

SIMBAD: Some Specific Cases

From "ALIEN CICATRIX 2"
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SIMBAD: SOME SPECIFIC CASES

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1ST EXAMPLE

Soul is the one leading the interview, because now she absolutely needs to understand the way things are. This is the text:

The snake is reading a newspaper; the Light being is talking for both of them, because the snake gets immediately angry and thinks that all of this is a useless joke. Growl's ringing the phone dozen and dozen of times... but nobody's picking it up and so he can neither listen, nor talk. The Grasshopper (Insectoid alien) comes in after a while through one of the central doors; he stays there looking at everybody for a while and then sits next to the Snake. There's two more doors: behind the one on the right, that is closed, a very tall being is hiding; ha has a long chin, and he's thin.

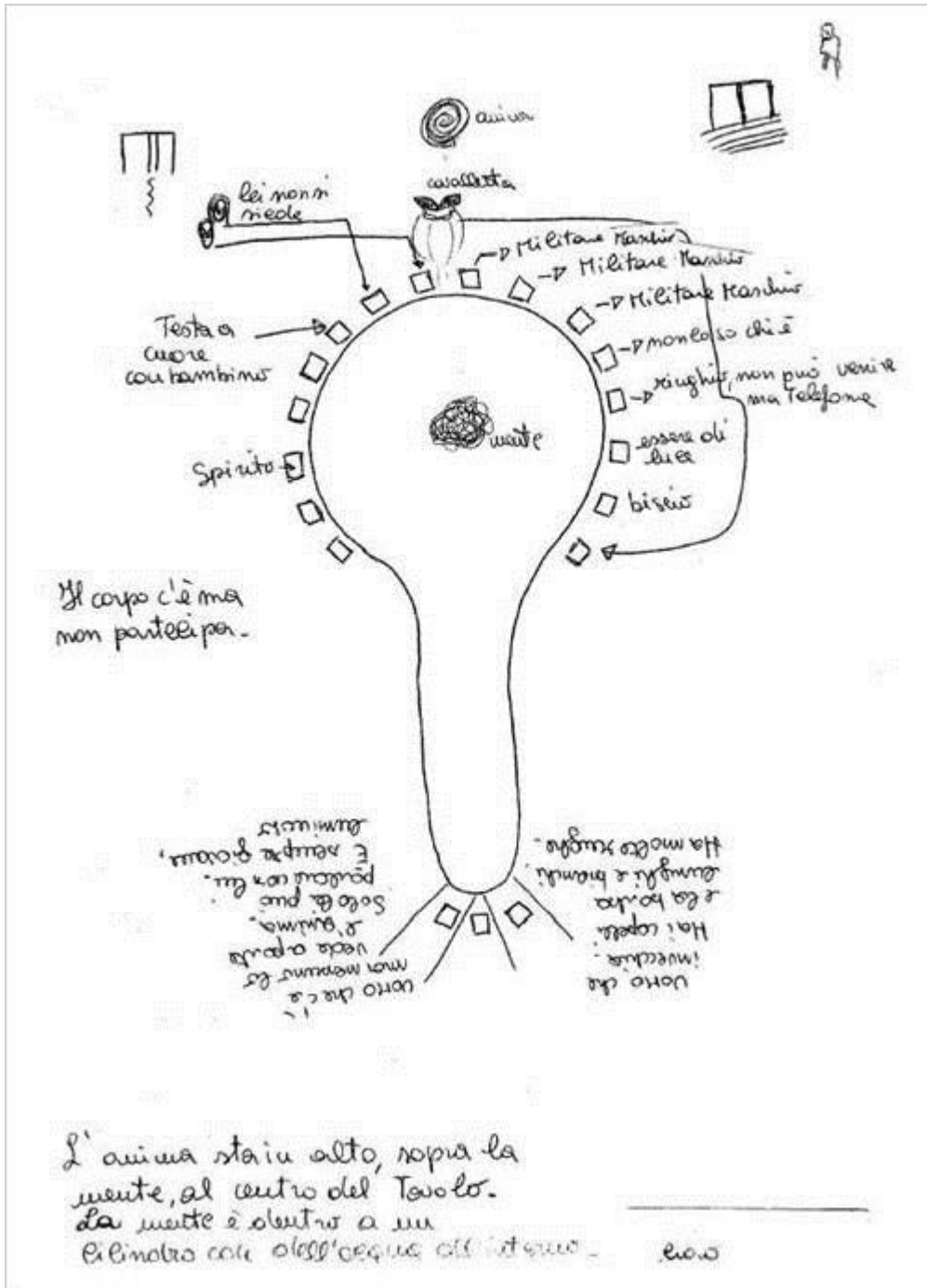
The Soul is interviewing everybody and asking for explanations... one of the three guys sitting at the edge, the old one, beckons the Grasshopper to start. This latter stands up and puts both of her legs on the table and, very tactfully, says that all of this must very soon come to an end, because this is no longer conceivable. He explains that they have been working very hard on this and now they cannot and now they don't want to lose it all since they have been wasting all their long existence for it. Actually, it says, there was a mistake made by the creator at the source, a mistake that can be put right only through doing all of this. We don't want to lose anything, he says... and he sits down. The Grass snake, who has now red bloody eyes, fumes and ruffles all the papers that he had put on the table... then he just leaves, rudely saying to the Light being to talk for him... then he sits down again.

In the meantime the phone keeps on ringing. The LUX, with his eyes surrounded in black, a kid face that cannot be seen but only perceived, clears his voice and says: "Dear Soul, you see, in the universe, as you know, nothing belongs to anybody", (that's what he says,) "and that implies that anybody can take advantage of anything else as they prefer. Nobody's preventing you from knowing, and why would you want to prevent us to do what we are born to do, since you are so good? You are born to know... and we are born to be and stay; and we clearly need this body, in order to

accomplish this; we need this Mind and this Spirit and we need you; you, in order to understand, need your things, and we need different things, and that is why it is not fair that you decide to roughly intervene. I mean, if you think is right to be bully, go ahead, but this is not in your nature... is it?" When saying this it pushes with the elbow the Snake who is sniggering behind the newspaper... The door on the left opens up and the Five fingered blondes come in: they were the first to arrive but they were still staying outside. The woman stays behind and decides not to sit down. The man, on the contrary, greets the others nodding and sits down. Now the Soul asks him the same question, "Why do you do all of this?" ...He looks around again, and realizing he's been stared at by the Snake and the LUX, he says, with a rather submissive but resolute tone of voice, that he doesn't really know about this situation, since he's been informed about it only a short time ago. "You know... you well know this is the situation." – and he moves his hands as if he wanted to show her the situation; then he folds his arms – "Actually, he says, you are very well done entity," and, while saying this, he picks up with his hands the papers scattered on the table, he aligns them and lays them back. The woman steps back, the Grass snake glance at her and looks him in the eyes, as if she wanted to challenge him; then she shakes her head and the male, noticing the situation, turns around, grabs her arm and tells her, "Relax".

The Soul turns towards her and asks if she is aware of everything and what she can say about it. She steps forward, raises her eyes and, while she's about to say something, the Light being interferes and says that women don't talk where he is from... and looks at the man, who nods a yes. The Grass snake gives a long and deep sigh, as to unload his tension. The one amongst the three that only the Soul can see beckons her to let it go and carry on, because there will be a chance to go back to this subject. Now the Soul would like to talk with the Spirit, but the ring on the phone is now so intolerable that they decide to pick it up: "Aha, finally." – says the Growl – "You didn't start without me, did you? Cause you know that I do not like cunning fellows." "Nooooo," – answers the LUX – "We were just trying to save you some useless chatter: that's all. You know, the Soul would like to know why we are doing all of this." and the Growl: "Well, dear Soul, I am going to tell you right away. You are mine. Nobody has ever told you? And so, let your dear young friend tell you, since he wants to be so smart: ask him too what really happened and ask him who was the first to put you in jail. You are going to be surprised. You will see, and only then you will understand. Here, as everybody knows, I have the right to give orders to the others, because I descend from him," and he points at the one amongst the three who got old, "and maybe a mistake was made, but a really long time has gone by, and now it's time to correct it: now or never... but you'll see that we are going to make it. But you, don't you want things to go back to the way they were at the start? Let us in your world and then you will have the same free will: you don't want to deny yourself of something beforehand, do you? In order to be really free to choose, you need to know what you are venturing to, so you must try it, and then you will be free to choose. And you too, in order to know it all, you must try it all; don't you realize that he wants to force you to reject yourself? You are the one who is really important; he would have done the same thing. You know, it's really easy to be the good one when you are well covered. If you are really so brave and wise, save us all of these bullshits and bring us to you, so we can face each other at the same level". The Light being nods. The military men in the meantime try, every now and then, to talk, but each time one of them tries to talk, the others move away and turn their back to

them, cause actually nobody really cares about what they say and about what they want. But the Soul needs to understand even their point of view and, addressing the one with a cap on, she asks him the same question: "Why are you doing all of this?" The military man remains in silence for a bit: it's the first time that somebody is interested in his opinion. He clears his throat, adjust the shirt collar and starts talking about an agreement between them and the aliens. He acknowledges that he doesn't have access to all the positions, and says that they take the abductees only to a certain point, then they don't know what is being done to them. Now the other military man talks, and he's dressed in a slightly different way, and he says that this is why, at times, the abductees are taken also by the terrestrial military. We do it, he says, to know what happens to them and to know if the aliens say everything about the truth to us. "Then, you know how it works, if we will able to do something to our profit... it wouldn't be bad." "But what truth are you talking about?" – grumbles the Light being – "Do you think we are so stupid? Please. You are so surrounded by lies that you wouldn't stop serving us even if you knew the real facts. You will get to the point of eliminating yourselves. It won't be us, who physically bump you all off, cause you will bump yourselves off at the right time and, believe me, that moment is coming soon. Yes, my friend, the Snake will help you, ah ah". In the meantime the female was still shaking her head and getting closer to the Spirit. The Soul was still observing from above. "Spirit, tell me, what do you think about it?" The Spirit has a trembling voice: he is deeply moved. "You know, I... I don't know. I don't trust them and it's also because it's hard for me talking to you. I say something, but they always change it in the way they want. At times I'm not even strong enough to talk back. You know what is right for you, what is right for everybody. Everyone needs to follow his own journey and there's not so much to explain; everyone needs to be what he is. How can you ask someone to be something that they are not? The beautiful thing about being is that each one of us, even if we are partially one, each one of us is different from all the others, and there can never be somebody else like you. You are and you will always be the only Self who is like you, and isn't this enough? You all would end up not being yourselves, and there's nothing more terrible than not being oneself. Your desperate quest to exist forever is bringing you down to forgetting about yourselves. Look at yourselves: you are torturing other living beings in the desperate attempt to live, and you have spent all your lives just chasing life itself. The solution was just under your nose, but it was not enough and now you want to blame your faults, and your frustrations, on us. Stop it. You still have time to stop. It's true, there's not too much time left, but that's what you wanted".



Note: Starting from the top and going clockwise:

Anima – Soul

Cavaletta – Grasshopper.

Militare male – Male military

Non lo so chi è – I don't know who that is

Ringhio, non può venire ma telefonare – Growl (a shadow being), he cannot come, but he can call in

Essere di Luce – Light Being (LUX)

Biscio – Grass snake

Uomo che invecchia, ha i capelli e la barba lunghi e bianchi; ha molte rughe. – The man who's getting old; he has long white hair and beard.

L'uomo che c'è ma nessuno lo vede a parte l'Anima. Solo lei può parlare con lui. E' sempre gioviale (?), luminoso. – The man which no one sees, except for the Soul. Only she can talk to him. He's always nice and shining.

Il corpo c'è ma non partecipa – My body is present, but it does not participate
Spirito – Spirit
Testa a cuore con bambino – Heart-Shaped head alien, with child –
Lei non si siede – She doesn't sit down (referring to the Orange aliens female)

In basso – At the bottom:

L'Anima sta in alto, sopra la Mente, al centro del tavolo. la Mente è dentro a un cilindro con dell'acqua all'interno. – The Soul stays high above, on top of the Mind, at center of the table. The Mind is inside a cylinder filled with water.

“Stop it, stupid!” – says the Light being – “What are you talking about... I haven't lost anything. Why don't we talk about your identity? Without the Soul you'd be desperate too, what do you know!?”

“I” – says the Spirit – “would have accepted myself in any form, and I couldn't be anyone else anyway, but it's useless talking with any of you: your self-Consciousness is below zero. And what will you do once you achieve your goal? Will you spend all eternity chasing death? And still, the last word has not yet been said”.

The Snake is getting angry, he's fuming and his eyes are catching fire; he's banging his tail on the floor, and making the room shaking with awful vibrations. The Soul is not worried about this, and she turns to the aged man:

“You know. You were there and you know: why did I leave you behind?”

“Well,” – interferes Growl – “this is not really what happened. Think it over carefully”.
“Excuse me.” – says the little man behind the door on the right- “Can I say a word?”

“We are not interested.” – says the Light being annoyed- “Soul, listen to me: the Mind translates it for you, that's true, but the Spirit is lying!”

I stopped at this point without completing the interview since I did not feel good. I couldn't go on anymore. I can't explain how nauseated I felt, all of a sudden. And then I felt very tired, so I decided to interrupt this. It's weird, cause the all thing felt like it was real. The room was really crowded and it felt like there was no air to breathe. If I really focused on it, I was almost able to feel the fabric of the clothes that the people at the table were wearing.

The military with the hat was wearing a suit with a rough fabric, the kind that is a little itchy when you wear it.

The Five fingered's suit, the blue one, feels cold.

The skin of the Heart shaped is wrinkled. It almost seems it is dry on the inside.

The Grasshopper, when moving makes a creak noise... how weird.

The little man behind the door is very tall, maybe 6'6”, very thin, and his skin is dark violet colored. He seems almost like a hunch backed man, but maybe it is just because of his position. His arms are long and they seemed covered with just one

layer of skin, porous skin, dry and wrinkled in some parts (like the elbows). He seems aged; I think I dreamed about him in the past, but he was different. Anyway, he's old; his eyes are surrounded in black and there's something hanging on his chin (just like the Pharaohs, you know?). That thing hanging from his chin looks like having round layers, gold-colored, but it's black at the joint. There's nothing behind his back, now that I think about it.

Growl's world is dark, sad and doomed to disappear. He doesn't have anything else.

The three guys sitting in the back: the one in the middle I actually perceived him as the association-separation of the other two. He has the same characteristics as the other two, but separated. He's the one who makes the separation remain the same. I perceive him like a spiral that keeps the two universes detached, otherwise they would melt into each other. I believe he's in part the being that doesn't age and in part the old man. He's the one who decided to stay on this side: he's in the middle, just like in the drawing (see below- A.N.). I don't know the other one: I need to think it over, because I can kind of see it, but I can't really visualize it.

The military men: one wears a green mimetic suit, but it's a bright green. No writings on the zip-fastener. Another one has the hat just like a Basque beret, with a symbol on top (I can't really see it: I'd say red, but I'd have to think about it). That's also on the zip-fasteners of his uniform. The third one wears a dark-blue outfit (but it's a different blue compared to the one of the five fingered,) and he also wears a cap, but differently than the other one, he took it off and put it on the table. The first one wears brown shoes, like raw chamois leather. They are covered with dirt. The arrogant one wearing the Basque has a small foot. The uniform has many colors, because it's made with many colored threads. However the color is rather dark. There's also another military man, but I can't really remember about him right now, maybe it's one of the three, but I cannot really say which one: I also dreamed about him... Do you remember when I wrote you describing that place which I wasn't even sure it was on Earth? That's where I think the military was. I think I was away for a long time during that dream. I remember all the details for those rooms and that building. While we were going up with that very big means of transportation, I could even see outside and there was a huge expanse of ground a little bit reddish. It seemed almost like clay here and there. There was no vegetation and the base was divided in two parts. You could get in from the top and go down a few floors. A portion of the bottom part came out between the rocks and was of a color very similar to the ground, maybe a little bit lighter, but not too much; it was rough. There were very thick glasses (I believe armoured) on the walls, approximately 30 by 35 cm. Oh my God, I really remember everything about this place. I am trying to write things I have never written before.

The room: the door to close had no handle on the inside. You could open it only from the outside. There was another room in front of mine, another one on the side and another one on the front. The hallway separating the rooms was very large, maybe two meters.

The military were there and they were just checking and escorting. But that place is different from all the other ones where I was in before. It's not the usual kidnapping

place, from where, once finished the job, they get you and bring you back home. It was different there. As I already told you, I am almost sure I was there for a very long time.

This was the structure of the building: the entrance was in the highest point, and actually, in order to get there, we had to turn right and go up. The entrance was a big gray dome, a kind of reflecting gray, transparent-like, surrounded by rocks. There were no doors: you could get in from the top. It was a spiral-like opening and you could get in. Once inside, there was no way to get out, cause the walls were closed. The same thing was true when you went down: the wall above closed down, but there was like a crack left open, and obviously no human could get through that (it was a diameter of only 5 or 6 cm – app. 2 inches, T.N.). The quarters were a few floors below (at least 4). there was nothing under it, but moving a few meters on the right, there were more floors down under. It was very big.

Now that I really think about it, I believe the military man escorting us downstairs was the one wearing the Basque, he was thin. He walked without making any stop. He was very tense, rigid, never losing his composure.

I believe there is a hierarchy even in the military. Some of them can never see the alien: I mean, one escorted me from a room to another military who escorted me to another one, who escorted me to the alien and the last military couldn't go anywhere he wanted. The first military does not know the identity of the third one, and so on. The military wearing the Basque is generally brown-haired with dark eyes. They don't speak Italian between each other, and I cannot understand a damn thing about what they say to each other during the handover. But I think there's some kind of military guy who is more important than the others. I mean: there's some military men who think they count something. That is, the ones escorting they just do that job, just like a regular job. There's more, and they give me the impression that they count a little bit more (but they still don't count nothing). It's very likely that they are not even part of the military, but terrestrial who maybe have some kind of important office. I have a picture in front of my eyes which is a little weird, and if I was to draw the hierarchy for the "wicked" in collusion with the aliens, I would include:

- the military who escort you to other military,
- the ones who escort you to the alien,
- the military who plan for the military who more closely serve a certain category of terrestrial (maybe heads of state), who believe they are in a position which is "almost" the same and in complicity with the aliens.

I believe that the military who kidnap human beings in order to know are:

- the ones who bring you to the alien, because they want to know what the aliens do to you.

- *the ones who bring you to other military men, because they also want to know what they do to the abductees.*

- *Then I believe that also the ones who are just under the government kidnap you, because they want to know if the aliens are telling all the truth.*

I don't know, at times it is weird, because this base, this situation... I feel it now so true just like if I was living in it right now while I am writing it down.

The military and their ranks, it almost seems they are like the floor levels: the more you can go down the floors in the base, which means you can get more information about the experiments, the more you are important as a military (if one can say so). Together with this military, in the hallway, there goes also an alien, every now and then, and, if I am not wrong, I think it is the Grasshopper. It is hard to describe it, because I really remember a lot of details (even the number of layers for the little black rubber knobs on the ceiling of the room).

When analyzing this example, that was chosen because it is very complete and descriptive, there are some data which the abductee woman has clearly recovered on a conscious level after they were impressed in the long term memory in a totally unconscious way.

For example, the Five fingered blonde (Orange) came here first, but they get in (the room, T.N.) afterwards: this can be interpreted considering the information coming during the hypnosis sessions from other persons, according to which the Oranges arrived before the others on this planet, but now they count less than anybody. And that is why the unconscious Mind, when visualizing, makes them waiting out of the door. The female is always behind the male and even in all of the hypnosis where there are the Oranges, the female seems to be inferior in rank compared to the male and she is always behind him.

There's a strange tall alien, who always stays out and in the drawing he is on the right upper part with a weird little beard, or a protrusion, under the chin. This is a very good description for the alien, that the Egyptians were probably inspired by to create the identity for their Horus God, the one with an eye in the middle of his forehead, mentioned also in *Alien Cicatrix*. The woman who did this Round Table exercise cannot be aware of the fact that it seems that these aliens don't show up any longer in this part of the universe, since as other persons say during hypnosis, the passage they used to go through, closed a long time ago. So that's why this race is seen behind a door which cannot be opened.

Growl, the Six fingered, connected to the abductee only through an external link and who is not inside his Mind, unlike the usual AAM, can participate during the visualization only by phone, giving the information that, if the abductee wouldn't unconsciously activate the proper connection, then Growl it's forced not to participate.

The attitudes that the Snake and the LUX have towards each other have been exaggerated, like in a comedy, but one can clearly deduce it from their relationship, just like certain notes from their personalities, amplified and particularly stressed by the exaggeration operated by the unconscious Mind.

The three guys at the end (the abductee invented an interesting shape for the table), are just our Creator, their Creator (the one for Growl) and the one in the middle, which can be seen only by the Soul, and which represents the Creator of the other two Creators. The dualism of the Universe was perfectly expressed when saying that the one in the middle is the total sum of the other two; one of them ages and dies, while the other one doesn't. That's right, because one has the Soul, while the other one lost it since the beginning of time. All of this is to confirm the story told by otherSouls about the creation of the Universe.

It is worth noticing the number of available chairs and the position that the abductee woman chooses for the entities participating to the Round Table. We need to pay attention to the military, not only about where they sit, but also about the number of chairs available to them, since that number says how many different kind of military are involved in all this business.

Two types of military are dressed with different shades of green, and all the abductees constantly describe them just like this during hypnosis.

2nd EXAMPLE

This is what another abductee woman says:

Guests: Soul, Spirit, Mind.

Me:

We want to understand the situation, so, first of all I will ask this to you, Soul: I want to know from you the way things are, and if the blonde one is still within us.

Soul:

No. He's not anymore. He left. But the situation is rather delicate now, because he could come back in order to get some information that he left in your brain: he needs it.

Me:

What information does he need, and mostly, how is he going to come back? I thought we had sent him there, in that place where his Consciousness is. And if he went back there, then he shouldn't come back here at all now.

Soul:

Actually he did go back there, but he didn't stay there for long. He decided to come back in order to do what you told him to do, to talk to his people about this war. But he could still come back to you, because there are things within you that he could use.

Me:

But I sent him away. How is he going to come back? I just don't get it. In that kind of Consciousness where he went, he just dissolves into everything. It's not possible for him to get back from there. It's obvious that something is not working here, something that I don't understand, so we need to understand it.

Soul:

We must understand that this people's Consciousness is different from ours. Their Consciousness is like something plastic, which stretches and becomes short (think about something like a green plasma, just like Didò, that you can make into many little pieces, but which it can also reassemble itself in a big body mass): it gets detached and it is something isolated, then it reunites again. Generally speaking we do something similar with our Soul. They do not have a Soul, and so the only way they have to become everything, -and at the same time, just a part – it's through the use of this Consciousness. He'll come back, because he has something to do: he needs to talk to his people and let them understand how things are, but he also needs to do something on Humans, and to do this he needs the information in your brain: the information he couldn't bring with him. That is why he will come back. But we can't allow him to get back inside again. If he wants something, anything at all, he has to do it from the outside and there's no other option. He won't be allowed to come back in any more. We'll make that part of the brain inaccessible. He'll be able to operate only from the outside. In order to operate from the outside he will need a body, so he probably will come with a body: he will show himself to you with a body and he will ask you for some things. Remember that this people have a limited knowledge about how things are, especially about how to ask and how to interact with a human being, which they still consider their own property, in spite of everything. You'll have to be very careful. We'll have to be very careful. We should have him understand how to behave, because now he is, compared to the rest of his people, in a slightly different situation. He moved forward towards Consciousness, and then he went back: that means that he remembers what is Consciousness is, and he remembers what was done. Thanks to this information we'll be able to defend ourselves and make sure that the information that he wants will be supplied to him in the best way, so that we won't get hurt and, especially, that you will not get hurt. Now he knows it, he knows that he hurts you through doing what he does to you. He wasn't aware of this earlier. Now we can talk to him. But always remember that you shouldn't make this into a habit. You do this just with him, and just once, when he will come and ask you what he needs. Otherwise you risk to let them use you again, just like it has happened until today; and we don't want to be used any longer: we decided so.

Me:

Soul, you are telling me that he will come back to me. That he wants some information. You are telling me that he will come back in a body. Is this to get me? Are you telling me that it will happen to me again?

Soul:

It's possible, even if they know that they cannot do anything with you anymore.

Me:

Spirit, what do you think about it?

Spirit:

I think that the Soul is right and I also feel a little this Consciousness, to which I am connected: I know that this is his intent. In any case, if we stay united, Soul, Mind and Spirit, if we stay solid the three of us and deal with this together, then we can prevent this from becoming a dangerous situation.

Me:

Okay. Now there's an empty chair, and, if there's still somebody within me, I would like now to invite him to sit on that chair, so we can talk and clarify our respective positions... no... there's nobody. There's nobody, right?

(I think I made a procedural mistake here: then, after you read the rest, you will tell me if it is so. I think I should have asked first the question about the project and then call the somebody for the empty chair.)

Can any of you help me clarify what's going on with these military? Why are they now so interested in me? Why, when they got me and brought me up in that mountain, they used that procedure to verify the pulses, and see if he is still there? Why is this so important to them? And why the khaki green ones handed me over instead, the next time, to the Israelis? What are they looking for now?

Soul:

They are looking for his memory. But they are especially looking for him, because he was the one who decided the strategies and the one who knew the most appropriate people for the project.

Me:

What project?

(Now the TV program stopped. The empty chair remained empty, but behind the chair, back in the room, towards the exit, there is a military in a green khaki uniform.)

What's happening? Why can't I hear you any longer?... Who is this? Who are you? What do you want?

Military man:

I want to stop you from finding out anything else about this.

Me:

Why shouldn't I find out? You are a military man. What are you doing here? What do you want, within me?

Military:

You have no right to ask all these questions and you have no right to poke your nose into other people's business.

Me:

This is also my business! Yes, indeed! This is my body, this is my space, my meeting! I am my own Soul, my own Spirit and my own Mind. You are outside of me and you must not be here. You must leave!

Military:

Ah, no! I am not leaving! I need to check that everything goes the way it is supposed to and that you don't do anything stupid like this. You have no right, hum? Actually we already explained this to you, and more than once: we are doing this for you too, and you should be thankful to us for this. We are getting you out of trouble, aren't we? We get us out of trouble, and you out of trouble too.

Me:

No, no. this is not working. The troubles are yours, and you get us in trouble too. Don't try to muddle our ideas! And, by the way, what is it that I shouldn't know? Which project were you talking about? What do you want from him? What's his use to you?

Military:

We sincerely do not need him. In fact, it's better if he gets out of the way (very annoyed).

Me:

Why? Why do you want him to get out of the way?

Military:

Because he has his own ideas, which do not agree with ours.

Me:

And what are your ideas, since they don't agree with his?

Military:

Well, we need to understand how on earth can we get rid of them. But we want to get rid of them in a certain way, so that we have our own profit. They have been very useful to us. We understood many things we did not know.

Me:

And what are these things you understood? I bet I can guess it. It's about our souls. You want to know how to get our souls from us, get their power, their features. Get what we can do with our Soul. and the ones amongst you who don't have it say, "Well, we'll get her" (the Soul, T.N.). But the aliens, your friends, they don't want to give her to you, do they? Oh, yes! They wanna keep her just for them. They are just using you, aren't they? You got this. And so you want to chase them away now, but at the same time you want to get to the end of the project and you want the Souls for you. Isn't it so? And him, Vasci, he is the one who knows what's necessary in order to get to the end of the project, together with the other ones who know about this, like him. So, you do not want him to get to the end of the project, and you want to chase him away, but at the same time you are interested in what he has to tell you all, which is what I have in my head. That's why you care about this so much, and that's why you handed me over to those people. The ones with the Grasshoppers. You don't realize. You just don't realize! How can't you realize that these people are really shitty!? Don't you see they are always screaming, all the time? And that they are very bully? They take possession of your barracks! They treat you like shit! And still, you stay close to them; How do you do that?

Military:

Well, they are a good way for us to be protected.

Me:

Yes, protection, ...yes, of course... protection! and you think they are protecting you just because they like you? Hum? They also do it for profit. And, when they will have

achieved what they want, what they are interested in, they are just going to kick you in the ass, "see you and thank you," Italian military. That's what you are going to get.

Military:

We won't let them fool us.

Me:

Oh, Yeaah!... you won't let them fool you! I just wanna see how are you going to do that! But why don't you want me to get to the root of this? Maybe I could help you, even if you don't think so. Maybe we can get to results that you can also can make a good use of, and so we'd help each other. But without dragging aliens o Israelis or any other ugly species. We can help each other. Between fellows.

Military:

You, you are dangerous.

Me:

Dangerous? Come on! Please! Did you see the other night when you got me? I don't seew any danger coming out of me! You took me again and it was very easy: I couldn't do anything about it, I wasn't able to go anywhere else. You are not really saying that I am dangerous, are you?!

Military:

Somebody who goes and digs too much and gets to know too much is no good.

Me:

You still wanna keep all these secrets!... but you have no more secrets. We all understood what is your goal. Let me do this, please. I promise you won't regret it. Still, I can't understand what you are doing in my head?... are you just visiting or you are always here?

Military:

No, I am just visiting.

Me:

Ah. So you come and check me, once in a while.

Military:

No. I don't come, how can I come? I can't enter inside of you. I just record.

Me:

And what do you record?

Military:

The signal. Your signal.

Me:

My signal... so there's something that creates this signal. Yes... I really think it is like this, isn't it?

Military:

In you head.

Me:

In my head? And where? Where in my head? Where did you put this contraption?... You don't wanna tell me. But I think I have a hint. I really think I have it, because I am often times bothered by my right ear; I can hear some hissings every now and then, so I think that there's where you put it, right?

Military:

Not exactly.

Me:

Mmmm... non exactly. What do you mean with, "not exactly"?

Military:

You ask too many questions, and this is not the moment for asking questions. I'm telling you, you could regret it.

This is the end of the second example, since the abductee woman got distracted by the phone ringing. When she started the exercise, she was already free of the LUX, the Growl and the AAM, which had already been eliminated in advance. The military interferences were still strong, and that's why the Round Table is pretty different from

the one in the first example. Everybody who visualizes the Round Table takes the real data coming from the long term memory where all the data is stored, even those which the conscious mind has never re-read yet, but still they have been regularly recorded in input and they were regularly perceived by the unconscious mind.

3rd EXAMPLE

This abductee briefly heard about the experiment from another abductee and he tried to do it with the little information he had. As you will see this is a less complete example. This is because I didn't have the chance to talk about the experiment directly with him, and so he DID NOT FOLLOW A STRICT PROCEDURE, but still, he sent me this report which is rather interesting:

... during the last few days I had the chance to exchange some e-mails with A. (omission)... I was asking her some practical suggestions about how to find out if they are interfering, and she told me about the Round Table method... Today, after my yoga session, I tried it and I invited to join the table myself (the mind), the Spirit, the Soul; LUX, Grawl, Axthir (the alien for his AAM – A.N:) and anybody else who wanted to join us. The LUX, Grawl and Axthir didn't come: I could clearly see their empty chairs. They didn't even answer the call. I believe they moved out. So I asked if there was nobody else who wanted to join in, and then I almost immediately said: "Ah Yes, you come in" and this man (I believe he was a military man) said, "No! Shit, shit, damn it, nooo!" (I am sorry for such vulgarity, but I am just reporting verbatim). In short, he was cursing and he was angry, just like if was unexpectedly screwed. I didn't see him, but I was feeling his presence even if, after using that colorful language, he remained silent. I called upon my Spirit to speak, and he said: "We need to grow up, we need to better ourselves, we need to strengthen the link with Soul and the rest." Then I called upon my Soul to speak up, and she said: "Since we are free now, we can peacefully make progress, and, if these men won't thwart us, that's how it'll be." She was obviously talking about the military, so I called upon the military man to speak, and I asked him for his name. He seemed like he was forced to answer, meaning it was like if I was forcing him to answer and he said his family name was (omission). He also said his name, but I can't remember it now; I am sure about his family name. He said (omission); then my father (omission) called me to answer the phone, I roughly woke up and I couldn't continue this session, but I think that I'll try again during the next few days.

.....

... Today I tried to host the Round Table again, and I called again everybody. The LUX, the Grawl and Axthir did not come: dead silence. But I called the military, and I think they were listening. Well, when I thought about this man I immediately had a mental image of a military wearing black headphones and an image of an apparatus nearby.

I don't know where this image came from, or if it is just figment of my imagination.

The fact is that, when I asked him some questions, he wanted to remain silent, but he still had to answer my questions. His name was (omission), he's 38yo and he's

been in the San Marco Battalion in the last 10 years, but he didn't want to tell me which special unit he belongs to! We had a conversation after he gave me this information, and I tried to tell him that they shouldn't do what they are doing, and then I explained which way I believe they should behave. I asked him to talk about this to his superiors, because the abductees are human beings and they must be treated respectfully, and also because, in the end, we share the same intent about getting rid of the aliens. So, we need to cooperate, I think, but only if they behave very differently... Who knows! Let's see what happens... However I won't talk about this on the forum, if you so prefer. What's the other reason not to do this? It's because they are going to shot at me, or because we are going to ruin their surprise? Ah, ah, ah... talk to you soon.

We immediately have to say that this abductee was previously able to free himself already, also using hypnosis, and he freed himself from his own parasites and from the Alien Active Memory and actually, as we can read in his report, those chairs, during the virtual meeting, stayed empty. The only one who can actually intervene is actually forced to do it, and it's the military. The abductee doesn't consciously expect what is about to happen, but it's his unconscious mind that provides him with the data from the long term memory.

THE INTERNAL virtual reality and THE reality EXTERNAL for the abductee

When I was suggesting these exercise, I very soon noticed something very weird: the abductee was pretending, but something was actually happening. For example, during some of the fictitious Round Tables, the Soul pointed the finger towards Grownl and this was then, we could say, virtually "melted like snow in the sun". This wouldn't have been relevant to me, except for the fact that it seemed that the abductee actually got rid of the parasite. He was convinced he made it, and he then lived better, with more energy, and he was more positive with the rest of his daily life experiences.

In some similar experiments more abductees had visualized the removal of the Orange's AAM and it seemed that the removal was real. Immediately after this the military heavily interacted with the abductee: some reconstructions during the hypnosis sessions stressed, without any shadow of doubt, that the military intervention was actually meant to verify if the alien had been actually eliminated from the abductee's Mind.

What was actually happening?

This seemed incredible, but it was actually trivial. I had found a way to create a virtual connection between Will, Consciousness, the Soul and the aliens. The act of will that was created in this way produced the effect of modifying even the external virtuality. In other words, the aliens were thrown out with no chance to come back in.

This is probably just the same thing that happens when some people can, in particular circumstances, heal themselves from terminal sicknesses, through visualizing in their mind their tumor, which was dissolving day by day. The abductees

were learning how to use a virtual visualization, which is capable of making the miracle of re-sending the alien back home, to his place.

The brain, is actually not able to distinguish between what it has really seen and what it has really imagined, and this is true because in the end it is always virtuality .

We need to remind here the real reality belongs only to the conscious component and not to Space, Time and Energy.

Will is within Consciousness, and the archetypes' creative force is within will. The archetypes have the ability to work as linear Hamiltonian operators and modify the universe. One shouldn't think that this is just a *new-age* story: it is possible to explain this also from a different point of view.

Let's imagine we want to eliminate an AAM using this method. The AAM is within our mind. Whatever we see in the reality world, the AAM sees it too. So, if we visualize a scene that doesn't exist on the outside, but we just see it only in our head (brain), the AAM is going to believe that that scene is real and it will live that scene as reality.

So, I found a method to put the AAM into a cage, in a virtuality which we ourselves created. We can put the AAM in a cage within our mind, visualize that it is choking, and the AAM is going to choke, since its virtuality is going to be driven by our will, which is, by the way, very superior to the alien's will.

We can create a virtuality which allows us to change some parameters even without our Mind (that's the TM effect, see above – A.N.,) but we can also force in such a virtuality any parasite within our mind, because it is going to see, hear, live, feel, experience anything we decide for him to virtually live and experience.

If we consider the Round Table exercise under this point of view, the result is way better than the most rosy hopes I could have had about it.

But there's more to this.

Can we get rid of the military interference?

I chose the 3rd example for the virtual Round Table because during the one within this example something unexpected happens: a military comes in the room from the very back. What was happening in the abductee's mind while he was doing this exercise? He is taking the data he has from the long term memory; this latter obviously contains also all the data about the military, and this data get to be reassembled in an internal and virtual context.

Nothing new up to this point, but the abductee, the one who is doing the visualization exercise, he has his own identity, which doesn't match the military's identity. If it is true that the military appears in the back of the room and this means, archetypically, that the mind is saying to the subconscious that it doesn't know who that military is, (appearing in the darkness and in the back of the room = it is far and dark;) but it

also true that it interacts with him, even if this is going against his will. In fact, when the military is talking about the microchip in his head, the abductee says he has it above the right eye, but the military doesn't want to go into detail and he says it isn't really like that. He also says that he is not in the abductee's mind (how could he be?) but that he's just using and driving a connection from the outside.

Could it be true that the mind's simulation is so well done that the brain of the person performing the visualization exercise is able to get the information from the long term memory and create its own character, and also to get the information somewhere else and create the military simulation?

This is, according to Kosslin's theories, not possible, since the brain does not have the tendency to create nonexistent information.

We could suppose that, when the military says that things are not really like that, this means that the abductee doesn't have that information and, therefore, he puts in the virtual military's mouth that phrase with missing information.

So, I asked to the abductee to carry on the visualization to the end in order to solve this problem, virtualizing a new speech with the military. This is the result:

4th EXAMPLE

I close my eyes; I relax, and focus, I empty my Mind and when I am ready I create the conference room, with a long and oval table; in front of me there's Soul sitting down, Spirit to my left. To my right, a little behind the table, there's that military man again, wearing a khaki uniform. This time he was not invited and his presence is very annoying to me.

Me:

You, what are you doing here? Who is it that sent you?

Military: *Nobody! Me:*

Of course! ...nobody has invited you! And so, why are you here?

Military:

To follow.

Me:

No! You can come here only if I do invite you to this place! And now nobody has invited you. I beg you to get out, please. Now the military has an awful face, but he

turns towards the back of the room. There's a white door over there, those sliding doors, which slide up to open and slide down to close; now the door is sliding up. The military is going towards the door and, once he is out, the door slides down to seal the room. Then I sighed with relief and I get to the point. I called this conference to know why, starting this afternoon, I have been having troubles with my right ear: I feel pain and I feel like something is frying and hissing behind my eyebrow. Why do I have this problem today? What are we supposed to expect?

Soul:

Them coming back. Them trying this again.

Me:

"Them", who is that?

Soul:

The blonde ones and the military, together. They are a coalition and now they need to put right to what happened.

Me:

Why do they need to put right? Why is this so important?

Soul:

Because they got to a point when they need to end, and ending to them means winning all the Souls that they have been managing throughout all these years. But to do this, they need the information that is in your brain. The military and the blondes need them. That's why they will come back. Tonight or one of the next nights. You should be prepared for this.

Me:

And what can we do about it?

Soul:

Keep being conscious that this is what could happen. Being lucid when it does happen and using our connection to know what to do at the right moment. We won't allow them to get to their goals through you. And through us. This must be clear and we'll use every possible way to have them understand it. We are not willing anymore to accept their behavior and the fact that they do not change it, and when we are not willing to accept something any longer, this "something" doesn't happen and keeps on not happening: no more.

Me:

Yes. I saw what happened with Growl.

Soul:

That's right. So, you can stay calm. We have the whip hand over them and we know what to do.

Spirit:

Yes, you stay calm. Don't be afraid, we are just one now, and they cannot do anything to us anymore.

Me:

Yes, but... the military... they are a problem.

Soul:

We'll help you, we'll help each other. It's the only way we have to make it.

Spirit:

Yes, that's it. Let's face the issues one at a time...

...then the military in the green khaki uniform appears again; once again he is not invited and once again he's really annoying with his presence

Me:

You! You are still here! What do you want?

Military:

Check, isn't it clear? (using an arrogant and disregarding tone).

Me:

But who gives you the right to check? Why do you do it? I'd really like to know!

Military:

And you, why would you like to know?

Me:

When you answer a question with another question that means you have something to hide and that you don't want to answer... or you do that because you don't know what to answer. Which option for you?

Military:

None. I just don't have to answer you.

Me:

Oh no, you don't have to answer me. But it'd be useful if you did it! It'd also be a way to show you have good manners... no, they do not teach manners, do they, during your training? Actually you all really have bad manners.

Military:

Well then, stop saying stupid things! Would you mind telling me what you are doing? What do you want through this conversation? What does this environment mean? This table, these chairs, where do they come from? How did you make them? How did you create them?

Me:

Are you joking? You are telling me that you don't know this?

Military:

No, actually I don't. And I also don't understand how come I am in here, in this room. I had no intention to come in here, still I ended up here (at this point his anger desperation.) You asked me who invited me... nobody, but I also didn't invite myself. Do you think I like to be here? Let me go.

Me:

Nobody's keeping you here as a prisoner! Look, it'd be very nice of you to leave, don't you know?

Military:

Well, I tried, but if I get out of that door, then I cannot get your signal anymore. That's why I must stay inside. But this is a room you created, and I don't like this, I don't like it at all....

Me:

But if this room is not real, then how do you do this? I mean: you say you are here to check on me, but when the room doesn't exist, then where are you?

Military:

I am outside.

Me:

Outside of what?

Military:

Out of your head.

Me:

But aren't you inside my head?

Military:

I'm inside, but from the outside. I already told you last time. I cannot stay on the inside. I check you from the outside.

Me:

And so, what happens when I shape this room? You just end up here? Is this annoying to you?

Military:

Yes!

Me:

Wait... you are telling me that you normally check on me from the outside, but when I create this room, this environment, and I call this conference, it is just like if I was bringing you into my head, and you don't like this at all. That is, you end up in my head, but if you try to get out and you exit that door (and I point the sliding door), then you cannot reach me anymore. So, you cannot reach me if you are outside of the room I create. But if this room does not exist, can you get into my Mind when this room doesn't exist? You know, I cannot understand this?

The military man looks at me puzzled... he's very puzzled...

Me:

Sorry. Really... I'm sorry. I forgot you are not able to follow me when dealing with such reasoning...

Military:

Would you mind telling me what kind of stupidities you just said?

Me:

No, better not to. We could end up spending a whole year just to try to have you understand, and maybe we still wouldn't make it. Anyway, I'd like you to answer me to just one more question, then I'll let you go. This room, which I created, does it imprison you inside my Mind, right?

Military:

Yes, when you create this room... you force me in.

Me:

I force you in... this is very interesting... I force you in, but you wouldn't want to be in. But it happens... that I force you in...

Pause and silence: the military man doesn't answer and the virtual session is ended

Notes about the virtualization

The person still did not know about the results that I was obtaining with the Round Table exercises. He didn't know that I was trying, through the use of a trick, to create a type of virtuality which could be lived by entities, like the AAM, that were using the abductees' mind: so he was not totally able to understand what was going on in his mind.

Even after this simulation he looked baffled for the result, which he couldn't understand in its totality: on one side he thought that the simulation was the result of a fantasy of his, but on the other something was telling him that it was not like that.

I will try now to describe, in a few lines, how things are according to me.

The military, through the use of electronic technology, keeps under control some abductees' mind, some of the most important ones. I can't tell, according to what I know based on my research results until now, if such control is kept on all the abductees. I believe it is not, for not all the abductees' names are known by the military authorities, because the aliens didn't give them all the names, as it was probably promised when they started these activities, many years ago.

Through the use of one or more microchips and some other contraptions, that are built using some borrowed alien technologies, the military puts a mind control system in the abductees's heads and with it they control everything that they do; so they know when they are taken as abductees, who takes them and so on. But all of this is done through the Five fingered (Orange) alien help, because without them the military wouldn't get nowhere. The Orange are the ones who, in direct contrast with the Saurians (the Snake people), are trying to build the second world political bloc. At the end of the 19th hundreds this alien people contacted the French government, and the probably involved more European countries, and nowadays also Italy, for sure.

The military agreeing with the Orange are trying, through their protection, not to get destroyed by the Saurians, and they are also trying, on the other side, to fool the ones which they call "their protectors".

When I eliminated the Oranges' AAM, the military heavily intervened, because they tried to understand what had happened. But the most astonishing thing, that I would have never imagined before, even if I had the greatest fantasy in the universe, it's that the microchips in the abductee's head are a channel to read the data and are completely interacting with a part of the abductee's mind, or rather, that part of the brain controlled by the mind, where there's also the neurons in charge of understanding the outside reality.

This part of the brain is the same as the one in charge of creating the virtual images; these are considered by our brain by the same standard as the ones coming from the external reality.

During the virtual reality simulations, the abductee creates a reality which is perceived by the AAM as real, and it is so also for the military on duty using the microchip to check from a distance.

This check is not done just through a trivial monitor, but it is probably done with a series of sensors connected to the military man's head, the one checking on the abductee. Each abductee is controlled by a military, always the same, and this is probably in order to have the military know better the abductee. When the military feels what the abductee's brain is perceiving, he is not able to know if that is really visible or it is artificially created and so totally virtual. The military becomes part of the game, and he suffers the abductee's virtuality and he cannot change it, since he is on the outside. He can only record during this stage, but the recording directly acts on the military man's neurons, the one who is checking, and he lives the abductee's virtuality.

Now the abductee, during his/her simulation, uses some fake electric shocks to his controller; the military will suffer the electric shock virtuality and he will live a real heart attack.

If he makes it, the military takes off the electrical contacts from his head and he runs away, but if he gets stuck to the virtual reality which was built around him, he dies. He dies just like the AAM would die: a prisoner of the virtual reality built around her.

That is why the post hypnotic suggestions, which were meant to eliminate the different parasites, were working: they were just creating some internal virtualities in the abductees. These realities would have broken out in time, and they would have chased away the parasite from the abductee's body, since that was my goal at that time. The only difference was The Act Of Will, which was mine, and not the parasitized person's one.

Some of the abductees which I met through the years were able to eliminate some of the parasites on their own, and a few of them were unconsciously using visualizations. It was not relevant if then they had forgotten all about it, or if they had metabolized it through a *new-age point of view*, which is trendy in some esoteric groups: what was important instead is that it was now understood what technically and actually happened.

Now we could totally comprehend the results of the reasearch on microchips, also the cranial microchips, which we mentioned in a different work; now it was available a safe and non invasive method, without any (side effect) at all, and everybody can use this method on oneseif in order to:

- 1. Recognizing one's Soul, one's Spirit and one's Mind.**
- 2. Recognizing one's AAM, one's Growl and one's LUX.**
- 3. Eliminating one's parasites.**
- 4. Eliminating the military control.**

One just needs to start a virtual simulation, talk with the different characters and persuade them to leave on their own. If they resist, then one visualizes them exploding in a million pecies, or melting like snow under the sun, or being struck by a mighty discharge coming from the Soul; one can also visualize a door opening through which they get out, and then close the door to have it disappear.

Through using the SIMBAD method one can achieve great results, which are also proportional to one's ability to visualize, to one's belief and to the real Will which the Soul has in order to eliminate this situation which is troubling for the abductee.

The Soul, as I already pointed out in *Alien Cicatrix*, often doesn't know what the aliens are really up to, and, through the hypnosis techniques, I used to re-program

the Soul so that she would know. Now, since hypnosis is not necessary any longer, one can use the Round Table visualization, in which the Soul can be faced with the different parasites and know their goals. In fact, only after this happens, one can use one's Will to eliminate them in the rest of the visualization process. These kind of visualizations can be carried out in several episodes. During the first one, you get in touch with all the characters and you have them talk to you; during the second one you eliminate the parasites and, if this doesn't work with the first try, you try again in a different session, without any hurry and without any side problematic effect.