

What others are saying about *This Changes Everything*,
Volume I, *The Spanners Series* by Sally Ember, Ed.D.

"*This Changes Everything* by Sally Ember is a well-written, complex work that is going to add a strong title to a genre that can sometimes become bogged down with the same old, same old. *This Changes Everything* is a book that I am very happy to have had the chance to read and I would recommend it to any sci-fi/fantasy fan."

--Zach Tyo, *Indie Reviews*, 10/4/13

"You have created your characters very well. I feel for Clara, I imagine her alienating a lot of people because her enthusiasm and drive and ability to push herself makes her someone who doesn't suffer fools gladly. I would have liked more of the reporter's life and I didn't like Epifanio at all. He sounded arrogant and selfish. I loved that the aliens were chosen by lottery. You had so many good touches like that, which made the book a continuing surprise. I...have to say it is one of the most challenging, exciting and original books I've read."

--(Mary) Josephine O'Brien, author, *Sharing Skies*, 9/14/13

"You have written a wonderfully imaginative and original story with plenty of twists and turns. I really like your multiuniverse setting with different timelines and the concept of the 'Many Worlds Collective.'"

--Sophekles, author, *The Serotonin Transfer*, 10/8/13

"I love your sense of humor. I literally laughed out loud when Clara said that she had given him the name 'Led.' I also like that this is an alien story where the aliens are helping, rather than trying to take over the world. It's a refreshing angle."

--S.M. Koz, author, *Pangalax*, 9/4/13

"...I found the story itself to be one of the most immersive and original ones I have read recently. Amongst the sea of science fiction novel clones, there is *This Changes Everything*, a book in which old ideas are taken in completely new directions (such as the whole intergalactic committee actually trying to help the humans), and new ideas are spawned by the dozens...[Ember is] presenting us an enthralling and original storyline set in a majestic and extremely-detailed world, populated by many characters that will stay with you once the last pages are closed. I wholeheartedly recommend the book to science-fiction fans."

--David ben Efraim, *Quick Book Reviews*, 1/20/14

"[*This Changes Everything*] is highly-imaginative, but for so many different reasons, and outside of the normal scope. There are times when I felt that I was reading an actual research report of true to life events. Honestly, I'm sitting at my laptop, questioning if Clara has provided this work to Ember, or if the two are one in the same. The experience is mind-altering, and would challenge readers to think beyond the bubble that we live in. I would surely recommend *This Changes Everything* to anyone that enjoys a well-written and researched Sci-Fi series. I will point out that it pushes the envelope, and toys with one's perception. Well done! 5 Stars."

--Janice G. Ross, author, *JRG Writer*, 11/11/13

"The writing is complex and done extremely well....There were times when I almost forgot I was reading a work of fiction and not a news account of real events, and I would consider that to be skilled writing indeed....[D]id I enjoy more of it than not? Yes. Four stars. Did I like the overall content? Most of the time. Three stars. Was the writing of good quality? Oh, definitely yes. Five stars. My overall rating: four of five stars."

--Lynda Dietz, *Easy Reader*, 11/4/13

**This Changes Everything
Volume I, The Spanners Series
by Sally Ember, Ed.D.**

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Smashwords Edition**

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CHAPTER ONE

First Contact between the Many Worlds Collective (MWC) and Clara Branon, Ph.D., in northern California, December, 2012

The clear, cool, northern California night of December 21, 2012, I go to bed at around 8 PM as I usually do. I always meditate in bed at the end of each day. As I near the end of my meditation, about to go to sleep, I hear several voices in a kind of chorus, speaking my name: “ClaraBranon... ClaraBranon... ClaraBranon... ClaraBranon...” They sound expectant, insistent, and are saying my names as if they were all one word. Not loud, not scary, but right in my *bedroom*.

Ridiculously, my first reaction is not fear but bewilderment, and a bit of resentment. *Again? More interruptions of my sleep? What, now? Who are you and what do you want? Go away!* I project expulsion images.

Here are the reasons.

Ever since I am about five years old, I’ve had nighttime experiences that go way beyond strange. Objects in my room or on my walls take on new identities, shapes, purposes. My radio’s numeric display seems to pulse, move, change: it seems to be trying to communicate with me, but I never know what it’s trying to say. I sense and sometimes “see” creatures moving along the ceiling or walls or right through them. Posters and pictures assume new positions with changing contents, colors, or designs which then open up or move around.

Often, when I live near a cemetery, as I do for eleven years growing up and now, for six years in Kirov, I get “visitors”: newly-dead spirits. They are confused, wandering and pausing at the first dwelling they find. They don’t seem to want anything from or even see me. They’re just passing through.

I often talk to them aloud, as I do tonight: “Who are you? What do you want?” Or, I try to command or inform them: “Go away! You’re dead.” In recent years, I also chant mantras, burn incense and sing to them.

As soon as I turn on a light, all of these apparitions and occurrences, objects and fixtures return to normal and the specters and creatures drift or scurry away. All is right, again.

However, none of them ever speaks aloud or seems to know my name before this evening.

So, although being visited or having other odd events at night isn't all that new to me, hearing anyone speak my name *is*. I am tired and not in the mood, so my first reaction is to eject them.

They do not leave. They keep chanting.

"ClaraBranon..."ClaraBranon..."ClaraBranon..."

As I turn on the light, fully expecting them to disappear/go silent, they repeat their request for my attention.

"ClaraBranon..."ClaraBranon..."ClaraBranon..."

I become increasingly curious while aware of a flutter of fear. "How do you know my name?" I ask.

As my eyes adjust to the light, some shapes begin slowly to appear. They do not materialize, exactly: they are translucent, insubstantial.

The light should have returned everything to normal. I'm beginning to have a sinking feeling that my life never will be normal, again. My bedroom is getting stranger by the moment and I'm starting to feel a bit more scared.

I now see more clearly: there are five of them. Four seem to be standing and one is floating, hovering at about five feet above the floor. This one is not even vaguely humanoid in shape; it looks kind of like a very small zeppelin, about the size and shape of a large, griseous (my emailed Word Of The Day last week: bluish-gray), smooth, beach ball, but ovoid. This one repeatedly draws my focus.

Two of the taller ones are somewhat humanoid, but much thinner and taller than most humans. The one closest to the wall, with my floor fan vertically impaling its turquoise image, has feathery, cilia-like coatings on every part of its body. Its upper-most part (head?) is not round or ovoid, but flat and perpendicular to the rest of the body. The top part is about as thick as an old-style laptop computer with flashing lights that blink other colors besides green all around its perimeter. I half expect it to make sounds like the R2-D2 droid in *Star Wars* but there are no beeps or clicks emanating from it (or any of the figures).

The constant movement of its coating makes it seem as if it's underwater, since there is no apparent reason for the hair-like parts to be moving. It has two lower appendages that are a lot like human legs but thinner and with two joints each. The leg parts move in opposition to the ones below or above them, like a flamingo's. This figure has four mid-level appendages that are somewhat like arms but each one is different from the other three. No fingers; each one tapers to a point.

The one next to the green, sea anemone-type humanoid is more transparent and its features are harder for me to discern. It is not quite as tall as the green one, but still taller than the other two and I (I am five feet tall), with the zeppelin bouncing just below to its "head" area. It seems slightly jacinthe (light orange), but that is more of an impression on my eyes than an actual color.

Instead of one upper, head-like part, it has a subdivision of four connected pieces. Each one is somewhat triangular; together, they form a kind of separated pyramid, connected at the bottom to the rest of the body. At the top, the tips seem to meet but the sides are not closed, so I can see through the edges to the wall behind it. This head

pyramid has indentations at various points where I expect there to be orifices but I can't tell if they are.

The rest of it shimmers as an undifferentiated, blob-like, oblong shape, kind of old-style robotic. If it has appendages, I can't see them.

The other two are not humanoid, but do appear to be standing on some leg-like appendages. They also have oblong, virescent bodies with no apparent distinction between each part and the other. They have bumps and dents all across and around their bodies which make them resemble one of my favorite foods: pickles.

One of these standing, non-humanoid beings is shorter than I and the other is about my height. The zeppelin hovers longways between the top of this one and pyramid-headed one.

The two tallest ones' top parts almost touch my ceiling, which is about eight feet from the floor. They are clumped kind of like a Greek chorus in a stage play, standing/hovering at the foot of my bed. As I peer at them more closely, I realize the reason they are difficult to see: they are holograms—computer projections—not actually physically in my bedroom at all.

Now I understand the reason that the turquoise, tallest one appears to have my floor fan going right through it. I have a picture on the wall behind the fan and I can still see it, somewhat indistinctly, through the “bodies” of two of the others.

I feel myself start to shiver a bit and realize I'm sitting up, which puts my shoulders outside of the covers. It is not warm in my house (I like it that way; about 60 degrees, usually). I'm usually hot, but, right now, running adrenaline, definitely a bit shaky.

Particularly since I have strange visits so often, I don't usually think about the fact that I'm not wearing anything but a sleep-shirt and underpants in bed. On this night, I suddenly become very aware of my almost-nakedness, probably because these “folks” don't disappear when I turned on the light the way the rest of my visitors have always done.

I have no robe anywhere nearby. So, I do what anyone would do. I politely ask them: “Would you mind waiting for me in my dining room while I get dressed, please? Have a seat, stand or hover: whatever you want, OK? Then, we can talk.” I point out my bedroom door in case they're not clear on my small cottage's layout.

They seem to agree but do not actually answer. They just glide through my doorway into the dining room. The last one out manages to shut the door without touching it. *How does he do that?*

I hurriedly change into clothes. I am wearing navy blue sweat pants and a purple, thermal, long-sleeved shirt because they are the closest at hand. Very informal.

Oh, damn. From now on, whenever this is replayed—because I have no doubt someone, somewhere, is recording this for all eternity—this is what I am wearing! Arggh!

What is the proper attire to wear when one greets ET visitors in one's home at bedtime? I giggle. WWMMW (What Would Miss Manners Wear)? More giggling.

What if they can hear my thoughts?

It occurs to me belatedly that I am nervous. I gather my inner thoughts into a more serious form and take a deep breath. *May all beings benefit from whatever comes next*, I pray. I finger comb my unruly, curly hair and open the door.

As I move toward the group in my dining area, I see that they are gathered around my round dining table. The zeppelin is kind of on it, looking more blue than gray. The short, green pickles are side-by-side near me and the thinner orange and green tall ones are on the other side of the table.

When I see them all still there, I breathe a sigh of relief. I certainly don't want them to disappear before we actually get to talk.

By then, my mind is racing through possibilities. *They are aliens!* I am feeling excited and intensely interested. I assume that if they mean to harm me, I'd be harmed, already, so I am rapidly becoming less scared. Brimming with questions and curiosity, I go right over to them.

My upbringing kicks in, maybe because they are around my dining table, and I ask them automatically, "Would you like some tea or something cold to drink? Are you hungry?"

They make some noises that must be their ways of showing amusement.

They aren't here; they are holograms. They can't eat or drink anything. Duh.

I sit down in my chair which they seem to know is mine because it isn't blocked or occupied. I look toward them, expectantly, but I realize I don't know where to look. Only one of them has anything resembling eyes and the other four do not even really have anything I would call a face. Reflexively, I keep my focus on their upper bodies' uppermost sections and on the zeppelin's middle.

I ask, "How may I be of service? Why are you here to see *me*?" I put a slight emphasis on "me," and they respond to that, first.

"You ask us to come," they intone, in unison.

Considering for a moment, I chuckle. "Yeah, I guess so," I reply. "But, why *now*? And, I can't be the only one inviting you. So why come to *me*?" I repeat.

They make those amused sounds again (at least, that's what I think they are) and do not respond further.

I shrug and ask, "*Will* you help us humans? I have *lots* of questions."

"We have lots of answers," one of them says. I think this comes from the zeppelin, whom I am already privately calling "Led."

Will it think that appellation is disrespectful?

Wait! Are they telepathic?

I then ask: "Who are you? Do you have names? *Where* are you?"

"Led" answers. It seems to be the spokes-alien. "My name is %^&!#. You may call me 'Led' since my name will not fit on your tongue."

His name seems to be a mixture of the sounds of water boiling and a river with lots of rapids and bubbles.

Right on that, Led. I can't reproduce those sounds, not being a sound-effects professional.

I realize that I am only slightly shocked that Led can read my mind. I say, "OK. 'Led' it is, for you. How about you other four?"

One by one, they introduce themselves. First, each sounds the actual names, which I can't really describe here very well. Suffice it to say I believe I hear only parts of what they vocalize. Most of what they "say" sounds like movements of nature elements: running water, crackling fire, leaves rustling. I would not be able to reproduce any but the smallest components of their names and those not very well.

Immediately after giving me the respect of saying their actual names, each one picks a nickname that Earthers all still use. I laugh when I hear their self-chosen monikers: *everybody* wants to be a celebrity, even aliens.

The tallest, turquoise, sea anemone-type with the flat head and blinking lights, says, "Call me 'Mick.'"

That's easy to remember. Mick Jagger can still "light up" a room! Years of being a classroom teacher makes my trying to assign associations with names a habit that comes in handy, now.

This is fun! I lean forward and look expectantly at the other three.

The second-tallest, jacinthe humanoid, says, "I'll be 'Ringo.'"

Ringo Starr wears garish and colorful costumes with The Beatles, especially in the Sgt. Peppers era. "Good," I say.

"Can I be 'Janis?'" asks the shorter "pickle."

Hmmm. Janis Joplin as a pickle. There's a Woodstock connection... Arlo Guthrie sings the pickle-motorcycle song and she sings there, also. "Sure," I agree.

The taller "pickle" says, "I like 'Diana.'"

Does "she" mean Diana Ross or the late Princess of Wales? It doesn't matter. I nod. "Okay," I say aloud, just in case they're not all telepathic.

I decide to view these two to be females. *I am a female and I like pickles.* It will have to do.

English definitely needs more gender-neutral, omnigender and transgender pronouns and concepts. I have no idea at this point if any of these species has binary genders or any at all, nor if these names indicate what each identifies as.

"All right!" I point at each one, in turn, as I would in a classroom: "'Led,' 'Mick,' 'Ringo,' 'Janis' and 'Diana' you'll be."

"Now that we are all properly introduced," I continue, "Back to business. Why are you here?"

"Earthers need help, yes?" Janis asks.

Led adds, "We have been approved to help."

"'Approved?'" I query. "By whom, or what?"

They seem to turn to one another and confer silently. They then respond in that odd chorus, again, "The 'Many Worlds Collective, InterGalactic Council' sent us."

I sit back, a bit stunned. I mean, it's one thing to be confronted by holograms that are not humans and not like anything on Earth. It's quite a different thing to be told in clear terms that there *are* many worlds and that they are united in some way.

"Is Earth a member?"

Again, the "laughter."

Diana responds: "Yes, but Earthers mostly don't know about being a member, yet. Most of you don't even know about the Collective, right? You are to refer to it as the 'MWC.'"

I nod slowly. "*Most* of us?"

"Well," explains Led, "This is not our first contact with an Earther. We've been here all along and we've had thousands of contacts over the millennia. This is just the first one you'll be allowed to make public."

"I will be allowed to make public?" I repeat, starting to panic a bit. I picture a media frenzy occurring right outside my rural cottage. *Yikes! What is starting, here?*

"Well," continues Led, who must be the leader of this group, "you are the only one we communicate with directly. You then communicate some of what we share with you to the rest of the Earthers. We direct you to provide information to Earthers with the help of your chosen Media Contact. That's the only way we can communicate with Earthers and be helpful, right now. This is the MWC's standard, approved method for first contact and Transition periods."

I silently take this in. Deep breaths. *Oy. Life as I know it will never be the same.* My Buddhist teacher, Lama Sangyay, has a saying he uses whenever I arrive at a new insight, recognize the Absolute Truth and pierce illusions. I invoke it, now: *This Changes Everything!*

"Are you ready?" Led asks.

"Ready for what?" I ask, my stomach doing somersaults. I take a deep breath, and notice that I'm now shaking. "What does 'communicate with me' mean, exactly? What 'Media Contact'?"

"We each bring you information. Starting next month, you, as our liaison, are instructed to share pieces that Earthers need in order to adjust successfully, living as a new planetary member of the MWC. Our intention is to improve conditions here through Earth's membership in the MWC and our presence," explains Mick. "We give the standard information to you, all at once, and a page of instructions with it."

"Then," continues Janis, "You communicate it, bit by bit, according to our timetable. We provide the sequence. You do not give Earthers everything at once; that never works well. Liaisons disburse just enough, as each bit is needed and as Earthers are ready. You do not Access everything at once, either; you do it gradually, during your Excellent Skills Program training."

Excellent Skills Program... "ESP training"? Really?" I barely have time to wonder about that when Diana turns to me and seems to undulate.

"This won't hurt at all," Diana says.

"Wait!" I groan, starting to protest. *How would they know what might hurt me?* I look at each of them but can't read anything on their forms. I do sense from them all only benign, interested, even affectionate attitudes toward me. So, I ask, somewhat tentatively, "What do *you* do and what do *I* have to do?"

"Just sit there and relax," Mick says. "We do the rest. We do this often with beings constructed as you are. They say there is no pain at all."

Where is my inner skeptic? Why am I not more afraid? Oh! Are they helping me calm down? I can do that myself.

"Please wait a few minutes while I prepare?" I take a few deep, slow breaths to get more receptive. I try to clear my mind, but in creeps: *Lie back, and think of England*. I suppress another giggle. *Nervous, much?*

I silently chant a few mantras and recite a Buddhist aspiration prayer, committing to do no harm, to utilize strength, discernment, and courage. I also recite our main prayer, dedicating the merit of all actions and thoughts to benefit all beings. Then, I turn my mind to rest in awareness, my main practice: emptiness, radiance, joyful, compassionate, peaceful, with open, spacious, focused attention.

After a few meditative minutes I'm clear and primed. I say, "OK. I guess I'm ready. How long will this take?"

"Hardly any of *your* time," Ringo replies.

The slight emphasis on "your" does not escape my notice. *How do they perceive time?* I have no time to consider time because they start.

Immediately, each of them moves slightly toward me.

Even though I know they aren't *here*, I still lean back a little as they approach.

Yikes! Here we go.

I feel the energy above and on top of my head shifting, as if there is an opening being formed. But, Diana is right: it doesn't hurt. It just feels weird, as if something in me is expanding but not taking up space, exactly. I also notice this same feeling in my chest, above and in my heart, very strongly. Then, the sensations move, coming into each of my other five chakras (center of my throat, "third eye" area on my forehead, my solar plexus, the front of my pubis and the bottom of my coccyx), and also, on the bottoms of my feet, and all up and down my spine. I hear a slight "whooshing" sound, like a car fan on low.

I imagine they are filling up my "tanks" with data. The whole "download" takes about one minute.

I feel very warm, but not too hot. I force myself to continue to breathe evenly. No one moves.

I now feel the apertures closing. The energetic activity's waning, slowing down. The fan noise slows to a stop. The inner expansion doesn't go away, exactly, but the feeling recedes. I sense and then see each of the MWC members moving slightly away from me.

I begin to panic: *Don't leave!* I almost shout this out loud.

"We're not leaving, yet," Led tells me.

He can hear my thoughts. I feel better, immediately. *It isn't just his words; this alien has some kind of soothing power. Nice. He must have been using this calming mojo ever since they got here. That explains a lot.*

"OK," I say. "Thanks." *I still don't know what to do, next. I need more instructions.*

"Here is the Instructions page," Ringo responds, also tuned in to my thoughts, I see. He extends a bright orange, newly-protruding, thin, arm-like appendage toward me, pointing to my heart. I feel something soft but firm, poking into me there, almost imperceptibly.

Before I can ask how a hologram can touch me, something rises out of my heart area and appears in front of me: a hologram of a sheet of paper with English writing on it. It hangs in the air at my eye level.

“Wow!” I breathe. I am impressed. *Like magic!* I know it’s science, but, *wow!* I start to feel excited, again. *This is so cool. Do they even use paper, or is this apparition's form for my benefit?*

I can easily read the writing even without my reading glasses. But, more importantly, I *feel* the meanings in my heart. It’s hard to explain, if you’ve never had this experience (although, by mid-March, many of you have similar experiences to draw upon), but it’s an amazing feeling. I feel the same way, sometimes, when chanting in Tibetan or Sanskrit during my meditation practices or ceremonies, but this is much stronger than that, even. The phrase “inner knowing” takes on new meaning when we humans “read” this kind of heart-arising text.

Buddhists use mind-to-mind transmission as the most advanced method for learning and teaching; this is explained to us repeatedly at teachings I attend, so I have direct experience that feels the way this does. Also, when there is an important lesson, meditation instruction, history or other written information to impart, the preferred way Tibetan Buddhists teach is to have the realized leader read aloud while students read along in silence or just listen. An entire book can be transmitted, which can take days or weeks to accomplish. In this way, students “receive” both the words and the conceptual and experiential wisdom from the teacher, who imbues the text with these precious aspects and conveys them through the teacher’s speaking the text aloud.

Similarly to both of these, I experience this new knowledge blooming in my consciousness via my viewing this holo text. Awed, I am less afraid than impressed and my trembling has slowed.

I look at the "paper." 1) Decide whom your main Earth Media Contact is. Interesting that this is #1. It has not yet occurred to me how this information will be disseminated. *They have an excellent point. Not only is my life be changed forever by being the main communicator with the MWC members, but so is this media person's. It is a very important decision. How to make it?*

“Do you have any suggestions?” I ask them. *Do they already have someone picked out? I hope they do.*

They seem to exchange another one of those silent conversations. Then Led says, “It’s up to you. You spend an enormous amount of time with this person. This exclusive media access launches his/her journalism career. We suggest that you choose someone you want to have around and who is near the beginning of their career, since you are doing this together for quite a while.”

“Really?” I ask. *This is an ongoing thing, being the liaison? They just downloaded what feels like the entire contents of the Internet into me. How brief can my liaison role be if I'm disseminating all that?* “How long is ‘a while’?”

Another silent conversation. “In *your* years,” Janis says, “About thirty.”

“Thirty?” I squeak out that word. I am shocked. *In thirty years, I'll be 88. How is this going to work?*

My next thought, crass as it sounds, is, *Will I be paid?* I currently do not have a job, although I've been looking for about 18 months. I was laid off from my last job so I am receiving unemployment payments, but not for much longer.

I have no other ongoing way to support myself. If I am going to do this, be the MWC's Earth liaison, especially for thirty years, I don't see how I will be able to have an ordinary job, ever again.

I am about to ask how I can arrange my life around this when Led responds: "You'll be paid, of course. The MWC has a fund and all the Earth governments will also be contributing. It is required."

"You'll also have to move," he continues, "but we'll talk about all that in a few days."

"Move?" I squeak, again. "To where?"

"The home you've been 'seeing' yourself living in, perhaps," Led replies, "with your husband, perhaps, soon after you're together. Or, alone, somewhere else. Remains to unfold, in this timeline."

That stops me, cold. *How do they know about my visions? Are they tuning into me before tonight? Of course they are. Oh. Yeah. Telepathy. Whoa. Seriously. THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING! This means I can tell My Future Husband! Or, not. They also know about alternate timelines? Of course they do.*

More laughing noises.

I am suddenly getting very tired. This happens to me. I can go and go full speed then hit a wall of exhaustion, which means I very soon have no ability to process words. I get almost drunk-like. I say and do illogical things, make odd jokes, and generally become unable to function intelligently.

It is almost 10:30 PM. It is 'way past my bedtime. I am about to hit that wall.

I can hear my mom's voice in my head, "Clara can sleep anywhere, anytime." It's true. I sleep in busy airports, bus stations, classrooms, and almost everywhere else. When I'm tired, I sleep.

Since my life is going to be altered, irrevocably and very publicly, very soon, I want every possible night of relative peace and quiet. I want them to go home. Wherever that is. And, I want them to come back.

I announce: "I need to go to sleep, *now*. Come back tomorrow, please?"

They seem to agree.

Janis says, "We come back when you call us, but it may not be tomorrow." Then, answering my unanswered question, "It doesn't have to be at night, anymore," she adds.

I slump in my chair with relief and exhaustion. This alien contact and download increase my tiredness. I am never a "night person," anyway.

I promise, "I'll consider instruction number one. When I know whom I want to choose as my Media Contact, I call you to come back, OK?"

One by one, they bounce, blink, wiggle appendages, quiver, and then fade slowly out.

Led is the last to disappear. As he dissolves, he calls out, "Sweet dreams."

I laugh as I get up slowly and walk over to use the bathroom. I feel as if I'm in a stupor. I return to my room, remove and throw my clothes on my chair and crawl back into bed.

I notice, distantly, that I am still shaking a bit. This kind of shivering, a kind of kundalini reaction, is familiar to me. Many times, due to high stress fear or excitement, from the adrenaline rush and its departure, I experience this all-over trembling.

I slow my breathing deliberately, say some more silent prayers and become more still as the high energy dissipates. Tired, but still mentally awake, I begin to do my "homework." *Whom could my Media Contact possibly be?*

As I lie in bed, I select and discard, one by one: NPR correspondents, local and national TV people, other radio journalists and almost anyone I've ever heard of: *too old, too far away, wrong politics, too obnoxious. Whom would I like to spend a lot of time with? Who needs—and deserves—a career boost? To whom do I want to award the "story of the century/millennium."*

Then, it comes to me. There is a local, free, alternative weekly paper that serves northern California. It has agreeably leftist leanings and some great freelance as well as staff reporters. Maybe I can find one of them, preferably a Latina woman (always trying to even the scales in the world of work). I start to picture her: she will be newish to her career, sympathetic to this topic, familiar with science, keen on multicultural (multiplanetary?) issues, and also have media contacts. I nod off, planning to research that in the morning. *I'll find her.* I can sense her presence already. Interesting.

As I fall asleep, I wonder, again, *Why me?*

When I wake up, at first I feel disoriented. *Why do I feel so different?* I look around and see that my clothes are strewn differently on the chair. I start to wonder why, then I remember last night, in a rush. *Wow! That really happened?*

As I go through my morning routine on another cool, sunny day, December 22 (and, BTW, the world does *not* end! Obviously. Sorry, Mayan calendar believers), I consider other reasons the MWC select me. I imagine writing: "How I become the so-called 'Chief Communicator,'" and I realize: I *am* writing that *because of* yesterday. I am writing *this* and much more.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE I

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

What is Fiction?

"Fiction is the truth inside the lie."

Stephen King, author

"Fiction is made of bits and pieces of the world, of the author's life."

William Gibson, author

February, 2012-April, 2013 and June, 2041

First decision: write this as fiction or nonfiction? I decide to write this as fiction because I can take more liberties. No one can ever pinpoint which are the facts and actual events and which are not, especially in the personal parts. I can have fun with the writing and not be concerned with documentation, arguing about others' points of view, or the ways I depict anyone or anything.

I can tell it any way I want. I can edit and revise but I don't have to censor. I can elaborate, create the versions as I wish them to happen, tailor actual ones more to my liking. I can make stuff up if anything additional strikes my fancy or seems to be missing in the actual story or people. I can't wait to improve on the people!

When I send out the first chapter to some friends and family in February, 2012, not everyone even looks at it. People are busy, they forget. But, my long-time friend, Franco, does read it and calls me right up. Franco is a therapist. Here's the best part of this call:

Franco: Clara, *how* are you doing?

Me: I'm fine. How are you?

Franco: No, I mean, how are you *feeling*? Any headaches, any blurred vision? Are you sleeping all right?

Me: I'm fine. I just told you.

Franco: Well, that's good, that's good. What is the *weather* like today where you are?

Me: Probably same as where you are; we're only an hour apart, you know. What's this about?

Franco: Have you been talking with anyone *else*, lately, or gone out?

Me: Sure. I went swimming today, as usual, and went to the Farmers' Market. Are *you* all right? You're acting weird.

Franco: *I'm* acting weird? You just sent me a story about having *alien holograms* visiting you in your *bedroom*. I'm trying to figure out if you're oriented properly or if I need to come up there and evaluate you in person. I *will*, you know!

Me: "Evaluate" me? It's *fiction*, Franco. [I'm laughing so hard I can hardly talk.] What part of "not real" is problematic for you?

Franco: None, as long as you know it's not real.

Me: In *this* timeline, it's not real.

Franco: Okay, then.

I do not lie to him, exactly. There are many timelines in which the alien holos do not come, or do not come to me, or do not come in December, 2012. My conversation with Franco could very well veer into one of those. Who knows?

Every storyteller's first dilemma is trying to tell a story from "the beginning." Margaret Atwood and dozens of other writers I admire acknowledge: the beginning is a slippery place, hard to grasp. The point of entry keeps moving, depending on my mood, new information, excellent alternate entry points and so much more.

Add that problem to the one I'm facing now: I'm writing the story I put into Chapter One *before* it happens According to Linear Time (ALT). I'm actually writing this

starting in February, 2012. Another important decision: which versions, which timelines, do I include?

I can write a story before it all happens because linear time is a construct. Also, there are infinite versions of every story that are actually occurring, forking away from one another, re-braiding as they intersect or staying separated. Everyone knows this, now, but when I am writing this and starting this journey as the first Chief Communicator, almost no one can prove this and most people do not believe in alternate timelines.

I laugh as I write that; it's just as if these people are still believing in a flat earth or one in which Earth is the only inhabited planet. Ridiculous, right? Hindsight...

By the middle of the Transition, Earthers do catch up to physicists and Buddhists and all in the Many Worlds Collective (MWC) in recognizing that all time is simultaneous. Not all are happy with this, nor agreeing readily to the existence of the MWC, the IGC or Earth's impending membership in the MWC.

I write this in the present tense as much as possible to get everyone used to the way that simultaneous time works. That nontraditional convention with the tenses in this series will drive proofreaders and grammarians crazy, but it is not an accident, I assure you. Sorry for the times I slip out of present tense forms; I'm not used to it, myself.

I do my best to keep the 'lines straight and give you somewhat of a linear experience. Well, some of the time. I can't protect everyone from the truth, nor should I.

In late 2012, I'm in the final stages of proofing Volume I, the one you're reading now. Since it's complete and sequential (more or less), some of the people I originally send draft chapters to *are* actually reading it, for the first time. I get this phone call from my sister, Violet:

Violet: How could you not tell me? Don't you trust me? How could all this be happening to you and I would not know? Where is, who is Epifanio? What aliens? How can you know what's happening next year, or in many years? How could you not call me right away?

[She runs out of breath and I break in.]

Me: Whoa, whoa. First of all, I tell you from the very *beginning*. I tell you I'm writing a fiction book, I send you chapters, I explain what the story is about. *You* don't have time to read them or the book itself, until now. How is that *my* fault?

Violet: What? Oh, right. You do all those things, don't you? I really *don't* have time to read all that often. You know that. Three kids still at home, blah blah blah. But, *who* is Epifanio?

Me: You don't know him. No one does. I'm telling everyone he's a composite, based on more than one person.

Violet: Is he?

Me: Does it matter? It's *fiction*! I'm not that Clara; that's *not* my life.

Violet: Oh. Well, fine. I like the story, so far, especially now that I know I don't have to worry about you.

Me: Worrying is *vastly* overrated.

Do I lie to Violet? Not exactly. I change all the names, unless the people are already famous or historical figures. Even then, all the circumstances are not the ones

most people are used to hearing for some of these known entities, since I do not believe anyone besides me is “outing” them as having been contacted by aliens.

Regarding the characters: some are completely fictitious, some are composites, some are somewhat loosely based on actual people. But, I am the only human who knows which are which.

My story; my choices.

I am grinning as I write this. Problems solved.

One of the complaints I get from my beta readers is that this Clara character doesn't seem afraid enough. Why isn't she freaking out, the way Violet would? How do other Earthers feel, once they *know*?

The most vocal disbelievers of the inevitable union with the MWC and all the concomitant facts become known as *Fragmenters* or *Fraggers* because they try desperately to resist the unification of Earth's sentient beings and beings on planetary orbs, to hold on to the past, even to the point of having a separatist Earth, striving to keep our fragment of the multiverse "independent." They refuse to believe or accept the evidence as presented daily, frequently attempting to challenge and disrupt the Transition's harmonious and peaceful intentions.

Trenchers go even further. They earn their nickname by being the most entrenched in old views and outdated ways, using violence, kidnapping, threats, hostility and fear-mongering to further their doomed goals and garner hapless followers. The most adept among them are the worst.

These hypocrites, every *trenched* one of them, call themselves *Psi-Defiers*. They employ *their* Extraordinary Skills even as they denounce the very existence of *psi* skills, causing Psi-Warriors from the MWC to have a strong presence on Earth in the early years.

Interestingly but not surprisingly, one of my own nephews, Moran Ackerman, is trained early on along with me in the Excellent Skills Program training to become the Earth leader of the Psi-Warriors. Charged with keeping the Psi-Defiers at bay and often stopping them by Sequestering them until they are allowed to Return, our MWC combined Psi-Warrior forces do quite well.

However, the *psi* Wars are unavoidable on most planets, Led tells me in the early spring of 2013.

"Just part of the Transition," Led says. "First and most helpfully, we train all of the guardians and enforcers Earth needs and we have them not belong to any one existing Earth country's government or even the 'United Nations.'"

"Good," I say. The UN never includes them all, anyway. What kinds of 'guards' do you mean?"

Led explains: "MWC OverSeers, OSes [pronounced *Oh Esses*], arrive as soon as possible after the Transition begins. Earth's are arriving next week. These are *not* all holos. Some are physically-present beings from many other worlds. The OSes function like the USA's or other nations' Secret Service and global police, protecting leaders, such as you, Clara Branon."

"I need protecting, for sure," I agree. "Those Trenchers are dangerous!"

"Yes," Led continues. "We have OSeS monitoring, regulating and protecting all inhabitants of orbs that are members of the MWC throughout the multiverse from threats, crimes and other serious problems. OSeS use *psi* as well as more conventional methods. OSeS control Fraggers, Trenchers and Psi-Defiers on Earth, under *your* nephew's leadership."

"But," I object, concerned for Moran, "the MWC's Psi-Warriors do the most dangerous and challenging work, fighting and quelling the Psi-Defiers directly. How does Moran or any other Earther attain high enough ESP levels to join, much less lead the OSeS so soon?"

"Ultimately, OSeS have a key strategy for dealing with those who are the most intractable: they can banish enemies of peace and harmony to specific multiverse timelines and keep them there, rendering them incapable of causing further harm. Sequestering is the way OSeS are able to exile and contain the worst criminals until they die and are ReInvolved, rehabilitated," Led explains. "Moran and other Earthers have help from more experienced OSeS until they can operate on their own."

Moran abbreviates Sequestering to "Qing" (pronounced *queueing*) and talks about Trenchers' being Qed (pronounced *queued*). Despite his use of slang, Moran gives the decisions extensive deliberation. I can tell that Qing is the last resort.

The Band and I continue to talk about this for many months, prior to the *psi* Wars' actual beginning point.

One day in the summer of 2013, I ask Led if OSeS threaten Qing to get information during investigations.

"As a threat, Qing is quite effective and does not harm anyone. Upside: no need or motivation to torment or torture those Psi-Defiers who can't be persuaded to cooperate." Led sounds pleased to report this to me.

I'm not convinced, though. I remind him that Earth does not have such a stellar history when it comes to these methods. "When violent rebels or criminals do not cooperate and they cannot be 're-educated,' how is Qing different from what Communist China does?" I ask.

Led responds: "Those that are Qed are actually re-educated successfully by receiving information, hormonal and neurological improvements and other harmless methods for internal, psychological change. The Psi-Defiers and others are Qed or ReInvolved for their own benefit as well as Earth's. Being allowed to reincarnate immediately rather than live out their adult lives Qed is a choice many make."

My pacifist friends and I like this a lot.

I learn rather quickly that OSeS include several branches, like departments. The largest segment is the Investigators (OSIs, pronounced *OhEssEyes*), since the MWC prizes information above all else. Enforcers (OSEs, pronounced *OhEssEes*) are kind of like police or Secret Service, but with no need for physical weapons due to their high-level *psi* skills. OSEs get to function more as protectors than our previous law enforcers and guards are able to be.

Espionage, including covert and Special Ops, teams (OSOps, pronounced *OhSops*) each has their own “stars.” Moran is stellar very early on. Realize, however, that there are very few OSOps needed on or involved in Earth activities, which I am glad to be able to report.

OSOps are mentioned in all of my *Spanners Series*’ stories because they are the thrills-embodiers. Readers like to know more about them. Plus, I am very fond and proud of Moran! I like to see that the talent for Excellent Skills runs in our family.

It’s a source of pride, I know. Please forgive me that one.

[NOTE: The more conflictual and sometimes violent stories involving the Trenchers and Fraggers are not the ones I want to tell. I get others to contribute these to my Volumes.]

Although I am not new to the concept of the multiverse or multiple timelines prior to 2012, I learn so much more from The Band in those first months, even before my ESP training gets into these topics.

During one of our many conversations on the subject, Mick, Ringo and I discuss my abilities.

I tell them, even though they already know: “Some of us here on Earth can perceive multiple timelines, albeit not all that clearly. Sometimes, in all three directions—past, present and future. How could anyone explain a ‘d     vu’ without this knowledge? How else can anyone ‘predict’ the future or know another’s ‘past’? Even the least-gifted psychic is utilizing what I know now are Excellent Skills to access all times and many timelines.”

“Yes, Clara, we are aware of this talent in Earthers, but surprised that only you seem to have it so strongly at first. We like the terms your son, Zephyr Branon, coins for your talent. These terms spread throughout the MWC!” Ringo uses two of his orange, six arms to indicate the ways the terms spread around.

“Go, Zephyr!” I applaud. I am so proud of him. “Yes. I like his words for these skills and actions: *timultaneity*, *timulting*, *timult*. We all do get used to them.”

Mick adds: “Timelines in the multiverse are not just topics in a conceptual, theoretical mathematical debate: *universes* exist and keep forming, at each decision point, at each moment, *infinitely*. Our many lives and versions of each lifetime extend in countless directions, sometimes braiding and re-braiding over one another with very little to differentiate them, sometimes seemingly touching only at a perpendicular juncture because they are so different from each other.”

“I know this all too well. Each Volume in *The Spanners Series* has Appendices [B](#), [C](#), [D](#) and [E](#), glossaries and explanations in more detail than I want to put into my story sections,” I complain. “Explanations are boring but very necessary in fiction novels.”

“Not only do you have to choose a beginning point, you have to decide which timelines’ stories to tell and which divergences to include, Clara.” Ringo waves two more orange arms around to demonstrate the multiple timelines’ varying directions. “Someone else—many others, including many other Clara Branons—choose differently.”

I laugh. “I could have the worst writer’s block, *ever*, if I let these choices paralyze me. It’s hard enough when I consider the perspective and preferences of my perhaps

Future Husband, Epifanio Dang. How does he feel when he reads each part of these books? I must ask him to write his own version some time."

"You do," Ringo agrees. "It's only fair."

The question most Earthers ask (and perhaps many from the MWC, I imagine) is: why does the Many Worlds Collective select *me* as their first public contact? Depending on my mood and who is asking, I provide various answers or do not respond at all.

Whenever I ask individuals from the MWC, this is what happens: They laugh, or do whatever passes for showing amusement for their species. The only answer they ever give is: "You ask us to come."

Beyond that, I can and do speculate about my liaison designation in these Volumes, but I do not actually know why they choose me.

One day, Janis — Diana explain a bit further: "The Protocol of ongoing Earth-MWC contact means that *you* have to invite *us*, Clara."

"I do repeatedly request that 'someone' come," I admit. "Not in the cultish religionists' world-is-going-to-end, beam-me-up way, though. I am sane—by modern standards, anyway—and not following any cult leaders. Does the MWC know everything my invitation is based upon and the reasons I extend it?"

Janis says: "February, 2012. You are in your third period of extended unemployment since 2001. From this experience and the general state of Earth's human affairs, you tell your friends that you have become 'an official misanthrope.'"

"Yes," Diana picks up their description of my life. "You say things like 'It is such a colossal waste: all around the world we have so many experienced, willing, able people who are unable to find work, not allowed to contribute to society in meaningful ways, made unable to earn a living doing what we are trained and willing to do. Decades of knowledge, wisdom and experience in billions of people, sitting idle or being underutilized: it is beyond shameful that we, as a species, are allowing this!'"

"Wow! You hear all that before you come?" I exclaim. "And you remember it, word for word?"

Diana says, "You go around saying this to lots of people. We do hear you. You also say that you 'want the species who left us here to admit that humanity, as an experiment on Earth, is officially a dismal failure.'"

I laugh. "That's right! Humans are majorly violent, greedy, ignorant, selfish and incompetent. We are ruining the planet and ourselves. Of course I want some *vastly* more intelligent, more advanced beings to come clean up the mess we are making! But, I'm also kind of angry at you, at them, at whomever. We're in this mess due largely to *their* negligence and poor experimental protocols, don't you agree?"

Janis sidesteps my accusation but does elaborate: "We hear you also privately solicit help when you meditate, when you are about to go to sleep and many times during the day, especially when you are swimming, which you do several times a week."

"Yeah! I imagine a cartoon dialogue bubble coming off the top of my head that reads 'HELP!' I am only half-joking; I believe that this is indeed Earth's story."

I go on. "I remember going around feeling a righteous anger, a deep, core despair: our progenitors abandon us to our own devices. Things are so terribly wrong in

so many ways. Look at the greedy war-mongers who crash the world economy and trump up false information! Then, they use this 'evidence' to invade and destroy governments, people, property, ways of life, all around the world. Bombs, guns, grenades, missiles, and unstaffed 'drones' deploy every day in too many places to count to murder millions of people, most of whom are *not* military personnel. Rape, racism, anti-group—pick your group—violence and hatred, hunger, homelessness, inequity, sex slavery/trafficking, intentional or careless pollution for profit and countless other human atrocities abound. It makes my heart hurt."

Janis — Diana wiggle closer to me. Even in their holo forms, they can comfort me. I appreciate it.

Janis says: "We know you need to believe *they, out there*, have the power and option to help."

"Before the MWC chooses to come help, I become more disappointed by the day," I acknowledge. "I'm probably a person you could come to who isn't totally surprised, then. Is that it?"

Diana asks: "Do you remember your friends asking you if you really believe in E.T.s?"

"All the time! I only admit partial skepticism. I even tell them that I am, in fact, waiting to be rescued. Or, at least, I say that I want to hear a sincere apology."

Janis — Diana say, in unison: "We're so sorry, Clara."

I can tell that they mean it. So sweet.

I keep thinking about a line from a song I love and sing many times when I am part of a New Age spiritual/rock & roll band's chorus in Massachusetts in the late '70s), "Let's Get Together" [by Chet Powers, copyright 1964], made famous by the Youngbloods: "When the one who left us here comes for us at last...."

I confess: "I do continually beg *them* to come for many years, becoming very 'loud' about it in 2011 and all through 2012. And, *you* hear me!" I feel so grateful. I wish I could hug them.

I tell them, even though I know they can feel my emotions, "Thank you *so* much. I am so glad you all come." I smile at them both and they wiggle back at me. I am almost used to their not having faces.

I remind them of when we first meet. "I *am* surprised when you actually come, mostly because you come to *me*. I am not horribly scared or shocked, you know. But, how many of anyone's pleas or prayers get answered, really? How do I get to be so fortunate?"

"We do choose *you* partly because of your request, Clara, it's true," Diana concurs. "But, we *have* to come, for IGC reasons. Many beings are involved in this important selection."

Janis then drops this on me: "Do you know we select you to be Earth's first CC whether or not you request our presence and help?"

I am stunned to hear this. What does that even mean?

"Do you know what trouble your choosing me causes in my family, among my friends?" I ask them. "I am not known for being paranoid, schizophrenic or otherwise

psychotic, but when I reveal that I hear voices *and* can see who is talking *and* describe you as unmistakably alien, this does not endear me to anyone or increase my credibility."

"But, does not your having a doctorate from an esteemed university, many years of volunteering and working with local and national nonprofits, and many well-respected friends and family members indicate that you *are* going to be believed by most people, right from the beginning of your revelations?" Diana points out.

"Maybe," I say slowly. But, there is a story I don't usually share with anyone but my son, Zephyr. It is the tale of the *first* time I hear someone from the MWC. *You*, Diana, I now know. Shall I tell you again?"

Janis — Diana say, in unison: "Yes, please. We like this story a lot!"

"Do you know that earlier in the week I am first writing this, on Feb. 10, 2012, I am taking an afternoon nap in my rented, rural cottage in Kirov, California. Suddenly, I wake up because I distinctly hear a woman's voice, seemingly right above my head, saying: 'Get up and *write*!' It isn't exactly a scream, but it is very strong and directive. This then-unfamiliar voice feels benign and important, all at once."

I pause and Diana wiggles at me.

I continue. "I sit up, startled, and look around. Of course, I can't see anyone. I call out: 'Is anyone here?' No answer."

I turn to Diana and ask her, now: "Why do you not answer me then?"

Diana inserts: "Not allowed. You aren't even supposed to hear me say that. I am supposed to wait for you to be more asleep and you are supposed to believe it's a dream induction."

"You are too loud and impatient, sometimes," Janis says to her pairpartner.

"Yes, true," Diana agrees, not at all perturbed by the criticism. "Go on, Clara."

"So, I get up, walk around a bit, but I see no one inside or outside my cottage. I just chalk it up to another one of my weird experiences."

"Because you have those, anyway," Janis says.

"Right," I agree. "That night, at exactly midnight, I am slowly but surely foggily aware that I am hearing a story—*this* one, actually—being narrated in my own voice. I gradually awaken to this stream of words and concepts, coming faster than I could type if I were typing. Luckily, it's quite memorable."

"We do like this part," Diana interjects.

"As you know, I begin this as a transcription, really, that very night. *Might as well: I'm wide awake, now!* I think. Amazingly, I write nonstop until about 1:30 AM. It just flows out of me."

"You are so sensitive as a receiver, Clara. It works well for you as our CC," Janis compliments me.

I continue the story. "Then, I email the draft of what become the first few chapters of this volume to several people: Zephyr; my mom, Rose Vogel; my two sisters,

Violet Engel and Cassandra (Cassie) Ackerman; and my friend, Franco Galina, whom I believe will be interested."

Janis now takes up my story, too excited to let me be the only teller: "But, when you wake up the next morning and re-read it, you realize you leave out a lot, including the outline for the book and the series. So you decide to create it as listings, like in a Table of Contents."

Diana, not to be outdone, jumps in: "You then write for about three more hours that morning, editing and revising the Introduction and creating the draft Table of Contents."

"True," I accept their insertions and go on. "I then send this packet to the same group, plus my friend, Robin Bach, an avid reader and librarian. Over the next week or so, as I write about one or two drafts of chapters each day, I add two more friends as readers: Nate Levy and Angela Lopez."

"Tell the part about how you decide when to publish it!" Janis demands.

"All right. At first, I am frequently perplexed: should I really admit that I write this *before* December 21, 2013? Or, should I wait and publish all ten volumes in 2041, after I retire from being the CC? What if I pretend that it is already 2041? Well, not really pretend, since *now* is always, *all* times. But, you all know what I mean, by *now*."

Janis says, "We're so glad you decide to write the first drafts of each chapter in Volume I and some of the other Volumes in 2012, while you are still unemployed and have a lot of time to write."

"After certain events occur in the linear timeline, you add, clarify and correct any 'errors' which inevitably arise as timelines diverge and *Re-sets* occur," Diana adds.

"To compromise, I admit the timing of my writing, tell the circumstances of my inspiration and have faith that everyone works this out for themselves," I say. "Also, I keep reminding readers, friends, family that it's fiction, so no one can argue with me, anyway."

"You are so clever protect your plan," Diana tells me.

"Once the entire first draft is complete, you send it in paper and CD-ROM form to your Media Contact, with safe deposit keys for only her and Zephyr to have," Diana recalls.

"It seems like such a good idea. I mean, who wants to *start* to write a book, much less ten of them, at the age of 85 or 86? This way, when 2041 comes around, or whatever date I select to publish, I can 'fact-check' and edit, one last time, and then submit for publication. I have photos and other items by then," I explain. "I want to be able to verify which timeline(s) I want to describe."

Janis offers, "Or, you publish as you go along."

"Why not?" I agree. "Yes, publish sooner rather than later: even more fun and confusing!"

The main difficulty I face as a writer in writing about the "future" by "remembering" it before it occurs ALT are the verb tenses and syntax. Multiverse

grammar is not cleared up at all, yet. *The Spanners Series* helps with that, I'm sure, over the next several decades. For now, I stumble along.

Mostly, I use present tense for that feeling of “nowness” and the fun of it as well as to drive home the always-everything-happening-now truth. Bear with me, please, since present tense only works some of the time.

I also decide to include many other items I collect over the years. Some I gather specifically for this purpose. Readers need to understand more of the background, history and actions of the MWC both “before” and “after” they come to me, ALT. Furthermore, so readers do not tire of the same narrator's voice, I include others' perspectives and news items.

Enjoy!

CHAPTER TWO

Minutes from the Fission Subcommittee, MWC Intergalactic Council

Earth Date: August 5, 1945

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DIALOGUE VERBATIM (con'd):

Council Leader: This is Galileo, all over again! How could you give *fission* to Oppenheimer? What are you thinking will happen? I warn you! Earthers have the maturity of 5-year-olds. Something makes them angry, then they get scared. Give them ANYTHING they can turn into a projectile and they WILL discharge it at someone!

Earthers Science Contact #04007: He *promises*! Earther Oppenheimer swears to his god that they will only *study* fission but *not* share it, not *use* it. How am I to believe he breaks that promise? In many timelines he keeps it! Besides, it is his *colleagues* at Alamo, *they* want to make a bomb just to use it against Germany or Japan. I have to say, even with all the Re-sets on Hitler and that Emperor Hirohito, there are not a lot of working options, here.

Earthers Science Contact #63431: I warn you, too, double-“O” 7. I tell you two hundred Earth years ago, when you want to give nerve gas to the leaders of Abraham Lincoln's team to prevent that USA Civil War disaster. I tell you that ending African slavery eventually happens, anyway, and the risk isn't worth it. And, before that, in China, when '99 wants to share the internal combustion engine with the Han Dynasty: I have to stop you both. You can't trust Earthers. Not yet. They're INFANTS!

Council Leader: Enough casting blame, please. What do we now DO? We all know what happens tomorrow in Hiroshima can't be stopped; and, again, in Nagasaki a few days later. It's DONE! But, what about the rest of the bombs? The scientists? Can we eliminate them? Distract them? Do we have any working Re-sets for this period?

Earthers Political, Social and Culture Contact #95472: I tell you, repeatedly: distraction IS the best method with a species at this level. They have short memories and they WILL chase the new shiny object! What shall we give them? We stage a spaceship crash: they get all excited, again, about space

and keeping secrets. That takes up most of the USA's resources for decades so they won't get far, since they will not have the quantum engine or know how to manipulate dark energy or travel through dark matter until after we go public in 2013.

Difficulties with Earth-moon missions, especially two Apollos and the *Challenger* and *Columbia* American space shuttle problems will keep them busy for years. The two major culprits, the USA and the USSR, then have a "space race" to take attention away from their ridiculous "arms race." That works. I know it does.

We can tie up both the USA and the Soviet Union, shore up their so-called "Iron Curtain." Make the German division more scary and important than it really is. Then, we can place a lot of interesting hardware in MI 6, the CIA, the NSA and the Kremlin.

Oh, and don't forget: Chernobyl, Three Mile Island and especially Fukushima will sour them on nuclear fusion reactors. Good, good.

Who's that author....? YES! Ian Fleming! Give him the spy toy ideas.

Oh, and always put "enemies" concurrently on the upcoming United Nations' Security Council so they can never agree on anything important for about eighty of their years. Drown them in discord. They even come up with an absurd acronym for their miserable, deterrent antics: MAD (Mutually-Assured Destruction). Perfect.

With all that, instead of having more attention or money for weapons development, they'll put a lot into counter-intelligence, NASA, their space stations and trainings. Right?

Keep disruptions going in India, Africa, the Balkans, the Middle East: they'll be plenty busy.

Oh, say: Can we fetch Amelia, now? Bring her back? That would be a sensation..... She's not too old, yet, is she?

Council Leader: No on Earhart; she stays where she is. Her rehabilitation is not complete. The rest sounds like an excellent plan, '472.

Implementation vote?

SUMMARY:

After a brief discussion, the Council takes an Implementation Vote and the PSC-ST-E (Political, Social, Cultural, Science & Technology focus, Earth) Plan #8224 is put into effect, as of Earth Date: September 1, 1945.

MSC Council Liaison: #95472

Earth contacts, names, locations, dates, main purpose of contact:

► Ethel Snowden, author, London, England, January 1- 3, 1920 (dream visitation only) (term "Iron Curtain," inspired/required, for book, *Through Bolshevik Russia*)

► Amelia Earhart, Aviator, Pacific Ocean, near Howland Island, July 2, 1937 (airborne retrieval; MWC member, disguise permit revoked)

► President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Washington, D.C., USA, December 1-2, 1941 (second contact; mandate to form United Nations awarded; paralysis revocation refused)

- ▶ Dr. P. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and National Enlightenment, Berlin, Germany, May 1, 1943 (dream visitation only; Berlin War concept seeded)
- ▶ Prime Minister Winston Churchill, London, England, April 27 – May 1, 1945 (dream visitations only; use of “Iron Curtain” in speech, inspired and required)
- ▶ Premier Joseph Stalin, Moscow, USSR, September 1, 1945 (dream visitation only) (implementation of “Iron Curtain” on geo-political borders, inspired and required)
- ▶ James Bond Johnson, photographer, Roswell, NM, USA, July 8, 1947 (photography permit granted)
- ▶ Ian Fleming, author, Jamaica, “Golden Eye” estate, February 2 -16, 1952 (limited publication permit, fiction only, granted)
- ▶ Valentina Tereshkova, first female “Cosmonaut,” Moscow, USSR, June 1, 1963 (dream visitation only; space travel inspired/required)
- ▶ Prime Minister Golda Meir, Israel, March 18, 1969 and September 1, 1974 (instructional contact)
- ▶ Jim Lovell, “Astronaut,” April 12, 1970 (space visitation, telepathic communication; fourth contact; ongoing contact with USA Astronauts, PSC-ST-E Plan #4941, continuation)
- ▶ Vincent L. Johnson, Three-Mile Island Technical Director, Harrisville, PA, USA, March 27, 1979 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction)
- ▶ Roger Boisjoly, Engineer, Space Shuttle *Challenger*, January 27, 1986 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction)
- ▶ Alexander Akimov, Night Shift Chief, Chernobyl, Ukraine, April 25, 1986 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction)
- ▶ Aung San Suu Kyi, General Secretary of the National League for Democracy Party, Yangon, Burma, May 27, 1990 (general instructions; Gandhi clause invoked)
- ▶ Linda Ham, NASA Manager, Space Shuttle *Columbia*, February 1, 2003 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction)
- ▶ President Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, Liberia, October 6, 2011 (dream visitation only; aftermath of winning Nobel Peace Prize, inspiration and instruction; permit awarded, *The Daily Show* interview, November 14, 2011)
- ▶ Harriet Tubman, Abolitionist/former slave, southern USA prior to and during USA Civil War, founder of the "Underground Railroad," 1825-1849 (dream visitations only)

Submitted, Intergalactic Council Secretary
 Verified, Council Leader

CHAPTER INTERLUDE II

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator’s Occasional Log

Clara Freaks Out

December 29, 2012

No matter what happens to me, don't stop believing in the possibility of a better future. I write this section as I look out the window at the overcast sky and wish for rain.

It almost never rains here. As a New England transplant and Midwest-raised girl, I often disparage the sunny sameness of this climate. I miss having weather to match or even cause my moods.

If it were storming today, my gloomy thoughts would have a proper setting.

I could die in any of a hundred timelines, versions in which I am or am not going to meet The Band and become the Chief Communicator for Earth. Someone else can be the liaison for Earth for the Many Worlds Collective, but many of the other events could be similar and possibly identical.

Or, I could become the CC but not stay in this post for thirty years, due to death, resignation or other ways I stop being the CC. Someone else could take my place or there could be a new configuration which does not utilize a CC as liaison.

I may or not be with Epifanio. We may acknowledge our love and be together, married or not, for thirty or forty years. Or, one of us dies amidst or before that romantic time. Or, he keeps believing he does not love me. Or or or.

Having "previews" doesn't avail me of knowledge of my future the way I would like it to. Most of the time, I only get glimpses, pieces, fragments. They're out of sequence, incomplete and, as I frequently explain, difficult to interpret and understand.

Plus, WHICH future am I seeing? How many factors change, timelines re-braid, diverge?

Timulting is not exact. It can't be.

I am considering all of this and the ways these complicate my writing when I feel that pleasant sense of anticipation and greeting that accompany a visit from one of The Band. I look toward my front door.

Even though they're holograms, they already learn from me that the convention of entering through the front door works best for Earthers (versus just appearing, or moving through a wall or ceiling). Most of the time, they follow this convention.

Having no corporeal presence, they can't knock, so Led makes his version of a throat-clearing noise, something I suggest to them early on. This serves to let me know where they are and when they arrive.

Hello, Led. Then I say aloud: "Hi! What's new?"

"Hello, Clara," Led greets me. It takes a few visits, but they all finally call me just "Clara," which I prefer. "We receive a distress signal and I am the first to respond."

"Distress?" I ask. "From where or whom?"

"From you," Led replies, his blue-grey, beachball-sized shape floats slowly around my room, then hovers close to me for the next lines he says. "Your thoughts and ruminations send out signals to us at all times, especially when they're disorganized, confused, angry, sad, scared or otherwise off-balance. These are interpreted as 'distress,'" Led tells me, hovering closer to me and exuding that calming effect he can turn on at will. "If we scan the content and believe we can be helpful, one or more of us comes to work with you, immediately."

“Oh,” I say, sounding overly bright to myself, “like a ‘Bat signal’?” *Great. I can’t even freak out privately anymore.*

I turn toward Led’s hovering, griseous, ovoid image and ask: “How am I supposed to cope with all of these changes and possibilities, alterations in timelines, variations in versions, without contemplating and then emoting upon my considerations? I have no Earthers I can ask or process all of this with, you know,” I remind him of my isolation and uniqueness here.

Two more *POP*s indicate Janis — Diana are now here as well. *I must be more upset that I realize.*

Janis moves toward me with Diana right behind her. They’re not usually more than a few centimeters apart in their green pickle bodies, even in hologram forms.

I feel a spark of envy of their pair bond. “What will I do if I never have a partner? It’s bad enough that I might be without Epifanio except as a distant friend, but will I have no one else?” I startle myself by saying this aloud.

“And,” I continue, feeling the immensely strong upsurge of my many questions, emotions and disturbances, which I must have suppressed up until now, “I need processing time, partners or counselors—**help**—to become the best CC that I can be. I am quite cooperative and willing, but you must understand: this is all very strange, new, and unnerving for me. I need time and space, phases and methods to assist me with adjusting. ‘I am only an egg.’” This last comes out as a bit of a wail. *I am upset.*

Janis — Diana seem to exchange an unspoken communication by wiggling and touching each other, then move even closer to me.

I start to move away but resist.

Led bounces a few times then says: “Robert Heinlein aside, Clara, we are very glad that this is happening, now. We are wondering what took so long for your reaction to occur.”

Diana adds, “In fact, if you do not bring these issues to us this week or next, we have plans to induce this state in order for them to arise. They must occur and you must, as you say, ‘process,’ in order to move ahead with your training and work as liaison.”

“Excellent!” Janis says, matching my earlier brightness, but hers is authentic, “This is right on schedule! Good job! You will better understand and have more compassion for your Fragmenters, even your Trenchers and Psi-Defiers, from these experiences.”

I am rather stunned. “You mean, I’m *supposed* to have a meltdown?”

“Actually,” Led answers, “we are surprised every day, so far, that you do not have, as you say, any melting down. Other locations’ liaisons react much more strongly and negatively right from the first visitation, usually, or much earlier than you. Many are so frightened that we have to use hypnosis or other tools to calm them down. Some even quit and join the opposition forces.” Led says this last part in a tone I rarely hear from him, one I can only describe as sorrowfully angry.

I surprise myself, again, by feeling my eyes fill with tears. I allow this since crying seems quite necessary and long overdue. My chest feels tight; I know the best release is to let the sobs increase and wind down naturally, so I continue.

There are very few thoughts. Mostly the feeling is one of loss, closely accompanied by fear and confusion. *How will I do this alone with no Earther to support me? The Band is great, but they are not enough, not exactly what I always need. I need a friend!*

I yearn for my favorite version of Epifanio and for more understanding versions of my family or friends to talk with, to share deeply about all of this. But I know these versions won't even want to hear about this, yet, and many will never be able to understand my experience, even when they want to be supportive. Most will be more excited about my new role and the improvements in Earth's conditions than empathic about what I am losing, facing and fearing.

If I am doing all of this without a partner, for now, and without Epifanio, ever, who else has the courage and interest to be with me, once I'm well-known as the Chief Communicator? How does the most public and possibly powerful Earther ever get a date with someone new?

This brings a fresh wave of crying and I yield to it. I am so Psi-Ped [pronounced *sigh-peed*; see [Appendix C](#), any Volume, for Glossary].

A fresh wave of sobs engulfs me as I remember the choices I have yet to make, will make, have already made: SHIT. I hate multiverse verb tenses! I can't even talk clearly about my grief!

I pound on my thighs, futilely, as I cry. Every Psi-Penalty, or Psi-P, I ever have to pay flows through my mind, most of them involving relinquishing Epifanio, one way or another.

No matter how many time and ways I *timult*, I must choose between my personal satisfaction or temporary happiness and more lasting, global harmony and peace. What kind of a choice is *that*, especially for a Buddhist who has taken vows—and I really BELIEVE in my vows—not to harm, to be less selfish? Every single one of my Psi-Ps reveals a trade that must be made with great sorrow and sacrifice, but, I hope, with honor and integrity.

Sometimes, as I find out throughout my years as CC, the Psi-P is known only to the one paying the price; sometimes, others know or are told; some Psi-Ps are quite public, especially during Transition, so most Earthers eventually understand that *timulting* carries a cost: a Psi-P is usually necessary. Knowing I'm not the only one who gets Psi-Ped (read: *heartbroken*), does help, somehow.

But, every time I allow the enormity of what I will forgo if I have to renounce any timelines that include Epifanio's loving and being with me, I just want to have a full-blown tantrum. I wait how many--30!--years for it to be "our time" but our happiness is derailed by world and multiverse needs and conditions? Really? Is that the thanks I get?

Eventually, I feel my tears ebbing. No solutions, but I somehow feel better and more able to face what lies ahead.

I joke aloud, knowing these three are following my internal trials, "Is there some kind of dating service for liaisons? How about therapists? Support groups? What about privacy screens I can erect, **anywhere**, inside or out?"

**POP!* *POP!* Ringo and Mick appear.*

Ringo waves two of his six orange appendages toward me and says, “Great! You’re ready for your next training, then?”

“All right, good work, Clara!” Mick adds, his flat-top's lights blinking various colors rapidly while his green cilia wave in unseen waters across his holo form. “Next is how to invite MWC visits and exclude us as you feel is proper. ‘Privacy,’ as you call it, can occur in somewhat limited forms, even for liaisons.”

I blow my nose. “Well, good. What about friends, helpers?” *What about Epifanio?* I feel that familiar yearning and pain that accompany my remembering the lack of his presence in my life, the loss of *our* future.

Janis offers, “There is a liaison ‘chat’ area you can Access. We can show you the methods.”

“Also,” Diana continues, “many liaisons who wish to be partnered become so or continue to be so. This is not impossible.”

“Much more important, though,” Led refocuses, “is increasing your capacity to continue in this role, on your own, independently. Are you willing to become more able?”

Independently? With all of you, and all of my protective OverSeers, you mean? Maybe I’ll do a Patty Hearst and fall in love with one of my OS guards...Oy!

I take a deep breath and check in throughout my consciousness, all the way through to and within non-dual *rigpa* and back through to ordinary dual awareness. Back and forth, swishing around, looking for flaws, gaps, holes.

Just the usual heartache, deep inside. Manageable.

“I think I’m all right. Let’s continue.”

I feel myself being scanned, then Led responds, “Yes. Fine. We proceed.”

“Thank you,” I tell them. “I needed that. The ‘tears and fears’ session, I mean.”

“And will, again,” Diana says. “Just remember: you have to be healthy inside and out, as much as possible. This is very difficult and challenging work! No one else here does what you do.”

Janis tells me and the rest seem to agree, “We will help.”

“Good,” I say, gratefully, “I need all the help I can get!”

CHAPTER THREE

“‘They’ Never Leave: the MWC and Earthers; or, Crop Circles, Alien ‘Abductions,’ Whitley Streiber, Roswell/Area 51 and other MWC Blunders”

Opening Remarks given by Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator and Liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective

Global Unity Leaders Council #1, 6/8/15, The Hague, The Netherlands

Dr. Branon: Thank you. [applause dies down.] From about millions (or even billions) years ago through the European Middle Ages, the Ancient Egyptians; the Mayans, Aztecs, and Incas in Central and South America and Mexico; the Palestinians

and Israelites; the Indians (on the subcontinent of India); the Japanese; the Ancient Romans; and, the British Islanders and Europeans in the Middle Ages, there are pictographs, hieroglyphics, oral histories and written accounts of UFOs, visitations, and other signs of the presence of those from the MWC even though it was not widely known or accepted until early in 2013, when they allow me to make our conversations public. [laughter]

Actually, once we Earthers begin to understand that we have to expand our definitions of “life” and of what could house “intelligent life,” we review other findings and realize: the MWC presence is constant on Earth. Evidence abounds.

Scientists find signs in Australia from as long ago as 3.5 billion years ago that we learn after 2012 are from the *first* visits of some from the MWC. Remnants of their ships and some aliens' bodies become fossilized. Confusion arises because there is no carbon and we believe for our entire existence until recently that ALL “life” has to be carbon-based. Not so.

As Buddhists know for millennia, “life” doesn’t have to have *any* form or even be visible to human eyes or known by ordinary means of observation. I’m not talking about ghosts or anything “paranormal,” although, until credibility is established for all of this information, many people assume that “formless” means something “woo-woo.” [laughter]

In 2001—a small coincidence?—science fiction author, Sir Arthur C. Clarke, most famous for *2001: A Space Odyssey*, claims that recently returned photos from NASA's Mars Global Surveyor show evidence of trees and bushes on Mars! Scientists cannot agree or disagree with him in any uniform way.

The MWC admits to having contact with him prior to his having written that and most of his other books. The MWC considers having *him* as the liaison instead of me! They would have liked to have him go public in 2013, but Sir Arthur dies in 2008 in most timelines. We miss you, Sir Arthur! [scattered applause]

Countless other websites, articles, and research discuss that known drawings and photos depict thousands upon thousands of pieces of evidence of MWC contact. Anecdotes support that many Earthers know of and/or have contact with MWC beings ever since the beginning of our habitation of Earth as humans.

What I and many E.T. enthusiasts can’t understand are the reasons that it takes so long for all of this to be believed? What are you all waiting for? [laughter]

What I myself can’t understand and what I discuss at length with the current members of the MWC here on Earth is: how or why so are many previous MWC members so careless? If the idea is that the MWC visits prior to mine are to be “silent” or “invisible,” just visiting incognito to monitor and observe, why is there so much evidence of their being here? Why do Earthers have so many drawings, photos and stories of sightings of craft, of contact, of *abductions* from the MWC, knowing they’re coming and going, so often?

Here is what I learn.

The MWC has millions of planets in membership at this time. If you think of membership in the MWC as a rite of passage for a inhabited orb, much the way Gene Roddenberry—the late, much-admired creator of *Star Trek*, so popular in the mid- to late-

twentieth century and even today—depicts planets that join the “Federation,” that type of membership would be akin to a planet’s Bar/Bat Mitzvah, Quinceañera, or other “coming of age” event. In that way, orbs that first join the MWC are like young adolescents. They are considered adults, in some ways, but they are not mature, not in full control of impulses, not fully grown. before you get all judgmental, remember, humans: our brains don’t fully form until our mid-twenties; neither do rational, considered decisions or judgments. [laughter]

“Joy riding,” “drag racing,” tee-peeing neighbors’ properties—sneaking around during the night, draping toilet paper over trees, shrubs, rooftops, mailboxes, cars—experimenting with intoxicants, breaking rules and curfews, pulling pranks, engaging in unsafe and risky behaviors of all kinds occur as common behaviors in almost every culture among immature humans. So, it’s no surprise, really, to discover that many off-world species share this unfortunate phase of development with us.

Who makes crop circles? Think of this as alien teens’ graffiti, such as that on many Earthers’ high schools’ and cities’ walls. Adolescent members of the MWC who steal their “parents’” vehicles and come to Earth on a dare make crop circles as their “tags,” a kind of proof that they are here. They capture evidence of their time on Earth in what we call “photos” and take them back to show their friends. Sneak in to Earth, make a few crop circles, take a selfie and go home: these lead to acceptance in one’s peer group, make them “cool.”

Who abducts humans and pretends to put in probes or experiment on us? As we all now know, there are no evil aliens; there are no such experiments. But, “adolescents” from hundreds of planets use these ruses as hazing rituals, a kind of “blood in” to join their local “gangs,” metaphorically speaking. They even use the same disguises or costumes over and over for many centuries of our time to make it seem as if the same alien species are returning even when they are not the same at all. The “grays” and the insect-o-pods become our nightmare aliens but most of them aren’t here at all.

Some of these “adolescents” crash, just as some drag racers and joy riders do. Sadly, some die in those crashes or other accidents while visiting Earth, due to carelessness, bad judgment and plain bad luck; many would say karma. Hence, Roswell and then Area 51 occur, in New Mexico, USA, circa 1950.

For better or worse, the IGC of the MWC decide to use these accidents to try to distract Earthers from other, more dangerous Earth endeavors, for example, nuclear war, and to aid in explaining all the other visitations. But, they do not decide to go fully public at that time. Many wish they had.

Being alien is not a guarantee of any type of perfection, believe me. All beings make mistakes. [laughter] MWC members who are invited to be members prior to Earth’s joining are more technologically and socially advanced; no question. But, they are not perfect at any stage or age.

The IGC stages many “implementations,” what many call “interventions” that are intended to assist Earth from “behind the scenes.” We could argue about their tactics or success rate, but ALT, what’s done is done.

How many Earth authors have contact with MWC members that are not publicized at the time? These communications are not *allowed* to be, except as fiction. In

keeping with that tradition, I fashion my own memoirs as a compilation of science fiction novels. However, truth only works as fiction to a point....

In addition to authors, many amateur and professional artists as well as musicians, playwrights, poets, dancers and vocalists also have occasional or repeated contact with members of the MWC, as do some naturalists, especially those who wander far from “the beaten paths.” Astronauts, of course, physicists, politicians, scientists and philosophers are also visited. Hundreds of us. All keeping the secret or believing themselves to be deluded or dreaming. For centuries. For *millennia*.

How do we stay so willfully in denial for so long in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary?

The pyramids and the rituals that accompany their use—mummies, ceremonies, costumes, art—in Egypt and Mexico are almost identical. Yet, humans of those times have no apparent means to travel from one continent to another. How do we explain this cross-pollination except by knowing of contacts among members from the MWC with key Earthers in several locations at once?

In March, 2012, fossilized camel-like bones (smaller and without humps) are found in Central America: how do dromedaries' ancestors exist in the deserts in both Africa *and* Central America thousands of years ago? We now know some of these occurrences are not authorized by the IGC, but they happen, nonetheless.

Spiritual leaders from many traditions have MWC encounters as do some followers, but most of these encounters are not only privatized, but squelched, censored, and even sanctioned to the point of death. Think witch hunts, the Spanish Inquisition and excommunication of “free thinkers” and you are right. Or, the luckier individuals who experience these communications or dream visitations are treated more positively because they are considered “prophets,” “saints,” or “channels” for the “divine.”

Shamans from early Tibet, Siberia, and Navajo/Hopi traditions have so much in common, linguistically, ceremonially, philosophically and behaviorally as to be almost indistinguishable. Twentieth-century geneticists and linguistic researchers prove but cannot explain that the Tibetan, Sanskrit and Navajo languages *and* physical genotypes are among those that are the most similar to one another while being the most distant geographically. Contact with, transport by and influences from the MWC explain all of this and more.

Knowing that the MWC’s many millennia of contacts have integrated and “contaminated” human cultures from all across Earth generates the “unified theory” of human history on Earth known as “seeding.” Publicizing, proving, and accepting seeding also begins to foster the elimination of racism and many other types of discrimination based on heritage, genotypes, physiognomy and religion. Differences among humans cannot be attributed to deficiencies or excesses, but, rather, to the original ways and locations we are seeded from other planets to Earth.

Many of you know of the human genographic projects in which individuals send in blood or other DNA samples and then learn who one's Last Common Ancestors, or "concestors," and geographic origins are. It is shocking and quite humbling to find out that, for example, the darkest Africans may be as closely related to blond, blue-eyed, white Swedes as to Africans one state over. DNA can't lie.

The Nazca Lines in Peru exhibit and most of what Erich von Däniken, courageous author of *Chariots of the Gods* who celebrates his 80th birthday this year [applause], knows that many of Earth's oddities come from early visits and encounters with members of the MWC who guide new visitors to Earth. These visitors establish residential bases here, trying to monitor Earthers responsibly without letting us go too far in self-destructive directions.

Callers to and invited expert guests on *Coast-to-Coast AM*, *Dreamland* write emails to those radio shows' hosts, Art Bell, George Noory, and many others, in which they often describe and tell stories, giving evidence and discussing research about UFOs, ETs, and other "paranormal" activity that can almost all be traced to the MWC's presence and visits here. Not *all* of those folks are wackos. [laughter]

So, I think it is with great relief and even joy that many Earthers learn of the existence of the MWC and Earth's place in the multiverse. Once we know how many other types of intelligent life exist for us to meet, not *everyone* is glad or can manage to weather these changes successfully, but most are.

Fraggers and Trenchers, especially those who become Psi-Defiers, are the resisters, disbelievers and complainers, but they are a small though intensely active minority. Soon to be quelled by our amazing OverSeers and Psi-Warriors, including their Chief, my nephew, Moran Ackerman [Ackerman stands; applause]

Because Earth is in such dire need of guidance, requiring protection from ourselves and the consequences and potential outcomes of our actions, the MWC delegation becomes public with me in late 2012 and the rest of Earth in early 2013. We *must* cooperate to avert about ten kinds of disaster.

Gratitude would be the appropriate response. I wish everyone could understand this. [standing ovation]

CHAPTER INTERLUDE III

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Who are "The Spanners"?

February 10, 2013

Hard to believe I begin this writing exactly one year ago today. Fair day then, sunny again today.

So much to tell! I'll continue, here, with other reasons I am selected as liaison, since people keep asking.

I talk with Zephyr about this the most often. We try to puzzle it out together, since he knows me so well. Lately, our conversations center around my demographics.

I explain: "Even more compelling or 'attractive' to the MWC than my personal traits, experiences, or pleas may be that I am mostly an 'outsider.' You know, how I live, what I believe. I'm always in some minority."

Zephyr ruminates: "Your generation is first called "Baby Boomers" because after World War II there is a "population explosion." Then, "The 'Me' Generation" is applied

to the youngest of you, so you and your friends, mostly. You tell me about the heightened interest in 'pop' psychology, Eastern religions/spirituality—'navel-gazing,' as some sneer it at you—plus, sexual liberation, pacifism and war-resisting, socialism and sharing economic wealth and other self-referential choices. Right?"

"Sure, sure. You have that all down." I appreciate his knowledge. "What about this, though? As Boomers' parents age and we have our own children, we become the largest 'Sandwich Generation,' so-called because we have simultaneous caregiving responsibilities for our parents *and* our children for more years than any previous generation. Women in my generation are able and often choose to delay having kids due to better birth control and career opportunities. People in my parents' generation live longer due to better nutrition and medical care. We get crushed in the middle."

Zephyr replies, "That 'Sandwich' label transmogrifies into 'The Spanners' at the turn of the century. I think it's also due to the fact that you are the people who live almost equal numbers of your lives' decades in both centuries."

"Very insightful, Zef. I think it's also our new title because we are born and live most of our 'productive' lives in the latter half of the twentieth century, in the USA or other 'Western' countries. Adults' work lives as originally conceived, for ages 18 – 65, are becoming extended due to the pushed-back age of 'retirement' to 72. Every decade I work, the USA government adds a year or two, until, for me, Social Security collection age moves from 65 to 72! Unparalleled! And, not quite fair, some think."

"I know," Zephyr commiserates. "You and others your age often have three or more professional careers or types of work during these fifty or more working years versus the usual single job, career or company affiliation maintained for 25 – 40 years for your grandparents and those older."

Zephyr pokes, "What do you mean, now, by 'Western,' though?"

"Good catch, Zef. Okay, I do need to specify." I agree. "In this era, 'Western' includes those countries in the self-named 'First World,' the countries with the most resources, highest levels of education and medical care, and easier access to clean water, electricity and transportation routes."

Zephyr queries: "So, the 'First World,' in development terms, includes: the United Kingdom and its territories, most of which become independent nations; some of the more 'advanced' nations in Western and Central Europe, most of which join the 'Economic Union of Europe' creating the 'Eurozone,' which also includes the Netherlands and Scandinavian countries?"

"Yes. Good. That's the list." I reply. "Spanners also come from the so-called 'Second World,' those mid-level developing countries—not the least levels, and not the highest, by the previously mentioned standards—in Mexico, Central and South American nations. That status depends upon individuals' education and economic status."

"What about this?" Zephyr adds. "Spanners include people of the generation born in post-World War II Japan, too. As China's economy booms, the same age group joins Spanners."

"All right. I see your Japan and China and add India and some African nations!" I play. "After many colonies' liberations or bloody revolutions and the end of Apartheid—which Spanners help bring about by pressuring First World colleges and businesses to

stop investing in South Africa until it ends Apartheid, I might brag—Spanners include those who come from the older, independent nations in Africa and from industrialized, Silicon Valley's remote worker areas in India. Again, mostly those who are well-educated and not in poverty."

"Aren't Spanners the largest generation of people ever to be alive on planet Earth at one time?" Zephyr asks.

"Yes," I answer. "The human population of Earth more than triples between the 1954 and 2012, to over 7 billion people."

"That's a shitload of people!" Zephyr exclaims.

"I know. No wonder we can't all 'get along.' Spanners exist almost as one giant, dysfunctional family!"

Zef laughs. "You do not usually agree. You spend enormous amounts of time and resources arguing with, overpowering, terrorizing and even killing one another. Need *massive* therapy, BPC!"

"We feel cheated!" I proclaim. "Remember, the world economy is forced into collapse by the greed, malfeasance, and short-sightedness of about several thousand of us, 2008 - 2012. This forces millions of us out of work at our peak of productivity and postpones retirement for millions more. We can be thought of as 'Spanners' because we remember and believe we are owed 'better times' and are unhappy with these disasters, to say the least. In our view, economies are *supposed* to be booming; World War II is *supposed* to have been 'the war to end all wars.'"

"Lots of broken promises, huh? Should I call you a 'whaaambulance'?"

We both laugh.

I go on with my litany of complaints. "Diseases like cancer, muscular dystrophy, tuberculosis, malaria, polio, measles and many others are *supposed* to be eliminated or cured. Instead, we have pandemics like AIDS, SARS and 'flus, drug-resistant tuberculosis, hepatitis C and bacteria—due to overuse of antibiotics, I might add—resurgences of polio and other 'childhood' diseases and higher incidence rates of cancer."

"Well, as long as we're complaining about the failure of 'the dream,' let's count the thousands of armed conflicts all over the planet: almost continual violence, somewhere," Zef adds.

"I know. I hate seeing the global economy go from boom to bust to boom to bust and then stay on bust."

Zephyr offers: "I know you believe most political and religious leaders are eminently untrustworthy. I agree with you. Most are repeatedly embroiled in scandal."

"Exactly! Plus, most legal systems are racist and classist, with USA's prisons run by for-profit corporations who keep them filled to capacity by colluding with a corrupt system of 'justice' and horrible inequities in education, nutrition and opportunities, especially for new immigrants to and people of color."

"What about the *pirates*!" Zephyr reminds me.

I do not mean cute, Johnny Depp, Disney-types. "They are scary. They are kidnapping tourists, stealing boats, yachts, and cargo ships in several waterways because they can't conceive of a better way to gain power and funds. They feel helpless. This is

their perverted attempt to protest about personal and larger conditions, and they're paid for by large crime syndicates."

"What I hate are the people who are self-immolating, starving, cutting and otherwise killing themselves, supposedly to 'protest.'" Zephyr sounds discouraged.

"I hate that, too, Honey," I empathize. "We are led to believe in the 'promises' given us in the late 1940s and 1950s and expanded on throughout the '70s - '90s. They are not fulfilled for most of us and we are pissed. But many individuals believe their lack of accomplishment is due to personal problems. They don't recognize that these systemic failures are what actually fuel their insecurities and low self-esteem."

"Spanners live in both the best and then what appears to be heading into the worst years of global conditions in the modern era. Straddling these two experiences makes you angry and restless?" Zephyr summarizes.

"Yes. Many of us are too idle, also. We either have too much money and leisure time or no work and nowhere to be. The rest are too busy, due to our workplaces' having 'downsized' and 'outsourced' other jobs, with extreme pressures from working and our intergenerational home lives."

"I hear you feel horribly displaced. From what?" Zef asks.

"From what we believe ourselves to be entitled to: economic stability and peace on earth. We see what is happening to our parents' dreams of better lives for us, their children, and our own dreams of better lives for our children are shaky. We are left with dashed hopes, struggles we did not expect, anxiety and resentment. Spanners take more psychotropic prescribed medications and use more illegal mood changing drugs than any previous generation."

"I see all that as good," Zephyr says, surprising me. "These conditions pave the way for recognizing the need for change. However, fear, stubbornness, denial and pride prevent some from recognizing that the Transition brings the 'right' kind of change."

"You're so smart! Fraggers and Trenchers are born from these hard times and are unable to trust any authorities. They believe in their views as strongly as the Transitioning Spanners who welcome, who *crave* the harmony and peace promised by the MWC membership," I consider.

Zef continues his analysis, which is getting even more interesting. "The global economic collapse and its aftermath—which in no way should ever be called a 'recovery'—generate the clear need for a massive, world-wide change in the ways humans do business and live our lives on this planet. It is met with rising anti-Semitism, stronger anti-immigration movements, ultra-misogyny, more child and spousal abuse, disastrous numbers of drug and alcohol addicts, excessive gambling and thievery by the richest."

"And," I add, "this mess inspires the delegation from the Many Worlds Collective to show themselves and become overt in their ever-more successful interventions for Earth's and its inhabitants' sake."

Zephyr concludes: "Scientists finally *formally* acknowledge the existence of many more galaxies and many stars in our own galaxy that have planets or planets' moons in 'The Goldilocks Zone,' whose orbits allow for the existence of 'life' as we know it, based on their proximity to the sun (not too close; not too distant), *only one year* BPC."

"Takes us long enough, huh?" I remark. "So, my generation of humans, we Spanners, also 'span' the time of the pretense of 'no contact' to the irrevocable time of overt, ongoing contact with other worlds' beings."

Zef ends with: "I gotta go. You want the credit? You got it!"

Because of me and this first book, "This Changes Everything" becomes the slogan of Spanners everywhere. T-shirts available soon. My Buddhist teacher is amused.

CHAPTER FOUR

Many Worlds Collective Intergalactic Travel Authority Accident Report Earth Location and Date: Roswell, NM, USA, July 8, 1947

TO: Many Worlds Collective Intergalactic Travel Authority (MWC ITA)

FROM: MWC Council Earth Liaison: #95472

PURSUANT TO: PSC-ST-E (Political, Social, Cultural, Science & Technology focus, Earth) Plan #8224, Implemented as of Earth Date, September 1, 1945

ACCIDENT EVENTS DESCRIPTION: Two non-quantum, space-faring vehicles from MWC storage, deployed and sent to Earth, scheduled to appear above New Mexico and Arizona, USA, North America, for approximately a three-hour period each night, July 1 – 8, 1947, to be photographed.

Photographs scheduled to be released over a six-month period, assisting with the Implementation Plan #8224. After the final fly-overs, both vehicles scheduled to leave Earth's atmosphere.

Flights interrupted during fly-overs by two unexpected incidents:

► On July 2, 1947, lightning strikes vehicle #1, starting a fire which causes the vehicle to crash near Roswell, New Mexico, USA. All three crew killed upon impact.

► On July 5, 1947, vehicle #2 experiences both a mechanical failure and a terminal malfunction, causing a fire which forces an emergency landing on the Plains of San Augustin, New Mexico, USA. The three crew are not killed immediately but die soon after landing, due to injuries sustained in the crash.

DOCUMENTATION: Photography permit granted to Earther, James Bond Johnson, Roswell, NM, USA, July 1 - 8, 1947. He takes fly-over photographs prior to each crash and but is unable to take photos of each crash. He also photographs the Roswell crash site and remains of the vehicle.

However, other Earthers, non-permitted and not authorized and not all USA military personnel also are able to visit/observe, draw diagrams, make notes and retain photographs of one or both crashed vehicles and crash sites between July 2 and July 9, 1947.

These unauthorized documentations generate uncontrollable outcomes, physical evidence and other types of awareness of the MWC by Earthers from the two events.

CLEAN-UP and CONTAINMENT: Neither is possible. Distraction, misdirection and discrediting protocols begin immediately.

FOLLOW-UP: MSC Council Liaison: #95472, contact after the first crash, visits dreams of New Mexico's affected Earthers, starting July 2, 1947.

Since new dream visitations are previously unauthorized or unplanned, MSC CL #95472 make decisions and selections spontaneously, based on information gleaned from the *timultaneity* records, Earth dates July 2, 1947 – December 20, 2012.

Earthers Contacted (dream visitations only):

▶ Grady "Barney" Barnet, engineer, Socorro, NM, USA (permit to reveal, then retract, observations and information about first crash, inspired and required)

▶ USA Army General Roger M. Ramey, Fort Worth, TX, USA (public repudiations made; deflection to disguise "Project Mogul," inspired and required)

▶ Frank J. Kaufmann, Army Consultant, Roswell, NM, USA (permit to reveal, then confuse, then retract all information about both crashes, inspired and required)

▶ Glenn Dennis, mortician, Roswell, NM, USA (memory lapse induction)

CONCLUSION: As of December 20, 2012, efforts to discredit, confuse, and otherwise confound witnesses, evidence and Earthers' beliefs about the existence of these crashes and the crew of both vehicles deemed successful.

Families and supervisors of crew from both vehicles are informed and crew themselves allowed to *Re-set*.

Six of the seven crew choose to *Re-set*; the seventh chooses to Return (voluntary ReInvolvement).

Biographies of all crew available from the ITA.

ACCIDENT REPORT *accepted* by the MWC ITA

July 9, 1947 Earth Date

CHAPTER INTERLUDE IV

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Ackerman Family's Adventures in Psychokinesis

A reminiscence, Summer, 1977, Bayonne, Missouri, USA

There is a wristwatch graveyard on the high windowsill above the kitchen sink in the house I grow up in because my mom, my middle sister, Cassie, and I *murder* watches by wearing them. Somehow we can't bear to trash them, so there they sit, waiting for.... Resurrection? Redemption? Godot?

My two sisters, Violet (age 12), Cassie (age 17), our mom, Rose (age 46), our sister-in-law, Raisa (age 24) and I (age 23) are sitting at the kitchen table during one of my rare visits "home" from New England, where I live from 1974-98. Only Raisa and Thomas have a child, so far, and he is asleep. For another rarity, no one has recently died or is getting married during this visit, so it is not frenetic.

The house I spend twelve years growing up in (ages 6 – 18) is brand-new when we move in (1960), the “model” house for the others like it in the neighborhood: split-level, almost “ranch,” “open concept,” meaning, none of the main rooms has doors, just doorways or open spaces “between” the kitchen, dining and living rooms and front foyer.

These spaces open onto both the up and down staircases, so there are views and audio contact with almost all rooms at all times if one stands by the two staircases (which are side-by-side). In that position, you can hear and see three active televisions (downstairs den, kitchen counter, living room), and hear one more from upstairs in my mom’s bedroom, each on a different channel.

All TVs on, all the time, seems to be the usual situation when a lot of us are at the house. Between the cacophony of multiple TV channels playing at moderate to high volume and all of us it is always noisy.

This hot, humid-turned-to-rainy summer afternoon, Raisa is *kibbitzing* (look it up; great Yiddish word!) while the rest of us are playing cards (cribbage) and joking, teasing, laughing, talking, trying to be heard over the competing sounds, when Uri Gellar comes on, a guest on the mid-afternoon, local talk show, hosted by Charlotte Peters (the first woman on television in St. Louis and a twenty-three year veteran of a daily one-hour show on KSD-TV). I know who Uri Gellar is, but no one else does, so I explain that he is a renowned self-proclaimed psychic with powers of telekinesis (notably, spoon-bending), psychometry and other abilities.

“He has had his aura photographed via ‘Kirlian’ photographic methods and his aura goes into the next room, seemingly,” I explain to my skeptical family.

Today, Uri is showing Charlotte’s studio audience how he bends spoons without touching them, one of his signature “tricks.” My family is not impressed.

Then, Uri speaks in his sonorous tones and Israeli accent to everyone watching (there and “at home”): “Does anyone have a broken watch?” We look at each other and at the watch graveyard and start giggling. “Go get it,” Uri urges, commandingly.

My sisters and I immediately get up and race to the windowsill to retrieve the dead watches. There are enough (5) for each of us to have one. We sit back down and wait for Uri’s instructions, laughing, with our watches in front of us on the table.

Uri tells us to “Concentrate!” on the dead watches. We are told: “See the second hand moving. FOCUS. Move it with your mind!” We are completely silent as we each concentrate on our watches.

A clap of thunder outside startles us all, but even more surprising, I leap up: “It’s moving! It’s moving!” My watch has started working, again. One by one, my sisters, Raisa and my mom all look at me, then look at their own watches, and they each say, “Mine, too!” sounding surprised.

People in the studio audience are also popping up, shouting at Uri: “It’s moving! It’s working!”

We are all laughing, breathless, eyes on the TV and on the watches’ faces, amazed that the second hands keep moving.

The quickly moving storm picks up outside, with rain pounding on the windows as Uri goes on to explain about the “power of our minds” and a bunch of other stuff, but we’re not really listening. We’re kind of stunned, sitting there, observing the watches, all

still working. We also habitually check the color of the sky. Any color but green is fine; green means tornadoes.

The show continues for about twenty more minutes, accompanied by ever-more distant thunder claps. Uri keeps talking and does a few more demonstrations, but none is as dramatic as this one, so we go back to our games. The music swells as the show and the storm outside end.

The sudden quiet pulls my attention from my cards. I absentmindedly glance down at “my” watch, which suddenly stops.

“Hey!” I exclaim, “mine stopped!” One by one, each of my sisters, Raisa and my mom notices that hers has also stopped. I look up to catch the closing credits and discover, to my shock, that this is not a “live” show, happening just now in downtown St. Louis' TV studio for this talk show, as I believe it usually is: the show is taped at an earlier date...several *days* before!

“Holy shit!” I yell. “This isn't even a live show! He is not even *there* and it still worked! Let's try to get them working, again,” I suggest.

We each focus on our own watches but none of us has any success. They are all back to being dead. We try for a few more minutes, then I get up and gather them up to bring them back to the graveyard, sighing. I toot “Taps” as if I am playing a bugle at a military funeral. My sisters join in.

“That is so weird!” I say, as I sit back down. We all nod. No one else says anything, maybe because this is odd, but not totally unusual.

In my mother's family, many of us, including her mom, her sister's daughter, and two of us (Cassie and I) along with my mom, all kill watches regularly. Not on purpose; we just can't keep them working when we wear them. My mom says she can get hers to go backwards, but I never see that.

We have some luck with a bit of distance: my mom can usually keep a watch going if it's on a chain around her neck and on top of her clothes; I can sometimes keep a new one for a while if I wear it on a belt loop or clip it to my backpack or purse strap.

Over the years, once digital watches are invented, I try them: no luck there, either. But, instead of just dying, many run away or commit suicide, escaping me by falling off my pants' belt loop, backpack or purse strap, getting lost or stolen.

When I buy a travel alarm clock and put it in my backpack or purse, it works and stays with me longer than a watch. But, never for very long do any portable timepieces keep working or stay with me.

I have problems with other devices as well, and so does my son, Zephyr.

I tell Zephyr about putting this anecdote into the book, and this is what he writes back to me about all this electric and electronic interference that I usually encounter. Email dated today, February 27, 2012:

Your ongoing problem with electronic devices could be caused by ongoing telemetric scrutiny by the MWC's long-range planning committee members. The MWC is watching only females in your line (doesn't happen to Uncle Thomas [my brother] right?) because the MWC's Omniblix InterPotentiator can't lock effectively onto the timelines of Chief Communicators until later in the Communicators' actual lifetimes.

Also, your latent, innate ability to pierce the veil of timulverstantiation (variations within the multiverse) may be a factor in timepieces' malfunctioning for or around you.

Interpotentiation (the act of seeing multiple possible timelines and focusing on one which is desired), timulting, is inexact at best. You are fumbling around haphazardly and unconsciously before you are given the tools to fully grok the process, which means you are blasting your local physical area with chronons (particles which are manipulated and whose behaviors are analyzed) during interpotentiation.

My son is 'way smart. Right?

CHAPTER FIVE

The Mayan and Current Calendars; or, Why First Publishable MWC Contact Occurs on December 21, 2012

**Vid Interview given by Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator
and Liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective**

January 6, 2014, with Media Contact, Esperanza Enlaces, Interviewer

Enlaces: Tell us, Dr. Branon, why the Many Worlds Collective chooses December 21, 2012, as their visitation date with you?

Branon: When I and others are able to “see” previews, alternate timelines and other glimpses of the seeming future, there are both benefits and drawbacks, for sure. It’s especially difficult for me at this stage because so many crucial events and facts are due to be verified or discarded over the next 12 -24 months, for my personal as well as the global and galactic timelines. I’m just not that qualified, that certain, yet, with my *timulting*. It’s hard to sort the metaphorical wheat from the chaff.

Maybe some things I *timult* are completely correct in every detail. Maybe some things are correct in only some components, important and insignificant, mixed. Maybe NONE of my previews is correct (although, in my experience, *some* have always “come true”). Maybe some of them are going to be completely discarded, some are partially accurate and some are dead on, totally right.

Problem is, I have almost no idea which are which.

When I get better at this and when we all do, when *timultaneity*—Zephyr coins this term, which means: knowledge of and the existence or truth of simultaneous time—is as normal-seeming as linear time, I will just be able to “tune in” or *timult* to view the possible futures which will be as clear as they can be. Futures are never completely clear, because so much is influenced by free will, choices we and all beings make, up to and including the smallest creature (remember, “The Butterfly Effect”?) as well as randomness and things that go bumping into each other all over the place. Everything is constantly in flux to some extent. Add *Re-set* and ReInvolvement/Return to the mix, and the word “chaos” doesn’t begin to cover it.

I think the trick is for each of us to become better aware of tendencies and probabilities while preparing for all eventualities. Zephyr coins *preparanoid* to describe those of us who prepare overly much, flooded with unnecessary anxiety all the while.

We have to practice not being too attached to any particular outcome, expecting to be surprised, and recognizing the ephemeral nature of all circumstances. I go light on the anxious and heavy on the prepared.

Enlaces: Thank you. Why do you believe the MWC selects you as Earth's first liaison?

Branon: Like most of you, I am raised without these views, especially non-attachment. Hardly any Western Earthers, especially Spanners, find these perspectives "natural." In fact, we are spoon-fed aphorisms that still make me furious when I think of them: "Everything's going to be all right"; "If you want it badly enough, it will happen"; "You're a good person, so you deserve good things"; "Happily ever after"; "It's *your* turn"; "Good things come to those who wait"; "God rewards those who have faith"; "It's all good." What a *crock*. The worst of these positions sickness, especially cancer, as a "battle" to be "won" or "lost."

NO ONE WINS.

WE ALL DIE.

GET OVER IT.

The only questions are how and when do we die, not if. Grieve or not, but never think anyone escapes death.

It takes years of meditation training, daily spiritual practice, lifetime commitment, guidance by a qualified teacher and the kind of temperament and intelligence to utilize and benefit from all of these important perspective shifts. Buddhists call that special combination "acumen" in English. But, there really is no perfect translation from Tibetan to English for so many Buddhist terms. *Acumen* in its English usage doesn't include one's heart, the inner, glowing courage and unshakable compassionate inclination, clear sight from a friendly perspective, which the Tibetan term does. When someone has the acumen, in *that* way, for Buddhist practice and self-improvement, everything else is more possible and more likely to be accomplished.

My teacher, Lama Sangyay, is born a Jewish Westerner in northeastern USA (Connecticut), but he has more acumen for Buddhist practice than almost any Westerner and many Easterners. In fact, his teacher, a venerable Tibetan Rinpoche (meaning, "precious one"), selects Lama Sangyay to be his lineage heir and the spiritual director of all of his many centers around the world. Since Rinpoche could have selected his own adult son, a Tibetan who is trained more traditionally, his choosing Lama Sangyay, a Westerner relatively new to Buddhism, to succeed him is a very big deal; unprecedented.

Lama Sangyay is my inspiration, my guide, my model and so much more. I couldn't be the Chief Communicator with any degree of success without studying with and observing Lama Sangyay, with all the respect and devotion my

heart can generate, for over fourteen years up to now in this lifetime and countless lifetimes in addition to this one.

Enlaces: I understand how important Lama Sangyay and your Buddhist practice are to you. How else do you prepare for becoming Earth's Chief Communicator?

Branon: I ask myself: if I'm correct about when and if the Many Worlds Collective delegation first appears in my bedroom—December 21, 2012—here in Kirov, California, then I only have a few months to prepare personally and get my life in order. I know that my life is never again truly mine after that encounter and selection become public.

Since you're reading this now, I must be mostly correct. I have to edit some parts of this book since I first draft the chapters in 2012-13 (this book is submitted for publication and becomes available early in 2040 or late in 2013 or in between, depending on the timeline you are in), but I am mostly faithful to and luckily, accurate about, my earliest depictions. Of course, most of you can't know that; you have to take my word for it.

So, from February, 2012, to May, 2012, I am connecting people to one or two chapters or sections at a time, as I finish them. I send them to my "feedback team": my mom, Rose Vogel (in St. Louis, MO); my son, Zephyr Branon (in New York City, NY); my sisters, Violet Engel (in suburban Chicago, IL) and Cassie Ackerman (in the San Fernando Valley area of Los Angeles, CA) and her eldest, my niece, Leah Iris. And, I share with several friends: Robin Bach (in Cambridge, MA), until her untimely death in May, 2012; Franco Galina and Nate Levy (in the East Bay area of San Francisco, CA); and, Angela Lopez, near Kirov, California. Some of them actually read all or part of it; most do not.

In the spring of 2012, I complete the first working draft and send the entire manuscript to you, my soon-to-be Media Contact. You put a printed copy and a CD-ROM of the files into a dual-key safety deposit box that only you and Zef have the keys to open. You both know that the first draft is not to be accessed until the final draft is published.

Enlaces: I'm still amazed at your knowledge of the future and how you involve me so early on.

Branon: Weird, huh? Even odder: in 2041 (or before that...), skeptics can ask any of my available feedback team members about what the first drafts contain. Zef gives his key to you or goes with you to open the box. You have instructions to review the first manuscript so you can do a fact-check/ side-by-side comparison of key chapters just after the book becomes available to the general public. You make a summary of this comparison available online.

Enlaces: Yes, that is all what happens. I have that summary and the key.

Branon: Because this situation is so unusual, I think it is important to explain this set-up, make this all "transparent," as many are fond of calling an open way of communicating. Since much of this Transition and my story are so difficult for Earthers of the early twenty-first century to accept, I feel the need to make as much as possible of my experiences and knowledge to be accessible, palatable and credible.

Enlaces: Thank you, Dr. Branon. On to the main topic of this interview, now: why does the Many Worlds Collective (MWC) contingent select December 21, 2012, for your first contact with them?

Branon: As many Earthers are aware, especially in 2011-2012, some interpreters or translators of the ancient Mayans' calendars identify the "last" date of the calendar as December 21, 2012. For those who don't know, Mayan culture and people live in Mexican and Central American land areas prior to 900 A.D. Some modern interpreters further determine, by analyzing other writings and artifacts, that the fact that this very long calendar (several millennia are represented on it) has an end date signifies that the Mayans believe the Earth, or human life on Earth, is ending on that date, or right after that. By the latter part of the twentieth and the first part of the twenty-first centuries, there are dozens of books, articles, television and radio shows and websites devoted to discussing this "end of the Mayan Calendar" and what it all means.

The MWC members tell me, when I ask them how they select that date to visit me for the first time, that this is the best way to get Earthers' attention: choose a date of major significance to us. I tell them that this date does not really have significance to most Earthers, only some fringe elements, but I do not think they believe me. It's interesting to me that their concepts of the ways human Earthers function, what we believe and do, how we feel and respond, are sometimes askew.

It's as if the MWC members watch TV signals from USA situation comedies and dramas broadcast in the 1950s and believe that those depictions of life and people are what they will encounter whenever they come to Earth. I think maybe they listen to a radio show that has callers and guests talking extensively about the Mayan Calendar and its significance, and then they do not understand that this radio show (like, *Coast to Coast AM*) is not widely listened to, not well-regarded, and not even well-known by most Earthers. I try to explain this to them but it just doesn't work. I give up. I accept that they choose this date and leave it at that.

Does it really matter why they choose it?

Enlaces: I suppose not, when you get right down to it. What matters more is that they do come.

Branon: I agree. Closer to the truth of understanding the timing of this first contact with me is that I am repeatedly requesting their return, their help, for many years. Combine that request with the "state of the world": by late 2012, Earth is in such an economic and political mess that the InterGalactic Council agrees to have the delegation come and be public for the first time. Earth has such a lot that has to be rectified to prevent Earthers from self-destructing. The usual, more subtle interventions the IGC makes will not suffice.

The IGC intentionally *timults* to check on multiple timelines, multiple divergences and possible outcomes before it makes all decisions. I and a few others learn to do the same.

When MWC members of the IGC *timult* about this decision and date, they cannot find even one version of any timeline in which Earthers and Earth survive

if the MWC delegates do *not* come and be known about publicly prior to the USA President's taking the Oath of Office on Inauguration Day, January 20, 2013. Backing up from that, knowing about your and many Earthers' winter holidays' vacations and holiday distractions for most Earthers, they figure out their plan. They choose December 21 to come to me. They choose January 3 to come for their second official visit, to both me and you, that time. This allows us to get their first visits and the ongoing MWC presence publicized and many of their interventions in motion prior to January 20, 2013.

This allows you to work with the media to make the visits public on January 5, 2013. Of prime importance among the other immediate and major effects is that the USA Presidential Inauguration takes a very different turn than it would otherwise. In this timeline, the USA's President, the Judges on its Supreme Court, and other elected officials are not assassinated and hundreds of others at the National Mall do not die, either.

Therefore, the Iran War, with Israel, China, Russia, Syria and the USA does not start. Millions of other deaths and injuries are averted; many land masses do not experience "nuclear winter." The negative "first cause" does not occur so there is no consequent chain of events and effects that ends human life as we know it.

Instead, here we are. Most of us, anyway. Safe and mostly sounder than ever. And, inexpressibly grateful.

Enlaces: Yes. I'm very grateful. Thank you, Dr. Branon, for another most illuminating interview.

Branon: You're very welcome. Thank *you*, Espe!

Enlaces: This concludes our interview. Thank you all for listening, watching and commenting.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE V

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Clara Develops Trust in The Band

March 13, 2013

Led asks me weekly how I am "adjusting" which I think is somewhat solicitous and somewhat funny, usually. I try to give an honest appraisal of how well I am integrating the MWC's lessons, the changes wrought by my new role, my public/private life balance. I find, each time he asks, that I am adjusting better and better and often report honestly that I feel calm and balanced. Then, I read about the latest violent Trencher attacks or hear about another Fragmenter rally and feel disheartened. Additionally, depending on what version of the timeline is most prominent, I miss or enjoy Epifanio's company.

Today, another sunny California day, when Led asks me how I am doing, I feel cared about in addition to being evaluated. Since that in itself seems to be some kind of transition, I mention this to Led. I wish I could see a facial expression or some outer

indication of any of The Band's reactions, but that is not a part of any of their communications. They rely more on tone, energetic displays and exchanges, telepathic messaging, hormonal shares and other methods for causing emotional states that I can't describe since I do not fully understand them. As a recipient, though, I can attest that they work quite well, even via holograms.

So, when I say, "Led! I feel today that you care about me. Is that important?" I can sense his excitement and approval as well as see the intensification of his bounces (higher, faster, more frequent).

"Clara! That's wonderful! We are very pleased with your progress already and that is a sure sign as well. For Earthers and most sentient beings, feeling cared about indicates the building of trust is occurring, yes?"

I consider this. It is rare for me to trust. I appreciate, collaborate, cooperate, and care. I love, respect, assist and connect. But, trust? Almost never. At least, I don't begin to trust anyone about anything important for a very long time, if ever. I may trust someone to do something... but I secretly have the internal experience of cynicism and mistrust: I believe that s/he will be late, the project will be incomplete, the work will be shoddier than I want, I'll have to improve or re-do it, etc. Then, if these negative expectations are not met, I get to be pleasantly surprised, while expressing a less honest version (appreciation, gratitude, pleasure).

The only person I ever trust, completely, is my teacher, Lama Sangyay. And, I know, when- and wherever Epifanio does become my actual husband, I trust him in that way as well. I trust *those* versions of Epifanio. I do not trust the versions of Fanio who do not love me, who are not with me. Just can't.

Trust, to me, also includes beliefs: that this person has my best interests at heart; that s/he will tell me the truth unless that is harmful to me; and, that s/he is basically altruistic toward me. Some versions of people are more trustworthy than others.

Do I trust Led or any of them? Not yet. Not completely.

"Well," I say, slowly formulating my thoughts, "I am *beginning* to trust you all more. My current philosophy includes a belief that you and the MWC in general are genuinely benevolent. Does that count?"

I can feel something new emanating from him. Is that disappointment? I hurry to explain. "It's not you, Led. It's me. I mean, I don't trust anyone easily or quickly. OK?"

There is a longish silence. He is checking some data. I wait.

"Ahh," Led exclaims, relief emanating from his image. "Earthers, especially Westerners, particularly female Spanners, are quite untrusting. Very common. To be expected. You're correct, Clara. It's not me or the MWC. It is you."

I hate being typical. It's a pet peeve of mine. But, I know his data is accurate. It always is. "That's what I just told you," I reply. I try and fail not to sound as petulant as I feel, so I add, "It's coming along, though, right?"

"Yes," Led agrees. Subject closed. Moving on-type energy. Good. "Today's Excellent Skills Program training lesson involves the fundamentals of telekinesis. Are you ready?"

I really like my ESP training sessions, even when they are difficult. Plus, great synchronicity, those initials, right?

Before I can answer Led, I hear/feel the *POPs* that signify the arrivals of the rest of The Band. “Just in time for my first telekinesis lesson!” I say. I’m excited. Telekinesis is a skill I want to acquire starting when I am very young. “Let’s go!”

I go pee then settle into my chair where most ESP training occurs when I’m training at home. Deep breathing, meditation clearing techniques and returning to spacious awareness are by now automatically my preparations. As I join the oneness, I have a startling realization: I DO trust The Band.

Data: I allow them to download unknown quantities and content *directly* into my psyche the *very first time* we meet. I know they can hear my thoughts, see my nudity, enter my dwelling (albeit as holograms) any time, day or night, without my express permission or even knowledge, but I am *not* afraid or bothered in the least. I don’t just assume that they are benevolent; I have *faith*, I TRUST, that they do not intend to harm me in any way. I know that they are capable of harm while choosing to prevent themselves from harming me. I also know that they WILL and DO protect me.

MORE DATA: I voluntarily hide information, quantities large or small, from *everyone* I know, at The Band’s simple request, without asking a lot of questions or demanding that they justify their rules. If you know me, you know how odd THAT is. I am often labeled the QUEEN of QUESTIONS.

Furthermore, without knowing much about this ESP training, I permit *all kinds* of lessons, including some that occur while I am asleep, without asking much about them in advance. I embrace all the information they present to me, unquestioningly, ready to believe the facts as facts without debate (also uncharacteristic of me). I accept their definitions: of my role as liaison, of the MWC or the IGC, of the “way things work” without questions as well.

“HOLY MOLY, BATMAN!” I exclaim. “I DO trust you!”

Mick asks, “Who is ‘Batman’?”

Ringo jumps in, “I want to be ‘Batman’!”

I laugh, feeling buoyant and delighted. “Sure. You can BOTH be Batmen. Go for it! I am certainly Robin! No tights for me, though. Hate those.”

Janis echoes, “Tights?”

“‘Tights’ are women’s leg and footwear, called ‘stockings,’ or ‘pantyhose,’ but are usually thicker and with more variety in their colors. Sometimes worn by male dancers or for costume purposes,” Diana chirps, reading an entry.

“In honor of my new-found trust, I will allow you to levitate me,” I announce.

“Levitation is the *next* lesson. Telekinesis is first,” Led explains.

“OK, sure, fine. Bring it on!” I’m psyched. On we go. My job ROCKS!

CHAPTER SIX

Epifanio's Version

Epifanio Dang Tells His Story

August 22, 2040

Clara asks me to write my version of "our" story, but, as you may already know by now, readers and listeners, there is not just one version of any story, especially "ours."

I tell her I cannot do that, I do not have time, I have a lot to do that is more important. However, she insists. "Do it for my birthday!" she pleads. "They need to know how *you* feel, what *you* think, what this is all like for *you*." Then she adds, "Oh, please? Also, could you write in present tense as much as possible, to be consistent with our understanding of simultaneous time?"

I know her birthday is a big event for her so I agree to do something. She won't stop nudging me until I do this, so I promise her: I write it today.

Present tense?

I start.

I walk away.

I come back.

All right, Clara. I am writing this for you. Use it as you wish.

When Clara and I first meet... No. Can't start there.

When Clara first tells me about our possible future... Which conversation? Which letter? Which future? Not there, either.

When Clara first tells me, around New Year's of 2012-13, about her visits from the MWC, I feel a combination of fascination, disbelief and irritation. I do not feel excited, glad, or trusting. (Sorry, Dear, but you ask me to be honest.)

Clara's track record, so to speak, of telling me things about myself, "us" or others, is that sometimes (percentages range from 0% - 100%, hence my wavering) her versions do not turn out as she predicts or believes. Aliens? Holograms? In her bedroom? I really do not think so.

Yet, something about the *way* she tells me—her descriptions, particularly of their physical appearances, and the detailed nature of their conversations—shows me that these are different from her usual *timult* tales. I begin to pay closer attention.

As we now know how things unfold, I won't go into my entire journey from disbelief to understanding. I'll just say that even before I meet The Band myself, I am a firm believer.

I have more trouble with the permutations, alternate timeline versions, multiverse options, what we now know as the *timultaneity* of my relationship with Clara. Let's lay that out first.

I do not love Clara in that way. For many years, and apparently in many timelines, we are not together as lovers, partners, husband/wife or even close friends. I find out a lot later (remember, I'm writing this in 2040), which version "prevails" in her "fiction" books, which makes it even more problematic for me to write "my" version, here.

Clara is the *timulting* expert but I can *timult* a bit, myself, after a while. Training, practice, some innate talent and motivation are all it takes. To sort through the various ways our relationship plays out because I want to have more than just her versions in my mind, I learn to *timult*. I tell her I learn it as a kind of mental karate; I often feel I need to defend myself around her. (Sorry, Dear. True, though. Need to find and stand my ground, keep you at leg's length, so to speak.)

I enjoy the image of our 80-something-year-old selves standing in our living room, right here in front of the couch, in karate suits. We bow. Then, quite quickly, my leg is raised perpendicular to the ground, foot placed squarely in your belly; not as a kick, just keeping you at bay. Makes me smile. Wonder if my leg could make that move these days?

Nope. Hip flexors are too tight. Weak connective tissue in there. Need to do more yoga this week.

Continuing.

Do I love her? Of course, I do. (Happy, Dear?) Do I want to be with her, live with her, marry her? Sometimes. Usually, not. In most timelines, we do not have that kind of relationship.

Clara tells me that, in all the versions in which we "miss" connecting deeply, our failure to become intimate is due to *my* reluctance/recalcitrance. Also, my refusal to admit my *actual* feelings and stubborn resistance to her charms. She also condemns my apparent inclination (and successes, I remind her) to be with women I can dominate, am a lot older than, work less hard with, rather than be with a peer, a challenging partner like her. She makes even *more* critical comments I won't repeat here, depending on her mood.

However, Mick tells me that, in some *Re-Sets*, when Clara and I *are* together, one of us dies a lot younger than in this version, or she is not even the CC, or other things go awry. Not that our relationship is the cause of those changes. It is somehow hinged to them, though.

I love her and she irritates me. I like and enjoy her *and* I have to get away to be alone.

I am an artist, a writer, a meditator, often a hermit, I tell her often.

So is she, she tells me—all of those things.

"Well, not an artist, but a musician. Same thing," she says.

"Not really," I say. "You are definitely more of an extrovert than I."

"Only when I have to be," she claims.

"Proves my point," I state.

"You love to dance" she cues me. "You need *others* to dance with."

"I don't do partner dancing," I point out.

"You are *my* partner," she responds.

Off we go.

That's *our* dance, apparently. On, off. In, out. With, without. Yes, no.

To be fair, I think it's more *my* dance than Clara's. She is steady in her love, dedication, commitment, belief, faith. I do not know *anyone* with more perseverance, patience, hope.... She has unshakable confidence in what she calls "the rightness of us," unwavering love for me and steadfast faith in *this* version of our life.

In most versions, we are not together; in one I am aware of, I barely see her after she becomes the Chief Communicator. Clara says pieces of some of those 'lines appear in her books, so I won't go on.

Before I write this, I read the letter she writes me (which she puts later in this book) and my heart aches. The loneliness, the sadness, the grief she experiences make me

weep for her. If I ever miss her as much as she misses me, I believe I would just stop breathing.

I don't know how she carries all of these versions in her psyche. Whenever I *timult*, I have to make myself deliberately suppress alternative timelines, forget as much as I can about them, or it's overwhelming. I know this: in the versions in which we're not together, I don't think of being with her at all.

I try to be here, in this moment, whatever it is.

I can't say, exactly, how we get here. Too many ways. Maybe she drags me in, maybe I come willingly. Could be a trick, a seduction, a persuasion. Perhaps, fate just bops me upside the head and carries me over.

I am here. With her.

Clara comes over and reads what I'm writing. She looks at me with tears in her eyes, then pulls me over for a deep, long kiss. And, more. It is her birthday, after all.

A while later, I return to finish this.

I am passionately in love, glad and grateful to be with Dr. Clara Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator of Earth for the Many Worlds Collective since 2013. We are having this *amazing*, unique adventure for the twenty-seven years we now have and however many more we get.

Despite what others might think, our marriage is mostly harmonious, delightful, interesting, sweet and wonderful. Or, it's not happening at all, but I won't know that, will I?

Clara is correct about this. We are *right* together.

Happy Birthday, My Love.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MWC Collective Artists' Guild's Philosophy and Policy on Off-Planet Installations

Approximate Earth Locations and Date: Teotihuacan (Mexico) and Sudan (Africa) Pyramids, 250 BCE

FROM: MWC Intergalactic Council, Earth Subcommittee

TO: Many Worlds Collective Artists' Guild (MWC AG)

PURSUANT TO: Teotihuacan (Mexico) and Sudan (Africa) Pyramids, Implemented as of Earth Dates circa 250 BCE

DISCIPLINARY HEARING

- ▶ Moving materials between galaxies without the proper permits
- ▶ Installations that are almost exact duplicates of one another on the same planet on completely separate continents and across hundreds of linear Earth years
- ▶ Text and pictographs in several separate but lexicographically similar languages for cultures that have no apparent encounters.

Subcommittee Bailiff: These are just the most egregious and flagrant violations of the Guild's policies and philosophies. There are many lesser charges that are attached in the final determination of this hearing. These include, but are not limited to:

- ▶ unauthorized transport,
- ▶ unauthorized visitations (dream, holos, and physical),
- ▶ unauthorized videos of each installation, and
- ▶ unauthorized posting of said videos on various MWC media outlets.

Subcommittee Chair: It is the Guild's obligation and duty to supervise, monitor and constrain its members. The Collective Artists' Guild leaders are severely falling short in all of these responsibilities.

There are grave penalties, sanctions and bans which may be enacted and enforced if that is this Subcommittee's determination, which could lead to the temporary commandeering of the Guild's leadership itself.

We accept testimony from each of the five leaders.

Artists' Guild Leader, Northern Planets, Physical Art:

We complete our investigation and discover which of our Guild members are involved. We have the list of names, here [list submitted to Bailiff].

We determine that a complete cultural *Re-set* would be necessary in order to remove the installations and all evidence of the methods used to complete them; we do not recommend that. We recommend instead that the installations remain and other means be utilized to assist the human Earthers with assimilating these methods and this knowledge.

It is possible to eliminate just the cultural and scientific knowledge foundations without doing a complete *Re-set*, but since that type of action and its consequences are outside of our knowledge base, we cannot make any recommendations regarding that option or any of its permutations and combinations. *Timult* by those with more expertise that we have in Guild must occur before determination.

In addition to the penalties exacted by the Council's judgment, we also begin our own internal disciplinary procedures. We inform the Council of these here [files given to Bailiff].

Artists' Guild Leader, Southern Planets, Fire Art:

There are no Fire methods, other than the heat necessary for forming some of the materials, used in these installations or recorded, nor any other type of Fire Art involved in these violations.

We plead exemption from these charges. None of our Guild members is a participant.

Artists' Guild Leader, Eastern Planets, Air Art:

There is no music installed or recorded, nor any other type of Air Art involved in these violations.

We plead exemption from these charges. None of our Guild members is a participant.

Artists' Guild Leader, Western Planets, Water Art:

There are no Water Art forms installed or recorded, nor any other type of Air Art involved in these violations.

We plead exemption from these charges. None of our Guild members is a participant.

Artists' Guild Leader, Central Planets, Multidimensional and Nonphysical

Art:

We are still investigating the level of participation of our Guild members.

It is probable that the following Multidimensional and Nonphysical Art media are involved in these Earth installations:

- ▶ levitation;
- ▶ telekinesis and psychokinesis;
- ▶ telemetry;
- ▶ teleportation;
- ▶ remote and close controls of photons, magnetism, and gravity;
- ▶ telepathic projection;
- ▶ transmutation of matter; and,
- ▶ matter phasing.

The use of any or all of these methodologies is not approved or authorized on Earth and certainly should not be shared with or utilized in view of Earthers.

This last violation, being seen creating the pyramids, doubles the penalties for all mentioned violations. If our investigation yields probative evidence, we submit to the Council's judgment.

We request six to ten more cycles to complete our investigation and to discover which of our Guild members is directly involved and to be held accountable.

Subcommittee Chair: We complete the receiving of testimony from all five Guild leaders.

We agree to the request and assign a period of seven to nine cycles for the Central Planets, Multidimensional and Nonphysical Artists' Guild to complete its investigation and submit the outcomes to this Council. At that time we will make our final determinations.

This Hearing is Adjourned until ten cycles from today. Thank you all for your cooperation.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE VI

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Clara Describes Her Earlier *Timulting* Experiences

April 1, 2013

Being able to see parts of the seeming future ALT (According to Linear Time) begins for me at an early age and continues, more often during high fevers. My clearest and earliest memory of this skill is from an experience at the age of 9 ½. On yet another sunny day in Kirov, let's go to wintry Bayonne. I need the change.

It is mid-December in Bayonne, MO, 1963, which has a much colder winter climate at that time than now. My older brother, Tommy (becomes Dr. Thomas

Ackerman, M.D.), and I develop fairly severe cases of pneumonia and are bedridden at home, sharing a sick room to keep us away from our younger sister, Cassie (almost 4).

The previous summer, Tommy and I attend a wonderful summer camp for the first time, Camp Cedar, on the Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri. The annual camp reunion is scheduled for later in December, during school vacation. I can't speak for Tommy but I am missing camp terribly. Since home life is quite fractious to the point of abusive, the harmony and pleasures of camp beckon daily. I am aching and impatient to recapture the feeling of being at camp and to see my camp friends and favorite counselors at the reunion.

The reunion is about a week away but we are both still very sick; I can't take a breath without starting a coughing fit and I have a fairly high fever most of every day. During the claustrophobic confinement, I keep trying to picture the reunion, imagine who might come and how fun it will be. But, when I try to envision it, all I keep coming up with besides snow flurries for the reunion day is a white, blank space. I think about the reunion and anticipate being with my favorite people, but I can't "see" anything else about that day.

As the day approaches, my mom keeps checking on us and shaking her head when I ask about going to the reunion. Finally, the day before, she tells us that we are still too sick and cannot go. I am devastated, sobbing and angry. But, I do feel very sick, and, I know she is right. Every time I try to "see" the reunion, I still get that white, blank space.

One of the reasons that I know my mom must be right is that the white, blank space I keep getting, instead of "preview" pictures, for the upcoming event, means I will not be there. Somehow, my lack of reunion images comforts me, preparing me for the disappointment.

I don't say anything to anyone about my pictures or lack thereof. Tommy, age 10½, is very angry, protesting and coughing as he argues with our mom. I save my breath.

The day arrives. Flurries come and go. We don't go anywhere.

From that experience and others after it, I grow to understand that when I want to determine the status of an upcoming event, I get one of three types of experiences:

- 1) white, blank space means "yes," the event occurs, but I am not there;
- 2) clear pictures, "previews," with me and others I know in the pictures, mean it is happening and I am there;
- 3) black, blank space means the event is going to be changed, e.g., canceled, not able to occur, postponed, etc. : no one is there at the appointed time or place. It's not there.

I later become able to refine this ability further. I become able to determine if certain people will be at an event or not, or if spaces "open up" in a seemingly full roster, to allow wait-listed people to be moved up, to be admitted.

When I am doing pre-registration or planning attendance for an event, I use written lists. The names of people who are scheduled to and are attending, wherever their current placement on the lists might be, will "light up." The names of those who are canceling or unable to attend will go dim or even disappear. This skill is very handy

when I am managing registration or deciding whether to purchase a nonrefundable ticket for myself or others. These abilities are in the realm of “clairvoyance” or “precognition.”

Another, related skill I develop is to “see” if I will be somewhere by looking at photos of property, buildings, interiors or exteriors. The operating method, here, is more difficult to explain. I just *know* if I’ll “be there,” a lot or ever, just from sensing how I feel when I hold or look at the photos. Psychometry and psychoscopy include these abilities.

Even more reliable becomes another psychometric ability. I am able to know if I’ll live somewhere, take a particular job or frequent a certain place often. This operates by my having an opportunity to be at that place in person. Then, by standing or sitting somewhere I would have to be many times in the future if I do eventually live, work or hang out there often, I tune in to an inner sense. If the place feels “familiar,” I know it is a place I’ll be coming to a lot; if nothing “pings,” nothing feels “familiar,” I know this is not *the* place.

My favorite place to check is a bathroom because I know if I am going to spend any significant amount of time in a building, I’ll definitely sense the bathroom as “familiar.” I am a frequent bathroom user, especially before the age of 53 (when I finally have a hysterectomy), due to horribly heavy menstrual periods and frequent urination. If the bathroom feels strange, dead, silent or otherwise un-energized, I know I won’t be there often, or at all, after my first day. If there’s a mirror above the sink or on the wall, I look into it and see other versions of me if I am going to be there a lot over time.

Sometimes I can just stand or sit somewhere and know. If I am “scheduled” to be there often in the future, I’ll be bombarded with images of myself and others coming and going across or near that spot, actions I’ll take in or near that spot. Feelings of movement, activity and importance flood through me. If it is not “hot,” I’ll know that this area, or possibly this entire building, will not be important to me in the future.

A few times, I seem to be wrong in my assessment. This usually happens when the place I am taken to, say, for a job interview, turns out *not* to be the place I’ll actually be spending a lot of time in because the office I do end up working in is actually elsewhere. Or, if the building itself is not the most-used building, the bathroom I use at the interview is not the one I’ll frequent often. I learn to ask, “Is this where the person who takes this job will work?” and use that answer to determine the validity of my assessment.

I can also usually tell if someone I am just meeting is going to become important to me by shaking their hand or touching them elsewhere (appropriately, of course). If we are to be connected in important ways, pictures of our future encounters flash in my mind and/or I feel that deeply *familiar* feeling when we touch. It doesn’t always feel “positive,” but it resonates strongly. If this person and I do not have a strong connection to be made in the future, the physical contact might feel still, silent, neutral, unfamiliar, slightly pleasant or insignificant. It might not mean I’ll never see them again; only that we aren’t destined to be very important to one another. Not a lot of karma, Buddhist speak.

I don’t usually recommend or make decisions, myself, based on this precognitive intuition. What usually occurs is that the decision is not up to me: I am not offered the job, the rental falls through, the group that owns the property won’t be a group I continue to be involved with, the business ends its lease and moves prior to my coming on board,

the group splinters apart. Knowing in advance of my lack of “connection” helps me not feel too disappointed, hurt, or surprised when things turn out the way they do.

STORIES:

FRIEND: Once I go apartment hunting with my friend, Franco. As we tour a possible place for him, I ask to use the bathroom. As I am sitting there, I “see” his multicolored robe hanging on the hook behind the door. I emerge and tell him to take it. He is already leaning in that direction so he doesn't disagree. Several years later when I'm visiting him there, I go to use the bathroom and that same multicolored robe is hanging right on that hook. He just purchased that robe the prior month.

BOSS or LOVER: The first time I shake hands with this man who is about to become my new boss, I “see” images of us rolling around, naked, in bed, obviously having sex. At the time, I know nothing about him, having just met him. I have no intention or desire to have sex with him. It is most disconcerting. As we work together over time, we become quite close emotionally. He is a very touchy-feely guy, though, and I have to tell him on more than one occasion that I do not like to be touched (not true, but it gets him to refrain). During our first year together, he begins to separate from and in our second year break up with his live-in partner of ten years. I have developed strong feelings for him by then and, combining those feelings with my initial previews, I begin to imagine we might be together. Soon, though, I know him much better and do not want to be with him. The sexual tension and emotional intimacy between us become untenable but he refuses to acknowledge the nature of the problem. We are enmeshed; people begin to call me his “work wife” and talk about us as a couple that “needs to do it” or get some therapy. Since we don't do either, I have to leave this job, even though I really like it and am quite good at it.

FRIEND or LOVER: My somewhat new friend (at the time), Epifanio Dang, is at a gathering with me. He picks and then hands me a flower. As our hands touch, I “see” a series of images that come so quickly I have to replay them, later, in slow-motion, to review what they contain. Three of the four images shows circumstances and events that turn out to become part of our immediate future (although I do not know that at the time, obviously). In these, we are involved in similar gatherings, as friends. But, in the fourth, we are lying together, in bed, clearly on our way to sleep, spooning after making love. It is due to this image and during the continuing of our friendship during which I “see” many more intimate, future images, that I begin to develop deeper, passionate feelings for Fanio and want to be with him. I wish these images to be forecasting our future.... So far, not.

However, many times, the images I am “seeing” do turn out to occur. I rely on these skills more and more as an adult, but tell very few people about them. I just seem, to most people, to be someone who “guesses” well or who is “lucky.” I take chances that turn out okay. As I get older, I become less protective of my “secrets” and more willing to share my abilities and assessments with certain friends or co-workers, particularly if they ask my opinion as they are about to decide whether or not to do something.

Until this book comes out, I do not give most people any idea about the sources of my knowledge or guidance for decisions. Unless it's very important or could have adverse affects if I do *not* help others, I keep my "previews" to myself.

However, in one instance, I'm glad I reveal my insights.

In the summer of 2000, I am living in southern New Mexico as a member of my Buddhist *sangha* (the community of teachers and students, meditators/ practitioners). Most of us are very poor, having a hard time finding employment in and around the small city nearest the rural ranch the *sangha* members have purchased because the region's economic base is quite small and depressed. Many of us arrive already in debt, having credit cards and/or student loans to repay.

One of the sangha members, Heather, hears about cash-accumulation schemes entitled (this time around) "The Dinner Party" and "Women Helping Women." She gets very excited about these opportunities to acquire "free" money, fast, because some of her friends are getting a lot of money (receiving, for their \$2000 or \$5000 investment, at least \$20,000).

On this monsoon-season rainy day, we're stuck inside. Flash floods are happening all over and our little road and driveway are creeks. Heather and other friends are taking advantage of this captive audience to try to get some of us to invest.

"C'mon, Clara! It'll be fun! We get to meet some great women and get a lot of cash, too!" They seem giddy with the gilded images.

"Purely on the foundations of logic and law, pyramid schemes are bad ideas," I tell them.

"Oh, please!" Heather says, laughing. "People do this all the time! My friend in California already got \$10,000 for her investment, and so did three of her friends. They are due to get three times that! We're missing out!"

"What about other pyramid schemes, like 'Airplane'? That swept through the New Age communities in the 1980s. Some people cashed out, but most lost their investments and their pride. It just doesn't work, mathematically. Everyone cannot get paid out. Since you know that, going in, it's unethical to do it at all."

They say nothing. I play my trump card: "It's against our Refuge vows, not to harm!"

"I really need this," Heather pleads, getting teary at my accusations. "You can't understand how much I need this!"

"Clara, you're such a worrier. Just do it. It's not that much money to put in, and you could get rich!" another promises.

Their foolhardiness is going to get them into trouble. I can feel it.

"All right. What are the names of these leaders we are supposed to contact?"

When they tell me, I clear my mind and tune in. I picture myself calling one of them on the phone.

Right away, I "see" a photo in a newspaper of what I realize are those named and a few other women who are majorly involved. The photo is of their arrests. They are being led away in handcuffs.

"Listen," I say, "You cannot go forward with this. Those women and many others involved are going to be arrested. You could go to jail! Please take this seriously. I refuse to invest."

Because they know I am in deep debt, my refusal is what impresses them the most. Luckily for them, my revelations and consistent refusals to participate stop them.

The photo I "see" and describe to them is published more than two years later than the day I tell them about it.

When the story breaks, in 2002, Heather sees the photo. She calls me to thank me for having stopped her and others from investing in 2000. I appreciate the call since I do not subscribe to that paper and do not hear about these arrests on the news, even though I am living in northern California by then.

I try to obtain permission to print the photo from my "preview," but capitalism prevails. I refuse to pay the ridiculous price they assigned for the "license" to use it. So, look it up, if you want: *Sacramento Bee*, Jay Mather, photographer, from October 3 or 4, 2002.

I'm not trying to convince anyone of my special powers or abilities. These are well-documented at this point. This is meant to explain some of the other traits or experiences I have which contribute to my being suitable to be liaison to the MWC.

Having these unusual experiences for most of my life probably means I am less freaked out by having aliens' holos in my home and their knowing who I am.

I also want to give some "street cred" to my capacity to anticipate or "see" some things about the "future" so that writing this first draft in advance of the coming events does not seem quite so implausible. I do not have previews of most moments (there are gazillions of them, right?), but the ones I do have often turn out to occur.

Funny, though: I do not have any specific previews, before February, 2012, of the MWC, The Band or my time with them, even though MFH and I are together for most of my Chief Communicator term in several timelines. I *timult* Fanio and me, all over the 'lines, but no aliens. Interesting.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Second Public Contact between the MWC and Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., or, This Is Not a Dream

I sit in my home office in Kirov, California, making notes on my computer about the Media Contact I research in February, 2012, since that is Instruction #1 from the MWC when they first visit me, December 21, 2012. Keep up, now.

Today is January 3, 2013. This time, I'm glad for the sunny weather, since she is coming here. Clear skies are always better for travel; rain means flooding, around here.

I am finalizing my notes so that I can "call" the MWC members and ask them to come back for my next Instructions. I email my Media Contact and she agrees to visit that day but she doesn't know the MWC are really going to be here. She still believes I'm writing a novel and that I'm asking her to help me envision how something like this

would play out. She's bringing her equipment and everything, going to set it up, to "show me." She's in for a surprise.

After I email and then talk on the phone to Esperanza Enlaces, in mid-February, 2012, telling her about the novel I am writing, I know she is the right person for this job. Her background, responses and interest level are ideal. She's a scientist, journalist, artist and activist. A Latina woman in her early-thirties, Esperanza lives about twenty minutes from where I live. She's got her own media network because she is trilingual and freelancing for the local alternative weekly newspaper as well as other 'zines and papers. Plus, I read a few of her features. I like her writing style and I believe I am going to like her.

Our second conversation, in mid-March, confirms my assessment. However, prior to actual MWC contact for her, I have to be careful to maintain the idea of this book as fiction or she might bolt.

I finish the drafts of the chapters related to media usage and send them to Espe in mid-March, 2012, for her corrections. Then, we arrange to meet in the nearby county seat where she lives and works, so she can give the corrected pages back to me.

We have coffee and talk. We get along quite well.

Since I know I am selecting her, I am increasingly pleased with my choice. I hope (and pray) that she is, also, since once she meets the MWC there is no going back for her. I mean, she could quit, but she'll never be able to un-know what she comes to know. Can't unring a bell and all that. All my *timults* show her doing great, so I'm not really worried.

I finish the last notes and turn around to get up from my computer.

Startled to see them, I almost fall over and I'm sure I give a little shriek (I startle easily): Led, Ringo, Janis, Diana and Mick's holograms are in my office already.

"Do I even call you, yet?" I protest. I hastily amend my unwelcoming greeting, saying "Okay. Glad you're here. Welcome!"

"Hello, ClaraBranon," they chant to me. I laugh since they say it the way they do the first time, as if it my two names were all one word. Even if they say my name as two words, no one calls me that, except sometimes MFH (My Future Husband), as a joke. I mean, most people call me "Clara," or "Ms. Branon," or, if they are aware of my doctorate, "Dr. Branon." I start to explain this to them, but, clearly, they don't need me to talk.

"Oh, we are sorry, 'Clara.' We will call you that. Or, do you prefer 'Dr. Branon?'" Led asks.

"'Clara' is fine. Thanks," I tell them.

"I have my Media Contact choice," I tell them.

"Yes. We know. Esperanza Enlaces. She is very good for you and for Earth,"

Ringo says, approvingly.

Led, Mick, and the "girls" wiggle or sway, perhaps in agreement.

"Good," I say, "because she'll be here in about one hour."

"Yes," Led says, "That is a necessary and good plan," he agrees.

I am relieved since I haven't had a chance to clear it with them, officially. This simultaneous time thing, *timultaneity*, as my son, Zephyr, terms it, can really help smooth things out once we get the hang of it.

"She's going to need to videotape you all and hear you talk. She will also want hear about the Transition plan and my role as liaison. All right?" I turn to Led, since he is the leader.

Led wiggles. Now I'm sure that means he agrees. We have several non-publicized visits between my first and this one so I am getting to know their signals and the meanings of their motions and non-English vocalizations quite well.

I continue, "Could we do some more of the Instructions stuff, first? And, then, maybe some more when Espe is here, or do it again, or something? That would be a great thing to be able to show."

Diana offers, "We have to do Instructions every time we come," she says, "and we'll be coming a lot for about five years. Then, frequently, but not a lot, after that."

"Not every day, even now," Janis adds, urgently.

I suppose she is picking up on my rising anxiety. "I am a very quick study and a good student. I can probably learn even this entirely new stuff kind of quickly. But, I'll need time between sessions to integrate what you're teaching me or to accomplish certain tasks, right?"

Mick extrudes a thin, lighter greenish appendage from the upper part of his body and *flicks* it upwards. A large screen-like object appears and hangs in the air above my head, slightly in front of me. Lights on his flat, top part begin flickering in some apparent sequence: red, blue, yellow, repeatedly. Text and diagrams begin to appear on the hanging display screen.

I move closer to see what is on the screen, but Ringo stops me. "You don't have to move. We'll adjust it to you. Just tell us what sizes, shapes and distance work best for you and we'll conform it."

"How do I show you?" I ask. This is so cool. I can tell that the technology for this is beyond Earth's, but it seems not to be extremely out of our top geeks' reach, to my untrained eye.

[Mick and Ringo take turns explaining, and they switch back and forth so quickly I can't tell, all the time, who is talking. So, I'll just combine them, as "MR," for now.]

MR: "First, just look at the screen and tell us what you can read and understand," MR says.

MR adds: "Then, you help us adjust it by telling us when it's best for you."

I look at it. "Well," I tell them, "I think the words are too far away and small, so I'd just be guessing at them. Can you bring them closer and make them larger, please?"

I don't see them move anything, but as soon as I finish my sentence, the words are legible. I clap my hands, applauding. "Thanks! That's great! I can see them all perfectly."

I look at the rest of the screen which has some kind of linear, diagrammatic representation across the bottom, with titles or headings that I can't read, seeming to be demarcating sections on the line. "Is that a timeline?" I ask.

Led bobbles up and down. I think that means “Yes” in a more excited way than his former wiggle.

MR asks me: “Why do think it’s a timeline?”

“What can you see?” MR continues.

“Well,” I explain, “on Earth, we learn how to read and make timelines in early schooling and they look pretty much like this.” I move closer to the screen, remember not to, and return to my former position. “Yours is too small for me to read the words or captions, though. And, the line doesn’t seem to be straight....”

Janis — Diana make what I recognize as laughter noises. “Of course it’s not straight,” Janis says. “Time doesn’t run in straight lines!”

Diana extrudes a greenish, oblong, wide and flat appendage from near her upper-pickle region and points to the line on the screen: “See these parts?” As she talks, the entire diagram enlarges.

I can now see many tiny divergences off each section and tinier forks off those, with offshoots or tributaries coming off those, and so on, almost endlessly. When the line was more indistinct, these offshoots make it appear crooked. It’s really more of a line-shape, with dozens of tiny, spiderweb-like areas branching off each section. I can tell it’s more representational than actually showing everything possible. Suddenly, I get it. “It’s the multiverse, diagrammed!” I exclaim.

Led is bobbing, the others are swaying dramatically. I feel as if I just earned an “A.”

“OK! Where are *we*, *now*, on this?” I ask.

Ringo’s appendage has stayed “out” so he uses it again to appear to touch the screen. The diagram enlarges even more, zooming in on one portion. I can now read the words and see almost all the branching lines (they get tinier and tinier as they get further from the “main” line).

“Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Earth Date, December 21, 2012,” I read, aloud, and then, “January 3, 2012.” As I read, a tiny red star appears right by my name. “What’s the star for?” I ask.

“Whenever someone reads their ‘own’ portion, a marker like that appears next to the name. That way, anyone else seeing this, from now on, will know you’ve seen it,” Mick explains.

“It even works ‘backwards,’” Ringo continues, “so that, if anyone from the ‘future checks in on this part, they’ll know that, today, you see it.”

I raise my hand to touch the screen and all of them move quickly to block my way. But, then, almost at once, they realize they’re just holograms and can’t interfere with my hand. They understand that they have to talk with me to stop me.

Led says, quickly and a lot more loudly than he has spoken before, “Do *not* interact physically with the screen, yet” he warns. “You’ll change it. You don’t know where the safe areas are, where the controls are or anything about how it works, yet. You could do a lot of accidental damage or cause some serious timeline interference!”

I swiftly lean back. “Sorry!” I tell them. I lower my hand. “Seems as if you need some safeguards, there.” I feel a little scared about how little I know and how much

damage my ignorance and impulsiveness could cause. "Do you teach me how to use it?" I ask them.

"Not yet," Mick says. "You have to learn a lot more about the fundamentals, first."

"That won't come until about year four," Diana says. "Or, perhaps, earlier, since some get there sooner."

I notice a tiny impatience reaction, breathe into it, and look up at the screen, again. "What are those markings next to my name, besides the star?" I ask. I notice, as I talk, the markings become larger. The differentiation in their coloration becomes more clear to me. "Like, what are those blue ones?"

Ringo starts to answer but Led stops him. "Clara, you *are* going to have to learn all this, that is true. But, not today. We have to begin with Instruction #2, today or we'll fall behind our schedule." Led continues, "And, we have to get ready for Esperanza Enlaces' arrival, which is now in about ten of your minutes, yes?"

"Right," I agree, looking at the digital clock on my computer screen. "Let's go into the larger room (my combined dining/living rooms and kitchen are one large room), since there's more space there for us all. She can set up her equipment to film you when she gets here."

They glide in ahead of me and I follow. Diana is last. She turns back toward me and says, quietly, "You're doing great. Don't mind Led. He is just protecting you."

I am touched that she picks up on my impatience and my small worries. I am not even conscious of wanting to do well and not wanting to upset them, especially Led. I thank her, "I appreciate that, Diana."

As soon as I sit down in my chair at the round table and turn to face them, I feel that sensation I remember from the first night, in my chest. I look down and then out, knowing I am about to see the holographic "page" appearing in front of me, seemingly having come from my heart area. Another blooms from my solar plexus as well.

This time, since I'm not tired and it's not new, I notice something else. There is a sensation of what is still there, inside me, of "stacks" of these "things," not as weight, exactly, but as a kind of presence, a fullness. I make a note to ask about that, some time.

Now, I begin to read the page, aloud. "Instruction #2," is written in large letters across the top. Under that, I see the following: Upon selecting the Media Contact, the Chief Communicator will invite her to document the visits so that media outlets find the information credible and are willing to publish, display, and air the information as soon as possible, preferably within 48 hours of today's visit.

I stop reading and look up, a bit confused. "How does it know what I do before I do it? What *is* this type of data that you downloaded into me? How can it automatically update itself?"

Led begins to explain but the neighbor's dog begins to bark. Banjo announces every new car that comes up our driveway, unless he recognizes it.

"Espe must be here, early. I have to tell her not worry about Banjo," I explain, and get up to open my door and call to her. As I move to the door, the page I have been reading seems to fold itself back up and return to my chest. Weird. I don't remember the

other one doing that. But, then, we aren't finished with this one.... *No time to contemplate that, either.*

"Hi, Espe!" I call out to her. She slows down as she passes my porch. I stand on it and she rolls down her window. "Banjo won't hurt you. You can ignore him. He just barks. If you try to go over to him, he runs away. Park over there and bring your stuff in. Or, you can unload here, park there, and then come back. Your choice. You just can't leave your car here, since my neighbor can't get by you."

"Hi," Espe replies. "OK. Big, black, barking dog, not scary. I hear you. I will unload here," she continues, "since I have a lot of stuff to carry."

I realize that she still thinks she is doing a "dry run," meaning, she thinks my book is all fiction. She has no idea that the MWC members' holos are actually inside. Here we go.

I turn around and move back into my dining room. "Hey, Led?" I look at the five of them, talking quietly so Espe can't hear above the sound of her car's engine. "Could you all please wait in my office until I announce you?"

They are already moving before I can finish my sentence. I'm beginning to like this telepathy thing a *lot*. I go outside to help Espe unload.

CHAPTER NINE

From Esperanza Enlaces' private journal entries, February 13 – December 23, 2012

2/13/12

I got the weirdest email today. She wrote to ask if I would talk to her about a novel she is writing, to find out how journalism or a journalist would proceed if the events in her novel actually occurred and a Media Contact were to be established. I called her back and said I would talk with her, and she calls me right back. Well, What events? I asked. She hesitated, but only for a moment. Then, she tells me: suppose there is a local woman, middle-aged, living in Kirov, who has a doctorate, is not crazy, who contacts me to tell me she has been visited by, well, ALIENS.

Aliens.

I wait for the punch line, but there isn't one. I really don't know what to think. I ask some questions, and she is so calm and interesting. The story is unique and I get caught up in it. So, I think, "*Why not?*" and I play along. What does she need to know? She asks me great questions: what would convince *me*? How would I proceed? Whom would I contact first, why, what would I need to bring to convince them to put it into print, on TV, online? Which online outlets are most reputable and credible? What would entice me to be someone's main Media Contact, even for this big a story, and continue in that role, for, well, 30 years?

That really stopped me. 30 years?!? I've never held a job for even 3 years, much less 30. I'm just 31, myself. I really think about that. I tell her I'm a scientist and interested in making the world a better place, so I would commit to a story or a job like

this if I could be sure that people, the planet, would benefit. I realize, as I'm talking, that I'm starting to feel that it might really happen and this is really how I'd feel.

I get a bit creeped out. She hears my change in tone and hurries to reassure me: this is a *fiction* story, she emphasizes. She promises that no one will know my real name, tells me that I'm giving her exactly the kinds of information she needs for her novel. So, I relax. She's not really asking me to *do* this, be some alien fanatic's Media Contact, just to help her understand how it would work.

We continue to talk further, and we're laughing and getting along. I like her. She's smart, interesting, creative. I begin to want to hear more about the story. I tell her that. She's delighted, she says. The aliens come to this woman, Clara, as holograms, she explains, and asks what kind of equipment I'd bring and who would come with me, if I were allowed to meet them, photograph and audio- or videotape them: what would I need? I think about it and tell that I do my own work, bring my own equipment, so it would just be me. Clara seems relieved by that. She goes on to explain that only she (the character, she hurries to remind me) and I (meaning, the journalist based on me, she explains) would be able to have contact with the aliens; no one else, for now.

What would it take to convince me that this is happening, she asks again? I wonder that myself. I just say, thinking out loud, that meeting them would probably do it, especially if I were allowed to document the meeting and hear what they say for myself. She is glad to hear that, she says. It makes the next parts of the story much easier to write if I'm not too difficult to convince, she explains.

Clara asks me some questions about my résumé, my background, my age, my heritage. I fill her in but she already knows a lot from my online posted information. She's read some of my articles, she knows about the places I've worked and asks about each of them. She says she's typing as we talk and apologizes for the noise. She types REALLY fast. Wow.

She asks about how something like this would go from local to national to global, and I explain what I know about all that from my various jobs and industry knowledge. She makes me feel like a real insider and I realize: I *do* know a lot. I *am* an insider.

She says that I must be wondering why I picked her. I am, so she explains that the aliens in the story tell her character that she has to consider that she will be spending a lot of time with this person, for over a thirty-year period, and that this person would need to want to do this kind of work. So, they suggested she pick someone somewhat early in her career, but far enough along to be credible and know what to do. Also, to pick someone local, so getting together, gathering evidence, etc., won't be hard to arrange. She tells me that it was "my" idea, then says, "my character's" idea... an interesting slip....to choose a woman of mixed culture, something about "righting the scales of work and women." An odd phrase, but I kind of get it. She asks if I'm Latina, but hurries to assure me she isn't upset if I'm not. She tells me that she guessed, by my last name and places of work, and that I'm trilingual and two of the languages are from Hispanic cultures (Spanish and Portuguese). I tell her I am and she sounds relieved.

She says her son is about my age and that makes me laugh. I try to imagine my mom writing a book (my mom is a lawyer) or talking to aliens. I tell her that's the reason I'm laughing and she laughs, also. Then she says that the main character's son, Zephyr

(cool name, I tell her), is modeled after her own son. She says her son is one of her main advisors and is helping with the book. I think that's great, I tell her. She sounds pleased to have my approval.

We chat a bit more about her schedule and hopes for completion. Turns out Clara has just started a few days ago but is writing every day and she says "it's going fast."

She promises to keep me posted, to give me a copy to review for errors before she submits it and to give me a published or ebook copy when it comes out. She seems so confident I get caught up in her excitement. I tell her yes, please, call again if she has more questions, and, yes, keep me posted. I agree to fact-check her chapters that include my character and she is very grateful. She keeps thanking me and then we hang up.

So, that was today. Can't say it was just another day, right?

3/15/12

"Beware the Ides of March!" Whenever I write this date, I have to say that. Shades of my high school English teacher, who told us "Shakespeare really owns this date." It's the day Brutus kills Caesar, in his play, *Julius Caesar*. She put a question about that date in our test and I never forgot it.

Well, I should "beware" for sure. I haven't written in a while because not much has happened and I don't write every day. But last night... There must be an Ides of March Eve or something, right?

She called again. Clara emailed, I emailed back and then she called. The writer, with the aliens. I called her back, just now, since I was in up to my elbows in stuffed peppers when she called.

When she answers she sounds kind of excited. I ask how she is, and she says she is fine and happy. It's hard not to get caught up in her feeling; she's very compelling. I find I have to force myself to breathe more slowly to counteract her hyperventilating. She says that she *always* has time for *me* and thanks me effusively for calling her back. I feel pleased to be appreciated.

I ask what's going on? She congratulates me on the cover story I just had about two weeks ago, in the local alternative newsweekly. I'm surprised she noticed. I thank her. She says it was "just in time" because she needed to "see my style" and know how to "write like me" for one of her Chapters. Now, I'm intrigued. We chat a while about writing styles. Then, she asks if I ever freelance for women's magazines, like Oprah's "O," and I say, "not usually." I don't say what I usually say when anyone asks why I don't write for these kinds of media: I wouldn't waste my time with a superficial media conglomerate magazine read by a bunch of housewives. I am trying to become a real journalist here!

Then, she tells me she has finished the first draft of the book. The whole book. More than 20 Chapters, about 300 pages, she estimates. Clara just contacted me a little over a month ago and now it's *finished*? I tell her that I'm impressed.

So, is she bipolar and this is from one of her manic phases? Can't really ask that, can I? How does anyone write an entire book in 4 weeks? I hope she's not one of those "channelers." ¡PUAF! [YUCK!] Too many of those woo-woos in California, still. I have to check her out.

While we're talking, I grab my tablet and Google her. Oh. She really has a Ph.D. There's her dissertation. And, some of her 'blogs, for nonprofits, about fundraising or grants. Seems normal enough. Still... something feels off, here. My antennae are UP. I will definitely ask around about this woman.

Here is another part of our conversation and what came after. I'm kind of quoting, here.

"They will come back," she says. I am stumped.

"Who will come back, where?" I ask.

"The members of the Collective. They will come back several times after the first time, right away. They will tell the main character that she has to get back in touch with you and bring you 'on board,' as they say," she explains.

I feel a cold tingle go down my spine. "Clara," I say, tentatively, "I thought you were writing a novel?"

She tells me that, yes, she *is* writing a novel, but that a lot of it is *true*. "It's nonfiction inside fiction," she explains, "Kind of like *In Cold Blood*, you know? Truman Capote?"

I tell her I do know what she means, genre-wise, but not alien-wise. She is quiet for a while, and then she asks me, "If they come in December, for the first time, right near Christmas Day, are you around? How soon, or what day after Christmas, would you be able to come, with your equipment, meet them, to document and get the media connection started?"

I start to relax. "*Oh*," I think, "*she's just doing some more fact-checking. Good.*" I tell her that the paper where I freelance and my day job's office (where I earn real money) are both closed from Saturday, December 23, 2012 – Tuesday, January 2, 2013, so I, or my character, really, could come on or after Wednesday, January 3, 2013. I explain that I'll probably go to Mexico or Brazil for the holidays; I have family in both places, I tell her.

"Maybe the character can do that too?" she asks me.

I say, "Sure! Why not?" And we both laugh.

She says, "Perfect!" and talks excitedly about how far she's come with the project, how many chapters she's already written (she's done with all the first drafts and revisions of many, which amazes me, I tell her), and all the research she's been doing on various parts, but she is not specific and I don't press for details. I'm just glad she's not nuts.

She asks me how I've been, I tell her I've been fine and a bit busy. We chat a bit more and agree to talk again when she has more questions. She wants to send me some chapters, copy for me to review.

OK, I tell her. Send pieces by email? Sure. No problem. I'm kind of glad Clara called. I'm still interested in her book and kind of looking forward to reading it. But, she says she's only sending me certain chapters, for now, the ones "my" character is involved in, or ones she says need my "journalistic eye" for facts/details checking. I'll get on that right away, I imagine.

3/28/12

Wow! My character, Esperanza Enlaces, wins a Pulitzer Prize for Journalism next year. How fresh is that? Clara is really a good writer, I'm somewhat relieved to report. I enjoyed what she sent me so much I wished she had sent it all! I am eager to read the rest, now, but she wants me to wait until she either has an agent or publisher and it's in a more final form. I'm a bit disappointed, but what can I do? I hope she finds a way to get this published. She told me she plans to tell the story across ten books, and other people might write parts or all of some of the books. Interesting concept.

Turns out we have some mutual friends. A writing buddy of mine is partnered with someone Clara is working with, a nonprofit she volunteers for, locally. Small world. I asked Mark about Clara. He said she's "interesting," and he's heard about her book. So, that's good. I mean, another way to check: she's not nuts. Mark's partner, Angela, is the Executive Director of that nonprofit Clara volunteers for. Mark tells me Angela raves about how helpful Clara has been, that she's quite experienced in nonprofit management, that Angela sees her as a mentor and really likes her. Stuff like that. I believe I can relax more, now. Clara seems to check out all right.

BTW: I don't remember telling Clara that I keep a journal, or that I don't write in it every day. So, Espe does; I was more than surprised to find that "Espe's" journal style and entries are uncannily like mine. Or, like mine would be, if I were in that situation. She even has something like these last few entries in the Chapters she sent me. I must have told her about it. My journal. I must have.

12/23/12

I wrote that last line today, December 23, 2012. This is my first entry since March. I meant it when I told her I don't write in my journal all that often. I got an email from that Clara Branon today, the writer with the aliens novel. I check my email as I am waiting to board my flight to Rio for the holidays. In it, she writes,

"Hi, Espe! I hope you're doing well and on your way to some well-earned time off and sun down south. I'm ready for our next call when you get back. Would you be willing to come over to my house, in Kirov, and bring your recording and documenting equipment, as we talked about, some time on January 3? That would be so great. I would really appreciate it. I could give you lunch or tea or something. It would take about two hours. It would really help me if I could see how it all would work and we can kind of do a 'dry run,' you know? What do you think?"

I get that cold tingle, again, as I read this. "Something is up with this woman," I think. "What am I getting myself into?" I feel my antennae start to rise, again.

I am sitting here, feeling very weird, kind of hot, then cold, and not knowing how I want to respond to this request. On the one hand, I consider, she did tell me that some of her novel is "real," so maybe my coming out there with equipment and doing a "dry run" is the "real" part. I mean, it's not as if I'll have anything actually to be recording or videotaping, right? Right? RIGHT???? SHIT!

No way.

No fucking way.

Even if this were happening, how would she have been able to call me about this, about the aliens' coming to visit her, almost a year ago, and be writing about it all this time, before it actually happens? Or seems to happen. SHIT.

She must be nuts. But she seemed so not nuts. And, Mark and Angela know her...

Clara gave me those chapters to review months ago, like, in March. Not much to read, really, just a few chapters. I reviewed them and they all seemed fine. I emailed them back to her with comments, and she used all my suggestions, even quotes I gave her. I like how she takes my feedback! Very grateful, professional.

We met for coffee in April to have our first face-to-face. Clara is an Anglo, Jewish-Buddhist (she says "Jew-Boo," and laughs), about my mom's age, I guess. She laughs a LOT. Kind of fat (not to be unkind, but the woman is ROUND), very short. Light blue eyes, the kind that get very light as the person ages. Curly hair, blondish and brownish, mixed, not much gray. I tell her she doesn't look as old as my mom, who is 55. She says, kind of proudly, that she's almost 58.

She is very tan. I ask about that and she tells me she is an outdoor swimmer, year-round. I tell her that I am impressed.

Clara explains, "Not so impressive, really. The pool is heated and it's mostly sunny here, every day." She loves to swim, she tells me, but, also, she has a bad leg and can't do much else for exercise.

Clara is easy to talk to, a good listener. She takes notes as we talk. I ask her what she's writing down, and she says, "I'm trying to get the rhythm of your speech, the way you phrase things, so when I write conversations that my characters have, your part will be more realistic." I smile and agree that speech is hard to capture and dialogue is hard to write. She asks if I'd say something in Spanish, then Portuguese, then English, so she can hear me in all three languages. I say:

"I'm thinking of getting my hair cut and colored."

"Estoy pensando en cortary colorear el cabello."

"Estou pensando em começar e coloração el cabelo."

She makes some more notes, and then says, "Cortarse el pelo más corto podría ser agradable. ¿De qué color?" [*Cutting your hair shorter could be nice. What color?*]

This surprises me, since she hadn't told me she knew any Spanish. I respond, "Más rojo." [*redder*]. She nods, approvingly.

I tell her that her vocabulary and grammar are good, but that her accent is weird, and she laughs: "Missouri and Southern Jewish!" She explains that she doesn't really know much Spanish, anymore, but can speak and read, even write (with Google Translates' help, she jokes), but doesn't understand when people speak unless they speak very slowly and use words she happens to know. We talk a bit more about how I learned Portuguese (Brazilian relatives and many visits to Rio).

She said didn't have the whole novel finished, yet, but she's very close. She lets me know that the part that involves my character's meeting the "members of the Collective" (that's what she called them), has to "wait a while" so she will get back to me when she is "more ready."

We chat for about half an hour and then I gather my things ‘cause I have to go back to work. She thanks me, again, touching my hand. She pays the check and leaves a nice tip. I notice these things. Very sweet, really.

Not at all nuts. No nutty vibes. I would know. I *would*.

Then, Clara lowers her voice, looks around to make sure no one can hear her, and says to me: “You’ll get to meet them. I promise!” She gives me her smile, again, lets me go and walks calmly out, as if all she said was “¡Hasta la vista!” I am so stunned, I can’t even reply.

She seemed fine, but then.... Maybe she’s just kidding with me. Sometimes you can’t tell with someone you don’t know that well, when they’re joking, right? She *said* it was a *novel*! Didn’t Mark say Clara was really funny? I think he did. I’m trying to remember.

I’m sitting here, writing this in the airport, and kind of freaking out a bit. I remind myself to breathe deeply.

They call my flight.

She’s getting “more ready” by having me come out there. That’s all, I tell myself. Research. That’s all it could be. Really. REALLY.

I just sit, thinking for a minute, and then shake my head. “‘*Chica*,” I tell myself, “*you are so over the top, here.*” I look around the airport, SFO. It all seems so, well, normal. It calms me. I get my head back in the game.

I write her back, a brief email:

“Hi, Clara, Good to hear from you. Yes, on my way to Rio. Will call when I get back. I can come January 3. Tea sounds great.

Happy New Year!

Warmly,

Espe"

I press SEND, turn off my phone, finish this entry and go get in line to board my flight.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE VII

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator’s Occasional Log

Confessions of a Bad Poet: How I Become a Writer

I start writing officially at age 9. My first piece is published in 1964 for the occasional newsletter put out by Camp Cedar, a residential camp in the Lake of the Ozarks region of Missouri. After that, I consider myself a Writer. I submit more articles and reports for my camp newsletter and then for my elementary school newspaper. I also submit poetry and songs. I write fairy tales and other fiction.

In 1966, as a 6th-grader, I submit a school song for my elementary school in Bayonne which wins the prize for best new school song, since I wrote both the melody and the lyrics. However, no one besides me ever sings it after the contest is completed. I am disappointed.

I write a poem for an assignment in 9th grade which my English teacher, Mrs. Rice, enters into a statewide poetry contest. I am one of the winners: "Hairy and Hairless" puts argument dialog I hear my brother and father having, about my brother's long hair and my father's baldness, into poetry form. This is published in the statewide literary magazine, *Missouri's Youth Writes*, in 1969.

My 11th grade Advanced Composition class teacher, Mr. Mangrove, is notorious for giving mostly "Ds" and "Fs" for students' first drafts; with a great deal of pride, I can tell you *my* first drafts never get below a "B-." I write an essay, analyzing and critiquing a Henry James' short story, "Mrs. Medwin," discussing the game- and card-playing imagery as illustrative of the main theme. It is the only mid-term essay in three classes of honor students to receive an "A." Mr. Mangrove submits it for publication in the Roanne High School's literary magazine; it is one of only a handful of nonfiction pieces in the entire magazine in 1971.

I write poetry I keep to myself for many years, occasionally sharing one with a lover or potential lover, a teacher or a friend. I often use my mediocre songs and iffy poetry to lure lovers or compliment someone. Mostly, they stay in my notebooks and journals. I suspect they are either very good or very bad; I do not really want to find out.

I set some to music but I do not write music very well; although I spend over thirteen years in formal piano lessons, sing in choirs and choruses for dozens of years and listen to music almost constantly, I do not learn much about theory or how to do arrangements. I can pick out melodies by ear but the chords and harmonies elude me.

Rewriting lyrics, though, is a family tradition, a kind of "roast" thing that my mom, her sister, my grandmother start; my sisters and our brother and then our children engage in this regularly for family events (birthdays, weddings, bar/bat mitzvahs). We take some songs the person being celebrated would know or like or that *we* happen to know and like and put anecdotes about the roastee—their foibles and amusing and/or embarrassing habits—into the songs. All in good fun. I am very good at writing this kind of lyric, particularly since the music is already written, already arranged, already great. I also have a talent for matching the roastee to the original song I'm also good at having the new lyrics match up very closely with the original lyrics, with just the right twists for humor and personal connection to the roastee.

In 1979, I meet a "real" writer and poet for the first time. He's about ten years older than I and has been published. I spend many hours over several days typing up all of my handwritten poetry on my college electric typewriter (pre-word processors, pre-computers) to show my assembled body of work of poetry to this published writer. He reads it over a day or so and then calls me to meet with him. When I get there, I can tell he is not impressed and is looking for ways to let me down gently. He picks out one piece he can say positive things about and I thank him.

I put the sheaf of papers away and swear never show them to anyone again. At my death, Zephyr can decide what to do with that collection.

I continue to write mostly secret poetry. Sometimes I write and read a poem for a friend's birthday or wedding. I read original poems at funerals or sing a song of my own lyrics to familiar melodies at rituals of other kinds.

Although not a practicing Jew by the time I am able to decide for myself (about age 6), I like Chanukah. I rewrite the Hebrew lyrics and share them with family, friends and others who hear I have done this. Here they are (sing to the traditional candle-lighting prayer melody):

*Now, here we are together,
Remembering to light the candles.
We think of women and men of old,
Working hard, wishing strong:
Visualize miracles.*

This song, and not the Hebrew prayer, is sung at every Chanukah celebration I attend starting in 1981. It's the only one my son, Zephyr, knows.

I also write plays, some of which are produced. A children's play I write is part of a two-play series which I collaborate on with my friend and colleague, Franco Galina. He writes the play (with some input from me) for teens and adults and both plays tour schools in southwestern New Hampshire (where we both are living at that time), southeastern Vermont and northern Massachusetts for 3 months, culminating with public performances that we produce, staged at the local college in the mid-'80s.

My play is selected to be produced at a major, for-profit, New Hampshire theater in August, 1984. I am proud of this. Excited, also, since my "mom" in the cast can't be there. I take her place and my co-director, Franco, takes my place as the narrator/director. So fun!

I write a play for adults for which I produce as a staged reading at the local library in 1985. That goes well and even has some people in the audience I don't already know. However, I get excited about spiritual development classes I am taking and do not pursue further rewrites or productions. That play was based on a heartbreaking affair and the terrible experiences at my first teaching job, so it was more cathartic than literary, anyway.

I write up an interview I conduct with a local therapist, professor and author, an opinion piece about reproductive freedom and another on domestic violence which are published in the local free paper in the mid-'80s.

I begin to consider myself a more public Writer but since I never make much money, I keep my day jobs.

Also in 1985, I start a musical derived from a children's short story based on a Norwegian myth. I collaborate on the music (remember, I am bad at writing music) with two of my friends who are professional musicians. We make tapes during the weeks that I am writing the scenes, detailing the staging and planning to continue, but I get sidetracked by my spiritual pursuits and do not finish this musical.

I start and do not finish a young adult novel about two young women discovering their love for one another, in 1989. I write several children's books which I do not submit for publication, but I share them with my son and some friends' children. I keep writing songs and poems, mostly for myself. I write many other short stories, short plays, articles, start a few other novels. Some I share with a few people; most I keep to myself.

Sometimes, when I'm writing a song or poem, I "see" or "hear" myself writing it, but the original is somewhat different than the one I'm writing. Sometimes, when I'm

writing this book, I first “hear” a chapter in my head, but the one I write is different in some ways. Often, narration for a new section wakes me up, usually at about 1 AM. So, I get up and write for a few hours, do my usual wake-up things at about 3 or 4 AM. Then, I go back to sleep until about 6 or 7. When I’m not employed and our son is older or I live alone, my schedule is mine to make.

In 1991, I sit with a friend who is about to become a lover again after a three-year hiatus. We are sitting at my table, alone in my house (rare, since I live with 5 other people). Although we are not touching, “another pair” of us is. The other pair is kissing; we are talking. The other pair is hugging; we are sitting still. The other pair is talking; we are silent. This shadow pair of us continues to occupy my attention. I say nothing but I write a poem about this other pair and us, side-by-side, showing both versions of reality. It is my second simultaneous, multiverse poem.

The first I write in 1979, also about me and a lover, about the pair of us who is together and the pair of us who is not. One pair is in the same town, going about our ordinary lives. The other pair is on a camping trip together (my lover goes on a camping trip while I stay home in this version of our timeline). I also write that poem in a side-by-side format, showing what happens and how both versions of us feel in the same time period, how what one of a pair eats the other tastes; what one smells, the other smells, etc.

I continue to write shadow, parallel, alternate versions of many parts of my life, as poems, as journal entries, as dreams, as stories. Until this book, none is compiled into any format.

I write dozens of essays, a master’s thesis, several versions and a final draft of my doctoral dissertation. I write press releases, grant proposals, articles, ‘blogs, webinars, instructions, manuals, reports, evaluations, recommendations, surveys, needs assessments, summaries, goals. I generate text at rates that take some people’s breath away. Many say they are envious.

I never seem to have “writer’s block” or anxiety about writing, some say to me. That is not precisely true, but I am a lot less worried about writing than most people; I just do it, regardless of how I may feel.

I’ll let you judge how bad my poetry is. Here is one shadow poem, from 1990. Read across, then down. Think of every other stanza's being in a facing column, across from the preceding stanza.

INVISIBLE DOUBLE

by Clara Branon

I reach to your cheek, trailing my fingers
 slowly down;
 pull you closer,
 tilting your chin;
 our eyes close
as our breaths mingle
into a long, slow kiss.

In straight-backed chairs
we sit talking
cups clanging on saucers,
fingers toying
with tea strings and spoons;
our laughter rings
between our faces,
smiles enforcing
appropriate distance.

Our knees touch
as we lean in,
sharing the glossy pages
until my arms encircle you;
our breasts push to stiffness;
I lay beneath you,
straining up to be
closer than close.

On the rough-tweed couch
we lounge looking
at glittering jewelry,
reading to ridicule
advice on all topics.
Consulting our horoscopes,
we decide to dismiss
or delight in our fate;
if our fingers brush,
we pull back
and turn the pages
more quickly.

I watch our fingers
and wonder:
do you know
what I do with you
as we talk and read?
Your only clues
lay in questions
unasked.

We turn to hug
before parting;
I close the distance,
eager for our only touching;
drinking in your neck,

I'm drowning in your hair.

The two of us
walk you to your car;
one waves,
the other caresses.

Next time, I think;
I'll be braver, truer,
Able to give you
More than clues.

If I had the grace to be embarrassed, would you respect me more or less? No matter. I won't subject you to any more of my poetry, value unstated.

Some of my writing is great; most is just serviceable and could use a good editor. It's usually grammatically perfect and proofread all right, but, unfortunately, I'm usually the best editor available and I can't edit myself so well. Any errors in this and the other Volumes in this series are due to that lack of outside editing.

Just thought some readers are interested in the ways a writer gets "born," like the way a star forms. Here you are: a *writautography*, an *authography*? Zephyr likes the second one better (it's his word, of course)!

CHAPTER TEN

How Our Contacts Become Public

(thanks to my son, Zephyr Branon, and the 2013 world-wide web [www])

In another one of my processing ideas talks with Zephyr, I ask him: "Do you think Spanners are the first generation to outdo their parents on a regular basis? Most of us are better educated, better equipped to deal with rapid technological advances, better suited to global changes, better able to understand (if not manage) our psychological and sociological mishaps, better prepared to accept (and to *instigate*) improvements in civil rights for all minorities and women, better outfitted (in all senses of that word) for modern life."

Zef replies: "Your parents *want* you to be better, to have a better world, to be better people. That is, until you argue them into exhaustion, refuse to believe their platitudes and deride them for outdated views and prejudices: *then*, they are not so pleased with their successes in improving your conditions."

"Do we Spanners learn from our parents' mistakes?" I ask.

"Absolutely yes, mostly. You create new definitions, generate more knowledge and laws about spousal abuse, child abuse, alcohol and drug consumption while parenting, tobacco use and nutrition as well as reductions in sexism, racism, able-ism, age-ism, homophobia/heterosexism and may other oppressions that permeate each part of the USA and other Western cultures as you are growing up. Many of you are renowned social change activists, people I study in school!"

"True. We continue as we become the adults in charge. We are, as a whole, better parents—less abusive, more aware, more involved—but we are not necessarily better at dealing with our own children's ability to outshine *us*." We both laugh at that.

"You are a prime example of a child of Spanners who outshines both me and your dad in many ways," I tell him. "At least once a month and sometimes twice a week, we have a conversation something like this... This is my rendition. Let me read it to you, all right?"

ME: Hi, Honey. How are things?

ZEPHYR: Okay. What's up?

ME: Well, I need some help. Do you know anything about _____ [fill in the blank with something to do with internet usage, my cell phone's quirks, my DVD player's functionality, my phone landline's problems, my computer's issues....]?

ZEPHYR: Well, probably more than *you* know. What's going on?

My intelligent, capable son then listens carefully and is patient with me, giving great advice or explanations, at first.

Soon, he realizes that one of the following (or more than one) is occurring. He then tells me that I:

- ▶ am not listening as well as he wants me to be,
- ▶ am not understanding what he's explaining as easily as he wishes I would,
- ▶ have already messed up so badly that he can't even explain how to fix my problem, or
- ▶ the fix is so obvious that he just laughs and laughs and can't even talk.

Things begin to break down from there.

Inevitably, especially if more than one of the above situations ensues, the conversation continues, as below:

ZEPHYR: MOM! Stop talking! Let me finish!

ME: Oh. Sorry. I thought you were finished.

ZEPHYR: MOM! You can't talk when I'm talking if you have me on speakerphone.

ME: Oh. Sorry. I forgot.

ZEPHYR: MOM! Stop moving your cell phone. Take me off speaker. I can't understand you; it all sounds like mush. What is wrong with your phone?

ME: It's just where I live; I have bad reception. I am not moving it.

ZEPHYR: Your speakerphone sucks. Take me off it.

ME: If I take you off it, I can't hear you as well. My ears don't work so well on phones, you know.

ZEPHYR: Just hold the phone closer to your ear.

ME: I am.

ZEPHYR: Stop pressing buttons. Stop moving your cell phone. Now I can't hear you.

ME: I'm not pressing buttons on purpose, but when I take you off Speaker and hold the phone closer, my ear presses the buttons. Bad design. Not my fault!

ZEPHYR: MOM! I can't hear you at all!

And so, it deteriorates from there. Usually, though, we hang in there and he is able to help me fix/understand/stop making things worse with whatever situation or device I call about and we end on a good note, miraculously. Our senses of humor save us.

"What do you think? Do I capture us accurately enough?" I ask him.

Zephyr is so quiet I don't know if my phone has cut him off. "Zef?"

"Mom," he is choking with laughter, "that is hilarious. Do I really sound like that to you? That's just perfect!"

"Well, glad you liked it. I have no pride. I do not pretend to know. I start to tell you what I know, but you quickly disabuse me of any notion that I am the least bit well-informed. I know I do *not* know what you know. I don't even *want* to know what you know."

"I know, I know," Zef is still laughing as he quotes me, "I don't have to know how to fix a car to drive one; I don't have to be able to fly the plane to ride on it.' You expect people who know more than you do about their areas to help the rest of us and you do the same. Got that philosophy down, Mom. It's become my own."

"But I feel as if we Spanners are all supposed to know how to use every new phone, every new home entertainment system component, every type of hardware and software for home and office use in addition to every other hand-held or personal computing device that is invented as soon as it is available. That is just not possible. Not for me. Not for many of us. I don't even own or have access to most of them."

"Mom, people my age can barely remember a time when there are not computers and cell phones everywhere. Our brains are wired differently from yours. Our thumbs have evolved from texting and working the controls on video games. Really."

"I agree," I say. "You all seem to do this acclimating and adjusting to new technology effortlessly. You're tweeting, texting, playing these very complicated video games with your extremely fast reflexes using oddly shaped controls and buttons. You are amazingly adept, with your *thumbs*, at finding and utilizing information and media resources online, sharing and sending and storing music, videos, photos, text and whatever else is invented to do that. Spanners are falling behind."

I go on. "As a pianist, I consider myself quite dexterous, but using the virtual keypad with its too-tiny, too-close-together keys on my cell phone causes ridiculous emails and even funnier mistakes in texts. Then, I compound my errors since I do not wear my reading glasses enough of the time. I'm too rushed to reach for them. But, I can't see how badly I'm messing up my messages. I am not the only Spanner having these issues."

I hear Zef laughing again. "So glad I can entertain you, Son."

In addition to having my son be one of one of the first and most responsive readers of this book, it is obvious that he is the best person to be my main consultant (until I get to know Espe better) for making the MWC contacts public. He and one of my

oldest nieces, Leah Iris, Cassie's daughter, who is about 8 years younger than Zef, help with MWC contact PR a lot.

Espe, about two years younger than Zef, is great at making the MWC visits credible and getting the info out on reliable (read: not tabloid or discredited), national and international news media outlets. Zef and Leah (who is even more amazingly adept in the tech and online worlds), advise me on the best ways to reach the younger generations with this info.

Zephyr and Leah post info on other websites, email their own contacts, make *Facebook* announcements, keep current with *LinkedIn* updates, upload photos and videos to several sites designed for these purposes, add to their own and others' 'blogs, and tweet (post on *Twitter*). They also ask Espe for photos and upload them to *Instagram* and other photo sites.

Zef and Leah design and keep up their own websites, so they co-create the website for Earth's first Chief Communicator. Zephyr and Leah distribute the MWC info we're allowed to disseminate quickly, efficiently, and frequently. If Espe is the "A" team, they are the "A-prime" team.

Amazingly, even though we get some great coverage and feedback from Espe's stories and they earn her a Pulitzer Prize, Zephyr and Leah's information "blasts" bring the greatest number of reactions from around the world, especially from people under age 40. At one point in late February, 2013, Zef tells me that we have received about 3.5 BILLION "hits" on a video Espe made of the first MWC contact she is allowed to film and share because they put it on youtube.com via Twitter and Facebook. The entire population of Earth at this time is only about twice that number.

About half the people on this planet, perhaps (it's not exact, because someone could view the same video more than once) see and hear Led, Ringo, Mick, Janis — Diana visiting me within a few weeks of the occurrence.

Remember what befalls Princess Diana and what happens with other mega-celebrities, then multiply that by about a billion and you'll not even come *close* to what goes on around me and these others because of the initial coverage. This is, well, what it is: Aliens. First public contacts to be filmed. Unprecedented *and* occurring via the media explosion of the 21st century.

The ramifications of this wide a coverage for one event are unheard of and staggering. The impact on my life, on Espe's, on everyone who knows me or who others *believe* know me (which becomes the entire population of the little town I live in, and this entire region, apparently), on everyone who is related to me, or on whoever has worked with or been in school with me, is tremendous. My LinkedIn profile and Facebook page crash. We have to shut down my personal Twitter feed.

I can laugh about it now because it is "over" ALT [According to Linear Time]. I also "see" it in advance in various timelines so it's not so shocking the fifth time around.

Right away, the OSes arrive via holograms and in physical forms (and the variety of physical forms is CRAZY), so I feel protected.

But, the first few days, the first version of this timeline: HOLY PAPPARAZI! The National Guard (most are back in the USA from the recently discontinued wars and standing around doing nothing, anyway) are sent to direct traffic, protect me and the

townsfolk here in Kirov, re-route nonessential personnel from all roads leading to Kirov and basically keep people from going completely bonkers.

What these looky-loos think they're going to do if they actually see me is baffling. What do they want? An autograph? Really? Or, do they think I'll invite them in for tea and the MWC will just pop in, too? What is their major maladjustment? Do they really fail to grasp the concepts of "exclusive Media Contact" and "private communications"?

After about two days of this, on yet another clear winter's day, I call Led.

His holo is hovering over my dining room table almost immediately, followed by Ringo's and Janis' holos standing near me. About thirty seconds later, Diana's and Mick's show up, apologizing for being late. I laugh.

Led: "What do you need, Clara?"

Me: "This is *unworkable*. There must be something you can do so people have their own access to some of your info or to videos of visits from you, or *something*! We have to get them back to their own lives and stop them from trying to crawl into mine! Please!"

Janis: "We are providing Access; installation is almost complete around the globe. When would you like to announce and demo it?"

Me: "'Access'?"

Ringo, extending a long, jacinthe appendage into the air in front of me and pulling down a screen, points to it as images appear on it.

"See?" Ringo points with another orange appendage. "Every being, starting with first humans and all upper primates, cetaceans [whales, porpoises and dolphins) and cephalopods (squids, octupi), then representatives from many other species (elephants, equines, canines, felines, birds, reptiles, dromedaries, marsupials) will be equipped with holo access to our libraries and resources. Cnidaria (invertebrates), Chordata (vertebrates), Arthropods, Molluscs and Echinoderms all get Access, what you eventually call your *iD* [pronounced eye-Dee]. Each phylum contains the sentient species currently occupying Earth."

The type of animals in each phylum flash by, the images changing rapidly on the screen as he talks.

"All you and they do to gain Access is establish intention and pose a question telepathically. Then, almost instantly—by Earth-time perception—information appears on a screen in front of them or wherever their visual and mental receptors need it to be, just like the one we provide you for Instructions and training. Information is automatically available in all written languages as well as pictographic, sonographic and telepathic modalities of communication. For ants, bees and others in colony collectives, we provide *iDs* to the hive mind via the queens." Ringo withdraws one appendage.

Mick explains, the lights on his flat head part blinking away: "We're having a bit of trouble creating the proper interfaces for the largest predator birds and smallest arachnids and amphibians because we do not often provide *iDs* to creatures with complex brains that are this tiny, but we're working on it."

"They're holoscreens, so water is not an issue," Diana continues, answering my question before I get to ask it.

“How shall we make the announcement and when do you want to conduct the online trainings?” Janis asks me.

Mick offers, “Or, we can do it all for you.” His two green appendages point to places on the screen as these are dates to consider. The cilia on his arms wiggle, making the screen seem to be underwater with him.

Led starts bouncing a bit which I know means he wants to intercede. He usually does intervene when Mick gets “too generous.”

I hurriedly accept Mick’s offer which causes Led to stop bouncing.

I know I just outflanked Led, temporarily. Once I accept an MWC offer, it has to be allowed. Protocol. See? I read the Instructions!

Led stops bouncing and returns to slow hovering.

I turn to Mick, eager to proceed. “How does that work, exactly, if you ‘do it all for me’? Just to be clear, it’s not really ‘for me.’”

Led takes over, sounding a bit miffed, but then getting into the spirit of moving forward quite well. “It’s simple, really: you give us the ‘go.’ We make simultaneous announcements and conduct individual trainings all around the planet over a 24-hour period. By the end of that cycle, all beings in the first pod of users are ready to roll.” Led sounds proud at the end. He loves to show off his modern English slang.

I smile at him approvingly, nodding enthusiastically at both him and Mick. “YES! Why not? What are the drawbacks?” I’ve learned to ask this early on, just in case.

Remember the almost disastrous “dance” program the MWC beams to us, showing dancers from thousands of planets, right after Espe’s first vid goes live? It is well-intentioned: welcome to the MWC, this is how we party and all that. Luckily, it is only made available for about twenty minutes before Zephyr, Leah and some of their friends catch it and *SKYPE* me with questions, gasping with laughter. I get the MWC to withdraw the vid as I explain to them that, although these “dancers” are “dancing” in their own cultures, most Earthers are not quite ready to view these moves or bodies, yet, especially when they’re inserting who knows what into who knows where. “We’re just too prudish,” I say. Then, I spend about thirty minutes trying to explain “prudish.” It is a somewhat hilarious debacle. Not to be repeated. Best-laid plans....Pun intended.

So, I wait for a response. I know they have to check with the MWC Intergalactic Council leaders whenever I ask about potential drawbacks (it’s another formal Protocol moment) because my question requires *timulting* to acquire a formal listing of potential drawbacks or a promise of none. What if these changes somehow make it easier to recruit more of the Fraggers? Will this incite more violence from the Trenchers?

About one minute goes by. Then two. This is an eternity, for them. I wonder what is going on? Maybe the IGC leaders are sleeping? *Do* they sleep?

“Checking all timelines, all divergences and all possible outcomes,” Janis explains. “An Intervention of this magnitude must be done carefully and thoroughly. Planet-wide, multiple species involvement, simultaneous onset, not entirely voluntary. Can’t be too careful. More than one IGC member is *timulting*.”

I must look a bit shaken, especially at the “not entirely voluntary” part, because Diana hastily adds, “Good that you ask. ‘Not entirely voluntary’ just means we provide

*i*Ds whether each type of inhabitant specifically requests it. After we do that, Access is here, whenever anyone wants it or whether no one wants it.”

Led starts bouncing, again, so I know he is ready to talk. “No drawbacks of any great size!” he announces, almost proudly. “No significant harm.”

A natural skeptic, I have to ask, “What does ‘no significant harm’ mean, *exactly*?”

Ringo pronounces, in somewhat official tones: “No important impact and definitely no harm to any individual or species group, now or in any *timulted* future, occurs due to this Intervention.”

I relax. Hearing this, I know it is all safe. This is the highest rank of outcomes one can get for an Intervention of this type, I imagine.

“Yes,” Mick agrees with my silent assessment. “Couldn’t be better!”

“Okay!” I say. “Green light!”

I feel a sense of puzzlement coming from Led. Then he bounces and says, “Yes! Car traveling slang!” to show he understands.

I am feeling excited, now. First, do no harm: Doctors, Buddhists, and the MWC have this edict in common. I am thoroughly reassured.

I feel a change in the air around me.

Janis — Diana move closer to me, as if to comfort me. “There is one change, Clara,” Janis begins.

Diana continues, “It’s about Epifanio and you.”

My stomach drops to the floor. “No. Really? But you said nothing ‘significant.’”

Led bounces over to me. “This change *is* insignificant compared to all the other possible problems and alterations, as we show you.”

My chest feels tight and my heart hurts. “It’s very significant to *me*, though. What exactly changes between me and Fanio?”

“You don’t exactly get to live together,” Led tells me, gently. “Not soon and probably not in this timeline at all. You continue to have a friendship, but that is all.”

I slump, defeated, in my chair, putting my head on my hands on my table. I know I can’t do anything. Not only would that be incredibly selfish and about twelve kinds of wrong, it just wouldn’t help anything for me to try.

Even though I already know my being married or even lovers with Epifanio is unlikely, I still have hopes every day that I am wrong.

Access for all (while solving my PR problems) is too important. I am Psi-Ped. Thoroughly.

I try to fight it, quickly *timulting*, going over every possible objection. Every alternative fails to change this outcome. Thousands of lives are at stake. Literally.

I tune it to what I call my “Fanio Channel.” I still “see” us, living together, loving each other, having that long, wonderful, intimate relationship. It’s happening, somewhere, in some timeline. That has to be enough for me. I can visit when I *timult*.

I lift my head. “Thanks for telling me. I’ll handle it,” I tell them. “Proceed.”

Mick tells me, “Already have, Clara. Already have.”

This is the background story of how Earthers of every type acquire instant Access to all the information that the MWC determines they are allowed to have. As Chief

Communicator, I still have primary Access and solo jurisdiction over a lot, but only the MWC knows how much. I still have to distribute that info as directed.

Tell this story to your children and their children, all right? Just leave out the part about me and Epifanio, all right? No one needs to hear my whining.

Back to Kirov and my PR problems. Within one week of granting global Access, the MWC holos inform me that the National Guard are mostly gone, traffic is mostly back to normal and no one is being accosted to approach me or “my people.” Now that everyone can get, at any time, almost anything they want to know, and they can see some of the same information I see, my physical location is not so important to them. They can even download information about each of the MWC delegation members, so I include that, here, in a later Chapter.

They do not know, of course, what they do not know. But, that’s fine. I would not be needed as Chief Communicator if everyone could know everything all the time, right? Holding my post for almost thirty years means just what you imagine it means: I am here because Earthers can’t know it all, or all at once, or without some kind of filtering at times. Just isn’t good for us.

Although, sometimes I think: if we could just grab the leaders of the Fraggers and download EVERYTHING, they would frigging SHUT UP and get over themselves. Then, the Trenchers would have no support. They’d have to disband or choose to be ReInvolved and we’d all just get along.

Right. ‘Cause that’s so *human*.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE VIII

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator’s Occasional Log

"Clara: the Outsider Who Becomes the Ultimate Insider"

rehearsal for interview with Espe for May 2, 2013

April 20, 2013

Espe asks: "Clara, talk about the *Spanners* books, first. People want to know about them."

All right," I agree.

The Spanners is a series; *This Changes Everything* is the first of its ten volumes. Others add to the series besides me, via the recently-developed interactive novel- and book-sharing publication modality on the [many worlds collective web](#) (mwcw), *Twitter*, *Facebook*, *LinkedIn*, *Instagram*, *Pinterest* and many other social networking sites.

This Volume has the first stories to be made public that tell of the original official contacts between the MWC and me, and then, other Spanners.

In all Volumes, I and others explain how MWC contacts, the Transition and the MWC individuals themselves as well as their formal interventions alter our experiences and all of us. My son, Zephyr; my nephew, OverSeer in covert

and Special Operations (OSOps), Moran Ackerman, Chief of the Psi-Warriors; other nephews and nieces; my sisters and sister-in-law; my brother and my mother (see [Appendix E](#) for Family Tree); and, Esperanza Enlaces, my Media Contact, enjoy telling their stories. My lover/husband/not lover/not husband, Epifanio Dang, also contributes, because I ask him.

Espe says, "That's great. I have that, now. What about your POV? Can you go into that here?"

"Sure."

My point of view is rooted in Buddhism. I am already a practicing Buddhist of many years before the MWC formal contacts with me begin. I live most of my adult life out of the "mainstream" of USA majority thinking and lifestyles which I will explain further as it becomes relevant. You may already understand how my Buddhist practice and beliefs color my perceptions, thinking, and feelings about every experience, especially if you have been paying attention to the other writings about the MWC, its philosophies and methods for living.

If you do not know the ways that being a Buddhist frames my life, shapes my views and inspires my heart, please read more about Buddhism as your interest may dictate. Or, just glean what you are able from my rendition of this amazing and unique part of our shared history. Besides me, the MWC chooses many Buddhists to be among their contacts. There are excellent reasons for these choices that do include our Buddhist understandings.

"Perfect," Espe says. "Just what people want to know. Next, talk about how your being an 'outsider' frames your perceptions and how that status leads the MWC to choose you as their first overt and ongoing contact."

"That might be harder, but I'll try," I say.

It is often the case, as stories and "real" life converge with these truths, that those who, like me, are somewhat isolated, unusual, or off-beat, usually are also the ones who become the somewhat reluctant or accidental leaders. History and future occurrences repeatedly show us to be originators in many scientific, social and political movements.

In fact, I've heard many times that, if you *want* this job, you're wrong for it.

Well, I do not want to be the Chief Communicator; so, I must be right for it. I accept it, I get used to it (mostly), but many times each week I do not want it.

Espe says, "Thanks, Clara. I think it's important for people to know that last part, especially. What about your *timulting* skills? What can you say about those?"

"I can say a few things. Let me do that, now."

Because we all now know that quantum physicists, Buddhists and many others are correct in presuming the existence of the multiverse and workings of simultaneous time, there are, of course, infinite versions of this part of history. Also, many of us now know a lot about the past, present *and* future ourselves,

even as we exist primarily in the present, via learning to or being around those who can *timult*.

But, in late 2012, very few of us who are aware of the multiverse experiences are viewed as credible. We mostly keep our beliefs to ourselves or call our ideas “theoretical” and “unproven.”

Case in point: well-regarded and famous physicist/author/TV personality, Brian Green. Except for ridiculed clairvoyants or semi-approved scientists in paranormal research institutes (e.g., Dean Radin, Institute of Noetic Sciences, near here in California), very few assign positive value to knowledge of the future and past gleaned *because* all time is simultaneous.

My knowledge, experiences, and beliefs in the above may be another one of the reasons the MWC selects me to visit overtly. I get “previews” that prepare me.

"That is very helpful, Clara. Next, we want to go into your background, your status and living situation APC, right before they come. Can you run that down here?"

"Here we go."

In December of 2012, I enter my seventh year of living alone, after having lived with at least one and sometimes up to nine other people (some children) for over thirty years prior to this.

I live in a somewhat rural area (next to a cemetery on one side, a vineyard on the other, and across from vineyards and apple orchards). There are three houses in addition to mine nearby: one is my landowners', right behind mine; one is set further back, between our land and the cemetery's; the other is set further back, beyond my landowners', and belongs to the vineyard. There is a middle school within shouting distance (I actually hear them shouting as they play sports), and a small business up the street that sells orchard-type food from its small store and lunch business across from the cemetery. There is traffic but it is occasional rather than steady. Joggers, walkers, dog-walkers and cyclists pass by, but not most of the time.

I'm not alone, exactly, but it often seems as if I am. I usually stay home all day when I do not have an outside job, except to go out to swim; many days, I do not talk to anyone. When I do go out, I might pass the time without speaking to anyone I actually know or to anyone at all. Until I become the CC, I am somewhat invisible when out in public. I like it like this.

"Good," Espe says. "Now, contrast that with years before you're in California. People want to know about your earlier life, too."

"All right."

In earlier parts of this life, while raising Zephyr and working with Franco in New England, I am a somewhat public figure. Many thousands of people know and recognize me when they see me (from dozens of public performances, professional presentations, community friendships, hundreds of students from

teaching dozens of classes, etc.). The houses I live in and share are the hubs of activities, parties, gatherings of many kinds for over twenty-five years.

"Okay. Now, more details about your life right before The Band comes."

"Sure."

Since 2002, in California, I am relieved to have developed a much "smaller" and less public life. In comparison, I hardly know anyone and almost no one knows me.

I have mostly non-local friends and family I communicate with regularly, but not every day. Most people I know have no idea what I do all day while I'm not working.

Here is what I am doing: I am looking for work (I check job boards frequently, and apply to about 2 – 4 jobs per week, most weeks) and occasionally have interviews. I read physical books, the local newspapers and some online blogs or news. I play word games on the computer while I watch TV shows (I do not have cable TV) or movies online or while I check and respond to email. I check, respond to and update *Facebook* and *LinkedIn*. I meditate. I do household chores and errands for physical survival and necessity. Every other day, or about five or more times/week, I go swimming. I nap. I play piano. I sing. I listen to NPR. Then, I write.

"That's a great picture of you. I like the images it evokes. Thanks, Clara. What else can you say about your writing?"

"A lot."

I find out, in the first week of first contact, that some of the MWC members actually *read* my dissertation (among the dozen or fewer beings who have). Turns out, the term I coin to describe the concept, a label I give to the flexibility of social identities, especially gender and sexual orientation, pleases them greatly.

Most of their species change gender quite frequently, kind of along the lines of Ursula Le Guin's characters in *The Left Hand of Darkness* [copyright 1968], who go through "kemmer," which is a kind of breeding-readiness or heat/estrus during which each partner selects his/her procreative physical gender depending upon many factors.

Yes, in case you're wondering, Ursula is another Earther the MWC contact early on who isn't permitted to disclose it. If you read her novels and essays, from about 1966 on, you'll see traces then obvious pieces of the MWC's philosophy, information and history in almost every one. I love finding this out since she's always been one of my favorite writers.

The MWC also likes the way my research validates how important a sense of safety and interpersonal (interspecies, really) connections are to maintaining optimal mental health, which leads to higher flexibility in social identities. On many planets throughout the multiverse, species interact across species a lot more than on Earth, having learned to communicate among

themselves and even to co-habit happily even better than Earthers do with our household pets.

Turns out, Douglas Adams, renowned author of the radio show which becomes a “trilogy” of five novels, *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* (copyright 1975 – 1992) is correct: dolphins are one of the MWC’s representative species. They actually want Douglas to be their first public contact (he, like Ursula, is a secret one for decades), but they wait too long and he is not available in his author’s body in 2012 (we mourn his untimely death in 2001, at 49). More about dolphins (and other cetaceans) later in this and other books in this series.

"That is great, Clara! I like hearing about those other authors and their MWC secret contact. So do our readers/viewers. What else do you want to give them about your background?"

"Social identity, I think, is next."

My "social identity scorecard" looks like this: I am raised Jewish (a minority in the USA during my upbringing); I am a practicing Buddhist (a minority almost everywhere around the globe); I spend most of my adult life partially disabled (car accident in my last year of high school leaves me with an impaired leg); I am female (an oppressed majority across the globe); I am an active bisexual (have primary relationships with both men and women, but not usually simultaneously); I am Caucasian (still a majority in the USA, and a powerful ethnicity in the world in 2012); I am extremely well-educated; and, even when unemployed, I am primarily middle-class. These last three identities help with my “credibility.”

Apparently, as I find out gradually, having a mixed minority/majority status is one of the great “levelers” for humans. What that means for Earthers is that those of us with that experience are much more likely to attain and maintain peace, acceptance (beyond tolerance) and understanding. Ursula Le Guin describes in the book I already mentioned, in which EVERYONE can be and/or has been or is a “mother,” that the planet in her novel has eliminated war. How? Because mothers rarely give consent or stand quietly by as their offspring are sent to be killed in some random or rich-persons’ wars. When everyone has children, no one wants to send them to die.

Similarly, there *can’t* be a lot of discrimination, or even ANY, if *everyone* belongs to one or more “minority” social identities, *and* most of these identities are impossible to disguise. This premise forms the foundation for my favorite Intervention of the Transition, being blue, red, or shades of purple.

The MWC’s overt contacts and Interventions remove unnecessary human disguises. Bruce Coville, author of “Am I Blue?” (copyright 1994), writes a short story which has such a great fantasy concept that the MWC decides to make into reality in 2014. The supposition of the story is that, overnight, what if everyone who is even slightly bisexual or homosexual turns some shade of blue on their skin? What if the stronger the minority sexual orientation identity in the person, the darker the shade? The result in Coville's short story is much the same as the

outcome of the MWC's most fascinating global "*Re-set*": almost *everyone* turns some shade of blue, red or purple starting February 3, 2014.

About 10% of human Earthers turn a deep indigo, scalp to toes, everywhere, no skin left untouched, meaning they are 100% gay or lesbian; the rest range on the sexual orientation color continuum from navy to pale blue. This leaves about 10% of humans their original skin color, unless they are also gender queer.

If so, since the MWC adds in the red spectrum to signify gender continuum placements, some turn a shade of pink to maroon. Some stay the way they started, signifying that these are the ones who are exclusively heterosexual and cisgender. A great many turn a shade of purple, meaning they are both gender and sexual orientation queer in some way or another.

The skin coloration's meaning is immediately broadcast via Espe, me, the MWC and Bruce (yes; another Earther they visit prior to visiting me).

A brilliant MWC addition, to guarantee that there cannot be "mistakes" claimed or Hollywood make-up artists' helping with hiding the color changes, the change in skin tone stays for ten years and is made apparent in every newborn for ten years (through 1/1/24).

Those with slighter variations on the physiological gender identity that their chromosomes and/or genitalia seem to dictate turn shades of lavender, violet, mauve, with no obvious reason for these variations. This forces people actually to talk about these identities with one another. Asking questions becomes a part of the way humans get to know each other because no one can make assumptions about the ways people choose to live based solely on their skin's coloration.

Shazzam!

No more discrimination based upon gender identity or sexual orientation. realizing that orientation does not dictate behavior, many religious bigots leap in (themselves blue, pink or purple, which is hilarious) to try to mandate "resisting the pull of the demon homosexuality" and other such nonsense, but the numbers of those *shaded* are too large. No one listens to these obviously blue (and often some shade of pink or purple) ranters.

Rapidly, all the rest of the United States and other countries not yet enlightened enough to have done this already pass the gender-neutral and transgender inclusion laws governing marriage, employment, housing, schooling, healthcare and the rest. Long overdue, in many people's opinions. So do all other governments and social groups follow, year after year, until there are no pockets of serious sexual orientation or gender identity discrimination left on Earth

Hallelujah!

These are the last human social identity discrimination barrier walls to fall. I love that they dissolve relatively easily even though Fraggers and Trenchers have such trouble letting go of their concepts and biases. These hypocrites and bigots change, kicking and screaming all the way, many of *them* brightly colored!

Espe says, "Clara, that is an excellent explanation of the shading intervention, its consequences, and your personal connection to that. Thanks! Let's go on to other Transition changes."

"You're welcome. Sure."

Between 2013 and 2020, one by one, the walls between and among humans come down due to the MWC's assistance, creative interventions, human adaptability, Sequestering (Qing), *Re-set*, Return/ReInvolvement and somewhat natural deaths [see other Chapters and [Appendix C](#) for explanations of these]. These are the main events and outcomes of the Transition for all new MWC members, Led tells me.

Communication between humans and other species increases astronomically (pun intended). All the "pet psychics," zookeepers, naturalists and others who work with and love animals learn or improve the most quickly; the rest of us follow. Temple Grandin and her followers are hailed as heroes for knowing for a much longer time what it takes the rest of the humans to realize: *all* beings have emotions, thoughts and motivations that go 'way beyond "instinct." Some humans, even in 2041, are still "species-deaf," but usually there's someone around to interpret or they can use their *fish*.

Another shout-out to Douglas Adams for our *fish*. By late January, 2013, we each get our own InterPlanetary Communication System, known colloquially as *fish* (thanks to Douglas Adams' books in which he introduces multi-language, internal translators as "Babel *fish*") which we can use for on-the-spot translations and interpretations for interspecies communication on Earth as well as off-planet (as we get the appropriate destination apps added).

"What else do you want people to know?" Espe prompts.

"About the other helpful books and the authors," I say.

In 2013, many science fiction and fantasy writers, in addition to those I've already mentioned, go public as having been contacted by MWC members before 2012 to help Earthers adjust to all of these changes. The MWC then releases a required and supplemental reading list, uploaded to everyone's electronic readers automatically and placed in every school, university and library around the planet.

The books, stories and nonfiction on this list guide many Earthers to understand better how the multiverse actually works, what the MWC knows that most of us do not know. We need help to mature as a species enough to take our rightful places among the other species.

Most of us want to be full-fledged, able members of the MWC ourselves. Think of this reading list as the bibliotherapy that helps us to do this.

Espe asks: "Any last thoughts, here?"

"Yes," I reply.

Most Earthers are adapting well, even feeling happier due to the changes the MWC helps occur.

I offer this prayer: May this pervasive happiness, increased peace and harmony persuade even the most intractable Fraggers. May the Trenchers who won't give up all be caught and Qed. May the Psi-Wars be brief in every timeline.

"That's a wrap," Espe says. "Whew. That's a lot. I think I need to break that up into segments."

"I can help. Let's have tea."

"Tea sounds great," Espe agrees.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

First Internet News Stories, posted simultaneously on *The San Francisco Chronicle's* website as well as salon.com, Reuters.com, slate.com and hundreds of other sites, January 5, 2013, and the Changes Publicizing the MWC Contact Bring

SFGate, *The San Francisco Chronicle's* website, "Nation & World" tab, January 5, 2013
Long-Awaited Proof of Life on Other Planets!

California resident, Dr. Clara Branon, Ph.D., and her Media Contact, journalist Esperanza Enlaces, met with holograms of delegates from the "Many Worlds Collective" (MWC), a formal, voluntary assembly of beings from thousands of inhabited planets and moons within and outside of the Milky Way Galaxy, in December, 2012, and January, 2013. These meetings occurred to provide permission for Dr. Branon to proclaim publicly today the Many Worlds Collective's existence and these delegates' ongoing presence on Earth.

Verified by the Editor-in-Chief of The San Francisco Chronicle, video documentation of one encounter, January 3, 2013, filmed by Enlaces, is now available via this website, SFGate. However, eschewing copyright, The San Francisco Chronicle recognizes the unusual circumstances and unique nature of this breaking story and has placed this and all future stories about the MWC and Dr. Branon's communications with them in the public domain, in perpetuity. "This is monumental, unprecedented, historic and amazing! The reports belong to us all!"

Enlaces' first-hand, exclusive reports, first posted here, as well as excerpts posted by print, television and online outlets around the globe, provide incontrovertible proof of existence of intelligent life all around the Universe, or, as the MWC calls it, the Multiverse.

"The MWC delegates' individual identities, home planets and other detailed information will be provided in subsequent stories," stated Dr. Branon. "Since Earthers, as the MWC terms humans, cannot pronounce or even accurately hear the sounds of these individuals' planets' or galaxies' designations or their names, each MWC delegate chooses to use a nickname, based on five of Earth's celebrities: 'Led,' 'Mick,' 'Ringo,' 'Janis,' and 'Diana,' as introduced in this video."

According to Led, the MWC has been "unofficially" visiting Earth for many millennia. The MWC's governing body, the Intergalactic Council, determined that it was necessary to make MWC members' visits to Earth public and to make Earth's

membership in the MWC formal due to Earth's impending and potentially disastrous changes and events. These exigent circumstances include: global warming and associated climate changes; dozens of nations' desperate economic and famine conditions; and, the historically high numbers of wars and other types of violence as well as threats of violence involving nuclear and other extremely dangerous weaponry.

The MWC has now entered into a contractual relationship with Earth, selecting Dr. Branon to be the "Chief Communicator," Enlaces reports. Among Dr. Branon's responsibilities are to impart much-needed information, provide training in how to access MWC's resources and support, and assist the MWC with Earth's Transition, a vast revamping of its global economic, environmental, political and social systems. Details on the Transition, a unique set of events and changes tailored for each new MWC member, to follow as they occur.

Esperanza Enlaces is the sole journalist allowed direct and exclusive access to Dr. Branon and MWC at this time. All investigative reporting will be conducted by Enlaces. Each report will be verified by Chronicle editors and then freely shared.

Meetings between Dr. Branon and the MWC delegates' holograms currently occur in her private home in Kirov, California, about 60 miles northwest of San Francisco.

Return to this and other news sources for Enlaces' updates, which Dr. Branon stated will be occurring "regularly" and which promise to include more videos of her encounters, trainings, and education with the MWC delegates.

Dr. Branon and Ms. Enlaces plead with Earthers not to come to Kirov. "Access to Dr. Branon is completely restricted. Uninvited visitors will not get to see her or the holograms at her home, anyway. Please stay where you are and watch the posted videos," Enlaces pleaded.

SFGATE VIDEO: *click here.*

Topics: **UFOs, Extraterrestrial Life, Many Worlds Collective**
2,725, 601 Comments

This same story and excerpts from it along with professional journalists' and readers' comments are posted on hundreds of online media outlets, including: *Reuters News Service* and *Reuters Investigates*. These postings lead to postings and comments on *Twitter*, *Youtube*, and *Reuters'* 'blogs: ***Decoder, Rough Cuts, Fast Forward*** and the ***Freeland File***. *Reuters TV* and *Reuters News*, *CNN*, *salon.com*, *Al Jeezira*, *Democracy Now!*, *National Public Television* and *Radio*, all major and minor cable and network news channels and many other internet news sites carry the story and video from the films *Espe* and then *Zephyr* and *Leah* upload frequently, for several days.

The coverage reminds me of the media frenzy that follows the attacks on the World Trade Center towers and the Pentagon in the USA on September 11, 2001. Over and over, on almost any channel at almost any time, reporters break into ongoing programming (if there even is any other programming being shown; at first, all regular programming is pre-empted) to re-show the same video and repeat the same story.

Each time *Espe* submits a new story and film, most outlets repeat the original and then add on the new. Eventually, this becomes too cumbersome, so they make a

“highlight” reel that features basic information, introduces me and the five MWC delegates as well as Espe, updates viewers or readers, then provides the latest story.

This format continues until everyone is provided with their own *iDs* for Access to the MWC library news and resources. At that point, 1/22/13, the MWC also provides direct links via their library to each of Espe’s newest stories and the media are bypassed. Media outlets still run video and print stories, for those who like to get their news that way. But, providing billions of human and quadrillions of nonhuman Earthers with individual *iDs* to Access all news and information changes journalism, reporting and all reliance on previously restricted sources of education and information forever.

It is not so difficult to imagine in 2013, with the advent of online universities, free online private college courses and MOOC (Massive Open Online Courses), that by the end of 2015 all colleges, universities, training academies and private educational institutions that charge money cannot operate that way any longer unless they provide hands-on, onsite training and practice in skills for vocations that require them. Careers based on “book learning” or on videos and texts are now available to anyone, any time, at no charge.

A former colleague of mine who co-produces a film in 2011 about the horrors of student loan debt is delighted! She publishes a ‘blog and announces: “No More Debt!” It’s not easy for those who profited in the past from higher education and private schools, but bringing the costs of excellent education down and Access to education for everyone are long overdue, in my opinion.

Nonfiction writers and journalists still create and write but very little of what is produced as information becomes available only for money. By August, 2014, financial support for artists and journalists becomes public, another change long overdue. ProtectArts, subsidies for all types of artists, writers, and creators, become available globally. If I weren’t Chief Communicator, the writing and publications expenses for creating this series of books would be subsidized and I could stop looking for another job!

Most of us welcome the other changes that are slowly and sometimes swiftly wrought by the MWC, first via me and Espe and then with the cooperation of most world leaders and activists. Averting total economic collapse, ending all wars and eventually all violence, preventing further global warming and reversing some of the worst of other physical changes, reducing hunger, disease, poverty and homelessness around the world: these are just a few of the major Re-sets and improvements the MWC accomplishes in the first Transition years, 2013 -2015. [See other Chapters in this and other *Spanners* series Volumes for more details about these and other changes and the various Earthers’ responses.]

CHAPTER TWELVE

Individuals from the Many Worlds Collective: Their Names and Their Worlds (as Earthers know them)

Astronomy, Earth-Style

Some human astronomers in 2012 estimate that there are over one trillion galaxies in the “known” universe with at least 50 billion planets in the Milky Way alone. 500 million planets or planet-like bodies are then predicted to exist in a “habitable zone,” sometimes called “The Goldilocks Zone” (TGZ), meaning, not too far away (from their own suns) and not too close; these planets or moons are temperate with sufficient amounts of appropriate gases and liquids in their usable forms on their surfaces. Other human astronomers estimate that there are 100 billion galaxies in the universe. In any case, they believe there are at least 50,000,000,000,000,000,000 (50 quintillion) potentially habitable planets/moons in the universe. That is a gross underestimation, as we know now. I don't even know the number, but Led says humans don't have a word for a number that high, yet.

This number of habitable orbs, huge as it is, doesn't even speak to multiple timelines, multiverse existences, across all times. This number also does not refer to locations that support life as defined in subtly or radically different ways from the life Earth supports or from what current scientists are comfortable imagining, especially life that lives beneath the surfaces of any planet or moon or those that take other than the physical forms humans can imagine.

Arthur C. Clarke, physicist and author of *2001: A Space Odyssey* writes, in the last century:

The idea that we are the only intelligent creatures in a cosmos of a hundred billion galaxies is so preposterous that there are very few astronomers today who would take it seriously. It is safest to assume, therefore, that they are out there and to consider the manner in which this may impinge upon human society.

Well, you wouldn't be reading this if you do not know that “they” are not only “out there,” but have been “here” multiple times and are now “here” to stay. Where do “they” live?

The most “likely” candidates for Earth-like life, as of 2012, are:

Gliese 581d,
Gj 667 Cc,
HD 85512 b and
Kepler 22 b.

This last one, Kepler 22 b, gets a lot of media attention early in 2012; it is the first time astronomers and other scientists *publicly* acknowledge that “life” on “other” planets is not only possible, but likely, *and* they “go out on a limb” to claim that Kepler 22 b is one planet on which they are almost *certain* life exists.

The next most likely candidates, using most of the criteria that define “habitable” to coincide with what would support Earth-like life, regardless of how simple or complex, number between 1 to 45 more, depending upon how one defines “habitable.” Here are 26 of the candidates and some star systems (with as yet unnamed but likely planets), from the current lists: 16 Cygni Bb; Gliese 581 system, including Gliese 581c, Gliese 581g; Gliese 876 B; the Gliese 667 system; Upsilon Andromedae d; the HD 85512 system; HD 28185 b; HD 69830 d; the 55 Cancri binary star systems, including 55 Cancri f and 55 Cnc C; KOI 326.01; KOI 701.03; KOI 268.01; KOI 1026.01; KOI 854.01; KOI

70.03; KOI 463.01; KOI 1422.02; KOI 947.01; KOI 812.03; KOI 448.02; KOI 1361.01; the Kepler 22 system; 55 Cnc c; HD 69830 d; GJ 581 f; GJ 581 e; GJ 581 c; and, GJ 581 g.

Not very creative with the names, eh?

Because the MWC already knows exactly what Earthers know, believe, and can readily accept, the first public delegates from MWC members are selected from the above list of planets. [See a later Chapter for the information on the lottery system by which the delegates are selected.]

Home Planets and Physical Descriptions of the First MWC Delegates

Let me introduce The Band.

I've always wanted to say that, preferably from a stage like at Woodstock, fronting an awesome rock 'n' roll band like "The Jefferson Airplane." This is my next-best chance, so I'm taking it.

(The crowd goes wild!)

First, Led, their leader. Led sings lead and plays rhythm guitar.... Kidding.

Led is from Gliese 581d, which orbits the star Gliese 581. Gliese 581 is about 20 light-years from Earth, in what some Earthers call "Libra." In its solar system, Gliese 581d is the fifth from its sun and, like Jupiter (our 5th planet) is very large; it is at least 5.6 times the mass of Earth. Most importantly, Gliese 581d has a stable atmosphere and liquid water on its surface.

Led looks like a very small zeppelin (from which I derive and he agrees on his nickname), about the size and shape of a large, griseous, smooth, beach ball, but ovoid. Led (and his species counterparts) can fly, hover, bounce, wiggle, swim and float, don't need to breathe in the way we conceive of it and take in nourishment constantly from air or water, all very useful on a planet with heavy gravity and lots of water rather than land. Think of flying, ovoid coral and you'd come closest to what they are.

In October, 2008, some scientists from Bebo (a networking website) send a high-power transmission aimed at Gliese 581d. This transmission is due to arrive in the Gliese 581 system's vicinity by the year 2029. When this message is sent, it is believed that the earliest possible arrival for a response, should there be one, would be in 2049. In August, 2009, 25,880 messages are collected and sent to Gliese 581d from people in 195 Earth countries.

Led explains: "We know we send someone from my planet in 2012 to Earth; specifically, to Clara Branon. So I bring the response, about 37 Earth years early. 'Hello back to you at Bebo! Thanks for the introduction and welcome!'"

This story makes me laugh. I can only imagine the humans at Bebo are beyond pleased.

Now, the Pair from Gj, Janis and Diana.

Janis — Diana (each chooses her own nickname) are from Gj 667 Cc, which orbits in a system with three stars in what many Earthers call "Scorpius." Gj 667 Cc is about 22 light-years from Earth. Its mass is about 4 times that of Earth and it orbits the third, dwarf star of the three, taking about 49 Earth years for its "year." Earth scientists are interested to corroborate with Janis — Diana how much liquid water, greenhouse gases and other familiar elements comprise the surface and atmosphere of Gj 667 Cc.

Janis — Diana “stand” on some leg-like appendages, two for each of them, that support undifferentiated, blob-like, virescent bodies with no significant distinctions along their bodies. These two do have small bumps and dents all across and around their bodies. Janis — Diana can extrude appendages that I would call "arms" when needed but I do not know how many they have I only see one or two in use at one time and they seem to extrude them from no discernable opening in their holoforms. Janis is slightly shorter than Diana, but neither is much above 5 feet tall.

They often move about and appear together; they are required to work and travel together, in pairs. They can walk, hop, jump, run and skip on land and they move like dolphins through the water. They do something that resembles humans dancing which they consider another form of communication on land and in water.

Let's meet Mick!

Mick (also chooses this nickname for himself) is from HD 85512 b, which orbits its star, Gliese 370. Gliese 370 is about 36 light-years from Earth in what many Earthers call “Vela.” It has an estimated average surface temperature of 25 °C or 77 °F, quite comfortable for humans. Its orbit is about 54 days, about one-seventh of an Earth year. Even though its mass is much greater than Earth’s, with about 40% stronger gravitational pull on the surface, it has a very similar climate to large portions of Earth. Many astronomers consider HD 85512 b to be the most habitable planet for humans, unless Kepler 22 b proves to be.

Once we given the technology and are allowed to go off-planet, we discover that Earthers have some trouble adjusting to Gliese 370's gravity and often choose to wear personal airlifters. We finally get our personal Jetpacks Ian Fleming promised us in *Thunderball*!

Mick is turquoise, with feathery, cilia-like coatings on every part of his body, which is about eight feet tall. The constant movement of Mick’s coating makes him seem as if he’s underwater. His upper-most part is not round or ovoid, but flat and perpendicular to the rest of him. His top portion is about as thick as an old-style laptop computer and has flashing lights that blink other colors besides turquoise all around its perimeter.

Mick has two lower appendages that are a lot like flamingo legs, thin with two joints, and four mid-level appendages that are somewhat like arms, but each one is different from the other three. Mick moves more like a horse or what I imagine a centaur might move: galloping, walking, trotting, and kind of skipping, making great leaps. His species are very light and compact, more like birds than equines, so the planet's gravity doesn't impact them unduly.

And, last but certainly not least (but isn't he always last?), dear Ringo.

Ringo (also chooses his nickname) is from Kepler 22 b, which orbits Kepler 22, the star most similar to Earth’s sun of all of these planets' suns, in our current knowledge base. Kepler 22 b is about 600 light-years from Earth in what many Earthers call “Cygnus.” Kepler 22 b is about 2 ½ times the size of Earth.

Human astronomers are eager to learn from Ringo exactly which of their many theories about this planet's gravity, mass, climate, average temperature, composition of its surface topography and components of its atmosphere are the most accurate. It is believed

by Earthers to have a 290-day “year,” but all else about Kepler 22 b is speculation until Ringo educates us about his home.

Ringo is jacinthe and about seven feet, six inches tall, with one upper, head-like part that has a subdivision of four connected pieces. Each one is somewhat triangular. Together, his head pieces form a kind of separated pyramid, connected at the bottom to the rest of his body. At the top the tips seem to meet but the sides are not closed. The “head pyramid” has indentations at various points.

Ringo’s body is more robot-like with a slightly oblong shape that has six retractable appendages and extensions that are available as needed, so usually retracted. He also stands on two leg-like appendages, but he can fly, so they aren’t used much. I don’t know how he flies, exactly, but two of his side/front appendages have some web-like structures, I believe (I haven’t seen these, yet, but they’re listed), which can expand and be used to take flight. Otherwise, these are “stowed,” and fold up, like beetles’ wings or umbrellas.

All five of The Band can swim, but Janis — Diana are water-philes. Led, of course, moves in and through water the same as he does air.

When I write “water” and “air,” above, I do not necessarily mean that these have the same compositions of these substances as they exist on Earth: their planetary liquids and gases may be comprised of molecular structures or substances that are vastly or slightly different from their Earth counterparts. Not being a biochemist, that’s as far as I can take you. Go the rest of the way, if you’re so inclined, through your own *iDs*.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE IX

A Compilation from Clara Branon's Personal Journals

All the Epifanios

May 10, 2012

FIRST:

Blonde hair, blue eyes. Amazingly graceful, lithe body. You are dancing, drumming, singing, acting, teaching, leading. You capture my heart and passion the first time I see each of you. I do not know your names or histories, your backgrounds or circumstances. I do not care.

I am enraptured, infatuated and, eventually, once I get to know you and we are inside each other’s skin, in love. We are closer than I could ever imagine being with someone without being lovers. Then, occasionally, we kiss, we touch. I do make love with at least one of you, several times over several years.

There are a male version of you and a female version of you: I am in love with you both and you with me, then you with each other. It’s the ’70s and ’80s. We are polyamorous.

We are chanters, candle-lighters, nude sauna and sweat lodge partakers, swimming naked at night in the ocean, pond, river or lake. We take shamanic journeys, encounter the Goddess, honor every cycle with sacred rituals, sharing the earth’s rhythms together. We breathe, we sob, we laugh, we sing, we dance, we celebrate.

I introduce you to one another, wanting the triad of us to be impenetrable. But, when you two fall into lust, I am squeezed out. Parent issues, anyone?

I weep, plead, I beg, I ignore, I scream. I am crushed and cannot breathe.

You apologize, you hide, you lie, you falter.

I doubt.

You become afraid. You close down to each other and then, to me.

You tell me: "Don't look at me with those eyes."

I reply, bewildered, and deeply wounded: "These are the only eyes I have."

Epifanio (male version) leaves my life after only three years in it; I mourn the loss for almost ten more years.

Epifanio (female version) stays longer in my life, but also leaves; this time, I am steeled for the loss and only mourn for one year.

My abyss is bottomless; the gaping hole must be filled.

NEXT:

Chestnut hair, long and flowing, angles and tallness, power and beauty. You are brilliant, articulate, graceful, creative, courageous, talented, dynamic, captivating, magnetic. Your charisma captures me, filling me with hope, joy, inspiration, new experiences. I bring almost every friend I have to you, to learn, to grow, to change.

First, the female and then, the male. I love you both. You are already in love with one another.

We create a bond, all three of us, and others are included as well.

You two marry, bringing me and one other as your only witnesses. You shine. Your glow crosses the country and brings more into your light.

But, the light dims between you and you separate. I strive to love you both, separately.

I am loyal to each of you. I try to understand.

In your female version, you compete with and challenge me, capriciously accept and reject me. You eventually become intimidated, too, afraid and unable to continue. We part.

Your male version draws me in, unafraid, larger and more capable, ready to hold and even contain me. I go to you, happily, relieved to be welcomed. We forge a stronger bond than ever, but you do not love me the way I love you. Yet? Ever?

I stay in your orbit, however distant, at times, willing to be wherever you permit, just to be included at all. I wait, wish and wonder.

Then, as with the other Fanios, you become confused, using your projections onto me to blame me for feeling threatened, intimidated, afraid. You are hot and cold, intense in your ambivalence and bewilderingly unpredictable, and then, rejecting.

More parent issues? This time, yours?

Heartbroken, I contemplate whether to sever our ties.

ENTROPY:

When a system is isolated, entropy always increases or remains constant. It is also a measure of the *tendency* of a process to proceed in a particular direction. Entropy determines that heat, as thermal energy, always flows spontaneously from regions of

higher temperature to regions of lower temperature. From higher to lower, from up to down. Warm flows to cold, losing warmth as it goes.

Each of these Epifanios and I get colder and more distant. It's inevitable.

Entropy is an expression of disorder or randomness. We need entropy to explain why some processes occur spontaneously while their opposites ALT [According to Linear Time] do not; systems tend to progress in the direction of increasing entropy.

Any system can reach a point where the location, the container and the contents of the container will be at the same temperature. In this situation, nothing else can happen. Stagnation occurs unless an external event intervenes; otherwise, the location is destined to remain in the same condition for all eternity.

But there is this fact: all things fall apart.

The entropy of the multiverse is steadily increasing, meaning that its total energy is becoming less useful. The joint entropy of a set of variables is greater than or equal to all of the individual entropies of the variables in the set.

People in relationships cannot stay together. Impermanence always intervenes in the form of volitional or optional separation, up to and including the death of one or both partners.

How uncertain are we about a relationship's outcome? How much can we pretend not to know?

There are close to 10^{28} atoms in a human body. Just over half of them are hydrogen atoms. All the rest of them were formed inside of *stars*.

We are all stardust.

When a star dies, it "goes nuclear," becoming a SUPERNOVA by exploding, or the star implodes into a Black Hole. When a star explodes, its atoms are sent back out into the multiverse over billions of years, finding their way into every physical form, including me, including you, including all the Epifanios.

How appropriate, then, my next phase. Bereft of all my Epifanios and mourning the losses, I become liaison to the multiverse's most distant stardust forms.

Why do human relationships end? There are, apparently, seven common reasons. Top two: 1) things change (kind of encompasses all the other seven...), meaning, the circumstances that bring us together end or one of us leaves the nest (school, job, neighborhood); 2) people change in ways that cause separate interests to flow and common ones to ebb; and/or, sex ceases.

Next common four reasons loving partnerships end: 3) someone lies, cheats on, betrays the other. Obvious. Volatile. More subtle: 4) mismatched life stages, in which our growth spurts do not mesh, we grow at different rates, in opposite or perpendicular directions and become incompatible (presuming we were *ever* well-matched). Intermediately apparent: 5) commitment issues (kind of begs the question, though, of how we got involved at all...); 6) jealousy, competitiveness, insecurities (founded or not). Good Buddhist that I am, I group these four together as INHERENT SELFISHNESS.

Finally, why do we stop wanting to be together, fail to stay in love, have to leave the relationship? 7) *We were wrong for each other*. It just took a while for one or both of us to figure that out.

As Zephyr explains: "Once the oxytocin diminishes, the couple has to *like* and *respect* each other sufficiently or the honeymoon is all they will ever have."

Maybe each of my Epifanios saves me a lot of grief by not coming closer, or never for very long: all we ever are is *over* before we begin. It is sometimes *not* "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." I stand as an example of that contradiction.

Psi-Penalties may not be *all* bad....Maybe I'd rather be Psi-Ped than abandoned again. Stay away, Fanio. We're both better off.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Do Solar Storms Make Us Do It?

Conflict, Wars, Violence and Other Human Flaws Are Not Our Fault?

"So, let me get this straight: solar storms? Really? It's bad enough that humans do not take responsibility for almost anything, anyway. Now, you're telling me these scientists are correct?" I am disgusted with the latest information from the newswire and I am shaking my fist and yelling at the computer monitor. Luckily, I am alone. Well, for a minute.

POP Led, Mick and the rest of The Band appear. "Hi," I greet them. "I guess you heard my complaining, again?" It is mid-May, 2013, and I am used to their popping in by now, especially if I am ranting.

Ringo extrudes two appendages toward my computer monitor and it becomes dark. "Clara," he exhorts me, gently, "we wish you would talk with one of us, first. Some of these 'stories' are not what they seem."

"I do not see how much more obvious they can be!" I exclaim, rebooting the screen and pointing to it with my finger. "Read this!"

Janis — Diana chirp, which is the way they read aloud: "'Professor Raymond Wheeler of the University of Kansas corroborates what scientist Alexander Chizhevsky discovered in 1915. Solar storms directly cause conflict, wars and even death among humans on Earth. They plot events [on a graph] against solar storms' dates with startling correlations.'" They pause, and then turn toward me. "But, Clara, this is not the entire context."

"This article states that the Earth's magnetic field reacts to these solar storms and that these reactions cause extensive changes in our perspectives, moods, emotions and behaviors. Are you saying this is not the way it works?" I ask.

Led explains, bouncing a little for emphasis, "During solar minimums and maximums, the Earth's geomagnetic fields do begin to intensify and they always interact with humans, electrochemically within the brain. But, to say that solar storms affect humans' psychological mechanisms by creating 'anomalous hormonal swings and significantly mutated brain-wave activity' is a gross exaggeration and a simplistic misunderstanding.

Ringo comments: "This is typical of beings at this stage of development."

Mick continues, “Even though solar storms’ peaks coincide with upturns in human unrest, such as uprisings, rebellions, revolutions and wars between nations, you know correlation is not the same as causation.”

“But, these scientists are saying they can point to a significant pattern, one that they say can be traced back 2,500 years!” I protest. “How could we not draw causal conclusions from that pattern? Plus, now they’re warning us: ‘a surge in solar activity by 50 times more than previously recorded is anticipated in 2012-13. NASA and other space agencies have been warning of this fact.’ I’m beginning to wonder if *this* is not part of the reason you all become public in 2013. Solar storms birth all those damned Fraggers and certainly all the horrible Trenchers, *powering* the existence of the Psi-Defiers! Tell me I’m wrong, please!”

Silence. More silence. The longest silence, to date, with The Band.

“What is going on?” I ask. “Is *your* visit, made public, the ‘something really big’ that so many people predicted would happen in 2012-13?”

“Yes and no,” Led equivocates. He is bouncing more intensely, now. “We are here to help prevent the worst of the economic, political, environmental, and interactional disasters that are brewing on Earth, but the reasons these are intense at this time are not exactly related to solar activity, *per se*.”

“All right,” I try to accept his explanation. “Then, our major problems are due to what, ‘exactly’?”

“It’s complicated,” Mick takes over. “Humans are not the only major influences, nor the only major participants, in Earth’s activities or your Sun’s.”

“Go on,” I encourage him, since I have no idea what he is talking about, now. “What or who else ‘influences’ or ‘participates’ in our Sun’s ‘activities’?” I am baffled.

Silence.

Again.

Prolonged.

Led retakes the floor, bouncing even higher. “Clara, you do not have clearance for this discussion, yet. This is a Level 8 discussion.”

“C’mon! Don’t you play the Excellent Skills Program training deficit ‘card,’ here, Led. Please? You tell me to ask questions and that you endeavor to respond. Well, so far, not much of a response, yet.” I am very frustrated. I try again. “You have to admit, once news stories like this are public, as these are, we...no, *I*, have a responsibility to refute or explain them, don’t I? How can I do that without new and improved information? Plus, you should read this list of ‘predictions.’ It is truly designed to freak people out! We have to put the brakes on this or we will have panics, which will then *cause* some of these incidents to occur!”

Ringo comes closer to me and puts two of his hologram “arms” on my shoulders. Oddly, I do feel comforted, even though I feel nothing from his holoform. “Clara,” Ringo soothes, “You are doing so well as the ‘Chief Communicator.’ We have full confidence that you can handle this latest barrage of misinformation.”

“With what?” I implore. “I need informational ammunition, to fight ‘fire’ with ‘fire,’ right?”

“Yes,” Led agrees, slowing down his bouncing, finally. “We will provide you with clear, effective explanations that counter these false ones and speak to each of the dire predictions. We see them before you do, Clara. We are aware of the dangers.”

“Excellent,” I say, relieved. I rub my hands together in theatrical anticipation, exclaiming: “Let’s get going on this!”

Ringo extends another appendage into the air in front of me and pulls down a screen. “We will download this information to your internet,” he explains. “This takes each of the so-called facts and expands your knowledge base to begin to understand the context that has been missing.”

Mick continues, pointing to the screen as well. “Then, each of these ‘predictions’ is discussed, in detail, outlining what is and is not going to occur and what citizens may do to prepare for, prevent, or ignore, as is appropriate, the events that are said to be coming.”

Janis adds on, “Once we do this, you make weekly radio and TV broadcasts with updates on each situation that warrants an update, reassuring, informing, and preparing citizens.”

“I’m going to be giving weekly public broadcasts?” I ask. This is news to me.

“You can also do Q & As by having humans and other beings send in questions via social media and email sites we set up, complete with translation programs,” Diana says, sounding excited. “This will help everyone feel empowered and included, right?”

“You really do already know about all this, then?” I realize, feeling relieved.

“Thanks. I appreciate your proactive and informed methods. I really do. I would hug you, if I could!”

Some of them move closer and they all make laughing sounds or movements. We have a moment. It’s sweet.

“I just have to remember: you are the ‘good guys,’ in the white hats.”

“‘White hats’?” Led asks, puzzled.

“Another one for you to look up!” I say, laughing. “And, this one: ‘I’m ready for my close up, now, Mr. DeMille.’”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Exploding and Imploding Earthers; or, What the Buddha Taught That Made His Followers’ Heads Explode

**Public Talk given by Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator,
new Nobel Laureate**

Nobel Peace Prize Recipients’ Ceremony, 12/12/16, Oslo, Norway

Thorbjørn Jagland, Chairman of the Norwegian Nobel Committee: Greetings, Many Worlds Collective Delegates, former Nobel Laureates, Leaders from the Global Unity Leaders Council, and friends. We are pleased to have this year’s Nobel Peace Prize Laureate, Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator and liaison between Earth and the InterGalactic Council as represented by the Many Worlds Collective here

with us in person to receive her award and offer us her remarks. Please give a warm welcome to Dr. Branon!

Branon: [after applause quiets] Thank you, Thor. Thank you, everyone. I'm glad my family and The Band [laughter] can be here tonight on this momentous occasion. I wouldn't be here accepting this award if it weren't for Led, Ringo, Mick, and Janis — Diana, nor would any of you know about it as well as you do if it weren't for my excellent Chief Media Contact, Esperanza Enlaces. Please join me in appreciating their collaboration in our Peace efforts. [applause] Thank you all.

As you know, my life changed a lot in late December, 2012. But, after January 5, 2013, when news stories, videos and 'blogs about my visits with the Many Worlds Collective representatives begin to "go viral" almost immediately, reaching millions then billions of Earthers via online and other media outlets, all of our lives changed forever.

I believe music and art have a great role to play in helping us cope with great transitions in our lives. So do media people, apparently, because very often, accompanying these videos or stories, is the 1971 song by John Lennon, so beloved by optimists and Spanners, "Imagine."

For those of you off-p or too young to know, John Lennon is the original leader of the rock-'n'-roll band, "The Beatles," which grows to global popularity in the 1960s. After the Beatles (including Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, and George Harrison) split up, each of "the Fab Four" goes his own way in music, arts, film and writing, including political activism.

John Lennon independently creates and then co-creates music, books and art (with second wife, Yoko Ono) and is a public political activist, gaining global notice and popularity in the late 1960s and throughout the 1970s. In 1980, causing many of us great sorrow, John is murdered; he is in his early 40's.

What most of you do not know is this: in other timelines, Lennon is *not* killed on that date. He lives to make more wonderful and interesting contributions with Yoko Ono and his sons. His views on Transition and everything APC (After Public Contact) are fascinating, to me and many others. Yoko Ono, Julian and Sean Lennon do make many public comments in this timeline, all supportive of the MWC, but John's family members never have the influence he has.

I wish often that John is not murdered in this timeline. I even request—but am denied—a *Re-set* specifically to prevent his untimely death. His views and support of the MWC are greatly helpful to many Spanners in those 'lines in which he lives, but there are other problems caused by his survival that make this timeline preferable. I'm sad about that, even now.

Without John's help in this timeline, more responsibility falls on those of us here who are supportive. Although I manage to prepare, to warn some people and encourage them to spread the word that the MWC are benign and that Earth's membership is a good thing, most Earthers hear about the MWC via news sources.

As we all know, not everyone does well with this life-altering news. Following closely after the original publications and showing of MWC news stories and videos, beginning in mid-January, 2013, stories of deaths and disappearances begin to filter in, from every country.

At first, no one but I and a few others know what is happening. With sadness, we realize that these deaths and disappearances are not only connected to one another but also are a direct result of the publicity about the contact between the MWC and Earthers. Some people literally cannot handle the truths of the multiverse and their place in it. The havoc this wreaks with their worldviews and personal beliefs is unmanageable for them.

For the first few weeks, into mid-February, most of the deaths are of people over the ages of 75. Most of the disappearances are of leaders of the most far-out, extremist religious and political sects and movements on Earth. Individuals close to these people notice and mourn; some are relieved or bewildered. However, the survivors are not yet recognizing the common cause of these individuals' demises, nor do they note the trend.

Eventually, other astute people do notice. Their concerns and questions become the subjects of reporting, and, most unfortunately, the rallying cry of the Fraggers.

When younger leaders of the more visible political movements and religious groups—the “Tea Party” in the USA, Hammas in the Middle East, and other fundamentalist, right- and left-wing leaders from all parts of the globe—are dying or becoming unable to function “normally,” up to and including having psychotic breaks, many more take notice.

The more discerning among them begin to suspect and then, confirm, that these outcomes are related to the MWC’s visibility and the information the MWC’s holos are sharing, via me. Extreme cognitive dissonance, an increasing inability to hold paradoxical information, and other intellectual/emotional overloads are taxing some people’s psyches to the breaking point. Severe mental strain and personal anguish are causing some people's biological systems to collapse completely.

They could choose to view the Transition differently, if they were willing and able. One or both is lacking.

I offer them tonight a poem my friend, Franco Galina, introduces to me about twenty-five years ago that explains the situation. Many thanks to the poet, Ms. Portia Nelson, who becomes ReInvolved in 2001 after her journey in this timeline:

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN 5 SHORT CHAPTERS

[Copyright 1978 Portia Nelson, from *There’s a Hole in My Sidewalk*]

Chapter 1

I walk down the street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I fall in.
I am lost... I am helpless.
It isn’t my fault.
It takes forever to find a way out.

Chapter 2

I walk down the street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I pretend that I don’t see it.
I fall in again.
I can’t believe I am in this same place.

But, it isn't my fault.
It still takes a long time to get out.

Chapter 3

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I *see* it is there.
I still fall in ... it's a habit ... but, my eyes are open.
I know where I am.
It is *my* fault.
I get out immediately.

Chapter 4

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I walk around it.

Chapter 5

I walk down another street.

Most Earthers are discovering that we can and *must* "walk down another street." If we do not, we will "stay in the hole." In this situation, those that keep falling in the same hole, downed by their resistance to change, are caught in entrenchment.

Trenchers have fewer choices once they become stuck in their beliefs. Most are ReInvolved, which as we all now know means they leave their current bodies and go into reincarnation, soon after Transition since they can't continue in their present form of physical existence.

"Change or die" becomes more than just a slogan for management trainers. Trenchers who cannot change will be Sequestered, or as my nephew, Chief Moran Ackerman says, Qed, if they are not ReInvolved. They just do not know this, at first.

In late January, 2013, after instant Access to MWC-sanctioned information is established, the deaths and disappearances, psychotic breaks and other losses of functionality for millions of individuals become public knowledge. Those in the so-called "1%" as named by "Occupy Wall Street" and others in the political protest movement of 2011-12, the men and women who currently hold the majority of power and wealth on Earth, experience a disproportionate loss of "members": almost *all* of them are affected, to the point of death/ReInvolvement.

Not surprisingly, the most philanthropic among them do the best with accepting these changes. Most of the males and many of the women die.

The deaths among the 1% seem to be heart- or brain-related (coronaries, strokes), but it soon becomes clear that the actual causes are their inability to adapt to the "new world": they are continuously "falling into the hole" and do not know how to, or refuse to consider that they *have* to "walk down another street."

There is no place for such extreme selfishness, no way to continue to ignore our interdependence, no justification for greed and personal benefit at others' expense during

and after the Transition. Just like the early followers of the Buddha, many Earthers' heart-minds can't take the stress: their "heads explode."

For those who don't know, the Shakyamuni Buddha (Siddhartha) teaches in India, circa 500 A.D. Orally, often on mountaintops, he explains the dharma for the first time to fortunate followers. A famous location for these teachings, called "Vulture Peak" in English, is the site of his first explanation of "emptiness" in the form of "The Heart Sutra," the *Prajnaparamita*.

I hear this story from several Buddhist teachers who hear it from their teachers. They say that, after the Buddha's followers on Vulture Peak hear emptiness teachings for the first time, the concepts are so difficult to grasp, so impossible to reconcile with their current ways of perceiving and thinking that some of their heads actually explode. They literally cannot contain the seeming contradictions nor live with the apparent paradoxes inherent in living with and accepting this view of "reality."

Some of Buddha's followers, however, not only succeed in receiving these teachings without dying; they *understand* absolute truth. Then, through intensive meditation, contemplation, discussion and action, these spiritual survivors learn how to live with this truth and eventually, how to impart the teachings to others.

The most difficult section for new students to grasp is often translated like this: "Emptiness is form; form is emptiness; Emptiness is not form; form is not Emptiness." "Emptiness" is a very rough translation, from Sanskrit and later Buddhist countries' languages, into English. It is sometimes translated as "void," "nothingness," or "space," and all are inadequate, really, as equivalent English terms. Just so you know.

Change *and* die is really how this all works. Transformation, impermanence, constant change: these are *inherent* parts of *all* beings' existence, all around the multiverse.

Once Earthers understand that "life" is not restricted to one body, one time; that spirit, soul, atman or the essence of a being is not restricted to one lifetime, one timeline, or one type of being; that transmigration and reincarnation are factual; that we are all interdependent and interconnected; and, that sentience takes many more forms than most Earthers believe: these understandings change *everything* for *everyone, forever*.

Most Earthers learn that we can live and stay mentally stable enough to incorporate this new information and find a way to help it co-exist within our current lives and belief systems, so we survive.

Many of us thrive. Earth, as a planet, certainly does.

There is some comfort in knowing that all those who become Qed or ReInvolved are so because they are unable/unwilling to adapt. The ReInvolved return almost immediately, perhaps elsewhere in the multiverse, in new physical forms. After their returns, they are able to live more happily and more productively, in harmony with truth and others.

Timulters show this new life of their dearly departed to their remaining loved ones; thus, our mourning is limited. We may miss some people in the forms we know them best, or first, but we know we encounter one another repeatedly, in many forms. "We are, each one, another's mother" is not just a concept.

It becomes less difficult, less painful, to “lose” someone through physical death. We understand: life changes and goes on. Death is just another transition, not an end.

You must be glad to know: a heart-felt knowledge of interdependence and reincarnation eventually ends almost all crime, all violence and all intentional harm, in one generation. Who wants to hurt your own mother, father, sister, brother? Do *you* want to cause problems for your future selves or loved ones? Only if you’re psychotic or a sociopath would you answer “yes” and behave in these now archaic ways. If so, you undoubtedly are Qed and do better upon ReInvolvement.

I can tell you this, from many timults: by 2020, Earth prisons are virtually empty. Prisoners who cannot adapt are Qed or die into new forms; those who can adapt are freed.

Due to my and many others leaders' directions, some prisons are converted to become communities in which those who are not fully functional may be tended to and be safe. These communities soon provide housing and care for those who need help for any reason, for infirmity of any type. These renovated campuses are excellent residential communities for those who need some guidance or assistance but do not need an actual hospital environment. These are not operated for anyone’s profit, but for the public good. Some prison complexes cannot be repurposed and are destroyed, the land put to better use.

This entire process brings to my mind a version of the story of “Exodus,” in the Hebrew Bible, the *Old Testament*. Most of you know that Moses and the Jews, who had been slaves in Egypt, are saved by their God and allowed to escape. Then, they are forced to wander the desert—generating the term “Wandering Jew”—not able to return to the “Promised Land” for about 40 years.

Some say this has to do with waiting for members of the older generations to die so that all those who live as slaves and are accustomed to that mindset of being a slave would be gone, guaranteeing that only those who do not know life as adult slaves are able to return to their homeland and begin the new society. Otherwise, those that live as slaves would bring slavery back within them since nothing could change their minds and beliefs enough. The only prison that we can't escape from is the prison in our own minds.

These old slaves are like Fraggers who believe the “good old days” of poverty, war, discrimination and addiction are “better” and want to drag their old ways into and through the Transition. Those internally enslaved can never truly be free. Moses himself is not allowed to return for that reason, some say. There are other interpretations and versions of this story, but I like this one best.

The transformation of the population on Earth in 2012 – 2020 is a lot like this, for similar reasons. The MWC does not kill anyone; please know that. But, all the old sayings, like “you can’t make an omelet without breaking eggs,” apply, here. Change, even when it’s for everyone’s ultimate benefit, includes destruction, even if just of key components of someone’s familiar life.

Those of us who survive and thrive are more easily able to understand intuitively that this process is necessary. Many others learn from us or the MWC resources via Access and adapt. The majority of Earthers do just fine.

Only the mentally and socially sick and perverse can wish for the return of violence, threats, crime, greed, slavery, incest, thievery, exploitation, domination, rape,

gender violence, genital mutilation or the other manifestations of rigid and selfish beliefs that imprison or harm groups or individuals. Healthy Earthers do not miss living in fear or isolation. We do not miss beings' experiencing hunger, severe weather without protection, poverty or homelessness. We do not miss inequity, inequality, prejudice, intolerance or condemnation. We do not miss environmental disasters and their consequences caused by human greed and carelessness.

Psi-Warriors' ranks are filled with Earthers who join the MWCers to protect and preserve this brave, new, better future for us all. We who embrace the Transition share the recognition that the Psi-Warriors are not always needed, and glad to have them when they are needed

Between 2013 – 2040, my term as Chief Communicator, and beyond, Earth and most of its inhabitants thrive.

We who remain on Earth are all better off and we know it.

I end my talk tonight with this prayer: May all who are ReInvolved during the Transition find delight and happiness in your new forms.

Thank you for this award, which I share with many others. Thank your for your kind attention. [applause]

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Generated by Events of January, 2013 – March, 2013

Contact-Induced Injuries Report made to MWC Intergalactic Council

April 27, 2013 Earth Date

TO: Many Worlds Collective Intergalactic Council (IGC)

FROM: MWC Council Earth Liaison: #95472

PURSUANT TO: Fifth and Sixth *Re-set*, MWC-Earth (Milky Way/Sol) Public Contact and Transition

INJURIES EVENTS DESCRIPTION: Fifth *Re-set* results in thousands of deaths, comatose and psychotically injured individual humans occurring between the public announcement of the MWC's presence and Earth's accepted membership in the MWC, between January 3 and March 31, 2013. Only three Cetaceans (killer whales) and one Primate (great ape) are injured, due to human negligence and accidents that injure them; all four recover.

Sixth *Re-set* results in about 575 deaths (some due to other factors that may or not be directly linked to the Transition), very few ($N < 100$) comas and psychotic breaks; no injuries for other species, including for Cetaceans and Primates; last problematic human reaction to Transition occurs April 26, 2013.

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon remains the Chief Communicator for this sixth *Re-set*. Her intimate partner relationship start date with Epifanio Dang is now mid-fall, 2012 or not at all (Dang's choice); fifth *Re-set* start date for this relationship is late fall, 2013, or not at all (also Dang's choice).

Other major facts about Branon remain the same across all Re-sets for this purpose. Be aware, however, that other Re-Sets and involvement of the MWC in Earthers' activities, particularly granting early individual iDs for Access to MWC information stores, result in marked changes that affect Branon's intimate relationship with Dang across many timelines. Branon needs additional support for these Psi-Penalties.

As predicted, other, there are seemingly unrelated alterations to the best-known Earth timeline (which many *timulting* Earthers view as improvements, according to Branon), as well as the prevention of human injuries and deaths in earlier time periods due to the sixth *Re-set*. Specifically:

- ▶ “The Crusades” now consists of fewer than a dozen years of warfare between European and Asian countries (1144-1156, led by Holy Roman Emperor Conrad III and by King Louis VII of France), rather than over two hundred years, as in all previous Re-sets;

- ▶ The numerous armed conflicts in the Middle East known to Earthers BPC (Before Public Contact) do not arise.

Here are the key differences that cause this second major alteration in Earthers' experiences of this region:

- ▶ Palestine exists intact until the Transition in 2013, because Israel's creation is established largely according to the UN Partition Plan of 1947, but with several key changes (see below).

- ▶ Jerusalem is established to be its own nation until 2013, much as The Vatican is in Italy. All religious groups who seek entry are granted access, but only religious leaders of all sects who choose to do so actually reside there. The inhabitants of the Primary residence rotate among the major religions' leaders as they choose. The transferals of residence occur harmoniously.

- ▶ The Gaza Strip does not exist as such; this land remains in Palestinian control until 2013.

- ▶ Warfare and armed hostilities between Israel and Palestinians and their subgroups do not occur.

- ▶ Palestinians have autonomy, are treated by Israelis with respect, and move freely throughout the Middle East.

- ▶ Israelis, without constant threat of war, do not become the protective tyrants they are known to become prior to these Re-Sets.

- ▶ Israelis and Palestinians do not become violent toward one another.

- ▶ Hamas and other anti-Israeli factions do not arise as militant groups with any significant membership. When they do arise, their purposes are completely different.

- ▶ The governments of Middle Eastern countries do not impose their wills on other peoples and spend most of their financial capacity on re-claiming the desert, as originally planned.
- ▶ After the Transition, when all borders are open, all governments dissolve and all of Earth becomes one "nation," no leaders in the Middle East pose serious resistance to these changes.

Branon claims extreme satisfaction with these "unrelated" transformations resulting from *Re-set* #6. Since she is the sole Earther to be aware of both versions of these histories at the time of the *Re-set*, there is no other to provide that feedback to the MWC.

Direct results from this sixth *Re-set* also include the changes in impact that armed conflicts have for the entities, below, since the conflicts are much briefer or do not occur at all due to alterations in the invading people's attitudes, purposes and behaviors as well as marked differences in the indigenous peoples' comprehension of and responses to the invasions:

- ▶ indigenous peoples in Australia from the U.K. invaders;
- ▶ indigenous peoples in the North, South and Central American land masses from various European invaders;
- ▶ colonized countries and their colonizers, in Africa, the West Indies, Atlantic islands and India.

The causes center around the inclusion of fewer and briefer periods of violence in each culture's origin stories and myths, particularly regarding "foreigners," concepts of "territory" and "ownership" as well as physiognomy-based racism, ethnocentrism and xenophobia. These transformations foster better communication, understanding and affiliation between newly meeting groups all over Earth, up to and including the visitors from the MWC.

Also, disease-based deaths to indigenous peoples are vastly reduced, due to earlier knowledge and better care taken to prevent contagion. Those illnesses caused by visitors who infect original inhabitants are mitigated by the generous sharing of information, including palliative remedies and medicinal cures.

Slavery cannot be obviated or completely prevented among humans, particularly African slavery, despite several Re-sets designed to eliminate its existence on Earth, but it, too, is established in fewer countries and exists for fewer centuries in the sixth *Re-set*, due to the above reasons. The "Civil War" in the USA in the 1800's lasts only two years, with Emancipation occurring immediately after the war ends, leading more quickly to "Civil Rights" demands that are met prior to the middle of the twentieth century.

Similar conflicts based on hostility toward perceived differences and presumptions of inferiority/superiority between "races" or tribes in Africa, Japan, China, South America, across Asia and elsewhere are eliminated or vastly reduced as well. Ethnic, racial, cultural and religious bases for conflicts and, therefore, land grabs and deaths due to these conflicts all over Earth are vastly reduced throughout Earth's history prior to Transition due to the sixth *Re-set*.

Eras of harmony far outnumber the periods of conflict in this most recent version of human history. However, since the propensity for violence and discord prevail among humans despite these improvements, the MWC maintains its original public contact date and Dr. Clara Branon as its liaison.

CONCLUSION: Sixth *Re-set* is successful, despite some injuries and deaths. No future global Transition Re-sets are intended at this time.

INJURIES REPORT *accepted* by the MWC IGC

April 27, 2013 Earth Date

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Whom I Saved and How It Happened; or, “I Told You So, Part I”

(for my brother, Dr. Thomas Ackerman)

It is the day after my first visit from the MWC, December 22, 2012, and I have a lot to think about. Almost immediately, I realize something huge: I know I only have a few days, maybe, or at most a couple of weeks to prepare Earthers for the news of the MWC’s existence and the implications of that. Without preparation, many Earthers are going to be unable to cope with the ways their beliefs, convictions, dogmas and religions are fracturing and dissolving. They will not do well with being forced to acknowledge Earth’s place in the MWC and the wider multiverse [see previous Chapters and other Volumes of *The Spanners Series* for more details of and stories about the consequences of first knowledge of the MWC for Earthers].

My brother and his family come to mind. They are “Modern Orthodox” Jews.

DISCLAIMER:

I am *not* a practicing Jew of any type, nor do I want to be, ever since I am 6 years old (or even younger). So, my view of Judaism and its various sects is not an “insider” perspective despite my heritage. I am “consecrated” (a ritual I participate in under duress at the age of 6) and “confirmed” (another ritual, signifying my “graduation” from 11 years of religious indoctrination of the Reform Jewish sect, via “Sunday School,” also forced upon me). I attend (voluntarily) as a camper and then work as a counselor at several Jewish residential and day summer camps for fourteen years, but eschew the religious aspects in favor of the outdoor camping, waterfront activities and community spirit components. As a teen, I also belong to several Jewish social and leadership groups because these feel more like being at camp than succumbing to religious observances. I feel strong affinity with and positive regard for Jewish food, folk dances, music and culture. I am a (somewhat) religiously-educated, secular, ethnic Jew, not a religious Jew. Therefore, I take full responsibility for all errors, biases and other mistakes I make in presenting my view of Judaism, especially of my brother, his wife and their family’s type of practice.

MY BROTHER'S ORTHODOXY:

My brother, Tom, and his wife, Raisa, first meet as undergraduates at an Ivy League, northeastern university in the early '70s. Coming from fractured families, both with an ill mother and many other problems, each of them seeks security, guidance, community and structure. They find these elements in the Modern Orthodox Jewish faith, traditions and principles, kind of by accident. I think this is a surprise to them both; it certainly is to their families. Judaism becomes the foundation of their adult and family lives. Each of their four children, adults in 2012, three with their own children, also continue to live as Modern Orthodox Jews in various cities in the northeast USA.

In the 1980s, on one of our many visits to my brother's and family's home, we talk about history and science at Saturday's Shabbat brunch. Specifically, my brother, who is a medical doctor involved in cancer research, a surgeon and well-respected authority on many types of treatments, shocks me by stating: "Carbon dating is incorrect." He then states, unequivocally, that the Earth is only about 5700 years old, the number of years accorded by the Jewish calendar at the time. Tom continues to pontificate on the ways the Torah (the main part of the Old Testament, the Hebrew Bible) and *all* of the words in it are "the words of Hashem," not written by humans except as His scribes.

Despite my responses of ridicule and incredulity, Tom is unmoved and immovable. *Almost twenty years of formal education at some of the most esteemed schools in the USA and my brother is a frigging cultish moron.* I feel baffled and sad. I wonder about how emotionally frightening, how intellectually crippling our upbringing lurks inside him, still, that he clings to irrational beliefs so tightly.

Yes, many of the years of our growing up (he and I are only 1 year apart, while our younger sisters are 6 ½ and 12 years younger than my brother) include horror stories I do not usually discuss. Yes, I spend years in many types of therapy to cope with and move beyond many of the worst parts. I try to become more conscious of the ways I am still affected. Many memories are painful, and reminders are not popular.

Nonetheless, as I try to have compassion and don't even need to try to have understanding, I cannot fathom the ways he manages his cognitive dissonance. I am afraid for him: I do not know how he can cope with his deepest beliefs' being called into serious question APC.

CAN ANYONE BE SAVED?

Additionally, I do not understand the inflexibility Tom and Raisa employ to manage their own histories and to live successfully with their family and community. Remarkably and to their credit: they are quite successful. Their adult kids and grandkids are wonderful humans.

But, at what cost? All too soon, we find out.

I do what I can to prepare them. I decide to call and talk with each of them this week. Knowing she is the lynchpin and probably the most receptive, Raisa is my first call.

She and I talk several times a year, developing a positive and warm relationship over the decades of knowing each other. I am much closer to her than I am to my taciturn brother, who mostly replies in terse, semi-humorous, adolescently derisive and sarcastic phrases to anything I say or ask.

Unlike Tom, who proudly claims his conservative political views, Raisa is somewhat socially/politically Liberal. Open-minded on many issues, she seems amenable to new ideas and events. Or, so I imagine....

"Hi, Clara," Raisa greets me. "What's going on?"

We always talk on Chanukah, which is December 9 – 16 this year, so our most recent conversation is only about one week ago. She sounds worried about this unexpected call, so I quickly explain, "I have some news!"

"Great! What?"

I hesitate, wondering how to begin this conversation. "Are you much of a science fiction fan?" I ask. "I know you like the first *Matrix* movie..." I trail off, waiting for her response.

"Sure," she says, somewhat gamely. "I used to read a lot of those books, especially before the kids were born."

"Well," I continue, "I'm writing a futuristic but realistic science fiction book and I hope it's going to be published."

"That's great!" Raisa enthuses, sounding relieved. "What's it about?"

"That's a great question!" I respond. *This is going well. I can do it this way, I'm sure.* "The story starts with the female main character's having a visit from holographic representations of beings from the Many Worlds Collective, a consortium of planet and star systems all around the multiverse. Earth is formally being invited to join and this visit is the first one allowed to be made public. Making the story public means many Earthers have to adjust their beliefs and ideas about life, religion, culture and, well, everything they think." I pause. "I'm wondering if you can imagine what that would be like for you, if that happened? It would really help me with my research to get your perspective."

"Wow! Great ideas," Raisa says, pensively. "Hmmm. So, let's say I know this woman, you mean? And she tells me about it? Is that how I find out about all this?"

"Sure," I say, "That could be how it goes. What would your response be?"

"Well," Raisa replies, slowly, "I'm just thinking out loud, here. That's quite a huge thing to drop on someone. I'd probably plotz!" she laughs. "Then, I guess I'd pick myself up and ask a lot of questions."

"Okay," I urge. "Like, what?"

"I'd probably ask, 'What is the...' what did you call it, 'Many Worlds Corporation'? That would be first, I guess. Then, I'd want to know what their intentions are with Earth. I'd want to know if they are dangerous, peaceful, conquering, shopping, you know?" she laughs. "Oh, 'Do they speak English?'"

"Good, good," I am grateful for her willingness to play along, so I continue. "What else would you want to know? What else would you do?"

"Oh, that's a good question. What would I *do*?" she thinks for a minute. "I *wouldn't* call your brother, that's for sure!" She always refers to him as "my brother" rather than her husband, for some reason, or she calls him by his full name. "Thomas would *not* be able to handle this kind of news," she exclaims. "Now, Agam..." Agam is her second-oldest, the son who still lives in New Jersey, near her, with his wife and two children. "He'd be interested. I'd probably call him, first."

“Excellent! This is really helping me,” I tell her. “So, what would help Tom cope with this kind of information, this much change? How would you help him and your family cope with such immense challenges to Judaism's core beliefs about Creation?” I ask her.

“I really have no idea!” she answers. “He’s not good with any kind of changes. He doesn’t do well when he has to miss his weekly soccer game due to bad weather,” she laughs. Tom has played soccer almost every week for many decades.

“But,” I persist, getting a little desperate, now, “What if you were told by this friend of yours that everyone on Earth who *couldn't* cope with these changes would become irreparably mentally ill or be likely to die? You would have to help Tom, your kids, *yourself* survive and be well through this inevitable transition. Also, what about some of your other friends who also might have a hard time with all of this news?”

“This is a very interesting problem,” Raisa replies. “It reminds me of Exodus.”

“Yes!” I exclaim, “it is similar in many ways! But, Earthers do not have forty years to adjust; they have to accept the new truths right away. In my story, the public nature of the aliens' visit is irrefutable evidence. There is nowhere anyone can go to get away from these events and information. So, what can you say or do to help Tom and others prepare for receiving this, well, *jolt* to their belief systems? Oh, and what about this: since this *is* happening, isn’t it all, well, 'Hashem’s will’?”

Raisa is silent for a time. I wonder if we’ve been cut off, but then she says, quietly, “Clara,” she asks, “What is this about, really? Is there a book or is something else going on?”

“*Oh, shit!*” I curse myself. She must have heard how desperate I’m sounding. “Um, well, actually,” I hesitate, and then decide I have no more time to waste; I have a lot of calls to make and each one is going to take a while. “There *is* a book. Really. But, it’s based on actual events. The MWC members came to me last night. Their visit is going to be made public in about two weeks.” I wait, but she doesn’t say anything. “I’m trying to protect and prepare you all, especially Tom, and I don’t know how to do that.”

I can hear her breathing into the phone. I wait. “If you are kidding me with this, Clara, I’ll never forgive you,” Raisa says, steel in her voice.

“I wish I could say, ‘ha ha, just kidding,’ but it’s all real,” I explain. “I can only imagine how hard this is for you. It’s going to be immeasurably difficult for Tom, and Lavi and Batel [their eldest and his wife], maybe Moran [their third son] and Keshet [youngest, daughter], too. And, so many others you know are also at risk. I’m counting on you to help. I don’t want any of you to lose your minds or die. But, I’m not joking. That *is* what will happen to many people who can't cope.”

“What do you mean, ‘evidence’?” she asks, in a shaky voice. “How do I know YOU haven’t lost your mind?”

“In about two weeks, I get permission and invite a journalist in to this. She meets with me and the holographic representations of the five members of the MWC, in my house. She takes photos, makes a video, and writes the story. It is uploaded to many news media outlets on TV and online, including the *New York Times*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *London Times*, *Japan Times*, *People’s Daily* in China: dozens of print and

online media carry it. Within 48 hours, more than half the people alive on Earth know about this and must deal with it. Within two weeks, almost everyone knows.”

I wait for a response, but hearing none, I go on. “The Many Worlds Collective has been around for billions of our years,” I explain. “Whatever 'creation' is, it starts *way* before 5770!” I make what I hope is a light joke, reminding her of the recurring argument Tom and I have about carbon dating’s authenticity.

“How do you know all this?” Raisa asks, dumbfounded. “How do you know what is going to happen in two weeks or a month? Why, how....?” She is speechless.

“There are lots of reasons they choose me. I put them in the book. Or, we can talk more in a few weeks and I can tell you the whole story. Mostly, for now, just trust me. I wouldn’t mess with you about something this important. As to how I know what’s coming? I just do.” I pause, but she is silent.

I go on, in a rush, “Just tell me: what can we do to help your family and friends, and you, adjust?” She doesn’t answer, so I continue. “Let me reassure you: the changes are dramatic, but not dangerous. Having Earth in the MWC is really fun. They’re helpful and Earth gets more peaceful. It’s pretty great, after a while. Really. If you can all stick around and be healthy, you are mostly glad, I think, eventually.” *Please, please: do NOT become a Fragmenter!* I silently beg.

“You’re not kidding, then?” she asks, sadly.

“No,” I say, softly. “I’m sorry.”

“This is a lot to process,” Raisa tells me.

“This forces some major changes in beliefs and I don’t know how all that plays out, but if you all can hang in there, the modifications and transitions are tolerable, I hope,” I reply.

“I guess I should thank you for calling, for telling me personally, but I don’t feel grateful, yet. I really have no idea what to do, now,” Raisa sounds scared.

“I know this is hard for you,” I sympathize. “I apologize. But, I know *you* have to be the first to learn to accept all this for your family to do as well as they can. You have to be the one to help them. Otherwise, I’m afraid they just fall apart completely. I am worried that my brother, and, maybe Lavi, do not survive. You know them. You know what you all believe and the main ways that this news, these events, affect everything you hold dear. You know how to help them, if anyone does.”

I feel myself getting nauseated, starting to sweat, with fear. *I am so afraid they will join the Trenchers, or, worse, the Psi-Defiers. I could not stand it if they died or were Qed... I have to do better with Raisa!*

“What if I can’t?” she whispers. “What if *I* can’t cope? And, what if nothing I say protects them? You know I lost one of my sisters and our mother to mental illness and too many people to early death already. I can’t have more of that!” she is crying, a bit, now.

“Well,” I answer, also softly, “We do not have a choice about finding out. The only choices we have are the ways to help each other deal with it all, the best we can.” I stop, then go on. “You must have considered, over the years, that we are ‘not alone,’ right?” I ask her.

"Sure," Raisa replies, "But, only in the abstract. I never thought I'd, we'd, you'd..." She trails off, then rallies. "What do they look like?"

"Well," I tell her, "I only see them in holographic forms. They are translucent, for now. But, in their individual forms, each of them seems somewhat unique, except two of them are somewhat similar to each other. Five of them 'came' last night," I tell her. "Some of them have no faces, really. That's very strange. I don't know where to look when we converse."

"Weren't you terrified?" she asks. "I would have been. I would have screamed so loudly the whole neighborhood would have heard me," she tells, me, laughing a bit. "I would have been completely *verklemt*!"

"Well," I tell her, "They were really nice. Kind, respectful, thoughtful. Pretty colors." This elicits a small laugh. "They visited me already knowing my name, knowing about me, having a specific purpose. It was all very formal, in a way." I begin to explain more, then stop. "I promise, I'll tell you a lot more about it some time, soon. For now, let's just say I wasn't scared because I was somewhat prepared."

"Really?" Raisa asks, surprised. "How could anyone be prepared for *that*?"

"I kind of had advance notice," I tell her. "Let's leave it at that."

"Oy! You are full of surprises, aren't you?"

I can hear in Raisa's voice that she is calming down and I am greatly relieved.

"Please know, and please tell Tom and your kids: call me, *any* time." I remind her, "In the world of karma and coincidence, bizarrely, *I*, my brother's 'weirdest' sister, am the main contact for Earth. You, Tom, your kids and community therefore have an 'inside track.' I have to believe there is a reason for my being able to give you this individual 'advance notice.' I choose to believe this means you all survive, intact."

"That's true," Raisa responds, even calmer, now. "You are giving me a lot, here." She pauses, then, "Thank you, Clara. *Really*. I'm sure I'm going to say that a lot over the next few months, or years, or whatever. But, now, *thank you*."

"You're welcome. You're family. I love you," I tell her. "I'm sorry, but as you can imagine, I have a lot of these kinds of calls to make and only a few days to make them. But, really; call me, any time. Okay?"

"Okay," she agrees.

"How about if I call you on a night right before it's all going public? It's Shabbat and you'll all be together. Would that be a good idea?" I offer.

"Yes, thanks," she sounds very relieved. "Talk soon, then."

"I suggest the 'Clara is writing a book' approach, if you're not sure how to start," I tell her. "It seems that it worked all right with you, yes?"

"As well as anything could, I suppose," Raisa agrees. "'Bye, now.'"

I sit and think, holding the silent phone. *Is that enough? Is anything enough? Who else can be a pivotal person and help others the way I believe and hope Raisa can?*

I start to make lists of friends, colleagues, other relatives, even public figures. I make two columns. On the left are people I think could be spokespersons, if I contact them soon, or even if I don't. They'll help others adjust, I believe. On the right are the people who may be at risk that I think they're closely linked to as well as the groups they might belong to.

I close my eyes and try to see who will join the Fraggers, the Trenchers, the Psi-Defiers. Who will be Qed? Mostly, I can't tell. I'm kind of glad about that, for now. The right-hand side group fills faster than the left. Well, I can only do what I can do.

I know about Moran's likely role, moving up through the Excellent Skills Program training for OverSeers to become the leader of the OSOps and Psi-Warriors for Earthers, but I'm not certain of it in this timeline, yet. I plan to call him after that Shabbat call in a few weeks.

I eat, flipping through local papers and going online, researching to find a journalist. I find Esperanza (Espe) Enlaces, as we all now know.

I return to my call list. After about three hours, it's as finished as I can make it.

I make more calls, each one going about the way my call with Raisa goes. Some I contact through email and ask them to call me, since I have email addresses but no phone numbers for them.

I know I next have to "activate" my group of draft readers (my mom, my two sisters, my son, my friends), who may or may not be expecting this email or call. I intend to use each of these as spokespersons, so they're my next contacts. How will they respond?

I imagine my message: "If you received my book's drafts over a several-month period about eight months ago and then hear nothing else for a while, because you know I'm looking for an agent and/or publisher, then perhaps you're less surprised than most to discover that quite a lot of my story isn't fiction...."

When you each get this email or call, do you feel relieved, surprised, gratified, scared, what?

I'm about to find out.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE X

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Being Changed "For Good"

April 15, 2013

The Many Worlds Collective chooses me, Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., age 58 in late 2012, to be the first public contact spokesperson. I'm also the main liaison, communicator, and ongoing connection among the humans. I hold this post of "Chief Communicator," labeled by my Chief Media Contact, Esperanza Enlaces, for almost 30 years (2012 – 2040).

I must make an aside, here, to explain my usual state of mind about being a Spanner and being the Chief Communicator. Those of you reading this who are Spanners or children of Spanners and who have knowledge of Western musical theater productions (then called "Broadway musicals" because they are staged and made popular first by being in theaters on one street, Broadway, in one city in the USA, New York City), may recognize these lyrics, the beauty and bittersweetness of the sentiment, as I quote from them, below.

This song, "For Good," and its lyrics run through my mind frequently. I find myself humming it and singing what I remember best of it to myself. Sometimes I sing lines with others who know them as we struggle through the first decades of trying to live, ever-changed, by ongoing contact with many worlds' beings.

Some say I am changed the most; I beg to differ. We are ALL being changed, and in some ways, I may have been changed the least at first, since I was kind of expecting it all.

The two characters who sing this song, from the musical, *Wicked*, are eventually known to their communities as "Glinda, 'the Good'" and "Elphaba, 'the Wicked.'" Both are "witches" living in an imaginary land called "Oz," created first by the author, L. Frank Baum (an earlier century's "Spanner," of sorts, since he publishes his first "Oz" book in 1900) and later re-conceived. Gregory MacGuire writes a new backstory for these witches and Oz. Maguire's book becomes the musical, *Wicked*, which premieres in 2003 and continues to run for many years in theaters all around the world.

My sister, Cassie, and one of my oldest and dearest friends, Franco, introduce me to this musical; Franco and I see it together. Cassie gives me the CD of the music. If you are not familiar with it, try to get a version of "For Good" as sung by its characters' originators, Kristin Chenoweth (as Glinda) and Idina Menzel (as Elphaba), either on the CD or somewhere online, with whatever is the current incarnation of "Youtube." Or, some other version, even in karaoke, will do.

"For Good" occurs near the end of the play, after many encounters, experiences of both friendship and conflict, between these two main characters. For me, this song seems to capture, lyrically and melodically as well as emotionally, how so many Spanners and perhaps the individual beings who are our contacts from the Many Worlds Collective feel about our three decades of public encounters, the friendships and conflicts among us and between us. You decide which group (Earth's Spanners or the MWC) is represented by which witch....

[Copyright 2002, *Wicked*, music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz and a book by Winnie Holzman. Based on the Gregory Maguire novel, *Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West* (1995), a parallel novel of the 1939 film, *The Wizard of Oz*, and L.Frank Baum's classic story. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1900).]

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

MWC Lottery Winners Determine First Public Delegation to Earth Story posted on mwcw.lottery.verse

December 8, 2012 Earth date

I find out by accident about this win-a-visit-to-Earth Lottery for the selection of the Many Worlds Collective's members who come to Earth to contact me and start the public relationship between Earth and the MWC. Once I find this, I am laughing so hard that I have to share. The MWC selection process is part hilarious, part quaint, part horrifying and part mysterious: just like most of Earth's selection processes for important

positions, yes? Think of the USA Congress' former "vetting" process for a presidential nominee for the Supreme Court and you have to agree.

One day, when the group's five holograms are visiting with me as part of my ongoing Excellent Skills Program and Chief Communicators' trainings (so, Espe is not here), I happen to ask: "How does each of you get to be part of this visit and to train me?"

Ringo answers me first: "We are picked by Visitation Lottery."

He says this as if I am supposed to know exactly what this is, that it is a regular occurrence so "everyone" already knows, etc.

Unsatisfied, I ask: "What is a 'Visitation Lottery'?"

Mick tells me: "The Many Worlds Collective holds a Lottery every time a new planetary member is eligible for official Visitation, since so many are eligible and would want to be part of a delegation like this."

"Really?" I respond, intrigued. "Who gets to enter the Lottery? How does it work, exactly?"

Janis — Diana answer, together: "We have to enter in pairs because we do everything public with each other, but most enter as individuals."

Led continues: "The Lottery is part of the MWC's Earth-accessible Resource Library, so you use *i*IDs to view the entire process and all the announcements whenever you want. Here is the locator: mwcw.lottery.verse, December 8, 2012 Earth date."

"Great! I'll get onto that later today!"

"But," Ringo warns, "don't be concerned with the controversy and glitch; all settled."

Led is bouncing quite agitatedly and says: "Clara sees for herself. No need to worry her."

Ringo, who is with me all morning in a relaxed fashion, meaning all of his appendages are "out" and moving about randomly, abruptly retracts them all. I hear a "zipping" sound as they return to his main body even though the body is only here as a hologram.

"Cool!" I think, since I've not seen this, yet. But, I'm concerned that Led has seemingly reprimanded Ringo. Nothing like this has happened in front of me, before now.

I start to say something, but Mick speaks first. "Led! Calm down! Mistakes are made but that happens everywhere. The MWC is not perfect. It does not claim to be!"

Led's bounces more slowly and with less height on each bounce, getting back to regular hovering. I wait. We all wait. Led is the leader, so waiting is respectful.

After about one minute, which feels like a long time, Led says, "Yes. You're right, Mick. I apologize, Ringo. I overreact. Clara finds out everything, anyway, and she is capable of filtering and understanding appropriately, so all is well."

Ringo's top two appendages begin to extrude again. One moves over to seemingly tap Led's body. "Thanks."

For the first time, I realize The Band might all be in the same physical location. Interesting. There must be some MWC visitation or training headquarters.

"Meanwhile," I'm thinking, *"back to training. But, tonight, I'm going to find out about this Lottery!"*

The excerpts, articles, and notices collected, below, are the best I can cull from the Resource Library on this subject. I use the names and planet designations Earth is already familiar with. I also change all the roles, titles and anything else that might be confusingly translated from whatever language to English into more Earth-familiar words, but, otherwise, these are verbatim translations. I swear!

First MWC Public Delegation to Earth Lottery Winners Announced

Three individuals and one pairbond are chosen by Lottery for the first Delegation to have Public Visitation to Earth in the Milky Way Galaxy. The next five are put on the wait/substitute list.

The Intergalactic Council always holds a Visitation Lottery drawing for Delegation slots and for the secondary list. Only MWC members in good standing and of voting age who are not members of more than two Public Delegation teams are eligible for these slots.

*Slots are for a Delegation that lasts approximately 30 Earth Years (30*365 ¼ Sol Days) and are for hologram-travel-only passes. The Lottery always takes place at the IGC's main building and is on vid. Training and visitation launch sites to be determined by who is selected.*

To view the drawing, visit other parts of this Resource Library sector: same link as above, Earth date, December 8, 2012.

The following three individuals and one pairbond are chosen to be in Earth's first Public Visitation Delegation by hologram:

Led, Gliese 581d, has seniority and is the Delegation Leader

Mick, HD 85512 b

Ringo, Kepler 22 b

Janis and Diana, GJ 667 Cc.

Congratulations, Team!

FIRST LOTTERY WINNERS ANNOUNCED

The first winners of the IGC MWC Visitation to Earth Lottery are known and pose with the Intergalactic Council Visitation Monitoring Committee for this season's first-Visitation photo.

MWC IGC Earth Liaison #95472 is going to be with the Delegation which includes: Led, Gliese 581d, who has seniority and is the Delegation Leader; Mick, HD 85512 b; Ringo, Kepler 22 b; and Janis--Diana, GJ 667 Cc, for the official photo for the upcoming Visitation. #95472 is involved with all of Earth's nonpublic Visitations and Interventions, to date.

MWC members who send in proper authorization can upload a copy of the photo signed by the whole Visitation Delegation.

"What a fantastic event," says #95472. "I'm really glad to be in the photo. To have it signed and framed will be a lasting memento of a brilliant day, the start of many Public encounters!"

But #95472 isn't the only lucky one. As well as these 5 Delegation members, 10 other Lottery entrants are also selected at random to win a signed photo emblem shirt.

These Lotteries, which select winners every time a new MWC planetary member locale is eligible for Public Visitation, are dedicated to raising awareness for the MWC's activities and helping support its community and charity programs.

*Don't forget: today is always the day to sign up for a drawing! It's win-win: you get the chance to be part of a new MWC member's important history **and** you're helping the MWC's activities at the same time. Click [here](#) to download a Visitation Lottery Form.*

Visitation Lottery Winners Announced

Thousands of hopefuls crowd the Intergalactic Council's main building to hear if they are part of the next Public Visitation to a new MWC member: Earth, in the Milky Way Galaxy, third planet in the Sol star system.

When the determination that there are hologram-travel-only passes is announced, there is some disappointment. Many potential delegates drop out. A combination Delegation, beginning as holos while permitted to physically visit in other years, is always more appealing.

Unfortunately, when the holos-only restriction is lifted, it is too late for those who withdrew to re-enter. But, thousands do enter.

Names representing the four (4) planets selected to be represented— Gliese 581d, HD 85512 b, Kepler 22 b, and GJ 667 Cc—are called out as part of the randomized process. A waiting list is generated to include all remaining applicant names that are not called from the nearly 9000 applications submitted.

MWC IGC Earth Liaison #95472 says: "The MWC wants only the best for our members, whether they are living in one of the Central, Eastern, Northern, Western or Southern communities. The extraordinary number of applications for Earth's first Public Visitation Delegation as well as the demonstrated successes our other Public Visitations are having validate our efforts to offer our High-Expectations Model (HEM) to more Delegations in the future."

Highlights of the evening are presentations and reports by current Delegations' Leaders. These are accompanied by indigenous music, art, and dance.

To cap the festivities, the youngest-ever Delegate recites more than 100 digits of Pi without consulting any devices or notes, amazing the gathered audience.

New Visitation Lottery Winners Announced

The MWC IGC releases the legitimate results of the Earth Public Visitation Lottery after a computer glitch renders the initial results invalid.

The IGC initially publishes the five winners of the Lottery, which are announced due to MWC policy one year prior to the Visitation. However, this initial release is followed soon after by the admission of an embarrassing blunder when the IGC Visitation Lottery Commission autotaboss mistakenly contacts 10 other entrants telling them they are also selected.

The original Earth Public Visitation Lottery results are later ruled invalid when it is discovered that a computer glitch causes most of the winners to be selected from people who enter within the first three days.

The initial winners then try to argue that the results should remain valid, taking the case to a IGC high court. The lawsuit is dismissed, clearing the way for a new draw to take place.

The independent auditors for the MWC, all members, release a statement to confirm that the new results of the Earth Public Visitation Lottery are valid.

“Needless to say, the names and results are carefully analyzed, vetted and re-vetted before they are posted. Furthermore, all messages and emissions from the autotaboss are closely monitored, from now on” an IGC Lottery Commission leader, who declines to be identified, says on the record. She adds, “We are truly sorry for the confusion.”

Earth Public Visitation #1 Delegation, official members, are: Led, Gliese 581d, who has seniority and is the Delegation Leader; Mick, HD 85512 b; Ringo, Kepler 22 b; and Janis--Diana, GJ 667 Cc. They meet, in hologram forms only at first, with main Earth Contact, Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., of Kirov, California, as planned, on December 21, 2012 – August 23, 2041 Earth Dates. For more information: mwcw.earthonedelegation.verse

Then, I find these interviews on our own Internet. So excited! Apparently, some MWC members go to the Earth wide world web (Internet) and find information, much the way Earthers are now able to use the MWC Resource Library. When they find *Time Magazine's* “10 Questions for...” series, someone decides to interview the 5 Delegates using this model. See what they develop for their questions!

BTW: I like this list-of-questions format so much I'm using it in Volume II of *The Spanners Series* as well.

10 Questions for the Earth Public Visitation #1 Delegates

1. Many human cities, towns, counties, entire nations, are going bankrupt. Millions of human adults are unemployed. How do you help Earth with its humans' economic crises?

2. Lots of Earthers believe “aliens” are to be feared, hated, and destroyed. How do human Earthers react to you? What about nonhumans?

3. You take an extensive questionnaire prior to being sent as a Delegate. On that questionnaire, you have to name three Earthers you admire. Who are the three you list and why?

4. The MWC claims to be guided by principles of compassion, kindness, empathy, and fairness. Yet, not all MWC members behave in these ways. How do you guide Earthers to improve their own attitudes and behaviors knowing this apparent paradox?

5. Murder, mugging, robbery, rape, battery, assault and other violent crimes against individuals as well as armed conflicts, piracy and wars are ubiquitous and frequently occurring on Earth when you arrive. How do you guide Earthers to live a peaceful, nonviolent co-existence, which is a requirement before any Earthers are allowed to visit other MWC planets or locations? What Re-Sets do you recommend?

6. What kinds of Earth's graphic and sculptural art, music, poetry, dramatic plays, dance and other art forms do you enjoy and appreciate? How do these compare to those on your home planets and other known locations?

7. *“Money is the root of all evil” is a famous aphorism among humans. How do the MWC members manage weighted exchanges, wealth and bartering? What is used for currency among MWC members? How are Earthers trained in new ways of handling finances and commerce?*

8. *Disbanding all militaries, dismantling and destroying all weapons and removing all physical threats to individuals, groups, and the planet are requirements for membership in the MWC. How do other planets with a dominant violent species deal with these transitions? What can you say to Earthers about these experiences that would help Earthers accomplish these changes quickly and efficiently?*

9. *Earthers are very committed to their “groups”: Nations, Religions, Ethnicities, States, even schools, clubs and sports teams. Yet, membership in the MWC requires planets’ inhabitants to give up or reduce these affiliations to secondary and tertiary groupings and to eradicate all violence and disrespect toward others’ groups in order to join the MWC. What methods do you employ to convince, persuade or guide Earthers to leave these attachments behind them, voluntarily? How do you know when humans are sincere?*

10. *What is the most difficult part of the Transition, particularly from isolated Earth to Earth as MWC member, and how do you help Earthers with it?*

Aren’t these great questions? They really get into the spirit of the *Time* interview methods, I believe. The responses Led, Ringo, Mick, Janis & Diana give to these and other questions are available in the MWC Resource Library. Go to: mwcw.earthonedelelegation.verse/10questions. I also use some of their answers in other Volumes of this series.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

How Ongoing Contacts and My Role as Chief Communicator Change(d) Me

“Try again!” Led urges.

“I can’t seem to get the hang of this,” I explain, but I do try again. “OH!” That feels *very* different. Kind of like an inner release and “pop” in my solar plexus....

“There!” I shout, “I did it!”

We all watch as the magazine lifts slowly off the tabletop and hovers right next to Led, who is jiggling in excitement. “Yes! Yes! That’s right!” he encourages me. Ringo, Janis, Mick and Diana are gathered around behind me and I can hear them making encouraging noises.

(Their noises are difficult to characterize but you can view a vid and you’ll hear what I mean. The closest I can come to describing these is to stream water burbling over rocks, small waterfalls trickling over stones and other similar water moving sounds.)

I am feeling pretty confident, now, and start to move the magazine over, back and forth, about six inches above the tabletop, in all directions. I start to move it a little faster and it slides through Led. “Sorry!” I exclaim, and the magazine falls to the table. “Oops!” I laugh. Of course, it can’t bump into Led; he’s not really here; he’s a holo. But, I keep

forgetting that. Habits are hard to break: I have said “excuse me” when I accidentally bump into posts or parked cars.

The point is, though, I do it! I can move the magazine with my *mind*. Telekinesis is a very low-level ability; the MWC members who are children, as well as human yogis and yoginis from Buddhist and Hindu cultures all agree. However, mastering it is fundamental to understanding how any of the unseen forces operate and can be manipulated or *encouraged* by our minds. It’s like Kindergarten in the Excellent Skills Program training, which I am in my sixth week of today (February 28, 2013). But, instead of learning to build towers with small wooden blocks, I’m learning to *connect* with objects and *invite* them to move.

I love the acronym, “ESP,” for this training; it has that special irony, don’t you think? The MWC provides this training to all CCs in our first years. Eventually, many Earther individuals are invited to participate, at whatever level s/he/it/they are able and wish to join and for however far they wish to go in the training; there are 12 levels. As I mention many times (because I’m so proud and because it matters so much to the Transition), one of my nephews, Moran Ackerman, joins me next month, in fact, and continues all the way up to becoming the leader of the Psi-Warriors and Chief of the OSOps. More on that in other Volumes of *The Spanners Series*.

Here is the way the ESP training is set up. Beginning training includes Levels 1 – 4. These Levels are for “new” members and those newest to the training; some planets have a majority of inhabitants who are capped in one of these levels for whatever reasons (numbers of appendages, current levels of education or abilities which may limit their capacities, linguistic challenges, individual interest or motivation, etc.). These Levels include training in or enhancement of one’s existing abilities in: telekinesis, clairsentience (both clairvoyance and clairaudience as well as remote viewing and psychometry); levitation of the body and other objects, including short-distance “flying”; withstanding responses to pain, extremes of temperature, and changes in bodily functions to the point of controlling them. Basically, almost all of what Earthers consider “E.S.P.” (Extra Sensory Perception) or “paranormal” abilities, and what Buddhists term “ordinary siddhis.” Level 4 involves learning to use Access with and without the electronic interface, the iDs, from anywhere, as well as preparation for Accessing one’s InKC (Inner Knowing Center) which really kicks in for Intermediate Levels.

The information the MWC “downloads” into me that first night continues to be utilized for every part of my training and education. Sometimes, they instruct me to Access while I’m sleeping. Apparently, dream learning is an established methodology that most Earthers are unable to use, intentionally (Edgar Cayce’s being an extreme exception to that limitation: he could put a book under his pillow and wake up knowing its entire contents, for example). MWC assistance helps us upgrade our skills. It’s kind of cool, I think; I’m still new enough to all of this that I’m feeling very excited each time I can employ a new skill.

Before I go to sleep on a dream-learning night, I set my intention, similarly to the way meditators and others do before engaging in any behavior, especially spiritual practice, ritual or meditation. Now, I include all educational activities in that list of behaviors I begin intentionally. I also continually set my motivation, both as a Buddhist

and the Chief Communicator: “For the benefit of all beings and all localities in the multiverse, may all my actions and thoughts and their consequences be of highest possible benefit and cause as little harm as possible.” I consider and recite this prayer—my auspicious intention (finding out how similar so many prayers are to setting intention, really)—preceding all activities.

Typically, I’m in bed ready to sleep. I say these prayers and consider what the lesson topic is (my first one is geography of the Western region of MWC members) and close my eyes. As soon as my eyes close, I feel a rush of energy moving up and down my spine and inside my energy body (what Buddhists and others term the “central channel”), bringing heat and a tingling sensation. My last clear thought is: *I’m so glad to be learning this way; usually, I am geographically impaired.*

The next thing I know, I’m waking up. I have dim memories of being semi-awake throughout the night, but as if I were dreaming. Concepts, drawings, aerial and other maps in both 3-D and 2-D, astronomy charts, photographs and videos flash behind my eyes, reminding me of what I know now. I can recite the names and locations of every significant star in the Western region, its inhabited planets and the major facts about each of those planets. I can tell you where they are in relation to one another and to Earth. Wow! If I have to take a test, I know I could ace it.

These same resources are available during the day for my ESP training lessons. But, I Access somewhat differently when awake. I use the internal holographic screen and Access library. The screen appears when I think about wanting it to appear, right in front and a little above my chest level, the perfect distance from my face to avoid wearing reading glasses. The screen works similarly to the ways our current computers do, but Led tells me that this is an adaptation made for Earthers as we are Transitioning.

Eventually, we use the same interface all other MWCs use, but he says I’m/we’re not ready to know much about that, yet. I imagine it would be like trying to explain the process of and give instructions for faxing a document from Italy to the USA to someone from the 14th century Rome: no electricity, no telephones, no paper. What words and concepts could one use?

I obtain permission from Lama Sangyay, my Buddhist teacher, to begin the ESP training right where my Buddhist practice has left me off, so to speak; Buddhist meditators in some sects, as I explain to my MWC group, also advance through the same types of skills-acquisition as Levels 1 – 4 in the MWC ESP training program. And, we do this by using some of the same methods, I find out.

Luckily for me, the MWC methods rely less on brute strength, agility, stamina, good health and youth and more on inner capacities. An individual in the ESP training could go the physical and meditative route, but since I can’t meet most of the physical challenges, there are several alternatives which still enhance and advance my meditative abilities and then use them to keep going.

As I get close to “graduating” from Level 4, I decide to ask Ringo about Intermediate Levels. I pick Ringo because he’s usually forthcoming and eager to help me. Led often equivocates or delays, looking for proof of my readiness to receive an answer to any question, sometimes consulting with the IGC to be certain of his right to respond.

Janis — Diana always ask me how I'm feeling and why I'm asking. Mick responds but gets into too much detail and goes over my head.

Ringo and I are alone this beautiful April day, so I ask him: "What comes next?"

Ringo is silent for a long moment.

That's not like him. I wonder what's going on. Getting permission? Considering how to explain it to me? Checking news?

Finally, Ringo replies: "Form and formless objects along with discerning with accuracy and how to recognize inaccuracy."

These sound like course titles, to me, but don't convey much meaning. "For precognition?" I probe.

POP The pair appears.

"For everything," Diana replies.

"Ahh," I acknowledge, "discernment!"

Janis asks: "Why do you want to know this now, Clara?"

I already know that Levels 5 – 8 are for committed students, those with inherent talent or already-existing skills when they join, or those who need the training to become leaders on their planet in the new political and social orders created after joining the MWC. These mid-ESP training Levels include: bi- and tri-location (what Buddhists term "emanations"); precognition, to an accuracy of 75%; deconstructing one's body so that it may "move through" or impact "solid" objects (e.g., etched drawings or writings on stone or walls); telepathy (both sending and receiving) within one's own species, mostly with known individuals, with pre-arranged agreements; remote and self-healing; using "*Re-set*" (more about that later).

Additionally, even though the Communist Chinese government tries to make this illegal early in 2012 (something many of us find hilarious), intentional reincarnation, or Returning is also included in these Levels. The Communist Chinese don't want to cede control over the next Dalai Lama, who is coming back into a human or other intelligent body, after a death, to a pre-arranged family/circumstances and location, what Buddhists term a "tulku," after he departs this current form. They do not have control, anyway; Transition occurs and the Chinese government is dismantled. So glad about that.

"When do I get to learn about *Re-set*?" I request.

I make this request about once a week ever since they first mention and use *Re-set*. It can't hurt to ask, is my theory. I know enough to understand that *Re-set* is the most powerful, amazing part of all the Intermediate Levels' trainings, in my opinion, because it confers upon the user several types of "do-overs."

A partial *Re-set* allows one to pick a point in time, one of the billions of "crossroads" or decision/choice points where s/he knows timelines diverge, and "take another road." This taking of the other road(s) doesn't preclude staying on the first or any of the others, since many timelines co-exist and we have many versions of ourselves living in them. It's mind-boggling if I think about it too much, so I do not. Robert Frost is correct, though: there are many roads; the one not taken always beckons.

A more intensive *Re-set* permits particular events or outcomes to be changed both intentionally and collaterally, but only once. When I get to try *Re-set*, it is a heart-rending, memory-jogging, emotional roller-coaster (I *hate* roller-coasters).

Here is my first personal and most significant *Re-set* opportunity. I am allowed to share it now since Earthers know about *Re-set* to some extent. *Re-set* works kind of like a time machine experience, so I set it up that way, here.

February 22, 1972, Roanne, Missouri.

I am the piano accompanist with the orchestra for the annual musical in my senior year of high school. It is the night of our last tech rehearsal. Lots of stopping and starting, taking many more hours than the play actually takes when it runs straight through. We get out very late and are kind of punchy with exhaustion and giddy with opening week jitters.

We are trailing out of the school at around midnight. I sit on a car's hood, waiting in the parking lot for Cliff, my sometimes boyfriend, a sophomore but one of the stars in the play, whom I drive home. The car I'm sitting on is driven by an on-again, off-again boyfriend and supporting actor in the play, Fred, a junior. Cliff and two other actors, both sophomores, come to sit on the car with me. We are holding our books, talking, waiting for everyone to come out to the cars.

We get into a serious discussion about whether the lead singer is singing too fast or the orchestra can't follow him. As the rehearsal and now performance pianist, I feel responsible for the tempo. I object to the musicians' being blamed.

When Fred arrives and sees us all on his car, he gets in and turns the engine on. He revs it and laughs loudly, opening the window so we can talk to him.

We turn to look at him through the windshield and laugh, but stay on the hood to finish our conversation. I am wanting them to agree with me so I'm explaining how a singer is supposed to follow the conductor's baton.

Suddenly, Fred releases the brake and scoots the car forward a little.

We are shocked and nervous, giggling. We turn around and yell at him to "cool it" and keep talking. I vaguely think that he's just kidding around, but I'm more focused on our subject.

Fred revs the car and moves forward, actually driving the car, much too fast.

As he continues around the parking lot and out into the street, then back into the parking lot, our giggles turn to terror. We are screaming at him to stop, slipping and sliding all over the car hood.

There is nothing to hold onto. I turn around and try to hang onto the windshield wipers, but I'm sliding forward and can't reach them.

I won't do a play-by-play, but the original incident's outcomes are these: Cliff is to my right. He manages to jump off/fall off. He hurts his back a bit, but he is mostly fine. Jill and Donna are to my left. They also manage to slide/jump off and are fine.

I am in the middle, so I have nowhere to go but forward. Terrified and screaming, I slide off the front, dropping my books as I flail to get my balance. I

have a terrible vision as I slide of standing up and having the car run into my back, so I try to curl up as I fall.

I slide to the ground, bending my legs beneath me awkwardly, trying to get as small as possible. The car runs over me but misses hitting me while I'm in the air and miraculously doesn't hit me as it goes over me, either, due to the thick paperback book I drop that the tire goes over, raising the differential just enough to miss my upturned face.

However, when I hit the ground, I twist my right knee and sprain my left ankle. I hit my head on the tarmac so hard that I black out, briefly.

When I come back to the moment, disoriented and nauseated, I realize that I can't feel either of my legs at all. "Pollyanna," played by Hayley Mills in Disney's film, sprawled underneath the tree, paralyzed, immediately comes to mind. I'm not in pain, though. I'm numb. I feel very removed and floating above it all. I vaguely am aware of people rushing around and trying to talk to me, sounding very far away. I don't want all this attention. I keep mumbling, "I'm fine. I'm fine."

But, I can't move. I try, but I can't get up. I can barely lift my head, which throbs. I close eyes to shut out all the motion because it makes me feel dizzy.

Shutting out all the noise and people, I don't know until much later the rest of this scene. Fred, panicking that he has run over my legs when he feels his tire go over my books, runs to the school to get help. Since all of us but the adults have already left, the doors are locked. Fred pounds on the window to get in to use the payphone. He pounds so hard that he puts his arm through the wired window, almost severing his arm.

The teachers hear and see him as they're coming out to leave and call an ambulance for him. They use whatever cloth they can find to put pressure on his gushing wounds as they wait for the medics to arrive. They don't even know about me until they decipher his incoherent cries.

Not knowing this, I think that Fred is riding in the ambulance with me to keep me company. No one tells me anything. I feel as if I'm in a haze, floating above my body in a non-physical existence: no pain and almost no connection to people or time.

I find out the next day that Fred almost bled out in the ambulance. He has surgery on his arm, getting seventeen stitches as they try to repair nerve and tendon damage. He also receives a blood transfusion. Fred leaves with a huge cast the next day. High on pain killers, he performs that night.

Fred recovers almost completely, but it does take a few years.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, I am left in an exam room alone for long periods of time and I am shaking with shock and freezing. The feeling has returned to my legs and both hurt. Although I can get up, I discover that I can't walk on my right leg much at all and my left ankle won't hold my weight.

After examinations and x-rays, I am told that nothing is broken. They don't know why my right leg is hurting so much. The doctors say they don't know

what else to do besides wrapping an ace bandage around my left ankle, which is sprained. They send me home with my very scared and, therefore, angry father.

I manage to play the piano for the weekend of performances, hobbling with a cane and crutches, sitting on a pillow to keep the back of my leg from touching the piano bench. The pain killers make me so nauseous that I have to time my taking them so that I can hobble out and vomit during intermission and then return for Act II.

My ankle heals. My right leg does not.

Long term: permanent nerve damage to my right knee and lower leg. I go from recreational tennis player since age 7, bike rider, amateur gymnast, avid water skier, happy leisure-time athlete to partial cripple at age 17. For the next forty years, until 1998 when I break my right ankle and rest my leg for two months, I am frequently on crutches or using a cane, sometimes in a wheelchair.

I am told in my first year of college that surgery has only a 25% chance of improving the damage, the same chance of making it worse, and a 50% chance of staying the same. Not liking those odds, I don't have surgery.

I am often unable to drive or walk. For stairs (every house I live in for decades has stairs), I crawl and sit/bump, struggling to stay mobile. I wear an ace bandage around my right calf for twenty-five years just to reduce the jiggling that increases the pain due to irritation of the nerve.

I am in constant pain, regardless of how much I use my leg. Sometimes I just lay around, crying. Sometimes I tough it out. I do not take any pain meds, but when NSAIDs like ibuprofen become widely available and I use them for menstrual cramps, I discover that they help with the inflammation in my leg, so I take them for pain sometimes. Wrapping my entire lower leg and knee in a soft ice pack gives me the most relief. I do that daily for many years.

I am usually tired because the pain is worse at night and I do not sleep well. I feel very isolated because I must restrict using my leg to avoid worse incapacitation, with constant vigilance. Almost no one understands and I get weary of explaining. I know some people perceive me as lazy, unmotivated, unsocial or disinterested. I am bombarded with well-meaning people's advice and recommendations. The only medical method which helps at all is acupuncture; I am walking due to those treatments. Chronic pain and disability dominate my life.

For this *Re-set*, I decide immediately where to change this story: I do *not* get on the hood of Fred's car. It's that simple, at first. No sitting on Fred's car means no falling off it. No one else sits on it, either, because I keep Jill and Donna talking and walking with Cliff and me as we go to our cars before Fred even comes out.

So far, so good.

The oddest parts in the *Re-set* come after this night ends, accident-free. Everything from here on is new to me. As I'm driving Cliff home, I feel myself both in and "leaving" my car, advancing along the linear timeline, in a kind of fast-forward. It's hard to pay attention to my driving and to Cliff while this is happening.

Timulting during a *Re-set* brings perceptions of the multiple 'lines and I'm not used to this at all. It's my first *Re-set* of this type, so I have no idea what to expect. This multiple awareness is freaky. Dozens of scenes of my immediate and medial future arise and recede, complete with audio and video, feelings and knowledge.

A kaleidoscope of alternate experiences races through my mind. Instead of missing out on dances, I'm dancing. Instead of foregoing hikes, I'm hiking. Instead of sitting around a lot and gaining weight, I'm moving, playing games, continuing with tennis and biking, staying slim. My physical experiences are completely transformed, all for the better.

Instead of growing to hate parties (since I can't stand around a lot and most people stand around at parties), I am moving around, enjoying myself, one of the party-goers who is not handicapped. My social self is transformed because I say "yes" so often, make new friends, travel. I don't know how I have the time to do it all.

My political, social, activist inclinations are not curtailed by a handicap. During the blizzard of protest and political/social action movements in the late '60s and throughout the '70s, into the '80s—Vietnam, peace/love, civil rights, feminism, anti-apartheid, anti-nuclear energy and specific power plants, trying to depose dictators in Central and South America, opposing wars in Israel, rallying about instability and human rights violations in African new nations and Tibet—instead of being mostly sidelined, confined to strategy meetings and planning committees, I'm marching, getting involved, becoming one of the main speakers and writers, getting arrested. Repeatedly. I'm a bit infamous for it. My public self is transformed.

Instead of being a relatively happy, mostly stay-at-home, part-time worker/mom while my son is young, mostly homeschooling him, I am out and about, active, busy. Instead of being confined to the house due to a lack of money, so we share one car, and instead of having an inability to drive that keeps occurring when my leg is "bad," I continue to work after Zephyr is born. So, his dad, Abraham, and I have two cars, and I can drive myself whenever I want. I can travel, easily, so I do. A lot. I accept jobs and enjoy vacations that toss me around the world. Having heard about Amnesty International while in college, I join up and work with them frequently. My professional and family selves are transformed.

I see other, fleeting, timelines diverging: I could be a doctor, a lawyer, a high-level manager of a political organization. Disabled, I shy away from jobs that require a lot of standing or walking, evening activities, obligations that

involve a lot of traveling. Now, having no physical limitations opens the entire range of occupations to me.

By the time I “catch up” to my current age (58, at this point), I am whizzing through so many moments (playing soccer with Zephyr when he’s 8; going on Abraham’s second bike trip to France with Zef when he is 12; traveling and enjoying so many new sites: museums, trails, art galleries, “old townes,” parks, and never avoiding stairs): it’s amazing to see how much I miss and cannot do before the *Re-set* that I now can do and do not have to relinquish.

At the end of the “catch up” point, the timelines reconverge. I get to review all the ways the main *Re-set* timeline and the current 'line are different and the same.

At this juncture in the event *Re-set* experience, I have a chance to undo the *Re-set*, return to the life I already lead, or keep the changes. Assessment and decision are entirely mine.

There are many factors to consider, especially with such a pivotal, life-changing event. The nerve damage to my leg affects much more than my body and my health: it forms my personality, preferences, goals, dreams. Like so many who are injured as teens, disability shapes my entire adult life.

Also, these changes greatly influence my son’s life. I am a very different person without having that injury. A life not centered around chronic pain and disability is a very different life. What I do not expect is all the ways my son’s experiences radically change with such a different person for his mom.

In addition to my willingness and ability to have more than one child in our family, which fundamentally changes Zef’s life and personality, our relationship is very different. When I am not home a lot, especially in his younger years, we do not become as close. This impacts our relationship throughout his life, as does the presence of a sibling. Zef acquires the wonderful and life-changing experience of sharing his parents with a younger sister in the *Re-set* timeline. Yet, he loses some of the intimacy he develops with both of his parents as an only child with a more stay-at-home mom in his youngest years.

Before the *Re-set*, Abraham’s and my relationship, from the beginning, is based on my having a need for someone to help me, which dovetails perfectly with his affiliation to being a caregiver. In this timeline, my leg does get better, as do other aspects of my health. When I am better and do not need so much help, especially once Zephyr is in school, our relationship deteriorates. Abraham and I separate in both timelines, but almost 10 years sooner in this *Re-set* than we do in the original.

Not only does this *Re-set* change my and Fred’s lives, it radically changes Zef’s, Abraham’s, and many others’ lives. I feel this oddly familiar, deep ache for the daughter I almost get to know, feeling the loss already as if I let her go.

Which is “better”? Which to keep? The comparisons are almost endless but must be made. I can’t be selective; it’s all or nothing: *Re-set* or retain.

The philosophy and psychology of *Re-set* are extensively examined in multiple species for countless millennia by the time we Earthers get a crack at it.

However, each species—no, each *individual*—relates to the experiences uniquely. What to choose involves one's values, beliefs, ethics, family, friends, careers, skills. This type of choice affects where we live, where we work, whom we love, whom we have or do not have for our children, and *their* children: all are impacted and forever changed by one moment's *Re-set*, even one not as obviously pivotal as mine.

Tears are rolling down my face as I consider all the choices and effects imposed by my having been injured; they're not all "bad," but I see more clearly than ever that they are directly caused by that one event. It's unmistakably apparent that all the outcomes *not* affected remain, are the same in many timelines.

Luckily, since I'm in training, I get to ask for advice, kind of like "phone a friend" in the "Who Wants to Be Millionaire?" game show. I also do not have to decide right then, due to the training "pass."

I ask for advice and time to acquire it. My request is granted.

Over the next week, I ask each of my MWC crew. I contact Lama Sangyay. I poll my family and close friends. Since I do not have the privilege or authority to tell anyone outside of the MWC crew exactly why or what I'm asking, I have to be careful about my advice-seeking with them. I pose a lot of "what ifs," and talk about the novel I'm writing to give a premise for my odd questions.

"Would you have liked a younger sibling?" I ask Zephyr. It is not the first time I ask him this; it frequently arises as he is growing up and after he is an adult, so the question does not seem odd to him. He is mostly surrounded by people who have siblings. I have three; his dad has two. Most of his friends have at least one.

Every time I ask him, though, he says, "No; not really; they fight too much." And, knowing we are having only one child, Abraham and I intentionally raise Zef with some kids his own age and a bit younger and older, via cousins and close community members, who feel almost like siblings with him. Zephyr often tells us and others that he does not feel the usual isolation he hears about from others who are raised as an only child.

But, then, as we all get older, he mentions occasionally how "it's all on me" when thinking about his dad's and my aging. "I have no one else to help me take care of you," he says. While he's not exactly complaining, it is hitting him how much of a responsibility that is going to be. I'm now 58; his dad is 68. These issues are looming larger every year for him.

So, I play with him: "Poof! You have a sister!" and wave my hand as if it's holding a magic wand. I talk with him, help him picture her, picture them. It's kind of fun, but weird, so we stop. He insists he's happier as an only.

I'm left to ponder this. All right, I could have a daughter and he could have a sister. But, so much else does not work, will not happen, cannot unfold. I

gain a daughter but our family breaks apart even sooner. Plus, we never come together as closely as we do in this timeline. In the *Re-set* version, Abraham and I do not stay as close after our separation as we do in this timeline, which adversely affects both of our children.

Being on Level 5 and higher for ESP training means I can locate and follow threads of potential outcomes and consequences even without a *Re-set*. Information flows through me. I take several of these “trips.”

Each journey leaves me believing one major premise, on which Lama Sangyay and I agree: I do not have the right to change my son’s life and personality so thoroughly solely to improve *my* life, especially since I cannot gain Zef’s actual permission. Too much harm; not enough benefit.

I tell Led and the rest of my crew that I want to forego the *Re-set* and retain. I expect questions, to have to justify my decision, but there is only silence.

“Done,” Led says.

And, it is. So fast. So final. I give an inner wave good-bye to my daughter and promise to catch her some other timeline. She seems to smile as she fades away.

I find out much later that, if I choose to keep the *Re-set*, one central among the major changes that occurs is that I am not able to be the Chief Communicator in this timeline! Without the restriction in mobility and recurring disability, I have such an active and very public adult life, being arrested and publicly speaking out on so many issues, not being such an “outsider,” that I am deemed unacceptable to be the CC.

Go figure. I feel even better about my decision at this point, but somewhat bewildered as to how the MWC visits play out if I keep the *Re-set*. They do not explain. I guess this becomes someone else’s story, then. Maybe I’ll look for *that* timeline, some day when I have nothing else to do. As if.

Back to my explanations of the rest of the ESP training: Advanced students move through one or more of Levels 9 – 12, which provide training for participants who are eligible for and desire varying degrees of extraordinary abilities and skills to be at their disposal. Some train to become the trainers of those at lower Levels. Level 9s are training to become Level 10s or higher, kind of like practicum student teachers. The 10th level brings participants up to the abilities of MWC elite members all around the multiverse; I’m not allowed to describe the full extent of the skills and abilities on these upper Levels, but a close reading of the above sections and the rest of this book gives you many examples and ideas of what they include.

Levels 11 and 12 have very few members, besides long-term Chief Communicators and our own trainers, members of the MWC Council, and some key leaders in the MWC. Although the group is “small,” we’re still talking millions. Moran's and others' OSOps (OverSeers covert and special Operations) training includes all Levels but is not as complete as mine. That training is more in depth in some skills that mine just skims, but theirs skips some skills all together.

It's not that the highest Levels are "restricted," exactly. It's more that those who are destined, inclined, have the karma to become these types of leaders and trainers are naturally able and willing to keep advancing; the rest are unable or disinterested. Almost everyone who wishes to advance can and will. The few who don't are stopping at the Level they do for individual reasons, not because they are prevented from advancing. The MWC ESP training demonstrates the best examples of "natural selection" I have ever been aware of. I like that the ways students (and not all are human) advance is not determined by some so-called standardized tests or others' (biased) recommendations. This is an all-together better, more fair and appropriate system, for sure.

OSers (Enforcer and Investigator OverSeers) are selected from those who reach at least Levels 4 or 5 with some 7s and 8s skills included. Psi-Warriors' training must include Level 10, but skip some, as I said. Fortunately, Psi-Defiers never engage in the formal ESP Trainings, so most are wild, untrained talents, with a mixture of "skills" that range from Levels 1 – 6, at best. A few can "flame" higher but not for very long and not in a very controlled way.

In late February, 2013, I am in my second month, post MWC contact. Espe and I have several meetings per month together with my MWC crew; I have several per week on my own with them. In between, I have a *lot* to do.

I almost always have "homework" between the ESP training sessions. I have seemingly endless reading to do and vids to watch for my education and professional development as the Chief Communicator. Most days, I have some combination of in-person and virtual meetings, calls, other types of contact with MWC members besides "my" crew, all for increasing my capacity for interacting with Earth leaders. Frequently, I am being interviewed and utilizing multiverse media. I also am responsible for keeping my personal connections appropriate.

Starting in January, 2013, and continuing and accelerating after April, 2013, I have multiple face-to-face or internet "face" meetings with Earth leaders and Espe, other media contacts set up by Espe and my own family and friends. I also have to find time to swim laps most days, eat, sleep, and meditate.

I'm kind of busy. By the middle of February this first year, I can't remember the last time I played my piano.

These ESP trainings are on a strict schedule, though, and I have to stick to it. So, today, remember, the lesson is telekinesis.

I laugh when I recall how Zephyr and I spend time playing with this for many years; we still joke about it, up until last month, actually.

One or the other of us sticks out our hands or just stares intently at something, like a coffee cup, just out of reach across the table. The other notices and says, "Oh! Practicing your telekinesis? How is that going?" "Not so well," the practitioner answers. Then, if the other is closest to the desired object, s/he is obligated to hand it, physically but dejectedly, to the failure. Or, with a great sigh, the failure reluctantly gets up to get it for his/herself.

Ha! Well, look at this, Zephyr!" I feel the now-familiar release and "pop" in my solar plexus. My *invitation* lifts the magazine again, more easily and more quickly than last time.

Ringo says, playfully, "Zephyr gets to Level 4 much more quickly than you do, you know, Chief!" Zef doesn't start his training for several months, but Ringo knows how it goes, of course.

"Oh, yeah?" I say, challengingly. "It is *on*!" I like a little competition; it spurs one on, yes?

"Try 'snapping,'" suggests Diana. "It's a little harder, but the same concept, really. *Ask* it come to you."

"What?" I ask. "The magazine?"

"If you want," Janis responds. "Doesn't really matter. Just something light and small, because your aim and speed control are, well, nonexistent at this point." I hear them "laughing."

"Okay," I say, "I see your point."

Looking around, I choose the salt shaker which currently sits on the circular, moveable, "Lazy Susan"-type wooden tray on the center of my table. I instill the sense of "allowing," the closest English translation to the feeling and mindset for this exercise, between me and the salt shaker. I *invite* it to come to me, mentally *snapping* my fingers at it and gesturing (my hands do not move), as if it were a dog, ordering the shaker to "come."

"YIKES!" I shout, as the salt shaker slams into my chest and falls to the floor, spilling salt. "Seven years bad luck!" I say, thinking of my Kentucky-raised, Jewish mom and grandmother. I pick up the shaker and some salt and throw some of the spilled salt over my left shoulder with my right hand, even as I laugh at myself for doing it, since I don't believe in this superstition at all.

Janis "hears" me and chirps as she reads: "To avoid bad luck from having spilled salt, you are supposed to throw a pinch over your left shoulder. This 'remedy' has Judeo-Christian origins and to do with the devil. You throw the salt 'into the devil's eye,' and by doing so, blind him and deflect the bad luck and bad health he had in store for you. It's the left shoulder and not the right, because the angels are sitting to the right hand of God; the seat of the devil, who is the fallen angel, is to His left."

Diana asks, "If you don't believe in this practice, Clara, why do you do it?"

"Habit," I reply, laughing.

Mick mumbles, "Irrational superstition is multiversal."

"Glad you picked something light?" Ringo asks, sounding a bit too gleeful at my mishap.

"Well, yes, but it works!" I retort, kind of proud and embarrassed, both. "Just have to practice, I guess. Speed and control, eh?" I turn to Janis, questioningly.

"Yes," she approves. "You have to put both into the 'invitation,' as part of the visualization of the outcome you desire. Picture the entire 'trip' *before* you *invite* it to 'come,'" she explains.

"Oh," I say, understanding, feeling a bit humiliated. "That should have been obvious, huh? Poor planning leads to poor execution. Or, to quote Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: 'If you fail to plan, you plan to fail.'" I remember my 6th-grade teacher, Ken Weber, saying this, repeatedly.

There is a brief silence, which I know to associate with one or more of them in “upload” mode. Then, Ringo intones, from “The Song of Hiawatha” (however does he know Mr. Weber has us memorizing parts of this and performing it for the upper classes?):

*I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!*

I say, “I would have been impressed with ‘By the shore of Gitche Gume, By the shining Big-Sea-Water,’ which is about all I remember of that incredibly long poem.” Not only does Ringo nail it in one, but he picks the most apropos part.

“Awesome!” I exclaim, clapping my hands. “That’s kind of like all of *your* stories, huh?” I look at my crew, shaking my head, in wonder and appreciation. “You MWC delegates are *all* like Hiawatha, coming in peace, to help us all, right?”

Another brief silence, then Led starts his assent hopping and the others sway for “Yes.”

Diana — Janis, clearly enjoying the performance, recite together:

*Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.*

“Yes,” I say. “I am certainly welcoming you, and others have, before I have, and others will continue to, I hope!”

I think, now, of all that I learn from the MWC, all that I share, all that Earthers learn on our own, directly from the resources they give us to access. I consider how close we were, on the “eve of destruction,” as Bob Dylan characterizes Earth so many times. We mess up this planet and our chances of survival horribly before the MWC members allow me to make our contacts public. I am suddenly, again, flooded with gratitude, awe and relief. I feel my eyes tearing up.

“Here she goes,” says Mick. He is the one who reminds me the most of Zephyr, and I laugh.

“I get to be grateful,” I insist. “Let me be grateful.”

“Use the energy of gratitude and continue your lessons,” Ringo suggests.

I take a deep breath, wipe the tears, blow my nose and refocus. This time, I picture the entire journey of the salt shaker, from its perch on the tray to my open, waiting hand. I visualize it moving, not too slowly and not too fast. I picture it coming

directly into my open hand, right-side up, perfectly upright. I picture it entering my hand which grasps it easily. Then, I instill the sense of allowing, *invite* it to come to me, mentally *snap* my fingers for it to come, and open my right hand.

I watch as the salt shaker takes a hop off the tray and glides right into my hand, perfectly paced. “Yahoo!” I shout, waving the shaker high over my head. “I wish I could ‘high five’ you!” I say.

Brief silence. One of Ringo’s jacinthe appendages, near the top of his body, extrudes toward my hand and he attempts to slap the air near my other hand. “Like that?” he asks.

“Close enough!” I say, and I air-slap his holo “hand” with my hand. “Yeah!”

For the rest of this lesson, I levitate, *snap*, and *motivate* (all technical terms most of you know, by now) more magazines, the pepper shaker along with the salt shaker (two objects; advanced work), my footstool, then the piano bench. The bench is the final project because I am tired after *motivating* the entire bench “up” for almost five minutes in a row, up to the ceiling and back to the floor, twice, *with* a glass of water on it, which I do *not* spill.

“Enough for today,” Led agrees. I move around, putting objects back where they originated, by hand. “Do you have enough energy for empathy training, too, today?”

I consider. Empathy is one of the main tools of multiverse communication and the centerpiece of all Chief Communicators’ work, everywhere. We never stop training in that. It’s kind of like being a musician: we always do scales or the equivalent for our instruments, no matter how advanced we are. “I am tired, but I have enough left for the requisite ten minutes, yes,” I agree.

The empathy training provided by the MWC is remarkably like the Tibetan “tonglen” training. “Tonglen” roughly translates to “sending and receiving.” It is often explained in the context of “exchanging self for other.” The main ideas of tonglen as well as MWC empathy training are that, since we all feel emotions, we all feel physical pain, we all feel physical, psychical, and emotional discomfort, we all experience many of the same things, it’s important to recognize our similarities, first. We all want to survive and to be happy; we all want to avoid suffering. Simple, but profound. Even that cockroach, even that tree. even the formless ones: all beings want what we want.

Then, it’s important to acknowledge that we can and therefore, once we’re ready, must/should/will want to offer ourselves and our experiences to help alleviate others’ suffering and attempt to increase their happiness. We also have an obligation to understand, *from the inside out*, every being’s compulsion for survival so that we attempt never to interfere, except to prevent further harm, and always to help. These form the pillars of my Buddhist practice: compassion and *bodhicitta*.

Pure and ongoing empathy can be accomplished, MWC style, with a variety of trainings to improve one’s visualizations, prayers, “good thoughts,” and other methods, depending upon one’s perspective, abilities, acumen and willingness. As in everything, motivation is fundamental. OverSeers are taught this from Level 1 on; I wish *all* Earthers were!

Every training starts via breathing techniques and happens by what we do mentally during the breathing. I settle myself in the chair, meditation style: upright back,

feet flat on the stool (since mine do not reach the ground), hands flat and loosely on my thighs, head slightly tilted downward, tongue tip touching the front of my upper palate, mouth slightly open, eyes open, gaze ahead and somewhat straight, soft focus. I begin the breathing and visualization.

Immediately, I feel the onset of openness, along with calm, centering, peaceful feelings and the releasing of tensions and restrictions. I sit, in awareness, fully present, doing the exercises (I'm not allowed to describe them further, here, since I'm on Level 9 for these already). Although I'm concentrating on the steps, I still hear the cars go by, the wind, the clock ticking. I'm conscious of the holos' still being here, silent and tuning in to my mind's activities, but that one by one, they leave. The ten minutes fly by.

I consider: since humans' hearts are muscles, then training in empathy is like stretching and recurrently using our most important muscle. Compassion is the outcome of that training: flexibility, stamina and spontaneity result from recurrent stretching and use of this muscle. Yes.

I re-focus my eyes and lift my head and see that only Led is still here. "How am I doing?" I ask, genuinely interested. A brief silence.

"Ready for empathy Level 10 next week," Led says, sounding pleased. "Your Buddhist practice and knowledge help you move quickly through these lessons," he tells me, again.

We talk about this frequently since we're trying to plan, imagining the best ways to bring these trainings to non-Buddhists, non-meditators, non-prayers and others who are somewhat new to empathy lessons and these types of trainings. "I'm excited to begin the training-of-trainers planning for Earthers," I tell him. "Do I begin creating that along with training at Level 10?"

"Yes," Led says. "Now, you rest."

It is almost 9 PM, which is, as you know, 'way past my bedtime. "Yes," I agree. "Thanks, and good night. Tell the others, also, okay?"

Led bobbles in agreement and fades away from my sight.

I prepare for bed. I settle in, say my prayers and set my intentions, confess my mistakes and vow to improve in the future. Then, I "talk" with Epifanio.

Who is not here. I realize he's not here. But, I talk with him frequently before I am the CC, in my own way of communicating; I know that he is not aware of these conversations. At least, not in this timeline. Many years ago and again more recently, I ask Fanio if he can "hear" me when I "talk" with him. He assures me that he cannot and I believe him. I imagine it would be quite distracting and perhaps annoying, if he could.

Since my new job begins, I am not able to "speak" with him as often (I am sooo tired by bedtime, especially after I meditate). I catch him up on what I've been learning, how it all feels. I talk to him about Zephyr and ask about his son and grandchildren. I never ask about his current partner, since, in my favorite timelines, he is either already with me or expecting and wanting to be with me.

Tonight, I say: *I really miss you. I wish you could be here and sharing all of this with me. I want you to understand about Re-set so you'll know why things are the way they are. You would also like knowing about and perhaps taking some ESP training classes. I wonder what you are good at already? I wish we could try some out right now!*

Since I'm not actually talking to him, I can "tell" him a lot more than I'm actually allowed to share with anyone. It's comforting to talk about these private experiences, even if I'm not talking to anyone who can hear me.

I love you, Fanio. Sweet dreams. Good night.

Some other where, some other timeline, he answers me, lovingly. I know he does.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

IGC MWC Musicians and Artists Festival, first-ever held on Earth

Sydney, Australia, August 15-22, 2022 Earth dates

The conditions of the Arts on Earth prior to my visits are these: the "Future of Music Coalition" (futureofmusic.org) nonprofit "works to ensure a diverse musical culture where artists flourish, are compensated fairly for their work and where fans can find the music they want." The FMC has been operating in New York City, New York, since 2000. Their network includes musicians, artist advocates, and related "technologists" who get together in conferences for discussions about issues at the intersection of music, technology, policy and law. They are egalitarian and wish to ensure access, inspiration and copyright protection in appropriate manners for all artists. The copyright protection is getting harder to do with the influx of hacking, digital recording devices, illegal downloading and file sharing.

As of 2012, there are several copyright violation lawsuits pending, but as soon as some music "sharing" sites are shut down, many more spring up. The problem is the same with videos (television and films of all types), photography, and other artist-made original work. This org has its work cut out for it, BeePCee (Before Public Contact).

Dancers in the 2000s on Earth have many organizations, but one stands out: DanceUSA (danceusa.org), headquartered in Washington, D.C., which also hosts conferences, provides discussion and sharing opportunities, and believes in the central importance of dance to every culture. Their mission includes this great statement: "[D]ance is essential to a healthy society, demonstrating the infinite possibilities for human expression and potential, and facilitating communication within and across cultures." APC (After Public Contact) this is amended to read "...all species' expression and potential, and facilitating communication within and communication across the multiverse."

In May of 2020, I am Chief Communicator for almost 8 years and I feel like celebrating. As a musician (piano and voice; neither talent is stellar, but passable), wannabe dancer (bad leg, remember?), poet (albeit, not a very good one), artist (*really* bad graphic artist, but I love to use pastels, anyway), playwright (astonishingly, *not* mediocre), and film-lover, I think an artists and musicians gathering of some sort, with intergalaxy and interspecies sharing, here on Earth, would be AMAZING! I know many Earthers watch vids and upload/download cultural and artistic items from and to their own personal and even professional libraries. Perhaps many view gatherings like this elsewhere, but getting multiverse artists together on Earth would be a first.

I don't even know how such a thing could happen. I decide to ask. Interplanetary event planning is not my thing. I know events like this take a lot of time to plan, so it's not too soon to start now for my 10th anniversary year, I think.

So, I do what I always do: I ask.

"Led?" I call, aloud, "Are you available?" I wait about two beats of my heart and there he is. "Are you the best one to ask about having an intergalactic artists and musicians conference on Earth in about two years?"

Immediately, the other four of them *POP* into my view. "What?" asks Ringo, sounding excited, I believe. "An arts conference? On Earth?"

"Yes," I reply, "I want to celebrate my first ten years of being the CC in a big way. Since 'the arts are fundamental and fun' (*there is a slogan like this, somewhere, I dimly remember*), what about making the celebration a sharing of intergalactic arts and music, all forms? Is this possible? You have gatherings elsewhere, yes?"

Janis — Diana are practically shimmering, they're moving so fast. Bright yellow-orange sparks seem to fly from their bodies.

Diana says, definitely excited, "Oh, yes! Very possible!" At the same moment Janis says, "Oh, no! Very difficult!"

I laugh. I turn to Mick, who is the "techie" among them, and wait for his more educated response.

Mick says, slowly, "It's not been done, in the Milky Way, that is. But, we have many precedents for this type of gathering elsewhere."

We wait as he accesses records and scans them for info.

"Yes, here we are. The largest one was three glicks ago ["glicks" are a measure of time the MWC uses that I believe are about 23 Earth years, but it's hard to be precise], on Kepler 22 b. Remember?"

Mick turns to Ringo, who has all 6 appendages out and is shaking them randomly to show assent and encouragement. "Of course," Ringo enthusiastically replies, "My entire family attends! It is magnificent!"

"What is it like?" I ask Ringo.

Ringo continues to wave his arms and I unconsciously move back, and then forward, again, to let his appendages move through me as they will. It's so odd. I wish I could say I'm used to it but I am not. Holos.

"There are manxxers and flippets and, oh, the underwater [*I can't make out what he's saying, here, but everyone else seems to understand perfectly*] ...just fabulous!"

Led is bouncing, now, and interrupts, "That is a group from Gliese 581d. I know some of them. Water is our medium. Gliese 581d *originates* that!" Led sounds proud.

"Well," I say, emphatically, "It's settled, then. We're going to have, well, a Festival of Arts and Music, then, here, in 2022. How do we make that happen? Who are the best ones to organize it? Who helps generate the list of performers and exhibitors?"

Janis pipes in, "Yes, and who gets to come? Just to watch, listen, you know, be there?"

"Well," I say, "if a lot of off-Earthers come as holos, I don't see that we have to limit attendance for audience members or even artists very much. In fact, only some of

the performers and exhibitors are required to come and bring their art forms physically, right? The rest can do holo presentations or send vids, yes? For Earthers, we can have a ticket lottery, somehow, but it will have to be better than the one they use for *Burning Man* in 2012; that fails miserably. Scalpers buy them all. Tragic. Better to have live streaming on Access.”

Mick offers, “The IGC has a Lottery process for all of these types of gatherings. And, Committees, with experience. I believe we just make our request. Then, we all can have some participation while they handle most of the details and *all* of the logistics and invitations.”

“Excellent! How about on my birthday, then, which is....”

They all interrupt me, to chorus: “August 22!”

They are well-trained. They know, by now, how much I love birthdays. “Yes,” I agree, “2022. OK? How do we get it going?”

Led pauses one beat, then says, “Done.” And, so it is.

The First-Ever Earth (Milky Way/Sol) Artists and Musicians Festival, August 15- 22, 2022 Earth Dates, gives professionals from the dance, music, poetic, dramatic, graphic, multimedia and all forms of arts communities in the multiverse a unique opportunity to examine and eliminate the borders -- real or imagined -- that define all species.

With a plethora of renowned speakers, presenters, performers and exhibitors who lead sessions and perform live at the Festival, the gathering for both physical and holo attendance provides invaluable professional development, networking opportunities, intergalactic understanding and conversations, and appreciation of and for the arts for all participants and audience members.

Breakout sessions and performances in both plenary (headlining) and workshop settings, ongoing and live exhibits, full-length films, one- to four-act plays, mixed-genre poetry slams and readings, music recitals, dance shows, graphic and multimedia art, and water-based displays will fill the vids, online and Access libraries. Live performances occur at the Opera House in Sydney, Australia, Carnegie Hall in New York City, the Getty Museums in both Los Angeles and New York City as well as other Earth venues for eight Earth days with at least a few dozen main and several hundred smaller “stages” and exhibit halls.

Starting August 15 and culminating on August 22, this Festival is also a celebration of the first ten years of service by Earth’s Chief Communicator, Dr. Clara Branon, Ph.D.. She and her family, including musician, Zephyr Branon, whose band will perform, and her husband, Epifanio Dang, who will lead a few sessions of free-style dance, will attend the entire festival in person, moving from venue to venue each day.

To access the full report and agenda with a list of plenary (headlining) performers and exhibitors, a complete vids and music discography as well as hundreds of photos, go to: mwcw.musiciansartistsfestivalEarthMWSolone.verse, Earth dates, August 15-22, 2022. Each individual artist has his/her/its/cos own

site for Access to his/her/its/cos art. Access for the entire event at the above mwcw. address.

You may Access Zephyr Branon's music, from the Festival and from all of his discs, at Zephyr's website, [zephyrbranonmusic](http://zephyrbranonmusic.com).

CHAPTER INTERLUDE XI

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Even Social Media Have "Previews"

February 26, 2012

Facebook conversation between me and my youngest sibling (and our mom); first public mention of "simultaneous time":

Violet Ackerman Engel ...[referring to radio stations that play 1980s music] I just have an issue w/ it's being called Oldies!!!

Clara Ackerman Branon YOU'RE OLD

Violet Ackerman Engel You're older!!! Mom! She's calling me names!!!

Rose Vogel You two can't be old because that makes me very old!

Clara Ackerman Branon I AM NOT OLDER since all time is simultaneous!

Clara Ackerman Branon and/or older is better.

February 26, 2012

Also today, the following was sent to me by a friend:

UFO Activity caught on tape over Tijuana, Mexico, 24-Feb-2012

Latest UFO sightings - *New video of three unknown bright objects or orbs hovering in the sky over Tijuana in Mexico was recorded on Friday, 24th February 2012.*

On this same webpage, for this same week (February 18 – 26), there are day and night UFO sightings, with videos, submitted from all around the world: Germany, Australia, Mexico, Florida and Canada, posted on this website. Very interesting....

Here's my question: why hover and fly around? What is the point? Visit or go away! That's *my* exhortation to the visitors.

February 25-26, 2012

This weekend is the annual International UFO Congress, which is being held in Phoenix, AZ, USA. It is reported on the local television (Channel 5) Saturday morning news with a lengthy segment (over 5 minutes, which is long, by daytime TV news standards).

They show video footage with comments from attendees, vendors' displays, interviews with those who have dream or physical visitation stories to share, and an interview with Alejandro Rojas, the Master of Ceremonies. He explains the reasons they choose Phoenix (site of the most recent, "massive" UFO sightings, in the 1990s) for this convention. Rojas emphasizes how many "reliable" witnesses have shared their stories and videos.

February 27, 2012

Regarding common attitudes, beliefs and emotions about “aliens,” this is what we are currently dealing with from among those who are linked to National Public Radio (NPR) on *Facebook*. These comment posters are already a subset of a subset, from amongst fairly Liberal, open-minded people, compared to the majority.... Sigh.

In the excerpt, below, from the 90+ comments posted so far, today, to this posting by NPR, I delete most repeat recommendations and group the other comments at the end of the recommendations. Mistakes are the posters'.

Sci-Fi Invasion: A Weird, Brilliant Vision of Earth

Get ready: In 2013, an alien race called the Boov are going to invade Earth. Or, at least, that's what happens in Adam Rex's vision of the future. Author Gin Phillips says that The True Meaning of Smekday stuck with her. Do you have a favorite book about aliens? Let us know in the comments below.

Eshe': *Tommyknockers*

William: *Hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy*.

Krysta: *Phantoms* by Dean Koontz, it's not really the end of the world, but I love the aliens in it.

Ammon: *The Forever War* was a good one, but my favorite sci fi series is the *Ender's Game* series, written by Orson Scott Card. Amazing books!

Le'ah: *The Host*

Linda: Don't know if it's a book, or just TV, but definitely *Red Dwarf*!

Andrew: Lensman books.

Paul: All the Niven aliens...

Natalie: The Short Story "They're Made Of Meat." And, Of Course, Bradbury's "Martian Chronicles."

Nathan: also the trlmafadorians from kurt vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse 5*...

Joshua: I actually quite enjoyed those in *Anvil of Stars* by Greg Bear.

David: the Lensman Series by E.E. Doc Smith. 1949? I think...

Liza: *Psion* By Joan D. Vinge. (and the sequel, *Catspaw*). Very unique and interesting take on what could happen if humans and another race of human-type lifeforms co-mingled and had babies.

Andrew: And yes, the *Bromeliad* trilogy as well, along with *Strata*.

Anthony: - those books are too badly written, and full of too many plot holes to be considered good in any way. Even *Twilight* is written better. The other one that really gets me, is *Star Wartz* by Patrick Tilly

Greg: *Dragon's Egg* and *Starquake* by Robert L. Forward. HARD SF.

Jared: *Contact* by Carl Sagan and *Childhood's End* by Arthur C. Clarke

Pamela: *The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet*. Eleanor Cameron, 1954.

Peter: *The Gods of Eden*

Barry: The *Gateway* series by Frederick Pohl.

Cynthia: I like *The Mural* by Sheri Tepper. The aliens try to smack some sense into us.

Christine: *E.T.*

Jerry: "Farewell to the Master" is a science fiction short story written by Harry Bates. It was first published in the October 1940 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction*. It provided the basis of the noted 1951 film, "The Day the Earth Stood Still," and its 2008 remake. Better ending.

Jacqueline: *The Mote in God's Eye*

Stephanie: Oh my gosh, where to begin? Octavia Butler's *Xenogenesis* trilogy; Ursula Le Guin's *Left Hand of Darkness*; Arthur C. Clark's *Rama* series; Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*; David Brin's *Uplift* series; okay, I'd better stop here and get back to work. :-)

Gregory: *Left Hand of Darkness* ... Ursula K. LeGuin ... atypical alien, with benefits.

Julia: *Contact* by Carl Sagan was my favorite among many, with *Childhood's End* by A.C. Clarke a close second.

Emily: "Mars Needs Moms" by Berkeley Breathed. (not the movie). Such a touching story, I love reading it to my little son!

David: *Childhood's End*, the *Sirens of Titan*, Voltaire's *Micromegas*, the insanity spawned from *Event Horizon*, and us. We are aliens to other unknown ET's out there

Doug: Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles*, not about aliens per se, but very adept at showing how human nature might and might not change in the future.

Elaine: *Brothers of Earth* or *Cuckoo's Egg* by C. J. Cherryh (or anything of hers); *The Left Hand of Darkness* by Ursula K. LeGuin; the *Uplift* series by David Brin; *The Mote in God's Eye* by Niven and Pournelle; Mary Gentle's *Golden Witchbreed*; how many do you want?

Troy: I need to read this. It vaguely reminds me of the novels of Jeff Noon, especially *Vurt* (and the character *The Thing from Outer Space*).

Kristina: the author is David WEISNER - the book is entitled *Flotsam* - find in the children's section of big stores.

Nikki: *The Twelfth Planet* by Zacharia Sitchin.

David: Yeah, *The Gulf Breeze Sightings*...it even has numerous Polaroids of actual flying saucers...unfortunately it refers to the "grays" which are nasty little guys; was written by Ed and Francis Walters.

Ed: Amanda Knox has a weirder vision of Earth

Glenda: *The Sparrow*, by Mary Doria Russell. In it, humans are the aliens on another planet. It's a very literate look at culture clashes, religious beliefs and human nature--all with lots of humor thrown in.

Liz: *A WRINKLE IN TIME*.

Micah: The ancient Indian *Sandscripts*

Bryan: *Saga of Pliocene Exile* and *Galactic Milieu Series* (Julian May)

Steven: *Childhood's End*

Barry: *STARMAKER*, by Olaf Stapledon, written in 1939 and focusing on the evolution of consciousness throughout the universe.

Julia: *Ender's Game*.

Michael: *2001: A Space Odyssey* and its sequels.

Titi: *Dune*.

Tim: Any of the creatures from David Brin's *Uplift* series (*Startide Rising*).

Stacy: *The Sparrow* by Mary Doria Russell. All time favorite book on 'aliens.'
Jesuits-led mission inhabits another planet to represent Humans. An amazing read.

Kerry: Though aimed at grades 6-8, I thought *Life As We Knew It* by Susan Beth Pfeffer was good and I was in my late 30s when I read it. Though no aliens and not funny it tells of the end of the world through the eyes of a teenager.

Elaine: *The Foreigner* series by C. J. Cherryh - absolutely excellent! Can't believe I forgot to mention those earlier.

These, below, are the more "multiversal" comments:

Aaron: if so... they should take one look around and realize we are still primitive and can't take care of our own and leave

Debbie: wait! I thought the world was going to end this year. I guess I heard wrong.

Greg: What do WE care if Earth is invaded in 2013? We won't be here after Dec 21st, 2012. =) lol

Paul: Ack-Ack! We come in peace.

Tyler: Feeling spacey today, NPR?

Robert: "Resistance is futile."

Brian: Aliens, if and when they decide to contact us, will be so much more intelligent and an advanced civilization. There won't be a war and we would not win. So, quit always projecting them in a negative way. GROW UP !!!

Steven: NPR you can find better news then [sic] this, can't you?

In these last comments, notice the reference to the "end of the world" and the given date of December 21, 2012, for that end. I do not know any of these posters. I post my comment at the end:

Clara Ackerman Branon: My upcoming book, the first of a series, is due out in 2013 or later.... Look for it. The series and the book will become many of your favorites, I promise~!

February 29, 2012

From *Facebook*:

Cassandra Ackerman to Clara: **Maybe this would be a good use of your free time?**

SETI Site Up Again And Searching For Intelligent Life

NPR website

This week, the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence Institute (SETI) is re-launching its website and allowing anyone to join in the quest for intelligent life on other planets. Audie Cornish talks to Jill Tarter, director of the Institute's Center for SETI Research, about the site, the search and how...[click to read more]

Clara Ackerman Branon: SETI is for amateurs.... I have a direct line....

Cassandra Ackerman: HAHAAHAHA!

February 29 - March 1, 2012

from *The Press Democrat's* website (Santa Rosa, CA, newspaper):

Kirov, CA, to welcome alien spaceship

Wednesday, February 29th, 2012 | Posted by Andrea

Calling itself the "Kirov Committee to Welcome All Aliens," a group is planning to convene Monday evening (3/5/12) at 5 p.m. to drum, chant, play music and wear reflective hats at the downtown plaza in Kirov.

They claim an alien spaceship has landed in the plaza and they want to greet it and welcome the visitors from another galaxy.

Don't you love Kirov?

COMMENTS

Jody

I hope the aliens bring their ponytails, otherwise they won't get waited on.....

Janice

I absolutely LOVE Kirov!!!! I lived there in the '70s and am anxiously planning to relocate to the area. I would love to be there in the Plaza with everyone to welcome the Aliens!!

John

And why do I rag on Kirov for being left of left and smug in keeping their town as a haven for weirdios? [*sic*] There's your sign!! Aliens in Kirov? It must be their home base!

Kelly

I do love Kirov very much, as I have lived here my whole life. I do not, however, love that our little town is always associated with such odd people/behaviors. It is really not very representative of most of us who live here. And I will bet you dollars to donuts that most of those people wearing reflective hats don't live here.

fmm

Are they bringing them free foil hats to ward off the cosmic rays or what?

Politicallyincorrect

They will then give free health care, housing and a driver's license to all the aliens...

Clara

They come in peace.

March 1, 2012

from *Facebook*

Jennifer: **I love where I live! Look what was in the local paper!**

Kirov to Welcome Alien Spaceship

Only in Kirov - a party to welcome creatures from another planet.

John: Awesome!!!

Suzanne: oh what to make , what to make...wonder if they like chocolate chip cookies that I have to make tomorrow...I promised those cute kids who brought me

flowers tonight!!! THAT made my day!!! Tell those 2 aliens at your house (the short ones) that I will keep my word tomorrow!!!

Clara: They come in peace.

About a week after this, I am at my chiropractor's, Dr. Kyle Loder (great chiro!). As he adjusts my spine, he says, "My roommate says you're famous."

"I am?" I reply, surprised.

"Yeah. She says you were in the paper, talking about how the 'aliens come in peace.' She saw it," he explains.

"Well," I tell him, "that was online, but not in the paper, exactly. Just on their website. Famous, huh? Good. That will help my book!" I talk regularly to him about my "novel."

"Great!" he answers. "Let me read it when you're finished!"

"Sure," I say, "you're in it, now!"

March 14, 2012

The Onion, an online "fake news" outlet, spiced with cynicism, humor, and insight, posts this today, complete with a tricked-out "photo" of a giant, glowing spaceship hovering over an Earth cityscape, with a tagline as if its report comes from the Planet Zarklom 12. I'll quote some of the "article" below, because it's so, well, pithy, in its scathing attack on Earth's diplomatic stalemate and failure to act.

Alien World To Help Out Syria Since This One Refuses To

Frustrated by 'the astonishing incapacity of earthlings to halt the rampant slaughter of their own kind' in Syria, the emperor of Zarklom 12 announced Wednesday he had no choice but to dispatch his own intergalactic forces from 3 million light years away to end the senseless bloodshed."

...Supreme Emperor and Dynastic Overlord Thuu'l told reporters that while the human race appeared willing to sit idly by, the planet of Zarklom 12 could no longer turn a blind eye to the mounting casualties in the yearlong uprising against President Bashar al-Assad.

"We have monitored the ongoing violence in the region of your world known as Syria, and we find ourselves as disgusted by your reluctance to stop it as we are horrified by the deaths themselves," said Thuu'l, [referring to] a UN report indicating al-Assad's forces have killed more than 7,500 civilians."

...Thuu'l assured uneasy reporters the operation was not a wholesale invasion of Earth but a very narrow offensive aimed at dislodging the al-Assad family from power; liberating cities such as Homs, which has been shelled by tanks and rockets unremittingly for a month; and freeing thousands of Syrians—many of them children—who have been imprisoned and tortured purely for political reasons."

...[T]he emperor said his infinitely superior military could complete [the mission] in 'less than 20 of your Earth minutes.'"

"...Do not expect us to save you from yourselves again. From what we've seen, you don't deserve it."

"...Humans should not be permitted to do these terrible things to other humans," Thuu'l said. "Surely you must understand that much. You are sentient beings, correct?"

It's the kind of laughing that makes your stomach and heart hurt, yes? This may be a fake news story about the spaceship, but don't you wish it were true? Syrian leaders really are killing their own civilians. It's horrible. As of this article's date, Earth leaders are not stepping in to stop it. Inexcusable.

I long for the Transition. It cannot come soon enough.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Who Survives and How We All Change: Learning about *Re-set*

"The more I learn about *Re-set*, the more I think we need one, here, about the MWC's arrival for the Earthers, for the public," I say to Led.

It is late January, 2013. The news stories of deaths and psychotic breaks are grim, especially of those among older leaders of nations, religions and political groups. Fraggers are gaining members and Trenchers are threatening to kidnap me and The Band (forgetting or not understanding that you can't kidnap holograms). OSers are constantly around me. I may move to a "compound," which I am dreading.

"You told me that *Re-set* is the most powerful part of my training, so I want to use this power to make this Transition better. How can we do that?" I beg.

Mick reminds me, from the Instructions: "'A more intensive *Re-set* permits particular events or outcomes to be changed, intentionally, but only once.'"

"Well, that's for a personal one. What about a global *Re-set*? What are the rules governing those?" I ask.

Janis says, gently, "This is our fifth one, already."

I am stunned. "'Fifth one'? Huh?"

Diana explains: "When a global *Re-set* is accomplished, most of those affected do not know any other timeline than the *Re-set* one. But, you can 'see' pieces, Clara, if you 'look.' That's ESP Level 6, for you. I believe you already see pieces of other timelines and perhaps some of those are from Re-sets, yes?"

Diana is talking about my accomplishments, so far, in the ESP training [Excellent Skills Program]. There are 12 Levels of ESP training [see previous Chapters and other Volumes in *The Spanners Series* for more details]. Although progress is not exactly linear, I am involved in aspects of training in Levels 5 – 8 at this time.

I set my intention, take several deep breaths, drop into awareness and focus energy in my fifth chakra (solar plexus) aperture. The now-familiar *POP* sound and release feeling bring the screen right in front of me, filling with images and fast-moving text. I point at it and use a small circular, counter-clockwise motion to slow the data down. I can't use regular types of reading or understanding at these Levels; the educational modality is more like a kind of undulating osmosis mixed with a filling-up feeling. Some of the data come as visual input and emotional stimulation from the images and text on the screen. The partition between my learning areas (brain? mind? heart? all

over?) and the data seems to be a permeable membrane. It's as if I'm reading via my molecules.

Part of the training involves learning to let the filling and moving come to a completion based on my original intention. Once finished with the upload, I sort, integrate, and understand what I'm now aware of and know.

Here are some of the facts I grasp, right away, about these five Re-sets for the Transition.

In the first two Re-sets that create versions of this timeline, I am not the Chief Communicator.

In the first, there is no CC, because everyone the MWC delegation approaches freaks out and refuses to believe or cooperate. Earth's membership in the MWC is delayed indefinitely and Earth is left to its own devices. That one is ugly.

The other *Re-set* has someone I do not know as the CC. That one goes all right for a while, but then that CC gets morally corrupted, somehow, and tries to extort money, personal benefit and other short-term rewards for being the CC, using his newly-developed ES (he's a Level 7, at the end) to blackmail, threaten and ruin many people's lives. The MWC steps in to recall that one. Good.

For the third *Re-set*, I am the CC, but I only live as the CC for about two years. Then, I am assassinated by some crazed fundamentalists among the Trenchers who are able to survive (barely) through the Transition, hiding and plotting in caves in South America. Earth devolves into many types of chaos and violence after my death for several months until the MWC can get human society somewhat under control. But, that *Re-set* is a mess. MWC calls for a do-over.

For the fourth (the one right "before" this one), again, I am the CC. However, I do not choose Espe as my Media Contact. Somehow, I am persuaded to use someone more well-known, a journalist from the *San Francisco Chronicle*. That seems all right, at first. But, after about six months, she is killed under mysterious circumstances, reminiscent of espionage murder tricks against those who engage in whistle-blowing. The resulting speculation and conspiracy theories generate a lot of unrest that leads to riots and armed rebellions against the MWC Transition. The misunderstandings about the MWC's intentions and resulting chaos last several months before the MWC shuts it all down to start this fifth *Re-set*.

"Wow!" I breathe, shaken. "Seeing myself die that way, in #3, is creepy. The violence and riots are awful, too. I can understand that the other four were failures. But, I have to say, this one is not going so well, either. How about some ideas for a sixth *Re-set*, from me? Aren't we allowed to 'seed' a *Re-set* like this, learning from our mistakes and failures?"

Led responds, cautiously, "What do you have in mind?"

"I've been thinking about this a lot. I think the problem is described, as my friend and renowned psychodramatist, Franco Gallina, in this oft-used quote from one of his psychodrama teachers: 'There is no such thing as resistance, only inadequate warm-up.'"

I pause to make sure they're with me. Wiggles, blinking lights, bounces, all good.

I continue: "Going on Franco's insightful premise, I believe that Earthers are not properly prepared for the existence of the MWC and all the billions of worlds that have sentient life: the 'ground' has not been plowed and fertilized, the 'foundation' has not been laid. Or, in yet another image, the Transition comes in too sharply for its 'landing,' arriving too soon, so too many Earthers crash and burn. Wrong trajectory. Are those enough mixed metaphors for you?"

I'm talking mostly to Ringo, who teases me often about Earthers' propensity to get entangled in symbolic analogies, which irks him.

Ringo moves his triangular, orange "head" pieces, like a nod, almost, and says, "What do you suggest for 'adequate warm-up,' then?"

"Well, you know how every human Earther and most animals, particularly elephants, cetaceans and primates, have 'origin' stories upon which our cultural myths, legends and religions are based? We have a lot of cross-cultural and interspecies overlapping and even some shared heroes/heroines—with different names, usually, but not always—with these same beliefs. Many creation stories have floods, seeming magical or all-powerful Creators, special groups (their own, usually) 'chosen' to be elite or important to Earth."

I pause to check in. I feel The Band's intense listening mode is on.

I then experience that rush inside when I am onto something good, so I keep going. "What if we keep these cultural foundations, but *Re-set* all the origin stories to include the existence of the MWC? That way, nonhuman and non-Earth-based beings appear in *everyone's* stories, somewhere. Some stories could tell about how some of Earth's species come or are brought here from MWC members' planets, originally. Graphics and pictures, stories and songs, the Bible, the Koran, the Vedas, the Sutras: every sacred book and text of every culture has creation myths."

Mick's lights are blinking very quickly and all his cilia are waving. Others signal to me their understanding, so I go on.

"If we insert 'emergence' or arrivals from other worlds as the main cosmogonies all around Earth, at the beginnings of human communities and settlements, in pre-verbal through literate eras, then every cultural and species group will 'warm up' to the idea that 'we' are brought here by 'others' who are benign and will return. This will help the Jewish, Muslim and Christian extremists in particular."

Silence. That is a good sign, I know. They are considering, and, also, checking with the InterGalactic Council's "head office." I wait.

"Also," I can't help but add, "the role of Chief Communicator could be embedded, as well. Show that *someone's* going to be a liaison, to benefit and assist, intending no harm, gaining no personal benefit. These could be concepts we are warmed up to and more easily accept."

"Ye-e-s-s-s," Led says, more slowly than usual. He must still be processing information. "This could work well."

Mick agrees, "I 'see' it could." That means he and others are *timulting* to put my ideas in place.

Janis asks, "What else changes?"

“Does Clara continue as CC?” Diana asks.

Ringo responds, “Yes, Clara is the CC in all of the continuing timelines, the most successful ones, every time. We now know that.”

“What about including options and examples of physical travel among the galaxies and planets, moons, all locations? This hologram-only visitation is also hard to accept, for Earthers. I have ideas about that as well,” I offer, “as long as we’re doing a major *Re-set*, why not improve that, too?”

Led bounces.

“We Earthers finally have some science to support this, with superstring theory and understandings of the non-emptiness of space. As of 2011, we now know ‘outer space’ is actually 95% filled with ‘dark matter’ and ‘dark energy.’ We also are beginning to prove the stability of ‘worm holes’ for space travel, and the Higgs Boson research is moving right along.”

More bouncing, nodding and swaying. Encouraged, I continue.

“My least-favorite new terms in new physics and astronomy are ‘massive compact halo objects (MACHOS)’ and the newly-named axions, ‘Weakly Interacting Massive Particles (WIMPS),’ but they’re proving to be useful in these discussions. Some neutrinos have mass. Now humans know about ‘mirror planets,’ ‘mirror stars’ and ‘mirror galaxies’ (right- and left-handed versions of each): it’s all so cool!”

Led explains, “The reason Earthers can’t ‘see’ ‘dark’ matter and ‘dark’ energy is that they are the influence of the *future* as relativity influences an expanding universe. When you look into space, via remote or landed telescopes, now, you can only ‘see’ the *past*. The influences of the present/future will, however, reveal itself through the physical dynamics, and through *simultaneity* training.”

“You’re right, though, Clara,” Mick says, sounding a bit impressed, if I may say so myself. “If Earthers now understand a bit about superstring theory, wormholes and ‘dark’ energy and matter, we have something to work with for the *Re-set* that permits us to make physical travel among the galaxies available. First, for us, then, for you!”

“You mean you could really be *here*, with me, and not as holos, after the *Re-set*?” I am excited about that, and also a bit nervous. *How big are these beings, actually? Do they fit in my house?*

Janis makes her sound, like breaking glass and running water, that I know means she is amused and Diana joins her.

Then, Janis says, “We fit just fine. But, some do not. And, you would be very large, or very small, to others. Some adjustments must be made with each journey and each encounter. For your training visits, holos are fine. When we are needed for other occasions, some of us may travel in our physical forms.”

I’m busy picturing superstrings like giant, bowl-less clumps of Vietnamese pho rice vermicelli noodles or angel hair pasta, wiggling around, overlapping, touching and extending forever through the neutrino-laden “dark” matter and “dark” energy of intergalactic space. Perhaps all physical beings are able to travel along and between the “noodles” as quickly as a blink of an eye, provided they are properly outfitted for their forms. Spaceships may be included but sometimes not needed. I wonder what the MWC actual terms for all of this are?

Led is bouncing higher. Back to business.

“So, if we do this *Re-set*, what does that involve, exactly? What changes for *me*? Do I get Epifanio back?” I ask.

Led reminds me: “Don’t ask *us*, Clara. You may ‘look’ for yourself. It’s good practice for you.”

“OK,” I reply, feeling chastised, much the way I do when the piano teacher I have in junior high school tells me I need to practice the classical music just as often as the pop music, even though I do not like classical as much. “Here I go.”

I make the proper internal preparations, breathing and setting intention, and establish the parameters of the *Re-set* mentally. As soon as I feel the *POP*, I “allow” the *Re-set* to occur.

A kaleidoscope of images begins. It’s not as overwhelming, this time, but it is a lot more complicated and intense, nonetheless. Only a small part is personal; the rest is global and intergalactic.

This *timult* seems to take a long time ALT (According to Linear Time). It finally slows. I am tired by the end of the images’ parade. I close my inner eyes and breathe deeply and relax, again.

As before, at the end of the “catch up” point, the timelines reconverge and I get to review all the ways they are different and the same. “Well, the improvements massively outnumber the drawbacks in this one, I believe,” I tell them. “We can’t avoid conflicts; Fraggers, Trenchers and Psi-Defiers will still arise, but fewer and for a shorter period. Moran and the Psi-Warriors do great. What do you think?”

Diana asks, “Do you remember the part about Epifanio?”

My breath catches, my heart racing. “What about him?” *What do I miss? I forget to focus on him because so much else is going on.*

“Well,” Janis explains, “Epifanio comes to you earlier in our current *Re-set* than in the other *Re-sets*, but in some timelines of even this *Re-set*, he and you do not get together *at all* as lovers or spouses. You do not get quite ready for each other, or there are complications in your getting together, or he does not become receptive, or his current lover and he stay together longer: many reasons for the lack of deep connection for you two.”

Diana continues: “Unfortunately, in a few timelines, Epifanio does not survive beyond age 60; in some, he reaches only age 73. It is not clear, yet, in this new *Re-set*, if he is able to be with you during and after the Transition. He may come to you later or not at all. In many, when you are together, you both live well into your 90’s; without your marriage, he does not live as long. This is true of most unmarried older men, yes?”

“Oh,” I am so confused. “I know about some of that. I mean, I expect those variations. I *timult* so many versions of our relationship even before you all come here; those variations are not so new, except for the early death one. I haven’t ‘seen’ that before. Can we keep him alive? I don’t want him to die earlier just because he can’t figure out that he loves me.”

Led bounces a little, “Really? *Timulting* without authorization is Level 8. You’re not on Level 7 or 8, yet.”

Mick points out, "Clara is not progressing *linearly*, Led. She can't, because she is already 'on' with some of these skills, remember? Control and precision she lacks, not skills, for many of these Levels."

Led slows his bounces and just does his usual hover. "Right, right," he responds, "I'm not familiar with that kind of progress path, though."

Ringo chimes in, "None of us is!"

"I'm certainly not!" I agree. "So, what about my question: can we keep Epifanio alive into his later years even if we're not together? I just want him to be happy and alive, to have a good life."

Janis chides me, gently, "Clara, Fanio's being with you and any other variation that particularly favors you carry a Psi-Penalty. We've talked about this before. There are so many divergences that we have to be prepared. We must account for the choices we make in our intentional *Re-sets*."

I turn to Diana, whom I sometimes think is the "softer" one of the group, "Please. Just tell me. What happens with Epifanio in this *Re-set*? I'm too emotionally involved; I can't *timult* anything clearly about him, or us. I 'see' too many options."

I feel Diana start to respond, but Led intervenes: "Clara. I understand how important this personal relationship is to you and I do not minimize it. But, many more significant factors are at stake, here. Focus."

I nod, deep breaths. Calming. Slow down my heart. More breathing. Openness, presence, spaciousness. Yes. More breathing. Then, I try again.

"Oh! There we are, several ways: together, apart, together later, earlier. I understand, now. This is one of those occurrences that has too many variables, now, so the *Re-set* analysis does not show only one possibility. All right. We live with uncertainty. Buddhists understand this. I can cope."

"So," Mick asks Led, "are we on for this *Re-set*, then?"

Diana, Janis and Ringo make their assenting gestures and noises.

I hesitate, then I nod. "We have to do it."

"Done," Led says. And, it is.

Immediately, I check the news on my regular internet pages. "Wow!" I say, "It's still today, but there are *no* reports of deaths, comas, or psychotic breaks! None at all! There are a few from yesterday and a few earlier this week. But before the *Re-set*, there are hundreds just today!

"I'm so relieved!" Then, I realize something odd: "Are all of you and I the only ones who know, who remember, the *Re-sets*?"

Led says, "Yes, Clara. Good. It's important for you to recognize the uniqueness of your position. There will now be things *very few* besides you remember in alternative versions. You must speak carefully to other Earthers."

He pauses to give me to time to understand the ramifications. I know I'm only just beginning to, but I nod.

Led continues: "Next, we have to prepare you for physical traveling protocols. Those are extensive and require a lot of time. We come back tomorrow, early. In physical form."

Before I can react to that, I hear a car and Banjo is barking. “Who could that be?” I wonder, aloud.

I hear a car door slam, then a man talking softly to Banjo, who stops barking. He barks at *everyone*, except me, his owners and their sons. He barks, then runs away. Who is Banjo not inciting Banjo to bark? Who gets to pet him?

Steps on the porch, but no knock.

The door opens and Epifano walks in.

“Hi,” he says, easily, and nods to each of the MWC members as he goes into the kitchen. He brushes my cheek with his lips as he walks by, kissing me softly.

I am trying not to be shocked and failing. *He isn't here, yet. We aren't together, yet. Or, at all. Oh! We are! Sweet!*

“Hi, Fanio!” I say, recovering, and touch his hand as he kisses me. I don't see his eyes, yet, though, as he turns to go for some water.

Led bounces and says, “We are leaving, now. See you bright and early tomorrow, Clara!”

Diana, Janis, Ringo and Mick make appendages-wiggling or swaying good-bye gestures and blink out.

“Thanks, ‘Bye,” I call, wiggling my fingers at them. And, they're gone. A little too quickly, by my reckoning.

Something is up, here. I'm feeling a bit like Desi Arnaz does as Lucy's husband when she's done something bizarre in an episode of “I Love Lucy.” I wish I could call them back. The Band “has some 'splaining to do.”

If Fanio is no longer My Future Husband, is he my actual husband, now? I have to figure that out, fast. I look down. *No wedding ring, left hand. Not yet...*

I get up and join Fanio in our kitchen, also getting some water. I face him standing at the sink, both of us perpendicular to it.

“You won't believe this day, Fanio,” I start to tell him.

He smiles. His eyes are twinkling. He looks at me, slowly looks around, then looks back at me. “Oh, I just might. Let's talk about *Re-set*, shall we?”

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

**From Esperanza Enlaces' private journal entries,
April 18 - May 20, 2013**

4/18/13:

The call came last night! I stuttered some responses and here we are! Today's headline, in all the local papers, was: “2013 Pulitzer Prize Winners and Nominated Finalists announced” because the lead story, with ME as the center, is about my award! *¡Es cierto! ¡Es un milagro! ¡Mierda!* [It's true! It's a miracle! Holy shit!”] I have won an effing PULITZER PRIZE! At 31!

Here is the main part of the article:

“In an unprecedented move, this year's Pulitzer Committee awarded a unique prize in its ‘Special Citation’ category by opening a new slot for nominations. They will

begin accepting them in 2014 for 'Intergalactic Reporting.' The first winners were announced April 17: Esperanza Enlaces, 31, and *The San Francisco Chronicle* (CA, USA) for Ms. Enlaces' breaking news stories, photography, videos and investigative work, reporting the first and subsequent contacts between the delegates from the Many Worlds Collective (MWC) and Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., the designated Earth contact with the MWC delegates, now known as the "Chief Communicator," of Kirov, CA.

"Ms. Enlaces said this about the unusual award: 'I am honored and surprised. Please know that if Clara hadn't chosen me to be her Media Contact and without the cooperation of all of the Collective's delegates, I would not be talking to you about this today. I am forever grateful to all of them for allowing me, giving me the privilege, to be present and to record these historical moments for all time. *Muchas gracias* to the Pulitzer Committee members for choosing to add this category so that future journalists to be so honored.'

"Ms. Enlaces will be flown to New York City for the May 22 luncheon at Columbia University's School of Journalism annual Pulitzer Prize ceremonies that honor winners in all categories."

Then, they list my previous accomplishments and some things from my resumé. So weird. They also got my headshot from the *Chronicle's* files and posted that with the article along with my first photograph of the MWC holos with Clara.

It's hard to believe that I only met Clara about a year ago and that I just met the MWC members a few months ago.... Feels 'way longer than that.

After I got the call last night, I called my mom to tell her. She told me that, for the last two months, her phone has already been ringing, anyway, since people don't know my number and Clara changed hers but my mom's is listed. We're the only Enlaces in this phone book. She hadn't told me that before and I felt kind of bad. She joked that she may have to unlist her number and how will that work for her business? But, it may not be a joke. ¡Mierda!

This morning, after the articles came out, my friends and my co-workers all called, texted, emailed, like *loco* ["crazy"]. I can't even thank them or call them all back or anything. My FB ["Facebook"] page is a mess! I can't even read all the posts, anymore.

Did I mention I get \$100K!!!! I have to split it with the *Chronicle*, but so what?

Clara told me, after the first articles and videos were posted, that, once more people know about *me* and not just her, my life would be changing, but I had no idea. Not really.

It probably sounds ridiculous to say that nothing like this has ever happened to me before, since it hasn't happened to ANYONE before, but it's true! How am I going to deal with this?

What happens when the paparazza has her own paparazzi???? ¡Ayudame! ["Help me!"]

5/2/13

¡Dios mio! My life has been hit by a hurricane! For the last two weeks or so, *nonstop*, I have been on the phone, online, writing new articles (Clara has invited me to

be in on about ten more contacts in the last three weeks), posting new videos, responding to comments, requests for interviews.... ¡UFF! ¡Es abrumador! ["Yikes! It's overwhelming!"].

Clara is giving exclusive rights to reporting all this only to me (that's what it means, that I am her "Media Contact,") by order of the MWC, but there is no "order" about who can talk to me!?!?! So, I get EVERYBODY ELSE. The MWC doesn't seem to have thought about this so well....I need my own Espe!

I had to tell my mom I can't work for her, anymore, because it is just *imposible*. Calls for me are tying up all of their phone lines, strangers are dropping by hoping to catch sight of me or have an autograph, ever since I won the Prize. I have no time to work at anything else, now, anyway.

Clara says I'm about to be earning more money, but I don't see how, yet. What am I going to do about my bills??? I don't get the Prize money for a few more weeks, and that is only going to be \$50K for me, personally. I love this, I really do, but once that money is gone, how can I afford this? Maybe I could find a newspaper or online outlet that lets me do this and only this, and *pays* me?

I'll ask Clara if that's what she means. ¡Maldito! ["damn"]. She must already know, anyway! I'm so *estúpida*! ["stupid"]

5/20/13

¡Gracias a Dios! Clara IS coming with me to NYC. She wants to see her son, Zephyr, anyway, and this is her first time seeing him since right after the visits started in December. Also, I guess the new leaders in the former UN want her to speak to them, and the Transitioning-out USA President is going to come to NYC for that, and a whole bunch of other meetings (Transition leaders' meetings, like with the former NYC Mayor, NY state Governor, whoever all) and TV interviews will happen then.

Best parts, so far: We are BOTH going to be on *The Daily Show* and *The Colbert Report*!!! I asked if she is going to go on SNL [*Saturday Night Live*] and Clara just said, weirdly, "I don't stay up that late." I tell her, maybe they don't tape it at 11 PM. She eyes me strangely. Oh, duh: "LIVE." I guess they do.

I really want to go see that show. "Couldn't you, like, take a nap or something?" I asked her. She already told me she usually takes naps when she has to stay up "late," which, for her, is past, like, 8 PM. No joke.

She just said, "I don't think that SNL is the best venue for this kind of thing," and it was, well, final. Clara gets that teacher/mother voice, and that's it. I know it.

But, then, she smiled and told me, "Good idea, though. Keep asking about things, OK?" So, I felt better, after that.

Well, the other shows tape in the afternoons or early evenings, so she can do those. There will be Fraggers protesting, but I really do not care. We'll have plenty of OSes; we'll be fine. I'm PSYCHED!

I really don't get, though, why Jon Stewart or Stephen Colbert's shows are OK "venues," but SNL is not....

Clara also refused to go on *The View*, but said OK to *Ellen* [DeGeneres]. When I asked why not *The View*, she said: "Too many people. I don't hear that well. Plus, those women are, well, too plastic. And, Ellen is, well, *Ellen*!" That really made me laugh.

And, she told me, she has to go on *The Tonight Show*, which Jimmy Fallon recently started hosting. "For my mother, *and* my father," she said. Her father has been dead for decades. She sometimes makes no sense.

As far as the former President and former leaders of the UN meetings go: In January, after the first stories came out, Clara steadfastly refused to meet with certain heads of state (mainland China, North Korea, several African and middle Eastern countries, some in Central America), saying, "I do not meet with those heinous criminals. They all go into ReInvolvement or get Qed. I meet leaders who become delegates to our Council when those countries have new leadership and new, humane policies... And, anyway, after March, well, let's just say it's a whole new ballgame."

Of course, at the time, I had no idea what she meant. "Qed"? "ReInvolvement"? And, why does she always talk in the present tense?

Then, in late February, the "heads exploding" and John Lennon-esque portions of the program began. By mid-March, I got it. Totally. I joked with her: "Beware the Ides of March," and she knew exactly what I meant, both the Julius Caesar reference and the reminder of one of our anniversaries.... How did she remember that, anyway? I'll have to ask her.

So, this week, when Clara meets with the former NY, CT and MA (*not* the NJ) Governors, the former NYC Mayor, the outgoing President of the USA and *some* of the former UN heads, they all know that this meeting with the CC is their last official act in those roles since the UN is being abolished. All nations and borders are soon to be gone, dissolved, unimportant in about seven months (they have until December 31, 2013, to figure that all out). After December 31, they're all out of work, anyway. No more "heads of state" since no more "states." There will be local leaders, decision-makers and a lot of other new structures and people in place by January, 2014, when the Global Unity Leaders Council is formed, but I haven't heard, yet, how they will be chosen or who they will be. *Yo no lo entiendo* ["I don't get it"]: *how* is this all going to transform?

There is a LOT *no entiendo*. My head sometimes feels as if it will explode, but Clara assures me it will not. ¡*Put a merda!* I'm glad she's so calm about it all. It probably helps a *chingo* ["shitload"] that she seems to be able to 'see' it all, already. Wish I could. She says I will, "soon." When I ask "how soon?" she just smiles.

[For transcripts or videos of all speeches, interviews, and other news stories from the CC's and EE's New York City visit in May, 2013, see: mwcw.news.verse {go to May 1 - 31, 2013 Earth Dates.}]

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

"Imagine:

**The Elimination of Nations, Boundaries, Citizenship, Race, Religions, Politics,
Hunger, Poverty and War: What John Lennon Knows"**

**Public Talk given by Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator,
Templeton Prize Recipient for 2014**

5/12/14, London, England

Branon: Thank you for this amazing honor. I cannot believe I belong in the same category as His Holiness the Dalai Lama, but here we are. Let's just say that circumstances prevail to place me in this position, but I in no way compare myself to you, My Revered Lama [Branon puts her hands together and bows to H.H., who smiles and waves].

The Committee asks me to talk about my personal experiences, to tell some stories, not to lecture. I promise to try. [laughter]. You can take the teacher out of the classroom, but give me a podium and an audience and a speech comes out! Well, here goes!

Even though I'm *timulting* frequently, intentionally and accidentally, it is impossible to know how any circumstances actually feel until I'm "in" them, so to speak. It's a bit like knowing well in advance that someone is going to be born or die. We often have at least six months' notice for a human birth and sometimes longer for a death from illness. We think we are prepared, but we just fool ourselves.

And, then, there are all the Psi-Penalties I have to contend with.... It's exhausting. Really. Every time I *timult*, there are consequences. Physical, emotional, mental, circumstantial. Being Psi-ped is more painful than most people would ever know. It's not something I talk about with anyone but The Band and, sometimes, some timelines, my great love, Epifanio Dang, whom some of you know in some context or another.

Not one of us can fully prepare for life-changing events. That's kind of the point: these events *change* us, change our lives and the lives of those around us, and then the changes ripple out. Even when we can *timult* to conceive of them, how we feel *during* the experience of living these events is very different that watching them unfold from the *timultenaiety* point of view.

I know that other members of the Many Worlds Collective begin to conform, whether they plan to do so or not, to the generally accepted ways of all the other MWC operating planets regarding governments, social and political issues, interpersonal conflicts and economics, as best as all species on any orb can adapt. I know this several ways: from *timulting*, from the Chief Communicators' trainings, from conversations with the MWC delegation, from my own meditations and from Access to MWC Resource Library.

Earth's planetary transformation, its Transition, is accomplished as easily and safely as possible, limiting deaths and avoiding any dismantling that is not absolutely necessary. But, if YOUR house is the one destroyed for the "great" new highway, how do YOU feel?

If you're Cindy, my best friend in our upper elementary, junior high and early years of high schools, you feel *terrible*. Her family's house is "taken" by "eminent domain" for a cross-county highway in the late '60s in Bayonne, Missouri. We find out just after her mom's unexpected suicide that her family has to move in two years. We then think that we are somewhat prepared. But when it finally happens, in 1970, she and I are devastated.

And, oddly, even though we still attend the same high school, our friendship does not survive our being more than a ten-minute walk from one another. We drift apart socially, getting into new groups of friends. It isn't painful, exactly, but it is unexpected and strange. Or, it is to me. I stay in touch with friends from junior high and high school, even now, but not Cindy. I have no idea where she is. I bet she knows exactly where I am most days, though. [laughter]

Knowing from my own experience that preparation does not work well for most of us, early in 2013 I try to explain to The Band that the changes Earthers experience in our early years as MWC members are monumental and difficult, even for those of us who mostly want or are receptive to the changes. Being in favor of Transition and MWC membership does not mean we are acclimating without pain or sorrow. Then, there are the Fraggers, the Trenchers and the Psi-Defiers: they are hopping mad, terrified, and unable to cooperate.

I ask Led to describe in more detail what kinds of assistance and assistants the MWC provides. "Don't you have 'adaptation' aides or 'life transformation specialists'? What about 'So, Your Planet Is Joining the MWC? Here Are Some Tips!' pamphlets, vids, customer service 'bots, *Transition for Dummies?* Something, anything?"

No response.

I continue with my wish list: "And, while you're at it, interspecies translators are essential. How are we going to communicate with the whales, dolphins, porpoises, elephants, horses, birds, primates and whoever else off-planet during all this? Do they all have telepathy except humans?" I know I sound querulous more than curious, but I do not care.

It's mid-January, 2013, and this is the week the proverbial *shit* hits the proverbial *fan*, as we Earthers like to say. [laughter] I'm wondering which of the multiverse timelines I remember best when all of this feels "past."

My reverie that day is interrupted by Led's response to my query.

"If I understand you correctly, Clara," Led begins, "*We* are the 'aides' and 'specialists' you request: Mick, Janis — Diana, Ringo and I. That is one of our main functions, one of the most important reasons we are here."

He pauses. Never let Led pause: that's when you know he's about to *zing* you! [Led bounces; laughter]

Led then tells me: "YOU, Clara, are the singular human method by which our functions are fulfilled. It is up to *you*, as the liaison to Earthers from the MWC, to bring help, information, support, encouragement and hope to your planet mates during this Transition."

Great! Kill the messenger! I think, somewhat sarcastically. I continue to grumble internally, knowing they can hear me. *Why can't we all just Do It Ourselves?*

Of course, Led answers: "Soon, yes, individual Earthers have their own *iDs* to Access the MWC Resource Library, but *you* are still of primary importance in your Spanning role. Not all information will be individually available, except to you. Even you must be trained to understand what you are learning and to plan the best ways and times to share each bit."

"How long is my CC training?" I ask.

Mick answers: "As long as it takes, of course. Some liaisons take longer than others. Your age, health, ability, willingness, motivation, focus, availability: these all factor in."

"Well," I persist, "what is the *range* of time it *could* take?"

Janis says, soothingly, sensing I'm a bit upset, "You mustn't worry. You're doing quite well. We have no reasons to doubt your capacities."

"OK," I say. I am hard to please in those weeks. I am only somewhat mollified, and still more than a little grumpy. I persist: "But if you have to guesstimate, what would you say? Days? Weeks? Months? Years? Decades?"

Diana pipes in, cheerfully, "It takes you less time than many!"

I am not proud to say, and no offense to those who do this naturally, that I growl at her. [laughter]

This seems to be Ringo's signal to make an offer, "Clara! If getting to Level 12 takes you longer than you want it to, just let us know and we'll do a *Re-set*!"

Ahh. Bargaining. I like that! I consider. *How long do I want my training to take?* "How soon must I be ready to be fully 'on deck'?" I ask. Seems a good thing to know, right?

"Earthers are *already* having trouble," Led says. "*Now* is good. You already know enough to be helpful," he assures me. "Level 12 capacity is not required immediately."

"How about another *Re-set* just to get me trained more quickly?" I ask. "I'm skeptical of my abilities. No; scratch that: I'm *terrified*."

"No *Re-set*," Led declares. "That is not authorized."

"All right," I say. I know when I'm beat. "What can I do?"

Mick tells me, "You have to get Esperanza back here as soon as possible. Then you must put out a series of informational and reassuring guidelines, posted on your internet, placed in newspapers and broadcast on your television and radio stations, for all human Earthers to see and read."

Ringo continues: "Access to information must also be provided to all other species of interest. We help with that, for now. We choose a species-specific Attaché for each group and utilize them in similar ways to our interfacing with you, for humans. We provide the topics and context for each posting."

Diana adds, "Then, you meet with the Pod and School leaders of all cetaceans around the world. We will arrange that. This meeting is to introduce you to which of them will be your main Attaché and how communication will best occur between humans and them, and between us and them. Janis and I translate."

Led adds, "I help with that, of course. Ocean beings are my specialty."

Janis says, respectfully, "Of course."

"Then," Ringo, "almost at the same time, and certainly the same week, you and the leaders of each primate group—the Shrewdnesses of Apes, Cartloads of Chimps, Troups of Monkeys, Flanges of Baboons, Tribes of Orangutans—also meet, similarly. I translate."

Led adds, "I help with that, of course. Interspecies communication and translation are my expertise."

Ringo says, respectfully, but with a touch of humor, to my ears, "Of course."

"And so on, for birds, elephants, equines, felines, canines, etc. This can take a few weeks," Mick says, pointing to colored spots on the screen which light up as he says each animal type.

Do any of you know what screen I mean? [scattered murmurs] Ringo? [Ringo's holo moves over to the podium area and a large screen *POPs* next to Branon.] Thanks, Ringo. Can you make that same display I'm describing, now? [Screen lights up with multiple colored spots on a timeline] Great. Thanks! I'll go on with my story, now.

I'm thinking: *I wonder what those colors represent? Species Attachés? Habitats? I must remember to ask, later.* I ponder as I stare, somewhat entranced, at the screen.

There are about twenty or more areas "lit up." [Branon points to the screen next to her]

"What about the humans?" I ask, dreading the answer. Remember me, misanthrope extraordinaire? "What about the results of the recent election in this country? The USA President gets inaugurated next week...." I trail off, not sure where to go with this line of questioning.

Led answers, rather brusquely, "All elected officials, all appointed leaders, all self-declared dictators and premiers and all royalty are soon to be, well, *retired*, sent off-duty, stripped of power, extravagance and unnecessary wealth. Nations, countries—whatever designations Earth has for internal and competing government—are soon to end. Must end. Required. No choice. Deadline for borders and nations to dissolve is always about one planetary year APC, so, 12/31/14, since many on Earth commemorate the 'new year' on January 1."

"Then," Ringo continues, "there is another important MWC policy: anyone who *volunteers* recently to be a leader, deciding to run for office, taking over by coup or fiat, or otherwise putting him/herself forward as a political leader is automatically disqualified from continuing in any leadership role for at least five years from this year."

"Basically," I respond, "if you *want* to lead, you are not allowed to, for a while?"

Led bounces and Diana and Janis sway in assent. Ringo or Mick causes the screen to flash "YES" in bright blue letters. [screen next to Branon does this.] I smile.

"Hold on. Remember the American and Russian Revolutions, Bastille Day in France, the recent "Arab Spring" and other *coups d'état* throughout human history?" I ask. "Death, destruction, martyrdom, looting, horrible things happening. Most self-appointed or eager-to-lead folks do not voluntarily step down, either. I guess they can be Qed...."

Then, I remember: Horribleness of that type doesn't happen, *here*. Not during *our* Transition. That isn't part of any future timelines I *timult*. But, I realize I don't know *why*. Or, *how* these types of outcomes are avoided.

Hearing my thoughts, again, Ringo tells me: "Clara, we *manage* the MWC New Member Transition. This is not our first time. Our team has a combined experience of over ten Transitions among us."

Led interrupts, "Twelve, for me."

Diana says, "Remember, Clara? The primary reason we are here this way, at this time, with you? Earthers *need* the MWC Transition. Urgently."

“I kind of get it and I kind of don’t,” I tell them. “I mean, intellectually, and with some *timulting* and my ‘previews,’ I know it’s going to be all right, but I still do not understand how we get from *here, now*, to ‘all right’ in such a short ALT period. That’s a problem I have, continually. Like, about MFH, where the ‘F’ currently stands for ‘Future,’ but may have to be converted, to stand for ‘Fictional.’ I *believe* that Fanio and I get together, I *need* to believe it, but I don’t know exactly *when* or *how* we get from *here* to *there*. And, I also know we may *not*. *He* may not. *My Fictional Husband* is looking more and more likely.”

Led says, “That’s all part of your Levels 5 and 6 ESP trainings. We must get to those right away and focus on those areas, it seems.”

“Yes. I agree. I think I especially need to know what you communicate to John Lennon. How is it that he knows all of this, over forty years ago? No countries, heaven, possessions, religions, killing or dying for any causes: an all-together better world.”

[Branon sings some lines from “Imagine.”]

“I miss John. A lot. And, how on Earth, and I do mean, ON EARTH, are you going to help us fix our economies?” I kind of wail this and then I feel embarrassed. I am such a whiner sometimes. [laughter]

Mick intervenes, “Clara, you come to know all you need when you need it. Let’s not waste any more time talking about it. Let’s continue your training.” He tilts his flat top part and another large screen appears in front of me.

I feel my chest heat up slightly with that release and brief *POP* feeling. Then, pictures appear on the screen. It appears to be a political and geological map of the continents and oceans of the Central and Northern hemispheres of Earth—the UK, Scandinavia, The Netherlands, Greenland, Iceland, the Balkans—all of Western and Eastern Europe, plus the top parts of Africa and India and the countries abutting them. “OK,” I respond, getting excited. “Let’s do it!”

Mick indicates, by highlighting with one appendage, the political boundaries on these land masses. “See these?” he asks. “Now, watch.” One by one, they disappear. In their places are, well, nothing. There are no more boundaries. No demarcations or listed names for nations.

“Nice,” I say. “But, how does that actually play out, with *people*? What about the local and national governments? The ‘ethnic pride,’ or religious autocracies? What do all the dominance-obsessed people *do* when the MWC removes all boundaries? I mean, boundaries are imaginary, anyway, for the most part, but *imagination*s are powerful.”

Janis explains, “The MWC provides ‘internal adjustments’ for all surviving leaders; all Earthers who require it, in fact. Some are slower to respond positively. Some, well, they just can’t. So, the ones whose bodies or minds break down go into ReInvolvement. The rest must be Sequestered, or ‘Qed,’ as Moran abbreviates it.”

I feel myself getting very still, foreboding filling me. I am truly frightened for the first time. “‘Internal adjustments?’ ‘Sequestered?’”

Diana gives details, “These are painless, harmless, and necessary. Let us explain some of what we do during early Transition: First, increasing and decreasing, balancing quantities of neurotransmitters, like dopamine, endorphins and serotonin. Humans feel comforted, relaxed, energized, euphoric, blissful, happy, receptive, or peaceful,

depending on their exact body chemistry, mental capacities and cultural constructs as well as age, physical health, and backgrounds."

Janis continues: "Anxiety and panic as well as mental distortions leading to paranoia and depressive reactions are reduced or disappear. Many say it's a lot like the ways many species feel after mating, vigorous exercise or having a large, satisfying meal."

Diana — Janis wiggles, which I know is their way of asking me if I understand.

I nod, receiving the images they are also sending telepathically as well.

Diana goes on: "Next, we activate channels and neural communication networks within unused and more peaceful regions of the brain. This happens naturally when you learn a new language or have other spiritual and cultural 'openings,' such as, from getting to a mountain top and looking out at the horizon, being on a boat on a calm sea or focusing creatively on an artistic endeavor or interesting project."

"Or, when we meditate?" I ask.

"Exactly," Janis responds. "Then, we stimulate the body-wide chemical receptors in each human, making oxytocin and *not* testosterone the predominant human hormone in adults. All humans have both, as well as estrogen and androgen. But, oxytocin and testosterone are primarily responsible for reactions, urges, and emotional states that affect interpersonal interaction responses."

Diana sounds excited, now: "The goal is to reduce aggression, isolation, disdain, prejudice, *selfishness*, apathy, anxiety, and loneliness, while increasing affection, bonding, love, friendliness, compassion, altruism, collaboration, trust, generosity and respect."

"More oxytocin and less testosterone? How could that be bad? This is sounding quite workable, to me," I say, eagerly. "Long overdue, for humans, in my opinion. Many feminists say too many leaders and criminals suffer from testosterone poisoning, anyway!"

Mick adds: "We also help with regulation of adrenaline, epinephrine, and their cousins, noradrenalin and norepinephrine. Well-regulated neurotransmitters operate to assist with appropriate responses while reducing unnecessary stress in one's body, obviating the need for producing cortisol."

"Wow! You all really research this thoroughly, it seems!" I admire their knowledge of human neuropsychology. Exceeds mine, to date, but the extra informational images Janis — Diana are providing fill in my former gaps.

"These are just *some* of the adjustments," Janis sighs. At least, I think that is meaning of the bubbling sound she makes.

Mick continues: "Having the positive aspects of male gender attributes and all interested individuals' sexual passion available *while* maintaining peace and harmony: these are humans' challenges, yes? Proper amounts of assertiveness and decisiveness without improper levels of aggression: we adjust each of you for that exact combination, person by person. Not just the men, you understand. Everyone. Or, at the ones we *can*."

"That's a relief," I say, thinking of people who would not need *my* exact mixture, or would need something different from many. *Wouldn't want everyone to be the same, and one of me is more than enough.* [laughter]

I consider the aggressive women and gentle men I know. "Each definitely needs a unique balance," I agree.

Ringo adds, "Rudimentary telepathy, empathy and all other Level 1 Excellent Skills Program trainings are also provided to each individual as soon as possible. Compassion and generosity are key for a sense of personal safety to exist. Each human must be 're-initialized' properly for a smooth Transition."

"And, this works?" I ask, starting to feel more hopeful, again. "How quickly?"

Led says, "For those humans who survive the initial cognitive dissonance and paradoxical containment phases, physically alive and mentally intact, Transition adjustments for adults take from three months to several years, depending upon the human and his/her age and resistance." He quickly adds, "The safety adjustments, those that operate to prevent violent reactions and conflicts, are almost instantaneous. They have to be."

"Religious, ethnic and other individual, personal adjustments take more time," Ringo says. "It's all one-on-one. And, as Janis says, not *everyone* adjusts."

Led explains: "Primates, cetaceans and most other non-human species take almost no time, very much like human children." He quickly adds: "Not because they're less capable or intelligent, the way most human children are compared to human adults. Rather, other species adapt more quickly during Transition because they have fewer components that require drastic changes. Up to about two months, for complete Transition. After that, anyone who has not adjusted is probably not going to."

"What happens to the bad adjusters?" I ask.

"We let them 'surface.' They always do. Protesting, complaining, causing problems. When necessary, we Q them, when their bodies' ill health do not put them into ReInvolvement," Ringo tells me.

"Besides," Mick continues, "Economies and nations can't just disappear, the way all armament-type weapons and ammunition do, with nothing to replace them. The MWC provides several new models. For instance, there are many 'live' examples via our Resource Library, which all may soon Access. Many planets keep or revert to earlier versions of most *place's* names, just not the former governments' appellations for the locations as they are organized previous to Transition."

"Plus," Ringo adds, sounding a bit excited, "representatives from other MWC membership planets and locations Earthers can communicate with begin to reach out to Earthers and become available to 'chat' or communicate via vids. Some find it all rather, well, *fun*. Some hear about and see the OverSeers and then join in various capacities, which can't happen right away, of course, except for your nephew, Moran, and a few others. But in later years, after sufficient ESP training, many Earthers join."

Led resumes describing the sequence of events for Transition on Earth. "Next, humans, cetaceans and primates choose which of the early Transitional models to employ. We convene a leaders' group, of non-elected and nominated individuals each year, the Global Unity Leaders Council, for these and other purposes, on each Transitioning planet or location. We help your new leaders to co-create consistent laws, policies, consequences and enforcement procedures. The composition of this Council as

well as the non-self-selected nature of their service yield less likelihood of corruption or distortion.”

“What is my role in all of this, then?” I ask.

Led says, “You have many roles. Most importantly, you are the First Facilitator of the GULC.”

I let that sink in. Another job? Wow.

“But, NOW, you must be trained. Let’s continue?” Led prods, none too gently.

I sigh. I wonder if my sighs sound like bubbles or water moving to any of *them*?

“Right. Back to training.” My eyes return to the screen and off we go. [screen on stage goes dark]

I hope that gives you a better idea of the way The Band and I work together. I want you to be better able to imagine, and perhaps empathize, with all the *tsuris* I give them and what they have to put up with. [laughter] Each of them exhibits such patience, kindness, consideration and compassion that I believe even His Holiness could learn a thing or two [Branon and H.H. bow to each other, then to The Band delegation]

Thank you all again on the Templeton Prize committee for this unwarranted honor and to you all for your attention. I want to end with a prayer for everyone's benefit. Would you lead us, please, Rinpoche?"

[Branon again bows to His Holiness the Dalai Lama, who nods and waits for an attendant to provide him with a microphone. When he has the microphone, H. H. leads a prayer in Tibetan, then in English.][silence, then applause]

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Minutes from the Jesus Subcommittee

MWC Planning Committee Meeting

Capernaum, Galilee (Israel, Africa), November 13, 32 A.D. Earth Date

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DIALOGUE (Verbatim) (con'd):

Council Leader: You have over thirty years, ‘666; at least fifteen with Jesus as an adult, with his wandering, preaching, teaching, performing the “miracles” we authorize. What is the problem? After Lazarus, it should be a done deal. If that doesn’t get more of the Romans and his fellow Jews on Jesus’ side, I don’t know what will.

Is Jesus not *motivated* to avert the crucifixion and bring more Buddhist-like beliefs to the region? *I* certainly would be....

Earthers Religion/Spirituality Contact #07666: It is the MWC policy to provide only a limited number of “miracle” authorizations, pre-canonization rituals.

You know, Earthers aren’t Catholics anywhere, yet. Jesus’ death helps start them, remember? Without the crucifixion, what happens to Catholics? There won’t be any, that’s what. And, no other Christians, either. No crucifixion, no cross. No cross, no

symbol of Jesus' "sacrifice." No sacrificial death, no "resurrection." No Resurrection... well, you get the picture. The Christian storyline falls apart.

Additionally, as the Jews continue becoming more and more corrupt and distant from their original premises, angering people left and right, the countries in the Earth's "Middle East" region are continually overrun by Jews running from one enslaving nation or another, on and on, never ending. It is an even bigger mess in the 1930's in Germany, believe me. Hitler has almost no resistance to and no trouble drumming up support to kill a lot of Jews.

Earthers Gender Equality Contact #63132: You have much bigger problems if you let Jesus die on that cross, '666. You get Satan and other fiends, the way aliens appear in Clarke's "Childhood's End" [copyright 1953, Arthur C. Clarke], depicting us [MWC members] as *devils* who appear with horns, claws, a tail and red skin! I dream-visit Arthur so many times to show him our members' variety and he *still* libels us terribly.

Even worse, it's disgusting how superstitious, ridiculous and horrible the treatment of women and all minorities is on Earth, for millennia, all "in the name of Jesus" and later, his replacement, Mohammed. Witch trials, inquisitions, harems, slavery, indentured servitude, burning crosses and lynchings in racial attacks, forced wearing of veils and worse: these kinds of attitudes and behaviors are almost planet-wide and last for centuries, with many Christian and Muslim leaders' blessings and participation!

Council Leader: What are you suggesting, '132? Sounds as if Jesus is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. What course does he take? Time is running out for him. He only has about two days before the "trials" and his conviction, sentencing him to die on that cross.

Earthers Political, Social and Culture Contact #95472: Are we using distraction? I need a lot more notice than two days.... I haven't set up any more contacts for this time period, yet. I still don't have a clear mandate: on or off the cross? Resurrection or not? And, what about his mother? If Mary doesn't die in some fancy way....

Earthers Religion/Spirituality Contact #07666: The term you're searching for is "Assumption," '472. Got it covered. if we go that route. We have the "Shroud of Turin" for Jesus all set, as well.

Also, if Jesus gets to live longer, we provide him with a few other tricks up his sleeve. They like his walking on water so much, we give Jesus some levitation, you know? We teach the yogis to do this in India, Tibet and other Asian countries. Jesus spends some time with Buddhists in India, so he's primed to fly.

Next, we put Jesus in more than one place at a time (they're going to call that "bilocation" even when there are several of him, but we are fine with that), and more Excellent Skills displays. Lazarus' rising from death works so well we add more like that and more of Jesus' miraculously multiplying loaves and *fishes*, healing lepers and others with obvious physical impairments.

The Buddhists utilize *tummo* yoga, through which eligible yogis and yoginis sit naked on icebergs except for layers of frozen bedsheets draped around them. They heat up each of the frozen bed sheets until it steams, and they remove each heated sheet until

they are just naked on the ice. Humans can accomplish these displays by opening particular channels within their bodies and using appropriate meditations and breathing. Jesus can't do *tummo* in Jerusalem (no icebergs), but something as impressive would be great.

For example, through Clear Light yoga, Jesus makes smoke, fireflies and all kinds of light displays. Yogis do this kind of stuff for centuries in India; he'll fit right in. He'll be a hit for decades or longer.

Let's keep the Jews going, just a little while longer. Skip "Christians" *and* Muslims (they can't agree on how to have Islam, no matter *what* we do). No Bahá'í, no to *all* the Christian "Protestants" and any Christian-based crazies, those fringe "Christians" who come later; go straight for planet-wide, non-deist Buddhism-type practices of meditation, compassion, kindness, etc., since Earthers accept all that in about two thousand of their years, anyway.

When we make other contacts, I'll handle it.

Earthers Gender Equality Contact #63132: You won't get any argument from me on that. No Popes! No to Bishops, Cardinals, Crusades, Inquisition, second-class Catholic nuns, male-only Priesthoods, Catholic orphans being raped and enslaved, sexual abuse of children by Catholic Priests: I'm with you! No fighting over reproductive rights and contraception among celibate men, deciding for women, "in the name of Jesus." YES!

Do you know that the Catholic Church is the single-largest "owner" of land, including prime ocean-front property, all over the planet, by Earth Date 2000? That's a travesty. Eliminate Catholics and Christians and all the others who come from them before they begin. Let the Jews die out, too. Please!

I have better uses for our Interventions: let me get started with preventing the gender problems with Buddhists, about not ordaining women. When we stop their keeping nuns and all women as second-class citizens, fix their false beliefs about women's not attaining full enlightenment—all that gender distress that infiltrates Buddhism from Earth's national and regional cultures—Earth may make it, after all. Let me have a go at it. I know just whom to contact...

Council Leader: You show me that Earth's religious and spiritual paths, gender and race relations, wars and other major movements mostly concentrate its beginnings right here, with Jesus.

Dying this week or later, on the cross or not, more "miracles" or not, Christianity or not? What else? I need to hear more pros and cons for all Interventions. Earthers do not have to do without their religions and beliefs. We must find a way to moderate.

Adjourn for R & R [Rest and Revival]. Back in one unit [one solar cycle]. Then, we'll take an Implementation vote.

Submitted, Intergalactic Council Secretary

Verified, Council Leader

CHAPTER INTERLUDE XII

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Explanations, Appendices and Acknowledgements

June 30, 2013

Another sunny day in Kirov. Really surprising.

Many are asking Espe and me for more information than what I want to put into the novel itself. Leah, my niece and best beta reader, suggests some lists, asterisks, footnotes. I know most people hate footnotes. She says they hate brackets and parentheses just as much. We agree to disagree. I do appreciate her critique and suggestions, and Espe and I decide to create information pages but put them at the end. I know; flipping back and forth is no fun, either. But, really; can't please everyone.

This series of novels represent *my* version of events and individuals, and my choices, editorially. The Series' Volumes depict parts of my favorite of all the timelines that I *timult*. I hope you enjoy, learn from and add to these versions with your own *timulting* and knowledge. Send complaints to the listed author. Ha ha.

About the people named and referred to in the Series: I use the names of actual people when they're well-known already and when they are involved in this experience with us. I change many of the other names at the request of a few participants. I make no apologies for any resemblances to actual people, living or dead.

These are *my* versions of the people in *my* story. If you don't like the ways that I characterize you or someone else, you can write your own versions. I also agree with other authors' quotes on this subject, like this one: "If you don't like the way I describe and depict you, change!"

About the Appendices: To help interested readers and appease Leah: There is a guide to most of the famous and not-so-famous people influenced/contacted by the MWC BPC in [Appendix D](#) of this and all Volumes of *The Spanners Series*, for reference purposes only. [Appendix B](#) and [Appendix C](#) are glossaries, of sorts, in concept rather than alphabetical order (since translation into other languages would change the order if they were "alphabetically" arranged). [Appendix A](#) is the annotated list of all the Volumes. [Appendix E](#) provides the Family Tree and explanations of relationships.

For *The Spanner Series*, I have all terms, job titles and documents translated into early twenty-first century USA English, since that is my first and best language. Be aware, then, that as this book finds its way into other languages, both on and off Earth, many concepts and terms change or do not receive a perfect translation. Can't be helped, even with the *fish*.

Thanks to my contacts from the MWC: first, for selecting me; then, for training me; and now, for continuing to communicate with me, even though my work as Chief Communicator is over.

Remember: If you don't like how your life is going, or who you are becoming, it's probably all "For Good."

Some of you can choose to *Re-set*. We all become ReInvolved, and some Return. May all beings benefit.

August 3, 2042

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

**The Love Story Embedded in This Story; or,
“I Told You So, Part II” (that’s for My Future Husband, Epifanio Dang)**

“I don’t have those kinds of feelings for you,” My Future Husband (aka, MFH, Epifanio Dang) tells me this in 2000, the first time I ask him directly whether he feels about me the way I do about him. We are in our early forties and this is almost our third decade of knowing each other. And, he reminds me of his "other kind of love" for me any time the topic arises, thereafter, just to be sure I cannot claim he misleads me.

He also says, “That’s not our karma in this life.” That seems to be the trump card for his claims that my *timults* of our future intimacy and marriage don't count.

He often launches into his understanding about how most people “go through this,” meaning, have a “crush on” or believe we are “in love with” someone in authority or someone we admire. He is certain that these infatuations are a stage in a relationship and not "real love." It’s all a metaphor, he explains, for becoming one with oneness.

“Some people,” he tells me, “have dreams about taking baths with, or dressing, the leader, the talented or admired one, the one in authority. Some have dreams about working in business together or having a child, and then think they’re supposed to do that. You’re not supposed to act on these feelings. They will pass.” He seems so sure.

I just sigh.

Hearing that from him and variations on that rejection over the next several years should be enough to cause me to give up, right? But, my situation is very different from those he references.

I am not just having a crush; I know him since before he becomes a leader and I don’t have this “problem” when I begin being his friend, not at all. But, the first time I see him, although I never tell him or anyone this until decades later, the first thought that comes to my mind is "That is my husband." I understand this revelation as rooted in other lifetime connections I'm recognizing, nothing to discuss or act on in 1985.

In 1999, when I first start “seeing” (later knowing I'm *timulting*) the pictures, like soundless videos in a slow motion three-count that end as snapshots, of our being lovers, making love, living together, I am shocked and unhappy to see these naked, sexual scenes. I am not having sexual relationships with men between 1991 and 2003; I believe in 1999 that I do not intend to be with men as lovers ever again. These "visions" I'm having, of Fanio's and my being lovers and married for decades in the future, are completely unexpected and welcome; they freak me out a *lot*. I do *not* want to be seeing him naked or with me that way. Not at all.

I certainly am not looking for a male lover, or any lover; I am in a committed relationship with a woman I’d been with for many years. I do not accept my apparent future feelings for him.

I also do not want to be married. I’ve never been married, to anyone, not even Zephyr’s father. All these "domestic bliss" scenes, 30 or 40 years of them, with someone I am only friends with, are beyond bizarre.

I am not inviting or attached to or happy about any of this. But, apparently, my opposition does not matter. I continue to accidentally *timult* many things, including our life together: I see appearances and additions to my increasing library of future

“snapshots” that I call “previews” whenever I meditate and swim, am half asleep or have a high fever.

Through 2004, I keep getting pictures of our life together: scenes, short movies, snapshots, and other pieces of our seeming future over that thirty or forty years. I am guessing at the timing of when we are together in this kind of relationship, gauging from how we look in the earliest and latest scenes. I see us in a variety of contexts: living together, starting our relationship in what appears to be our late fifties or early sixties (we are about the same age), living together at some ages during which we have gray stripes in our hair; working on various projects; cooking; making love; sleeping; having visits from our grandchildren at various ages and each of our sons and their spouses; hanging out with friends and sangha members (we are in the same larger Buddhist community because we have the same teacher).

I *timult* every part of our house, the views from most windows, the house’s property, the driveway/road across the larger property to our house. I see our betrothal, our wedding, the reception. I see us aging and then his dying in our bed, with me by his side, at what seems to be in our late nineties. The scenes come to me out of order and randomly, unbidden. Definitely unwelcome.

Our life together in these scenes is so realistic, with such a lot of detail, that I not only see, but also I feel, smell, hear and taste all of it. Sometimes, I am simultaneously “in” each scene and watching, from about three feet away and slightly above the “action.”

I learn things about Epifanio from these mental experiences that I couldn’t know unless we *are* lovers, *do* live together, *are* knowing each other intimately and over many years’ time. I know what side of the bed we each sleep on (I’m on the right), how he likes to stand in the shower (kind of like a large water bird, tilting his head and putting his back into a reverse curve, letting the water run down his head and back), what he likes and dislikes for food (hates asparagus; loves brown pears, not green; loves wizened, grayish, oily olives; allergic to thyme; limits garlic and onions).

I even see things that occur in his past, some from his late adolescence (sailing in a small sailboat, alone, on Long Island Sound, possibly not his, though), some from years I am not with him often. In one, he is helping build a road, sitting alone in a road-moving tractor-type vehicle. He’s feeling overwhelmed and exhausted. Fanio succumbs briefly to despair and tears then seems to be uplifted by his spiritual practice, a felt presence of enlightened wisdom in the form of one of the Buddhist deities, Tara. He gets a second wind physically as well as emotionally and continues the roadwork. I seem to be watching this from about two feet above his right shoulder.

I know things about myself, also, from seeing and “being in” some of the future scenes. I see how I look, what I am doing, how my spiritual practice infuses my self and life. I see my son, Zephyr, his partner/wife, their two children (a girl, then a boy, about 3-4 years later).

Sometimes, between 2000 and 2004, I get together with and ask Epifanio specific questions, sneaking in my little checks, on seemingly innocuous “facts.” Each time I do this (“Do you like any particular kinds of pears?”), I make sure he has no idea why I am asking. And, each time I ask about something specific, I find out, amazingly, that the facts check.

In 2011, I visit him in early spring and bring him starter plants from my local farmers' market so he can start or add to an herb garden. I include two different types of thyme, just to find out if his allergy to it is real. As soon as I set the box in front of him, he looks over the dozen pots and immediately points to the two that contain thyme. He won't even touch them. He asks me to take them back with me because he's "severely allergic."

I want to give him a written quiz, but I refrain. Informal results:

- ♥ He *does* have access to a small sailboat that he sails by himself in Long Island Sound in and after high school.
- ♥ He *does* act and sing in musicals in high school.
- ♥ He likes brown pears more than green.
- ♥ He dislikes asparagus.
- ♥ He *does* have a kind of emotional overwhelm/meltdown one day while driving the road-making tractor-thing (I don't know the name of it), in about 1989.
- ♥ He *would* like to add a greenhouse to his house, some day, and meditate in it.
- ♥ He likes a certain kind of Scotch, but does not drink much.
- ♥ Even though he usually wears his hair long, he never buys his own hair care products; he just uses whatever his current lover does.
- ♥ He prefers bar or liquid castile soap.
- ♥ Veggies in the bottom left, fruits in the bottom right drawers in the 'fridge. On and on. My *timult* score? 92%.

During the first three years I am having these pictures, I reluctantly (feet dragging and protesting, inwardly) realize that I am in love with him. I tell almost no one, not about my feelings and certainly not about their cause. Eventually, I do tell one or two people. Their reactions are so negative that I never tell anyone else.

One yells at me. Yes, she yells. She says if I continue to focus on these "ordinary siddhis," I'll be reborn in the formless realms. She insists I disavow their credibility and stop thinking about them. *Thanks. That helps me a lot.*

The other is more sarcastic and patronizing than angry, but also, not helpful. She says things like: "Do you really think that a man who is our age but is dating people half his age would even give you a glance? You are not his type. No one his age is his type. It won't matter if you lose all that weight you've gained, or meditate more, or anything. You're too old. Men like him never date women their own age. Forget about it." Since she's a lot prettier than I am, I do take her comments more to heart than I perhaps ought to, given that she's just pissed off at men at that point in her life.

I must be stubborn, crazy, foolish. But, like the song says, I "don't stop believin'."

Having these visions about my possible future changes me in ways I don't plan or want. They change my heart, my perspective, my plans, my hobbies.

In 2001, after about two years of these previews, and for other, more pertinent reasons, I end my ten-year relationship with my female partner. This is a good decision, but not one I make for all the right reasons. I'm both proud and ashamed of that.

By the time The Band comes, in late 2012, I am finished with five short-term relationships, with one woman and four men, three of which I have previews about in 2001. In 2012, I am single.

Why no other long-term partnerships? Mostly because I have no "room" for anyone else in a serious way, since my heart is filled more and more with Epifanio regardless of how our bodies live in this timeline.

Observing me go through these brief relationships and knowing my secret story, the pretty, sarcastic friend tells me: "Clara-bell, you are absolutely going to have to stop this RIGHT NOW and get a REAL relationship. Fanio DOES NOT LOVE YOU that way. He *really* does not. He never will. GET OVER IT." She likes to exclaim a lot to make her points.

One year later, to placate her and stem the tide of unwelcome advice, I tell her I am "over Fanio" and "moving on." I lied. Got her to shut up about it, though.

From 2002 – 2007, I practice and learn to read, write, and understand some of a new language, believing it will become useful to me, to help Fanio with some projects, some day. I learn the ropes to become a low-level leader in our community, knowing it may be required of me to take this role, to help him. I learn more about grants, writing, nonprofit administration, all because I believe....You get the picture.

Emotionally and especially due to frequent, intense accidental *timulting*, I begin to feel married to Epifanio already, as if we have several decades together in an intimate and happy relationship. I know this isn't true, isn't our shared reality (yet); I'm not psychotic. I'm just living in two (or more) timelines simultaneously. *Timulting* unintentionally, almost daily.

Sometimes, I wonder if the Epifanio I already know is not even the same person I have these visions about. I'm not so good at the visual pieces I get using *psi* and I'm terrible with faces. Really. Maybe he/we diverge a lot earlier and this timeline does not converge with the one(s) in which we are happily married? Is there some other partner for me?

What about Fanio? He has several other partners during these years. I am not upset about the women he is living with or seeing. I think I am not jealous because it isn't "our time" yet. I tell myself, on some lonely days, maybe this Fanio is not the one I'll be sharing my life with in those years. Until it is "our time," I am not concerned about who else he is with, or for how long, or how he currently feels about me. I often ask and he voluntarily tells me about his current or past relationships. I feel interested and supportive. I'm happiest when he's happy.

I also am not perturbed that he says, repeatedly, that he does not share my feelings or want what I want. We aren't looking old enough, yet, even in the middle of 2011 when many of our peers look a lot older than we do. I think along these lines: when the time comes for the phase of our relationship as lovers to begin, either we *do* begin it or the time just passes as it already is. Maybe there really is someone else for me. Or, I remain single. I see that possibility, often.

I can't know with any degree of certainty what occurs until we arrive *there*. According to Linear Time, so I can't give up. I certainly do not give up just because Fanio says he does not see any of these "previews," can't *timult*.

Epifanio may not feel that kind of love for me yet, but what about when it's our time? How can he know now what he will feel then?

Every moment, every experience, changes us. Then, there are the numerous *Re-sets* and what they do to us. Too many variables even for The Band to predict what our relationship is.

Epifanio lives in the present. I live in the future *and* the present, it seems. Not common, but not impossible. I've researched this and I'm not the only one who has "bleed-through." I don't know how others cope, but I think I'm doing all right.

In 2003, I ask him: "Would *you* be able to ignore them or give up on what they portend, if you keep having visionary experiences while awake, while meditating, in dreams and at random other times that show pieces of the *same* future, repeatedly, to *you*? Remember, I saw pieces of my future and others' lives years ago which have already happened by now. Mostly, my previews are correct."

Fanio does not answer me, directly. He often does not answer directly. But, he doesn't say he would be able to let it all go, either.

Instead of answering my questions, he often launches into another set of recommendations for me: I need to loosen attachments, I should not be fixated (a common problem for humans), I ought to let go of desires. He provides many other ideas to improve my practice and state of mind. All good advice, which I try diligently to follow. He is a much stronger and more experienced meditator than I am and I respect his opinions and experience enormously. Fine, to a point. Helpful, even.

But, the previews do not cease. I get *simultaneous* adjustments, updates, and revisions because things change as time passes, so the futures are also altering. Still, the basics stay the same. Love. Sex. Marriage. Happiness. House. Activities. Family. Friends. All there, frequently appearing at a theater in my mind.

Or, I'm single. And, in some of those in which we are not together, Fanio dies way too soon. I have to do whatever I can to avoid that timeline's occurrences. If I could know what they all are, I would.

In the summer of 2007, during a brief period in which Epifanio is single when I am also single, we meet privately.

I tell him: "I decided last year to transfer my entire set of feelings and desires onto another man in my life, just to get them off you. Soon, I will move them off *him* so they'll be on no one. What do you think about that technique?"

"I'm interested in that. Describe this man: how do you know him, how often do you see him? Would this result in a relationship?" Fanio asks.

"He is someone else in authority. I met him late in 2005 and I see him many times per week. I wish for but doubt highly that this will result in an intimate relationship. I know he has feelings for me, but I don't think his are going anywhere toward action."

Fanio encourages me: "That might work."

It does not. I become fixated on *both* of them, for a while, then lose my attachment to this substitute and am left just with my feelings for Fanio. Again.

See? I *can* lose attachments. Just not this one.

In the fall of 2011, after quantum physicist and mathematician, Brian Greene's, newest book, *The Hidden Reality: Parallel Universes and the Deep Laws of the Cosmos*, has been out for almost a year, I buy it and read most of it (aw, c'mon; who reads ALL of a book like that?). I become excited as I realize these concepts could be helpful to my "cause" (getting Fanio to be more open to being with me). I decide to give this book to him.

The main reason I want to give this book to him is to open the door to future conversations about the multiverse. I want to be able to ask Fanio whether *he* is able to "tune in" to any other versions of reality besides this one, whether he believes *I* am tuning in. Does he think that multiverse divergences could explain why I keep "seeing" our 30+ years together as spouses while he doesn't believe we're heading into an intimate relationship of any kind? I already have one preview of a great conversation we have about this, so I'm eager to see if that one happens in this timeline.

Before I can go forward with this plan (give book, have conversation), unexpectedly, we experience a kind of "bump" in our friendship road.

I hear about a project he is starting and the next time I see Fanio, I offer to help. I feel excited, warm, interested. I say: "I'd like to use my skills to help you know if the property you're considering is the right piece. I could try intentional previewing or I could use my psychometric abilities if I get to be there in person. I will be able to tell whether or not I'll be there a lot."

"What makes you think I need your help? Do you think I can't do this on my own?" Fanio sounds unusually tense, almost angry.

I am taken aback.

He looks at me strangely, moves away and says, abruptly and somewhat dismissively: "I don't need or want your help. Do you think I need you or anyone to show me what land to buy?" He goes on, hurting me deeply: "What makes you think you'll be involved? I'm not sure you'll be there at all."

Not be there? Not be in his life at all? He wants me to be "somewhere else," not near him?

I feel as if he has punched me in the chest and ripped out my heart. I am not exaggerating. The pain is intense. I'm finding it hard to breathe. My vision is tunneling. I start to tremble a little.

But, I manage to keep my outer facade intact. I just nod and back away and leave him standing there. I think I mumble something like, "Okay," before I leave.

I am shaking all over, in a kind of shock. I wander around, looking for somewhere to be alone. I go outside and I sit there, far enough away that no one can see or hear me; I am sobbing.

This feels so horrible, so final: *Is it really all over? Is he that angry with me? Why? What caused him to react to me that way? How long as he felt like that?*

Is he repulsed by me?

Does he really not believe, wherever he goes, I will be there some time, at least?

I did not say I love him or want to marry him. I merely offered to help with a project. Completely innocent.

What is the big deal?

I'm crying, sobbing, heaving. I usually cry, briefly, or just tear up and it's over. This is not even ebbing.

Although this decision feels monumental since it's completely out of character for me not to finish an activity or workshop day, I get in my car and leave, even though the day's activities are only half over. I feel as I drive away that I am leaving him forever.

When I get home, after an hour's drive, mostly crying, a steely resolve begins to arise. *Fine. If we're not going to be together, even as friends, why am I even here? I should move. I don't have a job, anyway, and I'm not in any other significant relationship. What am I doing in California? Why should I stay? Screw him. Screw my previews. I'm leaving.*

My family is scattered around the country and each of them has asked me to move closer. I begin to do a job search in each of the cities where they live, focusing most on where my mom and Zephyr live.

Why not? I can move. What is keeping me here, now? My heart aches, but there is also a hollow feeling. "Hope is a thing with feathers" and mine is flying away.

I try to imagine my life without Fanio in it. I just come up with blank, white space. I have to fill that space, I think.

I keep looking for more jobs, outside of California. I apply for several. I don't cry, anymore, but I'm numb. In shock. This continues for that day and into the next. I talk to no one.

On that second day, to my absolute surprise, Epifanio calls me. In all the years we've known each other, he has initiated communication only a few times; mostly, he responds to me rather than initiate contact.

"Are you all right? Did you leave because you were sick? Or, did you leave because of what I said?"

"I wasn't sick." My answer trails off. I don't know how much I want to share at this point.

"I'm sorry, Clara. I didn't mean to hurt you. But, I felt invaded. Like, you were crowding me. I felt that you were telling me I'm not capable of doing this on my own, that you know more or that I need you to help me. I don't need help, I didn't ask for help. I need you to back off. You get so intense."

"Oh." I don't know what else to say. *Invaded? When did the power balance shift enough for me to have the ability to cause these feelings in him? How could he feel threatened by me? I love him.*

The efforts he's making feel good to me, even though I don't like or believe the messages. I begin to feel those feathers returning, a glimmer of hope, again.

In this call and another one two days later and when I see him again in two months, we make some repairs in our relationship. I doubt if the rifts seem as large to him as they do to me, so I am glad that he genuinely intends to stay connected.

I am as surprised by his seeming commitment almost as much as I am surprised that he may *not* want to keep connected. I feel I have lost the thread of who he is or who we are.

I tell him at each contact that I don't understand what is going on for him.

Each time, Epifanio apologizes, explains, offers many remedies. I cry and ask questions but don't get all the answers I want.

Through these conversations and some meetings in person over the next several months, it seems that we get to a better place, but I am still bruised, mistrustful, wary.

He is somewhat distant, touchy, and unpredictable, qualities and feelings he has not previously shown.

Among other complaints, he mentions that he has been feeling "uncomfortable" when I "give him stuff."

Over the years, I sometimes give him gifts, usually for his birthday. Lots of people give him gifts, especially for his birthday. I know this because I hear about it.

Why does my gift-giving bother him? Does all gift-giving bother him? I do not ask him this. I do not want to know the answer he would give me.

However, after hearing his complaint, I delay giving Epifanio the multiverse book. Now, another kind of waiting.

A couple of months later, not on his birthday, we plan to meet.

I bring the book in case I decide to offer it to him.

After we talk for a while and he seems to be in a good mood, I pull the book out and tell him about it.

Then, I say: "This is just something I read that I think you may be interested in reading. You don't have to take it. Or, you can take it and return it to me when you're finished with it. Or, you can keep it. It's up to you. I just don't want you to feel 'uncomfortable' about receiving this from me. I want you to have it because I think you'll like reading it."

I hear myself, trying to be so careful. *You're a dope, Clara! Why is everything such a big deal? You need to calm down.*

I wished I could achieve more detachment. I don't know how to be more detached, on purpose. *I need to meditate more.*

I say, again, belaboring the point, I'm sure: "It's all right if you don't want to take the book."

He responds, looking perplexed, "I have no problem receiving gifts from you. Thanks!" Fanio happily takes the book.

What happened to his discomfort with receiving things from me? Maybe he is now convinced that this book is not a gift, so it's okay?

Or, is this a different version of Fanio? New timeline? Who knows?

I am surprised and confused but I don't comment.

I decide to wait a few months.

Some time after that, I plan to ask him if he's read it and if he'll talk about it with me.

When I do, Epifanio seems happy to tell me: "I passed the book on. I read the parts you suggested."

He does not seem interested in talking about it, so I drop it. Very anti-climactic.

I feel so frustrated. Does not match my preview.

In my *timult* of our discussion of the book, we get into a lot of excited talk about the multiverse, alternate timelines, superstring theory. Neither of us is a physicist, but Brian's book is so clear we can talk easily about the concepts.

Different timeline.

From this, I realize something significant: although I “see” pictures of *some* futures, when I add them all up, they are but a tiny fraction of what will turn out to occur in *this* future. I don’t see most of it. No one could. Plus, some of what I see happens elsewhere.

What are glaringly absent, prior to February, 2012, are any previews of the visits from the MWC, with or without Epifanio, or any other significant partner for me in the picture.

BeePCee, I have no hint or previews of any of the Chief Communicator work I am doing, how Earth changes, nothing. *Hmmm*.

As I explain earlier, what I see has varying degrees of correctness. When the time arrives which has previously only appeared as a preview, I find out that I may get the setting right, but not the circumstances, or *vice-versa*. A few details may be right, but nothing else. I see things about myself with other people, or just them, or just me, and later, as these events occur, some or all of the people are not the ones I see in my previews. Some of the details or snapshots seem more right than others. Even BPC, I learn which ones those are.

But, things can still change: infinite numbers of diverging paths from each moment in time, remember? And, as I understand it all even more thoroughly APC and after ESP training, so much of what happens is left out of my accidental *timults* completely. When I learn to *timult* intentionally, I recognize what I've been lacking in skills that makes my unintentional *timulting* so unreliable.

For one thing, prior to my ESP training, when I see previews there is rarely a calendar, clock or anything visible that could tell me exactly *when* a scene is occurring. I have to estimate, based on who is there, how we all look in the scene and how we look now, the timing of that event's occurrence.

Guessing the “when,” even to get a range of years, is the most inexact part of all of my estimates, especially when it comes to my own future, because my hair is not going gray very fast while many others (including my siblings) are graying rather quickly.

Luckily (for the MWC?), none of the job-hunting I do for out-of-state jobs I apply for when I am in a fit of “get me out of here” after Epifanio's negative blast at me results in anything, not even an emailed response. No interviews, no offers.

So, I stay in Kirov. I guess writing this book, these Volumes, is my job, for now.

I constantly wish I know more about the vagaries of karma: how little we know about how it plays out and why. With all of my clairvoyance’s inexactness and the problems with what a tiny portion of the future I *timult*, I can only describe bits of various versions of what happens with MFH. Perhaps the “F” could stand for something besides “Future”: “Fictional,” “Fated,” “Fascinating,” “Fake,” “Frustrating” and “Forever” come to mind.

The next time I see Epifanio, after my giving him Brian Greene's book as a not-gift, we get together at his house. After he gets his salad and brings me some water, we sit facing each other outside on a gorgeous spring day.

"She wants to have children," Fanio says, mournfully. He's talking about his live-in lover of about two years. "She wants to go back to school, so I thought that would be it. But, she also wants a baby, soon. Not to wait a lot longer, she said. She thinks having a baby goes well with being in school."

I am silent, waiting for him to go on. She is in her mid-thirties. I already see that this is probably going to be what they split up over; a lot of people with no psychic ability whatsoever could predict this possibility, just based on their twenty-year age difference. His son is about her age. Creeps me out, but he seems fine with it.

My previews show that this children issue arises around this time for them. He does not know I *timult* a lot of this part. I do not tell him, now.

He looks at me.

I nod, indicating I'm listening, urging him to continue.

"I'm not having any more children, and she knows that," he explains. "But, we're so good together. What do people do?" He seems genuinely perplexed.

I haven't been around him when he is having these kinds of experiences much in the last twelve years or so. My heart goes out to him. I nod, again, to show I'm still listening.

"She says things to me like: 'I want to be a mother. You've been a father, already, but I haven't been a mother.'" He sounds despondent. "I can't argue with that. She's right. How can I ask her to give that up? She shouldn't. She won't. I can't let her." He seems to be on the verge of tears.

I lean forward and touch his hand.

He takes it to hold mine.

I ask, "What kind of timetable does she seem to have?"

He shrugs and releases my hand, using both of his to gesture a kind of helpless surrender.

"How do you feel about having more children?" I ask him, already knowing the answer but sensing his need to talk more.

He says: "Not what I want. I love my son and my grandkids, but no more for me."

I ask, "So, what did you tell her?"

"She knows," he says, softly. "We have to end. But, neither of us really *wants* to. It's so sad."

He looks up at me, staring into my eyes. Something he sees there makes him tense. "Did you know about this?" he demands.

I am startled, caught in his stare. I sit very still, heart starting to pound. *He must mean, did I timult this.* I am getting hot and my shoulders feel like rocks. *What does he want me to say?*

Why is he angry? Even if I admit I have previews of this, it's not as if I cause any of it or have any power. I can't affect their choices, change her mind, change their ages or desires. He must know that. He can't blame me, can he?

I ask, cautiously, "What do you mean?" trying to buy some time and hoping he'll calm down.

"Did you know, in advance, the way you *do*, about our breaking up?" He gestures, sharply, to their house, behind him.

Fanio doesn't believe in the validity of my previews. Why does he sound as if he does, now?

I then make a decision, based on this: *I have never lied to him and I won't start today. Maybe I can get away with not saying much?*

I nod. I stall. I don't take my eyes off his.

He is impatiently waiting for my response.

"I have 'seen' some of this," I admit. "But, it's not an exact thing, you know. I don't know the timing of most of my scenes or if what I see is accurate."

He is still looking intensely at me but seemingly less angry.

There's something else in his energy, now. Curiosity?

He asks: "What, *precisely*, did you 'see'?"

I sense derisive quotation marks around "see."

Starting to feel defensive, then a bit pissed off, I make myself take deep breaths. *Meditate better, slow down.* I take my time to gather my thoughts and decide what to say. "Does it really matter what I may have 'seen,'?" I ask, imitating his tone. "These are *your* lives, *your* decisions," I remind him, more gently, opening my hands.

Abruptly, he stands up and starts pacing around the patio as he talks.

I've never seen him so agitated. It's scarscinating. Zef creates that word for "scary" plus "fascinating."

"I can tell we have to break up. It's obvious. I'm coming to terms with that." He pauses, then keeps pacing. He stops and stares at me again, somewhat hostilely. "But, does that mean I have to be with *you*? That *can't* be right. How can that be true?"

He turns away from me. "I don't love you that way. I do *love* you, but not that way."

He seems to be pleading with me, but for what? Permission? Absolution? Guidance? I feel lost. I have no idea what to say. When in doubt, be quiet. I wait.

He goes on, since I don't say anything. "Will I grow to love you, to want you? Is that how this works?" He is talking more slowly, but pacing again, glancing at me as he turns at each loop.

When he gets back to where I am sitting, he stands over me, looking at me intently. "It's kind of like an arranged marriage, isn't it?"

I still do not answer. I'm witnessing his inner process and don't dare interfere.

He moves away to the center of the patio, raises his hands to the sky. "What kind of plan is this?" he shouts upward. He laughs, looks toward me again, and starts singing, in a goofy, deeper-than-usual voice. "'Do you love me?'"

I laugh as I recognize it: it's a line from a song in the musical, *Fiddler on the Roof*. [copyright 1964. Book by Joseph Stein. Based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. Music by Jerry Bock. Lyrics by Sheldon Harnick.] The middle-aged husband and wife had been "matched" into an arranged marriage when they were quite young. In this scene, they now have five daughters, three of whom are old enough to fall in love and get

married, themselves. However, their elder daughters have been rejecting the matchmaker's recommendations, holding out to marry for love. So, the parents are questioning each other and themselves, singing, "Do you love me? Do I love you?"

As Fanio sings more of the song to me, I watch him. His face is smoothing out, his energy is calmer. *He sings quite well. He knows most of the words. I'm enjoying this part.*

For the first time since this conversation begins, I start to relax. Deep inside, I feel a growing certainty: *We're going to be okay. He may be able to be open to this, to me, to us. Or, not, but, whatever happens, he won't be angry with me about it any longer.*

He stops singing and stands there, gazing down at me somewhat fondly.

I feel his internal movement toward me, toward *us*. Just a little, but it's a gigantic transformation. So subtle, almost invisible, but huge. It's another "This Changes Everything" moment. I breathe it in, watching him. Loving him. Wishing.

Not yet and not easily, but soon, and eventually, maybe as I've timulted: eventually, quite happily, he could love me, and we could be together.

I realize for the first time that he *also* now feels that *we* are possible. He is standing more loosely, more open.

Slightly grinning and humming that song to himself, he gathers up our dishes and indicates the house. "Let's go in. It's getting cold."

I follow him inside. I settle on the couch as he puts our dishes by the sink.

This is a long time, in our relationship, for me to have been silent. I can feel that we both notice this but neither of us says anything about it.

He walks back toward me and looks at me for a while.

I meet his gaze. *What are you thinking? I wish I could read minds....But, even if I could, I wouldn't. That would be invasive!*

I smile, tentatively, feeling a bit uncomfortable under his silent scrutiny.

He sits down in the chair across from me, still looking at me.

I keep breathing, meeting his eyes.

He pulls the chair closer to the couch so that his knees are touching mine.

Abruptly, Fanio slaps his hands on his knees and leads forward, gazing into my eyes with eagerness and curiosity. "Okay, then, When?" he asks.

I could pretend not to know what he's asking or stay silent, but I answer him simply: "Whenever you're ready." Smiling encouragingly at him, I add: "It's up to *you*."

He doesn't return my smile, but his eyes are clear. I see affection, familiarity. He tilts his head, looking up to his right. Considering, "seeing" in his own way.

I wait.

He looks at me, again, directly and intensely. After a while, he says, softly, unexpectedly, "I'm sorry." He opens his hands on his knees, offering his apology physically.

Why does he seem embarrassed? "For what?" I ask.

"For being less than open with you all these years," he says. He sits back, knowing he has just admitted something unanticipated and enormous.

I am stunned. But, deeply, not *completely* surprised. His knowing, while not *telling* me about knowing, about our future together is one of the scenarios I frequently

wrestle with for all these years. I can easily imagine reasons he would have chosen to withhold, wait, not want to discuss with me openly the way our relationship might change.

His unexpected admission and apology make it easier for me to forgive his lying to me, his putting me off, but.... I feel a mix of anger, interest, sadness, excitement. I want to know more but I don't want to interrupt his flow, his new-found willingness to share his truth with me. I wait, again, not responding except to meet his gaze.

He sighs. "I couldn't tell you I knew. It would have been bad for you, for me, for so much. I wasn't supposed to let you know, yet. That much I *did* know. This all had to play out further. And, you, I, *we* needed to be more, well, *prepared*." He looks chagrined. "*I'm* still not ready, really. I thought there would be more time."

He is confessing, talking faster, more earnestly, now: "I knew around the same time you did. I don't have your abilities," he goes on, "but I can tell when someone is saying something true. I am intuitive, you know?"

I nod.

"So, after you told me about your first 'snapshots,' with us as lovers, living together, all that, I *looked* into it, our relationship. I could feel it, like you said, kind of like a tractor beam, pulling us in. I could tell that your pictures were probably accurate. But, as you know, my feelings weren't, aren't, like yours."

I nod, again. I am speechless, mesmerized by this outpouring.

"So, as you suggested, I checked out our astrology charts, I threw the *I Ching*. consulted the Runes, meditated. I did what you asked."

He is referring to THE letter, the one I sent to him in 2005, right after his long-term partner of seven years left him, just as I had *timulted* she would. I sent him my reveal letter, right after I heard that she had actually left.

I write to him for the first time with a list of *almost* everything. I briefly describe all that I see, almost every snapshot and scene. The letter ran to about five typed pages. I tell him how seeing all this has changed me. I explain that I love him because of my experiences with him. I take the chance of letting him know that I want to ask him to marry me, but not to be with me, yet.

I beg him not to answer me too quickly. Also, even though it isn't yet our time, I beg him not to enter into another relationship right away.

I strongly request: please, look into our karma more completely? I suggest several methods for divination and inquiry and send him my astrology chart. He's big on astrological compatibility.

All I receive in response at that time is a brief answer, another, "No." I think, though, even in its terseness, that it is final. I finally reveal it all at a rare time that he is single and available, but he rejects me. It feels more absolute, this time.

I try to believe him. I really do. For many years, I try.

Now, over five years later, I understand. He did not mean "No, I don't love you," or, "No, it's impossible," exactly. He meant, "No, not now."

That was then; what about today?

"I tried to believe you, then, and I tried to move on," I remind him, again, now.

He answers, "Well, I couldn't tell you that I believed you. I also wasn't convinced, that we could, that we would, that I would...." His voice trails off and he looks away from me. "I'm still not. Completely convinced. Completely, well, *there*."

After a long pause, he looks at me, again, and continues. "Over the years, I kept returning to look into this possibility of us, hoping it would change. No offense," he adds, quickly, not wanting me to be hurt, "but things *could* change. And, it wasn't what I wanted, you know?"

"Yeah. It wasn't what I wanted, either, at first," I remind him, letting him off the hook.

He smiles at that.

"I thought, with her," he gestures to their bedroom, "I had someone I could stay with. Maybe things for you and me *had* changed, would change."

He stops, looks around, at their house, then back at me, earnestly explaining: "But, as soon as she started talking to me about wanting children, I knew.... I had hoped it would be different, but..." he trails off while pointing back to their bedroom, then drops his arm and sighs.

"Hope is inescapable, I think," I agree. "I never stopped hoping, either, but I kept hoping *for* this." I gesture to him and then myself. I laugh, quietly, at the opposing vectors of our hopes.

He nods. He just looks at me. Unreadable.

I watch. I wait. I hardly breathe. *It's NOW or not at all.*

He stands up, decisively.

Expectantly, I look up at him.

He pushes back his chair and steps over to the couch to sit next to me. He has not joined me on his couch before. He's right next to me; we're touching.

Maybe I should move away from him? What does this mean? How is this all right?

Then, I laugh at myself and let myself fall back, right next to him. *How could I feel the way I do about MFH and not be able to sit next to him on a couch?*

He threads his arm behind and around me and I settle into it.

We both lean back, quiet.

I feel everything changing inside, between and around us. I can see the *prana* sparkling like dust motes in the sun all around us.

We breathe together, slipping easily into formal meditation. The tension recedes. I feel myself and, then, him, get lighter and happier by the moment.

I review: *We meet almost thirty years ago and are friends for most of that time. I love him and believe him to be destined to be my husband for almost half that time, with no support, no encouragement; actually, active discouragement. But, my love and conviction are unwavering.*

And, now? Yes, now.

Sighing, happily, I begin to settle in to this improved version of our reality. "Finally. A timeline I can like," I whisper.

He squeezes my shoulder and laughs a little.

After a while, he asks, "Are we really going to do this?"

I don't respond right away. Then, I sit up, facing him, looking into his eyes. He is looking back at me, steadily.
"If you want to, *I'm* in," I say, quietly. We hold each other's glance for a moment. We seem to come to agreement.
I smile.
He smiles, too. "We'll see."
I sit back and lean my head on his shoulder. I inhale his scent, smiling at its familiarity and comforting essence. He tugs me closer into a friendly hug. We sit together for a while.

I've always hated stories that stop here. "They lived happily ever after" comes about one minute after their first declaration of love, or first kiss, or their wedding, but we never get to see *how* it all works out. I'm not going to leave you all hanging like that.

Our relationship takes a long time (by my reckoning) coming to fruition and is often very complicated. We have a lot to work out and it's by no means certain to go in this direction.

I am writing this on June 12, 2012: the MWC hasn't even contacted me, yet; they come in December. I promise more pieces of our story, several versions, in this and future Volumes.

CHAPTER INTERLUDE XIII

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

When Trouble is not Trouble

October 21, 2039

ALT [According to Linear Time]-wise, it's been almost thirty years since my first visit with the MWC members, whom Earthers know as The Band: Led, Ringo, Diana — Janis and Mick. They tell me this morning that I am scheduled to retire from being Earth's CC in about eighteen months. I have to pick a successor. I know this is coming but I do not like it.

The retirement part is okay; it's the selecting the successor part I dread. I do not have a process, yet. They tell me I am responsible for creating one.

My husband, Epifanio, creates the process for me in about six months, an occurrence that The Band *timults* as well as I do, so why do we do this dance? Sigh.

ALT and *timultaneity* are still odd, sometimes. There are some timelines in which I have no husband.

Also, Led tells me today that I am being formally reprimanded for allowing the publication of *The Spanners, Volume I, This Changes Everything*, in 2013 instead of 2041, as sometimes planned, and for allowing my personal contacts to read versions of it in 2012.

"Planned by whom?" I ask.

"By *you*, Clara" Led replies. Even *he* sounds confused.

“But when we talk about it in early 2013, you all encourage me. You say how valuable Volume I is, since it provides several versions of the overview as well as some key details of the Transition and my years as the Chief Communicator. You say that Earthers benefit from knowing the story sooner rather than later. It's part of their 'adequate warm-up' which relaxes them about 'future' occurrences to know about these possibilities in 'fiction' form, earlier, you tell me. So, how can I be in trouble for doing what we all agree I do?”

“You are not ‘in trouble,’” Diana explains. “We just have to issue the formal reprimand so that other CCs or *timultaneous* leaders remember that there are consequences for alternate actions in the timelines across multiverses, even when those changes are beneficial.”

“EVERYTHING has consequences. That last statement makes little sense to me,” I mention. “Plus, technically, ALT, I wasn’t even under the jurisdiction of the MWC when I begin sharing the first Volume, so how can I be under Reprimand? You come to me in December, 2012 but I finish writing draft one in May, 2012.”

“Of course,” Ringo agrees. “You are correct. Consequences always occur. We are required to point it out more sharply, sometimes.”

“What about the being ‘off-duty’ part?” I persist.

Silence.

“Okay. Fine. It’s not as if I don’t know this is coming, right?” I acknowledge, somewhat grudgingly. “When do I receive the reprimand? What form does it take *this* time?” I wonder if they hear the amusement in my voice.

In my years as the Chief Communicator, or the CC, which has morphed into my being called “CeeCee,” I receive several formal reprimands. A lifelong rebel, even in this role. No surprise, for those who know me....

The next official Reprimand comes in the form of a type of holographic censorship, or restricted Access: I am not allowed to use or view certain records or “channels,” as we may call them, for 30 Earth days. It’s kind of like being grounded from using the library, but only from two of hundreds of shelves. It is quite funny to me, but I make sure not to laugh out loud.

How do I earn this “punishment”? I facilitate Access to records for Earthers (friends and family, mostly) who are having trouble utilizing their personal *i*IDs by letting them share a general code. I show them how to gain Access by my doing it with them; once a teacher, always a teacher.

Problem? Access is intended to be individual, not shared. Well, librarians can be such *librarians* (apologies to my great friend, Robin, who was NOT like that, even though she was a librarian...). Rules. Blech.

The next two Reprimands are quite different from that one. Following on the heels of my not being available to speak to some leaders from the Central Region of the MWC due to my making it a priority to attend my granddaughter’s 8th birthday party, I do not step out for the “requested” vid call. This Reprimand is really what I call “pro forma.” It looks worse than it is.

In this Reprimand, the MWC indicates that I may “suffer greatly” from it, but I know they put that language in purely for the benefit of the leaders' egos with whom I do

not meet in that vid call. The MWC Council posts a photo of me, as Chief Communicator for Earth, on all the MWC channels for one Earth hour each day for one Earth month, with the caption: “Family over Duty?” Then, below the caption, MWC members are free to comment. It’s like those ads that list people with DUIs, to shame them and publicly embarrass them. Except, I am feeling neither shamed nor embarrassed. Family IS first. And, most of the comments posted are quite supportive. So there!

Some of the ensuing, multiverse-wide comments are so hilarious, I have to share them with Espe. However, I am the only one who is supposed to see them all, and, thus, be shamed: “CeeCee should have said/done this” and “CeeCee should *not* have said/done that.” Everybody is entitled to an opinion, right?

Espe appreciates these comments and the entire incident so much she is inspired to publish a booklet of them and put it on the 'verseweb. I am delighted.

For this, we get the other of these two (my fourth and Espe's first) formal Reprimands. This one is even more difficult to understand as a negative consequence than the others because all the IGC does is put our booklet on the MWC web-equivalent (mcwc.reprimandcomments.verse/Branon) so that “everyone” may see what a “terrible” thing we did. Apparently, a lot of species in the MWC have very different (and more restrictive) concepts of privacy than many human Earthers do.

The outcome of that posting, though, which I could predict for them, if they bother to ask me, is that many more MWC members create booklets of comments from *their* Reprimands and post them. It becomes a Reprimands sharing fest on verse.com. Not the result they hope for, I’m sure.

There are a few other Reprimands after that one. Today, refocusing on my first. I enjoy most of them, so I am eager to see what form this takes.

Led says, and I believe this is in his sternest voice, “Clara. Your formal Reprimand for publishing out of sequence and without following the schedule established by you and us is this: all Volumes of *The Spanners* are being made available, free of charge, to all MWC members who request them. No more financial gain may accrue to any authors from this point on.”

It is hard to hide my grin. From 2012 – 2021, when Volumes I – X are published, *The Spanners* series earns millions of Earth dollars and the equivalent of quadrillions of MWC currency for me and my co-authors (Espe, Zephyr, several others). We earn money not just from the books themselves, but, also, from the franchise: all the “spin-offs” and “merchandising.” These include: the TV series and its syndication and re-runs; six feature films; two documentaries; numerous trademarked T-shirts (“*Spanners* Forever” is the most popular, followed by the title of the first volume, “*This Changes Everything!*”); toys (each MWC Delegate gets its own “action figure,” of course, and I get to be a doll, a bobble-head dashboard figurine, and a “Clara-Bear” in 2014 alone); multi-species, multi-player role-play online and personal video games; and more. New merchandising is licensed almost every year thereafter as well.

These Volumes and the documentaries are viewed, even though the books are labeled as “fiction,” as the premier, definitive chronicles of the early Earth-MWC public years. All the background I can provide is requested frequently. Every library and library equivalent across the multiverse already has copies or can download them from mcwc.

Spanners.verse, so everyone has Access to all the Volumes and films free of charge already.

Plus, since *The Spanners* franchise makes such an outrageous amount of money very early on, by January, 2015, we establish several charitable foundations to help distribute the profits to places they are most needed. It is difficult to imagine what we would do with it and completely unnecessary for any of us authors to be making *more* money at this point; thus, my grin.

However, remembering how worried Espe and I are about how we will earn money while doing all of the tasks associated with our new roles when this all starts, I play the aggrieved party. I say to Led, “What about the Foundations’ earnings? May they continue, please?”

“Of course,” Led says, somewhat primly.

"Thank you so very much!" I tell him, laying it on very thickly.

Led bounces once and *POP* he's gone.

Subject closed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Interspecies/Interplanetary Marriagebond Laws

stories posted on mwcw.laws.verse

May 30, 2023 and February 10, 2035 Earth Dates

ED, MWG, 5/30/2023

Approximately midway through Earth's first Chief Communicator's term on May 30, 2023 Earth Date, Milky Way Galaxy (ED MWG) timelines, news media all across Earth report the following developments (right on schedule):

► *Marriage ceremonies and laws are changing to include options for beings from planets other than Earth to bond with Earthers of any marriageable species.*

► *The list of marriageable Earth species, doubled since 2016, has now reached 244 species and dozens of genders and nongenders eligible to contract a marriage bond.*

► *The list of marriageable nonEarth species is approximately seven million, to date; current species list is available: mwcw.laws.verse/bondspecieslist.*

► *Marriage bonds invested with contract law on Earth automatically are recognized as legal marriage bonds on all MWC participating planets and in all MWC star systems.*

► *Participating species may construct their own contracts. As long as these uniquely drawn contracts do not violate existing marriagebond laws on any participating planets or star systems, contracts are valid as written.*

► *Pre-Nuptial, Post-Nuptial, and Interrupted/Segmented-Nuptial contracts are also admissible when participating species in the bond authenticate with personal verisign and dates on all copies and these are witnessed by at least*

two unaffected beings of contract age on the same date as the originals are sealed.

► *Marriagebond laws and policies as well as the eligible species list are monitored regularly (at least once each cycle) by MWC contract monitors; revisions may occur as needed and are posted here.*

The first documented problem with the above laws and policies occurs on Earth, one week after this story is posted. So many similar stories are posted within the first weeks that a new policy and law segment is added, below:

► *Children already born to/borne by eligible species wishing to enter into an interspecies marriagebond must be allowed to opt out of the bond if the offspring are of an age to live independently. Since independence capacity varies by species and location as well as individual characteristics, each case will be handled separately in marriagebond court as it arises.*

Approximately half of the interspecies marriagebonds involve dependents. Of those that involve potentially independent offspring, approximately two-thirds of these descendents opt for independence within one cycle of the start of the marriagebond contract.

► *Subsequent years' outcomes produce the need for an additional segment, below:*

► *Dissolution or divorce between or among species who sign a marriagebond contract may occur under conditions that vary widely.*

No one law or segment of this policy can possibly cover all possibilities. Therefore, it is the decision of this authority that each dissolution or divorce must be handled separately, utilizing:

- *each marriagebond's original contract,*
- *all evidence and information provided, and*
- *interviews with appropriate witnesses.*

Since this process takes some time, dissolutions and divorces are allowed one-half cycle to be completed.

One general law and its codicil apply to all dissolutions and divorces:

► *all contracted parties to the marriage bond must be released from the bond without prejudice so that each participating being leave the bond in equivalent economic condition to any other and all offspring nurtured by the bond continue to be adequately nurtured by all responsible entities for as long as these descendents require nurturing.*

► *each participating adult must contribute appropriately and reliably to required nurturing.*

Penalties for violating any of the above conditions of dissolution are severe.

Approximately one-third of all interspecies marriagebonds are dissolved within two cycles of the contracts' beginning. Those that endure into the third cycle often last the natural lifetime of the soonest-to-expire participant.

ED, MWG, 2/10/2035

February 10, 2035 Earth Date, Milky Way Galaxy timelines.

News media all across Earth and the MWC member locations report several unique developments related to the existence and implementation of marriagebonds that include Earthers on Earth and other planets/star systems in the MWC. Many MWC members recognize that Earthers in interspecies marriagebonds are not able to acquire preferred housing, plumbing, food, cooking apparatuses, medications and health care, child care and education for young individuals, family communication options, clothing, and entertainment at all locations at all times. Travel among the MWC locations is often unfairly restricted for these individuals as well.

Reasons for this become evident upon further investigation: Earthers who participate in interspecies marriagebonds are facing subtle discriminatory practices on many of the MWC planets, including Earth.

As soon as the investigation reveals these practices, each such practice is uncovered, removed, and discontinued. Replication is also curtailed to extinction. Empathy training, compassion certification, and extensions of apologies are mandatory for all violators. Some violators are Sequestered pending cooperation or ReInvolvement.

Equality, respect, equal opportunity and options for preferred conditions must be consistently available to all species at all locations at all times.

Posted reminders and automatic removals of threats now exist in all MWC locations.

It is important to note that many planets experience similar turmoil and similarly require equality reminders after approximately a dozen cycles of their first implementation of interspecies marriagebonds.

Reasons for the timing of this phenomenon are unknown at this time.

As the Chief Communicator of Earth, Dr. Branon, is fond of saying: "It is not all good all the time, but it becomes good again rather quickly."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Other versions of Clara and Epifanio's Love Story (either/ors and both/ands)

Because our story varies from timeline to timeline and even within this one due to multiple Re-sets and other variables, infinite numbers of "beginning" encounters exist somewhere. I want to share a couple of them with you since I "live through" them with some version of Fanio.

It's a guessing game for me. I do not know any more than you do which versions of us converge with the ones we currently are, when and how certain versions reconverge or which ones seem to "prevail" in our shared experiences. You decide which are your favorites. Then, we live in you!

August 15, 2012, northern California

“You can’t put all this, this, this...*stuff* in there,” Epifanio tells me as he waves the chapters that feature the way we get together and our long marriage. “This isn’t going to happen. I’ve told you that, repeatedly.”

I am sitting on a hill near the main buildings on the first day of events at our Buddhist sangha’s new center. It is a beautiful, warm, breezy, early fall day. I am enjoying the view, the scents, the feeling of the air as I meditate and wait for him. He has found me sitting here, alone, after looking for me for a while, his irritation apparently building.

My heart flutters and my stomach somersaults. As he gets closer, I realize the extent of his displeasure. My hands start to sweat. I press them onto my pants’ legs but do not speak.

Since I don’t respond to his demand, he goes on, “Why would you do that? What are people going to think?”

I smile and ask, semi-innocently, “What people? About what? It’s *fiction*.”

He sits down gracefully next to me, frowning, still shaking the papers toward me. “But you’re using so many facts, how will anyone know which parts are true and which are not?”

“That’s part of the fun of it,” I explain, overly patient.

I know I’m annoying him, but I can’t seem to stop myself. “If people have to keep guessing as to which parts are factual, they’ll want to keep reading, right?”

I see that I’m only making things worse, so I backpedal a bit: “Aren’t some of the unfactual parts so *obviously* untrue that it makes the rest less likely to be believed? Plus, I never use your real name and I do not identify your occupation or much about how you look. Who will know the character is based on you, besides you and I and *maybe* a couple of others, who are *very* unlikely to read my books?”

He is quiet and seems to be considering what I just said. Is he appeased? Then he looks at me, somewhat sternly. “Why are you including parts about a character that is mostly me as your ‘husband’ at *all*?” He thumps the packet with his other hand. The snap is louder than the crows’ cawing above us. “I just do not see why you would do this.”

I match his quietness and also, his sternness. “Don’t pretend you don’t understand. You insult us both.”

Now, he looks uncomfortable. For the first time, he’s a bit on the defensive. “Well, I *do* understand, I suppose, but I really don’t like it. No matter how much you want it or how many of those so-called “previews” you have, you are *not* right. We are *not* going to be married. We are not even going to be lovers. I cannot be open to it, to you that way. You *know* this.” He sounds sorry, now, less angry. He puts the papers down underneath one knee so they don’t blow away in the breeze.

I wish I could hug him. I look at him intently and keep listening. My stomach is getting very tight and starting to hurt. I remind myself to breathe and keep meditating. That helps. *Spaciousness. Awareness. Peace. Love. Joy. Equanimity....*

“*Please* take those parts out, or at least make the character less like me or something?” He is pleading with me, and I feel a bit guilty.

But, not *that* guilty. I poke further. "Less like you?" Do I capture you that perfectly? That's great! I must be a better writer than I think!" He does not look amused.

I go on, now getting a bit angry myself. "How do you *know*? How are you *certain*? Do you see into *every* future? Do you know *precisely* how all of the multiverse timelines play out in this lifetime? I think not."

I pause but he is silent, watching me. I continue: "You are repeatedly making these claims. You say that you don't have those kinds of feelings for me, that being together is not our future. You are *so* sure about your predictions. But, *how* are you so sure? What if the future I describe *is* the future, but for different versions of us than are sitting right here? On what premise can you deny *that* possibility?"

I'm too angry, now, but I can't seem to stop myself. "And, by what right do you demand that I change *my* fictional story and characters? Why am I not allowed to write any version of any timeline I want? It's *my* book!" I am raising my voice a bit, so I stop and breathe slowly, deeply. *Peace, please.*

He seems a bit stunned by the vehemence of my reaction, so I go on, more quietly. "It's not time, yet, for us to get together in this lifetime, whichever version we are in," I remind him. "How do you *know* that your feelings do not change? Are you *infallibly certain* that your perceptions or ideas or whatever you base your decisions on do not accumulate differently than you currently expect?"

I sweep one hand across the beautiful vista of mountains and ocean we are facing and ask: "What if it *all* changes, suddenly? One day, all your resistance—poof! —disappears—and you discover that you are passionately in love with me? Are you 100% certain that this possibility does not exist, in *any* timeline?"

I'm pleading with him, now, because I can feel him softening. "You *do* love me," I remind him, unnecessarily. "You tell me frequently how connected we are."

He stares off toward the distant shoreline and sighs. He doesn't look at me. "Yes. I do love you. But, not that way. Not the way you want. I just don't feel it."

"I know," I assure him. "I hear you. But, I *need* to be with you, somehow, until we are together in whichever timeline we *are*. Isn't a novel a good place to put all my feelings and desires, all my beliefs and information?"

He doesn't answer any of my questions, but he seems to accept my explanation. "Well, all I ask is that you put this conversation in there, too, then. I want to register my disagreement. I want *my* voice, *my* 'version' to be in this book, too," he demands.

"Done," I agree, quickly.

He turns back to me, a bit surprised at my quick surrender, and smiles. "Okay!" he says, seemingly much happier, now. "I can live with that."

"Good," I say.

We both get up and start walking back to the main building. He asks, "So, when is this coming out?"

"Very soon," I say. "I'll give you an advance copy."

"Good," he says. "Thank you."

"Thank *you*," I echo. "I couldn't be doing this without you. *That's* the truth."

"We'll see," he says, laughing a bit.

I smile.

By the time he reads this, it all will be different. What is true will be obvious and all will be well. I cross my fingers, just in case.

I don't tell him I write this about six months *before* we talk on this hill. That would really freak Epifanio out.

Written February 24, 2012

October 22, 2012, northern California

I am sitting on a hill near the main buildings on the first day of events at our Buddhist sangha's new center. It is a beautiful, warm, breezy, early fall day. I am enjoying the view, the scents, the feeling of the air as I meditate and wait for Epifanio.

I hear someone behind me and look to see him walking toward me. His expectant then satisfied face tells me that he has been looking for me.

My heart flutters and my stomach somersaults. It's been about eight months since we've seen each other.

After he and his lover break up this past summer, he vacates their rental, ceding it to her. He travels around scouting locations for his art and next residence, staying with friends around the region. Meanwhile, I also move, from the North Bay to the East Bay area of San Francisco. I am unemployed and finishing the final draft of this book while starting the other Volumes in this series. He hasn't read the first book, yet. He knows from last winter that I'm writing a sci-fi novel, starting a series. We once talk about it, briefly, but he doesn't read any of it, yet. I don't tell him anything else, either.

I stand up so we can hug. He grabs me, exuberantly, and starts a large, sideways swaying motion with the hug. I'm almost in tears: that's how glad I am to be in his arms. I hug him back tightly and laugh a bit as he exaggerates the sways and we both almost fall over.

I stand back to look at him (he's about 9 inches taller than I). "You look great!" I say. "How go your travels?"

He sits down and pats the grass next to him, for me. I sit.

"Travels good," he says. "Health good. Life good. All good. All bad. No good, no bad. All empty." He often talks this way, in a kind of toddler's shorthand but with a Hindi accent, as if he's translating from some other language into India's English, like the voice of that robot, "Short Circuit," from the '80s movie. It is funny and familiar. He would make a great actor.

His presence melts the aching feeling I have when I am not with him. I sigh, happily, content to sit with him silently a moment. We both gaze at the distant shoreline and meditate.

After a few minutes, he nudges me with his elbow. "How are you?"

"Better now," I say, my usual response. "Being with you always improves any moment."

"Did it need improving?" he asks, a bit concerned.

"No," I reassure him. "All is well. I just miss you."

"Well, here I am." He points to his belly and tries to extend it out. I laugh because he is very thin and there is almost nothing there to puff out.

"Did you miss me?" I hint.

“No,” he says, “why miss? All here, always.” He gestures, vaguely, in all directions.

He sees me pretending to pout. He adds, “Glad to see you, though,” in his actual voice and accent, then glances sideways at me, indicating it's time for me to turn off the pout. I comply. He smiles.

“Tell me about the plans for your new house?” I ask. This land we're on is a new piece of property for him. Although there are some buildings already on it, he is going to be building himself (*and me*, but he's not on board with that, yet) a new house. “Where will it be?”

He looks at me, a tad suspiciously. We have “difficulties” in this area, most recently last fall, and he is checking my motivation. “I've already chosen the site,” he says, slowly.

I feel him, watching my face, intently, for signs of....what? Foreknowledge? Hypnotic trance induction? A trap?

“Why do you want to know?” he asks me, rather sternly.

I immediately turn down my brightness about three stellar magnitudes. Matching his pace, I reply, slowly and somewhat dully: “Just interested. I know you want to start building soon.” I wait, to see if he relaxes around my retracted self. *See?* I'm telling him, silently, *No danger, here. "These are not the 'droids you want."*

He blows out a breath and seems to decide something. Somewhat reluctantly, he asks: “All right. Spill it.” A long, dramatic sigh blows out of his mouth. “What house plan do you ‘see’?”

I am astonished. Epifanio never asks me to talk about what I timult. He seems to dislike intensely that I do timult and has pretty much quashed my speaking of what I may know in advance of his knowing it, especially when it's about him. “Uh, uh, well, um... Hmmm. Not much, really.” *Not precisely a lie: there is a LOT I don't "see."*

Does my denial work? I hold my breath, mentally crossing my fingers.

He looks at me, piercingly. “No evasions, no lies. I ask: you answer.”

I protest, “I never lie to you.” I explain: “I just don't tell you *everything* and *that's* only because you don't *want* me to tell you.” I am sending placating vibes. *Is it working?*

“Okay. Fair enough. Well, I *want* you to tell me, *now*.” He imitates my tone and emphasis pattern and we both smile. “What does my house look like? Where is it situated? Let's see how close your ‘seeing’ is to my plans.”

It's a trap. Fanio has set me a trap. So clever, he is. Once I disclose what I “see,” he gets to tell me that I'm not right (he's so sure I'm not right). I can tell that he believes this will give him even more corroboration for his position in our longest-standing, mostly friendly disagreement, which is about our future relationship: will we or won't we be a couple, together? Yes, no, maybe so?

I advance, cautiously, into this minefield. “Well, okay. Let's talk about the site, first. Since this is my first time being here, in person, you know I only go in the public parts, right around here.” I point to this hill we're on and behind us to the main buildings and the entrance. “So, what if I describe the road that winds through the rest of the property and where your building site is in relation to the road?”

“Go on,” he urges. He looks so calm, so certain of my impending failure.

I start to feel nervous but I continue. *Only the future of our entire relationship now rides on the accuracy of my previews.* I breathe deeply, searching for that clarity spot.

There. Brightness sparks in my mind with a great energy within it as I begin to view my previews again. I feel confident, now. Maybe a bit too much, but I know it relaxes Fanio when I'm playful, so I point to the road that extends behind the largest building behind the main house. “How about this: you hold up one finger every time I get something wrong, OK? If you hold up three or more fingers, next lunch is on me.”

He nods, cracks his knuckles theatrically, wiggles his fingers, extends them all and smiles. “You're on. Go!”

I am momentarily distracted. *I love his fingers. Long, graceful, beautiful. I imagine them touching me, intimately stroking, probing....* I feel his eyes on me and am suddenly intensely grateful he cannot read my thoughts. Mentally shaking myself, I return to this moment, the brightness, the scenes in my mind.

“Up there, beyond where we can both see from here, the road goes through the trees and starts to wind a bit, for a little ways. Maybe about a quarter mile or less; I'm not good with distances. Then, it straightens out...” I trail off, watching his body language.

He is getting somewhat tight in the shoulders, straightens his back. Interesting. He also moves his hands, restlessly, but puts no fingers up.

I continue. “As it gets a bit straighter, it goes up a small hill. About a tenth of a mile or so from the last curve, on the straight part, is a clearing on the left, the west side. The road continues up a bit further, to the top, where it ends.”

He looks sharply at me, but I pretend not to notice. So far, so good. Fingers are still retracted.

I am relaxing now, on familiar territory, picturing it all perfectly. “The clearing extends quite a ways, at least two acres on a fairly flat portion of land to the west and south of the road. There are some trees on both sides of the driveway entrance, but the site is clear along the rest of the driveway and for the building area and a bit around that.”

I watch him covertly as I talk. Each time I describe a new area, he gets stiffer. His hands are fisted, now. He is sitting very still, gazing rigidly at the horizon in front of us.

“On the north side, the clearing is smaller and extends to a small uphill area and some trees, almost right away. To the south, the clearing extends a little before falling off, slowly, down a hill which overlooks a lot of trees and other hills, quite close. To the west, after the lot ends there is a large, down-sloping hill into a gully/valley, but the view extends for miles, across more distant, rolling hills and forests, all the way to the ocean, which I think is about twenty miles away. Same view as from here, I think.”

He now appears about to burst from his skin. He turns to me, disbelieving, challenging: “Who took you there? Who told you all this?” He expels a frustrated breath as he waves one hand in the direction of the road up the hill.

Ahhh. Bull's eye. I do not respond. I wait. *Where will he go from here?* He looks incredulous and displeased.

“No fingers?” I ask, quasi-innocently, as I look up at him through my eyelashes, trying to lighten the energy.

He grudgingly acknowledges my correctness, but still has some hope in his voice as he says, “Not YET. Lucky guesses. *Lots* of property could be configured like that.”

He thinks, then asks: “What about the house? I haven’t built it, yet, and almost no one knows about my design. Keep going. Same deal.”

I look directly into his eyes, now, and ask, seriously: “Are you sure you want me to continue?” I give him permission to stop me, to stop this, but he doesn’t use it.

He meets my eyes, searching them for something. He continues looking at me and asks, somewhat plaintively, “What if you’re right? How is that possible? Could you have the site *and* the house right, but still be wrong about *us*?”

He easily gets up and starts pacing, reminding me of other conversations about this we have prior to and after this, different timelines. He does like to pace. I can hear him muttering, “You *have* to be wrong. I don’t feel that way about you,” as he walks back and forth by me.

I wait until he loops around again and comes back near me to say, quietly, as I look away from him back to the distant waves: “Listen,” I assure him, “No one can force you into anything. I can’t. I won’t. You know that. If we do get together, it will be because we *both* want to, because you do grow to love me ‘that way,’ or believe you could, and you want to give us a chance. That’s all I would ask, if I have anything to say about it, is for a chance. You already know how I feel about you.”

He stands beside me, listening intently, then moves to resume his seat at my side. “Tell me about the house,” he requests, less intensely. He smiles and wiggles his fingers again.

I’m a bit surprised by his resumption of our game and lighter mood. But, he sounds more open on this topic than I’ve ever heard him be. *Could this be changing for the better, right now, today?*

“If you’re sure,” I challenge, and wait.

Two beats go by, then, “Yes. Tell me.”

“All right.” I take a deep breath, meditate into the conversation, retrieve the clarity and twinkles of my previews, again. I see the house clearly in my mind. Somewhat quickly, now, to keep his attention, I describe the house. I go into details about its layout, its structure, its orientation, watching his fingers as I talk. I talk about the furniture’s placement, the appliances’ locations, the doorways, outside access points and stairwells. I warm to my task as I report the layout of the bathroom, the downstairs garage, the placement of food in our refrigerator.

I give a lot of details, going slowly, looking for fingers.

He seems to have forgotten all about the fingers element because he is listening carefully, an awestruck look on his face.

I talk about the bedrooms, the kitchen, the window placements and sizes. I tell him about the outer, two-sided deck, the downstairs woodshop and art/sculpture studio, and the two-story greenhouse/”outdoor” meditation space with a small, indoor waterfall that he adds a few years later.

When I get to the part about the chip/pellet stove, he touches my shoulder, not with a finger but his entire hand, like a stop signal

“Wow,” he breathes. He is very still, now. “How is this possible? How can you know all that already? I haven’t even finished the plans, yet, but every single thing... even some things I haven’t decided, yet, or even thought of fully....” He trails off, then looks at me. Steadily.

He moves his “stop” hand from my shoulder to pull my chin around to look at him. I meet his eyes, starting to tremble. This is the first time he touches me like this, so tenderly intimate.

He looks searchingly at my face and asks softly, “How could I love you that way and not know it?”

My whole body is shivering while my heart feels like a giant flower blooming, filling my chest. I am acutely aware of his hand on my chin, his eyes on my face moving across my features like a caress.

I realize I’m holding my breath. I make myself exhale and inhale, rhythmically. His fingers on my chin feel so warm.

He drops his hand from my face and looks back to the shoreline. “Explain, please.”

I touch his shoulder to turn him back toward me. He moves willingly. I take his hand in both of mine and I turn to straddle his flank, putting one leg behind him and leaving one dangling in front, down the hill. He silently allows this.

I tell him, gently, “When it’s ‘our time,’ you will love me that way. Or, you won’t. But, either way, you’ll know. It’s not ‘our time,’ yet. When it’s time, your heart changes. I don’t know how or why, just that you could.”

I can feel his whole body relax as I talk. He looks back at the distant waves. I continue. “You have choices. You are in charge. No one forces you into anything. Really. I don’t know why or how, but I do ‘see’ *some* things, in *some* futures. Are these pictures from ‘ours’? I really don’t know. Maybe that’s *your* house and I just visit a lot, as a friend. We’ll find out, won’t we? Somewhat soon, now.”

“When?” he looks to me, plainly curious. “Do you know when?”

“Not exactly,” I say. “But, judging from how we look in some of my earliest ‘snapshots,’ I’d say about one to three more years or thereabouts, at the most. Could be sooner.” I point to our hair. “We just aren’t going gray that fast, are we?”

I let go of his hand and turn to look at the view with him. “I never see the actual beginning,” I explain. “I don’t see how *we* ‘start.’”

There is an abrupt surge, a change in his energy, as if Epifanio seems to decide something. He quickly turns to face me, bending one knee toward my thigh, taking my shoulders in his hands so that we are facing each other, and asks, “What if it begins now?” He leans down and gently kisses me.

I am briefly surprised but I eagerly kiss him back. *His lips are warm, soft, perfect. It’s everything I imagined our first kiss would feel like.*

As we kiss, he deepens it, becoming more searching, more insistent, opening our mouths, inviting our tongues. He puts his arms around me and I put mine around him, matching his intensity. We are both wide open, joined in awareness, in oneness, fresh in the present. I feel a tingling throughout my body which increases as we kiss.

He slows down, stops kissing and slowly pulls away, still facing me. We are both breathing hard, looking into each others' eyes.

He is flushed and seems a little stunned. "Oh," he says. "I really had no idea."

My heart is beating so fast I'm surprised he can't hear it. I deliberately slow down my breathing.

Crows caw and flap loudly, flying overhead. Our hair is lifted by the breeze, distant voices murmur behind us. I hear and see everything, but his presence snares my attention. I can sense his heart beating, hear him breathing, still taste him in my mouth. I *know* his curiosity, his awakening passion, his surprise.

Fanio looks off to the side, and up, briefly, considering. Then he comes to a decision.

I feel every muscle in my body tense up, awaiting the verdict. *This is it.*

He looks back at me, solemnly. Then, his smile appears, slowly. Soon, it's large and lights up his face. "Good!" he announces. "This will work!"

I blow out a long breath and allow my muscles to unclench. "Just like that?" I ask, playfully.

"Just like that!" Fanio answers, happily, as if he has resolved a longstanding, difficult problem.

"Yes," I agree, measuring out each word: "Just like that."

I let him take my hands and reposition us until we sit side-by-side again, our thighs touching in comfortable, expansive silence, watching the clouds move across the horizon slowly.

On this beautiful, fall day in 2012, we begin our partnered life together, after knowing each other since 1985 in many other ways. *It's a bit like being an "overnight success" after playing in coffeehouses and bars across the country for decades*, I realize, drily. *But, success is success! I'll take it!*

I am glad to have him loving me when The Band comes. For sure.

written February 24, 2012

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Sono-Pictorial Languages of Cetaceans, Sign Language and Vocalizations of Primates and Other Species' Communication Modalities on Earth and Afar

About one year before the MWC Delegation comes to me ALT, scientists in the USA and the UK are excited to discover that Jack Kassewitz can "speak dolphin." His experiments are so mind-blowing that I wish I could show you the vid and research papers, right here. Suffice it to say that those of us who always believe in other species' intelligence and have faith, in the absence of knowledge, that their modalities for communicating are as complex, intelligent and useful as homo sapien sapiens, are not to be disappointed or ignorant any longer, as of November, 2011.

Kassewitz names the modality for cetaceans' language "sono-pictorial" because, as he says, "We are beginning to understand the visual aspects of their language, for

example in the identification of eight dolphin visual sounds for nouns, recorded by hydrophone as the dolphins echolocated on a range of submersed plastic objects.”

He and his research partner, John Stewart Reid, use a lot of very interesting, innovative equipment, one of which is my favorite: a CymaScope instrument, a device that makes sound visible. Not just as sonic waves or digital wavy lines or colors: the CymaScope puts sound into pictures. Really.

Not only do cetaceans communicate effectively, but check this out: they are telepathic and can send conceptual pictures—“sono-photographs”—to others in their pods! In these ways, they can warn of predators up ahead, send alerts about great food locales or “speak” across great distances about whatever they choose.

Here’s the way Reid explains the use of the Cymascope: “The CymaScope imaging technique substitutes a circular water membrane for the dolphin's tectorial, gel-like membrane and a camera for the dolphin's brain....'Bio-cymatic imaging' [provides an image of the sono-picture] as it imprints on the surface tension of water, capturing the picture before it expands to the boundary.” Using the Cymascope allows humans to see almost exactly what the dolphins are seeing and sending as images.

I also find out that the “codas,” click patterns of whales, have different “accents” depending upon what subspecies or species is communicating and where that pod usually lives. Cetaceans’ regionalisms and slang become a standing source of humor among humans, once we get the jokes.

These jibes join the ranks of gestural language puns among primates and humans that sweep the globe in the 1980s and ‘90s, after Koko, a female Gorilla, learns sign language. She learns English via ASL (American Sign Language) so well that she asks for and receives two kittens for pets. She names them “Lipstick” and “Smokey.”

One of my favorite Earthisms: APC (After Public Contact), “Koko wants a kitten,” becomes the catchphrase for anything a nonhuman asks of a human when the request is a bit odd, but reasonable and kind of, well, cute. Imagine John Cleese, Spanner comedian and original member of Monty Python, intoning, querulously: “Koko wants a kitten, does she?” and you get the drift.

Communication breakthroughs with primates, parrots and other “speaking” birds, elephants, canines and felines occur for centuries prior to this cetacean discovery and seems to “ice the cake” regarding interspecies communication. Once Earthers accept the existence of intelligent nonhuman life on Earth, it’s not much of a leap to accept its existence in myriad forms in our multiverse. But, knowing about and interacting are not the same, as we all know.

Because of the Interspecies Communicators (*fish*) provided by the MWC, the clicks, whistles, barks, squeaks, tonal projections and other sounds I cannot think of names for right now that cetaceans utilize to communicate become (in 2013) comprehensible and replicable via software designed to translate human language into cetacean-speak and back again. Soon after, similar software mutually translates: primates’ gestures and vocalizations; birds’ sounds and head motions; tail and head movements, ear and tail twitches and changes in spinal positions, along with growls, whines, purrs, roars and barks of felines, equines, cattle and dogs; elephants’ trunk and ear movements, with their trumpeting, whining, chortling, growling, hooting.

APC, how fast do we get here? There are humans who have synesthesia, overlapping wiring in their brains that provides for them a mix in their sensory inputs: some can taste colors, see sounds, recognize smells as having intensity like the volume of sound, hear tastes, or know numbers as tactile and dimensional figures. BeePCee, we do not know that these people are more advanced than the rest of us. Once we understand how valuable synesthesia is, synesthetes (known as Thetes) become primary translators and interpreters for humans with all other species.

The most unsurprising piece in all of this is that nonhumans understand human's languages almost immediately, whereas humans need translators or telepathy to understand nonhumans' language, *unless* the human is a Thete. Think of how well your pets understand you, if you're human, BeePCee, and you'll see what I mean.

Thanks to the patient and creative computer programmers who do this work in consultation with geek Thetes, Earth's *fish* are outfitted within two years (late in 2014) not only with the thousands of multiverse species' languages the MWC provides but with all of Earth's species' languages as well. Then, the fun truly begins.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

**There's No Time Like the Present; or,
(as Zephyr Branon coins) *Timultaneity*:
Can't Live With It, Can't Live Outside It**

July 14, 2036 Earth Date

"Hey! You have *got* to see this!" my husband says, excitedly. Fanio grabs the corners of the PPV he's watching. He extends, twists and expands the screen, tilting it in my direction. "Watch this!" He touches replay, and the vid restarts. He laughs delightedly, looking at me to see if I am enjoying it as much as he is.

I stop my own reading and turn to look at his screen. "Wow!" I exclaim, laughing along with him. "Where did you find that?"

He nods, "Right? *Right*? It's so cool! I'm on the vidlist," he says, excitedly. "They always send these to *me*, *first*. Probably 'cause I'm married to the CC but I do not care!"

I ask, "What galaxy are those from? And, when are we seeing them?" I squint, tilting my head to look more sideways at the vid. "Are they mating or what?"

He checks the bottom of his PPV, touches the control pad a few times, then looks up at me. "2.6 billion LY ago, Andromeda G, Planet 4, Ocean 11," he reads off the monitor. He looks up, amazed: "Yesterday! Hot off the presses!" he jokes.

"Probably mating. Or, maybe dancing," he takes my hand as he answers my last question and continues looking at the PPV with me. "I haven't looked at the 'splanation, yet. I like to guess. Their vibes are happy, for sure!"

We are sitting on our couch on a Sunday afternoon. He reformats the PPV back to small and *flings* it over to the end table. He turns back to me with that sparkle in his eye that makes me hot and tingly. "How 'bout we join them?"

I eye him, quasi-suspiciously. “Is this about my previous complaining session? Are you trying to bribe, distract and otherwise confound the Chief Communicator? That’s probably a felony, somewhere,” I grumble, mock severely, but I *fling* my own PPV away as well and turn to him, unbuttoning my blouse with my other hand.

“You really don’t want to go this year?” he asks, as he takes over with my buttons. “But they put the meeting on your Earth birthday, especially. And, you know, you *have* to go....” He bends to kiss the swell of each breast, enjoying the newly opened pathway.

I sigh happily. *I do not want to think about my birthday or that celebration. Just this. Only this.* Taking his hands and kissing each finger, one by one, I push my breasts closer to his mouth.

He leans back, reclaiming his hands to put them over my head on mine, leaning me back onto the couch. Fanio kisses me on the mouth, pressing his body against mine, sweetly. I squirm beneath him to get more comfortable under his weight. *There. Ahhh....*

Damn! How am I going to do this ending thing? I just can’t decide.

Epifanio pulls away from our kiss and looks down at me, quizzically, having caught my thoughts. “Why is it so difficult?” he leans back down to whisper into my ear, licking the lobe.

I groan and reply, aloud, “You know, telepathy isn’t all ‘they’ crack it up to be!”

“I kind of like it,” he argues, “It saves a lot of time and it *is* all voluntary.” He nuzzles into my neck, starting to nip at my throat a bit. “Are they using their teeth, you think?”

I return my full attention to his touch, stretching to give him more of my neck to nibble and agree, “Probably. I don’t actually remember. No blood, OK?”

He laughs. “Never,” he promises. We get ourselves completely undressed, kissing, nibbling, not biting too hard. *Perfect.*

We don’t talk for a while.

Lying together on the couch under my grandmother’s afghan, which she knits for me when I am 12, I ponder my life. *Almost 81, now. My afghan and I must be having my longest relationship. Amazing, how some things last.* I lazily trail my hands up and down my husband’s bare back underneath the crocheted knots. I breathe into his shoulder, inhaling his familiar, comforting, perfect mixture of scents.

“So,” Fanio continues, as if we have not just spent about thirty intimate minutes between the conversation’s last portion and now, “what is so difficult, really?”

I give him both a telepathic and physical nudge. He begins to untangle himself from me and sits up, with my legs across his lap. He *snaps* for his and my shirts. Once they’re in his hands, he gives me mine and we re-dress our upper bodies. He redrapes the afghan across our lower bodies and looks at me, intently.

I can feel his mental withdrawal: he indicates that he isn’t listening in my mind. He is waiting for me to speak. I nod in appreciation of the privacy and continue.

“It just isn’t working. If I were meant to do this, it would be easier, right? I would already know whom I ‘will’ select, and I could just announce my successor at the next

IGC. But, every time I *timult*, I can't get the name, face, gender: Nada. Nothing. Bubkis. Zilch. I haven't *timulted*, lately, but I doubt if it is different for me now."

"Don't," he agrees. "There has to be a reason it's not coming easily to you. You still have seven years to go, so there's no rush. What do you think the obstacle is?"

I look at his face. At 80, my husband is so beautiful it makes me catch my breath to look at him, still. Fanio's long, white hair is unbound from our lovemaking, flowing around his shoulders and down his front and back. His brown-eyed gaze is clear, focused and brilliant, living up to his name. When he smiles, it seems to light every surrounding galaxy and warms every cell of my being. He radiates calm, compassion, intelligence, and wit. *After twenty-plus years (or almost forty, depending on how you count), I am still so smitten.*

I say, "When you are sculpting downstairs, do you *timult*, first, or just go at it?"

"You know I like to be spontaneous and not *timult* for art," he reminds me, unnecessarily. "It spoils it if I 'see' it finished before I start." Fanio still spends a part of each week in his woodworking/art /sculpting studio. His pieces are displayed all around the galaxies. He is quite famous for them. I feel another moment of appreciation for his talent and self-discipline.

"Exactly!" I agree. "That's how I feel about this. *Timultaneity* isn't all it's cracked up to be, either, right? I don't want to know, yet, who s/he will be, who will take my place as the CC. But, I do have to come up with a way to choose, don't I? And, I just can't."

Suddenly, I feel his attention shift and I look toward the door. Now, I feel them, too. "Who's here?"

"Not *there*," Fanio says, seeing where I am looking. He gestures to the ceiling, which is our signal for MWC visitors. He always knows when we're getting a holo or off-planet visitor before I do. I still haven't figured out how.

"Just a minute, please," I call out to the visitors. I can feel them, now, waiting. We both scramble out from under the afghan, *snap* the rest of our clothes to our hands and finish getting dressed.

I go into the bathroom and wash up, brush my hair, and take a drink of water. When I come out, Led and Ringo are in the living room. My husband is talking with them, congenially, still sitting on the couch.

Led says, "Greetings, CC. How are you?" His form is more blue today and seems a bit larger, hovering over the top of the living room table.

I nod and say, "Greetings, Led, Ringo. I am excellent. You two?"

"Also excellent," Ringo replies, extending the two top of six arms toward us, fanning his digits. His holo is beside the table; our chair is visible behind his jacinthe form.

I do a quick global scan. Usually, an unplanned visit means something needs my immediate attention. It takes about two minutes; I want to be thorough. "I don't see any hot spots, so to what do we owe the honor of this visit?" I ask.

"Succession planning," Led says. "It's not bringing you happiness, is it?"

Ringo adds, "But, you have to come to the IGC meeting next month, you know. We plan a special birthday party and everything!" Ringo is the cheerleader of the MWC contingent and I smile.

I sit down next to Fanio and he takes my hand. "Checking up on me, eh? You know I am at every birthday party," I say, somewhat grudgingly. "But, no gifts, OK?"

Led says, "Gifts are not customary on many of our planets, but they are on Earth, yes?" He goes on, not waiting for a response, "So, there *must* be gifts." He switches to his official tone: "'Ceremonies at the IGC must follow the rituals of the celebrant's home planet,'" he recites, from memory. "*You* know that; it's the 'Branon Rule.' Solves a lot of logistical and social problems. Great rule," he says, approvingly.

Fanio squeezes my hand. "Caught," he says, "Hoisted by your own petard."

I can feel Led's confusion and Ringo seems perplexed as well. "Never mind," I soothe, "Earth sailing joke."

They make appropriate laughing noises but I know they're scanning to find the meaning.

I go on, "OK. But nothing personal. Let everyone know that *every* gift must be put to charitable use, elsewhere. I'm firm about that." I look at Epifanio, who nods. "We'll send a list of options next week."

"Done!" Ringo sounds relieved. "So, you'll *both* be there! Perfect. We'll plan more next week. 'Bye." He extends another orangish, upper appendage in an imitation of an Earth handwave, then wiggles four of his sets of "fingers" in the MWC salute. His holo disappears.

Led is still here. I look expectantly at him. His griseous zeppelin shape's holo wiggles a bit, gliding back and forth across the space in front of our couch. He says, "Let *him* help you," indicating Fanio by staying right in front of him, bouncing vigorously. When he knows we understand, he says: "'Bye!" and also disappears.

"People come and go so quickly here!" Fanio says, perfectly imitating Judy Garland's Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* film we both grew up watching repeatedly.

I look suspiciously at Fanio, again. "What are you up to?"

A look of completely fake innocence on his face, he pulls away, seemingly appalled, and says, "Who, me?"

I know when I'm defeated. "Want some tea?" I ask, and get up to make some. He follows me into the kitchen.

"Sure," he says. He then takes over making the tea and gestures for me to sit down at the table.

As he moves around kitchen, I admire his grace. Very fortunate in genetic health *and* well cared for, his body is aging well. Fanio is lithe, flexible and vibrant. Yoga, Continuum Movement, T'ai Chi, dance and other modalities have served him well. And, then, there's sex. "The best remedy for what ails me," he is fond of saying.

I wish my body ages half as well. But, I start out at such a deficit, I remind myself. It takes years to *Re-set* what I am able to *Re-set*. Only some, from over thirty car accidents, other falls and sports injuries, can be undone without making too many other changes. It takes me about two years to lose over a hundred pounds of extra weight at the beginning of my CC tenure. And, some things can't really be *Re-set*, like arthritis or the

mild COPD I have from childhood asthma and several bouts with pneumonia before I become CC. *Good thing one of us is so fit. I'm glad it's Fanio....* I smile, remembering. *Oh, yes:* great moments from the past hour flash in my mind.

Hearing that thought, Fanio comes over and kisses me on my neck. "Wanna go again?" he leers, in his Groucho Marx voice. I shake myself. It's easy to get distracted sometimes around him.

Then, I realize, *he* is doing this on purpose, planting these pictures of our couch time, gently distracting me as he makes tea, so I won't hear what he's thinking or what he's been planning.

"No fair," I claim.

He smirks at me, lets me go, and *snaps* our steaming cups to the table, sitting down next to me. "'All's fair....'" he replies.

"Only 'in love,'" I grumble, "No more war, thanks to the MWC." I take a sip. "Peach: perfect. Thanks!"

He nods, accepting my gratitude. Then, he becomes serious. "Here's the thing, CeeCee."

I feel myself getting somber. He only calls me that when we talk global business. I nod, showing my readiness.

He continues, "You ask me to create the succession protocol. I have it."

"I do? When do I do that?" I feel happier, already. *If I ask him to do it, it's done. Yeah!*

"Tomorrow, and next week, and next month, and, well, you just keep asking, and then I finally do it," Fanio explains. "You bring it to the IGC meeting."

I feel myself relaxing and begin to enjoy my tea even more. "I'm really smart, eh? Of course, you should do it. I'm too close to it all, aren't I? I can't choose my own successor. How could I do that? I never want my 'reign' to end. No one will ever be good enough or know what I know or do it as well as I have, blah, blah, blah. Right?"

"Exactly," he agrees. "But, more importantly, I'm better at systems than you," he says, without any pride or bragging. "It occurs to you that it makes sense for me to create the selection system. Then you feel great about the whole thing. Or, as great as you will *ever* feel about retiring from being the CC." He takes my hand, sweetly, comforting me. "My dear, sweet Clara. So earnestly attached to glory."

I smile at him, overwhelmed with gratitude, bittersweet nostalgia and relief. "Thank you, dear Husband of mine. *You* are the only glory I want to stay attached to."

"No; *you* are," he responds, automatically.

"No, *you* are," I reply, just as routinely, but with feeling.

"No, *you*."

"No, *you*."

We kiss over our tea cups and sit back companionably, grokking in silent fullness.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The Media and Clara

POPULAR MEDIA

"Lost and Found: How My Time with the Aliens Helped Me Lose 130 lbs. and Find Love," interview with Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., by Esperanza Enlaces, *O Magazine* [Oprah Winfrey's periodical], September, 2014 Earth Date

Around Five Feet and Wide

During one of Clara's "fat years," as she calls them, she daydreams of starting a clothing line for people shaped like her, named: Around Five Feet And Wide (AFFAWs). "I can't be the only person who is short and round," she reasons. But, being a fashion designer is not her calling.

Weight Watchers at 13, with her dad

"In 1967, I am 13 and 5'1" but I stop growing. I am getting 'chubby.' Since my dad is about 40 pounds overweight, my mom suggests we go on Weight Watchers together," she winces. "Clear memory: I cut one slice of spongy, white bread into two vertical slices, put 2 oz. of cottage cheese on one slice and cook the 'grilled cheese' in the toaster oven. It is actually quite good. I lose 10 pounds and make the cheerleading squad. That is so cool!" But, this is just the first diet of dozens Clara experiences before the Many Worlds Collective comes late in 2012 and changes EVERYTHING, not just for her.

Dieting/Exercise vs. Choosing Re-set

"The MWC methods give us all the choice to go the 'regular' route or choose to Re-set to solve some of our problems," Clara explains. As most of us now know, Re-set is not as simple as it may seem. "You have to ask the hard questions of yourself. Being fat for many periods of my life changes so much for me: whom I socialize with, how I socialize, what I eat, whom I eat with.... Do I want to change all that just to be thinner, now?" She hints at her quandaries but doesn't go into details.

MWC Training Better Than Re-set

"Who knew being the 'Chief Communicator' [CC] would help me lose weight better than any diet!" Clara exclaims. The MWC delegation works with Clara 5 – 6 times a week most weeks, training her as Earth's main liaison.

Holograms Don't Eat !

When I ask her how the MWC training works, Clara replies: "I am so busy and so focused. The schedule is intense. I have no urge to snack. Meals are for survival, not entertainment: holograms don't eat!"

Health Issues Make Losing Weight Difficult

Clara tells me about her many previous health issues which cause her to gain and make it hard for her to lose weight. "Too many to list, here," she tells me. "My exercise is swimming, which I try to do 5 times a

week. But, it isn't enough. I get up to 265 pounds, BeePCee [Before Public Contact], and I'm only 5 feet tall!"

Creeping Weight Gain

"My blood pressure medicine [a beta blocker] is known for causing people to gain about 10 pounds per year; it's called 'creeping weight gain,'" she says. "But I can't go off it even when I'm thinner, because being overweight is not the cause of my type of hypertension."

What to Eat? Chocolate!?

Some diets make her other health problems worse. Trying to find a diet that meets all nutritional needs without increasing her problems becomes a puzzle no one seems able to solve. "Plus," she admits, ruefully, "I love chocolate!"

MWC CC Training is A Lot Like Being on a Meditation Retreat or in Love

"The CC training is a lot like being on a meditation retreat," Clara tells me. "My most successful weight loss and good weight times, besides on retreat, are when I am deeply in love," she confides. "I am less hungry, my metabolism goes up and the pounds just leave." In Clara's first year as CC, which is also the same year she gets together with her husband, Epifanio Dang, she loses 95 pounds.

What about Love?

"Oh, yes!" Clara grins, widely. "Love is in my life, again." I ask her to elaborate but she declines. "Let's just say that, if I still weighed 265, I doubt if I'd be with anyone right now. I just don't feel much like 'bonding' with anyone when I can hardly move, if you know what I mean!" I think we all do, I tell her.

Down 130 lbs. and Feeling Great

"So, now, I'm at a good weight for me: 135, which is 10 pounds more than I weigh in high school." Clara sounds relieved. Will the weight stay off? "I feel great! I hope so. Love is here to stay and the training has barely begun!" Clara smiles.

NEWS MEDIA

March 25, 2014

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., the "Chief Communicator" or official human liaison between Earthers and the Many Worlds Collective since 2012, was announced as the recipient of the 2014 Templeton Prize this morning. She is one of only four women in over forty years of recipients to be selected; she is also one of the youngest, at 59.

In their citation, the John Templeton Foundation notes (among other things) that Dr. Branon has "encouraged the development of intraplanetary respect and communication to unprecedented levels and pioneered interspecies communication and

collaboration across the multiverse.” In addition, they cited the inclusion of students as young as 9 and as old as 95 in the ESP (Excellent Skills Program) trainings provided by the MWC Delegates and herself as “the singlemost inclusive educational endeavor ever attempted.”

The ESP trainings are designed to increase empathy, compassion, respect, acceptance, generosity, kindness and cooperation for each trainee and among all species. These accomplishments and others she has assisted with bringing to Earthers APC [After Public Contact] reflect “the deep interest of the founder of the Templeton Prize, the late Sir John Templeton, in seeking to bring scientific methods to the study of spiritual claims and thus foster the spiritual progress that the Prize has recognized for the past 40 years.”

Dr. Branon will receive the Templeton Prize at St. Paul’s Cathedral in London on May 12th, following a news conference with the recipient. Both the award ceremony and the news conference will be webcast live at their website.

Gathering in London with Dr. Branon will be several past recipients of The Templeton Prize, including: His Holiness the XIV Dalai Lama (2012), the spiritual leader of Tibetan Buddhists; Dr. Martin Rees (2011), theoretical astrophysicist; Dr. Bernard d’Espagnat (2009), philosophical physicist; Dr. Charles Taylor (2007), scientific philosopher; and Dr. Holmes Rolston III (2003), environmental ethicist.

Established in 1972 and named for the noted philanthropist, the Templeton Prize honors an individual who has “made an exceptional contribution to affirming life’s spiritual dimension, whether through insight, discovery, or practical works.” The Prize itself is worth about \$2 million, making it “the world’s largest annual monetary award given to an individual and honors a living person who has made exceptional contributions to affirming life’s spiritual dimension.

CHAPTER THIRTY

“The Future of Earth and the Many Worlds Collective,” Panel Discussion at the Ceremony for the Retirement of the Chief Communicator Part I

**San Francisco, California, USA, Link MediaVerse Studios
December 22, 2040 Earth Date**

MODERATOR

Ms. Esperanza **Enlaces**, Journalist, Official Media Contact for the Chief Communicator

PANELISTS * indicates participation by holo **EARTHERS**

Dr. Clara Ackerman **Branon**, Ph.D., Chief Communicator, Earth and Many Worlds Collective, native of USA, of Eastern-European/Jewish heritage

Dr. Jennifer **Vega**, Environmental Scientist, native Canadian, of Spanish/Catholic heritage

*Ms. Hala **Bitar**, former Anchor/Journalist, CNN International, native of USA, of Syrian/Muslim heritage

Mr. Pekka **Aalto**, Philosopher, Author, Speaker, Computer Scientist, Hacker, native Finn/Lutheran heritage

*Mr. Naoko **Sasaki**, Astrophysicist and former Astronaut, native Japanese/Buddhist heritage

Mr. Markus **Luft**, Physicist, native German/atheist heritage

Ms. A.E. (Alicia Elsbeth) **Russell**, Poet and Translator, native of USA, Anglo-Saxon/Protestant heritage

* **Meryl**, Primate Leader, Gorilla, native of Cameroon

* **Angelina**, Cetacean Leader, Bottle-Nosed Dolphin, native of South Pacific near former Guam

MANY WORLDS COLLECTIVE DELEGATION

“**Led**,” MWC Delegation Leader, Gliese 581d

*“**Janis**” — ***“Diana,”** pair, GJ 667 Cc

“**Mick**,” HD 85512 b

“**Ringo**,” Kepler 22 b

DISCUSSION

(excerpts from transcript; vid and text of entire Panel Discussion available: mwcw.CCBranondocumentation.verse/retirementpanel 12/22/40 Earth Date)

ENLACES: Good Evening. Thank you all for being here, for visiting by holo and for listening or watching, when- and wherever you are. We appreciate your interest! We have here an exciting evening planned: for our dear Chief Communicator, Clara Branon, on the threshold of her planned retirement in about six months. Tonight we honor her almost 30 years of service to Earth and the Many Worlds Collective.

Each guest appears at the request of either Clara or one of the MWC Delegation members, or is the top candidate from nominations garnered from the Intergalactic Council’s “Branon Retirement Panelist Nominations” Lottery, which runs from August 1 – November 30, 2040 Earth Dates.

Let’s meet our Panelists! Please introduce yourselves.

VEGA: Hi! I’m Jennifer Vega, an Earth-based Environmental Scientist. I travel to dozens of MWC planets for these 30 years to collaborate on “Green” technology and appropriate planetary stewardship. It’s all so amazing!

BITAR: Good Evening. I am Hala Bitar, an Earth-based International Global Broadcaster. In 2013, I am one of the first Intergalactic VerseCast Journalists based off-planet, at the IGC MWC main building. I am also about to retire [smiles at Clara, who returns the smile], so I consider this my party as well! [applause]

AALTO: Hey, All! I’m your Earth-based, resident Philosopher/Technology Expert/Polyglot. Really, I am a Public Intellectual and the first Earther to speak the languages of our great Visitors [nods to Led, who bounces. Aalto then speaks in Led’s language {“Glad you could join us, my Friend!”}. [Led bounces over to Pekka Aalto, hovers a moment, then bounces back to his own place].

SASAKI: Good Day! I work as Astrophysicist and am former Earth-Astronaut. I am one of first to travel, and go many times to visit each of four planets the MWC Delegation represents! [Sasaki bows toward each of the MWC Delegates; each one shows traditional greeting gestures toward Naoko Sasaki in return.]

LUFT: Hello. I am Markus Luft, Professor of Physics. I help design and explicate the MWC - Earth Physics and Astrophysics Exchanges, from 2013-2040. Since 2014, these Exchanges expand to include all types of Physical Science. Furthermore, I'm pleased to say, separate Exchanges exist since 2015 for each of these important areas: the Social Sciences, the Excellent Skills Program training, Communication and Technological Innovations, the Arts, and Cultural Collaborations.

RUSSELL: Thank you for including me. I am a Poet. As Pekka (Aalto) mentions, I am also a Polyglot. I speak with Janis — Diana regularly [Russell turns to Janis and Diana's holos and speaks to them {"Greetings, SisterPair!"}]. I believe the future of the arts, including text, music, movement, sculpture, 3- and 4-D[imensional] solid and holographic media are central to all of our futures, every timeline in the 'verse. As Markus mentions, I participate annually in the Arts Exchanges, which, this year, are on Kepler 22 b! [Russell extends her right arm and hand with her smallest two fingers upraised to Ringo, who extrudes two of his orange appendages toward Alicia Elsbeth Russell and waves them.]

ANGELINA: [Everyone puts the earbuds of their *fish* in and the spotlight moves to her saltwater tank which holds several other cetaceans. The dolphin rises up above the tank's rim to vocalize. We hear both her clicks, squeaks and whistles and also, human words. Images are also projected onto the vids all around the room that match the words.] Happiness. Gratitude. Podmates and others here with me all say, "Thanks." Oceans so much cleaner; rivers and ponds, also. Air and water sweet and redolent with new life. Safe and pleasant. Visit often, Clara. We swim with you!

MERYL: [Everyone keeps the earbuds of their *fish* in as the Gorilla begins to communicate in sign language and vocalizations. We hear both her grunts, gutturals and growls and, also, human words. Her signs and other gestures are also projected onto the vids all around the room that match the words] Time is now sweet; greet you all. So thankful here with Angelina, MWC members, human Earthers. Eager beginning now. Happy ending days, Clara! Us talk soon!

LED: As the Leader of the MWC Delegation, I say to you that we are very pleased with your tenure as Earth's Chief Communicator, Clara. This is an excellent way to honor your efforts. I am glad to be here.

RINGO: Working with, training, and learning from you are extraordinary pleasures. I thank you [extrudes one appendage toward Clara] and wish you well in your retirement path.

JANIS: Diana and I are so proud to be associated with you, Clara! You are brave and funny, warm and kind. Thank you!

DIANA: I agree with my pairpartner. Thank you, Clara, especially for visiting our pairParents at our home! This is a great honor to our family and our planet!

MICK: Clara, with Zephyr's [Clara's son] help and excellent competitive prodding, you learn quickly, especially all the technology enhancements, and you help many others. I am proud to be one of your teachers. You teach me, also.

ENLACES: Thank you. Each Panelist and Delegate provides two questions for two or more speakers' responses. I use these questions to guide our discussion on the topic, "The Future of Earth and the Many Worlds Collective." [Excerpts, below, include one question from each Panelist, only.]

Let's start with you, **Clara**.

Pekka **Aalto** poses this question to you: "In some timelines, do you not retire or retire earlier? How do some of these play out regarding the MWC - Earth relationship? Which do you believe suits Earth best, and why?"

BRANON: When I hear you are coming to this Panel, Pekka, I shudder to imagine what brain-cracking questions you ask [laughter from many]. This one isn't so bad, though. Thanks for going easy on me! [Pekka bows and salutes Clara, playfully.]

Before any major and many minor choices occur, I explore alternates via virtual *Re-set* and utilizing many of the ESP training processes I grow familiar with over these decades. So, I am aware of the early retirement, later retirement, and current-date retirement options and their varying outcomes through these and my usual *timulting*.

I guess it is important to state, then, that this schedule in this timeline is the one with the best outcomes, not just for me, who will be almost 87 when I retire, but for Earthers, MWC members and the new Chief Communicator as well. It just so happens that all "best outcomes" coincide in this timeline. As we all now know, that is not always the case.

It is those times when there are alternates in which a few of the outcomes are "positive" and a few are "negative" that hard choices get made. This, however, is not a difficult choice, I am relieved to disclose. The only significant, but not decision-changing drawback to my retiring at this juncture affects *me*, emotionally: I will miss regular contact with my MWC friends and Espe! [Clara turns, puts her hands together and half-bows to each of the MWC Delegates and to Enlaces. Clara tears up, wipes her eyes, and laughs.] I'm such a crier! [laughter, then applause].

ENLACES: Thank you. Next, a question from **Mick**, to **Luft** and **Sasaki**: "What else do Earth Scientists need from the MWC and how may we best meet these needs?"

LUFT: We need to keep filling in the gaps in our knowledge and we can't rely on "God" to provide the answers, so we ask the MWC members, instead, since answers are coming from these sources. Individual Access to the MWC Resource Library is the single-most "game-changing" component in the relationship between the MWC and Earth, in my opinion, since it provides almost complete Access for *each* Earther who wants to utilize it, any time, from anywhere. This type of egalitarian information availability is unprecedented. Access changes education and learning for everyone. What can be Accessed, of course, is also marvelous. Just please keep putting information into that Library: I am eternally grateful!

SASAKI: I speak more of gratitude for my many visits to many members' homes and laboratories of MWC. Having physical visiting Access as well as information *iDs* creates perfect methods for learning, I believe. Don't tell; show. Yes. Keep showing.

Please, keep visiting and inviting us to visit. The Exchanges, also; keep having. Help us make sure all who should be are invited. We have many questions, continuing, and MWC has been generous with sharing answers, questions, and coming with us to find answers. The collaboration is excellent; please continue!

ENLACES: Thank you. Next, **Vega** wants to hear from **Russell, Diana — Janis, and Angelina** on this question: “How may we manage environmental protection and concerns with artists’ media and creations on Earth and elsewhere in the MWC? What kinds of improvements in education, communication and cross-sector Exchanges are needed?”

JANIS: I enjoy this question very much, because on our planet, artists and musicians are exalted as creators in a unique stratum, highest level of our society. Making something from nothing: that is what some of you Earthers consider the purview of your deities, yes? So, preserving what already seems to exist, protecting from harm: these are also the areas of responsibility of some of your highest-level professions, like doctors, lawyers, officials who serve the planet and its inhabitants.

On our planet, as you know, these functions are combined into one field of duty: *ProtectArts* is the word you now use, since you do not have one in any Earth language that comes close. Zephyr Branon creates this word for you, yes?

To assist all beings with changing perspectives, opening minds to brand-new concepts and ways to organize culture, one must have new language. The language-makers are the most fundamental creators on any planet. So, Earthers must continue with lexicalization efforts, needing to create language to accommodate all new experiences, ways of knowing and understanding. With new ways to communicate come more effective Exchanges of all types.

Earthers' scientists' research on other Earth animals' cultures, particularly of whales, monkeys, and other primates as well as birds, refocused your understandings soon APC. Keep learning, keep being open, keep asking questions.

RUSSELL: That is brilliant analysis, Janis! I, as a poet and linguist, thank you for making those unusual connections so efficiently and so well. I agree completely.

In order to preserve and protect one’s environment, and all inhabitants of one’s planet, our solar system, all galaxies, the entire multiverse and all its timelines, we must comprehend the interdependence of and respect all life-affirming ideas and life itself. In order to make that understanding integral to our very beings, we *need* art: music, poetry, drama, multidimensional art and dance of all media and modalities, to mediate between us and all that is.

What else is art but that which brings us to wordless experiences of rapture, sorrow, ecstasy, pain, joy, anger, bliss and the rest, which we then strive to put into languages of various types so that it can be shared again and again? Some people believe that there is no experience without words to have it and share it. “If a tree falls in the woods and no one hears it, does it make a sound?” Sounds occur, but without ears to hear, they go unreceived and unrecognized.

I believe it is our highest duty to collaborate continually, to assist each other with recognizing, preserving and protecting our experiences. In these ways we expand our

horizons and keep them growing, deepening our understandings of what it means to be alive and be interconnected.

DIANA: In 2012, just before we come to Clara, Earthers are in the downslide of accelerating some horrible trends. You are devaluing art and artists. You are eliminating arts and music education from public schools in some of the richest countries on your planet while making art and music seem secondary or tertiary to life. Your governments are not continuing to fund and are underfunding programs that support arts and artists, yes?

At the same time, and this is, of course, not a coincidence, your planet's environment is being degraded, exploited, ruined, poisoned, destroyed on land, underground, in water, in your air: nothing is safe and nothing is sacred. We time our arrival so that what can be saved is saved before it is too late.

So, yes, Jennifer: you are correct. Those who understand these deep and ongoing interdependencies are best-suited to being the stewards of the environment *and* of the arts. Guilds now exist for all of these pursuits in the MWC and it is with great delight that some of your Earthers who consider themselves artists, musicians, dancers, and such, along with environmental activists are joining by the thousands. All planets and locations that sustain life require these Guilds to be strong and healthy with many members.

Recommendations: continue filling the Guilds, keep on having the Exchanges, and persist in building your language so that all communication is being enriched and enlarged, daily. Yes.

ANGELINA: [Rises from tank and communicates as before] BeePCee, no *fish*, almost no human hears or understands any other species. Very sad, very dangerous for us all. AppCee, with interspecies communication opportunities, respect heightens, understanding and all types of sharing occur: we are all enriched and saved. Planet is saved. Oceans are saved. Yes. ProtectArts includes our ocean dances, the birds' flights, all musical sounds, everywhere. Now we know. Now we share. We care, together. We must.

ENLACES: Thank you. This concludes Part I. Stay tuned, after Intermission, for Part II.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

What Happens When we Die?

Clara Learns About Return and ReInvolvement

October 1, 2015

"As part of the ESP [Excellent Skills Program] training, Levels 5 – 9, students learn about Return and *ReInvolvement* as 'Reincarnation,'" Ringo explains. "But, once you get to Levels 10 – 12, which are restricted by karma and acumen to very few students, it is important that you understand more viscerally, physically and emotionally as well as mentally."

"Okay," I agree. "What does that entail?" We are sitting in the living/dining room area of Epifanio's and my new house. This is our first major ESP training session here

since it is finished and I'm so glad we're here for this. We'll need the privacy and possibly, the larger space. My rented cottage in Kirov is wonderful and I think of my/our years there with great affection, but it is not private since the property is shared with the landowners, often has landscapers and friends of theirs and is next to a somewhat busy thoroughfare. It's also a *lot* smaller.

Our newly completed home, designed by my wonderful, creative husband (with some help from me) and built mostly by him and some friends, is beautifully spacious and natural light streams in from its remarkable viewing windows. Our property is quite remotely situated, and our home is even more isolated on the property. There is no chance of anyone's coming here without express permission from one of us. The long road/driveway is gated and the entrance to our portion is guarded.

I never thought I'd live somewhere like this. However, as CC I learn the hard way that I/we have to have some protection from unscheduled visitors, curious wanderers and the occasional Trencher.

It's quite a grand plantation we have here. The OSes have their main bunkhouse here and we have 24/7 guards. We also have two helipads, an ambulance bay (hope we never need that), and a small airstrip, hidden from the main buildings. This globally funded, 90-acre parcel has several other buildings on it that house various Global Unity Leaders Council members and staff for projects and overnight work with a large meeting room and several conference rooms. There are also a server building with tech support, two staff cafeterias and one for ESP and OverSeer trainees plus a semi-public restaurant (entrance by invitation only). We have two electric charging and fuel stations, several multi-vehicle garages, landscaping sheds, greenhouses, gardens, two swimming pools (one just for laps), several ponds and many other outbuildings, with staff to work from them all. I/we have drivers, chefs, landscapers/gardeners, pool maintenance and greenhouse tenders, cleaners/custodians, techies and administrative assistants.

Espe has her own cottage and office here as well. We have several guest houses for family and friends, visiting dignitaries and consultants, all with shared chefs, cleaners and other staff. Job creation!

For the ESP training, I'm not only still receiving training and needing to practice my budding skills, I'm also one of the few Earthers who is ready to be providing training at the newly opened ESP training facility on this property. At this point, I don't teach regularly; I guest lecture, do demos, answer questions and put in appearances; that's all I have time to do.

Before we purchase and begin designing the ESP training facility and make decisions about what other components belong on this land, we spend several months preparing. In my research and through my previous training years, I learn a little about the training exercises in ESP's Levels 10 – 12: they're arduous, time-consuming, challenging, oddly appealing, simulation exercises that make virtual reality seem like a 2-D cartoon experience. The simulations can be loud, need a lot of physical space, involve numerous other beings, locations and circumstances as they expand to include many *timults* and possibilities. There are other, spontaneous requirements I can't list here. I have not-so-secretly re-dubbed these Levels the "Extraordinary Stamina Portion" of the ESP Trainings.

I look around, and as I look, Janis, Diana, Led and Mick appear, right behind and around Ringo. It is about 6 AM my time. Best time to learn.

“Hi, Everyone!” I greet them. Each of them wiggles, bobbles, or otherwise extends a physical greeting to me. “Are you here for my training or something else?”

Janis says, “Your training, this time.”

“But,” Diana adds, “after that, we have some other business.”

Led explains, “We want you to have a public event this fall, welcoming some new CCs from other locations. We need to talk about when, where and other logistics.”

“For now, though, carry on with Return and *ReInvolvement*,” Mick exhorts.

I think he sounds downright excited, in his dry wit kind of way. I start to feel that pleasant but agitated tingling and fluttering that I name “anticipatious” when I am in junior high school, and there is still no better English word I ever hear for this exact combination of eager anticipation plus anxiousness.

“Clara?” Led probes, “Calming breaths, open and spacious awareness, relaxation protocol, please.”

Just hearing his simulated voice soothes me; I don’t know what it is, but the only other people to have that effect on my psyche are Lama Sangyay and Epifanio. Led explains to me, when I ask him how he does this, something about ultrasonic waves that find and calm my neurotransmitters, along with suggestive pheromones. Whatever. It works, even via a hologram. I do the breathing exercises and drop into awareness, which seals the deal. I am now as calm as I ever get.

“Let’s roll!” I say. I continue maintaining awareness, breathing slowly and regularly. I feel my body getting lighter and looser. The room seems to expand, the walls seem to move further away from where I’m sitting, which is a comfortable, padded rocking chair. My impressions of the seat and back of the chair fade as my home’s interior environment changes into an entirely different locale. Without deciding, I stand up and look around.

I am in a very large hall, the size of a Broadway musical theater but without a stage at one end, although there is a raised platform in one section. There are many areas, too many to count quickly, with thousands of humans and other beings interacting and talking in each section. The noise would be deafening, I imagine, but so far I am not hearing anything, just seeing. Lack of audio is typical for early *timulting* so I am not surprised by the silence.

I look down and notice that I am not in my 61-year-old female body, not Clara Branon. I keep breathing, becoming even more spacious, to check with my InKC [Inner Knowing Center, Level 6]. *Ahh. Clothes are male, early 19th century, upper class, educated.... Oh. Doctor, surgeon, something medical. Professor? Yes. Medical school professor, Dr. James Woodhouse, University of Pennsylvania, USA. It is 1809 and I am dying, already dead, which is the reason I am in this hall.*

Most of us here are dying or already dead, but not yet Re-involved or not yet on the next Return. Also here, though, are our close connections. I am surrounded by former students and colleagues, my wife and children and grandchildren, my parents and siblings, some of whom are already dead in these incarnations, but because I am dying, they re-appear in these forms for my benefit. I know these facts just as I know who I am,

from InKC, but, also, new information is flowing into me by being here in this hall for this simulation, as Clara.

Even though it seems I am in this hall, I know I am still in my house, surrounded by The Band, so I raise my head and ask: “Sound, please?” As soon as I finish the words, a low roar greets me, the sounds of conversations, laughter, sobbing and other interaction noises of thousands of beings together.

For some of us, this is our final encounter in these forms. The people immediately around me are all talking, to me or about me, as James. I respond easily and agreeably, comforting some, releasing a few from responsibility, promising to reunite with several. The conversational turns come automatically, as if I’m watching while he is talking.

Meanwhile, I’m also noticing the layout of the hall. Some groups and individuals are progressing toward an exit walkway while others are coming in through another entrance.

As the departing individuals are leaving, some are stopping at what appears to be a large, open book, running a finger or otherwise touching the open pages, up and down some lists, exclaiming or reacting in various ways to what they find, turning to share the news or keeping it to themselves, then walking all the way out of the hall. Some walk with more bounce, some seem to slump, pause, and walk more slowly after seeing the list.

Some don’t even break their strides or seem tempted to look at the list. These beings just stroll out, arm-in-arm with someone or alone, unconcerned about whatever is in the book.

The *book*. I breathe and the information flows even more quickly. *What is in the book?* The lists. The names. Associations, planned encounters, relationships by blood, choice, employment, geography or other paths. Plans for each person’s Return or ReInvolvements in their next forms, their next incarnations.

I look around once more and notice that some are not going toward any of the exits and are not with any groups. These individuals (have I mentioned not everyone is in human form?) are moving toward that elevated platform near the center of the hall, whose elevation and size change, depending upon the numbers or types of individuals on it.

When I first “arrive” there are only two beings on it. Now, there are about a dozen, some with larger bodies than humans which makes the platform higher and larger than it was earlier. *What is the platform for and who is on it?*

Labels for these types of beings flow through my consciousness—angels, guardians, spirit guides, *bodhisattvas*, light beings, archangels, immortals, gods/goddesses, titans, *tuatha de dannan*, grail royalty, *mazur*, *olai*, *pala*, deities, *bwete*, *orishas*, *guanches*—too many to list here. I suddenly remember the 1980s movie, *Cocoon*, which depicts each elderly human as being the custodian of an inner being made entirely of light, waiting to be freed. I can feel the inner goodness of each of the beings on the platform which leads me to understand the reason they are not leaving the hall. They are gathered on the platform for a different purpose.

As soon as my conclusion thought is formed, the group on the platform makes a circle, each facing outward into the hall. Each being focuses attention to particular individuals or groups. As each of the platform being's attention is focused, the subject of their attention lights up, glowing slightly yellowish-white. These, then, are their 'charges,' the ones they are claiming, planning to reincarnate in order to guard or guide, contracting for their next Returns. That means that the platform beings are electing to Return, but not be typically Re-Involved for this cycle or however many cycles they choose.

How is a being deemed eligible to Return? Is it similar to the ways Tibetan and other Buddhist bodhisattvas become eligible to be tulkus [intentionally reincarnated Tibetan Buddhists]?

I hear Led, in my mind, saying, "Another lesson, Clara. Time to end this one."

"Wait!" I say back to him telepathically "I have a few more inquiries to make. Please?"

I feel his assent so I return to my scanning of the room and its activities. I focus on the books and their perusers, entering their hearts and minds to learn how this process feels to them.

One young woman is lightly running one finger up and down the lists, turning pages rapidly, looking for someone. When she finds the listing, she stops, caressing the section with that finger and crying, quietly. Not sad, though; relieved. It's her child. She's found where and when her child's ReInvolvement is to be. Not with her, or she wouldn't have looked through so many pages, since no one else has had to do this to find their own listings.

The book is available to beings headed for ReInvolvement as we leave the hall. The hall is like the Tibetan *bardo*, the place between, a way-station for those that are transitioning from one lifetime to another, one form to another, one purpose to another. But, apparently, we can also choose to research other loved ones, to check on their welfare, location, ReInvolvement circumstances. I don't see many doing this; perhaps it's only allowed for parents of young children or others who die very young. I plan to ask about this.

I notice another, a male Gorilla, touching the book and seemingly absorbing the information rather than reading it. He seems happy afterward and walks out jauntily. Behind him is a being I can't label, vaguely resembling Diana — Janis, but not the same, exactly. This being also leans onto the book facing forward and also absorbs information. Steps back, pauses, leans in again, seemingly unsatisfied. I detect a mix of feelings: confusion, uncertainty, disappointment, loss. But, none is very intense. After just a few moments, it moves away from the book and walks on, slowly, then more quickly. Feelings do not remain long or get very intense, here.

"Okay," I signal to my Band, "Beam me up."

Immediately, the hall and all its occupants disappear. I am back in my home, on my chair. It's a bit disconcerting, so I wait for my senses to catch up to the switch.

As I wait, I recognize that a swelling tide of information, emotions, and reactions are roiling just beneath the surface of my attention. I breathe deeply and deepen my meditation to get "under" all that and avidly watch it all emerge.

“Oh!” I exclaim, “It’s amazing! No wonder the *tulkus* have such a relaxed view of living, dying and being reborn. Each ReInvolvement is so brief when you are immersed in the full scope of all the lifetimes and timelines.”

I pause and breathe into another layer. “Our lives are so much more painful and poignant, but, at the same time, bearable in their brevity, because great amounts of love and strong bonds can exist in just one Cycle. We have so much to do in each ReInvolvement and so little time to accomplish our goals. We barely figure out what we’re doing and how to do it and, then, it’s over.”

“And, the ‘book’ isn’t really an actual book, is it?” I ask.

Mick moves one of his appendages in what I recognize as assent, so I continue.

“Each being who touches it or encounters it opens the personal connection so that the information displayed becomes relevant to that being, right?”

Another assenting move, by both Mick and Ringo.

“Great system,” I say, approvingly. I consider for a moment, then continue.

“The beings on the platform and that whole set-up, the hall, the pods of beings who are clustered and communicating, the platform, the book, are metaphoric constructs my mind creates for my own understanding, yes? Not really ‘there’?”

More assent, from them all, this time. Led starts bouncing a bit, which I always see as encouragement.

“Do some of the *Bodhisattvas* or angelic/guide beings have assignments that are, well, personal, and some are more, well, global or interplanetary? Do they select their ‘charges,’ or assignees?” I inquire.

“The way this works, Clara, is that ReInvolvement is for all beings, but only some are eligible to check the ‘book.’ Those on the ‘platform,’ as you term these experiences,” Ringo explains, “are Returners who are not choosing because they are eligible not to choose ReInvolvement. Returners become available to individuals, species, planets and other locations as their acumen and inclinations shape them to be.”

“Then,” Janis continues, “beings who are receptive, aware, intuitive or otherwise ready to detect the presence or even communicate with these helper beings are in indirect or direct communication with each one, depending upon each being’s abilities.”

“Some of each being’s capacity relates directly to attainment of Levels in ESP, more or less,” Diana puts in.

“So,” I say, slowly taking this all in and integrating it with what I already know and believe, “if I or someone else has reached ESP Levels 10-12, we can see, interact with, communicate with and directly encounter helper beings?”

Mick interjects, “There are ‘childhood’ exceptions.”

“What are those?” I ask.

“The youth of any species can ‘leap-frog,’ as you say, over a lower ESP Level attainment right to a capacity to have direct communication with helper beings, especially when they’re young or if their time in that incarnation is briefer than usual,” Mick says.

“That’s great,” I say, feeling immediately the rightness of this exception. “You know, this couldn’t come at a better time, for me.”

Led asks, “What do you mean, Clara?”

“Well,” I explain, “Right now, it’s October, 2015, for our lesson. But, as you know, I *timult* quite frequently on my own, even BeePCee [Before Public Contact], and I’m writing about a lot of our encounters, the Transition, and our ESP training lessons before we even meet. Today, for me, is also April 6, 2012. In two days, I get a call from my dear friend, Robin’s, husband, to tell me she is dying. I go on April 17 to be with her for some of her last few days. Because I have *this* experience in a few *timultaneous* dreams on April 5 – 10, I can write this Chapter for my Volumes before I go, bring it and read it to her.”

Led reminds me, gently, “Clara, you need permission to give advance notice of our contact and your lessons.”

“I know,” I say, in an exaggeratedly patient voice, while smiling, “I’m getting that right now, aren’t I?”

There is one of those overly long silences, which means Led is checking with his superiors at the IGC [InterGalactic Council]. I wait. I believe, if Led could make a throat-clearing sound, he would, right about now.

“Um, well,” Led returns to speaking, “Certainly. Particularly since Robin is departing her form. But, you must clear the room and make sure only she hears this as you read.”

Or what? Do I get a Reprimand? I wait, since I know Led hears my thoughts.

Led answers, aloud, “You could get an official Reprimand or we may have to do a *Re-set* with anyone else who hears, to erase their knowledge.”

“I’m OK with either of those,” I agree. “The risk is worthwhile. Robin will enjoy hearing this, awake or asleep, and it may even provide some information or comfort to her in her journey through the ‘hall.’”

I turn to Mick, “When does this type of information become available to everyone on Earth?”

Mick is silent, checking, then responds. “Those in ESP Trainings Levels 10 – 12 during Transitions Years are the first to know, formally. After Transition, many others enter ESP trainings up to Levels 8 – 10, so they also know. Beyond these beings, there are those whom the knowledgeable ones tell, books made available and lessons created in palatable and diluted formats for many others to ingest... I mean, learn.”

“Excellent,” I say. “My book will be one of those, then.”

I pause. “And, when I read this to my friend, Robin, ‘next week,’ as she lays, dying, she smiles at me and squeezes my hand. That is our signal that we do and will Remember,” I say, getting teary, again. “When she enters the ‘hall,’ she won’t be scared or confused. She’ll know what it is and what to do. She’ll know about her past, current and future connections to loved ones, and that many will recur or continue.”

I turn to each of them and bow, with my hands together, Buddhist prayer-style. “Thank you all, so much!”

“We need to talk about the public event,” Janis says.

“Oh,” I remember, but I’m yawning. “Could we do that tomorrow? I’m beat.” It’s about 6:30 PM, and I haven’t eaten or drunk anything all day, either. Suddenly, my body remembers itself and I am both hungry and thirsty. I go into the kitchen to get some water and an apple.

Led replies, “Yes, Clara, we can resume tomorrow. Restore your body and have a good night’s rest.”

We each make our good-bye gestures and they blink out.

I look out my windows, floor-to-ceiling bays, in this beautiful living/dining room, at the setting sun. The windows look west over the valleys. Sparkling in the distance in the dusk, I see the ocean meet the horizon. I feel so fortunate and sad, all at once.

This is living and dying, for all beings: transmigrating, repeatedly, forever, in infinite ways, with myriad possible and actual connections. All that matters, what binds us, is love.

Robin will deeply appreciate the egalitarian nature of it all, I think, smiling. I’m glad I get to share this with her, first. I read this to her when I see her next week, even though she is sleeping when I read it. She hears me, either way.

Written April 10, 2012

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

“The Future of Earth and the Many Worlds Collective,” Panel Discussion at the Ceremony for the Retirement of the Chief Communicator Part II

**San Francisco, California, USA, Link MediaVerse Studios
December 22, 2040 Earth Date**

ENLACES: Thank you for coming back, those of you who already attended or viewed/heard Part I. If you’re new, I hope hearing or seeing Part II is going to be sufficiently interesting and complete for you. Please see Part I for a list of our Panelists.

Next question: Hala Bitar asks this of *me*! That’s interesting, Hala! Your question reads: “How does being the Media Contact for the Chief Communicator change the way you write, film, photograph, record, report, and select news to share? What advice do you have for Intergalactic ‘VerseCast Journalists for reporting to Earthers and to the MWC members at large?”

Well, I guess my experience is unique! I am pleased to discuss it here. I’m not sure I have much advice, though; perhaps you and I can collaborate on that, soon, Hala? I plan to finish the Handbook for Media Contacts for Chief Communicators any day now [laughs; applause]. Wow! Maybe I really should consider doing that?

Best answer is that this work fundamentally shapes me, professionally and personally, because I begin my tenure as MC for the CC in my early thirties and now I’m the same age Clara is when she starts being the CC (spooky, right?). I think about that on a day like today.

You all know the story of Clara’s seeking me out, convincing me the “story” is part of a novel she’s writing, and then springing The Band on me at her cottage in Kirov in early January, 2013? I don’t write or talk much about the nonpublic encounters Clara and The Band invite me to be a part of because I’m not allowed to, but those are the ones I call “training” interviews. The Band, especially you, Led, prepare me, teach me, guide me quite clearly and strongly in those first several months of my tenure as MC.

Remember, Led and the other MWC delegates do this for a living, so to speak: they train many MCs around the multiverse!

Back to your questions, Hala: I don't know that I can separate the ways I do my work in journalism from the way I do it as the MC because I "grew up" as a journalist while being the MC! I can't say how I'm different because of it; ask a *timulter* who can find timelines in which Clara chooses someone else or the MWC don't choose Clara!

Advice from me for others? I do give advice and encouragement to off-p 'Casters. First one I advise closely is Gabe Engel, one of Clara's numerous nephews, whom you all know is one of our most treasured 'Casters, especially once he is doing that full time (Gabe Engel also plays off-planet sports while 'Casting for about ten years). If you want to know whether or not my advice and experience are beneficial to 'Casters, ask Gabe!

My main advice to Gabe and others who come after him seeking my counsel is this: get your ESP training as soon as possible. Those exercises, even if you only go through the Beginning Levels, help with everything you do. In fact, I would broaden that recommendation to include EVERYONE. Excellent Skills are not "magic" or only for a chosen few at those Levels. Almost anyone can expand or uncover your own abilities and improve your capacities to use your ESes. This is always beneficial: for you, for Earth, for the 'verse work you do. Do it!

Thank you.

Next, **Clara Branon** asks **Alicia Elsbeth Russell, Meryl and Pekka Aalto**: “Speak, please, in whichever languages you choose in addition to English, to explain some of the ways learning off-Earth or other-species' languages changes your perspectives, knowledge, emotions, and lives. What would you say to encourage more Earthers to learn more MWC members' languages?”

RUSSELL: I LOVE this question, Clara! My favorite paradox of *timultenaiity*, as Zephyr terms the running together of past, present, future—all timelines and all possibilities—is *evolution*, especially of communication systems, which include language. Just in the first few years APC (After Public Contact), “APC” becomes “AppCee” whose logofication becomes a stylized English “A” superimposed over a lower-case “c,” [a screen appears on which this logo is centered] which is still vocalized as “AppCee.”

My all-time favorite is the *fish*, and we must give thanks for that both to Steve Jobs' many “i-”-named technological advances and to Douglas Adams' “babel fish.” As we here know but others may not, the IntraPlanetary or Interspecies Communication System begins, again, as a semi-acronym, “IntraPlanCS,” which morphs into “i-planCS,” which becomes “i-planX,” and then logofies into a slanted, stylized “i-“ beside an “X,” [a screen appears on which this logo is centered] which someone, and, again, I believe this is also Zephyr, names the “i-fish,” and which many now call simply the *fish*.

Third, and perhaps most important since the entire MWC adopts some form of this, is the Individual Access technology moniker. Begins as “Individual Access Devices Interface,” goes through many acronym-ish and abbreviational journeys to become “i-D,” whose symbol is just the slanted “i” leaning onto a very fat “D,” [a screen appears on which this logo is centered] pronounced “eye-Dee,” with the emphasis on the first

syllable instead of the second, not to be confused with “Eye-**Dee**,” for “ID,” emphasis on the second syllable, which still means personal identification for many MWC-ers.

So, here are all are, AppCee, with our *i*-Ds that help us learn and communicate across time and space, utilizing our *fish* so we communicate effectively with whichever species we are encountering. NONE of this even exists on Earth or elsewhere in the MWC prior to ED [Earth Date] 2013, conceptually or linguistically. Our concepts (and devices) must evolve right along with and just a bit ahead of our languages.

AALTO: Well, since we’re all AppCee, I want to pick away at the terms “language” and “linguistics” since these are, literally, “tongue”-based and do not apply to most species on this or other planets regarding methods or modalities for communication. I vastly prefer to use *fish*, mostly for its almost-irony, since cetaceans are vastly superior to humans in so many areas: empathy, speed and attainment of ESP training Levels, and overall intelligence, when one includes musicality and compassion as types of intelligence; also, because humans erroneously group cetaceans with fish species for many centuries.

Furthermore, with every larger primate (orangutans, baboons, great apes, chimps and monkeys) as well as all cetaceans involved in every aspect of the Transition along with humans, our first experiences with *fish* occur right here on Earth. We have to learn to communicate among ourselves before we can take our act on the road, so to speak.

[Sounds and movements from both **Meryl** and **Angelina**, untranslated.]

MERYL: [signing and vocalizing as before] Need to communicate: all species, everywhere. Need to understand, see similarities, accept differences: stop wars, live peacefully. MWC helps with all this. Earthers continue, happily, these ways. Must go on, learn more, share more. Want all species to speak at least one new language, other species. Large improvement comes from that, alone.

AALTO: Also, our viewing Clara’s relationships with you all—Led, Diana, Janis, Mick and Ringo, via Espe—become and are our models for the importance of interspecies relationships. You inspire us, Clara, to learn more modalities for communication [Pekka Aalto nods to each and speaks to them in their own languages, using old Spanish for Espe, hand-based Primate Sign Language for Meryl, and sound-based reflectors, which he carries in his top shirt pocket, for Angelina, to say this same sentence again; he continues to do this; the official Translator steps down]. I cannot overemphasize the ways an individual’s neural networks are forever altered by learning to communicate in new ways, with new sounds, concepts, “words,” and gestures. We have fMRIs [Functional Magnetic Resonance Imagers] to show this, in colored lights, *while* we are communicating.

When Clara and others say, AppCee, “this changes everything,” I believe this is the foundation of all that we mean. Brain-changers are game-changers. Yes. And, we desperately need major changes for Earth.

Neural network changes include neurotransmitter alterations similar to those the Transition begins for us all. Our emotional “vocabulary” becomes larger. Our capacity to feel either remains somewhat limited or expands, depending upon our ability to label and communicate our emotions. The greater the complexity of our conceptual abilities, the

greater our capacity becomes to be empathic, compassionate and present with a variety of cultural and interspecies experiences.

Interdependence is the foundation for peace; interspecies communication and understanding are the bases for this foundation. They/we evolve *together* (I would say “hand-in-hand” [makes a gesture of holding hands], but that would be species-ist [laughter]).

So, Earthers, change or be changed! [applause]

ENLACES: Thank you. I hope our Translators and Pekka bring you all the nuances of this unusual conversation.

Next, we have a question from **Ringo**, for **Clara**. He asks: “How might new MWC Delegates serve best the next Chief Communicator? We ask for your evaluations and recommendations, please.”

BRANON: In 2012, almost a year before the MWC contacts me, *Time Magazine* asks one of my dear friends, astrophysicist Neil DeGrasse Tyson, African-American host of a popular science public television series in the USA at the time, *Nova*: “What is the most astounding fact you can share with us about the universe?” His answer, all these decades later, resonates with me, still: “We are part of this universe; we are in this universe. But, perhaps more important than both of those facts is that the *universe* is in *us*.... Many people feel small because they're small and the universe is big, but I feel BIG because *my* atoms came from those *stars*!”

In this same interview he also talks about the way that most people *prepare* for disaster while scientists attempt to *prevent* disaster. Remember, he doesn't have Access to the Many Worlds Collective Resource Library, doesn't have confirmation of multiverse timelines, hasn't heard of *Re-set* or any other ESP trainings at that time!

Neil and many others who are “ahead of their times” without being *timulters* amaze me the most!

As we find out, adequate warm-up and other types of prevention are much more productive than intellectual preparation, but all have their uses, I say. I believe this next Chief Communicator and MWC Delegates are much better *prepared* to *prevent* all types of difficulties than we first lot have been!

Neil also reminds us that scientific success centers around posing “the right questions.” I wish Neil were here, right now. He's one of the smartest, funniest, warmest scientists we ever have on Earth. I miss him. I would ask him this question and I bet his answer would be excellent! Better than mine!

I mention Neil because his example, of inquiry, support, and excitement for learning, inspires me and others the way the MWC Delegates do. My most important recommendations come from that: keep getting the Chief Communicator to pose better and better questions. Keep supporting the inquiry, keep instilling and encouraging the excitement.

The best way to be excellent trainers for any CC is to maintain an open line of communication at all times just as you all do with me. I always feel I can ask. I always feel supported. Very early on, I trust each of you. I always feel inspired. And, when I need it and deserve it, I get challenged, or Reprimanded [laughs]. But, always, encouraged. Respected. Loved, even.

Yes, there is love.
It's not "all good" but it can get there!

ENLACES: Thank you so much! This concludes our Panel for this evening.

We hope you feel as enriched and enlivened by this exchange of information, experience and knowledge as I'm sure we all here do. I share all of our gratitude for each of our Panelists and your generous giving of your time and expertise to this evening's events.

I especially thank you, Clara, for your many years of service as our dear CC and particularly, for selecting *me* to serve you, and Earth.

I'm sure I speak for us all when I say that I hope to keep hearing from you, even after retirement! [Applause for Branon as she stands, puts her hands together and half bows, sits back down.]

[Applause resurges rhythmically to the beat of her name as crowd chants: "ClaraBranon... ClaraBranon... ClaraBranon... ClaraBranon...", imitating The Band's first visit to Branon]

[Branon stands again, smiles through tears, waves, sits back down.]

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Clara Explains Human Relationships to The Band: The Romantic Paradox

"You want to know something no one wants to know?" I ask Led, whose bluish-gray, ovoid, bouncing hologram is hovering around and "on" my 5'-round table in my living/dining room in Kirov. "You have extensive knowledge of modern, Western literature and are familiar with movies, television programs and song lyrics as well, right?"

Led is visiting me today, July 14, 2012, just to check in, something he or one of the other members of The Band do periodically when we don't have a training session for more than a day or so. Six months ago we start my Excellent Skills Program training, but we're not exactly on a regular schedule because of all of my public appearances, interviews Espe has to do with me for her 'blog and formal articles, and what little time I can grab to catch up with friends and family. Also, some ESP sessions require more extensive practice to be done on my own before the next training sessions can occur.

My most recent session focuses on the intentional manipulation of matter. Mainly, I practice causing something (usually the size and shape of a large book) to manifest and disappear at will. Or not. The stubborn refusal of this volume on my table to disappear starts me thinking about stubbornness in general and the recalcitrance of one man, in particular. *Yes, my dear Epifanio.*

The book I practice removing from and returning to our timeline is a compendium of romance-genre novellas by a little-known author that my mom and I enjoy. In every one of these stories, the female protagonist spends most of the story in a state of suffering from unrequited love. Then, very near the end (triggering the end, in fact), the object of her affection realizes/discovered/announces that he, too, loves her.

They embrace passionately, usually leading to perfect sex (e.g., simultaneous or "ladies-first" climaxes, exceptional technique and rapport, fireworks, etc.) and/or engagement leading to marriage and the *promise* of perfect sex. Since the novellas (and almost every other story of this type from any Western author or film/TV writer) all follow this format, it sets me to thinking about the way authors stop the stories too early.

This starts a chain of thoughts that leads to the above question I pose to Led. "Led," I go on, "you, I and the rest of The Band all know that Epifanio and I do not work out together as a couple. No matter how many ways I *timult* us, or how many Re-sets you or I establish in which our relationship happens to change, the alterations in the timelines do not result in our being able to stay together, *if* we get together at all. Do you know why that is?"

"Clara," Led starts to respond, but *POP* *POP* *POP* *POP*: here are the rest of The Band.

Ringo extrudes one light orange, upper arm-like appendage and wiggles his "fingers" at me. I wiggle mine back in greeting. His pyramid-shaped, top part opens slightly, the shinier side facing me.

Mick angles his greenish flat-top toward me and his lights blink. If I had blinking lights, I'd blink back; but, lacking those, I just say "Hi" to Mick.

Janis — Diana move toward me. Their pickle-body holos "bump" my upper body, twice. I angle my shoulder toward them and "bump" back, three times, in our established greeting.

"Are you ready for your next session?" asks Mick. He's the one tracking my ESP training most closely.

Janis answers before I get a chance to: "No. Clara is going on about Fanio, again. Really, Clara? What, now?" her tone is teasing and affectionate, so I am not offended.

Diana jumps in, again, preceding my response: "Don't be so hard on her. You know humans love very differently than we do and her heart is *corroded*. Right, Clara? *Corroded*?"

Diana often gets our slang incorrect and I hide my smile so as not to offend her..

"Um, well, not 'corroded,' exactly," I start to explain the incorrectness of Diana's term, but Ringo interrupts.

"Clara and Epifanio have a complicated set of timelines. Perhaps she is ready to examine a number of them today?" Ringo wonders.

"*Timulting* personal stories is not on this week's schedule nor is that part of Level 5-A," Mick declares.

Diana intercedes, "Clara doesn't want to *timult* the timelines. She needs to grieve, to worry, to anguish, to obsess. Maybe play some music that makes her cry. How about this?" She speaks in a sympathetic tone, then I hear "Love Has No Pride." Linda Ronstadt's soaring vocals fill my living room. The music for desolation, not consolation.

She must "hear" my dismay, because now she plays Lonestar's "Not A Day Goes By." I start to laugh. Right on target, but somehow not helpful. "That's not necessary," I say, through my laughter.

Diana fades out the tear-jerking lyrics on "Baby, Baby, Oh, Baby..."

"I just want to explain some cultural paradoxes to you. That's the reason this conversation begins the way it does."

Led bounces closer to me and says, "Go on, Clara." I know Led likes to be aware of the nuances of Earthers' thinking, so I continue, despite Mick's increasing frequency of blinking lights.

"It's like this; at least, it is for me. I fall in love (or so I tell myself) with someone who isn't at that time in love with me or even considering me as a lover. We know each other in some ways and have contact, but s/he is not interested in me in that way."

"Like Epifanio," Janis offers. Diana bumps her but Janis continues. "He keeps saying he doesn't feel 'that way' about you."

"Yes, Janis. Exactly. So, unable to accept 'No' for an answer, I persist. I try to become necessary, irreplaceable, important in that person's life. I seduce, I persuade, I sometimes "succeed." I become a trusted friend, a good companion, a significant colleague, a confidante, a part of his/her extended family or inner friendship circle. We spend more time together, all so that I can become indispensable and irresistible to him/her."

"Does that work?" asks Led.

"It often *seems* to," I say. "But that's exactly the problem I want to discuss. It depends on the way we define 'work.'"

Ringo is getting interested, now. "What do you mean? How could something work and not work at the same time?"

"Therein lies the paradox!" I exclaim. "Human feelings and psychological conditions aren't like machinery. They can operate in both the 'on' and 'off' positions simultaneously in this metaphor, as you will soon learn."

Now, Mick is intrigued, "Like a photon can be both a particle and a wave, but not when observed, because then it must be one or the other?"

"Very like that, yes," I concur. "But, human love, passion, choice and autonomy are the contradictory occurrences, here. This is the way I understand it all, now. With my previous lovers and Epifanio: they *believe* that they do not love or want me, sometimes for many years. They are close to me in other ways, however. Then, at some point, they believe they *do* love me, *want* to be with me. Since that is what I want, anyway, we spend some time being together. It's great, it's wonderful, it's amazing wish-fulfillment, for me, and, seemingly great for them, too."

"So, what's the paradox?" prompts Led.

"Endorphins and romance fade and real life takes over. The 'honeymoon' of new passion and excitement end, causing oxytocin to recede to normal levels. Or, it might work in reverse: perhaps oxytocin's diminishing causes the feelings to change. My 'lovers' then begin to recall the traits or behaviors they do *not* like in me, the original reasons they do not want to be with me."

I pause, considering all my important relationships, and know I'm on the right track, here. "Whatever attracts them to me or 'changes their minds' about me is no longer accessible. They decide—no, they *believe*—that they don't love or want me any longer, all in the space of a few months or years. Plus, they're angry, resentful and withdrawn toward me."

"But, you do not change or trick them at all, do you?" asks Janis. She sounds appalled.

Diana adds, "That is so unfair! That must be the reason your heart corrodes to the breaking point!"

"Exactly!" I say. "Instead of taking responsibility for those alterations in their feelings and for their own ever-changing choices, they blame me. They actually tell me they believe we got together because I used magical seduction, deception and other methods to convince or even coerce them into falling in love with me and become my lover."

As I recall specific incidents of this in my life, I am getting a bit intense. I take deep breaths to calm myself, then continue.

"One of them says I 'put him under a spell.'" Another one tells me that I 'took him for a ride.' They claim, one day or several months or years later, when they *then* believe they no longer want or love me, that our relationship's demise is all *my* fault, somehow. They refuse to take any responsibility for the way we got into this situation."

I pause. Yes, The Band is with me.

"They tell themselves and me that they got involved with me without their complete consent or understanding. From their perspectives, they 'never wanted to do that,' so, I *must* have tricked them into doing it, to being with me." I can feel the pain of hearing those things from my former lovers as if it were happening right now.

"This makes no sense, even for human Earthers," Ringo says, tilting his pyramid away from me. "What is their major maladjustment?"

I laugh. Ever since I first say that in front of Ringo, he chooses to re-use that phrase repeatedly. Always appropriately, though.

"Yes. Please explain, Clara," Led requests.

"Okay, " I continue. "First, you all remember what 'projection' means and how it manifests, right?"

Mick responds, "Of course. Humans often put another person's 'face' or their own inner characteristics, 'on' someone else, like, on *you*. But they do not realize that they are doing this. They then react to that person, not to you, as if those *other* person's traits or their own traits are *yours*. Usually these projections are negative but they can also have positive identity confusions. Yes?"

"Oh, I get it!" Janis exclaims. "Epifanio projects his mother, his first wife or some older sibling or teacher or some other contentious, powerful person from his past onto *you*. Or, he projects the insecurities, fears, worries, or dishonesty within himself onto *you*. He then feels inferior, threatened, invaded, betrayed or otherwise unhappy due to his original relationship issues with that person or to his struggles with his own inner demons that seem to be playing out with *you*."

Diana picks up the thread: "Then, he attributes his reactions to *you* and *your* interactions with him. Talk about unfair! He shouldn't do that to you!"

"That's right," I respond. "That is 'projection.'" I feel sad remembering all the times this happens in my timelines with others and with Fanio. "He can't help it, though. No reason to be upset with him."

I realize as I hear myself say that to Janis — Diana: *I am not angry with Fanio or any of my other lovers anymore*. It surprises me, but I'm so glad. Many years of therapy and intensive contemplation during meditation actually help with these issues.

I continue with my explanation. "It works both ways, anyway. I'm sure I do it, also. Most humans project onto one another until we don't. My projections onto others are usually more positive than they deserve, but they are nonetheless projections: not better than theirs onto me, just different."

I feel a familiar rush of certainty, mixed with shame. "When I make others 'better' than they actually are and relate to them as if that is who they are, I generate an inauthentic relationship just as they do. My 'positive' identify confusions are every bit as unhealthy as their negative ones."

Mick interjects, "Your projections, Clara, are a bit more complicated, though, because you see other versions of some people when you *timult*. Because you prefer those versions to this one, you unconsciously favor the 'better' one. Also, 'unfair,' right?" He says this last part to Janis.

Mick nails it. I do that with Epifanio and many others. I *timult* from when I am a teenager. When I find what I believe to be better versions of them, I relate to those instead of the people who are right in front of me.

"Yes, that is unfair. Completely. To all of us," I admit. "I am doing that with Epifanio, every day," I add. "I *would* rather have another version of him here, with me, than the one who *is* here. I'm trying to stop. At least I don't blame Fanio, anymore."

"I'm still not understanding the paradoxical part," persists Led.

"Yes, Clara. Go on about that, please," requests Ringo.

"Well, I start out talking about one kind, but Mick points out another. In my original paradox, it goes like this: the romance authors want us to believe that, once someone is finally ready to love someone else—after days, weeks, months, or even *years* of resisting, insisting they do not love that person—suddenly, they perceive this new-found love and 'everything' is going to be great. The writers call that 'living happily ever after' in human fairy tales. But, that's not really how it works out.

"The authors don't show the later months or years, when it all falls apart. The negative projections wear off or get superseded by the positive ones, at first, but they're all still having projections. No one includes the part of the story showing when the positive projections fade away and the negative ones return to prominence."

"Once the projections depart, does the relationship continue with more authenticity, then?" Diana asks, hopefully.

"No one is actually loving or desiring the other person the way they truly are. Once the partners realize that, they can't be happy together any longer," I explain.

"Unless, once the projections all recede, they can find their ways to respecting, knowing, and loving each other as who they are. That is very rare with current, Western humans."

"It doesn't happen with you and Fanio, does it?" Janis asks, sadly.

I feel my heart clutch and my stomach tense. "No, Janis. I do not think it does. But, to be fair, that's as much my responsibility as it is Fanio's."

Led says, "If I understand you correctly, Clara, the human romantic paradox is that two humans may both love and not love one another simultaneously without

realizing that. And, projections onto others may be both positive and negative at the same time as well."

"Yes," Ringo continues, "Human relationships are fraught with unrealistic expectations, feelings based on fantasies, and other neurotic tendencies playing out in interactive experiences. Many species are like this in the Many Worlds Collective."

"They are?" I ask. "I hear about none of these. Please, go on."

Led bounces closer to me, then hovers. "Clara, this is very educational. Thank you. We must depart and leave you to your practice." He bounces over the book, then *POP* he's out of sight.

"Okay," I reply, but he's already gone. Janis — Diana, Mick and Ringo *POP* out immediately afterwards, giving their good-bye gestures as they go. I return the gestures, but they're gone before mine can be seen by them. Typical.

Back to this Level 5-A, disappearing objects. This stubborn book. Gey avek, *please?* I exhort in Yiddish to the book. *And take my projections with you, while you're at it!*

To my utter surprise, *POP* and it's off my table. *Wow! I have no idea what I am doing right, but I better do it again!*

I get up to find another, larger book. This time, an old Atlas. Fewer distractions that way.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Photos and Captions

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D. (center, seated), with holograms of the Many Worlds Collective Delegation (l-r), Mick, Ringo, Led, Janis — Diana, 1/3/13, Kirov, California

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator (l), with Esperanza Enlaces (r), Media Contact, for Many Worlds Collective, 1/6/13, Kirov, California, USA

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator, with holo of Led, Lead Delegate from the Many Worlds Collective, 1/6/13, Kirov, California, USA

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator, with son, Zephyr Branon, 5/22/13, New York City, New York, USA

► Esperanza Enlaces, Media Contact for the Many Worlds Collective, Pulitzer Prize Winner, 5/22/13, New York City, New York, USA

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Templeton Prize Recipient for 2014, with previous recipients, H. H. the XIV Dalai Lama and others (see full listing), 5/12/14, London, England

► Ringo, Mick and Led (holos, l-r), Many Worlds Collective Delegates, with holos of Angelina and Meryl, first Liaisons for cetaceans and primates, 7/14/14, Kirov, California, USA

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator (seated, center) for the Many Worlds Collective, with 200 Representatives from Global Unity Leaders Council #1, 6/8/15, The Hague, The Netherlands, first annual gathering

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., CC, for the MWC, with (l-r) husband, Epifanio (Fanio) Dang; son, Zephyr Branon; Zephyr's father, Abraham Branon Wood, 6/19/15, The Hague, The Netherlands

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, CC, MWC, and Branon's mother, Rose Vogel (both seated, center), with (l-r) Vogel's other children: Cassandra Ackerman, Violet Engel, Dr. Thomas Ackerman, 4/27/17, Vogel's 85th Birthday, La Manche, Missouri, USA

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator, Many Worlds Collective, with (holos, l-r) Led, Ringo, Mick, Janis — Diana, Delegates from the MWC, accepting the Nobel Peace Prize, 12/12/16, Oslo, Norway

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Chief Communicator (seated, center), Many Worlds Collective, with 250 Representatives from Global Unity Leaders Council #2, 6/8/26, The Hague, The Netherlands, second annual gathering

► Clara Branon (80) (seated, far left) and (l-r) husband, Epifanio Dang (79), with Branon's son, Zephyr (55), and wife (seated, far right), Kayla (53), and their two children, (standing, l-r) Kendall (18) and Bryce (14), Kendall's high school graduation, 6/3/35, Lifton, California, USA

► Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Earth, Milky Way, Sol, Chief Communicator and husband, Epifanio Dang (holos), at the InterGalactic Council annual meeting, main building, Earth date 8/22/36, Branon's Birthday Celebration, with unnamed celebrants from many galaxies (full list of attendees and photos of each available at: mwcw.igcannualmeetings.verse/CCBranonBirthday, Earth Date 8/22/36)

► Panel, "The Future of Earth and the Many Worlds Collective," Ceremony for the Retirement of Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., Earth, Milky Way, Sol, IGC main building, Earth date: December 22, 2040 (full list of attendees and photos of each available at: mwcw.igcspecialmeetings.verse/CCBranonRetirement, Earth Date 12/22/40)

Thousands of other photos, vids, and assorted memorabilia (e.g., articles, postings, Chief Communicator's Public Log, Volumes 1 – 10 of *The Spanners*) available at: mwcw.CCBranondocumentation.verse, Earth Dates 12/22/12 – 6/30/41.

See this Volume for the report and links to a complete vid and music discography with over a hundred photos from the annual IGC MWC Musicians and Artists Conference, the first-ever held on Earth, Earth date, August 15-22, 2022 (my [Clara's],

78th birthday), and, also: mwcw.musiciansartistsconferenceEarthMWSolone.verse, Earth dates, August 15-22, 2022.

It may be, whenever you, the reader, are reading this Volume ALT, that some or all of the .verse, mwcw, or www. links in this Volume are not activated by clicking on them. In that case, you may Access all links via your own internal Access point or iD to the MWC Resource Library.

If you need help with that, contact your local MWC Resource Library helpline by your usual phone, other portable device or comm method.

As long as your planet or location is *in good standing* with its membership in the MWC *and* as long as the Resource Library materials are intact and Accessible, you are sure to be able to find whatever you seek there, assuming that you have the proper clearance. Good luck!

CHAPTER INTERLUDE XIV

Excerpts from the Chief Communicator's Occasional Log

Clara's Apology Letter to Epifanio

March 19, 2012

Dear Epifanio,

This is not a letter I ever want to write, but I know you need to read it.

If you've gotten this far or skipped around in this Volume, then you probably know that I am depicting *my* favorite versions of our timelines, most of the time. I know these stories are not *your* favorites.

I believe that no one but you and I are going to recognize *you* in this novel as *Epifanio*. No one else but you and two others (who aren't going to read my novels, anyway) even know about the alternate timelines I *timult* about our lives. No one else ever hears about my actual feelings or about your rejection of me and of our life together. Not even my family knows who you are. I tell them all you're a fictional character, a composite. I even say that to you.

It's not exactly a lie: I know the versions of you I put into my novels are not actually you, the version I encounter in this timeline. Doesn't that make this fiction and the character a composite?

BTW: "your" name means "Radiating, Emanating Brilliance." Nice, right? I choose the two names from Spanish, Greek, Latin, Sanskrit and Tibetan roots, just for fun. No one besides me likes the name I give you, but I do not care. These are my stories and I can name my characters whatever I want.

For better or worse, I have become the most famous person on this planet. As the Chief Communicator for the Many Worlds Collective, first-ever liaison for the first-ever public visitations from E.T.s and all that, my personal life is often the topic of speculation, with or without these novels. A few may play the guessing game of trying to figure out who you and others I assign pseudonyms and alter details about may actually be. Doesn't that happen with every famous person's fiction?

I believe readers think, at first: "What a strange love story." Or, perhaps, some think, "This is confusing, but interesting," and give no further thought to who CeeCee's mythical lover/husband might be, since they know the Chief Communicator and I don't have a husband or lover (at least, not in public). Or, they do not care, anyway, about the CC's private life (much).

People who read the early drafts of this who know me and know I am single write me or call to say things like: "I hope you find love like this," and "I wish there could be an Epifanio for you!" Some even beg me to tell them who I model you after, who you are.

I remind them that I am single. There is no possible man who is "Epifanio" now, in the past, or ever [unless things change (again)].

So, I can promise that no one is reading this and thinking: "Wait! I think I know this 'Epifanio Dang.' What kind of nonsense or lies is the Chief Communicator telling? He's not with her!" No. Won't happen.

Some really like this character, admire him, find him funny, interesting, sexy, smart. Some despise him, calling Epifanio "arrogant," "selfish," a "jerk" who is "unworthy" of me. I paint a complex character. I try to do you justice.

I always thank them and say things like: "Epifanio is a composite. There is no Epifanio."

Readers know: *many* of these fictionalized events do not happen. I imagine they accept that their CC does not have you or anyone as a lover but they like to read those parts, anyway. Everyone loves love, right?

Before this novel is available to the wider readership, no one knows any details of "our" life together or much about my experience of our current and past relationship, not even you. By reading this, you get to understand more. That is the main reason I want you to read the entire book, not just sections. I hope you read the entire series.

If you do, you can't help but grok how we *both* like being together, how happy we are. The warmth between us *emanates* from our scenes. We interact and feel as we do in this novel in many alternate timelines. We're amazing. It's wonderful. You glow. Take my word for it.... You kind of have to, eh?

However, when I imagine your reading these stories, I realize I have to write this letter and include it in the first Volume. I feel compelled to explain, to apologize to you for "lying," even though you might never see this letter, never read these books.

I know I include this letter, regardless.

Why? I have to tell my truth, here, before this Volume ends. That way, if you are reading this, you will know I am not insane. I definitely have my problems. Obsess, much? But, fortunately or not, I am mostly sane.

Up until this Chapter, before coming to this letter, everyone who reads this novel (except for you, of course) could believe Epifanio loves Clara. He wants her; they are together for more than 30 years, happily, willingly, mutually, gratefully, in several timelines.

In fact, the listed author of this series is going to get some nasty fan mail about ditching this love story in favor of "truth." She may have to change her name.

As you now know, I'm nine years old when *timulting* starts for me. There is not even a word for what I experience, then. I tell no one. Later, I find out lots of people know that multiple timelines exist, particularly mathematicians, physicists, Buddhists. But, I hear about no other humans who actually experience what occurs in the alternates or tells me about their experiences.

Soon, when many have permission and access from the Many Worlds Collective Resource Library to *timult* intentionally, I have company, of a sort. Buddhist yogis and yoginis, adepts in other lineages or spiritual paths, and those who reach Levels 6 and higher in the Excellent Skills Program trainings, can *timult* on purpose, also.

However, I am still the only human who *timults* my own and a few others' lives almost daily, by accident. No one can understand how confusing, weird, and lonely my life is because of this blessing/curse. Don't even get me started on how lonely being the Chief Communicator is.

Timulting becomes a well-known occurrence, eventually. With so many people visiting and viewing other timelines, my life doesn't seem so strange, anymore. Maybe, some day, I do not seem quite so odd.

Readers are smart, for the most part. If they get this far, very smart. I'm sure they figure out what is and isn't true, here.

Do you still wonder why I show us being together in my books? Well, I ask you: who wants to live like *this*, lonely and isolated? Writing our love stories brings you right to me, offering me some happiness. I hope reading them does not make you unhappy.

Most fundamentally, I put the stories of our intimate relationship in my books because I miss you.

There. So mundane and pathetic a reason, but that is it. I miss you. Every day. Every night. Especially every night.

I can't even count how many times I wake up in the middle of the night and reach for you. When I wake up fully, grasping the empty air beside me, I moan: "Damn! Wrong timeline."

I often weep with frustration and despair, the loss of our life together weighing on me like a brick on my chest, as I fall back to sleep. Years and years, decades of this grief.

Re-set after *Re-set*, all for other reasons, but each impacts us, usually keeping us apart. I'm Psi-ped so often I can't remember feeling good about Re-sets.

How can I miss you when we have not ever been together? you once ask me. What, exactly, do I miss?

Well, now you know more about what I miss, even if you can't really understand how I come to feel this yearning and loss. You can't empathize, I know, but now, perhaps, you can sympathize. I would welcome some sympathy from you, especially if you're not also angry.

These experiences are the only chances I have to live with and love you the ways I grow to want. I do show some alternates of the most preferred version, just to be fair (bizarre concept of "fairness" I have, right?). Every scene I *timult* about our being together isn't showing a relationship that is always easy or always the same—timing, encounters, the exact words and events, how we get together, how we live—changes occur frequently, even now. That's the way things are for me, internally.

Some draft readers tell me: it's easy to imagine Epifanio with Clara. Their relationship is so vivid their love "leaps off the pages."

Ironically, very soon, *you* are almost alone in being unable to imagine loving *me*.

Specific disclaimer: I am not trying to manipulate your feelings or influence your choices. I do not write about our lives in other timelines to try to convince you of this love.

Here, in this letter, are my "due diligence" and general disclaimer: I admit my deliberate misconstruing of our shared reality and give my reasons.

How do I pull this off, you may wonder? Altering photographs? So twentieth century. Falsification of news stories, MWC reports, etc., that show us together, name you as my husband? It's *my* novel, remember? It's fiction. Keep 'em guessing, I say, as to what are the facts and what are the adjustments I make to facts, given the literary license being an author affords me.

I explain it all here, writing to you, since you know the truth better than anyone else. I apologize, but I am not feeling remorse. Given the same circumstances, I do it again. And, again. I *have* to.

Before you read this letter, reading these chapters and stories, the ways I put you with me: do you hate me? Despise me?

I sincerely hope not. I want you to feel flattered, sympathetic, entertained, even.

Only one of us has to feel awful. I suppose I volunteer. I feel abandoned. Rejected. Scorned. Dismissed. Disrespected. Disregarded.

I include this letter, trying to make things better between us if you are reading my book. I want to retain whatever friendship we do have.

I hope you can find forgiveness and compassion; try to keep pity to a minimum. I hope the anger, if it arises, fades quickly. You know I never want to cause you any discomfort or pain.

In my understanding of all the Epifanios, you could find this amusing, entertaining, poignant, silly, even. I hope that's the way you respond. *My* Epifanio would.

If you have darker feelings, I pray you can understand my motivation and my needs. Some day, you may be able to forgive my use of a version of you in this novel as my loving, devoted, creative, brilliant, talented, caring, handsome, sexy, graceful, funny and fascinating husband.

At least I show your best qualities. You may even wish that *everyone* sees you as I do. Well, now, they do.

With all the love in my heart,
in this and every timeline and lifetime,
Clara

For the rest of you readers/viewers: My favorite pastime? Daydreaming about *jumping* to a more favored timeline. I squeeze my eyes shut and wish to be transported.... Nothing. No ruby slippers. No quantum leaps. I guess this is "home."

Why, exactly (pet peeves time, again) does "create my own reality" not operate, here? Just another one of those aphorisms I despise.

Here's another: "If you wish for it hard enough, it will come true."

Or, the *worst* one: "Visualize what you want and it will happen."

If visualizing or wishing would WORK, I would not have to write this letter, would I? Don't get me started on karma.

I can say, with certainty: *there is no one, human or other, on this or any other planet* who faithfully and repeatedly visualizes, wishes, prays and believes more than I in something *this* strongly, to have it come to nothing.

Just to keep things in perspective, we have Eric Idle, from "Monty Python," who reminds us that we are just a speck in a mighty large universe....

At least one of my prayers has been answered: There IS intelligent life somewhere else, many elsewheres. Listen to Idle sing about it on whatever station, channel, or 'net link you can find.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Even the Chief Communicator Disappoints Her Mother

"Clara, why do you have to wear you hair that way? You know it's not flattering. Can't you get a better stylist before you give your next vidview? Or, just use those barrettes I gave you. They frame your face no nicely. Really!"

I know my mom means well, but, honestly, I am almost 60 and she is over 80. When does this kind of "helping" end? *Seriously?* I do what all people with siblings do. I call one.

"Cassie? It's me. What is up with Mom? She won't stop *hocking* me about my hair. It *can't* be about my hair..." My sister lives in southern California. I can picture her sitting outside on her reverse-gravity lawn chair, tossing toys at their dogs who dive into the pool to fetch them and bring them back to her, light glittering off the water droplets they shake at her.

"Oy, Clara. The hair thing, again? I've been tracking it: every time you are on a vid and someone says 'single' regarding your relationship status, Mom gets on *you* about your hair. It's simple math. You plus no one equals criticizing your hair. Find a partner and she'll think your hair looks gorgeous even if you never wash or brush it again!"

"So, according to your theory, I have a Ph.D., I'm the most important Earther in the multiverse according to some, I have a fabulous adult son, I'm practically a senior citizen, and Mom's upset because I don't currently have a *partner*? Cripes!" I can feel my third eye pounding in my forehead, a sure sign I'm on overload and need to rest. "I have to go, Cass. Thanks for the Mom-translation."

"No problem, Clar. Talk soon."

After I turn off the phone and put it into the charger, I *fling* a message and Janis shows up, followed by Diana. "Hi, you two!" I am happy to see them.

"Your mom, again?" asks Diana.

Janis adds, "A direct hit or the hair thing, again?"

"How does everyone but me know the deeper meanings behind my mom's critiques?" I complain.

I'm glad they're here to comfort me and keep me company. Who needs a partner when I have pairpartner holos as friends?

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

"It's Not Over 'Till It's Over"

"We have research," Janis chirps, "that shows: 'Chief Communicators who are unpartnered are 75% more likely to have physical health problems, sleep issues and unhappiness during their terms,'" she declares. She always sounds like this when she reports information directly from the Many Worlds Collective Resource Library.

I think she's reading from the textvid. Her pickle-like coloration takes on a grayish hue when she's concentrating or reading. Some of the indentations on her cucumber-like, outer body appear to deepen, even though the hologram is wavering. I tap the air around her form and the wavering subsides.

"Thanks, Janis," I say, drily. "You must speak to my mother; she'll commiserate. I'll get right on that. 'Find a partner. Do-si-do.'"

Janis turns even grayer as she tries to fathom "Do-si-do."

I am a bit cruel sometimes. I am about to explain square dancing to my E.T. colleague and friend when her pairpartner, Diana, interjects.

"How's Epifanio?" Diana asks, not really changing the subject. "How is he taking your apology?" Diana turns her ovoid shape toward me, putting the more dimpled side toward her mate, as she does when they are concerned about me.

Evidently I am a cause for concern to The Band. I know *I* feel concerned about me. Given how strong our telepathic and other connections become over these months of daily and sometimes twice daily visits and training sessions since I become Chief Communicator for Earth with the MWC, I recognize the need for their inquiries. They are all here, in holo form, regularly, like today.

I feel that familiar ache in my chest whenever Epifanio comes to the forefront of my attention. "Well," I start, then stop.

What can I say? How is Epifanio? What do I think his brief, email response to my written apology indicates as to how he is, how we are?

"See for yourselves," I tell them, and pull down my vidscreen from above my head. Really, the screen comes from inside my chest, but the motion to call it starts above my head, then goes diagonally down, right to left, to bring the screen to eye level. "This email comes, yesterday."

Diana starts reading, also chirping, turning more gray than green as she reads.

There! Reading equals chirping, for them. Hypothesis confirmed.

"October 21, 2013," Diana chirps, more quietly than Janis does a few minutes ago, then pauses. I know that Diana silently reads the entire email, then, aloud.

"Dear *Clara* (I should call you that, right?),

"Thank you for sending me the draft of your novel and for putting the letter to *me* into it. I appreciate the time and effort you put into the letter and the sentiments you express.

"I am not angry with you. Not because you requested it, I do feel compassion and sympathy. But, more importantly, now I understand. That is key, for me.

"I know your heart is strong and good. I pray that someone will love you deeply and wonderfully, in this timeline. I truly wish I could have been that man.

"But, as you know, I have searched my heart and intentions. Thoroughly. Honestly. I'm sorry to say that those kinds of feelings for you do not live in me this time around.

"I wish you all the best.

"I'll sign this, *Epifanio*."

"Wow," says Janis, "some message."

I have tears leaking out of my eyes. I feel choked up hearing it again and reliving the pain more acutely, so I say nothing.

"At least he's not angry, right?" Diana asks, pleading for my good humor to return.

"Yes," Janis says, a little too eagerly. "Not angry at all."

"But, also," I say, regaining some composure, "not in love with me and not going to be, in this timeline...."

I stand up and start pacing, then remember how Fanio likes to do this when he's upset. I get an idea and stop, in front of Led.

I look to Led, feeling like Princess Leia. "*Help me, Obi-wan Kenobi: You're our only hope!*" As the leader of this MWC holo contingent (I am still not sure if he is a "he"), Led is my go-to alien for decisions.

"May I *jump*? Pretty please?" I am only half-kidding. *Jumping* to my preferred timeline feels very tempting, right now.

Led responds, his blueish-gray, ball-shaped form changing its usual hovering to a rhythm that matches his words, "If [bounce] you [bounce] seek [bounce] love [bounce] in the form of a human partner [bounce, then back to hovering], we can look into that for you, or you can *timult* and preview options yourself."

"I only want Epifanio," I say, exasperated. *It's true. I'm already married to him in every way that matters, except not here, now. It's hopeless to imagine I could be available, emotionally, for anyone else. Is that pathetic or loyal, true love?*

"It's like a puzzle I can't quite work out," I explain, thinking out loud, even though I know it isn't necessary for me to speak for them to hear my thoughts. "Isn't there some way I can *Re-set* from the future I *timult* 'backwards,' to here?"

"Or," I feel some excitement, now, coming up with another plan, "why can't you, we, make *this* the timeline in which Fanio and I are happily together? No unsanctioned *jumps*, so no harm comes to anyone from that? He wouldn't even know, right? Just do a trade!"

Not being with Fanio causes me to feel this discomfiting, internal, almost itchy feeling that things are not quite right, here. I feel it constantly. I send this feeling to them all, not knowing how to put it into words. I pause, then ask: "What can we do?" No response.

"I feel so displaced, as if this just isn't the right life for me. How does this happen?" I'm crying, *again*. *Arrghh*. "Why doesn't Fanio's heart open to me in *this* timeline?" I hear the anguish in my voice and I tamp it down a bit.

I feel the urge to explain to Led. Continuing, I offer: "I feel so much despair and discouragement amidst all of this great accomplishment."

I spread my hands, then point behind me, the MWC reference for talking about the past. "Maybe Moses feels this way as the Israelites return to 'the Promised Land' when he can't go with them?"

I wait as they process my references. It takes about two seconds. When Diana — Janis both turn virescent again, I continue. "Is this some kind of sacrifice I, as the Chief Communicator, have to make? Whatever for?"

None of them speaks, not even Ringo, and he's usually on my side when I express a need. I look toward his taller, jacinthe form and try to get him to weigh in, but he remains silent, his six orange-shaded, arm-like appendages unusually still.

Mick doesn't say anything, either, but he is "offline" from a while ago and I don't see any of the blinking lights from his pyramid or any part of his turquoise body's holo here right now, either.

Where is Mick and what is he doing that's more important than this? Wondering about Mick distracts me. I stop crying. I begin to feel calmer. Deep breaths.

Ahhh. Led is soothing me, I know, but I do not resist. *It's comforting; why fight it?*

After what seems an interminably long time, but what is probably about one minute, Janis responds. "It's not impossible for his feelings to change, no matter what Epifanio says, now," she tells me. "But, then you run the risk of encountering the 'Romantic Paradox.'"

Diana chimes in, "He only feels what he feels *now*, and only knows what he knows *now*. He doesn't *timult*. Do you really want to come to you resisting it? It won't last.... *You* say that."

"*He* doesn't love me and *he* doesn't want to be with me. Not in this timeline, not ever, does he?" I ask, mournfully. "You're both right; I do not want him to 'change,' I just want him to love me."

Led explains further: "We do not know how this all unfolds, even if we think that we do. If Epifanio loves you and wants to be with you in many timelines, *one* of them may meet up with this one. No promises, but no absolutes, either. Understand?"

I begin to feel some glimmer of hope. "You mean, 'It's not over 'till it's over'?"

"Exactly!" Led exclaims, pleased with me, again, he is bouncing more quickly, something he also does when he understands an oblique Earth reference immediately.

"Should I remove my letter and his answer, then? From my book? Leave in or remove the love story parts? How will it all make sense if I leave them out?" I ask.

"Leave it all in. Readers will sort it out for themselves. Meanwhile, if/when you and Epifanio *are* together, you are happy and enjoy one another; that much *you* know. Be with that," Led advises.

Janis — Diana seem to bump one another alongside their holos, which I interpret to mean they're communicating telepathically.

Great! Now they're talking about me right in front of me!

Diana hastily says, "No, no, Clara! We're not. We're just showing concern. Honestly!"

Janis adds, "We concern ourselves about you. Being the Chief Communicator is a difficult job and an arduous adjustment for any new CC. And, really, you *are* doing quite well, especially in your training sessions. But, we know your heart is, how do you say, 'broken'? When we read about how important it is for CCs not to be isolated, that you need to get, um, 'support,' we just wonder how do you get support?"

Somehow, when I hear her say "support," my mind immediately goes to sex. I do miss that.... "I do not know how having a sexual partner would improve my work as the CC. Would be fun to find out, though, wouldn't it?" I smile at Janis — Diana and show them, in my mind and on my face that I am grateful for their care and concern.

I feel an overwhelming sense of well-being, with a trace of humor. *That has to be Mick.*

I look over and see Mick's lights flashing, again. Just as I am about to ask him where he's been, Mick says: "Clara. 'It's all good.'"

That makes me laugh. Mick knows how much I hate that vacuous aphorism.

Led gives his time-to-go signals.

It is after 9 PM. Past my bedtime, as they all know.

As Led's beach-ball sized, blueish, quivering figure emanates a whistling sound that I'm sure I only hear a fraction of, one by one, they all *POP*. Holos gone.

I feel the silence, sudden and complete solitude. I welcome it, even though it accentuates my aloneness.

I get ready for bed, pondering.

Near the end of my formal meditation, after the dedications of merit, long-life prayers for all Lamas, auspicious wishes and final prayers, I make two more aspirations: "Whatever is most beneficial, may I please help it to occur. For all beings, timelessly, everywhere: may I always be of greatest benefit."

Then, I make a request: "If it is best for my sweetheart and all beings and causes no harm, may our love blossom in this timeline."

I lie down to sleep.

Even though I know Epifanio can't hear me, I whisper: "I love you. I hope you discover that you love me, too. Good night, Dear One."

###

About the Author

Sally Ember, Ed.D., is a published, nonfiction author and produced playwright (children's theatre, *Crystal Dreams*; *Grading System* for adults) whose sci-fi romance/speculative fiction, YA, New Adult and adult series, *The Spanners*, starts with Volume I, *This Changes Everything*, uploaded in e-book format by Smashwords and for sale December 20, 2013. Volumes II - X are planned (see [Appendix A](#), below). Volume II is coming out in Spring, 2014, and the others are in various draft stages. Sally also has some short stories and articles published in *Out of the Kitchen*, a journal available in the 1980s in print format only. She has co-written, edited, and proofread many nonfiction books and worked for a some magazines in the early 2000's.

Sally was raised Jewish and is a practicing Buddhist meditator. She is also an almost-daily swimmer, a mediocre singer/pianist, avid feminist, dreamer, and devoted mother/ sister/ aunt/ daughter/ cousin/ friend.

Her website includes a blog: visit and comment, follow, "like," and share! [sallyember dot com](http://sallyember.com).

In her "other" professional life, Sally has worked as an educator and upper-level, nonprofit manager in colleges, universities and private nonprofits for over thirty-five years in New England (every state), New Mexico and the San Francisco Bay Area (where she now lives). Sally has a BA, a Master's (M.Ed.) and a doctorate in education (Ed.D.).

Interacting With and Finding Sally Online

Please write a review and give *This Changes Everything* a rating on SMASHWORDS, iBooks, Kobo, nook, whatever retailer you use for ebooks, as well as many other sites that bring readers to this book: [Authonomy](#), [Wattpad](#), Indiebooks, [Goodreads](#), her blog, <http://www.sallyember.com>. Help bring people to *The Spanners Series* via any other website that invites readers to post comments and reviews of Sci Fi novels, especially if you LOVE it! You got this far; you must not hate it...

Thank you for reading and considering the implications of *This Changes Everything* and *The Spanners Series*. Talk it up! Tweet! Post! Write to Sally! Blog your opinions and responses! Sally wants her readers to know: "I change my books based on readers' suggestions! Also, I would be delighted to visit your Book Club or class if you are using one or more of the books in *The Spanners Series*. Ask me to co-develop curricula, projects and activities for your group/class members!"

You will want to check on Facebook: [https://www.facebook.com/TheSpannersSeriesby SallyEmber](https://www.facebook.com/TheSpannersSeriesbySallyEmber) or her website to find out when the next Volume will be available.

Follow [Sally on Twitter](#) @sallyemberedd and please Tweet about this book and series! She will be posting excerpts of the upcoming Volumes on the Series' FB page. Notices of those postings will be on Twitter.

For photos, images, music, bios and other memes relevant to Sally as an author and directly to *The Spanner Series*, please visit her ten boards on Pinterest: "*The Spanners Series* includes..."; "Inspirations for the Earth locations in *The Spanners Series*"; "Music of *The Spanners Series*"; "Space Shots I like"; "Books that changed my life"; "TV shows and movies I actually like"; "Writers I Love"; "Resonating Pins" (from others' boards); "Blog Posts"; and, "Flora and Fauna that amaze me." She also puts up

promos for her own and other authors' books on occasion via "Book Billboards." Please follow her Boards on <http://www.Pinterest.com/sallyember> gets you to her boards.

News and Other Information

Sally is experimenting with CROWDCREATING sections or entire upcoming Volumes of *The Spanners Series*. If you'd like to participate, please email sallyember at yahoo or ssfember at gmail and tell her a little about what Volume or portion you'd like to help create! Put "CROWDCREATOR" in the subject line.

For the list and a brief synopsis of each of the upcoming Volumes (there will be nine more), keep reading. [Appendix A](#) lists each one. Appendices [B](#), [C](#), [D](#) and [E](#) provide extra information, Glossaries and People lists of those affected and involved with the Many Worlds Collective as mentioned in this and other Volumes (which Sally continues to add to as we go further into the series) and the Ackerman-Branon Family Tree.

Appendix A

The Spanners Series: Annotated

Volumes I – X, for adults, new adults and young adults

Volume I: *This Changes Everything* (December 20, 2013)

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., 58, is having the first of many home visits from holographic representations of five beings from the Many Worlds Collective (MWC), a consortium of planet and star systems all around the multiverse, over a thirty-year, increasingly Utopian period. Earth is being invited to join, formally, and the December, 2012, visit is the first one allowed to be made public. Making the existence of the MWC public means many Earthers have to adjust our beliefs and ideas about life, religion, culture, identity and, well, everything we think and are. Dr. Branon becomes the liaison for Earth, the "Chief Communicator," between Earth and the MWC. *This Changes Everything* relates the events partly from her point of view, partly from records of meetings of varying groups of the MWC governing bodies, and partly from her Media Contact, Esperanza Enlaces, employing humor, poignancy, a love story, family issues, MWC's mistakes and blunders, history, politics, paranormalcy and hope.

Volume II: *This Changes My Family and My Life Forever* (Spring, 2014)

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., 58, the Chief Communicator / liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective (MWC), a consortium of planet and star systems all around the multiverse, has 6 nieces (ages 2 – 24), 6 nephews (ages 2 months – 39), and one adult son (38) five years AppCee (After Public Contact). Clara's son, Zephyr, and her nieces and nephews discuss Transition, the period immediately after Earth is invited to join the MWC, and the many changes occurring in these first five years. This Volume is narrated partially by Moran Ackerman, Chief of the Psi-Warriors and top Earther among the OverSeers covert and Special Operations (OSOps) division

(and one of Clara's nephews), who provides more details about the Fragmenters, Trenchers, Psi-Warriors, Psi-Defiers, and OverSeers' Excellent Skills Program training. *This Changes My Family and My Life Forever* is filled with stories about Clara's family, Moran's involvement in the OverSeers, Zephyr and his cousins' points of view on the Transition. Learn about Clara's involvement as the Chief Communicator what Earth's Transition is like for each of them as well as their families and friends.

Volume III: *This Is /Is Not The Way I Thought Things Would Change*

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., 58, is Earth's Chief Communicator, the only direct liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective, a consortium of planet and star systems all around the multiverse. Since early 2013, Earth is undergoing the growing and changing, adapting and expanding in these first five or so years of Earth's membership in the MWC termed the Transition, which is discussed from the younger Earthers' perspectives in Volume II. *This Is /Is Not The Way I Thought Things Would Change* returns to Clara's and other Spanners' perspectives. The narration alternates with other adults in her life, discussing these same five years: the man who is and is not her husband, Epifanio (Fanio) Dang; her siblings, Cassandra (Cassie) Ackerman, Violet Engel, Dr. Thomas Ackerman; her sister-in-law, Raisa Nadel Ackerman; her mother, Rose Vogel; and several friends. The main MWC CC Media Contact, Esperanza (Espe) Enlaces, frames and narrates in this Volume as well. The leaders of the Fragmenters, Trenchers and Psi-Defiers are included (when possible), with the Psi-Wars between them and the Psi-Warriors detailed. Stories about the first ones to be Sequestered (Qed) are in this Volume.

Volume IV: *Changes in Attitude, Changes in Latitude*

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., has been the Chief Communicator, main liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective delegation, since December, 2012. It is now almost ten years later. *Changes in Attitude, Changes in Latitude* focuses on the MWC ESP (Excellent Skills Program) training, Levels 1 – 12, told from the perspectives of: Clara; the five-member delegation from four planets in the MWC, who are the trainers of all Earthers; the main Media Contact, Esperanza (Espe) Enlaces; and, a few of the students (ages 13 – 35) of the first Earthers' MWC ESP training, graduating class of 2022. The ESP training and stories about the first leaders of the Psi-Warriors and the renegade Psi-Defiers are depicted further here.

Volume V: *Spanning the Transformative Years: The Interstitial Changes*

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., the Chief Communicator, main liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective, begins this role in December, 2012. *The Spanners* series' Volumes I – IV discuss the first ten years or so of this arrangement. *Spanning the Transformative Years: The Interstitial Changes* moves “sideways” in this same time period and even earlier ones, filling in gaps in the stories, experiences, emotions, relationships and public events not able to be discussed in detail in prior Volumes. The narrative voice alternates frequently, much as it does in prior Volumes, but is told mostly from the perspectives of Clara, her husband/not husband, Epifanio (Fanio) Dang, and her adult son, Zephyr Branon, as well the first Earthers to lead each branch of

the Earth-based chapters of the OverSeers (OSes), including Moran Ackerman, Chief of the Psi-Warriors.

Volume VI: *The Only Constant is Change*

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., the Chief Communicator, main liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective, begins this role in December, 2012. From the start, there are doubters, skeptics, and disbelievers. *The Only Constant is Change* depicts the various methods Clara, Esperanza Enlaces (the main Media Contact) and Clara's friends and family utilize to persuade and otherwise bring along dissenters (Fragmenters and Trenchers) so that all Earthers may become full members of the MWC before the "drop dead or drop out" deadline of December 31, 2027. Graduates (ages 13 – 35) of the MWC ESP (Excellent Skills Program) trainings (introduced in Volume IV) are instrumental in these efforts. The final battle between the Psi-Warriors and Psi-Defiers occurs in this Volume, as well as stories of the Sequestering (Qing) of the Trenchers' leaders and unreformed members.

Volume VII: *Earth's Mid-Life Changes in the Multiverse*

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., the Chief Communicator (CC), main liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective (MWC), "sees" many versions of timelines and has regular "previews" of coming events in the multiverse, now known as *timulting*, even before she is the CC. As the only Earther to graduate as a Level 12 in the MWC ESP (Excellent Skills Program) training, Clara now has to navigate the *timultaneity* of the middle years of her CC term (2022 – 2032) while trying to lead a semi-normal life with her husband/not husband, Epifanio (Fanio) Dang, their respective children and grandchildren. Difficulties arise in *Earth's Mid-Life Changes in the Multiverse* as Clara occasionally loses track of which timeline she's in, with whom, and which outcomes to anticipate. All her Psi-Penalties for *timulting* come crashing down around her and she has to make the most difficult choices of her life. "It is never too late to be who you might have been." - George Eliot.

Volume VIII: *Remaking Ourselves: Change Comes from Within, the Youth Speak*

The Many Worlds Collective (MWC), a consortium of planet and star systems all around the multiverse, includes Earth in its membership since December, 2012. Over a thirty-year, increasingly Utopian period, Earthers who survive are adapting and adjusting. Although many changes in politics, climate, government and safety are obvious, the most important and significant changes are within each individual Earther, human and non-human. Volumes VIII and IX share the individual stories of "everyone"—ordinary people, primates, cetaceans and cephalopods—as they learn to live in this forever-transformed and transforming multiverse. *Remaking Ourselves: Change Comes from Within, the Youth Speak* focuses on stories from young Earthers (ages 10 – 25).

Volume IX: *Remaking Ourselves: Change Comes from Within, the Adults Speak*

The Many Worlds Collective (MWC), a consortium of planet and star systems all around the multiverse, includes Earth in its membership since December, 2012. Over a

thirty-year, increasingly Utopian period, Earthers who survive are adapting and adjusting. Although many changes in politics, climate, government, and safety are obvious, the most important and significant changes are within each individual Earther. Volumes VIII and IX share the individual stories of “everyone”—ordinary people, primates, cetaceans and cephalopods—as they learn to live in this forever-transformed and transforming multiverse. Those who barely avoid Sequestering are possibly the most interesting of all. *Remaking Ourselves: Change Comes from Within, the Adults Speak* focuses on stories from Spanners (ages 26-over 100 years old).

Volume X: *For Better, For Good, For Now: Exchanging Selves*

Dr. Clara Ackerman Branon, Ph.D., the Chief Communicator, main liaison between Earth and the Many Worlds Collective, is about to retire from this role after almost 30 years (2012 – 2041). Join Clara as she reminisces through the CC’s log, news stories written by the main Media Contact for this entire period, Esperanza (Espe) Enlaces, and conversations with her husband/not husband, Epifanio Dang, other family and friends from previous Volumes in this final Volume of *The Spanners* series, *For Better, For Good, For Now: Exchanging Selves*. Readers have been sending in questions and suggestions to author, Dr. Sally Ember, since Volume I was published. Sally responds to them through the stories in this final Volume.

Appendix B

Preliminary Glossary for *The Spanners* Series by Sally Ember, Ed.D.

as explained by Esperanza Enlaces, sometime narrator, Journalist and Media Contact for Chief Communicator, Dr. Clara Branon, Ph.D.

[See [Appendix C](#), “**The Dark Side**” for other terms and explanations not found here]

ALT = According to Linear Time. Used to explain temporal sequences as opposed to simultaneous nowness, and the use of past or future tense in verbs.

APC = After Public Contact. APC becomes “AppCee” whose logofication becomes a stylized English “A” superimposed over a lower-case “c.” Vocalize as “AppCee.”

BPC = Before Public Contact. Becomes BeePCee (pronounced BeepCee), logofication as a stylized English “B” over a lower-case “c.”

CC or CeeCee = Chief Communicator. Main Earth liaison selected by the **MWC (Many Worlds Collective)** to relay information and be the unofficial leader **APC** during the **Transition** and then official Leader for the Member once the **MWC** membership is established, for a limited term. Dr. Clara Branon, Ph.D., is Earth's first **CC**.

ESP training = **Excellent Skills Program** education, with 12 levels, details depicted in Volumes II and IV. All forms of what many human Earthers from Western cultures consider "paranormal" and "extrasensory," *siddhis* or yogic, in Eastern cultures, or *psi* skills by many others, are included. **ESP training** is mandatory for all **CCs** (Chief Communicators) and **OverSeers (OSes)/Officers** or **Psi-Warriors** (see [Appendix C](#) for types of **OSes**), and offered to many others **APC (After Public Contact)**.

fish = **IntraPlanetary Communication System**. Also known as the Interspecies Communication System begins as a semi-acronym, "IntraPlanCS," which morphs into "i-planCS," which becomes "i-planX," and then logofies into a slanted, stylized "i-" beside an "X," which Zephyr Branon names the "*i-fish*," and then simply the **fish**. (Thanks to Douglas Adams' five-volume "trilogy," *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, in which he introduces multi-language, internal translators called "Babel *fish*.")

iD and **Access** = **Individual Access** technology. Gives **Earthers Access** to all information, links, media via one's own internal Access point or **iD** to the **MWC Resource Library**. Symbol is just the slanted "i" leaning onto a very fat "D," pronounced "eye-Dee," with the emphasis on the first syllable instead of the second, not to be confused with "Eye-Dee," for "ID," emphasis on the second syllable, which still means personal identification for many **MWC**-ers.

IGC = **InterGalactic Council**. Governing body of the **MWC (Many Worlds Collective)**, whose reports, Implementations, adjudications and decisions appear in most of these Volumes.

MWC = **Many Worlds Collective**. Interplanetary association of most sentient beings in the multiverse. **MWC's** Hologram Delegates to Clara are known as "The Band," and choose the names Led, Diana, Janis, Mick and Ringo. Membership by inhabited orbs is voluntary. **MWC** membership usually occurs after an issued invitation and a successful Transition, which are preceded by many informal and often, secret visits/contact over a specified period of time, resulting in the selection and training of a **Chief Communicator** for that Member (Earth's first **CC** is Dr. Clara Branon, Ph.D.).

mcwc = **Many Worlds Collective Webview**. Similar to the Earth's Internet from the 20th - 21st Centuries, but interplanetary. **iDs Access** (see above) information from the **mcwc**, mostly. Also known as the '**verse web** or just the **Verse**.

Re-set = Changing a timeline's circumstances, outcomes, or trajectory by focusing on one or more particular events' key "forks" and then changing one or more pivotal circumstances, choices, decisions that precede or coincide with that fork. A **Re-set** allows all "future" (**ALT**, or **According to Linear Time**) events to unfold slightly and perhaps quite differently, from that fork "onward." Beings who have the ability (Advanced Levels in the **ESP (Excellent Skills Program)** training) may focus on a multiverse "fork" and allow for alternate timeline(s) to emerge for experiential, educational or actual living purposes, then choose or collaboratively select which timeline to make primary.

Return and ReInvolvement = Similar to Buddhist and Hindu understandings, a sentient being's consciousness is separate from its physical form and therefore may be released ("die") at any time. If the consciousness is going to take physical form again, there are several possible options. The heart/mind may be constrained to **ReInvolvement** (must become newly incarnated or "born" into a physical form, often a similar species form, due to lessons unlearned or karma unfinished; usually do not retain memories and may lose skills and abilities depending on karma). The heart/mind is eligible to choose to **Return** (become incarnated with full retention of previous memories, skills, abilities), in order to be helpful to current beings; may change forms from previous depending on need. Some beings are eligible for and choose liberation: their heart/minds remain free of physical forms, blending with oneness; for those who do *not* incarnate.

Snap and Fling = used to describe the sound and the action of bringing an object to oneself or sending it away using telekinesis; also, general terms for the sounds and effects of using other **ESP (Excellent Skills Program)** skills.

Spanners = Earthers who are alive as the century turns from twentieth to twenty-first, especially those who live almost equal numbers of our lives' years in both centuries. Also, all those who are alive both before and after the **Transition** (see below). For a longer description of all that **Spanners** signify, see Volume I, *This Changes Everything*.

Thetes = Humans with synesthesia, overlapping sensory perceptions are known as synesthetes, then **Thetes**. **Thetes** become primary translators and interpretators for humans with all other species.

Timult and Timultaneity = Noun/verb, adjective. The act of intentionally viewing, being aware of, knowing of events, people or possibilities occurring in more than one timeline; also, that these multiple timelines exist and have varying circumstances. Terms invented/coined by Zephyr Branon.

Timulters = Beings who can perceive more than one timeline's occurrences among the multiverse. Dr. Clara Branon is the first known intentional **timulter** who has no **ESP (Excellent Skills Program)** training prior to her first **timults**.

Transition = first 5 - 10 Earth years **APC (After Public Contact)** with the **MWC (Many Worlds Collective)** for Earthers.

Appendix C

The Dark Side of *The Spanners* Series by Sally Ember, Ed.D.

as explained by Dr. Clara Branon, Ph.D., main narrator

Toughness = how much energy a material (or person) can absorb without breaking. As carbyne's **toughness** becomes well-known in the early part of the 21st century on Earth as both the material used most in space travel and interstellar

communication (reacts best in temperatures 25° C or lower), carbyne's **toughness** becomes the metaphor best understood as the way to describe my experiences as the Chief Communicator. Carbyne is stronger than steel or graphene, thinner yet stiffer than any other form of carbon, including diamonds, and lighter as well; most importantly, carbyne can be "grown" as well as mined.

Fragmenters (Fraggers who Frag) = Usually Earthers; opposite of well-meaning **Spanners**. **Fraggers** disintegrate, pull apart, ruin cooperation, destroy unity, incite conflicts and disagreements, refuse to compromise. They are Conservatives, fear-mongers, or disbelievers despite ample evidence. Many are fundamentalists, entrenched in archaic sections of their beliefs, hence, the **Trenchers** are their extremists.

As slang, "being **Fragged**" involves having an individual **Fragger** or a group of them interfere with and/or ruin **Spanners'** plans for peace, harmony, multiverse travel, **ESP** trainings, intergalactic travel, etc. Can even be used when no **Fragger** is involved, much the way current Earther humans talk about Mercury's retrograde status as the "cause" of problems with travel, communications, and planning.

Trenchers = Usually Earthers; extremists among the **Fraggers**, ones most difficult to deal with. Known for digging in, refusing to listen to reason or information that contradicts their views, being Reactionaries, resorting to violence, abusing dark psi and using other nefarious means (kidnapping, murder, sabotage, causing harm in other ways) to prevent the **Transition** or success of Earth's inclusion in the **Many Worlds Collective** or cooperation with the **InterGalactic Council** and any other worlds' representatives.

Being **Trenched** involves being sabotaged, kidnapped, murdered or otherwise seriously harmed by a **Trencher**. As slang, "being **Trenched**" also means being taken advantage of to the point of ruination, being conned into bankruptcy or swindled out of one's property, etc.

Psi-Warriors = PWs; Not always Earthers; those with exceptional **Psi** skills and abilities, with or without the **MWC (Many Worlds Collective) ESP (Excellent Skills Program)** training.

From **Spanners'** perspectives, **PWs** are on the "right" sides of these conflicts, ones who utilize their **Psi** powers to fight **Trenchers** and to persuade (sometimes not ethically or properly) **Fraggers** to alter their opinions.

Psi-Wars/fights/battles occur between **PWs** and **Psi-Defiers**.

Psi-Defiers = PDs; Hypocritically, while claiming not to believe in **Psi**, **PDs** utilize it as their chief weapon. **PDs** are usually Earthers but can be anyone with exceptional **Psi** skills and abilities, with or without **MWC ESP** training. **PDs** utilize (some say abuse) their powers to oppose **Spanners** and especially **PWs** (and other pro-**MWC-ers**).

Spanners view **PDs** as being on the "wrong" sides of these conflicts. **Psi-Defiers** can sometimes persuade (usually not ethically or properly) by invading dreams, sowing doubt and fear, and indoctrinating children or others to gather more **Fraggers** and **Trenchers**.

PDs are often already **Trenchers**, so they claim religious freedom, grace from their deities, and other bases for their powers and positions.

OverSeers = **OSes** (pronounced *Oh Esses*); those (not initially **Earthers**, although more join as Earth's involvement in the **MWC** continues) with top-level **ESP** training within the **MWC**, like the Secret Service for the **IGC (InterGalactic Council)**, who monitor, regulate, and protect members of the **MWC** from threats, using **Psi** as well as more conventional methods to control **Fraggers**, **Trenchers**, and **Psi-Defiers** all around the multiverse. Ultimately, **OSes** can banish intractable enemies of peace and harmony to specifically designated multiverse timelines to keep them there where they are unable to cause further harm. This becomes the way to **imprison/Sequester** the worst criminals, who can't be rehabilitated, until they are **ReInvolved**.

OSes include the **Enforcers (OSEs, pronounced OhEssEes)**, **Investigators (OSIs, pronounced OhEssEyes)**, and **espionage/covert Special ops teams (OSOps, pronounced OhSops)** each with their own "stars" in *The Spanners Series* (mostly in Volumes II, III, IV, VI and IX).

Sequestering = **Qing** (pronounced *cueing*); the ultimate punishment, deemed necessary when potential members of the **MWC** refuse to reform and are violent threats to that orb's peace and harmony. **Qing** involves sending individuals or groups to the **MWC's** prison-type multiverse timeline, until they are cooperate or are **ReInvolved**. Often referred to as being **Qed** (pronounced *cueed*) when someone is relegated to one of these timelines as their punishment. **OSIs** (pronounced *OhEssEyes*) often use references to **Qing** as a threat to get information during investigations.

Reminds many **Earthers** quite negatively of tactics used by secret police in many totalitarian regimes, such as for South American countries' *disappeared*, USSR's sending political prisoners to the Gulag, or USA's use of "extraordinary rendition" and imprisonment in Guantanamo, all without any legal process. Therefore, **Sequestering** is very closely monitored.

Decisions for an individual to be **Qed** must be determined by many judges, with regular imprisonment, first, while awaiting confirmation that **Qing** is the only option left to preserve public safety (much like the death penalty process, when that is still in use). Or, if you're a *Warehouse 13* TV show fan, **Qing** someone is like having a villain "bronzed." Or, if you're a *Superman* movies fan, similar to the exiling of the criminals who attempt a coup right before Krypton explodes.

Communication after being **Qed** is quite limited; no friends or family members have visitation or contact with those who are **Qed**. All communication must be pre-approved and go through certified **Q Communicators** who are able to *timult* and communicate with those in alternate timelines.

Once an individual is **Qed**, s/he rarely comes back into this timeline until their **ReInvolvement** (see [Appendix B](#), Glossary).

Psi-Penalty = **Psi-P**; the "price" that I, as the Chief Communicator, and others must "pay" when utilizing **ES (Extraordinary Skills)** to *timult* as we discover that we must choose between personal satisfaction or temporary happiness and more lasting, global harmony and peace (**Psi-Ps** are the main reasons I am not with Epifanio in many

timelines). A **Psi-P** reveals a trade that must be made, but it is often made with great sorrow, sacrifice, honor and integrity.

Sometimes the **Psi-P** is known only to the one paying the price; sometimes, others know. Some **Psi-Ps** are quite public, especially during **Transition**, so most Earthers know a **Psi-P** is sometimes necessary.

I often mourn or complain by saying that I am **Psi-Ped** (pronounced *sigh-speed*) whenever I most miss Epifanio.

Appendix D

Actual Human Visits/Contact by the Many Worlds Collective Before Public Contact and those Referred to in *The Spanners Series* (partial list)

Journalists, Photographers, Artists, Musicians and Writers

► Arthur C. Clarke, author, notably of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and *Childhood's End*.

► Bruce Coville, author, notably of short story, "Am I Blue?"

► Douglas Adams, author, notably of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* series.

► Ethel Snowden, author, London, England, January 1- 3, 1920 (dream visitation only) (term "Iron Curtain," inspired/required, for book, *Through Bolshevik Russia*).

► Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, poet/author, notably of "The Song of Hiawatha."

► Ian Fleming, author, Jamaica, "Golden Eye" estate, February 2 -16, 1952 (limited publication permit, fiction only, granted).

► James Bond Johnson, photographer, Roswell, NM, USA, July 8, 1947 (photography permit granted).

► John Lennon, musician, political & social activist, author, founding member of The Beatles, songwriter, notably of "Imagine"; husband of Yoko Ono at time of his assassination/ ReInvolvement, 1980.

► L. Frank Baum, Gregory MacGuire, Stephen Schwartz, Winnie Holzman, writers/composers/lyricists for *Oz* plays and books, including the musical, *Wicked*.

► Portia Nelson, singer, songwriter, poet, notably of "Autobiography in 5 Chapters."

► Robert Heinlein, author, notably of *Stranger in a Strange Land*.

► Ursula K. LeGuin, author, poet, notably of *The Left Hand of Darkness*.

Politicians and Spiritual Leaders

► Aung San Suu Kyi, General Secretary of the National League for Democracy Party, Yangon, Burma, May 27, 1990 (general instructions; Gandhi clause invoked).

► Dr. P. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and National Enlightenment, Berlin, Germany, May 1, 1943 (dream visitation only; Berlin War concept seeded).

- ▶ Jesus Christ of Nazareth (yes, that one).
- ▶ Premier Joseph Stalin, Moscow, USSR, September 1, 1945 (dream visitation only) (implementation of “Iron Curtain” on geo-political borders, inspired and required).
- ▶ President Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, Liberia, October 6, 2011 (dream visitation only; aftermath of winning Nobel Peace Prize, inspiration and instruction; permit awarded, *The Daily Show* interview, November 14, 2011).
- ▶ President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Washington, D.C., USA, December 1- 2, 1941 (second contact; mandate to form United Nations awarded; paralysis revocation refused).
- ▶ Prime Minister Golda Meir, Israel, March 18, 1969 and September 1, 1974 (instructional contact)
- ▶ Prime Minister Winston Churchill, London, England, April 27 – May 1, 1945 (dream visitations only; use of “Iron Curtain” in speech, inspired and required)
- ▶ His Holinesses the Dalai Lamas I - XIV, spiritual and political leaders of Tibet (same Returners each time).

Law Enforcement/Government/Military Personnel, Aviators and Astronauts

- ▶ Amelia Earhart, Aviator, Pacific Ocean, near Howland Island, July 2, 1937 (airborne retrieval; MWC member, disguise permit revoked).
- ▶ Frank J. Kaufmann, Army Consultant, Roswell, NM, USA (permit to reveal, then confuse, then retract all information about both crashes, inspired and required).
- ▶ Jim Lovell, “Astronaut,” April 12, 1970 (space visitation, telepathic communication; fourth contact; ongoing contact with USA Astronauts, PSC-ST-E Plan #4941, continuation).
- ▶ Linda Ham, NASA Manager, Space Shuttle *Columbia*, February 1, 2003 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction).
- ▶ Roger Boisjoly, Engineer, Space Shuttle *Challenger*, January 27, 1986 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction).
- ▶ USA Army General Roger M. Ramey, Fort Worth, TX, USA (public repudiations made; deflection to disguise “Project Mogul,” inspired and required).
- ▶ Valentina Tereshkova, first female “Cosmonaut,” Moscow, USSR, June 1, 1963 (dream visitation only; space travel inspired/required).

Others

- ▶ Alexander Akimov, Night Shift Chief, Chernobyl, Ukraine, April 25, 1986 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction).
- ▶ Glenn Dennis, mortician, Roswell, NM, USA (memory lapse induction).
- ▶ Grady “Barney” Barnet, engineer, Socorro, NM, USA (permit to reveal, then retract, observations and information about first crash, inspired and required).
- ▶ Vincent L. Johnson, Three-Mile Island Technical Director, Harrisville, PA, USA, March 27, 1979 (dream visitation only; memory lapse induction).
- ▶ Harriet Tubman, Abolitionist/former slave, southern USA prior to and during USA Civil War, founder of the "Underground Railroad," 1825-1849" (dream visitations only).

/

Ackerman-Branon Family Tree in 2021

Rose C. Vogel is divorced from the deceased Isaac **Ackerman**. They are the parents of four children, in this birth order: Thomas, **Clara**, Cassandra and Violet. Rose's second husband, also deceased, is Sidney Vogel.

Thomas and Raisa Nadel **Ackerman** are married and have four children: Lavi, Agam, Moran and Keshet.

Lavi and Betel **Ackerman** are married and have four children: Ari, Dov, Chaya and Yidel.

Agam and Dafna **Ackerman** are married and have two children: Solomon and Nessa.

Moran and Liora **Ackerman** are married and have two children: Orna and Ronen.

Keshet **Ackerman** Levy and Ezra Levy are married and have one child: Rifka.

Clara Ackerman and Abraham Wood are unmarried; they each add the surname, "**Branon**," when their child, Zephyr, is born. Zephyr is married to Kayla Marsh and they have two children, Kendall and Bryce. Clara Branon is/is not partnered with Epifanio Dang.

Cassie **Ackerman** is divorced from Declan Wilson. They have three children: Leah Iris (Wilson), partnered with Josh Lasky; Caleb, partnered with Hilo Gold; and Aaron.

Violet **Ackerman** Engel and Bob Engel are married and have four children: Jessica, partnered with Mike Kahn; Gabe; and twins, Dara and Shira.

Key

$\equiv$ married ∇ had one child $\approx$ unmarried partners

// **divorced/split up** **d. deceased** **b. born** **x twins**

Sidney Vogel (d. '01)==Rose C. Vogel (b. 1932)||||//||||Isaac Ackerman (d. '91)

Thomas Ackerman (b. 1953)  Raisa Nadel Ackerman (b. 1953)

Lavi Ackerman (b. 1979) Betel (b. 1978)

Ari (b. 2003) Dov (b. 2005) Chaya (b. 2008) Yidel (b. 2010)

Agam Ackerman (b. 1982) — Dafna (b. 1982)

Solomon (b. 2008) Nessa (b. 2010)

Moran Ackerman (b. 1985) — Liora (b. 1985)

Orna (b. 2010) Ronen (b. 2018)

Keshet **Ackerman** Levy (b. 1988) ~~==~~ Ezra Levy (b. 1987)
Rifka (b. 2019)

Abraham Wood (b. 1944) ~~==~~ **Clara Ackerman Branon** (b. 1954) ~~?~~ Epifanio Dang (b. 1955)
Zephyr **Branon** (b. 1980) ~~==~~ Kayla Marsh (b. 1985)
Kendall (b. 2016) Bryce (b. 2021)

Cassandra **Ackerman** (b. 1960) ~~==~~ ~~==~~ Declan Wilson (b. 1960)
Josh Lasky (b. 1985) ~~==~~ Leah Iris (Wilson) (b. 1988)
Caleb Wilson (b. 1993) ~~==~~ Hila Gold (b. 1994)

Aaron Wilson (b. 1998)

Violet **Ackerman** Engel (b. 1965) ~~==~~ ~~==~~ ~~==~~ Bob Engel (b. 1961)
Mike Kahn ~~==~~ Jessica Engel (b. 1993)

Gabe Engel (b. 1998)

Dara x Shira Engel (b. 2001)

Excerpt from Volume II below!

This Changes My Family and My Life Forever

Volume II, THE SPANNERS SERIES

CHAPTER INTERLUDE I

**Chief of the *Psi*-Warriors, OverSeer and covert special Operations agents,
Moran Ackerman: My Stories of the Transition**

MORAN: OSOp Moran Ackerman, Chief of the *Psi*-Warriors, here. Aunt Clara and Espe ask me to tell my stories so everyone's *iD* can Access them and I agree to do it. However, I can't share some aspects of my experiences.

I believe it's best to divide my story into sections based on what I learn and what happens as I learn as well as what's going on here on Earth during the Transition, AppCee [After Public Contact]. If I use too many acronyms or short cuts, Espe kindly agrees to come along after me and put in the translations or explanations, which leaves me free just to talk. Thanks, Espe! [Also, please turn to Appendices for Glossaries and other info.]

Briefly, let me lay it out like this, so everyone knows how we're set up in the OverSeers. Espe says she can capture my comm pad screen, put it right here and I can still add notes. Nice.

Ranks and Levels of OverSeers (OSes)

(BTW: not all are human)

Enforcers (OSEs) have basic ESP training and function somewhat like peacekeepers or police officers when in non-violent times (have different functions during the *psi* Wars. Everyone in the OSes starts as an OSE.

Investigators (OSIs) have intermediate Levels of ESP training so they function as detectives, problem-solvers, mediators and assistants to leaders. Many OSOps and members of the Global Unity Leaders Council have OSIs assigned to us, as partners and bodyguards. When communities of any species have crimes or issues needing expert, skilled attention, they request an OSI. Some OSIs are eligible to be and do become OSOps.

OverSeers in special/covert Operations (OSOps) have high Levels of ESP training and function in secret in times of extreme turmoil or conflict of other types, on- or off-planet, within or among species.

In peaceful times, OSOps are the main trainers for potential OSEs and OSIs. OSOps with *timult* talent are eligible for and may be invited to acquire *timult* Levels of ESP training. This is where I fit in when I'm not being a *Psi*-Warrior.

Psi-Warriors (PWs) are those **OSOps** who also have *timult* talent and who go through those and other additional Levels of ESP training.

The Excellent/Extraordinary Skills Program (ESP) trainings for OverSeers are not exactly the same as for beings who decide to go into the ESP training for other purposes. Some categories for OSOps are left out entirely, and others are included but not all subcategories, or Skills, are offered during the training. The MWC has this all worked out from eons of experience. We trust them.

When someone (human or not) wants to participate in the entire ESP training, each student may only move through the Levels as that student's talent, abilities, motivation and intentions permit. Some with "breakout" skills must first learn to identify and control these (tame their tigers) before we allow them to start the initial sequence at Level I, even (especially) when they have higher Levels of breakout skills.

The sequence is set regardless of the reasons for an individual's participation, but as I explain, some pieces are left out for some training groups.

When an OS trainee fails to complete a Level or section for whatever reason, that student's training pauses and perhaps ends at that point, which dictates where we place that student after graduation.

When someone wants to continue, if specialized training or tutoring could benefit them, we do offer that. But, usually, it's kind of self-selecting. Like a colander with holes of different sizes, the ESP training has a sieve-like assessment system that only lets eligibles "through" to go further.

However, because of all our specialized requirements and demands on our time, the ESP training for OverSeers is not the same as for those who go through ESP training for other reasons, all in sequence. Some of the ES are not offered to OSes, or offered only with certain subsections or with some subsections offered just for the parts we need without changing the titles of those sections.

We keep private exactly what training occurs in each Level for any individual OS. We publish the entire list of Skills and Levels, but only I and a few instructors may know what any *particular* overseer trainee goes through and can do. Except for our Chief Communicator, who must go through it all, everyone has changes and omissions in their sequences of ESP training.

I am 27 in early 2013, when everyone hears about the MWC [Many Worlds Collective] holos' visit to Aunt Clara and what that all means to Earth. At that time, I am a Rabbi in the Jewish Modern Orthodox tradition, teaching middle school in what is then near Cleveland, Ohio, married, living with my wonderful wife, Liora, and our adorable one-year-old daughter, Orna. Aunt Clara is the eldest of my father, Dr. Thomas Ackerman's, three younger sisters. *Abba* [Father, Hebrew] and Aunt Clara are only one year apart.

[Orna, Moran's 6-year-old daughter, walks in and sits beside him, listening.]

I start having "weird dreams" in September, 2012. In these dreams, I'm doing all kinds of things I can't imagine at that time could be real or possible: walking through walls, flying just in my body, moving objects with my mind, telepathically communicating with other humans and animals, and talking and interacting with some nonhuman-looking creatures, including colorful holograms, seeing them talking with Aunt Clara: stuff like that.

I talk about some of my dreams with my wife, Liora, because they are so vivid and fantastical. She and I share some laughs about my "superpowers," and that's about it. Oh, and she does start calling me "*Psi-Man*," which, considering how things turn out, is mighty prescient of HER!

There is a long tradition in Judaism, which I practice as an Orthodox Rabbi (teacher and religious leader, BPC) of individuals' receiving visions, information, and even warnings from *Hashem* [reference for *God*, Hebrew] in dreams (think: Joseph, with that specially colored coat and all his vivid dreams, right?). I wonder if anyone else is getting dreams like mine, but no one besides the kids tells me or reports it anywhere BPC.

When we get Aunt Clara's call, we're at my parents' house [see Chapters 6, 7, 8 of this Volume]. My "dreams" suddenly seem not to be dreams. Seeing my niece, Chaya's, drawing, I am flabbergasted.

My oldest brother, Lavi's, only daughter, Chaya, has a crayoned picture that she just happens to bring to this fateful *Shabbat* dinner. The drawing shows a central figure that looks like Aunt Clara (curly, light brown hair, blue eyes, female human) next to the floating, bluish beach ball I now know as "Led." There is a sort of Tin Man, an orange, robot-looking figure who is clearly supposed to be "Ringo." The pair-bond, "Janis—Diana," are there as two large, greenish blobs with legs (kind of accurate, actually) next to a very tall, lighter green, wiggly looking figure (probably wiggling to illustrate his cilia moving all over him) with blinking colored lights on top: definitely "Mick."

My own drawing of Aunt Clara and The Band of holos would not be much better, I'm sorry to say!

Then, I hear that my nephew, Solomon, my second-oldest brother, Agam's son, also "knows," from his own dreams, confirming my suspicions. We're *all* connected to the MWC's Big Reveal, somehow, not just Aunt Clara.

Liora and I are the only ones who know about my having pre-cog dreams BPC. Liora knows about my dreams because I tell her many times how I "see" her for years before we meet and that's how I know she's my *Bashert*. I also dream about our daughter, Orna, before our first ultrasound and that's the way I know she's a girl. I dream our current house before we find it. Things like that are common in our family but not usually talked about BPC.

After this *Shabbat* and the Big Reveal, everyone knows about my dreams because we tell them. Eventually, my *timulting* becomes important and necessary, but I get ahead of my story, here. Let's return.

I call and talk briefly with Aunt Clara later that same weekend, after *Shabbat* (no phone calls during *Shabbat*). She explains some of what my dreams signify. Mainly, she lets me know that some of us are "talented," meaning, we're able to utilize Extraordinary, or Excellent Skills, BPC. Then, the arrival of the MWC delegation catalyzes our ES greatly. I talk about that call and its aftermath later in this Volume.

When Aunt Clara and I get another chance to talk, early in January, 2013, and I explain my dreams in more detail (having many more by then), she immediately puts me on a vid call with The Band, as she and Zephyr come to call the main five holos.

I mostly talk with Led and Mick, that time. They already know everything about me. I mean, EVERYTHING. That's kind of creepy, but makes our conversation go quickly. Telepathy certainly is a big time-saver!

I find out: the MWC delegates move fast when we Earthers are ready. I suppose I am as ready as I can be. In that talk, which goes for about three hours, they explain what's coming: the Transition and its inevitable problems; the Fraggers [Fragmenters] and Trenchers; the impending *psi* Wars, with the development of Earth's defenders, the *Psi*-Warriors, to curtail and control the resistance, the *Psi*-Defiers.

My whole body is buzzing, my stomach flipping around. I'm sweating and breathing heavily as if I am just in from a long run. Standing on my toes, leaning forward, listening with every pore as they talk, the hours fly by. I am mesmerized but on high alert

at the same time. I cannot remember ever feeling so energized. I *know* I have to be directly involved.

But, how? I'm a parent of a toddler and a Rabbi who teaches middle school. What can I do to help?

I'm wondering about my dreams and other future-seeing, clairvoyant precognition and presentience: do these mean I have a key role in all this? I am about to inquire when Led asks: "Moran Ackerman: do you want to help Earth in its Transition?"

When I hear Led ask me that, I feel as I am being summoned by *Hashem*. Not that Led is G-d, but that this work is *my* new sacred calling, to help all of Earth. I believe I don't have a choice.

In Yiddish, we have a saying: *Bashert* 'yz *bashert*. *Bashert* is not just about finding one's soul mate: anything can be *bashert*, like "que será, será" in Spanish. Something that is meant to be, my destiny, my fate, is *bashert*.

I answer Led with a resounding "YES!" The most amazing feeling, like love multiplied by millions of electric charges, suffuses my chest and then my entire body, as if I am bathed in energy and love. That's what it feels like when I am doing G-d's work on Earth.

I become the first human student of the first ESP [Excellent/ Extraordinary Skills Program] trainings for OSOps. I am involved at the start in the development of the OverSeers of all types for Earthers, up to and including the first *Psi*-Warriors. I become the first Chief of them all.

I AM Super *Psi*-Man! See, Liora? You are right!

I have only the vaguest idea of what this all is at the beginning, but I catch on quickly. Aunt Clara says that is due to the fact that becoming the Chief is my *karma* [Sanskrit, Buddhist term for inevitable action, destiny]

When I finish this first monstrously long call with The Band, I turn to Liora and explain it all. Not surprisingly, since she is *completely* awesome, Liora supports me.

More of a shock: my school headmaster understands. He's a big fan of Clara's, he says. At first, he gives me time off for the spring, 2013, semester, but this turns into a permanent leave of absence.

For the first months of my ESP training, there is no Campus. I have vid calls with some of the holos from The Band about every other day for a few weeks, often with Aunt Clara from her house in California, as we begin to plan the ES and OS schools. We also start my training remotely in late January.

Luckily, since there is nowhere yet to go for the trainings, just like Aunt Clara, I train from home, which is Cleveland, Ohio, USA. She trains in the rain in or sun in northern California's winter, I in the snow and freezing rain, almost no sun, when we have to be outside. Fortunately, most of what we do is indoors at first. Sometimes she and I are training on the same things, so we practice together via vid call, Access, or other methods I explain as I this Volume continues, here.

The trainers, usually Mick or Ringo, sometimes Led or Janis—Diana, come to me as holos or we do lessons and practice via Access. I'm the second person, after CeeCee to be given my own implant *iD* [Individual Access Devices Interface] and get physical "downloads."

[See Volume I, *This Changes Everything*, for descriptions of some of Clara Branon's early trainings with and first physical "download" from The Band.]

After the MWC learns how well Aunt Clara and I do and how fast we learn, they begin to invite other Earthers, many species, into the ESP trainings, which is the reason we move so quickly to establish The Campus near where Aunt Clara already lives.

Over that first Transition spring, summer, and fall, the MWC also sends already-trained *Psi*-Warriors to Earth, in person and as holos, to the new Campus. We meet "members" from a dozen other planets and moons.

In late summer, 2013, ready barely in time, we deploy the first squadron of *Psi*-Warriors on Earth. I am co-leading that with an experienced OSOp from off-p because I am not yet ready to be Chief.

I get to tell you a little about my ESP training. [See Appendix F for the complete list of Levels and Skills.]

The first lessons for OSeS are from ESP Training Level 1: INVITING MOVEMENT: OBJECTS & SELF. These include Telekinesis and Levitation of the body and other objects, including short-distance "flying." We start off with the proverbial BANG! Moving stuff around, moving US around. Wow!

Because of the urgency and our commitment or talent or whatever, Aunt Clara's and my trainings are accelerated. We learn when we're awake, we learn when we're asleep, we practice constantly, we talk to each other often and we read a lot. It's the most intense education *ever* and I love almost every minute. I am ON FIRE.

CeeCee and I simultaneously train on ESP Training Level 2: PERCEIVING TELEPATHICALLY, which includes Clairsentience, Clairvoyance and Clairaudience; Remote Viewing; and, Psychometry. It is so great to be *pathing* on purpose and learning to shield, to *send* and to *receive* intentionally. Hugely useful. Liora likes this part, she says. Our private life, let me say, is also ON FIRE!

Aunt Clara and I also train in Precognition/ Retrocognition and Presentiment/ Retrosentiment. These show us how to look "ahead" and "backwards" as if (and it really is true, you know) all events are happening in the "now." Level 2 really helps me understand and use my dreams. More on those later.

Right now, in this very room, as I talk with my friend, Espe, here, my 6-year-old star, Orna, is on my lap, poking at me, saying things like: "*Abba*. This is boring. Tell stories."

I must please her, as her father, her *Abba*: I am wrapped around any of her fingers, any time. I plan to tell this story, anyway.

"Okay, Orna. Stories." She hugs me.

"Espe? Orna *'paths* for me to tell the one about the candlesticks. Right. Candlesticks. Telekinesis. All right? I'm going to tell it here like a movie, yes, Orna?"

Orna snuggles in happily for the story.

First, some background. I'm in about Lesson Four or something in TeleK, doing all right. I can *snap* small objects to myself and *fling* them away from me,

usually without dropping them or sending them crashing into my own face or each other [Orna laughs].

Hey! Some respect, here! I can levitate books, chairs, tables, other things. Just nothing big, yet.

I can *call* something I can't see, if I already know approximately where it is, and *snap* it to me or *fling* it elsewhere, but it *doesn't* always go where I *fling* it. [Orna laughs even louder].

Voilà! The candlestick story.

[Orna applauds]

I'm practicing remote *calling* in the basement on a cold April morning when I hear a commotion from upstairs. Liora is taking a shower. I can smell the fruity shampoo she uses as the convection system recirculates heated air throughout the house.

I grab baby Orna and go running up the stairs to see what I screwed up.

[Moran turns to Orna, whose body rises in objection to being called a "baby" to remind her: "You are a little over one year old in this story. Sorry, but that IS a baby!" Orna settles back down to listen.]

My remote *call* is supposed to send a basket into the bathroom to land quietly on the counter. Instead, I see that it crashes into the shower curtain and almost knocks Liora over. Luckily, it is small and empty, but, still....

When I get upstairs with Orna under one arm, Li is still shrieking, yelling at me in Hebrew *and* English. The air is steamy and fruity. She is covered in shampoo, holding the basket, water running over her and it, cursing at me. Baby Orna bats at the steam clouds and reaches for her *imma* [Hebrew, mother].

I put baby Orna down on the bathmat as I burst out laughing, partly out of relief that Li is all right and partly because, well, it's *funny*!

This is not my finest moment.

Your *imma* hurls the basket at me, old-style.

I duck.

This makes *Imma* curse even more, since it misses me.

[Orna laughs]

I hastily apologize, go to hug Liora, but retreat at her *icy* stare. I apologize, stop laughing (almost), and back out of the bathroom, scooping up baby Orna as I leave.

I take you with me to back to the basement.

[Orna nods approvingly.]

I feel even more strongly after that mishap that you are safer right next to me during my TK practice sessions.

On our way downstairs, you lean out of my arms and grab two empty, brass candlesticks from the sideboard, the ones that hold our *Shabbat* candles on Friday nights.

I have no idea why a 15-month-old wants anything, but I know how to keep the peace. I do not remove them from your hands. I keep walking, you under my arm like a football, one candlestick in each of your little fists.

We go downstairs where I set you and the candlesticks down.

Orna squeals: "Yes, *Abba*! I put the candlesticks down on the rug."
"Right, Orna."

You sit in front of them. You pat the floor next to you, showing me to sit beside you. I sit.

What do you say?

Together: "*Abba*. Do."

I ask Baby Orna, "What do you want me to do?"

Orna joins me, shouting: "*Abba*. DO!"

You wave your hands at the candlesticks, showing me you want me to move them away and up.

For the first time, I wonder if you know more than I give you credit for? You seem to want me to use my newly developing TK to *fling* these sticks somewhere away from us. Really?

"Okay," I say to Baby Orna, "I'll move these. Where do you want them to go?"

Baby Orna looks at me, very keenly, and says, "*Abba*. Up." This time, you raise your hands up, over your head.

[Both MORAN and ORNA demonstrate with their arms.]

I think, *Wow. She must be watching me practice TK when I don't know she is. TK "up" is one of our first lessons.*

"All right," I tell you.

I gather myself, do the special breathing I practice that makes this work.

Once I'm revved, I *fling* the sticks up. They rise about two feet above the rug. They hover nicely, if I say so myself. Upright and everything.

Baby Orna laughs gleefully, pointing, clapping her hands. Then you command: "*Abba*! Down."

I gather myself again, renew the breathing. When ready, I *fling* the sticks back down to the rug, where they land with a thump and, to my surprise and delight, do not fall over.

I have an idea. Do you know what my idea is?

Orna stands up and hops from foot to foot, excited to hear this next part. I look at her, teasing, delaying the next part of the story, daring her to urge me on.

She stares.

I stare

We stare.

She points at me, then up.

I give my exaggerated shrug, acknowledging her command, pointing to my lap.

As she sits back down on my lap, I continue the story.

"Orna! Up." I say.

I look at my baby girl and smile. You are *so cute*.

I wait. I'm starting to daydream a bit, since nothing is happening.

I lean forward to take the candlesticks when suddenly, all the hairs on the back of my neck and arms stand up straight.

I stare at you.

Orna jumps around in her excitement at hearing this part of the story. She grins at me. We ham up the next parts, as we usually do for an audience.

What is baby Orna doing?

She is staring hard at the sticks.

One candlestick, then both candlesticks wiggle.

Orna wiggles.

The candlesticks shake.

Orna shakes.

The candlesticks s-l-o-w-l-y lift up...

Orna slowly levitates her entire body to about six inches from the ground.

I give her a mock-stern look, point down.

She shrugs at my command, her feet dangling above my pointing finger. She playfully attempts to kick at it, but I move my finger out of her reach.

Orna slowly descends until her feet are on the floor. Pointing with her chin at me, she urges me on with the story.

I point to my lap. She climbs back on. I continue.

Abruptly, both candlesticks FLY up to the ceiling, knock into it hard, then fall back down, almost hitting Baby Orna on the head.

I'm quick: I grab them before they land.

I turn to Orna and remind her: "You *fling* those things as if you are always doing that! Not much in the way of control, but, WOW! You are fast!"

Orna applauds her baby self.

I say, "Orna! When do you learn to do that?"

And, I wonder, *what's with my body hair getting all excited?*

You laugh and shout: "*Kadima*, HEY!"

You love cheering yourself with a "*Kadima*, Hey!" just as Liora and I do whenever you do something great.

I join you, "*Kadima*, HEY, Orna! Way to go!"

Orna claps and says, to me "*Kadima*, Hey!"

All our shouting brings Liora down, so I explain what's going on. Li is skeptical.

I say, "Let's show *Imma*!" I look at baby Orna and say, "Orna! Up!"

I feel my hairs rise.

I look at Liora, who is staring at you while rubbing her own arms. Her hairs must be getting excited, too.

I look at Orna, who rubs her own arms now and nods.

Baby Orna gets both candlesticks to wiggle and rise more quickly this time, doing her excellent *fling* again.

Liora stands there, gaping at the candlesticks while she rubs her arms absentmindedly.

Then, she looks at us both, shaking her head as she towels her long, wet hair.

Once again, I catch the sticks before they hit you or the ground.

I look up, ready to *kvell* [Yiddish, gush with pride], but when I look at *Imma*, what do I see?

Imma is *not* smiling.

Orna shakes her head vigorously once, knowing the rhythm of this next part.

Imma is *not* liking this.

Orna shakes her head vigorously twice.

Imma is getting all *broygis* [Yiddish, pissed off]! [Moran waves his hands in the air hear his face to indicate craziness and anger, both, emanating from his head.]

Orna shakes her head vigorously three times, waving her hands around like mine to imitate someone going bonkers. We do it together, laughing delightedly.

Baby Orna wants her *imma* to be happy. So do I.

"*Kadima*, HEY!" Baby Orna and I both say, although mine is a little apologetic to Liora, begging her to go along.

You laugh and clap, again.

Imma's heart melts, of course. She can't resist *us*!

Orna nods.

But, *Imma* is *not* all together happy, is she?

Orna shakes her head.

Liora, gesturing to the candlesticks in my hands, asks me: "Now, what? Don't you start *kvelling*, yet. How do we keep her from *flinging* EVERYTHING?"

"We don't," I answer. "We teach her control."

I say to Baby Orna: "Come on, you little *k'nocker* [show-off, Yiddish]. Let's go talk to our Aunt Clara about planning your *chavrutelah* [one-on-one course of study, diminutive form, Hebrew]."

I hop up, grab Baby Orna and '*path* to Liora an "*I will handle this*" message.

Liora acknowledges my attempt with a shrug and follows after us up the stairs.

My amazing *tsatskelah* [little girl, Yiddish] and I start a vid call Aunt Clara to get Janis—Diana to visit and help us. We know we need it!

Orna approves. "Good story, *Abba*. *Kadima*, Hey!"

We both laugh and clap.

"Sing it with me, *Abba*!"

We sing the *Kadima* song, shouting "Hey!" at each point and clapping our hands. Here it is, in case you don't know it:

Kadima, Kadima, Kadima for Orna,
Hey, Hey,
Kadima for Orna!
Kadima, Hey!
Kadima, Hey!
Kadima for Orna,
Hey, Hey,
Kadima for Orna,
Hey!

"Sure! You always like that one, *Shterndl* [little star, Yiddish]. Now, *gey avec* [go away, Yiddish]. *Abba* has more work to do, here."

Orna, smiles, twirls around, takes a bow.

"*Gey avec*!" I give the flip-hand gesture to send Orna out of the room.

She leaves, humming the *Kadima* song under her breath.

After the candlesticks incident, we all decide and I make a promise not to practice flying or anything else potentially dangerous (if operated by the mind of our toddler), ever again in front of Orna. I intend to keep that promise.

However, as you might predict, when I get to the Telepathy sections, keeping that promise is almost impossible. I can't "hide" from another '*path* in the same family so easily. Whatever I learn, she seems to learn some or all of before I learn to shield completely.

CeeCee [short for CC, Chief Communicator; what many call Clara who know her well] and I realize shielding needs to be moved to an earlier spot in my Lessons.

And so it is.

More stories later.

This Changes My Family and My Life Forever, Volume II, ***The Spanners Series***, is available in pre-orders via Smashwords (and iBooks, Kobo, nook) April 15-18 through June 8, 2014; on sale wherever ebooks are sold, including Amazon, starting June 9, 2014. Volume I, *This Changes Everything*, is FREE everywhere starting April 15-18, 2014. Tell your friends!

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