



I VISITED A PARALLEL UNIVERSE

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Glyph Designed By Allison Gee

You can read this written, non-fiction, account and watch videos of me describing my experience on the webpage for a book I wrote in 2014 called *New Paradigm Planet*:
<http://www.newparadigmplanet.com/parallel-universe-written-account/>

INTRODUCTION

This is a written account I created to document a non-fiction experience of my visit to a parallel universe/timeline in 2016. I decided to put this written account up on the webpage for my book, *New Paradigm Planet*, that I wrote in 2014. You are welcome to think what you will about me or my experience. I hope it finds you well and opens doorways in your consciousness to know that these kinds of experiences are real and they do happen.

In summary, on October 18, 2016 I was taken from my bed in Seattle Washington, between 3:30am and 6:30am, to a parallel universe/timeline where I experienced a three day hospital stay in Anaheim California. I was deposited back into my native timeline/universe in my normal bed in Seattle Washington, and for me three days had passed within the span of three hours of the same day.

I experienced everything in this parallel universe/timeline as consciously, sensory, and logically as if I was awake. To recall this event for you is just like describing an event that happened to me yesterday, so I know this experience was not a dream. The information I came home with may be important for humanity and the consciousness of our timeline. I created this writing in case it helps anyone out there to enlighten their consciousness that such things are possible.

I made a low quality, now unlisted, YouTube video on the evening of my experience called "Waking Up From 'the matrix' For Real" where I took 2 hours to describe everything that happened to me, but this experience is not something I have talked about much in my personal

life. I've had some resistance to sharing this information openly, perhaps knowing that many may discount such an experience as false, but I assure you that I come to you today with honesty to share what I experienced to the best of my perspective.

As of November 2016 when I write this document, I have not done much research into this phenomena, being abducted into or visiting a parallel timeline/universe, so if you have something similar or related to share, please do. As one would expect, someone who has had this type of strange experience may want to reach out for support to see if there is anything else out there like it.

I don't like to call it "parallel universes" because we all live in one same universe with different facets of the same fractal. The term "parallel universe" is just a buzz word title that would gain interest to this document more effectively for anyone searching for this type of information. Instead I'd call it a parallel timeline, and will refer to it as timelines instead of parallel universes in my experience from now on. From what I understand, after having this experience, we all live in the same universe but with different timelines. In our society, we do not widely understand how the physics of such a phenomena works so it is difficult for us to grasp, but I'm sure it all makes sense within the laws of quantum physics.

BACKGROUND

A little bit of background about me may be important to know in order to understand why I may have remembered this experience in a parallel or alternate timeline when perhaps others out there may have had similar experiences but have discounted them or don't remember them at all.

By occupation I am a full time preschool teacher and part time restaurant hostess. I love my career as a preschool teacher but being paid near minimum wage, as most preschool teachers are, doesn't afford a savings account for unexpected expenses, vacation, or a Tiny House, so I got a second job. Now I work about 60 hours per week, 7 days per week, and make the same income one person should be making with one full time job. I also have a lot of training in holistic health and wellness- as a life coach, a meditation teacher, an energy healer, I can make crystal jewelry, I know quite a bit about using a holistic diet to alleviate health issues, I've written a few self published books, and the list goes on etc.

Time travel may not be understood by our wider global culture and may be thought of as either a conspiracy theory or reserved for high level physicists of some secret elite military or government, CERN, HAARP, Area 51, etc. As far as I consciously know, I do not have any military or government background or training. I had a great, great grandfather who was the mayor of Bangor Wales, but as far as I know, military and government training is not a prominent aspect for anyone in my current immediate family. I am an average American citizen living in Seattle Washington.

As a child, my father was interested in aliens and UFOs, but it's not something I ever took seriously or was interested in, as I got older. As far as he's told me, my father also has no conscious memory of interactions with ET. I wrote a book called *New Paradigm Planet* about a

planet I'd had in my head since childhood, and they had extra terrestrials visit this planet but I didn't really relate that to my life on Earth.

I was open to the idea that "aliens" did in fact exist because I felt it was very arrogant of humans to think we are the only ones, but I was not open to factual information about such topics until September 2015. In my society these subjects are taboo and blanketed as false "conspiracy theory." Although I have a lot of training and education in holistic health and spirituality independent of religion, I do not consciously recall any other outstanding, prominently strange experiences like interactions with ET, angelic visions, ghosts, etc.

BridgET

In 2015 I stumbled upon a YouTube video by a woman named Bridget Nielsen who was describing her hypnotherapy experience with Barbara Lamb in which she sought Lamb's help to recall alien abduction experiences. I must have found this video because I was interested in hypnotherapy and past/future life regressions. BridgET (as she is on her website to bridge our world with ET) claimed that there is a benevolent human-alien hybrid children program. At the time I thought she was totally bonkers crazy and discounted her as nuts, except for one thing. Something about her felt familiar to me and I couldn't explain why. It was as if she was part of my soul family. An intuitive voice told me I would meet her someday, and I told that piece of intuition that it was just as crazy as this random, nutty woman I was watching on YouTube. I told that intuitive voice to go take a hike until I was ready to accept what it was telling me, that I'd meet some random person I'd seen on YouTube talk about a crazy subject like ETs. By now I had learned that my intuition is usually a good compass, even when it tells me things I am not ready to hear.

The intuitive voice replied with "Why do you think it is that you became a preschool teacher?" and then it left. The salary for a preschool teacher is so unbearably low, and I could very well have talents for another job. I had been asking myself to tell me what the spiritual reason was that I was a preschool teacher in this life and if I should do something else. I guess my answer was so I could help hybrid alien children in some way, but after watching this video I wrote Bridget off as totally crazy and forgot all about it.

Cosmic Disclosure

In September 2015 I started watching an internet television show called Cosmic Disclosure on Gaia TV, then Gaiam TV. Gaiam also started out as a yoga and fitness company. I found a link on my Facebook newsfeed for some free episodes. I started watching the first one but then decided it was best to leave this sort of stuff alone as it was just "conspiracy theory." The next day I noticed the Gaiam logo on the large green yoga ball in the preschool gym where I work. The ball had always been there but I had never noticed the brand logo on it before. It was the same as the internet television channel with that strange show. I figured it was synchronicity and someone was trying to tell me something.

I went home and watched the rest of the free content for the episodes of Cosmic Disclosure. I figured I'd give it a chance and if I still didn't like it, I didn't have to watch it anymore and could dismiss it as just another piece of conspiracy mumbo jumbo. I got hooked when I heard about how Corey Goode was recruited into clandestine military government training programs for children through standardized testing in public schools. The "special tests" he described taking as a 6 year old were the same ones I had to take in second grade. I figured this dude knew something that actually correlated with non-fiction events in our history and society having to do with the issue of extra terrestrials. I had no idea who David Wilcock and Corey Goode were, but the intent of the two men on the show seemed genuine and honest. It's just two guys sitting in chairs chatting and they had 52 episodes of this thing planned. It was the most boring show ever that no one would do if they had anything to gain, especially in our high action digital age.

The "Special Tests"

I was always a very bright child, usually the smartest kid in class and my teachers didn't know what to do with me sometimes. As far as I knew, I was the only child in my second grade getting pulled out of class to go take these special tests. It was explained to me that if I passed the tests I would get to go to a special school for gifted children, but they only gave me two or three sessions of these tests. As far as I can remember, they stopped giving me the tests and my father told me the school said I didn't pass the tests when I asked him why they'd stopped. As an adult, after watching Cosmic Disclosure, I asked my father and step mother if they remember these tests. My parents say the school sent them a letter notifying them they were going to give me these logic based tests and then sent them another letter saying I got high marks on the tests but I "wasn't what they were looking for." There was no specific mention in the letters of what type of school or special program they would have sent me to had I passed the tests. According to Corey Goode's information, I am glad I was "not what they were looking for," or at least I have no conscious memory of any further testing or programs after that.

Cosmic Disclosure and BridgET

When I started watching Cosmic Disclosure, there were only about 5 episodes. The show's host, David Wilcock, interviews Corey Goode about his 20 year career in a clandestine space program for the government. He also talks about what is going on in Corey's present life in his contacts with terrestrials and non-terrestrials. Now there are over 70, 30 minute, episodes of this show and I have seen every one of them. I have also seen every episode of David Wilcock's other shows, Wisdom Teachings and Disclosure on Gaia TV, and I've read Wilcock's books. After hearing Wilcock talk about the *Ra and the Law of One* material so much, I also read this literature all the way through. As best as I can sum it up, David Wilcock's work has to do with the physics of spirituality and Corey Goode is very instrumental at relaying how the issue of extra terrestrials fits into our human global history, what is still going on today in our society, and how this effects our every day lives. The two pair nicely together.

In early 2016 Goode posted an article about high vibratory food that Bridget Nielsen had written. I was very interested in this article about food because I'd had self-imposed, drastic dietary changes to alleviate common serious medical issues like cavities in the teeth and cervical

dysplasia. After reading the food article I connected the dots that this was the same woman I felt was totally nuts after having watched her YouTube video the previous year. By now I knew that she could possibly be talking about non-fiction issues having to do with alien abduction and human-ET hybrid children.

In 2014 I got a strong message through map dowsing that I should move to Sedona Arizona someday, but I discounted it because I “didn’t want to live in the desert.” I was unable to attend BridgET’s high vibratory food retreat in Sedona, but I signed up for a different retreat in 2017. I watched a few more of BridgET’s videos, and I was also more curious to know who Barbara Lamb is so I read her book, *Alien Experiences*.

FREE WILL in the COSMIC SCENE

Corey Goode describes that ETs have a treaty called the Muhammad Accord that they will not interfere with our free will, they will not have open contact with us, and they will let us develop on our own until, perhaps, we have matured enough to join galactic society. This is the reason people who have had “alien abduction” experiences often don’t remember them after they have returned. They must have their memory wiped so as not to interfere with their free will and regular lives on Earth and can only recall such experiences from the subconscious. Anyone who consciously recalls such experiences knows it can be quite a disruption into regular life on Earth. This is also why we don’t have ETs openly in our society to the point that it has become very easy for the corporate/military/governmental elite of our planet to deceive the people into believing that ET doesn’t even exist and anything having to do with the subject is false “conspiracy theory.” It also seems that this global corporate elite has dealings with a less than benevolent bunch of ET (called the Orion group in the *Ra and the Law of One* literature) that seek to exploit our world, resources, and the consciousness of our peoples in some way, feeding off the energy produced by negative emotions, which is why our world and timeline is in the state it is in. Although the Orion Alliance seems to be negative (militaristic, domineering, conquering, enslavement of peoples and their consciousness), they too have some important role to play in our spiritual evolution.

I would propose that others besides myself have also been abducted or taken to parallel timelines with rarely a conscious recollection of the experience. “Abducted” may have negative connotations, but I use it in a positive way to just describe being taken because “alien abduction” is the closest thing I have to relate this experience to. Other people have probably woken up from a parallel timeline experience as if it had been a dream and discounted or forgotten about it completely. Although my experience seemed benevolent, the ones who took me from my native timeline also had to follow the rules of the treaty in place, good time travel etiquette, and the cosmic laws of quantum physics, so as not to interfere with free will. My life’s holistic and spiritual training and my education from BridgET, Barbara Lamb, Corey Goode, David Wilcock, and Gaia TV may have been my free will ticket into consciously remembering my three day parallel timeline experience when others may have just as easily forgotten. It was not a disruption of my free will to remember my experience because my consciousness had progressed to a certain level of awareness and understanding.

PARALLEL TIMELINE or PSYCHOTRONIC WEAPONRY

One of Corey Goode's benevolent messages is that we, the peoples of Earth, need to come together in unity, set aside our differences of perspective and belief, admit we don't know everything about everything, and work together towards full disclosure so we can have an improved lifestyle, all the technology our corporate governmental military elite is hoarding from us, and the liberation of our peoples and our consciousness. Basically the "peace on Earth" we all hope for but don't really see when we look around. In order to achieve this, the message from the Blue Avians of the Sphere Being Alliance, which Goode has contact with, says we ought to be more loving and forgiving of ourselves and others and be in greater service to others.

This message of working together towards disclosure inspired me to contribute to Dr. Steven Greer's upcoming film, *Unacknowledged*, because I felt this would be a good step towards public disclosure of our government's clandestine special access projects. Dr. Steven Greer is a well-respected ufologist who made the documentary, *Sirius*. However, Dr. Greer's perspective is that anyone (like Corey Goode and William Tompkins) who talks about there being good ETs and bad ETs is probably being used to promote the party line and bolster the reasons for the weaponization of space by our negative government. Greer is precautionous that although Goode's message and the mythology on Gaia TV is in alignment with his work and messages, and Goode believes he is telling the truth without a doubt, Greer thinks that Goode's experiences have been fabricated through the use of psychotronic electronic/electromagnetic weaponry technology that will later be used by the shadow elite as cosmic false flag material to promote putting weapons in space to fight the "bad guys."

Greer's perspective is that if we are ever to have a peaceful place in galactic society, we should not take our Earthly racism into the cosmos, and that "aliens" are not bad because if they were we would have been taken over or dead long ago. I think there's no point in putting our primitive weapons into space because there's always going to be some other society (or timeline) that has had millions of years more than us to develop technology. The negatively polarized group that ensnares our consciousness on this planet also benefits more greatly by keeping us alive and "under control" rather than killing us or letting us know we've been "taken over" several hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Although I was certain that people like Dr. Greer might also think my experience in a parallel timeline had somehow been fabricated by psychotronic technology of our shadow elite government, I feel that the technology for benevolence follows similar principles as the technology for malevolence. Like a hammer, it can be used to build someone a house or to murder them, but it's still a hammer.

I woke up on Thanksgiving Day 2016 feeling like Dr. Greer's perspective about there being "no bad aliens" is like the Native Americans saying there are "no bad white men" when, really, we had stolen their continent leaving pain, death, and a "Trail of Tears" in our wake. Although we should probably all forgive each other and thank everyone for our spiritual evolution, the "Orion group" is to the people of Earth as the "White men" are to the Native Americans, but on a cosmic scale. More love and forgiveness would definitely be good to stir into this whole pot of

oppression and suppression, and after reading this whole document, I'm sure you will feel the same way.

I believe that Corey Goode and others are telling the truth because, just like my benevolent parallel timeline experience, the flavor of their experiences, their intent, and messages are benevolent ones having to do with the progression of consciousness, spirituality, ascension, and the liberation of our society from 3D into 4D positive. Even Dr. Greer's perspective is a different facet of the same gem. I do not think the Orion group, the Draco, the Archons, or whatever you want to call them would want us to awaken to the information that people like Corey Goode have to share. The information I came home with from a parallel timeline also seems to be that of benevolent progression of our society and consciousness, which furthers our understanding of our quantum connection to ourselves, our other selves, ourselves in other timelines, and to all that is.

Believe it or not, I had no conscious knowledge of the Draco before writing my book, *New Paradigm Planet*. In this book part of this "imaginary" world I had is called Drakoni and is home to those who consciously are willing to embody negativity in the world so its people can all have a better realization about their purpose. They must still follow the "Logos of Now" but consciously are willing to show evil in the world in order to make the world a better place. Conversely to balance it out and maintain the harmony of the "Logos of Now," the other half of the world is benevolent, called Oslandia. I didn't name it after the *Wizard of Oz*, but it sounds similar. The "Logos of Now" was akin to what the RA group describes as "The Law of One" in the *RA and the Law of One* material (available for free online).

BEFORE I WAS TAKEN

I had just finished watching the latest episode of Wilcock's show, *Wisdom Teachings*, before going to bed on October 17, 2016. The title of the show was *Deeper Into Our Fractionalized Universe* and was all about the fractal shape of our entire universe, the shape of the largest galaxy down to the smallest atom. All matter follows the same shape and principle as a fractal of plutonic solids that fit inside each other. I figured the nature of time itself must also follow the fractal of the platonic solids in shape and principle. I went to bed at a reasonable time of about 10:30pm and figured I would wake up at 8am or so the next morning and go to work at the preschool like I always do. I try to get enough rest when I can because, as you can imagine, working 60 hours per week can be tiring. I was a bit tired and went to bed as I normally do.

I woke up feeling well rested, as if it was morning, but it was still quite dark out. I looked at my watch, but it was only 1:30am! I thought how strange it was that I would wake up only three hours after going to sleep, now feeling like it was morning. I never do such a thing, especially when I'm tired and thought it was very weird. I lay back down and tried to go back to sleep.

My computer was near my bed and was on sleep mode, but it woke up and the screen came on. I thought that was strange, but maybe I had bumped it somehow. I put the computer back to sleep and lay down again to go to sleep. When the computer came on a second time after being asleep, I wondered if there was a glitch in the chord or if the mouse had been left on. I tried to put the

computer to sleep again, but it came on again later. This time I checked to see if there was a loose chord or if the mouse was turned on or if there was any way it could have gotten jostled, but nothing was out of the ordinary. I tried to put it to sleep again, but instead of the regular menu options of Sleep, Restart, and Shut Down, two new options were in its place, "Update and Shut Down" or "Update and Restart." Oh, I figured my computer was trying to update itself in the middle of the night and kept waking up for no other good reason. I am certain I selected "Update and Shut Down" because I wanted the computer to turn off and stop waking up. I laid back down to try to sleep, but I didn't go to sleep. The screen came on again on my computer!

By now it was about 3am and I was getting fed up with devil computer, but I put it back to sleep one last time. I laid down in exhaustion, not knowing what was happening, but I tried to check in with myself. I asked myself, "What is going on? What is going on with my sleep? I can't go back to sleep, what is going on with my computer?" I got a sense from my psyche that I was about to get "taken" and I didn't actually want to go back to sleep.

Although I had recently finished reading Barbara Lamb's *Alien Experiences* book, I did not rightly care by this point whether or not aliens were going to take me away in the night. Sleep was more important to me because I worked so much and I knew that people who had alien abduction experiences didn't usually remember it in the morning anyway.

After reading Lamb's book I had been considering searching for a hypnotherapist to recall the nature behind two unusual things. In the book was a list of things that pertained to people who may have alien abduction experiences and don't remember them. As far as I could consciously remember, I did not have alien abduction experiences or issues associated with suppressed subconscious alien abduction experience like nightmares, phobias, etc.

Strange scars and instances of missing time were two things on the list in Lamb's book. I have a strange scar on my right inner thigh that always looks like a bug bite and always hurts inside if I prod at it, unlike most scars. It appeared a few years ago when I had some bug bites in the same area, but this one never healed the same so I always figured it was a bug bite that didn't heal properly. One morning within the past year from October 2016, I woke up to find that the time on the watch on my wrist was three hours behind the iPod sitting next to my bed. I knew the iPod showed the correct time because it was also the same time on my computer. I figured my watch was running out of battery even though it appeared to be working normally. I figured I'd set it to the correct time and see if it stopped working soon after, but it kept time normally for the rest of that day and beyond! It was very strange and I had no explanation for it, but I had been watching Cosmic Disclosure by then and joked with myself about what kind of worm hole portal adventure I must have gotten into that caused the time on my wrist watch to be three hours behind when I woke up.

After 3am, just before I was "taken," I figured I really needed to go back to sleep. Maybe I'd remember something this time and wouldn't need hypnotherapy. If I woke up the next morning and didn't remember anything, I'd feel well rested and everything would be normal. I looked at my watch again and it was 3:30am. I closed my eyes. I almost tried to force my psyche into going to sleep, and I did. The next thing I knew, I WOKE UP IN A HOSPITAL!

MY HOSPITAL VISIT DAY 1

I woke up in a bed in a hospital room!!! It was somehow familiar to me, and I knew I had visited this hospital before. I thought it was quite strange to be waking up in this hospital because I hadn't remembered getting transported there and, as far as I knew, I was healthy. I tried to recall the last thing I remembered since I didn't remember getting taken to a hospital. I remembered going to sleep at 3:30am from my bed in Seattle Washington on 10/18/2016. I vaguely had remembered expecting that something strange might occur since my computer had been acting abnormally. I thought something about aliens, but this place seemed too normal for that kind of thing.

Nicolas was in my hospital room. He seemed familiar to me also so I felt this was a safe place since it seemed like I already knew this guy. Nicolas looked to be about my similar age, in his 30s. I half wondered at first if I had somehow been in some kind of accident, had amnesia about it, and was taken to the hospital by friends I'd never met. Nicolas was there to reassure me that everything was all right and that Peter would be along soon. Oh, Peter! Somehow I remembered him too, so I lost consciousness and went back to sleep feeling safe. Peter was an older gentleman with grey hair. He seemed very doctorly and very down to get with the business of the task. That is the only way I know how to describe it. These men did not wear any kind of uniform or lab coat. They always wore regular civilian clothing, nothing that seemed out of the ordinary to me- denim or polo type shirts, sometimes checkered, with kaki pants or jeans. They didn't even look like they were "at work." It was very casual.

The next thing I knew, I woke up in a bedroom, and Peter and Nicolas were there. I knew somehow that this hospital had virtual reality technology similar to the "holodeck" on the *Star Trek* show so it was exciting for me to see what Peter and Nicolas were up to next. The virtual reality in this hospital seemed normal, like it was something I had experienced here before, so it wasn't strange to me. It was exciting to me to see what scenario we were going to be playing this time.

In this scenario, Peter and Nicolas were dressed like "spiritual people" or the "modern hippie" types of regular people I know of and hang out with in Seattle. The kind of people that like ecstatic dance, yoga, eating organic food, sometimes live in shared housing, and are a little more friendly or touchy-feely huggy than the wider culture. If you've ever cruised the Pacific Northwest's Festival scene and have been to Beloved, Cascadia, or Imagine art and music festivals, you'd know exactly what kind of clothing I am talking about. It's a lot more flowy and comfortable than conventional clothing and the conventional clothing I was used to seeing Peter and Nicolas wear. I also had my normal cosmic clothing on.

I got out of the hospital bed, but when I looked back, the bed looked like a normal bed in a conventional bedroom.

Peter and Nicolas had Nag Champa incense burning and were getting ready to light some candles. I came over and sat on a cushion on the wood floor. This "bedroom" had wood floors, a

fireplace, cushions on the floor and seemed very similar to the living room of the Soulshine community house where I used to visit almost every Sunday before I started working 2 jobs.

I sat on the floor and Peter and Nicolas commented on how good the incense smelled. They wanted to know what the color of the white candle they were about to light meant to me. I said I thought it symbolized purity and peace and was often used to connect spiritually. Then they started to ask me about how to make Kombucha (which I had written a book about in my "real life"). I was excited to tell them all about it.

While I was talking to them, the door to the bedroom turned into a black stone brick wall. I was a little scared at first, wondering how I was going to get out of the bedroom or if they'd intentionally trapped me in for some reason. I looked back at them, wondering why they'd done this, but they were acting like they were trying to pretend nothing had happened. I told them, "I know this is just virtual reality." By that I meant, "Come on guys, knock it off because I know this is just fake for pretend."

Right after I said that, the virtual reality shut down and we were back in the normal hospital room as it had always appeared. Peter and Nicolas had their normal clothes back on. Peter seemed upset and stormed out of the room through one of the doors behind the hospital bed. I went after him to the next room to see if he was all right or if I was "in trouble" for saying that.

As soon as I entered the doorway Peter came at me, pointing a finger, and said in a stern voice, "You know those timelines you leaked?!" I immediately got the sense that he meant I had made some kind of public videos about different timelines, it could have been positive or negative ones. He said, "Whatever timelines those were, you gave them more energy and they're more likely to happen because they're stronger." I was confused because I actually had no idea what he was referencing. I said, "What timelines? Which ones? What do you mean by the ones 'I leaked'? Did I make YouTube videos or something?"

Just then there was a voice coming from my left hip pocket. I reached down to pick up a device. I was now wearing my normal white hospital clothes. The device I held in my hand looked just like the iPod with the purple case I always carry around in my "real life." (I'm too poor for an iPhone so I use a pay-as-you-go phone for phone calls and an iPod for my smart phone needs.) I knew this device had been disguised as my iPod so I would behave normally towards it as I carried it around in the hospital. On the screen was Me trying to talk to Peter! Somehow I wasn't too startled because I knew this was me in another timeline. I held the screen up to Peter for him to see and talk to her. She was telling Peter that he got the wrong Allison {or the wrong person}, she was saying something to Peter in her defense of his scolding, and it seemed like everything was all right. It seemed like whatever Peter was worried about didn't actually matter. She did want him to know though that, in his emotional upset, he'd scolded the wrong "Allison" from the wrong timeline, but it was a happy accident and wanted him to think about how he was going to handle it.

The screen went dark. I asked Peter to tell me and explain what was going on, but he wouldn't say anything. I wanted to know what she had said and what was happening. I practically begged

him, "What did you mean by the timelines I leaked?" but my body was somehow being forced into the fetal position on the floor and it was too late. I was losing consciousness. I figured it wouldn't matter because I could just wake up again in my normal bed like nothing ever happened and go back to my normal life.

MY HOSPITAL VISIT DAY 2

I woke up again, but I was still in the hospital!!! I knew that the last time I lost consciousness, it was very late afternoon and into the evening so I figured it was the morning of the next day and Peter and Nicolas were doing another session with me. I was a little annoyed because I thought I was going to be back home by now. I was in the hospital bed, but all around me was a landscape of a rocky brown desert, similar to Mars. There was very dim light, like there was very little sunlight but it wasn't completely night. It was like very early dawn when the sun is about to come up, but it's still fairly dark.

Off in the distance of about one block length away, a large train pulled up with long train cars. These train cars looked to be the same color and texture of the landscape, as if someone was trying to camouflage the train somehow. The train cars were shaped like large coffins, but they were room sized coffin shapes. The lid to the first train car was open and a black or dark grey cloth was draped over so you couldn't see inside.

I knew I needed to go over to the train and look into the first train car since that was the open car with the cloth draped over the lid. I got out of the hospital bed and walked towards the train, but when I looked back, the regular hospital bed was gone. I figured that was my ticket out of this place, now it was gone, but I was more curious to see what was under this dark cloth.

The cloth had a smooth, silky feel and a light shimmer as I picked it up and got underneath to see what was inside the train car. Inside the car was Me in a bed! It looked like we were in this girl's bedroom. I understood this was actually just me in another timeline. This girl looked to be about 19, old enough to be an adult but we were still in the bedroom she had grown up in. She looked like me, but she was quite a bit taller by several inches. She was laying in the bed with a light blanket over her.

I said to her, "Hello Allison. I am you and you are me." She looked up at me, but she had two irises in the left eye. I was a bit surprised, but it wasn't strange to me because, in my "real life" ever since high school I had been doodling people with two irises in their eyes. It started out in the left eye, but I thought it was so neat I started drawing people with two irises in both eyes. It wasn't strange to me to find out that me in another timeline has two irises in the left eye. We both must have looked a little startled. For her, it seemed like I was in her normal bedroom. When I realized her eyes were different I said, "We are each other, but in another timeline and I hope we can speak again s...." I wanted to say, "And I hope we can speak again soon," but I barely got out the last sentence before this girl sat up in her bed. She reached up on a shelf that was above her bed with the right hand, grabbed a bell shaped object that looked like a hard toy, put it into her left hand and started to make a motion like she was going to hit me over the head with this thing. (After my experience I thought, "This girl must have been left handed.")

I fell back to duck her blow. I expected to fall out of the train car onto the hospital floor, or maybe onto the desert sand, but instead I fell down a tunnel. It was a dark wooshy tunnel that could have been some kind of time tunnel, for all I know. The feeling of falling down it was a little scary but at the same time it was comforting and safe, like a ride at an amusement park. I looked up after falling down the tunnel, and the last thing I saw was the other “Allison” looking over the edge of her bed. She seemed a little confused and sorry that she had tried to attack me because she realized we looked like each other, but she had been startled. I couldn’t tell whether or not she could see me falling down the tunnel or if she was just looking at her floor like I had disappeared. I lost consciousness.

But I woke up again, back in the hospital, the very same darn hospital!!! This time I got out of bed. The room looked mostly normal except for a large corner of the room where another virtual reality scene was playing out. There was a low double bed up on a platform. I went over to the platform and found the stairs up to it. The lighting in “the bedroom” was dim but there was plenty of light to see what was going on, and there was very soft faint jazzy music playing. As best as I can describe this bedroom scene, it seemed like someone was trying to be romantic.

I wondered who Nicolas and Peter were going to “try and make me have sex with this time,” but it was like I never actually got to have sex in these scenarios, kind of disappointing. It was like they had done this before though, like they were trying to get to know something about my sexual preferences, arousal, and behavior.

As I approached the bed, an African American woman sat up in the bed. She had light blue, turquoise lingerie on. She said hello with a sexy motion of her shoulder. I laughed out loud. I knew Nicolas and Peter were up in the control booth of this virtual scene. I said to them, “You guys! That would never work. This is totally not my type!” (and they knew it, I knew they already knew what I liked). They almost sounded as if they were trying not to laugh but be serious instead as they said from the control booth, “Well come on. Couldn’t you get excited by that?” “That doesn’t excite you at all?” While they were talking to me, a corner of this bedroom disappeared so I could see them in the control booth. I was still laughing. They said, “Well, we had to try it.”

By this time it was like they were just doing their jobs, going down the list of types of people, just to see if I had any hidden arousal and attraction buttons they didn’t already know about. I am a heterosexual female, but they must have known that, in my timeline, some females are attracted to females. This seemed to be a gender and race attempt to see what might appeal to me. Since I already knew it was virtual reality, I guess they figured I wouldn’t humor them and go for it unless it was something I really liked in that bed.

I tried to lighten things up for them and their jobs, perhaps joke around a bit. I knew they had virtual reality technology, so I assumed they could alter their own appearance in this virtual reality. Perhaps they had appearance altering technology, so I said to them, “If you can make Peter into a young handsome, sexy man he should get down here and I might have sex with him.” I was half joking, but then I was afraid they might actually go through with it. Peter always

seemed very fond of me, not in a sexual attraction sort of way, but in a caretaker sort of way. He seemed very attracted to me, as some type of working relationship, perhaps I was just his specimen or his patient. Still, it wasn't very nice of them to put me through these scenarios where I got aroused sometimes but never got to actually have sex with the virtual people. Apparently they didn't think that what I had said about Peter was very proper or appropriate. The virtual bedroom shut down and I lost consciousness with it.

MY HOSPITAL VISIT DAY 3

I woke up again, still in this same darn hospital!!! I sat up in bed and the lights came on. Nicolas had been sitting in his chair at the foot of my bed with a dim light somewhere near the chair, either attached to the arm of the chair or on the back. He got up and went over by the window when the ceiling lights came on. He was facing me, ready to attend to me. I figured he'd been sitting in the dark with that dim light on his chair, but the lights were somehow connected to my consciousness and automatically came on when I woke up this morning.

The morning light was coming into the window. The window in my hospital room was frosted glass so I couldn't see what was outside, but I could tell what time of day it was and I had a general good sense of time as anyone does normally when time passes in their regular life. It was a bit annoying to me though because I knew Nicolas could make the window clear so I could look out if he wanted to. This window had that kind of technology and I knew it.

I saw that the small monkey I was familiar with was running around on the floor. I was happy to see it because I hadn't remembered seeing it yet on my hospital visit this time, but it was like I had spent time with this same particular monkey before on previous visits to this hospital. I couldn't consciously recall anything that happened in my previous visits, but I knew I'd spent time with this monkey before, like seeing a familiar pet after a long vacation. I knew this monkey had been sent into my room to provide comfort and companionship.

I thought this stay was longer than usual. I had woken up in this very same hospital too many times in a row than on any other time I had previously visited here. A three day stay seemed unusual for me, well it was a time between afternoon/evening to a full day and now this morning. This visit was definitely prolonged. I asked Nicolas, "When are you going to send me back?" He replied with, "Oh, no. You can't go back yet because we need you to heal the other timelines."

From that I assumed that, on this very visit, they must have discovered my consciousness was at a very different place than it must have been when I had visited here previously. Perhaps it was because I had been watching all those episodes of Cosmic Disclosure and Wisdom Teachings. Afterall, the last one I had remembered watching was all about the fractal shape of the universe, the 3D Mandelbulb, and the platonic solids that all fit geometrically inside each other to create the geometric fractal of "God." I figured time must also look like this and follow these same principles and parameters of quantum physics. Perhaps somehow there was something more I could do to fix other timelines where I was damaged.

Nicolas said, “Just play with Muffin and be happy.” By that he seemed to mean, “Just play with the monkey and be comforted because I know this must be a longer stay than you are used to and we can’t let you go back just yet.”

I got out of the bed and picked up Muffin, the monkey. The monkey was the size of a large cat or small dog. Its body was a tan color with some darker brown areas around the wrists, hands, ears, and on the tail. Its fur was extremely soft and my fingers sank into its fur as I picked it up and held it in my arms. I knew the monkey had been bred to have fur extremely soft. It almost felt like it was giving me a gentle hug, and I knew this monkey had been trained to be comforting.

I held the monkey with my left arm, as you would an upright baby, while I opened the lid to a wooden box at the side of my bed with my right hand. This wooden box looked like it had been painted or stained to be very dark reddish brown. I knew there was food in this box. I put the monkey on the hospital bed as I took out a package of food from the box.

This package of food was like a round bowl with a white sealed lid. The bowl material felt like one of those plastic or commercially compostable disposable bowls. There were no labels or markings on the bowl or the white round lid seal. I peeled back the sealed lid. Inside this bowl was what looked like puffed O cereal. It looked like the kind of cereal that is similar to Cheerios, but a little more puffed. I had seen children, the 1-2 year olds at the preschool where I work in my “real life,” with this same kind of cereal in their lunch boxes. Amongst the O cereal were flakes of what looked like small squares of seaweed the size of a dime. I figured Nicolas and Peter knew I liked dried seaweed, but maybe they didn’t know this was not really a breakfast type of food in my culture. I was going to eat it anyway. I tried one of the O cereal pieces and one of the flakes of seaweed.

They tasted as I expected them to. I knew they must have all the nutrients that I needed, as if perhaps they had materialized this food out of one of those quantum 3D printers I remember Corey Goode talking about that were similar to the “replicators” on the *Star Trek* show. However, I had just gotten this food out of a sealed package, it tasted “processed” or manufactured somehow, and by this time my consciousness was so turned off by processed food. Within the past year, in my “real life,” I used my holistic education and had gone on special self made up diets to heal common chronic health issues like cervical dysplasia and cavities in the teeth. I had learned how processed food is not good for you, what has been done to it by our food industry, and Wilcock’s information about “weaponized wheat, corn, and soy.”

I didn’t actually feel like eating this food so I put it into the trash receptacle on the floor. The trash box was similar to the food box, but it was on the floor and the food box was mounted on the wall at the same height as the bed.

This was the first time in my current visit to this hospital that I remembered being in my hospital room without a virtual reality session to do, just hanging out with the monkey and my caretaker. I could even draw the floor plan for this room that I was in. There was a front door out into the hospital, and there were two back doors to other places, like an “operating room.” There was

also a small room that seemed like it could have been a bathroom, but I never remember using it during this visit.

Nicolas looked a little concerned or slightly perturbed that I had just thrown away my whole breakfast. “Just eat *something*,” he kindly said to me. I sat on the bed with Muffin, and I figured they had put this food in my room because they thought I liked it when actually I didn’t. I was about to explain to him why I didn’t like the food, but just then Muffin jumped up on the bedside table. This was the opposite side of the bed where the food box was mounted and here there was a small square table with three drinks on top.

Muffin started to mix and mess around with these drinks. One drink was purple and looked carbonated. One drink was blue and had ice in it. I knew the ice in this drink didn’t melt like the normal ice I knew of. In my timeline, ice melts if you leave it out long enough, but I knew the ice in this drink didn’t melt like that, so this drink could have sat on this table for at least half a day and still remained cold with full cubes of ice, like you had just taken it out of the refrigerator. The third drink was bright red and looked like juice. These drinks were all the colors of what I knew of as “processed food.” The colors were too bright to be natural, but were colored to correlate with flavor, maybe “artificial flavor.” The closest thing I know of to describe these colors are the colors of the popsicle brand, Otter Pop. The drinks were also in a glass that looked like a combination between a wine glass and a martini glass with very comfortable rims to drink out of. I got the sense there could have been straws if I wanted them, but these drinks didn’t have straws in them.

Muffin poured some of the red drink into the purple one and took some ice out of the blue drink with a spoon and put the ice into the purple drink. The monkey looked at me with the kind of look on his face as if to say, “Is it better now? If you’re not going to drink this yummy concoction I just made for you, I’ll drink it.” I really wasn’t sure how intelligent this monkey was. Clearly I hadn’t been drinking and eating the food and drinks they had left for me over the period of my stay because I didn’t like it. Again, it was as if they had mixed up these drinks because they thought that’s what people from my timeline liked, but I thought they were a bit repulsive.

I didn’t know how smart the monkey was, but I tried to lighten things up a bit by joking with the monkey. When he started messing around with the drinks I said, “Muffin, what are you doing! I’m really not going to drink those now. What are you trying to do, drug me?” I was trying to make a joke because I knew Peter and Nicolas had the technology to make me lose consciousness when they most properly saw fit and then wake up again in the same hospital later. It was similar to some kind of experience of being drugged that I knew of from my timeline.

Nicolas said with his words, “You’re going to be fine. Just eat something, drink something, and go back to sleep.” The undertones of this seemed to me to be, “We’re obviously not trying to drug you here. I know it is weird that you go to sleep and keep waking up here, but you are obviously perfectly safe so will you please eat something, gosh dang it, because you have barely eaten anything the whole time you’ve been here, and go back to sleep like a good patient.”

I told Nicolas I wasn't going to drink anything {at least not any of those gross processed tasting drinks they'd left in my room} and I didn't want to go back to sleep. I went to get out of the bed, and I had the inkling that I wanted to go into the next room to see how things were coming along. I couldn't quite remember exactly what was going on in the next room, but somehow I knew I wanted to go in there to see how things were progressing.

The Operating Room

Upon entering the "operating room." I saw a girl on a large metal rectangle table. As I walked around the table I could see it was another Me from another timeline. This girl looked like me, but only a few inches taller, and she looked to be about 13 to 16 years old. The sense in the room I felt was that she was too young to die, but she was dying and they were trying to save her. I walked around behind the "operating table." I knew the nurse was in the room with the girl on the table, but I didn't get a good look at her at first. The first thing I noticed is that there was a baby in the room in a large woven basket. The baby looked like me, like the baby pictures of me that I remembered seeing from my "real life." The baby started to cry, but there was another Me in the room that came up to the baby and picked it up out of the basket. This Me looked like a child of about 6 to 8 years old.

I know that in my own timeline, I look very young for my age and always have. I found it strange that it was difficult for me to even judge my own age of these Mes from other timelines. Some of them, most of them actually, were taller than me at teenager or adult size so I wondered if something had happened to me in my timeline to stunt my growth by just a few inches.

The child Me picked up and rocked the baby Me to try to console it. I was a little impressed with "myself" that I knew how to properly hold and console a baby, even at that young age, but I knew that in my timeline I had gotten a little brother at almost three years old. By six or eight I knew how to handle a baby, but I didn't know if this girl was Me from the timeline I remembered or from a completely different timeline. I remembered that in my "real life," I had woken up one morning at around this similar age with the feeling like I had talked to myself as an adult. Times were stressful then because my parents had divorced, but in my "real life" I had the sense as a child that the adult me had told me everything was going to turn out all right so I shouldn't worry about the stress in the family.

These kids, the baby and the child looked at me when they noticed I was in the room. They had glazed over scared looks on their faces like they didn't know where they were or what was happening. I knew these kids were just going to wake up from this experience like it was a dream, even though it wasn't, so it didn't matter that they were scared.

The nurse in the room said to me, "You remember that glazed over look all too well, don't you?" By that she seemed to mean, "You remember being scared here too, maybe you should go over to them and comfort them or make sure they're doing all right."

For the first time, I got a good look at this nurse while she was fixing the Me on the table. She was very nurturing, compassionate, and nursely like her whole being radiated, “I’m a healer,” but she didn’t look human. She looked like a cross between an insectoid humanoid and a grey alien humanoid.

From BridgET’s videos in my “real life” I had learned that some of the aliens we call “the greys” are actually us in another timeline where they had rendered the surface of Earth uninhabitable by a nuclear war and were forced to live underground for thousands of years. Thus they developed large black eyes and pale skin. They were having trouble reproducing so they came back in time to make hybrids of themselves and us so they could continue their race. That is why they were abducting humans. They also wanted to warn us not to use nuclear weapons to explode ourselves.

I’d had that explanation from BridgET. I also had Corey Goode’s explanation from Cosmic Disclosure that there are extra terrestrials that look like humanoid insects or praying mantis types of people. I just figured this nurse was a hybrid between one of those “greys” and an insectoid. She had large black almond shaped eyes, and it made sense that it was a little more dimly lit in this operating room than it had been in my regular hospital room. Her body had the smoothness of a grey alien, but the shape of an insect humanoid, and I got the sense that her exoskeleton was just underneath her skin with her organs inside the exoskeleton.

I saw that the nurse was too busy at the moment to comfort the children so I went over to the child “Allison” holding the baby and said, “Hi Allison,” just like I would to a scared or shy child at the preschool where I work. I just assumed all these other Mes were named Allison, but then I got self conscious as if maybe they weren’t all named Allison and I had just called this girl by an unfamiliar name. She seemed responsive, but she didn’t say anything. She looked a little less scared though. Perhaps it was because I seemed familiar somehow.

The nurse took the crying baby from the child and placed it into a metal basin, shaped like a metal bowl tilted upright at a 45 degree angle. The only way I can describe this thing is that it seemed like a bowl fit perfectly for a baby’s body, a baby bowl. She draped a white cloth over the bowl and the baby stopped crying.

The children were in the room to my left, and now I looked over to the right. On my right was an older woman leaning against a column on the wall, just observing everything that was happening in the room. Behind her it looked like there were windows in the room even though it was more dim over where we were in the operating room. I could see blue sky and just part of another building next door. Nothing looked out of the ordinary to me just outside that window from my vantage point.

When I saw the old lady Me she was looking at the girl on the operating table. I noticed she looked like me, but elderly, maybe in her 60s. She had white grey hair, but it was hard to judge her age too. She did not have glasses on like I usually wear in my “real life.” I realized that, at this hospital, I didn’t need glasses to see either, even though I did wear them regularly in my “real life.”

I knew that elderly Me was a lot more consciously aware and awake than the scared children, and she wasn't scared at all. She seemed to know more about what was happening than I did though. I knew that she was aware this wasn't a dream, and she wasn't going to go home just thinking this was all a dream because it wasn't. It was ok that the two kids were scared because they were just going to go home thinking it was a dream and forget all about it.

I said to her, "Oh, you must be me as an older person." I hesitated a bit with my words just before I said "older person," because I almost said "old lady," but then I didn't want to be rude. I said to her, "Can I give you a hug?" She said, "Ok" just a bit awkwardly as she stood up from where she was leaning on the wall to humor my request and give me a hug. As I was hugging her, I noticed she was also a few inches taller than I am and her body was a bit more plump or womanly. She wasn't fat, she was just more endowed as a woman, but I thought, "I hope I don't get fat in my timeline."

I realized that the old lady me understood what I was saying when I asked for a hug, so she could speak English. Then somehow I knew that the child Me in the room didn't actually speak English, either not at all or not very well, that she was from some country in Europe where English was not her primary language, if she was even familiar with it at all. I still didn't know if any of these other Mes in this room were also named Allison so I was going to avoid calling them "Allison" like it was their name too.

I knew that, for some reason, they had brought all these Mes from different stages of life, from different timelines, into this room in order to try and help save the dying girl on the table, that was also Me/Us from another timeline. I certainly didn't know what kind of circumstances surrounded her death, but I wondered if she had tried to commit suicide, was in an accident, or was a sorry mishap of a government syndicate riddled world.

Wherever I was at in this hospital, it was certainly very strange for having an extra terrestrial looking nurse. It wasn't startling to me though because of my Cosmic Disclosure education in my "real life," but I couldn't remember seeing any other "extra terrestrial" looking type people in this hospital before. Maybe this was the special operating room with special, dying me, circumstances. This nurse woman seemed very loving, not scary at all, and I noticed she had no clothes on. Thus far in my visit, Nicolas and Peter always appeared to be human and they always wore, what seemed to me to be "regular casual civilian clothing." It wasn't inappropriate at all that this nurse seemed to be "naked." I wondered if she had on a special suit so she wouldn't contaminate us with her ET germs, but somehow I knew she didn't have anything on like that.

I couldn't tell if what they were doing was going to save this dying Me teenage girl on the operating table or not. It certainly looked like the life was almost gone out of her, but that there was still hope that she could actually heal up and get better once they sent her back home to her timeline. I really wondered how all their science worked, why they had to have all these Mes here from different stages of life, from different timelines, to try and save this one. Apparently they didn't need me in the room anymore. The nurse shooed me back into my room by making

some gentle sweeping motions with her praying mantis arms behind me, saying “Go, go, go” with her most natural gentle voice as I walked back into my regular hospital room. It was weird because I got the sense that they could change the doorways to this room so that this particular doorway from my regular hospital room didn’t always enter into this same operating room, as I know of doorways functioning in my regular timeline.

Back In My Hospital Room

Back in my hospital room Muffin was on the bed. I picked him up, held him, and sat on the bed. The monkey really did make me feel better about this whole situation. I looked down and there was a tag at Muffin’s left hip, about the size of half a driver’s license that we have in our timeline. It was almost like a dog or a cat with a collar, but this monkey had this tag at its hip, and I never really noticed the collar part before because it was very thin and sunk into the monkey’s soft fur. The tag part was on the same side of his body as my disguised iPod device had been on the first day. I had not noticed this tag yet during my current visit, but I knew somehow that it was connected to my own consciousness or timeline.

The tag was a digital tag, but it was very light weight and felt like fabric. It almost reminded me of the reflective material that traffic workers have on their bright colored jackets so cars watch out for them. The screen was not brightly lit like our computer screens, but it had a bright shimmer and you could clearly read what was on this digital tag.

I looked at the tag and read, in green blocky font, all capital letters, “Trump’s defeat before you return.” In that moment I thought, “Oh no, are they going to keep me here for over a month, past the presidential election?”

After Trump won the presidential election of 2016, I figured this particular message could have also meant that somehow Trump was going to get defeated during presidency or that his craziness was going to be toned down or reigned in somehow after becoming president, and the message meant that this event was going to happen before my next visit to this hospital. The tag could have meant, “Before you return to the hospital again,” not “before you return to your native timeline,” but in the moment that I read the message, I thought it meant they were going to keep me in this hospital for over a month, past the presidential election of 2016, and I might not get to find out what happens. Just like anything else in my experience, I could have misinterpreted it from what it actually may have been from their perspective because for me, it was like visiting a foreign country.

I turned to Nicolas and said in a serious tone, “Hey Nicolas, I know that’s not your real name. That’s just the name you’ve told me it is so that’s what I’m going to call you, but if I knew your real name, I’d use it right now.” I was trying to set him up to tell him I was about to ask him something serious. I had no clue where I actually was so I said, “If something happens in my country while I’m here, would you tell me about it? Would I even be allowed to know about it? Could I even watch the news from my timeline?”

Nicolas looked quite puzzled. He was very perplexed at what exactly it was that I was asking him about. He said, “What event would that be? What could possibly happen that you’d want to know about while you’re here? What kind of current event would you want to watch the news for!?” I think he knew very well that I never watched the news, regularly or at all, in my native timeline. He probably also knew that I was aware that our public fed news is mostly, possibly false or brainwashed propaganda from “the power elite.”

I said, “The presidential election of 2016. I read it on Muffin’s tag, ‘Trump’s defeat before you return.’ Am I going to have to stay here for over a month?” He still looked very puzzled and slightly surprised, like he didn’t know how exactly to handle or approach the situation. It almost seemed like he didn’t actually know what to do or how to respond to me. I said, “I clearly read it on Muffin’s tag,” and by that I meant, “I know it was unmistakable that I just read this message on the monkey’s tag, this place is very weird from the perspective of my timeline, but I’m not confused or crazy, I’m quite sane and conscious right now.”

I looked back at the tag to show Nicolas, but the message had changed to something else. Now the message was red blocky letters over something else in white blocky letters. The “red” color was actually more like pink, but it was made to be red in contrast with the other colors that typically appeared on this tag. I didn’t read the new message because I was disappointed that the old message I had clearly read was no longer there. I wanted to prove to Nicolas that I had, in fact, read the exact message about Trump on Muffin’s tag. I wanted to ask him what the message meant so I looked back at Nicolas, still standing over by the fuzzy glass window. The puzzled expression on his face had changed. He looked like he believed me, but something was still amiss or abnormal about this whole situation.

Nicolas said, “Come over near me. We’re going to go to the roof.” I immediately got excited. All this time I had stayed in the same hospital room, but now we were going to go to the roof! I had no idea why we’d be going to the roof of the hospital of all places, but I figured it was someplace new and exciting in this strange land. I got down off my hospital bed and came over to Nicolas by the window.

Then we were instantly on the roof. It was like we were teleported there! I figured it wasn’t surprising that they had teleportation technology too. This was obviously a very strange place with virtual reality like the holodeck, ET nurse, and a very strange land that seemed to have better technology than I did. By now I had practically forgotten about the fact that I thought I may have been abducted by “aliens” because we were not on a space ship. Maybe I was on a different planet.

ON THE ROOF OF THE HOSPITAL

On the roof I could look out and see the rest of the city I had been in this whole time. It was a breathtaking sight from up on the roof. It looked like the morning sun was coming up so I knew I could tell where “east” must have been, but I tried not to get too caught up in the newness of it all. I quickly tried very hard to notice the city I was in and the architecture. I scanned the skyline to see if there were any prominent landmarks or buildings I could recognize or if the city looked

familiar to me at all. I knew it wasn't Seattle, even Seattle in "the future." I figured I could recognize my own city even if people from "the future" abducted me here somehow. When I knew it wasn't Seattle, I quickly tried to scan the skyline for any prominent landmarks this city might have, maybe a strange tall building or something that stood out to be special about this city.

I couldn't see anything in particular that looked like a city landmark. Very far off in the distance I saw a giant hoop thing. It didn't look like it was a city landmark, but I wondered if it was a giant ferris wheel. I knew they had those in the world I was from, but this thing could have also been some kind of advanced technology for all I knew.

I noticed that a lot of the buildings at my vantage point were smaller than the building I was on. As you got closer to the building I was on, the buildings got taller, and the building right next to us was taller than the place we were at on the roof of this hospital. Along with the information I provide later in this document, I did not notice anything flying around high in the sky when I looked out at the city from this vantage point.

I am a preschool teacher so one thing I noticed about the buildings in this city is that it looked like someone had sprawled out a bunch of kiddie blocks. The buildings weren't all square, rectangular, and boxy like I was used to. A few of the buildings were round, globe or dome shaped. A few were pyramid shaped. Many of them were tall rectangles of some sort, but a lot more fancy than the ones I knew of "on Earth." I noticed a large cluster of buildings that looked like a cube on the bottom with a pyramid on top. It reminded me of the stereotypical house shape that children draw for houses in pictures. I wondered if those were houses too, some kind of giant residential buildings, but this was such a foreign strange land I had no clue about.

The morning light was just coming up and it reflected off of the buildings down below. Most of the cube with pyramid on top buildings looked yellow orange, but I knew (or at least I thought I knew) that they were just glassy buildings reflecting the beautiful light of the morning sun and sky. They looked yellowish, but also glassy like they were reflecting light and yellow wasn't their actual color. That was the only way I could relate to this bunch of buildings.

I turned to Nicolas because I wanted him to tell me what city this was. If he didn't tell me right away, I was going to ask. I briefly noticed when I turned toward him, that we were on the roof of this hospital, but there was clearly a lot of activity going on here. There were no people around us in the immediate area where we had just appeared, but there was a lot of people and activity going on farther off on the roof. It was like we were on the street in public.

Nicolas was standing beside me, but he urgently asked me, "Do you know what is going to happen next? Do you know what is going to happen next in my timeline?" I thought that was a very strange question. I remembered you don't read in dreams so maybe something was wrong with my visit here because I had read a tag and was fully conscious. I wasn't exactly sure what he was asking me, but somehow I had the inkling that I knew the answer. It was almost as if I somehow had more capability or ability to know the answer to this question than Nicolas did. We were in his foreign strange land after all. Perhaps I knew the answer from David Wilcock's

information. I got the inkling that I had somehow learned about this event Nicolas was referencing from David Wilcock's education.

I casually said to Nicolas, "Well, if we're near Washington DC, that would be bad. We're not near Washington DC, are we Nicolas?" I said it very calmly and casually so the phrase, "that would be bad," didn't mean eminently negative or dangerous. It was more a figure of speech and there was no cause for alarm, but whatever it was, it wasn't regular or normal. I figured the closer we were to Washington DC, the sooner his government or supervisors would find out that something was going amiss with my visit here. I wanted him to tell me what city we were in and if we were near Washington DC, but he didn't answer me. I didn't even know if I was on Earth so I thought it was very weird that I would think we could even be near Washington DC where "the government" was.

Just then a drone looking device hovered over to Nicolas at just above his head height. This thing looked like a piece of technology, but the only thing I have to relate it to was a drone. It was shaped like an upside down scoop, similar to a wiffle ball catcher, or a ball catcher people have at dog parks from my timeline. It was about that similar size too, and it had a handle with a scoop shape on the end, but the scoop was upside down.

Nicolas grabbed this device out of the air with his right hand and scanned the scoop shaped part over his head. Immediately he turned into a robot person! Then he let the device go back into the air. I was so startled, not because he was a robot, but because I was scared that I was in a transhumanist land. I figured these people must have appearance altering technology like a hologram, and it made sense that he was actually a robot instead of the brown haired, semi-handsome, human in his 30s that I had always known of him to be. He was always in my room to take care of me, and he had been sitting in the dark with a dim light near his chair while I was asleep. Maybe he'd actually been there all night instead of come in earlier than I woke up and didn't turn the lights on because he didn't want to wake me.

The drone thing tried to fly over to my head too, but I immediately grabbed it out of the air and flung it away a little bit. I was trying to tell it I didn't want it to scan my head too! I didn't want to be a robot android! I looked into the "office building" next door to the building I was on. I could see into the building, like all the floors were made of clear glass. Up until now, everyone I had ever seen in this hospital looked human, except the nurse on my current visit. I wanted to see if there were more of these robots in this society. I had learned from Cosmic Disclosure that transhumanism had taken over other solar systems and galaxies and wiped out biological life. You can gain all the abilities with a spiritual/consciousness ascension as you can with technology, but an AI virus had convinced whole societies that transhumanism was better.

Most of the people in the next building over looked very human or most humanoid, but a few of them did look like these robot peoples. Most of the other people seemed to have clothing, but these "robots" didn't have anything that looked like clothes covering their bodies. They had very white pale skin, just like the robot AI androids from the Hollywood movies I knew about. I noticed that I could see a line in Nicolas' head coming from behind the ear at the same place one would put a head band or prop sunglasses, but a little farther back on the head. You could see

into their joints, and it was a cerulean blue color in their joints. It looked like these kind of people were made of parts!

I tried to check in with myself to see what I was observing, was this a land where transhumanism had been more widely seeded than it was in my timeline? The answer I somehow knew in myself was that all these people had souls, they weren't just robots, even the robot people had souls and weren't only machines as they had appeared to me. I thought, "So what if they still have souls. They could be souled people who have completely had their bodies replaced with technology."

I was still very unsure of this strange land, but I remembered what Peter had said to me on the first day of my visit. "Whatever timelines you give more energy to, they're more likely to happen/come true because they are stronger." I immediately wanted to give more energy to an ascension timeline rather than a transhumanist timeline- one where there is full disclosure, disclosure about transhumanism, peace on Earth, free energy, etc. I wanted to seed that into this place I was visiting.

I immediately ran over to some young girls from the public who were ascending some stairs to another part of the hospital on the roof. There were a few of these girls in the group. They looked to be late teens or early 20s. You know how you address what you're saying to a group of people, but you're so scared that you mainly look only at one person in the group who is closest to you. That is how I talked to this group of young girls. The girl I mainly looked at had red hair (and they all looked human). I tried to convince these girls not to let this device scan their head and turn into robots. I tried to convince them not to give over to the AI virus and transhumanism. I tried to convince them not to let the government put chips in their hand or augment their bodies with technology. The girl I mainly looked at while I was talking to all of them said with a laugh, "Ha ha, oh, I'd never do that. Being a biological organism is so cool." She meant "so cool" like the slang term for the best thing around. She said it just like the people did in my timeline.

I figured I had either convinced her or she already knew about transhumanism. Also, maybe Nicolas was actually a human, but he had used this device to look like a robot because he needed to appear that way to go wherever he was going next for his job. I got the sense that he didn't know what to do about me so he was going somewhere else to find out.

I turned back to walk back to Nicolas. He had his head down like I had really embarrassed him in front of the public or he was just looking at the floor. I couldn't even tell what these people's body language meant exactly. They seemed normal, but also so strange to me.

As I was walking back to him to get answers about the situation, I noticed a large sign. It was about twice as tall as I am and had many rows. This sign for the public was in English! It was English letters with English words I could read! I wondered where exactly I was, how could this public sign be in English!? I don't remember anything specific this sign said, but it appeared to be some sort of directional sign. I knew that sometimes when you drive into the parking lot of hospitals in my own timeline, there are these large signs that tell you what direction to go for

each place in the hospital, like radiology or maternity with arrows pointing in different directions.

I wanted to know what hospital I was in so I was looking for the title of the “hospital” or facility on this sign. I knew that sometimes hospitals are named after the place or city they are in, like Seattle Children’s Hospital. This sign didn’t seem to have anything on it that was the facility name. I remember that the letters on this sign looked back lit. Most of them were blue, blocky capital letters like the same font I had read on Muffin’s tag but thinner. Most of the lines on this sign were in blue letters but a few lines were in red letters. I don’t remember what any of the lines said. I discounted it because I was looking for the name of the hospital, which wasn’t on this sign. They say you don’t read in dreams because the part of your brain required for processing numbers and letters is not accessible while you are dreaming. The sign looked the same even when I blinked or briefly looked back at Nicolas. I know I could read the English words, but now I wish I could remember something specific on this directional sign.

I went back to Nicolas who had his head in his hand and definitely looked very embarrassed by now. Had I broken his timeline somehow by mentioning transhumanism to the young girls from the public? He kind of rolled his eyes at me and said, “Oh goodness” under his breath. I felt the same feeling like you do when you are in public with your friends, you do something that embarrasses them and they say, “we can’t take you anywhere.”

Nicolas said to me, “We don’t have transhumanism here. We don’t have transhumanism in *this* timeline.” Oh my gosh! I realized this strange land was actually a different timeline than my own. I was in another timeline, but how did it relate to my own, was it in the future somehow? Had I been abducted or had I abducted myself from the past for a visit and was hopefully going to send me back, or maybe not? I thought they could still have transhumanism here, and I thought Nicolas was lying to me about their society not having transhumanism. That is something characteristic that a robot android would do in such a society.

Immediately Nicolas started communicating to me telepathically and said, “No no, {or oh, no}. We don’t have that kind of shady deception here.” He had never communicated to me in this way before! He had always spoke English words, and even though I may not have exactly understood everything that happened here, I could still intuit what people really meant when they said something, just like I could in my own timeline. It was almost like he was trying to prove a point. I knew that telepathy was real and could be possible, unlike some people from my native timeline. A society that had telepathy would have a lot more of a difficult time lying than the society from my native timeline where the wider culture just has no clue how to do this skill.

Then immediately after “We don’t have that kind of shady deception here,” I wanted to know how all of this could be possible. Then WHOMP came a huge giant, mind sending packet of information into my head. It only took an instance, no longer than a few seconds of real time, but it was like our brains had a conversation for a moment. It was so weird, unlike anything I had ever experienced. Maybe Corey Goode would have called this “interfacing.” It seemed that these peoples from this timeline did this when what they had to convey took a lot longer and a lot more time and energy to do with words than they had at the moment.

THE TELEPATHIC MESSAGE

It is going to take quite a bit of reading for you so I can unpack what this mind sending packet from Nicolas was. Again, it was like a mental/consciousness conversation that Nicolas and I had there on the roof for no more than a few seconds, but now you can see why telepathy is much more efficient than talking or text.

As best as I can, I will write about this mental conversation in the order that it happened. The first thing that came in was that we were in America and it was 2016 (for both me and Nicolas).

His mind said, “You see all of this technology around you. It really only started to happen to us after the year 2000.” I think he meant that in both of our timelines, lots of more advanced technology started to be used in the wider culture after the year 2000. He seemed to be trying to convey that our timelines follow a similar trajectory, even though they look very different.

Nicolas’s mind said, “There’s no way that the Military Industrial Complex could have formed in my timeline,” (like you know of it as in your timeline). WHAT?! Wow! My conscious really wanted to know how on Earth this could have been possible!!! They seemed so mean, secretive, deceptive, and sly. They even have “Looking Glass Technology.”

He continued on to say, “Sometime after the UFOs were sighted over Washington DC, someone from the American Government told the American people the Truth.” He meant the truth about extra terrestrials and flying saucers.

Nicolas knew that I was aware, from my Cosmic Disclosure education, that in the early 1950s UFOs were sighted over Washington DC. Nicolas also knew that I was aware of this event and two others, Operation Paperclip and Operation High Jump. These three events seemed to be the same in both of our timeline histories, like our timelines were cousins. Anyone from my native timeline, reading this document, can go onto Wikipedia and read about these three events, even if the information on our Wikipedia is “incomplete” due to public propaganda of knowledge by our Military Industrial Complex.

Operation Paperclip:

This was when 1,500 Nazi German top scientists, physicists, and technicians surrendered to the US after World War II. They were “assimilated” into the United States government to develop technology for the Americans. Top Secret knowledge was that they had better technology like anti-gravitic flying craft. Wernher von Braun, who helped NASA build the rocket to the moon and promote it on Disney in my native timeline, was part of this group.

Operation High Jump:

This was when Admiral Byrd went to Antarctica with a fleet of military ships because he heard that the Nazi had a secret base there and he wanted to go defeat them. This took place after the war. German and perhaps non-terrestrial flying saucers rose up out of the ocean, defeated Admiral Byrd’s fleet, and he practically limped home.

UFO Sightings over Washington DC in 1952:

A bunch of flying saucers were spotted over the capitol. The president wanted answers, but was told something phony. Corey Goode says these were German flying saucers flying over in some kind of threat to the US Government. The Germans needed the industrial might, power, and access to resources that the United States had, in order to build out their galactic infrastructure with their flying saucers. In my native timeline, Corey Goode says they started working together and everything was Top Secret. Both sides figured they could learn the other side's secrets and eventually conquer them. It seemed that this top secret hoarding of information, knowledge, and technology, the development of the term "conspiracy theory," and the growth of the Military Industrial Complex did not happen in Nicolas' timeline.

In my native timeline, The Military Industrial Complex grew into the monster we have today, but our public is barely aware of how this effects all of us down to our every day lives. Our presidents, as early as Eisenhower, were warning us about this threat within our own government and country. This is a privatized group of elite that do not answer to the US government and own things like the well-known, top secret facility, Area 51. Like the Federal Reserve, they are a privatized entity with high governmental influence.

However, in Nicolas' timeline, shortly after 1952 or shortly after this famous UFO sighting event, "someone" from the American Government told the American people the truth about extra terrestrials and flying saucers. "The truth about extra terrestrials and flying saucers." I found it interesting that Nicolas called them UFOs to describe them before the disclosure, and he called them flying saucers to describe them after the disclosure. He did not get into any of the details surrounding this event, how it happened, whether or not that person was killed for doing this, or who they even were.

I just as easily assumed it might have been the president, but I also knew that the President of the United States is not always privy to the truth about these sorts of things. Nicolas did not specify whether or not it had been the president who had done this, but when my consciousness wondered about the president, Nicolas said, "Eisenhower was our last 'president elect.'"

I got the sense from Nicolas that Eisenhower was their last president as I knew of having presidents, even still in 2016. This was one of the reasons why Nicolas was so stumped when I asked him if he was going to tell me about the Presidential Election of 2016. He had to study the timelines of the people that he was working with, like me, but in that moment he had almost forgotten that I still had presidents. He was also very fascinated by who became president after Eisenhower in my timeline.

I got the sense that this disclosure had taken place sometime between 1952 and 1955 for Nicolas' timeline. At the time, I didn't know what year exactly Eisenhower had become president, but I knew Truman and Eisenhower were very close together in my own timeline. I got the sense that even if the disclosure happened before Eisenhower, they still had to elect another president because that's how they were so used to doing things. They didn't know any other way.

I also got the sense from Nicolas that in his history, after this disclosure took place, there was some kind of upheaval or conflict that lasted between the mid 1950s to the mid 1960s and some residual into the very early 1970s. I wondered if there was World War III in Nicolas' timeline, but his consciousness didn't seem to think that was quite correct, and I don't think his peoples called this conflict or upheaval, whatever it was, "World War III."

Nicolas's consciousness said the conflict was very similar to what I knew of that Corey Goode describes in Cosmic Disclosure of there being a covert "World War III" going on in our timeline now. It is not a war between countries on Earth, but it is a battle between ET with lots of human involvement, which also consists of a battle of information, especially in our digital era. They are battling in our skies with their ships and advanced technology, but the public in my native timeline is totally unaware that this is going on. It's not on the news or in the newspaper, but Nicolas' mind said that in his timeline, this conflict was public information. Everyone knew about it. Everyone knew because they already knew that ET was real.

The reason for this conflict is due to the different polarizations of factions of both ET and humans on Earth. Nicolas said that, "The American government felt it was in the best interest and safety for the American peoples to know the truth about this knowledge, and because they had 'done the right thing' they received benevolent assistance from off world races during this conflict/upheaval/social unrest." Eventually there was some sort of peaceful settling down, resolution, liberation of peoples/their consciousness, and release of advanced technology.

I got the hopeful sense from Nicolas that if this disclosure happened in my native timeline in 2016, it could possibly not take us 10+ years to come to the same peaceful liberation that Nicolas's society went through because we have the internet and lots of technology here already. The process could be sped up for us to only 3-5 years, if only "someone from the American government would let the cat out of the bag," so to speak. Unfortunately, depending on the nature of disclosure it could also make it easy for the MIC to cover it up again and cover their tracks because we have lots of technology, they have lots of technology.

Since this history lesson took us up to the 1960s-1970s, Nicolas' consciousness relayed that he found it very interesting from his perspective that we had to take a "rocket" to the moon and, as far as our public is concerned, that is the only place we went out there. It is almost laughable for Nicolas to see what is happening in my timeline. He had to study it from somewhere, but now he was looking at it through my consciousness as well. The sense I got from him was, "Oh man! You've really got it bad over there in your timeline." As if to say with profound realization, "Dang, this is why I am doing this work, this is why it is so important for humanity." This time healing, or timeline healing work was one thing they were doing in this "hospital" facility if not the only main thing they did here. Maybe timeline healing was one explanation for the Mandela Effect.

Their technology seemed to be at least 20-50 years if not 100 years more advanced than what I knew of from my native timeline in 2016. I don't think they used money like we do. It seemed that all these people in all these buildings lived their lives and went to their careers, or their "jobs" because they were excited and passionate about what they were doing and how it would

benefit humanity. I figured that was one reason why, if Nicolas was some type of android person, Peter only came in sometimes to run sessions and experiments with me because these people didn't have to go to their jobs 9-5 like we do. Or maybe I was just a patient in the hospital and Peter actually ran around all day, seeing different patients, for 10 hours a day because he loved his job so much. I didn't know which one it was, and Nicolas didn't specify all the details, but he did want me to know that he wasn't a "robot."

Nicolas jumped to the more present day pressing matters of what I know of as "ascension" from my holistic training, David Wilcock, and Cosmic Disclosure education. He said they were all expecting the ascension event in 2012 but it didn't happen for them either. My sense from Nicolas was that he believed the "machine peoples" were also going to ascend and go through the transition with everyone else during this very important time and event. "Machine Peoples" is the only way he could relay to me what he was or why he looked/appeared like an android at that very moment. I still didn't know if he was actually one of these "machine peoples" or if he just had to use the technology to look like one for wherever he was going off to next in his job.

I figured "machine peoples" would be led into believing they were going to ascend too, even in a society where the AI virus had secretly coaxed the people into believing they were liberated. But no, Nicolas said the "machine peoples" could traverse the cosmic web {like the one I had read about in David Wilcock's book, *Ascension Mysteries*, where Earth has an address similar to an IP address for the internet.} Only organic, biological people can go through this thing. Nicolas also said his society had the technology to detect and neutralize the "AI virus," so there seemed to be no chance it could take over.

I figured "machine peoples" meant that the people were biological, organic people with souls but with more qualities of a machine than I was used to, like they didn't have to eat or sleep but they could if they wanted to. Perhaps there was also something about how their brain/body/spirit functioned that was different, more like a machine, than the humans I know of from my native timeline's regular society. Nicolas' consciousness seemed content with this understanding. I didn't know if these "machine peoples" had been created by people from this "liberated" timeline or if they were native to some other planet and had come to live on Earth after the disclosure, but Nicolas didn't specify.

Nicolas went on to say that the knowledge and nature of the "ascension" event is public common knowledge in his timeline. Whereas, in my native timeline, there was and still is a lot of mystery, myth, and public ignorance about this event. People thought the world was going to end in 2012, and some people still believe today that the world will end, especially if the "solar flash" happens that Corey Goode talks about. I had been going to a holistic, metaphysical school just before 2012, so I had an explanation that 2012 would be the "end of the world as we know it" and the beginning of a new world, perhaps "Shamballah" or the evolution of people and their consciousness/spirituality.

Maybe one of the reasons ascension didn't happen when we all expected it to in 2012 is because this negativity still exists "in our solar system and on our planet." Something is going on in our solar system and on our planet, but I wasn't sure if Nicolas meant mine or his. It was like it

didn't matter because they were both the same, even our time was the same somehow. Nicolas seemed to think that "the negativity" left behind by the Draco/Archon/Orion group was also important for spiritual growth and awakening, even though it could have also been the reason why we didn't all jump into ascension right in 2012. It seemed to him that, even though my timeline was more negative, this had forced me into a greater spiritual awakening than I might have in other timelines. I had always wondered why it was that I "chose to observe" this particular life in this particular time, if time did not exist.

Nicolas also seemed to think that "ascension" had to happen eventually anyway so it was inconsequential whether or not it was in 2012. Even 5-100 years after 2012 would be close to 2012 in the scope of human history. His mind was showing me an image of an hourglass with no top or bottom. Instead of the "sand" going down, as it does in an hourglass, the white substance was moving up into the bottleneck and out. It was like all the grains of "sand" symbolized us as individuals and our different timelines all at once, going into the bottleneck of ascension. This could have also been some kind of juncture to sacred geometry that all of our timelines have to go through, some kind of bottleneck where we become the same timeline, ascend, and go out from there into the geometric fractal of time and space.

I was so happy because it seemed that the Sphere Being Alliance had quarantined us in our solar system. They want us to do it by ourselves {like a good preschool teacher lets toddlers figure things out for themselves}, but it wasn't just us in our timeline with the Military Industrial Complex, it is us in all of our timelines, working together towards the ascension bottleneck. Just like all the sand in an hourglass eventually falls into the bottleneck, so too does all of time and everyone in it. We ascend up in the octaves of density.

Nicolas said that after 2012, when "the ascension" didn't happen but everyone thought it was going to, "they were approached by some off world race who told them {politely suggested} that this {timeline healing} work would be beneficial for humanity." He didn't specify which "off world race" this was or what they were called. I just as easily assumed it was the RA group and the Sphere Being Alliance that Corey Goode talks about, but Nicolas didn't say if that was accurate or not.

I figured the message of, "Be more loving and forgiving of yourselves and others, and be in greater service to others," was an important message for everyone in either timeline, but since Nicolas' timeline seemed a lot further into 4th density than mine, they already knew this message and lived by its principles. It wasn't going to be as helpful for them so they had gotten some extra tasks. My consciousness jumped to *RA and the Law of One*.

I wanted to know if Nicolas had *RA and the Law of One* material in his timeline, and he said, "Yes, and the same three people that brought it through in your timeline, brought it through in my timeline." Oh my goodness! I realized we must all be in each others' timelines. I found it interesting that Nicolas said they had "brought it through" because we called it "a channeling" but they didn't seem to call it that. First I wanted to know what years they did *RA and the Law of One* in his timeline. He said, "1980/81 to 1985."

I knew that when I read the *RA and the Law of One*, it was very sad to me that Don Elkins committed suicide at the end, and I wanted to know if that happened in Nicolas' timeline (or if suicide happened at all.) He only responded with, "No, that's just a story for your kind of timeline." So I wanted to know why they stopped doing *RA and the Law of One* in 1985. He indicated that it was very physically demanding and draining on them {perhaps due to etheric negativity}, so they had to stop in the best interest of their own health and well being. They needed a lot of healing at the end and Don Elkins died of "more natural causes later." But in Nicolas' timeline RA had left this body of material, in closure, with a hopeful message that they would someday soon return during the ascension time. I was so happy for them because when I read this material, there seemed to be no closure at the end.

Nicolas said they also had different content in the RA material in his timeline than in ours. That was fully understandable to me. There were no gritty little details like, "How many UFOs does our government have?" in Nicolas' timeline. He said the RA material in his timeline was more about raising consciousness, spirituality, and ascension than it was in my timeline, understandably. In my timeline it was also about these three things though. In a sense our timelines are the same but different.

Then I wanted to know if David Wilcock and Corey Goode were in his timeline because they were more in "the present" than "the past." Nicolas said that "David Wilcock is a prominent spiritual physicist who helps Corey Goode interpret his 'briefings' {from the Sphere Being Alliance} and Corey Goode is an important ambassador to/for the Sphere Being Alliance." Duh, it seemed like they did very similar, if not the same things, in both of our timelines. It seemed from Nicolas' consciousness that he knew who I was talking about, but it could have even been possible that these names were not what he called these people. It was as if the undertone of his mental sentence was, "these entities you know of as 'David Wilcock' and 'Corey Goode' {have these very important roles to play for humanity}."

One thing he also said about 'Corey Goode' in his own timeline is, "... and he doesn't have to hide." This seemed to mean for me that Goode's information is available to the public through the internet, but it's not open common knowledge in my native timeline. You can't just walk down the street and talk to someone about Corey Goode like you can about Donald Trump. However, in Nicolas' timeline this person I know of to be Corey Goode was known in open common knowledge. Also, as a juxtaposition, in other timelines that are worse off than mine, perhaps Corey Goode's information is not available to the public at all or maybe Corey Goode, himself, is in some type of hiding.

After hearing about Corey Goode and David Wilcock, of course I wanted to know about myself in Nicolas' timeline. I wanted to know if any of the other Mes I had met in the hospital were the Me in Nicolas' timeline, but by this time I felt a bit sheepish, like an arrogant little Earth human from a sick timeline, to even be asking about myself here. Maybe he wasn't going to tell me. By this time also, Nicolas was finding the mental interaction quite tedious, since he didn't really think all the gritty details about who is who in each others' timelines mattered much anyway.

We are all ourselves and each other in all of these timelines, and our timelines themselves are the same somehow, or at least they are going to become the same timeline eventually. He obviously understood quantum physics much better than I do. He figured he'd humor me though since my mind had inquired about the important issue of myself in his timeline, and it seemed like I had the right to know.

Nicolas said I was a distinguished teacher who had made a lot of good advances in education, but I felt there was more I could do for humanity so I had applied to this hospital {this facility}, out of the goodness of my heart, to have my timelines healed, knowing full well that I am quantumly connected to myself in all my timelines, just as we all are."

My sense from this was that somehow we could communicate with ourselves in other timelines while we are in our own timeline, or that somehow there was a sharing of knowledge/lives/events between timelines. They're all quantumly connected somehow, maybe we can telepathically or intuitively contact and talk to ourselves in other timelines. I just couldn't quite wrap my mind around how this was possible because I had never heard of anyone doing this, but somehow I knew and understood that Nicolas was telling the truth.

I found it interesting that to describe David Wilcock, Nicolas had said this guy was "prominent," and to describe me, he said I was "distinguished." Perhaps this was some kind of social designation, since I seemed to be more of a common average every day citizen in society. No one can walk down the street and strike up a conversation about that Allison Gee lady like they could about Wilcock and Goode in Nicolas' timeline. I also got the sense that the "Allison Gee" in Nicolas' timeline was a teacher of older children than preschool.

Nicolas knew this was all beginning to sound like a very peculiar situation for me, that Me in his regular society had applied to this facility and they somehow had the quantum technology to suck me out of my timeline and into this hospital for healing. We could also all interact with each other and heal each other/ourselves in all of our timelines. Instead of trying to get too technical into the details of quantum physics, which my mind had little current capability to grasp, instead he said, "The only thing I have in your consciousness to relate this to is a movie called *The Island*."

He meant he was using it as a metaphor or an analogy for this whole situation of me applying to this "hospital" to get my timelines healed. He wanted to be clear though that the situation in this hospital was a very positive thing, unlike the movie *The Island* in my timeline. He had used it as a metaphor so I could see how positive things in his timeline seem to be negative ones in my timeline. Everyone and the situations in Nicolas' timeline seemed to be in their more actualized form, in their form of a higher vibratory state of being. Maybe they even had the movie, *The Island*, in Nicolas' timeline but it was a very happy, positive, benevolent movie.

I understood what Nicolas was saying, but in case you haven't seen the movie, *The Island*, this movie is about two clones. They are prisoners in a facility, but they don't know it at first and they don't know they're clones. The people in this facility get drawn in a "lottery" to go to "the island" which is a paradise, but in actuality they get taken to a medical facility and killed to have

their organs and body parts harvested. These two clones escape the facility, only to find out they're clones and in regular society, the people they were cloned from had paid a lot of money to clone themselves, get their bodies grown and eventually harvest parts, so they could be saved from a life threatening illness. I don't know why, but it is humorous to me, now that I write this document, that Nicolas used this analogy. At the time, I understood fully what he meant, but didn't think about the irony of it all. The movie, *The Island*, is very similar to what the Military Industrial Complex would do in our timeline, but they have no MIC in Nicolas' timeline.

I know I am what is termed as a "Wanderer" in *RA and the Law of One*. Wanderers are souls who have already graduated in octaves of density, but they incarnate into a lower density for a purpose to serve. The society of my native timeline is 3rd density transitioning into 4th density. It would be like taking a bunch of 4th, 5th, and 6th graders and putting them into an underperforming 3rd grade class in hopes that more 3rd graders graduate at the end of the year. Most children being born in our present time on Planet Earth are Wanderers in preparation for the coming ascension. I wanted to know why Wanderers came to Nicolas' timeline. He said that more of a main purpose of Wanderers in my timeline was to raise the vibratory frequency of consciousness {which I already knew}, whereas in Nicolas' timeline more of a main purpose was to "alleviate ascension for everyone." He meant "make ascension easier for everyone, make it easier for everyone to go, move up, and graduate 3D." Just like everything else, things in both of our timelines are the same but a little different.

All this information was GREAT, but I still wanted to know what city this facility was in. By this time Nicolas was done with nit picky details that didn't actually matter in the scope of humanity and ascension, and he urgently had to leave. Keep in mind it had only been within a few seconds that this mental conversation took place. I even had to unpack and absorb it for myself after I got home.

BACK ON THE ROOF

Nicolas said to me, out loud with words and speech this time, "Just stay here." I didn't exactly know what he meant by that so I looked around briefly. Did he mean stay in this one spot where we had appeared after teleporting where there were no people from the public? Could I go closer to the edge and look at the city? Could I go up to the street corner front entrance of the hospital where all the people were? I wanted to know when he was coming back, but when I went to ask him, he had already left. I don't know if he teleported or if he flew up into the sky and flew away. Maybe he had a jet pack on his machine person body and that's why he had to turn into that thing with the scoop drone. I didn't know, but I still wanted to know what city I was in. I figured there'd be no harm in asking the public near the street corner front entrance on the roof.

I went up to "the street" and it looked like there were shuttle things coming and going there. The shuttle things looked like public transportation and reminded me of the hybrid electric busses in Seattle, but these were much more fancy. They didn't look like airplanes or round disc flying saucers. They looked oblong like a "shuttle bus," but I knew they could fly. I saw them taking off and landing in the distance, but I didn't see all those things flying around when I looked out

at the view of the city. Maybe they had cloaking devices so the city looked more pretty and less congested. Afterall, who wants *Back to the Future* in 2015 messing up the beautiful blue sky?

The Skater Boys

I saw three boys leaning up against the red railing that went down the front steps to the hospital. They looked to me to be the stereotypical image of “skater boys” from what I knew of in my timeline. They had dark colored hoody sweatshirts on, and they had dark colored “jeans” with lots of pockets. They also had skate board type devices.

Their pants were similar to cargo pants, but there was something very odd and different about them than the pants I knew of in my timeline. The only way I know how to describe it is that the boys looked like they had on “screen jeans.” If you look at a real snakeskin side by side with a high quality photograph or digital image of a snakeskin, even if you’re not familiar with technology, you know very well that something is different about one of them. That is what these jeans looked like. They had the color and texture of jeans, but it looked like fabric that had a bit of a shimmer, like a “fabric digital screen.” Maybe these were digital jeans, like muffin’s tag, and they could be whatever color and texture a person wanted. I remembered that Corey Goode had said this type of technology exists even though we don’t use it in our wider culture. This culture had all the technology we would in my native timeline if the Military Industrial Complex didn’t exist.

The “skater boys” also had some kind of devices leaning up against their leg or the railing. These things looked like skateboards, but high tech. They had the shape of a skateboard with things coming off the ends like a hammerhead shark. It was like there were wheel covers on these skateboard’s wheels, but they were like fancy sports car skateboards. I couldn’t tell if there were even any wheels in the rounded parts jutting off the ends. They looked slick but well loved, like the boys had used them often and personalized them. I figured they must have been similar to the hover boards in the movie, *Back to the Future*.

I also half expected to get some kind of punk attitude from these “skater boys” when I asked them, “What city am I in?” They perked up and got all smiles when they said, “Anaheim.” We had to speak up loudly because there was a lot of bustle and noise from the “street” in the area on the roof where this was. The boy furthest in the back said, “North” and the boy closest to me said “Anaheim” and then the state name. It was so loud in the city on the street here that it was like trying to talk to someone at a loud party, and all I heard were the sounds of the consonants, C, l, n, a. I knew that Anaheim was a city in the United States in my timeline, but I felt like a dumb American who doesn’t know geography because I didn’t know what state it was in, and it could have been in a totally different state in this timeline I was visiting. I tried to clarify and put together what the boys had told me so I repeated, “Anaheim, North Carolina?” They said, “No, no. Anaheim, just remember Anaheim.” They seemed like they were trying to give me more detail to the exact location where I was at first, but perhaps I looked too confused or it was too loud on the street. I should have asked them what hospital I was at too, but all I said was, “Ok,” like “Ok, I can remember that.”

I found it so strange that the boys seemed so warm and compassionate to receive me. They seemed so nice, and it wasn't weird to them at all that I had just asked this question. Maybe it was common for people to stumble out of this hospital not knowing what city they were in or what day it was. They just seemed so kind. I thought- Wow, if what was happening in this hospital was happening in my timeline, the only box we would have to put it into would be conspiracy theory, but these boys don't even seem to know of any such thing as conspiracy theory.

Conspiracy Theory just didn't exist in their culture and there was no sense of shadow government or power elite simmering in the background. They were living in a post disclosure society and I was living in a pre disclosure society with candidates for president like Hilary and Trump. This seeped into everyone's every day lives down to their very attitudes about how they carry themselves or see the world. This seemed to effect my own stereotypes and attitudes I had about "skater boys" and I was surprised at the strange juxtaposition. I suddenly felt so safe in this society, like everyone was so nice and kind, people couldn't lie like we can in our timeline, and I could just ask people questions to find my way around.

I know Nicolas had said, "Stay here," but I didn't want to stay here. I wanted to get out and explore the city, find a library and learn about their culture and history, maybe take one of these public transportation shuttles. Everything was probably free anyway because they didn't have money. I didn't even know if or when Nicolas was coming back. Maybe I could know by some kind of telepathy that he was back at the hospital and I could teleport back here. I just didn't know what to do anymore. This was such a strange, new and exciting land! I had almost forgotten about home and no one from the hospital had told me if or when I was going back.

GOING HOME

As I started down the front steps of the hospital, I somehow remembered that my body and consciousness was still very much plugged into my native timeline and I couldn't unplug it. I didn't know how it worked, but I suddenly felt like there actually was the hope of returning home. I had been here for a few days and I was homesick {or timelinesick?}. I actually did want to go "home."

I knew that if I could think hard enough about me, and my body, in my normal bed at home in my native timeline, I could go back there. I could do that! Corey Goode had said this is how some entities travel in the universe anyway, and it seemed like I still had a body/consciousness in my native timeline I was somehow connected to even though I was here. It was fascinating technology, I didn't understand how it worked. I figured it was like conscious teleportation, and when I tried to think, think, think about me and my body in my bed in my own timeline, it seemed like "consciousness teleportation" was a natural skill I could actually do but wasn't consciously proficient at. I was also having some resistance about going back, even though I wanted to, because I wanted myself to remember this wasn't a dream. I knew full well that I was about to wake up normally from this experience like it was a dream, but I wanted to make sure inside myself that I knew without a doubt that this one, this time, was Not a dream.

I assured myself that I would know it was not a dream even after I woke up in my own timeline. I knew I could remember everything that happened to me, and some of this experience was highly uncharacteristic of any dream. When I had this assurance inside myself, I continued to think about myself, in my body, in my bed, in my own timeline.

I figured if I could just roll over in myself in my timeline and touch the floor, even if I had my eyes closed {because my bed in “real life” is a futon on the floor unlike the regular bed I had stayed in at the hospital} than I could open my eyes, see my apartment, and feel I was unmistakably back in my body in my own timeline. If I could do this, I would unmistakably know I wasn’t in the hospital again and it wasn’t just another virtual reality session of Peter and Nicolas.’ I’d had the experience a few times already in this visit of going to sleep or losing consciousness in the parallel timeline only to wake back up in the same darn hospital again.

In an instant, I was back in my own timeline. I didn’t even have to roll over and touch the floor. I just opened my eyes, and I was back. I immediately looked at my watch to see what time it was. It was 6:30am! My goodness, it was too early for me to be awake, unless I had to get up with an alarm this early. I immediately looked at my iPod beside my bed because I knew that I had the experience before of waking up one morning with a different time on the watch on my wrist than the actual time. The times were the same. Oh good. But then I thought, oh my goodness, what date is it? So I checked it on my iPod and, sure enough, it was October 18, 2016. The correct date it was supposed to be.

The screen came on again on my sleeping computer. I was a little annoyed, but also fascinated. I wondered what the technology used to suck me out of my timeline had to do with electronics and my computer. I thought it was so convenient of these people to have this technology and make people wake up from it like it is a dream so as not to interfere with their free will. I remembered I had heard of or read something that electronics often behaved unusually when people had “alien abductions,” and this wasn’t an alien abduction, but maybe the technology used was similar.

I put the computer back to sleep and wanted to know where Anaheim was so I looked on the internet. The very first thing that came up was Wikipedia. Anaheim is in California, and I was like, “Oh, California, not Carolina!” I must have looked like such a doofus to those boys on the roof when I thought it was North Carolina. I could see from the Wikipedia article that Anaheim was not in northern California, so I figured the one boy was trying to give me direction about where in Anaheim I was. Maybe I was just north of Anaheim or in the northern part of the city. It seemed like I was in northern Anaheim from my vantage point in the city, where I could see the sun coming up, and I could see lots of city further south from the building I was standing on.

Then I felt like it was strange to me that I was self conscious about how I must have appeared to those boys on the roof. Here I had, in fact, just woken up like it was a dream, but if it actually was a dream, it wouldn’t have mattered to me after I woke up. I wouldn’t have been self conscious about something that had happened in a dream after I woke up from it.

I just had to sit back on my bed and lay down for a moment to digest and process what the heck had just happened to me. People talked about instances of missing time in alien abductions but this was definitely like, added time. I experienced three days in this parallel timeline within three of our hours. They were so much more advanced and obviously had technology to do this. They had time splicing technology and time healing technology.

I figured I needed to write down everything that happened to me because if it was actually more dream like, I might forget later. I wrote as fast as I could as I remembered, but it had been so vivid and sensory, just like I was awake that I felt I wouldn't be able to forget. Writing it down took me almost two and a half hours, and I was almost late for work.

Sometimes I had to stop and recall the exact order of things because it was like trying to write down every single little detail of a three day vacation in a foreign country. You couldn't just go to your neighbor and tell them about your visit there because they would think that country doesn't even exist so I felt like I had to recall every single detail. I didn't even get to write down the telepathic message, but I knew it was all in my head. By the time I was done I had 10 pages of chicken scratch that probably only I could read.

I rushed out the door to go to work, and I was quite sad I couldn't just sit on my bed and unpack that telepathic message and the rest of this experience for myself. You can't just call in sick because you had visited a parallel timeline for three days! I didn't even feel sick, I felt normal, but part of me was frustrated that I was back here.

I had no idea how this was all possible. I had heard of people talking about parallel universes, but I had never heard of similar parallel timeline experiences or abductions. All I knew is that I had experienced three days in this parallel timeline within three of our hours. I had no explanation, I didn't know if anyone would believe me or if anyone would ever care or hear about my experience anyway. I thought maybe I should make a YouTube video about it because me in another timeline had made some kind of public videos about timeline experiences or "out of time" experiences.

This was all very fantastical, but also felt quite normal. Here I was, I had just been to a parallel timeline, and I had to get back to my normal life, working like a slave for 60 hours per week, just to make some money that didn't even exist for "my friend" Nicolas. Somehow I felt more connected to Nicolas after having that weird mental conversation, but I didn't know how.

When I tried to make a YouTube video that evening, I had technical difficulties, and the video ended up being extremely long! I didn't even talk about everything that was in the telepathic message, and I didn't have time over the next few days to do anything with the video. I thought, "Oh well, no one is probably going to watch this thing anyway."

Over the next month I had a very strange attitude and self esteem issue about this thing. It's like when someone dies and you don't want to talk about it but you desperately do. You won't say anything about it unless someone brings it up, but you'll tell your co-workers and anyone else if you feel like something similar comes up in conversation and you think they'll listen.

Corey Goode had said in one of his updates that people were unknowingly being used to scramble the Blue Avian's message out in society and on the internet in a present and future campaign to discredit him. Dr. Steven Greer also talked about psychotronic weaponry, and I had no clue what manner of technology, spiritual laws, or laws of quantum physics could have allowed me to have this experience. I set my YouTube video as unlisted, in case this strange occurrence had anything to do with our shadow government's deception or psychotronics, although I don't know why anyone trying to mess up this message would care about me because I am a normal common citizen. My experience seemed very benevolent and too involved to be contrived.

I didn't think much more about this experience and I tried to get back to my regular life until Thanksgiving 2016. When I woke up on Thanksgiving I had a profound realization that the Orion group and the Military Industrial Complex are to the people of Earth as the "white men" were to the Native Americans. I knew that the spirit of Thanksgiving meant we should be thankful for what we have, but I didn't know why this celebratory holiday was also attached to eating dead animals in the name of settling down in America. Afterall, we stole a whole continent from the Native Americans, and they're still in Standing Rock, trying to defend their homeland from us. I wanted to rename Thanksgiving and call it Native American Observance Day of Thanksgiving and stop eating dead animals, even though I am not a vegetarian. The sooner we can all realize what has been done to us by the "Military Industrial Complex," the sooner we can all get on with our "real lives" and have that peace on Earth we've always dreamed about.

I know it's out there in a timeline with my friend Nicolas. Now You do too.

I had so much gratitude for my Cosmic Disclosure education and people like BridgET because I felt that they had been a catalyst for my free will to consciously remember my three day experience in a parallel timeline. It felt like I should think more importantly about my parallel timeline experience because, in the scope of humanity in my timeline, visiting a parallel timeline is important. I started to think about writing up a document to describe my experience, but I didn't actually start to do it until I heard people tell me that, after watching my original long 2 hour video, they had some kind of awakening in their consciousness. Then I knew that what I have to share could be important for the consciousness of humanity as a whole. I figured I could somehow repay the thankfulness I had for other people who had opened up my consciousness by writing down my experience and making more videos to share on the internet. Now you have it. I hope it finds you well and opens doors for your consciousness too.

May Peace and Love in Light of the One Infinite Creator Be With You,
~ Allison Gee