

Project Preserve Destiny

Above Black

Dan Sherman

Preface

“It was a cold, dark night when the screaming headless man came bounding around the corner, carrying his own bloody head in one hand and his trusty sword in the other...”

The sentence you just read is the only piece of fiction contained within this book. This is a non-fiction book. As such, it is not written to entertain but to inform.

Please don't expect this book to be a Pulitzer Prize winner either. I'm not a writer by trade. What I am is a regular person who has undergone an extremely unusual and somewhat fascinating experience which most people will find compelling and worth the read.

Regardless of how it's written, however, some people will naturally be skeptical. Others may be able to put two and two together and slowly see the light based on what they may already know. Regardless of where you stand, it doesn't make this story any less true. If you're skeptical, you simply must take the seemingly fantastical leap of faith it takes to believe this story in its entirety.

The people who choose to take that leap will be most affected by what I have shared about my experiences. For it is only when you open your mind to the unbelievable, and catch a glimmer of that certain something that just may be the missing light of truth, will you finally believe. Then, and only then, will the knowledge you've gained from the act of believing be allowed to make an impact on your life.

Ready or not, though, be prepared to make some room in your comfort zone regarding your pre-conceived notions about mankind's existence. It may make you uncomfortable to do so, but being comfortable has never been fertile ground for growth.

Believe and you will have no choice but to grow.
Dan Sherman

Introduction

A great deal of soul searching on my part was necessary in making the decision to write this book. As you can readily imagine, it's a subject wide open for ridicule and ostracizing. Indeed, I'm sure this is one of the biggest reasons why more people have not made their experiences known.

As far as I'm concerned, the information I know relating to Project Preserve Destiny (PPD) specifically, has absolutely no impact on national security. Perhaps if they had been more

forthcoming with the truth and made me aware of a greater goal that did impact national security, I wouldn't be coming forward today. But they didn't, so here we are.

The story I've documented in this book is an authentic first level account of the existence of aliens. It is a story of my personal experiences as an intuitive communicator with the United States Air Force (USAF), while working for the National Security Agency (NSA). My going public with this story will hopefully be considered by historians of the future as the catalyst that opened the gate to the flow of relevant and concrete information regarding the government's role in the cover-up of alien related information.

I think one of the numerous reasons more people have not come forward is obvious; fear of prosecution. Another reason why someone would think twice about revealing any information is that there is no physical evidence readily accessible that would enable someone to verify the validity of their story. So in coming forward with my story I risk not being believed and outright ridicule as well. I have decided to take that chance because I believe the story should be told and someone from the first level must take that first step to get the avalanche of information started.

Actually, the release of alien information into the public domain has been a gradual process. I'm convinced that by going public with what I know I will help turn what has been a trickle of information up until now into an avalanche of other first level accounts. At least, that is my hope.

What do I mean by "first level account"? This is explained in more detail within the context of my experience. For now, it's a system designed so that the guardians of information can exert control over, and keep hidden, certain levels of information...i.e., projects dealing with alien contact and technology.

When someone is assigned to an alien project they are also assigned to the collateral black mission (cover mission). One of the reasons for this is if someone were to reveal any alien information, by extension, they would most likely reveal something about the cover project and it would be on this basis that someone would be prosecuted for divulging classified information. By setting it up this way the government is able to effectively silence and discredit someone without ever having to acknowledge the existence of the alien project. Hopefully I will avoid this scenario by methodically unfolding my story.

So, while preparing this book for release, I had to take certain precautions regarding legitimately classified information. My regular Air Force job was as an Electronic Intelligence Specialist. The Air Force describes this career field as "analyzing electromagnetic energy for intelligence value." In more simple terms, I would analyze the internal characteristics of energy emanating from a piece of equipment, such as a radar, to see what kind of transmission it emitted and determine exactly how the actual signal would operate so we could identify the radar's function.

People in this career field are called "ELINT" specialists, or "ELINT'ers." Some of what I did as an ELINT'er isn't any more classified than the secret level, or below. However, some of the things I worked on would be considered in the "above top secret" realm. It is in this realm that I start treading on thin ice. This is heavily sensitive territory, for which the danger of unauthorized disclosure lurks around every corner.

The challenge I've been presented with has been to share with the reader information

pertaining to the grey project without threatening the existence of the “above top secret” projects I may have been familiar with. “Careful” has become my middle name concerning my regular Air Force duties. So you’ll notice that few details regarding my regular job in the Air Force are present within the story.

Even though I feel I have brought the PPD aspects of my role in the USAF to light without revealing any other collateral information, I want it to always be known that my going public with this book is not, has not and never will be an attempt to undermine the security of our nation. Everything I say regarding my experiences is relevant only to my involvement with PPD. PPD has nothing to do with national security and everything to do with a government who feels the need to protect us from a particular area of alien gathered information. (Perhaps other alien projects are classified for good reasons; I don’t know.)

I also had difficulty relating the sequence of events in relation to where I was stationed. Even though the actual geographical locations of where I have been stationed are not classified, relating the bases to certain other information I write about is. Hence, the references to “PPD Base #1” and “PPD Base #2” within the story.

When I first learned of Project Preserve Destiny and my role in it, I was very proud. Imagine being in a position of knowing that aliens actually do exist!

However, to make matters practically unbearable, you knew you couldn’t tell anyone. More importantly, even if you did tell someone, you risked being thought of as crazy. Well, the time has come. I have finally decided to make this story known, regardless of what people will think of my sanity.

It will be interesting to learn what the world will do with this information, if they even listen. Finding out we are not alone in this universe is exciting, but the other things you’ll learn may not be so enchanting.

There is always a price to pay for knowledge.

The Meeting

The clock on the wall of the visitor’s center said it was exactly 3 p.m. yet there was no sign of Captain White. Where was he? Was I at the wrong entrance? “Okay,” I said to myself. “Be patient. You’re just a little nervous, that’s all.” As I waited for Captain White to arrive, my mind couldn’t help but search out a reason for this impromptu meeting.

The drive to Maryland had taken 18 long, grueling hours. So when the Holiday Inn came into sight it was not a moment too soon. I checked in and dragged myself up to the room. Without unpacking, I fell on the bed for some much needed rest. I had just fallen into a deep sleep when the phone rang.

“Hello.” I was in that stage of sleep that, when awakened, you have no idea where you are or how you got there.

“Sergeant Sherman?” the caller asked. Still confused, I answered, “Uh, yeah, that’s me.”

"This is Captain White, from the training group. I'd like for you to meet me at the main entrance to the NSA building at 1500 hrs. I need to go over some things with you."

I had come to the National Security Agency (NSA), outside of Washington DC, to attend an intermediate electronic intelligence class. It was a course needed in my development as an electronic intelligence (ELINT) analyst in the US Air Force. There were two of us from my base that were selected to attend this class so I assumed Captain White wanted to see us both.

"Would you like me to bring Sergeant Ham, Captain?"

"No," he said. "I'll only need to speak with you. Do you know which entrance I'm talking about?"

I had never been to the NSA complex so I told him I didn't. I quickly grabbed a pen and wrote down the directions.

"I'll see you at 1500 hrs," he said before he hung up.

I immediately looked at my watch and it was already 1300 hrs. I had been asleep for only three hours and my body was pleading for more. As I walked to the bathroom I started to wonder, "Why did the captain want to talk to me, and me only?" I thought about the possibilities; I was the highest ranking person attending the course from my base - maybe he just required a representative from each of the bases attending the school. But why the odd break in protocol?

Officers didn't usually call enlisted personnel directly and ask to meet with them at their office.

"Oh well," I said out loud to myself as I stepped into the shower. "If the captain needs to see me, I guess I'll find out why soon enough." I did.

As I sat in the visitor's center waiting for Captain White, I couldn't help but notice the guard at the customer service desk. When I pulled security duty earlier in my Air Force career, we always referred to the civilian guards as "rent-a-cops." Looking at the guard sitting at the counter in front of me, I could see why. His blue shirt had what Air Force security police would call "summer creases," meaning "sum'er here, sum'er there." I guess proper ironing techniques weren't included in the rent-a-cop's how-to manual.

A tall black man attracted my attention as he walked through the visitor's center glass door. He was about my own height, 6'2", slender build and in his late 20's. His black hair was cut "high and tight," marine style, which suited his personality.

He was decisive in his actions, with no wasted energy.

As he stuck out his hand towards me he said, "Sergeant Sherman, I assume?"

Immediately intimidated by his presence, I grabbed his hand with all the strength I could muster and shook it. "Yes, Sir!"

"Have you been waiting long? I've been so busy, running around, I'm lucky I made it when I did."

"No, Sir, I've only been here a few minutes," I politely lied. I had actually been there for 15 minutes, not counting the 15 minutes it took me to find a parking space and then the correct entrance into the building. The NSA has a sprawling parking lot with spaces seemingly miles away from the building. In my hectic search for a parking space, I became confused, lost my bearings, and couldn't find the entrance where Captain White had told me to meet him. It's a wonder I wasn't late as well.

"Great! Do you know if your security clearances are here yet?" he asked.

"I'm not sure, Sir. I just drove in today, so I don't think so."

When someone was sent away from their home base, for school or to work temporarily, you were said to be on "temporary duty" or just "TDY." When you needed access to classified

information while on TDY, proof of your security clearances had to be received by the TDY host base prior to being granted unescorted entry into any restricted areas. The military was notorious for not getting security clearances where they needed to be and/or not getting them there on time.

After checking for the status of my clearances at the visitor's desk, the rent-a-cop confirmed that they hadn't arrived. The captain would have to escort me into the building.

"Did you find a parking space okay?" the captain asked, making small talk as we waited for the guard to fill out the paperwork I needed to sign.

"Oh yeah, no problem," I lied again, not wanting to create any more conversation than was necessary. I was getting more and more anxious. Why had he called me for a private meeting? That question was weighing heavily on my mind as we left the visitor's center and made our way through the turnstiles into the most formidable and secretive government agency ever to be formed; the National Security Agency.

I had heard many stories about the National Security Agency, dubbed the "Puzzle Palace" by many. When I found out I was going to attend classes there I read everything I could find on the subject. I learned that the National Security Agency was originated in response to a memorandum sent by President Harry Truman on October 24, 1952 to Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Defense Secretary Robert Lovatt.

This memo placed the NSA under the authority of the Secretary of Defense, and charged it with monitoring and decoding any signal transmission relevant to the security of the United States. In layman's terms, the NSA eavesdropped on the world through all kinds of sources, overtly and covertly.

I also learned that, due to security concerns, the construction of any structures surrounding the main NSA building complex was restricted to a certain pre-determined height. The rationale for this construction regulation, it explained, was to prevent any adversarial agency from taking up residence in a location that would provide them a vantage point for audio and visual surveillance. For obvious reasons, this would make the world's most prolific intelligence agency very uncomfortable. Many sources jokingly referred to it as "No Such Agency" because of the level of secrecy surrounding the organization itself.

As we walked down the stark hallways, my pre-conceived ideas of how the interior of the hallowed halls of the NSA complex would look fell far short of reality. The hallways were bland expanses of raised tile floors and painted walls. I don't know exactly what I was expecting, but somehow it wasn't what I was seeing.

We walked for miles, it seemed, down numerous hallways before we reached Captain White's office. The sign next to the door, in small unassuming letters, read "Captain White/DO."

"This is it," he said as he swiped his card through the card reading device mounted on the wall below his name plate. He punched his personal code into the numbered keypad located on the face of the device. A green light and an audible click signaled the door had unlocked.

As we stepped through the door I could see another door in front of us. The captain made sure the door behind us was secured, then turned and placed his forehead against what appeared to be a visor. I immediately recognized it as a retina scanner. My understanding was that they were still experimental, but this one appeared to work fine. After a few seconds of scan time,

we heard a tone. I was already full of questions about the security measures, but I bit my tongue not wanting to sound inexperienced. I had never come across such tight security procedures to get into an office within an already tightly secured building.

My mind was becoming more and more active with questions. I am a naturally curious person, so I had to actively suppress my curiosity and hold my questions for a more appropriate time.

We entered a room appointed with fine furnishings. The room was square, perhaps 20 feet by 20 feet. Along the right wall was a brown leather couch with a few chairs in the corner. The captain's desk stood in the middle of the room.

On the left wall was a built-in sink with a miniature refrigerator set into the cabinetry.

Captain White motioned for me to sit in the chair facing his desk.

"Would you like something to drink, Sergeant Sherman?" he asked as I sat down.

"No thank you, Sir, I'm fine." In reality I was dying of thirst, but I still wasn't comfortable accepting any of his entreaties.

"Okay," he said as he sat down behind his desk. "How was your trip out here; did you get to see any of the sights on the way out or did you drive straight through?"

I couldn't help but wonder why he was dragging this meeting on with small talk. The longer he waited to share with me the reason for this meeting, the more nervous I became.

"I drove straight through, only stopping for gas," I answered him.

"Well you must be pretty tired then. Let me get this out of the way so you can get back to the hotel and get some sleep."

Yes! I could almost hear the sigh of relief escape my mouth. I was tired, and had been running on adrenaline for some time.

"You've probably surmised by now that this meeting is a little unusual."

"Actually, my curiosity has been piqued," I said as calmly as I could, not wanting to let him know how nervous I was.

"I can imagine. I've been in the position of telling people this a few times now, and there's never been a way to put it lightly. As you know, you've been sent here to go through course EA280, but you will also be going through another school while you're here."

In one quick moment, all my anxieties vanished. He just wanted to tell me about another class. But no sooner had my anxieties disappeared than they reappeared, only ten-fold.

"To put it bluntly, Sergeant Sherman, in the summer of 1960 your mother was visited by what the world commonly refers to as aliens."

"Sir?" was the only thing I could manage to say.

"Random tests were being conducted on the general populace at the time to determine compatibility."

I was in a state of utter disbelief when I asked in a weak, cracking voice,

"Compatibility?"

"Yes. Actually, it's a long story. I'll try to explain as much as I can but there's much that I don't even know. In a nutshell, you've been given an interesting ability through what we call genetic management."

My mother, genetic management, compatibility, long story. My mind was reeling with all this new information. I came in here expecting to find out about a deployment for an exercise, or perhaps that I had incorrectly filled out my travel voucher, but not this!

As though the captain could sense how much shock I was experiencing he said,

"I know all this is going to be hard to swallow, but I can assure you it's true."

All at once I became overwrought with a sense of amazement and curiosity. Captain White sat in front of me, calm and relaxed, telling me that aliens existed as if he were merely sharing with me the topic of an obscure news item he read in yesterday's paper.

If this was true, than all those years of boyhood wondering had just been validated, in one fell swoop. There was life elsewhere and we were not alone in this vast universe. Was I dreaming? Could this really be happening? I had heard rumors through the classified grapevine of alien craft experiments in Nevada, and the testing of new weapons based on alien technology. But this was no longer a rumor. This was reality - my reality.

All these things were going through my mind as the captain continued with his remarkable revelations.

"I mentioned you have a unique ability; we call it 'intuitive communications.' It's an ability to communicate through the intuitive manipulation of your mind. There have been a handful of people since this ability was perfected that have utilized this skill within the military establishment. There are many others throughout the general world populace that currently have this ability, but until it is brought out by proper exercise methods it lays dormant." By this time, I had immersed myself into what the captain was telling me, soaking up every detail. I found myself from one moment to the next believing and then disbelieving what he was saying. How could all this be kept from the public so thoroughly? Even in the tabloids, where people routinely gave birth to three-headed aliens, you never once heard of "intuitive communicators."

"I'm getting ahead of myself a little; let me show you some background on what I'm talking about." He got up to pull down a screen from the ceiling above the refrigerator. As I shook my head in amazement Captain White looked at me with a slight smile on his face and continued with his story.

And what a story it was.

Reality Check!

Captain White spoke slowly at first, as if to gently nudge the unbelievable truth in my direction. "In 1947, the US government made contact with an alien species. Today, we commonly refer to them as 'greys'. Because of this contact, we have learned many things. Some of the things we learned were good, and some not-so-good. And it's one of those not-so-good things that has ultimately brought you here, Sergeant Sherman."

My mind was still swimming as I asked, "So what am I doing here, Sir?"

The captain continued with the story as if he hadn't heard me. "In 1960, an experiment was given a great deal of attention within Level 1 circles...."

"Excuse me sir," I interrupted. "What is 'Level 1'?"

"I was just getting there. Level 1 is a classification category that allows us to compartmentalize any and all grey information. You'll hear more about this at your security indoctrination later."

"I see."

The captain went on. "The experiment that I'm referring to was, and still is, named 'Project Preserve Destiny.' It started in 1960 and was fully operational by 1963. It was a genetic management project with the sole purpose of cultivating human offspring so that they would

have the ability to communicate with the greys. Your mother was initially abducted in 1960 for tests, then again in 1963 for the actual genetic procedure while you were in the womb.” Each moment in Captain White’s office was more shocking than the last. In the seconds after each new revelation, my mind went through utter disbelief, followed by skepticism, then outright curiosity. How could this be happening to me? Aliens were the made-up fantasies of Hollywood film makers and science fiction book writers. They had no place within the concrete, tangible realm of the US Military. Yet, here I sat in front of a US Air Force captain with two connected silver bars on each shoulder, listening to what most people would recognize as a great little alien story.

At some point in our conversation, I can’t remember exactly when, I became a believer. First out of my own desire to believe, then ultimately in my inability to avoid the information being presented to me.

“Your abilities are a product of Project Preserve Destiny, Sergeant Sherman.”

I was about to ask a question when the captain directed my attention back to the screen, as if to say, “not yet, there’s more!”

I was expecting pictures of aliens and other science fiction type of stuff. Instead, I was treated to a healthy dose of facts and bullet statements.

“In January of 1963, the first successfully managed embryo was produced under PPD supervision. There were only a certain number of ‘intcomm’ capable personnel required, hence the genetic management phase of PPD was terminated in March of 1968.”

I accurately surmised that “intcomm” was a shortened name for intuitive communications. (I later learned that I would be referred to as an “IC”.)

“Because intcomm abilities really cannot be fully utilized, biologically, until the subject is approximately 25 years old or older, we have just recently begun the recruiting and training phase of PPD. Because the selection process in 1960 was based on carefully calculated statistical demographics, they were able to accurately predict that a certain percentage of those offspring would choose the military as a career.”

I had a million questions running through my mind by now, so I just grabbed one and spit it out. “Did my mother conceive me or was I implanted?” Even as I said the words, I couldn’t believe the conversation I was having. Several hours ago I was trying to get a non-smoking hotel room for my prolonged stay in Maryland and now I was inquiring as to whether I was naturally conceived or placed in my mother’s womb by an alien race. It was almost too much to process all at once.

Captain White responded in a reassuring tone, “Everyone I’ve had to tell this to has had the same concern at some point in the conversation. Rest assured, you are 100% human. Your conception was as normal as any other person’s.”

I distinctly remember being greatly relieved to find out I wasn’t part alien. In retrospect, it seems a little naive but a lot was happening at once, and my mind was racing with all kinds of possible scenarios.

I was slowly becoming more and more impatient as well. I wanted to know the “whys” of this project.

“Why have all these people been selected for this project? What’s the ultimate purpose?”

“That’s a good question. Unfortunately I have no answer for you. Most of us only know enough to do our assigned jobs. The long term goals are only known by a handful of Level 1 personnel of which I am not one. All that we’ve been told is that your abilities will be needed in the future when all electromagnetic communications will be rendered useless.”

“How will this happen?” I asked.

“Again, there are things that you have no need-to-know at this point and that is one of them. To tell you the truth, I do not know either. I have my suspicions, which I’m sure you will have as time goes on as well.

“I will be your PPD point of contact during your stay here in Maryland. It’s probably obvious, but I must address it anyway. You are not authorized to speak to anyone about PPD unless I direct you to do so. You will be going through a highly specialized school while you are here. This school is designed to teach you how to recognize and uncover your IC abilities. You will see another student during your classroom time as there are two of you here at present. Neither of you may speak to one another. Your transportation to and from the school will be provided. You’ll meet a blue van outside your hotel after your ELINT classes break for the day. You will be expected to be down at the van exactly 45 minutes from the time you arrive back to your room from your ELINT class. This will give you enough time to do any necessary tasks before departing for your PPD classes. Don’t worry, we’ll go over most of this again tomorrow. Do you have any other questions for me so far, Sergeant Sherman?”

I had plenty of questions but all I could say was, “Not right now, Sir.”

Captain White went on as if reading from a manual. “I realize this has been quite a shock and you may not even believe what I’m telling you right now; but I assure you, Sergeant Sherman, this is not a dream.”

The captain understood exactly what I was thinking. I was grasping for some sort of explanation. Even though I knew Captain White was telling me the truth, I kept expecting this to turn out to be an elaborate joke. Perhaps they were initiating my arrival to the ELINT school. I expected some joker to jump out of a closet laughing and pointing at me as if I were the biggest fool in the world for falling for this “alien” thing. Yet I couldn’t dispute what was being told to me. Everything was too elaborate, and the captain too convincing.

This was real!

“When you get back to your hotel all kinds of questions are going to come to you. Please make a mental note of them. I say mental note because you are not to write anything down at all concerning this subject. We’re seeing each other again tomorrow for your school indoctrination. You will be able to ask any follow-up questions at that time. Until then, you understand that you are not allowed to speak about this to anyone, correct?”

The military training in me stepped up to the vocal chords and announced automatically, “Yes, Sir!”

“Well, I think you’ve probably earned some much needed rest. You look pretty worn out. I’ll give you a call tomorrow to set up a time to meet at the same entrance we met at today.”

Captain White started to rise and I followed his lead. Of course I had more questions but he appeared to have stopped taking them.

As I stepped out of the NSA building into the sunny but cold Maryland winter air, I realized everything that had been important to me before I stepped into this building earlier today had all of a sudden changed. I don’t remember the long walk back to my car. My mind was racing and churning over and over. There was absolutely life elsewhere.

No doubt, not fiction - they actually existed. I had always believed in the possibility of life elsewhere but it was difficult to comprehend. Even as I now knew, on a conscious level, that aliens existed, I still found myself resorting to rationalization. I was trying to deny the truth because it didn’t fit what I always thought was real. My previous beliefs about extraterrestrial life were always based on a distant possibility. Now that I was confronted with the reality of it head on, my mind had a hard time believing.

I drove back to the hotel. During the 15 minute trip I started becoming slightly paranoid. Every

car I passed or that passed me, in my overly-heightened sense of awareness, could have been someone following me to make sure I didn't tell anyone that aliens existed. Of course that was ludicrous! What if I did tell someone? Would I be found dead behind a country barn 50 miles from civilization? I began to wonder how they kept people who knew about this program from telling someone. I didn't intend to find out, that was for sure!

Back at the hotel, as I lay in bed, all these questions began to surface. The main one being; if there was life elsewhere then where did God fit into the picture? Was God a fictional entity that we humans had dreamed up in order to make sense of our lives? There had to be a mastermind that made order out of chaos. Were the aliens God?

I drifted off to sleep questioning my own religious beliefs and wondering if I would ever get any answers.

The phone rang, awakening me once again. I knew it would be Captain White so I rushed to answer it.

"Hello," I said a little too excitedly, like a kid answering the phone when he knew Santa would be calling.

"Good morning, Sergeant Sherman," I heard the efficient voice of Captain White quickly say.

"Meet me at the same entrance at 0900 hrs."

"Yes, Sir. I'll be there. Do I need to bring anything?"

"No. I'll see you at nine."

As I hung up the phone it occurred to me this wasn't a dream. I sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing my eyes, as the questions I had gone to sleep thinking about came rushing back to me. I'd have to make a mental note of them like the captain said.

The captain was already at the visitor's center when I got there. He met me with a smile which set aside my fear that he was mad because I was late.

"You'll just need to sign these forms so that the guard can issue you your restricted area badge." My clearances had arrived. I posed for a picture, signed the badge and waited for the guard to laminate it and attach a chain to it. While we waited, the captain was uncomfortably silent. I stole glances of him out of the corner of my eye. He seemed too calm for someone who knew aliens existed. I wasn't sure how you were supposed to act, but calm didn't seem to fit. This was all so new to me and I constantly felt nervous.

"Sergeant Sherman," the rent-a-cop guard called out, interrupting my thoughts about the captain. I went up to the counter to retrieve my new, freshly laminated restricted area badge.

"Here is your PIN, Sergeant Sherman. Just swipe your card through the card reader, enter your PIN then press the pound key. You should get a green light and hear a click from the door or turnstile."

This was the same system we had at my own base so I wasn't paying much attention to the guard. My mind had too many other things to think about than to listen to the rent-a-cop.

In the midst of my mental wanderings I noticed the guard had stopped talking to me so I took that as my cue.

"Thank you," I said, even though I hadn't paid much attention to his instructions.

"All set?" the captain asked.

"I guess so," I answered.

The captain led me out the visitor center's doors. But instead of turning right to go through the building's security turnstiles he turned left and headed for the doors that led outside. I almost questioned where he was going but consciously bit my tongue instead and continued to follow behind.

Waiting for us in front of the building in a no-parking zone was a blue Air Force van. My heart began to beat faster. My internal safety mechanisms were sounding. Where were they taking me? More importantly, would I return? Those were the two immediate concerns paramount in my mind as I climbed into the van ahead of the captain.

I was sitting in a van with blackout windows, traveling to an unknown location, when it hit me like a ton of bricks: my life was never going to be the same again. I was right.

Intuitive Communicator

The van that I would end up spending a lot of time in over the next few months was interesting. You could not see anything through the windows, either looking inside or looking out. Because the cab part of the van where the driver sat was blocked from view as well, I never once was able to get a good look at the person driving the van. This was always amusing to me and I even had a nickname for him: Casper the friendly van driver. Not that I could share my sense of humor with anyone, as I was never able to talk to the driver nor anyone else while I was there except Captain White. And after our initial meetings I didn't see him too often.

I asked Captain White where we were going a few minutes after we had boarded the van.

"The actual location of the site is not important. You'll always be picked up by this van at your hotel and taken to school everyday."

More silence. I wanted to know so much, but when was the proper time to ask questions?

The van appeared to be coming to a final stop but not quite. It crept forward for a few more seconds, went over a few bumps, then came to a halt. I could tell this was our destination because I heard the driver shift the transmission into park. A few seconds later the engine stopped. I heard the "thunk" of the locks unlocking and the captain opened the sliding door to the van and climbed out. I climbed out after him.

I didn't look around too much because I didn't want to appear nosy. There was no time to look around anyway as we headed straight for a metal door along the wall in front of us. I was able to notice we were in a concrete room the size of an oversized four car garage. The room had no exterior light sources - no windows at all. The ceiling looked to be about 12 to 14 feet high. The metal door we headed for was about ten feet from the van.

My mind was racing. Was I going to see an alien?

There were no card readers at the metal door we approached. Instead, the captain held his

hand up to a metal hand-shaped plate mounted on the wall to the left of the door. Embedded into the ends of each metal finger were mini glass windows.

During the many times I entered this door I assumed the metal hand was a device to read a person's fingerprints through the little glass windows at the fingertips. I gave some thought to the possibility that it could have been reading my heat signature as well. I never knew for sure. What I did know was that the security measures were advanced beyond any that I had seen before or have seen since.

After the captain placed his hand on the metal hand-shaped plate, I could hear the familiar click signaling that the door could be opened. We stepped into a vestibule area, similar in size to the vestibule outside the captain's office. He placed his forehead on a black visor of the retina scanner mounted above a small glass window on the left wall. I heard a beep, then the captain placed his hand up to another metal hand-shaped plate, this time for the right hand, on the same wall to the lower right of the retina scanner visor.

This time the door in front of us clicked. The captain pulled the door opened. I was surprised to see that we were stepping into an elevator. Interestingly, the door opened directly into the elevator - no other doors, sliding or otherwise. I remember wondering how they had all this machinery serviced. I couldn't help but picture little aliens running around with tool belts on.

Standing there in the elevator, I could see there was only one button and a little handle off to the right of the button. There were no markings on anything. I assumed there was only one button because there was only one choice of movement; up if you were at the bottom and down if you were at the top.

As the elevator moved, I could tell it was moving down. It took 15 seconds or so to arrive at its destination. On the way down, the captain turned to face the opposite wall of the elevator. I took this to mean that we would be exiting the elevator in the opposite direction we had entered. Indeed, as we came to a halt, double doors opened in front of us. The room we stepped out of the elevator into was approximately 25 feet by 15 feet. Straight ahead on the other side of the room, facing us, was a glass window that appeared to be as black as the windows in the van. The window was big, taking up most of the wall it occupied. I could see the captain and me reflected in it as we stepped out of the elevator.

On the left and right walls were identical workstations. To the immediate right of the workstation against the left wall was a door, narrower than a normal door would be. Two large computer monitors and a standard keyboard were at each workstation. I remember being impressed by the size of the computer monitor's screens. They were at least 26" measured diagonally, if not more. The only other furnishings were two chairs at the workstations and a table in the middle of the room. On the table was a pitcher of water, two glasses, and a plate with two pills on it.

Captain White motioned for me to pull up to the table with one of the chairs. The captain sat at the head of the table and placed his briefcase down in front of him.

"This won't take long, Sergeant Sherman. We just need to get some papers signed and go over some security issues."

"Okay," I said.

"You are already aware of the alien project. There are other programs that you'll become involved with that serve as 'cover' or 'black' missions. The cover missions are designed to do

just that: cover the existence of the alien program.”

It was at this time I asked the obvious question anyone would ask, “Why hide the alien program from the public to begin with?”

“That’s a good question, Sergeant Sherman. My guess is that the information being kept from the public, if released, would create instability to world markets and the global equilibrium of power that is so unstable anyway.”

I had read that this was one of the reasons the government kept alien information a secret. It seemed too much of a canned answer to me. Indeed, he said it like he had memorized the answer.

The captain went on. “I’m sure it’s not so much the specific knowledge that aliens exist that is the problem, it’s more like the information that we have gained from communicating with them that would create havoc if released.”

That seems a bit more believable, I thought to myself.

“Although, the mere fact that there is intelligent life other than us in the universe would most likely put a strain on the world’s religions, which would have a domino effect in global relations. Back to the point though, I’m not sure exactly why this information has not been released, but I do know that it is not our place to share it with anyone. This is the reason PPD has been hidden behind other classified projects. I’m sure you’ve heard of ‘black’ projects. The press loves to report on the black budget.”

“Yes, I’ve heard about them,” I answered.

“These are actual projects that are hidden from the general public because of national security reasons. Of course, it wouldn’t do any harm if the average American knew this stuff. But as we know, if Mr. Joe Public has access to information then so do any potential enemies who may use the information against us. There are many examples of black projects within the US military. You will be told about the specific projects you will be working with when you have a need-to-know in the future. There will be no need to indoctrinate you into the black project here. Any questions before we go any further?”

“No,” I said, as I sat back for my official PPD indoctrination.

After I had signed numerous forms promising I would not divulge any classified information for the next 75 years, or some ridiculous number, the captain went on with my indoctrination.

“As I said yesterday, PPD had its beginnings in 1960. The personnel in charge of the project, at the time, tried to figure out a better way to keep the program from the eyes of the increasingly aware public. Brute force and manipulation was intimidating but not an effective long term solution. In order to protect any future information leaks they instituted what they called the ‘onion’ effect.”

I was slightly confused by this time, so I asked, “When you say brute force and manipulation, what do you mean exactly? In what context are you talking about?”

“The personnel working with alien projects at the time were simply told not to tell any unauthorized person about anything they knew or they, a friend, or a family member would meet with an unfortunate situation. Of course, fear is a prime motivator but not the most effective. They still had people stealing documents with classified markings all over them as proof to others about what was going on. In order to hide information effectively back then, it took a great deal of resources and manpower to oversee everyone involved with alien programs. So when PPD was first formed, it was the model for the new onion effect. It was also around this time period that a new black project was just getting started so they decided to hide the newly formed PPD behind this new black project to keep curious Congressmen and other

nosy officials away.

“How the onion effect works is similar to the actual layers of an onion. An onion has many different layers. So does the military. On the outside of the military onion, the side everyone can see, is the ‘unclassified’ layer. This is the layer that is typically portrayed to the public and may or may not have any bearing on the true mission of the organization, base or installation. At most government locations, the unclassified publicized mission of the base is perfectly accurate, and there is truly nothing to hide. But this is not true of every location.

“The next layer we uncover on our way to the center of the onion is called the ‘For Official Use Only’ (FOUO) layer, or Level 5. FOUO is mostly a formal way of keeping what is essentially unclassified information from being disseminated indiscriminately. If several FOUO bits of information were to be pieced together to form a more classified picture, the release of that information could inadvertently be as damaging as the release of a higher level of classified information.

“The next layer on the classified journey is ‘Secret’, or Level 4. The unauthorized release of Secret information and above has the potential of causing serious damage to national security.

“The next layer is ‘Top Secret’ (TS), or Level 3. Within the TS category there are code words that compartmentalize the release of information even further. These code words are used to protect many missions, including the ones referred to as black missions.

“Black missions, which we call Level 2, are what the alien projects are effectively hidden behind. The existence of black missions is only known by a handful of Congressmen and the President. These black missions are the last line of defense for the alien projects. Wherever an alien project is located there must be a black mission to cover its existence from prying eyes. It creates a highly sophisticated shield designed to mask the grey project’s existence from high level officials who have no need-to-know. Otherwise, the alien project would eventually come under scrutiny by someone within official channels. As it stands under the current system, if a nosy Congressman starts looking where he has no need-to-know, he can be briefed on the black mission, be made to feel important and thereby squelching any further digging. It’s an extremely effective method of hiding alien missions and is the reason they have been hidden so effectively for so long.

“Last, but not least, on the trip through the onion, we come to the alien missions or Level 1; referred to as ‘grey’, ‘grey matter’ or ‘slant missions’. The center of the onion always contains the alien project. Not even the commander of a site is normally aware of the alien project residing beneath his nose.

“Anyone who is or has been part of an alien project is considered to be ‘first level’, or Level 1 personnel. Personnel who serve in a support function to the first level are considered ‘second level’ and are unaware of the link between their jobs and the alien project they are covering for. They work with the cover or black missions. In addition, the existence of the entire level system is only known by first level people.

“It gets even more complicated. Within Level 1 there are separate and distinct categories called ‘steps’ which directly correspond with your need-to-know.”

As he was explaining this onion effect, I remember being fascinated by the ingenuity of the system. It was obviously very effective in preventing information from being revealed.

Captain White finished explaining the onion effect. “Any questions, Sergeant Sherman?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir,” I replied. “You allude to the fact that there is more than one alien mission - is this true?”

“I only refer to there being more than one because I assume there are several. I am not personally aware of any others, but since we have been in contact with them since 1947, I can only assume there are now and have been others in the past.”

I thought that was a logical assumption. “Another question I’ve been meaning to ask is; how

have they been communicating with us since 1947 if you've only recently been able to get people who can communicate with them? I'm a little confused about that."

"That's a good question, Sergeant Sherman. Unfortunately, I don't know the answer. I can only venture to guess that we only have the ability to communicate with them now through traditional electromagnetic means. I'm not sure."

"I see."

"Now let's talk about your school, Sergeant Sherman," the captain said, moving on to another subject. "When the van lets you off upstairs you'll do exactly what we just did to get down here. On the way out today, we'll enter your identification parameters into the system. When you get down here, come straight to the table and take two of these pills using this water then sit down at your workstation, put on these headphones and await further instructions from your instructor. It's as simple as that."

Having heard nothing up to this point about taking any pills, I was understandably alarmed.

"Why do I have to take these pills? What are they for?" I asked, somewhat defensively.

"They are to facilitate your abilities - they're quite harmless," the captain said nonchalantly.

Of course I wasn't taking it so lightly, so I asked again. "But what are they?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm not sure. But you will have to take them to help you with your schooling," he said.

I didn't like the idea of eating an unknown substance, but I reluctantly agreed with a passive nod of my head.

The captain went on, "After you place your headphones on, you'll hear all your instructions through them. If you need to ask a question of your instructor there will be a box to type the question out on your screen. Your instructor will tell you about this during your first lesson. That's it. Any questions?"

I had none. I was too overwhelmed once again. This was becoming a prevalent feeling.

The captain went on. "As I mentioned yesterday, there will be another student learning at the other workstation. You will work at this one." He pointed to the workstation on the left wall. "You will see each other every day but you may not talk to one another at all. It's imperative that you understand this. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said. I wondered what the big deal was though.

On the way out of the classroom, we stopped in the vestibule upstairs before exiting the metal door to the waiting van. The captain entered a number on a numerical touchpad mounted on the wall, which I had not seen when we came in. After entering a number, he told me to place my hand on the metal hand-shaped plate. A tone sounded.

He punched a number into the keypad once again, and told me to place my forehead on the visor, look straight ahead and hold still. I did so. We heard a tone once again signaling that my parameters had been successfully entered. We stepped out of the vestibule back into the garage. The captain instructed me to place my hand on the other metal-shaped hand outside the door. We verified this parameter was entered correctly then headed for the blue van parked in front of us.

I was now officially entered into the system and was able to enter the vestibule and elevator unescorted. There was no turning back now, assuming of course I had that choice to begin with.

The School

My ELINT classes began without a hitch. The ELINT school was held at one of the NSA's office complexes just north of Fort Meade called the FANX (pronounced "FAN-EX"). It was a challenge to go to my day classes and be expected to attend my night classes for PPD. By the end of the first month I was exhausted. The exhaustion I felt wasn't so much a physical exhaustion, as it was a mental. Both classes were mentally challenging but the PPD classes were challenging on a different level. A level I wasn't even aware existed prior to PPD school.

School for PPD started the same day as my ELINT classes. I met the van after my ELINT classes had ended for the day, as instructed. As soon as I entered the van and sat down, the doors locked, presumably under the control of the driver. We drove for about a half an hour. A pattern never seemed to develop in the turns and stops during the trip, which prevented me from mentally mapping where I was being taken. Right before the final stop we went through what would become a familiar ritual of movements. A slow down, the front axle going over a slight bump, then the back, the driver placing the engine in park, and the "thunk" of the doors unlocking about 10 seconds after the last bump.

During this first day, the garage appeared much as it did before. Absent of supervision, I looked around a bit more. The walls were black. I looked at the doors that the van would have come through. I didn't see any evidence of sunlight coming through the cracks around the doors. Although most days it was dark by the time I arrived at PPD school, this first day I left the hotel just before dusk. The entire time I attended PPD classes, I never once saw any sunlight come into this room where the van would park. I came to the conclusion that the building we were in was not out in the open, but perhaps underground or hidden within a bunker of some sort.

I placed my hand against the metal plate, heard the click, opened the door and entered the vestibule. Making sure the door was shut behind me, I went to the left wall and placed my forehead on the visor. After a few seconds I heard a tone which was my cue to place my hand against the metal plate once again. I entered the elevator, pushed the one button and down I went.

After coming to a halt the elevator doors opened and I stepped out into the room. The first thing I saw was the pitcher of water on the table which reminded me what the captain had told me about the water and the pills. I went to the table, poured a glass of water, grabbed two of the four pills sitting in the plate and popped them in my mouth and drank the water to wash them down. I figured the other pills were for the other student scheduled to attend classes at the same time.

As soon as I sat down to my workstation, the elevator doors slid open. I jumped slightly, startled by the unexpected motion and noise. Out of the elevator stepped my classmate whom I never once said a word to during the entire length of our class together. I didn't know his name, where he was from or anything else about him. We simply nodded to one another and he sat down. After taking his pills, he slid over to his workstation. He appeared to be a bit more familiar with things than I.

He moved with the confidence that only familiarity brings. He put his headphones on which reminded me that I needed to do the same. Sitting at my workstation with my headphones on, I waited for my instruction to begin and continued to look at my surroundings. The computer

screen in front of me was huge. I was used to working with screens a bit smaller. I thought it was interesting that there was no mouse for the computer.

With no warning, a voice started to speak to me through my headphones. It sounded almost computerized, but not quite. I finally came to the conclusion, over time, that it was a human voice but was electronically altered slightly.

My instructor began with an overview of what I'd be learning over the next several weeks. The overview took about 5 minutes, as I recall. He closed the overview with a phrase that I would become quite familiar with; "prepare for more information."

This was always to let me know that there would be a slight break before the next learning session.

Line Flattening

I remember my first day of ELINT school being fun because I had a lot of people to interface with. There was a lot of joking around as well as a lot of good information to be learned.

The first day of PPD school could not, in any way, be described as fun. By my second day of attending PPD school I was sick and tired of it and I didn't want to go anymore. The novelty of being an "intuitive communicator" had worn off.

The main reason why it wasn't fun is that I didn't have anyone to talk to the whole time. I got 10 minute breaks every hour. But that wasn't much of a respite since I couldn't go anywhere and I couldn't talk to the guy across the room.

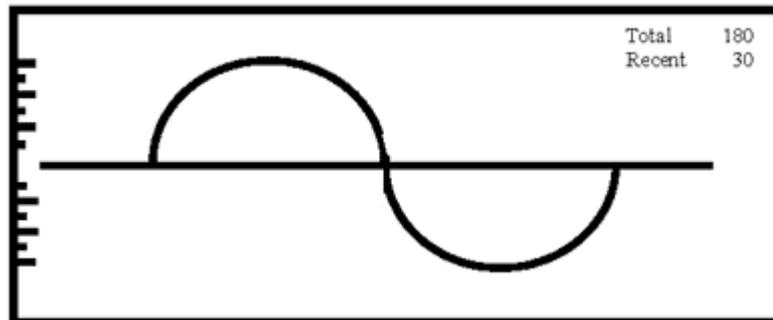
We were not allowed to bring in any reading material, paper or any other loose articles. Captain White had been very clear on this. I presumed it was for security reasons, although I could never figure out how a magazine would compromise security unless they were worried we'd write something on it. We weren't even allowed to go to the restroom while we were in PPD class. There were a few times this was a big issue for me. But I got used to taking care of it before leaving the hotel. Like many other things, I just had to grin and bear it and move on.

All these negative aspects notwithstanding, the school was definitely challenging. But staying sane trying to keep up with my ELINT studies and attending PPD classes was a feat. Both were tiresome.

When I began to put this book together, I struggled with how I would describe to the reader what takes place when one intuitively communicates. It's very difficult to put into terms that can be readily understandable. I compare this with the difficulty in explaining the sense of sight to someone born without the capacity to see. How would one describe the sense of sight in that case? It would be nearly impossible. But I have attempted to put it into terms from which the reader can at least establish a starting point in the understanding process.

My first lesson that first day, in PPD class, consisted of listening to one tone and watching a

box on my screen that had a perfect sinewave running through it. A perfect (360 degree) sinewave is a line that forms a perfect arc and then repeats itself as a negative arc. There were ten boxes like this one.



I was told to listen to the tone and try to repeat it by mentally humming it - not verbally, only mentally. At the same time, I was to watch my first box to look for movement of the sinewave. The goal was to see the sinewave flatten completely. This was obviously exotic technology I was working with because how else could I affect a change on a sinewave without being hooked to it somehow?

Other than the headphones, which were only used to listen to my instructor, I had no connection to the computer on which I was working. I had a hard time believing I was going to be able to manipulate the sinewave with only my mind. Nevertheless, I listened to my instructor and did what I was told. The process was slow, arduous and extremely boring.

That first day was defeating. I started wondering if I was going to be a disappointment because I couldn't "flatten my line." As I practiced mentally humming this note, I was told to watch the sinewave for any movement. I was told that I would see the sinewave bend towards the center line; essentially making the sinewave flat. It was around this time that I started to wonder how this skill would be applied to communicating with aliens. It was a frustrating time, not only because my progress was excruciatingly slow, but I was questioning the validity of the ability in the first place.

It wasn't until my third day that I saw progress. Imagine, mentally humming a note for three to four hours straight, for three days! It was borderline torture. I was beginning to think my abilities were defective in some way. During this whole time my instructor was of no help. He didn't speak to me much during my first three days because he couldn't do anything with me until I began to flatten my line.

When I finally saw progress I nearly shot out of my seat and danced around the room. I was sitting there looking at my screen as usual, feeling defeat as I had been for the past two days when something "clicked" in my mind. It's very difficult to explain, but I felt what seemed to be an audible click in my mind. Just at that moment my sinewave flickered. Up until this point, that sinewave had been as solid as a rock, with absolutely no movement. So when it finally did move, it startled me. I wasn't anticipating what had just happened.

When the "click" happened, a straight line appeared on the screen that marked the top of the positive sinewave (the part of the sinewave above the straight line) and it stretched all the way to the hash mark to the left of the screen. It gave you the ability to gauge exactly how flat the line was becoming. Each hash mark represented 30 degrees of flattening. There was a readout at the top right hand corner of each sinewave box that would keep a constant record of the

flattest your line in that particular box had ever become as well as the most recent measurement.

Although this first bit of success took three days, subsequent successes came more quickly. Immediately after that moment when my first “click” happened, my instructor was speaking to me in the headphones giving me further directions on what I should be doing next. It was like the horse track announcer saying “...and they’re off!”

My next goal was to flatten the line in the first box (there were ten lines total, each in their own separate boxes) a total of 360 degrees (180 negative, 180 positive). It took me the rest of my time at school that day to do it. I finally got the readout to say 180 degrees just before leaving for the night. (The readout only registered the positive fluctuations because the negative ones were simply a mirror of the positive.)

I went home exhilarated. I felt some sort of accomplishment. I also felt that it was no longer something intangible. It actually happened. I had used an ability that was given to me by an alien race. This was a strangely powerful feeling. I went home feeling like I could conquer the world. Of course, that only lasted until my next lesson.

I had no idea how much more difficult things were going to become.

The day of my first success was a Friday. I had all weekend to savor the victory and gloat. This was difficult because I had no one to share it with. This was the first time (and definitely not the last) that I felt quite alone and isolated from the rest of the world. I wanted to call my best friend in California, but I couldn’t.

During the first few months after I became aware of PPD, I fought back desires to tell someone about my new-found knowledge. It was very difficult. The one thing that always was foremost in my mind was that even if I did tell someone, the chances of them believing me were minuscule. Because they may have a hard time believing, they would view me differently and it would affect my relationship with that person.

That next Monday didn’t come soon enough for me. Up until my breakthrough on Friday, I had begun to dread coming to PPD class because I felt like I wasn’t going anywhere. Now I was excited.

My instructor started my next lesson off by playing another tone for me to mentally hum. It was a different tone. I could tell because I had become so familiar with the first tone that I started to dream about it. As the second tone began I remember thinking, “I’ll knock this one out in no time!”

My confidence was warranted because I clicked on this one after only 30 or 40 minutes. I saw the marker line appear and the readout jumped to 5. The clicking startled me again.

I was able to flatten my second line in a matter of an hour or so after it had clicked. As soon as I had caused the readout to display 180 degrees, my instructor began to speak to me once

again. He spoke sparingly, only when necessary to guide my actions. If I ever had a question I had to type it in a feedback box on my screen. I rarely had to do this though. I asked a few questions in the beginning, but most of my questions were summarily disregarded as irrelevant and I was audibly notified to continue my lesson. Most of the questions he disregarded as irrelevant were questions about the project and who I'd be talking to. He would only answer questions directly related to my learning. If the questions were anything other than that I was wasting my time.

After I had flattened my second line, the third one came much more easily. By the end of my lessons, on Tuesday, I had flattened all ten lines the full 180 degrees required with the help of 10 different tones.

By this time, the novelty of my situation had worn off a bit. I started to fall asleep earlier at night after classes. This helped my power of concentration at my ELINT class as well as my PPD class. My ELINT classes were going well. I was enjoying the curriculum and I found it extremely relevant to my regular Air Force job. My PPD classes had absolutely no relevancy for me yet, but I was enjoying the mental challenge it was providing. If I could have changed one thing up to this point, it would have been the actual time my PPD classes were held. It was very inconvenient because I barely had enough time to wind down from a full day of ELINT classes before I had to gear back up for PPD school.

I had been late for my van on several occasions due to ELINT classes letting out later than normal. Evidently, they were in tune with my ELINT classes and where I was in my schedule because each time I was running late from ELINT class the van would inevitably arrive at my hotel approximately 15 to 20 minutes after I did. They must have had some way of keeping track of where I was during these times, although I never felt like I was being followed.

The next day of PPD classes, after successfully flattening all my lines, was by far the most challenging. One of the exciting parts about PPD school was that I never knew from one day to the next what to expect. Each day was a mystery. This day brought the next big challenge; flattening two lines at one time.

My instructor told me to mentally visualize two points in space, each representing separate tones that would be alternately played in the headphones. As I did this I was to force the two points together creating one point in space. He said that they would resist one another like opposite poles of a magnet but that I had to visualize myself sapping the energy from each of them, bringing that energy towards myself, so that they would no longer be able to force themselves apart.

This exercise proved extremely difficult. My mind felt like it was weightlifting the whole time. I thought the hard part of the school had ended but it had only begun. It took me a full week to realize my goal of bringing these first two points in space together. By the time I was able to do this, my will to continue with PPD school had almost been broken once again. I think that if I had been given a choice, I would have ended my PPD schooling mid-way through that crucial week.

All this time, my silent classmate had come and gone each day just like myself. I wondered if he took the same van as I did each day. I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to do because we sometimes arrived only a few minutes apart from one another. I saw him in the

dining hall within the FANX complex once. As we passed one another we both smiled and simply nodded to each other. Nothing was said, as was always the case.

After I had successfully flattened two lines at once, my instructor was quick to move me on to bigger and better things. My next goal was an obvious progression by this time: to flatten three lines at the same time. This presented an even bigger challenge. It was very difficult to have the concentration necessary to bring the two points in space together, but I had finally done it. To bring three together seemed an impossibility.

I dived into the flattening of three lines with vigor. I succeeded in doing it the same day I started. It was at this point I started to feel the nuances of my IC abilities. I was able to explore the ability on a small scale. For lack of a better analogy it was much like playing a mental pipe organ. You start to learn chords after a while. It wasn't quite like this, but it's the closest I can come to describing how it felt. I went on to flattening four lines at a time.

It was a few days after I had flattened four lines simultaneously that I saw the white van.

I opened the door to the blue Air Force van, stepped out, and headed to the vestibule door that would lead me to my PPD classroom, when I caught a glimpse of light that seemed out of place within the garage. I was quite familiar with this room by now and I knew that the light I was noticing was not normal. I was so used to my routine by this time that it hadn't really dawned on me to attempt to investigate this room in any great detail beyond an occasional visual sweep. Of course, Casper the friendly van driver would always stay until I had entered the vestibule. So this ruled out any unsupervised exploring.

But this time, I couldn't resist. I looked around trying to find the source of the light. I turned back towards the van and to my right I could see what appeared to be headlights shining on the wall in front of the blue van. But I looked closer and noticed that it appeared the lights were coming from a vehicle parked on the left side of the blue van.

So I got up enough nerve to investigate. In order to do so, and at the same time be as sneaky as possible, I walked to the back of the blue van to see what was on the other side. I did this as quickly as possible. I didn't get too far when Casper honked his horn. Of course, I nearly jumped out of my skin.

But before he honked his horn, to presumably tell me I was not to go where I was going, I got a quick glimpse of the backside of a white van. After the honk, I immediately turned and rapidly walked towards my authorized destination; the vestibule.

On my way down the elevator, I kept wondering what was going to happen now. Had I seen something that I wasn't supposed to? Surely the captain would find out. What would he say? What was another van doing in the parking area upstairs? When the elevator opened up into the classroom I halfway expected to find a maintenance man to be working on something which would explain the van. But as was normal, there was no one there. As I sat down to my lessons for the night, I couldn't get the white van out of my thoughts.

Everything had fallen into such a routine that I had begun to take everything for granted. I simply went to two schools now and I had a routine for each. But the van sighting was something exciting and out of the ordinary. It created a distraction in my daily routine. I only hoped my snooping didn't get me into trouble.

As it turned out, the captain never once mentioned it. The next day I braced myself for a meeting with the captain but it never came. I was sure he found out, but was unsure why he never called me on it. After a few days, I assumed it wasn't as big of a deal as I had thought. Then, I started thinking that he didn't call me on it because it was important but if he didn't mention it I wouldn't think it had any significance and would forget about it. I drove myself crazy second guessing the whole situation. I found, over time, that you could easily do that when working around classified projects. You start to question reality, or what seems to be reality.

From then on, every time I would step out of the blue van, I would always look to my left to see if there were any headlights shining on the wall. I never saw the lights again. I even squatted to try to look on the other side of the van once but nothing was there.

Gradually, the white van episode faded from my thoughts as I continued to attend PPD school and discover my new abilities.

I believe it was around the time I was attempting to flatten 9 lines at once when the mysterious white van popped up in my life once again. This time it was completely by accident.

I was driving back to my hotel from a night out at the movies on a Friday or Saturday night. I had just taken a two lane exit to my hotel. While stopped at the light, behind several other cars, I happened to glance over to my left and ahead of my position. I noticed a white van that looked like it could have been the one I saw in the PPD garage. The van was signaling to turn left and I was going right. I looked at it closely to see if I could firmly identify it as the one I had seen previously. I remember thinking that it would be too coincidental for it to be the same one.

Then I saw the dent.

The white van I was looking at had a dent in the right rear corner of the chrome bumper. It was in the same location I remembered seeing a dent on the van in the garage before my snooping was brought to an abrupt end.

I became extremely excited. Could this be the same van? I suddenly changed my turn signal to show I was trying to turn left. When the light turned green I edged my way into the left lane and followed the white van. My heartbeat quickened like a sprinter in search of a gold medal. I was on to something! But just as suddenly as my excitement came, dread started to hit me as well. Was I overstepping my boundaries? Should I just back off and let it be? All these questions started to crop up. What if this was the captain's van? Would he recognize me following him? I suddenly became petrified at the prospect of being discovered, but my overwhelming curiosity got the better of me so I continued to follow.

It turned out I didn't need to risk exposure for long. About a half mile off the highway, in a little town called Linthicum, the van signaled to turn right and pulled into the parking lot of a business. I kept going, not wanting to be discovered. I quickly turned around by doing a u-turn in the middle of the road and drove back by the entrance to this business. I wasn't paying

attention to the name of the business on the sign. My concern was where the van went. It drove up and parked in front of the business. A man got out and went into the building. Only after the man disappeared into the building did I look at the name of the company. From the name on the sign out front, it was obvious what their business was. The company was involved with the technology of noise cancellation.

I drove away more confused than ever.

After finding out the van was associated with this company, my curiosity was running full throttle. I had to do a little research to see what they did. I discovered that they are a small company best known for their headphones. When worn, these headphones filter the ambient noise normally heard by the wearer. The technology they employ effectively cancels the ambient, or background, noise that occurs in certain frequency ranges.

I didn't quite know what to do with this new information. What did noise cancellation have to do with PPD? This bothered me during my entire stay in Maryland.

Meanwhile, PPD school was progressing rapidly. By the end of my third week I had flattened all ten lines simultaneously and was ready to graduate to still more difficult tasks.

The goal during my fourth week was to practice and master flattening lines in different combinations at once. By this time I could "feel" movement in the boxes. Only later did I realize that it was quite similar to communicating with my alien contacts. The windows not only were responding to my input, I could sense their output as well.

This helped me in subsequent lessons. It would be vital in learning to assign relative meaning to the intuition. The audio tones, so crucial in the early stages of my development, had ceased. The tones were only used so that my human mind could relate to something tangible to lead me to uncover what my mind could do naturally once I had discovered and practiced it. The tones could be described as the bridge. I had reached my destination now I had only to learn to navigate in this new world.

In order to practice flattening separate combinations of lines at once, I would watch my screen and see when different sinewave boxes would light up. They would light up in different sequences first, one at a time. Then it progressed to two at once, then three, four, five...etc. All ten would then light up at once and I would have to flatten all the lines at one time.

My lessons were becoming much easier in comparison to my lessons earlier in the learning process. I could feel my skills becoming much stronger. I began to enjoy the school more because it wasn't so much of a threat to my ego anymore. It was as if I had taken off the training wheels and was riding just fine on my own. Only now I was getting to ride progressively bigger bikes, which was very exhilarating.

At this point, though, I still couldn't quite make the connection between what I was learning and how it would be applied to actual communication.

I began to assign meaning to the flattening of lines during my fifth week. In my interface box a string of numbers would scroll through and I would see, as well as sense, my sinewave boxes light up corresponding to each number. Numbers were easy because they corresponded with the metric system in a way. The number 1 was the flattening of the line in sinewave box number 1. The number 2 corresponded to box number 2 and so on. The number 11 would be the flattening of lines in sinewave box number 10 and 1.

Eleven and up were a bit more complicated because depending on whether a number like 21 was 21 or 12 would change the degree of movement realized by the sinewave that would correspond to the second digit. The closest analogy I can come up with in trying to explain these differences between numbers is relating the process to phase angles. A phase angle is the rate at which a frequency changes and is measured in degrees. The sinewave in a particular box, relating to the number being relayed, would have to be at a certain phase angle. The phase angle would establish whether it were a 21, or a 12. Even this analogy has flaws because intuitive communication has nothing to do with frequencies or actual phase angles, but the concept is similar.

By this time, the nuances of the sinewave movements were becoming quite natural. I no longer would feel the clicking any more because everything had already clicked that was going to. By the time we got to the number 100, it had come naturally and we didn't need to go any further with numbers.

During the latter part of my sixth week we moved on to concepts. The learning of concepts is much more difficult to explain, because by this time my mind was uncovering the intuitive abilities at a record pace.

At this point I must emphasize that intuitive communications is not a language in the sense there are verbs, adjectives, syllables. I simply started to comprehend what was going on in the pictures and videos based on the combinations of lines being flattened.

On the first day of concepts I was shown some pictures and sinewave boxes would simply begin lighting up in quick sequences with each at a different degree of flattening. I would automatically remember and understand that the flattening sequence represented the picture(s) shown at the time. In one day, we went from still pictures to video with my mind grasping the line flattening combinations as quickly as they came. It was much like a large scale memorization process. Sometimes I found myself in awe of what was happening. It was like we had awakened this ravenous monster and it needed to eat, gobbling up everything in its wake.

The last thing I learned was how to open a window to document the results of my future communications (referred to as "comms"). In order to document the comm I would be receiving from my alien contact I had to open an interface window in the background of my computer screen. The day I was to learn this I came to school to find a mouse set up near my computer

terminal. In order to open the window, I had to click the far right button of my mouse and press the F10 key while the arrow was resting on the background screen of the computer. A dialogue box would appear with several choices.

During this reporting part of my lesson, my instructor became very vocal. All the teaching regarding the reporting procedures was done entirely via the headphones with my instructor speaking the whole time.

My instructor went on to say that at each place I would be stationed I would have the same PPD code name designated in the computer system. My code name would be "Staunch-118." After bringing up the dialogue box, I would highlight Staunch-118 in the menu and type in my password. My password would be given to me at each base I reported to separately.

So I typed in the test password he gave me after choosing "Stauch-118" in the background screen of my computer. A separate window appeared, with a blank screen. I was told that I would never see anything contained within this screen, not even what I was typing. This was for security purposes, in case someone were to see what I was typing by accident.

It was at this time I was taught how the comms were to be reported. There were no hard and fast rules for reporting comms. I was to separate each part of the comm by a "/" symbol and I was to place a "///" at the very end of my report. That was it. Simple and to the point.

There were many questions I had but by this time I knew enough to not ask my instructor because he wasn't exactly forthcoming with any information. He stuck to my lesson and that was it. No more, no less.

My official lessons were over after the reporting class. I can't remember how much longer I was in Maryland but however long it was, I continued to come to the PPD school to practice my skills. I would come to watch videos and watch my sinewave boxes light up in response to my repeating back intuitively what I was seeing in the videos. By this time, I could no longer correlate what the boxes were doing. But it sure looked impressive seeing the boxes light up. My instructor would sometimes ask me to repeat certain video scenes again. So it appeared that they were able to monitor my results for accuracy. I'm not exactly sure how.

The videos I was watching had no audio. They were random recordings of people walking down the street, nature, people working, military aircraft flying (helicopters and fixed wing). There was an overwhelming amount of military images which I took as a sign I would be reporting primarily military oriented comms. There must have been 24 hours of video. As far as accuracy, my instructor only had me repeat a few things. In essence, I assumed by now that I had mastered my abilities.

I felt quite proud of my new ability. I had this feeling of being the chosen one. I think anyone would have felt this way, if placed in the same position. But those feelings of superiority faded over time. Mainly because there wasn't anyone I could share this part of my life with.

I saw Captain White about a week before my ELINT classes were to end. He showed up at the PPD classroom about the time I always left for the night. He congratulated me on doing as well as I had and came to wish me good luck in the future. The visit was also to let me know that my PPD courses had come to an end. I had been practicing for the last few weeks and he said it was time to wrap it up.

During this last meeting he also told me what to expect next. I was never to talk to anyone about this program unless the person was introduced to me by Captain White as a third party introduction. This is how Level 1 personnel kept control of the program. They had to introduce lower echelon personnel to someone before they could discuss anything. He told me I would be getting orders to go somewhere soon. He didn't tell me where, but that was okay by me because I was ready to leave my current assignment and use my new abilities.

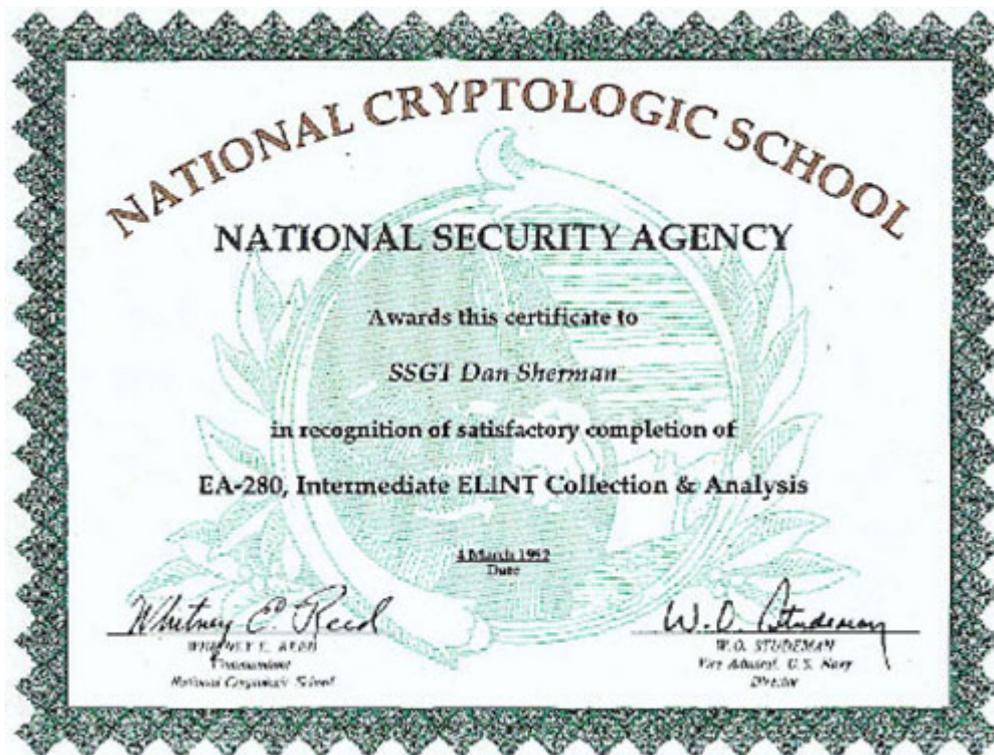
That last meeting with Captain White was unceremoniously short. He exited the room through the door next to my workstation that I had never seen anyone use and which had blended into my surroundings until now. I took a closer look at it. It looked like it was part of the wall but upon closer inspection I noticed it had a recessed door latch and the door slid open, disappearing into the wall behind my workstation, instead of opening in or out like normal doors.

I left the room for the last time and climbed into the van waiting for me upstairs. The drive home was uneventful. I was hoping to get a glimpse of my van driver this time but he would always drive off immediately after I shut the door. I didn't care anymore. I had stopped trying to find things out. It took too much energy and wasn't worth my time. The van drove off and I never saw the blue van or its mysterious driver ever again.

I went up to my hotel room that night wondering where life was going to lead me now. Especially since I was no longer in control of it.

The captain never once mentioned the white van incident. I was relieved by that.

Photographs



This is the graduation certificate awarded to me for completing Course EA-280. At the same time, I was going to school at night to learn how to utilize my intuitive communications abilities.

There was no certificate for that course.

REQUEST AND AUTHORIZATION FOR PERMANENT CHANGE OF STATION - MILITARY (THIS FORM IS FOR SUBJECT TO THE PRIVACY ACT OF 1974 - USE BLANKET PAS - AF FORM 11)			
The following individual will proceed on permanent change of station: <input type="checkbox"/> PCS without PCA <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> PCS with PCA			TED: DEC 93
1. GRADE, NAME (Last, First, Middle Initial) SSGT SHERMAN, DANIEL L.	2. SSN [REDACTED]	3. SAPSC/CAFSC 20550	
4. SECURITY CLEARANCE (Include date of last investigation) TS/SCI/SBI/3 APR 90	5. REPORT TO COMDR. NEW ASSIGNMENT, MLY 30 DEC 93	6. TRAVEL DAYS AUTHORIZED IF TRAVELING BY PRIVATELY OWNED CONVEYANCE 1	
7. TDY ENROUTE			
8. UNIT, MAJOR COMMAND AND ADDRESS OF UNIT TO WHICH ASSIGNED **DATA MASKED** **PTOUF4SM** (AFIC)		9. UNIT, MAJOR COMMAND AND ADDRESS OF UNIT FROM WHICH RELIEVED [REDACTED] (AFSPACECOM)	
10. TYPE OF TOUR <input type="checkbox"/> ACCOMPANIED <input type="checkbox"/> UNACCOMPANIED <input type="checkbox"/> UNACCOMPANIED, DEPENDENTS RESTRICTED		11. TOUR LENGTH (TOTAL NO. OF MONTHS)	12. <input type="checkbox"/> EXTENDED LONG TOUR VOL
13. DEPENDENT TRAVEL A. <input type="checkbox"/> CONCURRENT TRAVEL IS AUTOMATIC B. <input type="checkbox"/> CONCURRENT TRAVEL IS APPROVED C. <input type="checkbox"/> NONCONCURRENT TRAVEL IS AUTHORIZED IN LESS THAN 20 WEEKS D. <input type="checkbox"/> NONCONCURRENT TRAVEL IS AUTHORIZED IN MORE THAN 20 WEEKS E. <input type="checkbox"/> TRAVEL IS AUTHORIZED TO A DESIGNATED PLACE.		14. <input type="checkbox"/> THIS IS A JOIN-SPOUSE ASSIGNMENT (INCLUDE SPOUSE'S NAME, SSN, AND PAY GRADE)	
15. AUTHORITY FOR CCTVL		16. HOMEBASING/FOLLOW-ON ASSIGNMENT (INCLUDE AAN, GPAS, AND RNLTD)	
17. DEPENDENT(S): (LIST NAMES, DOB OF CHILDREN, RELATIONSHIP TO MEMBER AND CURRENT ADDRESS)		18. DEPARTURE CERTIFICATION: I certify that to the best of my knowledge I will depart PCS at _____ (hrs) _____ (date). _____ (Signature)	
19. OVERSEAS TRANSPORTATION DATA: <input type="checkbox"/> A. Comply with MTA (DD Form 1442) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> B. Member will comply with reporting time and flight reservations in the MTA or as arranged by the TMO, per AFR 75-8, and is not authorized to depart this station before receipt of validated MTA or GTR (SF 1169) from TMO. <input type="checkbox"/> C. TDY station will obtain flight reservations. Member is not authorized to depart TDY station before receipt of validated MTA or GTR (SF 1169) from the TMO. <input type="checkbox"/> D. Dependents will comply with reporting data and flight reservations in the MTA.			
20. PCS EXPENSE CHARGEABLE TO 5733300 323 5871.9* 503725 CIC: 4 5 348 0070 503725 NONTEMPORARY STORAGE CHARGEABLE TO 5733500 323 5878.ON 503725		21. AUTHORITY AND PCS CODE AFR 39-11, CODE J AAN: 1230N26988	
22. TDY EXPENSE CHARGEABLE TO		23. EXCESS BAGGAGE AUTHORIZATION PIECES LBS	
Pursuant to AFR 90-1, you will report to the base housing referral office serving your new duty station before entering any rental, lease, or purchase agreement for off-base housing.			
24. REMARKS (Submit travel voucher within 5 workdays after completion of travel. If TDY enroute is authorized, attach receipts showing cost of all lodgings used. All promotional items incurred while PCS/TDY must be turned in to APO upon arrival at gaining base.) THE FOLLOWING ON REV APPLY: 1a, c,3,3,18 AND 19. TURN IN ALL PROMOTIONAL ITEMS, FOR EXAMPEE GIFTS, TICKETS, ETC., TO THE APO. MEMBER IS AUTH 8 DAYS TDY FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOUSE HUNTING THE ACTUAL NUMBER OF DAYS WILL BE CONTINGENT ON THE ACTUAL DAY HOUSING IS SECURED. TDY MUST BE COMPLETED PRIOR TO MBR'S RNLTD. THIS IS A BASE CLOSURE ACTION. AIC: U01:9IK. D08:17NOV97			
25. DATE 23 Jun 93	25. CBPO OFFICIAL (Type Name and Grade) [REDACTED], SMSgt. USAF	27. SIGNATURE OF CBPO OFFICIAL [REDACTED]	
28. DESIGNATION AND LOCATION OF HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE 775TH AIR BASE GROUP (USAF) APO AE 09605		29. SPECIAL ORDER NO. AA - 1106	30. DATE 28 JUN 93
32. DISTRIBUTION 11g		31. TDM FOR THE COMMANDER 33. SIGNATURE ELEMENT OF ORDERS AUTHENTICATING OFFICIAL [REDACTED], 2nd Lt, USAF Chief, Base Information Management	
34. ADDRESS OF GAINING CBPO [REDACTED], FT GEORGE MEADE AIN MD20755			

AF Form 899, OCT 91 PREVIOUS EDITIONS ARE OBSOLETE.

This was my permanent change of station (PCS) orders, which took me from PPD Base #1 to PPD Base #2.

Certain sensitive information has been intentionally blacked out. Still, the information left untouched is very interesting to the curious eye.



This was the view from the balcony of my dorm at PPD Base #1.



Another view from the balcony of my dorm.
The white dome in the distance is where I worked.



Here, I'm pictured climbing on of our parabolic antennae.
This is the antenna under the white dome pictured in the last photo.
This was during deconstruction of the site.
You can see part of one of the C-Vans in the lower right corner.



An official portrait taken in 1986.

This was four years before my cross-train into the electronic intelligence career field.

My military career was a lot less complicated then.

Prelude To Comms

Getting back to normal life was difficult. Everything paled in comparison to this new world that had opened up in front of me.

Since my third or fourth week of PPD school I had been dreaming intuitively. It was the strangest kind of dreaming you could imagine. In these dreams, my subconscious would create a traditional dream where things would unfold in a typical disjointed dream-like sequence, then mix it with my intuitive abilities which would be grounded and very reality based. The IC part of my dreams would be strangely realistic. I would wake up thinking I had just experienced what I was dreaming of.

The dreams were so realistic that I was constantly questioning whether I was actually awake while I was, indeed, awake. The dreams subsided once I got back to my home base and started my regular job up again. I was glad because I started to question whether I was dreaming during the course of a regular day. As you can imagine, it was disconcerting at best, frightening at worst.

Things didn't slow down much. Only a few months after I returned from my school at NSA, I received relocation orders. I knew these orders would take me to my first PPD related assignment. I wasn't disappointed. I was ready for a change.

As I prepared for the move to another base, it occurred to me that things had been happening in my career up to this moment that all of sudden made sense. For instance, when I came into the USAF in 1982, I enlisted originally as a security policeman. While I was stationed in Korea, in 1984-1985, I met a man who was in the electronic intelligence career field. He spoke so highly of it, he convinced me that it was the field to be in. I always remembered something he said to me; he told me that I needed to put in for a cross train to be an ELINT specialist because my life would change forever.

Well, I absolutely hated being in the security police field, so several years later when I was eligible to apply for cross-training into another career field, I applied. I made it well known that if I wasn't approved for cross-training into the electronic intelligence career field, I was going to get out of the Air Force altogether. At the time, approvals for cross-training had been denied left and right. As a matter-of-fact, cross-training was closed off to the security police career field just days after I turned in my paperwork. Everyone told me that my chances of receiving approval would be close to nil.

About a month later, my paperwork came back approved and I had a school date in February of 1990. Everyone was astonished and teased me that I must have known someone to get the approval through. Knowing what I know now, I have absolutely no doubt that it was part of their master plan for me. My friend in Korea had planted the seed and I followed through with it. I

still wonder what they would have done if I hadn't applied for the cross-training and proceeded to get out.

So I re-enlisted to give this new job a try. I went off to technical training in San Angelo, Texas.

After technical school I was sent to Offutt AFB, in Nebraska. While stationed there, as my most recent 4 year enlistment drew to a close, I made it known once again that I was going to get out. I had told my co-workers that the only way I would entertain thoughts of re-enlisting was if I received orders to Korea. I had already been stationed in Korea twice and I desperately wanted to go back. A month later, I had orders to Korea. At the time, I just looked at it as good fortune. Of course, I know now, there was probably a more involved process going on.

I never made it to Korea though, because it was only three or four months later that I received orders to attend EA280 at Fort Meade/NSA. While I was going through PPD and ELINT school, I was told that my orders to Korea had been canceled. Meanwhile, I had already re-enlisted for another 6 years. (I re-enlisted for a full 6 years because I was entitled to a larger bonus than if I had re-enlisted for 4 years.) I was a bit upset by this new turn of events but I had PPD on my mind at the time. I knew I would most likely be going somewhere else soon anyway.

I see now that there was a lengthy history of people somewhere pulling the strings of my career without me ever realizing it. Amazing when I look back on it.

PPD Base #1

My new Operations Officer and First Sergeant met me at the airport. It was a long flight with a tedious layover, but I was finally at my new base. I arrived at night so the drive to the base from the airport was very unfamiliar. Foremost on my mind was the third party introduction. I was perplexed as to how Captain White was going to notify me of my next PPD contact when he was thousands of miles away.

I was there almost a full month before my clearances arrived. During this time, I was driving myself crazy trying to second guess what might happen next.

After my clearances arrived, I went through the necessary briefings and other things that were necessary for me to start my regular job.

Still no introductions.

I started to wonder if this was actually the place I would begin my PPD duties when the introduction finally came. I was awakened from sleep in my dorm room by someone banging on my door. It was one of the other dorm residents. After establishing who I was, he told me there was someone on the phone for me.

Our doors opened out onto an outdoor balcony, so I walked around the balcony to the phone in the hallway on the other side of the dorm to answer my call. On my way to the phone I was trying to figure out who would be calling me since I didn't know anyone on base yet and no one

from back home knew how to call me at the dorm. I had concluded that it would probably be someone from my new work center when I picked up the phone.

It was Captain White.

I wasn't able to hide my surprise very well. I had just recently convinced myself that I would, most likely, not be doing any PPD work here.

In our brief conversation, Captain White told me to expect someone from my new unit to approach me regarding "the program," as he referred to it in our conversation. I was waiting for him to tell me the "code" word that I would need to listen for in order to identify my new PPD contact or some other mysterious type of identifying remark. He told me that I would receive a call at this same phone after we ended our conversation and I was to stay at the phone to answer it. This person would not be identifying himself on the phone, but will tell me where and when to meet him.

That was it!

After the captain hung up I waited by the phone for my next call. It came about 30 seconds later. The ring startled me. I quickly picked up the receiver and said, "Hello." I was asked if I was Sergeant Sherman. After I replied that I indeed was, he said to meet him at the gate to the site in 30 minutes. He would be standing in front of the gate with his arms crossed waiting for me.

He hung up.

Manners surely weren't mandatory in this program, I thought to myself as I walked back to my room. The site he was referring to was where my new unit was located. I was assigned to a unit that conducted all their operations within a fenced off compound, with its own security personnel and security cameras. It had one security gate everyone entered and exited the compound through, manned by security personnel.

I quickly changed clothes putting on my uniform, not knowing the appropriate dress for the occasion. I didn't want to take the chance of doing something I wasn't supposed to do.

The site was only a three or four minute bike ride from my dorm room. As I was approaching, I could see my new PPD contact standing in front of the gate to the site. I had already been introduced to this person. When I met him for the first time, almost a month prior, I had suspected that he may be my new PPD commander. I was expecting a captain, and now my expectations were met.

I dismounted from my bike and parked it near the fence. My new PPD contact introduced himself. It was Captain Stanley, the site operations officer. He was one of the two unit personnel who picked me up at the airport almost a month earlier.

After we had our identification checked and our security badges swapped out for our on-site security badges, Captain Stanley led me through the gate and down the sidewalk towards the operations building. I knew little of what lay ahead but I was certainly excited at the prospect of finding out.

The captain led me into the operations building which I had already been in a few days earlier when my security clearances finally arrived. We walked back to the conference room which was nestled in the back of the small, main operations office. As we walked through the main operations office, I could see filing cabinet type safes lining almost every wall. All had magnetic signs hanging on the front of them signifying whether the safe was "OPEN" or "CLOSED." Each filing cabinet had a built-in dial lock like the type normally found on a heavy-duty safe. In essence, that's what these were, only in drawer form so as to allow for easy organization and storage of classified materials.

I sat in the conference room with another new person to the unit. It was Don Thomas, a friend with whom I was stationed at my last base. He and I had received orders to this new base at the same time. I wondered why he was here because I thought I would be receiving my PPD briefing. It was obvious the briefing would have to wait. I had no idea if Don, or anyone else, was part of PPD. At the time, there was no question in my mind that I was the only IC capable person on site. Of course, this was only an egotistical assumption on my part. Later, I found I was the only one but I shouldn't have been so sure at the time.

Captain Stanley excused himself and went back into the operations office and closed the door behind him. Don and I looked around the room as we waited. The room was normal looking in every sense. I'm not sure what I was expecting, but I looked around the room for anything out of the ordinary. There were several posters hanging on the wall, all with an Air Force theme. Amidst all the posters there hung a solitary plaque. I was curious what the plaque said so I got up to read it. It was from former President Reagan congratulating our unit for outstanding performance.

The captain came back into the room, this time with several people behind him. Don and I were introduced to Sergeant Larsen, our new supervisor and Non Commissioned Officer in Charge of the mission that we would be working with during our tour at this base. The captain excused himself once again as Don, my new supervisor, and I talked. We began to discuss our past assignments, who we mutually knew...etc. This small talk went on for about an hour.

I was getting anxious to find out more about PPD when Sergeant Larsen started our indoctrination to the overall mission that Don and I would be working with. He began the briefing by explaining the onion effect. This was the same concept Captain White had explained to me prior to starting PPD school, only this time Sergeant Larsen stopped short of the "grey" mission.

It dawned on me that he was not going to go any further because he was not part of PPD or, for that matter, anything alien related. He didn't even know the existence of alien programs. It was a great feeling to know something he didn't. As he was explaining the classification level of the mission I would be working with and how it related to other missions around the globe, I remember thinking to myself, "Buddy, if you only knew what I know."

Of course, just like all things PPD related I had to keep these types of comments to myself. It was unfortunate because I felt I had such a great nugget of information, knowing aliens existed.

Sergeant Larsen had just finished our security briefing when Captain Stanley came back into the room.

“Sergeant Larsen. Go ahead and take Sergeant Thomas around the site for a mini tour and I’ll go ahead and take Sergeant Sherman.”

Don and Sergeant Larsen left the conference room. The captain motioned for me to close the door. “This is it,” I said to myself. “D-day has arrived.” I had waited for over 7 months, from the time I left school to now, and the time was finally here.

“As you probably know by now, Sergeant Sherman,” the captain began, “You are here to do more than one job.”

“Yes, Sir,” I replied. I was so glad to find out more about the actual duties, I was hanging on his every word.

“In a moment we’ll be going over to your new work center. I want to familiarize you with the computer terminal you’ll be working from. It’s the same terminal you will be documenting your IC comms on. Before we do that though, I’d like to mention a few words on security. You do realize you’re not to speak of this project to anyone at any time besides me, right?”

“Yes, Sir,” I replied again. I knew from what Captain White had told me that I was not to speak to anyone unless I had a third party introduction. Captain White had told me to speak to Captain Stanley, and I presumed the next person I spoke to about PPD would be introduced to me by one of them and so on.

“Great,” the captain went on. “Due to the nature of your regular job here, you will not be able to access the van you’ll be working in without being accompanied by another cleared person. This presents a problem when you are documenting your comms as you will soon see. The van you and a partner will be working in is extremely cramped, therefore any documentation of comms you take down will be susceptible to being seen by your partner. Because of that, we have taken the necessary steps to make sure that does not happen. You’ll see what I mean when we tour the van. Do you have any questions before we do that?”

I knew exactly what he meant but evidently he didn’t know that I knew. He was most likely talking about the blank reporting screen. He was probably unaware that I was taught this in school.

But I did have a question. “How am I to know when to start communications with my alien contact?” I asked.

“Just for the record, Sergeant Sherman, never say that word. It’s referred to as “grey.” Please get used to not referring to it at all, but if it is unavoidable the word is “grey.” In answer to your question though, I have no idea. You’re the expert in that area, not me. You are the first IC that I have ever worked with.”

This revelation was a bit shocking. “How long have you been in the program, Sir?” I asked, hoping I didn’t sound too presumptuous or naive.

“That is unimportant, but suffice to say that not many people have worked with the actual IC personnel. I don’t know if you know this but you and the other IC capable personnel represent the culmination of 30 some years of ‘wait-and-see.’ It’s been a long time coming and is very exciting to the people involved. You are part of the first wave of what will be a small but steady stream of IC capable and trained personnel. For most of us this is all new territory we’re charting so if it seems like something isn’t as organized as you would expect it’s because we’re flying blind sometimes. Let’s make our way to the van and I’ll show you your new computer terminal.”

We made our way through the operations office and out the double security doors. In order to enter the operations building we were in, you had to enter a code into a cipher lock to get through the first door. A cipher lock is a sequence of numbers you must push, which are printed on a row of numbered levers. After pushing the correct sequence of numbers, the door buzzes telling you that you have approximately 5 seconds to pull the door open.

The second door was a two foot thick vault door with its own combination lock and a big wheel that required turning like a bank vault door. Turning the wheel would slowly retract the bolts that held the door in place. During normal duty hours this vault door was open.

After duty hours, the vault door was secured and alarmed with signs posted saying:

AUTHORIZED ENTRY ONLY
RESTRICTED AREA
WARNING
USE OF DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED

As we walked to the van where I would be working, I attempted to take in some details of the site. We walked by the shredding room where all the paper waste from the site was shredded with a machine bigger than a car. Every scrap of paper from the site had to be shredded in case something classified had, for example, been written on the margins of a newspaper; or the ink imprint from a classified document somehow transferred inadvertently to an unclassified piece of paper.

All trash cans at the end of the day had to be physically dumped out and gone through by a security monitor so that any paper item was separated and thrown in the shred box. One incident that happened to me after I had been there a few weeks effectively demonstrated the tight security measures. I had punched holes in some unclassified paper so that I could place it in a binder.

The tray attached to the bottom of the hole punch needed emptying, so I took it out to the trash can located outside the operations door and discarded them there. I came back in and my supervisor immediately asked what had I just done. Recognizing instantly that I had committed a security violation, I told him that I had dumped the little paper circles from the hole puncher in the outside trash.

I spent the next 2 hours in one of the outside buildings with the trash can emptied out in front of me with scotch tape wrapped around my hands (sticky part facing out) dabbing at the paper dots until I had retrieved every one of them. When I was finished, I had to get my supervisor to check it to make sure I had retrieved every one, with no exception. This incident would always stay with me and became the biggest lesson I ever learned regarding the importance of adhering to proper security measures.

We walked up to the C-Van that I would be working in. "C-Van" stood for "Communication Van" but was only a military term used to describe this type of van, regardless of whether it would actually be used for communications or not.

The site had several C-Vans with separate operations and missions. All of them looked like a big metal box. None of them had any wheels, resting on blocks instead. They're designed to be semi-portable and moved when necessary, but these particular ones were set up for permanent operations. Each C-Van was approximately 15 feet long, 7 feet wide and 8 feet tall. The entrance of the one we were approaching was at one end of the van. There was a lever-like door handle about 12 inches long that was secured by a heavy padlock.

The captain explained that the regular mission I would be working with has certain hours and we were entering the van now during non-duty hours, hence the van was locked. We went into

a break room located about 50 feet from the C-Van and used the phone to call the front security gate to notify the security officer that we would be entering the C-Van. In order to gain access to one of the C-Vans on site you had to call the security gate and tell them you wanted access to a particular "security zone." After going through an authentication process, you were given authorization to break the security barrier. From that moment, you had 10 minutes to gain access to the C-Van.

We went back out to the van. The captain opened the padlock by dialing in the proper combination which changed every week as part of the elaborate security measures. He opened the first door and we stepped into a vestibule. He turned and closed the outer door. The inner door could not be opened until the outer door was secured. He quickly opened the inner door and stepped through. I could hear a high pitched beeping noise.

The captain stepped over to where the noise seemed to be coming from and punched a code into a small box hanging on the wall, the face of which was a numerical pad. The LED readout above the numerical pad was flashing a warning that there had been a breach in the security zone corresponding with the zone we had just entered. After he punched a numerical code into the box it became silent and the LED readout went blank.

The van was awfully cramped. There was just enough room for two people because of all the electronic equipment. As you entered the inner door, directly in front of you was a chair that faced a console to the right. To the left side of this chair was another chair also facing to the right towards the console. The console contained some of the same equipment I was already familiar with from my last base and some that was unfamiliar to me.

The captain sat in the furthest chair away from the entrance to the van, giving me room to sit in the other seat closest to the door.

"Along with your normal duties which you'll be trained on in time, you will also be documenting your comms here at this terminal." The captain pointed to the terminal directly in front of me. It was a computer monitor almost as big as the one I used in PPD school.

"You will be assigned to the organization that sits what we call 'right seat' and you will have a partner that will sit 'left seat.' In order to access this van you will always have to have two people, you and your partner. We have a two person buddy system because of the security requirements. You'll learn more about this later. However, this places a constraint on your access to reporting comms in private. That is why your reporting terminal will appear to be blank."

The captain began to power up the computer terminal which had been off when we entered the van.

With the computer booted up, he proceeded to show me how to access the screen I would be reporting comms through. He clicked the right mouse button and hit the F10 key at the same time. A screen came up with several options, including "Staunch-118." I remembered this from school. My instructor told me that it would always show my code name when opening a comms window.

The captain told me my password and said, "If for some reason you feel it needs to be changed in the future let me know and it'll be changed."

He typed in the password and a blank screen immediately appeared. It had a black background and the cursor was not visible. It looked exactly like the screen I learned on at school.

"The screen is black to hide the information you'll be typing from anyone who may be looking

on while you type.” The captain went on. “It’s purely a security precaution. As soon as you’re done with a comm, simply use the Alt/F10 combination. This will exit you out of the comms window. If the window goes unused for more than 1 minute, you’ll have to do the mouse/F10 combination again. You’ll be able to continue where you left off at that time. But if you Alt/F10 out of the window, the comm will be sent. So if you start again, it’ll be a new comm.”

I asked where the comms went after I reported them. No answer as usual. I had learned by now that questions such as that one would be ignored because I didn’t have a need-to-know. I knew they were processed by NSA, but I didn’t know where and by what organization. Just like many of my other questions surrounding PPD, they would go unanswered.

There was one question that was pertinent to my job so I asked it.

“Will I only receive comms during my normal duty hours or will I have to come in during my off duty hours?”

The captain replied, “Again, Sergeant Sherman, you’re the first IC capable person I have worked with, so I can’t answer that question. I can say that you will not be able to get into this van without your crew partner because of the buddy system. So that would tell me that you will be unable to do any comm reporting until your shift starts. I would imagine you’ll have to tell them to put it off until your shift. Cross that bridge when you come to it.”

I thought it was odd that he didn’t know as much as I would expect. Every time I talked with Captain White and now Captain Stanley, I got the feeling they didn’t know quite what was going on, but they knew enough to get through to me which direction to take next. It was as if someone were telling them things only five minutes before I got wind of it. It was quite frustrating because I never really had total confidence in the information I received, but had no other choice because they were my only authority.

While we were in the van I started to ask about all of the other equipment. The captain told me that I would learn about my other job soon enough. His job was to brief me on my PPD duties and to make sure I was clear on how to access my comm window and support my IC mission. All other duties would be trained and supported by the on-site personnel.

We backed out of the C-Van in the same way we entered, only in reverse, with all the security zones requiring re-establishing.

With all this new stuff to learn, I could tell I had some interesting days ahead of me.

I started training for my normal duties the very next day. As was typical Air Force style, vast amounts of information were being shoved into my brain in a very short period of time. I was being inundated with knowledge pertaining to my new job and at the same time wondering when I was going to receive my first comm.

A week passed without receiving anything. I was beginning to wonder if I had lost my abilities since I hadn’t practiced them for almost 9 months. Every time I passed Captain Stanley he would nod a silent hello or give an audible one but nothing about PPD and what to expect. I felt very isolated and out of the loop. Of course, this would be a constant feeling and one that would never leave me as an Intuitive Communicator.

I also began to worry why I hadn't been told to take, or been given any, pills like I was taking at the school. Before leaving my training at NSA, Captain White had told me that I would not need the pills anymore until I was told to start taking them later. Maybe this was why I was not receiving any comms yet.

Regardless of the reason, I was becoming anxious to use this ability I had worked so hard to discover and strengthen.

Enter Spock

Time marched on and still no comms. Within six weeks of beginning my training for my normal duties I was officially certified to operate my station without the presence of my trainer. It wasn't long after that that I finally received my first operational comm.

I'm not sure if it was intentional or not, but I received my first comm the night of my first shift as a newly certified crew member.

I got to the site a bit early since this was my first night without someone supervising me. I wanted to make sure I did everything correctly. My crew partner showed up and we authenticated properly with security personnel in order to open the C-Van for the 12 hour shift ahead of us. As we made our way into the C-Van, I had just silenced the alarm box and started to power up my equipment when I intuitively received the message, "prepare for information string."

I was so startled I uttered some unintelligible noise, then followed that with an audible "wait!" My crew partner asked me what he was to wait for.

"Oh, sorry, just talking to myself," I said automatically, not wanting him to think I was crazy.

I wasn't quite sure what to do about the impending comm since my computer was not up and running yet. It took a certain amount of time for the computer to boot and I had at least 2 or 3 minutes to wait still. At the same time I had audibly said "wait", I had also sent back a comm saying "wait." I realized this only after I mentally replayed the situation later. I had never vocalized any comm before. I never did it again either, but the comm took me by such surprise that my auditory facilities were effected along with my intuitive abilities.

I felt so out of sorts. Even though the act of intuitively communicating was something I could do, the psychological ramifications of realizing you're communicating with a non-human entity takes a little getting used to as you might imagine.

They seemed to have listened since I didn't receive anything until my computer was up. Waiting for my computer to boot was the absolute longest 3 minutes of my entire life. I was about to have a two-way communication with an alien. Up until this moment it had all been motions I was going through because someone told me I had to. Now, all the training, the nights laying in bed awake wondering what it would be like to actually communicate, all of it

was coming together. It was actually happening. This wasn't a spectator sport anymore. I was the quarterback, receiver and the fan in the bleacher, all rolled into one.

After the computer finished booting, I started to get butterflies in my stomach and I began to wonder if my abilities were good enough to do the job correctly. A hundred things were going through my mind when I hit the right mouse button and the F10 key as I had been instructed many times to do. After I opened the window and typed in my password I intuitively sent a ready message and waited to receive the first of what would be hundreds of comms.

I began to type in the blank window that I had just opened. My crew member was doing his own tasks on his computer so I didn't have to be concerned about whether he was going to start asking questions. I was thankful for that. During this first assignment as a mission ready IC, my comms were very uneventful and mundane. I had no idea the meaning of what I was typing. After the first month of receiving comms, it became very routine and no longer held the level of mystique to me that it did during that first month.

A comm would begin with what I called the "preamble." The preamble consisted of the same sequence of numbers that differentiated very little. I would always receive a three digit number first, which was the number that identified me to whoever the information was going to when I sent out my report. This number was 118. There would be timed pauses between each phrase or expression. The pause was always the same. I never got the stop watch out but the rhythm of it was constant so it was evident it was the same all the time. The pause was probably about 3 seconds. (Except for the pause between the comm that would tell me to "prepare for information string" and the time the information string would begin. This pause would be as long as it would take me to prepare to receive the comm.)

After the number "118" would be passed, another string of numbers would usually follow. This string would be a 5 digit number that varied but often was repeated in other messages. I called this the zip code. (Because it had five digits, not because it related to a location necessarily.)

After these eight numbers however, there was no rhyme or reason to the comms most of the time. A sample comm at this point would have looked similar to this:

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118/67555/995500400043/47477899055/9400///
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The comms would simply be a series of numbers separated by a "/" character. This was the way I was taught to separate comm sections while in school. Anytime there was a pause, I would place the "/" character in between phrases. Sometimes I could pick out obvious things like latitude and longitude. When I first noticed lat/longs being communicated, I wanted to look them up on a map but we didn't have detailed maps in our C-Van and I was terrified of writing anything down and taking it with me. I soon lost motivation to look up the locations.

I got to the point, finally, of taking most things for granted. It became a very boring task to receive these comms and type them in this blank window. It certainly wasn't very challenging and I lost all interest in it simply because it was only a one way communication for all intents and purposes. Once in awhile I would send back a comm saying "repeat last phrase" or something like that. But most of the time, it was a one-way street and not an exciting job.

After some time had passed since that first comm, I took the liberty of naming the grey contact I communicated with "Spock." My best friend had always been a big Star Trek fan and it seemed a befitting name. It was also because I perceived a great deal of logical structure in his communications.

It felt a bit sad to come up with such a deliciously ironic name as Spock and have no opportunity to share the humor of it with anyone.

My suspicions about the pills I had been taking at the PPD school proved justified midway through my tour at this new assignment. Around April of 1993, about five months after I had arrived this new base, Captain Stanley came into the C-Van while I was on duty and asked my crew member to step out for a moment.

I began to get nervous since the captain had not said one word to me in private since our first PPD meeting. Was I doing something wrong in my comms? Were they correct? These were the types of questions running through my mind as I waited for my crew partner to step out of the van.

The captain sat down in the seat vacated by my partner. He reached into his pocket and brought out a shiny gray bottle.

"Sergeant Sherman, do you remember taking some pills while you were at school?" the captain asked as he placed the bottle on the counter in front of me.

"Yes, Sir. I took two tablets every day I attended school. I was wondering if I was ever going to take them again."

"Well, that's what these are. We need you to start taking them again until further notice."

I started to get a little more bold in my questioning, especially since I hadn't had any questions answered for a long time.

"What are they, Captain?" I asked.

"I actually have no idea, Sergeant Sherman. I've just been instructed to have you start taking these again."

Pushing further, I continued on, "Do you take them?"

"I can't answer any questions about the pills, Sergeant Sherman. I know you're naturally curious, but I honestly cannot talk about them anymore. Take two every shift. You're to keep them in your safe drawer here in the C-Van. I know you know better, but I have to say it anyway: don't try to take them from the site. It's important that you take them as instructed. I know this sounds heavy handed but we'll know if you haven't taken even one so please follow the instructions to the letter."

With that, he left the van.

What in the world were in these things anyway? I never felt any abnormal physical effects while taking them but I was curious what they were and what effect they had on my abilities.

I was sitting there looking at them when my crew partner came back into the van. I was beyond caring whether he asked any questions. At that very moment I was very bitter at PPD and the world. It was the same feeling I had felt in the past and would continue to feel. It was as though I had no control over my own life. It seemed everything I did was dictated by someone else. Of course, in the military this was not uncommon. But this situation went deeper. My partner did the obvious; he asked what the bottle was for. I told him they were for headaches. As far as I was concerned at that particular moment, that was the truth!

As he shrugged and turned to his computer I popped two of the pills into my mouth and swallowed dryly. I had no choice. I had to bark when the master said “speak.”

My tour at this base was quick as I was only there for about 11 months. But the end was the most exciting part.

About three months before I was to leave I had an unusual comm with Spock. It started out like all the rest, with the normal preamble and subsequent, mostly numerical information. Because all the comms were from 30 seconds to 45 seconds long, I could tell the comm was coming to a close when I suddenly “tripped” and stepped up in my comm “level.” This is very difficult to describe, but the closest analogy I can find is what happens when you take too much mouthpiece into your mouth while playing a reed instrument. The beautiful sound you may have been making a moment before is quite suddenly replaced with a screeching sound. Although there is no sound associated with comms, it’s the closest I can come to describing what happened.

Spock immediately picked up on my accidental mental leap and “met me” on this other level. I was startled because I didn’t even know this other level existed prior. Spock immediately asked if I had intentionally changed planes.

(Note: I have no choice but to write the contents of the comms with my alien contacts in a conversational format, like two humans talking. The actual comms were much more rich in texture and informational in content but in ways I am unable to convey to the reader on paper.)

I answered “no” and told him that I didn’t even know this “plane” existed.

I use the word “plane” in this explanation because I can’t think of another alternative to how Spock referred to it. If Spock and I had been communicating vocally, I would have asked what was meant by that “word.” When you intuitively communicate, though, the rules are not the same. You understand things that otherwise make no sense in linguistic terms.

Spock immediately signed off and I was left wondering what had just happened. I knew from Spock’s response that this event was totally unexpected not only by me but also by him.

That night in bed, I replayed in my mind what had happened. I was trying to figure out what might have occurred differently that precipitated this unusual turn of events. I had been getting much better and quicker at interpreting the data. Did my proficiency have anything to do with this moving to a higher plane? I was just getting used to the intangible nature of my abilities and this hits me from left field.

My next comm after the “higher-plane” event came two or three days later. I gave the go-ahead and Spock sent the routine preamble and continued with the comm. I was nervous, wondering if he would refer to what had happened. I was somewhat concerned that it was perhaps an unauthorized comm. Of course, I had no idea if there was even such thing as an unauthorized comm. If there was, I was concerned I had initiated one.

Nothing happened. The comm ended as usual and that was it. Now I started to wonder why he hadn't addressed it. I actually began to wish he had so I could find out more about why it happened.

I thought about trying to do it again, but I was hesitant, still unsure as to whether communicating on this other plane was something I was supposed to be doing. But I knew that if Spock wasn't going to refer to it, sooner or later curiosity would get the better of me and I would breach the subject on my own.

A few more comms went by without Spock referring to it. I was getting impatient and my curiosity was becoming overwhelming.

It was two weeks after the plane changing event that I finally got up enough nerve to try it again. I received the normal comm "prepare for information string." Conveniently, my partner had gone out of the van to use the restroom. (Short lapses in security were tolerated for such urgencies.) I sent back the go ahead and began to type the incoming comm in the blank screen. I knew I had mere seconds to decide whether I was going to try to change planes again. I knew the comm was coming to an end so I started to gather up the nerve. As soon as Spock had finished and I sensed he was terminating comms I lunged forward with what I thought would duplicate what I had done last time. Nothing!

Spock was gone and I sat there wondering what had happened. It felt different. It was definitely not the same feeling I got when it happened last time. I figured I must have done it wrong or something. I sat there dumb-founded, trying to remember what had happened the last time that may have been different. I couldn't figure out how to repeat it. I sat there thinking about it the rest of my shift. I couldn't get my mind off of it.

Thereafter, I kept trying to change planes each time I received a comm but to no avail. I started to think that it was a simple fluke and that I wouldn't be able to repeat it when it finally happened again. It was about two months from when it happened originally when I finally broke through again. Although I had been attempting to do it at the close of every comm with Spock, I was finally successful. It didn't take me by surprise this time, either, because I was more in tune with the mechanics of what was happening.

Spock immediately picked up on what I had just done. Again, he asked if this was something I had done intentionally. This time I answered "Yes."

Spock replied that it was an interesting turn of events and that he ignored it the first time because he felt it was an anomaly.

"Is this an unauthorized comm?" I asked.

"There is no harm in communicating on this plane," he said nonchalantly.

I was surprised by how effortlessly he had said that. Here I had been sweating out the fact that I might have been doing something wrong and he acted as if it was no big deal.

"How come you are comm'ing so candidly on this plane and you don't during our normal comms?" I asked.

"You have never given me reason," he replied.

I stopped to think about this. It was true. I hadn't attempted to ask any questions or to communicate anything except what pertained to our regular comms. I had always assumed we were not to discuss anything else.

My impression of Spock was one of being official, with no room for emotion. Even as we now communicated on this other plane, I still felt a sense of rigidity. Perhaps this was just how they were.

Pressing forward with my curiosity, I asked whatever came to my mind first. Since I was thinking of how formal Spock sounded I continued with that line of thought. "Do you have feelings like humans?" I asked bluntly.

"We are quite alike in our emotional makeup, 118," he said, referring to me as my PPD code number. "We react to our surroundings, just as you do, but are much less impacted by what we sense. In the absence of markedly increased stimuli, emotion is not readily useful."

Wow! I was constantly reminding myself I was actually having a conversation, of sorts, with an alien species. Up to this moment I hadn't internalized the meaning of it. Until now, I might as well have been receiving information from a computer somewhere on the other side of world.

There was no meaning to it. Now I was actually communicating in such a manner that we could easily start talking about the Cowboys winning the Superbowl if we wanted. It was quite a shift in perception for me.

A million questions came to my mind. I managed to pick one and throw it out before I lost my new friend's attention span.

"Why did you think it was unintentional when I first comm'ed with you on this plane?"

"Until now, we thought it impossible for a water-human to sustain communication on this plane. But we are continually being surprised by other IC's abilities as well."

("Water-human" is the closest I can come to an accurate translation of how Spock referred to humans. Other alternatives would be perhaps "water-vessel" or "water-entity.")

I realized by now that I had stopped typing our comms into my reporting window as soon as we had jumped to this other plane. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to continue or not.

"Am I supposed to report our comms while on this other plane?" I asked, wanting the answer to be "no" so I could concentrate on what was being communicated.

To my surprise Spock said, "No, that is not necessary. Our communications are only being monitored through your reports so as to calculate an accuracy factor. Your communicating on this plane was never anticipated and therefore will never be known unless you discuss it with your chain of command."

"Will anyone get upset if they find out I have communicated with you on this other level?" I asked. I was still slightly paranoid about what rule I might be breaking, if any.

"I am unaware of your people's standards for this. However, we are not adverse to communicating with water-humans on this plane. It is interesting to us that we are able to communicate with water-humans as it is, but communicating on this plane creates even more interest."

I sensed an underlying current of scientific interest in our communications that I had previously only sensed during our first few comms. I was thinking of this when Spock broke through my thoughts and said "comms will cease" and signed off.

Just like that.

I sat there, staring at my computer screen, thinking how amazing it was that I had just carried on a conversation with an alien species. I must have been in a daze because I had allowed my other job to go by me unnoticed. My crew mate jolted me out of my deep thoughts.

"Are you okay, Dan?" my crew mate asked, obviously noticing I was in a daze.

"I'm okay Brad, thanks," I answered. "Just a bit tired, that's all."

I went on with my duties, but I couldn't stop thinking about my latest comm. I kept replaying it in my mind during the rest of the shift.

I stayed awake most of the morning after my shift had ended. I just couldn't go to sleep. There were so many questions that I had to ask. Unfortunately, I was close to being relieved of duty in order to leave for my next assignment. I was anxious for my next comm to come so that I could get some answers to my other questions.

My next comm never came at PPD Base #1. I was relieved of duty two weeks after that last comm. I felt so frustrated. I wasn't sure whether I would ever be communicating with Spock again. I didn't even know for sure whether or not I would be conducting PPD duties at my next base. I assumed that I would still be communicating with Spock if I did.

It turns out that my fears were unfounded. I never communicated with Spock again, but my communications took on a whole new life at PPD Base #2.

PPD Base #2

As was usually the case, my clearances had taken longer than myself to arrive at my next base. With the line of work I was in, if proof of your clearances weren't available you were essentially out of work until they were. This was the case during my first few weeks at PPD Base #2.

I took advantage of this unexpected down time and visited some friends a short drive away.

My unofficial vacation didn't last long. My clearances eventually arrived and I found myself being briefed on what I would be doing at my new duty location and how it related to the big picture.

The contrast between my first PPD base and this one was enormous. At my first one, we had under 50 people all working to support a little site seemingly in the middle of nowhere. This one was an enormous place with thousands of people working under one roof. The overall differences were like night and day.

But with respect to the PPD mission, things were identical... at first.

I had been there for almost three months before I finally received a third party introduction to my next PPD commander.

It was late at night, during a 12 hour shift, and I was working at my station. I had just finished one of my routine tasks when I noticed two men approaching my workstation out of the corner of my eye. I immediately recognized one of the men as Captain Stanley, my PPD commander from PPD Base #1. I was quite surprised. I had never seen my first PPD commander, Captain White, again so I never expected to see Captain Stanley again either.

I got up and met their approach with a smile and a handshake.

“Sergeant Sherman, great to see you again. How have you been doing here at your new base? Have you settled in nicely?” he asked. I couldn’t help but wonder if the person he had with him was my new PPD commander.

“Yes, Sir, it’s a great place. There’s a lot more to do here than our last base,” I joked. “How have you been?”

“Can’t complain. Actually, I’m here for a little business and decided to come say hi. I also have someone I’d like you to meet. His name is Captain Gregory and he’ll be your new program commander.”

Just like that! I looked around to see if anyone was within earshot. The closest person was almost 20 feet away and deeply involved in whatever they were doing. The ambient noise where we were standing was quite high. My quick assessment was that no one could hear what we were saying but it didn’t appear to be a concern for either of the two captains standing in front of me.

“I see,” I said, not knowing what else to say. I stood there dumbfounded, not knowing where to go with the conversation.

Luckily Captain Stanley kept the conversation going by asking me to explain what my job was and to give him a tour of my workstation. This made me feel more comfortable since it gave me something else to talk about while I assessed what to do or say next concerning PPD and my new commander.

I finished showing both of my visitors around my workstation when Captain Stanley announced he needed to leave. He said his good-byes and wished me luck in the future.

Captain Gregory stayed behind.

“So how long have you been involved with the program, Sergeant Sherman?” he asked as soon as Captain Stanley started walking away.

“I went to school in the early part of 1992 and became mission ready around the beginning of November that same year. How long have you been involved, Sir?” I asked back. I was trying to get as much information as possible before he defined the terms of our relationship like all my other PPD commanders had.

“Not very long,” he answered, sounding as if he just started. “You’ll be receiving comms soon. Let me show you how to access your reporting window.”

He went over to my computer monitor and sat in front of it. I could tell he didn’t know anything about my regular job because he asked how to remove the screen that was currently taking up the entire monitor. I got rid of the screen for him.

“You simply place the pointer on the background and press the right mouse button and F10 at the same time,” he instructed.

What he didn’t know was that I had already checked the background to see if the window I would be using was there. It was there, but I didn’t know my new password. I listened patiently for him to tell me my password. He told me my new password and then asked if I was all set. I told him that unless he had something else to tell me, I was ready.

It was at this time that he gave me my “medicine” as I came to call it. The pills came in the same shiny gray bottle they had come in at my previous base.

He began to tell me what dosage I needed to take and I interrupted him, “I know, take two every day I come to work.”

“Actually,” he said “you only take one every day of work.”

“Oh,” I said, feeling a bit embarrassed about my know-it-all attitude. “It’s changed since my last

base.”

“I guess so,” he said. “I assume you know where to keep them?”

We didn’t have the personal secure space here that we had access to at PPD Base #1. “I guess I’ll have to keep it in my filing cabinet drawer.”

“That’s fine,” he said, probably knowing I had no other choice. Of course, there was no way I would be allowed to take them home.

“If you ever have to reach me, send a message by e-mail. I’ll get back with you as soon as possible.”

He gave me his e-mail address. It sounded like his office was located elsewhere. I was curious, so I asked “Is your office here on site or somewhere else?”

“You will see me around the building from time to time but if you have any questions, confine them to e-mail and I’ll be sure to respond quickly. This position is such that you will not need much interaction with anyone. Just report your comms when they come in and go about your normal duties otherwise,” the captain said, completely ignoring my question.

This guy was slicker than I had thought. I was initially under the impression I could get out of him more information than I could my other PPD commanders. Evidently I was wrong.

My life at PPD Base #2 was perhaps the loneliest I had experienced up to that point in my Air Force career. At PPD Base #1, I had managed to find a few friends that I could pass time with during my off-duty hours and I had been involved with the base theater club putting on plays for the base populace.

But I was increasingly withdrawing into a cocoon that was harder and harder to escape from. During the first few months, after I found out about PPD and my role in it, I went through feelings of superiority. I felt so much pride that I was one of the people given this interesting and, apparently, important ability. As time went by, though, all that seemed meaningless if I couldn’t share it with someone. It’s like being rich beyond your wildest imagination and being stuck on a deserted island without anyone to share it with or anywhere to spend it. I was becoming emotionally isolated and started to hate what I was doing.

I compensated for the increasing loneliness I was feeling by spending money. I started to take solace in material things. I didn’t feel like I had to hide what was going on in my life from things, so buying them comforted me. My first comm at PPD Base #2 came about three days after my impromptu meeting with Captains Stanley and Gregory.

I showed up to work for a normal 12 hour midnight shift when I started to receive a pre-emptive message to prepare me for an incoming comm. I hadn’t received one for more than three months by this time and it took me by surprise just as it had the very first time. Only this time I knew I had time to prepare myself and my computer to receive it.

At this new base, it was much easier to report comms because workstations were farther apart, located within a huge open room. Most of the time I could work totally uninterrupted. But when interruptions did occur they were more unpredictable. At Base #1, I would know if I was to have a visitor so I could prepare. At Base #2, anyone could walk up at any time and completely take me by surprise. I became very good at sensing if anyone was approaching my workstation while I was reporting a comm.

It was quite easy to suspend a comm if need be, so I often would do it to head off any nosy questions.

Enter Bones

The first comm I received at PPD Base #2 was of the same structure as all the others I had received up to that time. More numbers and seemingly codified strings of numbers and letters. But I realized that I was not comm'ing with the same grey contact as I was before. It seemed Spock had been replaced. I could sense the change from the texture of the message.

Communicating intuitively is like touching and feeling an exquisite tapestry when compared to our normal means of communication. It was so much more vibrant than any of the senses we humans typically use in touching, hearing, seeing, tasting and smelling. All these are sensed in a one dimensional world compared to the richness of communicating intuitively.

During the first comm at my new base, I noticed the texture of the "tapestry" had changed. Before, when comm'ing with Spock, I had nothing to compare his tapestry with because it was my first and only grey contact. I had come to expect every comm to be the same. This one was quite different.

As soon as I had logged into my reporting window, I gave the go-ahead for the first of many comms I would receive from the grey contact I called "Bones." (The irony of the nickname I had given to my first PPD contact did not so readily apply to this one. So with no descriptive name coming to mind, I continued with the Star Trek theme.)

I immediately sensed that this was a different grey. As Bones was about to sign off I sent a comm, on the other plane, asking why my contact had changed. I wasn't sure if he just didn't receive my comm before completely signing off or he totally ignored it. But he was gone.

After he signed off I tried to assess the differences between his comm and Spock's. It was like he had a different shape and texture to his tapestry. Spock was definitely more rigid, with his comms being more punctuated and tighter around the edges. Bones appeared to be more "human" than Spock, in that his emotions were more readily apparent. I couldn't help but wonder what emotions their race was capable of. I was very intrigued and couldn't wait for my next comm.

I was also looking forward to trying the higher plane, again, to see what his reaction would be; or if he even would react.

Bones' Revelations

After that first comm with Bones, and realizing it was a different grey I would be communicating with, I was anxious to attempt going to the higher plane. Based on my experiences with Spock, I assumed he would also be curious at my ability to go to this other level.

I was not mistaken. The very next comm came a few days after the first. I went to the other plane as soon as he was finished with the preamble. He asked the identical question Spock asked, if I had intentionally switched planes. I answered to the affirmative; I had indeed done it on purpose. Bones immediately continued with the normal comm on the normal plane as if nothing had happened. I was so pre-occupied with his reaction that I don't think my comm reporting was very accurate. How could he completely ignore it and go on? I received the comm like normal, not knowing what else to do.

As the comm came to a close, instead of signing off like normal, Bones began to communicate with me on the other plane once again. This took me by surprise, as I fully expected him to sign off after the comm.

"What are your intentions by communicating on this plane?" Bones asked, being quite forward in his question.

"I was able to find this plane while comm'ing with my previous PPD contact, quite by accident. It was interesting to find there was another level of communication, but I was unable to fully explore communicating on this plane with the previous PPD contact because I moved shortly thereafter. There was so much I wanted to ask him. I thought I could ask you, now that you are my contact. Would that be okay?" I asked.

"We have no preferences regarding communicating on this level," he replied.

"Is that a yes or a no? I'm not clear on your answer," I answered back, wondering what he meant by his last statement.

"You are not clear on the answer because you expect a different one," he said enigmatically.

I wasn't sure what he meant but I didn't care, I was going to move forward. "How come I can comm with you so informally on this plane but not on the other?" I was intentionally asking the same question I had asked Spock in order to compare answers.

"There are no specifications on the formality of your communication with us. It is true the lower plane is a plane used solely for the purposes of pre-existing communication subjects, but I have never pursued non-pre-existing comms with you because there has never been a reason to do so."

That was a great answer, because it was how Spock answered the same question. Continuing with the comparison, I asked, "Is communicating on this plane authorized?"

"There is no harm in this communication," he said responding the same way Spock had months earlier.

Not wanting to cover too much of the same ground as I did with Spock, I tried to think of other things to ask. Because of my own personal needs at the time, the most profound thing I could think of was, "Do you eliminate waste like we do?"

I could swear that if they were capable of laughter, I could "hear" it in the background. I could sense a bubble in our communication like I had never experienced before. Was it laughter? I don't know, but it might have been.

"Yes, 118, we have that need as well, but not in the same manner," he answered back without any embarrassment or any other emotions that we as humans would feel if asked the same question.

With that, he signed off.

Our first higher plane comm went smoothly I thought. Bones was just as abrupt as Spock - when he wanted to end communication, he ended it. There were no formalities like we

have...i.e., “Well, gotta run, you take care...etc.” I would receive “end of comm” and communications would cease.

Over the course of 10 months at PPD Base #2, I received over 75 comms from Bones. During that time we communicated on the higher plane on numerous occasions. What I learned from Bones during that time frame doesn't come back to me in a neatly packaged chronological order. I remember the things I learned from Bones more as a gradual progression of knowledge that built upon itself over time.

I must also say that I don't profess to have learned a great deal of earth shattering revelations from my comms with these “people.” I was able to glean some information over the time period I comm'ed with them but I didn't learn as much as I would have liked. When you're making up a story, like so many people out there who claim to have “channeled” or spoken to aliens, you have creative license to come up with as much stuff as you need to fill your book. (To clarify; I am not a channeler. The way I understand it, channeling is when a person takes on the identity of the person, or entity, they are trying to contact.) Unfortunately, I didn't receive an encyclopedia of information like so many others.

I've taken the liberty of consolidating some of the things I remember discussing with Bones, in no particular order:

- Time -

I learned that time, as we know it, does not have the same meaning for them. They still age as we do, but they are not as bound by the physics of time as we currently are. Of course, this would be an obvious assumption for anyone who follows any amount of science fiction. I have always been fascinated with time, therefore it was one question I asked on multiple occasions. Their means of travel across vast distances is heavily dependent on the manipulation of time but not as we perceive it. I asked if they can travel through time: for example - can they go backward or forward in time? He told me that it was not possible to witness a reality that occurred in some other time but the present. In order to go back in time, one must assume that there exists a reference point from which to measure backward or forward. This is an impossibility. Essentially, they weren't able to travel through time but around time and from time. I never really understood what Bones meant by this.

- Religion -

Being brought up in the Christian faith, I naturally had questions about the meaning of faith and the institution of religion in general. One question I remember quite clearly was when I asked if they had a soul. As was usually the case, his answer was quite curious. Perhaps someone reading this will be able to understand it better than I. He said that any entity that realizes its own existence has intellect and therefore must have a soul. We have been created from the same oneness (my interpretation), and out of that creation came intellect and non-intellect. These are the only forms of life in the universe. We were both (them and us), along with many others, a part of the intellectual aspect creation.

When I asked if there was a God, he answered that it was not his place to answer that question. But he said something like “the question you ask answers itself.” It was all kind of obscure to place any concrete meaning to. Based on what he was saying at the time though, I do remember coming to the conclusion that there must be a “God” that we all shared.

- How long they've been visiting -

He said they have been visiting us (again, he used the term water-vessels or some such

equivalent) for a very long time. I really didn't understand the terms he was using for time when describing to me how long they've been here, but I remember thinking it must have been a long time. He said they had visited cultures from time to time throughout our history. None of the direct contacts they've initiated turned out well. This is one of the reasons they are not "common" (my interpretation of another unfamiliar term) visitors today. However, he said that it was much easier to visit our people in the past than it is today. They revealed themselves on many occasions in the past and even contributed to certain societies and their technologies. They learned much from the engaging of other people. But since our technology has leap-frogged, the risk of revealing themselves on a worldwide scale, at this time, is not a worthwhile endeavor.

My own readings have led me to believe they most likely impacted the Incan, Mayan and Egyptian societies. I think these would be obvious assumptions, if you knew aliens exist and visited past cultures. It is also very possible that the lost continent of Atlantis is a remnant civilization that was effected by aliens. I never asked this question, although now I wish I had.

- Interbreeding -

I stumbled upon a piece of information during one comm but I can't quite remember what the line of conversation was about. I do remember thinking that they had interbred with humans at one time. Maybe it was another species of aliens... I can't remember. But I feel it is quite possible there are people living today that are descendants of "inter-terrestrial" pairings. My suspicions are, if this is true, that the Basque people of the mountains between Spain and France are the most likely candidates in the search for their progeny. I have read that the Basque language has no identifiable roots and that they are also genetically different than all other humans on the planet. As far as I can tell, from the scientific community, they are a human anomaly. This could explain why.

- Other intelligent life -

According to Bones, there is a vast number of other "intelligences" in the Universe. I got the feeling when I asked this that he felt it was a dumb question.

- Sexes -

I had asked at one time if they had two sexes like we do. The answer was yes. It seems they procreate as well, but not in the same manner. I didn't go any further in my questioning, and he didn't volunteer any more information.

- Mode of travel -

When he answered this question, I didn't understand half of what he was telling me and couldn't translate it if I did. What little I got from the conversation was that they somehow use time and electromagnetic energy as a source of propulsion. (There were times when I regretted not listening more closely in Physics 101.)

- Life span -

Their life span is similar to ours but I was not able to understand the time measurements he was using. I always had a hard time understanding any aspect of time when it was discussed in reference to a timetable. Bones made me understand that their life spans are similar to ours, perhaps even shorter.

- Energy -

When asked about energy and what form of it they use, he didn't mention their energy source

but did speak about our energy sources. He told me that our sun was very unique and that someday we would understand how it really worked and how we could utilize the same methods they use but on a smaller scale. He said our scientists have just begun to understand how the sun can be used as a source of energy for our future needs.

- Project Preserve Destiny -

When queried on this subject, Bones would almost always sign off. There were two occasions he didn't though. Once he answered the question of how many countries were involved with it. His answer was less than exact but it was an answer. He said, "more than one."

The other question was concerning the future event that I had been told this whole project was about. He said only that "the Earth is in its geological infancy and that we should expect much change." With that he signed off. What did he mean by this? Was it just a ruse, and the project was for something else? I'll probably never know.

- Noise cancellation technology -

So what did my run in with the white van have to do with anything? I asked Bones about noise cancellation and the significance of same. This was one of the topics I never received an answer for. I thought it quite odd that he would either not answer or sign off every time I asked about this topic. Of course, by reacting this way, I became even more intrigued than if he would have given me a simple answer and moved on.

To this day I still wonder what noise cancellation has to do with PPD. I have done much reading on the subject over the past few years (since the white van incident) and have come up with some interesting information, but nothing necessarily linking it to PPD.

If taken to its extreme, noise cancellation has numerous military applications. Some forward thinking physicist may even be able to correlate it with propulsion somehow. Noise cancellation works on the principle of negative phase theory. If you analyze the frequency of the noise you want to eliminate, determine its discreet phase angles at a very high data rate, you can generate an identical frequency calculated to be 180 degrees out of phase with the original frequency.

If you mix the two frequencies together in a process called "heterodyning" you get $180 - 180 = 0$. Of course, I've summarized this explanation for the sake of simplicity. It is my theory that the government is working on this type of technology and is eons ahead of the civilian noise cancellation world in terms of advances. Again, if taken to the extreme, this technology can go beyond the original uses of simply canceling an unwanted noise. Light is also made up of electromagnetic energy and has a frequency. What if a person could control the cancellation of light at will? Think of the implications if a country had full use of this ability. I'm not a physicist, but I can tell you that the uses of this technology are innumerable.

My final conclusion on the white van, after much thought, is this; as you have learned in this book, grey projects are always hidden behind black projects. While I was attending PPD school, Captain White told me that I wouldn't be briefed on the black project that cloaked PPD there at the school, because I wouldn't be working on its mission and therefore had no need-to-know. So it is my contention that the black project located there had something to do with noise cancellation and perhaps had no tangible connection to PPD at all. Or, maybe it did have something to do with it.

Regardless, I'm anxious to know more about this technology - hopefully any advanced applications relating to this technology will filter its way down to the consumer market someday.

Fascinating stuff!

Meanwhile, I'm buying stock in that company!

Abduction Data

My comms started to change over the period of time I was at PPD Base #2. It was almost as if it was another step I was taking in my progression as an IC. The data started to become more pictorial in nature. I reported an abundance of launch data immediately after launches of the Ariane, Shuttle and other nation's rocket programs. I remember one launch in particular.

There had been a malfunction during the launch which ended up destroying the vehicle. During the comm I received following that launch, I could actually "see" where the malfunction had occurred but I couldn't report it because I didn't know how to describe what I was seeing. It was quite odd. I simply reported what I could translate into words. I'm sure if they would have shown me pictures, I could have pointed out where it malfunctioned. I did report at the end of the comm that I had received mental images of the malfunction but was unable to describe it. Evidently it wasn't important enough to follow up on, because I never heard anything about it later.

But it wasn't until I was at PPD Base #2 for 8 or 9 months that I started to receive information that was, on the face of it, startling to me.

Within about 5 months of my arrival I had been moved into a management position pertaining to my non-PPD duties and, as such, was working a day schedule. I had access to the same computer network that I had prior to my promotion so I could just as easily, if not more privately, access my PPD reporting window from my new desk. This new work schedule made for a more routine comms reporting schedule as well. Evidently, somebody was aware of this because I began to receive my comms during the day only.

It was 3 or 4 months after my positional promotion that I received what appeared to be my first abduction related comm. These comms would begin like all other comms; the sending of the normal preamble information containing my identifying code of 118 and the five digit "zipcode" number. But the rest of the comm was completely different. There would be other items in the comm including such things as "potentiality for recall", "residual pain level", "nerve response", "body normalization" and other more obscure things I can't recall because they made no sense. My first abduction comm included a latitude/longitude coordinate that I later looked up to find that it corresponded to the panhandle of Florida.

As I look back on it, I could see a gradual progression of how the comms were being reported to me. At PPD Base #1, almost without exception, the official comms I reported were in some sort of code residing in a long string of numbers. As I moved to my next base, the comms began to be more descriptive in nature, with the reporting of the launching events, along with

other image-based data. But now, they had taken one more step in the evolution. I would not describe the newest comms as particularly visual, however. The information translated more from a “spoken” context but were altogether disturbing to report.

The ratings assigned to each category I reported seemed to be on a scale of 1-100. What frustrated me was I had no idea which was the upper end of the scale and which was the lower.

Below is an example of what the report of an abduction comm would look like if the typing on the screen would have been visible;

118/23576/Subject10023202036/940107/0430/

PotentialityforRecall72/ResidualPain21/NerveResponseCurve63/BodyNormalization97/03835N14503E///

After receiving the first few comms containing this information, I could see that the format was standardized. I began to report the categories by using the initials of the terms such as “PFR” for potentiality for recall... etc. The “subject” field would always contain an 11 digit number and the field after that was obviously the date of the abduction.

I say that because most times it would not correspond to the actual date I received the comm but a date several days earlier. The date would vary between one to three days prior to the date of the report. The next field, I believe, was the time the abduction took place (according to what time zone, I don’t know) followed by the individual explanation fields. The last field was obviously the latitude and longitude of the abduction.

This time I looked up some of the coordinates because I had access to maps in my workcenter. On three separate occasions I looked the locations up and I discovered one corresponded to the panhandle of Florida, another to upstate New York and the other to Wisconsin. Based on my familiarity with worldwide lat/longs at the time, though, I could tell that every one of the abduction scenarios that I reported took place within the continental US.

I finally came to the conclusion, after reporting over 20 apparent abduction scenarios, that I wanted no part of the program any longer. Although I had no reason to believe anyone was being maliciously harmed, I did get a feeling that the abductions I was reporting were part of some sort of higher calling and the feelings of the people involved took a back seat to that calling.

I couldn’t help but think about my mother and what she possibly went through during the genetic management phase of PPD.

Bitterness Grows

Because of the things I began to report regarding the abduction scenarios, I started to question why this was happening.

The beginning of the end started one day after I had reported a comm with the usual abduction sequences. I sat there at my desk looking at my computer screen, after reporting a comm, wondering what I was doing. I suddenly didn’t have enough information anymore. I wanted to

know more and my level of anxiety about it all was beginning to rise dramatically. When I was first indoctrinated into the program, I was so awe struck with everything I was learning I didn't question anything. But now, two and half years later, I was no longer intimidated by my superiors nor the secretive nature and classification of the project itself.

I began to feel bitter. The bitterness began a few months after I had started to receive comms from Bones. It hit a sharp incline when I began to receive the abduction comms and now it hit a crescendo. I was tired of being supposedly so important because of my abilities, yet treated like an underling with no need-to-know. I think I would not have begun to feel this way if I had somehow been made a part of the whole process - if I would have been made aware of the reasons for everything. Why the abduction data? Why had everything been passed in code, mostly, until now?

I had so many questions and I wasn't getting any answers. I suddenly wanted to tell everything I knew to everyone. I felt like a butterfly trying to break out of the confines of the ugly old cocoon. I had been cooped up in this classified cage for too long and I wanted to come clean. People had a right to know what was going on. And if they shouldn't know, then tell me why they shouldn't know. It was very frustrating.

I knew as long as I stayed in the military, my feelings of loneliness would persist and most likely get much worse. It had affected my personal life drastically. I had slowly built a wall around myself over the past two and half years because I feared getting close to anyone. I had even sacrificed my love life all this time because I feared becoming involved with someone and coming to a point in the future of telling them about my experiences and them rejecting me because either they wouldn't believe me or, worse yet, think I was a freak.

So I put in for an early discharge through my organizational, non-PPD, chain of command. At the time, the Air Force was letting people receive early discharges in select career fields in an attempt to draw down the number of personnel. There had been others who had received an early out in my career field, so I thought I had a slight chance. At the time, we were experiencing a massive draw down of all the armed forces.

A few weeks went by and I was informed that my request was denied. I asked my non-PPD commander why and he told me that I was in a critically manned career field and they weren't letting anyone out. I knew my next step would be fruitless but I tried it anyway. In a way I'm glad, because it provided the catalyst for my eventual discharge in a 'round-a-bout way. I sent an e-mail message to my PPD commander. In the message, I asked if there was any way I could receive an early out discharge. Within the hour I had received an e-mail back, summarily denying my request.

So I sent a message back, asking why. He came back with the same answer I had received from my other commander, that my career field was a shortage career field and that it would be impossible to let me out. But this time, within the text of the message, he asked me why I wanted out. I told him I no longer felt that the Air Force was what I wanted in life and that I was anxious to pursue a career as a civilian. I preferred to get out now instead of waiting for my enlistment to be up in November of 1997.

Then came the message that set me off and solidified my resolve to get out at all costs. He sent a message back saying that since I had been officially indoctrinated into PPD, it would be impossible for me to get out, even when my current enlistment came to an end.

This absolutely threw me for a loop. I had never heard of such a thing. I sent back a message asking for clarification because it sounded like he meant I wouldn't be able to get out until someone else said so, regardless of what I wanted and when my enlistment was over.

"Correct," came the reply.

I was beside myself with anger. What he was saying, essentially, was that I was stuck indefinitely - even if my enlistment were to end on its own accord. How could they do that? I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I felt like an animal that had just been cornered - so I did what anyone would do when cornered - I resolved to come out swinging. I went home that night, plotting my next strategy. I was going to get out of the military now, come hell or high water.

They were finished controlling my life. I'm convinced that if he hadn't made me so angry, I would have perhaps calmed down and at least stayed for the rest of my enlistment. (Even though, according to Captain Gregory, I wouldn't have been able to get out even then.)

I knew that whatever I did I had to do it through non-PPD channels. I came up with just such a plan.

Discharge

Towards the end of my involvement with PPD, I noticed Bones was reacting a bit differently. It was at this time that I wondered if he somehow knew of my intentions of getting out of the project. I had always assumed they were not able to read my mind, because I couldn't read theirs. It's only after I looked back on this that I question if they had been able to read my mind the whole time. It makes me uneasy to think they could have.

The way I obtained my discharge is not a secret. Anyone can look into my military record and see the reason emblazoned on my discharge papers. But certain self-incrimination legalities prevent me from discussing it here.

Anyone who has a dire need to rid themselves of the military can use this method, but I don't advise it. It has left an indelible mark on me and I regret being forced to use such drastic measures.

However, I knew this was the only method I could use that would completely shut out the authority of my PPD chain of command. Indeed, upon turning in the paperwork that eventually led to my discharge, I immediately stopped receiving comms and I was never contacted by anyone in the PPD chain of command again. It was as if I had dropped off the face of the earth.

Of course, by being cut off from the PPD mission, I had accomplished what I had set out to do. But unfortunately, I couldn't stop the ball from rolling by the time PPD wrote me off. The course had been laid and I was destined for discharge. Even if I had wanted to stop it at that point, I couldn't.

As I look back on my overall military experience, I can't help but wonder "what if?". What if I had never been indoctrinated into PPD? What if I had never re-enlisted to accept that cross-training into Electronic Intelligence? What if I had told them, while I was in Maryland, that I didn't want to be a part of this PPD and to leave me alone? I think of these things because I miss some aspects of my military experience. The one thing I'll never miss, though, is being a part of PPD and whatever the ultimate goal is - sinister or otherwise.

I only wish I could have continued an otherwise wonderful career of which I was extremely proud. I miss serving my country and being a part of the most sophisticated and well trained military in the world.

Prologue

When I look back on my life, there are things that happened that make me wonder if they were related to my ultimate role as an intuitive communicator while in the United States Air Force.

I'll begin with my mother. When she was a small girl, I believe around 5 or 6 years old, she had an accident that seriously effected her reproductive organs. I believe this is significant to the story because the doctors told her during her first pregnancy that the odds of her being able to carry a child to full term were astronomical. Indeed, she eventually endured many miscarriages in her quest to have children.

When she became pregnant with me, the doctors told her the same thing regarding the likelihood of my survival. Much to the amazement of the doctors at the time, my birth was quite normal with no complications. Of course, one healthy child among numerous miscarriages is not unprecedented. But in light of what I know now, my survival must have been the result of intervention coinciding with the genetic management procedures that she and I were being subjected to at the time. Unfortunately, my mother has no memory of ever being abducted.

There have also been events throughout my life that may also have involved some sort of intervention. I realize it's quite easy to jump to the conclusion that the aliens were behind it all. So I caution the reader: I only write of these things because they may be related to the overall story.

When I was 7 years old, a friend and I had climbed onto the roof of a neighboring garage. From where we stood on the edge of the roof, I'd estimate the ground to have been approximately 25 feet below. We had been reaching out to pick walnuts off the tree growing next to the garage when the branch I was using for support snapped and I went tumbling to the ground. I remember a large source of energy completely taking over my body during the fall. What makes the incident stand out to the common onlooker, though, was that I fell 25 feet and landed on a concrete slab, directly on my back. I immediately got up and cried from the shock of it all, but I don't remember feeling any pain. Intervention? I'll probably never know.

When I was 10 or 11 years old, my family managed horse boarding stables in Yuba City, CA. One of our boarders was an SR-71 pilot, Major Roberts. He was stationed at nearby Beale Air

Force Base. Beale was home to the SR-71 at the time. Major Roberts was the person responsible for planting in me the desire to join the USAF. He would bring his daughter to the stables and watch her ride while we talked by the fence of the arena. He would tell me how great it was being in the USAF, and that I would surely be a pilot just like him someday. This, of course, has no meaning by itself. But later, during my years with PPD, I surmised that the SR-71 program was one of the first black missions to hide a grey project.

During the SR-71's early years, its classification level put it in the black category and therefore was a prime candidate to try out this new method of hiding grey programs behind the cloak of secrecy it provided. Captain White had alluded to this transition in grey security during my indoctrination. Was Major Roberts part of PPD? Did he know of my abilities and was therefore planting the seed for me to join the USAF once I became of age? I'm sure I'll never know.

I do know that it was due to him and his wondrous tales of how great it was to be in the USAF that I ended up enlisting right out of high school in September of 1982.

Purposeful intervention or not, my path was set.

Unfortunately, this story doesn't come in a tight little package with no questions left unanswered. I wish it did.

One thing I can say for sure is that I truly believe I wasn't told the whole story regarding my role as an intuitive communicator. I think you can probably surmise the same thing after reading the whole story.

So what is the whole story? That, I don't know. Are we in for a meteor strike that will leave the world electromagnetically limping so much that they will need the IC's abilities? Only time will tell. I can only write what I experienced and hope that someone out there may know other things and through a cooperative effort, we may be able to put some of the pieces of the puzzle together.

I don't think there's a doubt in most people's minds that we are, and have been for a long time, visited by aliens. And whether you believe what I have documented in this book or not, the events that countless people are witness to on a daily basis throughout the world will not change. I only hope that some of the light that I have been able to shed will shine on the path we are all heading down in search of the ultimate truth. Can it be far off? I don't think so. The harder we search the more difficult it will become for them. They cannot keep things hidden forever.

No matter what religion you are, I believe you can see Jesus said it best in Matthew, Chapter 7, Verse 7 and 8 when He spoke in front of the multitudes during

His famous Sermon on the Mount speech;

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and to he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

So if we continue to ask, seek and knock we will most surely find.