

Reptilians at Montauk

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by Michelle A. Guerin

On the southeasternmost tip of Long Island, lies the idyllic fishing hamlet of Montauk, NY. Quiet and sparsely inhabited during the cold, wind-strifed months of winter, the town's population swells each summer with the onslaught of tourists, fishermen and those fortunate to have season residence in this quaint seaside village. Many "day" visitors flock to see the historic landmark, the Montauk Lighthouse, commissioned by the "Father of Our Country", George Washington.

But there is a darker side of Montauk Point that many are unaware of. Within view of the famous lighthouse lies a derelict military facility, known as Camp Hero. A Sage Radar dish sits atop a tall, abandoned building in the distance. Records show Camp Hero was officially decommissioned and vacated by the US Air Force in 1969. It was reopened and operated without the sanction of the US Government, utilizing a fully verified and documented subterranean facility beneath the base. And it is here, many believe, the Montauk Project was able to carry on it's covert operations.

What Is The Montauk Project?

According to Preston Nichols and Peter Moon, authors of "The Montauk Project: Experiments In Time", the Montauk Project "was a development and culmination of the phenomena encountered aboard the USS Eldridge in 1943." This is popularly known as the Philadelphia Experiment, a series of experiments conducted by the U.S. Navy involving radar invisibility.

"According to these accounts," states Peter Moon, "over three decades of secret research and applied technology ensued. Experiments were conducted that included electronic mind surveillance and the control of distinct populations. The climax of this work was reached at Montauk Point in 1983. It was at this point that the Montauk Project effectively ripped open a hole in space-time to 1943."

Allegations have been made of ongoing research and experimentation into psychotronics, electromagnetic mind control and the manipulation of space and time to allow for the successful transport of matter and energy into other dimensions through "portals" or time warps. These projects are reportedly being carried out by the combined efforts of clandestine units of the CIA, NSA, DARPA and other government agencies, military intelligence and corporations with strong defense-related ties.

A particle accelerator is claimed to be used for powering particle beam weapons and radar systems, as well as HAARP-like transmissions of high- powered radio frequencies into the ionosphere. There is purported evidence of additional particle accelerators at nearby locations. Brookhaven National Labs, a research facility on Plum Island, and a military facility at West Hampton Beach, have been mentioned as possible sites.

The Human Factor

I have attempted to chronicle the numerous incidents, and subsequent research and investigations, that indicate my apparent personal involvement with the Montauk Project. The investigation is far from complete...for it appears the deeper we go, the more we unearth. I have determined it is more important to alert others of the REALITY of the Montauk Project and, in doing so, garner the assistance necessary to pursue the truth. While some details may seem innocuous, I include them in the event future verification is needed.

The Sands Of Time

It was mid-September, 1994. It had been almost 25 years since I had visited Montauk, NY. As I stepped off the train, I wondered still, why I felt the need to go there. I was trying to come to terms with and reach some understanding of my apparent involvement with alien abductions. I was seeing Dr. Maurice Kouguell, PhD., a clinical psychologist specializing in hypnotherapy, to assist me in overcoming anxiety caused by these experiences.

At Montauk, the busy summer season had ended, and I looked forward to relaxing, doing some reading on the subject of alien abductions, and with any luck, finding some answers. I spent 4 days at Montauk. With each passing day, I got more and more depressed. I did not venture any further than a few blocks in either direction of my hotel. I couldn't wait to leave and returned home on Friday.

The next night, after falling asleep around midnight, I was abruptly awakened by the violent vibrating of my bed and my body. It felt as though I was hit by an earthquake. However, I suddenly sensed I was not alone. I was unable to see anything. I don't know if my eyes were open or not, but I could feel my body being pulled from the bed. I still remember how the sheet felt as my body was pulled across it. I tried to scream "Oh God", but it came out as a whisper. I screamed in my head, "No...I'm still awake". By this time, my hips were at the edge of the bed. I turned and tried to grab for the headboard, to drag myself back. That was the last thing I remembered before losing consciousness.

The next morning I remembered none of this. Later that evening, while talking to a friend on the phone, it suddenly came flooding back to me. I quickly finished the conversation, too upset to talk, and changed for bed. That's when I first noticed the 2 puncture marks on my left thigh. They were about 2 inches apart...midway between my knee and the top of my thigh.

I was determined to have a record of this latest physical manifestation of my experiences. At the time, I worked for Dr. D, an internist. I asked him to please look at these marks and to tell me if they were indeed puncture marks. He examined them and stated that they "appeared to be puncture marks", but they were "too symmetrical" and "how could I get them and not know how it happened?"

I decided it was time to tell him how it happened. After hearing my story, he recommended I see a psychiatrist. I made an appointment with a local doctor. I spent

close to an hour telling Dr.S of my experiences. When I was finished, he advised me that he did not believe in the possibility that life existed elsewhere in the universe. I said that he was going to tell me I was suffering from night terrors and sleep paralysis. He concurred with that diagnosis. I asked him how it was possible to have puncture marks associated with this diagnosis. He had no answer. I then asked him if I was neurotic, psychotic or suffering from delusions. He said no. I stated, "Well maybe, just maybe, I am telling you the truth". Before I left his office, I told him at this point the best we could say, is that we had agreed to disagree. And I hoped we could have this conversation again 10 years from now. I eventually saw Dr.Kouguell concerning this episode. The puncture marks were still visible and I showed them to him.

Prior to this experience, I had related to Dr. Kouguell partial accounts of my encounters with a species I referred to as "the nasty ones". Even after regression, I was unable to get a clear image in my mind of their appearance. All I could draw was a picture that resembled a "fat plant leaf ". I also had a strange response to a silhouette image, and subsequent flash image, of an alien depicted in an episode of the "X-Files". I was terrified. The image was of a large, muscular being with pronounced, pointed ears.

While attending a UFO conference in New Jersey in March of 1995, I arrived late to a lecture and slide show being presented by Leah Haley. The slide show was already in progress when I took my seat. After just a few minutes, an image appeared on the screen which caused me to panic and become so anxious, I had to leave the room. The image she had drawn was of a reptilian being she had encountered during an abduction. It showed the same pointy ears I had seen on the "X-Files" episode. Later, I was to realize this is what I had drawn for Dr. Kouguell. The image of the "fat plant leaf " was the distinct shape of the alien's ears.

I had started to hear about a covert operation called the Montauk Project. I became very interested in learning more about it since I lived so close to Montauk. I read the 3 books written by Preston Nichols and had very uneasy feelings about this story. Why was I drawn to this place? Why did I feel the need to learn everything I could? In one of the books is a picture of Duncan Cameron. The face was so familiar to me...I knew I had had a conversation with him at some time..and then realized it had been telepathic! But I could not remember what the conversation had been about, nor when it had occurred.

Louise, a friend, and I were planning to attend a UFO conference in CT in October, 1995. I suggested that since she was driving up to NY to pick me up for the conference, why not come a few days early and we would explore at Montauk. She immediately agreed.

Upon arriving in Montauk, we checked in to our hotel room, and set off for Camp Hero. We tried different entrance points but all had security gates and signs posted stating no trespassing. We finally found access on a side road just before the Lighthouse. It was an area just south of the base, on the beach. The road we walked on ended at a parking area on a cliff overlooking the ocean. The radar dish was visible from this point, but was too far to hike to.

Louise felt very sick and uneasy there. For some reason, I was drawn to the cliff. I

stood out there by the edge, just looking out over the beach and the ocean for about 10 minutes. I felt so drawn to this spot...why?... what possible reason could there be? I had never been there before. Why did I feel rooted to the spot? It was getting late and Louise and I wanted to try one more road before we called it a day.

Driving back toward the town, we turned in at Old Montauk Highway. According to the map we had, this road should go into Camp Hero. There were also notations on the map of areas where someone had "felt a void" and very ominous feelings.

While driving down the road, Louise and I both felt this "void". It was one of the strangest feelings I've ever felt. The only way I can describe it is the absence of feeling life, as if nothing lived in this space. I wish I could be more specific. Once past this void, the terrible, ominous feeling hit us very strongly. The road ended abruptly at a dead end. Louise wanted to go back to the hotel, but I insisted that I knew we were close to the radar dish and wanted to check around just a little.

I climbed over a pile of wood chips and went through some small brush. About a hundred feet into the brush the asphalt road continued. I followed it to a clearing and there it was, right in front of me...the radar dish. I went back to the car, where Louise was waiting and grabbed the video camera. I returned the same way, taping as I went along. After shooting the radar dish, I suddenly got an eerie feeling that I was being watched. The feeling was very strong and very frightening. I wanted to run back to the car, but I was afraid I would fall. I left as quickly as I could. Louise and I returned to the hotel.

We went to bed about midnight but I stayed up until approximately 1:30am reading. Sometime between 3:00 - 3:30am both of us were awakened by a loud noise. The smoke detector in our hotel room was going off and neither of us could reach it in order to turn it off. We finally contacted a hotel employee who advised us that the smoke detector was not run off a battery ...it was connected directly to the room's electrical system. In order to shut it down, we should go to the fuse box located on the side of the closet wall and throw the switches until we found the one connected to it. We tried all of the switches to no avail. Even throwing the main switch, which cut power off to the entire room, did not shut down the smoke detector. A maintenance employee of the hotel came to our room and tried shutting down the electricity...the detector still continued. He finally had to pull the smoke detector from the wall and cut the wires in order to turn it off. The next day, we agreed that neither of us wanted to return to the base. We were both too frightened.

A couple of weeks later, I was scheduled to attend a UFO conference in Mobile AL. I went down a few days early to get away by myself a little. It was during this time that the flashbacks started. First, the face of the reptilian, close to mine, accompanied by a rasping sound. I knew the reptilian image was during my... rape? But when? where? I didn't have the answers. Then I saw an image of travelling in a military jeep, through tall grass and sand, over hills, soldiers wearing fatigues (brown/tan/black) and black berets. I had also recalled a memory of being submerged in some type of fluid...heavier than water. I kept hearing muffled sounds of people talking and remembered yelling, "I can't hear you." These flashbacks continued to haunt me, but I couldn't remember any other details. It was during the period after my return from Mobile that I remembered a strange experience in Montauk in 1970. When questioned

about periods of "missing time", I had always stated that I didn't have any. But I suddenly remembered that I had! For whatever reason, I had no recall of it until this time. During a visit to my aunt and uncle's campsite at Ditch Plains in Montauk, I was missing for 2-3 hours and my uncle remembered it! My recollection of the early part of that day had always been very clear. My memory of the later part of the day had always been vague and blurry.

I had an appointment with Dr.Kouguell that week and determined I should regress to that day in 1970 to see what really happened. I told Dr.Kouguell that I felt he should put me under as deeply as he could...he agreed.

The following text is my recollections while under hypnosis: 11/9/95 Session

We are driving in the car, on our way to Montauk. I'm sitting in the front seat with my mom. My brothers and sister are in the back seat. Daddy's at work. Mom is so happy we're going to Montauk. Uncle B is her half-brother ...they just met a couple of years ago, at the funeral of her natural father.

We arrive at Ditch Plains, the campsite they stay at in Montauk. I hang around for a little while, talking with everyone, then decide to change into my bathing suit (a two-piece) but put my cutoffs on over my bathing suit bottom. This is so boring. I'm going to look around the campsite

I walk towards the east a little way and after awhile I pass by a group of surfers camping there. One of them looks familiar...it's M! F's older brother! I stop to say hello. M asks me if I've seen F yet, I tell him no. He says F is surfing right now, so I decide to walk down to the water and look for him. I sit on the sand at the shoreline, watching 5-6 surfers. Finally, I spot F. He is so beautiful! When he heads in from the water, I get up and start walking in his direction. I hope he notices me. As I get closer, he does. He calls out my name and waves. I walk over and we kiss hello. He asks what I'm doing in Montauk and I tell him. He asks if I'd like to take a walk in about an hour. He's got some things he has to do back at the campsite, can I meet him there? Sounds GREAT!

This hour is going so slow. I'm at the campsite with F and we start walking towards the east. We walk a little less than a mile. There's a cliff up ahead and we walk into the dunes to find a quiet spot. There's tall dune grass behind us. F's got a towel, so we sit down on that and start making- out. We end up laying down next to each other. He kisses so good.

Suddenly, I hear a loud buzzing sound, like alot of bees. I sit up and so does F. What is this? Something's not right! I look at F and he can hear it too. We lay down on our backs, still next to each other. Why am I doing this? We should run away! I try to yell to F that we should get out of there. But I can't talk...I can't move! I'm so scared...I want my mother!

It sounds like a car is coming...the sound gets closer, then stops. The buzzing is louder now. Even though I'm scared, my body acts like it's not. A man wearing a soldier uniform is looking down at me, standing on my left. On the right, is another soldier, he kicks F's leg. "He's out of it" he says. "Mike, you take him to the jeep" says the

leader on my left. "Ok, Terry", says the guy on my right. There are 2 other guys with them, but I don't know their names. Terry is very tan, with dark hair and dark glasses. The others seem to be more fair. Mike and another guy pick up F and Mike carries him like the firemen do. Terry doesn't pick me up someone else does.

We're in the back seat of a jeep, traveling north, through the dunes and tall grass. There's a big hill up ahead. This is so weird! The hill is moving...just part of it. It looks like a door in the hill. It moves forward and then to my right. We drive in. There is another jeep parked on my left. Two other men in the same uniform with the black beret are inside. They all have rifles! I still can't talk, but my body does what they want. I'm helped from the jeep. F is between 2 guys and they are helping him walk. Terry and someone take me between them and I can walk, too. This place looks like a garage or something. We go through a door. It's bright in this hallway. We turn right. F is just ahead of me. At the next hallway, F keeps going straight with 2 guys, but we turn to the right and walk a few feet to an elevator door. Terry has a credit card and puts it in a slot next to the door. The slot is vertical and there are 2 lights above it...one red, one green.

The door opens and we go inside, but there are no buttons to push. We're going down, then door opens and it's much darker here. And it smells funny...like a basement with a cesspool overflow problem. We turn right and go a few feet...then turn left. I'm so cold! There's a door on my left, Terry opens it. This room is so dark I can hardly see. There's almost no furniture in it. There's something that looks like a padded table. They help me on it and lay me down. Now I'm really cold. One guy says, "Do we just leave her here?", and Terry answers, "she's not going anywhere". They leave the room. I can't seem to move anything but my eyes. Why am I here? I don't like this. Over to my left, something moves. It's coming closer...I can see it better. OH MY GOD! It's a monster!

(Note: At this point I got so agitated and almost jumped from the recliner in Dr. K's office. My eyes flew open and I couldn't stop shaking and cringing. Dr.K calmed me down and I could continue.)

What I see is a creature about 6-7 ft tall. His ears are large and pointed at the top. His eyes are bright yellow-gold and seem to glow. He has pointy teeth and a large wrinkle on his forehead and he has a TAIL! He's coming towards me...I have never been so scared in my life. He comes to the foot of the table. He pulls off my shorts and bathing suit bottom... he pushes my legs open and pulls me down towards him. His face is so close to mine...I want to scream, but it's only in my head. I hear a raspy sound coming from him. He puts something inside me and I feel like I'm being ripped apart. He likes to see how terrified I am...it gives him a lot of pleasure. It hurts so much. I have to get away in my head to someplace safe. I go.

I don't know how long he does this, but when he is done, he goes back to the part of the room I first saw him in and then he is suddenly gone. The door never opens or anything. I don't know how long I lay here. Terry and another guy come through the door and dress me. They help me from the table and we leave the room. After I am brought back up the elevator, I am taken into another well-lit room. It reminds me of a doctor's examining room... except there are machines I don't recognize with lights and dials recessed in the wall above a counter area. There is a lot of stainless steel

equipment. And a table covered in white. I am placed on that table and strapped down...including my head. I am terrified. I am left alone for what is probably just a few minutes...but it seems like hours.

A group of 5 -6 people come in the room. They are wearing white gowns and masks and hats that covered their heads. They are male, but I see at least one female. They are very busy. I don't know why.

My head is turned on it's side and taped to the table. I know this sounds strange, but a small portion of the area above and behind my right ear is shaved. My ear is pulled toward the front of my face and taped to it! Although I am immobilized and can't talk I am completely conscious!

Someone is writing something on the skin behind my ear. I remember someone is saying something about an "IV". And a man says, "Do you think she need's it?" Someone else says, "I wouldn't want to take a chance that she might wake up and start moving around". A few minutes later I feel a prick in my arm.

That's all I remember until I regained consciousness back on the dunes with F.

*Note: About 10 years ago, I developed what was thought to be an inflamed cyst behind my right ear. The doctor had to lance it to drain and remove it. As he broke the skin with the scalpel, something shot out. He examined it and said he had never seen anything like it. He said it was the size and shape of a bullet. He had to pack the hole it left with medicated gauze.

Facing Reality

The shock of what was revealed during hypnotic regression left me dazed and distraught. Was I losing my mind? How was something like this possible? Could I have fabricated such a detailed account while under hypnosis? These and many other troubling questions crowded my thoughts for days after the session.

A chance conversation with the relatives I had been visiting at Montauk that fateful day , left me even more unnerved. As I described the "door in the hill" I had viewed near a cliff, my cousin stated she had come upon an area very similar to what I depicted, while walking near the Lighthouse one afternoon. I knew then, with complete certainty, that I needed to find the "door in the hill" in order to provide myself with validation of this experience.

I returned to Montauk on Sunday, December 17, 1995 with my friend Bill, an investigator for MUFON, and his wife. Bill understood my intense need to find "the door in the hill" in order to come to grips with my memories of that fateful day 25 years ago. When we arrived at Montauk, we first went down Old Montauk Highway...the road Louise and I took at the end of our "tour". Bill asked me to let them know when I felt we were entering the "void". I felt it much stronger than I did the first time. I let him know when it ended and the ominous feeling began. At the end of the road, the wood chip pile visible on our last visit had been cleared away and the road opened again. It looked like an area of brush and trees had been cleared completely...very strange. I could not make myself get out of the car, my fear was that

intense.

As we started back on the road in the direction from which we came, a police car drove past us. This seemed quite unusual as this road is isolated with no thru traffic. Had our arrival caused concern? Before we reached the "void" on our return trip, I suggested that Bill use the electromagnetic field detector he had brought to see if we got any readings. He gave it to me and asked that I let them know when I "felt" we were entering the void. I told them I felt it starting...a few seconds later, the light on the device went from green to amber. I said it was getting very strong...again maybe 3 seconds passed and the light went from amber to red. Then the device went crazy....flashing like a pinball machine! As we started to exit the void, I continued to give my "readings", confirmed by the device a few seconds later.

We drove to the main highway and pulled off in the rest area. The three of us were almost too shocked to speak. Bill confided that he had been very skeptical of my ability to "feel" this void when we started this trip. He was now completely convinced. We proceeded to the lighthouse and parked the car.

As we walked down a rocky path to the beach, we noticed a crude handwritten sign advising that an erosion control project was ongoing in that area. Recently placed boulders and cement slabs were evident. At this point, my "feelings" were at the most intense level I had ever felt. There was something about the placement of these of these boulders and slabs that wasn't "right". I was drawn to a point above the beach...a cliff jutting out over the sand.

We left the beach and walked up a hill towards the parking area Louise and I walked to our last visit. The whole time we were on the beach, I had the feeling we were being watched and I mentioned this to Bill. Just before we reached the parking area, I observed a man crouching in the brush on the top of a hill and I pointed him out to Bill. The man stood up and stared at us. Bill took out his camera and took his picture. The man crouched down again and eventually was lost from view. We did not encounter him again.

Only a few hundred feet from the hill was the parking area on the cliff. Looking to the west northwest, was Camp Hero. This was the vicinity my cousin stated seeing a door, similar to the one I had described. I looked around and saw what appeared to be a partial view of a stone and mortar wall. This had to be the door! I felt something about it, but I was confused... it just didn't seem right somehow. I remembered the hill being much higher and more pronounced. I started to wander away from Bill and his wife... going back toward the lighthouse. I was walking on the opposite side of the hill where we had spotted the man...closer to the ocean and the cliff.

I stopped every few yards and looked out over the ocean and tried to compare the image with what I had recalled. My feelings of helplessness and terror were very intense at this point. I continued to walk further back towards the lighthouse. Suddenly, I was standing in front of it...THE DOOR...exactly as I had remembered it! I shouted for Bill and his wife. They came and seemed stunned by what they saw. I started to cry, and everything I had bottled up for so long came out. It was such a relief. I now knew, with complete certainty, that my experience had been real. I was not losing my mind or imagining things.

Next to the door was a small opening that lead to a short tunnel. The end of the tunnel had been cemented over. On the ground, in front of the door, was a concrete circle, divided into equal parts including an equal section in the center of the circle. It was approximately 8-10 feet in diameter. There was a red fire hydrant next to it. Anchored from a utility pole on the other side of the hill, and almost completely outlining the circumference of the hill, stretched a thick, black electrical wire. This wire ended abruptly, tied to a bush. Looking over the cliff, wires running from inside the cliff, hung down about 10 feet and then snaked back inside the cliff. There were remnants of a structure or building at the top of the hill, above the door. Photographs were taken of the entire area from different angles.

As we departed the area, I spotted from the road, a section that seemed devoid of any trees or brush. While Bill waited on the road, while I climbed down into the thick brush, to investigate. Finally breaking clear, I found a large, circular area of what appeared to be dead, crushed grass, interspersed with taller clumps that looked as if they had been chopped or cut down. The trees that bordered this area also appeared dead. Hidden in a thicket of bushes, just to the west of the circle, was a group of large boulders, similar to those evident on the beach. The arrangement of the boulders immediately brought an image of "table and chairs" to my mind. Several trees next to the boulders had been uprooted completely. It was apparent that these boulders were not a natural formation, and had somehow been placed in this location. But how? and more important, why?

Further Validation

Recently, I was able to view video tapes filmed by Preston Nichols, of the underground facilities at Montauk prior to them being sealed. They contained footage that he did NOT include on the videos produced for sale to the public. One of the cassettes contained footage of the bunker I brought into, what I have come to call my "door in the hill". I sat, as if in a trance, and viewed the familiar images on the screen...the large entrance area behind "the door"...the "bright hallway" (white) beyond the entrance area... small rooms located off the hallway. Although I remembered the hallway being longer, and a small alcove where an elevator had been located, it was possible that a wall had been constructed at what appeared to be the dead end. I had already confirmed the existence of an elevator in this location with a retired military intelligence officer familiar with Camp Hero's underground facilities during the period 1954-58.

Here was further validation of my account! I should have been elated. Instead, I found myself sitting there quietly, a knot in my stomach, saying to myself, "My God...it is REAL!" It doesn't seem to matter how much validation I receive...I don't want to believe what I know to be true.

Also while viewing these video tapes, I had a conscious recall of being contained in an isolation tank. This flashback included seeing a "face" of a person (human) familiar to me, and a telepathic conversation meant to calm and soothe me. During the conversation, he referred to me as "little one".

I met with Dr. Kouguell a few days later to explore this memory through hypnotic

regression. From the moment he asked during the session if I was sure I wanted to look at this memory, a battle was waged in my mind. He asked me to indicate "yes" by slightly moving my right index finger. And try as hard as I could, I could not move it. Then he asked me to indicate "no" by slightly moving my right middle finger. It took all my power to hold it in place. I finally moved my right index finger ever so slightly. I had never had this experience while under hypnosis before.

I recalled being in a dark place...being afraid...floating in something that felt slightly heavier than water...feeling warm....and smelling peppermint or spearmint. He took me to a point before being in that place. I was laying naked on a table and had alot of wires attached to me, all over my body and my head. I saw "that doctor" in a white lab coat standing next to me. Then he took me to a point before I was there. I was home in my room (different home than now). I woke up and 2 men dressed in black clothes were in my room. I couldn't see anything of what they looked like. I asked where Joe and David were (my roommates). I was told they were sleeping. I was then given an injection and felt very sleepy. I was wrapped in a blanket and carried out the back door to a dark van (blue?). I was placed on the floor in the rear of the van and someone sat near me. The next thing I remember is feeling as if I were on a roller coaster. I don't know where I was taken or how long it took to get there. Suddenly, I was standing naked in front of a metal door, struggling with a soldier holding a rifle, while "that doctor" told me I "had to do this". I was sobbing , pleading with him not to "make me go back in there".

I couldn't continue with the session and Dr. Kouguell brought me back. I told him, as much as I wanted to remember what happened, I knew I wasn't ready yet to face it. Eventually, I knew I would have to.

An agonizing dilemma ensued. Conscious of my need to find the truth of my involvement, could I actually be unable to face it? What if my reluctance to explore this memory was being controlled by outside influences? And the battle continued to rage in my mind. Finally, I made the decision to continue...I had come too far to turn back now. I would face the truth and rely on my strength of conviction to overcome any obstacles.

Before we began the next regression, I related my observations on possible "blocks" of this memory to Dr.K. I suggested a deep-level trance might be needed to retrieve them. While under hypnosis, I started to "relive" this experience...

I am, once again, in a black enclosed area....struggling, afraid of drowning. Why do I have to be in this place? It scares me so much...I want to get out! I calm myself enough to float. The liquid feels heavier than water. It's warm and I smell something "minty". I can feel wires attached to me as I move my arms and legs slightly...on my chest and head, too. I stretch out my arms, trying to feel the walls that enclose me. On my right, my fingers trace the smooth surface, travelling upwards in an 'arc' above me. Floating...gentle motion...blackness all around...are my eyes open?....or are they closed?...is this 'blackness' I see only in my mind?

I can see movement...forms and shadows. Blackness lightens to dark gray. My friend is here and says, "Don't be afraid, little one. I will help you ...guide you...take my hand". Dark gray now turning to blue, like the sky ...white clouds. It feels like I'm

flying. I can see a beautiful, lush hilltop, overlooking tranquil blue water. A large white building (a house?) with tall pillars and steps sits on top of the hill. A dirt road is nearby, and I can see a man, dressed in a short tunic, struggles to move a wooden cart. Scenes flashing...bright swirl of colors..orange, red, deep purple and shades of brown and tan.

I see a rocky, mountainous area...dry like the desert, dusty. There are deep canyons...high cliffs. Scenes flashing....diving through the white foam of a dark blue wave. I am underwater, among the sea creatures. But it's light and I can see beautiful colors. There is a dark entrance to what looks like a cave among the hills and rocks. Scenes flashing...a desolate place...not a nice feeling...barren...lonely...cold...a place out of time. Time is not what we think. Each moment is happening now...on an endless 'loop'. We can enter the loops at many points...but should take care not to disrupt the loops. Past, present and future are happening simultaneously.

After the session, I discussed what I had retrieved with Dr. Kouguell. Although, I was filled with wonder and awe at what I had experienced, unable to be sure if it had happened in the past or present, I still felt I had not been given a "choice" about participating. Dr. K. mentioned the fact that I had willingly "taken" my friend's hand...wasn't that making a choice?

I explained my feelings using the following analogy....

If someone was dangling me by my feet off the 13th story of a building, threatening to drop me, and along comes a man on a flying carpet, offering to save me...is that REALLY a choice? Or am I being coerced to follow a certain direction? After some discussion, I came to the understanding that I now have a choice. I'm able to jump from that "13 story building". I know I will not fall !