



# WHY DO UFOs VISIT EARTH

Why do UFOs visit the Earth? It's a question that carries a lot of baggage with it. To even ask it, we need to assume that UFOs originate from beyond the Earth, that they are a physical phenomenon, and that they are intelligently controlled. All of those points are arguable to a greater or lesser degree. But, if we hold the view that at least some UFO activity represents an alien presence in our skies then...why are they here?

Human activity is complex. We each act from different motivating factors, and our actions sometimes appear unpredictable, even irrational. So, we must also assume that the intelligence behind alien UFO activity is rational, and directed with purpose (as opposed to, say, space tourism by teenage aliens looking for kicks). Aliens may have a complex set of reasons for visiting here. Certainly, the diversity of UFO activity across the globe suggests this.

However, there is a distinct pattern that we can point to with some confidence. UFOs have often been observed over sensitive military sites by trained, military observers. This was particularly true when the phenomenon was officially investigated back in the post-war decades. The powers-that-be were genuinely concerned about the defence implications of this unwelcome intrusion into their controlled airspace. It's easy to see why, particularly during the height of the Cold War.

This connection was all the more worrying when the sensitive sites were nuclear. There is a secret history of UFO intrusion upon sensitive nuclear sites, particularly nuclear missile launch facilities. It's a scary subject, because nuclear deterrent is a gun whose trigger is light. The systems operating a nation's nuclear deterrent may be complex, but they are designed to be reactive in an extremely short time period.

If a third party were to, say, set off a set of your missiles towards your enemy, then your world will also come to an abrupt end. If that third party demonstrates their ability to control your missiles at will, then you are potentially in a lot of trouble. If aliens are visiting us in their flying saucers, and if they are concerned about our capability to wage atomic war, then they may wish to let us know in an unsubtle way that we are not totally in control of our own weaponry. Such an injunction might cause our generals to sit up and take notice.

Author Robert Hastings has provided a dossier of incidents where just this scenario appears to have been played out across the continental United States. In his book

'UFOs and Nukes', he shows that a great many military men at sensitive nuclear sites have encountered UFOs, leaving a wake of confusion and insecurity.

The purpose of these unwelcome visits is not entirely clear. But consider this: the advent of the UFO phenomenon really got going in the years following the dropping of the first atom bombs. The Roswell incident occurred in the vicinity of the world's only nuclear bomber squadron at that time. The Rendlesham Forest incident in the UK occurred in the vicinity of a nuclear weapons storage area at nearby RAF Bentwaters. Encounters with UFOs over nuclear missile launch facilities have sometimes been associated with technical problems at those sites, like those experienced at Malmstrom AFB in 1967.

The outline of a pattern becomes apparent, even if the agenda does not.

In our already insecure world, the additional factor of UFOs potentially buzzing nuclear weapons sites is not likely to feature high in the public's mind, particularly as the military authorities downplay the threat, and, to put it lightly, discourage public sighting reports among their ranks. Indeed, the British Ministry of Defence justify their seeming disinterest in the UFO phenomenon with the mantra that UFOs are of no defence significance. But, as Robert Hastings argues, the focus of UFO activity seems to be extreme defence significance. This is a dichotomy of Orwellian proportions.



## HOW DO UFOs GET HERE

Getting to the Moon and back is an expensive and trying business, which only a few of the great nations of the Earth could undertake, even now. Getting all the way out to Mars presents a feat of endurance and technical mastery that remains beyond all but an extremely well-funded NASA. These worlds are our cosmic neighbours. They are in our backyard, a space that is inconsequential compared to the vast distances between the stars.

Let us assume that Einstein was right. However we may wish to, we simply cannot travel faster than the speed of light.

We may theoretically consider warp speed, or hyper-drives, or teleportation. But, in practice, we are stuck with moving physical matter through the immense vacuum of

space.

Aliens who wish to visit our adorable blue world from across the Cosmos must overcome an enormous hurdle. Even at speeds close to that of light, which incurs its own remarkable set of problems, efforts to overcome this hurdle involve many years of travelling. And that's just from the nearest stars.

Many sceptics who argue against a UFO reality present this simple argument as a sure-fire reason to dismiss the concept of alien visitation. It simply takes too long for them to get here.

The nuclear physicist and Ufologist Stanton Friedman argues that our culture underestimates the potential for nuclear-powered spacecraft. Nuclear fusion or fission reactors would be capable of ejecting high speed particles from a spaceship's propulsion system, generating acceleration. In the vacuum of space, this increase in speed would be ongoing for the lifetime of the nuclear reactor, generating incredible speeds in a relatively short time-span. But one is still left with journey times of many years, not weeks or months.

Many Ufologists, like author Timothy Good, provide evidence that UFOs are based here, even if they once originated from elsewhere. In other words, there are alien bases on Earth from whence the intrusive and elusive UFOs emerge to skit about in our skies.

Perhaps such bases exist on neighbouring planets, like Mars. Perhaps great 'motherships' visit our world from distant stars, slowly traversing the Cosmos to drop off flying saucers into our atmosphere. The science writer Carl Sagan advocated interstellar travel in cored-out comets. These great balls of rock and ice orbit the Sun in distant, elongated orbits. But some of their cousins also travel through the galaxy between the stars. If a space-faring civilisation were to hitch a ride, these comets would provide a small world to live within across the cold of deep space. A succession of generations could wait out their time before arrival at the star system they hope to colonise.

So, have aliens colonised our star system then? Well, if they were looking for a sensible place to settle in the solar system, Earth appears to be the only viable habitat in town. The need to inhabit a world in what astronomers call 'The Goldilocks Zone' brings us to a list with a sole candidate: the Earth. So, maybe Tim Good is right to argue that they are here, among us.

Or, perhaps there is also another possibility. Not all stars are bright. Some failed stars no longer shine with the light of their birth, but lie hidden in the skies; invisible needles in the cosmic haystack. These dark, stellar worlds, known to astronomers as brown dwarfs, could be found anywhere. Some are like planets, orbiting parent stars, and others independently traverse the spaces between the stars.

If the Sun was close to one of these failed stars, we may not realise it yet. This seems a stunning claim, but it is a reasonable contention. These small failed stars, known as sub-brown dwarfs, are very difficult to detect. Yet they would be sufficiently massive to offer a warm environment for life on their own families of planets. In a stroke, such a scenario would overcome the concern about the huge distances between the stars. Another habitable zone would be viable within striking distance of the known planets.

Of course, with the Moon still offering us a significant space-faring challenge, it will be a while before our species is able to travel to such a dark star, even if one were to be found nearby. But that does not mean that we haven't been visited from there...



# ALIENS: THE REPTILIANS

## WHAT DO THEY LOOK LIKE?

These physical descriptions are compiled from a large database on reptilian-human contacts. In some cases, the experiencer may recall only one physical characteristic of the nonhuman entity that was encountered. On the other hand, other people have vivid memories of their encounter and are able to provide detailed reports of the reptilian beings anatomy. The following is a compilation of these eyewitness descriptions for your review.

Generally speaking, there are three basic reptilian physical types. The Reptoid (reptilian-humanoid crossbreeds), the various reptilian-grey crossbreed types and the hierarchial reptilian overlords called the Draco (winged reptilian beings). Although the reptilian being species are divided into three basic types, there are physical features that are shared by almost all. These commonalties will be covered under the description of the Reptoid beings.

# REPTOIDS

Reptilian beings range from five and a half to nine feet in height. They have lean, firm bodies with powerful arms and legs. They have long arms with three fairly long fingers and an opposable thumb. Their feet have three toes and one recessed fourth toe that is toward the back side of their ankle. The claws of their hands and feet are short and blunt. They do not have teats on their upper torso and they do not have a navel.

They have scaled skin that is usually greenish-brown in color. Some also have coffee colored scales that have dark green colored rims. The scales (or scutes) on their backs, thighs and upper arms are large. Their hands, abdomen and face, are covered with smaller scales, allowing more flexibility. They have wide lipless mouths which contain differentiated types of teeth, including canines (fangs.)

They have either large black eyes with vertical slit pupils or eyes that white with flame colored vertical slit pupils. Their heads are slightly conical in shape and have two bony ridges riding from their brow, across their back sloping skull, toward the back of their head. Throughout history, these bony ridges have been misidentified as horns.

There appears to be no bridge between their eyes. The nasal openings are at the end of a small, flattened nose and are described as two small slits that slant upwards in a V formation. Some experiencers have reported seeing small openings on the sides of their heads, but have noted that there is no fleshy part extending from this area.

Reptilian beings have no body or facial hair. Occasionally, experiencers will have observed reptilian beings with thin, fleshy spines under their chins. From a distance, this physical feature is often misidentified as hair. (Even today, one can find lizards with these same fleshy spines under their chins. They are called Bearded Lizards.)

Reptilian beings are both tailed and tailless. The tails are differentiated in size and are held off the ground. Their posterior can be like either that of a human, with a vertical slit shielding an excretory orifice or it can be a rounded muscular area extending from the base of the spine to the upper thigh region. Experiencers have reported seeing reptilian beings with a combination of these posterior configurations.

Their genitalia are concealed within a vertical slit located at the base of the torso. In the case of women who claim to have experienced sexual encounters with reptoids, the male reptilian beings are

described as having a well endowed penis that is lacking a soft sacked scrotum. Where the scrotum sack is located on a human, the reptilian male, apparently, has a firm, muscular bulge leading from the base of the penis to the underside of the torso.

## DRACO

The Draco reptilian beings are considered the royal elitists of the reptilian hierarchy. They are not seen as often as other reptilian Aliens. They are similar in appearance to the Reptoid beings, yet they do have distinct physical differences.

Draco have wings, whereas the Reptoids do not. These wings of a Draco are made of long, thin bony spines or ribs that protrude out of their backs. The ribs are adjoined by flaps of leathery, blackish-brown skin. The wings are usually in a retracted position. In some instances, such as in *The Mothman Prophecies*, by author John Keel, the Draco beings have been seen to actually fly by use of their wings.

In several contacts, people have seen the reptilian beings wearing a cape draped over their shoulders and down their backs. These observations can explain one of two scenarios: a) These capes may be a piece of clothing specifically designed for covering the Draco wings; or b) As there have also been reptilian contacts in which, after the wings have been seen to extend and then retract, people have said that the retracted wings took on the look of a cape-like material which flowed down the back of the Draco.

Another striking physical attribute that some of the Draco have are horns. These are not the boney ridges the reptoids have that are misidentified as horns, but they are actual horny protuberances that develop midway between the brow and the top of the skull. The horns are conical in shape and blunt at the tips. (It has been speculated that they use their horns as conical resonators.)

The Draco appear to have a much more athletic build than the other reptilian beings. This physical trait may be due to the physical demands required to fly with the use of their wings. Their upper torsos are extremely lean and their neck muscles splay out from the base of their jaw to their shoulder blades.

In general, the Draco are usually seven to twelve feet tall and their hierarchy is dependant on their skin color. The highest order of the Draco caste is the white skinned Draco beings. Some experiencers have reported seeing white skinned Draco beings interacting with the greenish-brown skinned Draco, Reptoids and various grey types. In these cases, all other nonhuman entities, including other Draco, greys and Reptoids, treat the white skinned (albino?) Draco as if they were

their kings or generals.

## **REPTILIAN-GREY CROSSBREEDS**

In addition to the Draco and Reptoid beings, there are many other various reptilian physical types that have been encountered through the ages.

Some are quite similar to the greys. They are four to four and a half feet in height. They have oversized craniums, large black eyes with vertical slit pupils, thin torsos, arms and legs. There have been reports of these creatures as having either three fingers with a fourth opposable or only three long fingers and no opposable fourth. They have been seen to have short claws and in some cases, no claws at all. Their feet are usually covered by the material of their suite, but some experiencers have described their feet as short and stubby, with no toes.

Amidst the various reptilian-grey types, there is also a species that has greenish-tan skin, large almond-shaped eyes that are golden in color with a dark, metallic green vertical slit pupil. They share the same basic physical construct as a grey entity and are usually seen wearing a one piece suite that is the same color as their skin.

Recent reports of a creature called the Chupacabra (a goat-Sucker) have surfaced in Puerto Rico, Mexico, Florida and the Pacific Northwest. (Their name is derived from their nocturnal activity of sucking blood from domesticated livestock such as goats.) People, who claimed to have seen these creatures, describe them as being four to five feet tall, having large slanted red eyes, fine grey fur with dark spots, no visible ears, lipless mouths and small holes as a nasal openings. Just like some of the dinosaurs of the Jurassic Period, these vampires of the night are reported to have spine-like appendages running from the top of their head down to the bottom of their backbone. The spines are said to be phosphorescent and multi colored. There have been reports that these creatures also have wings or cape-like materials draped over their shoulders.

## **Conclusion**

Although the command structure of the reptilian inner terrestrial species consists of the Draco – Reptoid – Reptilian/Grey varieties, many other physical types also have reptilian physical characteristics in their anatomy, but belong in a class of their own. The physical differences between one individual reptilian being and another is as varied in the reptilian race as they are in the human race. Just as there are tall and short humans, so must there also be tall and short reptilian beings. Just as there are people with various skin colors,

there are probably reptilian beings with varied skin colors.

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# LIST OF ALIENS KNOWN TO MAN CURRENTLY

## **AGHARIANS – (or Aghartians)**

A group of Asiatic or Nordic humans who, sources claim, discovered a vast system of caverns below the region of the Gobi desert and surrounding areas thousands of years ago, and have since established a thriving kingdom within, one which has been interacting with other-planetary systems up until current times. Vast cavern systems below Tibet allegedly link the Agharti systems of central Asia to “Snakeworld”, a multileveled cavern system under the southwestern slopes of the Himalayas where the “Nagas” dwell, according to Hindu legend. Here a serpent cult of human and reptilian collaborators dwells, one which is said to have had contact with the Nazi Thule society during World War II. Long ago an Asian prince is said to have led several militant followers – warrior monks – into the caves and came in conflict with this serpent cult. Following the conflict the reptilians and collaborating forces were driven out, however in recent centuries they have regained some ground.

## **ALPHA-DRACONIANS**

Reptilian beings who are said to have established colonies in Alpha Draconis. Like all reptilians, these claim to have originated on Terra thousands of years ago, a fact that they use to ‘justify’ their attempt to re-take the earth for their own. They are apparently a major part of a planned ‘invasion’ which is eventually turning from covert infiltration mode to overt invasion mode as the “window of opportunity” (the time span before International human society becomes an interplanetary and interstellar power) slowly begins to close. They



are attempting to keep the "window" open by suppressing advanced technology from the masses, which would lead to eventual Terran colonization of other planets by Earth and an eventual solution to the population, pollution, food and other environmental problems. Being that Terrans have an inbred "warrior" instinct the Draconians DO NOT want them/us to attain interstellar capabilities and therefore become a threat to their imperialistic agendas (Draconian).

### **ALTAIRIANS**

Alleged Reptilian inhabitants of the Altair stellar system in the constellation Aquila, in collaboration with a smaller Nordic human element and a collaborative Grey and Terran military presence. Headquarters of a collective known as the "Corporate", which maintains ties with the Ashtar and Draconian collectives (Draconian).

### **AMPHIBIANS**

Similar to the Saurians or Reptiloids, yet being hominoid creatures with reptilian AS WELL AS amphibian-like features and are semi-aquatic in nature. May have once lived on land, yet became more aquatic over the centuries. 'They' have been encountered near swampy regions, rivers, etc., and have been known to attack people without being provoked. It is interesting that some types of Greys AND Reptiloids are believed to be semi-aquatic, having webbed fingers and toes (Draconian).

### **ANAKIM, :**

(also referred to the 'Els', short for 'Elder Race' or simply as the 'Giants').

Referred to in ancient Hebrew tradition, this race is allegedly tied-in with a branch of ancient humans who broke-off from mainstream humanity because of their vast size which had developed over the centuries, possibly as a result of a genetic anomaly. They are said to range anywhere from 9-11 ft. and in some cases even 12 ft. in height, although in configuration they are remarkably similar to 'International' humans. Are said to possess a means of molecular condensing and expansion which allows some of their kind to mingle among humans on the surface. They have allegedly been encountered in deep and extensive cavern systems below the western part of North America, as far north as Alaska, as far south as Mexico, and as far east as Texas. They are believed to have interstellar traveling capabilities

### **ANTARCTICAN:**

This is allegedly a secret area of operations for both human and reptilian beings. It is said by some that Aryan-Nazi scientists actually developed disk-shaped aircraft capable of very advanced aerial performance, and that swastika's have been seen on a few aerial

disks. They may be piloted by a 'pure-bred' blond, blue-eyed Aryan race. There appears to be more than one 'Blond' human society involved in the UFO scenarios, and especially subterranean human societies may have developed 'blond' hair due to lack of sunlight. There does not seem to be anything more than a peripheral connection between the Antarcticans, the Telosian and the Pleiadean 'blondes' (i.e. we will refer to the Antarcticans as the 'Aryans'; the Telosians as the 'Blondes'; and the Pleiadeans as the 'Nordics' in order to discourage confusion). The Antarcticans may consist largely of 'batch consigned' pure-bred blue-eyed, blond Aryans who became victims of Hitler's obsession to create a super race, and as suggested by Harbinson and others most of these may be controlled through mind manipulation and implants, being 'human drones' who are used to keep this hidden society functioning. A massive joint humanoid-reptiloid underground system called the "New Berlin" is said to lie below the mountains of Neu Schwabenland, Antarctica. It is said by some sources that this joint human-alien force has spread terror through this sector of the galaxy, conquering and committing untold atrocities against the peaceful inhabitants of other worlds. The famous abductee Barney Hill who along with his wife Betty was abducted by "Zeta Reticular Greys" in 1961, stated under regressive hypnosis that he had encountered an evil-eyed "German Nazi" working with the Greys on board the craft. It is claimed that the original "treaty" with the Greys was established by the Bavarian Thule and Illuminati societies as early as 1933, and this collaboration was brought into America via the CIA, which was established with the help of American Nazi fifth column agents as well as European Nazi's who were brought into America through Project Paperclip and other operations

### **ATLANS**

These are humans, usually described as being benevolent by comparison to other groups, who are said to inhabit vast and complex cavern-cities beneath southern Brazil and surrounding regions. The term 'Atlantean' or 'Atlan' in reference to these races, has been placed upon them because of the fact that these cavern networks along the east coast of Brazil were reportedly once a part of the antediluvian 'Atlantean' empire. The present inhabitants have no direct GENETIC relation to the ancient 'Atlantean' society which is said to have controlled these cavern systems several millennia ago, but are referred to as 'Atlanteans' simply because they are descendants of those who re-discovered and inhabited the ancient Atlan installations. As in North America and other continents, both common and gnome-like humans have been encountered here, some of which possessed advanced aerial or 'disk' technology. The Telosians claim to have some connections with South America, especially the Matto Grosso region where a sister city named POSID exists in a large cavern system underground.

## **BERNARIANS**

Inhabitants of the 'Bernard's Star' system. Although not much has been written about them, it seems that human beings at least in part control this star system, along with "The Orange". Whether the Saurians have any influence or not is uncertain, however some sources indicate a possible collaboration similar to that within our own SOL system.

## **BOOTEANS**

Reptilians from the 'Bootes' system. These, AND reptilian entities from the 'Draconis' system are allegedly involved with the 'Dulce' scenario as well as the infiltration- implantation-control of human society on earth in anticipation of their planned takeover at some point in the future (Draconian).

## **BURROWERS**

Another mutation of the saurian or serpent race that is capable of burrowing through the earth. Possibly quadrupedal as well as be-pedal, these have been known to use their natural 'boring' abilities to create artificial tunnels like moles, or even spontaneously produced 'cave-ins' (the latter has allegedly been used in attempts to entrap or kill unsuspecting intruders into the underground domains). These may possess a highly- developed 'bio-sensing' system.

## **CETIANS – (or Tau Cetians)**

A human race of 'Mediterranean' or 'South American' appearing, tan-skinned humans. Very similar to Caucasian humans on Terra except for SLIGHT differences (slightly pointed ears, higher physical 'density' for their size, slightly broader nose, 5' 5" tall on average, and often wear short 'Roman' or 'crew' style haircuts). Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani are said to be a major 'convergence' of exterran 'human' activity, and are said to be in alliance with the Pleiadeans (who in turn, according to contactees, have 'Federated' alliances with the Vegans, the Ummites, and others.). The Cetian alliance with the Pleiadeans and 'other' societies who have been 'victimized' by the 'Grey' predators is based on a desire to establish a common defense against their reptilian nemesis.

## **CHAMELEON**

Reptilians genetically bred to enable themselves to appear 'human'. Also less-humanoid appearing Reptiloids who use a form of technosis, molecular shape-shifting and/or laser holograms to produce an outward "human" appearance. Reports of these have surface from underground joint-operational facilities near Dulce, New Mexico; Dougway, Utah; Groom Lake, Nevada; Deep Springs, California; and Fort Lewis, Washington and elsewhere. They are reportedly involved in some type of infiltration agenda. These 'infiltrators' can appear remarkably human

outwardly , however at the same time retaining reptilian or neosaurian internal organs. Often described as appearing 'bulge-eyed' with scaly, hairless skin behind their 'disguise'. One report alleged that the 'Chameleons' may utilize artificial 'lenses' to conceal "slit-pupiled iris'". Some claim they are genetically bred 'mercenaries' who are part of an advanced guard of a planned silent invasion-takeover of human society.

### **CHUPACABRA**

Many of the killings are associated with strange creatures we have called the Anomalous Biological Entities [ABEs]. It is reportedly a cross between a creature known as a 'Grey' alien humanoid, mainly because the shape of its head and eyes, and what most witnesses describe as the body of a bipedal, erect dinosaur, but with no tail. Its head is oval in shape and has an elongated jaw. Two elongated red eyes have been reported, together with small holes in the nostril area, a small slit-like mouth with fang-type teeth protruding upwards and downwards from the jaw. Other witnesses have seen small pointed-ears, but this feature has not been seen by other witnesses. It appears to have strong coarse hair all over its body; and while most observers claim the hair is black, it has the remarkable ability to change colors at will, almost like a chameleon. In the dark, it will change to black or a deep brown color – in a sunlit area surrounded by vegetation, it changes to green, green-grey, light brown or beige. The creature has two small arms with a three-fingered clawed hand and two strong hind legs, again with three claws. This appears to enable it to run quickly and leap over trees (!) – some witnesses allege over twenty feet in a single bound. According to many observations, the creature's legs look almost reptilian or goat-like. It has quill-like appendages running down from its back, with what seem to be fleshy membranes that change color from blue to green, red to purple, etc. A number of witnesses claim the creature flaps (at incredible speed) its tail and appendages, allowing it to actually fly (!). The tail apparently is used to guide its flight only – controlled mainly by the winds – only occasionally seen to flap. First reported in the town of Orocovis, the ABEs have been sighted in the municipality of Canovanas and in many areas of Puerto Rico. Its habits are both diurnal and nocturnal – as a matter of fact, it has been seen in broad daylight by several witnesses. One such occasion was witnessed by Madeline Tolentino and her neighbors in the Campo Rico community (municipality of Canovanas). They all observed it walking down a street(!) at 3.00pm in the afternoon. As they approached it, the creature ran away, 'at a fantastic speed' and escaped.

### **DRACO-BORGS**

Cybernetic forms controlled by reptilian entities. These would also include those forms which are animated by fallen supernatural or

paraphysical entities, whether of 'gray,' 'human-like', 'mechanical' or other configuration. There are some who suggest that human-appearing 'infiltrators' of this type may exist in our society, and that certain characteristics might give them away—i.e. the eyes, a slightly sulfurous smell, unrefined features such as no fingerprints or ears or other 'body' parts which seem to have a slight 'artificial' appearance.

### **DRAGONWORMS**

These creatures are largely subterranean and have been reported on very rare occasions. Although a mutation of the serpent race which lost the use of its limbs through centuries of atrophication, it is nevertheless apparently a part of the reptilian 'conspiracy'. The 'Dragonworms' are reportedly very intelligent, according to certain sources. 'They' have sometimes been described as appearing similar to a giant reptilian 'worm' or 'slug'.

### **DWARFS**

Diminutive humans who have allegedly been encountered in or near caverns in various parts of the world, including northern California and the south-eastern Arizona / south-western New Mexico region and in some in connection to UFO's, although most reported 'dwarf' sightings in connection to UFO's are actually sightings of the saurian 'greys'. These should not be confused with the small 'elementals' or 'nature spirits' which some believe are ethereal in nature yet have the ability to appear in solid or semi-solid form at times. The Dwarf races are allegedly just as human as surface peoples but average between 3 to 4 ft. in height, although at times they have been seen as small as two feet. As with the 'giants' or 'Els' this diminutivity may have resulted in a genetic anomaly which ran its course due to the separation of their race(s) from the International 'gene pool'. They allegedly live in subterranean systems to a large extent as a 'protective' measure. And as we've said, some allegedly possess 'aerial disk' technology and interplanetary travel capabilities.

### **EVA-BORGS**

Cybernetic forms controlled by 'human' entities. OR humans who have been implanted or surgically altered to such an extent that they have become cybernetic in nature, yet still retaining a soul-matrix.

### **GIZAN – (or Gizahn)**

The 'Gizeh People' have been referred to by the Pleiadians (Billy Meier contacts) as well as others. This 'may' have some connection with the strange 'people' and technology allegedly encountered in deep labyrinthine recesses beneath Egypt, who were sometimes reportedly seen by explorers, and who are said to dress like 'ancient Egyptians'. There is allegedly, according to Leading Edge Research, a huge cavern

deep beneath Egypt which is inhabited by people with close ties with the U.S. 'secret government'. Some sources indicate that the 'Giza People' may be a 'controlled' society with the reptilians being the dominant power, although there is still much mystery as to what the "Gizeh Empire" is all about.

### **GRAILS**

These are saurian 'grey' type entities which are apparently somewhat taller than the usually-encountered greys yet with extremely thin 'rail-like' torso and limbs yet very strong.

### **GREENS,**

Humans of 'normal' size, yet who possess an olive-green skin color. They claim to be from a subterranean or cavernous realms beneath Europe which they refer to as 'St. Martin's Land'.

### **GREYS,**

Small neo-saurian hominoids, very prolific and intelligent. May be the 'brains' or 'intellect' of the serpent race, whereas the larger 'Reptoids' allegedly act as the PHYSICAL overlords and thus are of a higher 'ranking' than the Greys. The Greys are logic-based and reportedly operate on base animal survival or predatory instincts and in most cases are emotionally insensitive to humans, and like other reptilian entities they 'feed' off of human and animal vital fluids by rubbing a 'liquid protein' formula on their bodies, which is then absorbed through the skin. Like typical reptiles which shed their skins the 'waste' is excreted back through the skin. The Greys range from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 ft. tall on the average, with skin colors ranging from gray-white to grey-brown to gray-green to grey-blue. Aside from feeding off of human and animal proteins and fluids, they also allegedly feed off the 'life energy', the 'vital essence' or 'soul energy' of humans as do other reptilian species. This is why those humans seen working with the Greys (implanted and programmed 'drones', whether willingly or unwillingly) have appeared 'lifeless' and 'emotionless' to the witnesses who observed them. The Greys are reportedly EXTREMELY deceitful and although they act on 'logic', to them it is 'logical' to use extremely complex forms of deception to bring about their goals. They are the most commonly observed 'alien' entities encountered during UFO events.

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# ALIEN SPECIES VISITING EARTH

The Earth is being visited by a wide variety of different extra terrestrials! They range from midgets to giants, god-like humans to bizarre monsters.

Different parts of the globe seem to attract the attention of different species, with the Greys being very much an American phenomenon. Perhaps this reflects the interests of the Greys, or reflects the cultural subjectivity of the witnesses themselves. We would advocate the former, but the inconsistency of alien contact does generally obscure the field of Ufology.

You will find in the following pages a list of species with a short description. Perhaps we will never know how accurate any of this is, but the claims of witnesses, contactees and abductees is real and paradigm shifting on a personal level. One day the physical evidence supporting alien visitation will emerge, and truth may once again prove to be stranger than fiction.

These are the most common species normally encountered

## The Greys



Description: 3-4ft tall, bluish grey in colour, large bug-like black eyes, slit for a mouth, small nose. 3 fingers and a thumb, long spindly arms and legs. Often seen with small



dwarf-like creatures. Type most commonly seen in abduction cases.

These sneaky little devils seem intent on becoming the archetypal visiting alien. Roswell saw their emergence into the limelight during an ill-fated expedition to spy on American atomic secrets, or radar or God-knows what. Whatever the reason, there they were, altering world history forever. Swiftly came the National Security state, MJ12 and the development of an exceedingly successful anti-flying saucer campaign by the intelligence services. These critters abduct humans, mutilate cattle and invade our skies with impunity. It's no wonder the secret's kept under wraps.

### **The Reptoids**



Description: 5-7ft in height, red eyes. resembles a lizard, very intelligent, very nasty, in other words... don't \*@\$? with these guys. Said to live in underground bases, in fact rumoured to have taken over a US military underground base...and to live on human blood...GULP. Have been seen in charge of other races. These could be the top guys!!!We're into serious paranoia here. The master strategists for galaxy wide domination, the Reptoids control the Greys, who control us, who control...well, what exactly? To mitigate their henchmen's seeming inability to control the Universe, they take it out on lowly Humankind by serving us up on a plate with two veg and a white wine sauce. Martin insists this underground base stuff is for real, and the implications of him being right are truly terrifying.

### **Blonde Nordic Humanoids**



Description: 6-8Ft, Swedish looking Aliens, Human in appearance, but who knows if this is just a disguise??? Said to be the overseers of abductions, but do not seem to be as



malevolent as some of the other species mentioned here.

Hurray! The gods of the ancient world have returned in their golden chariots to save the day! Except that they're a bit Aryan, and seem to make contact with the most unlikely of people. But the evidence presented by the contactees is pretty good, despite the widespread supposition that they faked it. Why do aliens look just like us, then? Why indeed.

## The Blues

?

Description: Spiritual Entities, haven't really come across a picture of these..sorry

Nice aliens who collaborate with Hopi Indians in their struggle with the Reptoid/Grey/Secret Government conspiracy. I would say that's straight out of the X-files, but Robert Morningsky seems like an alright kind of guy.

## Chupacabras



Description: Newest of the Alien species, first seen in Varginha, Brazil in the early 90's. Small tan coloured imp-like being, said to resemble the Devil and give off a strange ammonia smell. Glowing red eyes, 3 large horns on the head, said to drain its victim of blood. Many sightings in Central America. Said to be capable of flight!

These mad beasts terrorise Puerto Rico and surrounding islands. The "goat-suckers" have even been sighted in Mexico and Florida. Whether they're aliens, biological experiments given free reign or a hitherto undiscovered natural predator remains to be seen. But a flying mini T-Rex with mad eyes should keep zoologists guessing for a while yet.



## THE BLACK CAT

For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not – and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburden my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified – have tortured – have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but horror – to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace – some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and, in my manhood, I derived from it one of my principal sources of

pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature of the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere *Man*.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a *cat*.

< 2 >

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion, which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever *serious* upon this point – and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens, just now, to be remembered.

Pluto – this was the cat's name – was my favourite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character – through the instrumentality of the fiend Intemperance – had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used

them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way. But my disease grew upon me – for what disease is like alcohol? – and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish – even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill-temper.

One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my waistcoat pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

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When reason returned with the morning – when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch – I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as if to my final and

irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart – one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should *not*? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be such? This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul *to vex itself* – to offer violence to its own nature – to do wrong for the wrong's sake only – that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree – hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart – hung it *because* I knew that it had loved me, and *because* I felt it had given me no reason of offence – hung it *because* I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin – a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it – if such a thing were possible – even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

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On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep by the cry of 'Fire!' The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the conflagration. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect between the disaster and the atrocity. But I

am detailing a chain of facts, and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day succeeding the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls, with one exception, had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here, in great measure, resisted the action of the fire – a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words ‘strange!’ ‘singular!’ and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity. I approached and saw, as if graven in bas-relief upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic cat. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvellous. There was a rope about the animal’s neck.

When I first beheld this apparition – for I could scarcely regard it as less – my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire, this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd – by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown, through an open window, into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames and the *ammonia* from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

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Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat; and, during this period, there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not,

remorse. I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal, and to look about me, among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented, for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night as I sat, half-stupefied, in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheads of gin, or of rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of this hogshead for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat – a very large one – fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indefinite, splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it – knew nothing of it – had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses, and when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favourite with my wife.

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For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated; but – I know not how or why it was – its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed me. By slow

degrees, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise violently ill- use it; but gradually – very gradually – I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed, in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk, it would get between my feet, and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner, to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly – let me confess it at once – by absolute *dread* of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil – and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own – yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own – that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the



sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite; but, by slow degrees – degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful – it had, at length, resumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name – and for this, above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster *had I dared* – it was now, I say, the image of a hideous – of a ghastly thing – of the GALLOWS! – oh, mournful and terrible engine of horror and of crime – of agony and death!

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And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere humanity. And a *brute beast* – whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed – a *brute beast* to work out for *me* – for me, a man, fashioned in the image of the High God – so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of *the thing* upon my face, and its vast weight – an incarnate nightmare that I had no power to shake off – incumbent eternally upon my *heart*!

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates – the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of *all* things and of all mankind; while, from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and,

nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp, and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbours. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it into the well in the yard – about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar – as the monks of the Middle Ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

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For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney, or fire-place, that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect anything suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a

crowbar I easily dislodged the bricks, and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with little trouble, I relaid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brickwork. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself, 'Here at least, then, my labour has not been in vain.'

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night – and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; aye, *slept* even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

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The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a free man. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises for ever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted – but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the

police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied, and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

'Gentlemen,' I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, 'I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By-the-by, gentlemen, this – this is a very well-constructed house.' (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.) 'I may say an *excellently* well-constructed house. These walls – are you going, gentlemen? – these walls are solidly put together'; and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brickwork behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

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But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs on the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! – by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

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## GETTING YOUR LOVER IN THE MOOD

If your partner has not been 'in the mood' lately and you are looking for some tips to help get them there, then below are some ideas to help you get started.

### *Have Fun Together*

One of the best things about sex is that it can be really fun. Try doing things that encourage smiling and laughing before sex. A sense of humor and the willingness to try something different can really help set the mood. Having a pillow fight, a wrestling or tickling match or even watching something funny

together to help lighten the mood can be a great place to start.

## ***Avoid Self Centered Approaches***

A partner who approaches their lover with the sense that they are entitled or focused on their needs too often is not going to be getting the kind of great sex that a more loving and giving partner is going to get.

Letting your lover know how much you want them through genuine flattery is a great way to open up to the possibility of sex. “I find you so attractive when I feel your body next to me, the warmth of your body and softness of your skin makes me feel so close to you.” If you want some great examples rent the movie Don Juan DeMarco.

## ***Romantic Touches***

Providing an atmosphere of appreciation for your lover is a great way to get them in the mood. After a hard day of work there is nothing nicer than having a sitter for the kids, a hot bubble bath with a glass of their favorite beverage waiting. How about little love notes throughout the house, or even a massage in a candle lit room? It can be as simple as that old standby, the candlelit dinner at home. No one else around, the answering machine on, the TV off, a tasty meal, some wine, soft music in the background, and most of all, a couple really focused on each other. Using creativity and playfulness is one of the best ways to get someone into a place that is relaxed, feeling appreciated and ready to share a wonderful sexual experience.

## ***Don't Forget Their WHOLE Body Needs Love***

Often there is a sense of sex equaling genital contact right away. Start with the simple idea that pleasure is the goal.

Playing with their hair by simply twisting and softly pulling back on it, to massaging their feet are great examples to provide your lover with the introduction to the physical pleasure you wish to share with them.

It is part of why the Fifty Shades books are so popular as they explore teasing, patience and really making time for sensual play not just intercourse. There is a seduction process even to the sexual acts and it is something that we often deny ourselves thinking that it is not that important, when it really is the small things that make the whole thing amazing.

## ***They Are NOT An Object, They ARE A Person***

Terminology today really makes a statement to the continuation of objectifying people when it comes to sex. Unfortunately, while this used to mainly be directed more toward women, it is now being directed toward men quite often as well.

### **Gettin' some**

Don't separate who that vagina or penis belongs to? How about getting to share a sexual experience with your beautiful woman or man?

### **Gettin' Busy With It**

I think that many women and men will agree with me when I say that we do not like to be referred as an "it" under any circumstance.

### **A Piece**

We are more than an ass or any other body part! Again, why is it that we separate our body parts when it comes to sex? Are we so afraid of the physical, emotional, mental and spiritual vulnerability that it provides?

Whether you are referring to a man or a woman, take note about how you describe your sexual experiences. If you catch yourself separating the intimacy you share with your

partner(s) then perhaps you are showing your partner(s) that they are not respected by you. This will ultimately lead to emotional complications in any long term relationship as well as to your overall sense of self esteem and end up potentially costing you sex among other things.

Whether you are into one night stands, or have a long term relationship, understanding that when you are sharing time with another person you are sharing more than your physical self. As much as some would like to think that we can compartmentalize ourselves and that sex means nothing they are truly fooling themselves.

Sex never means nothing. It may not mean that you want to spend the rest of your life with this person, or that you are even in love with this person when you do it, but it does mean that you are attracted to them, that you value them enough to spend time with them and that you feel the sexual experience with them is worth having. It does mean that you are willing to risk pregnancy, STDs and other sexual realities. It also means that you are intimate with them on more than just a physical level you are sharing part of your emotional self as well... even if it is the guarded side of yourself.

Who we are physically is intertwined with all of who we are mentally, emotionally and spiritually. We are not just physical beings, we are not just emotional, etc. we are complex beings and even through we may not choose to have in-depth conversations with someone does not mean we are not sharing who we are.

Sometimes just a look, or touch from someone can mean so much to us, so why do we try and pretend that we can somehow make it meaningless when we do not want to be vulnerable? Whether we like it or not everything we do affects who we are. Our behavior creates the person that we choose to be. When we say that sex is meaningless then I truly believe that deep down it is because we are truly afraid of what our behavior says about



us, and what that experience could really mean to us.

Treating people with respect, appreciation and integrity should not only be essential for sex, but in any situation.

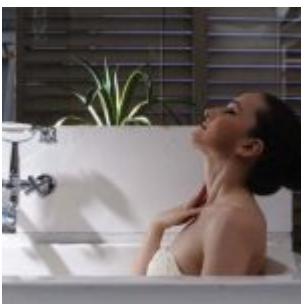
## ***Make Dates***

With so much going on in our hectic schedules it is easy to let weeks pass without having any quality time together. Arranging a special time together is a key way to keep your partner open to you and to sexual play.

## ***Learn More About Sex Techniques***

If you rush to intercourse so you can have an orgasm, you will almost certainly be missing out on the full potential of sex and be a turn off for your partner. Instead, take time to let them enjoy the sensuous feeling of your touch, gradually arousing their desire.

Don't be afraid to try something new in bed. Many women and men are bored having sex the same way every time. Don't feel foolish or uncomfortable about complimenting a your partner as it is a wonderful way to let them know what you appreciate in them.



# THE BATHROOM BLISS

Firstly, a note about 'senior sex'. Sex does not stop when you become a senior citizen – but it is more enjoyable. All the years of experience, with no worries of pregnancy. All persons involved are aged in their late 60's – and loving it – the sex, that is!

I moved in with a couple who put me into a 'poppy-pad' (a granny flat for males). The three of us got on quite well. We soon discovered that we were all nudists, at heart. This included the 70 year old man of the house going stark naked throughout the house each day and night. After all, it is his place; he can do what he likes. His wife, however, was a little reluctant to do so.

My 'poppy-pad' caught the early morning sun and so lead to us having nude breakfasts together on many occasions. On this particular morning, the man left the room to go up to the kitchen. I had a strong erection and stood beside the seated woman, with my cock touching her arm.

"I am not touching your cock", she laughed.

"Why, what have I done?" I joked back.

She playfully replied, "It is not what you have done, but what you will do, if I touch your cock. Maybe later."

The following morning I was walking up the hallway (naked), and I saw the wife was in their bathroom, leaning over the

basin, brushing her teeth. She was wearing her dressing gown. I had a cock full of cum. I went in, and lifted her dressing gown up over her waist. She did not resist me as I slid my hard cock into her moist, soft pussy, doggy style. I held her hips as I thrust in and out, both of us enjoying each other. As I exploded my load inside her, I thought "I wonder where her husband is?"

Since then, she loves my cock in her pussy and loves sucking me. Since her husband found out we now enjoy threesomes every now and then. Usually, her husband 'snuggling ' into her pussy while she sucks me off. He likes me to watch him while he fucks his wife and also likes to watch me eat her pussy and tongue her clitoris to orgasm. Ahh, the wonderful joys of Senior Sex!



## TRUE PLEASURE

I thought about seeing him all day. After hours of torturing myself with responsibilities and errands I finally went home and ran a tub of hot bath water. As I squirted the Oil of Olay "Quench" body wash in the water, I laughed as I thought of my thirst for his cock being quenched by his cum squirting on my tongue. I undressed and looked in the mirror and noticed how pink my nipples were and how my h-cup tits looked swollen and tighter.

I have lost some weight, and hope that when I lose more that my boobs don't get smaller. I am always self-conscious seeing myself naked but I was so horny that I assured myself that at least I was proportionate and still had a womanly shape, and I am only as sexy as I feel.

Listening to my lust instead of my head, I lowered myself into the hot water. I flinched a little as my swollen clit was the first part of me to touch the hot, wet water. I rubbed the soapy bubbles all over me and the aroma reminded me of the same "Quench" lotion I wore almost every time I saw him.

As I rubbed the slick sweet soap on my breasts I imagined he was fucking my tits with his hard wide cock. I pinched my nipples as I washed them and after they were rinsed, I had the sudden urge to lick my hard pink nipple and see what it tasted like. It wasn't difficult to get to; I cupped my hand around part of my breast and felt the weight and the soft jiggly flesh and stuck out my tongue.

The little bumpy brown area felt really good on my tongue. I swirled it around and flicked my erect nipple and tugged at it slightly with a suck. I stopped there to save the sucking for him. He does it soooo good anyway... I squirted some of the white creamy body wash on the top of my pussy next. It felt so good to finally touch it. The hair on the top feels so good on my fingers when it's all soapy.

My fingers slid around easily on my pussy lips because they are shaved smooth and slick. My clit was sticking out above my full and plump pussy lips and my fingers touched it with every stroke I made with my soapy hand. Whew, I had to stop, but not before I stuck my finger inside the opening. I wanted to be sure it was fresh and clean. When I raised my hand out of the water I was glad to see that the water hadn't washed the juice off my finger. Mmm, it tasted sweet and fresh and made me want to taste his cum. It was thicker and always hot and always a lot of it.

Next, I shaved my legs and soaped up my feet, and slid my fingers between my toes. I scrubbed my feet with the soft brush and was imaging how my feet would look in those sandals he likes with my painted toenails.

Well, time was getting away from me. I hadn't even called him to tell him I was coming for sure. I rinsed off in cold water, and dried off as quickly as I could. I was in such a hurry to get over there, I didn't even fix my hair, I just took out the clip and let my hair fall down on my shoulders, the hot steam made soft brown curls so I just tossed it around with my fingers and let it go. I thought of how it felt when he held my long hair as I sucked his cock I never even told him that I secretly had wished for someone to do that he just did it one day. Not too hard but not too easy either.

I slipped on my hose and grabbed my heels and rushed out the door feeling sexy and so horny and anticipating the evening. On the way over I put on some lip-gloss but my cheeks were flushed red so I didn't need any blush. I looked down at my cleavage and noticed that my chest and the tops of my tits were red too. I knew then that he would be able to see right away how horny I was. When I called him I could tell he wasn't really expecting me to come, and he said he would get in the shower. I thought maybe he might leave the door unlocked and I could go in and surprise him in the shower.

I was surprised to find him still working, he looked up with those beautiful blue eyes and smiled. It was nice to just go immediately to him and feel his body with a warm hug. He said he was hot and sweaty and I replied that I didn't care, that's the way I liked it. He is always sexy, even when he's working. Once I saw him working in a one-piece blue uniform/suit for painting or something and was so turned on. I never knew I would be. I just wanted to unzip it and expose his chest and see his big cock sticking out of the opening in the cloth.

My mouth watered that day thinking of it; hard but with its

soft meaty head. I pictured him holding it with his hand sliding up and down his cock as he rubs it on my face and on my lips. I long for the plump, purplish head to pass my lips. When it does I suck passionately on the tip as if the sweet cum inside was a drop of rain in a drought.

Again today He looks so sexy and fit. He always fills out everything nicely, not too skinny and not too big, just right. He has just the right amount of muscle and softness, too. Lean and tone but big enough to make you feel like somebody's got you when they hold you. He takes care of himself and always looks distinguished and smooth; like a man who knows what he wants. His grey hair just sets off anything he wears, and makes the blue in his eyes stand out even more. His hair feels so nice too, thick and short and soft. I love to run my fingers through it.

I am breathing deeper and feeling the fever that's burning all over me as we walk up the steps and he is following closely behind me. I cant wait to have him all to myself, I am wondering if I will hold back again or if I will just let go and do all the things I want to do, completely and wildly uninhibited.



# HAVING SARAH

Having sex with my fellow college student Sarah had been my longtime fantasy. Every day I liked her more and more, not just for her looks, but her sweet personality as she was funny and kind to all she encountered beyond being gorgeous. Being with her seemed unattainable as she was out of my league socially and far beyond reach from my awkward and introverted, academic personality. Yet, here she was, in my small apartment, intoxicated on drugs or alcohol or both, and begging to be allowed to spend the night.

I had been walking home from the library when I saw her in front of my small rental apartment that was tucked in a renovated house. She could barely stand so I let her into my place. As she'd entered my apartment muttering something about her friends having left her she shocked me as she brightened and asked if she could stay the night. "Please?" she irresistibly begged. "My parents and they would kill me if they saw me like this."

I considered, what opportunities that offered but sex with drunken women is not all right in my mind. She would be my guest and I would honor her need for a safe place to sleep it off. I have to admit though, Sarah was looking quite hot in a tight little dress despite her drunken stance.

As she settled into my tiny apartment, Sarah was soon in the bathroom, sick and heaving her drunken guts out. It was obvious that she was in misery and I moved to comfort her only to be soundly rejected by my efforts to help. Obviously, she was soon going to need a bed to allow her to sleep and wear off the effects of her intoxication.

It was with some regret that I placed plastic bags under the sheets and prepared the bed for her. For me, it would be my

couch for me. After a time, the stench of drunken puke filled the air of the apartment and even with the windows open, could not be driven out. Sarah lay face down on the bathroom floor, miserable, sick and in great distress for some time until she drifted into a deep sleep.

It was past midnight when I saw Sarah had gotten out of bed and was stumbling towards me and without words, I took her arm and directed her back to the bed. Again, she rejected my touch and made her way to the bed herself. It was there that she lost all consciousness for the night. I removed her shoes and vomit stained clothing to her bra and underwear before pushing her onto the bed and covering her with the sheet and comforter.

Then, after leaving a small, plastic trash can next to the edge of the bed in case she might become sick again, I took her clothing to wash and dry them for her use the next morning. Much later, after showering and cleaning myself, I slept on my couch.

With morning breaking through the windows, I arose early and found Sarah was asleep and completely in need of more rest. Somehow, despite her snoring and disheveled appearance, her beauty was still present and I found myself torn between wanting her to leave and wanting her to stay.

The very gall that she'd shown by even coming here and imposing on me aroused my ire a bit as I felt a bit used as a dumping ground. I started to prepare breakfast which was a Greek omelet. It was as I had broken the eggs that I heard Sarah stirring and went to assist her only to be angrily rebuffed. "Just leave me alone. I've got enough trouble without you being all over me," she said.

It was then that I lost my cool and replied, "Your clean clothes are over there on the chair and the bathroom is ready for you to shower and make yourself presentable. Then, please



go.” She looked a bit shocked and realized how rude she had been. I made no attempt to comfort her.

An hour later, Sarah came out of the bathroom, dressed and primed with a ponytail and no makeup and looking more beautiful than she had a right to. A bit softer, her demeanor had changed. She no longer showed her animosity toward me and even seemed to be friendly as she sat on the bed calling for someone to pick her up.

In the meantime, I continued to make my omelet and recognizing that my guest might be hungry, I threw in two more eggs and another hand full of spinach. It was as I set the table for two and poured the coffee that Sarah came up beside me and gently grasped my arm as our eyes met. “I’m sorry for all the disruption I’ve made of your life. It’s just that I don’t seem to meet many guys like you and I thought that you meant me harm. Can you ever forgive me?”

Suddenly, I recognized her change in attitude as that she’d decided to trust me. Her hand on my arm seemed to convey an intimacy. I just smiled and said, “Hey! There’s an omelet here and it’s got your name on it. Come and eat it before it gets cold.”

Over food, we talked. Sarah had been raised by strict parents in a wealthy family. She had started to college with the strict admonition- No boys, no dancing, no smoking and no drugs or alcohol. She had tried to live at the university by her parent’s rules but had found it next to impossible. Then, she’d been invited to this frat party and had simply had too much to drink. She hadn’t suspected that two martinis would make her so completely drunk.

As I listened, I became suspect. Two martinis do not a stumbling souse make. I listened more carefully as she told of her past experiences and of her reluctance to drink any alcohol at all and began to wonder – could she have been

drugged?

It was as we finished our breakfast and Sarah helped me clean up the kitchen that I answered my door to find a middle-aged man standing there – his antagonism evident. “Is Sarah there?” he asked and I bade him enter.

He went to my guest and grabbed her by the arms as he began to revile her for her behavior. Suddenly, he slapped her and this was too much. What had previously been none of my affairs, had become my duty to stop the violence and I moved to grasp the man’s arms. It was then that I noticed the collar of a pastor at his neck and also recognized that it must be her father immediately. With recognition, I began to regret my move to stop the violence but my action had subdued the old man’s passions and he stepped back.

As he did, he stepped back and spoke, “You’ve violated our rules and disrespected our religious principles and that is totally unacceptable so I’ve brought your clothes and personal things to you. You’re no longer welcome at home.”

As Sarah’s eyes filled with tears her father departed leaving several bags of personal effects on my doorstep. It seems that I’d been imposed upon again as my house guest has nowhere to turn. It was then that I felt the need to take charge and bring some semblance of order to the situation. First, I said, “It appears that you have nowhere else to go and are without funds to continue in school. Your parents are being ridiculous and I am so sorry that this has happened. I know this is going to sound crazy, but if you want to live here you can. Granted, you’ll have to assist with the costs of all food and lodging. I simply don’t have the money to cover your costs.”

Suddenly, Sarah smiled even as the tears still flowed from her eyes. “Wow, that is quite an offer. I am so grateful but I am not ready for anything sexual if that is understood then I appreciate and will accept your generous offer.”

As I only had one bedroom, we set it up so that I could sleep in my bedroom and her on a futon we bought and put in the living room. Things started off smoothly as Sarah seemed overwhelmed by her situation and I was deeply concerned about my lust and passions for her getting in the way. Sarah was the epitome of a beautiful woman and she was certainly going to be a test in restraint.

As the days passed and we had settled in together we took turns cooking. We dined on ham and eggs before retiring one night. Privacy was maintained at all times. My thoughts of this beautiful woman sleeping only a room away seemed to excite me to a much greater extent than I had anticipated and that arousal made it difficult to sleep at times.

The sun was well up in the sky on this beautiful Sunday morning when I arose from my bed and started for the bathroom. In spite of my best efforts not to, I looked in on her sleeping form and took pleasure. She was beautiful even fully covered with her nightgown. As I dressed and prepared breakfast, my thoughts turned to fresh fruit, omelets, and toast.

So it was that I was occupied when Sarah came to our kitchen area and greeted me, "Good morning!". I smiled and greeted her warmly and we enjoyed our hearty breakfast. And so it was that Sarah and I started our lives together with pleasant interactions and an unspoken sexual tension and no acting on it. On Tuesday, she had found a job, waiting tables at a close by restaurant.

Somehow, she seemed to become stronger and more competent each day as her confidence built. At the same time, she seemed to grow more beautiful to me each day and I found myself covertly adoring her. She was beautiful and she living with me and yet I felt so constrained.

A month passed and Sarah and I survived on the meager funds

available as we supported each other in our stressful lives. Our academic work began to excel as we assisted each other. We became loners together simply because there was no money for any other social activities.

With the holiday vacation from school, both Sarah and I sought as much work as we could get in order to have funds for the coming term at the university. She seldom spoke of home and family and we spent a quiet Christmas day alone together. By this time, we'd become dependent on each other for comfort and support.

It was the week after the New Year, as we commenced our new school term, that she and I were preparing for bed. Out of the blue, she asked me, "Do you ever think of me as an attractive woman" and, stunned by her question responded slowly afraid of what she might think, but unable to restrain my growing affections anymore, "You're the most beautiful, sexy and wonderful woman I've ever known. Why do you ask?"

Sarah replied, "I've seen you looking at me when you thought I wasn't aware yet, you never made a move on me. Why?"

"If I made a move on you it might end this arrangement that we have." I could not bear that to end.

"All the men I have encountered have wanted sex and no commitment and you want commitment and no sex."

"Well, that is not entirely accurate. I want commitment with sex, but I will take commitment without it if it were to mean losing you."

"I am falling in love with you and I think about you more than I should and in ways, I probably shouldn't but I want you."

As I considered her words, I was faced with a multitude of conflicting thoughts. Our eyes met and I saw an intimacy that I hadn't seen before. It was good but a delicate situation as I

knew of her upbringing, her virginity, and her fears. "Perhaps we could just take it easy and see what develops. If at any time either of us becomes uncomfortable, we simply stop and remain friends as I don't want to risk losing you."

"I think we should get ready for bed." And with that, she went to the bathroom and began the shower. As I heard the water running and knew she was in there washing her beautiful body, I became so hard. Especially now that there was a chance that we could be intimate I found myself literally shaking. When Sarah was done in the bathroom she came up behind me in her nightgown and pressed her breasts and groin into my backside as she kissed me on the neck. We moved slowly and carefully as Sarah remained comfortable with our actions.

She moved away from me and I feared this was too much but she moved back toward me firmly and kissed me. It was a passion filled, torrid kiss such as I'd never experienced before. It brought my whole person to full alert as my passions rose. I tried to match the passion in her act as I caressed her hot tongue moving in my mouth.

We moved to the bedroom and began to slowly undress one another. Both of us excited and yet slightly terrified. I moved onto the sheet toward her as she had moved to lay on the bed. There our eyes met in some sort of agreement and we kissed and I moved over her. Sarah felt warm and soft as my groin pressed into hers. It was evident that Sarah was in more of a hurry than I'd thought. As we kissed, she crawled over me and into the position for a cowgirl ride explaining that she was afraid she couldn't handle my enlarged cock and wanted to be in control. Seconds later, I felt her warm, wet, velvety smooth vagina slowly sliding over my cock.

Her eyes were shut tight and her face was taut in a determined effort to effect a full penetration. Now it was me who wanted to slow down to make this first time good for her. When she bent forward so that our chests touched, I felt us fully

engaged. When I looked up into her eyes I saw something like exhilaration and the tension replaced with a big smile that faded into an ecstasy and moaning. She began grinding her clit against my pubic bone, faster and faster with me deep inside her and suddenly I felt her writhe and convulse both inside her wet pussy and throughout her body. The look of her pleasure as she came had me over the top and I found myself clenching my jaw, moaning and cumming inside her hard as she climaxed around me.

Later as we lay in bed together, I waited for her to speak worried that she may regret it. She cooed and ran her hand over my chest and then said in a cheerful voice "We did it!" she exclaimed, "Today I am a woman and I love." I smiled and whispered to her "I love you too."

The rest of Saturday was filled with our comfortable intimacy and while we did celebrate our coming together with dinner at Cabrizzi's restaurant and a bottle of wine. We experimented and played and developed the primordial rhythm. It was then that I knew that Sarah was mine and that we were good together. I was living my dream and have since every day.