

THE UFO PROBLEM

John Boston

I got the call Monday afternoon. The woman said her name was Mandy Flores. She asked me if I could help her remember what happened to her one warm afternoon outside of Los Angeles forty-eight years ago. I told her there were no guarantees with hypnotherapy. Some people respond very well and others not so well. You just won't know until it's over. This is my job. I am a state-licensed hypnotherapist. My name is Ben Guilford. Somebody has to know what happened. Somebody has to know the truth about what happened on that warm day in June 1976.

We made an appointment as soon as possible, which was the next day. She found my office and I met her at the door. She certainly seemed normal. She was an administrative assistant for a large medical supply company here in the city. I gave her my hypnotherapy "pre-test" and she passed with flying colors. She did not appear to be under the influence of drugs or alcohol. I sat her down and made small talk with her before we jumped into it. I explained how the process worked and what the results would be if it was successful.

"Two and a half hours. That's all it took to completely destroy my family. Two and a half goddamn hours. I still to this date don't remember what happened. It's been three years since my sister took her own life. I knew it was time. I had to know the truth. It was eating me up inside."

"Well, could you give me a little background information? I mean, I certainly don't want to lead you or sway you into answering the question, I've just found it works a lot better if I have a better understanding of the situation and can ask the right questions." I said.

"Of course. It was really hot that day in LA. We were driving back from Barstow after seeing my grandmother. She and my mom didn't really get along too well and they started fighting. I don't even know about what. I was fifteen at the time, and my sister, Maria was nine. Mom just announced we are leaving and heading back to our apartment in Hollywood. It was like one in the afternoon. We drove for hours only to turn around and leave two hours later. Made no sense to my fifteen-year-old self. So, we drove back into the city. Somewhere, just off the freeway, my mom says she is too hot and we need to get out and cool down. We had no AC and the windows were rolled down. We were all miserable.

I don't remember the exact spot we stopped. It was a big park right off the I-10 near Chino. My mom was very distrustful of people and their intentions, so we parked about half a mile away from the nearest car. I remember thinking that the park was pretty big, maybe a better word would be massive. All the park had was water, but it was very cold and we filled up our cups and just sat on the park bench and drank our water. I remember my mom was the first person to notice it. She put her cup down and looked up.

"What the hell is that?" she said looking up into the sky.

"That's the last thing I remember until I woke up in the backseat of my car. The strange thing is, I wasn't hot. I had no sweat on me, even though it was a very hot day. I remember thinking, I need a blanket. It was the strangest feeling. I also remember my pants were unbuttoned. My mom was in the driver's seat. My sister was right beside me. We all woke up at the same time."

"Oh, my. I guess we all fell asleep. I had the strangest dream, it seemed so real." she said.

"We pulled out of the car a few minutes later. I remember still feeling cold. My sister said nothing on the ride back home. My father worked all the time as a trucker and was rarely home, but today he was. He was a nice guy. I don't know, I never really thought about it after that. I guess it was my mom who first started having problems. It was around six months later. Her whole attitude seemed to change. She became very angry and depressed. She was a stay-at-home housewife, but I didn't want to be around her. Sometimes she would scream, and then break down in tears and cry. It got worse. My dad couldn't take care of her, he was the breadwinner for our family, so it fell on me. Finally, my uncle suggested we get her tested. The results didn't show anything except clinical depression. They put her on antidepressants which seemed to help. One night, things got really bad. My dad called and I told him to get home as soon as possible, I was really worried about Mom. She hadn't gotten out of bed all day. I sat down next to her and made her a cup of tea.

"Mom.....what happened to you?" I asked

She put her tea down and held my hand.

"You don't remember, do you?" she asked.

"Remember what?"

"That day at the park. You don't remember any of it, do you?"

"What day at the park?"

"As hard as I try, I just forget it. I just don't understand why they chose us. Why us? We're nobodies."

"Mom, what are you talking about?"

"I hope you never remember my *Ninita*. I hope you never do."

"She eventually recovered. When I was seventeen and my sister was like eleven or twelve, my mom went to work for the first time in her life. I guess it really helped her. She worked at a machine that made aviation parts. She made pretty good money. She and my dad divorced when I was twenty. I never saw him much after that. My mom survived, but she was never the same after that. She was an empty shell of a person. She dated guys. She was only sixteen when she had me, so she was still very young. Her life just became a mess. My sister wasn't much better. She fell in with the wrong crowd and went down a pretty dark path. She was arrested a few times and spent about a year in jail. Typical Mexican family story. She killed herself almost three years

ago today. I asked her once why she just stopped talking to me when she was a teenager, I finally got my answer."

"I stopped talking to you because I was jealous of you. Your brain wouldn't let you remember. You've lived your whole life and never once did you remember what happened to us that day at the park."

"Mom said the same thing, years ago. I didn't understand them either. What happened?"

"It was June 16th, 1976. I'll never forget that day as long as I live. We came home after visiting Grandma. We stopped at a park to get some water and cool down. He took us, Mandy. We became a part of it. It's always there, watching us, just waiting to take us away forever and there's nothing we can do to stop it. I mean, I understand it now, all of it. The demons and their ships and why he took us, but I don't want any part of it. It's not my fight. It's been going since the beginning of time. I just want to be a *chola*. I know that's why I never got pregnant, cause he wouldn't allow it. I've tried to get pregnant so many times over the years, but it never works. He stopped it."

"Maria, I'm sorry, I just have no idea what you're talking about," I said

"I know you don't. I'm sorry for everything. I didn't handle this very well at all."

"That was the last conversation we ever had. She was found dead a few days later, shot to death in her living room. I know the guy she was living with helped her do it, but he had an airtight alibi for the whole day. This dude she was living with got all of her life insurance money. I know he's the one who had her killed, but he'll never admit to it."

"I'm sorry for your loss," I said.

"I have to know what happened," she said.

"Are you sure you want to? It might not be pretty. It sounds like it may be very difficult for you if you do remember." I added.

"I think I'm supposed to remember. I think that's what was supposed to happen, it just didn't work out that way."

"Sometimes we remember things we'd rather not remember. Are you sure this is the road you want to go down?" I asked.

"I'm a part of it. I've been ignoring it for forty-eight years. I don't know how much time I have left. I want to know what my mom and sister knew."

"Okay.....let's get started."

"Okay, Mandy. I want to take you back to that hot day on June 16th, 1976. You and your mother and sister have stopped at a park. You are sitting on a bench, drinking water and your mother sees something in the sky. Can you tell me what she sees?"

"I don't see anything at first, then I see it emerge. It just kind of pops out of nowhere. It's a shiny silver disk. I immediately recognize it as being a UFO. My mother is very scared. We all run back to the car, but as we get close to it, we all freeze. I can't move. Something has stopped me. I can't even scream. I'm completely frozen. I see this yellowish light and the next thing I know, I'm in this weird room. We are all standing there. I can finally move, but there is no place to go. There is this loud humming noise coming from somewhere. Then I see him."

"Who do you see?"

"He says his name is Luke. He is one of the apostles. Then I see John. He is another apostle. They tell us not to worry and that no harm will come to us. They want us to follow them. The ship looked small on the outside, but it was massive on the inside. We walked forever, down these brightly lit corridors with doors just appearing and then disappearing behind us. We stop outside this one door. They motion us to go inside. Sitting on this chair is this gorgeous man. I remember thinking this is the most gorgeous-looking man I have ever seen. He greets all of us and motions for us to sit in these weird-looking chairs. Now, in this room, I can hear everybody's thoughts. I can hear my mother's thoughts and Maria's. I can hear the man, who says his name is Judas. He seems very nice. He says he is very sorry about taking us the way he did, but he had no choice. The apostles had a very serious problem and needed our help. My mother says that we are a very poor Mexican family and that many others could be of much greater assistance. Judas explains that one of our ancestors tried to stop them from taking Jesus. He says that he almost died and that his descendants will carry on his crusade. My mother asks him what he means and he says that demons have kidnapped Jesus. They took him while he was in his tomb and was not yet dead. They have kept him hidden for over two thousand years and they need our help to find him. He says if they find him, then the thousand-year reign of Christ can finally begin. My mother says she will do whatever she can to help, that she is a good Catholic and she wants to serve God. Judas is happy and says that we can go back to Earth now and that he will call for us when the time is ready. Luke and John escort us back to the room. Before they do, I tell them I have to use the bathroom and start unbuttoning my pants. They wave goodbye and the light completely engulfs us. The next thing I know, I am back in the car. We could not have been gone more than ten minutes, but my watch says we were gone for over two hours. I remember that ship was very cold. I was almost shivering I was so cold. I was glad to be back in the warm car. I could see my sister felt the same way, she looked for her sweatshirt to put on. I don't know why I couldn't remember. I don't know why my mom and Maria could remember, but I couldn't."

"He says he will come for you when it's the right time? Has that time ever been made clear to you when it will be?" I ask.

"I think he visited my mother one more time since then. She refused to participate in it. She thought it was all way over her head and she would fail. Judas kind of lost patience with her."

"So, did Judas ever make it clear who these demons were?"

"No, just that it was all part of Satan's master plan for us. He kind of cheated and now we all have to live with the consequences. I do know that without Jesus, we are all doomed. Our life spans are getting shorter and shorter and will eventually only be a few years because of what happened. When Jesus comes back, we will all live to be hundreds of years old."

"Is there anything you can recall about that day?"

"I am not certain that the other apostles trusted Judas. He was the wisest and most noble of all of the apostles, but I don't think they trusted him. As we were being led out of the room, I could clearly hear them say it in their heads, even though there were no words."

"What did they say?"

"They said not to trust him. I only heard it for a split second, but I clearly heard it. I think Mom and Mandy did as well. I'm almost certain I heard it."

"Mandy, I am going to count to three, then I am going to clap. After I clap, you will wake up feeling refreshed and very positive, am I clear?" I ask.

"Yes, of course."

I count to three and clap. Mandy wakes up and quickly sits up. I rewind the tape recorder and play it back for her. When it is over, she just sits dumbfounded in the recliner.

"I'm sorry I wasted your time. I thought this was going to give me some answers," she said angrily.

"We have the answers, Mandy.....they just aren't the answers you wanted to hear."

"Oh, for God's sake, did you listen to me? I'm sorry, I wasted your time. I don't know what came over me."

"Mandy, I've been doing this long enough to know, you can't lie under hypnosis. You were telling me what your brain recorded."

"I don't know if I even believe in God or in Jesus or any of it. I don't care what my ancestors did. Why should that affect me?"

"All I do is record. It's up to you to decide what to do with the information."

"I'm going to try and forget what I heard on that tape. It's ridiculous. Taken aboard a UFO with the disciples? Was Jesus kidnapped by aliens? Have you ever heard of something so absurd?"

"Mandy, if you would like to do another session, just let me know," I said.

"No offense, but I hope I never, ever see you again," she said and stormed out.

This type of thing happens all the time in my line of work. It can be very emotionally charged and draining at the same time. When our brains reveal information they would rather keep hidden, the results are not often pretty. I could only hope Mandy can rise above it.

I didn't see her again for several months. She called me one day out of the blue. I wasn't sure what she wanted. She asked if I could put her under again. I told her that was entirely up to her. At this point, I really didn't know what to think of her session. I don't think she was lying. I think

she genuinely believes she was taken aboard a UFO by the apostles, she just had no idea why and I certainly couldn't help her either. I asked her if she was sure she wanted to do this. She replied by saying figuring it all out would be the only way to make sure it was finally over. She just wanted it to be over. I told her she could come by tomorrow if she was certain. If she didn't show up, I wouldn't be upset in the slightest.

She did show up, right on time. I almost wish she never did. I just couldn't help shake the fact that there was some kind of puzzle she had to figure out and that I was now involved. Repressed memories when brought to the surface can have very unpredictable consequences. I sat her down and got her to relax. It took almost an hour, but she finally went under.

"Mandy, I'm going to take you back to that day in June 1976, when you and your mother and sister were taken aboard the ship. I want you to tell me why you think your family was taken aboard the ship."

"I'm not really sure. I know it has to do with Judas. He takes people that he thinks can help them. I think he is trying to fight the demons. He is at war with Satan. None of the apostles trust each other. They all seem to have their agendas. Matthew, Mark, and John tell me not to trust Judas. Paul and Luke don't really say anything. That's all I see. We don't communicate with words, only with our thoughts. I ask them why we are here and they tell me it is up to Judas. They say that there are demons everywhere on our planet and it is up to us to stop them. They want me to help them get control of the ship from Judas. I tell them, I just want to go back to our car. They say that is not possible, there is far too much at stake. I am so angry and scared. I don't know why they chose me. They tell me I am a direct descendant of Jesus Christ. I have the blood of Christ in me and that makes us special. I tell them they must have me confused with someone else, but they say they are certain."

"Mandy, why were the three of you allowed to leave the ship and return to your lives?" I ask.

"We refused to participate. My mother told them we were just a poor Mexican family and that they would be far more successful if they took someone else. I guess they agreed. They tell me they have a plan. They are going to send someone else into this world with God-like powers to save humanity. Satan is sending someone else as well. None of it makes any sense. My mother pleads with them to simply send us back."

"What happens next?"

"We wake up in our car. I can't remember anything. I thought I just passed out. I don't remember anything about the ship or meeting the apostles."

"Mandy, I'm going to count to three and snap my fingers. When I do, I want you to wake up, feeling relaxed and refreshed."

I snap my fingers and Mandy opens her eyes. She is very eager to hear the tape. I play it back for her. Her reaction this time is much different.

"Why did you stop the session? We were just getting to the good stuff."

"Mandy, I want to ask you something. I want to ask you if what you are telling me is real. Did this really happen?"

"I don't know. I thought you said we can't lie under hypnosis."

"You can't.....unless you believe your own lies," I reply

"You're saying I'm just making all this up?"

"I'm saying none of this makes any sense. You heard the tape. I have another theory. Maybe not one you want to hear, but I'm going to throw it out there anyway."

"Go for it."

"What if your mother and sister were taken, but you weren't? They were taken aboard the ship, that much is true, but you were left behind."

"Why would they leave me behind? Wouldn't it make more sense to take all of us?"

"What would be the point in taking you and your sister? There's no way the two of you were in any position to help them. I don't know what your mother could have done, but at least she was an adult. I just can't see why they would take children. You are of no use to them."

"But, you said a person can't lie under hypnosis."

"As a rule, no. I mean it is possible. I want to tell you about the case of Joseph Cain. He was a career criminal. He liked to follow old rich ladies around, then wait for the right moment to strike. If they didn't give him what he wanted, he would beat them until they did, then threaten to kill their family members if they talked. It worked, he got away with it for a while. He tried the same thing on an eighty-one-year-old grandmother one afternoon. Followed her home, broke into her house, and beat her to death when she wouldn't give him any money. What Joe didn't realize was that the woman hid cameras all over the house. They recorded everything that happened. Joe has to be the unluckiest criminal in the world, cause the woman's neighbor was one of his former victims who immediately recognized him and called the police. Unfortunately, they didn't get there to save the woman's life. Joe claims he never intended to kill her and his attorney hired me to put him under hypnosis so we could hear his recollection of what had happened. So, I did and he told me a simple story, that he intended to rob the woman, but never intended to harm her and that she died from falling down the stairs. He was adamant that he had nothing to do with her death. Remember what I said about the hidden cameras? They recorded him beating her and shoving her down the stairs when she wouldn't give him more money or jewelry. His entire hypnosis session was one giant turd burger. None of it was true. That's why most courts will not accept hypnosis. I just can't really accept your story at face value."

"You don't have to. I'm not paying you to accept it, just find out what happened," she said.

"I wouldn't feel right about taking your money if I think you put up a false memory to cover up the real one. I think that's a very real possibility in this case."

"That day in June was only the first time they visited us. They have visited us several times since then. That's the reason my father left us. He couldn't accept what was happening to our family. He says he saw my mother being taken one night. He said it freaked him out so bad, he started drinking and using drugs. I know that's why my mother had problems. You would too if you were taken by aliens and crazy humans.

"Mandy, there was something you said to me that I just can't figure out. Maybe it means nothing, but in this case, I think it means a lot."

"What?"

"You said when you woke up that your pants were unbuttoned and your shirt was on backward."

"So?"

"You never mentioned your clothes being removed during the session, so who unbuttoned your pants and took your shirt off?"

"I don't know, I guess I never thought about it."

"The person who took your clothes off is the same person your mind wants you to forget. Something did happen to you that day, but it didn't involve aliens or the apostles. I think someone sexually assaulted the three of you and your mind just pretended it never happened. I've seen it before several times. More often than not, it was a family member who did the assaulting."

"There weren't any family members around, it was just the three of us. Ben, I'm sorry, I just don't think that's what happened."

"I don't think you were taken aboard a UFO and met the apostles either. I just want you to get your money's worth. Your mind still is not ready to accept what happened to you. I don't know if it ever will. I think you invented the whole UFO story to cover up something horrible that you saw that day."

Mandy was clearly not happy. I had put her in a tough spot, but it was necessary. I didn't want her to go on with the rest of her life believing in something that never happened. I knew when she was ready, she would let me know and we could finally get to the bottom of it.

It was almost a year later, to the day, when Mandy called me again. She said she was ready to finally accept the truth about what had happened on that day. She asked me if she could stop by. She said she desperately needed to talk to someone about that day.

"You don't have to put me under hypnosis, I remember what happened on that day. We did see a UFO in the sky, but that was all. I'm not sure what it was. It just hit me one day and I remembered everything about that day, its most minute detail. We were surrounded by this biker gang. I think my mother did some pretty nasty things with them so they wouldn't hurt us. I'm sure they would have taken or killed us, but they were scared off by the police who came through the park. My mother had to have sex with several of the gang members. The name of their gang

was *Satan's Apostles*. They had it stamped on their biker jackets. My sister and I just sat on the hood of our car and watched them rape my mother. I think they kept on visiting her over the years. When my dad found out, he left. He wasn't sure my sister and I were even his children. I'm not sure either. My mother was a very disturbed woman. She kept it well hidden, but as we got older, it became harder to cover up. They were laughing and drinking, just like in those stupid biker movies. I tracked down the gang, they're still around. They call themselves the one percenters. They have a clubhouse near Malibu, up in the mountains. I can't even imagine what goes on there."

"I'm pretty sure the men who raped your mother would be in their seventies and eighties by now. They're probably in nursing homes, not hanging out in some biker clubhouse."

"It all makes sense now, Ben, in a very messed up way. I know why my sister turned out the way she did. All because we were in the wrong place at the wrong time for just a few hours almost fifty years ago. It just doesn't seem fair. Your whole life is ruined by just a few hours."

"Well, I do have a master's degree in social work. I spent several years counseling people like you. It's a long road ahead of you. In your case, time didn't heal anything, it just made it worse."

"I want to get even with the men who did this. I want them to pay for what they did to us."

"I don't know if that's possible, Mandy."

"Do you think children inherit the sins of their parents? I mean is it fair to hold a child accountable for something their parents did?"

"I fail to see how we can hold someone accountable for something they didn't do."

"Yes, but some sins are so great, they spread like a virus. The sin infects everyone around them. We would just be getting rid of the infected who can spread the sin around even more."

"Well, Mandy.....just because a parent commits a crime, doesn't mean the child is going to commit the same crime."

"Right.....well, thank you for your time, Ben. You've been tremendously helpful. I feel like now, I finally have some closure."

"I'm glad to have helped. If you need anything, just give me a call." I said. I figured that would be the last I ever saw of Mandy, I couldn't have been more wrong.

Three months later, I woke up to a phone call from an LAPD detective. Mandy had done the unthinkable. She had driven to the Satan's Apostles clubhouse and killed three members and wounded three more before she herself was killed. I was in shock. I couldn't believe what had happened. The detective knew I couldn't discuss particulars, which was protected under California law. He asked me if I had any idea why she would have done such a thing.

"She was clearly insane, I just didn't see it. She blamed them for something that happened to her forty-eight years ago. It seems her mother was assaulted by Satan's Angels and the kids were forced to watch." I said, knowing that I had just violated my Hippa Oath.

"Forty eight years ago? None of the current members were even alive then. The club itself is only about five years old. They got the name from an old biker movie. One of them is a dentist."

My stomach felt like it was being twisted and turned into knots. The longer he spoke, the worse I felt. I had no idea she was this unhinged. If I did, I would have called the police on her myself.

The more and more I went over my case notes, the more convinced I became that Mandy was suffering from false memory syndrome while under hypnosis. Something happened to her that day, I just had no idea what it was. I immediately called one of my longtime friends and colleagues, Jules. He had been doing hypnotherapy for almost forty years. I gave him the rundown and waited for his response.

"Ben, you can't stop a crazy person from being crazy. I'm sure if you thought something like this might happen, you would have acted accordingly. It's not your fault. None of this is your fault. That said, you might want to get yourself a lawyer, preferably one that doesn't suck." he said.

"I just can't believe this happened."

"Crazy people do crazy things. It's not up to me to try and figure it out. She made her choices just like the rest of us."

"I just wished she would have come to me first."

"She knew you would try and stop her."

"She killed three people that had absolutely nothing to do with what happened to her."

"We'll probably never know what really happened. At this point, who cares?"

"Is it possible they all just fell asleep and dreamt the whole thing?"

"Who knows? Look, if you need a witness in court, don't hesitate to call. I'm on your side here."

"I hope it doesn't come to that. I'd like to think I can handle this on my own."

"That's exactly what a lawyer is going to want you to think. They're scumbags, don't forget that."

"I won't."

A day went by, then a week, then a month, then three months. No one ever called or inquired about Mandy. It seemed as if Mandy never told anyone about our sessions or time together. It seemed too good to be true. I figured I was off the hook, so to speak. Mandy's case ended with her death. She took her secret with her and that was fine with me.

I went back over the tapes and listened carefully for hours, hoping I could find something in these tapes that would clear all of this up. Her pants being unbuttoned was the only real piece of the puzzle I couldn't figure out. Did they assault her as well? Why did she come up with this elaborate nonsense about the apostles and a UFO? That was right out of left field.

I finished the tapes and threw them away. I was closing the door on Mandy and what happened to her almost forty-eight years ago. Some secrets will never be answered, no matter how unusual they are.

I sat down at my desk and was about to leave the office for the day when I felt very uneasy. I wasn't sure what was happening to me. I thought I was having some kind of stroke. The room began to vibrate and seemed to be spinning. My desk and the furniture disappeared in a matter of seconds. I passed out. When I regained consciousness, I was in some kind of strange room. It was the strangest sensation. It felt like I was in the middle of a dream, but I was completely conscious and aware of what was happening. I wasn't so much walking, as I was floating. I could hear my thoughts echoing around me. I was terrified and in awe at the same time.

A man dressed in some kind of robe came stumbling towards me. I could see he was injured and in great pain. He collapsed right in front of me.

"I didn't know what else to do. Someone has to stop him. Someone has to stop this madness, it's been going on for over two thousand years. It has to stop." the man said.

"What is this? Where am I?"

"Judas was going to be killed. I don't know how he did it, but somehow, he captured this ship and killed the aliens who were watching."

"My God.....it's all true. Mandy wasn't lying. She was telling the truth."

"We thought they could help us. They refused to participate. They didn't want to get involved. Mandy is a direct descendant of Jesus Christ."

"I didn't know Jesus had any children."

"There is much you do not know. Judas has kept it hidden for all these centuries. We do not experience time while on board this ship. A thousand Earth years is like a day on this ship."

"What do you want me to do?"

"He is in the room with the green door. You must set Christ free. You must end this insanity and let the kingdom of God prevail!"

I left the man in the strange oval-shaped room. There were no hallways or corridors to speak of. I simply looked at the wall and the hallway appeared. I walked down for quite some time. This ship was massive. It seemed to go on forever. I stopped in front of the green door. A man wearing some strange clothing stood in front of the door. I immediately knew it was Judas. I

don't know how I knew, but it occurred to me that every human being who has ever been born will immediately recognize Judas when they see him. It was the strangest sensation.

"This is not what you think it is. You are not doing what you think you are going to do. They all lie to you. I am the only one who Jesus trusted."

"You sold out Jesus and you sold out humanity."

"I had to protect him. It was the only way. He's the only human they fear."

"Who?"

"You call them the Greys. They have been watching us since the days of Adam and Eve. Watching and waiting for the sun of man to be born so they can take him away. They are Satan's Apostles. The foot soldiers of the devil."

"She was right all along," I said to myself.

"She didn't know who to trust. She doubted herself. I never doubted her for a second."

"What's on the other side of that doorway?"

"He is in there, protected from the other apostles. I cannot trust them. They lie to you. They tell you lies and expect you to believe them. I am the only good guy in this equation of madness."

"So you say. Why did they bring me here?"

"They thought you could help them. The final battle will be fought soon. If we fail, Satan will rule the Earth."

"I want to go back. I'm not going to be any help to you."

You are already involved, whether you want to be or not."

"This is madness."

"This is God's will."

I then realized that I was back in my office, in my chair, still holding the same file I had seconds before I was taken aboard that ship. I was a part of it now. Mandy's nightmare was now my nightmare. I frantically called Jules. I told him something had happened, but I was unable to recall exactly what. My mind was blank. Only ten seconds had passed. That much I was sure of, but it felt like so much more. I had to remember. I then remembered I had unbuttoned my pants because my body mass had changed. I simply could not recall how or why. I knew something extraordinary had happened, but I did not know what, specifically. I know it involved Mandy.

I called Jules and asked him if it were possible to stop by his office. I knew it was late, but I felt as if it were a matter of life and death. I met him at the door and within half an hour, I was put under hypnosis, ready to answer all of his questions. I could only pray my mind did not deceive

me. I had to know what happened in those ten seconds I was gone. I felt as if my life and everyone's depended on it. When I awoke, he let me listen to the recording. I still remembered nothing. The way the human brain works will forever be a mystery to me. One moment, I am able to recall the most minute detail, the next, I am completely unaware of anything. I knew Judas chose me for a reason. I had to finish what Mandy had started. How many others had there been before us? Was Judas the savior of mankind, or its mortal enemy? I still had no idea.

I now just wander the streets, homeless and ready to give up hope. The only thing that keeps me going is the thought that someday, I will be back on board that cold ship with its weird lights and echoing thoughts, and I will finally be able to choose a side. Maybe that's why he sent me back to Earth, to make a choice. The fate of the planet may hinge upon my choice. I don't want to make the wrong one. Maybe the weird UFO will take you too and I won't have to fight this battle alone.