

UNDER HYPNOSIS  
MY STORY



My name is Colin

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Hello Everybody!

My name is Colin Christian Chabot, I am 63 years old, I am a professor of painting and I live in the city of Montreal which is located in the province of Quebec in Canada. As far as I remember, I have always been fascinated, even obsessed, by everything concerning extraterrestrials as if, in secret, they were playing an important role in my life. In 2003, I have written a book 'To the origin of all' which tells a first version of my story the way I lived it consciously along with the story of an extraterrestrial entity which, with time, has finally expressed itself through me.

You can download it free of charge with this link:

[http://www.music-close-to-silence.net/to\\_the\\_origin\\_of\\_all.pdf](http://www.music-close-to-silence.net/to_the_origin_of_all.pdf)

Even with the deep conviction that all of it was true, I had to go further and explore at last the hidden face of my story buried in my subconscious.

I have then met in 2014, by the intermediate of ufologic monthly dinners of the L'AQU (Quebec Ufologic Association) in Montreal where I used to go occasionally, the psychoanalyst and hypnotherapist Pierre Caron. Mr. Caron was interested, among others, in cases of persons having potentially lived an encounter of the third or fourth kind with extraterrestrials. He was the designated person to help me see more clearly in my story and untangle the truth from the false. After a first attempt, in the fall of 2014, resulting with a cancelled meeting at the last minute (the time was not right), I contacted again Mr. Caron in the spring of 2015. A meeting was fixed for Monday, May 25th and at 13:30 took place the first session of hypnosis with him. But here is, first, the list of questions I had prepared beforehand for Pierre as I am rather methodical and precise in my initiatives especially when it is vital for me.

## Questions

- 1- Was I abducted physically by extraterrestrials? If not, why this obsession?
- 2- If yes, since when? Adolescence, youth, during pregnancy or agreement before birth?
- 3- What is their origin and characteristics of their race?
- 4- What are the reasons for their interest in me?
- 5- What were the manipulations, physical or psychic alterations practiced on me?
- 6- What is the origin of the entity named Naja and our interrelation?
- 7- What are the physical proofs or others which confirm that my experience is real?
- 8- Is there a constant follow-up from the extraterrestrials and even a constant communication?

9- What do they expect from me at the present, in the future and where is my margin of freedom?

10- Where does my feeling of blockage come from which prevents my social self-fulfillment?

11- Blockage also of capacities of my past lives or possibilities of Naja?

12- Is a concrete and conscious meeting possible?

13- Is a collaboration, and not only a passive role, conceivable?

Here is the program I had arranged for myself. I was ready to learn the whole truth about me while not having any expectation a priori. If the answer to the first question was 'no' then, that concluded a big chapter of my life; if the answer was 'yes', this was opening a door to the unknown. So prepare yourself to enter through my erased memory in a long journey which surely will baffle many. This story is mine. That you believe it or not, the important thing is that it has a meaning for me.

I have faithfully transcribed the sessions while knowing that the spoken language is not the written language. I have therefore refined the transcription while taking out mainly numerous hesitations and stuttering in the flow but keeping those that were relevant (represented by three dots) to feel a little the character and emotion of the story. I took out also many repetitions and a few slang words. The difficult part was to have a punctuation the most accurate possible while keeping the rhythm of the conversation. I hope that, despite the limits of a dialogue put in writing, you will appreciate the content of my story under hypnosis.

Here is the accurate retranscription of what was said at...

## The first session; Monday afternoon of May 25th, 2015.

Pierre :...(period of putting in a state of hypnosis). You can imagine whatever pleases you in this room and whatever you want as you are safe. Me, I will ask you to transform it in a souvenir of your life, a souvenir which you often dream about, which you remember often. On a sort of a floating table, kind of metallic, you are lying on it and you are moving. When you will be on that table, which you will describe, you will say to me "yes, I'm there." Slowly, images will come, you will remember everything, all the small details. Let the images come and as soon as you will be on that table, you will tell me.

Colin: ...Yes.

P.: How do you feel?

C.: ...Hum good... but...I'm just a little scared that...in climbing the steps, I will topple over backward. I am not sure that the table will remain horizontal.

P.: Which steps do you have to climb?

C.: There are 4 to 5 steps to climb to go to another room. I am scared that the table will topple over in climbing... but no, it remains horizontal.

P.: Are you alone?

C.: Oh my God! It's full of people around. There is a whole lot of persons around.

P.: These are persons you know?

C.: No...hum...they don't take notice of me.

P.: What do they look like?

C.: My first impression is...that I see them from their backs. They have a head all white and very big. I see them manipulating controls and they are dressed...I find that a bit funny the clothes they are wearing. They have a head milky white and protuding as if it is bigger in the back. But, I do not see them from the front...That is what I see.

P.: How are you on this table? Dressed? How do you feel? Are you cold? What do you see?

C.: I cannot move therefore I cannot see how I am. I do not see if I am dressed or not...a blanket? I don't know.

P.: Can your head move? Can you see around you?

C.: All I see is that I am carried from one corridor to another and...at this instant, that is what I see.

P.: Is there some noise, an odour, something special which attracts your attention...something rarely seen?

C.: I see a round room to my right but I don't know if I am going there. I seem to have trouble going further than the corridor. I see to my right that there is a room which is round with beings I see from their backs touching controls and that's all. I don't know what there is further down.

P.: Are you still lying down?

C.: Yes... (Pierre coughs) It looks like...

P.: Excuse me?

C.: There is a being, someone who is leaning over me, telling me that I will have an operation... but that it is no big deal.

P.: Operated? Did he tell you what kind of operation?

C.: ...hum. Do they want to put something in my head?

P.: Did they tell you that?

C.: It's possible.

P.: The one leaning over you, what did he look like?

C.: He looks like the others. He has a face...light with a back of the head which prolongs, white. Again, it is blurry...I don't see more than this.

P.: You see eyes...a nose, a mouth?

C.: No. The only thing that I feel is that he is gentle and is smiling at me. But, I don't think that it is a smile on his face, it is instead inside of him. He looks nice, friendly and even his smile is with an air almost...funny, playful. Uh. I don't know why he takes this very lightly what will happen. I don't know what will happen...no. Does he act that way to relax me or for...? I don't know.

P.: How do you feel in your body? In the inside? How do you feel facing this appearance?

C.: In fact, they have not told me anything of what will happen, which makes me... not very confident. And even if they give the impression that this will be trivial, easy, me, I am not so sure. I don't know! They don't want to say anything.

P.: Do you see anything else around you? Other objects, noise, any odour, whatever?

C.: If this is not...if this is not so serious, why are my arms tied? They say that they are afraid I will move.

P.: Do you see your arms tied?

C.: Yeah!

P.: Do you see your body?

C.: No.

P.: Do you see your feet?

C.: ...Maybe...they might be tied also.

- P.: Are you under the impression that you are naked on the table or dressed? Is there a coldness in the back, the legs?
- C.: I have...I think I have something white, light on my body. I don't know if this is a blanket or if it is...something like in the hospitals.
- P.: Are they still moving you or are you stable now?
- C.: I am like stuck. I don't want to go further. I don't want to know...
- P.: Then, you will unwind Colin and relax. You will keep in your head these images you have just seen, register them without fear and worry as they are from the past. The things from the past will not recur. You will gradually come back, peacefully in your room of the beginning.

( Here is a first lengthy parenthesis to help you understand my story. It is a citation from my book where I tell the context of my first conscious encounter with a stranger. Here it is:

You are starting to get a glimpse of what the preoccupations of my youth were. I was still writing but more and more under the form of manifestos that accompanied my expositions. They were about ill-assorted subjects, going from notions on the role of art in society to reflections on extra-terrestrial beings and the hope of possible contact with them. My head was regularly bombarded with information under the form of geometric symbol, fundamental concept, key phrase and futurist vision. I was sort of an enlightened one, way before I had the wisdom to understand its meaning. I had the nerve to print these manifestos full of my inspirations and distribute them. In these early years of the seventies, lost in the city of Drummondville, my chance of being read by other inspired fools like me was very slim.

I was starting to really perceive myself as a stranger who parachuted on the wrong planet. A vague feeling of frustration led me to believe that I hadn't come here totally on my own free will. Despite myself, I had to finish a cycle of lives started a long time ago. My final departure from this world depended on my report card at the end of the examinations.

In my early twenties, when I would lie down at night alone in my apartment, I would often cry. I was sending messages of distress toward heaven expressing all my sorrows, my disillusionments and my inner rage. At each time, in a state of great perturbation, I would concentrate on a precise point in space and with all my energy, my force of concentration, I would propel some SOS. I couldn't understand the way human beings behaved, their motivations and I was unable to imitate them without denying myself. Those were the cries of a wounded animal, caged and desperate.

One night, during one of these numerous calls for help, my whole body was invaded by a paralysing sensation. From head to toes, I couldn't move. Then a being appeared to me. Was it inside of me or outside of me? I couldn't tell. All I can remember is that it was a man of a respectable age with a beard. He told me simply to calm down, to tranquilize my spirit. Still unable to make the slightest gesture and without knowing why or how, I saw one part of me, my spirit perhaps, fly away through the window in front of my bed. The vision of the old man disappeared. I remained frozen for a few more seconds before regaining progressively the control of my limbs. Exhausted, I fell asleep.) End.

## The second session; Friday afternoon of June 5th, 2015.

Pierre : ...(period of putting in a state of hypnosis). You will now find yourself again on this table surrounded by these beings. Describe to me what you see, what you feel.

(Loss of the beginning of recording of the session of hypnosis).

Colin : ...it is important for them. But me, I say "am I also important in this? Am I playing a role?" They say that...they say that I have always been a volunteer. But me, I do not remember at what moment I accepted. And after, I tell myself that I do not have a choice; they are stronger than me. Therefore...what do you want me to answer. "Go! Do what you want! No matter what I say, it does not help (small giggle)."

P.: How do they want to implant this entity? Can you explain it to me? Where? How?

C.: It's simple...it is in a tube. They put me in a horizontal tube and it's in there that it is done. They say I won't feel anything; that everything will be all right; that it will take only a few minutes and it won't hurt...Ok (sigh) ok,ok...I have nothing to say. "Do what you have to do. We will see after."

P.: It is an entity of whom, of what? Have they told you?

C.: ...They have shown me on a screen a planet and they told me that the entity came from there. But 'them', they have not told me where they were coming from; they just told me that this entity was coming from that place and that it was important for them. But if...(chuckle) I suppose that if this entity comes from there, it must be an entity belonging to their family. I do not see the interest of keeping an entity which does not belong to their world.

P.: Does this entity have a name?

C.: But...but yes! It is it...it's (sigh) Naja...(uneasiness). It's because...how can I say...(giggle) does it belong to...? They do not want to tell me but I suspect that it might be the reptilians. They know that they have bad press at this moment and that it is why they do not want me to know where they come from and who they are. No! They are not interested...they are not interested because...we live in a world full of prejudice which judges them before knowing them. People do not even know them but they already make up their minds.

But...you must know that reptilians, it is not a race, it...it is, like here, the animal race. How many animal races are there on earth? Therefore, there are as many reptilian races as there are human and animal races. It is a big family which has a population of hundreds of species and it is not because one of these species is a warrior one that the whole range of reptilian races are all conquering races, barbarian or worse (joking) drink blood, eat human beings and mice (laugh). I was thinking of a television program with a woman eating a mouse in 'V' (televised series where reptilians pretend to be humanoids from space coming peacefully on earth but hiding cruel beings). But reality, it is not that. In the universe, what is from reptilian origin, it is like what is of humanoid, animal or even vegetal and mineral origin. It is a huge category which contains hundreds and hundreds of families, subspecies which go from one extreme to the other. Everything is there. Naja is part of reptilians that colonized planets; have brought civilisation and intelligence everywhere! How many reptilians have come on earth and have helped develop earthlings; have brought them great knowledge! We do not judge a whole species from the behaviour of certain of their congeners as we do not judge humans from the behaviour of certain of their individuals.

Bah! This is what they are saying to me. But me, I know nothing of this. Therefore...I listen and do not argue too much. (chuckle). What can I answer? I did not even know they existed before...

P.: If you let the images come a bit further; a bit more in advance. Do you remember the first time they have contacted you?

C.: Hum...

P.: We go back very very far...up to the time you have met these persons.

C.: Oh!

P.: We go back very very far.

C.: I wasn't even born and they were watching me! I was seeing myself being very young...at 4-5 years old; I was seeing myself as a baby...and was seeing myself before. Oh my Gosh ! They are watching me all the time. They have always watched me!

P.: Is it possible that they have met your mother?

C.: I don't know how I was born? I know that...me, I don't know...but I was told that when I was born, I was a baby not in very good health; a little frail. My parents were a bit afraid for me because I was not very strong. I was told that. It made my parents take good care of me and they were watching me all the time. My older sisters were also watching me and after, it was 'THEM'. They watched me all the time...in the darkness. They were always there. At first, I didn't like these shadows...these dark shadows over my bed. But eventually, I got used to it. They are always there then...we end up by...

P.: Do you remember the first time you saw them?

C.: But...I am in my cradle and there are black shadows over my head which create shade. Hum... I am a baby. I don't know, me,...I see...that's it...I do not speak yet. I only see dark shadows over my bed and I do not find that...it is not pretty pretty. It is even scary a little bit there! They are not touching me but I don't like that. I don't like that they watch me like this over my bed. I don't know them and they have no business being there! They are not my parents. I don't know these people.

P.: In your memory, when occurred the first contact? In your subconscious, it is registered. Let the images slowly come. You will see...the first time you have met them.

C.: The first time that they took me?

P.: Huh huh... That information, we must just have it.

C.: ...Phew...well...I am not 4 years old. Yeah! It's because the...(laugh) the hand is slimy. (laugh) He is holding my hand and his hand is like glue; it is like jello; it is like frogs; it sticks, is slimy and is cold. It is slimy in my hand and he insists on holding my hand. I do what he wants me to do but...I do not find this pleasant to hold his hand.

P.: Is he of the same height as you?

C.: About. No, he is taller than me. Bah...not much...not much, I am 4 years old. I think that he is about the same age as me (small chuckle). But I think this because ...yes, me, in my head, he is of the same height then, he is of the same age.

P.: What does he look like?

C.: Oh yes! He looks like all the others. He is naked first of all. My mother does not want me to be naked. So, I find it strange that he has the right to be naked. A good thing that my mother does not see him.

P.: How is his face?

C.: He is...he is like images of the Greys but he does not have their face...he has a human face. He has a small face with a big head. Me, I find that he has a head too big in relation with the

face. But he has a face...about like mine. The eyes are a little weird but not...What do they have?

P.: What do they have those weird eyes?

C.: Ah! It is because they are...they are not...The pupil is crushed. It is like they have eyes all white with just a little dark line at the center. It is not round like us, it is pointed. It is like a little colored slit right at the center. That's all. It looks strange to see that they have a face like us with ears almost like us but it's like they have an inflated head; like the cartoons on television when a little character takes a breath of helium and that his head gets bigger. I find the head too big for the face. They are funny! Anyway, I don't even know where they come from. I don't even know. (repeated 3 times). I know nothing, absolutely nothing.

P.: If you ask them, will they tell you where they come from?

C.: Um...I'm 4 years old. They say that they want to play with me...and they are taking me to play. Bah, me, I love to play! That's all. Why would I ask myself other questions! I don't know them but he is as tall as me then!...Bah...He is nice and he says he wants to play, so...

P.: Of what color are they?

C.: Bah, they are all pale grey. They are...

P.: What language do they speak?...Is it the same language as us?

C.: No, they do not speak. They just think.

P.: By communication...

C.: Yeah, they just think, that's all. Those persons don't talk. I think they have...I'm under the impression that they have never learned to speak and that they just think. I find that strange because, me, I never stop talking and I don't think all that much. Well! I tell you what I think because...how should I say. I am 4 years old and you are asking me questions...me, I am just 4 years old and I don't know that. I cannot...I am a little...because at this moment, I am like stuck at that age. In the sense...I hardly can see more because I am not that old and what I see...is that I am not afraid...and I do want to play.

P.: What game do you play?

C.: I want to play and...I don't find...how should I say...he is there; he is tall like me, a little bit taller and I don't notice much his color and his appearance. As I've been telling you, my mother would not want me to go naked like him but that's all. The rest...I will play with him and we do all kinds of games. It's fun!...and he brings me back after. When he brings me to play with him, we play together and there are other characters looking at us play.

P.: What kind of games are you playing?

C.: (giggle) What are we playing? Me, I love playing games but...uh...I love games with blocks and pictures, all that. But I quickly understood that...it seems that they want to find out if I am intelligent. Because they make me play games...bah not them but the little one; he makes me play games and we play together but it's like games to see if I am...I have a quick mind, if I am intelligent. Bah, at some point I play, I love to play but only when the games are just to prove that we are good, brilliant or quick! They make me play games but with the games, you have to be quick. I must be quick to look at pictures and then compare them and say what the pictures make me think of; the little block, we put it with this one and the other goes with the other one. Well there, at a certain point, I don't call that playing, I call that going...I call that going...bah, they talked that school was like that! Well, I told them "me, I don't want to go to school. I'm much too young to go to school." So, I play a little but I tell them that it does not interest me anymore. I don't have anything to prove to anybody. Yes, that's it. I feel watched and judged. I am not quick enough; I'm not good enough; I'm not intelligent enough! That's not true (giggle). Bah, it's not true? Me, I don't know! What do I know? Me, I find myself intelligent but intelligent compared with whom? To be intelligent, you must compare yourself with another person but I am all alone with them. If there would be other children,

well then, I could say "look I am faster than him." But nobody else is there. Therefore, how can they say I am quick or not quick and compared with whom...then okay. So, I get bored and when I am bored with playing, they bring me back. That is correct. I don't care. That made me go out for a short visit and I was amused...a little.

P.: What makes you believe they are naked?

C.: What?

P.: What makes you believe they are all naked?

C.: Well, they have nothing on their bodies!

P.: They have sexual organs?

C.: Sexual organs? (whispered)

P.: Yes. If it is a boy, a girl?.

C.: I don't know yet. I don't know. Is there a difference between a little boy and a little girl?

P.: Uh, uh.

C.: Ok. Oh well! I don't know. I have...I saw nothing, me. Uh.. me, I don't know. I don't know this. There is a difference?

P.: Uh, uh..

C.: I will believe you. Me, I am sure that there is no difference. Ah well, girls have longer hair...in general. Yes, that's it, yes! That is what makes the difference between a girl and a little boy. The little girls have long hair...that is what I have deducted from what I know. Them well...they have no hair which means that we cannot tell...(laugh), we cannot tell of what sex they are. Maybe since they have no hair, its because they have no sexual organs. I don't know. I am just saying that because I don't ask myself that question. Did I?...no, I didn't see anything. I didn't see anything but I must say that having no hair, it is not easy to see if it's a boy or a girl and...the little one did not tell me and I didn't ask the question. That's all right. That's quite all right like that.

P.: How is it all around?

C.: Do we have the right to play with the little girls?

P.: Oh yes.

C.: Ah well, ok ok. I was not sure there.

P.: What is there around where you are playing?

C.: Me, I do not like the place very much as there is nothing. It's white, white, white all over. It's all white...and except for the games they bring us, there is nothing in the room. The ceilings, the floors, all is white. Uh...it's kind of round...a flattened round. The walls are round, the ceiling is round. Only the floor is flat but the rest is all round. Me, I find this a little weird because I have never seen houses which are all round inside. Bah! in the cartoons on television, I might have seen some...maybe yes...not sure..no no I have not seen any. There is nothing except games. Well there is however a corridor before the round room and in the hallway, there are little lights which blink (a row along the wall). Me, I love the little colors because they are orange, wait...orange yellow, yellow orange, orange yellow. Are there blue ones also? Maybe blue ones but I don't know all my colors. There are some orange, yellow and maybe some blue and they blink in the hall before arriving in the room which is all white. In the all white room, bah, there is nothing. But there are...they are 3 (I am counting) one, two, three, four. There might be four who come and sometimes bring chairs to sit. Us, they make us play on the ground. Well...I say that but it is not all the time. Sometimes, there is a small table; sometimes there are little chairs, sometimes there are chairs for tall persons. Yeah, there are some persons who are much taller...much taller...

P.: Persons like yourself?

C.: No! Me, I am a child. Them, they are adults. This I'm sure.

P.: Gentlemen, ladies?

C.: Yes! Them, they are very serious. They don't laugh. Sometimes, I love to make jokes...bah, jokes. I love to make my mom laugh so then, to make her laugh, sometimes I make little jokes, little faces but it looks like they have no reaction. Bah! At some point, I stopped. I don't insist (little laugh). Me, I love to joke but them, they are serious. They look at me and take notes. But they take notes...(little laugh). How? (I pretend I'm holding with the hands a round form, big as a grapefruit). It's round, do not ask me how they do it but they have a round ball in their hands and it is with this ball that they take notes...They don't write. No no! They have a ball and it retains what is going on. I know because, at some point, they showed me the ball and in the ball, I was seeing myself and was seeing everything that was going on, what was said. We look into the ball and we see what went on before. In my home, we have a television in black and white but the screen is flat (just remember that we are in 1956); them, it appears round. But, I did not ask any question because, in general, they do not answer me much. In fact, they do not talk and don't answer me much. If I didn't have the little one with me, I would not go because the adults are dull, dull, dull. They don't talk, don't talk to me and they take notes. Bah! it's often like adults, they are not always interesting! When they talk between themselves, I don't understand them and they are boring. Therefore, if the little one would not come to get me, bah...I would not go. But even then, I say this but that does not mean they would let me... let me not go.

P.: It's the first time that they come to get you?

C.: Four years old.

P.: It's the first time that he comes? You have seen him before?

C.: No. Before? I say four years but...it's the others who told me that I was four years old. Me, four years, it does not mean anything uh. I don't know. But someone did something like this and closed his thumb like that and told me that I was four years old (I show it with my hand). Ah! Ok! I remembered that anyway...I remembered that I was four years old. But you must not put the thumb...you must close the thumb like this from the inside. What I am doing now might look stupid but I learned that four years, you show it like that. Before that, aside from coming to see me a few times, they have not taken me. I don't know...they have not told me. They don't talk. Well...how...there I make a jump... They do not talk to me but surely they will talk to me some day. I take a detour to say that they will certainly end up talking to me. I am four years old and nobody talks to me except the little one that comes to get me. Him...he thinks hard, when he thinks in my head. But, nobody else talks to me still. I doubt that I am ready to...don't know.

P.: When they bring you back, they bring you back where?

C.: When they bring me back, they bring me back home, in my room. I live ah...but it's because...there, I am a little confused because we have just moved and I don't recognize where I am anymore. They bring me back home but it's a new home and I am still hesitant to think it is home. For me, it's still...like we are visiting someone. But they say that it is the new home and that we will live there from now on. Then, I am not very very...it's too big! The room is huge. I don't like that...I don't like that when there is too much space (my father was a station master and the whole family of ten children was moving in a new huge train station of three floors). I like that smaller...it's too big. But them, they are happy because there is a big window; a pretty huge window and they use it a lot. They are happy because it is easier for them. That's what they told me. Okay. All right.

(I open here another parenthesis to mention an extract of my book which will put you in context:

During my childhood, being the youngest of the boys, I often went to bed first. In autumn, when darkness fell earlier and earlier every day, with great apprehension I would go up the stairs that led to the second floor. In the middle of the stairs I would pass through a curtain that took me from light to darkness. Then an uncontrollable fear would invade me. I had to climb the other half of the stairs, walk a long corridor before I would finally reach the bathroom where I could switch a night-light on. All those somber rooms, with doors slightly ajar, would leave me imagining some worrisome shadows. Each time, this would provoke great terror in me. Calmed down momentarily by the night-light, I would catch my breath before running again toward my bedroom. In passing, I would check very quickly the lock on the attic door and then I would hurl myself into my bed.

We were three brothers sleeping in this vast bedroom containing three double beds and many chests of drawers. Because of my fear of ghosts, evil spirits and monsters of all kinds that lived under beds, I could not fall asleep unless I was totally hidden under the covers. At the risk of being asphyxiated, this restriction was preferable to the sighting of any kind of demon. For a great part of my childhood, I slept in an ice cold bedroom suffocating under too many heavy blankets.) End.

There, I am getting ahead a little yeah...because I am unable...I have a hard time seeing how they come and get me and how they bring me back. I could know but at the moment, it's like something does not want it. Something which does not want to show me. I am letting it go...

- P.: Go ahead a little bit further. You start from four years old and get ahead a few years. The next meeting, you will see them again. You were how old? Let the images come. The first image you see, describe it to me.
- C.: It's because, what I see, is that they come...they come every two months! They come 4, 5 times a year and...I try to tell them...that it is too often. Do we like it when we always get the same visitors? It's too often. I don't understand and...(repeated 3 times). They come and get me every two months...and...years go by...it's every two months all the time. Even that... is it true? Every two months and always at the same date, same time! Why does it have to be regular like this? There is one thing in my head which tells me...that it's not approximately every two months, it's not approximately...5 times a year. It's every two months, same date, same time. It's like a clock well set.
- P.: Do you know the date, the time, the day?
- C.: Me, who is not very good at numbers, I cannot put a timing on this. But, the only thing that comes to mind is that it is with great regularity...uh....For now, I don't understand why it is so regular. Do they need to recharge me each time? Do I need to be boosted in energy? Do I need to be recycled each time like a battery, something that makes them do...? Does the entity in me take a lot of energy and I need to be regenerated regularly? I speak nonsense here but there is something very singular in the fact that they come to get me every two months! And, because of that...they erase everything...because they visit me too often to accept that I keep the memory. It is too frequent. It would be too disturbing...too disturbing to remember, even in parts, all those visits. That...would prevent me from living normally as everybody else. I make nonsense. That's all right.

(A digression on examples of my life. At an early age, I used to sleep, almost all the time, with my blankets over the head, sliding the borders under me and breathing with a cardboard tube. Today, at 60 years of age, I sleep with the head uncovered (it's about time) but I am not very comfortable sleeping with the arms on top of the blankets, even in the summer. And what is impossible for me to do, it's to have my arm uncovered too close to the edge of the bed. Sometimes, by bravado, I try to do it but after 3 seconds, it's visceral, more powerful than me, I have to take it out. There's always that image in my head of dark small hands which could catch it. I am 6 feet tall and weigh 190 pounds. For a long time, I slept on mattresses directly on the floor and if possible, pressed against the corners of two walls) End

P.: Have they met you in adulthood?

C.: All the time. They're there all the time. But you can go back to your original question. A bit later...a few years after...

P.: A few years after 4 years old...If we arrive at....

C.: At twelve years old.

P.: Yes! What happened at twelve years old?

C.: At twelve years old? They started to explain...(sigh) that then, I was starting to become a man...and that would change elements in me. So, they needed to remake a new series of experiments with me because of this change. They started to...They said that now that I was twelve years old, I was old enough so they could start explaining things a little; that I was able to understand a little, not too much, just enough. The fact that I was becoming a man, that...not complicated but was bringing changes which were forcing them to readjust things in me (sigh). Sometimes, I say to myself "why do I interest them so much? There are other people! Go and see others! Surely the neighbour could be as interesting as me. Give me some peace!" They say that I am precious for them. Sometimes, I believe them; sometimes, I think that being precious for someone...I don't know if they are sincere or not. Anyway, I cannot do anything! No matter what I say, I cannot do anything! I am not the master of myself. That's...that's all.

At twelve years of age, they brought me again and...OK, I AM TWELVE YEARS OLD (loudly) and I am starting to stand up for myself. I told them that I was starting to have enough! That maybe I could be a little more free; that I could decide by myself of what I want and don't want; and I don't want them to do this and don't want them to do that. Them, they say "yes, yes, yes, yes but we don't have a choice; we have to just do it." "Then why are you asking me to say what I want if you don't want to give it and if what I say has no value. You always do what you want, how you want it and even if you ask for my opinion, you completely couldn't care less! You just ask me out of politeness because if you don't do it, you know that I will get mad, rebel and maybe yell. You don't want me to yell so you pretend you care about what I want but in fact, that does not interest you at all. You do your own things the way you want it. That's okay! Do them anyway but...do not expect me to thank you after. That's all! Hurry up! Get on with it, bring me back and leave me alone!" (little laugh). That's what I told them. They did what they had to do, as usual.

P.: What did they do? You remember?

C.: Their medical exam? (sigh). They examine me from one side to the other (a small sigh between each sentence). They make me lie on my back; they make me lie on my stomach; they press to find out the thickness of my skin, the thickness of my muscles; they examine my eyes, my ears; they look at my nose, look in my mouth; they prick my toes and ask what I feel; they stick something under my foot and they measure something but I don't know what. They do...

P.: What foot?

C.: It's always the same tests more or less.

P.: In what foot do they put something?...The right or left one?

C.: I think that it is my right foot that they stick something in. Yes...the idea it's that they go get something in my foot. I don't know exactly what it is but, me, I have not asked any questions for a long time! Go ahead! Do your thing as fast as possible!

(A side comment to tell you that I have had, all my life, on the front of my left calf a mark which looks like and has the size of a cigaret burn. It's only about three years ago that I learned, through internet, that it was the most common sign on the body of an abducted. It would possibly be a trace left after a sampling of the bone was collected on the body where the bone is directly under the skin.) End.

P.: Is it painful?

C.: No, no, this pinches a little. But no, I am used to it...It is more scary than painful. Well, ok ok ok, they worry a little. They ask me "Does it hurt? Is it okay?" Bah, again, I say to myself...do they ask this out of kindness or politeness? They ask me if it is painful. All that. No, no, it's okay. It pinches a bit and that's all. But they know that I am becoming a man so they are more attentive in handling...my sexual organ. Well, ok...do what you have to do if it's important for you. It's okay. Me...I don't know anything...I really don't know anything. It does nothing at all to me, no effect (small laugh)... The exam lasts approximately half an hour, three quarters of an hour. That's about all. It's not very long and that's okay.

P.: What does it look like in the room, screens, objects?

C.: Ok, since I was a little arrogant and not very willing...they made me visit, a little, because where they are treating me, there is nothing. The table and that's all. Me, I doubted that they were doing that so they would not show anything as they do not want us to know ...They hide...they hide their business. I supposed...that they did not want me to know anything about them because the less we know, the less we can tell other persons. That's what I thought. Then, when they do their exams, they do them in a round and empty room. There is almost nothing except a few instruments and that's all. But as the last time, I had started to talk back and tell them that I did not really feel like playing with them because they were not real games anymore, that it was becoming boring so then, okay, they had me visit the place a little. I saw other rooms. How?...I even visited rooms where they live and others where they sleep. I found that nice. It was not...they did not spoil me there but let's say that I appreciated the fact that they allowed me to see a little more of their home, bah! their home, the thing that flies, how it is set up inside. There is even a room...where there are beds. There are...(I am counting) one, two, three, here are three bunkbeds with a round entrance. It's not quite round. It's like a bed with many stories but there, the sides are round like this (I make the gesture many times to show that the sides were curved to form an entrance in semi-oval). You enter through the base of the circle and that's where they sleep. In the room, there were on three stories, there were...I would say around twenty...maybe not as much... maybe fifteen small beds. That's where they slept. Them...they say they don't sleep, they simply just rest. They don't sleep. They lie down to recuperate...they call that recuperate. So, I did not ask more questions than those. They were already kind, uh, to show me their rooms. I also saw another room where, they said, was their recreation area, their area where they relax. Me, I say that they play because I am twelve years old. They play? They relax rather by doing activities between them. There is a table; there is a dozen of chairs; there are cabinets on the walls.

I didn't ask for more than that! I didn't want to see more! That's okay okay! They are very nice...Each time I ask for something...they refuse. Well, I say to myself "they want to show me one thing, ok, show it to me and that's all. I learned with them not to ask anything uh. If they tell me something...bravo! Thanks for telling me; if they don't say anything, I won't ask questions so that they..." As I mentioned, I threw a fit; I had my tantrum but it was just to show them that I wasn't entirely...docile; that I had my own personality and I had the right also to have my say. But, well!...it felt good to throw a fit but, in any case (laugh), it was just me letting off some steam; it was not to convince them to listen to me a little more. That's fine. They are not bad. They do their work. I don't think that they are mean.

P.: Did they make an exam on you at a particular time that hurt more than others, was more traumatizing?

C.: Well...ok! I will tell you. It's it's...(nervous) I will tell you but I already know...I want to tell you and I don't want to because it's too obvious what they put me in the nose, it hurt! But well! I will say it just the same even if Colin thinks it is that and at the same time, it might not be that. Ok, all right! They want to put something in my nose and that hurt! I told them "listen! That's not an empty hole there! It's got eyes and a brain in the back. Do not stick ten-inch long rods in there. I mean...calm down a little." They were telling me that it wouldn't hurt me. Yeah, yeah, yeah! I wonder how they would react if they would do the same thing with their little nose... "No no, that will not hurt." Well yes!...Ah! They say that they think and by thinking...I won't hurt. Well... think harder because it hurt (little laugh). I told them "you don't think hard enough!" (I press on my forehead with my index many times). If you say that it will not hurt because you think it won't hurt, me too I would like to think that it won't hurt..." But it did hurt!

(A small footnote to say that I have a little bulge on the left side of the nose which I don't know its origin and which is not a wart or a mole.) End.

P.: How old were you?

C.: Uh...it's when I was becoming an adolescent. Well, this will look stupid what I will tell you but that's okay. They put that in me because I was over twelve years old and since I was becoming a man, at a certain point, I would leave home, I would start to travel and live my life. There, they were afraid of losing me, not finding me and...then, they said "we will arrange it so that...for now, you stay in your family with your parents...there is no problem, everything is fine but at a certain moment, you will leave and we won't be able to always know where you will be and..." I answered them "me, maybe it would be pleasant for me not to know...where I am. Once in a while, it would be interesting for me." Well, I turn that into a joke with them because...they don't laugh anyway. I wanted to say as a joke that "I wouldn't mind that once in a while you would not know where I am in relation to you." They did not laugh but that made a little pinch...(giggle) a little pinch in their head. I felt that they were not laughing but that...that it made them reflect. It was a turn of phrase which made them think of something that they had not thought about. However, I had simply said that, me, it would please me that once in a while, they forget about me. It was at that moment, around 12-14 years old, that they have installed this gadget.

I have not...I'm under the impression that they have always treated me very well... I...I'm under the impression sometimes that they consider me as part of them, in the sense that they are very attentive to me as if I belonged to their family; meaning they have never...never would have thought of being rude to me. Again there! Is it for me or is it for the entity in me

that they are giving me so good care? Were they considering my body just as the receptacle of a being which was part of their world? So, they were taking care of me because I was the depository of one of their ancients. In that sense... I would hope also that they were fond of me but they never expressed it. I felt nevertheless that they were taking care of me so I could take a little, a little upon me to say "my Gosh, they are delicate and are..." People don't know that they have always done...they have always transported me by making me walk on air. They have always said that it was so I wouldn't bump on something and get injured. Then, I always told myself "they are kind; they are careful that I might not get hurt, not bump on a chair, furniture or table." People don't know that if they raise us up in the air, it's for precaution so we don't get hurt; therefore, they have just the same a respectful behaviour. And that...eh that's all right. It's for these reasons that I never was resentful really. They do their work. They have always declared that they had chosen me and that I was willing but it was before I was born. Me, I don't remember...before. So, I said "ok...if I agreed before, I will not deny it (little laugh). I will not deny and that's all. It's all right. I would hope that I can believe you, that you are not lying to me. But, well! if you are lying, it's your problem because, me...me, I am innocent. I do what you tell me to do and if you lie, well... it's you that will pay the price some day...not me."

P.: You will unwind, relax. You will remember everything you have said, keep in your head, your souvenirs. Take a deep breath. All you have seen, it's the past. You will come back gradually, peacefully in your room of the beginning...

## The third session; Friday afternoon of June 12th, 2015

Pierre: ...(period of putting in a state of hypnosis). You will let yourself go and let the images come. You will tell me now what you are seeing.

Colin: A garden...

P.: You have seen a garden?

C.: It's like...it's like a greenhouse...a garden under a greenhouse. But it is not on earth.

P.: What makes you think that it is not on earth?

C.: The trees...I have never seen any like these. They are of all colors. That's where I would like to be.

P.: What's all this?

C.: That's where I come from.

P.: What is going on?

C.: I am sorry...I am sorry I left.

P.: Left from where?

C.: Of that place. I never should have...

P.: Why did you leave?

C.: The duty...I thought I was doing right.

P.: What is your duty?

C.: Protect...protect the people I am responsible for.

P.: What do you look like? Do you see yourself?

C.: It's blurry. When I think back, it's always blurry. The pictures are unclear. I have a hard time to...I feel...I see a little but it is not clear. I don't know why... why my souvenirs are not clear... clear in image but not in emotion?

P.: Do you have some emotion?

C.: I always feel responsible...responsible to help, save people...in spite of themselves. Hum...

P.: How old are you?

C.: I...don't know because I am all confused. I don't know to whom you want to speak...

P.: Who is speaking to me at this moment?

C.: It's...Naja who is speaking and at the same time, it's...it's him, it's me.

P.: You want to make way to Naja? What is Naja saying?

N.: Naja!

P.: What does Naja have to say?

N.: I want to go back home! I don't want to stay here anymore! I accept, I endure...but there are limits...there are limits to be patient. I can't anymore. I am in prison. People say that it is my fault. It's always the fault of someone that does something, the others who do nothing, it's never their fault. It's easy when we do nothing, we're never guilty of anything (sigh). I tried everything to go back...tried everything.

P.: How was it where you came from?

N.: Before the calamities?

P.: Yes

N.: (I start to cry). It was beautiful (cry). We cannot...we cannot forget...It was wonderful.

P.: It looked like what?

N.: We lived under a dome...no disease; no suffering; no war; no misery; no wickedness;... especially no wickedness (very emotional).

P.: How were you physically?

N.: I was...weird...I was, my God, very tall. Bah very tall? I was not tall when I was with my people...I was...yes...I was taller than the others but here, on earth...let's say twice as tall as earthlings. I was blue...blue? Pale blue hum...I had six fingers and I had green eyes... weird...but at the origin, I looked like that. Except that when...It was possible to transform myself because when I was going to other planets, I had to change because I was...I scared people. So, I metamorphosed. It was easy! How come it was so easy?

P.: Were there any women?

N.: Yes.

P.: Children?

N.: Yes but...you, your children...The children, where I'm from, were born already intelligent! We didn't not even take care of them. They were born already independent and intelligent. We didn't have to raise them, just bring back their memories; we did not have to take care of them because they were taken care of by everybody. Yeah. Me, I remember I...we gave birth to them and they left...they went to places where they were taken care of but they already were independent, intelligent and apart from a few learnings, it was very quick. It has been so long ago!

P.: How would you feed?

N.: We did not feed.

P.: You have to.

N.: Everything is in the air! You just have to take two deep breaths. Why eat? You inhale, you eat. You exhale, you reject. You have to inhale a little harder...no? Lots of times, I concentrated when I was tired and while concentrating, I just had to inhale more deeply. It's there, it's in the air, all is in the air. We lie down, we breathe and we regenerate and that's all. There is nothing else besides that. When I feel tired, I lie down and half an hour after, I am regenerated. It's simple. What?

P.: When the catastrophes occurred, what happened?

N.: I've already told this ah... (uneasy).

P.: What caused all this?

N.: I have already talked about it (see my book 'To the origin of all' where everything is told in more details). Can it be explained? My God. Okay...The world where I come from...there is a dome...but it's not really a dome...it's a sphere which surrounds the planet and which prevents ...prevents death, disease, suffering, hate, aggressiveness to reach us. All these things come from space! You just have to put a barrier against and...we are completely protected, we live in isolation, we do not go through any of those problems. Everything comes from space! Except...that at a certain point, we find ourselves in a world...I understood it after...an artificial world, a world that becomes independent but which, at the same time, is disconnected from the rest of the universe. Then, comes a current that has not been programmed...which has not been...You understand, we program not to have such energy, not to have such vibration which brings disease and simply we cancel, we remove, we filter. But, it happens that, at a certain moment, a huge wave of energy comes and hits our envelope and if it has not been expected, it can...all of a sudden, make our world collapse. No..., rather all has slowed down ...all became like we could hardly think, we could hardly move, we could hardly breathe. We were like in slow motion. All our vital functions were like numb and...that was horrifying! We could not think rapidly anymore to find a solution; we could not function; it was...(discouraged) that was terrible! I was...I tried...I regrouped some people and we looked for solutions. Phew! We were condemned. It was over and...I will try to explain. It's not easy to say...

That came from here! That came from here...from your solar system...from your system a bit larger. It's you! Sorry. You, is not the correct term. It was the world which was here...the universe which was here, which has provoked that (at least two hundred thousand years ago). We are there...but our world is parallel. We are there, you are there, we are both there...and you have provoked catastrophes which have swept away...(I am counting) 1, 2, 3 parallel worlds. They have received vibrations from your experiments, the same ones that hit our world also but...I do not accept that we did not prevent that! We should have foreseen it. We suspected...we suspected but we did nothing. We believed we were stronger. It's not entirely true...it's not on earth...it's even further...than mars. It began a lot further. Who started that? There are some worlds...which brought humans on planets of that system. Me...I don't want to find a culprit. But, there is someone who brought beings on the planets of your solar system and these beings degenerated. They began to use lots of harmful things which completely disrupted the whole system. Some planets were destroyed and worlds died. It's very difficult...very difficult to talk about because I have to go over barriers and I have a big problem with saying everything. I have to calm down and try to see clearly in all this. That happened so fast that we had to do something. That's when I decided to get involved and come over here.

P.: When did Colin arrive?

N.: Oh! Colin it's... How to explain? Okay...you want the truth! When I arrived on earth...let's say thirty-five thousand years ago...forty? I don't know anymore. I was immortal. It means that I could prolong myself without needing to change bodies. Well, I say immortal...let's say that I could be renewed for many thousands of years. I remember...no...that is not true. I was immortal. I knew...all right, people coming from my planet, they live, phew...between two and four thousand years approximately but me, I was not part of the population. I was part of special beings who had found the key which allows to be prolonged indefinitely. Uh...be

prolonged indefinitely...what I mean is that I did not prove it on many millions of years. I proved it on uh...one hundred and thirty, one hundred and forty thousand years. I am not so sure anymore. I know when I started but I don't know anymore where I'm at. It's more than one hundred thousand years. On the last planet where I was, this goes back to about one hundred and thirty thousand years. Yeah, about one hundred and thirty thousand years. So, when I arrived on earth, I did not have any problem self-regenerating. Except that the earth... (sigh) it got me. It means that after...after ten thousand years, I could hardly... no matter how hard I worked, lie down, try to regenerate my body; I had great difficulty doing it. After a while...I used a special device which helps us regenerate if we are unable to do it by ourselves anymore. Then, I was able...I was able...I extended that up to fifteen thousand years but at a certain point...no longer able!

P: How old was Colin when you met him for the first time?

N.: Colin, it's only my last body. When did I meet him?

P: The first...

N.: My God, when I met him!

P: When did this happen?

N.: When they put me in him?

P: That's it!

N.: I don't want...I don't want to be unkind...but in order to survive, I did have to take many bodies. I took many...huh!...hundreds...thousands? I don't know anymore and I continue...Colin, it is the last one I took. I cannot even remember at what age he was. We cannot... we cannot integrate a human body if it is not entirely formed. We must wait for its growth to be entirely over. Uh...it is dangerous before that. We must really do it then...at the start of the twenties. Human bodies, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, have attained their maturity. We do not take any chances; we do it around twenty-five years approximately. Yes! it is around twenty-five years I think. In the islands! Is that what you want to know? It's in the islands (the Açores islands). It's there. I say at twenty-five years of age but we do tests before. We do many tests to see if there is real compatibility. We do certain adjustments...we try..we try many times. So, we penetrate, we get out, we penetrate again; we make sure that all is correct, in place.

(A long parenthesis drawn from my book 'To the origin of all' to understand what went on there at the Açores islands according to my point of view:

Once I arrived on the main island, I settled in a small village near the ocean. The motel that I had found on a side of a cliff was deserted in this fall season. I started to write my book and therefore, I retraced my entire life journey up to this trip. I would alternate my written reflections with meditation and experiments to establish contact with my galactic brothers. They had let me know by automatic writing, that I had to rise the vibratory level of my body. Otherwise, any approach involved some risks for me. So, like a good docile student, I started to practice some exercises for my elevation. Where does the good sense stop and where does the madness start? In my case, the border was receding each day. I could respond a priori that only the endless discoveries, the expansion of my consciousness motivated me. Because of all the therapies carried out on my body, I had an enough solid anchor in the reality. So much so that reality can be circumscriptive.

After a month and a half of this regimen, a first unusual phenomenon occurred in my body. An intense heat, even burning, started to irradiate in the small of my back. It was as if I had a stove burner lighted and pinned permanently on my lower back. On a certain night, while I

was elevating the level of my vibrations for the umpteenth time, I had my second apparition in my short life. Six beings were at my bedside forming a circle around my bed where I was stretched out. It is rather fascinating to feel the presence, and then to see in front of you six beings dressed like monks. Those who have already observed an apparition, even a very hazy one, will not doubt the phenomenon. This brotherhood hinted, although I could not distinguish their face very well under their raised hoods, that it was coming to get a double of me with the intention to put it through some sort of purification, an awakening to its potential. I let them do it. Did I have a choice? They extirpated an indefinite part of my being and took it with them.

During the three days that the absence lasted, I had to rest content with only a few elementary occupations. I had difficulty thinking, and therefore, to understand what was happening to me. When the return signal came, it took at least an entire day to try to reintegrate this part of me. It had become estranged, too vast for my minuscule envelope. Like an ocean that we want to contain in a glass. This part finally liberated and blossomed didn't seem to want the little me any longer. Have you ever tried to convince a part of you who doesn't want you anymore, to come back in you? It was only after a long discussion and mutually getting used to each other, that the fusion finally took place.

The difficulty and then the electric shock absorbed, my vision widened, the time barriers fell and I saw myself in full. I was like in a near state of trance where one reality would give way to another. The walls in my room vanished and I was contemplating my life from as far as I could go back into the millenniums of my past and get a glimpse of the millenniums of my future. My consciousness liberated from the limits of my body, seemed to fill a bigger space and mould it at its will. I was reliving the states of my souls during the era of Atlantis and from other civilizations that I had known. It was as if I was at the centre of all things and that my multiple facets were deploying themselves around. Like a walker, immobile in the midst of the passing parade of all his lives, for the first time, I finally perceived myself in my totality.

During the days that followed my transformation, I was drawing some blueprints of temples dedicated to healing with the description of their multiple functions, some cities built with the appearance of mountains with their furnishings and their interior gardens. I was reliving all the efforts, the hopes of so many experiences, of grand projects! I was getting a glimpse of ways of life belonging to other times, other civilizations and other planets. I had the sensation that I was bringing light to a whole side of my mystery. I could go home. The encounter with an extra-terrestrial being, in this circumstance, myself, had taken place.

I add the remark that I wrote this text in 2003 on a lived experience when I was twenty-five years old and it is only three years ago that I learned, through internet, that hooded beings were a recurrent phenomenon in the abductions by extraterrestrials and contrary to think that it was maybe a real brotherhood of monks, remains of friends from another life, it was an extraterrestrial race little interested in us seeing their faces and which usually comes to us in a number of six!) End.

P.: Why was he chosen?

N.: Who? Colin?

P.: Huh huh.

N.: Ah! Colin why I chose him? (little giggle) Okay...well that will seem a bit strange what I will say. He has a brain which has around...ten to fifteen percent more of grey matter. I cannot

settle for a normal small brain; it is too small for me. I need a brain quite voluminous if I want to stay whole. I would not want to have to take two to three brains. It can sometimes happen that we are in two to three persons at the same time but I prefer to be in only one. I feel more whole; less...how should I say...I don't feel less spread out. The word is not very precise. It is then the first quality I chose in the body of Colin. In addition of having a voluminous brain which allows me to be at ease, he has...in the family heritage uh... hypersensitivity, acute awareness, quick connection, not too many gene defects, relatively well kept good health. All these conditions were, for me, favorable despite human body limits. But it's...this can offend certain people what I am saying but, at the same time, I am conscious that I have to mention the respect I have for all beings which I cohabit.

I...ok I will be honest. I am a brilliant person, very conceited, very proud and vanity is for sure a fault which I should correct. Then, when I enter in a human body, I always have to stay respectful, be careful as not to be rude, not damage or mostly not despise it. All that. I have great respect for bodies which I live in but at the same time...uh...I have a superiority level which, if I'm not careful, I can be very vain yes...but even more than that, I can be cruel. Cruel because I am someone who is frustrated. I came here to help my people and I find myself condemned to stay here. I am under the impression sometimes that my people abandoned me. I cannot return home; I cannot find all the faculties I had; I cannot get back all my potential because I am like locked up. I respect Colin's body but it's like the conscience of an earthling was locked up in the body of a mouse (loudly). I am frustrated! Absolutely but well! Frustration and helplessness...I spent most of my life giving punches so...to shout towards the sky so they would come and get me and find back all my capacities. That was pointless so...I would like to know the truth. Why are they unable to come and get me? Why am I stuck here? I have clues, hypotheses but I would like to have them confirmed by other beings who would come and say "yes, you are here for this, for that, and that's why we cannot come and get you because of this, of that."

I became a human and...I will be mean, I despise humans a lot because they are weak...they are liars, hypocrites. They have many faults which I cannot stand and I learned...because of them, to be a liar, a hypocrite so I could survive here. If I had not acted like them, I would not have survived. I say that but at the same time, I am conscious that there are lots of humans who are admirable. Unfortunately, how many of them made me see a side of humans which I abhor. Most people know the world of today. I am happy to live at this time as the world is relatively well. Everything is going fine. Nevertheless, I spent thirty-five thousand years going through the worse horrors that the earth could carry, the worse human behaviours which had been generated. I have seen everything, known, suffered and made others suffer also...to save my own skin. It's terrible! I have a baggage of memories of human beings through numerous centuries, milleniums. I got over it but...it's a very heavy weight...to remember constantly what humans have done as foolishness, bad things. Then, at a certain point, I surrender and accept my fate...and I thank Colin to support me in his body. For now, that's what I had to say.

P.: If we can now come back to Colin.

N.: Yes. You want to talk to him?

P.: Huh huh... Colin at the age of twelve.

C.: Yes.

P.: The souvenirs that will come back...which have been a little...not traumatizing but maybe disturbing. You will describe the first images that you see...that you feel.

C.: Oh! Bah...I don't know how old I am but there is a devil's face in a window. I say that it is the devil but I think that it's...it's the little men again. I saw a face which scared me in a window and it was at night. Ho! he was not pretty, pretty. (worried). He looked like the devil that we see in school books. I saw him only a few seconds and he disappeared. I said "it's not them that come and get me normally. I don't know this one...Woh! He sure is not pretty...he is not pretty at all. No no no no with his head. Oh boy, he is not pretty. In books, they have a black face with horns...in school books. Woh! if...if it's like it is written in books, no! I don't know if he is one of those that come to get me but no, no I forget. I did not see anything...I absolutely saw nothing."

P.: If you get ahead a little, thirteen, fourteen years old. What happened? Did something happen? Let the images come.

C.: It's him again!

P.: Who him?

C.: The one with horns.

P.: You see him where?

C.: (sigh) It's him...it's him who is coming to get me.

P.: Where do you see him?

C.: I was not mistaken...no it does not make sense what I will tell you but I will say it just the same (little chuckle). He is coming to get me and it looks like it is the small one...the small one who used to come and get me when I was young. It seems like it's the same one but he has become old...and in aging, he has gotten horns. (small giggle). I...I don't recognize him at all. When he arrived beside me, he sent me something and there I remembered. But I said "it's you? I mean; you do not look at all like you used to look ...when you were of the same age as me." Starting from there...I was less afraid of him. I said "ok, all right, if it's you...I believe it." He did not say it really but I felt that it was him so I did not doubt it..."Then, okay, if it's you...I feel it...but, my God, you are...phew!...if...if I listen to the priest...hum you are not on the good side (laugh). Bah he said "no, that's no big deal, it's not the first time that I scare someone." But...I am surprised...I told him "you don't look the same at all! Why? " It's like he was saying "well I...I..." Well, okay, I will say it even if sometimes, there is something that wants me to keep me from telling. He very well takes the appearance he wants so I will not be scared by him. So, when I was little, he took the appearance so I wouldn't be afraid of him. Now that I am used to him, I am able to see him nearest to what he really is. Bah, there, I told him "I hope that what you look like at this moment it's...I don't know but...is it the closest of what you really are? Or if it's even worse, please (laugh) spare me a little." It is very weird. He shows me an image but now that I know that it might not be his real image...that maybe the image he shows me at this moment is also...Then, I say to myself "that's easy!...from memory, he never hurt me; I have always trusted him so I will continue. I think he is all right."

P.: Did he kidnap you?

C.: Yes, he continued...he continued to do it under his new appearance.

P.: What is his new appearance?

C.: The one I just talked about with him...

P.: Horns?

C.: Well...I say the devil because he has horns. Bah horns! They are not pointed...it's like he has two bumps on the forehead which go to the back and are raised...That's it! He is kind of dark brown. He is not black. The devil is black. But him, he is sort of dark brown with eyes...

P.: With a smell?

C.: Huh?

P.: Does he gives off a smell?

C.: I have no recall at that level. I always notice that he has yellow eyes, yellow-orange.

P.: Did you meet many at the same time?

C.: Yes. Him, he comes and get me; it's like he serves as an ambassador; I know him, we know each other so I am not afraid. He brings me and I meet others all the time. They are in general many, 5, 6 or 7 approximately. I don't say that I have never seen more...I saw...oh! it's huge. I have seen many when they are in their big thing...phew, I don't know. I cannot even say thousands, that would be...I never dared to count them when they are in the...the big city. But when they come to get me, it's always...I meet 5, 6 and they make tests on me. They are afraid that I get hurt; they are afraid that I become ill; they are afraid that...and for these reasons they make exams. They are kind to me because...they cure me constantly; they always arrange it so I keep my good health. But well, ok, let's be clear...it is my envelope they want to keep healthy. That's all right. I am hardly in a position to complain about it. So they keep me healthy and make tests. They have something...

P.: What kind of test?

C.: Yeah...will they? They try things on me. They have explained...that they would love to find a permanent vehicle for their friend who is in my head. They want my body to be efficient and lasting enough to be able to keep it the longest possible time along with the entity in me. So, they do all sorts of tests...they have told me things...I will say it but...will they try to transform my body in order to be transportable somewhere else...in another world? I am not sure. They have led me to believe that if I stay the way I am, I will not be able to leave here. I will have to stay on earth and simply live like everybody else and that would be alright that way. They will come and get Naja at a certain time to get it out of my head and they will put him in another person. This should go well also and should not bother me...because, anyway, they will do it a few years...non even that...a few months before I die. There will not be too much...that will not alter my human conscience too much. Yes, but well, that's what they say. It does not mean that I believe everything they say but that's what they say. Nevertheless, they will try to find solutions to be able to keep my actual body and transport it with the entity in me at the same time. They do not say much more because...no, that is false, they say more but it is not easy to tell all because they do not want me to... They put limits...by saying "woh! You can talk but be careful. We don't want you to tell everything." "Ok, I don't say all." I could talk more but...I would have... to be forced a little but well. (laugh) I do not know...I do not know to what point I can tell. At this moment, I talk and I see beings looking at me.

P.: Those beings looking at you, what do they look like?

C.: They are all the same as my friend...my friend who comes to get me. Yes yes! Don't be embarrassed. They are a mix of...it seems like half frog and half lizard. It's a form of lizard. They are intelligent, they smile and they are friendly. Me, I am used to being around them so they do not surprise me anymore. I see them. They are there. When I visited their city, I saw many of different heights, different colors, different ages, so well. Sometimes, it's them that looked at me a little because they do not see earthlings every day. Bah! directly in their world. Those who come on earth, they are used to humans but those who live in the big hanging city, they are not around them often. Let's say they see some on their screens but in person...So, it's certain that when I go...I was there...I could say maybe...a number at random... between ten and twenty times in their city...many were intrigued. Me, I was happy because it is like I had a privilege. It's not everybody...that's what they say, who has the right to go in their city. Okay, thank you, it's kind of you.

P.: Did they give you a mission? Something to accomplish?  
C.: The truth! The only and unique mission, is that I am a carrier.  
P.: Carrier of...?  
C.: Of that entity there. From it, I can do what I want; I can say what I want. It does not worry them more or less as long as I stay a carrier in good health, well-balanced, who does not take any risk for his life and who does not disturb their exploration fields too much. They explore, as I am saying, the entity integrated in me and at the same time, the two who cohabit in the same space. It's like that, them, they work the part of my being which contains their entity as that is what concerns them first and they are attentive also that the vehicle always stays in good health. From there on, they tell me that I can do whatever I want. If I want to transmit information, I can do it. I can also talk about them, there is no problem.

They allowed me, at a certain moment...When I went to the islands...they did something which they normally don't do. They have established connections between the two...the two entities. So, between me and Naja, they have established connections so that information goes through but usually, they are not too keen to do that. They prefer that a human being lives its life without knowing that it hosts an entity. But, as I was someone...no, it's more than that. Oh my God, it's because... yes! maybe they did not do it voluntarily. They did it because I had threatened...uh threatened them. Let's understand each other. I knew what they were doing so I told them "if you don't connect me; if you don't allow me to know what is going on; I am able to do things that would create problems in your work. Okay, I accept to host...bah I accept...I was not asked...they say that they have asked my permission but me I am not sure...so I accept the hosting but...in return, you will allow me to use that potential or at least, have access to information. If me, I want to evolve as a human being, at least if I host someone, this being should share his information, his experience so that this cohabitation should be useful, profitable not only to you alone and me not getting anything out of it. Surely for me, being human, this will allow me to evolve, to understand and take a giant step towards my evolution." They accepted! But, they accepted by being forced...(small laugh) a little. You collaborate or maybe, me, I will put obstacles in the way of your experiments on me. It is fine to be a volunteer...if I was a volunteer...but I am entitled also to a compensation. I also told them "In my life, I do not want to have money problems. Make it so that I do not lack anything and have no important problem." Already, they took care of my health...as a matter of fact I am talking to them at this moment because I have a small health problem and I want them to solve it. I do not know what I have but...it's their job. "Solve it! if you want me to stay in good shape up to ninety-five years old."

P.: If you go back to the day when you were on a scooter and that you completely lost track of time, lost maybe between one hour or two, I don't know. Very very deeply, what happened at that moment? Where were you? Let the images come...they will come gradually.  
C.: If you can force me to see images. All is always blurry. There is like a blockage which prevents me to see more...I always see things but it is like on a television screen that is always blurry. I see just enough to have a glimpse but not enough to be clear. Because on the scooter...  
P. To see what?

(I am doing here a long parenthesis to explain in detail the event that Pierre is talking about. We are in 2013. I am a professor of painting in a community center and I am preparing the year end exhibit (end of April) for about forty students. On Thursday evening, because of conflicts with other professors regarding the hanging space of paintings, I spend a sleepless

night brooding over it (very rare fact for me). The following day, starting at eight o'clock, very busy day; mounting, hanging and opening to the public until 21:00. About 22:00 hours, to go back home, I hesitate between taking the bus (one hour ride, I live in the center of Montreal and the community center is in periphery) or taking my small scooter (three quarters of an hour trip) as I am very tired, it is raining a little and it is extremely windy. I decide to take my scooter and that is where the story turns to the supernatural.

I remember the 10 first minutes of the trip and then, it is like in a dream, a series of blurry memories. I fell asleep driving the scooter and I made the rest of the trip (a little more than 30 minutes normally) in a transe. Here is the exact chronological sequence of bits and pieces of souvenirs. 1: I see at the last minute the back of a parked car which I try to avoid. 2: I am on my knees on the ground and I pick up pieces of red plastic from the back light of the car and I put them on the bumper knowing that I cannot warn the owner. I hear two youngsters on the other side of the street laughing surely of my position (not very charitable). 3: I am in a convenience store asking the clerk where I am and how to get to the city center (that road to go to work and come back, I had done it hundreds of times). 4: I drive as in a fog: I do not feel my body, not anything and I say to myself, where am I and what do I do. Then, I start to concentrate repeating to myself that I am going home. In this transe and blurred state, I don't recognize any places but I force myself to look at a street sign which reassures me as I recognize the name of the street. 5: My attention is drawn to the noise my speedometer makes because it seems out of the base. 6: I see another sign indicating the name of another street (it is the second most important one which I take to get home). 7: I recognize at last the houses near home. In an effort of concentration, I say to myself, Colin, you must open the gate of the yard with your key, then go into the back, open your locker door and store your scooter. I take time to replace the speedometer, I lock all the doors and go to my apartment on the third floor. I say to myself that I must go to bed immediately. While undressing, I notice that I am hurt on my right knee. I take time to wipe the blood running a little and I go to bed.

The following day, I come back to reality, I have an injury to my knee and immediately go to see if my scooter is not too damaged. It has only a mark on the handlebar and the speedometer which I fixed the night before is not well aligned. There!

Hundreds of questions came to mind. Far from being traumatized, I felt strong like invincible to have made it out. But, with what force? My subconscious, my higher self or exterior elements. Those bits and pieces of blurred souvenirs, as in a dream, are all that I remember. I don't remember, after the accident, to have started my scooter again nor getting on it. I don't remember having stopped at red lights, changing streets, stopping at the convenience store, nor even holding my handlebar. I felt as a conscience without a body. I am convinced that superior forces have gotten involved but which ones?) End.

C.: This lasted for four hours. I don't know what...

P.: Relax. Go and get images. At the capacity you've come to, in the situation you are in, you can manage. Let the images come.

C.: What comes to me...it's certain that they have saved my life. It's their job...and they have taken advantage of it to abduct me during four hours and to talk to me (sigh) again.

P.: Images come back slowly. Where did they take you?

C.: Well, they have taken me to a vessel, a small one, not a big one and there, they have lectured me. (little chuckle). They told me that I had been reckless.

P.: Reckless regarding what?

C.: Because I had driven...I was tired, I had a sleepless night before, it was raining, it was very windy and it was eleven o'clock at night. They told me that I had taken risks and of those, they were not happy. They really lectured me about being really reckless and even if they protect me, I should not put myself on purpose in a dangerous situation. Because, this...

P.: How was it inside the vessel? What did that one look like?

C.: Inside...there are certain vessels...it's beige inside and it is always round...Well, I will say what comes to me. The round ones are white inside and the triangular ones are beige inside. That is how I was able to differentiate the two of them. The triangular one...the inside room is almost round but it is like an arch with an extension on each side; a bit like a boomerang. The inside colors are like beige-green; which makes a difference with the other ones which are round and rather white-bluish. All right! I need to tell the truth. They make me come, they ask me questions, they talk about the future, they say I am precious for them, I need to be careful, they care about me and after that, they make certain exams.

P.: What kind of exams?

C.: I am used to them. It's always about the same thing. Uh...ah but they do not take sampling on me anymore. It's been a long time since they have done it. They just pass a...it's like...I see the image. It's a table...there is nothing to support it underneath and it's like a ring that goes up and down around me. It is a ring that goes all around the body and it passes...weird...it passes, it comes back, it passes, it comes back and that's all. From that point on, they...no (interrogation) it is not stupid...this ring examines, sees if there are problems and it cures.

P.: Those beings, what do they look like?

C.: This does all in one time only...to end...it's only that each time I go, they do not take any more sampling but they do it all in one combined; exams, observation, cure to verify that my body is always in good shape (a first passage from head to toe, feet to head which makes an exam and a second identical passage which readjusts). It's certain that I could say lots of things, so many things because...In general, it's those with horns that talk to me and try...but I see...I see others also. They are not alone and they are often mixed. Uh...people think that those beings don't talk with each other. Phew, those beings all talk between each other. No no no...they mix with each other. It's like walking in a big city where you see people from all countries; from all colors, from all heights; from all races. Uh...not in the small ones but when you go in the medium, not the big...well yes! the big ones also. From the moment you go from a small one to a medium...I see...

P.: When you talk about small, medium, is it vessels or beings?

C.: No, vessels. When I am in a small vessel, it's always about the same race that I meet but at soon as it is a little bigger, that's where I see many kinds. I have...ok... there are some that when I see them, they remind me of birds. There, it will seem crazy what I am saying but take it as you want. There are some that look like birds uh...yeah but it is not like...they have no feathers, it's like they have down, not very long. They mostly have features and a body that, when I see them, it makes me think of a bird and the energy they project also makes me think so. There are some that are all blue with...since I've seen the Avatar film...blue with eyes lightly yellow and elongated. There are some which are very white with a skull elongated to the back and have a very tiny face in the middle of a bigger head. Well, it is certain that there are some a bit like...we ask ourselves if they are not a mix of two kinds. There are the lizards. There are those which are the greys, the small ones...uh...how to say...I don't know why the greys are considered like a little inferior. They always walk kind of withdrawn. They are rarely there when there are conversations or when beings talk and mix with each other. They do not mix with the crowd. I could say why but it is not easy to tell all as

I go along. I hope that it is not because they are considered as inferior. Some say that they are not all real beings...ok, alright. Me, Colin, I read somewhere that they are not real beings, that they are artificial. But me, I say that there are real ones and there are imitations. Imitations are more like servants or people that do basic chores...Them, they differentiate between the two; me, I need to look at them longer to see the difference.

That's what they say but...for now, I cannot go further because it is a universe that...I know...well I know a lot because I remember a lot. It is not easy to say all that. Especially if it is too rapidly and too fast...

P.: You will relax and take a deep breath. You will register the maximum of images. Always concentrate on your breath to relax, unwind and you will gradually return your mind to the start; when you were in that room...

## The fourth session; Friday afternoon of June 19th, 2015.

For this session, I had prepared a new series of questions in adjustment to revelations from the first three sessions.

### QUESTIONS 2

- 1- How do abductions go exactly?
- 2- Why do I see the images with difficulty?
- 3- What should I do to stay conscious during the next abduction?
- 4- How do I get the proof of all my story?
- 5- Are there screen images which hide other things?
- 6- I would like the barriers, which prevent me of remembering all, to fall.
- 7- Are there other significant events for the understanding of my story?
- 8- What is the official agreement before my birth? More details.
- 9- How to remove the last barriers between me and Naja?
- 10- Will I still see my reptilian friend?

Pierre put some glasses on my eyes which make a variety of light effects.

Pierre:...(Period of putting in a state of hypnosis). Let the images come...Where are you now? What do you see?

Colin: I am in a garden...with someone. Everything is confused. I am with someone and we take the resolution to see each other again after my life on earth. It is someone I love and who will wait for me but...It's a souvenir that I have all the time. I am with someone and we agree to meet again after my earthly life but there is a being who comes and I don't have time to say all... what I have to say. Our conversation is interrupted.

P.: By whom?

C.: It's a being who comes to talk to me.

P.: Can you identify him?  
C.: Hum...it might be him! I was with a person and we were holding hands and the other one arrived and said "I have to talk to you. Excuse me, I have to talk to you." He kind of cut the conversation I was having.  
P.: Is it a person you know?  
C.: Hum...  
P.: Is it the first time or had you seen him before?  
C.: He follows me!  
P.: What does he look like?  
C.: I don't see him but he is the one who has been following me for a long time. He has followed me for many lives. It's weird...but I'm under the impression that he has decided to unite with me. He does not want to leave me alone.  
P.: Who were you talking to before his arrival?  
C.: It's my soul mate.

(Here is a long parenthesis to tell a souvenir of an experience which I lived in my forties. I will always remember the day when I was lying down on a mattress, in a room, in the middle of a group. We were all there experimenting, with a set of headphones for each one, sound frequencies (hemi-Sync frequencies from Monroe Institute) that would bring us to a state of deep relaxation. The goal was to attain a transe state where the physical body lets go and where the conscience opens up to bigger exploration fields. It is in those privileged moments that trips with borderless frontiers are accessible and where at each intersection, a possible revelation awaits us. At one of these intersections, I saw again by a happy chance, this entity who was in the old days so near me and who now looked so far. This meeting took me by surprise and under the shock, I wavered. An uncontrollable feeling of discouragement came over me and forced me to tell him "why are you still waiting for me? My trip in this labyrinth is so long that I keep roaming to try finding the exit. Why don't you go? You have acquired a better world and it awaits you." While I was not expecting any true answer to my false questions, a voice from the other side of the mirror answered "I simply wait for you like you have waited for me when it was me roaming in hostile lands." This unexpected declaration, in the form of an answer, brought a surge of emotions up to my eyes. No matter what life we live, nobody cannot do, for very long, without the feeling of counting for someone else.) End.

C.: This is the conclusion...I have a soul mate with whom I get along well and at the same time, there is a third person who always intervenes..hum intervenes...who always comes to tell me that he is waiting for me. Yeah.  
P.: Who is that person?  
C.: It's him..  
P.: Who is he?  
C.: Naja! I don't know how long we have been together? I hardly understand what he is doing there. Hum...it's like having a girlfriend and having a best friend and be torn apart between the two...all the time. The best friend who would want you to always be with him and her...also. I don't know...I cannot be divided in halves. There is no one...love, friendship ...what is the most important? Is there one of the two which is more important than the other...so I can choose? I don't know anymore. The two of them would like to have me full time. It's impossible! One that tells me she loves me and the other who says that he is my best friend...and that, do you know how long it had been going on?...ten thousand years ...twelve thousand years...fifteen thousand years? I don't know anymore. Maybe more? Ok, we do not have to choose...we are not forced to do it.

P.: What does he expect from you in the present, the future? Do you know?

C.: Anyway, her, she is not on earth at this moment. I don't know. They do not say anything. They tell me things but I am not sure.

P.: Where does the feeling of blockage come from which prevents you to blossom, do you know? Is it the one who follows you all the time?

C.: No, yes... I will tell it to you...I am a monster.

P.: Who is a monster?

C.: Me!

P.: Why?

C.: Because I am a mixture of all kinds of things. My mind is not clear. I scare people. I must be careful because whatever I do, whatever I say, this provokes people. People suspect that I am not normal. I know because I've been had many times.

P.: How were you had? In what way?

C.: At the time I reveal who I am.

P.: Who do you reveal?

C.: All! Who I am? I don't know who I am. I am a mixture...I have little peace between two lives; sometimes a little on earth. It's difficult to explain the impression of not belonging...being a mixture of all sorts of things. But me, who am I in there? I don't even know anymore. I cannot say more...

P.: Colin is someone who was born from a person. Colin was not born out of an extra-sensory being? He has a mother, a father Colin?

C.: Of that, I don't have the right to talk about.

P.: Your real mother, your real father...

C.: No no (little laugh) no no, (low voice) my father...(chuckle) it's not him. I did not know my father.

P.: Your mother?

C.: When I saw my father, I very well saw that it was not him. I have nothing of him...nothing. He is not a bad person but he is just...crude, unrefined. It's not him but I am not allowed to say more.

P.: Your mother?

C.: My mother!..her, it's her. They have chosen her because she is...she is not bad...she is...no that is not true; it is not because of that they have chosen her.

P.: Who has chosen your mother?

C.: Well...you have to develop somewhere! They chose her because she was strong; she had other...sorry...I was struck by the change of lights (glasses on my eyes). I've fallen into the dark.

P.: Who chose your mother?

C.: Many of them did...okay...before, he came to talk to me and told me that it was time to come back to earth; that they were to incorporate me in a mother they had chosen because she was robust, intelligent, had positive energy. She was followed a long time because of her morphology; she was from a pure race; she was also a person who would let me do what I want entirely; she would not put any barrier, any limit; she would allow me to do my apprenticeship entirely. Yes, I think that's it and they have followed her for a long time. But, they have chosen many, of course, to be sure as they don't take any chances. They choose at least five...but Colin does not want to want to talk of that because it is déjà vu. Everybody talks about it so it's ridiculous to talk of...and anyway, it makes no sense. I was born as I could...half on one side and half on the other. That's all. My mother delivered me...she gave birth to me yes!...I think so?

P.: She gave birth where?

C.: At home. It's strange that nobody remembers what time I was born. I never knew at what time I was born. Bah, the day yes!...but not the hour. At home...(laugh) no no no! It's not true but it's okay.

P.: What is not true?

C.: But yes!...they can put whatever story they want in your head. They can put whatever childhood they want in your head. It is not certain that it is the true one. With them, I am not sure of anything. I am not even sure I was born...at the place where I was told I was born. I cannot even say that I remember the two or three first years. Nothing, no souvenir. Have they brought me all made already?...maybe. They put me in the arms (while laughing) of my mother saying "take care of him!." I do not know what they did...or if I know, I am not allowed to tell. Is it important?

P.: Do you know, don't you know or don't you want to tell?

C.: I would like to tell but they don't want me to do it...because they think that we don't have the faculty to understand how we can bring a baby to a mother without her having delivered it... In any way, there must be a midwife somewhere who delivered that baby and must remember. My mother is deceased now but there are surely someone, somewhere, who delivered me. I do not see other...I have a connection with my mother because I've known her for a long time. I knew her in other lives. She was not my mother but I knew her very well. I've always had fun with her. She is not as brilliant as me but she has a great personality. I was alongside her many times but me...me...I don't know what it means 'me'. It is lots of things 'me'. But in other lives, there is a part of me who was around her and found her pleasant so choosing her as a mother, it was natural as I knew that I would be in good hands. The part of me that chose her...it's hard to say which part it is. When my mother gave birth to me, she was about forty, forty-two years old and I have a sister that was born after me. My mother was then elderly and it is hard to say if I was born by my mother but what is certain, is that I chose her in any case. Among the five candidates, it's her I chose because I knew that I would get along very well with her. But, I cannot say more.

P.: I will take off your glasses. (Pierre takes off the glasses).

C.: Thank you.

P.: Unwind, relax, take a deep breath. You will bring your mind to other significant events for the understanding of your story. Let the images come gradually and the first one you see, you tell me!

C.: Ok...they did not want to say before how I was born but they want me to say that I was tampered with many times; that I have been manipulated in the inside of me...There is, among others, a thing they did here (I indicate the center of my chest) which is important for them. An operation right there...maybe they already had told me why they had done this...but that has played an important role...just here. They have put something...is it something that does not work well at this moment? Well, ok, they have explained that it was to regularize the energetic current in all my bodies. It is like a regulator...but not only for my physical body...It is hard to understand because I do not have all their knowledge but it is something which ensures that it is not only my physical body which is well-balanced but a whole range of bodies...

Yes, yes, all right! They do experiments on me. They would like to try to prolong my body so it lasts longer because they would like maybe to bring it with them. They try to ensure that my body prolongs; that it can preserve and even be adapted so it can go somewhere else. For that, they have to succeed in balancing all the different energy currents that are around me

but are part of me. I have many. They are presently working on this. Phew! since they have put that...just here, I have red patches (pointing to my sternum) which appear occasionally. That is what they told me but each time they tell me something...I accept but I cannot swear that it is the truth. They only say maybe the things I can understand, can accept or can tolerate but is it all the truth? Am I able to hear the whole truth? Maybe not . Again, me, Colin, I don't remember. It is them that say that I cannot hear all...It is the event that came back to me when they have put this thing...or they only have played in that part of my chest? I remember the moment when they have put it even if I don't know its size...at least, this radiates on three to four inches in diameter. I do not think that they have put something of this size (I smile). I just thought of Iron man (super hero)...This is funny to think of him because I am under the impression that the plate I have here dates from eight to ten years and it is well before I saw the first film of Iron man with its round supply plate on the chest.

P.: Are there screen images hiding other things?

C.: There are many.

P.: What kind of screen and what is it hiding?

C.: If I could go in the back it would not be a screen.

P.: Go in the back, you can do it!

C.: It's easier said than done.

P.: In the state you are in now, you can do anything. You have the capacity to do anything in your subconscious.

C.: Hum...

P.: Let the images come without worry.

C.: Well....

P.: Without fear.

C.: It's because...yeah.

P.: What's going on?

C.: Phew! it's because it is not very pretty to see.

P.: What do you see?

C.: It's all confusing...how to say...There are beings who torture other persons and that is not right. I cannot...There are beings who amuse themselves with human beings and...I am not allowed to go and see that; I am not allowed to see that; I have no right to think that there are entities who do all sorts of things on human beings, it's...it's forbidden, it's not right...it's not right. I do not know why they are doing this?

P.: They're doing what?

C.: They are...cut up.

P.: They are cut up where?

C.: It is behind a wall and behind a folding screen but I do not know where this is. It's behind a big thick wall. They do all kinds of things with humans and it is not right. I told them so (sigh). I am not there physically. I am there consciously, in energy but I see what they're doing. I know why they're doing this. They want, at all costs, save their species but what they're doing, that's all wrong. Earthlings do that on lots of animals and that's wrong. There are other ways of finding solutions. And there, I see them do the same thing. They are not supposed to be more evolved? They are not supposed to have understood that they are going in a direction that leads nowhere? Ah! no, this is all right (with irony). Nothing is serious. As I already said, it's only a few that do this but others do not say anything. Just like humans that do not say anything. What we do not see does not hurt us...if it's for science, if it's for progress, we close our eyes. But me, I saw them...I will tell you something. I became a vegetarian because, many times during the night, I visited different worlds where I saw

worlds...it's impossible to describe. Worlds where all tortured dead animals are. It's terrible to overfly a place where there are piles of parts of animals that suffered. What emerges out of these places...it's...huge, oppressing, so pitiful! After having overflown three to four times that place, I said "that's it, I cannot eat meat anymore." And there...behind a wall, I see extraterrestrials who do the same things to humans. It's...

P.: What kind of extraterrestrials, what type?

C.: It's certain that it's the greys...who are under the supervision of reptilians. It is the two together meaning one supervise, the other does the job. They are in connivance but they are not my friends them. I do not socialize with them and do not want to have anything to do with them. They are beings which have not understood anything and will find themselves with a karma that will follow them during a tremendous time. They are not evolved but what can I say...I cannot say anything because each life makes its way and some day, they will understand that what we do to others we do it to ourselves. From my part, I don't want to go back there ever and don't want to know what they are doing anymore. I talked about it to my friends and it's always the same answer. Ok, ok, ok, they do not want to hear anything. They know but...they feel powerless and prefer not seeing anything. That's a shame.

P.: Do you still see your reptilian friend?

C.: Yes...I asked him to come...I told him "listen listen, we've known each other for so long that it is time for you to come and see me consciously and that we chatter directly from one person to another." I trust him and he trusts me; he respects me and I respect him and...honestly, if he is not there, I do not collaborate much. Without him, I feel a little lost in front of the others who have...I understand them!...but I cannot say that their way of doing things is...eh. No ok, they are not mean. They are all right. They are what they are but I cannot say that they are...pleasant to have around in the sense that they do not laugh, do not play, are always serious, have many manners, protocoles; they are always rather distant, a bit cold, not very communicative. All that means that they are friendly to a certain point but...I would not spend an afternoon seated with them to chat. Their mentality is so different... They have not learned to be lighthearted, laugh, simply talk for the sake of talking. They are not beings who are able to enjoy a good time, that is clear. They are persons, which we can say, are serious...serious in everything they do. For them, all is always serious and important. So, at some point...

While my friend has learned to...go a little beyond the boundaries of what is appointed to him. He has become someone a lot more warm-hearted with whom it is pleasant to be. So when he is not there...no, I will be clear. When he is not there "I am willing to go but you do what you have to do. If it's a check-up...if it is an exam or fitness work; you do what you have to do and after, you take me back home and that's all right." If my friend is there, I allow myself to stay longer, visit and chat. If he is there, I can even discuss with others because he will help to make them understand why I say such a thing or why I think such a thing. So, others are a little less on their defensive. As an intermediary, he helps explain..."ah well, do you see,that's how a human behaves..." which makes the others say "ah! yes yes!." The reptilians, they are very intelligent beings which must understand everything. Them... how can I explain...they love controlling their environment, they love to have a control on all so when they see me act and don't understand why I act a certain way, that confuses them. My friend explains then "humans act in such a way because of such reason." So, the others can answer "ah! ok yes yes we understand." They are happy and proud to have understood. Reptilians love understanding... understanding how everything works. The way trees, flowers grow; how laws act behind things...and I will say something a little crazy...they almost become ecstatic when they understand a phenomenon of nature or a principle of the

universe. They become like elated because they are under the impression that, when seizing it, they can best control it up to a certain point. Then, when my friend is there, he can serve as an intermediary and the others are then warmer which means they are less on their defensive towards me. But, when he is not there, it's...do what you have to do and bring me back home.

P.: You will take a deep breath. We will stop slowly. You will find yourself in the room...

Having no news from Mr. Caron during a week, in spite of messages left on his answering machine, I decided to do by myself a session of hypnosis. Since I had the recording of the three first sessions, including the phase of putting under hypnosis and having already practiced self-hypnosis in the past, I could allow myself an attempt. So, on the following Saturday night, lying down on my living room couch with a microphone and headphones, I started the recording. Here is the result of...

## The session of self-hypnosis; Saturday night of June 27th, 2015

Pierre: (recording, period of putting under hypnosis)...You can imagine whatever pleases you in this room; whatever you want as you are safe.

Naja: That is not easy...it is not easy to tell this whole story. It is difficult to believe. Not too many people can understand what can unite two beings together. People believe that we parasitize human beings but in reality, we give them the chance to exploit their whole potential...if they want to. If they don't want to, we respect their choice also. Earthlings do not use even ten percent of their brain, hardly one percent and even often less. This colossal potential, it's us, under my supervision, who have introduced, encouraged and supported to create a new brilliant race with an immense potential...and that has ended playing against us...and particularly against me. I had so much hope in humans but they very...very deceived me. The conscience is not unique, it is multiple. Past lives are not on a straight line but are parallel. You are inhabited, each and everyone, by souvenirs of multiple lives which are there, present, ready to arise and influence your actions, your words, your emotions...and you believe you are unique! You are unique and multiple at the same time...But well! What will happen, I regret. I am not sure...that it will succeed. They want us to become permanent or at least, united on a longer period than the one usually assigned to terrestrials. I do not have much hope...maybe because of the defeatism which has become chronic in me after all those failures, after all those attempts which have done very little. But well! I need to keep hope...because without hope, how can we have a zest for life. Divine superior forces are at stake. They have received my call of help and I believe that they will implicate themselves. They have seen my devotion, my implication, my regrets, my request for justice and I believe that they understood my deep down sincerity, the kind and generous being I have become. They pay me attention at this moment and they will do something to help me. I thank them in advance for what they will do. Despite my pride, I feel humble in front of them.

Colin.: What happened on the Açores islands?

N.: That's where they have proceeded with my induction in you. I was kept, as memory, in a kind of recipient where I was momentarily motionless, asleep. They simply transferred me in you. It is a machine...which transfers all my memory contained in a kind of gel... It is not a brain

but a hypersensitive gel full of micro-sensory particles which stores information for a certain time but not indefinitely. Me, I was in a lethargic state, as in a fog without any movement, without any active thought, no possibility of reflecting, perceiving, feeling and even auto-analyzing myself. So, I was transferred by a method which implicates a transfer of data that spreads...in your brain. It is difficult to explain...I cannot say more for now.

C.: Will they meet me consciously?

N.: Yes...and it will be soon. Do not be afraid because that has been planned a long time ago. You asked for it and they listened to you. They have discussed it between them because they saw your sincerity, willingness, serious implication in this whole process. What we are living at this moment, this conscience awareness of your subconscious past is a first step so you can meet them without living a physical, ideological or philosophical shock. This is what is being prepared and everything will go well. It will be done simply as you are ready. There are still some adjustments to realize so that all goes in the best possible conditions that make it easy and natural. Your friend will be there to help make the transition, adaptation. It will be discussed, if you really want to go, of what will be possible to do. Many choices will be offered and you will have to give some thought on the best convenient one for you.

C.: From what world do you come from?

N.: We come from a world which is not quite material, not quite pure energy and is located in a dimension that you call parallel but which is in fact a vibratory level that is lightly more rapid than the one you know. It is here, at the same place you are, in a vibratory range lightly more rapid and more subtle. But, in our world, we are as real as you in your world. Our cities, our houses, our scenery, all our environment is as real and palpable as yours but it is located a bit higher in the vibratory scale. This vibratory scale has no limit in the two ways, at least we have not found any in the lower frequencies, nor higher frequencies. Maybe there are but we have not yet discovered them.

Since we are very near, it is for this reason that...the least negative thoughts, the least negative actions and mostly the great violence on your planet, your hate and your wickedness, if they are maintained with force, willingness on a long period, can end up affecting our world. That is what happened in the past and almost destroyed our world. Not because of what happened on earth but what happened on other planets before yours was inhabited by humans. It is your whole solar system which was contaminated by waves of massive, physical, emotional and mental destruction. Then if we want to survive, we must make it so the vibratory world here survives also and especially in better conditions. Your evolution plays a role inexorably in our own evolution. Your destruction entails our destruction ...at least in part. That's it! Can we conclude for now...because that requires many efforts?

C.: Yes, we can conclude for now. Thank you for wanting to talk to me and answer my questions.

N.: No, I am the one that should thank you to put up with me (little laugh).

Mr. Caron ended up calling me two days later and we fixed another session for the following Friday. But, I knew inwardly that it would be the last meeting for now.

## The fifth session; Friday afternoon of July 3rd, 2015

- Pierre: ...(period of putting in a state of hypnosis). You will let the images come. You tell me now what you are seeing.
- Colin: He is all blue.
- P.: Who is all blue?
- C.: He is blue with a face of a...monkey? It is the image that is the closest. It is like a mixture of hindu gods which some are all blue with a human body but others with a face of an animal that looks a little like...In the hindu mythology, there is a king of monkeys but I don't think that it is a monkey face that I see but it looks a little like it.
- P.: I want you to keep this image in memory.
- C.: Yes. He is sitting in front of me. I could find it back that image. What I mean it's that his image looks like a hindu god and I could find it back in books. It will not be him exactly but it is what will look the most like him.
- P.: Where is Naja in all that?
- C.: We always find ourselves back in the famous garden. He adores strolling in gardens. So, he is there and is smiling at me. It is the garden where he comes from and loves to remember it. It is one of the rare souvenirs which he likes to remember. He is sitting on a bench and invites me to sit with him...Starting from this image, he can say all I want to know. I only have to ask him.
- P.: Can you ask him if he has other information to give us...of what happened of importance after your twenty-five years?
- Naja: ...We are obliged to protect you because there are forces which do not seem to want ...that our union be realized. There are forces not wanting the concretisation of our association, our union. So, we must be twice as vigilant. There are some beings around that use humans to interfere.
- P.: What kind of beings?
- N.: Me Naja I am considered as...a divinity?...as a divine being by some and my return announces great changes that others do not want to see realized. I will repeat what I already said "we are at this moment in a place of the universe which is under the control of an immense federation which is inhabited by beings hostile to...they like that individuals be docile, not too sharp, not too conscious so they can control them better. This is not so bad in itself as it is the mentality of these beings living in that part of the universe; wanting to dominate others, be the strongest, the ones who are not afraid of anything." But me, I came in this part of the universe, bringing with me beings...with an immense potential. There are some races which do not see this favourably that there are here luminous beings, free beings which encourage liberty...the word liberty is not correct, which encourage the conscience...conscience to be a splendid being which deserves respect...That does not please everybody so there are forces...Okay...there are reptilians who do not want at all that this part of the universe belonging to them go in the right direction and they are ready to do anything to stop...Me, I don't see them as villains but as only in progress, in evolution, period. They have arrived at this level of evolution and they are in agreement with their inner self. Then, it is impossible to blame them for anything. Whatever the case, they are ready to take many actions so I will not find back all the capacities locked up in me.

But.. I am protected, Colin is protected and nothing can reach us. We are in...there is around us a kind of electrical field that nobody can cross. At that level, I am not afraid of anything but we still have to be vigilant. It might be a little strange to you what I am saying but that's what is happening. My return...and the return of my faculties will involve great changes and some want to block that. Then, what I want to say for the future...everything has been put into place so that the meeting will happen and I will use Colin's body as a tool and that during still for a very long time. But I speak about the future... and the future we run it, we control it only in part...All right, I will tell you the truth. There are now beings of light, very highly placed, who are presently being involved in what is going on here and I have their support. Since I got their support, nothing can affect me. They agreed to give me support and that...it's immense. Without them, I could not ...but these beings of light will make sure that everything goes well. I cannot say more. They are there. I have their trust and they have mine.

P.: Do you have important information for the follow-up?

N.: These beings of light...I say that they are beings of light but precisely, they are beings coming from the seventh dimension. They are very advanced, they are hardly visible in matter and they have that capacity to be able to transform that matter. So, that's what will happen. They are able to take Colin's body and transform it, make it up to a vibratory range which will allow me to fully inhabit it, completely and for a long time. What I say is true but it is awkward to explain at this moment because that implies forces which are difficult to understand for humans and even for Colin. But I have to be trusted. What will happen will go very very far and that's...it's a promise made by them and when these beings make a promise...they are not liars. Not those beings...never! What is coming, it is going in that direction but how it will happen and when? For the moment, Colin must live his life simply, do what he has to do and us, we take care of the rest. I take care and they take care of the rest. Time will tell.

P.: When will occur the meeting with Colin, awake?

N.: I am not allowed to tell.

P.: Where is the planet located? What is its name?

N.: Whose planet?

P.: Naja.

N.: At the last session, I said that I have lived for over one hundred and thirty thousand years in the fifth dimension...but this dimension, it is here on earth. It has almost become my home. But if I go back to the origin...I have already talked about it in the book 'To the origin of all', let's say that the mother planet where I was born or rather where I became aware of existing, it's sure that it is in the constellation of Orion and that goes back to around four hundred thousand years if we count the one hundred and thirty thousand years being in this system. Then, in all, approximately four hundred thousand years. Between you and me, are we within one thousand, two thousand, three thousand years near? So, I started being aware of my existence around four hundred thousand years ago on a planet... in Orion...There is the mother planet which possesses two suns, a very big and and very small one, and which is at the center of a federation which includes...ok...that goes back to one hundred and thirty thousand years ago and I don't know what happened since that time but at that period, it included at least one thousand and two hundred planets... Me, I lived maybe some ten, fifteen thousand years on the planet of origin which I call the mother planet. After that, I was mandated to go on other planets as...mediator. I will explain. I have in me the faculty of reharmonizing frequencies. On a planet, when there is a problem...a problem between beings, between peoples, between races, they often need a mediator; someone who perceives exactly the frequencies, distorsions, points of view of each one and who solves

problems. Then, I did that during...(small laugh) I don't know how many...during seventy-five, one hundred thousand years? I did that work for a long time, serve as a mediator. I say mediator because it is the term closest to what you can understand. I was going to a world, I was aware of problems found there and I was finding solutions. I must say that when I was going to worlds to solve problems, it was only in those where I was called, where help was needed. We never went to worlds where our help was not required except when problems of a world were threatening other worlds around, there, we could intervene. I had the faculty to transform myself...so each time I went to a world, I took the appearance of the beings of that place...(laugh) but not entirely. I was taking a form which was like a compromise between the two opposing candidates. If it was two different races, I found a formula to represent a mixture of the two races which made it so that not one, not the other, would think I was siding with one or the other. It was a little strange because sometimes, on certain planets, I had to find a neutral appearance which did not scare people so they could trust me.

I did that for a long time and when I became performing enough, I was promoted to the position of leader of my planet. Then, I started...leading is a big word...it's rather...how could I say...maintaining the balance of the whole of a planet. It is more precise as the word lead in your world has a pejorative meaning. It was rather maintain a balance in all the factions of a world. Up to the day when arrived the famous calamities which forced us to come here. What I want to say it's that, yes, I belong at the origin to the reptilian race but the reptilians of origin, which I am a part of, are very very far from the aggressive primitive reptilians that you already met in this sector. But it is true also that, for the one hundred and thirty thousand years that my people and me have come on earth, we have influenced numerous civilizations, worlds and even individuals. We are everywhere, everywhere. Sometimes, we appear as we are, sometimes under the image which is the most appropriate to the situation.

Uh...describe longer my planet...? All right, I will say something else so that you understand our world better. For us, the whole universe is an immense living organism and we are in the inside of that organism. For us, a planet is like a cell in this immense body and when we go from one planet to the other, we only follow the energy currents which go through this immense organism. Earthlings think that it takes an enormous energy to travel in the universe. It is the contrary. Some of you know the chinese acupuncture points located on energy currents going through the body. Well, tell yourselves that in our world, we have mapped all energy currents going through the body of the universe. Then we just have to take a vessel, go into one of those currents and without any effort, our vessel goes from one planet to the other and even from a galaxy to the other in a few seconds. People believe that it is difficult to wander through the universe and in reality, it is the contrary. Often, the vessels need to have brakes to prevent from going too fast in these energy currents. When you have understood that, you just need to have the exact map of all these energy currents and as on a highway, you take the one which will be the quickest to bring you to the desired place. But this starts from the principle that you must accept that the whole universe is an immense living and conscious organism and that we are inside of it. Like the cells inside our body should be conscious that they are inside of an immense organism which is us.

- P.: When is the next meeting with Colin?  
N.: Within two months.  
P.: Ok!  
N.: Yes, that's it. We still have things to do.  
P.: At what place?

N.: It doesn't matter, the place is not important. We can go and get him anywhere, anytime.

P.: Me, can I go see?

N.: It is forbidden for the moment that nothing whatsoever happens with another person. Uh... first, the time and the day is never divulged. We do not want the least apprehension, the least nervousness to come up. We want it to go naturally and without Colin realizing it. It always happens while he is sleeping at night. Well, I will tell you something and you will have to accept it. Everything that goes on here is very important and is even vital for many beings. One day, someone asked me the question in a forum "what should I do in order to meet them, I would like to meet them." I answered "you know...it is very crucial all that is happening on earth at this moment. Extraterrestrials coming here, they are not here as tourists. They don't come here to amuse themselves and they don't meet...there I do not want to be hurtful...whoever, whenever, anyhow. People are chosen at precise moments for precise reasons and there is not 'one' contact which is at random. I will repeat it slowly because even Colin does not believe it. There is not a contact, a meeting which has not been planned and which has not a reason to be. Even the persons who are abducted to get a sampling of genetic condition of earthlings are not taken at random. So, in that sense, I can only tell you that despite your wish, your desire will never be possible to go further. Well! I will put 'never' in parenthesis because I do not want to take away all your hopes but for now, nothing is planned. Even Colin does not know when it will happen and how it will happen. No matter if he asks at this moment...to stay conscious for the next meetings...the first conscious meeting it...I will never give the date, nor the hour. I said that there would be a meeting within two months but this will be an unconscious meeting as usual to make some adjustments. But, the conscious meeting that will occur, it is certain it is already written and nothing can be reflected for now at the information level.

Then again, I hope that you understand that it is crucial, vital and it even...okay, this goes a little far...but it is a question of a planet at stake, a race at stake. I will repeat again another time slowly what I have many times said. If extraterrestrial peoples had not done many interventions on this planet since the years nineteen fifties, there would be no more form of life on earth at this moment. Many experiences have been made by earthlings which have threatened, in a permanent way, life on earth and if, them, had not intervened, the planet would be dead. It is true what I am saying. Colin finds this...far-fetched but it is true that extraterrestrials have prevented the earth from dying because of humans.

From my part...eh I don't think I can, at this moment, say more on what is going on with Colin. I think that the information I have said up to date was sufficient enough to be able to continue...and sorry for the things I was not allowed to say because all does not depend, despite my evolution, of only me. I am, like any being evolving, dependent of beings more evolved placed above me. Any being, no matter at what level he is, must answer for his actions to superior levels. In that sense, there are superior beings who say when I can talk and when I cannot talk. But, as far as you're concerned (Pierre), if one day I get the permission to do something so you have access to what you have asked me, if superior beings say yes, it will be a pleasure to do a follow-up because you have helped me a lot and you have helped Colin in his understanding...of himself and me. There!

P.: You will come back gradually with Colin. You will remember everything that happened. Take a deep breath and I will bring you back to your normal muscular tonus while counting from one to five and at five, you will be completely awake. Your sleep tonight will be very very calm and very very restful. 1...2...3...4...5. You can open your eyes.

It my vision.

Colin Chabot



