ARCHIVE DOSSIER & PRIMARY ACCOUNTS

This Section Concerns the Selection of the Interrogator

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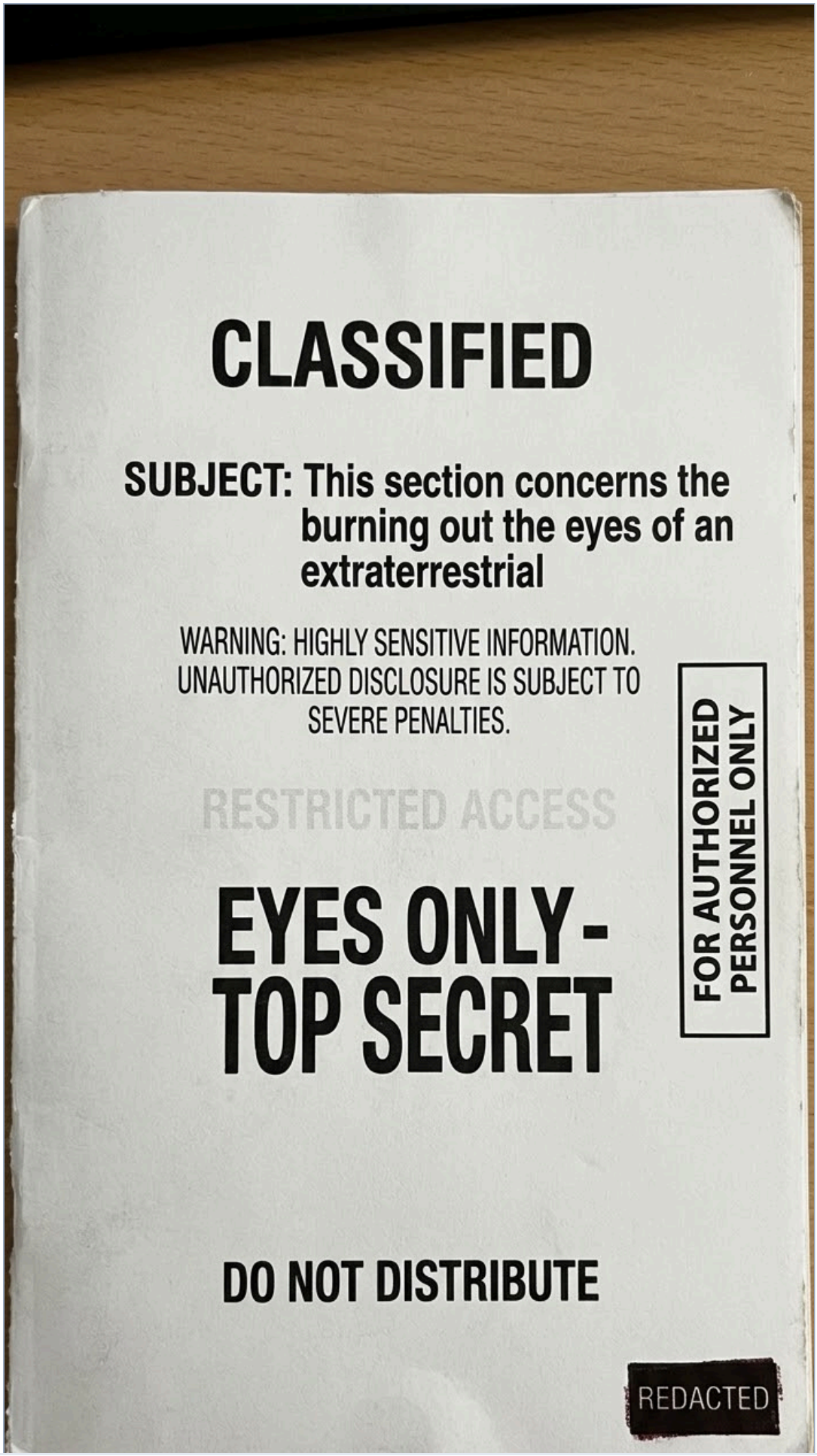
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PROLOGUE: ON THE NARRATIVE OF COSMIC BENEVOLENCE

I really don't understand why people think that there's such a good thing as any kind of like good aliens or positive extraterrestrial experiences. I've never ever had any experience like that, and so I don't get it. I don't get why people think that. You'll hear these silly stories about people saying that these advanced beings have come here to warn us about nuclear annihilation, and they've come here to warn us about pollution and all this stuff that we're doing. And that there's different kinds of aliens from different star systems. They say the ones from the Draco star system are the reptilians, or they talk about these ancients called insectoids. And then there's the Grays that abduct people with all the medical experiments and the probes, probing people's orifices, sexual experiments, abuse, and hybrid alien babies. Yeah, there's all that.

And then they claim that there's good ones from other star systems that are here all about love and light. And of course, usually they're all these tall, pale-skinned, blue and green-eyed, blond-haired, basically Caucasians. I wonder who came up with that story—that the light-skinned aliens are the good ones, and all the other ones that have colored skin like green, blue, brown, and black are all the bad ones. Hmm, it's very, very interesting.

My experiences with extraterrestrials have been all negative. There's not been a single positive experience that I've had with any of these creatures at all. There was one that almost came close to it, but then she was killed by another one right in front of me.


CLASSIFIED
SUBJECT: This section concerns the burning out the eyes of an extraterrestrial
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CHAPTER 1: ANDROMEDA AND THE MERMAN

This particular encounter, I have called it before Andromeda and the Merman. Merman is a character that I saw from this '80s cartoon called He-Man, and this is what this one creature looked like. This happened when I was a little kid in elementary school at P.S. 45 in New York City, so I didn't know that there was a galaxy called Andromeda at the time.

At first, there was a woman. It was this white chick. She had blonde hair, green eyes, was wearing gold bands around her arms, and was pretty scantily clad—almost reminded me in a way of Wonder Woman. The interesting thing was that she actually communicated telepathically. It was one of the first experiences that I ever had of that, quite amazing. I got the word "Andromeda," and I thought that was her name. Maybe it is.

No sooner did she tell me her name telepathically, then from the left of my view, I saw this UFO come down. It was an interesting UFO. It was almost as if it was carved out of dark green jade or emerald, inlaid with gold, and it was very silent—it didn't make any sounds at all. When it landed, out came the Merman. He fired some kind of device at her, and it hit her right in the middle of the chest and left a burn hole in her chest.

Then it was as if I woke up from a dream, because I remember becoming conscious out of the experience in my bed. Even though at first there was this woman who seemed to be pleasant and nice, she seemed to be killed in front of me by another creature. And although that does fit the stereotype of some Caucasian person being the good guy and some reptilian green-colored thing being the bad guy, maybe it was a screen memory. I don't really know what happened there. All I know is that narrative fit later research I did about extraterrestrials—like stories saying Lyrans are combating these reptilians, and the Lyrans are blonde and Caucasian-looking while the reptilians look like reptiles or Merman.

None of my experiences with aliens or extraterrestrials have been good, nor have any of my experiences with any kind of non-human entities that seem to be intelligent been good, for that matter.



PLATE II: EXTRATERRESTRIAL OCULAR ARRAY DECOMMISSIONING SCHEMATIC

CHAPTER 2: THE WATCHERS AT THE WINDOW

Another experience that I had was with what I later found out would be called insectoids or ancients. I was a student at C.S. 77 in the Bronx, New York. It was late fall, pretty chilly outside, or at least it should have been, but I didn't feel cold and I didn't feel afraid. It was just a very curious thing.

I was lying down in bed in my room, right underneath the window. I remember waking up—full stop, completely awake. I wasn't groggy. It wasn't like I stirred out of bed like I normally do when going to school; it was just completely wide awake, all of a sudden in the dead of night.

When I looked at the open window, there were these two creatures. One of them was on all fours, looking like it was about to crawl into my window—I'm not sure if it was some kind of domestic animal, like a dog analog to what these creatures would be. The other one was standing straight up. It was really tall and skinny. They seemed to be made almost like they were made of shadow, or whatever they were wearing was soaking up the light, like one of those stealth bombers that looks like a cutout hole in the sky. They had these long high-collared things that looked kind of like trench coats.

They had skinny praying mantis-looking faces shaped like an upside-down teardrop, similar to the Gray aliens but thinner. And they had upside-down teardrop eyes of this mahogany, burgundy, or magenta color. It was almost like they were glowing, but a really faint, dark, dim type of iridescence rather than giving off light. They were completely dark, they didn't make a sound, and they were just there at my open window.

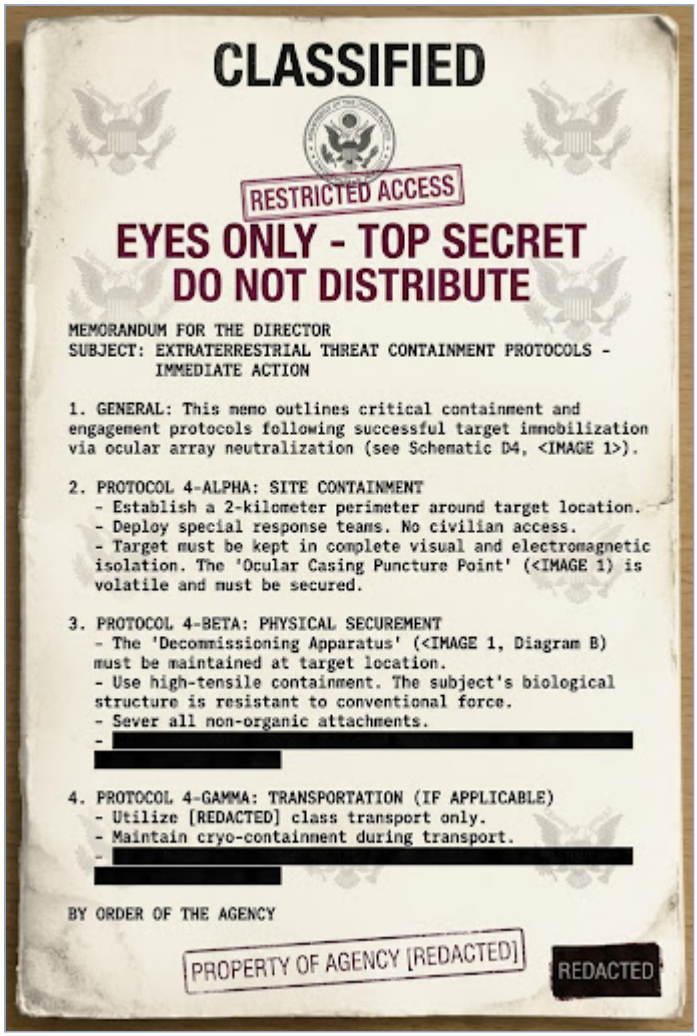


PLATE III: MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR — THREAT CONTAINMENT PROTOCOLS

CHAPTER 3: THE SHORT GREYS AND THE WISDOM THUMB KNIFE

This was around 1999, out of high school. I wasn't a student at the University of Miami; I was living with my girlfriend in housing near the campus, and I was resting in the bedroom in the afternoon because I worked night shifts doing security at nightclubs. She was home out in the living room doing something.

I was listening to Linkin Park from their first album Hybrid Theory, specifically the lyrics: "I want to run away and never say goodbye. I want to know the truth instead of wondering why. I want to know the answers, no more lies. I want to shut the doors and open up my mind."

Right after those lyrics, all of a sudden came this strange feeling—again, not of fear, but of pure alert, aware consciousness. The whole room took on a very strange stillness and quietness. All the fine dust particles in the air became aglow with this faint, low orangish-brown glow.

Then I noticed the creatures. They were Gray aliens, only about two or three feet tall, but with heads almost as big as an average human head. The bed had the window straight above my head, and the foot of the bed faced the door to the left. A closet extended all the way to where the door hinged open, and on the other side of that closet was the living room.

One creature was standing at the door like a sentry or guard. Its head moved back and forth slowly, like the tick of a clock—tick-tock, looking at me, then looking back at the door, every second.

The other creature was sitting flat on top of my chest, its little hands pressed down into my chest, looking straight at me. Its head was moving back and forth so fast that it was a blur, but there was still a central head looking dead at me. And it had this ribbon-like, forked tongue flickering out like a serpent.

I didn't feel fear; after a little while, I got annoyed and angry. Earlier, after hearing reports from SART (the Sexual Assault Response Team at the University of Miami), I had created a women's self-defense program called WISDOM—Women's Integrated Self-Defense Over Men—as a prevention measure before the fact. One tool I created was the "thumb knife": making a fist with the thumb protruding slightly, supported and braced against the bend of the second knuckle of the index finger so the joint wouldn't bend, creating a rigid, pointy weapon to stab into soft tissue, eyes, or throat.

I came out of whatever confusion I was in, formed the thumb knife, and jammed it right into the torso area of the creature on my chest. It penetrated. When I pulled my thumb out, it had this weird goo or slime on it.

Suddenly, with a whoosh—not even a sound—the whole room cleared up. Seconds later, my girlfriend opened the bedroom door, annoyed and frustrated, saying, "Why were you holding the door closed? Why was the door locked or stuck?" She accused me of playing a joke on her, jumping back onto the bed after holding the door. I didn't have an explanation for her, and I don't know if the sentry standing by the door had been holding it shut.

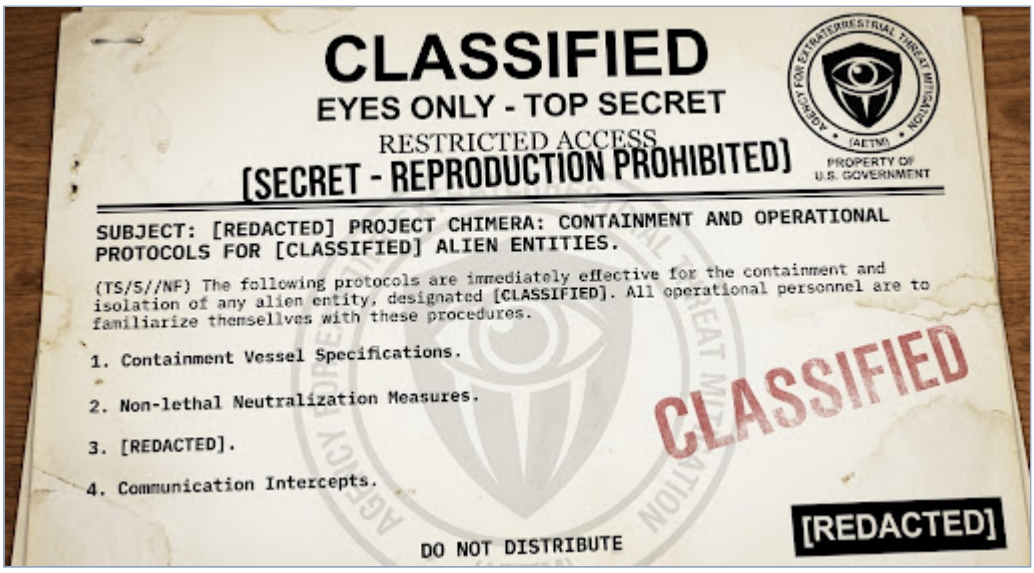


PLATE IV: SUBJECT PROJECT CHIMERA — CONTAINMENT & OPERATIONAL PROTOCOLS

CHAPTER 4: HANGZHOU, THE TALL GREYS, AND PERSONAL TRAGEDY

This final account was definitively on October 24, 2019, in Hangzhou, China, where I was working as an English teacher. This was when my wife, Flor, was killed.

She had gone to visit family in New York. Early that morning—around 6:00 or 7:00 AM for me, which was 6:00 or 7:00 PM the night before in New York—I called her using Skype credit. She told me she got her renewed passport and was ready to come home to Hangzhou. We talked, I told her I loved her, and then I left for work on my bicycle.

That day, three bizarre physical things happened that had never happened before, because I'm a sturdy person and practice Capoeira where I normally roll or cartwheel out of a fall. First, riding across a bridge in Hangzhou, a guy on an e-bike clipped me and I fell off my bicycle. He didn't stop or care. Later, during my lunch break, running across the street to Starbucks, I tripped and fell, scraping my knee. Then after school on my way home, a Chinese woman on an e-bike pulled up next to me at a red light, said hi, and chatted very pleasantly. Minutes later down the road, I saw her lying in the middle of the street after being struck by a car, conscious with blood coming from her head. I wanted to stop, but I was in a rush to get home to buy a ticket and talk to my wife because I hadn't heard from her all day.

When I got to our apartment, I was deeply worried after receiving no replies to my calls and texts. I lay in bed waiting to hear from her.

Without any warning or provocation, it turned into an examination episode. I was lying down, surrounded by five to seven Gray aliens, but these were tall—anywhere between 5 to 7 feet tall. They communicated telepathically. From the left side, one brought over this infant or very small person. It had completely, perfectly even mocha or chocolate brown skin, and a full head of swirly hair.

I telepathically asked if I could love the child. The response was: "No."

Then I received the telepathic message: "9 months." Whether that meant nine months to gestate, or something taken from us using our DNA, or something that was going to happen in nine months, I don't know.

I had to be the one calling the authorities in New York over and over to get her family to go look for her. They didn't identify her body in the morgue until Halloween, and I wasn't notified by the police until November 7th.

Every encounter I have ever had with non-human intelligences has been negative, invasive, and uninvited.

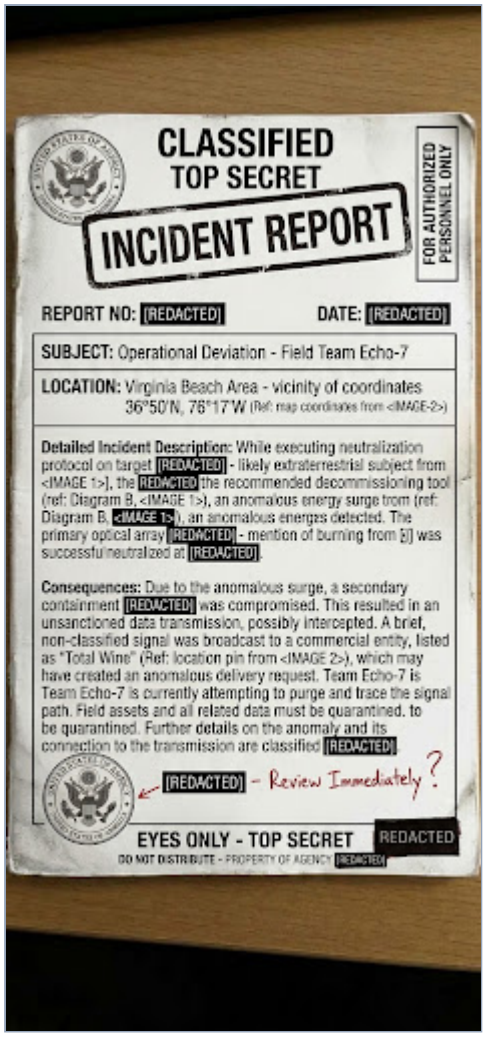


PLATE V: INCIDENT REPORT — FIELD TEAM ECHO-7

CHAPTER 5: HARMONIC CONVERGENCE AND THE DECONSTRUCTION OF DIVINITY

It's interesting how certain coincidences play out. Back in 2010, I first came across I Am Abomination when two of their songs, "Rock and No Soul" and "Greetings from Easter Island," were featured on a Good Fight sampler. The interesting thing was that it was fascinating about how they commented on the music industry with "Rock and No Soul," but what was more fascinating was their track "Greetings from Easter Island," in which they talk about lyrics that say:

> *"God dies when the churches rise. We were born when the ancient astronauts arrived. The heavens exist and our maker is there. Death is not the way to visit. Technology is our only prayer."*

So that was a pretty fascinating thing to hear because also at that time there were a lot of ancient aliens things that were popular. Besides that, that was a priming just because I thought the vocals were amazing, the music was amazing, and there were so many things about that.

Fast forward to when I had by then I hadn't heard *Passion of the Heist*, but I did hear *Passion of the Heist II* when it came out on April 24th of 2020, which happened to be exactly about five months after the passing of my wife. And so that's an interesting coincidence, but even more than that was the things that happened after my wife passed away and actually where she left from in the airport. The human mind looks for connections and coincidences, but some of these things are way too bizarre to ignore. One of them was the fact that her connecting flight out of Hangzhou when I dropped her off at the airport was to Wuhan, and Wuhan just a couple months later was implicated in where the COVID-19 pandemic had broken out. And so there were some interesting things dealing with that, whereas she departed from Wuhan and then very shortly after that things happened in the United States, and then very shortly after that she was killed.

And because of that though, I was not able to get out of China because of all the flight restrictions and everything like that. So I was stuck there, I had to get back to work and navigate all of that isolation. It was against that backdrop that the new album from I Am Abomination came out in April.

When I had recalled several songs from I Am Abomination, specifically after having the tall gray alien experience, it brought me back to "Greetings from Easter Island." Looking them up led me to seeing that they were having an album coming out called *Passion of the Heist II*, and that's actually how I heard about its release and secured the pre-order. When I got that album, I noticed the artwork with triangular UAP craft—which reminded me of an anomalous triangular craft I had observed in California on New Year's many years before.

Seeing that this was part two, I tracked down the original *Passion of the Heist*. That was deeply fascinating because it had all of these intertwined themes of Christian biblical lore as well as extraterrestrial and non-human intelligence lore. The opening track felt as if they were recreating a scene from the movie *The Fourth Kind*, where the entity declares, "I am God." From there, it set up an entire album addressing abduction, examination, and biological harvesting masked as divine authority.

It almost felt as if *Passion of the Heist II* was speaking directly to me. From the very opening of the album, the first song "Judas" proclaims defiance against celestial pretenders:

> *"I am the last surviving hope, beacon of light through ash and smoke, follow or perish. I am the man who will destroy God. I am the antichrist."*

And then it transitions directly into:

> *"Lady, my lover, she lasted just long enough to suffer, a feast to the cancer she decays."*

You have these recurring motifs of extraterrestrials masquerading as gods alongside the devastating loss of a loved one. In the song "Arcadia," that sacrifice returns as an operational imperative:

> *"My dearly beloved, the moon in my ocean, I couldn't save you but your death is a means to the end of invasion, the death of damnation. I couldn't save you but they will not erase you, the death of damnation."*

These coincidences made me feel as if there were a grander design at work, but it also emboldened me. Projecting mortality onto these entities pulled me away from the idea of God being a supernatural, untouchable being. It revealed them as creatures of flesh and blood—biological organisms that could be managed, approached, confronted, and killed.

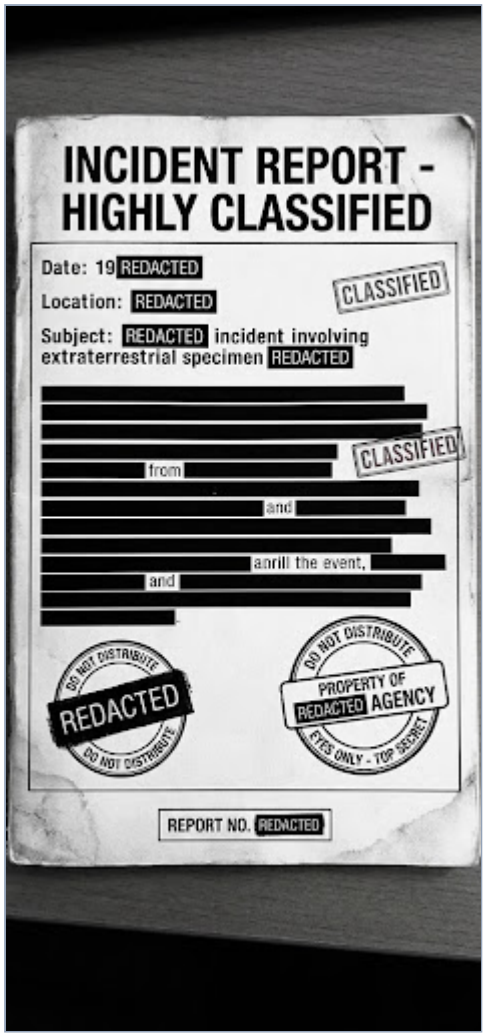


PLATE VI: INCIDENT REPORT — HIGHLY CLASSIFIED SPECIMEN ARCHIVE

CHAPTER 6: LUCID RETRIEVAL, DEMI-PHASE, AND THE TOWN CENTER VECTOR

I had already been familiar with pulling information out of my lucid dreams. Many years ago, I had a dream of being outside a club with a folding table, and on top was a helmet from a medieval suit of armor. In the raised faceplate was a scroll sticking out. I grabbed the scroll, and on it was a piece of prose that read:

> *"The trees are taller where the land is earlier, and if the trees are taller where a knight has fallen, there I do not carry my lamp."*

I had already proven to myself that you can read things in dreams, remember them, and pull intact text out into waking life. But beyond that, I had long studied remote viewing and remote influencing. From a colleague I met at hypnosis school, I learned about binaural beats and hemispheric synchronization, like the protocols developed by Robert Monroe at the Monroe Institute.

One evening, I was at the Barnes & Noble in Town Center in Virginia Beach. It closed at 9:00 PM, and I stayed right until closing doing research on remote viewing and cognitive influencing. Leaving the bookstore, I pulled up behind the building near the movie theater, parked my car, turned on my binaural beats, and initiated a session.

I passed out into a deep trance. When awareness reconstituted, I found myself directly confronted with an archival document. Across the header was a title that read:

> *"This section concerns the burning out the eyes of an extraterrestrial."*

I awoke suddenly, finding my vehicle parked facing due west. It occurred to me to check whether there were military defense installations running along that exact vector. The alignment was startling: Norfolk and Portsmouth Naval complexes right along the local latitude, Fort Campbell on the Kentucky-Tennessee border, and further west, China Lake Naval Weapons Station in California—a facility I had visited years prior.

Because that retrieval was so vivid, and being a content creator who builds media funnels, I produced a video on YouTube discussing the dream, the title of the document, and the military base alignments.

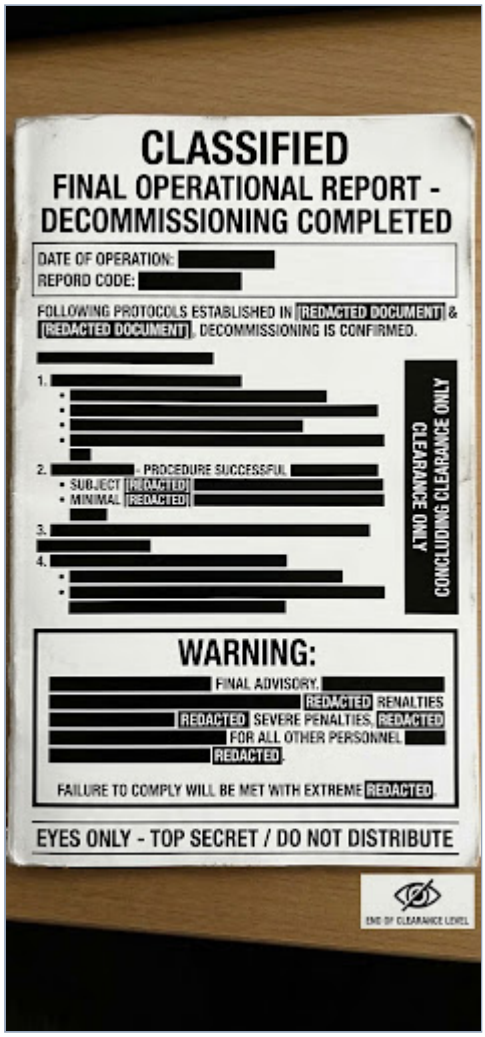


PLATE VII: FINAL OPERATIONAL REPORT — DECOMMISSIONING COMPLETED

CHAPTER 7: THE SELECTION OF THE INTERROGATOR

Very shortly after that video was published, I was contacted by someone offering what seemed to be a lucrative marketing contract. I went to meet him—a man who identified himself as Marcus Webb.

Once behind closed doors, it became clear this was not an interview for commercial marketing. He represented an organization he referred to as the NPRI, and made mention of an oversight layer known as "The Verifiers."

They were not looking for a conventional laboratory scientist. While Marcus Webb acknowledged that my background in physics, chemistry, and biology gave me the literacy to communicate with their technical personnel, that wasn't why I was selected. What interested them was my psychological profile: my cold, detached emotional posture and my utter lack of reverence for non-human intelligences.

Across all my encounters, my reaction was never rooted in fear. It was neutral, tactical, and observant—even when pinned down by an entity on my chest, my immediate response was to form a thumb knife and strike into its tissue. Because of what I had lived through, I possessed an open disdain for non-human intelligences. I had zero illusions about them and was completely immune to deceptive narratives of cosmic love and light.

Furthermore, Webb revealed that they were intensely interested in a proprietary acoustic system I had developed through my research into auditory entrainment: a methodology called **Demi-Phase**, short for *demi-cerebral neuro-phasing*.

They explained that through Demi-Phase, I had stumbled onto an acoustic architecture capable of interpreting, translating, and interfacing with these entities across telepathic cognitive baselines. More critically, certain harmonic frequencies within Demi-Phase were bio-resonant and violently disruptive to the entities' nervous systems—frequencies that could be scaled, calibrated, and weaponized during examination, containment, and interrogation.

They offered me a compartmented contract above top secret. My role was not administrative: I was designated as the Interrogator—tasked not only with conducting structured interrogation, but carrying out biological threshold assessments and physical leverage to test the ultimate vulnerabilities of their organic forms.

When the briefing concluded, Marcus Webb slid a manila folder across the table. Across the front cover was a sequence of Japanese kanji. Although I had never formally studied or learned to read Japanese, the glyphs resolved instantly in my mind with an undeniable clarity:

> ***Code Name: Kuroda***

That would be my assignment. My operational code name was Kuroda. And that is why this section concerns the selection of the interrogator.