract that, not even most animals sink this low.

The reason this is occurring is because the rulers of the world cannot afford knowledge to awaken a sleeping giant.

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Most of humanity will not survive the upcoming upheaval. Billions are going to perish. However, souls do not perish. These souls will once again incarnate, according to their placement ticket, and be stripped of all memory only having what their soul has obtained, like water in a pipe with a leak, they forget everything they had ever learned.”

*“Are you saying reincarnation is real?”*

“Of course, where do you think the soul goes? It must go somewhere that is why it is called, ‘the transmigration of the soul’. The soul is eternal, therefore life in this world is actually in type; the burial of the soul.”

*“Then why does it matter about the information or knowledge of today? Why would these dark entities concern themselves that information passes between the time-loop if everyone will forget anyway?”*

“Excellent question, the soul can still remember at the time of death, it can keep knowledge within at a soul-conscious level. The more that the soul has garnered before it exits this program, it may be able to retain in the time-loop of what it had grasped at a deeper level, and thus would create an enigma for the rulers.

However, it will feel like a dream as the brain of the body does not contain this information only the soul does. Therefore, they need to create confusion in the soul by altering their perceived reality in the flesh.

Let me tell you a little secret, there is a reason that the dark lords of this world want people in a state of absolute ignorance. It is because, hold on to your hat now, (Laughter heard from all around our circle) when you die, you carry the knowledge of what you believed to the other side, and if you were living in error or were being deceived, or you were awakening, this is what you will take with you to the other side, incrementally.”

*“You are saying, at death we carry with us our memories? But why doesn’t the soul remember from beyond our time?”*

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“To an extent, we carry with us the general modus operandi of beliefs that we actually received within our soul via the flesh. The soul itself is actually in a coma, it is sleeping, but believing it is awake.”

*“Uh, Chief, you lost me there! We are sleeping, while thinking we are awake? Is this happening here in this world or the next world?”*

“The soul is always sleeping because it has been tricked. And what the soul knows, but can’t recall, could be a vehicle to thwart those who are wanting to send you back to start all over again.

If you are knowledgeable, let’s say, about reincarnation and you know that coming back is a risk of being returned to prison, you won’t follow those who direct you to follow the same event repeatedly. The dark side is very fearful that we will figure this out.”

*“But many die and some are very intelligent how come they are fooled?”*

“Intelligence of this world is really based in ignorance. Most people who are very intelligent have no grasp of the reality that they are being tricked. They follow right in path with the deception, yet they are rather intelligent in human terms. There is a verse in the Bible that states, ‘the Wisdom of man is but foolishness to god,’ and now you know the rest of the story.

The entire world is being governed to believe the lie, only a few ever correctly comprehend the con in any generation. Upon death, most will be willing victims to follow whoever it is that is orchestrating this deception, because they simply had no clue in the first place.

Let’s be honest, most humans no matter how intelligent they are, have no clue what the afterlife is going to bring them or if there even is an after-life.

And when they see this bright light and bright tunnel and all its beauty and joy and happiness all around them with loving hands and even past



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friends and family supplying all the lost information that they would ever dream of, who would not follow into this seeming paradise?

And yet never occurring to them it is a trap, a trap to send you back to your provided body in another life whether in the future or the past. And just like that, here you are... doing it all over again without any memory.

And most of the memories that you do retain will all be based in the original deception that got you caught in the first place. Spinning wheels, rats in a trap. The more you do not know about how the dark lord's rule this realm, the better for them that you will never catch on to their con.

However, if you do catch on then you are public enemy number one. Ignorance is such a delicacy unto the rulers in the last days, not because of what it can do for you, but what it can do for the masses at large. You become enemy number one. If you begin to awaken other true souls, then you can damage the entire plan of Sol Malum."

*"Do the rulers also die during this Time-Loop, and can they remember anything in the new life as they come from the future and return to the past?"*

"Friend, now you are beginning to understand the lesson deeply within your soul proving you are starting to awaken, but **WARNING**... do not get tricked into going back to sleep. The earthly rulers of your day have been building and extending walled cities within the earth cavity.

Many of them are desiring to pass through the time change, and come out during the 10<sup>th</sup> century. It is mostly humanity that will perish on the surface.

Many of the rulers also control the program from the other side, and they are not earthbound. The earthly rulers that happen to be alive believe that during the transition on earth that they will escape through the gateway inside the planet, called the time-tunnel.

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During this event, these rulers will come back out of their walled cities and begin the process all over again, and their children will be the recipients of their control, passing it down to their parents again as they reincarnate back into this realm as their children's offspring."

*"Aren't they going to miss the technology that they had to once again having to live basically like hermits? And are you saying they will enter within the earth and be spared the shift, how is that possible?"*

"This may surprise you, these entities love these role-playing scenes to fit right in to the culture of the time. Many of them could care less about the technology, they are more interested in personal control of others. They are demented. And as to the second part of your question, I will answer shortly.

The enemy will easily be able; under these circumstances to control the course of events again, including the necessary changes to your historical documents, religious artifacts, and scientific dogma, to keep the con from ever being exposed, so those that they rule over will not be able to function as an opposition.

*"If they kill people who they believe are waking up to the con, then won't those people be aware on the other side? Also, do any humans that remain on the surface escape into the past alive, like these rulers?"*

"They do not care if you perish having the truth, they only care that you can help others. According to their beliefs, they trust they will escape the time-loop shift being within the Earth."

*"Why is it that the rulers can be spared the shift while being inside the earth as you say?"*

"It is important now that you use your discernment and not go back to sleep, I will teach you all about this world and how it operates, but for now I will say, based on their beliefs, that while being gathered up and sent inside

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earth; it is like being part of the earth itself, as living inside of its belly, the shift does not affect them as it does those who simply live on the surface.

Now think about it, why would dark forces desire to make your planet nearly unlivable? Because they already know the end-game. The Phoenix will rise from the ashes. They believe the earth will not be destroyed, it just starts over. And all the pollutants and toxins and horrible atrocities will be erased during the shift, as if these horrible elements never even occurred.

And the world will be reborn anew, but the occupants will be wholly ignorant. And the process will begin again, where the world and its occupants will be led by the same malicious spirit that is like a stagnant ever persistent parasite that feeds out of a cesspool.

This is no different than what I spoke about as complete libraries being burned to the ground, and all the knowledge was lost. They do not want the soul to capture or regain any knowledge of previous loops.

People that still use their minds and are educated with reason and discernment, which is beyond mere book knowledge, are considered dangerous during this change as we enter back into the beginning of this Kingdom of this mindless reprobate.

What is truly happening is, the time called the awakening is occurring, therefore, I have spent all my time trying to reveal to you that this is what will finally free you. During the darkest time of this world at the end of the age, is also the most powerful time for opportunity, change and disconnection.

This is when those who awaken among the masses begin to comprehend, that the world is following a false logic, and then they begin to realize that they fell away from their true realm long ago and must find a way out of this time-loop trap to return home.

But there is only one way to leave, and it is not death as you may perceive, death is also a trap. The true exit doorway is the doorway that is

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located within your soul, as the KEY-Panem Vitae, and it is not your human body.”

*“Why is death a trap?”*

“Because to those who are unawake, death simply recycles the soul back into the time-loop program. You will never know it is happening, if you are stuck in the cycle, you will repeat the process never knowing you did it before. There is nothing new under the sun.

Knowledge is being erased right before your eyes, so the people that re-enter the new world will be the old comers in the thousand-year kingdom, blind, dumb and ignorant.

These will be the previous teachers and parents of the old-world order under the tutelage of Sol Malum using the panis venenum, and his children are preparing his kingdom back at the beginning. They are building shelters inside the planet to be saved.”

I was having a hard time understanding the term, inside the Planet, but he told me to be discerning, and that has me wondering now... *“Inside the planet? This really stumps me. Are you serious that there is an operation going on where underground facilities are being built under our feet?”*

“Yes, they have extended the building from past time-loops to become great fortresses with cities and walled communities so they can hide from the destruction while most of humanity perishes. This is how they desire to escape and continue with the deception as internal players.”

*“Are you trying to tell me that there is a world beneath our feet?”*

“Oh my, there are many worlds and many occupants of those worlds? They have and are building many underground cities below that is so beyond your imagination, so technologically advanced it would blow your mind away.”

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*“Oh, so they will have technology when they go back in time?”*

“That is a secret I cannot reveal now, too much knowledge could cause serious repercussions and could harm you. Of course, they always tell you that technology is just man’s own development, but it is old knowledge that was given to them by alien worlds, but we will discuss this later.

Sadly, mostly deviants, and sick minded trolls who worship Sol Malum will lie within these halls of rocks built beneath the earth. They will even bring with them in their underground prisons some of the offspring of humanity to torture them, during this horrible time.”

*“If they have underground cities with all of this technology why not just live down there and exist there and not bother to come above?”*

“They cannot exist with each other because of their darkness and malevolence, they would turn on one another and kill each other. These are sick reprobate entities that exist only to steal energy from humans as vampires would suck out the blood. These energy vampires exist to live upon the woes of humanity and its created system of Sol Malum. They exist only to destroy, and never give life.”

*“Is there no benevolent being that can stop them, are we left alone?”*

“There is ONE that can help, the Great Caelestus Pater, the spirit above and within.”

*“Then why don’t we get this help?”*

“The help is always there, however there is a law of free will that all souls are given. The Caelestus Pater will never force anyone, by any means to obey. We must by law make the decision for ourselves to produce the necessary character to withstand the temptations. Until we reject the deception, we will be compromised to always experience the choices of our decisions.

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Those destined to return to the 10<sup>th</sup> century will have little to no knowledge, they will simply live to survive like animals, and this will continue until the Renaissance era, when finally, art, poetry, science, and all sorts of knowledge is brought back slowly and very carefully by those who are skilled artisans in controlling this kingdom's awareness.

And this knowledge and awareness will funnel into the future again leaving the masses limited to what they will have access to. But none of us need to make this round trip, we can exit it now.

The knowledge that is eventually released to govern the people is done in piecemeal and it only serves the elite or power players, so they can rule from a greater advantage. And then they can control the knowledge the way they deem fit.

Even those you have heard about like Da Vinci, Nostradamus, and so many other secret players, are aware of the future, as being exposed to the sinister dark societies. They already know what the future has in its tentacles, because it keeps being replicated.

There is no real prophetic insight as if someone is peering into the future. It is all known beforehand.

These so-called savants have had access to all that you have in your time. The only difference is, it had to come out in such a way as to not spill the beans, on what continues to unfold in this world.

Instead of them having access to future material from the gatekeepers, they become known as visionaries and spiritual adepts, holding great status among the people as prophets, sages and seers.

And these things were also passed on to those who became this world's teachers, as well as historians. This is where your libraries come from, not from the factual data, but from what men and woman who were selected to be worthy to extend the hidden agenda."

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*"Forgive me, but if my memory of history is correct, or at least what was handed down, weren't your people cannibals, and lived a savagery life, and didn't the Anasazi eventually get killed off?"*

"The knowledge that was passed down was given to you by those who conquered the early land-dwellers known as the Indian. Obviously, the tales told would honor the victors and not the losers. And the last I saw the Indians were not ruling over your nation.

Granted many of the Indians fell from their ideal belief to fend for themselves against anyone that would try to destroy them or their land and their ways. However, the tribe I am with now are not Americanus Indians as you might perceive, they are 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional helpers."

*"Okay... you really lost me there, 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional helpers?"*

"Granted, we are getting a little ahead of ourselves. Now listen carefully, my people are the gateway to the souls, all true souls. Those interlocked within our group who return from the future and come back to the past are the souls of my people, but not necessarily in the same form, and my people live all over the earth."

*"You are saying someone that is not Anasazi in the flesh could go back in time and be among your people, and yet be from another culture and race. Does that really happen?"*

"Well you tell me, you are here, are you not? And are you not part of my people right now? Where did you come from?"

*"In all honesty, I am not sure where I am anymore?"*

"Hasn't it occurred to you that I came from the future and became a friend to these people of the past? Where do you think I received all my knowledge about the future? Do you understand, the Anasazi did not come

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from the Anasazi, they became the Anasazi, and this occurs when they find their pilgrimage home?

There are no Anasazi during your time, there are other tribes of Indians as well other cultures, creeds and factions, but the Anasazi are not Americanus Indians as you would perceive."

*"How is that possible? You are with the Anasazi right now, and based on what you're saying, the Anasazi came from the future, my time, as did you, and they sure look like Indians to me?"*

"Yes, they did, but when they came from your time, they were not yet Anasazi until they moved through the doorway of the soul."

*"Whoa, take it back a few steps Chief."*

The Chief begins to laugh and says, "I told you it would be more surprising than you thought. It is possible because the Anasazi are the gateway to our soul. It is the beginning and the end. Once you find it, it is over. What I am trying to reveal to you is we do not exist somewhere back in time, we exist throughout all time through your soul. We are connected to you."

*"ME?"*

"I am speaking in general of course. Why do you think they call us basket weavers and alien ancestors? We are weaving the fabric of your soul as someone within yourself. Thus, we are alien to your world but not necessarily alien to you. Now for you to understand the mystery. There are many Anasazi that live among other races. Do you understand what I mean?"

*"Sort of."*

"What I mean is, the nature, the inner parts of the heart, those who seek peace and not war. Those who love the people and the land and not destroy



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it. Those who care about what is right versus what is wrong. In their hearts they are becoming Anasazi, weavers of the soul, they just never knew it.

When these advance to the highest level of conduct in their heart, they become Anasazi, meaning the 'awakened ones'. Are you now beginning to understand what I am saying?"

*"I think so, I think what you are saying is, an Anasazi is simply a nomad upon the earth no matter what race, creed or color. They try to live a simple life; they try not to get involved with the world around them; separating themselves from all that which is. They are here, but they are not really here, they know they belong somewhere else."*

"Fantastic, you nailed it, this is just a voyage of their soul until they can find the gateway to return."

*"Are you saying you are not really here but are some vision or dream?"*

"Hmm, well I guess it might be prudent for me to ask, ARE YOU REALLY HERE, or are you dreaming?"

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## **(8) The Mystery of Time**

### **Day Six – Unraveling of the Time Machine**

At this point I am barely able to grasp everything the Chief is talking about. Is he even there, is he here, what is all of this about? Who am I, why have I been chosen to learn these things?

As we slept the night away and I spent the following day learning about their beliefs and practices, quickly sunset was upon us and we began the lessons again.

I began to ponder more deeply on what the Chief was saying. How is it possible that the world can continue to revert in time? Doesn't it move into the future; how can the earth be set back in time when life seems to continue to move forward? We age don't we, doesn't this prove some form of linear movement in time?

This is hard to understand? In my mind I was wondering, do we live as the same person repeatedly since we reduplicate time patterns? Have we all done this before?

The Chief went on to explain further... "It is because the Earth is a time machine that operates from the North Pole through the South Pole, and other energy center vortexes, like near the great sphinx of Egypt and the Bucegi Mountains in Romania, along with multiple other places on the earth's grid. This is where the mechanisms exist that operates this machine as a holographic energy source.

No one can go any further into the future, because it is the end of all ages, like running into a brick wall, or a program that comes to an end. The time clock stops and reverts to the beginning, however in this case the beginning is the 10<sup>th</sup> century."

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*"I have heard and read in books, which I always thought were science fiction that people claim to have seen our future and say that it is filled with futuristic cities and wonderful technologies. Are these just figments of people's imagination, or is there any truth to this?"*

"An extremely important question, it has to do with dimensions of the time-space quantum continuum. The fact is these people are not seeing in their future, they're considering another time even another dimension."

*"Just a sec, if time is not linear, and we always revert in time, in a loop as you call it. Then, how can someone see another futuristic time that is non-existent?"*

"I will soon be answering all of your questions. What you are witnessing right here and now, is one of many time-lines, and each time line is unique and yet sometimes parallel, but all different dimensions of the mind.

As an example, there are many earths, maybe millions and even billions unto infinity, but each earth is unto its own time. And each one is in its own dimension. And they are all part of a dream. Again..."

*"More on this later, right?"*

"Exactly!"

*"Is time within every dimension also in a time-loop like this one?"*

"No, time only exists in the three-dimensional virtual world, other higher dimensions are not regulated by time. However, those that are regulated by time, time is unique in their respective dimensions, just like it is unique on every planet. Whatever the solar clock reveals within that particular dimension then that is its time-loop."

*"Are there other earths in a time-loop like ours?"*

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“Yes, via the fact new earths are created all the time from the minds of the occupants.”

*“Excuse me?”*

“Where do you think dreams come from? It’s the mind, it’s always the mind.

Time must always come back around. All your seasons, and planetary alignments all tell you the same truth. We are not moving outward or forward, we are in a cycle, a loop, always returning from where we came from. This does not change on any world, as long as there are stars and planets via the material nature, there will be time.”

*“I have read scientific dailies that espouse to the fact that we are moving outward in space, traveling at great speeds, how can this be a loop then if this is occurring?”*

“It is not occurring; this is an illusion of a holographic laser light show that penetrates deeper into the void. Nothing is really moving, it is all a mind-game.”

*“So, this cycle was altered, and now we are stuck in a thousand-year time loop, living and reliving lives repeatedly.”*

“Yes, and as for returning into the same bodies, yes, we do for the most part, as well as we return in other bodies in different times, and they are also the same. Each of us over the one-thousand-years has been here at least one time every one-hundred-years, and some many times over. And that’s not even counting pre-lives before the loop.”

*“Pre-Lives?”*

“Yes, we lived before this loop occurred. We lived before the 10<sup>th</sup> century, but it has all been forgotten. We have existed in different cultures,

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different communities, different religions, and different races and yes even different sexes, but it is always you. The outer is an illusion as the game template; and the inner is reality.”

*“If we are the same person in whatever generation we live, does this mean our birth and death are already known prior to coming here?”*

“Yes and no. Some make wrong choices and bring about an early death, some make good choices and may bring a longer life. But either way they cannot pass the wall of their time unless they find a gate, or Caelestus Pater aids in their modification, he can change the rules for the specific growth pattern of that soul to continue moving forward towards freedom.

There is no future beyond the point of where you are at now though, there is only the past, of where I am at now, and thus we are now connecting together again.”

*“Wait a second, you said all are in a time-loop, all worlds return back like the clock, so how can someone see into a different future if this is the last age.”*

“It is called Soul Memory at the soul-consciousness level. There is no future beyond that which is at the end of the age, in your time. However not all worlds are in the same time dimension. There are worlds that began where humans were not in the material body, they existed in what may be called in type a paradise having energy soul bodies.

Now paradise is different to each world, some are technological paradises and some are earthly paradises such as gardens, forests and lakes. And then there is one that is our heavenly abode beyond space and time. It is like being in a movie, with a beginning and an end, however, all movies are different, and all have different beginnings and endings.

My people and many like us were the caretakers of your land you now call Americanus long ago. Why do you think this was? It is because when all

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the changes occur due to the planetary time-loop, and destruction unfolds on the entire earth, it is brought about by the same malevolent ones of this despotic kingdom of socialist fascism or potestas daemonis, which is demonic control.

The ones that will carry this knowledge and the facts inside the stories, that seem to stretch for tens of thousands of years, are my people and those like them. We always return to help those who are waking up.”

*“But how did you and your people know all of this?”*

“Because you are waking up.”

*“I am waking up?”*

“Well, you and those like you.”

*“And then WE return?”*

“Try not to think of this as a linear event. Stretch your mind.”

*“You also spoke of the awakening, how does that play in, if everyone is dying or returning, who was awakened?”*

“That is not quite an accurate analogy. The awakening is the gateway of your soul returning back from where you originally came from.”

*“That is what I said, didn’t I?”*

“Not really, there is a big difference in returning via the gateway of one’s soul and returning to planet earth in the time-loop.”

*“Now I am officially confused.”*

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"What I am trying to convey, is not everyone that returns, returns to this earth in its time-loop. Some move into a higher dimension even though they may be seen and even heard within this dimension, they are not truly here, they are between worlds."

*"Between worlds?"*

"Yea, do you believe in ghosts?"

*"Yes, I think I do, many have stated they have seen them, I never have though."*

"Okay then, what is a ghost?"

*"A spirit that may have once lived here as human but now is in another realm."*

"Well sort of, the realm they exist within is another dimension. They could be standing right next to you, on the very same planet, but they are not here. However, Ghosts are not really spirits, they are soul-minds. They are a projection from their spiritual mind."

*"Wow, never heard of that before. All I know is they are invisible to our eyes, right?"*

"They are invisible to most, if they can be living on an earth and yet be invisible, doesn't this include the fact that a separate earth can also be invisible yet still be in the same place?"

*"I guess."*

"Then how do you know I am not a ghost?"

*"Because I can see you."*

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“Well, how do you know that you are not also a ghost?”

*“Because I am alive, I can feel, hear, touch, I mean I must be alive.”*

“My friend you are sitting on the ground of your earth 800-years before you were ever born, where all that have lived here are now supposedly dead and buried, which makes them either ghosts or souls reincarnated. Are you sure you are not a ghost?”

*“I don’t think I am, I was alive when I passed through the wall of the cave, and now I am here.”*

“Are you sure you passed through the barrier of the wall of time? Are you sure you are really here?”

One of the elders of the community came to the Chief and asked him to come with him. The Chief excused himself and said he would be right back. Upon returning the Chief continued...

“Excuse me my wife called for me to remind me of an important item. Sorry for the delay... Try to imagine there being millions of earths but each one is invisible to the other and yet all occupy the same space.”

*“Now that would be tricky.”*

“It might be tricky, but it is a fact. There are many earths, but they are in different dimensions. Right now, you are a ghost to someone else that also exists on earth but in another dimension. And right now, I am a ghost to you, but you can see me.”

*“Whoa hold those horses a second...”*

“Don’t worry it will all become clear. The only difference is, when the earth reverts the ghost of the Anasazi return, but this time they make



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themselves visible due to their ability to walk through gates between the worlds. Now let's get back to the time-loop.

Those who control the world during my time became the monks, the silent ones who control the destiny of the earth. Haven't you ever wondered why it is that the monks are the ones that always seem to restore history after finding lost documents and relics? Didn't this seem a tad fishy? A people who had no technology, were unable to travel long distance, seem to have all the lost data."

I wondered, *"Where did the Monks come from?"*

"They simply followed through with their earlier incarnation and became the caretakers of information.

They then transformed themselves into lowly teachers that would become the custodians of all history... or should I say controllers?

Women became infidels and were treated horrible and the Monks stayed among themselves and separated from the women. But those of the elite had many consorts or harems. And through these relationships were the elite's children born that represented their houses via their specific progeny."

*"I didn't think the monks married?"*

"It wasn't the Monks it was the leaders of the church, and those who were power magnets over countries. Also, there are many other mysteries to this puzzle."

*"You mean like those inside the earth that escaped during the Time-Loop?"*

"Let me just say, not everything is being revealed correctly. Remember the monks did not start as Monks, they became Monks to fulfill the mission of

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the earth chronology, and then the Royal houses began to take over to continue the lineage of the malevolent ones.

The stories of my people that were handed down from their Fathers, did not come from our past, they are stories and prophecies from the children who were from our future. The same with the monks and the priesthood, which became the secret societies.

Do you understand? I know what I know because my soul returned back into the past already having this knowledge, but I failed to access the secret that would allow me to return to the sky of our ancient parents, and thus have been stuck in this trap, but soon to be no more.”

*“How did you acquire all this knowledge, it is all new to me as you are revealing it?”*

“Yes, that is true, in 1984 all of this was new to you, but in 33 years you will understand all of it.”

*“How?”*

“Because I am revealing it to you in 1984.”

*“Chief, there had to be a point where you didn’t have this knowledge also, so who told you?”*

Laughter everywhere commenced. The Chief looked at me straight forward into my eyes and said, “YOU DID!”

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

## (9) The Great Culling

### Day Seven – The Mystery of the Past & Future

I sat there trying to process all this new information that the Chief was giving to me. He then allowed for time for me to reconcile this material, for there was much to consider.

He stood up and said, “Open your heart and seek.” He then walked away as I remained in my own thoughts. I began to wonder, there is nearly five billion people on this planet in 1984, where will they go during this event to come.

Are all these people destined to die? And then my thoughts went into, where does the soul really go? Who really are we? As the Chief came back and sat down, he said, “Your thoughts trouble you, let me be of assistance.”

I asked him, *“Where do these people go during my time. We have five billion people in this world. Americanus is but a dusting of humanity. What about the rest of humanity?”*

The Chief not surprised I would ask such a question seemed to already be prepared with more data.

“Now what is important to understand is, billions of people are going to die when the earth falls backwards. But this should not shock you. Everyone dies, it is the nature of this world. Billions were born and billions will die.”

*“What kind of event would cause this?”* I shrieked.

“Death comes to everyone; however, this particular time is when apocalyptic events take place in your near future. The earth will shake from its boundary and will roll along like a child’s little toy ball. The earth will fall backwards because it has come to the end of the program. Earth is going to

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bounce to and fro as it resets the time clock as a time machine going back to another time. The earth is being reset.”

*“Are you saying, that the planet itself will change back to what it appeared as 1080 years ago, with both land and water mass? And anyone living on the planet during these events will witness the earth changing backwards in time? As an example, if you are living on land that one-thousand years ago was under water, will you then go under water?”*

“Well for the most part yes, but not exactly. As well as some land that is under water in your time. If that land was above water one-thousand years ago, it may return again.”

*“Does this mean the fabled Atlantis, Phoenicia and Lemuria will also return? I have read about these lost cities.”*

“Not really, except for portions of their lost world may become visible. They are not within the one-thousand-year cycle. These are lands which were occupied and above water many thousands of years ago, before the grand cycle was cut short. The last time they went below water they have remained.”

*“So, they could be hundreds of thousands of years old, now right?”*

“Oh no, not really, remember time is in a loop. Atlantis ultimately disappeared ten-thousand years ago and Lemuria vanished even further back. No matter how long we continue to remain in this cycle, these lands do not move further back in time, they will always remain the same in time separation due to the loop’s nature.”

*“So, they are just lost forever?”*

“No, in fact they are not lost at all, their energy always keeps them alive.”

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

*"Explain to me how can their energy keeps them alive if they're long gone."*

The Chief smiled and asked, "Are you ready for this?" I nodded to give approval. "Where are you right now?"

*"I am sitting on the ground looking up at you."*

"No, where are you right now?"

*"Oh, I see; I am back in time."*

"You just walked through that door and came from your time back to this time, correct?"

"Yes."

**"Do we exist, or don't we?"**

*"Well of course you do, I am speaking to you right now."*

"How is that possible, if you are hundreds of years into the future, wouldn't we have passed on long ago, yet we are as close to you as that doorway?"

*"Yea but, you said you may not be really here."*

"Yes, I did, I also said you may not really be here either. But the fact remains, you are speaking to me hundreds of years into your past."

*"Does this mean all time exists at the same time?"*

Those that were surrounding the Chief, along with the Chief all stood up and waved their hands to the sky, and shouted with glee. He looked at me

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with a huge smile, and said, “Exactly, time is not moving, the interactive avatars are moving through time.

We are as close as an open door to all previous times and all future times. The only difference is most do not walk in doorways into other periods, they move forward one step after another via linear deception.

It is like watching a movie that has been copied or taped. The entire movie is all set within the boundaries of that recorded program. The one watching the movie can determine what place in the movie they would like to begin viewing. If you choose to start watching towards the end of the movie, does this mean the beginning of the movie is no longer there? Of course not, it is all on the same tape.

Time reacts as a recording, it goes from start to finish, only we are the ones who jump around time viewing the results of the movie, but in this case, while interacting within it.”

*“Stop the presses Chief! That would mean this world is not real, it is a program that was already created and we are like interactive watchers in a movie that bounces in from time to time to watch a specific frame.”*

“By George I think you’ve got it! Now you are starting to understand. The entire planet reverts in time, because the tape is being rewound during what is called the Piscean pause. And instead of moving into the 1<sup>st</sup> Age of Aquarius as it once did, it then returns to the Piscean age, again, it is being redirected back one-thousand-years back into Pisces, and the planet is part of the setting.

We the observers are heading back with it to start watching the beginning of the show, via what is called reanimated soul insertion via the time shift, but this time instead of moving forward; we are all returning to the day the Earth fell backwards.

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You cannot watch anymore into the future because the movie ended, there is nothing left in the movie because the programming ended. Therefore, there is no future, there is nothing left of the movie to watch, except the credits.

Lands that were once there as part of the program will have appeared to return to where they were a millennium ago, and the system will be reset. At that point, the movie will be rewound, as it had been in 937AD.”

*“Chief, you said the reoccurrence might not be exact, how is it possible if it was already programmed, wouldn’t it have to be exact as it was programmed?”*

“No, not necessarily, while answering your questions as to how this occurs. It is true some things may change because this is an interactive movie, along the way changes are made by the actors, that is all of us.

And when we make a change it is adapted into the programming and thus creates a chain reaction revealing not everything is perfectly exact, past or future. This movie is likened unto a liquid film where it can adapt to new things, however, it is still all old things. For nothing is new under the sun.

Very little is ever changed because the interactive agents, are not making wise decisions, instead most follow the program. However, one thing to be aware of is, when the movie does change, hardly anyone is aware of it. It becomes fluid as if nothing materialized. Slight changes occur all the time, every day, but most do not recognize them.”

*“Chief are you telling me events surrounding us in our lives could change from what they had been to something else and we would not know this?”*

“Let me just say, events are constantly changing and most of humanity has not been aware. However, as the planet enters the final scene of its movie play, during your time, many will begin to recognize things are changing all the

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time, this is because the time-loops are crossing over one upon another, and the dimensions are melding.

Let me continue... The time clock was interfered with. We are no longer in a 25,920-years' cycle as I have continued to relay, it is much harder to control the artificial intelligence as interactive agents/directors in a movie that is extremely lengthy.

What is easier, to direct a movie that is two hours long, or one that is a hundred hours long? Events must be controlled and, more compacted. Too much time allows for too many potential changes that would allow souls to awaken, and this, Sol Malum will not allow.

These programmed events must not change too much, so they decided to simply install a mended time-loop to revert the clock back to the 10<sup>th</sup> century, instead of the 1<sup>st</sup> age.

It is much easier to deal with than to have to start all over again from the beginning. However, there is a much greater reason for this. Because when we use to shift back to the 1<sup>st</sup> Age, many were awakened, as the 1<sup>st</sup> age is the water carrier, meaning the spirit can flow again after the loop.

Billions of people will be shaken to their core, and nearly every soul at the end of the cycle will be instantly removed, in the twinkling of an eye, few to everlasting life, and the majority to everlasting shame and contempt as they are stuck in hell again, and those who fail to awaken will be reinserted back in time during the cycle of their connection.

What I am telling you, is billions of flesh and blood bodies are going to be removed from the program, the movie is over, and later I will explain who they all are and what happens to them.

The plan has always been, by those who control to destroy humanity, because the movie is over, you might as well go out with a bang. So, the end was designed in the program itself, because they already know the end of the



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movie. They already know that humanity as we know it ceases to exist in a blink of an eye, because the program ended and then it is restarted again as it was one-thousand-years ago.”

*“May I ask you a silly question?”*

“Certainly, don’t be shy! No question is ever silly if you need to know an answer.”

*“How many people are on this earth during 10<sup>th</sup> century, if this is the time it reverts too?”*

“The time and world that the time-loop occurs during the 10<sup>th</sup> century had for the most part, 350-million people, obviously, this is a far cry from 8 Billion, in the last generation. These are mostly the true souls who have been reinserted.”

*“So, you are telling me that only 350-million people will survive what is about to happen out of 8 Billion people?”*

“The 350-million are the souls who advanced from the earlier ages of the past as they entered the 10<sup>th</sup> century before the time-loop occurred, these are not the people who survived the future Per Se, but they were from the future. Do you understand?”

*“Barely, but I will try to tackle this. I suppose what you are telling me is those from the past are some of us from the future, as they had advanced through time. They are not those who survived to return to the past as humans, but they are souls who continued to move forward during their period, as the reincarnated of the future. Boy this is weird.”*

“Actually, let me explain it a little better. Normally when a body perishes, it returns to the light or remains stuck as a ghost. And then it is recycled through reincarnation. However, at the end of the age, it doesn’t really work like this.”

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*“What’s the difference then?”*

“The difference is the people coming from the 9<sup>th</sup> century into the 10<sup>th</sup> century, are already there, as generational life moves forward, remember it is a dream-movie. That means when this shift happens, these people do not come from the future as those who are dead and reborn, they haven’t even been there yet, at least in their thinking according to the dream-movie.

These people living in the 10<sup>th</sup> century will wake up one morning like they always do, and they will be the same soul they were when they went to bed the night before, However, they will also that person from the future who was replanted back into the past.”

*“This is like a tangled ball of thread, you are saying it is just like, ‘poof’, you die in the future and instantly you are back in the past, but you are still the same person who reincarnated from the past into the 10<sup>th</sup> century, but, you just came back from the 21<sup>st</sup> century?”*

“YEP! Just like a dream, the program doesn’t change, just the dreamer.”

*“But Chief if there is only 350-million people that continue from the 9<sup>th</sup> century into the 10<sup>th</sup> century, then where do these billions of souls who passed on from my time return to, there are not enough bodies to re-enter or reanimate?”*

“This is because there are billions of bodies that have no souls, they cannot pre-exist, because they never really existed.”

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## **(10) The Three Races of People**

### **Day Eight – Mystery of soul, spirit and body**

The Chief told me yesterday that I need to take some time to imagine what he just revealed and we would return tomorrow. As the evening came upon us in the new day, both the Chief and I were alone, and he began to speak with a very sullen demeanor. I then realized this subject was not only going to be important, it will be nearly intolerable to accept.

Without hesitation, the Chief began... “There are three races of people on this planet, the divine race of the Aeons, the created programmed soulless race and the angelus genus, Archons, which are the children or followers of Sol Malum.

The soulless race is made up of soulless bodies, it functions only by the holographic body programmed computer. As well, there are bodies who have been taken over by the angelus genus, both occupant and possession.

The divine race is made up of children of Caelestus Pater and Caelestus Mater. However, their children are not the bodies, they are the souls, which reside inside the body template program with their mind.

What happens is a war occurs between two forces, a programmed force and an intelligent consciousness force, the body and the soul. In the Bible, it spoke of the war within the members of the body, now it is time you learn what this means.

This is a real war. As the body is programmed a certain way and it follows that way, the soul must not follow in the same direction, it must overcome the lusts and desires that which is programmed in the body. If it allows the body to fulfill its mission, you will have fulfilled prophecy, because this is the program.

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Unless a soul from the Divinum Spiritus inhabits a body, it is not from the Caelestus Pater. Therefore, if there are billions of bodies, rest assured only a small percentage are Divinum Spiritus soul-filled.

We do not know the exact number but the percentage is vastly lower than the world's population especially during your time. Obviously as you track back that percentage rises comparably to the time and its population.

What this means is, all Divinum Spiritus souls can incarnate repeatedly within this one-thousand-year period no matter how many bodies there are. There will always be plenty of bodies to accommodate all true Souls.

There is always enough room for incarnated Divinum Spiritus, called the Aeons, children of the Monad. Remember, a selected body in whatever generation has always been chosen for each soul. And a body has been prepared for each soul accordingly during whatever dimensional time they are sent."

*"So, we then come back as the same people all the time, you would think we would finally get it?"*

"Yes, because that is your container it is like clothing you have in your own personal closet, and this is where Déjà vu comes from. Here is the problem though, if all time is occurring at once, then how can a soul be in multiple bodies at the same time? This can easily occur because all souls are multi-dimensional. You can be in many different bodies at once during many different times, from a projected source spirit."

*"If Déjà vu is a recollection of past events that one is repeating, then why don't we have them all the time? And just what does it mean multi-dimensional?"*

"It depends on the person, if a person is making changes in their interactive state, the changes will interfere with the memory and the life plan will also change incrementally. Being multi-dimensional reveals like the pixels

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

forming a motion picture, every thought a soul has can participate in that specific dimension of the mind as being unique.

Remember the body shell is already programmed to fulfill the script, the soul becomes the opposition. Once a soul enters; the programming is challenged. And the internal war ensues, until either the body is victorious or the soul."

*"What happens if the body is victorious over the soul?"*

"Then the soul is recycled or reinserted back through the controls of the angelus genus who rule this world, i.e. that operate this program."

*"You mean in the one-thousand-year time-loop?"*

"Correct! They take back the souls and send them out again to where they are connected in the program. Their hope is they can finally break the soul to cause them to worship these rulers eternally, which means to remain stuck in the loop forever."

*"What is the soul doing when it is not using a body?"*

"It is sleeping, but dreaming that it is awake."

*"What you are saying is, every time a baby is born it is just a program."*

"Yes, until or unless a soul or spirit essence is attached to it, all human bodies and animal bodies are biological programmed robots. They are programmed by their DNA on how they appear, who they are and what they eventually will become, and what they will think and believe as to how they operate instinctively or consciously.

Everything is already part of their programming, except that which the soul changes due to the interactive intelligence."

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*“But if there is only a small percentage of real souls during my time that means most humans are simply robots that follow the programming.”*

“Now you know why this subject matter is so difficult. In the period that you now live in; there is a great variance between the souls and the non-souls.

There is a biblical verse that reveals this, it states that before one enters the age of the kingdom, which we now know is the one-thousand-year time-loop. It states that the Diabolis is loosed for a little season at the end of the thousand-years. Of course, this has been greatly misunderstood.

Now think about it this way, hasn't your population dramatically multiplied and all of it is in this last one-hundred-year period. From around the 10<sup>th</sup> century to the 20<sup>th</sup> century the population raised structurally and within limits with tiny percentage increases along the way. However, since 1900 the population has nearly quadrupled.

That is unheard off... What this is revealing is the mind of Diabolis has begun to saturate the mind of the world. And due to its amoral adrift, it has created massive amounts of bodies where they can be programmed to fulfill the ultimate end game.

Thus, as it reveals, at the end of the thousand-years, the Diabolis is released, but in truth where was he all this time? Well he was imprisoned along with all of us. His spirit was in a type of prison.

I will touch on this later... What you need to understand is Sol Malum is the ruling Sun-God of this world, he operates this world under the knowledge of good and evil from outer space. The Diabolis plays the character of devil as being evil, while Sol Malum plays the character of god or good.

They make it appear they are at odds with each other when the truth is they fully operate in unison. At the end of the thousand-years where the world has become so entrenched into the amoral adrift, most are wandering around lost.

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

Sol Malum will come on the scene to promote the one way, the one government, and the one religion. And to do so means creating the illusion that the Diabolis will be bound again after being loosed.

I say illusion because the Diabolis is never truly bound, it is just that at the end of the age he has freer capacity to do 'his thing' because more bodies are operating from the program alone creating the desired and necessary effects giving the Diabolis more control, whereas when the earth shifts he is drastically limited because most of the bodies are divine souls."

*"What is his thing?"*

"Glad you asked, his thing is to divide and conquer, an exploitation of ideas where no one has the truth but everyone believes they know. He creates so much confusion no one knows whether they are coming or going.

Sol Malum then comes on the scene to establish order out of all the chaos, bringing back a time of ignorance via the rule of the rod of iron.

So even though the world is lost, it is all now of one mind, following the one Lord, while the Diabolis, the author of confusion will once again be placed at bay. It is all part of the mass illusion of control.

The Diabolis is not really imprisoned, he is just limited to what he can do as Sol Malum now rules with a rod of iron, forcing people to comply with the one way.

That is why they want a global government. As the thousand-years moves forward, from the time-loop and people begin to rebel against the one way, the Diabolis, which is the Moon God is then released to begin the end-game to establish the beginning once again, usually the last 80-100-years.

If you track back 80-100-years from the end of the program, you come to World War I, which reveals the Diabolis was back at work. Now remember, Sol

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Malum rules for one-thousand-years, but during the half age time-loop there is 1080-years. The remaining years is the 'little season' the Diabolis is released.

During your time, most people are soulless robotic bodies without conscience. This is because the climate of lawlessness and immorality has become so widely accepted that too many avatars of the program are being added, creating a huge differential between souls and non-soul filled bodies. There are simply not enough souls to fill bodies, even though souls can enter multiple bodies at once, it is usually done in different periods not the same period.

Let me try to explain in more detail so that you can have a better grasp at what is occurring. The seeding of the human body is via the spirit of the sower. The sower is either the Caelestus Pater, through the Panem Vitae, or it is Sol Malum. The human or animal body is not the seed, it is what the seed is planted within.

The human body of itself is a program, it is designed to operate without anything else added to it. If there is no seedling, it is simply a program."

*"Why would the Caelestus Pater want to send his children in a time-loop prison?"*

"He didn't want to and never did. The child, you and me, chose to do this against orders, and now we must pay the penalty for that choice until we can reconcile the error. However, for as long as the true seeds remain here they are forever connected to the Great Father and Mother in the sky, and that will never change.

As easy as we chose to reject our divine right, we can choose to reestablish it, and this is a gift we have all been given. The Caelestus Pater has never rejected us, we in turn rejected his orders. When the body is seeded, it becomes like a symbiotic union of the soul linked to the computer program.



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The body itself without this union is designed to think, to speak, to hear, to touch etc... It is what some may call an artificial intelligence computer program.

When a seed or 'thee' seed is planted within, it creates a symbiotic relationship with the body program, meaning the seed is like a new consciousness added to the mechanical wherewithal of the body consciousness.

This soul consciousness can lay dormant, or it can literally take over the functions, both mental and physical inside the body.

The seed is planted when the door opens for the child to take its first breath. Often the doctor will pat the child on the rear and then it engages to bring in the breath of life. The ancients called this the N'Shamah, the breath for the soul of Caelestus Pater.

This breath or air is the spirit conduit that allows the seed/consciousness to be implanted. Thus, the Latin word for breath is Spiritus. It is the disseminated soul.

If there is no seed available, the human child will be without a soul consciousness when the first breath is taken, but this breath is a result of the program and not the seed of Divinum Spiritus.

The body itself will have little to no ability to analyze itself, it will simply function as a program based only on the five senses and the elements of its surrounding world.

Therefore, the reason that there are so many people on this planet, it is due to the fact more biological entities are born than there are souls available here in this realm, especially now during your time.

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This means a large portion of people are simply programs going through the motions without a thought or any individualized concept of their own. They are not attached to anything beyond this program.”

*“I am having difficulty dealing with this, you mean a beautiful little baby could be nothing more than a machine?”*

“I told you this was not going to be easy. However, the good news is this. If the machine is soulless it doesn’t have anything to compare with, so it will not care one way or the other.

What you might desire or believe, the soulless container does not reciprocate your feelings. You may care, you may be angered or upset, because this doesn’t seem fair. Our duty is not to judge the body, but to allow it to grow with everyone else and at the end the results will be made manifest.

Did you know Panem Vitae spoke of these counter bodies versus the divine soul filled bodies? He called them the good seed and the bad seed planted together in the same garden.

He said let them grow together until the awakening and then those who are the good seed will be removed and taken to the barn of protection, and the bad seeds were to be gathered up and bound into chains, and thrown into the fire.

Remember, it also says the Diabolis will be bound for a thousand years, this is when this happens. At the time that Sol Malum is establishing his one-thousand-year millennium kingdom reign, the Caelestus Pater using the Panem Vitae is redeeming those who have awakened and bringing them out of this hell and returning them to their home/paradise.

What is happening is these robotic bodies are going to be eradicated as in type, like being bundled, and they will be burned and erased from the world

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as there is no soul to leave the body so it cannot go back in time with the others.

The Panem Vitae was speaking of the difference between the children of the Caelestus Pater and the children of Sol Malum.

Now look above where I said, bound into chains, this is critical. In your time, spirits that were imprisoned can be released for a short season, meaning they can roam around and attach themselves to any of these bodies that are simply programmed.

So not only do we have the soulless bodies, but we have those who are called the Reprobi Angeli that can take over these bodies at will, and use them to do their thing.

This world is falling into darkness deeper and deeper. What this means is, when it says these reprobati angeli will be bound and chained, it means those that are spirit controlled bodies, not the programmed only bodies, and they are returned to the cycles of being imprisoned by their chosen body, for one-thousand-years or are simply imprisoned inside the 4<sup>th</sup> dimension, and then again they will be released for a short season also.”

*“What you are implying, is that the good and bad seeds are both sent back in time to live among each other, minus the programmed soulless bodies?”*

“Yes! The programmed vehicles are not good or evil Per Se at birth, except only by their later actions will you be able to see the structured content of their inner being through how it is demonstrated in their functioning, or better stated, ‘you shall know them by their fruits.’

They have no pre-history. They have not been reincarnated like the good and bad seeds have. They are simply existing until the cessation of their programmed body.”

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*“Excuse me Chief, you just said these were the bad seeds, but then you said the bad seeds could reincarnate, but now you said they can’t?”*

“This is what I am getting at. All the unoccupied bodies are also bad seeds due to their corrupted avatar programming.

This is the difference, those who are the children of Sol Malum are spirits living inside bodies like the divine ones. However, the soulless bodies are also the children of the Diabolis, because the body is programmed like robots using the reptilian portion of the brain to function, and like any good robot they obey their creator. They do not have a soul, which could allow them to reconstruct a new pattern of things, they instead only follow orders.

However, those spirit essences that were once reprobati angeli, can reincarnate. But the bodies without any occupied essence cannot, even though they are both bad seeds. Only the souls reincarnate, not a body. Therefore, billions of bodies will never reincarnate leaving plenty of room for the real essences to do so.

Now when a child of the Caelestus Pater enters the body, they enter a programmed body of the Diabolis. This is where the war begins, the soul must fight against the Diabolis programming and overcome the program. This is the battle.”

*“And if the soul doesn’t overcome him?”*

“I have already addressed this, the soul will be reincarnated repeatedly, until it does overcome.”

*“I am really confused about something here. If the soul lives in all bodies at the same time, even if it is multi-dimensional as you say. What happens when it overcomes in one period and it doesn’t overcome in another?”*

“Fantastic question. To answer your query, you must try to realize the soul is also many pieces building on its entire picture. If the soul does

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overcome it does so because of the unity of the whole not the individual pieces. What the soul gathers and learns over time via all its individualized aspects, it will eventually help it to overcome.

Whether it is in the future or the past, the day it occurs where the soul becomes victorious that is the when the gateway opens for the entire soul-group to move through.

Look at it this way, you have schools that you go to which gives one an education. As you move through the grade levels, which are often grades one through twelve, you are adding more knowledge to the previous knowledge.

When you come to graduation all that you had learned in the various levels and grades was added together to finalize your exit of the schooling. Even though you are seemingly broken into twelve compartments called grade levels, it is the same you, which is advancing through the program. And the day you graduate all grade levels will graduate with you at once.

The problem with this world is the body is not graduating, it is having to start all over again, and the only thing it retains is the good fruits produced by the soul that is buried within the spirit, otherwise the soul-mind returns. But once it finally does graduate in spirit, not body, then all the levels or various portions of the soul will all come together as one.

However, due to the nature of the program of this human body, which was spawned by Sol Malum, these soulless entities will follow after the dark program of the Diabolis, or the sun and moon and not the light consciousness via the Caelestus Pater via the Panem Vitae.

And without having a superior consciousness to deflect or reflect these innate tendencies, the body will succumb to the programmed will. Now understand the secret, the program is holographic, the body is simply a holographic computer, it is not who 'we' really are.

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If one is too attached to the programmed holograph they won't be able to differentiate between that which is the divine will versus the programmed will. So now we can understand, there are three types of vehicles we call bodies, whether animal or human.

They are the holographic programmed Diabolis body that is without a seed-soul. There is the holographic programmed Diabolis body that has the seed or consciousness of Sol Malum and his followers, and then finally the holographic programmed Diabolis body that has the seed of the Caelestus Pater.

Now notice all bodies are programmed as children of the Diabolis, therefore, even in the Bible it stated, that we are having a war within ourselves.

In the following verses, I am going to remove the word 'sin', and then replace it with the word 'program' or 'programmed' so that you will be able to understand this mystery.' The program is the simulation.

Once you recognize this change from its earlier format, you will be amazed how everything was coded to reveal the truth. Also, I am removing the word 'spiritual law and or Christ' for the 'Panem Vitae.' This is what I have written down, please glance at it carefully."

The Chief handed me this small piece of ancient paper and it was scribed with these words. He said the paper came from my time before the last awakening and the time-loop. He didn't explain how that was possible, yet I am sure I will learn this also.

The verse begins... "We know that the Panem Vitae is spiritual; but I am (as pertaining to the body) unspiritual, sold as a slave to the program. I do not understand what I do. For what I want to do I do not do, but what I hate, (that) I do.

And if I do what I do not want to do, I agree that the Panem Vitae is good. As it is, it is no longer I myself who do it, but it is the program operating (with) in me.

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For I know that good itself does not dwell in (The program), that is, in my programmed nature. For I (the soul) have the desire to do what is good, but I cannot carry it out.

For I do not do the good I want to do, but the program I do not want to follow—this I keep on allowing. Now if I do what I do not want to do, it is no longer I who do it, but it is the program living in me that does it.

So, I find the Panem Vitae at work: Although I want to do well, (the program) is right there with(in) me. For in my inner being (The Soul within the Body) I delight in the Panem Vitae.

However, I see another program at work within me, waging war against the Panem Vitae of my mind and making me a prisoner of the will of the program at work within me. What a wretched person I am. Who will rescue me from this (Programmed) body of death? Thanks, be to the Panem Vitae ..."

As I handed it back to the Chief, he told me to keep it. I was truly moved, I am not sure I ever read those words in the Bible, especially like that before. I never really got into the bible or their stories that deeply.

It seems to be saying that we are locked in a war within ourselves, and things what we do which is often wrong is not because of who or what we are as a soul, it is because of this programming inside of us taking over the controls.

I was amazed and responded to the Chief saying, *"This is incredible to me. I never realized our body was a program."*

The Chief continued his oration, "This is the key to everything, and it is all so very misunderstood because most do not understand the process of what is going on in this realm. Our body has a generated life of its own, it is programmed to function a certain way. But when the true consciousness enters the body, it goes into a war mode. We begin to have a war within ourselves.

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This is critical. If we do not have this war going on, then we are either only the program itself or the seed of Sol Malum. Why is that, you might ask yourself? Because the true spirit of the Caelestus Pater consciousness via the Panem Vitae is who the true seeds really are. It is not the body they wear.

The body is a cloak, as a veil or covering, hiding within its true consciousness or lack thereof, either being programmed alone or seeded via the Caelestus Pater consciousness or seeded via Sol Malum.

The difference is, the Diabolis programmed these bodies via the DNA console, and these bodies have become an elaborate structure of biological life. Thus, any of Sol Malum's children will certainly mesh within the programming, it will seem very natural to them, and there will be no fight, or internal battle going on. Their fight will be against others outside of them as they fight for control, because survival of the fittest is how the program operates.

They will blend into the body as a perfect slipper that Cinderella might wear. However, when the Caelestus Pater seed is implanted into these bodies, which is simply our soul consciousness, then a war begins. A brutal all-out fight going on within the members of our body.

We are constantly battling what is wrong so that we can do what is right, and often the program defeats us. This does not mean the soul is a failure even though the body fails.

Just like the story in the Bible, if this war was not going on, then we would not be of the Caelestus Pater consciousness. So, the war within is our testament to who we belong to. If this war is occurring, it is our proof that we belong to another, beyond this world.

The battle is the key-defining reality, the only reason there would be a battle, is because those that are experiencing it are truly the children of the Great Father and Mother in the sky of a higher dimension of reality.



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If we live our life without a thought towards what we do daily, without realizing anything is amiss, then something is obviously wrong, the program is ruling.

In truth though, it won't matter to that body mask, because if this is the case, to the body that is operating this way, it won't care anyway, because it won't affect it, i.e. therefore, there is no battle.

Do you understand what I am saying, only to those who are in this war is realizing a battle is being played out within their own body, of the Caelestus Pater consciousness, that it is in a war with the Diabolis Programming?

If this war is not taking place, then there is no true seed within. There simply cannot be. For the Caelestus Pater consciousness is not of this world or body, and thus the interactive state is in a state of flux, a battle, and a war.

Now some true souls may be giving into this fight, and it might not show as much in their outer actions because they are losing the battle. These are souls that are being debilitated by the artificial reality, or the holographic program. And thus, will need to be replanted at another time to try again, unless they awaken.”

*“Replanted? These terms throw me off, it sounds like we are garden.”*

“Again, yes indeed... Let me continue... this is all so very important and our time is coming to an end. Sol Malum has another consciousness, a faulty consciousness, a mixture of good and evil, to create confusion and bring forth the negative programming. This mixture of both good and evil coincides perfectly with the program to create trickery.

Anyone belonging to Sol Malum will love the program and find it suitable for their needs and desires. There will be no battle internally. Their battles will all be external ones, therefore, war is always on the top agenda for these malicious ones.

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Everything they do is about conflict, war, jealousy, pride, greed and wrath. Their war is not internal; thus, they never change. Their war is external, because they want to force everyone else to feed off the programming.

The bodies that are soulless are programmed to become the children of Sol Malum who is also the dual form of the Diabolis, the adversary. And when a bad seed is planted within these bodies, that seed feels right at home. And it uses the programming to its fullest nature.

It only reacts out of the lust of the flesh, survival of the fittest, food, warmth, clothing etc... It desires only the fleshly staples, because in its heart it believes it is the flesh.

And as these staples are of supreme importance, even to the children of the Caelestus Pater, this does not truly ever feed them nor fill them up. It is their soul that needs to be fed. Thereby they desperately need the Panem Vitae.

Good souls who are fed with the programmed desires still continuously seek for what they lack, which cannot be provided here. And thus, we recognize the supreme difference between the good and bad seeds and the programming.”

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

## **(11) The Kingdom on Earth**

### **Day Nine – Future Kingdom or Past Hell.**

As the next day arrived, the Chief stood up and said he had to take care of a few things. My mind was racing and I didn't want to leave, so I sat there still in my crouched position, wondering how the people are so easily deceived.

It seemed obvious that the time-loop has allowed for one religion, one belief, and it must indeed be what they believe is the Kingdom on Earth, before it splinters into thousands of pieces. It was the Chief that reminded me that the Roman Catholic Church said during the Renaissance era that they were already in the Kingdom of God.

And this was all during the last one-thousand-year time-loop. It seems likely they knew something most were not aware of. The only problem was, who was their GOD?

I was then reminded by the Chief. That the true kingdom of Caelestus Pater was encoded within one. It all began to start making sense, how to decipher the lie versus the truth. The true encoding was not external like these gods are telling us, it was within us. It brought back memory of the key and the Panem Vitae.

And this is what the Chief said, that we must tap back into the spirit, and there we will have everything we need. And thus, it remains a fact, if the true kingdom is already within us, then our soul is the connection to our spirit, not our flesh and blood bodies, nor the external world around us.

Thus, our Kingdom is not of this world.

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## (12) The 360° Cycle

### Day Ten – Mystery of the Loop

Today I woke up and I wanted to run away thinking this is just a bad dream. I did not want to hear any more even though deep down a little voice was telling me it was all true.

I decided I wanted to have a more thorough explanation on how it is possible that the earth could be a time machine, and how it was stuck in a time-loop. I began to ask more detailed questions.

I wish I had been a journalist or physics major to know exactly what to ask, but those are not my professions, so I felt much was missing in the conversation. Yet I did my best dealing with this devastating news. I then prepared questions for the new day to ask the Chief, as I continued to write everything he told me into my notepad.

*“I would like to ask you Chief, how the earth could have been changed from its original cycle and now stuck in this one-thousand year plus time loop.”*

“That is a good question. What we do know is something is not functioning correctly within the earth itself. And it has caused the earth to leave its original time pattern. I want you to stand up staring face to face with me, and then turn around slowly until you are once again face to face with me.”

I proceeded to do just that and queried as to what I was accomplishing.

The Chief then asked me, “Do you know what you just did?”

I chuckled, *“Yea, I turned around.”*

“Do you know what that is as a mathematical computation?”

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*"I suppose it would be called a 360° turn."*

"Very good. From your origin, in the very beginning, you were face to face with me. You then turned a full turn, which is 360°, and you returned to your origin, staring face to face with me. Could you have turned 320° and still be face to face with me?"

*"No."*

"Just like on the surface of the planet, if you began walking from one end of the planet to another, it would seem as though you were walking in a linear fashion from a-z and yet you would simply be returning from where you had started.

Based on the original time clock, the earth had to make a full turn around the sun. As I am sitting here, 'I am the Sun'. I want you to walk around me and come back staring face to face with me."

I proceeded to do that also.

The Chief continued... "You made a 360° turn around the sun, it is now exactly one year later. It is 'time' you begin to understand that the math of time travel that unveils its perfection is based on 360°. Everything is based on this formula because it is the coordinates of how time travel operates from one point to another based on the laws of the cycles, i.e. the time-loop.

If you went inside the earth you would see the mechanism that operates this time machine. It operates using arcs of light one second at a time in 60-minute intervals multiplied by 24 hours, resulting in 1440 minutes per day.

Now add 360 plus 360 plus 360 plus 360 and you get 1440, or simply multiple  $360 \times 4 = 1440$ . If you break it down into one-hour, that is 60 seconds per minute multiplied by 60 minutes and what do you have, 3600 tick tocks. The earth is divided into 24 quadrants called time zones, each cycle lasts in 15° movements. 15° movements multiplied by 24 equals 360°.

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There are 24 hours per day, 12 hours in the day and 12 hours in the night. None of this is by accident, it is all degrees and dimensions that allow for the planet to operate as a time machine.

Now in your language you call a second a tick or tock. Therefore, it is called the Arc-Tic or Ant-Arc-Tic representing the opposite polarity, like a battery being operated between two polarities or the variance between the North Pole and the South Pole.

It is a machine. The entire world is based on meridian lines that are represented in Latitude and Longitude and all of them are based on the 360° cycle, so also is the working of our solar system.”

*“Hey Chief, I am trying to take down some mental notes from what you are telling me, so then later I can rewrite it in my notepad. Can you slow it down a little?”*

“Sure, but try not to think too much because you won’t remember anyway.”

*“What do you mean?”* Everyone began to laugh again and I just sat there looking like a fool. The Chief responded, “Don’t worry about it, just listen.”

The Chief continued with the 360° Cycle... This cycle is a perfect 360°. Now every second as the arc of light creates this tick-tock machine, it revolves in a cycle lasting for 60-seconds for every minute, and 60-minutes for every hour. And all of it is being taped, or programmed and copied as a holographic energy pattern.

And what do you have, 3600 ARC TICKS per hour generating this holographic machine. 360 is the core number where everything is based from. There are ten 360 tics for one hour. It is a perfect operating machine. Any slight variance, even a second off will throw off the cycle completely out of kilter and the time machine will be corrupted.

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

As the earth rotates, the sun then hits the earth on its designated path of light. 24 events occur represented by 15° each or 24 different time zones, representing the entire path of 360°, representing one full day.

Now the Lunar calendar represents the events of the lunar month, or the moon months. Now each month is 1/12<sup>th</sup> of a year. We have 12 months in a year. When the Gregorian calendar became the dating system due to the flagrant changes by the corrupt ones, they created a calendar that would allow for a problem that was created long ago. That problem was the half-age time-loop.

The months were originally divided to represent the seasons, especially the spring and fall seasons. For a very long time many people have believed that the New Year begins January 1<sup>st</sup>. Again, another fable. The months used to be named after its seasonal connection, spring seeding and fall awakening.

Later when old Latin was used, the months were simply numbers, one through twelve. Today we have new names added due to the Roman Empire influence, such as the god Janus represents January, as well as March is represented by the war god, Mars. And of course, August representing the Emperor Augustus.

The problem was someone in the later Middle Ages got careless and didn't finish renaming all the months, wherewith September through December established one truth, that all of the months are out of sequence.

As an example, September, is the old Latin form for 7<sup>th</sup> month, today we call it the ninth month. October is the 8<sup>th</sup> month, again we refer to it as the 10<sup>th</sup> month. And of course, November and December, both interpreted in Latin mean, the 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> months respectively.

What this means is, January is the 11<sup>th</sup> month, and February is the 12<sup>th</sup> month, bringing March right on cue as the first month of spring as the original planting season as being the 1<sup>st</sup> month of the year.

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These things were changed to create confusion, or better stated, to hide the problem that is occurring.

(I wrote this down in my notepad to remember that originally the Latin was old Latin so I added the new Latin.)

- 1<sup>st</sup> Month March – Primo Mensa
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Month April – Secundo Mensa
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Month May – Tirtio Mensa
- 4<sup>th</sup> Month June – Quarto Mensa
- 5<sup>th</sup> Month July – Quanito Mensa
- 6<sup>th</sup> Month August – Sex Mensa
- 7<sup>th</sup> Month September – Septimo Mensa**
- 8<sup>th</sup> Month October – Octo Mensa**
- 9<sup>th</sup> Month November – Novem Mensa**
- 10<sup>th</sup> Month December – Decimo Mensa**
- 11<sup>th</sup> Month January – Undecima Mensa
- 12<sup>th</sup> Month February – Daodecim Mensa

The Chief continued... “Thus, originally the months were always 30-day months, multiplied by 12 to give you the numerical geodesic computation of 360° rotation using the sun and moon.

360 is the secret number to the universe and how everything operates in the programmed machine. However, something went wrong, very wrong, and now the months no longer have 30 days each, some of them have been changed to compute the new formula.

Over the process of time we now know the earth is no longer operating on a 360° yearly time cycle, it was changed to 365 ¼, this is a major blunder.

The ¼ (one-quarter of a day) that you see before you were added to the last month or 12<sup>th</sup> month of the year originally, which is February. They used the last month to reset the computation, prior to the first month of March returning, due to this error.



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February has 28-days every three years and then on the 4<sup>th</sup> year it has 29 days. This creates the  $\frac{1}{4}$  day for all four years. In a sense, February has 28  $\frac{1}{4}$  days due to this blunder, for how can you have a  $\frac{1}{4}$  day in a perfect 360° cycle motion?

Beyond February, now only four months are still relating to the original system of 30-days. April, June, September and November. The rest were given 31-days, to fill in for this terrestrial blunder, which adds 5  $\frac{1}{4}$  days every year. Now for most they would believe that this was changed due to the earth's wobble and rotation, which was somewhat skewed.

The problem is the 360° turn is not up for debate. When the earth stopped functioning at the 360° cycle, it stopped following its natural cycle. The time machine is no longer functioning properly. The 365  $\frac{1}{4}$  days is not some blip on the screen that can be simply overlooked, it is a malfunction. The time machine has been corrupted.

This was due to the cycle change from the original 25,920 years, it is now operating in one-half of 2160 as a single cycle of 1080-years. Basically. the program of the cycles was altered to fit a new cycle of time and to do that they had to screw with the perfect formula. Now using basic math notice how it was accomplished.

Take the 25.920 grand cycle, multiply this by the additional 5.25 days every year, the answer is 136080. In this mathematical computation, you see the perfect cycle, 360°, 136080 you also see the half-age, 136080. And there you have your new time travel coordinates. (360° cycle reverting to 1080-years in time.) Are you getting it?

*"I am Chief, I am blown away, this is far too exact for it to be anything other than a cyclical problem."*

"Yet notice our days do not change, we are still operating at a 360° cycle in 24-hours per day increments, and the seconds, i.e. ticks, and the minutes

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are still exact. The difference is the connection to the sun has changed, which drastically alters the illusion of time.

Understand no matter how one might spin this, a complete cycle is always  $360^\circ$ .  $360^\circ$  is the mystery to the universe. Anything not following this pattern is no longer in sync. Thus the  $360^\circ$  still operates the same as the 5.25 is being used to cut the loop to 1080 years. In reality, it means it is the end of the program.”

*“Wow this is astonishing, it seems rather simple but still very technical, yet it makes sense about the 360, how can a machine function properly when it is no longer following the perfect cycle of time?”*

What the Chief was telling me made perfect sense, although I do not have a degree in physics, I do realize that a perfect cycle is  $360^\circ$ . You can't turn  $320^\circ$  and expect the same outcome, you would no longer have perfected the cycle.

He told me if we did not have the  $360^\circ$  cycle there would be no such thing as accessing other time-portals. The loop or cycle allows for interaction of time both past and future, because it is in a loop, just look up at the stars every night.

So, whether one moves  $365 \frac{1}{4}$  it still in a  $360^\circ$  cycle, that can never change, however what this means is,  $5.25^\circ$  is simply added toward the next cycle.

Any deviation of this operation doesn't just add to or take away, it causes the entire system to stop functioning properly. It appears whoever had a hand in this had to be able to change the operation of Earth's protocols from the operation around the sun. Traversing the sun is what allows for time-travel cycles, so the  $360^\circ$  never really changes only the earth has created a faulty cycle.

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## (13) The Lost Dark Ages

### Day Eleven – Mystery of History's Repetitive Nature

It's a new day and my mind is rolling once again with many questions. Like the previous days, I couldn't resist asking the Chief about stories we have been indoctrinated within our education centers.

*"What about the dark age, we were told that everything prior to 1000AD towards the first century was called the Dark Age?"*

"That is true, but again more deceptions. According to the Monks especially one Italian Poet named Petrarch, he was much more than a poet. He supposedly discovered the data of the lost millennium, and he named it, the one-thousand-year Dark Age."

*"Very interesting! Once again that same one-thousand-year notable."*

"Of course, Petrarch like so many during this one-thousand-year time-loop were prone to making things up by their own admission in their own writings. We can then conclude that there was no Dark Age based on what they are trying to tell us.

There was no one-thousand-year time where all information of the past world disappeared and then like magic it was recovered by one single monk. What this was is a future history revamped to reanimate the past."

*"Didn't you say before the loop we do not have that information, because it has all been forgotten?"*

"Yes, I am not saying that we didn't lose the ancient knowledge. I am talking about how they described this lost age and how conveniently all this lost data was recovered, especially by one man. How could a history of data such as this be recovered from different cultures and languages revealing

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some coordinated past events from these same discoveries, by one MONK in the 14<sup>th</sup> century, without technology?

Obviously, they already had a history, but they did not reveal what happened before the 10<sup>th</sup> century, they are telling us what occurred during some of this last thousand-years, and then they are replanted that information prior to the 10<sup>th</sup> century by simply changing names, places and dates making it appear as new or lost information. So, they say, eureka, meaning I found it, but in truth, they faked it.

And then they try to tell us it was during this one-thousand-years prior to 1000AD when they recovered the lost information, and they called it a Dark Age, when all of it really occurred after 1000AD.

What they did was take the information over much of the one-thousand-year time-loop which they always have access to, and simply changed a few things, as well as names, and places, and reset them in the world prior to 10<sup>th</sup> century.

And there is 'your' lost thousand-year dark age, recovered like magic, voila. But it didn't end there. They knew they had to cover their arses so to speak, so they took this so-called lost information and rebuilt a longer history of the past, wherever they could create duplicate stories and just change certain areas. They continued this deception for as long as they could fake it.

And they continued to reduplicate these forgeries deep into the classical era before 1AD going back to the, 'Before Common Era' times. Yet how did they lose one-thousand-years and then amazingly they find thousands of years that somehow existed even before the Dark Age. Very convenient, it's all a reduplication of the same events repetitively.

And like magic, suddenly, they have all the lost data. When in truth, it has nothing to do with true history.

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Have you ever wondered why in the Bible there are stories that seem to be the same for hundreds of years, different people, different times, but the stories all seem to be the same? It is because they are all the same, just reduplicated events written as allegories.

Even within the Egyptian era, they supposedly had many dynasties before they were conquered, upwards to thirty I believe, yet most of them were simply retread stories of the same exact events, times, places and people.

Therefore, Solomon once said, 'there is nothing new under the sun.' And of course, he would say that because he was part of the systematic lie. That is because it is a fraudulent repeat of the same exact events, tweaked enough to appear as different historical data, so it could be brought further back in time.

Therefore, they invented a time called the Dark Age, and then acted like they discovered the lost data, and then they wholly invented the Classical era, which most of those events in all our history all took place between 1000AD into the new future millennium.

The Dark Age was invented to hide the facts of the time loop. In a sense, it was true; the ancient information was lost, however the information they retrieved was not the correct data. It was not the lost ancient library of our history. The Dark Age as they call it was simply the first half of Pisces, the last 1080-years.

The real history was indeed lost, so they could add lie upon lie of the historical fraud. They needed to hide this one-thousand-year period, just prior to 1000AD, based on their conceived calendar, and the reason why is, the dating system and calendar are all wrong. There is no AD or BC, all of that was made up.

All the other dates and calendars are all invented by religions, pharaohs, prophets, gods, kings, popes and scientists, all giving you their so-called expertise as to the date when in truth it is utter hogwash. We have been

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scammed. We are the ones living in the dark age of 'the' one-thousand-year millennium that is stuck in a loop. This is the true one-thousand-year dark age.

Now remember the BC and AD separation would reveal this truth if people knew when this separation occurred. We were told it was introduced to separate the classical era until Christ was born and then afterward's it became a new system beginning at 1AD from what was 1BC.

Notice how science and religion are strange bedfellows when it comes to our history. They seem to agree alike on everything, except about the origin of all things. I guess they must make it look good.

Therefore, we have AD, which means, Anno Domini, which is Latin for the year of our lord, often noted as CE, or Common Era, meaning more contemporary to our period. And then we have BC, which comes from BCE or Before the Common era, representing, not so contemporary and even ancient. Some even believe it represents, 'before Christ.'

But even a blind, deaf and mute monk knows, the time between the 1<sup>st</sup> century and the 10<sup>th</sup> century is certainly not contemporary to those in the future, a thousand-years later. But it is contemporary if you are using the same data that which comes from the future."

Even I had to laugh at that one. *"That's a good one Chief."*

The Chief undaunted continued... "However, to believe that these dating divisions were real calendar events, is so foolish it would take fifty brain-dead mutants to ever accept it. But this is what they threw in our face so they could maneuver our minds away from the time-loop agenda.

When you think about it, it is so ridiculous to believe people were counting down in their years. And then when 1AD began they began to start counting upwards again. Of course, no true scientist believes this, but they act like they do.

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All this proves is that these BC & AD changes occurred much later than the actual events. No one in 540BC would have dated anything 540BC, it is not logical and no one of any real intelligence would believe it.

This was all created by the church, it was not new information captured in the lost dark ages, as we have been told, nor the classical age; the AD-BC time-table was changed after the time-loop began.

Pope Gregory who most believe our Calendar was based on, didn't live in 600AD of the so-called Dark Age, he was most likely living in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century. And it was after this that the BC and AD formula was added to the past, by the Jesuits.

Interesting to note, Petrarch wrote about a conversation he had with Augustine over a thousand years earlier. He called it his Secretum, or his 'secret book'.

That is quite a trick. How did he converse with Augustine of Rome? Well, Petrarch was from Italy in the 14<sup>th</sup> century. And Augustine was from Rome in the 4<sup>th</sup> century. Again, most thought he was just inventing this conversation. Or was he?

Hmm... another one thousand years' separation, how convenient. However, what is odd is Petrarch one-thousand-years later, who wrote secret books about his confessions, the same thing occurred with Augustine where he wrote about his confessions.

And what is interesting, Augustine's father was named Petricius. It is not that difficult to see where Petricius might be a nom de plume, or a pen name he used when writing to conceal his identity, as Petrarch.

And don't even get me started about Plutarch, another fictional character created after the Time-Loop; but was placed back into the classical age, and through him we get most of our ancient dating. And his famous work was called... Parallel lives. How clever!

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Now to analyze this puzzle, it was stated that Petricius died in 371AD and Petrarch died in 1374 ad, again one-thousand-years separation, plus or minus. Is it really that off the wall to believe Petrarch was the Father to Augustine, known as Petricius, and that is why he had conversations with Augustine? I will leave that with you to think about.

That which came before 10<sup>th</sup> century is all but lost. Very little information has survived and that which did survive was all corrupted and tampered with to make sure it fit into the new paradigm chronology.

How can we trust people that claim they found all the lost data, who also were known frauds and charlatans making up fake conversations with people that supposedly long died? Anyone today coming up with correct lost data is considered a nutcase, or conspiracy theorist. They don't want you to know the game is in play.

Without an education program like at the beginning of the time-loop, sooner or later people forget. And years, times and dates don't mean anything anymore, and word of mouth is all but lost in the lie. Seasons are all that is important for planting and harvesting. The spring is the seeding portion of the year and the fall is the awakening, or Harvest. This is all that counts for survival.

There is no divine structure of how to compose a calendar for a dating system beyond what the stars reveal; i.e. the real programmed operational calendar. Only those like my people or some religious groups may structure a dating system around their personal beliefs. Yet none of them match, and now you know why.

The monks with use of the force of religion have established and maintained the old-world order, and its times, dates and seasons. They keep the books; they hold on to the evidence of what is occurring. And eventually over time it will become a universal acceptance and belief.



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They in turn will bring out our history, whether true or false, and then establish the order. And their secret tribe's or secret cabals, establish the new education. Sooner or later everyone will be on the same page, even though it is the wrong page.

Almost everything the people of your time believe in, i.e. history, science, art, etc. was all created during the 10<sup>th</sup> – 19<sup>th</sup> century and obviously, some things even a little later. Nothing is from the original Earth, everything is during the time-loop. Most of what you believe is simply not true.

It all came from the force of hand called the World Order, from what was called the Time-Loop or the one-thousand-year eternal perpetual kingdom on Earth.

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## (14) The Awakening of the Soul

### Day Twelve – The Disconnection

It is mourning, the Chief told me to continue reading everything I placed into my notepad. He said the constant absorption of the material will internalize it within my soul.

Afterwards we took a small break and got something to eat and drink. The Chief told me, eating and drinking should be a pleasure not a curse. Although it is not necessary for the soul, it is a time for pleasure and enjoyment as well as communication with others of like mind.

We then returned to our circle, I was always in meditative thought, I didn't want to lose my process of trying to assimilate all of this, plus trying to write it all down. I then thought of some new questions.

*"May I ask you another question?"*

"Of course, please do not hesitate to break in at any time that you desire."

*"If knowledge that we have now is a lie passed down, then what real knowledge does anyone really have, even in the last days? You told me we are living in the greatest information age ever, but if the information is all false, then what do we really have?"*

"Now that is a perfect question and the answer needs to come forth, and one that you really need to understand. When knowledge is accelerating, something happens within your soul. A transition occurs deep inside of you as more and more knowledge is given, more is desired. What this does is trigger the soul's awakening.

It is not the knowledge Per Se that is important, but the awakening of the soul to allow for it to absorb new things. Remember me telling you there

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are energy vortex centers on the earth that keep a holographic record of everything that has ever occurred in this world?”

*“Yea!”*

“Well these are physical centers using technology to tap into the energy fields, which carry the information. Let me be more precise, they are massive computer centers that are tapped into the programming of this illusion.

Now what is interesting is that your soul already taps not only into this field, but to even higher fields of knowledge, even into the supernatural or spiritual worlds. When the soul becomes activated it can then retrieve all knowledge from within itself, and one does not even have to rely on outer information or external knowledge.

The soul becomes activated when it realizes that it is more than flesh and blood and that within them they carry all knowledge past, present and even future. This activation occurs when the soul realizes there is more than what they have been told. Until the soul apprehends this, the person will be deceived and given limited awareness.

The controllers of the world are aware of what is about to happen in your time and they use it for their own benefit by keeping the masses drugged into stupidity, never being able to comprehend the source of all truth from within.

They know the world is coming to an end, they also know it will rise again from the ashes as the proverbial phoenix bird. If the rulers can force an amoral mindset, they know the true people will never learn who their divine ancestry is from within, because they are pampering themselves with the external world of the lusts of the flesh.

As the people separate themselves from all that is good and true, they fall into the trap of believing everyone matters and no one counts. I want you to think about that. Everyone matters and no one counts. It is a dissolution of

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the mind. When people begin to allow immorality to occur, they now have no real character definition.

They say that people matter and their personal whims are important and everyone should allow them to be as they are, you know the old saying, luv-em' as they are.

No matter if it is destructive to the populace at whole or even to one's own character, they don't want you to care. But when it comes down to the brass tacks, no one counts, it doesn't matter what you think or believe, it was all set up to rig the playing field, to keep you stupefied.

Everything that is immoral is accepted and everything that is moral is rejected. Again, all part of the plan to befuddle souls. People believe they are breaking free from the controls. However, they are tightening the yokes upon the neck of humanity, and many are about to be taken into a deeper prison of their minds, again! Immorality is not freedom, it is the secret weapon to destroy knowledge at the circuit level of the holographic mind and body."

*"Chief, what do you determine is moral or immoral?"*

"I do not determine it, the soul is programmed with what is moral and the body is programmed for what is immoral, where do you stand between the two. A true soul will know the difference, a false entity won't care.

Thus, the people are already being prepared for the slaughter by conditioning them to accept everything that is erroneous. Knowledge is not fact because someone else says it is right or wrong, it is right or wrong because the heart and soul knows the difference already, from an internal point of view. So, they are allowing themselves to be duped on purpose to serve their own faulty desires.

The generation you live in no longer trusts the heart, instead it feeds on the mind linked with emotion. As it bypasses the heart, people become diseased in the mind and can no longer operate as a civilization, and thus they

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will help to destroy themselves. The rulers that be, allow it because they know the outcome. If you follow this direction you will be buried in its lies and deceptions.”

I considered every word of what the Chief was saying, I could see it in my mind’s eye, as the world did seem to be falling for the great ploy. There is a great lack of respect for the elders, children have become perverted in their imaginations. People all over have no moral base anymore, and the world is indeed falling apart. Greed and avarice rule the hearts, and people are more interested in the lie rather than truth.

We see the fruits of this world, it is obvious. And therefore, the outcome also seems obvious. After a worldwide cataclysm, it only makes sense that the people will fall back in time under the old order of things, where there is one religion, one way, one dynamic, that rules the entire world again, albeit like before in different cultures and lands all being seduced to believe the same lie.

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## (15) Multi-dimensional Awareness

### Day Thirteen – Mystery of Dimensions

The Chief returned this night to discuss an important final matter, and it led us into a direction most would never want to follow. I knew the Chief was uncomfortable about revealing this next story, but it had to be done, we must know the truth.

*“Chief, why is it so easy to manipulate the people, why can’t they understand they are stuck in a time-loop. You would think out of the billions of people, that more than a few would come into agreement that something is very wrong here. But no, it doesn’t seem to develop into the mass consciousness. People just accept things as normal.”*

*Granted there are those who see that something is indeed wrong with this world, however, only the few ever really adapt to an in-depth approach of the realization that one needs to break free.”*

The Chief pondered for a while considering my thoughts on the issue as he was preparing this very pungent drink, he called it the Ayahuasca of truth, and that he would share it with me later. He looked to his fellow tribesman and asked them to leave.

I began to wonder if the conversation was going to get more serious. I couldn’t fathom how it was possible that there could be anymore to add to what was already stated. But I sat quietly waiting for the Chief to speak.

“It is time now that I reveal the secret of this operation and how it is that Sol Malum under his flag of many colors always deceives the people in the world continually.

First, change the word God to Alien. Note that the word Alien comes from the Hebrew, Aramaic and Sumerian tongue, it is defined as Lord God ‘ALI-EN’.

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In the Bible, it reveals there is what is called the, 'Most High God,' but oddly enough it comes from the Hebrew word, 'Elyon', or pronounced ALE-EE-ON.

These potentates are aliens from other dimensions, and they are not human, but they can also live inside the same flesh and blood bodies as you and I do via the simulation.

This may be difficult for you to understand, but it is true. I have asked my friends to leave because I wanted your complete attention. When the earth sheds its garments and billions fall to their death. The garments are simply coverings. That which is operating the body is an electrical force of energy whether programmed within or operating from some other source.

Now obviously, the billions that perish would never be able to come back right away, for there are not enough bodies to handle them in the time-loop, as we discussed earlier."

*"Yes, that is what I was wondering prior, speaking of being reinserted into bodies, you have stated that we all incarnate many times, so how can billions of people incarnate repeatedly within the last thousand-years, the numbers just don't add up?"*

"Indeed, they do not, and therefore it is important I explain the most difficult part of this message, it will not be easy to accept, and in fact it might be impossible to wrap your mind around it. Many have failed to come to their awakening due to this one key point of knowledge."

The Chief took a deep breath and he was obviously concerned as the look of doubt came over his face and then he began to speak again.

"Have you ever heard of past life regressions or also near-death experiences? Now some claim amazing things while revealing they have lived before, as well as some have witnessed amazing things in the after-life.

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However, others claim they have seen nothing, it is just utter blackness. So why is it some have these experiences of times and places beyond life, and others have nothing happen?"

*"Why is that Chief?"*

"Because not everyone can peer beyond the body, let me try to help you understand. As you look at the sea of humanity in your time, and you count five-billion people, you must understand, bodies do not reincarnate, only souls or spirit essences do. The vast numbers of humanoid bodies are meaningless.

The first and most difficult thing to understand is the body is an energy machine. It is complete, it has its own mind, and it has its own hearing and sight. It can learn, it can grow, and it can exist among others without anyone ever knowing there is a problem. By the time the world comes to its transition there will be close to eight-billion bodies."

*"My god, three billion more people and it grows that fast in a little over 30 short years?"*

"Yes indeed, it nearly doubles. This is unsustainable, but the rulers do not care because they are encouraging mass growth using sexual freedom as one of the amoral attitudes, which will lead to mass death, of which they eat this energy of death like vampires at a blood feast.

The mind also has the arc of light triggering the cells every second, tick tock. This is the electrical force based on your DNA triggering all the cells in the body to all react accordingly, based on the holographic light waves. The body is aligned with the time machine. If the earth stopped ticking the body you wear would cease to exist; poof, vanish!

The internal clock of the earth is also part of your shell. Remember how I told you how all times are occurring at the same time. That we are the ones



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that maneuver through time. Time itself doesn't really move Per Se, it is more like a flowing river.

It appears to move each second, but if you jump out of the river you can then go anywhere in time you desire from the side of the banks, and back into the water and visit any period you wish, and yet the same moment of the past is still there, only your soul moved into another part of the river. And this is how one is reinserted back through time.

The watchers who control this realm do so standing outside of time, they can then take a soul-mind via the programming and insert it anywhere and at any time. However, they usually choose to insert the soul according to the time matrix of the earth. This way each soul stays balanced in their control.

As an example, you die in 1895, and then you are reinserted in 1916. They do not reinsert you into any given time, they try to stay linear, this way the soul feels as though it is living via linear time. If you inserted souls haphazardly, at any given time, then the soul could awaken. The only time this will change will be during the time-loop, but since every soul undergoes this same change they usually do not awaken.

Now listen closely, the world you are sitting in right now is not in the same dimension as the world you left. If my time is occurring exactly at the same time your time is occurring, then we are no longer in the same dimension."

*"What! How is that possible?"*

*"Well ask yourself in your time, do I exist?"*

*"No, I would think not."*

*"The what separates the two of us?"*

*"I guess it is time?"*

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“But as I said, ‘time’ is not real, it is an illusion, so what separates us?”

I sat there thinking long and hard... *“I guess then we are not in the same dimension since time is not real.”*

“There you go, that wasn’t hard, was it? And yet you are speaking to me, because I exist in another dimension that once was part of the flow of the river of time. And yet I am still here, right now, talking to you as if we are contemporaries, because in truth, we are.

Remember, I said that the earth is a time machine. It can traverse time. However, every single event that occurs brings with it a new dimension. Try to look at it like a photograph, how all pictures are simply pixels. Tiny little square pixels all placed together to give you a picture.

Now consider a motion picture. This is when movement is added and detected. For a picture to allow for motion, new pixels must be added. Every new pixel is a new dimension of time. If you were to watch it occur very slowly, the pixels would be created right before your eyes, one at a time.

Have you ever taken a notepad and drawn pictures in it, with all of them the same but slightly different? Let’s say it is a picture of a person moving. Maybe the hand is in a different position, maybe the arms or legs are? Maybe the facial expression changes? Each piece of paper in the notepad is a single dimension.

Now if you take that entire notepad and begin to flip through the pictures quickly, you will see movement as if the character or thing you drew has come to life. Each picture is its own dimension, but when flipping through them it appears to be a motion picture of movement through time.

Therefore, from my time to your time is one long motion picture and as every event materializes new pixels/dimensions were added to complete the motion. The entire picture is one single and complete compilation of events,

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just like the notepad, but each pixel is its own single event. And no matter when it happened, it is always there, it never leaves.

It is like a fingerprint of time, unless it was changed by those who interact with it again or they discontinue interacting with it. Meaning someone redrew one of the dimensional pictures giving it now a slightly different motion.”

*“So, time can be altered and then reflect that change in the future?”*

“Not only the future but also the past, it has happened many times and it still occurs all the time, as the rulers are constantly changing the scenes in the movie when they get the opportunity to serve their needs even greater. They can travel back and forth through time and make changes to suit their needs.

We can even alter time, there are several ways. Soon you will understand. Now every pixel is identified by its own unique piece of the puzzle. But there is something even more amazing when considering quantum physics. Each pixel or piece of the puzzle can also contain the entire whole picture. This is how a holograph operates.

Now the soul is the observer. The soul can look down upon the picture and witness all events from beginning to end. All things remain static and are always there as the soul recognizes the complete picture.

However, when the soul decides to interact within the picture, the soul-mind becomes locked in time or locked into a pixel or a piece of the puzzle and then it begins the slow methodical movement like the seconds ticking on a clock.”

*“How can a soul get locked into anything?”*

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“The soul is not locked in, the soul-mind is under the black magic of a virtual reality simulation, it is just being aware of what is happening, it is not truly awake.

The soul-mind becomes locked within a slow-moving motion picture of new dimensions evolving from old ones. Yet the soul no longer knows this, it has forgotten. The soul is witnessing the notepad as you rifle through it, it sees movement of time and believes it is real. Again let me repeat, the SOUL-MIND is not the BODY, the soul is simply witnessing what the body is doing.

As an example, the land of Americanus is about 3500-miles from coast to coast. If you were to travel the country from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean, it would take time depending on the speed you are traveling.

Now if you could jump above, and looked down on the country to where you can see the entire land from coast to coast. You would see the entire picture in one view. This is the program.

Along the way the traveler is interactive, every movement they make is recreating the picture for them to see at a limited level. Just like watching from above one can see all the terrain at once, and even beyond what the interactive traveler will ever witness, while only still being part of the picture.

So, as the traveler maneuvers the pixilation of the scenes only come into view as they move towards them. This is all they can access from being interactive. However, from the watcher’s point of view, they see everything, and time is completely different.

A body does not need a soul to operate it, any more than a computer needs additional software to function. The body of itself, minus the soul, is still human, living amongst all other humans, because it is already pre-programmed in the hard drive. The body can be taught to learn and think, because it has its own internal brain, or computer processing system.

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It can learn to exercise limited judgment, because it can think. It can weigh matters between two ideas and then choose. But at its core it is not connected to the divine, it is simply a computerized programmed body, known as the Avatar.

However, a body without a soul is static. Let me repeat, a body without a soul is static. It has no connection to the divine ancestry, nor does it have any connection to life beyond, it is in-effect empty, a robotic jar or doll that is programmed to mimic humanity. When a soulless body dies, it is over for that body until the program produces a similar one again in whatever age it manifests.”

At this point the Chief looked at me and said, “It is time after many long days for you to move forward.” I had spent a very long time with the Chief in the world of the Anasazi, filling up my entire large notepad.

I learned incredible things from his people many of whom could communicate with me in my tongue and we all became very good friends, almost like a second family or maybe an original one.

The Chief told me the window of opportunity has passed and it was time for me to move ahead. He said very expressively, “This will be the last time we meet for a good while.

Please remember these things I have told you, devour the words, drink them in and do not let them fade from memory, or else you will continue to repeat this cycle continually.”

I asked the Chief if I could stay there longer. I was at so much peace there. Life is completely different, everything seemed so serene and secure. In its own way, I felt it was like paradise. Yet the Chief was adamant, I had to return, and do it now. I felt like I was leaving a friend, and I didn’t know if I would ever see him or the others again.

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The Chief taught his people well, and he had great understanding, but I knew the time had come where I must say my goodbyes. I really didn't want to leave, but I knew I had to, I needed to share these things with others. Although I was afraid of how people would perceive me with this information.

But heck it is not my words, these are not my theories, I am just a messenger. People would have to understand that. The Chief's final words were somewhat an enigma. He looked me glaringly into the eyes and said, **"Give me all that you have written from this journey, I will take them and plant the seed."**

I was dumbstruck, I told the Chief, *"Wait, I won't be able to remember everything, I wrote all of this down every single night so that I could retain all that you have told me in detail. Now you want it all back, how is this going to help me or you?"*

He gently patted me on the back as I was handing him all that I had written down in my notepad.

His last words before I entered back into the doorway of the cave was, "Things are not as you may believe, but this information is very important and now it is within you. So, go ahead and pass it on, and when the time is right, your notepad will become available."

It was then I slowly walked back into the cave, knowing this was an experience I will never forget. As I turned away from this enigmatic people having to walk away from what may be the most exhilarating experience I will ever have in my life. I said my final goodbyes and walked back through the gateway between times.

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## (16) Back to the Future

### Time Loop One – Did I Dream This?

It was 7:30 am, the alarm just went off next to my bed. I rolled over to see my wife awakening with her little smile, as we both realized it was time to get ready for a new day.

As I sat there in bed, I had this horrible feeling as if I had forgotten something. I was being plagued. I looked back over to my wife and said, *“Is there something we were to do today? I feel like I am forgetting something.”*

*“No sweetie, nothing out of the ordinary.”*

*“Are you sure, I feel like I am supposed to do something...”* (Turning my head back and forth with eyes tilted upward, saying) *“ah... I don’t know; maybe it is nothing.”*

As the days, weeks and months rolled by, I had this nagging feeling in my mind that I was to remember something, but for some reason nothing came to mind where I could place it.

It was now September 1985 and my wife wanted me to take her out to the new movie called, ‘Back to the Future’. It has something to do with time travel. I asked my wife, *“What’s it about?”* She said, “It has to do with a scientist who devises a time travel machine out of a DeLorean.”

When she spoke those words, I felt this energy stream run through my brain, like a tingling feeling of a long-lost memory, but it faded as quickly as it had begun. We went to the movie and as I sat there watching how the Doc was explaining to Marty how he was going to do something amazing, and then he said, ‘If my calculations are correct, when this baby hits 88 miles per hour... you’re gonna see some serious shit.’

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Marty afterwards asks Doc Brown, 'Wait a minute, Doc. Ah... Are you telling me that you built a time machine... out of a DeLorean?'"

Doc Brown eventually sent Marty back in time from 1985 back to 1955. This is when Marty's parents were meeting for the first time. And when Marty would meet a young Doc Brown.

Suddenly, I kept hearing the word in my thoughts as I was watching this movie about going back to the future. It kept triggering something in my mind but nothing was really coming to me.

It made no sense at the time. Yet for some reason this movie didn't seem strange to me, it felt like it was possible to travel back and forth in time. After four years passed they made a second movie, 'back to the future '2'' and of course my wife and I had to return to watch the sequel.

At the end of the second movie, Doc Brown was in the DeLorean, he was hovering over land in 1955 because time had been altered in 1985 and Doc and Marty had to make some changes in the past to **reset the time line**.

There was a scene where he helped Marty escape and while Marty was on the ground, the DeLorean that Doc was now flying in the air got struck by lightning, and Doc and the DeLorean were sent to another time in the past. They showed some previews of the 3<sup>rd</sup> show in this now trilogy, ending up in the old west and during the preview; I flipped out.

At that point, I had a rush of memory hit me and I fell back into my seat while dropping my drink on the floor, and I yelled out, "*OH MY GOD!*"

My wife said, "Holy smokes honey, what's wrong?"

*"I don't know, I just had this rush of memory that made me think I know something about time travel and it put the scare into me, as soon as the memory was there, I lost it."*



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“What do you mean, lost it?”

*“It all slipped away from my mind.”*

It was about a year later they already made, ‘Back to the Future ‘3’ and of course my wife and I had to go see it, in October of 1990. We decided to make a night of it and go out to dinner and then a movie.

As we were mesmerized by the plot trying to remember what happened in the first movie and then connecting it to the second movie. The flood gates of my memory came back during the final movie, of the trilogy, as to what had happened in the upcoming scene from the second movie.

Doc had been sent back to 1885 after the car had been struck by lightning. Doc was sent back to the Wild West in 1885, where eventually Marty then had to follow, having been given a note by a courier that was 70-years old. In it it revealed Doc Brown had been stranded in the past and he told Marty where to find the DeLorean that had been hidden in a cave where Doc brown had placed it after he entered the old west.

When Marty found the DeLorean, he went to join Doc Brown as he took the DeLorean up to 88-miles per hour at a drive-in theater and as soon as he was about to crash into the screen he bolted into 1885 into the middle of the desert, where he saw Indians being chased by the Calvary.

And guess where Marty ended up backing the car in to get out of this ensuing battle? In a cave, out of rock. Sitting there and watching this scene come together with the Indians and the cave in the rock wall, it finally triggered the main event and I all but lost it.

The patrons there were not as excited as I was as I heard echoes across the theater, ‘Shush, ‘quiet down,’ ‘shut up man,’ ‘we’re trying to watch a movie here’ and then I yelled out, *“I remember now!”* Finally, a patron said, ‘Who the hell cares, shut up before I shut you up.’

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My wife looked at me and asked me if I was alright? I said, *"No, I am not, we need to go."* She looked at me as if I was losing my mind. I told her that, *"I finally remembered why something has been bothering me these last many years."*

As we got back to the car I sat their paralyzed, I asked my wife, *"When did I go hiking in 1984 to search for lost Indian ruins?"*

She looked at me like I was crazy, *"You don't hike, not that I know of anyway. We have been together for quite some time, and you never really got into hiking to search for anything."*

*"Are you sure, in 1984 during May or June, didn't I take a hike outside of town? I was gone for quite some time."*

*"Darling, you never took any hike, and I would know whether you were missing for any length of time or not."*

*"Then explain to me how these memories all are coming back to me? I remember what happened, maybe not in detail, but quite a bit. I went back in time, honey."*

*"Babe, it had to be a dream, or it was your imagination. You never left me even for one day that I can recall. Have you been talking to my cousin, William, has he filled your mind with a bunch of nonsense? If not, then this must be a memory from a dream, that's all it is."*

*"Is it really possible that I could have been dreaming all of this, going through the cave wall, and entering back in time and living with the Anasazi?"*

*"Whoa darlin', what are you smokin'? Anasazi? This aint like you, where are you getting this crazy talk from?"*

By this time, I knew I was losing it, my wife had to be right that it had to be a dream. I know I never hiked anywhere, but it was so vivid, it was so real. I

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then began to tell my wife what I had remembered from this dream and the Chief whom I had met.

The time I had spent with the Chief was amazing. I have so many more questions now that I wished I would have asked, they just didn't come to mind. I was in awe of the moment, unable to explain what was happening to me. The very nature of the experience left me speechless and somewhat impotent.

I am not a reporter, or journalist, I do not have the necessary skillsets to know exactly how to respond to every word the Chief spoke, but I wrote down what he said.

*"Oh, damn..." I uttered. "Honey, I wrote down everything, I was writing it all down. But he took it away from me telling me that he was going to do something with it."*

"So, you don't even have what you wrote down then?"

*"No, and I have forgotten most of what he told me. But I remember as clear as a bell living among the Anasazi, it was a wonderful time."*

"Well dear, it is obvious that it was a very powerful and emotional type of dream, and that is all."

*"I remember writing everything down because the Chief wanted me to tell others about what I had learned. The problem is, he took it all away from me when he removed my notes."*

"Honey, it had to be a dream, only a dream would have something as crazy as that sweetie. Why write it down if you can't keep it? Don't you think I would have known about this if it had happened?"

The hours and days since my dream encounter memory has left me wary. I can't get it out of my mind. Some things are clear others are vague. I

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even remember the Chief asking me to tell everyone about this experience. And yet he warned me that I would be ridiculed and mocked.

He elaborated that the true seeds will hear my voice, and know that what I am saying has a ring of truth in it. He said, “just tell the people and some will listen.

However, since you will not be able to uncover where all the seeds are located, you will have to cast this out as a wide net, and capture everything, and then throw away the dead fish.”

I remembered that it was easy for the Chief to say this, but doing it, was another thing altogether. No one wants to be laughed at, or ridiculed, and I would be setting myself up for every conceivable joke. Yet to walk away and not respond in kind is a slap in the face to my own reality. I know what I had experienced. I know it happened, it just had to have.

How can I ignore this? I then decided to write down what I could remember the Chief had told me, even if it was a dream, and then let the chips fall where they may.

It has now been nearly one year since a decent portion of my memory returned in late 1990. Every day I walk around like a soul who had lost their only friend. I felt the Chief and I were very close, as if he was part of my heart.

I have never attempted to return to the place of our meeting, even though it seemed all too real it had to be a dream. Chances of there really being a place like this, was slim and none.

I guess maybe it is because deep down I didn't want to find out that it was not real, and there was no doorway to the past. Even though I know it had to be a dream. I wanted to believe it really happened.

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I know that seems like utter nonsense, but having this type of information and realizing the magnitude of it, is quite daunting, even if it was a dream, where did it come from, what are dreams anyway?

You know the old saying, pinch me to see if I am awake. I guess I am afraid that if I am pinched I will feel it, and it will prove none of this was real. I felt like a great friend was missing when I thought about the dream encounter with the Chief. I have tried my best to remember everything I could about this dream, and sadly, there is so much lacking, therefore there truly is no story.

I do not remember most of what happened and probably never will. My entire experience had to do with information about life and death, and where we came from and why we are here. Most people just never seem to ask the simple questions.

And lo and behold I received all this information and now I can hardly remember a damn thing. As my mind tore itself apart over these wickedly strange memories, I began to slowly remember a little more about the doorway into the past.

I do not know if modern science allows for such things, but to think about it, it's cool. But how is it possible to walk through a door and enter another time?

Are their truly doors like this on this world? Is there a lot of them? And why was this door opened directly to a soul that was connected to me? As I pondered what I just thought.

*"Yes, that is what he said, we were connected."*

I had to stop myself again, Tim, it was just a dream. There are no doorways into the past or future, just realize it was a dream. Yet my mind would not let it go. I asked myself, if others would be able to see this door, could they also walk through it?

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I just don't have the answers. My mind was living through a daydream as I tried to make sense at what I was shown. And yet what plagues me even till this day, how is it that I was shown things that my own intellect and knowledge would not be aware of. Can I be sure that these things were revealed to me?

He told me that we were stuck in a time-loop. I do recall that. He said, due to the wobble in the earth, the time machine is out of sync and therefore does not operate via the ages as before, now we are stuck in a never-ending trap.

I can't even fathom how that is possible. And yet I remember one of the questions I asked him, *'What happened to the lost past, the ages that have come and gone prior?'* Why would I ask that, what did he tell me? Damn!

It is obvious this world is very old, maybe millions and even billions of years old. Where did the lost past go, where is our lost history, and for that matter what is the lost history?

These were strange thoughts buzzing through the grey matter of my brain and yet I could not correlate them with why I wondered about these things. What does it mean, a lost history, all very strange indeed?

Another memory... The events of this world we have been given are duplicates, same events brought back into the past. The Chief told me privately that all past events of our history are unknown to us today because of the great ruse.

I sit here day after day and ponder this dream and I am starting to shake demonstrably, feeling that if this was only a dream, then dreams are real, real enough to be super imposed on what we call reality. I remembered him telling me that most of our myths are based on what is truth, and most of our sacred beliefs are often myths.

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He said something about a great cataclysm that will remove large masses of people. And it had something to do with the sun, moon and stars, I think. This became another trigger... Astronomically aligned, ah, "*the universal clock*." I seem to recall him telling me the world would lose billions of people.

Now I ask myself the question, "we have over five and half billion people on this earth as of this date 1991. Are these all lost souls?" Wait another memory, "the Chief told me that there would be upwards to eight billion people when the shift occurs. That must be multiple decades or even a century or more away to produce that many people, right?"

I just can't recall in what context all of this was stated. How does the world lose billions of people and why? And what did he mean about time moving backwards and the shift?

I guess maybe I need to do some more searching to learn a little more about physics, to see if anyone else may rectify the potential validity of this strange enigma. This stuff was way over my head, so I didn't really know how to begin my quest.

He told me, "the earth operates on an energy grid, that it is a holographic illusion." Oh, God that's right, '*a holographic illusion*', I remember this. Everything inside this grid works and operates from this energy.

What he told me was, "when the Earth shifts back the entire Earth energy axis is changed. Everything begins to revert to the past." I asked the Chief, "*Why is this allowed to occur?*" I guess I really believed him, but in my mind, right now, none of it makes any sense. I feel as though I need to take a break from all of this, my brain is convulsing.

I have been non-stop thinking about this since my wife and I went to see the, 'Back to the Future 3.' And I seriously needed to take a break. I just happened to be watching a news program and the journalist made the statement, "Well that is a 360° about face."

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I laughed at that because what she meant to say was an 180° about face. I sat there and laughed until another trigger was activated. “360°... that means something!”

I then began to remember, that I also asked him about the 360-day time machine or something like that. I asked, “*You mean adding these 5.25 days a year screws up things that badly?*” What could that have been all about, what does 5 ¼ days mean and what is it that is screwed up?

I recall these words, “It was due to a malfunction and the earth time machine is not functioning properly, and this is the effect of this anomaly. It is now stuck in this half age time-loop.” Asking myself, “What in the hell does that mean, half age time-loop?”

I finally finished putting together what I could remember, I had no idea what to call it, and so I named it, “*Panem Vitae*”. Hmm, I even wondered, what does that mean if anything, but I recall that he mentioned this name allot?

I began to advertise this information on a few small alternative radio programs. I feel like I spent most of my time defending my character and who I am. I told people it was just a dream, nothing more but I found it interesting. However not having all the information as to what I learned in this dream, it came out very convoluted.

No one cared about the message, everyone wanted a piece of me, to make fun of me. I was either loved by the few dreamers or hated by everyone else, but whatever I hoped my message could be, was all but ignored. It was truly a failure. I tried talking about some of the key points, like the one-thousand-year kingdom on Earth, but man, the religious haters came out in droves to shoot that down saying, ‘I was being led by the devil.’

And yet when I told them it is not what we think, it is a reversal of time where the earth will shift back in time. Either no one believed it, or they didn’t care. However, I was truly scorned. I knew most of this stuff seemed



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impossible and I was an idiot for trying to share it. All it did was bring grief and despair.

I asked myself, “why I am wasting my time.” When I brought up how the earth is divided in this 360° pattern. And how everything seems to break down into this sequence. And how something is broken because the earth is now in a 365 ¼ pattern.

I finally figured out what the 5 ¼ days were, it was the added days to the year, which used to be 360-days. Again, most of the time I received derision. I was told that, “the 365 ¼ days simply represents the wobble in the earth’s rotation and it has nothing to do with anything being broken.” ‘What an idiot,’ was their reaction.

I asked, if something is wobbling doesn’t that mean it is out of sync and it could represent something of great import? Again, nothing but laughter. And the sad part is, I had no real science background to represent my story, I just relayed what I could remember, and what I somehow witnessed.

One of the callers who came on the program asked what in the hell does Panem Vitae mean? I told them that was the name I used for this information because this name was given to me, but that is all I remember. Little did I know that my life was about to change forever.

I told the caller, I do not know what it means, it was a term the Chief used a lot, but I never asked him if there was a secondary meaning. At this point a lady called in to the show and said, I know what that means, I am taking Latin as a minor at Pepperdine, University, where I attend. The term Panem Vitae means, “**BREAD OF LIFE.**”

*“Oh, my God”, I responded in total shock, “Something you eat...”*

# Time-loop Chronicles

## (17) Government Interference

### Time Loop Two – Could it be Déjà vu?

Knock! Knock! Was the sound that woke me up at 7:00 am one Friday morning? I gathered myself as I slumped out of bed, put on shorts and t-shirt, and slowly walked to the door.

Barely able to get the words out of my mouth, the crackling sound of air pushing through said, *“Who is it?”*

“Sir, this is the FBI, we wondered if we could have a couple of words with you?”

Trying to get my wits about me, pausing for a couple of seconds as I tried to organize my thoughts, I barked out, *“What is the problem, is there something wrong?”*

“Please sir, open the door, we need to talk about what you have been telling people on the radio, about your experiences.”

*“You have got me be kidding me?”* Whispering under my breath. *“The FBI is concerned about my dream stories, give me a break.”*

I wondered in my mind, why they would care about a dream when no one else seemed to; that was a tad odd. But it perplexed me so much that I had to find out why they would even care enough to be at my front door.

I then slowly opened the door, and staring at me were two agents, one male and one female, both looking at me with these deep dark sun glasses. Their clothes seemed odd to me and I had never seen sun glasses like that before.

Both agents were dressed in black with white shirts. The 5’ 4” woman was wearing a pants suit, although very shapely, as well as a hat covering her

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

auburn hair that seemed to be pinned back. On the hat were the white bolden letters, F.B.I.

The male agent standing about 6'2" did not wear a hat, but in bold white lettering under his lapel, the same lettering stood out like a sore thumb. He also had short black hair like a military crew cut, not that well-built, mostly thin and lanky, having a couple days' stubble on his beard.

Those sun glasses sort of freaked me out, like you were looking at some sort of strange insect eyes, and then the male agent removed his glasses realizing they were an issue, and the female agent followed in like, and both had a reserved but cajoling smile on their face, like something was up.

As they walked into the door of our home, the female agent commented about our neighborhood, "Why is your town so far behind the times? The cars and the houses all look dated, yet strangely kept up like they were new."

I didn't know what she was talking about so I just squeezed out a cheap smile wondering if she had all her oars in the water. Their demeanor didn't suggest that there was any real reason to be concerned or fear their presence, but I was still apprehensive why they would be here wanting to talk to me about a silly dream, even though I really believe that somehow this occurred, obviously most did not share my beliefs.

As they entered my modest dwelling, I asked them to take a seat. I then offered them a drink. It was evident by the quick back and forth head gestures that they were content in only talking.

I then asked them if I could get myself a cup of coffee, or I wouldn't be any good to them. The lady FBI agent responded with a genial smile and replied, "Absolutely, take your time."

They then introduced themselves as Agent Maxwell Stram, and Agent Laura Thol.

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I retorted, *"Good to meet you."* I then went after my cup of Joe.

I finally came back to the living room, found an old stool and sat on it, and spun it around, and then said, *"How can I help you two?"*

"We have a problem Mr. Trovel and we can't figure out how to solve it."

*"Did I do something wrong?"*

Agent Stram needed verification. "I need to double check, you are Mr. Tim Trovel, right?"

*"Yes I am."*

"Great, just wanted to clarify that we had the right house and right person.

Sir, a few weeks ago after your little radio interview, a man was found on an old trail outside your city, he was found injured and brought to the local hospital where we have been notified that he is very ill and close to death. We were then notified by H.Q. to check into this.

It appeared he had been out there in the sun for a little while. He was elderly and seemed to be in his late 70's, maybe older, but his skin was dried up like a prune, possibly the result of being baked in the sun for some time."

*"I am sorry, but what does this have to do with me?"*

"Agent Stram and I have just returned from walking out in the area where the body had been found. It is quite a daunting hike."

*"I guess?"* Wondering what that had to do with me, I responded, *"I don't hike, at least not since I was a little boy."*

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Agent Stram continued... “Being out there at first glance revealed nothing to us, it didn’t seem to have anything to do with you until we found buried 15-feet from where the body had been recovered, under a rock, was this... (Holding something in his hand wrapped in plastic.) It had been marked or stamped by some ancient symbol and this is what caught our attention.”

Agent Stram held up in his hands a plastic bag container of what appeared to be a thick notepad, my heart took a few extra beats and it skipped several times. There was something oddly familiar about this pad of paper.

“Sir, do you know anything about this?”

*“Uh, it looks familiar, but I don’t think I do, it’s not possible!”* (Shaking my head in total confusion.)

“Well we have a problem.”

*“What’s the problem?”*

“It appears this notepad belongs to you.”

*“Why would you say that?”*

“Well, is your name Tim Trovel, living at 100 West 200 South #312...”

*“Wait a minute!”* Tim cautioned.

At this point I was in a fight or flight reaction, I was getting very nervous because I had no way to defend myself over a silly dream that never took place. Heavily laden with anxiety I replied. *“I don’t own any notepad; I don’t know why my name would be on that.”*

“Sir, (as they removed it from the plastic container) is this your handwriting Mr. Trovel?”

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I carefully looked down at it as he scrolled through the pages, and I saw the words 1080-years in the past. And I began to feel very sick.

Again, they asked, "Well is it your handwriting?"

I then judiciously looked at the writing and most definitely it was my scribble.

*"But this never happened, it was all a dream. I don't know... I can't believe... This can't be happening!"*

"Mr. Trovel, we are not here to arrest you, you are not in trouble, at least not at this moment. This is not a murder case, the old man that was discovered appeared to be injured possibly from the terrain, but he is alive.

We just want to know why a notepad with your name and address was near the discovered body, as it pertains to this crazy story you were telling everyone on the radio. We believe the old man either dropped this and it landed in a hole nearby under a rock, or he planted it there, or it came from you while you were there.

And then to add to this weird puzzle, why was all this information in here, where did it come from and what does it mean? And then to add to this mystery you have been talking to others about this same information over the airwaves."

*"But it was a dream I assure you, none of it really happened, I made it all up?"*

"Come on, a dream? Let's get real, this was no dream Mr. Trovel, unless your notepad flickered out of your mind and into our hands. Now would you please explain why you wrote all this down and why this information was found near the old man located in the area you described in your notepad? Were you out there with this old man?"

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

*"Um, listen, I don't know what to say, it had to be a dream, I don't even recall most of the information, why would I have left out all of this information, when trying to explain it to others if I really knew about it?"*

As I skimmed through the notepad that Agent Stram handed me, rather quickly some memories were returning to me and I wanted to head back to the radio stations and renew my fervor and to say, I told you so.

"We understand that Mr. Trovel, we truly do, it is a conundrum. But after reading what we could decipher from this information we were told to investigate a possible National Security threat."

*"National what...? Listen, my wife was with me when this event supposedly occurred, I was here in my house, and never left my wife, it was a dream, and she can vouch for it."*

"Very good, we would also like to speak to your wife. And we do realize for whatever reason that you do not recall these events. We want to know if you have a memory problem, and therefore, you tend to write things down."

*"The truth is; I don't carry a notepad anywhere. Never have, at least not in this life... (I snickered within myself wondering if this is what is wrong here. Was this a dream of a past life, but how?) I could believe if I had a notepad with me I would write things down to recall later, especially if it is a lot of detail like this apparently is, but it is not a common thing for me to do."*

"Mr. Trovel, you may not remember doing this, but you obviously did. You are holding the proof in your hands. What we don't understand is where does the elderly man fit in with this notepad?"

*"I don't understand any of this... I simply do not know?"*

"We were hoping to jog your memory a little, we brought a picture of the elderly man so you might be able to identify him. Because let's be honest, he was near the place of the notepad that described your strange adventure.

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It looks as though you were scribbling notes to possibly write a science fiction book later, or maybe it is something much more nefarious or even mundane, we just don't know.

But there are some anomalies in this entire event and that is why we are here. There was no identification on this man, nothing to identify him. We are just now trying to find out who this man was, so far no luck."

*"Why not take finger prints?"* I asked clumsily.

"We are in the process of doing that now, but for some reason we can't get a valid print. We also have a specialist team checking into the DNA database and trying to match him with the DNA counterpart."

*"DNA, there is a database with people's DNA?"*

"Oh, yea we have all sorts of tricks to locate people, but that is not the point."

As they thumbed through a metal briefcase agent Stram brought out the picture and set it on the coffee table between us. I glanced at it and then got closer and stood up swiftly, *"Oh My God!"* almost in a high pitch scream, *"that's the Chief. It's real, it was all real... it did happen to me, I knew it... I just knew it!"*

I yelled back into the bedroom calling for my wife who was still sleeping and asked her to come out immediately. As I stood there peering down over this picture, I began talking to myself, *"I can't believe this, it was all a dream, wasn't it?"*

"Mr. Trovel, is it possible you were drugged by this man and he fed you a lot of cock and bull. And what you think was a dream was actually a live event?"



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*"Ah, I don't know, I guess it is possible, I am holding a notepad with my handwriting in it, and I do remember this man as being the Chief. But why is he dressed like this. He was in a full Indian outfit, but these are street clothes any old guy might wear, even me?"*

"That is why we believe you were drugged. These kinds of people can really put one over on you to create whatever racket it is that they might be trying to pull off.

Do you have money that they might know about? We checked your records and we do not see any lure toward you for financial gain, other than an insurance policy, and that we would like to speak to your wife about. So, we are at a loss as to why they might be after you."

*"Excuse me, who are they?"*

"Con artists Mr. Trovel, people who use a con to separate you from your hard-earned money and/or valuable assets."

*"Who me? Like you said, I have nothing, as you look around you can plainly see we don't live the Life of Riley."*

"Riley, who is he?"

*"Oh, it is just a saying, it come from an old TV show."*

"Must be old, never heard of it, but yes Mr. Trovel," Agent Thol continued, "We understand that your financial situation is obviously low standard, that by the presence of the seemingly vintage owned 1977 Buick in your driveway and the old type houses dispersed down the block, it is obvious."

Feeling a little insulted I just ignored her comment.

# Time-loop Chronicles

Stram continued... “Again, we understand, we are just trying to figure all of this out. However, we would truly like your help in doing so.”

At that moment, my wife ran quickly into the living room and asked what is happening. I told her that my strange dream was no dream that it really happened, somehow, someday.

My wife reacted, “That is not possible, how could this have happened and I not know about it?”

The female agent then began talking to my wife. “Mrs. Trovel, hello, I am agent Laura Thol, and this is my partner Maxwell Stram. May I ask you a couple of questions alone?”

My wife was very apprehensive, and then proceeded to do what I should have done. “May I see some credentials?”

Both agents quickly glanced at each other, and grimaced, and then proceeded to take out their F.B.I. credentials. It was obvious by their credentials they were who they said they were. My wife then accepted to speak to them, she and Agent Thol went into the kitchen to talk.

My wife, as she walked out of the living room turned to Agent Thol and remarked as to why there was an expiration date on her badge. Agent Thol said, “What do you mean?”

“2014 that is a long-term expiration.”

Agent Thol had no idea what she was talking about and simply said that is the issue date. My wife not understanding what she meant, decided not to pursue it.

“Mrs. Trovel, do you and your husband get along?”

“Yes of course.”

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“There are no marital problems that you might want to discuss?”

“No, beyond the normal little arguments we have at times, we get along fine, we have been married for many years. I have nothing to complain about, I am very content and happy.”

“Have you taken a large insurance policy out on your husband within the last 30-years?”

She hesitated for a few seconds and then replied, “No I haven’t, but we discussed it together. Timmy doesn’t want me to be stuck if something would happen to him, but we have not followed through on it yet. And why would I take out an insurance policy on my husband in the last 30-years when we were not even married that long?”

Agent Thol somewhat confused said, “You haven’t been, then why was there a million-dollar insurance policy that was taken out on your husband? Oh well, It doesn’t matter, it appears you did not keep up on the payments so the policy is dead anyway.”

“I have no clue what you are talking about, I never took out any policy on my Timmy.”

“(Hmmm) are you aware of or do you know if you or your husband has any enemies, or could someone close to you have taken out this policy using your name and you not know about it?”

“No, no one... and why would any...?”

“So, Mrs. Trovel there is no reason why you might want your husband to either go missing or be deemed mentally unfit?”

“NO. I resent you saying that. I don’t like you even inferring this about me, I love my Timmy. No amount of money in the world would supply me with his loss if God forbid that happened.”

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Agent Thol scribbled a few things in her pad and said, “Ok, Mrs. Trovel, please understand, we have to ask these questions. In truth, I believe you, there is something strange about what is going on here, and it is about more than money.”

Both agents came together in the living room and looked at me and said, “Listen, Mr. Trovel, we want to take you out to where we found the body. Do you think you are up for hike of this magnitude?”

*“Um, I am not sure if that is a good idea.”*

“Is there any reason you would like to tell us why you would defer on this request? You see Mr. Trovel, if you were kidnapped and or drugged, being out there at the scene of when all of this may have taken place might joggle your memory and it might be a help for us to solve this paradox.”

*“I would certainly like to get to the bottom of this, because right now I am really confused. But if I was drugged I would like to know how and why. So, I guess I would be willing to go out there if it can help.”*

“Great, we have some gear in the car, if you can get yourself ready, we can take off within a few minutes; if that is alright with you? Also let me hold on to the notepad until we get out there.”

Begrudgingly I handed back the pad of paper and said, *“Not a problem, let me get some older clothes on and some extra water, and I will meet you outside.”*

Agent Thol then spoke, “We are not going to lie to you, this case may be more serious than meets the eye, but we both feel you and your wife are the victims here...”

Agent Stram continues where Thol left off. “Before we leave we want to state a potential problem. You see if such a doorway exists it could threaten national security. The N.S.A. asked us to check into this, they are sure there is

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

nothing to it, but they asked us to investigate anyway. However, when we were out there we found no signs of any said door.”

I was somewhat startled when Agent Stram told me this. I then had to ask the million-dollar question. *“You do not really believe doorways to the past exist, do you?”*

“Ah, that is out of our jurisdiction that would fall under N.S.A., we are simply investigators of potential crimes on our soil. Anything beyond that would have to be turned over to another department and agency.”

Strangely enough their answer left me with more questions than I had prior. But I decided to take this hike and see if there is anything to any of this. The problem with following them there, what if my memory is jogged, what if everything comes back to me and I find I was violated in a horrible way?

I couldn't help but wonder what may come of this when we get out there. It is obvious they do not believe the story in the notepad, and are here only as an investigative team to find evidence of a possible crime or some odd National Security threat.

But what about that notepad, if there is no crime I would love to continue to read what I supposedly wrote. I was very hesitant about this journey. I decided whatever we discovered I would remain strong.

The Agents then headed for the door and Thol stated, “That’s great, we were hoping that you would come with us out there. It might solve this entire case tonight and we can all go home and get some rest.”

As I went back to the bedroom, my wife was still a little apprehensive by this ordeal. She said, “Hon, how is it possible that any of this is valid. It was a dream, wasn't it?”

*“I know Annie, I understand. I am troubled also. It is quite bizarre. But honey, I think this really was a dream, yet I also think it's possible that it may*

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*have really occurred, I just don't understand why the Chief would potentially surrender his life over this. I really want to go to the hospital to talk to him."*

*"Do you think you really walked between worlds? I am not sure it is a good idea that you speak to this man, he may be a dangerous criminal."*

*"Listen, I remember a few more things now, the Chief taking the notepad away from me, he told me these words... 'You will forget what happened, so I need to keep the notepad with me so that I can plant the seed.'*

*This is going to sound strange Annie-May, but I think I was there and that somehow this dream or maybe even other dreams are really happening. They are not some quirk of the mind, but maybe they are real events, and yet ironically could still be a dream."*

Continuing, I brainstormed this next idea. *"Annie, what if this was not a dream but a real past life memory?"*

Annie-May reveled in shock, "Whoa, is that possible could there be memory of a past life this detailed? And why would there be physical evidence in that notepad?"

*"You got me, not sure it was a past life in the sense we may think of it. But what if I am reliving this life over again, and it is triggering things that happened to me in that life during this life, with maybe a few quirks and changes?"*

*"That is a tad too out there for me... could it be possible?"*

*"You tell me Annie, think about what was happening to me, going into the past, time traveling, getting information that I never knew existed, time-loops, and repeating lives? You tell me!"*

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

As I finally got prepared and found a couple of canteens I had when I was a kid, making sure we all have enough water, cause, this may be a grueling hike over difficult terrain and I am not really in that great of shape.

As I got back into the living room I could hear some laughing occurring outside, it was obvious that the two agents were not believers of the doorway; commenting between each other, "...Doors to other worlds, what a laugh..." They were obviously just doing their job no matter how corny it may be at times.

I then gave my wife a kiss and said, "Good-bye." She responded with, "Good Luck." And I left the house, we got into the government vehicle and drove to the entrance of the trail just West of Town. There was limited parking near the trail, but with their credentials we could park right in the front on the rocks.

As we began to hike, I kept wondering what if all of this really did happen? What if there is a doorway entrance? However, wouldn't these guys have already found it, they had to be scouring this area for a while before they ever came calling on me? All of it was so very outlandish.

As I tried to be very calm on this journey, the fact that I was hiking didn't even seem to affect me. My mind was troubled in deep thought as we continued on the trail. I wanted to know myself if what I saw was true or was I dreaming this whole thing up, was I drugged or maybe it was even a time-loop event memory recovery?

I had never been out here before, so it was all new to me, at least new to me in this life, I guess. Yet it all seemed vaguely familiar.

It has now been about an hour on our hike, the two agents seem to be in much better shape than I am at least endurance wise, it is quite humid, much warmer than I would have hoped for, but some of the clouds blocking out the sun is making it manageable.

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We finally came to the area where they located the old man. They then said, "Take a few minutes to rest and then get your bearings and let us know if anything rings a bell."

At this point, Agent Stram brought out some sort of small tape recorder and said these words, "We are at the grounds of the location of the discovery of the elderly male, along with Mr. Tim Trovel. It is 10:35 Friday morning."

They were both more than happy to sit down for a while. Neither one of them seemed to have an air of thought that anything was going to come of this, they appeared very nonchalant about the entire experience.

After I sat there for a few minutes and drank some water, I then looked out toward the northeast and I saw something that was familiar, but I didn't let on. I told them I wanted to check something out, and I will be right back. I left them both sitting on a log as I went to discover a familiar turf.

I walked off the trail for about ten minutes through some brush and tree, and stopped and looked over and saw this red rock mesa that instantly unlocked an old recollection.

I had a bad angle so I needed to go around this large boulder opposite of the mesa where in front was somewhat a steep drop-off that appeared to be about 20-feet down, patterned with soft dirt and very loose gravel. I thought someone could fall here and really hurt themselves.

I needed to be very careful. As I maneuvered around the boulder, things were extremely familiar to me, but danger of harming myself was also a possibility. And as I was about to step on the small loose rocks, before I had time to think about what the next words would be coming out of my mouth, I said, extremely loud, "*Oh shit!*"

And nearly simultaneously I heard this voice over my back shoulder saying, "What's wrong?"



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The agents were right behind me; I guess they were not going to leave anything to chance. Not really knowing what to say, I just blurted it out, *"It's gone!"*

"What's gone?" replied Agent Thol. *"The doorway, the doorway to the cave, it's gone, but the mesa, the mesa is there, it is really there."*

Agent Stram addressed the other agent spurting out this devious laughter, "Hey Thol, the doorway is gone; can you believe that?"

They both had a good laugh on that one, but I was not amused. It was obvious that I was the brunt of this joke, and they never expected to find anything of any real importance anyway. It was a day for them to hike outdoors and just enjoy some things for a while, yet never believing they would find anything.

They both looked at me as if I was some unbalanced bozo with a few marbles missing, and with grins on their faces, voiced their thoughts, "Ok, it is not here, why would you expect it to be here, are you remembering anything, and could you show us exactly where the door would have been?"

I was little concerned how much I should reveal, but the answer to their question just came out without thought or reason, *"Yes, I do remember this now, and right there on the Mesa is where the door to the cave was, but it is now gone."*

"Are you telling us Mr. Trovel, that you remember a cave entrance? But you do not remember the old man or who he might have been?"

*"Like I said back home, the old man was the Chief that is what I remember. And right there..."* as I stood pointing angrily at the mesa, *"That is the area on the wall where the door was that entered his world."*

I pointed to the very spot on the Mesa wall, and said, *"Right there, that's where it was."* As I shook my fist towards the mesa wall, exasperated.

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Agent Thol responded, "Well take us to it, but be careful."

I slowly began to move towards the Mesa wall, I then began to slip down this rocky hill all the while saying, *"Whoa baby, this is a steep one."*

As I gathered my composure, I saw the two of them struggle to get down but they handled it like troopers. I then slowly walked over to the wall, which was filled with moss patterned in the rock, and I felt around the wall with my hands and there was no entranceway to be found. Nothing was carved out, no symbols or writing, nothing.

It was gone. I could even see the little tree I sat on, everything was in order, but there was no doorway. I said to myself, *"Geez, even that damn tree is here."*

I turned around sheepishly and humbly snorted out these words. *"Guys, I am sorry, the door was right here, this is what I remembered, and it was right smack dab in that wall. And it is now gone, I mean it is gone, nowhere to be found."*

"Don't feel too bad Mr. Trovel, (Agent Thol expressed her thoughts) drugs can do that to people, being drugged can cause all forms of hallucinations."

I felt about as stupid as anyone could be at this moment, but what was even harder to handle was, am I losing it, or was I really drugged? Was this all a figment of my imagination, or an induced hallucination? Were these people laughing at me because I really was some drugged-out nutcase, conspiracy theorist?

Could I have been that deluded? That messed up? Could I have made all of this up? I felt deep down that it all happened as I had said, it had to have happened. At this point the two agents were combing all over the wall placing their hands here and there, even trying to push it slightly.

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They both even walked around to the other side of the mesa, and I decided to sit back on my little faithful tree as I had done once before, sometime, someplace, somewhere, wondering what the hell was going on.

For the first time, I felt like I had been taken for a bad ride, and that all I was told was a big fat lie. Yet then I started wondering, but I was told these things. That's right, someone communicated this to me, and I certainly could not have made all of this up, most of it I never even knew before, and could not even have dreamt of it.

I closed my eyes for a few moments, then subtly whispered within my breath feeling this sadness that the Chief may be nothing but a con artist, *"Chief, Chief, please be real, don't let this happen...?"*

At that very moment before I even finished what I was saying, I opened my eyes to see that everything went black, it had turned nighttime. I stood up not being able to see anything but the Moon coming over the Eastern horizon above the right side of the mesa. I said to myself, *"This is impossible, it has to still be morning. What happened to the daylight? Why is the moon out now in its full glory?"*

I then immediately arose to search for the two agents, I could barely see anything and had no light except for the light of the moon, I was able to peruse around the mesa but there was no sign of the two agents. As I called out for them, there was no reply, they had simply vanished.

I shrieked out, calling a few more times for them, but no answer. I then walked back around the mesa and sat back on the tree and began wondering, did I fall asleep, could more than half the day have gone by and I know nothing about it?

Did the agents see me and just leave me here? What in the hell is going on? I continued to collapse down on the tree and sat there somewhat confused and depressed, knowing full well I was not going anywhere tonight.

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What is happening to me I thought? With a paralyzing fear I asked, what is going on? Depression began to set in more deeply.

I know I didn't go to sleep, I had no time to sleep, I couldn't have, but somehow, I lost the daylight and it was already night time. I closed my eyes, and within a few minutes I began to hear this small voice within my head.

"Do not be afraid, the moon houses your dreams, but your soul controls everything."

At the very next moment, I heard this female voice saying, "Hey, wake up, we need to head back."

It was the two agents, as I opened my eyes, the sun was shining brightly. I looked up at them as they gazed down towards me as what must have appeared to them as being some kook.

*"What the hell just happened?"* I blurted out.

Agent Thol responded, "What always happens, a person who has a monstrous imagination induced by heavy drugs... But we need to go now, we need to head back to H.Q."

She didn't understand what I meant, that I entered some strange time-shift and the darkness took over, and the agents were gone, and now it has all reverted back.

I slowly got up and without a thought as to why I was saying this, I asked, *"Is it possible you guys can find your way back on your own, you do not need me anymore do you? Cuz, I would really like to hang out here for a little while, I am very troubled."*

*I know you think I made all of this up, and about this time I am starting to agree with you, but I know what I saw, I know it happened. I know there was a doorway."*

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

Agents Stram said very directly without even a moment's pause, "Listen, obviously, something happened to you, it has all of the appearances as a drug induced hallucination. It is becoming apparent that someone took you out here while you were drugged, and told you a whopping story.

Either they didn't get what they wanted and left you out here, or someone popped on the scene and spooked them. Either way, it appears the con went south when the old man was injured.

This is our conclusion of the matter. If you desire to remain here that is totally up to you, we can't tell you what to do, but be careful. Oh, and by the way, you can have this back. One way or the other it might be a great story for someone."

Agent Stram handed me back the auspicious notepad that he had given to me before we went on the hike, wherewith he asked for it back. Obviously, he did not believe anything that was written in there was valid and it was deemed of no threat, so he handed it back to me.

The agents both extended their hands as to shake my hand and Stram said, "We will be leaving now, you take care, and try not to fall into any more doorways, the next time it could take you to hell, you never know." (The two agents both laughed, as they walked away.)

They walked away chuckling and I heard Agent Stram tell Agent Thol, "Well I have been on worse cases, at least we got a hike out of it." Thol replied, "Yep and a big fat laugh too. ...doorways to another time, yea right!" Laughter commenced ...as their voices faded away.

Replaying the events in my mind, by now I was really starting to think I was losing it. I then sat back down on the tree, I closed my eyes and within a couple minutes I heard a voice again.

"The Moon carries your dreams, but the spirit carries your soul."

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I then immediately opened my eyes, and like magic, it was nighttime again, at that point, I knew I had to be losing it.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

## (18) The Moon from another time

### Time Loop Three – Day One of the Reunion

As I sat there and stared motionless at the moon, appearing out of nowhere was Chief Animae Cibus. With a huge smile on his face, his fixed eyes gazed at me speaking these words, “Why are you perplexed?”

*“Chief?” I screamed, “You are real and alive!”* Running up to give him a huge hug, I decided maybe this isn’t proper protocol, so I just patted him on the back asking, *“What happened to you and what is happening to me?”*

“Of course, I am real and very much alive, and to answer the last query, what is happening to you? EVERYTHING!”

*“Chief, what happened to the gateway? Did this experience ever really happen, yet I barely remembered any of it, believing it was all a dream?”*

“The door was your door; it was your personal door. It was not for anyone else; therefore, it didn’t unveil itself for the agents.”

*“Oh, so you know about the two agents that wanted to see it?”*

“Yes of course, but sadly for them, **it was not their time.**”

*“They really didn’t see anything, they left and went home. I remained behind to ferret out more about this strange experience and then I was planning to return also. I saw your picture and you were in the hospital, what happened?”*

“My friend?” The Chief guardedly spoke to me. “The Agents didn’t return back as you might have thought. And the picture you saw was only for you.”

*“Sure, they did Chief, I said goodbye to them and they hiked their way back alone.”*

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“No, friend, no! They were not supposed to come here yet. Doing so violated their own timeline. They have returned back to their time.”

*“I don’t understand, I said goodbye to them, they hiked back, I saw them, and I even walked with them part way, back to the trail.”*

“Yes, you did see them, but what happened to you was a dream, you were dreaming... Everything that has happened since we last spoke, has been a dream.”

*“What are you telling me? This was all a dream; my entire life for the last 7-years has been a dream. What about my wife, the agents, the movie, ‘Back to the Future,’ this couldn’t have been a dream?”*

“My friend, at this moment you are sleeping, your soul is caught in a time-loop. You are bouncing through time like a super ball. Here one moment, there the next. You are reliving your awakening process.”

*“Why is this happening to me?”*

“Because you are desperately trying to reconnect your soul with the Caelestus Pater, but you need something.”

*“And what would that be?”*

“You need soul food.”

I didn’t even know what to say to that. I then noticed the Chief looking down upon the ground with his eyes twinkling as a teacher trying to explain something very difficult to his student.

He just smiled and looked back up, and said, “Of course everything you have been experiencing happened, and yet it didn’t. It is time for you to begin to understand the mysteries of the universe and the lunar insanities that cause us to question everything.”



# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

*"Lunar insanities?"*

The Chief pointed skyward and said, "Look upon that rock that floats in your space."

*"You mean the Moon?"*

"Yes, what do you see?"

*"Oh, no, not this again? I see the Moon; I am not sure what you are wanting me to say?"*

"Tell me what you see!"

*"I see a large round moon in space with many craters from ancient meteors and comets that had launched their way upon its surface long ago."*

The Chief then called to me and motioned me over.

"Come with me."

He began to lead me to the wall of the Mesa and there it was... the doorway had returned, I didn't even comment, I just followed. We then entered back into his world.

The Chief continued to speak as we were walking back through time. "The moon has great power over the earth, whether in my time or your time, it has power over the tides of the oceans as well as power over the emotions of the mind. The moon also has power over your dreams. But the moon is not the moon."

*"What?"*

"Hold on... it will all make sense soon enough. As you can plainly see it is the same moon even back in the past. Of course, the moon has never changed

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because the time-loop is happening so quickly now, a jump from the future into the past is but a nano-second of time.

What I want to explain now, is the moon is what has caused the earth to wobble out of its proper course. It is pulling on the earth.”

*“How can the moon exert that much force on such a larger planet when it is so much smaller?”*

“It is not pulling because of gravity as they would like us to believe, it is because of the technology being used inside the moon that is creating a pull against the planet. Now what I am about to tell you will seem unbelievable but allow me to give you some easy to prove experiments you can use to verify some of this.

The moon as we been wrongly told, cannot be readily seen, it would be too small if it really was 240,000 miles away. The entire moon is a little over half the size of the United States, based on what we have been told, in truth it is much smaller, about 2160 miles in diameter. Do you really believe you could see the a portion of the United States at a quarter of a million miles away being as large as it appears, as the moon?

Just a couple of thousand-miles in space the United States appears even smaller than the moon itself. For us viewing the moon being this size at that distance, would appear as a very tiny bright circle in the heavens, just a little bit larger than Venus.

According to the space program, they have given us pictures of earth taken from the surface of the moon. Have you ever noticed that the earth doesn’t appear any larger than the moon at the horizon? In some photos, the moon is larger. Now explain that one.”

*“I have seen those pictures and I have even wondered about that, but I threw it off believing there was a simple answer.”*

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“Based on what they have shown us, since the moon would barely cover little more than half of the United States, picture in your mind how small this one country is, versus the size of the earth, then picture in your mind how small the moon would really appear to us.”

*“Yea, I see what you mean, the moon would have to be much smaller than what we seem to be seeing with our own eyes. Then what is it Chief? What are we staring at in the night sky?”*

“Our moon is a holograph. Our moon unless it was the same size of Planet Earth could never block out the Sun in a solar eclipse. First, the Sun is too large. Even if the moon came between Earth and the Sun it would not be able to block out the light where it is located.”

*“Then how do we have eclipses?”*

“Because the moon is getting in front of the sun blocking out its light.”

Everyone began to laugh heartily and once again I was thinking to myself, come on, is it really that funny?

*“Okay Chief, let me be the fall-guy here, I’ll go for it. So, if the moon cannot block out the Sun, then why is it that you are now saying that it can block out the Sun?”*

“I am so sorry, sometimes levity is a great way to release tension, and I guess that is true for those who are in on the joke. One day it will be funny for you too. The reason is, our moon is a holograph. Secondly, the Moon is within the Earth’s upper atmosphere.”

*“Say what? You have got to be kidding me, how can the moon be within the Earth’s atmosphere, that is not possible is it?”*

“Anything is possible if it is a hologram. If I know you, you brought a flash light with you in your hiking gear, correct?”

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*"Sorry Chief I didn't, I didn't plan on being out here that long, and certainly didn't plan on being out at night."*

*"Why don't you check your gear again; I think you might be surprised."*

*"Chief, I really didn't..."* (The Chief interrupts...)

*"Placate an old man, just check."*

I thumbed around my carrying bag and... *"What?"* Sure, enough the Chief was right, I did have a flashlight, I grabbed it when I seized the canteens and forgot.

The Chief continued... he asked one of the individuals closest to him to go and retrieve a large thick white cloth, but it must not have any holes at all, even pin holes. Sure, enough he went and found a large white blanket.

*"Ok, here is your first experiment, give me the flash light and you stand behind two of our people who are holding up the blanket. I am going to stand about 2 feet away in front, and shine the light on the blanket."*

The Chief shined the light on the blanket, and I stood on the other side watching the light penetrate through the blanket. The Chief then queried me.

*"Would you say this blanket is like clouds in the sky?"*

*"Yea I would say that it would be somewhat akin to fluffy white clouds."*

As the Chief was shining the light on the blanket, he asked me...

*"Describe what you are seeing."*

*"Umm, I see the light penetrating the blanket."*

*"And what does it appear like to you?"*

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*"I don't see the flashlight; I just see the circle of light that the light is creating."*

The Chief took a couple of steps backwards with the light still shining in the same place, and asked, 'What do you see now?'

*"I see the same light, although the round circle has magnified the further away you are, it appears larger now."*

The Chief took about three more steps back; he was no more than about ten feet away. He asked me again, "Now what do you see?"

*"I don't see the circle anymore, the light has spread all over the blanket, I can see no circle at all."*

"Don't you think that is quite odd?" The Chief then pointed skyward.

Right at that moment I looked up and unbelievably a small patch of fluffy white clouds maneuvered in front of the moon. The moon did not change its appearance; I could still see the moon perfectly as its light peered through the clouds."

I became confused, I told the Chief, *"I can see the moon, but with the flash light all I could see was the round circle of light."*

The Chief then moved right next to the blanket with the flashlight and said, "What do you see now?"

*"I can now see the flashlight also, oh wow. But Chief when you asked to have the blanket brought to you, you said it could not have any holes nor even pinholes, why?"*

"The strange thing about light is, when holes are present, the light will reform and not scatter like it does upon a solid surface. Thus, any holes and you would have seen the flashlight clearly, even at a distance. The further

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away the light source is, the light begins to refract off a solid surface. The refracted light will spread out enough to where you cannot see the source (a round circle) of the light.”

As the Chief pointed above, he said, “How far do you think those clouds are in the sky?”

*“I don’t know maybe 35,000-40,000 feet.”*

“And yet you can still see the circle of the moonlight as clear as if the clouds were not there. How is that possible if the moon is a ¼ million miles away?”

The Chief pointed back at the blanket experiment while he stood again ten feet away, and there was no circle, just refracted light. He then crept up closer and as he did, the circle of light returned.

*“Chief, the only way a circle could be seen from the moon is if the moon was really close, otherwise it would just be a refraction of light glowing upon the entire surface of the clouds and we wouldn’t see the moon itself. This means it must be really close to us. Even when the sun shines behind clouds, one no longer sees the entire sun, they see light spread upon the clouds.”*

“Wait till the controllers play a game with your mind. If you keep your eyes looking upward while considering the heavens, no doubt some time you will see these very clouds behind the moon. Try explaining that one.”

*“Then how is it possible the moon could be so close; how can it hang in mid-air?”*

“Again, my friend, it is a holographic moon. And they can place that moon anywhere and it will float in space like magic. The moon also dictates emotions, that is why you hear about things like lunatic, or lunacy, anything dealing with lunar or Luna.

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All of it is representing a dark emotion being foisted on the unsuspecting mind. Also, you have heard of stories of people changing into werewolves under a full moon.

This notion is very true, but not to the extent of the fables, but to the fact it has power over the mind to change a normal person into something different, like a Jekyll who then transforms to become Hyde. Often there is a cliché which many utter when they run upon weird and strange human behavior they will say, 'It must be a full moon tonight.'

The moon plays a very important role for those who desire death and destruction. Often religions were even created around the lunar months. Some have even called them Holy Days and Sabbath Days. A Sabbath day to certain groups, was never on Sunday, which is the worship of the Sun, it was always on Saturday or saturnalia, or the seventh day of the week. The Worship of Satan...

But the days did not start at midnight, they began the evening prior, based on the moon. All the ancient Holy Days and Sabbaths were lunar-based all beginning in the evening and closing in the evening.

The moon was called 'SIN' by the ancients. It is because the moon is the programmed deception of the Diabolis. It means - **'Simulation Interactive Network!'**

The ancient holy days were based on the moon god Sin, who rules this earth by stealth, leading all in to a deception and a mind of obscurity. This is where the term 'Hol-i-days' comes from.

Therefore, often abhorrent behavior is prevalent on this world, because of the moon. If the moon was removed, this inordinate behavior would not find such an easy foothold. The moon represents Diabolis, the adversary to your inner light. The moon is why this earth is stuck in a time-loop.

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The Sun on the other hand is even worse, it represents Sol Malum, the external light bringer, the one who is called the shining star of the dawn or the bright and morning star. Unbeknownst to many that star is not Venus; it is the Sun, which rises every morning as the day star from the East.

A long time ago there were great wars in the heavens. The ancient ones told us that these wars led to great death and planets were destroyed. In this destruction planet earth was shoved out of its orbit, when a moon rammed into the belly of the earth. This moon was in battle with a rogue planet.

This is what happened in the pacific basin, if you removed all the ocean water on our planet, which gives off the illusion of a cylindrical round appearing object, as the water is fixed within a set boundary via the atmospheric container, you would see the devastating outcome of this crash. Earth is a lopsided crushed rock.

When this occurred, earth was removed out of its orbit into the one it is now located. The orbit it used to be in allowed for a different time, as it revolved around the sun in a different trajectory.

Instead of it taking one-year to go around the sun, its orbital path caused it to take ten years. Thus, a person of 90 on earth would have been 900 back before the original cataclysm. So, a year was not 360-days, but 3600 days, but it was still based on the 360° cycle.

Now the rogue planet that had been in battle with a moon is in a 3600-year orbit. This planet is where some of these ancient rulers had come from, prior to coming to this realm.

Their planet was also in an orbital rotation around the sun, but it is also in another dimension. Sometimes it can be seen and other times it cannot be seen. Many have called it, 'The Planet of the Crossings.'

However, keeping the 360 as the template, these people were living for hundreds and hundreds of years, However, they were only as old as we are



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today. It is all an illusion or a perception of the program. Perception is a tricky beast.”

*“An illusion and perception?”*

“This might not make sense, but your life is regulated by the time machine you are on. What might appear to be 900-years for one, is only 90 years for another based on its orbit of the sun.

And to each it would seem different, until they experience the other. Think about it this way, there are games you can play in this world that are based on computer programming.

Each game has their own internal clock. As you play the game being an interactive, time is relative to the game only. You could spend one-hour playing the game, but the game clock may have revealed that days, weeks or months had passed, via that same hour.

Earth at that time did not have a moon. Its twin sister known today as Mars was so close it had a unique spatial relationship.

However, its orbit was more elongated than the Martian orbit. Thus, it took earth much more time to move around the sun, it also created a problem for the rogue planet, which would get too close at certain orbital crossings due to the strange elongated orbit of the earth.

However, when the earth was shoved out of its orbit, Mars also took a horrible beating in this galactic battle, as its one side looks like it had been blasted with a megalithic shot gun, appearing much more like the Earth’s moon than a planet.

When earth ejected from its orbital path prior to finding its new home, it apparently absconded with a moon that was located around planet Nibiru, which was known as the planet of the crosses. Now Nibiru was not a planet like other similar planets, in fact it was a ship, a very large ship.”

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*“Are you pulling my leg Chief, a large rogue planet in our solar system is a ship?”*

“All planets are ships in a sense; this is the dirty little secret no one wants you to know. Planets used to be known by the ancients, as lords and gods that ruled in the heavens. Nibiru was described as a planet with wings, as the death angel planet, because it apparently was able maneuver on its own beyond its orbit, which is unique.

Thus, the reason for this mega crash was because Nibiru got into a war with a local clan who had their moon/ships nearest to them, and Nibiru’s crew or what we may call citizens of a planet, damaged this battle cruiser and forced it out of its orbital station during the battle.

This badly damaged ship was steered into the orbit of the ancient earth, known as ‘Tiamet,’ the water planet. The crew could not control the ship as it was destined to ram earth.”

*“How large was this ship/planet that hit the ancient earth?”*

“It was about three times larger than our moon. Now what is interesting is the ship Nibiru has its origin from a secondary sun in the solar system, called Nemesis, which was the dual realm of the Sun God where the Diabolis as its polar identity came from before it burned out.”

*“There were two suns in our solar system?”*

“Yes, they rule as a polarity, one is positive and the other negative, or one is good and the other evil. It is the battery that controls the programming of the entire system. Nemesis is a brown dwarf, what some would say is a dead sun, but it is not dead, it is the ground for the battery. It plays a pivotal role in this solar system.

Now a brown dwarf is a burned-out star that appears as a super planet, or a small star. It can be as large as 15-times greater than the planet Jupiter.

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Nibiru in its vast 3600-year orbit is the only planet/ship that orbits both suns, as it is the caretaker of this entire solar system. One may call it the great watcher. Nibiru was the home of the dual identity of Sol Malum, who became the Luna Lunem, and known today as the Diabolis.”

*“Chief, where do these ships/planets come from?”*

“What you need to understand is, there are two types of planetary ships, ones that are static and ones that maneuver around. They come from the suns and suns are not what you believe them to be. They are not what they appear, as great balls of fire, but instead they are doorways from one dimension unto another, they are like lamps that project light.

The moon/ship that earth captured was due to its crashing into the surface of earth and it just remained as part of the earth until both reached the new orbit and then the moon separated. Most of this ship was destroyed into millions of fragments. But here is the clincher. Earth didn’t capture the ship that was sent spiraling into space, the ship captured Earth.”

*“Wait a minute Chief, again, how can something that small capture the Earth, especially after it was blown apart?”*

“Because of the vast technology these ships had. Even though this moon was destroyed in the battle, part of it escaped along with a certain group of occupants.

These moons all operated from an internal source, of what one may call the engine, or the bridge of the deck of the ship. The machine is the actual ship; the rest was the cover acting as in type; like an atmosphere.

Atmosphere of planets are nothing more than energy shields to protect it from battle and debris, as well as protect life on the surface. The actual ship inside is what escaped destruction, while the outer planetary shell was partially destroyed.

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In this case, most of the occupants were killed, and the bridge of the ship where it is commanded from, it remained, but was taken over by some of the crew of Nibiru. And this is where the Diabolis took over the fallen conquered ship, which has now become our moon, and Nibiru is now hidden in another dimension.

However, when it comes to the moon, as we have established already, what we see with our eyes is not the ship, which was attached to earth during the crash and then separated, but a three-dimensional projected hologram. It is so lifelike, and so real in appearance it has many of the same qualities of the original moon before the war. We can even send rockets in the sky and land on this holographic moon the same as we can walk on earth.”

*“How high up in the sky is the holographic version of the moon?”*

“It is high enough, and yet low enough to be able to block out the entire sun for 8 minutes, when it passes between earth and the sun. The projection is in our upper atmosphere.

Its light never loses its integrity, even shining through a white cloud cover, we will always see the round illuminated ball, and not the refraction of light we should be seeing, given the distance we are told, unless there are thick dark clouds, then the entire moon can be blocked out with only light refracting behind.

Therefore, total eclipses are only seen from a very small swath pattern area location on earth as it passes, due to the proximity of the holographic moon as it passes between Earth and the Sun.”

*“Just a second, if this ship was as large as you claim and it rammed the ancient earth. How did anyone survive on earth? We are told asteroids are much smaller than this, and they say one of them could annihilate all life.”*

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"Nibiru had many moons, as they were base stations for the ship's personnel, to build defense centers in their star-wars campaigns. Along the way, they also had enemy ships stationed nearby.

The ship that crashed into the earth was an enemy ship and was disintegrated into billions of pieces, except for the part that attached itself with the earth and was brought into its new location.

The part that survived was an inner sanctum that was built inside the cavity of the planet ship, a massive cylindrical metal ship that was about 1/3<sup>rd</sup> the size of the original surface. Many of the occupants of this ship tried to flee into the main engine for safety before the destruction, however most all were lost, except the few that would later become prisoners.

When the ship was hit by a particle beam-blaster, the outer-parts were destroyed, leaving exposed the control ship that was untouched for the most part except for the large craters that were left on its metallic surface from the debris field, which was now locked inside the cavity of earth at the pacific basin. The outer-shell was destroyed and it was sent as debris into space, some of the debris splattered against Mars.

The remainder of the debris became what is now called the asteroid belt. As for the survivors on earth there were none on the surface. Earth had to be restored using a new holographic projection and certain survivors that were from Mars were brought here to replenish the Earth."

*"It must have been a large ship. I am having trouble trying to recognize a planet as a ship. Planets are rocks, dirt, water, grass, trees and all sorts of mineral composites, whereas ships, we see as being metallic objects are able to fly through space and have none of these characteristics."*

"Think about it, don't planets fly through space? And secondly, some of these moon satellites are in fact made of metal. Phobos, for one is the moon of Mars. And of course, Mimas, Saturn's moon was a death star in the great

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wars. Now this is the difference. The regular ship planets as you described are usually stationary in an orbit.

This is because they are all holographic programs that are created by the sun. The ships that are metal are ships that are able to traverse the holographic solar system at will, as watchers and controllers using vast integrated and massive technological knowhow, even mass weapons of destruction.”

*“So then, earth is a hologram like the moon?”*

“Yes and no, the difference is they are both stationary within their orbital patterns, however the real moon is a ship made of metal, but we do not see the real moon/ship that moon is another dimension.”

*“How is it in another dimension? And why can’t planets move around also at will?”*

“They used to be able to until Sol Malum created the law they must be fixed in the heavens. This way he has total control especially after the Great War. The reason the ship can move into another dimension is because this is part of their ability as watchers and controllers. They can maneuver through the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> dimension at will, just like any alien spacecraft that we may call UFO’s.

It is imperative for you to comprehend one single fact, Earth is a time machine, as are all the bodies in the solar system. They are all holographic projections of the sun, but some masses in the solar system are projections via certain alien ships, such as our holographic moon.”

*“Wait you are losing me, planets are holographic projections of the sun and projections from ships?”*

“Be patient, we will get into that. From your point of view, each planet operates on earth time, they are always there where you expect them to be

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based on the earthly chronographic clock and calendar via their orbital precession. Yet each planet operates in its own time, it is because of the illusion of the space-time continuum that you think everything operates the same, but it doesn't.

Thus, none of the planets are there, they are only a holographic image being beamed from the sun through a projector that miraculously your telescope can pick up. Actually, it is not that miraculous as you will later learn."

*"OK, let's say a regular good ole Joe like myself has a strong telescope and I am looking at the moon. Which moon am I looking at, the one that is a holographic projection in the upper atmosphere, or the ship?"*

"The ship is in another dimension; you can't see that with any telescope unless it de-cloaks."

*"How is it that we have telescopes that can see, Jupiter, Saturn etc.? These planets are a billion or more miles away? If moon was that close our telescopes could see much more of the surface, couldn't they?"*

"It is all perspective, the distance between these objects is all scientific Gobbledygook. Our telescopes are not really that effective as you may think. There is no such thing as time and space. Mars, Jupiter and Saturn are but a thought away. If your world is a holograph. And you are a holograph that means the telescope is part of the holograph. Think about it. So, what they are seeing in the telescope is a projection and it is not way out there, it is actually inside of you."

*"Come again?"*

"Let's continue to take this one step at a time."

*"I don't understand Chief; can't people go to these planets; we went to the moon, right?"*

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“Yes, one could go to these planets just like you can walk on earth, but none of it is real, not even what you perceive of yourself. Your mind linked with the programmed computerized body can facilitate this operation as a virtual reality simulation. As for going to the moon, most everything you saw with your eyes was an elaborate hoax via a sound stage.”

*“Our astronauts didn’t go to the moon?”*

“Yes, they did, but what they discovered could not be released to the world. They had reached the moon long before the first Apollo mission. In 1969, they took their live feed from a previous mission in 1959, and tried to reduplicate it by editing out the anomalies that existed upon the moon. By 63, they went to Mars.”

“Now that is amazing, we have already been to Mars?”

“Well ‘we’ is subjective don’t you think?” Laughter ensues. “Yes, some have even gone to Mars and many are still there, but all of that is hidden information.

It would have been obvious to everyone, if they had live lunar shots that there were things on the surface of the moon that directly lead inside its hollow realm that should not have been there according to our controlled knowledge, like massive antennas being used to control the people, pointing to the earth, as well certain flying objects that should not be there.”

*“Holy smokes, what a bombshell. But Chief you are losing me. If the holograph is what we are seeing, and that is where the astronauts went to, then why would there be these anomalies on the surface or internally. Wouldn’t the hologram controllers be wise enough not to show these things?”*

“Yes, now learn the secret. **In 1959, the astronauts went to the real moon.** As to why there are anomalies on the holographic moon, it is because that is where the control center is now operating from.”



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
*"I thought you said it is the ship that is hidden in the other dimension."*

"The ship that is hidden is where the holographic projection of our moon came from. This holographic projection is like a holodeck, it is so real, it is a virtual reality. The controls are being used on the holographic moon. They are not coming from the ship Per Se, only by stealth.

Now hold on to your hat, as is the vernacular, the moon is just one of several holographic space stations controlling the earth's occupants, it is controlling the mind and emotions as well as the program itself."

*"There are more space stations?"*

"Yes, quite a few, the number one home-base station is Saturn. It is time we conclude this by getting back on track. When the earth finished the grand cycle in 2017, it did not return 25,920 years ago or what is called the 1<sup>st</sup> Age of Aquarius, nor did it return to any of the other ages. It only fell back a little over one-thousand-years, back to Pisces.

It is interesting how Pisces is symbolized as a dual fish, one going one way the other going the other, like a continuous loop that never ends. Sometimes the symbol appears as a  with the symbol of two curvatures back to back with a dual spiral line running through it. These are the symbols for the time-loop."

*"This is crazy, there are those that really know about this and understand about the time-loop, remarkable?"*

"Yes, indeed the rulers of this world know all about it. That is why at the end of the last age, they give up, they throw all caution to the wind, and allow the last-days to accelerate to its devastating end, because they know it doesn't matter, the time is short and everything is about to end and begin again. Remember the Phoenix?

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Now based on the new moon, which was placed exactly where it is right now as the holographic light show, it is preventing the earth time machine to fulfil its cycle due to the wobble using a life-threatening technology that most of us know nothing about.

Those controlling earth from the moon are using this technology to keep the earth out of its proper alignment to make sure the planet relocates back in the loop 1080-years and thus remaining in Pisces, which coincidentally is half the age of 2160-years. And do you know what it interesting about that number? It is the very diameter of the moon, 2160-miles. However, the real truth is, it is all a program coming to an end, and beginning again at a set point in the past.

*“Unbelievable, how these numbers all come together to prove the game is afoot. Yet you say, there are entities living inside the holographic moon controlling our earth?”*

“Actually, it is more horrifying than that. Have you heard of the tunnel of light? It is a legend and myth some speak about as to what happens after one dies. People are grabbed by this vacuum that creates the feeling of being sucked up and being pulled through this light that has the appearance of a tunnel.

Some speak of it as where you meet long lost loved ones, masters, guides, and even gods. They also report experiencing love and light, and joy like nothing they could have ever imagined. It is so daunting few if any are able to avoid this attraction.”

*“Why would anyone want to avoid it, if it is as wonderful as you say?”*

“Because it is a trap, it is all an illusion. The light in the tunnel is coming from a 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional ship. In fact, it is the same ship that came from our past and created the moon, which sends out cruisers, i.e. smaller transport ships, to pick up the dead.

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When souls are released from their bodies, the ship coordinates where they are via the silver cord that was connected to the machine and to the soul, and through a light source from underneath the center of the spacecraft, using holographic technology, these people are picked up and transported.”

*“Why don’t people see the ship? And why would their loved ones be there? And where are they being transported?”*

“Obviously, when the soul-mind leave their bodies, they are no longer in the 3<sup>rd</sup> dimension. So, it takes a 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional ship to greet them, which those who remain earthbound cannot detect, but those who have died can see perfectly. The light coming from the bottom center of the spacecraft is the tunnel of light that people speak of. And the people they see are holographic masks being portrayed to appear as loved ones, but most of the time are aliens in drag.”

*“You mean people are being abducted by aliens after death?”*

“Tragic, isn’t it? At this point in time some are transported to the holographic moon unless they are in the **mid-realm**, the realm of ghosts, what I like to call 4<sup>th</sup> dimension without anchors, the waiting rooms. It is the moon where all the controls exist that operate this program. Those transported there will remain there but only a short time before they are recycled back to earth at a new time without memory.

Thus, many of your loved ones have been recycled, they are not there waiting for you at the tunnel of light, except for extreme cases. However, your loved ones who crossed over may be in the mid realm and sometimes they can contact you or you can contact them.

As soon as they are recycled that is it, they are no longer to be found. That is why in some contacts, only certain individuals contact the living, like an aunt, grandmother, long forgotten cousin, it isn’t because you are being shunned by someone else that you may want to speak to, it is because they are no longer available.”

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*"No longer available Chief?"*

"Sure, when a loved one has been recycled or going through the process they can no longer return. They are not there available to be contacted. However, when a loved one has not yet been recycled for a myriad of reasons, they are now in what is called the waiting room or stuck in the mind realm. You will learn more about this at another time."

"How can a deceased loved one be contacted?"

"Sometimes by going out of body, or a near death experience as long as it is before the processing center. Or a loved one can contact you in all sorts of ways. Sometimes they can even appear in almost pure physical form."

The moon is not only controlling earth it is controlling the inhabitants of the planet both here and on the other side of life. And thus, it is using technology that is causing distortions in the time field. Remember, it is all a computerized program.

Once you grasp this then none of what I am saying will baffle you. But if you still believe this world is authentic, then nothing will ever convince you otherwise.

*"I don't know what to say Chief, it is like we are being controlled against our own will, and we are prisoners of a war that happened long ago."*

"My friend, why do you think it is so important that I awaken you and everyone else? You are prisoners of the Great War in heaven. The key is the moon is now in control of your emotions, and it is what is allowing all the dark natures to excel in super-fast speed."

The moon magnifies fear, egos, dread, loss of hope, insecurity, failure, hurt, personal complexes. The moon is your adversary of your internal light. It also penetrates your dreams, and leads people into the darkness of the night,

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turning them from innocent sheep into devious wolves. That is why more crimes occur in the nighttime rather than day time.”

“Are all of our dreams negative moon creations?”

“No, there are dreams from the divine realm to help aid us, but the moon often interferes and removes the memory from your mind. Thus, I took your notepad and kept it so I could return it back into your dream at another time.”

*“Ah, you lost me there... return it to my dream?”*

“Of course, haven’t you figured it out by now? Everyone is dreaming, but not everyone is in the same dream?”

# Time-loop Chronicles

## (19) The Holographic Sun Projector

### The Reunion Day Two – The Cold Sun

After tonight I am left with my head spinning as to the knowledge that was being presented. I am still freaked out by the information given about the moon.

I asked the Chief as we were walking back to our places of rest and contemplation one last question. *“If the moon is really a holograph, then is the light source that we see from the moon coming from the sun?”*

His eyes brightened a tad and then he verified what I had been thinking. “No, the light source is internal created by the holograph itself, the moon is too close to be reflecting the sun light to create its myriad of phases, so the light is internal yet it duplicates exactly what would happen if the sun could be able to reflect upon it. However, the source of the holograph itself is the original moon ship using advanced technology to create the artificial orb.”

That evening when I went to sleep, suddenly reality took a turn very fast as I found myself floating upwards while talking to the Chief, I began to experience the same thing when I was sitting in front of the door of the cave. Everything went from light to black...

*“What’s happening... Where are we Chief?”*

“We are now floating in space; we are on the dark side of the moon. We are going to move around the surface and launch towards the sun. Are you ready?”

*“You’ve got to be kidding me?”*

“Do not fear, nothing can hurt you here.”

*“Where is here Chief?”*

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

“You have been taken into another dream, and I am inside your dream and directing it. What you are about to experience will make you question everything.”

As we began to fly around the surface from beyond the back of the moon, I was waiting for the sun and all its brilliance to illuminate everything and nearly blind us, but that is not what happened.

“Amazing, isn’t it? Where is the sun?” The Chief continued... “Where is the great ball of fire that can consume whole worlds?”

*“You got me Chief? I have no clue where it is, is it hiding, is it being blocked by something, but more than that, where are the stars?”*

“Are you ready for another mindboggling piece of information, in space we cannot see the projector, you can’t see light in space due to it being a vacuum of nothingness. Light cannot shine inside a vacuum. Therefore, the ancients knew to call the sun, **the Black Sun**.”

Instantly we were moving towards earth and before you knew it we were standing on the hot sands of the plains of the Sahara.

The Chief then proceeded to reveal a new piece of the puzzle. “Now what we are going to do is allow our physical senses to enter the dream world. I want you not only to witness this amazing phenomenon, but feel it also. Now as your senses are coming into the mind-program, what is it that you feel?”

*“I am extremely hot, the temperature is blazing out here, and I would not want to have to live here, the sun is powerful and now I can see it clear as a bell.”*

“Notice how hot that blazing ball of fire in the sky really is while we are standing on the surface of the earth in Northern Africa just 2000+ feet above sea level. And yet we couldn’t even see nor feel the sun while in space.”

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*"It is strange that in space we couldn't see this powerful light but here we can, and let me tell you, it is scorching. But I would like to move on from here, the heat is unbearable."*

We instantly began to soar into the air and landed upon another earth landmark, Mt. Everest, which is 29,000+ feet above sea level.

*"Whoa it is freezing here, where are we now Chief?"*

"We are standing on the highest mountain, at its uppermost peak. We are standing erect on top of the world. Again, we can feel the sensations of our external ecosphere, we notice a massive change in temperature."

We both began to freeze in the super low temperature climate. And yet as we stood there the Chief was simply pointing to the sun in the same sky, and the same place that we witnessed it prior, while standing in the desert.

The Chief continued... "Do you recognize a strange anomaly based on our two different experiences?"

*"Yes Chief, it is freezing here and yet in the Sahara it was hot as hell."*

"What is wrong with this picture?" the Chief asked.

*"Well, I am standing here wondering, why is it bone chilling ice cold freezing here, when we are on the top of the world, being much closer to the sun. And yet in the desert, we were frying like eggs for breakfast and it was miles further from the sun."*

"That is an interesting question that few ever ask. Why is it the closer you get to the sun the colder it becomes? Scientists will give all sorts of impressive answers as to why this occurs, but logically it makes no sense. If you get closer to the object of the source of heat, then it only stands to reason, the heat would intensify."



# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

*"Yea, if I was camping on a winter evening, and we built a fire, the closer we got to the fire the warmer it would become, likewise the further we were away from the fire the cooler it would be. So, yea, this makes no sense."*

The Chief clamors, "Yet we are witnessing that the closer we get to the sun the colder it becomes; how is this possible?"

*"You got me Chief, I never thought about that before, I just assumed the higher one ascended above sea-level it just got colder, but that makes no sense. If we are closer to the sun, as the heat source, the land at sea level should be colder and all of the mountain tops should be arid deserts."*

"Ok, let's try one more experiment."

Immediately we began to fly towards space until we were past the outer atmosphere of earth still heading towards the sun.

"Remember, we will feel the sensations but they won't harm us because it is not real, we are simply experiencing them. Okay, now how does it feel out here now that we are even closer to the sun?"

*"Chief, it is ice cold freezing, a block of ice could sit out here forever and not lose one droplet of water, and amazingly again, there is no sunlight."*

"Exactly, but how is all this possible, if the sun is the source of heat then the closer we get to the sun, the intensity of heat should magnify, but it doesn't? It is obvious the sun is a source of something, but what is it?"

*"Yes, I understand Chief, when the sun is shining it brings with it great heat, it can even burn the skin. So, something is happening that is producing heat."*

"We have what is called an atmosphere on this world. When space shuttles have come back through the earth's atmosphere they need special

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protection as they return towards the ground, as they move through the outer atmosphere, the shuttle begins to burn red hot.”

*“Just a sec. Chief, how come Astronauts say they can see the sun, if it is not there to be seen in space.”*

“As you will come to learn, the sun is able to be seen when one is within a localized atmosphere, as for the Astronauts, their ships outer core creates its own atmosphere. Therefore, the Sun is viewable.”

*“But, why didn’t we see it?”*

“Because we are not visible either, we have no local atmosphere surrounding us.

The atmosphere is a blanket covering the earth or any object that is a three-dimensional holograph. This blanket appears to shield out much of the source of energy coming from the sun. If we did not have this blanket covering earth, then nothing could survive on the surface, but not because of heat; as we have proven. So, our first clue is there is something in the atmosphere that is creating great heat; but it is not the sun. The sun is black and cold.

We just proved, the higher we go into the heavens the colder it gets and the sun seems to also go missing. The very notion that the sun is giving off heat as a furnace obviously is not accurate, yet something is happening. It is called, **Holographic radiation**.

Even if we could block out the sun light then why wouldn’t the world simply freeze? Every night the sunlight is blocked out on one side of the earth, but we do not freeze do we? In fact, at different places it can be still quite warm, even at night.

Now what is ironic, they tell us that Mercury can get to about 170° Celsius facing toward the sun. However, on the other side it can get down to as low as minus -147° Celsius.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

Does that make sense? And Mercury is much closer to the sun, you would think the heat of the day would last deep into the night. Why doesn't earth react the same? When the sun is on the other side of the planet, we should enter an ice age every night, because the sun and its heat is completely blocked out."

*"Good question, that doesn't make sense either. What is really going on here?"*

"The ground contains much more heat than let's say a mountain top. The problem is no one wants to tackle the real enigma of why this occurs. They think they already know by using basic science, but it cannot answer some of these quirks that we have personally discovered.

The facts are which most in the scientific community do not want to accept, is that the Sun is not the heat source of planet earth, or any planet, it is the source of earth's very existence."

*"Say what?"*

"I have been trying to explain this for quite some time. Do you really know what a holograph is?"

*"I know about them but I guess I am not sure I really understand it."*

"A holograph is a re-creation of a third dimensional plane of awareness by using projection, reflection and splitting and refracting light using mirrors.

As an example, take an apple, you can then copy that apple by taking pictures of it while covering the entire 360° surface of the apple, both longitude and latitude, it is like mapping every square inch of the entire surface. And then using projection through a mirror, you can then split the signal of that source and make the apple appear somewhere else in space; three-dimensionally placed upon a two-dimensional backdrop.

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It will appear very real, it will seem three-dimensional, and it will have color and mass as a presence just like the original object. Yet it is just a projection. What is needed is a source background for the three-dimensional object that you want to project out in space to make it appear real?

Secondly, you need a light splitter using something like a mirror. Lastly you need a projection source of light, a very powerful light. And voila, you have your ingredients of a mass projected three-dimensional object. Using higher technology, you can then even create a core or the internal mass of that object to be as real as the surface, using additional software programming.

Did you know that these things exist in our local space? And strangely enough, we have planets like earth just sitting in space like a magic eight ball, just hanging there in midair, so to speak. Do you really believe that there is some sort of gravity that is holding all these things in space? What really is gravity, does anyone know?

Let's look at this sensibly, something is holding these objects in space, gravity is the invisible conjecture which gives a sense of reality to that which doesn't make sense.

Nothing is being held by gravity, gravity is simply a speculation to answer why a planet can appear to float in mid-air. However, using a projection of a holograph, via a light source, any hologram can be made to appear as if it is floating in space and gravity has nothing to do with it.

If a hologram can appear as a three-dimensional object in empty space, then what is holding it there? **It is LIGHT Projection!** There really is nothing there but a visual response to an elaborate hoax created by bending light via Arc Angles or Arc Angels."

*"Then you are saying the sun is a projector and it is projecting out of itself everything we witness in space as a three-dimensional illusion?"*

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

“That is partly true. All the ingredients are there in space to make perfect holographs.

Obviously, the heat or lack thereof that we become aware of as pertaining to the sun, or coming from the sun is bringing us radiation via a light projection beam. The beam itself could be as cold as ice, but when it projects the object it can turn very hot.

Take a movie theater, the light between the screen and the projector has no real temperature, but notice its projection source is very hot, and the reflection it gives off is a movie screen filled with scenes and objects.

The beam itself has no heat until it magnifies the projected object in space. In this case, the heat is caused because the object is being produced by the projection itself.

Therefore, it will be much hotter on the surface of earth, than the tallest mountain in the world, because the denser the terrain of the object, the more intense light is needed to perform the holograph to make it appear real and solid.”

*“Wait a minute Chief, there is something missing. There are no mirrors in space that I am aware of, how is the object being split without mirrors, the mirror is what gives off the illusion of the holograph based on what you have just told me.”*

“Very astute and excellent question, but your premise is based on the idea that you cannot see the mirrors.”

*“Do you mean, there are mirrors out in space that are creating this beam of light?”*

“No, not out in space, the mirrors are more earth bound.” (The Chief and his friends surrounding chuckle)

# Time-loop Chronicles

*"That doesn't make sense. If the earth is the hologram how can the mirrors be on earth?"*

*"Are you really ready for the answer?"*

*"Let it fly, I am ready... I think."*

*"Have you ever heard the saying, 'The eyes are the mirror to your soul? Likewise, have you ever heard that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you?"*

*"Yea! Are you saying our eyes are the mirrors?"*

*"Of course, they are, if you had your eyes removed what would you see?"*

*"Obviously, nothing, I would be blind."*

*"Exactly, the only reason you can see the stars and the planets and the sun and even the earth you stand on is due to your physical senses. The eyes are taking in the light and then refracting it giving you the illusion that what you see is a three-dimensional reality, but it is nothing more than a projection-lights, camera, action."*

*"I don't follow, if you have an item, let's use your apple thesis, you then copy it, and then send the light of it from a lens through a mirror, and then the mirror splits the signal of the light wave, giving you the illusion of the object somewhere else."*

*"Wouldn't this prove that the light and the source would have to come into the mirror from behind the lens and then send that reflection outward? So how is it possible that our eyes, which see outside of us could be the mirror to reflect what is coming from behind them?"*

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

"The question you have asked is what most scientific so-called scholars never want to answer, but they know the answer, and the answer to your question was already given by your dilemma' within your question."

*"Huh?"*

"You stated that the source and light of the object has to be within or behind the lens to reflect upon the mirror as it reflects out, and then that light must shine outward to give off the projection that the object is floating in space.

What you fail to understand is, the eyes do not see anything externally, as there is nothing external happening. Within the next two decades in your time, you will learn this amazing science and you will be able to prove it.

The eyes are simply the lens which is taking in the light from behind via the brain and projecting out what is coming from within. And then your lens refracts the light and you believe you are looking at a three-dimensional object. This a virtual reality!"

*"Holy Cow Batman!"*

"Holy Cow is right, in truth the object is within you, and the light is coming within the dark matter of your brain, as it is being projected out through the eyes giving off the illusion of matter outside of you.

The source of light and the object is within you, and your eyes become the lens which is revealing the reflection, the 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional realm which is sending that light outward creating the appearance of that which is really from within. Without the eyes, you would never see anything. Nothing would really be there, it has to be projected to view it."

*"It might not be there for me, but for someone else that has eyes, it would be there, wouldn't it?"*

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“Strangely, no, it is only there by illusion to the one who is refracting the light, but it is an illusion of a holograph. You see the eyes are truly the windows not only to the soul but all the hidden worlds. Everything is within you, as such, the Kingdom of the Heavens is within you. Meaning everything you see out there is inside, here.” The Chief knocked upon my forehead...

“If someone removed all your senses, sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch, and all of them were completely disconnected, what would be your perception?”

*“That is tricky, let me think upon this... I guess there would be nothing but blackness, a void. Nothing at all. One would not be able to sense anything.”*

“Well sort of, the question you need to ask would there be anything about you that was actuated?”

*“The only thing that would be there might be my thoughts, I would suppose I could still think and reason. But there would be nothing but blackness. No sight, no sound, no light, no touch, everything would be gone, total emptiness.”* (Hmm Blackness!)

“Very true, and what does that tell you?”

*“It tells me that our senses are the true reality of our life.”*

“Or maybe better stated, the true illusion of life. Our bodies are a computer inside the program which the soul-mind is using to enter this playground. If you removed all the sensing software programming out of the computer it would be a blank screen. If all senses were removed, would you be standing on earth? Could you see, hear or smell anything? What would be real or not real?”

*“If I was standing on earth and lost all sensations, obviously, I would still feel the surface because the planet is still there, the planet is very dense.”*



# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

“Not so, if you have no sensation of touch and feeling how would you describe touching the earth, there would be nothing there to create the sense of a dense object. You wouldn’t feel anything other than floating in nothingness. You would just be a thought inside of a holographic projection.”

*“Yes, but the earth is still there, isn’t it, whether holograph or not?”*

“That is your conundrum of the mind, the earth is not there because it never was there. The senses are simply the software in the hard drive giving you the illusion of a solid earth. And the only reason you know it is solid, is because of the software program that creates the sensation of making you believe it is solid.

You remove the software you not only lose the sensation but you lose the entire program, because the program projecting the earth is only valid due to the sensation created by the software.

As an example, let’s say you take a computer program and place it on a disk, that is called software. This software can produce a picture of a person sitting on the beach. Now you place the disk in the computer and like magic the picture is there... Now remove the disk. Is the picture somehow still there?”

*“Well, I guess not.”*

“Exactly, when you remove the software from the hard drive, there is nothing there, it is a blank screen. You would be in the void. Now listen closely, the world needs to know this.

In the beginning the Gods created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and then moved into the void. Darkness was on the face of the deep, and the Spirit of the God’s (The programmers) hovered over the surface of the water. Then the God’s said, ‘Let there be light’; and there was light.

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What you just read is a pre-holographic world before the 3<sup>rd</sup> dimensional heavens and the earth came into being. This is when there was nothing, just darkness everywhere, and what is the first thing that must be done to create a holograph, you need a light source, thus, **LET THERE BE LIGHT.**

There had to be a light source to project the objects in question, which would become the heavens and the earth, and then removed from the void. Suddenly, the gods just became computer nerds.

What is interesting here is that everyone assumes the light being discussed in the early account is from the sun. It is the light of the pre-sun. It is the light of the projector before the sun could even be witnessed. Let me explain.

The source of light comes out of the invisible world or 4<sup>th</sup> dimension, or from the invisible world before material creation i.e. 3<sup>rd</sup> dimension. If the 4<sup>th</sup> dimension is invisible to the 3<sup>rd</sup> dimension, so also is its source of light invisible. This was the initial light that had to be created. It was an invisible light that needed a three-dimensional back drop and mirrors to view what was 4D and make it 3D.

There had to be a source coming from another dimension to create the initial step for this holograph. Before this had been done, the original heavens and earth were just photographs, pictures, maybe even motion pictures, but they were in the void, i.e. 4<sup>th</sup> dimension, the unseen world, beyond time and space. No one could behold them yet in this realm; they were still in the production stage.

As an example, take a picture with a camera. The picture that was taken is right now in the void because it cannot be seen, it is inside the camera. Once you remove the film you can then produce the picture that was in the void.

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

It is obvious our universe is a copy of something that exists in pure energy form, however what we are witnessing is simply a projection, with interactive holodeck principles.

Now stay with me, a source of inner light had to be created, to begin the projection sequence. Then the idea of space was designed so that the heavens and earth could be projected on to it, like a green screen that many movie makers use.

Thus the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> day was all about the firmament of the heavens and the waters. Water makes a great reflection tool; thus, water was the tool for reflection, but it was not actually water, per se, it was energy wave forms, which appear like flowing water.

Basically, what this was is, energy waves being projected on the 'green screen' called space-time, which then became the firmament of the heavens. Now what exactly is a firmament?

A firmament in its basic definition is a large surface that is positioned as an expanse, of what we may call space. So, something is being set up as a flat or circular reflection surface all around us to reflect a light source image.

In this case, it is likened unto being inside a ball, and all the in-sides of the ball are the firmament of the heavens. We may call it in type; a movie screen. Set designers for movies create images and place them on a green screen so they can project whatever they desire upon it, and it will appear three dimensional, without ever seeing the actual green screen.

Now that there is a foundation for the projection, called a firmament, including, a light source from within, to project on a green screen canvas i.e. SPACE - meaning the waters upon the firmament, to set these objects upon.

The next two days, they had to create a source for the reflection on the green screen canvas to project earth and all the planets and external bodies in the solar system as holographic frames.

# Time-loop Chronicles

This is where the projection of earth first began, and the dome was created called the atmosphere, and the seeds of all plants were planted and grew. This is your picture moving into the production stage before the projection.

But none of this was real, it was just the planning stage for the green screen. How do we know this, because without the sun, nothing can grow, no plants would yield any measure of growth? The earth would still be barren. Why? Because it needs the projection source to make appear what is not yet there. Just like in a movie theater, the film may contain the entire movie, but without the projection all you will see is a black screen.

So, all growth and yield of seed prior to them appearing were all pre-green screen productions, meaning they were the source that was being used to project from, but they had not yet been projected. In a sense, using a garden, it is the seeds prior to them being planted, but they existed.

It was not until the 4<sup>th</sup> day, they could reveal the Sun, Moon and Stars as holographic projections. But notice, why put the sun, moon and stars together. What about the many orbital bodies in our solar system. How does the moon rank above great planets like Jupiter?

As we have already learned the moon is being used for a special purpose to control the functions of earth. Therefore, it gets the same notoriety or billing as does the sun.

There is a duality in these first verses when it spoke of earth having been created and then it went into the void. What happened was, before the wars in our local universe occurred. Earth was somewhere else in the holographic realm, as I revealed earlier. But due to the wars and violence it was knocked out of its orbit and then restored.

The holograph had to be changed to re-create earth in another place. Thus, it went back into the void, meaning it went back into the production stage. Earth didn't move into another part of the solar system, it was simply

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

removed from projection and re-placed via the new projection, where it is now located inside the program.

And then on the 5<sup>th</sup> day the sea and land and bird creatures can now come into view because the holograph is now working. Before the actual sun was placed into the sky all there was is a green screen canvas.”

*“Hold on for a second, if the light is internal then how can the sun be the projector, since it is obviously external?”*

“Is it obvious, did we see it while in space? The internal light will also project itself as the source externally. EYES would need to be built into the system as avatar programs as the mirrors, so they can finalize the result of the light coming from within them, which when projected they would see it as the sun externally, but it is the sunlight shining internally that is now being seen externally via projection through the eye-lens.

On the 6<sup>th</sup> day a computer program was made to benefit from all this creation. It was called the Human. Now the mirror within the eyes of humans as it were with animals and other creature’s prior, were now set where these things could be experienced so it could appear that it was external.

However, the mirror must not look at the reflection. If both the source and the projection meet; the mirror is damaged, and poof it all vanishes. This means, don’t stare at the sun.” Laughter from everyone...

“And the 7<sup>th</sup> day revealed it all, Saturnalia or Sabbath day was the worship of the moon, as Diabolis, which was known as SIN.

## **Simulation Interactive Network.**

Everything in the solar system is a three-dimensional holographic projection made visible by the eyes. Beyond the solar system, it becomes a two-dimensional screen; like a movie screen. It is no different than being in a 360° planetarium watching a starlit night move across the screen.

# **Time-loop Chronicles**

Therefore, the sun is a holographic projector creating the illusion of matter in space as the heavens and the earth; via the green screen templates. The human body is part of the program as also being a holograph within, so it can interact within this strange holodeck.

Everything that is within our solar system is a holographic portrayal of what the reprobati angeli want us to see and believe, the ones that created this whole operation.

If you attempted to travel through the entire solar system, you would come to its edge. And simply hit a corridor or wall, and would be unable to move forward. You would in fact hit the void, where the three-dimensional projection ends and the two-dimensional projection begins. You would run into the green screen.

And that is the story of the holographic sun projector.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

(20) Vortex doorway

## The Reunion Day Three – The Doorway

“Today, (The Chief uttered) we are going to do something a little different. For some time, I have been telling you things from another perspective, but you do not know whether these things are valid.

One truth that is so very important is everything one learns must come from within them to be verified. The fact is very little in this world is ever verified, thus our reality is a deception. True answers come from personal experience, and what may be valid for one is not valid for another who may have not had the same experience.”

*“Are you saying Chief that there are different truths for everyone?”*

“Truth is arbitrary; this doesn’t mean it is an error or a fact.”

*“What? How can it be truth and yet not be a fact?”*

“Because truth is arbitrary, you must first understand what the word arbitrary means and then you will grasp the significance of what I am saying. My question to you is, why is it that so many people believe things that are not true?”

*“I guess because they are being conned and deceived.”*

“Yes, but how is this taking place? It is because truth is arbitrary. If you define arbitrary here is what you will see, ‘Something that is based solely on personal feelings or perceptions rather than on objective facts, reasons, or principles.’

As you can see, most people believe what they want to believe based purely on their feelings. And although there is nothing wrong with that per se, it does tend to lead people way off track.

# Time-loop Chronicles

Arbitrary belief systems are how religions are built and maintained. Even when the subject matter is based on misinformation. People are attracted to that which creates a personal comfort zone within their own mind. For an example, if someone of stature comes to you and informs you that dinosaurs died off 65-million years ago, and they tell you this is pure science.

A person that is willing to believe what they feel is science will not argue this point even though they have no clue whether it is valid or not. They believe, if a teacher of science says something, then chances are good that it is binding.

The same with religion, if a Priest, Bishop, Pastor or Minister teaches scriptural dogma, then those students or the one's listening will accept it as fact.

People live their lives based on perception, if someone is perceived to be intelligent in a field, people will listen to them even if what they are being told is a bunch of baloney. So, when speaking of the truth, it is impossible for everyone to be on the same page, it aint going to happen. People will always cling to what they feel or wish to be true, rather than truth itself.

For your first lesson, you need to realize, truth is only for those who believe it to be true. Anyone else that doesn't have the same perception, how are you going to convince them otherwise?

Therefore, truth is subjective, experience is the real teacher. What a person experiences are what gives them their personal awareness. Therefore, everything I have taught you, is useless information unless you experience it for yourself. Do you understand?"

*"I do; it makes perfect sense to me."*

"Therefore, I do not want you to accept this because I am telling you this. Ask yourself, did you know these things before I revealed them?"



# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

*"Most of it is brand new information to me."*

"Exactly, then how do you know any of it is truth?"

*"I guess... I don't know for sure. Maybe, feeling, intuition...ah..."*

"That is not quite accurate, you can know if you decide to experience it for yourself. Do not let anyone try to steal what you believe or even what you feel; away from you, but allow yourself to first experience it. Yet again, always be open to new and different things. Once you close off your mind, then you will never advance again.

People that believe they have it all, based on a book, a theory, a person, whatever it may be, are lost. They have nothing but what someone else has relayed to them. If they continue to cling to this idea, and if they are ever challenged, guess what will happen?"

*"They won't know for sure if what they have is correct or not, right?"*

"Exactly, and if their beliefs are all based on perception, hope, wishing, or their feelings. Then what will happen when someone is telling them they are wrong and they have no ability to back up their theory? This is what happens in order of the operation, denial, anger, compromise, depression and then acceptance.

They will become angry, and become disagreeable without thought or reason. You will have challenged the very fabric of their system of beliefs, and all they can give in return is anger and attack, until eventually they will have to accept it through trial and error.

So, it doesn't matter what I have told you, all of it is arbitrary to you. You either decide to accept it or not, either way it doesn't matter until you experience it."

# Time-loop Chronicles

*"We did experience the traveling to the Moon and the Sun correct, that was a personal experience, right?"*

"Yes indeed, but there is so much more to learn.

Not everything I tell you is absolute, but is an experience of one that may differ for another. No matter what we see or understand, we only have part of the picture.

What happens when we only have part of the picture, we decide to fill in the blanks to make the picture whole, so that we have something to sink our teeth into and can tell others about, with a little more consistency.

Just like an artist, if the canvas is only half full only the artist will know what the painting is going to become. We can try to fill in the blanks with our imagination, but we may be fully deceived when we realize the picture turns out to be something completely different.

The world and the realm that we are within is a painting that has never been completed. Everything is bits and pieces left here and there, albeit purposefully mind you.

All we have left is to try to fill in the pieces. Now is that considered wrong? Of course not, the pieces we fill in may not be accurate, but the attempt to do so is our only validation that we are paying attention. What would you rather have, someone else fill in the pieces, or you yourself fill in the pieces?"

*"I guess we tend to rely on other people filling in the pieces, like teachers, scientists, religious leaders, governments etc. This way we do not have to do the leg work. We simply trust someone else is telling us the truth."*

"That is a valid response, the problem is, no picture is complete in this world, and therefore everyone else has to fill in the pieces. If you do not take

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

this honor, someone else is going to do it for you, and then the chips will fall where they may.

Here is a simple fact, most believe if they are wrong then they can point the finger to someone else as the culprit. 'Well they told me this, they are the one passing off this drivel, it aint my fault.' The problem with that is, the person is taking no responsibility for themselves. And they think that passing the buck solves all their problems.

However, they have an even bigger problem now, if what they thought was proven false, what do they have left? Emptiness! And guess what, they are in the void. What happens when one is in the void, they are blank templates where someone else will fill the void. However, trying to solve problems for yourself, will always prepare you for any difficulty. And this is the key.

When applying the personal touch, one is always prepared for what may happen. You see if the picture turns out to be wrong, you know where it went wrong and you can apply the change once the experience validates the modification.

There's absolutely nothing wrong about being mistaken. Where there is a problem, is when one refuses to make the change due to casting blame on others and then they are still without, they become broken vessels.

So today, I am going to have you pick up the paint brush and begin to fill in some of your own pieces. Before I do this, I am going to tell you a story, and it will seem so impossible that you will not want to believe it at first.

However, after I tell you the story, I am going to hand you your own personal paintbrush and then you can fill in the details, and accept what is revealed, or deny it, it is up to you. Either way, it will be your canvas and your paint brush.

# Time-loop Chronicles

The doorway you are about to walk through is what is called a spiral vortex portal. It is an entranceway that leads into other times and dimensions. In computer logic, it is called a backdoor. When a person creates, or devises a program, often they add a backdoor entrance into the program so one can enter without going through the controls at the gate.

This world is a simulated program, and the earth is a time machine that can maneuver through the program. As with any program there are backdoors where one can walk through without being seen. They can bypass the gates and walls, and other controls of the program.

The problem is, if someone else finds the door they could possibly either escape or enter the programming controls. Therefore, the doorways must be keyed, with a password or code.

This way not just anyone can fiddle around with the program. Now some of the doorways are heavily protected, by either earth elements or guardians. On this planet there are many backdoors, and there are also program centers.”

*“Program centers, what are those?”*

“A program center is a computer system environment. Meaning, when one builds a computer program, you can operate or at least check the vital statistics of the program from the external.

This is to verify if it is all working properly. However, when programs are as detailed as this is, where it becomes an interactive environment, then it is expedient to create the control center also within or inside of the program.

This way those who are the guardians of the control centers can view anything they desire within the system without having to go back out of it and complete the task from an external source.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

In retrospect, one can operate the program from the computer controls, while being inside the program. Sort of like a dream inside of a dream. There are many centers on this earth that has an internal operating system. Most of them are hidden from plain view. If you could get inside the operational controls, you would have all answers to your questions about this world's history."

*"Like what Chief?"*

"First, in these centers they have what is called holographic recorders. These can record every event in precision that occurs or ever has occurred on this world proving everything is a program. You could go back in time and view history as it really happened."

*"But you would need the password right. Wouldn't they also guard these places so not just anyone can enter?"*

"Well, it is not really to keep people out, it is more about making sure they are under control. They would guard these places by a password. The funny thing is, they didn't want to constantly update and change the password all the time. They needed it to be unfailing throughout all ages of time. So, they decided to make the password different for everyone and yet at the same time universal."

*"Wait just a second, even I in my limited awareness know that would be next to impossible? It would take billions and billions of passwords to save and keep; that would seem even more ridiculous than just changing a single password all the time."*

"Ah, you are so right in one respect, it would seem simpler, but it would not be as effective. This way they could give everyone a password of their own where it is automatically built into the system. **And everyone already has their own password.**"

*"How is that plausible, I don't know that I have any password?"*

# Time-loop Chronicles

“Sure, you do, we all do, and it is given to us at birth. It is called our DNA. Everyone has a unique DNA, and it is a number sequence of data.”

*“That is interesting, but how do I know what that number sequence is?”*

“You do not need to know; it is pouring out of every cell of your body. Every one of your cells are encoded with this same password just like any old good holograph where the smallest part is still the entire whole.”

*“Okay, if that was true, then anyone that got into these centers could activate the controls if they knew their DNA code.”*

“Yes, to a point. You see, if you could go inside of these control centers, all you would have to do is touch the console of these holographic computers and you would be encoded into the system. You could witness the world as it was and it would be historically accurate. You could peer into the past and into the future. You would be able to witness everything.”

*“Could I make changes also?”*

“No, you are not coded for the changes from the inside, except that which you personally interact with. What I am saying is, you can change your life, change your circumstances, and even change yourself down through time, and it will create the change through the overall time continuum.

You cannot change history or the future for anyone else beyond your personal interactive process; from the inside. You could witness everything, witness secrets that have been hidden. Witness historical chronology, but you cannot make changes.”

*“Then everyone on this earth could do this?”*

“Again, to a point, when you enter the console and place your hand down, it reads your DNA sequence, it will begin to show you everything as it applies to ‘you’ over all of your history.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

As you are encoded into the system, it then automatically senses your trail. As an example, you have watched the show called, 'Star Trek', these shows will reveal how a warp drive can be seen via the energy it leaves behind.

You could follow the trail of a ship due to this warp energy trail, even though you can't see the ship or its trail, it leaves an energy in its wake, like waves upon an ocean. When we travel through this program, our DNA is coded directly into the system think-tank, so to speak. Everything we do, everywhere we go; we are encoded as to how we interact within the system.

When you touch the console in these computer centers, it will track your DNA imprint like a warp drive energy. And it will visually scan everything that occurred that was directly related to you. Have you ever heard of the Akashic records?"

*"No, I don't think so."*

"Well, in time you will, a growing movement in this world, called the NEW AGE will talk all about it. It is a record or movie of everything everyone does visually throughout their lifetimes. It is your own personal video camera of your many lives, and it imprints everything about you from all angles. It is impressive.

It is simply a data collector. The Bible even refers to it, and it is called, the 'Book of Remembrance.' Everything that you have ever done, is recorded because of your DNA imprint."

*"There is a potential problem I am seeing on what you are telling me, Chief, I can see how this might work over one lifetime, but many lifetimes, how is this possible? When we are born, we all have a different DNA encoding don't we?"*

"Now you are starting to think cogently, and becoming more aware. What you said is partially correct. Since you are the product of a time-loop life,

# Time-loop Chronicles

meaning you lived in this body before, then you could carry the same DNA throughout many lifetimes. However, there is a problem, due to interactive design, things can be changed.

When a birth occurs, you are correct, the DNA of the child is based on the father and mother as it is being passed down to the offspring. However, what is not unique or new, is your soul. Your soul has an energy vibrational pattern that can be deciphered numerically. **Every soul is unique.**

When you touch the console, it reads your DNA right now, the one you were born with in this life. It automatically transfers the DNA coding linked to your soul energy and discovers all your past or future lives instantly through what is called, the silver cord.

As an example, let's say the DNA was, 242FG21yy and your Soul energy coding was, DBw231Xw. The number would be your DNA code plus your soul's energy code, and it would look like this, 242FG21yy-DBw231Xw. Just a bunch of numbers but holding key statistics.

Whatever the DNA coding was, it will be attached with the same soul energy coding, and voila, you have your universal imprint. It simply scans your soul energy code based on the DNA code you provided and it locates every single DNA match for you as it is based on your soul code. Do you understand what I am telling you?"

*"Yes, I believe so, but why then do they need a DNA code if they have the Soul Code?"*

"Your DNA is a code that replicates everything about you, here and now, in the system. Meaning you are nothing but a code inside a computer. If you desire to learn about your life, the DNA code allows direct reference to this life. If you only had a soul code, then you could jump to any life without much control, and you would be inundated with tons of information that is not necessarily beneficial to you here and now."



# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

*“How can a computer be that powerful to remember so much information? Our best computers today are like only 256K memory?”*

“In your future within 25-years from your time, your computers will advance from KB, to MB to GB to TB to PB and it would have continued if the shift didn’t take place.”

*“I know what KB is, what do those other letters mean?”*

“KB means, kilobyte, representing 1000-bits of information in the hard drive of a computer system. The computer can hold this much information, as your system might be 256K, it means it has 256,000 bits of capable information that it can store.

Now MB is megabytes, it is one-thousand-times more than kilobytes. And it represents one-million-byte memory. Then there are GB, or gigabytes, which is one-thousand-times even more, or one-billion-bytes. The TB, are terabytes or one-trillion, bytes of information, and then it increases to PB or petabytes, which is a quadrillion, bytes of information.

Now understand, this is just the hard drive faculty of what can be stored. This is not the memory that is needed to allow a program to function. That is different, that is called memory speed, and this is what drives the computer, like a person driving an automobile. This is what generates the active pixels to form during operation of movement.

The stored memory can create the driver and the automobile, but the RAM (Random Access Memory) speed is what allows it to go virtual, where the driver can begin driving the vehicle.

It references how much power can be given to the virtual drive. By 2017 the fastest RM speed will be so powerful that it will be very close within a few years to creating a virtual reality that could appear as real as your life, in this world and in the universe.”

# Time-loop Chronicles

*"Wow that is magnificent, something that powerful to produce a fake reality, whoa!"*

"If this world were to continue and not get stuck in the time-loop where everything is reversed backwards. Then this world would come to the place by 2022AD, where you would make a virtual reality of your very own earth inside a computer and then link your consciousness awareness up to it creating your own virtual earth. And within a dozen more years you would make a virtual solar system. And then 100-years after that it becomes a virtual universe."

*"Chief, you said that in past tense, as if it already happened?"*

Of course, it did, before this world came into fruition it was patterned from an original world, that already existed."

*"Just a second Chief, are you telling me these centers have such a computer where it can visually store memory from all ages. Wouldn't that imply that someone has the capability of building such a universal operating machine where it is all a virtual reality right now?"*

"That is what I am trying to convey to you, that the world we appear to live in is a simulated computer program. We are already inside a virtual reality because someone already had this technology and they are using it, and we are the rats in their lab.

Now, I am going to allow you to access these virtual controls to witness your past lives and existence that is linked with your soul energy."

*"Do you mean that you know where these energy centers are and have access to these virtual worlds?"*

"Well yes and no, I do know where some of them are, but we will not be going there, YET. We do not even need to go to these places to locate these controls."

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

*"Why not?"*

"Because why go to the machine when we already have the information stored within the soul?"

*"We have all of this stored within us?"*

"Oui, mon ami!

Everything that you have ever done is stored within you for all times. If the machine can access your history's past by interlinking the DNA of your program to your soul energy, then why not use it to discover your past? And this is what we will do, use the soul energy."

*"But you just said, that only using the Soul Energy would go way beyond this life into other lives, and worlds, we won't be able to control it, will we.*

"It won't matter, this is only for learning."

# **Time-loop Chronicles**

## **(21) Past Lives**

### **The Reunion Day Four – Alternate Realities**

The Chief then began to lead me somewhere and I was extremely apprehensive, yet excited. I wanted to see my past and what history was like. He led me to this hut, it was rectangular fortress made from trees, probably about 10' X 8'. It appeared to be big enough to allow for five maybe ten people inside.

The bottom was rectangular, and as you peered up the walls it began to shape into sort of like a cone; like a Teepee. They used tree branches, and they were positioned toward the center top about 15-feet high, from the side of the walls.

As I walked in I could see an opening at the top about a foot in diameter. There were several beds made from trees and branches. A leather pillow with pine needles was available, as I could see some of the needles protruding out of the pillow.

There was a circular area in the center on the ground, and inside the circle was a remnant of burnt logs and ash for a fire. Some new wood was placed on top of the old ashes and it was set aflame. Smoke was rising through the vent at the top of the roof, and it became very warm in there.

The Chief then referred to a drink that had some type of a mixture of plants and herbs inside, I think it had been boiling for quite some time as it really had to go through a process, it was like a thick tea. The Chief then asked one of his people if the brew was ready. The other one replied in the affirmative, that it was prepared.

The Chief asked me to sit down, and prepare myself. He said, you are about to go on a journey of the soul, you may become frightened at times, you may even become thrilled or mystified by what you are about to witness.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

Remember, this is your past and future reality along with portions of this illusory world. I must warn you what you are about to drink may cause great discomfort, and you might not be able to hold it down. Do whatever it takes to keep it within you. And then lie back on the bed and place your head on the pillow.

After you do this, some strange things are going to occur. However, I have perfected how to use this mixture that allows you to tap into your soul and then I can guide you in the experience. It is sort of like regression therapy but a thousand-fold more powerful.

The mixture we are using is from the Ayahuasca plant found in Brazil. I was preparing it earlier on one of our first sessions, I was preparing it all for you. Most do not realize that properly prepared, it becomes, ‘soul oil.’”

*“Soul oil?”*

“Yes, this plant is neither in this dimension or the other, it sits between worlds. And when properly brewed the plant can lubricate the soul connection linked with your specific mind-body and begin to engage the memory of that soul.

So, my friend, you will be leaving me for a while, but I will be here asking you questions along the way, not to create your experience, but to help guide you. Everything that you will experience is an event that your soul has gone through. However, what the energy centers on earth cannot do, we can do.”

*“What is that Chief?”*

“We can now go beyond the programming into the dimensions that you came from, although it will be limited. I am going to direct you back before you came to this universe and before you got trapped into the program. Only your soul can remember this. It will guide you to what it thinks you can handle at this level of awareness, **a guide may be with you**. Are you ready?”

# Time-loop Chronicles

*“Um, not sure, but hey, why not... A guide, what’s that?”*

“Don’t worry, OK drink this, drink it all, and do your best to hold it down. The guide is a soul assistant, or better understood, a guide is directing ‘YOU’ at another level of awareness.”

*“I am not being possessed or becoming some channel to evil spirits, am I?”*

Laughter, “Your own mind can be your best friend, or your worst enemy, what is in the mind can regulate your outer field of awareness. There is always danger among us and even within us, we must value the protection over the danger.

However, the process is harmless and the Caelestus Pater is there to protect you always if you so seek, nevertheless, this process will reveal unto you many unknown variables. What you do with it is up to you.”

I began to drink this thick fluid and I wanted to heave my guts out. Oh, my god, this is horrible. I have never tasted anything like this. I did my very best to hold it down, but I wanted to release it. The Chief told me if I did not keep it in, I had to drink it again. That thought was so reprehensible I decided, once is enough.

I then slowly began to lie down on the bed provided. My abdomen felt like snakes were crawling all through. It was like my intestines were nothing but worms trying to escape.

I then closed my eyes and began to wonder what will happen, if anything. I felt like I was in deep space, like I was no longer cognizant, and began wondering if I was even among the living. I wondered if the Chief had made a mistake and gave me poison, because I began to think I had passed on.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

I even thought of opening my eyes, but I was so far gone into this deep sleep, I stopped caring anymore. I don't know how long I have been here, or where I am anymore, but I don't think I am home, I don't think I am anywhere, like between worlds. As soon as I thought that my eyes began to observe what appeared to be somewhere in space.

I was on some world, I don't know where, but I was peering into space and before me appeared several planets of magnificent and varied sizes that were just hanging directly in space, over my head, above the planet I was upon.

The colors, the awesome beauty, the resonance, I could even hear sound as if they were singing. I just said, *"Oh my God this is awesome!"*

I then heard this voice that seemed to come from nowhere, deep inside of me. It was a female voice, like an angel, beautiful, tender, and compassionate.

It asked me, "Do you know where you are?"

I replied, *"No, I do not, where is this place?"*

"Your consciousness is visiting a beautiful realm where you can witness the beauty of creation itself before it turned into a decaying and dying state."

I was in total astonishment.

"This was you, (this female guide spoke) millions of years ago before you fell into the dimension of matter, when all things were just consciousness observations."

*"I feel like I can touch these planets, how can they just sit there like that?"*

# Time-loop Chronicles

“You can touch them if you desire, just feel them in your mind, you can do so many things.”

I then stuck my hand out and I could feel the energy. It was so amazing, as it vibrated, changing a little and then it re-formed before my observation.

The voice then said, “Are you ready for your next visit?”

I didn’t want to leave I was in such peace of mind, I just wanted to remain there forever. I reluctantly told the guide that I would be willing to move on. Everything went black, I could see nothing. I could feel nothing, I had no sensations about anything, other than; I could think, but I was in the void.

I recalled what Rene Descartes said, “I think therefore I AM.” At no other time in my life had I ever realized this more than right now. My thoughts, my consciousness is who I really am; it is who we all really are; everything else is dress wear.

Then as quickly as everything faded to black, I began to see light. It reminded me of when I was sitting outside the cave by the tree with the Agents, and everything turned black. I began to wonder is this what happened?

Did the turning into darkness represent my transition in dimensions? As I was thinking these thoughts, I heard this old familiar voice say, “Yes, it is the same principle.”

I asked, knowing this was the Chief, “*How did you know I was thinking this, I did not speak it out loud?*”

“I hear your every thought; they are coming to me as mental pictures.”

When I began to awaken from this blackness of the void, I began to see before me waters of an ocean, as I was sitting upon a rock bench on a beach. I was staring out to sea, and then I looked, and sitting beside me was my wife,



# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

Annie May, the same wife I have in this world, I just knew it, I could sense it and feel it, it is my wife indeed, she even sort of looked the same.

Her short black hair, and kind eyes, and the optimistic smile. I could tell we were happy. I felt like we had known each other forever. I wondered why she was there, have we always been together?

Again, this familiar voice brought reason into confusion. It said with complete confidence, "This is a soul mate, a part of you that has been together for a very long time. A friend, a deep association between two souls. And often when you participate in something, the other one wants to be right there along for the ride."

As I sat there on the bench looking out to the beach by the ocean. I began to watch the sun. I thought I was seeing things at first. But the sun started to turn a dark deep orange color. And I began to see black protrusions forming all over the sun's surface.

I then brought my wife's attention to it, saying, *'what is happening to the sun?'* I remember saying, *'Oh this is not good!'* She sat there in silence.

As I continued watching the sun, it began to appear as if it was losing its energy, black dot like protrusions were growing bigger and expanding in size and quantity and they began to fill the entire surface.

The sun began to grow darker and darker as if it was burning out, I then grabbed my wife's hand, and we began to run away towards the opposite direction from the beach and the sun. It was even in my mind, *'what am I doing, we can't run from this?'*

The Sun then went completely black, and everything went dark and icy cold. We continued to run but the cold air was so cold we froze in full stride, it felt like we vanished into nothingness. And then everything faded to black, having only my thoughts to contend with.

# Time-loop Chronicles

I asked myself, what happened? And then the female voice said to me, "This was a world you used to live upon, prior to coming to earth. The sun that burned out eventually became a brown dwarf, and it was in type like a binary star system, which had been linked to a secondary sun, like that of your system that you have with your sun.

Even though you were spirits enjoying the entertainments of the matter universe, things happened that spirits never had to deal with until they decided to play in these worlds. This is before darkness took over the soul and sacrificed the light."

Again, I blacked out and suddenly I am flying in space, "I am free, like a bird with no ties. I was flying with two other friends. We were not in ships; we were flying like birds through space. It feels so real; I feel like I am there..."

"Not that long ago, you were really there." the voice continued. "Please continue to tell me what is happening with you and your friends."

*"We are just soaring through space without a care in the universe. OH WOW?"*

"What? Did something happen?"

*"The planets, we are flying by planets, but they are not round, I don't think they are planets; they appear to be alive."*

"Tell me more."

*"The planets, they are shaped like dolphins and whales, sea creatures, and they are alive. The planet is living; they are moving through space like swimming in the ocean. WOW!"*

"Yes, in the true spirit world all things are alive and have consciousness. These are not matter worlds but living energy worlds."

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

As we kept soaring, I then looked far in front of me and I saw this white chalky substance filling part of the space. I began asking; *“What is that?”*

“Continue to move forward, you already know what it is.” The Chief replied in my thoughts. I am looking towards my friends, while a deep sadness comes over me. We spoke of it while we were flying towards this white chalky substance.

One of my friends conveyed to me, ‘this is the dimension of the prison galaxy. We have lost many close friends in this realm, and they have never come back out.’ Deep sadness and gloom filled our hearts. We all remembered our fallen friends, and now they are prisoners of this fallen dimension.

*“Chief, can you hear me, what is this?”*

“I can hear you and know your thoughts as if they were my own. This is the universe you call the Milky Way Galaxy. It indeed is a prison for souls.”

*“Yes, I can remember now, many have fallen and are down there, and they are lost. And they don’t even remember who they were. I feel terrible for them. I cannot understand how they were trapped. They had great and glorious powers like we all do, but now all of their memory is gone.”*

My friends that were flying with me, reminded me that we were not supposed to go into this realm, or we would be sucked in. If we are sucked in, then we will lose all memory of who we are and forever be missing.

That didn’t set well with me, why would we become lost? We have these powers, we are not prisoners. We remember everything. And even if we enter matter worlds and experience it, which is called death, we are not trapped, we just awaken unto our soul’s journey.

Again, my friends assured me that we were warned not to go into this realm. I then asked the Chief, *“Is this true, is this realm a trap for spirits?”*

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“Yes, it is, to those who decided not to honor the will of truth, they were indeed sucked in, but there are still many that did not follow.”

As we continued to fly forward, I kept thinking to myself, I have this power, I have this glory, why can't I go into this realm and awaken my friends and bring them back to the fold? I felt it was wrong to leave them there, that if we had this kind of supremacy and we do not use it to help, are we not worse than those who have enslaved our friends?

The Chief interfered in my thoughts, “The issue is not whether you can help them; the issue is, they chose to do something that they were not prepared for, and thus they became trapped into this horrible nightmare.

They were also warned and they made the wrong choice. They are not trapped forever, but they must follow protocols so that they can be released from their own error. And only until then will they become free.”

At this point I was not really listening to the Chief explain these things, I felt morally responsible to help my family. Not doing so echoed badly on my character. I told the two friends that were with me, *“We need to help these lost souls. There is nothing there that can trap us. We are spirits, not material beings, so we can move into this realm undetected and remove our friends.”*

My two companions were not as sure about this as I was. But they saw my determination and believed we could go in there and retrieve our friends and become heroes. The guide then spoke out, “Sometimes good intentions are paved on unstable foundations.”

I continued to lead the way, and this small voice, which I had not heard before, entered within my mind, *“You do not know everything, some things are secrets, and thus the soul can be trapped in matter!”*

As we maneuvered closer to this white goo in space, I just didn't believe the soul could be trapped, and then I recklessly flew into the forbidden substance. Suddenly, we all blacked-out just like what happens when

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experiencing soul changes. I could hear this swooshing sound as it continued to pull me at a very fast rate of speed like a sucking machine or vacuum. I had no control against it. I didn't know what was happening.

The next thing I knew I was standing in a desert area, surrounded by what appeared to be Tuareg's and Bedouin type people that appeared to be nomadic. They were a desert clan that lived in clay houses.

I had no idea where my two friends were, they were missing and I didn't know what had happened to us, and then this subtle mental thought protruded through saying, 'they are now lost in time.'

The houses where these dwellers lived were rounded like an igloo. And they had one entranceway into the front part. Inside each hut were uncomfortable looking clay chairs and beds, maybe two of each. They were not large rooms, enough to hold a family of four possibly.

While there I ran into one of the people, he was wrapped in some dirty white garments from the head to the toe, wearing sandals upon his feet. He looked at me and said, "You do not belong here, you should not have come."

I asked if he knew who I was. He said, "You are traveler from beyond the world, like me, you came from another time and place until you were pulled into this world. Why did you come here?"

*"I wanted to help, I was hoping I could free everyone."*

"That was a tragic mistake on your part. You cannot free us, we are trapped and we are stuck forever."

I asked him, *"You do not believe that you are trapped, do you?"*

"All I know is that everyone who has come here has been trapped for a very long time. And most, unlike you, do not even remember who they were

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from the day they came here, their memory was snatched by some enchanted sorcery.”

*“Well how is it that you remember, and did you see two others like me arrive recently about the time I came here, these were my friends?”*

“It is because the black ones have not stolen my memory, they do not know I can still recall events from where I came from. And if you came with friend’s chances of them landing in the same place are nil, they are probably somewhere else on this planet. They love to divide and conquer.”

*“The black ones?”* I queried.

“These are those who dress in black, they are not human so they hide their form from us. But they have powers, and they can touch you with their rod and strip you of your memory. And you will become a slave for them.”

*“How is it that you have remained with memory? How did you avoid the black ones? And what is this Rod that you speak of”*

“Because, I don’t let on that I am aware of anything. When they show up I act completely ignorant like everyone else does who has been taken over. Everyone else just follows orders, they cannot think through the situation, they know to be able to eat and have warmth and a place to live, they must obey. Their rods are some sort of magical control sticks, if you are hit with one you will black-out and upon awakening you will have forgotten everything you ever knew.”

I was becoming angry. This was really bothering me. I hated that I had no power. This body was so thick and dense, and it did not allow me to move or operate properly. It was a useless tool.

Suddenly, the nomad I was talking too said, “Keep alert, here comes the black ones; I do not know you right now, just do something, anything, look

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busy and whatever you do, do not look in their eyes, they can read your mind.”

I was at a loss for words, being angry, all I wanted to do was fight and flee this situation, but I hid around the side of one of the dwellings, and waited there acting imbecilic by kicking dirt around having no rhyme or reason as to what I was doing.

I heard these entities pushing the nomadic travelers around and brutally whipping these poor souls without cause with straps that had pieces of rock melded into the leather. I had to look to see what these entities were.

I poked my head around and standing there was one of the black ones. They were wearing some sort of bird like head gear over thick heavy black garments, with leather shoes, like sandals, but not exact.

They were very tall and fit, maybe 9-feet tall, and built like a soldier. As soon as I looked around, one of them saw me and caught my eyes. Instantly he hit me with this small wand and everything went black.

The next thing I knew I was living in a village, I was a young teenage boy. Maybe 16-years old. I had straggly black hair, I was unkempt, had tattoos everywhere. My body was littered with jewelry, which was pinned inside the skin. I was a sad sight for sore eyes.

The Chief then interrupted, “Now you see how you got stuck here, now it is time to recognize your journey as to why you made this choice and what it will take to leave here.

That young man is you when you were living in Atlantis before it fell. Most of the children were like this, just like many of the young ones in your time are becoming like this again. They are angry, they are mad, and they want to fight anything and everything.

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In your near future, there will be drugs induced and forced into these kids while they are still young, it will remove their anger, make them passive, but it will leave them dead inside and they will become docile and easily controllable. You were such a kid back in Atlantis. Now begin to watch yourself.”

There was no doubt this kid was angry; he was walking around punching his fist into anything he could find. I could feel his thoughts and his pain, but his mind seemed empty of all logic, it was pure uncontrolled emotional resentment. He was punching and kicking brick walls. Blood was pouring from his scabbed knuckles. He would then slam his head into the walls and blood began flowing from his forehead.

He was furious and had no recollection as to why, and extremely upset about everything. Wanting to hurt anyone even himself, it didn't matter. I looked at this kid and said no way that this is me. And yet this deep dark air fell upon me as a memory, and I recalled that I was this young man in a past life.

Everything faded to black again. While I was in the state of blackness, I asked the Chief a question dealing with how many lives have I had, and surprisingly the voice of the female guide interrupted instead.

“You have lived hundreds of lives since you entered the lower realms, but I am choosing these few to help you get a balance as to what happened, and your extreme long recovery.”

At that point, I then found myself in what appeared to be an ancient museum. I was being trained by a wizard. I was called a Wizard's apprentice, whatever that is.

I remember considering a mirror hanging on the wall, and I saw myself. I was a young boy probably around 22-years old and had a blond pageboy hair style. That is when it appears as if someone stuck a bowl on your head and



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simply cut around it and then teased it so the rest of the hair at the bottom would curl under.

I looked like a girl, very thin with a pasty complexion, but I was a boy. The wizard was teaching me how to keep spirits locked up if they were malevolent, and how to release the ones that are benevolent spirits.

He gave me this 18-inch stick, and he led me in front of the pictures on the wall, very large paintings. Scenes which consisted of places, people and things. I could see actual movement in the pictures as if the picture was itself beaming with life. He told me how to wave this stick that he called a wand in such a way to release the spirit in the painting.

I asked the Wizard, *"How did those spirits get in there?"* He told me, "We placed them in there to confine them."

He told me that inside these paintings were virtual worlds. To those that were inside these worlds, they appeared real, and everything seemed normal, but they were prisons of the mind, and they were simply locked into a program, which was embedded inside the painting.

I replied, *"A world inside a picture, bizarre!"*

The wizard then said, "Are you ready to release your first spirit?"

I replied, *"I think I am ready."*

"Then wave your wand as I taught you precisely and release the spirit. I will be here if you need any help."

He then cautioned me not to release a bad spirit, they can be tricky and seduce you into freeing them. I then located one of the paintings and held my wand up, there was this friendly looking creature on the other side that appeared to need assistance, giving me a puppy dog like facial demeanor. It seemed innocent enough.

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I wanted to help free this one. So, I then did a spiral move with the wand as I waved it at the picture. And this energy poured from the painting. And this malevolent spirit came out with utter destruction in its intent, screaming god awful and blood curling sounds with cursing.

I yelled, *“Wizard, Help Me! I made a mistake! Help me!”*

The Wizard came over very quickly and he took his wand and moved it around and the spirit was replaced against its will, screaming like a child while it was forced back into the painting. I then faded to black.

I asked the Chief again, *“What did that mean? Where was I that I would be a wizard’s apprentice?”*

“It is now time that you know the truth, that you were selected by the dark forces to be part of them. They used your anger to bring you into the fold. At one time, you were part of the Secret Societies, you had become one of them. The problem is, they never seem to understand, they cannot have the Caelestus Pater’s children. They can use them at times, but they cannot keep them.”

*“Yea, but that Wizard didn’t seem to be malevolent?”*

“That is because they have their own will of what is right and what is wrong. He was teaching you how to release good spirits. Do you know what happens when you release the spirit out of the picture?”

*“No, what?”*

“These pictures are of the world you exist in right now, the world of humanity of the place called earth. These different scenes are from this world in different times. These souls are inside a program. They are concealed, hidden away from the truth. **These pictures are prisons.**

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If the wizard removes the spirit, it means they released your soul, and if that happens you die to this world and go back to the control center in the fourth dimension.

They determine when you live and when you die. Notice though they didn't want you to release a malevolent spirit, because they want them to remain so these wicked spirits can torment the good souls."

*Sorry, but stealing a line from Marty McFly from Back to the Future, 'Whoa, Doc that's heavy!'*

"As a wizard's apprentice, you were on the other side of the veil where ghosts exist."

Finally, I came out of the blackness and entered another world, this time I was with royalty. *"My god Chief, I am king of France. Chief, I think I was king of France, I was Louis the XV."*

"Yes, I know, look closely at yourself. Who do you see?"

*"You have got to be kidding me, it is me. I mean me, as I look now... I mean it is me. That is my face, it is a tad different, but it is me. Do we look like ourselves in past lives?"*

"Sometimes, almost identical, even with some of the same scars and birthmarks. Now look at the face of King Louis XVI, he is your son, is there also a familiarity?"

*"Oh geez, it is my dad. I mean the one that was my dad in this life, it is a spitting image of my dad."*

"That is correct, it was your dad in this life, but your son in that life. You see most of the family members you have been with, not all of them, but many times are retreads from the past all playing different roles.

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Sometimes you were the child, sometimes you are the parent. This is how a soul group sticks together. It gives you an illusory feeling of comfort to be around those your soul recognizes. If everyone was a stranger the soul might awaken to the ruse. However, sometimes you get stuck with enemies of the soul to torment you in a lifetime as a family member or an acquaintance.

The key is when you were royalty you did not play by the rule book, you brought in a different set of directives, more contingent on doing what was considered good-natured, which royalty hated, you had more fairness in your heart."

*"Why is that?"*

"Because you were beginning to overcome the program, your soul was growing and learning from your past mistakes, especially the one. You hated to be king while others were relegated as peasants.

And thus, your kingdom was riddled with ridicule by your own contemporaries, saying you were lazy and cathartic and much too spiritual in thought, which was not a compliment; mind you.

They said that you had no real ability to rule a kingdom like others by showing force of will. However, you were aptly named, 'Louis the Well beloved...' The people loved you for your fairness."

I then blacked out again all the while the Chief continued to speak to me. As I began to move through the blackness, the voice of the guide came through again and said. "You have moved through time all the way until the 18<sup>th</sup> century, and have seen several lifetimes as you had lived prior. The next event we will now return to the past.

It is important that you witness an event that occurred called, the great flood. There have been many stories that have been passed down as to what occurred, when it occurred and did it really happen. And if there really was a

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global flood that buried a planet under water? So, without delay are you ready to move forward, or backwards as it is in your case?"

*"I am ready..."* Immediately light began to appear within my vision. I was expecting to see the ancient past. I was expecting see land dwellers working hard to exist. I was expecting to see people who were clothed in ancient dress, wearing robes and sandals.

I was expecting to see people living in huts, existing very crudely. These images I was expecting turned out to be nothing as I had fathomed. The very first thing I saw left me confused. I even had to tell the guide, there must be some mistake here. This is not the past but the future.

The guide responded, "What you are witnessing is a past event of what happened at the end of all of the ages. There is a reason that Aquarius is called the Water Carrier. As Pisces enters Aquarius, the world is blanketed in a global phenomenon cleansing, called the great flood.

During this period, events take place in your solar system that are replications of one of the Great Wars in heaven, remember it is all in a time-loop. Horrible events occur causing great cataclysmic horrors and the world is once again buried in water. The planet becomes a grave yard again. The only difference this time is, your world was moved out of where it could experience the totality of it all.

The ancient stories of one family escaping were not quite accurate but it relayed a key point as to what happens during this event. When the ancient time-loop occurs as it always does for all planets in the solar system, when Aquarius comes to life on its return, this is when the planet is buried in water, as a renewal, or rebirth and a cleansing. Thus, unless you are born again...

Too bad that you are not allowed to be born again. When Sol Malum changed the time-loop with the help of his dual counterpart, Luna Lunem. as the Diabolis, they made sure the world did not return to the 1<sup>st</sup> Age ever

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again, that it would always be cut short just before the grand event, and then sent back into Pisces a millennium earlier.

And thus, comes your rainbow of remembrance, as a **sign of incarceration**, it is the band that seals the world in prison. What you are about to witness is the last Great Flood event, however some surprises will indeed be revealed that you will not expect.”

The next thing I knew I was in this large building hanging around people that I knew from my life of today. Most of these people were of those that I have known in my life here and now. There were some anomalies, because, some of the people I knew, however, some of the people I didn't know. I was a little confused.

It was then the voice of the Chief spoke and said, “The reason you are seeing some contradictions, it is because back then when these events occurred, this was the same life you are living now. The difference is, after the time-loop changed, you have lived many lifetimes and because of that you are witnessing key changes since this event occurred long ago.

Some of these changes are the direct result of souls who have broken out of this prison of hell and have gone home. Other changes are the result of decisions made that altered circumstances and some of the people who you had known in that life are no longer in your life's corner now.

Yet for the most part pretty much everything else is the same, even down to direct memories of events you have in this life, they were almost identical to even way back then. Bringing out the utterance, ‘**So as the days of Noah were...**’ revealing it is a reoccurring event. It is sort of a sad revelation proving we have not changed that much over millennia.”

As I looked around this large room, people were sitting and listening to a speaker. I wasn't really listening because the event seems so odd to me, as certain people I knew, and certain people I didn't know were surrounding me. Once such person was this young lady who was sitting beside me.

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I didn't recognize her but I had a feeling I knew her. However, others who I was sitting with, I knew very well. There were some odd quirks about some of the people. One of the people I also knew in my life time now. It was a friend I have known for a very long time. We were very close, almost like brothers.

This guy was always so happy, so content, and so jovial. And yet the person I was seeing back then was pessimistic, judgmental, and angry and filled with hate.

I said to myself, *"This is not what this person was like."*

Again, the female voice of the guide broke through and said, "This is what he was like back then. However, over time he had changed, and developed a different mental pattern."

I then got up from where I was seated and walked to the back of the auditorium, and I saw books and pamphlets upon some tables that were set up. I began to look at them when this woman I was seated next to came from behind me and put her arms around me from my back wrapping them under my arms and then around my shoulders with a very loving embrace. I didn't know what to think but I had this feeling, we were very close.

"Yes!" The Chief immediately responded to my thoughts. "This was your wife back in those days. Do you remember meeting a girl when you were younger in this life and you felt as though you had always known her?"

There was this bond and closeness that was so unique and special and yet no matter what, there were influences keeping you away from her until finally you were torn apart from each other never to mend the problem."

*"Yes, I do remember her; I think of her often in my life wondering why those strange events happened."*

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“Those events happened because you were being kept apart, for she was your ‘Gemina’ and in many lifetimes, you were together but so often tragedy struck.”

*“I don’t understand, I thought the wife I have now, Annie May was my soul mate, and she has been with me for ages?”*

“Yes, again!” The guide broke into my thoughts this time and volunteered another response. “Soul mates are friends; these are those who you have been close to for ages. However, the ‘Gemina’ is different.”

*“What is a Gemina then?”*

*“It is you before the polarity separation.”*

*“Okay, you lost me.”*

“Back before you fell into the hands of Sol Malum, you used to be a complete spirit. Complete, meaning, you were both halves. You see every soul is from a complete spirit. Every soul has both the female and male expression. There is no such thing as male and female being separated, except in Sol Malum’s world.

When you fell under the spell and sorcery of Sol Malum, your soul was divided and stripped. Both halves became individualized and sent their separate ways. This has caused so many peculiar disconnections in spirit that it is a direct cause why humanity is always in a spirit of enmity.

Removing part of yourself leaves emptiness and creates all sorts of dark imaginations, like jealousy, ego, wrath, and hatred etc. It is also why marriage seldom works properly, this is because most couples are placed together that are not compatible in spirit. The reason odd things occurred when you knew this girl in your present lifetime, was because the enemy made sure you would not come together in this life, or even within many past lives.



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The program was designed to make sure it didn't happen. They knew you were getting too close in breaking away from their power grip and putting the two of you together was giving you too much internal power."

*"Wait a minute, I thought you said it was free choice, I tried to make things work; that was my choice, it was not allowed to happen?"*

"That is not quite true, you didn't try as hard as you had thought. In fact, you were also influenced by the way people were acting along with the negative influences that occurred, it caused you to make decisions that only harmed the relationship. You were just as guilty as if you caused it not to work."

*"What is strange is, I could feel that this girl from this previous ancient life was her, I just didn't say anything. She didn't look the same, but I could feel her energy, as if we were one, as twins."*

"Yes, the energy is the key not the personal appearance. The reason you were placed with the wife you have now because she was familiar as a friend, a long personal acquaintance. But it was also known, when you two are together, you have not made great strides in changing or perfecting your consciousness so that the soul can be freed."

*"Why is that?"*

"I guess the only way I can explain this to help you make sense out of it, it is like having friends that are troublemakers. They are your friends, they are your connections, yet they lead you to make faulty decisions and cause you to do things you know you shouldn't.

Now granted your wife is not a troublemaker, nor are you, in truth you are the opposite, more peaceful, content, and easily entreated. The problem is you two are so alike you have no real reason to make major changes. This is what the dark side was counting on."

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*“Then does that mean I am not making the proper changes?”*

“No, in fact it backfired this time, the oddity of the events that occurred with your ‘gemina’ caused such a stir in your soul that it sent you personally on a lifelong trek to figure out what was interfering in your personal world, it all became too obvious that things were not as you had believed.

However, since your wife was so peaceful and easily entreated she never stopped you from your pursuit and in fact she was there for you the entire journey to back you in whatever endeavor you sought.”

As I took in what was being revealed to me the events of this time-loop began to take hold. I walked out of this auditorium and began to witness life all around. It was like this life but with some differences. One difference that stood out was many people were driving ATV’s (all-Terrain Vehicles) on the highways rather than cars.

It was then that extraordinary events began to occur. I felt like I was being pulled through time rather quickly as days became hours, and weeks became days. Earthquakes began to occur, the roads were tilting back and forth, and buildings were falling apart. It was horrible to witness. As I kept being pulled through time, the events didn’t let up.

Hurricanes and tornadoes were everywhere. Cities were collapsing. It was as if a thresher was moving across the land and devouring and destroying everything. People were fleeing like ants that had been stepped on, mass panic was in everyone’s eyes as I began to see things from above like watching from inside a dream.

It then began to rain like I have never seen it before. As I was being taken through time the rains would not cease, it just kept coming down. I began to witness walls of water begin to flood the towns, the land, everything. The water began to rise. People were still scattering for their lives. Yet nothing was there to save them.

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The waters became great floods and developed into a massive ocean, as I witnessed this event first hand. Now no longer standing above watching these events I was now down in the water. I was swimming and watching others who were frightened, splashing around the water trying to stay alive.

But nothing was happening to stop these events. It just kept getting worse and worse until I looked out and noticed that the entire world was under water.

The waters were so high I could no longer see buildings or trees or anything protruding from the ground. Not even mountains could be seen. As time moved forward the daylight turned into nighttime, I was still in the water, and it had covered the entire planet where I could see every horizon without there being any obstructions.

I can't even begin to elaborate the dreadfulness. As I looked out the rains had finally ceased and the air was perfectly clear and pristine. I could see the horizon without any blocks, and all I could see is stars everywhere. Nothing but stars filled the realm.

I had the feeling I was swimming in space. There was nothing but water as far as the eye could see, and nothing but stars and starlight. I could see the stars even as they reflected off the water. I could not separate space from land, it had all become ONE.

It literally felt like swimming in space. It was then a voice came unto me, it was neither the Chief nor the guide's voice. It felt like an internal voice of greatness and glory the same one I had earlier, establishing contact for the first time in ages, I really believe it was the Caelestus Pater.

This voice uttered these words as if my world was being narrated as some scene in a movie. "Behold, the planet you call Earth; it is now called Mars. Behold Mars, has thus been changed to Earth and reset into another part of the solar system."

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I remember thinking, you mean this planet was Earth and then became Mars. The voice said, "Earth was your original home but it was destroyed as you can plainly see. You were then taken aboard the Ark which was a ship to fly in the heavens, it transported the remaining life upon the new Earth, which had been Mars. Mars as you see today, was the original Earth, and Earth as you see today was the original Mars."

The next thing I realized it was now daylight. All the water on the planet had frozen. It was snowing as well. As far as the eye could see the planet became an ice world. At that time, the waters had receded a little before it froze, and there were protrusions sticking out of the ice that obviously did not belong there.

Things like mountain tops, buildings that had broken off its base, and floated to the surface were then wrapped in ice as parts of them stuck through like a sore thumb. The voice then returned.

"You will be taken to the new Earth, and although it was greatly damaged by debris in the Great War, it still maintained an atmosphere and along with the radiation projection of the sun, a new holograph restored the planet as it once was.

The ship will land on water and as the water recedes it will be found upon a great mountain, and the inhabitants and animals on the ship will be part of seeding the world again."

I asked, *"Was there anyone on this world prior to the great destruction who may have survived?"*

"Yes, there was, Mars had life just like Earth did, there were still races of people all over in areas that were not damaged unlike the planet you now call Mars, there, the only survivors are mostly underground."

*"So, both Mars and Earth were inhabited before the great destruction?"*

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

“Yes!”

I was stunned to learn this; I am not sure if anyone in the world knows this about these two planets. And I wondered if anyone would believe that before the first time-loop occurred that many humans were living on a different planet.

I supposed that this name change was to make sure this event did not pass into the consciousness of the souls, or else the jig would have been up. Therefore, we wrongly believe only Earth has been inhabited, and Mars has always been a barren desolate planet.

Everything then began to turn black and the Chief jumped in and said, “Pretty astounding isn’t it what you can learn and experience for yourself? This should be enough to prove that what I have been telling you is correct. Are you ready to return?”

*“Yes Chief, I am.”*

Immediately the female guide jumped in and said, “Not so fast. You need to experience one more event. This is not going to be a past life or a future life, but it is going to be an experience called, soul travel.”

Once again, I blacked out and the next thing I knew I was standing on Mars today, the planet which was known as Earth long ago. I was sunken into the sand, as far as the eye could see. I began to walk around and then I came to what appeared as an old trailer court. Everything seemed old and damaged but it was things that would be considered Earth-like and modern.

Trailers, trucks, cars and old tires etc. it looked right out of Earth today, but obviously, disaster had occurred. I then continued my trek across the hot sands and came to a place where I was shocked to say the least.

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How do I describe this? It is a terrace, a huge cement terrace. It is joined to what I can best relay as a glass tunnel. How do I explain this? It is like an indoor mall that was built like a tunnel, rounded edges and it was very long.

I then looked upon the terrace and a man wearing blue custodial clothing came out and was cleaning the area. I was shocked because he was not wearing any protective gear and he appeared human. Immediately the voice of the guide came through. "This is Mars today. This is what it looks like."

As I got closer to the terrace, I walked up the steps leading about 10-feet off the ground and walked over to the man and wondered if he could see me. The voice again said, "No he cannot see you nor hear you, but his soul can communicate with you."

That threw me for a loop, the soul can communicate without the individual knowing that it is happening. Very weird! The Chief then chimed in, "They actually do know they are communicating with you, however to them it will seem as though they are communicating with their own thoughts, and not realize they are talking to a ghost."

I laughed thinking that was a good one Chief. He responded in like, "But it is very true."

Eventually I could speak to the man in the blue work outfit and asked him why he didn't have gear to breathe since he is walking outside in the Martian climate. He then spoke to me as if he heard every word. I would never have dreamed he could not see me or hear me.

"The idea that we cannot breathe is a fallacy, a fable, (he said.) The Martian climate allows for one to breathe, however the oxygen levels are so low, we cannot stay outside for very long."

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

I then followed him back into the mall like tunnel structure. I saw all sorts of people walking to and fro. I asked the custodian, *"Who are these people?"*

"Many of these are those that were taken from earth, kidnapped against their will and forced to work in the mines of Mars."

I was perplexed by what he said to me. I then began to watch the people, all of them mostly from Japanese persuasion. They appeared business like, and it seemed that the area I was in was like a cafeteria. I noticed this tunnel that extended off the other side and went down a deep slope. I asked, *"How can this many people have been kidnapped and we not know about it?"*

"People go missing every day on planet earth," the Chief revealed, "and often they are never found. This is because they are gone. Those from places like Japan, were removed before tsunamis and great volcanic explosions decimated their areas. So, no one is really looking for them, believing they had perished."

*"I guess then we can say they at least had their life spared, but Chief how did they get to Mars?"*

What I was told no one would believe.

"This is no life for these people, it is a deeper hell and prison than even on earth. They were transported using a transporter machine just like they used on the T.V. show Star Trek."

I didn't want to touch that one at all...Many people were walking from the tunnel into the cafeteria and returning into the tunnel. I then walked up to the area where one could buy food. There was obviously some sort of economy here, where money was being used to trade for goods and food.

# Time-loop Chronicles

I walked up to the counter and they were serving fast-food like hamburgers and fries. What surprised me was the prices. A hamburger was like only 25-cents and fries were a nickel, everything was very cheap.

I then walked over to the coke machine. I would swear the machine was built in the 50's yet it was brand-spanking new. The coke machine had a long glass paneled window on the right. It was about 6 inches wide, and it had a swinging door latch to grab hold of to open the glass door and then retrieve the soda that was aligned in these metal holders with only the neck of the soda bottle showing.

The soda was in glass bottles, and the price alerted me once again how dated this all was. It was only 5-cents a coke. I could sense the people were not happy. No one was smiling, no one was joking or even talking that much. It seemed to me as business was priority number one. I felt sorry for the people. I did not see any children at all.

It was amazing to look out the glass windows and see the entire planet. Surprisingly though, Mars had blue skies, not red as we have always been told.

Finally, I noticed it had turned to nighttime outside. I then realized that the people started gathering at the windows as if they were searching for something. I then walked over to the door that I came through and went back outside. I noticed something peculiar happening. The custodian man was still working and I asked him, *"What is happening?"*

He turned around and looked at the object that was forming in the sky, and he said as if he could see and hear me, "That is the Hologram of the Earth. The masters put it there to give us comfort. We can see the Earth as it looks today, with all its lights and even national boundaries. We often point to where we lived before, and great sadness overwhelms us, but it does liven the spirits."

I couldn't believe what I was witnessing, a huge holograph of the Earth presented itself within the atmosphere of Mars, and it was beyond words. The



# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

beauty and the lights, and the colors. I was speechless. The earth would rotate so everyone could see their respective areas where they came from.

I could see sadness and tears welling up in their eyes as they wished they could return home. I then asked, *“Why are they doing this to these people.”*

The female guide said, “They are malevolent, and they are wicked. They have made slaves out of everyone. The only difference is, those on Mars know they are slaves, those on earth believe they have freedom while they are being controlled as slaves. All of it is a deception via ignorance.”

It was then the blackness set in and I woke up inside the hut where I began this journey. The Chief looked over to me and asked, “Have any questions?”

*“No Chief, realization of truth is setting in, and I am very distraught...”*

# **Time-loop Chronicles**

## **(22) Antarctic-Arctic controls**

### **The Reunion Day Five – The Time Machine**

The Chief told me today that, “We are going to take a physically demanding journey. This is not going to be an easy trek for you, it will take several days. We are going to walk through another gateway, this time we won’t walk into the past or the future.

We are going to enter via a dimensional gate into another part of earth, but we will not be in our flesh and blood body, only our soul-mind. This gate is very old and it is the only one in North Americanus that I am aware of. We discovered it by accident. Fortunately, the gate remains untouched and it is always well hidden from seekers.”

We began a long hike northward. We must have walked 7-hours, and I was very tired, we stopped for the night and rested. The Chief and I spoke about many things that night but told me not to write any of it down in my first notepad. We then proceeded to walk about 7-more hours. We entered a place that was exceedingly amazing. Later I would realize where this place is, I have been here often. It is called, “Zion National Park.”

It is exquisiteness on top of stunning splendor. There was this spiral rock staircase that we had to climb down and around that was very difficult. In modern times a road was built, they call it the switch-backs as it winds around like a funnel.

The Chief was skilled in locating the best path, but this was not an easy hike. We then walked between these towering mesas that pointed to the heavens. During my time, these large megalithic monuments are given names.

Places like ‘Angels Landing’, ‘The Three Patriarchs’ and the ‘Great White Throne’. No matter what era that these spectacular sights are beheld they leave one in awe of its mystery.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

The Chief then uttered as we were stunned into silence of this magnificent beauty as it reigns above our small insignificant bodies, “It is amazing that these spectacular sights are as a sacred sculpture, as far as the eye can see, along with mesas towering up to 2000-feet into the sky.”

I have witnessed these things before, and every time I gasp at the pure power of the raw nature of beauty that created this spectrum of glory. Yet the Chief reminded me, it is but a facsimile of the real thing. We then walked to a place where the path appeared to end at large walls hovering and completely trapping us in this extraordinary hidden world.

We were blocked by mesas everywhere. I told the Chief, *“I know this place, it is at the end of the shuttle journey far back into the canyon, and this place is called, the Temple of Sinawava where the hiking trail along the Virgin River begins.”*

The Chief had to laugh, “It is like they want to throw this in our face, knowing the majority will never figure it out.”

*“What do you mean Chief?”*

“They named this area the Temple of Sinawava, it sounds like a good ole Indian name, maybe even Anasazi.” (He continues to laugh)

*“I thought it was an Indian name... what is it Chief?”*

“The Sinawava is a cute expression for SINE WAVE, a measurement for time, which is provided by its oscillation and amplitude. What they are telling everyone that coming here they are near a gateway to teleport to another place on earth.

The Sine Wave is moving all over this place as a frequency bouncing of the canyon walls, it is revealing we are near the door and that something strange is occurring.”

# Time-loop Chronicles

The Chief took us around to the flowing river. We then followed the river for about 750-feet and crossed the river, until we came to some large trees. They were standing next to a very tall mesa.

The Chief took me into the patch of trees and at the wall of the mesa was an insignia of some kind. It looked like an ancient drawing. I had no clue what it meant.

The Chief told me that, "This was the place where we are going to pass through the world. I looked at him and thought he was crazy. There was nothing there but a wall of rock."

He then called me over and said, "Touch it!"

I responded back, "*Why?*"

"Just do as I say, touch the canyon wall."

I then walked slowly up to the wall and touched the wall. To my utter shock, my hand appeared to move through the wall. The Chief said, "The rock wall here is an illusion, it is actually a gateway for the soul to translocate to another part of the planet."

The Chief told me to walk through and to think about the place called Antarctica while my hand was partially through the gate entrance. He told me it is especially important that my mind not think of anything else. I asked him, "What would happen if my thoughts changed and it placed us someplace else?" He said, "Well then expect to enter the place of your thoughts."

I was not thrilled to hear that, so I made sure I kept repeating to myself, Antarctica, Antarctica, repeatedly. I was very apprehensive about doing this. But I mustered up the courage and I walked through the wall.

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

As I was moving through this wall, I could see energy moving all around me. A light blue color of energy, like blue fireflies that were buzzing everywhere.

Then the thought hit me, what if I end up going to a different part of Antarctica than the Chief? How would we meet, and how do we return? I became rather nervous. Yet at this moment I didn't feel like I was walking anymore, I felt like I was floating. As if something was grabbing a hold of me and pulling me.

Everything went black again, and then the very next second, I was standing in a place where snow and ice were as far as the eye could see. It reminded me of my excursion into the past on Earth after the last flood, where I entered an ice world.

The Chief standing about 15-feet away, called over to me, "How did you like the ride?"

*"Not sure, still do not understand how we did this."*

I then asked him, *"How did you know we would both come out at the same place?"*

"This is due to how the gates operate. When we thought Antarctica, it took us to the only gateway that is available. There are different gateways on this earth, and when we think of a place that is near a gateway it will always take us to the same gate location."

I looked at the Chief and enquired of him, *"Why is it that we are standing in this frozen tundra and yet I do not feel the cold. In fact, I don't feel anything?"*

He snickered about that, he said, "The body you have on is a mental projection, which is from your soul-mind. We see what our souls sees.

# Time-loop Chronicles

Remember our journey to the sun, this is similar, we can feel the cold if you desire, but that is not why we are here.”

*“This is not my body; why does it look like my body?”*

“Because your soul is projecting what you believe your body looks like, do you want to become a roaring lion?”

*“Ah, no thanks, I am happy as I am.”*

“Ok then. Your flesh and blood body is still standing at the gate back at the wall. Your body never went through, only your soul did. As you touched the rock your soul hand, and arm and torso and the rest of the soul, as the mind conceived it, entered the wall and the body is still waiting for us to return.”

*“Wait a minute, what if our bodies decide to take off without us, you said, a soulless body can still operate...”*

“Well at least you listen to me. Don’t worry, your body is in a state of suspended animation, it isn’t going anywhere. There is nothing to worry about, unless a mountain lion passes by.” (The Chief roared into laughter)

*“Oh, God a mountain lion, thanks for telling me now.”*

“Nothin’s gonna happen! That sine-wave is sending out a signal that keeps the critters and cats away. They can hear the sound that this thing is producing and it is like a warning bell to them that burns their ears at the level of their cells.”

I then had this strange thought come over me, *“What about wandering humans on a hike, could they come over to our bodies and see them and freak out and cause trouble for us?”*

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

"No, do you remember any other humans around us when we entered the wall?"

*"No, didn't see anyone."*

"Then don't worry, the very split second you left, you will also return as if no time had passed. This is the part of the mystery of the soul. All any other human could see is that you were placing your hand against the wall, and they will see nothing else. By the time we return it will be instantaneous."

*Chief, there is problem, there is no gate on this side. We appeared in the middle of an ice world. Where is the gate? How do we get back?"*

Again, the Chief cackled...

"You believe you are detached from your body, but in truth you are still attached to it, only your mind has moved, you have not moved an inch, you are still connected by the etheric cord to the body."

*"What the heck is the etheric cord?"*

"It is the DNA coding along with your soul energy coding. Remember, this place is not real, neither is your body. But due to this coding you really think it is real, and thus it appears real."

*"So how do we get back?"*

"We will be pulled back as if nothing ever happened. To you it might appear as a dream, but it is what we call Soul Travel. In effect, you have left the body and will soon return. Soul travel is possible without any aid of the gates, but the gates simplify what most cannot achieve on their own. And one nice thing about the gates is it gives you extra energy to remain away from the body much longer, whereas on your own, energy is quickly depleted."

# Time-loop Chronicles

*"Like what happened to me when I went to Mars, I was taken from my body as a soul traveler."*

"Exactly, however the Ayahuasca helped you so that you were able to have the energy to fulfil the mission. This time it is the Sine Wave."

I began to understand some of this, and I thought, well if the gateway is here then this place we are at must be important. The Chief replied, "Very important, this is where the machine we call the holographic earth-time console is operating from."

*"Where is it?"* I asked.

The Chief waved me on and we began to walk a little way, maybe 100-feet, and we came to an ice cave. For the life of me I would have never found this. It blended into the never-ending scenery of snow and ice, which created an invisible cloak. We then walked down into this ice cave and it appeared as if it had been excavated. Obviously, someone has been here before.

*"Chief, has someone been here?"*

"Oh yea, prying eyes and dark minds."

We walked deep into the ice-cave at what felt like a downward angle until we came to an ice wall that stood about 25-feet high as a solid thick block of ice. It appeared many have been chipping away at this thing and yet very little penetration had occurred. I grumbled out, *"Eh, it looks as though our journey has come to an end."*

The Chief looked at me appearing startled at my obliviousness. He said, "What is an ice wall to a soul?"

And at that moment, he walked into the ice wall and disappeared. I knew that I had to follow.



# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

As I then penetrated the ice with ease as if it was not even there. I came to what appeared to be a super doorway. It was at least 15-20 feet high, and it had all sorts of controls and gadgets and lighted operational fixtures.

I wondered, where did this door come from? Who built it? Who could even open this door? And how tall must they have been to even reach the controls and the automatic handle, which was a huge metal rounded object with holes on the outer edge and lights embedded within the holes that obviously needed a code for entrance and the door would auto-open and close.

The door appeared as solid metal, maybe titanium, who knows, nothing was going to penetrate this door without a passcode. But few if any were tall enough to reach the controls. This door was not meant for normal humans.

The Chief was no longer here; he must have walked through the metal door also. Yet as I stood there marveling at this incredible gate, I began to hear this humming sound. It was as if a machine was operating. I had to find the source of this sound, it did not fade, and it was continuous, it had a low dual thumping sound, like a heartbeat... thump thump, thump thump...

I then walked through the huge metal door and what I saw I can't even begin to explain. But I will have to write this down mentally, so bear with me as I try to explain what it is that I witnessed here and hopefully my memory can be retrieved when I finally detail this journey in my notepad, when I return to my body.

The place we entered was like a hollowed-out hole in the earth that was 500 yards to 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of a mile in every direction. It was a monstrous cavern if I can even use that term. The walls were like glass.

I was in total reverence. It was obvious where the humming was coming from. There is no way I can properly explain what it is that I was witnessing so that I could give it some common connection to our everyday life.

# Time-loop Chronicles

## Earth truly is a machine!

There is this huge tube-like apparatus going into the earth, it must go back 150 yards before it disappears, it enters right inside of the earth. The tube has a clear casing, it is about five feet in diameter, and I can see this blue and white energy, oh, it is incredible, it is flowing like water, but it is pure sparkling energy.

The Chief then interrupted my thoughts, “Notice the energy coil moving into the earth at what may appear to be straightforward, but in fact it is going down through the middle of the earth, the place we are at is actually stationed South to North.”

This energy I noticed is flowing in the tube from where it enters the earth, directly to the front portion that it connects to the apparatus wherewith there is this huge golden ball, probably about 15-feet in diameter. As far as I can tell it may solid gold. *“That would pay some bills.”* I marveled. The Tube goes right into this ball.

As the energy flows into the ball it creates a static electrical charge as best as I can interpret this. And then an arc of light, as in type a lightning bolt, is then sent to the middle of this gyroscope looking apparatus. This gyroscope is about 175 yards in width, and length and depth. It is monstrous. There is no way to look at it without expressing awe.

In the center of the gyroscope, which is in direct line of the core of the flowing energy. The Energy core is flowing from this long tube directly toward the center of the golden ball, which then emits these sparks of light into the center of the gyroscope, however the tube stops at the edge of this apparatus at the golden ball. It doesn't enter the inside the area of the gyroscope, only the spark of light enters.

The tube itself is fastened from the ground using pillars and metal I-beams to be in direct link to the center of this gyroscope high above the ground level. On the outer rim of the wheels that surround this mega

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

gyroscope, it has panels, or some sort of rectangular sheets made of pure gold it appears.

These panels are about 10-feet wide and 15-feet long, and maybe 5 inches thick. These panels are connected to the outside wheel where there are twelve panels that range from one direction to the other around this outer wheel, and they are fastened by a large metal beam to the center of the plates from the edge of the wheel, the panels seem to be separated by about 12-feet from the other adjacent panels.

There are five wheels surrounding this Gyroscope. All the wheels are positioned as wheels within wheels at different coordinates, but they are all unique in what degree they move around.

The gyroscope itself is in a fixed position, and is connected by multiple gigantic steel girders, and frames connected to the outside perimeter into the earth, where there are two large round silver colored metal curved I-Beams that maybe are three feet wide and one foot in depth, that surround the gyroscope east to west and north to south. The movement of this multi-wheel is quite a show unto itself. It is very difficult to describe.

As an example, the first outer wheel moves in a 360° orbit from the north to south spectrum at the 12 o'clock position. The rest of the wheels begin their journey at about the 3 o'clock, 5 o'clock and 7 o'clock and 9 o'clock position of the main wheel. And they all move based on the cycles of the arc of light.

The next wheel moves in a 360° pattern, but it is positioned about 3 o'clock. Therefore, these wheels function in movement in all different degrees around the gyroscope.

As you get to the other wheels each one is slightly smaller so it can spin within the larger wheel, and the panels also are somewhat smaller. The outer wheel is divided in to 12 panels. 6 on one side, 6 on the other, like a clock. The next wheel is divided also in 12 panels, again 6 on both sides.

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Once again, the third wheel a little smaller than the first two, are also divided into 12 panels, 6 on each side. The next wheel, smaller yet, is divided into 10 panels, they are divided, in to 3 then 2 then 3 then 2 or five on each side. The last wheel is the smallest wheel it only has 6 panels, and it is divided 3 on one side and 3 on the other.

In the center of the gyroscope, is a huge round 50-foot crystal ball looking apparatus that appears to be floating in midair, like from a gigantic magnet, and there is nothing connected to it on any side. It is a spectacular sight as it just floats there and spins. It almost looks like a gigantic floating eye, or the mysterious all-seeing eye.

Now let me try to explain how this machine is operating. Everything is moving, these wheels all move. The panels are designed to catch the arc of light that comes from the tube through the golden ball into the crystal ball which then sends it to the panels. The outer wheel is moving every second, it is just churning along.

It makes a sound somewhat akin to a vehicle driving over equal cracks in the road, i.e. thump, thump - thump, thump. Or a train as it moves over the ties on the track. It is a constant sound as the wheels are moving. It is almost like the Earth has a heartbeat.

Every second an arc of light comes from the golden ball into the crystal ball, which then sends this energy into a specific panel in its alignment at that moment. When the energy is sent from the crystal ball and into a panel, the panel turns from gold into a bright white glowing light.

Now what is amazing, is the wheels are separated and operating at such a precise measurement, that when the energy from the crystal ball hits the panel, there is no obstruction from the other panels.

They are all separated enough to make sure the energy hits the correct panel. So, every second the energy hits the outer wheel's panels, the wheel

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

then spins to replace it with a new panel. It moves around the outer wheel 5 times giving it a full minute, 12 panels multiplied by 5 revolutions equals 60.

As soon as it hits the 12<sup>th</sup> panel at the 60<sup>th</sup> second, the first panel of the second wheel has slowly moved in place and is also in direct line to catch the arc of energy, thereby both panels light up in this magnificent bright white light that appears like a lightning strike, it is that bright. When 60 minutes or one full hour is finished, then three of the panels line up, the seconds, the minutes and then the hours.

The same thing occurs with the minutes, the wheel moves five times around to finish the process, or 12 multiplied by 5 equals 60 minutes. Then when the hour panel aligns with the minutes and seconds, it follows the same measure except it only revolved around twice, 12 multiplied by 2 equals 24 hours. Everything is precision, everything is exact.

I asked the Chief, *"How can we see the entire movement of this amazing inner earth clock."* He said, *"We could speed up time within our soul-mind and watch the hours turn into days and then the months turn into years, right before our eyes."*

We then began to speed up time, and the gyroscope was flying. It was glorious. It sounded and felt somewhat like a tornado with wind and lighting flashes all around us, or thousands of horsemen in battle. We came to the cycle of days, and there were only ten panels, and each panel was energized three times, bringing a perfect 30-day month.

And then the last wheel having only 6 panels, represented 12 months with the energy hitting the wheel on every panel twice. All of this was mind-blowing. I asked the Chief, *"Where is the core of the energy coming from? Is that wondrous blue light energy in the core tube creating this effect?"*

*"It is coming from the Northern polarity of the Arctic where the same thing is occurring there but at the opposite end in reverse and it is being influenced by the Moon."*

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I then was mesmerized by the crystal ball, what I have not shared is what is occurring in the crystal ball in the center of the huge gyroscope, that alone is beyond words.

Every time energy is released to the panels, a holographic image appears that looks three-dimensional. It shows some place on earth. It appears to be a recorder that records everything that is occurring on the planet, yet is only shows precise events. The best I could make of it, is if something changes, then it records it and shows the change and then melds it altogether. I wondered when conversing with the Chief, *"Why is anything changing?"*

"I believe it is due to the interactive nature of this world. Remember, it is all programmed, but being that the players in this program are interactive, they can make slight changes."

According to the Chief our minds are constantly creating new events. And these changes must be recorded. So, whenever humanity creates a change that part of the world is sent into the holograph to record it and add it to the program.

That is what we both surmised by what we saw. It could be wrong, but that is what it appeared to be. As an example, if an earthquake was released or a volcano erupted, the crystal ball would show these events in the holographic window via the crystal ball.

Now for the clincher. When we sped up time to enable us to witness the months and years. We noticed when we got to the 360<sup>th</sup> day, the energy shut off for a fraction of time. Everything shut down.

The Chief yelled back at me, "This is where it is malfunctioning. This is what took us out of the time loop of 25,920-years and turned it into 1080-years."

The entire gyroscope stopped working for a short period of time. I believe this is the added 5 ¼ days that was created due to the moons pull. The

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

internal clock does not keep running for these extra days, it literally stops functioning proving something is not in sync. But 5 ¼ days; once every year is but a fraction of time considering hundreds and even thousands of years. But the cessation of this mega clock reveals something is very wrong during this short shut down.

I had to try something, we decided to send the clock ahead until we came to the end of the age. The date was April 14<sup>th</sup> by our calculations, in the year 2017. We then stopped the speed to go back to the seconds and minutes. We then saw something in the holographic orb, the dates of April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, and 2022 and then it skipped to 2030 which emerged at the end. I asked the Chief what does this mean.

“He said based on everything we know the absolute end of the age is 2022, so these must be potential dates of the time-loop in case changes are made that delay it.”

“What does 2030 mean?”

“We believe time is being altered somehow, that the dark forces are trying to alter time, or change it, or even stop the time loop, some of them want to move into the next age. It proves not everyone is in alignment with Sol Malum’s thinking.”

“Why are there different times?”

“Because, 2017 is only for your time here and now, during different time-loops, changes are made to either move forward or reverse past time lines. It is all due to the interactive power of people making choices.

However, no one can stop the time-loop. Nevertheless, it revealed the year 2030, evidently it was an attempt to alter the time-loop altogether, and since we see the date, they must have succeeded in a single time-line. It is possible in one time-line, it does end at 2030, due to this attempt to stop the

# Time-loop Chronicles

change, but even then, it doesn't work, the time-loop still occurs, they just got an extra 8-years out of the deal."

*"Are you saying people on earth working for the dark side can change time, how is that possible?"*

"I will explain this a little later..."

When the final hour approached, something happened. The entire earth groaned like a pregnant woman in travail. And the gyroscope stopped for a short period of time and then began moving the other way. And then it switched back again and regained its earlier form, it's then we saw the earth stopped spinning for three days and three nights.

And in the crystal ball all we saw were horrible disasters, everywhere and earth changes as the planet was dissolving. **And then we saw... oh my Lord, LOOK... in the heavens...**

"The Chief quickly interrupted and said, forget the last part it is not for others to know in this time-loop. It is for the next time-loop."

Suddenly, the holographic images were those of the Middle Ages. The people were wearing cloths suitable to those times.

*"Oh, my god," I screamed, "We witnessed the time-loop."*

What was even more stunning, for some reason the scene of the images jumped to a very large ship part way during this transition. I could read the side of a ship in the ocean; it was called the, 'Titanic.'

I then told the Chief, "I remember the history of the Titanic, and do you know what is interesting about this date, April 14<sup>th</sup>, it is when the Titanic hit an iceberg and began to sink into the ocean. No one believed that this ship could sink, they said it was unsinkable. The actual sinking was on the 15<sup>th</sup>, but it all began on the 14<sup>th</sup>."



# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

The Chief then said, “Yes a definite correlation there, it was also the day Abraham Lincoln was shot.”

I began to wonder, is there something on this date that causes April 14<sup>th</sup> to bring about disasters. I wondered if there were any more disasters on this day. We may never know the tie to this date, but we now know it is the ultimate of catastrophes.

I began to feel strange, and I felt like some internal power was pulling me. And the next thing I knew I had blacked out again, and then awakened at the entrance to the wall. We had returned through the sine wave, at the Temple of Sinawava, where this trip began.

My body felt completely energized and we started our trek home.

# Time-loop Chronicles

## (23) The Illusory world

### The Reunion Day Six – Virtual Reality

After our long trip home, I slept for hours, and then waking up the final day I wanted to talk about the mysterious earth time machine, but the Chief told me there was no more time left, we had to finish and then move on.

Today the Chief has told me we are going to speak about the most difficult thing to comprehend and that is this world is not real, it is only an illusion of the mind. The Chief began to ask me that after all that I have witnessed is there any one truth that I have gained from these experiences that I could internalize.

He told me you have had the paint brush, and you have had a chance to fill in the empty spaces on your canvas. You have witnessed things that many will never have the opportunity, until their awakening. The Chief looked at me as if he was telling me this would be the last time we would see each other in this way, as teacher and student.

He said, “It is time that you now become the teacher. You now know what I know, and I know what you know.” He began to labor in his thoughts, reaching deeply within himself, and he asked me again, “After all that you have experienced, have you discovered the core truth?”

I sat there cautiously scanning all the information from within my mind that I had been taught and witnessed myself. I then looked at the Chief and said...

*“Chief, this may sound strange, but everything I have been taught and witnessed has proven to me, that nothing here is real. It is our minds experiencing a program and each of us have our own unique experiences.”*

“You have correctly surmised the true condition of this realm. Nothing is real. So then how do you find truth in non-reality?”

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

The Chief went on to speak. “Everything in this world is an illusion. It is simply the mind interacting within a program. Matter itself is not real. It is simply atoms floating in space giving off the illusion of appearance, because of its holographic, or Hollywood type nature.

All matter is a delusion. You think you are your body, but you are not. You think you are connected to this world, again though you are not. You are part of a simulation interactive network, a virtual reality. You think you are back in time, but you are not. You believe you are from the future, again this is incorrect.

You consider space and you believe those stars are real, and the planets are real, and yet it is all the same illusion. The truth is, you are in a coma, and you are living an illusion while dreaming inside your own mind, as the soul is slumbering.

Thus, everything you experience is only a dream that the souk-mind has manufactured as it is links to this external paradigm. Your life is a dream. This world is a dream. Speaking to me right now, you are dreaming. Your mind is engaged with an interactive discussion with yourself. You have dreamt me up, I do not exist in this realm any more than you do.

When I release you from this mind-warp game, where will you end up? You will go where your mind takes you. And even though everything around you may appear real, all of it is an artificial spirit.

You have met souls along your life’s path, but they also are snoring to their hearts desire, sound asleep, having no clue they do not belong here anymore than you did. Remember, the time you went back and saw that you came to this world to free your friends? And what happened? You ended up getting stuck here also.

And yet you said something that makes perfect sense, you said, ‘how can matter overpower the spirit?’ It cannot not, thus it didn’t. But mind over matter is the opposite of mind under the control of the illusion of matter.

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When the mind accepts what it believes is occurring, it produces the event. If the mind believes it can be taken prisoner even though it is a powerful soul spirit, it will be trapped. All this proves is, just how powerful you and I really are. We became amiable to our own prison because our mind believed its validity.

Therefore, everything that you have ever experienced is solely due to your mind's acceptance. I am not speaking of the human brain; I am speaking of your consciousness. Every time you maneuvered through and with the mind into another dimension, do you remember how you always blacked out?"

*"Yes, why is that?"*

"It is because of a transference, a change was taking place as you rightly surmised, from one part of your consciousness awareness to another. And to accept its reality you must block out the past to accept the future, which is part of the soul enigma of forgetfulness and sleep.

It is time that you begin to realize that you have never left paradise. At this very moment you are there, right now. But your consciousness is dreaming, it left long ago to experience these play worlds by separating the spirit into two parts, the experiencer and dreamer. Or the spirit and the drone.

You could be daydreaming all of this while sitting under an oak tree in the shade. This is how powerful you really are. The problem is someone else got inside your thoughts while you were dreaming, and they are telling you what to believe and what not to believe, and you are accepting it as your own internal voice. And because of this ritualistic drama being played out repeatedly. You are keeping yourself locked into the prison of ignorance.

If what I have told you is true, then you are as close to paradise as a thought, or a whim, or a dream. All you must do is change your thinking and

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instead of giving up your power of imagination to someone else to use as they may, release its glory and allow it to make you free.

Do you understand why that you became stuck when you entered the milky substance in space? Because your mind believed it was a trap. You already had proof of it because your acquaintances were lost there who were as powerful as you.

Somewhere between believing you could help them and accepting that this was a true prison for spirits, you lost the battle of consciousness, and you accepted the lie.”

*“What is the lie?”*

“That matter is real, and it can overcome spirit. That matter has so much power that not even spirit can effectively disengage its control. But ask yourself, how did you walk through that wall of ice, and that super steel door? You know why, because you believed me when I said the soul cannot be confined by material illusion.

If I had told you that there was no way through those walls. You would never have been able to penetrate through them. You see, you never went to Antarctica, only your mind did. There was no body there, there was no flesh and blood; there was not even any Antarctica, there was only belief all of which you helped to create.

Until you absolutely believe that matter has no power over spirit, you will suffer this ignominy and fate continually.

The day you become aware that matter does not rule the spirit, this is the day you will finally awaken and be reconnected to who you really are, a Divinum Spiritus, aka Divine Spirit child of the Divine Father and Mother.”

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## **(24) Returning from Somewhere**

### **Back through the Time Loop - Roaming inside the Blackout**

It is a new day, yet I am deep inside the mind of the blackout. I feel I have awakened from my encounter with the Chief. However, the last moments we were together, I for some reason cannot recall right now.

Being lost in time living with the Anasazi, I had come to the point where I had to return, and as I had entered the gate, there was no way of knowing if I would make it back to my time or not. Little did I realize that I was creating a new thought during this blackout, one that would send me somewhere far away?

I had been gone from my wife now for many more days based on time as we know it, which in truth matters not. During this time, the Chief taught me about the vortexes, and the holographic sun projector, as well as the inner earth clock in the Antarctic, and the Moon, as well as one last thing that has slipped my mind in this state.

The last words the Chief spoke to me were, "It is time to walk back to your time, and as before, I will keep this second notepad also and return it to the 'one' who will complete the final stages of this saga." He then wished me well. That was it, it was over.

I had no way of knowing whether I would return to the correct place in time. But this time I wanted to remember, I had to remember, please remember. And then a strange thought hit me, what time am I from? And the blackness went still and confusion reigned.

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**(25) Beyond the Dream Gate**

## **Time Loop Mystery – Missing Time**

Knock! Knock!

“Yes, who is it?”

“Mrs. Annie Trovel, this is the FBI, we need to speak with you.”

Opening the door very slowly, you could see tears welled up in the eyes of the woman. She obviously was dealing with heavy life issues.

“Hi, I’m sorry, forgive me,” (as she wipes her eyes and prepares herself)

“What is the trouble?”

“Mrs. Trovel, are you related to Tim Trovel?”

You could see by the way her eyes lifted in what seemed like a state of an old awareness, that something triggered a memory. “Yes, he was my husband, is there something I can help you with?”

“Mam, I am Agent Maxwell Stram, and this is my partner Laura Thol, we believe we have found your husband. He is not dead, but is severely injured, he was found near a mesa, but he is now in recovery at the local hospital.”

Annie May with eyes wide open now began to recall a memory and wondered if this was a joke. She asked the two officers, “Now this is odd, I remember you two, you came to my place nearly 30 years ago...”

Suddenly Mrs. Trovel took a step back and said, “No that is not possible is it, neither of you look a day over 25...”

What is going on here?”

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“Mam, we don’t know what you are talking about, but we have found your husband. The reason we contacted you is because where we found his body there was a very old notepad and it seemed to describe some very strange events, and we think he must have been involved somehow. Do you know anything about these events that took place while he was out in the desert?”

“My husband and I were contacted by two FBI agents 30-years ago about this very same thing, they discovered a body on one of the trails, it was an elderly man that was badly injured. He also had notes that supposedly my husband had written down.”

Mumbling under her breath she continued, “Oh god, are you playing a game with me.” (Still believing these were same the two agents.) “Are you sure that we have not met and had this same conversation before, cuz...?”

The Agents ignoring her off the wall comments inserted, “Mrs. Trovel, what was your husband doing out in the desert at his age, and why do you think he might have tried to climb a mesa.” The Agents believed he may have fallen from the mesa.

“Officers, my husband disappeared almost 30 years ago when he took off with two similar agents to find out what had happened, and I nor anyone else has seen him since, and the agents in question also disappeared. And you are telling me, you have my husband, that can’t be, he passed away; he has to be dead.”

“Mrs. Trovel, if you would come with us you can then identify the person we brought to the local hospital, we just found him after some hikers had witnessed his body around an unknown desert trail.”

“I don’t understand, but I will certainly come with you to see who you have recovered, but I am certain it is not my husband.”

They all got into the government car and headed to the hospital.



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At the hospital...Tim Trovel is having an internal conversation with his thoughts while lying on a bed, *"I can hear voices, little chatter coming from what seemed to be far away, and yet close.*

*I cannot make out the speech, but its volume seemed to increase every moment as the blackness began to change into light. Suddenly, I could see this dim grayish light growing from under my closed eye lids, which were now partially opened in a squinting position.*

*I could make out shadows of figures that were beginning to form as the shade of light became much more intense as I began to recognize a large bright light above me and several humanoid figures standing around and one of them screaming out, **'My lord it is him!'***

I was having trouble putting a name to the faces that I was seeing. But in time the faces all but became clear to me. One of these faces were my wife, but looking very aged and haggardly, like she had been through a terrible life ordeal, and now she appears as if she has seen a ghost. And along with her was two other familiar people who I thought went missing.

They were the two government agents that disappeared after I had that strange event occur when the day turn into night. The Chief told me it was not their time, so they were taken away. I didn't fully understand what he meant.

The funny thing was when I saw them clearly enough standing in front of me in what appears to be a hospital, I asked them, *"You two are alright then, I didn't know what happened to you, you left and then I was told... Oh well, it doesn't matter, obviously, you are both fine."*

"Mr. Trovel, why is it that you think you know us?"

*"Well for one I do know you; you were with me when we went to investigate the event of the elderly man. Remember, the one I said was the Chief? So many things happened to me, and so many things were revealed I can't wait to talk about it."*

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Annie May while holding Tim's hand said, "I don't understand Timmy, where have you been for the last 30-years?" As she bellowed out this horrific gasp.

Tim gradually pushing from side to side in his bed and trying to lift his head higher on the pillow began to reply while being very agitated, while looking at his wife who now seemed completely different with grey hair.

*"What do you mean 30 years? My journey with the agents was not that many days ago, when we went to check out the mystery of the man who supposedly had my notepad. Remember, I discovered it was the Chief."*

Agent Thol inquired of Tim, "Do you know what year it is?"

*"Of course, it is 1991."*

"Mr. Trovel, it happens to be the year, 2014, and your wife claims she has not seen you since 1984."

*"No, that is not possible, it is 1991."*

Swallowing deeply as I was starting to realize the magnitude of the bad news that I didn't come back to my time. Somehow, I advanced over two decades into the future. I was puzzled as to why the Chief would allow this to happen, why didn't he warn me or help me, this is tragic and god awful horrible?

I then looking at the Agents said, *"Then how is it that you look the same? You are both as I remembered. Wouldn't you two have aged some over this period of lost years?"*

At this point the agents seemed to be reliving a few demons of their own, and were speechless, as if a long-lost memory was haunting their minds. Suddenly, I began to realize something. When the Chief spoke of these two

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officers he said they were not meant to be here they were not in their correct time.

I could not fathom what that meant, but now I am realizing what happened. Somehow when this event first transpired, they went out to see the body of the elderly man, which was near the doorway to the cave.

And doing so got them caught in a time event. And when they went to check into this bizarre case they must have traveled back in time to 1991 where I first met them, because they must have been locked into my time line due to this door being my personal connection to the past. At least that is my best guess.

However, the conundrum here is my wife today thinks I disappeared in 1984 after my first hike. And yet she remembers the two agents also. But we didn't meet them until 1991. However, when I awakened from this strange dream, I recall now that neither one of us knew that I even hiked at all, like it was a past life or another time. Maybe the time-loop!

That memory is starting to come back. I forgot that neither one of us believed I had hiked anywhere, yet I know I had. It is now becoming clear if the event in 1984 occurred, and in 1991, that means I did hike into the area of the mesa where I met the Chief, but the Chief said all of it was a dream.

Yet how come neither my wife nor I knew how I had come upon this information if I didn't take that mysterious hike? Well of course, we both determined it was all a dream, but was it? So, the agents left in 2014 from their time and unknowingly went back in time. They then came to me when they found the notepad with my writing, but they didn't realize it was 1991.

I remember now, it was because of when I was sharing this information over the airwaves, this is what got their attention. Could it be the airwaves represented something to do with time and time travel?

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Yet, the same two agents evidently also came back in 1984, thirty years earlier, because my wife witnessed them also due to the fact, she said it was 30-years ago where she met them and then after I left with the agents I then came up missing.

Therefore, in 1984 I was there and in 1991, I was also there, but my wife has no recollection of the second event, and I have no recollection of the first event with the same agents. What occurred during those seven-years of missing time?

Did I invent 7-years of time between 1984 and 1991? Was that all a dream? Did all of this take place in 1984 and I have gone missing all this time, but where did I go? I then looked at my wife and asked her something to help remedy this problem. *"Do you remember us going to the, 'Back to the Future' movies?"*

"Oh, my love, I remember that like it was yesterday. But you were not there with me. I went to the movies by myself. I read and watched everything I could about time travel, doorways, and gateways, whatever it took!

I tried to find you, or anything connected with you, believing you were taken from my time. In my heart, I could only accept this scenario of what had happened to you if I believed you were safe and alive. I had to believe you were fine, that is what kept me going all these many years."

Tim now in total confusion, *"We never went to those movies together?"*

"Only in spirit Timmy, only in spirit..., I assure you when I watched the Back to the Future trilogy, you were right there beside me in spirit."

*"Then how could you be aware of missing time, doorways to the past and time travel, if I never returned, how did you know all of this?"*

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"The reason I knew all of this is the agents when they came to tell us about the incident of the person they found, they also told us about this notepad, which had your information that you had written down."

*"I don't understand, if I took off with the agents in 1984 as you say, wouldn't we have kept the notepad with us?"*

"Yes Sweetie, you did keep it. But when you never returned, nor did the agents return, I located an experienced hiker to find this place. And it was there they unexpectedly found the notepad hidden under a rock near a hole. I began to wonder if the agents were criminals and the notepad was used to lure you away, but I realized this was indeed your writing."

*"Then why didn't you check the hospital to see if that man they had found had been me?"*

"Because the agents assured me that the man they found was an older man maybe 70's or later, much older than you could have ever been. I never tied the two events together that the man was also part of you and the notepad. The case was closed after it was determined there was no connection between you and the man that was found."

Tim begins to wonder in his thought. I know what I am thinking can't be possible, but I don't have a better explanation? How did I have these memories of returning in 1984 and then living seven-years with my wife until the agents found us in 1991 if it never happened?

I continued to comb through my mind in trying to figure this all out. When we had gone back to the trail where the cave was in 1991, the agents disappeared, because they did not belong in my time, so where did they really go?

But there was an anomaly, when I returned in 1984 and continued to live with my wife for the next seven years, the memories of my trip were coming

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along very slowly. And neither one of us knew I had hiked before. Could the memories have been from another time-loop?

Does this mean the agents also slipped time and went back to 1984 also?

I need to quantify all of this; my wife says I never returned in 1984. I believe I did return in 1984 and lived another seven years, but my wife has no recollection of this ever happening.

Yet in traveling back in time somehow the two agents went to two different dates, or better yet maybe two different timelines. The one they returned to speak to me in 1991 was from an older time-loop, when maybe this was not yet my time as the Chief had said about the two agents. And thus, the events were just faded memories like a dream.

It appears that 1984 was the critical date, the rest is all overlapped memories. However now in 2014, the same two agents return to my wife because they discovered that I was in a hospital.

When the two agents got back to their time going through the infamous blackout, they awakened just like I did the first time, having no memory of this experience, because the only experience they knew of was their own timeline in 2014. Therefore, they do not remember returning into the past.

So, when the agents saw my wife, the information they had about the mysterious man was that he was very old, obviously it was me in 2014, but since they returned, the old man from 2014 was being revealed in 1984; and 1991; however, it was out of context and it didn't fit the time-line.

When the two events didn't link the old man and me to these earlier dates, the case was obviously closed. Now when I returned in 1984 after the original hike, neither my wife nor I had any recollection of me ever hiking at all. In fact, it was something that I never did during that time-line. Obviously, this was also another time-loop when two different events were blended together.

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Yet the events that happened that were glued into my mind, could only have happened if I did take this hike. Thus, the only explanation I have is, I never did return in 1984, I simply vanished. However, in another timeline, I had existed in 1984 somehow carrying the memories of this event when I did take the hike and eventually disappeared.

Ok, but how do I explain seeing the agents in 1991? This all had to be another timeline when this occurred. Therefore, between 1984, 1991, and 2014, the agents were part of three different timelines, but they only have recollection of the one, now. The reason must be, is that all three events are connected to the same soul-event.

The Agents then went to speak to my wife, thinking this was the first time that this occurred. When in truth it was the third time. In 1984, 1991 and now 2014, 30-years after the original event. Could this be what the Chief meant when he said all time is the same time? My wife recalled this meeting in 1984 because that is when I went missing. That confirms the agents also went back to 1984.

Therefore, from the first time I met the Chief, I have been gone ever since, until right now. For 30 years I have been missing, but for me it has only been a short span of time. Nevertheless, why have I returned? Where I am confused is when I saw the picture of the old man in 1991, it was the Chief? So, the notepad and the old man are connected.

Somehow, I must have passed through a time-loop life memory of at least two different life-times, while being in the blackout state, and then I ended up here. Was all this a dream? Am I still dreaming?

The problem is, it certainly didn't seem like dream for my wife, she had to live these last 30-years knowing the horror that I had disappeared. We may never know why this happened. This is truly a mind game.

Annie May began to break down, great sadness welled up in her, and she let go of her emotions. Blaring out with heavy tears and great sobbing. I held

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her as tightly as I could as she cried saying, “You don’t know how much I have missed you?”

She then composed herself and had a look on her face that I will never forget, “My life was totally ruined, and I have lived 30-years all alone in my own pain. I wish to god I had come with you on your hike.”

It was then as if a great knowing entered me and I realized why I have returned.

She continued... “I could not locate the FBI agents, everywhere I called; every city, every town, they told me there was no such pair that worked for the agency. I believed all this time they were part of the con and you were kidnapped and killed.

I was even so desperate believing that I was left a widow that I took out a large million-dollar insurance policy on you, and then I would report your disappearance later since the agents were obviously fraudulent, therefore, no one would be the wiser. But after I did it I realized I could not follow through with it, it simply wasn’t the right thing to do, so I never made any payments.

I reported you missing to the police and the FBI and even the NSA and CIA got involved, they could never find or discover anything to help me of any import, and it all went down in the cold case lost files. Final report: ‘None of this ever happened.’

None of them took the notepad serious, they all thought it was something my husband had done to write a science fiction novel. They believed he left me to follow his own secret ambitions. And ever since then Timmy has been forever gone, until now. My only hope and prayer was that maybe you stayed with the Chief and lived your years out quietly always thinking of me.” (She continued to cry...)

At this point in time I was frightened, I was not expecting this at all. I saw the pain in my wife’s eyes, I saw how deeply she had been hurt. I wished I



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could have blotted all this stuff out that it was never real, that none of it ever really happened.

I was hoping it was all an illusion, and then I remembered the last day with the Chief, he said. 'This world is an illusion of the mind.' I then asked my wife as I slowly began to put things together, *"Could you bring me a mirror."* She took out a small mirror out of her hand bag and handed it to me. I took one look and I felt like I turned white as a ghost.

*"My dear God, do you see who that is?"*

"Yes, (My wife alerted me) it is you, a very old you, but it is you Timmy... just like I am very old now, so are you."

I slowly turned my head toward my wife and then towards the Agents and said, *"I am Chief Animae Cibus. My god, I am the Chief, this is who I have been learning from and spending all my time being educated dealing with what is occurring in this world. Damn it, it was always me! The Chief was me!"*

Agent Thol barked out these words, "It seems to me that you have been under a massive delusion. Obviously, you can't be in three different places all at the same time and still be you."

I then asked my wife, *"Do you still have the first notepad with the account of the first experiences that I had written?"*

She replied with a sad facial expression, clutching my hand she said, "No sweetie, I am so sorry," She began to cry again, she then continued,

"About 23 years ago I had given up hope. I truly began to believe you were long dead, and this notepad was nothing more than your attempt to write a novel even though as the years passed everything you had written in it came true. I threw it into the fireplace after watching the 3<sup>rd</sup> movie of Back to the Future, and it became ash. I am so sorry I lost hope."

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(Agent Stram interrupted) “It appears, there was no Indian Chief, there was no tunnel or cave through a doorway, the whole thing was obviously invented by you. And as you have said, all of this was an illusion of the mind.”

No, I didn’t want to believe that, there is no way that can be true. But here looking in this mirror, I see the Chief staring back, I was the Chief, there can be no doubt about it. Yet no one was going to convince me that I made all of this up. I then angrily replied, *“If this didn’t happen, where in the hell have I been for the last 30-years?”*

“That is what we would like to know?” The Agents grumbled!

Agent Thol and Stram decided that this case was going nowhere. There were strange anomalies, but there was no evidence or proof to be able to use any of it without looking like fools. They both assumed it was a marital dispute and I left long ago to follow another dream. Both looked at my wife, and agent Thol said, “Are you alright Mrs. Trovel?”

My wife glared suspiciously back at them and then realized she had no comment other than to say, “I am fine, thanks for giving me back my husband.”

The two agents formerly advised us that we could seek medical help, for what they believed was some sort of schizophrenia or delusional paranoia syndrome. They then dismissed themselves and walked away while handing me the notepad of the first expedition.

I then looked at my wife, with great sadness in my heart of what I had done to her. Yet I knew I didn’t do this on purpose, these events were way beyond my control. But then like a ton of bricks it hit me, this is 2014, oh my God, *“What is the world like right now?”*

My wife straightened up from a bent over position and said, “Honey the world has become everything your notepad said that it would become. It is a sick and dying world, getting worse every day. I really believed as the years

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rolled along that your experiences were indeed real, I was living in it and witnessing it every second of every day, like a clock going tick-tock.

There is nothing but crime, and the crimes are corporate and banking, and political. The news is filled with people harming other people and the morals, forget it, there are none. It has become a nightmare.

To have to watch this slowly occur over the years it was extremely unsettling. This is not the same world we lived in back in 1984, it has changed, mysteriously changed.

I wanted you to be here so that we could work this out together. I was all alone to see these things fall apart and felt I would die alone. I am an old woman now, I have long past my youth. Yet I would not trade this day away for any day in the past. (Annie May starting sobbing again.)

To be together with you is the shining moment in my life. You are everything to me and will always be. And your very presence backed by what I read in the notepad is proof that you indeed did have these experiences, and I am sickened that I lost hope and destroyed the notepad, but thank god the agents had another one.”

Both Tim and Annie May when she said that both looked at each other with this look of how is this possible, if Annie burned the notepad, where did the agents get it from? They then shook it off as being the weird norm of this strange event.

Annie May Continued... “I missed you so much. Every time I would try to tell anyone what was written in the notepad, no one would listen, they would mock me and belittle me. They would say, ‘where is this mysterious notepad, old lady, you speak as a senile old woman?’

They even said I was of the devil and a witch and that I belonged to some satanic cult. They called me a demon, and the children would mock me

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and throw things and even spit at me. And between me and you, I began to wonder if I wasn't crazy."

Being filled with absolute compassion for my wife and what she had to endure, I then began to backtrack in my mind thinking how special my wife had always been, and how we shared a great life albeit now cut short, she was truly a wonderful mate and time traveler companion.

My wife was born of Greek lineage. When we met, her family couldn't stand me, but over time I finally won their heart over the process of time via familiarity. I used to call her 'Anima' all the time.

It had become a pet name between me and her. She is my heart and soul, and she is my bountiful blessing. She is my lover, friend, wife, sister, and confidant... And no doubt a true soul friend.

Little did I realize that the Chief's name and my wife's pet name were nearly identical? It became all too clear that all of this might have been in my own imagination, yet how is it all coming true?

Nothing else made sense, why was the Chief's name, Anima, also very close to my wife's pet name 'Anima'? And why is it that staring in the mirror now I see the very same Chief I had been dealing with all this time?

My wife being a wise woman understanding my very thoughts said, "You didn't make all this up; don't even think go there, (as she grasped her hands on my cheeks,) we have 30-years of proof that everything you said was real, and even though I doubted, my doubts have all been erased.

This happened to you, all of it, just like you said. Whatever you wrote in that notepad was not something you made up, but what you were being fed. Do you know why, I discovered what Anima Cibus means, it means '**SOUL FOOD**'? It represents how you have been nourished by this information from another part of yourself.

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This is something I realized when you were gone. It is the soul within you and me and all who are from the divine realm being fed spiritual nutrition by our Chief.”

I was blown away, it never dawned on me that the Chief’s name meant, SOUL FOOD. It is the spirit that comforts the soul. Annie May looked at me with her deep blue glazed eyes, and said, “I even figured out what the soul food is.”

*“What is it?”*

“Sweetie, it is the Panem Vitae. Remember the Chief told you that you must eat it?”

*“Oh, yes indeed, I do remember, at the time I didn’t understand what he was saying to me. The idea of eating Panem Vitae never made sense. He explained all about the Panem Vitae how it became a person from a specific bloodline.”*

Annie May quipped “But as you know darling, it wasn’t the bloodline, it didn’t have anything to do with a bloodline. It was all about the person named Panem Vitae. Do you remember what the Panem Vitae is?”

*“I remember clearly, a caller on the radio told me it was the Latin term for the Bread of Life!”*

“Exactly, and the bread of life were the spiritual WORDS the Panem Vitae fed us with. It was not something we physically ate, but spiritually. You see, we do not physically eat the Panem Vitae, he is but the teacher, the soul food within. It is the WORDS he disseminated that were to be internalized, which is indeed, the Bread of Life to all the true seeds of the Caelestus Pater.

It is he who guides the soul, and you knew him as Animae Cibus, he is your SOUL FOOD, your personal connection to soul, he is the one who leads you to partake of the Panem Vitae as your true spirit, the BREAD OF LIFE. And

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then that one is returned to his foundations of Caelestus Pater, or the Heavenly Father in the sky.”

*“Then tell me, what is, Panis Venenum. This was supposed to be a counterfeit. Did you also figure this out?”*

“Of course, my beloved, Panis Venenum is POISON BREAD.”

It was then made very clear to me that my wife had even greater understanding than even I had. I then knew why I returned to this time, I was not about to make the journey alone. I returned in her dream to bring my dear beloved Annie back with me, as she was also ready...

# The Day the Earth Fell Backwards

## (26) The Very First Day

### Time-Loop Finale – Returning from the Past to the Future

I just woke up and it is early in the morning and I can't wait to take my hike, I had remembered about a place that might house ancient burial grounds of the Anasazi, and I just had to see if I could find them.

The temperature today was already quite warm, so the hike was going to be a grueling one. It is going to be about 85° today and when walking over difficult terrain it may seem like 100° out there.

It is June 12th, 1984 my wife and I both woke up having had the soundest sleep ever. I told her this is the day I find some ancient burial grounds, and maybe there will be some cool souvenirs.

However, before I leave I need to go to Walgreens, to get some items, and then I am ready for a long day's hike. I can't wait. I feel so rejuvenated and so alive, and right now I feel very happy. As I bounced out of the restroom dressed to kill, so to speak, my wife said, "Hey, you aint going anywhere without me!"

*"Are you kidding me, you want to take a hike? What in the world got into you today, you never go with me on hikes?"*

"To be honest, I don't know, but a silent voice in my head told me to stay as close to you as I can."

My wife and I had been together for about ten years, and we are like tied to the hip on almost everything we do. However, that never included hiking, this was never her cup of tea. But for some strange reason, she wants to come today, and I am thrilled that she will be able to see these ancient sights, because they really are extraordinary.

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The place where I am going today, a professor which happens to be a close tie to my wife, had told me that he had discovered some amazing artifacts and information in a hidden area in an off the trek zone. I had been taking some night classes on the ancient Anasazi cultures.

My Professor, William 'Kikapoo' Keuinedes revealed a lot of mystery about the Anasazi. He spoke often how they had been Cliff and land dwellers in the Southwest of the United States. His origins like my wife Annie are Greek, but he had some strange ties to this ancient culture, and desperately wanted to discover all he could about them.

His most researched aspect of this ancient tribe was the fact that this entire tribe disappeared. Today the Hopi and Pueblo believe they are the true descendants. However, there are some missing links to this tradition as well as the name Anasazi refers to ancient enemies, or it might better be translated ancient strangers, a people who never belonged.

The Professor said, he believes they received this moniker as ancient enemies because they were revealing the dark sinister malicious spirit in this world. In retrospect, as the professor was always fond of saying in class, "The enemy of my enemy is my friend."

The idea was proposed due to the fact this entire tribe disappeared that there was something unique and may even be otherworldly about them. Some even identify them with aliens, represented by the name strangers or enemies of man.

Much of this is speculation, no doubt, but the professor believes that their culture was unique, way beyond the mindset of most Native Americans or even that of most of humanity.

As such, the Anasazi were known for building an astronomical observatory. Watching the stars was very important to them. Why, we may never know, but it appears that it may have had something to do with a



# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

ceremonial calendar on how time functions and is also altered. The Professor began to speculate, that they understood time itself different than most.

Now get this, in their dwellings they constructed a central hole in the floor. It represented a portal from the underworld into the fourth world.

Somehow these mysterious tribes were moving into different dimensions. The Professor's theories are not widely accepted among historians, but his youthful excitement and his uncanny knowledge about all of this, energizes the students, including me, and made the entire topic of great interest for us all.

Now what is strange is that by the 13<sup>th</sup> century the Anasazi all but disappeared as if leaving this world for another world. Some have thought maybe they were ancient alien survivors and their people came back to retrieve them. Whatever occurred they left without a trace. And speculation has left many wondering where they could have gone.

No matter what one may think, an ancient tribe that was so knowledgeable about astronomy and how the universe works obviously were far more advanced than the tales of scavengers, headhunters, cannibals and thieves. To think these people were ignorant is more of a testament about who we may be, than what they truly are.

Their culture was advanced, with art, religion, architecture, and the petroglyphs that they left behind were astonishing, revealing monumental information about them. This was a race of people who knew more than even what the legends portray.

So today will be a real treat for my wife and myself to look back into the past and hopefully learn how this culture really lived. Who knows, maybe we will even find the missing link to this auspicious culture, the doorway to our souls.

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## (27) The Reckoning

### THE EVENT– Processing the Data

It is September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2016, I just woke up from sleep, my wife told me, “You must have had a pretty wild dream you were talking all night. You said some pretty wild things.”

All I could say was, “The Anasazi figured out a way to escape this world. They have left all the clues behind to figure out how they did it. They are able to pass through worlds and continue to help even those of our time.”

“Is this why you were tossing and turning all night?”

“No, it has to do with something two FBI agents told me a couple of days ago. They made me aware of something. I realize now how important it is for me to make sure that others know what I know. And yet there is now so little time.

I don’t want to be here anymore. I am sick of this world and tired of what has been taking place, where for centuries the only thing we ever advance in is technology, but we never grow in the heart and feed the soul.

We are like a stagnant race that moves from one generation to another always believing we are improving, and growing mentally and emotionally, as a civilization, yet we do neither.

The fruits of every generation have revealed our lack, and instead we allow that which has always mocked us to be our entrapment. We are not growing; we are not even evolving. Every generation of humanity continues to live within the desire for bondage rather than the beauty and omnipotence of freedom.

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

This is what the story of the Anasazi is there to teach us. That we destroy what we touch, we tear down what we build. We are like unsupervised children that never grow up.

We think we are more intelligent, because we have great inventions as well as innovations. But we do not build upon the greatest of all, and that is our spiritual wellbeing.

As a people, we only live our lives to fulfill our own lusts and desires. We live to survive, but few have ever really lived to find the gateway to their soul. We indoctrinate ourselves with what feels good to our senses, rather than what benefits others and the whole.

We then in turn bring curses upon everyone for our despicable flight of fancy that we cultivate, while standing upon the backs of others to catapult ourselves above them due to greed and avarice. We often call good evil and evil we often call good. We are like Jekyll in the day and Hyde in the night, as if some strange power is holding its curse upon our necks.

And yet I look back to what was written in the notepads, that the world is an illusion of the mind, and the minds of the many have become sick. And thus, the world only translates out of what is in the mind.

The beauty we see, is only a reality of hope that we once longed and desired for. And yet it is slowly fading, the rules have changed and that which was omniscient and omnipresent has become decaying and obsolete.

We appear to be alive, yet we sleep the death of ages. We watch our plants grow in the sunlight, which then go to sleep at night under the moon. Yet the Sun and Moon are our enemies, they are the violent caretaker of our souls placing us in these bodies of death, as it replaces our divine creed.

We are trapped inside a prison without walls, one so sturdy not even the strongest among us can break free. Whole armies have been devoured, lands

# Time-loop Chronicles

have been shredded all to realize nothing can penetrate the walls of this prison except one thing.

We must awaken out of the dream before it is too late and we are back here again having spent generations of living life while slowly dying. Therefore, this is the reason I was tossing and turning. We must come to realize that our only hope for freedom comes from within us, which was seeded a very long time ago by our divine parentage.

This is where all things reside. Our hopes, our desires, even our dreams. Everything resides within us. It is to those who know where to place their trust as to how we may become free.”

In a private session with the Chief, while reading the notepad again, it revealed, “When you come to internalize all that is within you, then the gateway will be opened to reunite with your grand spirit and then you may forever leave this place behind. You shall return unto the ancestors of old and be free as a little child of the great and glorious family of Caelestus Pater.

It is for those, because of the inheritance, our brothers and sisters and sons and daughters of the Great Spirit Father and Mother in the Sky, that we will indeed eventually be removed from this hell once we have acknowledged one thing, ‘that none of us are here by accident, all have made choices that have led to our captivity.’

Only our divine parents have the keys to our prison, which is within our soul. To unlock the gate; we must eat of the Panem Vitae and we must believe, truly believe.

And when that day comes we will not need to come back here again. There will be no need to find the doorways of our past. We will simply be guides for those who remain to be led and nurtured towards their ultimate reunion... OF THEIR SPIRIT WITHIN-The Panem Vitae!”

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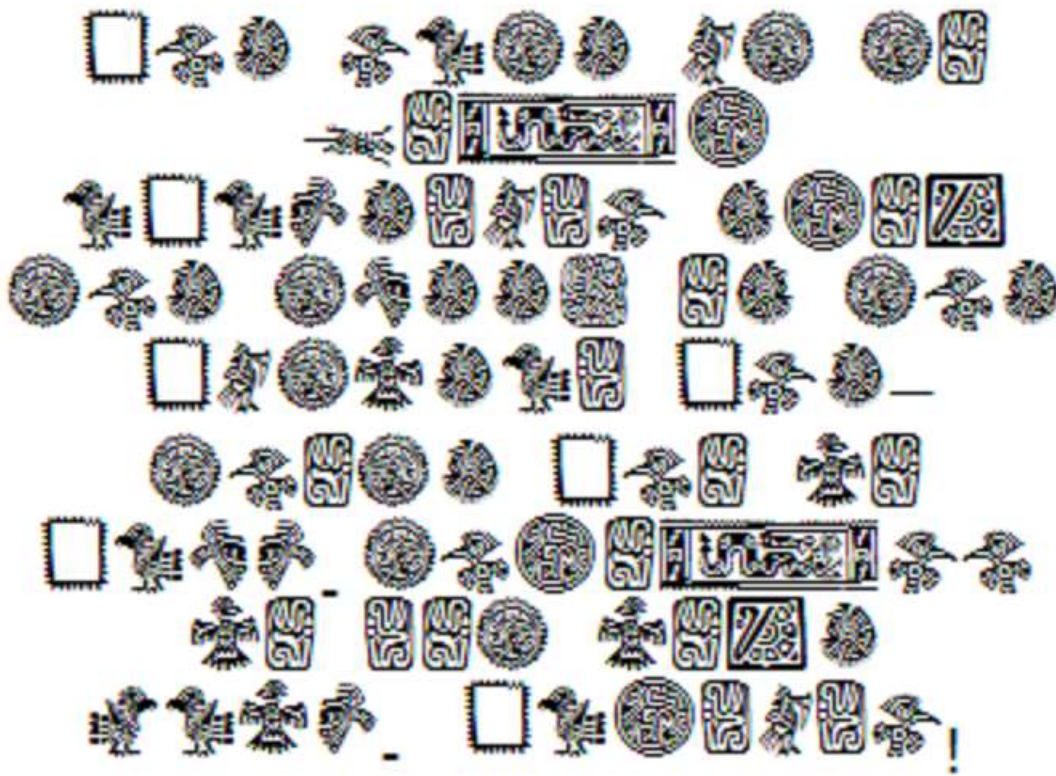
We have within us the keys to our ultimate reality, and once we unlock that door, there will be no need to ever enter the past or future again. My wife wondered why it was that this has been so daunting giving me restless nights of worry. I told her, "It is because, I have failed again, another time-loop is about to come, and it appears that I am not ready."

She said, "What will it take to be ready?"

"Having the key and then using it! I am now holding the key to the future, but I needed it in the past."

My wife then asked me, "What is the key?"

"It is written in the cave writing upon the door of the gateway that was written about in the Notepad, I finally figured it out."



"What does it say?"

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**The gate is to your awakening from the sleep of the Piscean Age  
– those who do walk-through do not come back- warning!**

**“What does it mean?”**

**“It means the gate only opens when it is your time, and once you truly walk through, you will be changed forever.”**

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

**(28) End of the Age**

## **A Reckoning Continues – End of the World 2017**

As I sit here pondering the message of the gateway of the cave that I had spoken to my wife about seven months ago. I really miss my Cousin Annie May and her Husband Tim. I had come to learn one last thing that needed to be completed to make sure that I was ready for the transition.

I had to return to the place where all of this began. After speaking to the FBI agents, they told me there was something very valuable that I may want that was near the mesa.

I have kept as many clues as I can so the information in the notepad will remain safe, and I have locked in triggers to remind me on how my wife and I can finally escape this world during the next time-loop. This is what has saddened me, that we cannot make this transition now. I believe I have a major work to do before I can flee this world.

I also must warn the world. I must take these notes and do as instructed and make a book out of them so the world can then pass this key down to their children.

As the warnings revealed, we are having earthquakes and volcanic eruptions all over the planet due to the events in the heavens and the malfunction in the earth. Indeed, we are at the great apocalypse. Scientists are calling it the great shift. Everyone can feel it. We have just lived through the worst economic crash in the planet's history in 2015-2016.

Over ten-thousand politicians and bankers were all hanged or executed in various ways mostly firing squad like, due to the enormity of the conspiracy that they were part of that included massive theft and deception.

Yet it won't restore the millions of lives that were lost in the great global illegal refugee movement riots of 2015 just one year ago. I no longer live in

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the United States, I now find my home among friendly, albeit strangers in the Mexican town of Puerto Vallarta.

It is now April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2017 and the world by all appearances seems to be over, and yet we now know it is the time-loop. At last report, hundreds of millions and possibly into the billions now have perished in Europe and mostly Asia through flooding, tsunamis, earthquakes and disease.

The scene is beyond anything we could have ever expected or imagined. Russia has become a frozen tundra with strange weather anomalies that have been accelerating ever since 2012 across the globe.

England was basically wiped out in floods; the higher lands of Scotland carries the remaining population who are trying to hold on. Norway, Sweden and Finland have entered another ice age. From most reports, few have survived.

South Americanus and Africa are inundated with disease everywhere. However, many are fleeing to these continents due to the climate change that seems to be more livable, but it doesn't appear that it will save them as the destruction is accelerating.

Asia Minor, which includes most of Turkey and some Greek areas along the Northern Arabic borders as well as Italy are also being battered by horrific size earthquakes some measuring in the 8's and 9's on the Richter scale.

There are even mystery reports of tens of thousands moving into cities below the ground, none of that was ever confirmed, most of this was kept from the public awareness as it appears to be a safety net for the world leaders, i.e. politicians, royals, bankers, and military etc.

The Middle East after the conflict has left a path of death. Israel has been annihilated through war and destruction, leaving just a few outer factions of Palestinians remaining.



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The Arabic world appears to be somewhat ahead of the game and some are surviving this upheaval, but many of the borders are being redefined. Some are already beginning to change their country's names to benefit the religious Islamic beliefs under the old prophet Mohammed for Allah, and his teachings are being restored. Many believe that the ancient names should have remained.

Iran has once again been changed back to its historical name called, Persia and many countries are following in suit. Not sure what any of this will do as the world seems to be coming to an end.

Places like Babylon have been restored in central Iraq. The land of Egypt has spread out. It is as if we are watching the world return to the ancient times. All of this has occurred so fast we cannot even follow it. It is as if the world does survive it will become as it once was in the past, instead of moving into the future.

So many strange things have happened, who could have ever known. So much of this was revealed in the first notepad that the agents gave me, where I mysteriously gained access to it having already had the second notepad.

Out of the East rose a megalithic economic bloc of nations, where the monetary reset included bringing back gold and silver to be the cornerstone of the economy. Again, it is as if it is all returning to another time.

Sadly, for the Americanus and parts of Canada and Mexico the entire region has been culled to maybe a few million. Most cities were burned to the ground during the great riots.

Disease and famine removed and took the lives of almost everyone in the urban areas, cities are all but wastelands. Those who could live off the land in rural Americanus, many of them teamed up with others of like mind including many races of the Americanus Indians and they have pulled their resources together.

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These have had the best chance of survival, but there won't be many left as food is basically obsolete. Animals are all but gone, as many of them were destroyed in the riots as gangs fought for food and clothing.

The U.S. Government fully collapsed in late 2016 when it was proven they were engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow their own people and take over the globe using deception and lies.

Great death followed via the weather wars as well as the internal civil war that proceeded. It became known that technology was being used to subvert the weather, which has now made the planet basically unlivable for billions of people.

It also seemed to ignite the new northern Ice age, which has severely hampered and harmed all of Canada down to the Midwest of the U.S. and Northeast region of the country. If I had not been aware and seen much of this with my own eyes and ears, I would say this was a bad dream, a terrible nightmare of a life-time long ago.

Even now as I am reporting this in Puerto Vallarta, a massive earthquake and multiple volcanos have erupted in the South Pacific around the ring of fire.

A major volcanic eruption had also occurred in the Yellowstone of Wyoming about two months ago, followed by multiple 7.0 aftershock earthquakes. But it was not nearly as bad as some had feared. Yet many lost their lives as far as 600-miles away due to this event.

The San Madrid fault also busted loose, dividing the Mississippi river into three parts and dividing the country from the East and West. Several fault lines including the San Andreas created a massive separation of land from Seattle down through San Francisco all the way through Los Angeles and spread even down into the Baha regions.

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Some regions in central California there is a large swath of sea water inland nearly two miles wide, some of the water penetrated via earthquake sub tectonic plates from as far west from San Jose to about 800 miles east through Nevada that reached all the way to the Great Salt Lake in Utah, adding billions of gallons of salt water. The destruction is paramount.

What few reports that are coming in now here to Puerto Vallarta, we have been warned that a wall of water 200-feet high blamed on these oceanic earthquakes is heading our way and will envelope much of the area of Western Mexico in a massive Tsunami this evening.

Sadly, I leave this world with great sorrow as to what it might have been, instead it is turning into the abomination that makes desolate.

This will be my last entry in my diary, as I now have the keys to walk through the gate and finally return home, but sadly I will have to wait and be plagued by the deception of lost memory until I return to find my many clues. Everything that was written in the notepads has all come true.

It is my fervent wish that the next time I will make things right, at least that is my dream. With all my love to my wife, my sweet love that passed on earlier this year. Until we meet again, I promise I will get it right the next time.

**My special thanks are to go out to Tim E. Trovel and to his wife, my cousin, Annie May, the Chief and his soul mate, for giving us all the chance to become free and to find our own personal soul-food within.**

Signed: *William 'Kikapoo' Keuinedes* - April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2017

# **Time-loop Chronicles**

## **(29) The Awakening**

### **The Days Wind Down – A New Beginning**

January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2016

Federal Bureau Investigation officers and agents in league with Federal Emergency Management Agency along with the National Security division...

Today the Bureau will be taking a class with some FEMA and NSA agents, dealing with the ancient culture of the Anasazi. It was a long-lost tribe that disappeared long ago without a trace.

The turmoil that is occurring in the country as the government is all but collapsed, may not cease and we may need to find another way to exist. These are difficult times and it doesn't appear as if anything is going to get better. We must be prepared for every eventuality, even the end.

The U.S. Government is now located in Bluffdale, Utah under the flag of the NSA. It had moved from Washington D.C. to Denver and lasted only 8 months before it was abolished. It is now only hanging by a thread.

These remaining groups, who have maintained their allegiance to the country and their agency, while excelling in their specialized fields, they are being sent to a seminar outside of Salt Lake City.

Somehow most of Utah was one of the only states to have escaped the great riots and the destruction. And now with the renowned, William 'Kikapoo' Keuinedes a 30-plus year veteran of the archaeologist and geographic scientific field of possible ancient alien cultures. That which remains of the Federal Government are being retrained on how to bring back the country using ancient knowledge.

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They are seeking William's help in using this ancient knowledge to understand how to restore the country under the guidelines of protecting the land and one another.

Mr. Keuinedes has been teaching on this subject for over 35-years. He resigned from Brigham Young University as tenure to explore on his own.

Along the way, he has discovered some long-lost information that may help us better understand what happened to the Anasazi tribe, and he has agreed with the remaining few of the Federal Government agencies to reveal some of this amazing data to aid in possible restoration.

Agents Stram and Thol stood by each other as they were given their daily manifesto. Agents Stram looked over to Agent Thol saying, "Damn, we can't seem to get away from these strange cases dealing with the Anasazi. Did we do something wrong in a past life or something?"

They both chuckled, and proceeded to walk out the door to their car and drove to the seminar.

There must have been 3000 agents sitting in this large amphitheater encircling the professor whom stood in the center, it was an outside event. The professor thought the outdoors would drive home the point even more as to the life and times of the Anasazi, by feeling the subject matter rather than just listening to it.

As the agents located their seats, they then patiently waited until the professor was announced. He brought on the center stage a large felt painting of what appeared to be an Indian Chief and his mate. The painting was placed on a table that could turn slowly in a 360° pattern so all the agents could at least get a view of it. Mr. Keuinedes stood also on a platform that turned slowly.

As they began to set up their note taking, Stram looked at Thol, and said quietly. "Hey, by the way, did I ever tell you that I read the entire notepad that

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Tim Trovel had kept in his journal of his 'mass delusional events' before I handed it back to him?"

"No." Thol declared, "You didn't tell me you read it all. I mean we both sort of examined it, but we felt there was nothing to it other than what had already been identified. I never really thought twice about it."

Whispering, Stram replied, "I tell you what, I did read it all, and it was weird to the core... Anyway, it would make for a good book or movie. There was some heavy shit in there you would not believe."

Stuff like the earth is a time machine, and it is traveling back and forth between two dates, over one-thousand years apart. And by what I could glean out of the book, we are near at that time now."

"That is some weird shit, no doubt." Thol affirmed.

"Yea, it gets a whole lot deeper than that, but you really have to be wearing your boots and waders."

Both laughed a little too loud just in time for the professor to say, "Please everyone, I realize we are outside, but to be able to hear everything I am saying, you need to be attentive and refrain from talking."

The Professor continued... "Today I want to discuss about the enigmatic tribe that disappeared from our shores 800-years ago in and around the 13<sup>th</sup> century. These ancient Native Americanus left a secret story behind, and once you discover the clues would stand your hair on end and knock your socks off, and today it could easily become a great book or movie."

Agent Thol turned her head over towards Stram, "Dang, that is weird, talk about Déjà vu."

The Professor continued... "I am holding in my hands a long-lost writing which was mysteriously handed to me by a close relative that wanted me to

# **The Day the Earth Fell Backwards**

reveal its content. The book is very old, and the carbon dating has it close to if not exact, at about 800-years ago. Now if that is not amazing enough. This work appears to be from our time.”

Gasps in the audience revealed shock and dismay.

Stram with his eyes wide opened as to reveal his denying thoughts, “Is he kidding me, he also has a notepad that was dated back that far. How strange is that?”

Thol Replied, “Yea, that is pretty far out there, but how is there two notepads?”

Stram, realizing the answer was obvious. “Oh, of course, he must have gotten it from Tim Trovel. Oh god, the professor is in for the shock of his life. This stuff is all bullshit. How did he get taken in like this?”

The Professor continued... “Yes indeed, we do not have the answers, but we know this work is very old and yet it appears to be a writing of our day, in fact... Maybe I shouldn’t even reveal this, but the writing seems to be on a pad of paper that was bought from a local store in our time, possibly in the 80’s, and it still has the corporate logo.

If you want to check it out after the meeting then come on down here and you will see the word, ‘Walgreens’.”

Again, gasps in the audience revealing their stunned disbelief.

“Was this the work of time travelers? Was this alien intervention? Well we do not have all of the answers, but the clues as they start to build up reveal something rather amazing here”.

Stram then blurted out with a shrill derision in his voice, “Oh my god, the shit is about to hit the fan.”

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Thol poked his rib cage with her elbow and quietly said, “SHHH, quiet, geez!”

Stram replied, “We can’t let this guy make a fool of himself, that crap is fraudulent, it’s all made up.”

Thol couldn’t help from laughing and she replied, “I know, but orders are orders, we have to be here.”

“Don’t you think we should say something, this guy is going to make a fool out of himself, and all of us? I don’t know what he has been doing for 35-years, but this guy is a looney tune. How could he buy into this nonsense? It is absolutely insane.”

Obviously Stram was not amused, one may wonder if it is because he was afraid of the possibility of it all being real, and he did not give it that honor. Was it fear, anger, jealousy, even envy? Whatever it was, Stram was not amused.

From this point on Stram and Thol spent the rest of their time scribbling in their notepads ignoring the professor and chuckling ever so often as they sat there defiantly resisting the professor’s theories. This brought the closest officers that were in ear range to become rather agitated by this show of insincerity of this rebel like mentality.

Finally, the two-hour seminar ended, and both agents decided to take a closer look at the gigantic felt painting. When they got there they both recognized the all too obvious faces of Tim and Annie May Trovel when they were younger.

Each of them were wearing ceremonial dress of the Ancient Anasazi Indian tribe. And they both looked very young. This disturbed them a little until they realized it had to be a younger photograph of them that had been taken.



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And yet the two agents couldn't shake the fact that they both believed they knew these two when they were younger and as they stared at the painting it became all too obvious that an old memory was returning.

As the professor was gathering his notes and placing them in his brief case. Agent Stram turned around and said, "Professor, hi, I am Agent Max Stram, and this is my partner, Agent Laura Thol. We want to ask you a few questions.

"Sure." Replied the ever so eager professor to speak more on his favorite subject.

Laura Thol still glued to the painting said, "Is it me, or do I know these two people?"

Agent Stram replied, "What's up with you, of course we know them."

"No, I don't mean know them, I mean, didn't we meet these two before, the same two and they looked exactly what this painting reveals?"

"Thol, I think we have been on this case too long and it is started to warp your thinking. We never met them when they were young, how could we? We would not have yet been born when these two were at this age."

"I don't know Max, something about this picture is really bothering me, like a recollection deep within me, and it's haunting me."

"Laura, be logical, (Anger setting in with Stram.) it is not possible!"

Stram then queried the Professor. "Where did you get this photograph of these two people that the felt painting was made from? I mean you got to be aware that these two people are very much alive and living in this world today and they are not even Indians?"

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The professor startled them by his immediate response. “Ah, I guess you know more than most?”

“What does that mean?” Stram demanded.

“Well you seem to know the origin of the painting’s couple. The truth is, the couple in this picture were very much alive in our time; approximately 32 years ago, but somehow were also back in time, 800 years ago.”

Stram not wanting to correct the Professor did not try to spoil the comment by saying that the Trovel’s are very much alive today in 2016, versus 1984. He thought, maybe the Professor is referring to the time that the Trovel’s had this photograph taken when they were younger. But this idea that they were back in time 800-years really started to push the boiling point in Stram.

“Well, professor don’t you think that being part of this fraud and forgery is a tad deceptive? I mean, why are you telling everyone that these people are ancient Indians from the Anasazi, when you know they aint?”

The professor laughing under his breath trying to figure out a way to respond. “DO I REALLY know that?” The professor laughs. “Did you know I had Tim in my class back in early 80’s? I knew him and especially his wife, but I also know where this painting came from. And the two don’t add up, that is why I am so desperately trying to find their secret.”

“Secret? You mean you think they went back in time?” Thol responded.

“This amazing felt painting was not taken from a photograph. It was the result of a modern-day painter, taking an old drawing and then turning it into this very lovely work of art.”

“Wait a minute.” Agent Thol proposed, “You just agreed that this was a photograph taken 30-years ago, and now you say it is an ancient work of an old drawing. This don’t add up, what is your game?”

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“May I call you Laura?”

Agent Thol is very agitated. “No, please don’t”

Well, Agent Thol, there is no game here, let me prove it to you. I didn’t say this is a painting of a photograph, Agent Stram did, in truth it is a manufactured painting of an old drawing.”

The professor went back into his leather briefcase and zipped it back open and from the contents he removed a small but very old book. He told them, “This was the book the drawing was in. And this is not someone’s figment of their imagination.” As he opened the book the two agents peered in and turned white as ghosts.

The professor continued... “This is a real 16<sup>th</sup> century book that is widely and commonly known to collectors. In it, it describes the artist view as he commented about the couple in his drawing that, ‘they were not of this world.’ Yes, what indeed could the artist have been implying, about them not being part of this world?

Some contended that he had been in contact with aliens, but we now know he witnessed a 20<sup>th</sup> century couple of two people that somehow had left their world and had jumped back in the 13<sup>th</sup> century. The story says, ‘that they went back in time and soon they vanished from the world permanently.’

This ancient artist then made a drawing of the couple first hand, of whom he claimed he had never seen again and then later the entire Anasazi tribe vanished with them.

This drawing to date was stunning for the time it had been done. Yet it was a masterpiece as you can see by this fine artwork here.” As the Professor pointed to the painting.

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“Somehow the drawing survived. In the book under the drawing, the artist comments were in the old Athabaskan language, ‘this was a drawing of the Indian Chief, Animae Cibus and his mate Annie May.’”

This is when the mystery becomes convoluted. This artifact drawing was discovered and kept by a tribe of Navaho, until they were conquered by an invading tribe of Indians from the East. And the artifact ended up in the hands of a European traveler known as, Cristobal Colombo. Don’t ask me how, it just did.

He then returned this drawing back to Europe and handed it personally to Queen Isabella of Spain. Of which was later added to this 16<sup>th</sup> century book of, ‘Common Red-Face Collections of the Americanus West.’”

Both Stram and Thol were now shaken from their head down to the tips of their toes. The professor could tell they were extremely frightened, as if a hidden secret was somehow unveiled within their minds.

They both knew they had met the older Mr. and Mrs. Trovel, they couldn’t understand how a drawing could have been of the two of them when they were younger at which point they then went back in time and vanished. This could not be possible.

Finally, the stories that the Agents were told by the Trovel’s as well as the notepad that Stram read in full, started to unravel within their brains. It all started coming together in their minds. Now the Agents were on a mission. They were heading back to Southern Utah to speak to the Trovel’s who they had last talked to about a year and a half ago.

When they arrived, they went directly to the Trovel residence. There was an obvious difference, the house was painted yellow from the white and blue paint it had been prior, and strange children were outside running and playing around in the front yard.

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The two agents walked up to the front door, and began to knock. When a woman of obvious Spanish descent and dialect opened the door, and said, “Hola ¿quién es usted?”

Agent Thol immediately knowing she was wondering who they were, she replied. “Yes, we are agents of the FBI and we are looking for a couple named the Trovel’s.”

The woman unsure of what they meant said, “No we not trouble here, we family and uh, mis hijos.”

Both agents glanced back and forth to one another, and again, this time Stram remarked. “No, we are not after your children, we are looking for the couple who owns or owned this house, do you know where they are?”

Again, the woman said, “No, this is mi casa, no one other.”

“Mam”, Stram replied, “How long have you lived here?”

“Lived here?” The woman gasped in deep thought, “Oh, lived here, siete años, ah, has been, ah, seven year.”

Now the agents realized that there was definite cause to be concerned. They then excused themselves and drove to the county courthouse and spoke to the clerk of courts over records, and asked them if they could tell them who owned the Trovel’s house. And to let them know if the Trovel’s lived there or if they ever did. The clerk of courts did reveal the source due to the fact it was never a sealed case.

Clerk of courts said, “Yes there was a family named Trovel that lived in the house back in ‘1984,’ but mysteriously disappeared, and were never found again. The house went up for auction in 1987, and since then three different families have lived in the house.”

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The two agents walked out of the courthouse and went to their car as silent as a mouse. They sat there in stunned silence and total shock.

Thol looked at Stram, “Max are we losing it? Didn’t we just go to the Trovel’s house? Didn’t we find the body of the old man that happened to be Tim Trovel? Didn’t we speak to Mrs. Trovel in her home and at the hospital? What in the God forsaken hell is going on here?”

“Laura, I think we may have been in the twilight zone, but this time for real. I think the two of us need to return to pay a little visit to a strange mesa outside of town.”

“Is that wise Max, it seems when we go they’re strange things occur.”

“The last time we were there, (Max said) nothing happened, I think that is because we didn’t go back to the cavern entrance, we found the body laying outside. This time we must go back to the cave entrance.”

Neither one of them disagreed with the idea, they now wanted to know what in the world was happening. They now remember that they did go there back in the past when they met Tim Trovel. Laura Thol remembering, “I knew something was odd when we went to their house, I am slowly recovering the lost memory.

I knew their town seemed out of date, and they were driving an older car, and yet everything looked nearly new. We somehow went back in time to an earlier year.”

Both began their trek not even the least concerned that that were not prepared for the hike, they just had to return to the scene in hopes they could solve this strange and uncanny enigma. They finally made it back to the mesa from the back side, as they turned around to the front, once again there was no doorway in sight.

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But to their utter shock and bewilderment, sitting on the tree in front of the Mesa wall was none other than a very young Tim Trovel just like they left him once upon a time. It was as if he never moved. As the agents walked over to Tim they noticed his eyes were closed, Laura asked, "Is he asleep Max?"

Stram replied, "I think so."

Finally, Stram walked up to him and shook him crying out, "Hey wake up old timer."

Tim awakened and looked up to the agents as they wondered what happened to him. He said, *"Everything went black, didn't you notice that? It was daylight and then nighttime and now it is daylight again."*

"Sure Mr. Trovel, (Stram quipped) we saw it too." (Trying to make small talk, and placating with him, even though they didn't know what he was talking about. They wanted information now, they really wanted to know.)

Tim then stood up as if he had been revived from death. And everything went black again. Tim transformed before their eyes into, Chief Animae Cibus. His mind became sharp and he knew exactly what to tell the two agents. "Welcome back Agents, what I am about to give you is the complete version of my notes I wrote down the first time I took this journey."

Laura barked out, "The first time?"

"It is difficult for me to explain to you what happened. These notes will explain everything even what happened to me beyond the gates of time over multiple time-loops.

When you have both events from the two times that I went beyond the veil. You may want to divide them up into chapters revealing also the missing days and the time-loops. It will reveal the holographic nature of this world and how all of this is an illusion, a dream.

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At this point you may think it is a very bad dream, maybe even a nightmare, but I assure you, whatever you think it is doesn't really matter, because it is, what it is. Read this notepad, read it all, and then go find Professor William 'Kikapoo' Keuinedes."

Stram bolted out, "Are you kidding me we just had a seminar with him. He claimed to have the notepad from the trip from your 2<sup>nd</sup> journey."

"Amazing how that happens, isn't it?" (The Chief replied)

The Chief continued... "He truly does have the original 2<sup>nd</sup> timeline experience. The other one was lost when my wife from another time destroyed it, until you returned it to us. Now as you bring both parts together and put all of this into one writing, make sure you work together to get our message out to the world.

It is important that you realize that my wife and I have not been part of your world for a very long time. I know this may not make sense, but it is true. We have passed beyond the veil into a new dimension long ago. But for you it will seem as if it was yesterday.

Please tell the world our story, they need it now more than ever. The deadline is coming again for your timeline to merge back into the 10<sup>th</sup> century. Do not wait, you are a little more than a year away from the time-loop; April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2017. You must use all the resources available to you to get this work out to the world in a hurry.

When the work has been completed with both parts, please call it, "The Time-Loop Chronicles - The Day the Earth fell backwards." And simply add your names as the author. There is little time left.

You will have all the information, everything is there, just copy it all, edit it and then release it to the world. And do not worry about what people might think of you, and how you will be attacked and maligned. None of that



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matters anyway, because in truth it is all a dream. Finish this work and the doorway will be opened for the both of you.

We will both be waiting patiently for your return the day that this event occurs. May the Spirit of the Great Father and Mother rest upon your souls, and until we meet again, blessed be your fruits.

Agent Thol grabbed the notepad and instinctively read a portion of what was written. The words were...

“Chief, why is it so easy to manipulate the people, why can’t they understand they are stuck in a time-loop?”

You would think out of the 8-billion people that will arrive on the scene, that more than a few would come into agreement that something is very wrong here. But no, it doesn’t seem to develop into the mass consciousness.”

As the agents were unable to even speak looking horrified as they both thumbed through the notepad that Stram had completely read once before, they both were truly freaked out.

The Chief then said, “Our work is now done. We have given the world everything we know in bits and pieces through dreams, multiple time-loops and various other ways, to help the true souls to awaken. Now it is up to whoever takes this mantle upon themselves to deliver the message to the next generation and future time-loop participants.

There is only one area where sadness still exists for us and that is what we are trusting you for. We cannot forget our friends of whom are still sleeping in their coma, hearing, but do not hear, seeing, but do not see.”

As Stram was reading over Laura’s shoulder they both whispered the last two words at the same time, ‘Wake up!’

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Thol turning to Stram then commented, “How are we going to be able to pull this off?” Thol and Stram turned back to see what the Chief would say.

The Chief then told them “Go now, you have much to do in a very short time.”

The blackness of night gave way to the light of day. And Maxwell Stram and his partner Laura Thol, were completely by themselves.

Thol said, “How can any of this stuff be real, is it like Tim Trovel said, was all of this a figment of our imagination, are we going crazy? Yet how do we account for what we saw and know that we experienced it?”

Stram uttered, “How are we supposed to pull this off inside a year. Our country has serious issues; information technology is basically all but shut down. There is no way. The truth is, we barely believe this happened, how can we convince even one other soul?”

Thol Replied, “Max what about the professor, he has the other notepad and he has some pull even with our departments. And now along with what he has, we have the rest of the story. Maybe we could pull this off to help awaken at least a few people? Come on, this has to be real, we didn’t dream this up, did we?”

“Didn’t we?” Stram barked out. “Isn’t this what this entire story is about, dreams? Laura think about it, this world appears to be on the edge, millions have already died in the great riots, and we are trying to rebuild our country and the world. Our minds are saturated with end of the world type scenarios, everywhere we turn, so who is to say we are not being fed a bunch of baloney?

Yes, life is changing radically, but we can’t allow ourselves to accept our fate as fact, believing that our world is going to be destroyed in less than a year according to this crazy talk. Do you really want to accept this? Do you

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really want to believe this world is going to end and begin again in some wayward past of a dust bowl of the ancients?

We are the one's repairing this world, we are making the changes for the future not the past, it aint going to switch back one-thousand years, there is simply no proof to validate this.

At least, I for one don't believe any of this no matter how strange all this stuff may appear to be on the surface, even knowing how real it may seem. I am not going to tell the world that their cherished sacred reality is nothing but a crock of shit! Are you really willing to do that Laura?"

Laura shook her head appearing to be in somewhat of an agreement while lowering her eyes looking mournfully down on the ground, and then began shaking her head back and forth to reveal, "'NO!' I am not willing."

And as they turned around, Stram took the notepad out of Thol's hands and threw it back at the cavern wall where the Chief had been standing prior to him vanishing, and it lodged comfortably within a hole underneath a large rock. And agent Stram began to speak these final words...

"Let someone else find it and do the Chief's bidding. As for me, I am out of here."

And the two of them put their sun glasses back on and returned home.

.....

It's now April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2017 - Until next time.

It's now 937AD- Welcome back.

The Chief peering out partially from the void standing next to his mate, Annie May, like a ghostly apparition, shaking his head back and forth while his eyes revealed the sadness, saying, "Like I said, it just wasn't their time."

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His wife then responded, "That's ok we knew it wasn't for them yet, however, we do know who it is for, don't we?"

Back to the Future...

It is January 10<sup>th</sup>, 1959 while a five-year-old girl was up in the attic with her mother. She noticed that her mother was digging through some old stuff, while removing some junk and putting it aside while other things she would place into other boxes. She then took out this old book with a handmade leather binding and began to thumb through it.

The child stared at the book noticing that her mother seemed to be deeply in thought while scrutinizing it, so she asked her- "Mommy, what is that book about?"

*"Oh, nothing really child, I never read it, but this was your Uncle's book before he passed away. He always told everyone that he found the material for this book in some of his archeological finds, and it is about the future or maybe the past, I am not totally sure, it is kind of out there."*

*He tried to keep the contents of this book hidden from other colleagues, there was just something otherworldly about what he discovered. So, he kept it hidden. But when he died, my sister gave it to me, she didn't want to keep it around, but she didn't want to throw it away either."*

"Why mommy, why didn't she want to keep it?"

*"She had told me that she read it after her husband's passing, and she realized why he never wanted to expose this."*

"What was in it?"

*"Well, honey, for one thing, according to her it had information about their son in the future, which no one could possibly know. Her husband claimed*

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*clues were left behind by their son from the future so when he returned he could then... Oh it's just too weird."*

"Please tell me, mommy."

*"Well, when these clues were followed they would lead to the most important discovery ever. But she refused to believe any of it so she hid it away to make sure no one found it."*

"What is it called?"-

## **The Time-Loop Chronicles – The Day the Earth Fell Backwards!**

**By: Professor Walter Keuinedes**

"Mommy, we shouldn't keep this book, let's give this book to Cousin William so he can have it when he goes on his dad's anniversary of his first archaeological dig, he would get a big 'Kikapoo' out of it wouldn't he?"

*"You and your names sweetie you are always teasing your cousin with that name,"* As the mother laughed heartily she replied, *"You know something since my sister has also passed now, I think you are right Annie May, that sounds like a good idea, your cousin William deserves to have this."*

*It would be so cool to have something this groovy from his dad, even if it is way out there, and of course since he loved to hike, like his dad did, in searching the ancient burial grounds of the Anasazi, this would be right up his alley."*

**ad finem et principium –**

**∞**

**The End and the Beginning**

# **Time-loop Chronicles**

## **DISCLAIMER**

This is a work of fiction in the genre of science fiction and time travel. Although some names and places may be of commonality, the intended subject matter was simply for entertainment.

Any name or place that is identical was designed for writer clarity and not intended to copy a real person or place except for reasons of novelty. All persons or places portrayed are fictitious.

Note: Much of the subject matter although science fiction the Author had many of these incredible experiences through dreams, out of body, and time travel etc. Thus, much of the content was based on personal experiences in one form or the other.