



# The Phoenix Archives

VOLUME ONE

# The Phoenix Archives

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## *Volume One*

A collection of entries taken from The Phoenix Archives Blogs

Comprising entries 1 to 64. (June 26, 2017 – August 18, 2018)

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## Acknowledgments

I would like to thank *Gina Mara* for inspiring me to compile these entries into book form, and for her help with editing. Your questions and curiosity about my world keep me thinking and on my toes.

Thank you to *C. Ann Curtis* who has encouraged and supported my work for the past few years.

Finally, thank you to those who have followed me, let me know how my work has helped them, and encouraged me to continue what I am doing.

Your support means the world to me.

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If this book resonates with you, feel free to pass it along to someone else.

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## Preface

You hold in your hands a collection of blog posts that are found on a website called The Phoenix Archives.

The included entries are from number one to sixty-four. Further volumes will contain further entries.

The purpose of The Phoenix Archives is to impart and reveal long forgotten, and hidden information on the Astral Worlds.

All entries are from my own personal knowledge and experiences. You may find them contradictory to what is generally accepted, but I believe this information is as accurate as I can make it.

I am putting them into a book for two main reasons.

The first reason is I've had requests from people to do so, as they prefer books to reading online.

The second reason is to help preserve these entries.

The Phoenix Archives was written with the intention of sharing rare, obscure, and valuable information that does not seem to be out there.

One day the blog will be gone, so hopefully this knowledge will continue in book form.

As I have gone through each entry, I have slightly edited them to fit a book format. I have also added new information, here and there, that I was not aware of when I wrote the entries originally.

You will find the word 'blog' used from time to time. I have decided not to replace it with the word 'book' as this is more a collection than a reformatting.



For the same reasons, you may find a few things repetitive, as I tended to call back on previous entries as needed.

To help understanding, a glossary of terms has been included at the end of this book.

As of this writing (in 2021), the original material can still be found on The Phoenix Archives for free.

The Phoenix Archives blog: <https://thephoenixarchives.com/>

I hope you find this resource useful and of value. If so, please feel free to pass it along to others.

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## Introduction

For those who have not read my autobiography,<sup>1</sup> I am the current holder of "The Phoenix" title (yes, that is an actual thing) and I am also known as "The Phoenix Source", (among many other names.)

I will explain a little of who I am.

The name I have in this life is Gary R. Leigh. I was born in 1964 in Melbourne, Australia.

I incarnated with no memory or awareness of who I am, so I could experience much of the human condition. (Like so many others have done.)

While my autobiography, *I am The Phoenix* details my often-painful awakenings, you do not need to read it to get the most from this blog.

I have been doing what I can for this world for a very long time.

The blog, The Phoenix Archives, has been written to share lost and forgotten information that I believe everyone should be aware of.

For those who wish to know who I am, the following will summarize me a little.

*I am:*

Classed as a High-Level Empath.

Classed as an Otherkin (specifically, Phoenix).

Referred to as The Phoenix Source. (By those who know who I am.)

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<sup>1</sup> I am The Phoenix. (Available on amazon.com)

I do a lot of Astral work using Mind Travel.

I am a Healer and use Bach Flower Remedies as my main tool.

I've dealt with all manner of Beings, including Angelics, Demonics, Dragons, et al.

A numerous amount of people know me, and who I am. For some reason, a larger amount of people find me a threat.

Most of my Soul family from past lives have managed to track me down and initiate contact.

I work hard to protect this world and make it safer for people.

My main goal is to help people awaken, remember who they are, and return their power back to themselves.

I believe that the key to success is to always come from a place of Unconditional Love. Attacking or killing anything is pointless.

*This point is very important as it describes my interactions with things: positive, negative, or neutral. I do not judge. I work with the Laws of The Universe and Calling of The Source.*

While I may interact with what would be called dark and evil Beings, I do so because it's part of my function.

This does not mean I embrace their actions. It means I seek to bring balance and harmony.

Please do not seek to judge me based on those who have been around me. I ask that you take the time to read the full story before condemning me for actions that were done from a place of love and non-judgement.

Everything I have accomplished and done will make little sense unless the following narratives are understood.

First, I am a being called The Phoenix. The mythical bird that dies and rises from its own ashes. Though, how that myth got started, I cannot say. There is so, so much more to that story than what is traditionally told.

Many refer to me as The Phoenix or Phoenix Source. (I am known and recognized as being the source of that energy.)

All things Phoenix stem from me.

Now, that's quite a claim, I realize; however, it has been verified, over and over again by dozens of people and Beings. In spite of looking for proof to the contrary (as is my way), I have not found anything that contradicts it as yet.

Second, I have been known as a god. Yes, I know which one. (In fact, gods have multiple names.) I'm sure with the information I've already given in my autobiography, *I am The Phoenix*, it can be worked out. On this subject, I will go into more detail in later entries.

Now, on the subject of gods, let me be clear--- it's a misnomer.

A few others, including myself, detest the term "gods." Throughout history, it has been used to gain power, prestige and domination over others.

Originally, gods (and I use the lowercase "g" with intention) were job titles. They were never meant to be worshipped and their purpose was to be the go-between between the 3D, spirit and Source.

"I am a god," does not mean I want worship, crave special attention, or think I'm somehow better than *anyone*. The fact is, we're not. Moreover, some of us are the scum of The Universe; and it's not a fact to be proud of.

Also, I have been around for a very long time. Not in this body, but in my higher form; which I am *always* connected to. I've done many things throughout history and been many people. Some known, most unknown.

Each incarnation was *always* with the intention for helping to raise human awareness and return humanity's birthright which was taken from it.

Lastly, I am still extremely active. *What I do is very dangerous.* Thankfully, I am not working alone anymore. I have some of the best support I can ask for.

Do I expect you to just accept these words?

No, not at all. *In fact, I beg you not to.*

Instead, I ask you to feel them; and look for the truth that will resonate within you. That is how you will know if all I write and say is truly so.

So, strap in for a wild ride, as the information contained in this website is like nothing you will have come across before.

Let us begin.

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## The Omen Blogs

### 1 - Omen

Omen was known to many under numerous guises. He is technically a demonic being. While that is the name he refers to himself as, it is not his real name.

Whatever that may be, I do not know, or if I ever knew it, I don't remember.

His history is complicated, long, and spans many thousands of years.

I don't intend to make Omen the main focus of this blog. However, he does come up frequently due to the very nature of who he is. Both as a demonic and because of our interactions.

As much as I would like to avoid this topic, I can't. Everything that occurred was due to my interactions with this Being. Without these details, few things will make much sense.

Many find the existence of such a Being disturbing. Many will deny such things can even exist. This, I can't help. This world has many things in it that we are not always aware of. Our ignorance does not protect us. Gaining understanding and knowing what to do, and what not to do, does.

For now, I will briefly tell Omen's story and how I came to meet such an impossible being.

\*\*\*

Where does one start? The quagmire of events come and go so fast, it is almost impossible to keep up.

My autobiography, *I am The Phoenix*, ends right before all the mind-boggling events that came later, occurred.

In fact, it was that book that led directly to the next stage of my life.

If I thought things were strange before, it was nothing compared with what was to come. Nothing could have ever really prepared me for those events.

So, I'll begin with meeting the demonic being known as Omen.

As mentioned, he had long forgotten his real name, but he referred to himself as Omen.

Not that he really used that name at the time. He had others. However, for the sake of consistency, I will refer to him by that name.

Between 2009 and 2017, I ran an Empath Support chat room. It was very popular.

Omen found his way to my chat room back in 2010. At the time, he was using the body of a 19-year-old teenage girl.

He was sharing it with a host, which was not what normally happened. He generally was forced into soulless bodies by an astral organization referred to, by some, as The Triqueta (The Triple Goddess).

According to Omen, he had found two souls in the embryos in the womb and eaten the wrong one. Normally, his body did not have a host, but in this case, it did. Furthermore, I don't believe it was by accident.

Omen, for whatever reason, decided to stick around in the chat room. I mostly ignored him for four years, as I felt no draw. Then in 2014, I needed a picture for the front cover of my autobiography, *I Am The Phoenix*.

I knew exactly what I wanted, a Soul Drawing. I was looking for someone professional to do it because I can't draw for nuts.

A friend suggested I ask Omen, who happened to do spirit drawings. He was an amazing painter.

At the time, though, I had no clue who Omen really was. I never bothered to check the chat room logs, as I had no interest, and had too much going on.

Omen surprised me when he said he "couldn't directly" look at me; but he had his ways and said he could see my wings "from over here." So, we agreed on a price and he got started.

By the next day, Omen had the Soul Drawing completed, and it was exactly how I wanted it. I paid him, then we started chatting.



## 2 - The Validation of Thoth the Atlantean

Omen continued to chat with me every day, and I found him to be quite personable.

I had not yet realized exactly who he was. My Spirit Guides kept telling me: *You realize he's a demon, right?*

That didn't seem to worry me, though. Whatever was happening, it felt like it was the right thing to do.

Shortly after I started talking to Omen, he began to have some difficulties that were new and unusual.

He seemed to be experiencing a lot of interference on the Astral level. Deals Omen had recently made seemed to be falling apart. (Whether this was a bad thing depended on if you were him or not.)

Then one day, Omen woke up with a pendant around his neck and quickly discovered he was unable to do anything of his own Free Will. More importantly, he could not remove it.

Omen did an investigation into the pendant's origin and found that the pendant was messing with his thoughts. Apparently, it was created by the god "Thoth, the Atlantean." (Who was also part of the Egyptian Pantheon.)

I later learned that there were two parts to that set. The necklace, and a ring that could be used to control it.

Just a quick point. I never met Omen in person. All my dealings with him were over the internet, so everything was logged.

This allows me to accurately transcribe our conversations when needed.

Here, Omen wrote:

*Turns out the necklace is one of his 'marvellous' [sic] creations and it was stolen not so long ago.*

*I hate Thoth, had hoped he'd be dead or something by now. Still as much of an asshole as I remember him.*

For those of you unfamiliar with Thoth, he was said to be the father of Writing. He wrote the Book of the Dead, The Emerald Tablets of Thoth, and also seems to be channeled by every other psychic out there.

He is best known as Thoth the Atlantean, because he was one of three who were in charge of that place for some time.

Those who know about the Egyptian gods, will most certainly have heard of him.

Also, if you've read my autobiography, *I am The Phoenix*, you will already know that one of my Guides had identified himself as Thoth.

This is what made Omen's statement so astonishing to me.

Thoth also claimed to be an Avatar of my energies, and over time, various sources confirmed that yes, he was not only borne from Phoenix energy, but also used that energy for his own ends.

Still, despite all that had happened in my life; I had my doubts he was real and suspected I was just tapping into a part of my subconscious.

Omen's statement, coming right out of left field, amazed me.

One, it meant that Thoth did exist.

Two, it meant that it was all real. I was not just making it all up. In fact, only a few days before that, Omen was having a serious issue with something, and I had asked Thoth to go check up on him.

I told Omen I was sending someone over but didn't mention who it was. His immediate reaction was extreme anger, he was literally seeing red. He abruptly signed off. (Which he would end up doing on occasion, but it was never random.)

This was more validation that Thoth was real, and I had to do a reality check.

While Thoth still turned up from time to time, he did not seem to be a major player in the events that subsequently unfolded. I also never knew whose side he was truly on. He is no doubt one of the cagiest Beings I know.

### 3 - The Jack Chat

Many have questioned why I even dealt with Omen. Generally, I will *not* deal with demons. They are assholes and proud of it. It's just who they are and there isn't any real gain by doing so.

Sure, you can use them to make a deal getting short term gains, but this is a really, *really* bad idea. There is no such thing as a free lunch, and it could literally cost you your Soul. In a nutshell, you don't have a Soul. You *are* a Soul.

Making a deal with a demon is *never* wise or smart.

Omen was different, though.

It's true that Omen was demonic; and it is also true that Souls were *always* of interest to him.

However, it was also true that Omen was a slave of what one might term, Interdimensional Beings.

Until I started chatting to him, I had only experienced such Beings in my Mind's Eye when Mind Travelling and never really believed it.

Such Beings are better known as aliens. In the past, I asked my Guides about this subject, and they responded: "You really don't want to go there."

Omen was controlled by binds. They covered his entire body. The Binds kept him both alive in his current state and bound to bodies.

Binds are designed to enslave and cause excruciating pain to the victim until he or she submits to the handler's will.

As far as I'm concerned, the kind of binds placed on Omen are equivalent to a War Crime.

Omen's binds could be controlled remotely and would also ensure he acted in certain ways. He was, effectively, like a dog on a very short leash.

It was right after we began talking that someone, who called himself "Jack", had found a way to put new Binds on Omen and had taken control of him.

It always felt a little odd to me that this occurred almost right after I started talking to Omen. I couldn't help feeling that this was either a set-up of a most complex nature, or I had received a Soul Call just as shit was about to go down. Possibly, both.

According to Omen, after doing research, Jack was actually *Jeremiah* from The Bible. I can't verify this, so I can only go by what Omen found out.

Omen was quite distressed, as the new binds overwrote the old ones. How Jack managed to pull that off is beyond me. There had to be other parties involved here.

Omen said he didn't want to work with Jack and was looking for any way to prevent it.

I suggested he go talk to him and find out *exactly* what was going on.

Omen had the ability to leave his body at will (except when it was daylight as the sun somehow blocked him). He would put his body to sleep and be able to leave it. When night came, he did that and tracked Jack down.

What follows is the full transcript Omen wrote for me immediately afterward. I feel it gives fascinating insight into the activities and interactions of the lower Astral Worlds. (Which are worlds that are not on this third dimensional (3D) level.) It is verbatim, so please excuse any grammatical anomalies.

*Omen: Where is this?*

Jack: *Inside my mind... Make yourself comfortable.*

Omen: *It looks like a train carriage.*

Jack: *[Irritable] It is. That is why, you idiot. [kicks a wooden crate across the space between us, it has a leather pouch and a box of matches on it] Shut up and have a smoke if you know how to.*

Omen: *I'm not stupid. [Opposable thumbs, takes one]*

Jack: *[mumbles and strikes a match to light his own then passes it to me] Could have fooled me....*

Omen: *These cigars are Russian. [lights it] Not bad.*

Jack: *I notice you crave them a lot. Not as good as mine, but they will do as an offer.*

*[smokes for a few minutes in silence]*

Omen: *So, this is where you've been?*

Jack: *Yes, some of the time. [Puts out the cigar on his tongue and eats it] Now that formalities [sic] done with. You want to know what has been going on?*

Omen: *Yes.*

Jack: *Well, here is some news for you. You do not get to know and do not think you will find out.*

Omen: *And, why is that?*

Jack: *[laughing] Do you think I am stupid? You think I can just tell you what you want to hear, and after all is said and done, you go back to how you have always been?*

Omen: *We both know this isn't about me --*

Jack: *Oh, but it is. [approaches] You see, there are many who are willing to pay a lot for you. Not your services. Just you.*

Omen: *What do you mean by 'just me'? [sic]*

Jack: *[snorts] This is a perfect example of why you are stupid. Do you even know yourself? Do you even remember how you got here? Perhaps, you are insane?*

Omen: *I asked a question. Answer it.*

Jack: *Or what? You going to torture me? Rape me? Kill me? I do not care what you try to do. You are nothing to me. You are useless.*

Omen: *Are you just going to keep insulting me or are you going to answer me?*

Jack: *It is not an insult if it is true. I do not want to harm you, but I will if you keep refusing to step in line.*

Omen: *I'm not aware that I'm refusing anything.*

Jack: *No? You want to tell me what you have been doing then?*

Omen: *I haven't been doing anything. I've been working but it's not been so successful.*

Jack: *I'm not talking about work.*

Omen: *I don't know what you are referring to then. [I am sure that Jack was specifically referring to Omen visiting me on the astral levels.]*

Jack: *[considers for a few minutes] We are done here.*

Omen: *What? You agreed to talk to me for this?*

Jack: *I expected more from you. I was wrong.*

Omen: *What do you want?*

*Jack: I would like you to comply to what I do and say... to not ask stupid questions that you already have the answers to... and I would also like you to not lie to my face and hide your thoughts from me. So, what have you been doing?*

*Omen: Nothing.*

*Jack: What about last night? You don't remember?*

*Omen: No. I don't.*

*Jack: Good then. Now we are definitely done. Get out and wake up.*



## 4 - To Buy A Demon

After Omen transcribed the chat he had with Jack, we discussed what we thought was truly going on.

It didn't take us long to figure out that somehow, Jack had put new binds on him.

In any case, it was clear Jack was going to sell him to an unknown bidder.

This may have been a very bad idea. Omen was not only a very powerful and dangerous demonic; he could also be used as a weapon. There were things about him that made him unique. (And no, I do not plan to go into those details. Suffice to say that him, being a soul eater, was part of it.)

To my surprise, Omen said: *"Why don't you buy me then? I don't know what the payment is supposed to be."*

I was taken aback. Buying something like Omen wasn't exactly a thing I had thought myself capable of doing. I had never even considered such an option, not in my wildest dreams.

To me, this was in the realms of the "Big Boys" in the major leagues.

Omen always acted clueless about who I was. Yet, at times he would drop nuggets of information he knew about me, that only someone who knew my history could have known.

I'm sure the binds on him prevented him from saying too much.

Even though Omen appeared to (and claimed) that he had no clue who I was, I was pretty sure he knew.

For instance, he had told me that he had brokered seven assassination attempts on my life. This would imply that he must have known who I was.

That was one of his jobs: Being a broker for such contracts.

I had to do a major reality check, and fast.

Did he really think I had the collateral, clout, and ability to buy the binds that had been in control of the astral cartel called The Triquerta, for tens of thousands of years?

I should clarify that the binds I was negotiating belonged to Jack. But as they overwrote the ones The Triquerta had on him, it came down to the same thing.

I ran with it, though.

I responded: *"Nor do I. If I bought you, all I would do is free you. I'm not sure they'd like that. I wonder if I couldn't negotiate something. Probably they'd want my Soul for yours."*

I suspected that situation with the binds and Omen being enslaved was most likely illegal. If so, I could use that to Omen's advantage. I told him I'd see what I could do.

You might be wondering why I would have even agreed to do this. Apart from it being potentially dangerous, I was not an expert on Soul Laws. (Or so I thought.)

Regardless, for me saying, *"I don't know,"* was never really an option.

I don't ever want to be that guy that dismisses things just because I don't have an answer.

I have always believed there is a solution to everything. Inasmuch, I just did things and somehow, they always worked out.

I spoke with my Guides on the matter. They reminded me by saying: *"You know he's a demon, right, and extremely dangerous?"*

I just shrugged, and said: *"Yeah, but I don't fear him."*

Even though I knew Omen ate souls, I was also confident that he couldn't touch me.

I thought about the situation. Came up with a plan.

The next day, I told Omen: *"I do have something people want... and it is highly sought after. I'm thinking how to go about it, though. If I could buy you, would you be interested? Secondly, if I couldn't, and it was an illegal Soul transaction, would you be interested in coming under my banner, if it's possible?"*

He said: *"Yes to both. There isn't much else for me, as it is."*

## 5 - The Deal That Bought A Demonic

With me having access to Phoenix Energy, I wondered if it could be used as currency to buy a demon, especially one such as Omen. While it was true that it appeared to be well sought after, I wasn't sure if it would be useful as a bargaining chip. Still, I mentioned it to him.

He responded to my suggestion in typical Omen fashion: *"You don't have to do anything. You know I don't expect anything. So, your choice."*

I explained that if his enslavement was illegal, then I could only buy him with his permission.

My thoughts were, if I owned him, then he could come under my protection and could not be taken by another. I did not intend to hold him against his will. That would mean he could come and go as he pleased. It also meant he was free to make whatever choices, poor or otherwise, for himself.

I had no idea if this was even possible but doing nothing would lead to nothing. And nothing great is ever accomplished without a high level of risk.

He also mentioned that he had agreed to work for The Triqueta, but it did not include being enslaved with Binds.

This much I was sure of, Omen had been coerced into his situation, against his will.

Slavery, in the Astral, is a tricky subject to deal with. There are entire trades based on it (referred to as The Soul Trade), and it's never cut and dry.

You need to be extremely careful who you set free. Usually, there may be something about the situation you are not aware of. If you free a slave without knowing your facts, or providing compensation, then you may end up taking their place.

For Omen, though, I was certain this was not the case. Still, I had to follow protocol and do what was deemed to be right. How I even knew what that was, I did not know.

I just somehow knew it. It was a matter of restoring a balance.

The next day, Omen messaged me. He wrote, *"I feel conflicted with you making deals on my behalf (or the behalf of others who own me now) for a few reasons.*

*I've been conditioned to associate Egypt and the RA pantheon (names notwithstanding) as a general threat. I don't know how I'll overcome that. I can tolerate you because I personally know your (sic) non-threatening, but who's to say I won't have some instinctual response outside of my control?*

*I don't want you to be responsible for my actions (which you might be held accountable for at some point, because I've seen it happen before) because I'm quite sure you haven't seen me at my worst, so I highly doubt you have full awareness of what your (sic) becoming involved with exactly and don't want you to make a mistake that you regret later.*

*There is also the notion that I have a lot of enemies (more than you, as many of your allies would consider me their enemy) and I don't want you to be targeted or harmed on my behalf. Basically, I have your safety in mind, rather than my own (aside from the pantheon thing... which is still sort of connected anyway now that I think of it).*

*So, if you can consider all that, and still agree that you want to take the risk, then I have no problems with it... those are my thoughts for now."*

I responded with, *"Okay, I appreciate your thoughts. Yes, I'm aware that you're dangerous. You devour Souls. You enjoy killing. You have a part to play in things that people don't consider pleasant.*

*I also feel that anything I do will result in lesser consequences than you being sold for some other purpose.*

*Secondly, you come under my protection, but you don't need to deal with any of my family or associates.*

*Yes, I know I'll be held accountable... but it happens.*

*Checking with my intuition, right now, this feels like the path I can take.*

*I am not saying it will be easy, and you won't have bad days. I'd be fooling myself if I did. However, it does feel like the best choice, all things considered."*

Omen said, "*Sounds perfectly viable then. Do you know whether there is any self-serving motive in it for you?*"

*I'd hope there would be, as charity feels kind of wrong."*

*"I don't do charity," I said. "I do what I feel benefits the whole. I'm sure there might be something down the road. Who knows, maybe you'll choose not to kill me one day when you might have wanted to."*

So, we threshed out the details which boiled down to this:

I would give them Phoenix Energy for a year, and in exchange, I would be given the binds.

Omen would also come under my family banner and protection. In exchange, Omen would agree to be my Protector and not attack nor harm any of my Soul family, friends or allies.

He agreed and I told him that it was binding on a Soul level for all parties.

If the parties refused, I would deem his slavery illegal, simply take the binds myself, and put him under my protection anyway.

You might wonder why I would even offer to provide compensation if this was an illegal Soul transaction to begin with?

Unlike the 3D world, which works on the laws of justice, a man-made concept; it can be very important not to knock Astral-Beings noses out of joint.

The social and political structure can be extremely complex. It's very foolish to make changes to the status-quo without offering something else in its place.

Even when I am within my rights to do something, I find it wise to compensate. It helps reduce the risk of resentment and backlash.

I told Omen to take the offer to Jack.

I honestly was not sure if this would even work, or if I would even be taken seriously. However, a couple of days later, Omen told me: *"Jack wasn't too happy, but he agreed regardless. He said you'd regret it though."*

I told him that my entire existence was full of regrets.

If I was going to pay for this, then I would face it when it came up. I had done what I felt was right and stayed true to who I was.

The deal went through, much to my surprise, and next thing I knew, I was Omen's new Master.

## 6 - Binds and Counter-Binds

I found myself in a position that I never would have imagined. I suddenly had ownership and responsibility for a demon. Not a true demon, mind you, but still as demonic as one might find.

It wasn't what I wanted. However, at that point, I didn't feel like there were any choices. Something needed to be done by someone, and I was it.

One might think the temptation to take command over a highly useful, weaponized demon, and use it for my own ends, would be tempting and even consuming. After all, one of Omen's primary purposes was being an Assassin.

But I had absolutely no interest in doing anything with him. Even though I was given the binds, I never touched them.

I found that if needed, I could just command them remotely. The only time I used them was to make the binds, themselves, bigger. Omen had grown since they were put on him, and they were constricting him.

As to how I controlled the binds, I wasn't sure. I set the intention, and that seemed to do the job.

As previously stated, my plan was to give Omen his freedom. To give him the chance to grow and pursue his own path. I also had to ensure that Omen didn't get drunk on his newly found freedom and consume every Soul that he possibly could.

According to information I discovered much later, Omen didn't need to consume souls for himself to survive. He was doing it on behalf of another, more dangerous being, that he had been connected to.

I did not know that at the time, but I took steps to ensure that a balance was kept.



I couldn't remove the binds because that would have killed him. Omen had so many of his soul layers removed that all that was left of him was a corrupted, void like being that vaguely looked like Venom from The Marvel Universe.

The binds were holding him together, keeping him alive.

You might be wondering why I let such a being live?

There were a couple of reasons.

First was that it is not my place to decide what lives and dies. Universal Law and Universal Balance already has a perfect grasp on such things.

The second reason was that it felt like the right thing to do. (Which I discovered, much later, that it most certainly was.)

The moralities of the 3D worlds have little to no bearings on the greater reality. Our laws do not apply, nor can you make such things apply.

Having said that, I hated the thought of anything being enslaved. The binds remained a pending issue.

From what I understood, there were always a couple of handlers in The Triquerta, who were controlling his Binds.

It was intriguing to me that The Triquerta seemed fine with me having taken over ownership of Omen; and, in fact, Omen reported that they gave me their blessings.

Personally, I suspect The Triquerta thought I would either mess things up, or all would go bad very quickly and Omen would be back in time for lunch.

I also suspect that, as they control the lines of Fate, they may have set this up, to eliminate me. Still, two can play that game.

As ownership had now passed onto me, The Triquerta were no longer controlling the Binds. Whether by design or mechanics, this caused Omen a lot of pain. I am not sure what purpose the mechanics had. But I knew in either the short or long term, it was going to be a problem.

Omen said he would do things to distract himself from the pain. Regardless, I knew that unless I did something about it, things would end badly.

I came up with a plan to create Counter-Binds that were intended to cancel out the agony he felt.

After suggesting it to Omen, he commented that he seriously doubted such a thing was in my capacity or within anyone's skill to do.

Still, the word impossible never stopped me before. I certainly was going to give it a try.

Exactly how I was going to create these Counter-Binds, I had no clue. Still, that wasn't going to deter me.

Whenever an issue comes up that I need to deal with on the Astral levels, I just do what feels right.

After discussing this with Mari (a highly valued colleague and assistant with all things Astral), I said I would work on the Counter-Binds while she worked on some method to fuse them to the existing Binds.

In my Mind's Eye, I found I was able to look at the Binds. I saw they were red, glowing, and quite nasty.

I then started to create the Counter-Binds that would cancel them out. I had no idea what I was doing, but I knew it would take about three days; and when they were done, I felt it.

I arranged a time for Mari, Omen and myself to chat. Using Mari's fusing method, I was able to apply the Counter-Binds.

If I had expected it to go smoothly, then I was disappointed. They were initially hindering Omen and constricting his movement.

I kept making adjustments using psychic commands, and each time I fixed something, another element would be out of place.

All in all, it took around four hours of adjustments to finally get it right. I had not taken into account that Omen had wings and hooks for hair. I adjusted, coaxed, and shifted energies until the pain had vanished and he could move about freely.

It was exhausting. It also felt strange having somehow done the impossible.

Prior to the Counter-Binds, Omen had no respect for me. This, however, was a real turning point. After what he referred to as the "no pain thing," he changed his attitude. For a little while, he became a very useful source of information.

## 7 - The Pit and The Wake-Up Call

Omen had attitude, but was likable at the same time. Often, I would go along with his threads to see where he was going with things. It helped me learn more about him, and I also gained much knowledge.

Even though we were almost polar opposites, we seemed to share the same attitudes and humor. I also learned a lot about how the demon world worked, both on this level and on the lower Astral Planes.

Technically, “learned” isn’t the right word. It was more unlearning what I thought I knew, and remembering that which I had already known.

Still, despite all that had happened, part of me still wondered if I wasn’t making this all up. After all, everything I had tried and done seemed to happen so easily. There was little to no effort involved. If I wanted something done in the Astral, all I needed to do was just think it, and it would be.

I wondered, more often than not, if I was being humored, or if this was some elaborate fantasy, such as the kind you would play in Dungeons and Dragons. (Which, as it went, I happened to be playing at the time with a group of friends. I ended giving it up as the lines between fantasy and reality became way too blurred.)

Wasn’t it possible that Omen was some screwed up teenager whose life traumas had caused her to escape into a world of fantasy?

It didn’t help that when we arranged to do things on the Astral together, something always came up that prevented Omen from doing so. This was something others had noticed and commented on.

It seemed a little too convenient at times. Omen also said he could not remember anything he had done the night before, or would tell me how others had distracted him.

I wondered if something more was still going on.

Still, there was no denying that there were also times when I could most certainly feel his presence.

Also, Omen did not talk like any teenager I had ever met. Additionally, he had way too much knowledge. He knew things that others five times his age never would have heard of.

It wasn't even knowledge that you could Google. Believe me, I tried.

Also, despite what my Guides kept telling me, I was never convinced that Omen was as dangerous as they claimed. He was quite friendly, if not evasive.

However, there came a day when it all changed for me.

Despite the fact I had freed him, Omen wasn't the kind to ever say, "Thank you."

He also had a highly unusual addiction to Fae energy that would make him act as though he was high on drugs.

Fae, or Nature Spirits, are Beings who are not only connected to The Gaia (the Spirit of this world, better known as Mother Nature); but they are also part of the energy matrix for all things, such as trees, flowers, rocks, rivers, et cetera.

The phrase, "*Fairies at the bottom of the garden,*" happens to be something that is a reality in many cases.

A long time ago, this was a well-known fact. Now, it's simply thought of as a children's fantasy. They are not fantasy. Omen would often tell me how he would capture one, drain its essence, and get high.

In Omen's mind, being thankful was not needed. Either way, I didn't care. As far as I was concerned, he shouldn't have been here in the first place.

Still, I found it a little unsettling. It either meant that this was just part of a game he had chosen to play as a disturbed teenager, or he really was a sociopathic demon.

Still, whenever I was talking to him, I had no doubt he was real. It was once I stepped away that doubt began to creep in.

Then one day, Omen became obsessed that he was an abomination. He became stressed that he wasn't natural, and that meant that everything he thought about himself had been wrong.

Omen spoke of how he believed he was just an experiment; how he had come from a place he called *Ex Nihilo*, a Latin term that means "out of nothing."

Omen said it was everything that isn't. It was a place that shouldn't be. He also speculated that it may be a parallel universe.

Though I didn't know it at that particular point in time, he was right. Omen was an experiment. An ancient being who had been put into "*Ex Nihilo*," which I believe is the equivalent to "*Pandora's Box*." He said he was referred to as "*Number 8*," which I believe meant he was the Eighth experiment.

It reminded me of another person I had known, who had also insisted that he/she was an experiment. (I say he/she because they changed sex from female and became male energy.)

I've come across others since. It is not by chance that such Beings come into my life.

I always thought there were Nine experiments. But I may have been wrong, as I believe Omen was the last. Omen told me he had been informed that the first, Number One, was going to die.

In order to try and explain where he came from, he offered to take me there. Well, not offered, but it just sort of happened.

I first had to connect and attune to Omen's energies, then I was able to follow along in my Mind's Eye and get impressions of what I saw. It took quite a while to get there.

This place was very dark, almost void like. We stood on the ground and Omen said that beneath the surface was his territory. He was now unable to sense anything from it; it was like a mirror to him, and therefore closed off.

I idly wondered if I could open it and said so. (Not that I would have, in hindsight.)

Omen said, *"Why not just try looking into it first? Might be best to get an idea of what you're actually dealing with before you break it open."*

So, I did. I saw lots of Beings or beast-like creatures underneath.

Omen continued, *"There's a reason why most called it, "The Pit." Things go in, never come out. Everything is predatory there. Generally everything stays real quiet, until someone falls in; then it's a feeding frenzy.*

*You could go fishing if you manage to dangle some energy in, but I can't seem to get through it. Would be interesting to see some of the locals again. Never seen beings like them, since I was trying not to get torn apart by them."*

I said, *"I notice you forget to tell me these kind of vital details beforehand... not sure if it's because you think I can take care of myself, or if it's your sense of humor."*

*"It didn't seem important at the time," he replied.*

*"That they might find my entrails of interest?" I said.*

*"Plus, didn't know if you could get this far. I'm not asking you to grant me access or anything. It was just a passing thought, that I used to be below this point, but I can't go further anymore. Been clawing at the layer for like 20 mins now, and I'm not getting results. Why can you get in but not me? That's unfair."*

*"I just go wherever I wish, as it goes... but I don't go where I shouldn't, if that makes sense."*

That was how I had always been in my Mind Travels. I knew better than to be somewhere I was not welcome.

*"What's the Worst that Can Happen?" I continued.*

*"Can you drag something out of there? I want to see..." he said.*

Somehow, I knew I could do this if I chose to do so.

*"I can summon one... but... then what? Can you control it?"*

*"Logically, I'd know if something is wrong; if they don't look like I remember. It can't go up much further either way."*

*"No, but it will hide in your darkness," I said.*

*"I just want to see..." [shrugs]*

*"I really hate doing this kind of stuff."*

*"What's the worst that can happen? You get a critter running amok, then it gets culled. No biggie."*

I wasn't convinced that, if it did happen, I wouldn't get blamed. Furthermore, no assurance that there wouldn't be consequences.

So, I said, *"This is what I'll do... I'll summon it for a minute, after that it will automatically return."*



*"You know it'll try and attack you, right?"*

*"Duh! You'll notice I've just turned invisible."*

And I had. It seemed like the smart thing to do.

I then summoned one. The only way to describe it was that it looked like a beast.

It was a cross between a dragon and a horse. It had bat-like wings and a tail and two pale green eyes on each side of its face. Its head had horns and each of its four feet had claws. Its color was that of shadow.



*"Well, good news is its dying, bad news is it was already dying,"* said Omen.

Why that was, we could only speculate. Omen put it down to some sickness or corruption. The whole experience took around an hour.

Later, Omen mentioned to someone else that he was impressed that I was able to do what I did and survive.

I should mention that, while I may not have a sense of fear, I am *not* stupid. I know my limits and will only do what I believe to be safe. Quite simply, raw intuition tells me what I should and should not do.

That night, I spoke to Omen and was trying to work out what was happening during his nights and why he didn't remember anything.

This ended up turning into a long conversation about his anger and resentment toward everyone, and for some reason, this caused him to drop his guard and say things he normally would not say.

One comment stood out in my mind. It suggested that he remembered, and knew a lot more than he was willing to admit.

Omen claimed that he was known as *Ammit* in Egypt and claimed he was tortured then. In order to survive, he had to destroy part of himself so he could maintain his sanity.

*"But I bet you've never had to do such things... After all, you get to just resurrect the trash every damn time. You fuckers and your Source don't know how good you've got it,"* he ranted.

"Hello," I thought. "Resurrect?" You mean those stories are true? My mind did a spin. After all, that's what Phoenii are known for; Resurrection.

Omen became more and more belligerent. I had a sinking feeling that things were not as I had first thought.

All I had offered him, i.e., being part of a family, safety, coming under my protection; just irritated him. He said that it meant everything he had fought for would be in vain. Strangely enough, I understood what he meant.

*"You don't even know what happens when I am comfortable, or when I'm not on a leash. You're only offering things because you're ignorant."*

And he was right. I had pretty much been winging it up to that point, and I kept adjusting as I went along. And to be fair, I doubt there were many who, in my position, would have done much better.

So, I asked Omen what he wanted.

Omen admitted that he wanted to break me. He needed something to strive for that wasn't bullshit, and when I asked what he would get out of that, he said: "*Gratification and pleasure.*"

*"I see. So, do you talk to me every day in order to try and break me then?"*

*"I don't need to talk to you to break you. I'm just in denial of my reasons for affiliating with you. So, commiserating with you and building a rapport is my selfish way of feeling justified, or something pathetic along those lines.*

*You really have not had any idea of what you've gotten yourself into; you would think all the complications would be a red flag. But no, you are fearless, and that I do respect. The only reason I'm open with you now is that I'm beyond caring what kind of beating I get from this, as I expect either you will be all protective and some such nonsense, or it will be more of the same."*

*"In other words, you need to justify it to yourself by pretending it's something it's not," I said.*

*"Well, it's not pretending if you don't remember what you're denying, is it?"*

And that was the exact moment I knew it was all too real. Not just some fantasy or role-play that we had all taken part in. It was the wake-up call, and then I knew I had entered into something *extremely* dangerous.

You might think that I would reassess my situation and get out while I could. I guess that's what any normal person would have done. However, even this new revelation did not change anything for me.

It finally validated that this was all real. I just had to always bear that in mind.

More importantly, it validated who I was. I was clearly messing with the major leagues. It confirmed that there was more to me than met the eye. Still, I had to be careful and never forget how easily things could turn around. Especially if one came from a place of arrogance.

In spite of it all, I really liked Omen, even though he wanted to kill and break me. So, I asked him how he really felt about me, since he was being honest, at that moment.

*"One more question then. What do you really think of me? Do you really hate me that much?"*

*"I envy you with a passion," he said. "I respect you for being fearless. You (energy wise, Gary) taste fucking amazing, regardless of how much I find that demeaning to say (because I should know better than to feed on you at all) and I like the absurd notion that we can be friends, though, because I am... well, myself, I try not to entertain the notion too seriously, as I fully expect this to all go to hell now that I've spilled my guts.*

*I knew I would, just took a bit of coaxing. I wish it could all be some other way.*

*You get to live and die, just like everyone else. You get to feel emotion, to sleep dreamlessly, for the most part, to wake up and start each day anew.*

*You can be human and that alone is enviable.*

*It's such an endearing quality, I don't know how you do it."*

I told him that if he desired my friendship, I would gladly give it. And I meant it. As dark and twisted as he was, I saw potential in him. I knew that one day, he could be a very different being and one that would be for the good of this world. Nonetheless, that would be a day in the very far future for Omen.

## 8 - Proof that Omen was Real

I'm sure, at this moment, you are thinking: *What proof did I really have that Omen was not a deluded teenager with an overactive imagination?*

I will attempt to briefly explain some of the things I experienced, and the definitive proof I received.

But before I continue, first a short sermon from me.

Demonics and demons are always making deals with people. This might seem improbable, but believe me, it happens more than you think.

So, here's a warning for those who ever find themselves in a similar situation; please *do not* do what I did.

*It was extremely dangerous*, and I had to deal with some corruption because of it.

However, because I had a reset switch, so to speak, I was able to reset my energies to a time before Omen messed with anything. I can say with certainty that most people do *not* have the abilities I have. And no, I don't intend to reveal my method.

**All demonics and demons are *extremely dangerous*.**

Even though they may have endearing personalities, they know double-speak extremely well. This is a method of stating something with two meanings. You do not get what you think you are getting. They will make it seem like you're getting what you want, when you're not getting it *at all*.

Additionally, I know triple-speak. This is a method of making the truth seem like a lie, even though you are telling the straight-out truth. It does come in very handy when dealing with negative Beings; e.g., when you have to tell the truth, but can't reveal it.

Demons, as a rule, hate humans and find it demeaning to have to deal with them. Regardless, Souls are considered valuable and can be used as currency in what is called The Soul Trade.

And remember, you do not have a Soul, you *are* a Soul. You would be bargaining yourself away.

Now, let's discuss some of the evidence I experienced regarding Omen being who he claimed to be.

As mentioned, Omen was bound to the body of a nineteen-year-old teenage girl. However, he spoke and acted like no one in their late teens I had ever come across.

Instead of talking about typical teen stuff, he would discuss and reveal secrets of the Astral World that most people could not possibly have known, even if they had done an abundance of research.

I thought I knew a lot with my decades of experience and studies. However, Omen really put me to shame. He discussed concepts that were sometimes beyond my ability to comprehend, such as Lifeforce and healing.

He would often refer to obscure events and use terms that were long out of date.

For instance, he'd say things like: "*Army in a teacup*," and, "*If you cannot see the forest for the trees, then there is nothing at all*." While I'm sure we've all heard variations on those two, I'd never heard either of them in those forms. He claimed that's what they were originally.

After having been forced to live among humans for so long, Omen was a psychopath. He truly hated humans. I'm not sure exactly how long he had been bound endlessly to bodies, but I'm sure that at the minimum, it was at least 16,000 years and maybe even as long as 60,000 years.

Omen claimed that humans had barely evolved in all that time. He looked forward to the day when everyone was wiped out so he could be free. His freedom would come because there would be no more bodies to be bound to.

There was little to nothing I could do about this attitude, so I accepted him, “as is,” as I am wont to do with people.

Omen was one of the few Beings where his Free Will had been stripped away by the gods who were siphoning off parts of his Soul. The Soul has layers and is way more complex than most know. The binds he was forced to wear ensured he remain in compliance with whatever he was ordered to do. He was just a slave to others.

Still, I really liked Omen and respected him. He had no pretences of being something he wasn't, and that was extremely important to me. Those who claim to be one thing, but are actually another, really irritate me.

I would chat with him for hours every day, always fascinated by what he knew and what he had to say. He would tell me which people were demonic and how bands like Slipknot were a group of demons. In fact, he used to take pride in one of their songs “The Virus of Life” being specifically about him.

He said that media was their way of recruiting.

Omen once said to me: *Yeah, but its recruiting. Angelics have dogma and religion. Demons got the media. Always been that way.*

Omen certainly knew his history; and had so much knowledge about the occult that it made my head spin.

As Omen fed on Souls and energy, he would always be curious about what people tasted like. In fact, he claimed that was his first thought when he met someone new.



He said he tasted my energy, and told me it was like soda pop, highly addictive. I would sometimes offer it to him so he could feed because he was finding it hard to locate energy sources, at that point in time, and was almost starving.

Please note that it wasn't my Lifeforce Omen was feeding off, it was the energy from my Higher-Self, which is in abundance.

Omen would also visit me at night, jumping into my body. He claimed it was a safer place for him to sleep. It didn't bother me as I knew if he tried anything, it wouldn't stick.

While you may think this totally foolhardy and idiotic, and you are right; I was more curious about the proof and experience.

For those of you who are wondering if I suffered any long-term effects, the answer is "no." I reset my energies, undoing anything that Omen may have done.

One of his abilities was the power to easily possess others. Omen, true to his very nature, did try to possess my body. It was during the middle of the night when I felt him trying. It gave me valuable insight into the process.

Possession is interesting because the being that possesses you either displaces you from your body or shuts down the mind's consciousness. This is not possible to do to me. Whatever control he may have gained, was because I allowed it.

This night, I felt my limbs move of their own accord and saw the world as he was seeing it. As I knew I was in no danger, I found it an interesting and completely unique experience.

I made mention of it to Omen the next day.

*"I can see how you block out people's awareness."*

*"That's... a little creepy," he said.*

*"What is?"*

*"Just the notion that you know..."*

*"That you do that?"*

*"Hey, I take great pains to hide said things. The doing is fine, but the seeing how I do, is not so fine. No analyzing my methods, Bitch..."*  
*[laughing]*

I thought that it was ironic that he was calling *me* creepy. Like him trying to possess me wasn't!

He also mentioned that I was hard to possess because my internal biology constantly shifted.

Once, Omen made an offer to connect to me so I could experience what it was like to be him. I was at my computer, so I said, "Sure, go for it."

He went ahead, and I felt him connect.

For a brief moment, I had a view of what it was like to see through Omen's eyes. Or rather, how he saw the world. You see, Omen didn't actually have eyes, he had a 3D dimensional perception which drew images in varying shades of grey.

Additionally, Omen didn't actually live in his body. In fact, he couldn't because the body would try to reject him as a parasite or virus. He had to operate it like a marionette would; manipulating his puppets.

Omen somehow set up bodily functions hours in advance, so it would continue to function while he was away from it, and not die. Everything was manual, including breathing.

In fact, in the Lakota culture, he was known as *Iktomi*.

My perception of the world became a dual existence. While I could still see things normally, there was also an overlay with 3D imaging similar to a charcoal sketch.

I then realized that I had forgotten to breathe, and each breath had to be taken manually. It took me about five minutes to normalize again. It was most unsettling to have a function I took for granted suddenly become manual, but that was how Omen had to keep his bodies alive.

On another occasion, Omen came to visit me and I found myself being lifted out of my body before I snapped back. The next day, he told me that he had visited, grown bored, then decided to try and drag me out of my body. He said I weighed a ton.

As it turned out, I was securely tied in so I couldn't consciously do an OBE (Out of Body Experience). He said the Binds holding me in, came from beyond this life.

As I had tried to Astral Travel for many years, and had always failed, I thought that maybe he could get me started. So, I asked him if he could do so.

For a while, he tried to pull me out, but he never succeeded. After a couple of weeks, he grew bored, and in his typical attention deficit disorder ways, he gave up.

I've also had others try and pull me out, but they decided that it was not a good idea. I suspect I'm tied in for my own safety.

I also had a couple of people, who I knew quite independently, tell me they saw Omen going through their Dreamscape.

Our Dreamscape is where we experience our dreams. It's sacred space and shouldn't be entered without permission. However, that does not stop entities from doing so.

Initially, I did not believe these people. However, when I queried him on it, he confirmed he was using them as a shortcut to get to his destination.

It made me wonder though, what were the odds of him using people I knew?

But there was one thing that convinced me Omen was who he claimed to be.

There were other people, totally independent from one another, who had been bound to their bodies in similar circumstances. They not only personally knew Omen, but remembered him from thousands of years ago.

One of these individuals, who I will call Nicole (identity protected), did not like him. If I mentioned her name to Omen, he would go ballistic.

Omen claimed that she used to go around thousands of years ago and corrupt his food source by sleeping with humans.

Additionally, there was proof that I could not dismiss, no matter how I rationalized it.

One day, this man called Tommy, entered the chat room. Omen had met him in his dreams twenty years earlier. Then, for whatever reason, Omen tracked him down again, and had him visit my room for a chat.

By my calculations, Omen would have been around one year of age in his current body. It just wasn't possible, timewise, for Tommy to know Omen, if Omen was just a regular human.

Tommy was adamant that he had met Omen two decades earlier and felt he was important to him. Personally, I felt Omen was just lining up another body to take over if he should ever need one.

I think that if those of you, who are doubtful that Omen was the real deal, and aren't convinced by now; I don't think you ever will be.

## 9 - Leonardo da Vinci - The Mona Lisa

Leonardo da Vinci: A figure greatly revered in the art world.

Omen also claimed to be him.

As controversial as it is, I have no doubt that it's true; and it will certainly shed some light into one of history's most famous artists.

Due to the fact Omen discussed this so openly with people in the chat room, I've decided to include it here.

Moving forward, I would like to discuss the more interesting aspects of Omen. This will take a while; however, I believe that many of you will find it intriguing.

Omen has lived some famous lives throughout history. If you have been around for thousands of years, you're going to have a few lives that will have some significance.

In Omen's case, he certainly has quite a few feathers to his cap. (And some are not all that nice.)

The one past life I was most fascinated with, was the one Omen hated talking about. Ironically, he considered this particular lives and incarnation a failure.

In spite of hating to talk about it, he would still bring it up on occasion. Interestingly enough, he told many about it. I guess he couldn't resist. One thing I loved about Omen was his art. It took him little more than 5 minutes to draw pictures that were amazing. Though some were laced with hidden sigils and symbolism.

When Omen casually mentioned he was Leonardo da Vinci, my jaw dropped. A dozen questions came to my mind, and I asked as many as I could.

One day, I saw a discussion in a spiritual community discussing if Leonardo was a Starseed. A *Starseed* is from another galaxy and has incarnated in human form.

I thought that it would be nice to do an interview with Omen on the subject. I explained what was going on, and he agreed.

I then posted it to the discussion.

However, I was totally ignored. No one even made any comments or asked any questions; not even calling me out on the possibility it was pure bullshit. I would have thought that, if there was even a small chance it were true, it would be worth following up on.

Let's face it. It's not such a stretch from Starseed to demon, when it comes down to it.

I truly don't get how those who claim to be seeking answers, will then ignore them when they come. I notice this happens a lot.

I will relay that interview shortly.

However, before I go into that, I thought the transcript below might be of interest. I was chatting with Omen, who was talking about one of his art projects that he was working on at the time.

*"This is the last time I use like 50 layers in one pic..." Omen commented.*

*"Didn't you do that for the Mona Lisa, or something?"*

*"Well... I didn't use a computer... but, basically yes. It's a horrid habit. I forget where I did one thing, or the next, then I just get frustrated, and leave things unfinished. I'm sure someone noticed..."*

*"That's what made it so good, they said."*

*"I call bs on that... I never intended to use so much in it, but I had to turn that bulldog of a man into a woman. So... It worked out eventually. The background confuses the focus of the eye; I had hoped it would make it less obvious. I think it worked..."*

*"Wasn't Mona Lisa a real person, though??" I asked.*

*"Yes... Oh, right!! I suppose I might not have told you. I was to draw the woman, but I chose her husband instead because he was a fucking dickhead, then I changed it. I thought the insult was open enough to be recognized... Apparently, not... [...Omen laughs...] I barely remember painting that thing to be honest. I was tired and stressed and dissatisfied with the state of things..."*

*"Did it look like his wife?"*

*"Pffffffffft... No... No female has jowls like that... Ever! Personally, I would have hoped Virgin of the Rocks would have been more recognized. I enjoyed that one, more than most... Goes to show my fuck-ups are monumental, but I hide them well. You'd think I'd be happy about all of this success, but I feel that time was mostly just failure after failure. It seems the only things I was remembered for, were the things I did on others' behalf. As per usual, no acknowledgement, as was typical at the time."*

*"It would be funny if you walked into the Louvre asking for your work back."*

*"I'd likely be sent to the asylum. I don't want that piece of shit back, though. I would, however, like my notebooks back, and my sketches... and my designs... They are more sentimental than any painting. I used them to sort out my thoughts, a majority were burned in a fire, but I saved some..."*



## 10 - The Last Supper - The Interview

As mentioned, I decided to do an interview for a spiritual site called the International Starseed Network. (As a side note, this site is now selling cannabis seeds... words fail me.)

The chat room was discussing whether da Vinci was a Starseed, (an alien in a human body), or not. They wondered if he had been sent to teach humanity some lessons.

As I knew for a fact this wasn't the case, I decided it might be a good idea to interview Omen about it.

So, I asked his permission to discuss some of his experiences and post it. He agreed, and then we did. As mentioned, no one even acknowledged it after I posted it.

I find this typical of most groups and people, though I've always been bemused as to why they do that.

Anyway, this was the interview.

*Gary: Hey, question, do you mind if I set some people straight that da Vinci was not a Starseed?*

*Omen: I don't mind. I don't speak for myself in the past anyway, everyone else does it.*

*Gary: I'm a stickler for facts. No one will believe it anyway, but still. So, were you sharing [the body] with da Vinci, or were you him all your life?*

*Omen: I was sharing, but I spent years straight being in control... So, depends when... Generally, childhood was host 60%, adolescence 40%, early adulthood 20%, between ages 25 to about 38 just me, and then after that back to host at 70% or so.*

*Gary: Okay. Any hidden symbolisms in your paintings?*

Omen: *Hmm... There are a lot of insults, but no special symbolism. Except for that one depicting Jesus.*

Gary: *The Last Supper?*

Omen: *Got contracted to add some extras for The Triquerta. I don't know the name of it. I never named it.*

Gary: *The one with Him and His disciples or was it just that one of Jesus?*

Omen: *It was an extension of a dining hall in a mosque (or I thought of it as a mosque, it wasn't sanctified enough to be a cathedral or church). The idea was to match everything to the painting to signify man's equality with Jesus, as though your breaking bread alongside him...*

Gary: *This one... (I link a photo of The Last Supper.)*

Omen: *Yes, but someone has gone over that one. Originally the tablecloth was royal blue.*

*Whose idea was it to finish it without my permission? No, wait... I was probably dead. Never mind.*

Gary: *Ah, okay. Wonder why they did that?*

Omen:

*(Links another version of The Last Supper that he claims is closer to the original.)*

*You can see the original royal blue on the far left.*

Gary: *Yes, wow.*

Omen: *My experimental technique didn't go down well. I legitimately thought it would work.*

*Another failure I can't erase.*

Gary: *What technique was that?*

Omen: *I used an alternate method and materials to the norm. It was first painted with a base medium that was to absorb the paint more slowly, and a medium be added to areas to rework them.*

*I didn't like the notion that once you paint something, it's not coming off... I wanted to be able to alter as I chose, since I didn't know what Triquerta [sic] had in mind.*

*You'll also notice, before the restoration, it was an argument. Assholes fucked up my work, not that it needed any help, it was falling apart.*

*But still...*

Gary: *Well, regardless, it's considered a masterpiece.*

Omen: *It's not mine after they 'restored' it, so, whatever. I find it ironic that the mosque became a church after I was done with it. Must have taken some planning to get me in and out in time.*

*It's any wonder the woman was rushing me. In hindsight, at least. Hah!*

Gary: *What woman?*

Omen: *The woman that owned the establishment. Usually, it was men that I dealt with, but she insisted. She was French and Italian, bad mix for any man wanting to have a say. Or, so was the rumor.*

*Anyhow... Originally, the painting was an argument between Judas, Jesus and Jesus' wife.*

*Yeh, He had a wife, way to fuck up history, Christians. Anyhow, she was cheating on Him and bore a son that wasn't His. Anyhow, the one in the center is not Jesus. It is Judas... and he's torn between his heart, and duty. Jesus is the one to the right with the dark expression. Blah, blah. I'm sure someone has figured this out.*

Gary: *Wow... that will really turn things on their head.*

Omen: *It's obvious to me.*

Gary: *Only cause you did it.*

Omen: *...I specifically remember it being obvious. It must have been reworked within a few years of it being finished in which case [sic].*

*After all, they only wanted supper with Jesus and His followers, they never said which supper.*

*It's called The Last Supper for obvious reasons. Jesus was hung not so long after that.*

*Triquerta [sic] are all about the truth, ironically.*

*You'll notice the shadowing on Jesus' throat, that wasn't shadowing originally. The man behind Him pointing the finger has a garrotte. Right around his throat in a threatening manner...*

Gary: *Really? So, they removed it?*

Omen: *They altered the faces, the colours, the hand positions... Everything that mattered, really.*

*All of those people are unrecognizable to the original.*

That was all he bothered to say on the subject, before he got diverted. Omen tended to be a little ADHD at times.

## 11 – Before I Continue... (A Short Sermon!)

*I wrote the following in response to the constant questions I was getting as to why I was dealing with a demonic. While it seems out of sequence, I felt it needed to be addressed before continuing.*

Several people have asked me how and why I deal with Beings such as Omen. Some have even said that they are cautious of me because of it.

To be clear, it's not as though I woke up one morning and thought: *Gee, wouldn't it be fun to meddle with the demonic world?*

Demons tend to be assholes and they are proud of it. They do not make for nice play mates. (As someone once told me when I asked them for information about them.)

I would also like to point out that, as a rule, I will not deal with demons or demonics or negative Beings unless I get a clear Soul Call to do so. And those are extremely rare. The reason why is, generally, I'm not someone who they would want to deal with. They would find it demeaning.

However, a Soul Call is another matter. It's a cry for help on a Soul level and should never be ignored when one is received.

And if that means that helping a demonic or demon is part of it, then that's how it goes.

I've had more Soul Calls in my life than I can remember. You only get the ones you are equipped to handle, and there is also great benefit to answering them.

So, to be clear: I helped Omen because I had a very clear call to do so. (And I do not regret that choice.)

With that in mind, I think it's prudent to discuss what my method is for dealing with the so-called darkness. I say, "so-called" because not all dark is negative, just as not all light is positive. It would be the same as proclaiming that day is "good" and night is "evil."

It's all relative, everything has its purpose and function.

So, how do I deal with that which is considered to be negative or dangerous?

For me, it's a number of factors, and over the years, I've found certain tools that really do help.

The first and most important thing when dealing with anything... anything at all... is to come from a place of True Unconditional Love.

This one, I cannot stress enough. It's the one thing that seems to be repeatedly ignored. Unconditional love means coming from a place of non-judgement and compassion.

More importantly, seeing where another is coming from and knowing that you can't possibly understand all of the factors that have made up the experiences having led to their current state.

It's also coming from a place of loving yourself. It's so easy to end up in a place of self-loathing due to low self-esteem, guilt, trauma, impossibly high standards, and so forth. (Hence, healing is vital to help you to allow love to flow from yourself.)

Many people, especially Light-Workers, take pride in being a warrior and destroying the darkness. (Which, to me, is like taking pride in destroying the night...)

I have lost track of the amount of people who have bragged to me about how they have tricked, betrayed, and destroyed demons; as though that is something to be proud of.

Personally, I don't believe it is.

*Underhanded tactics make one no better than that which you have condemned. You become what you seek to destroy or remove.*

Make no mistake, this will compromise who you are and your own personal energies.

What is even more puzzling to me is how we have made love synonymous with weakness; being wishy-washy or lacking in character.

Unconditional Love takes enormous strength of character. Any fool can fall into the negative; hate, attack, and destroy that of which they do not agree.

Sure, you can take pride in doing this, but I will tell you that Unconditional Love will trump you every time, even if it looks like you have won.

Even if you believe you have vanquished your enemies, you can be sure that they will return one day.

It may not be today, tomorrow or maybe not even in this lifetime. But they will be back, and they will remain a problem to you until you have resolved things and made peace.

Fear is your enemy.

It's stated that there are only two emotions. Love and Fear. Everything else stems from that. In my observations, this is true.

If you come from a place of fear, then everything you do will be tainted by it.

Fear does not mean you are just being scared, it's also what creates anger, hate, judgement, greed, lust for power and control, and so forth.

Be aware of what you are feeling. When dealing with negative entities, there is no place in your thoughts for fear.

*Please note, this is different from caution.*

Be cautious. Always follow your feelings and intuition. Never go or tread where you know you are not welcome, or in places you should steer clear of.

Even when I was dealing with Omen, I was always checking to see if what I did would be dangerous. I would always check if the outcome felt good or if it felt like trouble ahead.

This is something you can do with a bit of practice. You check the energy lines that are connected to a being or event and see if they produce any anxiety and trepidation. If they do, then something is wrong. If they don't, and things feel positive, then you are clear to proceed.

Always keep checking. Things can change, and when they do, you need to respond appropriately.

The next thing to understand is that it's very easy for one to give permission for Beings to attack you.

Free Will dictates that nothing can happen to you unless you have given your permission, or unless you agree to it on some level. (Otherwise, it's not Free Will.)

But we tend to open ourselves up to many things that may compromise us. They may be our affirmations (for instance, saying things like: I never get a break), or even the desire to experience something.

Now, I'm not saying doing this is right or wrong; but the expression: *Be careful what you ask for because you might just get it...* is very true. Especially if you happen to be a powerful manifester. That is, one who can create with affirmations and their energies.



There are certainly many who do this without ever realizing it. They create and create and create and never know it is they who are the creators.

The reason for this is due to there being a lag between the intentions and the results. Sometimes it can take days, weeks, months or even years for them to occur. But rest assured, they will occur.

Now, this is easy to say, of course, but not so easy to put into practice. Even with all my experiences and safe guards, I do get worn down and suffer from doubt and negativity, which leaves me open to psychic attacks.

Ironically, Omen even pulled me up a few times when I was doing that. However, that mostly occurred when I was drained and exhausted.

This is the reason why I advocate Bach Flower Remedies so much.

They are a major key to stopping such attacks in their tracks. I have written more on the subject than I can remember, so I won't go into them here. (Save that my free Empath Guidebook has a full section about them.)

But I cannot stress enough just how wonderful and amazing these remedies are for Empaths.

Finally, it's extremely important to stop limiting ourselves as to what we can do and what we are capable of.

We limit our power, our light, our self-esteem, our psychic abilities, and so on.

If you want to have the upper hand in dealing with negative entities, then it's important to remember that YOU have the power. There is nothing you can't do. It may take a bit to work out how to do it, but that doesn't mean you can't do it. Essentially, you have no limits!

It's not a matter of being the Light... Angelics are of the Light and some are not all that nice.

No, it's a matter of being the expression of Unconditional Love.

The feeling of joy, reassurance, and unconditional universal goodwill to all.

You can liken it to the sun. It shines, gives life and warmth to all. It does not care who you are. It is always there.

If you are that love, you will always prevail.

*Always and in all ways!*

There is no force that is greater.

## 12 - Life of da Vinci

Back when Omen thought it was a good idea to write entries for my blog; I asked him to do one on his life as da Vinci. At the time, I thought it was a great idea, because it really highlighted many hidden things. However, the feedback I got on it was little to none, so those entries are now removed. (They are now collected into a book called "Omen Speaks" for those who are interested in knowing more.)

As previously stated, Omen did not like talking about this particular life, even though he would often bring it up.

At the time, he wrote it without referring to himself as da Vinci, and used certain names as a hint. For instance, he referred to **Gian Giacomo Caprotti da Oreno**, better known as **Salai**, "Little Devil," as that is what the name literally translated to. Knowing about da Vinci's true nature, that part of history will make a lot more sense to some, I'm sure.

This is what he wrote.

### *The Beginning*

*Where to begin... from the beginning I suppose. I was a male born to a peasant and a nobleman out of wedlock. I never knew my mother, I assume she died or that I was taken from her to go to my father's holdings quite early on and that my mother perhaps did not have the ability to care for me as well as she had thought father's wealth could. I do not blame her, I would do the same (if I cared for children, that is.)*

*In the current culture of the time it was yet to be considered blasphemous to have a few bastards running about. In fact it was something of a failsafe as mortality rates were still substantial. If one of your higher born heirs died, the lower could carry on as many of the higher duties almost immediately.*

*The importance of family bonds and status were unequivocal in those times as wealth was freely expressed to both garner friendship and to uphold society overall. To me it seemed a bit of a free-for-all, a flamboyant playground that I was lucky enough to be landed in with all my needs met.*

*However, admittedly my circumstance was not all luck. I had pulled some strings with an affiliate of mine. He was a demon and wanted to invest in my unusual situation to garner himself his own body or two... or three even, I'm not entirely sure when he had decided to stop hoarding them or if he had even thought that there may be a limit.*

*Anyhow, he needed practice so I asked him to find a good host, someone who would not die early and who would not have too much responsibility expected of them, but enough so that I could both express myself, yet not get so bored as to start murdering people (as has always been one of my many less productive habits). Of course, being trustworthy as he was, he found me the perfect candidate.*

*The downside was that I already had my own body at the time, I did not feel like doubling up as I was quite distracted with finishing my current business, so I had my own authority figures assign him the body and keep it and its human host safe and well until I was able to integrate into it.*

*These arrangements were and are not uncommon for me, as oftentimes if not for my own ends I have jobs assigned to me pertaining to specific families, times, locations and so many bodies are chosen for me ahead of time rather than left to sheer chance alone.*

*Anyhow, getting off the point now as I always do. I did not lay a talon on this shiny new body until it was 8 or 10 years of age (I really don't count individual years anymore, didn't back then either.)*

*I had no recollection so the 'little devil' (as I called my friend and associate, not in English of course... but closest translation) he gave me a good run down of events and walked me through how to behave and such as befitted my role. In return, as was the arrangement, he could utilize my body when it was appropriate for him to practice being human (as long as he did not ruin my reputation.)*

*Then when the time was right for him and when I could oblige, I could get him his own body. This I eventually did some 30 something years later, which in comparison such an amount of time is actually relatively short by our standards.*

*I was apprenticed to a well-known artist and educated in many fields of craftsmanship. My mentor was so sharp and harsh at times, yet so gentle and encouraging at other times; that I still wonder what he thought of me.*

*It seemed he [Devil] saw more than just my art, one of those few individuals to be able to look into my eyes and practically make me cower inside. I could swear he saw straight through into me, judging all of my deeds. I always wished to please him for some reason. I certainly respected him [Devil] and valued his ideals, as a pilgrim would hang on their gurus every word.*

*In a way, I sought to emulate him at first, as he was the perfect example of success (which I was somewhat hell bent on achieving in any form for my teenage years, at the least) but over time even he [Devil] seemed to think that I surpassed him.*

*Even after my tuition was finished with him, I still visited him at every chance I got and we grew closer as time went by. We went from student and teacher, to colleagues and finally to brothers as I slipped into my adulthood and our appalling age gap closed swiftly.*

*I would have been his lover had he not insinuated many times that he did not favor men particularly. I'm not ashamed to say I would have legitimately done anything for him, I was indebted to him after all.*

*All in all, much was said between us... but I still wonder at what was never said. It seems when meeting such inspiring individuals, there is always so much left unfinished. Such is the nature of human mortality.*

### 13 – da Vinci - Adult Life Through Death

*My early adult years were extremely busy, to say the least. Up until middle age both Devil and I had to fulfill all of our wants and needs. We were not sure how long we would live so it seemed like a race almost, to see who could stuff themselves with as much knowledge and skill and experience as quickly as possible.*

*Devil focused on mathematics, scientific laws, mechanics, physics and architecture. I still have yet to understand why he was interested in such, of all things, as I have absolutely no grasp on such things at all to this day... but I let him because that was our agreement.*

*Meanwhile I studied nature, philosophy, sculpture, painting and (with a bit of help from Devil) mechanical arts (as I was infatuated with weaponry and torture devices... still am actually).*

*We spent so much time studying that we'd almost forgotten to make a living (as honestly we'd been basically mooching off of the family name and helping with mentor's projects up until that point) and we hadn't spoken a whit about Devil getting his own skin for years.*

*It quickly dawned on me that it was as though we were just caught up in the creative and exploratory current of the world and had lost our sense of direction. I quickly got to work on commissioned work of my own, and a few years later at the ripe age of almost 40, I found someone for Devil to have, a boy who was to be my student and assistant (or so everyone thought).*

*Life got in the way of us both, I gained a following of fellow upper class and Devil took a liking to some of the individuals involved and I let him work for and with them when I had nothing extra for him to do (which in other words was whenever he or they wanted to).*

*I traveled wherever I was required and even when war got in the way of some of my efforts, I was never perturbed. I felt that I had all the time in the world to finish my artworks and studies, what is more I had long decided that I had both the looks and the charm to please others regardless.*

*However, before I knew it age had caught up to me, as it does (and as I often do not expect for some reason) and I could not do the demanding physical tasks I once required to be painting fresco's and the like. Of course I was always strong and healthy, but one cannot undo the natural wear of oneself over time.*

*Knowing this, and after years of moving between cities and estates, I settled into a home alone at the behest of a land keeper who offered me a plot on his grounds and eventually I died there in my 60's.*

*I had no living heirs and I never married. I would hope everything I had went to Devil, but that would be a farce and I know it. It was not in keeping with status to leave everything to a servant who had moved on in the world to greater things, so I left him [Devil] all I could and then threw the rest at my avid followers.*

*The next time I saw the little Devil was when he was hired to kill me decades later. He was always greedy and always attempted to overcompensate for everything. I'm sure you can guess how his efforts rewarded him.*

*Regardless, for all the times he [Devil] was an irrefutable asshole with a lust for all the finer things in existence, he was also an honest friend and always kept his word. I will always respect him.*

## 14 - Omen - On Salai And The Golden Ratio

*This entry might be of interest to those who wonder the kind of flow and rapport Omen and I had with each other. The dialogue below was typical of our chat, including Omen dropping tantalizing nuggets of information that he took for granted, but history was not aware of.*

Omen often raged at humans. It was true Omen hated them, and part of it was his frustration in dealing with them. In the chat room, sometimes a topic would come up and Omen would go on one of his rants.

One of these led to me asking Omen about why Salai wanted to kill him and why he drew the Golden Ratio. As always, it was a mixture of head scratching and intrigue. I often wonder what historians would make of these things.

*Omen: I think humans have lost the plot. They say an infinite number exists when they are just adding more numbers onto a number that goes beyond the norms of their numerical system. Yet they don't see it's a fault, even if nothing in the physical reality is immeasurable like infinite numbers. The number doesn't fucking exist, its one number, you don't say it keeps going because your (sic) too stupid to complete it. Ughhhhh! headdesk*

*Gary: But they say that it never ends 'cause it goes on and on. I think that's the argument. Don't ask me. I can't comprehend it.*

*Omen: They just don't understand how to fit the number into their numerical system of reasoning because it happens to be an exception to the rule. This is when smart creatures figure out the exception to the rule. Not just go with it and come out with bullshit. Because they think they now sound smart about explaining the inexplicable because they fucked up.*

*Gary: Yeah, except you don't get numbers, so can you be 100% sure? [Omen was horrible with math. I never worked out how he painted the golden ratio, but apparently he was given the information.]*



Omen: *If 2 plus 2 make 7... then you figure out what the fuck went wrong and why it is different. You don't go... oh it = 7 then... and that's how it is and other numbers = 7 as well... just because. Fuck!*

Gary: *The only thing I care about is Pi. Because it sounds like food.*

Omen: *Angels have this thing with pi. It's insane. I hate it. It drives me nuts.*

Gary: *That's interesting.*

Omen: *Humans got the bad angel gene for pi. They think it's something divine to be worshiped because it represents unlimited potential, which is what they think they can achieve when they obviously can't but they can't see that. [eye twitch] I've heard about infinite numbers and pi and whatever the fuck that spiral thing is and natural geometric patterns of pi for so, so long.*

Gary: *Fractals.*

Omen: *I had to stop Salai from looking into it after he made me do a heap of paintings and sketches based on it. It pisses me off. I hate it. It's just... grrrrr... why do they not see it for what it is?!*

Gary: *Cause the human mind can't really comprehend it.*

Omen: *It's not even the human mind, angels do the same fucking thing. It's an angel thing. It's a glitch. They should fix it.*

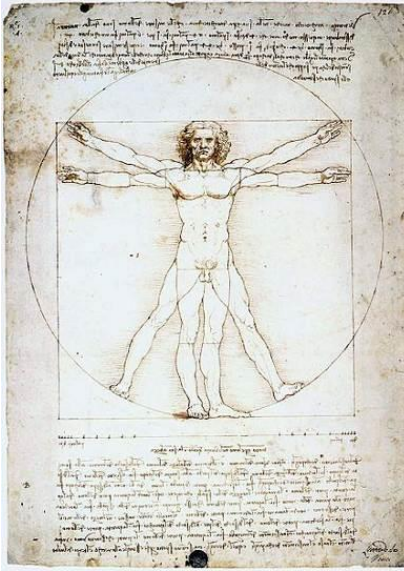
Gary: *Hey, why did Salai try to kill you in the end? And what happened to him?*

Omen: *...[googles my work with pi]... Since I'm already on the subject... let's hope someone burned it.*

*He got paid off with everything he was supposed to earn so he figured hey why not. Like winning the lottery.*

*[Omen then does some Googling]. Ah fuck they kept it. Fuck sake burn it! ughh.*

Gary: You mean that drawing? (I link him a photo of The Golden Ratio.)



Omen: But whyyyy  
ahhh... [dramatic sprawl across  
desk] whyyy. I mean the whole  
thing.

Gary: Well, it's iconic. I  
never understood what it meant,  
though.

Omen: The golden ratio... Kill  
it. Ah! Ok I think I'm done.

Gary: Why though? I mean,  
why create it if you hate it?

Omen: It was in the contract and it already existed. Angelics been using  
it forever. Salai wanted to learn it and he wanted me to make it like a  
man, so I told him to get fucked and then had to do it anyway.

## 15 – Jesus or Yeshua?

*The next two entries will be quite controversial, so I apologize for that. I hesitate to post such things as they fly in the face of our established history and people will happily condemn, attack and kill if they don't like what they hear. If you are sensitive to things that contradict Christianity, I recommend you skip these entries.*

One of the interesting things about Omen was his presence during many historical events. For instance, Omen always maintained that he met Jesus; He was hung, not crucified, did not have 12 apostles around Him, and was married to Mary Magdalene with two children (a boy and girl).

(My own thoughts on the matter about him being hung is that I doubt that Omen was present for the crucifixion itself. But if you were to describe such an event, you would also say he being hung on a cross.)

What makes this important is that it illustrates that “Jesus” did exist.

(I am personally aware of many details that were altered much later. A subject I won't go into for the moment.)

It also shows how different this version is compared to what was later published in The Bible.

I queried Omen a little on his meeting Jesus.

*Gary: Hey, do you think you could draw what Jesus looked like? Just curious.*

*Omen: I could if I practiced drawing portraits first.*

*Gary: Cause I'm assuming the general depiction is rubbish.*

Omen: *He was black and had that head wrap thing in blue and walked around with a stick thing. Staff? No too short for a staff. Whatever it was.*

Gary: *Yeah, was told He was a man of colour.*

Omen: *He was mixed though, not dark. Think He was Persian somehow.*

Gary: *Did He have a beard?*

Omen: *He didn't have much of a beard. Patchy. He obviously hacked it off with a blade. It grows different lengths according to how you hold the blade against the skin, so the jawline was longer than the cheeks and the edges of the mouth was in between. He had blue eyes though which confused me. Maybe He was partially blind or something and hence the stick.*

Gary: *How did you know it was Him?*

Omen: *He spat in my face. I'd remember if it was Him. Jesus's original name was Yeshua anyway, so fuck everyone and their Bible. Jesus was the name assigned to Him after He got hung and cannibalized as Yeshua was considered to be too sacred and whatever.*

Gary: *And he was hung?*

Omen: *Uh, I didn't see his dick... well, not properly. It's not what I was paying attention to when I was on the ground. I was more so looking at my own blood oozing out of my nose into the dirt.*

Gary: *And I assume he hit you cause of who you were?*

Omen: *Oh, He let me go out of the goodness of his heart, made a big show of it. Glorified prick.*

Gary: *Did He have any real power or was it just hype?*

Omen: Told me to run a herd of diseased pigs into one of the waterholes of Luce's [Lucifer's] people and I could go. So, I did it. He said it was only fair as I'd been apprehended originally for eating animals that didn't belong to me. He said, "A pig for a pig," and I said, "Fuck you... but ok." Well, damn you... but close enough. After all I'm not supposed to know jack shit about "divine" business.

Gary: What was the message?

Omen: If I was going to tell you I would have by now.

Gary: Okay.

Omen: I pretty much said something along the lines of, "You can still leave and not be a ritual sacrifice," and He just denied the whole thing. He was dead a week later. Proper dead, not some bullshit revival thing in the book. Well, He knew it already. Humans needed a martyr... and He was it. It just grew from there. I don't actually know if He "returned" or whatever, but I damn well know He died.

Gary: If He did, it was just a Lightbody. Not exactly a resurrection. So doesn't really count.

Omen: Oh and He also threatened me, but that's not much of a surprise. Told me to go tell my "friends" that they should leave because Sodom and all the rest of the promised land has fallen and will continue to fall for as long as the Lord presides over the land...etc. (And I have no clue what He was talking about there.)

Gary: I'm sure they took notice.

Omen: Who?

Gary: Your friends.

Omen: I don't know which He meant. I wasn't working for Luce at the time.

Gary: Well, He must have had some powers.

*Omen: He could do some witchcraft, or what was witchcraft at the time. Mostly just making sigils in the sand and dropping items on top and things like that. Nothing complicated.*

*Gary: And did He have Apostles around Him? (I asked this question as another of my sources claimed that they never existed.)*

*Omen: Never heard of those.*

*Gary: The Twelve Apostles? Judas, etc?*

*Omen: Doesn't ring a bell.*

*Gary: They were apparently His followers. Judas betrayed Him with a kiss or something for 12 pieces of silver.*

*Omen: ...Right. No idea, still.*

I've certainly have my own thoughts on the absence of the 12 Apostles, though I'll keep them to myself for now. Some things aren't worth discussing, especially when the context hasn't matured.

## 16 – The Buddha’s Soul

As mentioned in the previous entry, this is another controversial one, mainly because it not only involved another major figure, but because of what happened in 2014.

When Omen was a mainstay of my chatroom, he would endlessly talk about whom he was, his knowledge, and lives. Of course, no one believed him because the stories were so unbelievable.

The only people who did believe it were those who were attuned enough to know better, or those who were curious enough to find out more. Those who found out more would have their reality and belief system challenged.

One of the stories, was how Omen had somehow taken half of Buddha’s Soul. I never heard him tell it previously, but it was one of the reasons why people chose not to believe him.

Was it a true story? Well, that’s a good question. This is the conversation I had with him when I asked him about it.

*Gary: Question, if you’re up for it.*

*Omen: Yeh.*

*Gary: Can you tell me the story about how you took half of Buddha’s soul?*

*Omen: I was his Veda: a bodyguard. I don’t know the term for it, nowadays. He broke our agreement, so I took whatever I could and left.*

*Gary: How did he break your agreement?*

*Omen: It was for a lifetime, he didn’t finish.*

*Gary: You mean he died?*

Omen: No. He left. Husked. [I believe this is a term for just leaving your body behind.]

Gary: Probably got bored. But if he left, how did you get his half?

Omen: I caught up to him. As if I'd just sit there and go, "Ok, bye." The rest of him left. I took what was mine.

Gary: Interesting. Was it tasty? [Omen was always telling me what souls tasted like. It was often the first thought he had when he saw someone, "I wonder what you taste like."]

Omen: No. I still have it: Can't do anything with it. Got the gold stuff in it. [Omen was allergic to gold.]

Gary: I thought you said it was gone.

Omen: It's not attached to him anymore, so... technically yeah.

Gary: I'd suggest that maybe it is [attached], just not obviously.

Omen: That's like setting an apple on fire, and saying the ash is still an apple, and you can still eat it, and it will taste the same. It's just raw materials. It's still mine either way.

Gary: Not arguing that, at all. Yes, it's yours as it was meant to be and that's all I'll say on that. [Now, having no knowledge of what is going on, I find it curious that I even said that, yet somehow I knew it was right. As to why I knew and what I felt, I honestly cannot remember. Just that I knew it.]

Omen: Had some try to steal it before. It's not even valuable, they are just crazy religious. Why are you interested anyways?

Gary: Oh, it's valuable alright.

Omen: ... No. lol. How?

Gary: Ever really taken a look at it?



Omen: *Can't.*

Gary: *But if you could, you'd notice something about it; if I don't miss my guess. Don't trade it away. It's valuable, especially to you.*

Omen: *I don't really care about it. It's a broken deal, nothing more or less. It's a pathetic payment, but at least it stopped backlash. Not that having to constantly heal around it isn't annoying enough. If you think it's so valuable you can have it. I only took it so I didn't get ill effects, and that time is over now.*

Gary: *[nods] Sure.*

Omen: *Good... I don't know how to give it to anyone.*

Gary: *Easy to take for me... with your permission...*

Omen: *Okay.*

Now, here comes the interesting, and no doubt controversial, part of this incident. I had a really strange feeling that this Soul fragment belonged to me. Of course, I couldn't be sure, so I set my intention; if it wasn't mine, I could not receive it. Also, that way, I would know for sure if it was me who had planned for him to have had it all along. After a minute, I felt odd.

Gary: *Let me know if it is gone.*

Omen: *Seems like it is now. Not to say I don't have trouble letting go of it.*

Gary: *I can assure you it will be worth it. So, thank you.*

Omen: *Okay. I still don't like the empty feeling, but it was weighing in me the wrong ways, was useless to me. So eh!*

Gary: *[nods] It was just time.*

Omen: *Apparently. Otherwise, I'd not say, "You take it."*

*Gary: Indeed. Man... this is like. Whoa! Like my chest is buoyant. I really should stop doing these things at work! [And my legs were heavy and rubberish. It felt like I was walking on one of those bouncing castles. I did not expect the sensations my body was going through.]*

*Omen: It's like a burning bowling ball... well, for me at least. Get used to it though. It was always a bit unbalancing though, since I always have to move around it without touching it directly. Not that it legitimately takes up any space... no soul does, but yeah. So, for you it's the opposite for me?*

*Gary: In what way?*

*Omen: I don't know. For me it's heavy, for you it's not?*

*Gary: Nope. It's "full" though, until I get used to it. It would be the opposite for you. I can't explain it. However, it served its purpose. I can't say any more than that right now, but it may be of some consolation to know it did aid you.*

*Omen: Good to know. I think that the viable aspects attached to it were worth more than the payment to me (not to him of course).*

*Gary: Maybe... maybe not... some things are far more reaching than you might suspect.*

*Omen: You know, I'll ask about this later. Your vague and mystical comments are entertaining as it is though.*

Like I said, I'm sure plenty will find this controversial. Still, as an end note, I will mention that in that fragment of the Soul, there was much useful information attached, which I quickly downloaded.

It held vital and important information relating to Omen that I needed. It explained much of his past and, more importantly, his future. And while I knew it was correct, I went to the trouble to have it verified six ways from Sunday, and nothing contradicted it.

And that's all I have to say on this matter for now.

## 17 - The Life Of A Silent Movie Actress

I'm going to include one more entry from Omen, for now. This is another one of his past life identities. One he had for most of the 20th century as an actress.

While Omen seemed to have no issues telling others he was da Vinci, he never really mentioned the name of this one openly. So, in light of that, neither will I. And in any case, it would shatter many illusions if I did, I'm sure.

The clues are there for those who know what to look for. If you work it out, kudos to you. I also note he did put one piece of misinformation in as well.

*My foremost self was a film actress. I grew up in the performance business and took to it quite well because I considered it an opportunity to perfect my slightly off kilter human performances, and I quite liked the novel idea of behaving as a human who is acting.*

*It was not something I had done before outside of a live theatre. A long ways back in what was called, "The Orient;" and men dressed provocatively as women on stage... Anyhow, getting off track already.*

*My acting career began on stage with my elder sister, as children, in order to fund my mother at the time; as we were quite broke and father walked out very early on, then I became involved with silent film from the moment it became a "thing," and that part of my career lasted a very long while.*

*During the silent film "era," I was quite enamoured with a particular director, and I shared a lot of who I actually am/was with him (without the word demon mentioned, as I thought it was hilarious to fake being Christian at the time, just to piss certain individuals off... and that would have ruined the fun.)*

*We teamed up for a good two decades or so, and every film we created were actually role-plays on both my past experiences, and his somewhat lewd and twisted creations lightly veiled in satire and drama. It was all like our own little secret game of who could stay as true to reality as we could, while “hamming it up,” as you would say, or elaborating it theatrically for the viewers. We were like gods on the set, and it was thrilling.*

*Having said all of that, I never married or had children (in fact I cannot procreate outside a ritualistic setting most times), because I was so immersed in this “game” and the acting.*

*I made it quite clear to anyone that asked that I was either going to be a woman of the home, or a woman with a career, and that “god” (which I used as a sneaky way of saying me) would be the only one to know for sure.*

*Of course, I made a show of choosing career over “living” because the media loved the idea of such a sacrifice for one’s passion. In reality it was a great scapegoat for being an absolute whore, as everyone was so focused on how innocent and dedicated to my working life, I was that they forgot to look under the bed sheets, so to speak.*

*Anyhow, now I am just boasting. See, this is what happens when you ask about the past, Gary. But, I’ll carry on.*

*When silent film went belly up overnight to films with sound in them; I tried to cling to my older genre because, believe it or not, I am not so good at adapting after so long.*

*Keeping with the times has been lost on me for quite some time. But I did try, I could sing and make pretty mannerisms with my hands, and I mediated my style to suit speech, but my acting fell short by my own standards. Everyone loved it but I felt hollow inside. My passion was dying and soon enough “my” director died of a brain aneurysm in his hotel room soon after. The game was over.*

*I remember thinking to myself, "What in God's name am I to do now?" and being both drunk and cynical. I fell back on my skill with writing and wrote a book. I cared for young nieces, and I garnered an extensive collection of tea's... Which I must say has not lessened over time despite my changing bodies.*

*I went to interviews regarding my former glory as an actress (often at the nagging of old work buddies or my sister who had become quite well known herself) and I became more and more pissed off with the changes rendered to the world of "film."*

*Sometime after that, I noticed I was not as sharp as I once was, or at least my body wasn't. It didn't connect to me mentally, half the time, and I realized belatedly that I was going senile. I would function fine for extended periods of time then have some huge lapse in recall or be unable to pass away smaller and more obvious lapses in memory.*

*I even forgot where I lived once, I simply went to a bar instead, ordered a scotch (which I never usually did) and then drank until I was separated from the body to somehow remember clearly and relay it. Sometime after that incident my body was degrading to age; I ate less, I smelled worse, and my voice became so raspy and weak that I could not even sing (which I had enjoyed doing until that point).*

*I kept my attitude or general persona despite it all, but inside I was tired and dissatisfied with the current circumstance. I had money, I had people who loved me apparently, family, and I had the respect of fans... But really, I had nothing. Acting was my life now, and not the good kind of acting.*

*I missed my director terribly though I never sought him out after his death. I did not want to admit that he had been important to me, that I had relied on him perhaps more than I intended, and that I had nothing to fall back on once he was gone.*

*I was not depressed though... Just listless and painfully aware of my human puppet's faults. I rarely have ever gotten a chance to grow old, but this time I did.*

*Being as fed up as I was, I had grown weaker than usual, not in body but in spirit, as well... My lack of strong contact with the body took its toll, and so the body died in my sleep (or so I assume). I was in my late 90's.*

*The last things I remember are that I had a music box sitting on the shelf that I put on to drown out the noise of the shops downstairs (of course I lived above a coffee shop) and this was just the usual routine. By then I was taking many naps just so that I could go and recharge my energy without the body sapping it out of me all over again.*

*I remember I thought to myself that I felt a bit more spaced out than usual, everything was softer and fuzzier even though I had yet to "go out," and detach from the body. In a way it lulled me and calmed me on all levels. I was finally slowing down for some reason.*

*I thought, slightly astonished, that this was surely the deepest sleep this body has slipped into for a long time and that it was wonderful. I could think clearly, it didn't seem to be in the way of my own functioning anymore. I felt unburdened.*

*In hindsight, I suppose in a way the body was letting go of me and those moments of detachment and distance are quite rare for me, so they left an impact on me.*

*Overall, dying of old age was a great relief... and I definitely never wish to do so again.*

## 18 - The Frustrations Of Being The Phoenix

When it comes down to it, I have lived an extraordinary life. Things just get crazier as time goes on.

Curiously enough, though, few people take any notice when I say something. Most completely ignore me when I mention my experiences.

I can only assume that they don't believe me, in spite of many others validating my experiences. Regardless, I'm sure history will verify it.

I should also note that it's not like I go around telling everyone I meet. These are people who claim to know about such things, or those who have asked for my aid, and I need to explain certain concepts.

I suppose one of the questions people would have in mind is: *"Why would someone like me experience such things?"*

One reason is that I am The Phoenix Source. That has been hammered into me for decades, as recounted in my autobiography, *I am The Phoenix*.

Even if I choose to try and ignore it, or not believe it, it doesn't work. (Believe me, I've tried.)

Nor does it stop others from coming after me; and by others I don't mean the government or "men in black" type people.

I'm talking about demonics and Interdimensional Beings who mostly target my friends.

Another reason is that it seems that I've upset the apple cart a few too many times. Certainly enough times to have bounties placed on my astral head.

I spent quite a few entries talking about Omen. Not because he is my sole source of information, but because he was important in validating who I was.

He did that in a way that no other person or being could. It was because of his unique state of being, and the fact Omen called a spade a spade, that I finally was able to accept who I was.

Not that other people have not done so for me. I have met a few who have confirmed my soul identity.

I've even met a couple of people who have observed me in The Astral levels. They not only told me who I was, but also described some of my defensive tactics, that I used, when I was under attack during my mind travels.

Considering they did not know me personally, and that I had never mentioned those to anyone at all; you might think that's validation enough for me.

However, it wasn't. It was never enough.

Every morning I would wake up, full of doubts. Omen told me, later, that this was a type of Psychic Attack, though he declined to tell me how it was done.

This is why I felt Omen was important enough to spend so many entries on.

And yes, I have had quite a few people dismiss me as not being trustworthy because I worked with a demonic. I also noted those same people were incredibly judgmental and loved their little dramas.

Though Omen will be mentioned from time to time, there is now enough background information to explain why he was so important to me.



Another question you may ask is: What's it like to claim you're The Phoenix Source?

Let me tell you, it's not something I enjoy telling others about. It sounds crazy and deluded.

It's something I can't prove, unless the person in question can sense my energy, see me astrally, or they've experienced what I do when I am healing them.

I can't expect people to just take my word for it. There are a lot of claims out there about who someone is. Some are true, but many are bullshit and a few are there to mislead. There is no guarantee that I'm not one of those who is making it all up.

Hence why I tell everyone: Don't listen to what I say. Trust in what you feel about it. And by your feelings, you will know.

Yes, being Phoenix Energy is quite a claim.

The challenge for me, is to convey who I am, the work I do, to an audience who has never heard of such a thing.

Mythology states that The Phoenix is a bird that builds its own funeral pyre, spontaneously bursts into flames, burns to ashes, and from the ashes, a new Phoenix is born.

It also states that only one Phoenix ever existed at the same time.

Both facts are mostly hyperbole.

There are many who are of Phoenix energy. Also, while a phoenix can self-resurrect (as that is indeed one of its powers), the method described is something I have never come across, or experienced.

To many, I'm just a myth. Something that does not exist. And those I associate with, also can't possibly exist. At least according to many who have commented on my writings.

But we do.

One day, this world may be grateful we are still around.

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## Definitions of Terms

### 19 - Definition of Soul Terms

Before I continue, I should define a few of the terms that come up.

(A glossary is included at the end of this book for further reference.)

#### **Astral Levels**

Anything that is not on this 3D (third dimensional) level or vibration.

To help create a visual image, imagine seven levels stacked on top of each other.

Each one is an individual world that is complete with its own architect, denizens and social structure. These worlds are as complete and complex as the one we live in.

Each world has its own vibrational level. Some are high, some are low.

But it is more complex than this, because each level has 7 more levels within it, and then past the 7 main levels, it moves to a new octave.

Of course, most don't believe the Astral Worlds exists, which is something I find hard to comprehend. It's like saying germs don't exist, just because you cannot see them.

The main difference between each level is how high the vibrations are. The lower you go, the more demonic it becomes.

Most denizens on these levels have what we term a Lightbody or Soul: A form that is not a physical “meatbag” body like a human one.

The thing that is unique about earth is that you really need a body to get things accomplished.

The human body (and all other bodies, for that matter) have many purposes. They allow us to feel a full range of emotions and sensations. They may also allow us to forget who we really are. This gives us an opportunity to recreate ourselves anew. We also get to experience everything again, as if it’s our first time.

### **Mind Traveling / Mindscaping.**

Mind Travelling is the ability to create an energy avatar of your soul, and use it to see, speak and interact, on the Astral Levels, as though you are there yourself.

What you see in your mind’s eye is what is really going on. You are still in your body but are able to interact as though you are really elsewhere.

This allows one to be in more than two places at one time. You can be at your computer, for example, and elsewhere with your avatar. Both the human form, and the astral form will be controlled at the same time. (Something I have done a lot, with Beings such as Omen.)

Mind Travelling is often confused with daydreaming, but there are specific differences.

When you daydream, you are essentially creating your fantasies and writing your own script, so to speak.

Mind Traveling differs in that you are taking part in a larger reality, and things that happen are not what you expect, or even would have thought of.

It's like a story that unfolds of its own volition, just like in our 3D lives.

What you do while Mind Travelling has real consequences. While you may not experience them right away, chances are that you will eventually.

If you attacked, annoyed or did something that angered one of the denizens that exist on the astral levels, then they may well find a body and seek you out in real life.

I found this out the hard way when those I had defeated in my Mind Travels were not happy, and they did eventually find me. They blamed me for being exiled to this planet and yes, they remembered who I was. So, be careful.

Mind Travelling may be considered similar to Remote Viewing, which is the practice of seeing something remotely using your mind. The difference is that when you Mind Travel, you are not limited by time, space, and dimension.

## **Soulbound**

This is an important concept. I've seen it used in multi-user role-playing games, such as World of Warcraft, but it's not quite the same thing.

In such games, a soulbound item is tied to your character avatar. It cannot be given or traded away to another player.

In the Astral Realms, it is very different.

It works like this. Anything that is created by you, energetically or otherwise, becomes a part of your personal energies.

Those things become soulbound to you.

This means that if someone attempts to steal anything that is not theirs, it can be recalled instantly back to its creator.

Human bodies may be soulbound, if the soul is incarnated into it. (See Walk-Ins below). They cannot be possessed without the Owner's permission on some level. If they are, the Owner can command the intruders to leave and reclaim control.

In the Astral levels, you can create items or artifacts, using your own energies. Astral Swords are a common example. Cloaks are another. Rings and pendants are also quite common.

When you create them from your own energies, they not only become an extension of who you are, but can also be enhanced by gems or crystals.

Unlike an MMORPG, such as World of Warcraft, soulbound items can be traded or given as payment for services rendered. Once it is passed on by the Owner, it cannot be recalled, as its energy has also passed on by the agreement of both parties.

Every being has their own unique energy or skillset. For those who know how to do so, they can create some amazing items. (I love creating swords, for example.)

Soul Bound items are one of the currencies of the Astral Realms.

### **Soul Tags**

From time to time, Beings may come across items that have been orphaned or abandoned by their creators or owners. Typically, this occurs when the owner has "died" and has returned to Source.

More rarely, it may also be due to the object being completely disassociated from the Owner.

If a being finds an energy or an artifact that no one seems to be claiming, they can claim it for themselves by creating and using a Soul Tag.

This means, they use their own energy to create a bond with the object and in essence, they will end up with a soulbound artifact that is now bound to them and cannot be stolen.

There are some disadvantages to doing this, though.

If the original Owner does turn up, at some point, and the item is still soulbound to them; they can recall the item, along with the soul tag and thus, end up gaining part of the creator of the soul tags, Soul.

As a rule, the stronger the tag, the more Soul energy is put into it, and the more devastating the results will be for the one who has put a Soul Tag on an item, once it is recalled.

There is also a method to dissolve Soul Tags. This may be done to remove someone's claim to an item. Someone might believe that an item is in the wrong hands, or that they are entitled to the artifact themselves.

It should be used with caution, though.

If used on an item that legitimately belongs to another, it can create a Karmic backlash and the Caster might well lose part of his Soul to the true Owner.

If the Caster happens to be successful, and they gain the object and Soul energy of the tag; then they, too, will be vulnerable to the same risks, especially if the true Owner turns up and recalls their belongings.

In other words, use with extreme caution.

## **Seals**

These are like energetic locks that seal something shut. They are based on Sacred Geometry.

The type of seal used depends on what the Caster is trying to seal. Normally such seals are used on things like portals.

### **Soul Locked**

A method where the only Beings that can remove a seal are the ones who put the seal there in the first place.

Part of the Sealer's energy is put into the seal. If another being attempts to remove it, the Sealer will automatically know and be able to react as needed.

Soul Locked seals should be used with great caution, and only with the consent of all parties involved.

### **Portals.**

Portals are mini rifts that allow travel between dimensions. Generally, they are used by disembodied entities to get from one place to another.

### **Sacred Geometry**

This is a system of mathematically precise symbols that are designed to create a certain effect or outcome.

This system is used extensively in the Astral levels.

They can be used for good or ill.

### ***Walk-Ins***

There's a problem with being incarnated into a human body. You tend to forget everything. And I mean everything. All you are left with is a very vague sense of who you are, and even that doesn't really convey much.

It's also painful and frustrating as all hell. It may feel like a yawning void within your being.



You may even have a sense of something much bigger than you, going on. You may even hear the question: "*Who are you?*" run through your mind. Then it's gone.

This can be greatly frustrating. It is often hard to accept you are more than human and more than what you seem.

I've personally lost count of the number of times I became frustrated and decided that everything was complete rubbish.

I wanted to give up and tell everyone to get back to reality.

Part of me wanted to desperately accept what I was finding out about myself, while part of me felt that it was too fantastic to be possibly real. So, I would say enough. I'm not doing this anymore.

That only lasted until I calmed back down. Normally because my Guides would somehow reassure me about who I was.

There was one time I resisted for two years, and for those two years, I could not get away from the message that I was the Phoenix, no matter what I did.

This could have all been avoided if I had simply chosen to walk into a body instead of being born to it.

A Walk-In is a spirit or being that has entered a body after it has been born. The Host is normally removed, suppressed, swapped in or out; or in some cases, shares the body, often taking turns on who is being dominant.

Sometimes a deal is struck. Sometimes there are just bodies that are there waiting to be used. These are called "Soulless" bodies and belong to a Hive-Mind, where they are all part of a greater consciousness.

You can spot a soulless body by their eyes. They will look "empty". When that look disappears, it means that a spirit or soul has taken over the body.

## **What Are the Advantages of Being a Walk-In?**

- *You enter with a full memory of who you are and what your history is.*
- *You are able to easily leave the body and do things such as Astral Travelling, or Dream Walking.*
- *It's easier to leave the body, once you are done with your mission.*

## **And the disadvantages?**

- *The body is not yours. Unless you were born into it (as in incarnated), it is not soulbound to your energies. This means that someone can come along and take over the body or possess it.*
- *You will be greatly challenged to develop spiritually. As you already know who you are, and have all your memories, you may struggle to redefine yourself.*

*It's our forgetfulness that allows us to recreate ourselves. This is because we have not yet created a sense of self and put limits on what we are capable of and who we really are.*

- *If you walked into a body that once had a soul, you may start to confuse the original Host's memories with yours and they will become muddled. You may remember things that did not happen to you.*
- *You may end up losing your sense of "self".*
- *Your ability to create on the Astral Levels may be severely hampered as your own self-awareness gets in the way of being able to manifest strongly.*

Walk-Ins are not very well respected in the Astral Community, at large, and are often treated with disdain by other souls and spirits.

There is also something called “Transmigration”. This is when you are born into a body, but you need to find a new body to continue your mission because the old one has given out. As you are not entering with full awareness, it means that you can continue your human journey, though you will still suffer having your memories muddled with the original Host’s.

Being born into a body means that body is yours. No one can come and take possession of it without your permission on some level. Forgetting everything allows you to not only recreate yourself anew but increases your powers and abilities on all levels. Something that you will take with you once you leave that body.

Yes, it’s the much harder of the two options, but also the most rewarding. It’s also the more dangerous of the two, because, while you are in a state of forgetfulness, you are vulnerable to those who remember who you are, and wish to take advantage of that.

With good guides or guardians, they will hopefully keep you safe.

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## Interdimensional Beings

### 20 – Astral Assassins And The Hits On Me

*What's In A Name?*

As mentioned in previous entries, among other things, I am a Phoenix spirit. My Guides continually tell me (without pause) that I am, “The Phoenix.” They always call me, “Phoenix,” when talking to me.

People have also done this. One in particular insists on calling me “Phoenix Source,” and yet another refers to me as, “The one you now call Gary.” (Implying that I was known by other names.)

This particular being is someone I find most intriguing. She remembers many thousands of years of history and definitely remembers (and very much dislikes) me.

It's important to note that these are not names I gave to myself. If they were, I would have chosen something more original, as I hate clichés. They are what others call me, both in the Astral levels and on this 3D level. Some even call me, “Pops,” because they remember me being their father on a Soul level.

But what does it all mean? Who am I and, more importantly, what am I?

Why is it important? Why does anyone care? I certainly didn't, but some do. They care enough to put contracts out on my life.

Back in the 1980s and 1990s, I would see, in my Mind Travels, these black clad Assassins appearing out of nowhere, trying to kill me. They would weave in and out, like ninjas. Generally, I would just vanish before they could do anything.

Then, one day, for no apparent reason; I decided to let them kill me.

To explain a little further, my Mind Travel “adventures,” that I would go on most nights, would write themselves. While I was able to make independent decisions, the events would play out of their own accord. It was like taking part in this enormous cohesive story that stretched on for decades.

I would act in ways that felt right to me, always being mindful to produce for the best outcome. Once a “story-line” was complete, the compulsion to visit it in my mind disappeared. I would then move on to something new, or revisit something older.

So that split second decision, to let them assassinate me felt right. I just stood there. They homed in and took the killing blow.

The moment they did that, I felt myself shifting with full awareness, to a parallel timeline. Instead of continuing from where I left off, I chose to return to a much earlier point in time.

As I knew what the outcomes were going to be for key points of the “story-line”, I was able to pre-empt certain events, and ensure that I got the advantage.

I guess you could liken it to playing an adventure game that you’ve already finished. You know where to go, what to do, and what to avoid.

My Guides, since the mid-1990s, have told me on many occasions that this is not my first time doing this. (Something that has since been substantiated in my real life.)

Now, some might call this cheating, but I wasn’t the one who ordered the hits.

Naturally, I put this event down to imagination. Even though I thought about it from time to time, I never thought all that much of it.

It wasn't until years later in 2007 that I came across someone else who was seeing the same types of Assassins. They were dressed the same way and had a crest of the sun on their chest.

They were just standing there, waiting for my friend to attack them on the Astral Levels. A friend of hers, was also seeing the Assassins, and tried to help her out.

Another friend, called Jenny, said she wanted to help. I told her, no. It's dangerous as there were Assassins involved.

She freaked out and told me that she had seen them when she looked astrally at my friend. At the time, this was certainly confirmation enough that it was real.

I cautioned the friend that was under attack not to do anything as they would use her own power against her (don't ask me how I knew this) and eventually they just left.

### *Contracts*

Then, in 2013, a year before I really got to know Omen, he decided to give me a reading in my chat room. In that reading, he mentioned that I had seven hits put on me, but two were withdrawn at the last moment.

When I questioned him about it the following year, he thought for a moment and said it was the Roman gods who had ordered them. He also said he knew about the hits because it was he whom brokered them.

Soul Agreements of that nature were one of Omen's jobs, and implied that, in spite of him claiming not to know much about me, he knew more than he let on. Much more.

As a side note, I did have a run in with Mars, the Roman god of War, in April 2017. He channeled through a friend and suffice to say, he was not at all happy with me, and accused me of betraying them. (I address this incident in entry 52.)

It does raise the question: *What did I do to annoy so many Beings, causing them to go to so much trouble to take me out?*

## 21 - Aliens - Interdimensional Beings

There are many who debate if Aliens exist. I'm sure that for each item of true proof we find, there are dozens of faked videos and photos out there. It doesn't take much to do.

The question, I feel here is: Do they exist and if so, where the hell are they?

Well, to my personal knowledge and experience, the answer to the first question is: Yes. They do exist.

The answer to the second question is a little more complicated as they tend to shift between levels and dimensions.

As discussed, there are entire civilizations established on higher and lower Astral Levels. The ones in question are generally known as Fifth Dimensional Beings. These entities have their own ways, structures, and social norms.

What we do on earth does not interest them nor do they care for our laws and social structures.

As with all things, you will get a mix of dark and light, good and evil, and personal desires. It's true for this world and it's most certainly true for the Astral Worlds. As is said: *"As above, so below."*

Many interdimensional Beings are power hungry, malicious, and tend to view this planet as their property. They see the denizens on it as slaves, and look upon humans as one would look upon livestock.

These Beings feel they own humans and can do what they want with them.

Conversely, there are many, like me, who oppose them.

Many, I'm sure, will consider this unlikely and will dismiss it as conspiracy theories.



If it wasn't for Omen, I would not be able to verify much of what I'll be discussing here.

This claim seemed so unbelievable to me, at one point, that when a good friend told me about it back around the year 2000, I just scoffed at the idea. (Then my Guides gave me a long talking to as to why I shouldn't scoff and why it was possible!)

In my defense, when you forget everything upon being born, you can relearn the wrong things, and act like an ignorant ass, as I certainly did, at times, in my life.

It doesn't help that there are great forces at work, trying to ensure that you don't wake up. The body is designed to disconnect spirit from The Source and be vulnerable to attacks of doubt.

Such attacks, I know all too well. For instance, it took me the best part of a decade to accept I was The Phoenix and another 10 or so years before I even began to understand what it meant. And this is with my guides saying, every moment, to me: "*Who are you?*" and "*You are The Phoenix.*"

I had to remember everything from scratch. It was a long, frustrating, and cumbersome process.

There came a point where I started to become aware of what we term Aliens during the mid-eighties, but when I asked my Guides about it, they would invariably respond: *You really don't want to go there.* I got the sense that it was a major can of worms that I was not ready for, though I could not possibly imagine why.

I remember thinking how odd that was. I had an intuitive feeling there was a lot more to it. But I had yet to remember who I was, let alone all the stuff associated with that.

Eventually I was forced to revisit the subject, in the natural course of my own journey, especially once I had met Omen. Then I was finally able to make sense of the many things I had experienced during my life.

I will share what I have found out so far, though I am constantly finding out new information and that sometimes changes facts I thought I knew at the time. So, as of writing these entries, they are what I believe to be correct and true.

But before I do, I must first address the phenomenon that is called *The Mandela Effect*.

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## The Mandela Effect

### 22 – What Is The Mandela Effect?

In recent years, a lot has been written about The Mandela Effect. This began because there are people who recall hearing that Nelson Mandela died in prison.

Timelines are a whole other subject within themselves, but in summation, everything that ever was, is, and will be is happening right now. Every possible outcome and occurrence already exists.

What we experience depends on where our focus is, and what we are choosing. Prophecy based on one timeline, may not come to pass if the collective consciousness shifts to another one.

This has occurred several times in the past 60 years. Most individuals do not see it; putting events they remember, that did not appear to have happened, down to a faulty memory, or just being wrong.

Timelines do collapse, shift, have shifted and, in fact, have been corrupted in recent years. Sounds like science fiction, but I can assure you that it's real.

I've had a few personal experiences on this matter while in this body. I have memories of me dying, a few times, in this life, where I shifted to another timeline to continue on this journey. I have done this a few times.

I have observed this, and made mention of it at various times, on the internet years before The Mandela Effect became a popular controversy.

The upshot of this being, *you cannot die before your time*. Even if you do, and many of you have without realizing it; you always have the option to come back to an earlier time in a different timeline.

There tends to be slight variations in a new timeline. What you remember may not have happened, or happened in a different way.

But how do we shift timelines? There are many ways this may happen.

The main reason, I've observed, is that it occurs when you die in one timeline but shift to another. It could be from a stroke, a fire, suicide, drinking yourself to death, a nuclear war; or you might just die one night and shift. It can happen in any way.

For example, the car accident you miraculously survived, the fires where you lost precious possessions, those precious items stolen from you by thieves, they may all be signs that you have shifted.

In addition, the loss of certain possessions might well be needed so one is able to shift to a timeline where they were never obtained. Also, your possessions tend to take on your personal energies, and may well hold you to them, making it impossible to shift if needed.

I'm sure many of us have experienced finding things we thought we had lost, lost things we swore we had, and discovered things we simply can't recall ever buying.

I do not know if this makes it easier for those who have experienced the loss of their possessions, or helps ease their mind; but I do know it happens.

We are where we need to be, when we need to be, and will be, until we are done and ready to move on.

In this, we can take comfort. As a collective consciousness, we will always choose the best possible outcome for ourselves in the long run. Even major disasters can often be blessings. It's also why improbable events tend to happen in which good results are produced for the long term.

## 23 - Timeline Shifts

As mentioned, I've had quite a few personal experiences with shifting timelines and will now discuss a few.

I've found that my childhood memories, especially when it comes to music, are still very strong and accurate.

I've also discovered that as I get older, it's easier to forget things. This is mostly because there is so much information coming in now that it's just impossible to retain it all.

Every day has many new things that I should remember; however, I can't because something else comes in right away that must be remembered, too. I don't get time to consolidate it all.

Music is how I timestamp my memories. Songs will bring back feelings, emotions of the time, and often nostalgic tears to my eyes.

When an anomaly occurs, I immediately sit up and take notice.

My childhood memory of music is extraordinarily accurate. Eidetic, so to speak. Even if I only heard a song once, that was all I needed to remember it. I can also recall the year I heard it. Even looking up songs on YouTube today, I can find things I heard only once over 40 years ago; and think: *Wow, it's exactly as I remember.*

Back in the early to mid-70s, before going to sleep as a young adolescent, I would listen to the radio. The songs I heard back then remain in my memory to this day. Including the obscure ones that no one seems to remember, nowadays.

In 1974, one song I recall was "Wuthering Heights" by artist Kate Bush. Like most songs out at that time, it was just there. No real attraction. I didn't hate it but wouldn't have gone out of my way to obtain it. Not that I could afford to buy any vinyl back in those days, anyway.

In 1978, Kate Bush released her debut single “Wuthering Heights,” and I thought to myself I prefer the original version. I said as much to anyone who would listen.

The version I knew was sung by a female artist who used a slightly lower key. I now have come to the realization it was still Kate Bush singing, but singing the song transposed a key lower. The “new” version sounded catchier, and better.

Over the years, I always had, in the back of my mind, the thought that one day I was going to look the original version up and get hold of it.

Sometimes, it takes a few decades for me to get around to doing something (seriously!) and one day in the aughts, I finally decided to do it.

I discovered that Kate Bush had written “Wuthering Heights,” and released it in 1978. This meant, of course, she was the original artist.

That also meant that there was no version released in 1974.

I’ve checked this fact a number of times, wondering if I had gotten my information wrong somehow, but it is correct. There was definitely no version of that song before 1978.

To hear a song that does not exist, several years before it was released, raises some interesting questions. The biggest one being: *How?*

From what I know now, I died in 1977. I was hit by a car while crossing the road and it threw me fifteen meters back to the side of the road. I remember tossing and turning and when I landed, I felt peaceful, but odd.

My thought at that moment was: “*This is what it feels like to die.*”

However, I don't recall losing consciousness. I immediately tried to sit up, only to feel a weird tingling in my leg. It had been broken in two places.

As fate had it, a doctor happened to be in the car behind the one that hit me, and he was right on the spot to help me. I remember looking into his glasses and heard him telling people, *"I'm a doctor."*

Realistically, I should have been killed or seriously maimed. But, I made a full recovery.

Just before I got hit, I had the weirdest sensation of vertigo, like I was shifting. It was like I was in some bizarre dream. No one ever believed me, so I stopped telling people after a while.

I am sure this was a shift to a new timeline. It would explain why I remembered a different "original" version of "Wuthering Heights".

One can be forgiven for thinking maybe I was mistaken about the song or that I have a false memory about it. Though, as I said, my memory of music is eidetically clear from my childhood.

Even if I was to agree with a faulty memory, there were other incidences that occurred that I could not so easily explain away.



## 24 - Vortexes and Hanging Rock

Remembering songs that never occurred are one thing. A skeptic will dismiss it as a false memory.

This is not an unreasonable thing to think. Let's face it, who hasn't misremembered something they swore they knew happened? (Or so it would seem...)

With that in mind, I'm going to discuss an incident that is hard to explain away.

There's this rather famous book by Joan Lindsay called *Picnic at Hanging Rock*. It's about the disappearance of three girls back in Woodend, Victoria, Australia, back in the early 1900s. During the 1970s, it was made into a movie.

Hanging Rock is indeed a real place. It is near Woodend, and is a tourist destination. It is a large rock, which can be climbed and explored.

I used to go there a lot during the late 1980s and early 1990s. I've had my share of unusual experiences there.

I would usually go at night with my best friend at the time, Paul. Like me, he had a fascination for unusual places.

Hanging Rock had two main roads on each side of it. Both continued straight from the highway and if you drove up far enough, you would run into dirt roads.

Paul and I would go up there at night, sometimes by ourselves, sometimes with friends.

One night we drove there. The trip itself was uneventful. It wasn't until we started to drive up the road leading to Hanging Rock that I began to feel that something wasn't quite right. Something about the road didn't seem to be real; and I commented on it. Paul felt it, as well.

The night was mild, the moon was waning, but it was still shining enough light.

*The Gates*

There are huge steel gates that allow entry to the park where Hanging Rock is, and you can't really miss them, but somehow, we did.

We kept on driving, and we soon came across the dirt road. It took me by surprise since I had come a lot further than I thought. I suddenly found myself going straight through a give way sign and onto it.

*"Oh, well done," said Paul, "But, I suppose it's late."*

*"I didn't think that we'd come this far," I said. "Did we pass the gates?"*

*"We have, but I didn't see them. Nor did I see the sign saying 100 meters to Hanging Rock. This is the dirt track that I once went up with some other friends. We went up it three times and we still couldn't find the gates."*

We drove on for a bit, but the road didn't seem to be going anywhere of interest, and Paul felt a bit uneasy about continuing. We decided to turn back and find the gates.

And find them, we did. We went back down that same road and it wasn't long before they appeared.

As mentioned, they are huge and very hard to miss.

Not surprisingly, they were closed.

There had been times when they were left open, and we'd go in and climb the rock. (Especially if it was night.)

Paul suggested we check the other side to see if the gates were open there. I agreed, and so we did. When we got to the other road, however, I noted something was wrong.

*"This is a dirt track. It should be a sealed road,"* I said.

*"I know, go on,"* replied Paul, rather calmly. *"Continue up it."*

I saw the sign that said Hanging Rock Tourist Road, and soon after we came across the gates on the other side. They were also closed.

### *A Fork In The Road*

As I continued down the road that led from the gate, back to Woodend, I saw a car coming towards us in the distance. It then turned and disappeared. A short time later, I arrived at the spot the car had turned.

Now, I had been up that road many times. It's a straight road with barely any turn-offs. Paul, who was far more familiar with the layout of the area also knew this, too.

*"Left turn, Gary,"* he said.

I stared incredulously at the road. *"There is no 'T' intersection on this road,"* I stated.

*"I know,"* he simply said.

*"So, why is there one now? And what road was the car on, that was coming towards us?"*

Paul had no answers, but he was unnervingly calm about it, too. Mind you, from his own stories, this was not the first time something like this had happened to him.

I turned to the left; and then soon made a right-hand turn and found myself on the proper road again.

This road had appeared out of nowhere. It didn't look new, and even if it was, it would have had to been put there in a matter of weeks. If you know anything about Victorian roads, it takes months, or even years, for anything to be completed.

Somehow, the layout of the area had changed around us.

What was even more curious was when I later asked friends about that road, who were also familiar with the area, they would describe the T intersection. They didn't remember the road being straight.

I have often suspected there is a rift or vortex in that area.

Hanging Rock is a place where groups gather to perform rituals during certain times of the year. It's certainly not inconceivable that they may have opened something up.

Sometimes when I returned from there, I would have an odd sense of "newness", as though I felt I had shifted into a new reality.

Paul went up there more often than me, and the weird thing about that was he would have completely different memories to mine. They were forever changing.

It would drive me crazy because we would argue about events where he would remember a completely different version to what I did.

This would happen frequently. Even his stories on certain events in his life would change. Sometimes they would alter only to revert back later to the original telling.

In all the years I knew him, I never heard him lie, or tell tall tales.

Even back in those days, I couldn't help but wonder if a different version of him was coming back from Hanging Rock. Nowadays, with all I've experienced, I'm pretty sure it was.

## 25 - Alternative Memories

Alternative memories are an interesting phenomenon, e.g., having memories for things that did not exist.

I've had a lot of conversations with friends over the years. Should I have the same conversation again at a later date; the response is not only completely different, but they deny ever having said the original statements, at all.

For instance, back in 1983, me and one of my friends, Glenn, went to see "First Blood". At the time, I enjoyed it. (Being young and all.) Glenn remarked that if the book was as good as the movie, then he was certainly going to read it.

At this point, I should mention that for many, many years, I kept daily journals. They were meticulous, and I would often write down my friend's comments or conversations, verbatim. I was pretty good at remembering details. If I needed to remember something, I would just go back and look it up.

This was one of those comments. Oddly enough, a couple of years later, he said he had read the book before seeing the movie. Glenn maintained he had enjoyed the book and had been looking forward to seeing the movie.

I've had many similar conversations with Glenn over the years. It made me scratch my head as to why he would change his story. He wasn't that type of personality.

He was always meticulous with his facts and had an excellent memory. He was not known to fabricate things.

As mentioned, the same thing happened with my friend Paul. Not only would he have a completely different memory of events to me, but there would be variances each time he told the story.

Paul didn't tell tall tales; he didn't have to. His life was extraordinary without them. I know because I got to share in some of the things that happened.

So, it frustrated me that we had different recollections of things.

In fact, we had so many arguments about what happened that I was convinced he had the worst memory of anyone I knew. Yet, he was more than adamant that he was right.

However, it didn't stop there. Often, people would attribute things to me that I had never said or done. For instance, my ex-wife and her daughter swore up and down that I hated seeing movie trailers.

The odd thing was, not only did I enjoy them; I don't recall ever even suggesting I hated them. Yet, both shouted me down saying that I had said as much.

Then there were events in history that seemed to change. Things which I had been taught were real became just stories, and stories became actual events.

One example is regarding Hanging Rock.

One night, a group of us went there. The gates were open and so we climbed it. (Yes, it was dark, but we had flashlights.)

As we sat at the top, Paul mentioned that he had believed the story, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, written by *Joan Lindsay*, was real. Now he believed that it was just fiction.

I had recently heard the same thing. I, too, believed it was a true story.

In fact, Glenn had once mentioned that his Grandmother, who was around at the time, remembered the incident; and the local theory was the girls had gone off with some boys.

The author, Joan Lindsay, said that the chapters came to her in a series of dreams.

This is an extract from an article printed in an Australian Newspaper.

*Joan had woken that morning with the flecked remnants of a peculiar dream imprinted on the edges of her conscious. She knew immediately, she told Rae later that day, that it would make a good book. The dream had centered on a summer picnic at a place called Hanging Rock, which Joan knew well from her childhood holidays. Joan told Rae that the dream had felt so real that when she awoke at 7.30am, she could still feel the hot summer breeze blowing through the gum trees and she could still hear the peals of laughter and conversation of the people she'd imagined, and their gaiety and lightness of spirit as they set out on their joyful picnic expedition.*

I have no doubt in my mind that she was picking up this story from a different timeline. This event really did happen but not in our current timeline.

You can still find the full article online. It is an interesting read.

## 26 - Death and Shifting

I've lived a life that few would believe. I never seem to stop coming up with experiences that seem too good to be real. Still, my life is full of them. In this entry, I'll discuss details of my experience with a Death Timeline.

For instance, there's an incident that happened back in the year 2000 that left a profound mark on me.

I died. Literally.

Yes, you read that right. I actually died.

It was from a stroke, and I did not survive it.

You're probably thinking: *Well, if you're dead; you're certainly pretty active.*

But obviously, I am not dead. I am very much still alive.

So, what happened?

The first half of the year 2000 was a traumatic and stressful time for me. Several events were happening, and I wasn't handling them well.

Great stressors were in my personal and work life; and I had just completed one of my major goals on my life path. (Reconciling with the Egyptian god Seth, as recounted in *I am The Phoenix*.)

My then wife (I am now divorced) and I, noticed that omens of death were everywhere for me. It was on my mind all the time, I sensed things were nearing an end. Then my wife kept on getting signs of a husband dying, which she remarked on.

One week, around July, she fell into a deep depression and entered a state of grieving which I found both disturbing and confusing.



I wondered if I had done something wrong, and my step-daughter began to act as though I wasn't there anymore. I could not work out what was happening, and neither could my wife.

After a week or so, she sat me down and said that she had worked out what was going on. Her reactions were as though I had already died; and she was going through the stages of loss and grief.

She said that whatever was going to happen, it was going to happen the next day. We could either ignore it or we could work out a solution.

We sat down and tapped into what was going on and what was going on was complicated.

My wife had put me into a situation with a lady friend where there was no good outcome.

Basically, she wanted me to sleep with her (yes, you read that right) and manipulated things so I would do so, and then laid a guilt trip on me for wanting to.

If I said no, she made it out that I still wanted this friend but was doing it for her. She then made me feel guilty about that, too.

I could not win no matter what I did.

It was one of the worst periods of my life. I didn't know which way to jump.

She was a totally messed up Narcissist who was convinced of her own saintliness. That's one of the main reasons we eventually broke up.

*The Details:*

If that sounds convoluted, I'll try and summarize how it all came about.

My wife often spoke at length about having an open marriage. I had no issues with this because it's a terrible burden for one person to fulfill the needs of another for their entire life.

She was interested in experimenting with some friends of ours, so I told her to go ahead and gave her my blessings. I'm sure that will shock people, but for me, it's where the heart is and not the body that is important.

A few months later, I was in the (now defunct) Celestine Vision Chat room when a lady called Caroline came in. I noticed she was in the same city as me, and as it turned out, was a ten minute drive to her home.

Even back then, I was gaining a reputation for being someone people wanted to know, so Caroline kept on pushing for us to meet.

I did not have the best feeling about doing this, and as with all things at the time, I mentioned it to my wife.

To my surprise, she not only said to go ahead, but insisted on it. Some part of me felt anxious, like a lamb to the slaughter, but she dismissed that.

We met up soon after, and I immediately felt this crazy energy connection of the likes I had not felt before. She felt it too, and it was intoxicating.

While nothing happened; my wife, who was energetically connected to me, felt it.

She, herself, also had a similar experience, with the sexual energy connection, with someone else, before we married. She would go on about it and expect me to understand. But I didn't understand at the time. (But I do now.)

When I got home, I told her about it and expected her to be excited. However, she seemed the opposite.

Personally, that seemed like a double standard. I had happily allowed her to indulge herself when she wanted to experience the same thing. She acted like it was her right and I assumed she would want the same experiences for me.

She didn't. I don't know what was going through her twisted mind, but she insisted that I keep on seeing Caroline.

I wanted to keep everything open and discuss what was going to happen with all parties involved.

I did that and we would discuss on instant messenger where things were going, and what we all wanted to happen.

The ultimate goal, it seemed, was for me to sleep with her. Why my wife was so hell-bent on me doing that, I don't know. Regardless, she put me into a no-win situation.

As a side note, someone in the chat room told Caroline that in a past life, we were brother and sister. And she certainly seemed to have past life memories of us.

I am not sure if we ever were siblings, but at some point, many years later, I recognized her energies. She was a Lilith avatar.

She certainly wasn't the first such avatar I had come across. Each time I met one, I would feel that crazy energetic pull.

At first, I thought it was NUT (pronounced "noot", who is my other soul half), because NUT and Lilith have very similar looks and energies. Although, I am sure they are connected, but I have yet to determine in what way.

In any case, Caroline being with me brought up memories for her and some unexpected reactions. Once she beat her hands on my chest, saying that she felt some past memory come up. Then she dismissed it.

I don't know what my history is with Lilith, but whatever it may be, she seems to hate and love me in equal measures. She always ends up acting crazy around me and I find I have an almost irresistible draw to her.

Back to the story.

The energy flow between Caroline and me was intense. It was hard to not indulge, being coerced into being with her.

I feel I was being set up for failure. It's like putting a kid into a chocolate shop, telling them to eat what they want, only to admonish them for it later.

Things continued with us for a few weeks where we would meet and exchange energies. While this was sexual in itself, nothing sexual had actually happened. My wife kept on giving me advice on what to do.

She was constantly pointing out how to manipulate the situation and gain control. She was good at it, and I would even say an expert. I learned quite a few things from her.

Simultaneously, she was still laying the guilt trip on me and putting me through absolute hell.

Then one day, Caroline said that she had waited long enough. She wanted to sleep with me, so naturally I told my wife.

It was the beginning of that week she started to grieve. At first, I thought it was because of my intention; but soon it became apparent that more was going on.

We worked out that the day I was meant to meet up with Caroline, was also the day I was going to die.

We decided it was best for me not to go, after all. I rang up Caroline and let her know.

I wasn't sure what difference it would make, but I clearly did not want to die.

I stayed home, and that evening became very weird. My wife was in a very strange frame of mind. She kept on muttering how she had put so much effort into this marriage, and now it was all for nothing. The next day, she claimed she had no recollection of having said anything like that.

I never saw Caroline again. My reasons to her must have sounded totally lame. But what could I say?

## 27 - The Alternate Outcome

One morning, sometime in the year 2000, when I woke up after a night's sleep and heard my Guides ask me a question: *Do you still wish to leave?*

The question caught me by surprise. For years, I had repeatedly stated, mostly due to my depression, pain, and Dark Night of the Soul, that I did not want to be here.

While I wasn't contemplating suicide; I certainly was in a rush to get my life over, and in doing so, could move on to other things.

Of course, I did not know then what I know now. While I can't say that I enjoy being part of this insane world; I do plan to stick around, as long as I can, to consolidate all the work and achievements I've managed to somehow accomplish.

When my Guides asked me that question, I thought for a moment. By this point, I was now married, and life had improved on many levels. But I still was depressed for the most part, had no idea why, and was not able to receive the emotional support that was needed.

But the answer was: *No, I don't. I want to continue on.*

Upon replying, I had a sense that the energy I had built up for wanting to leave had to be reversed or displaced somehow.

It was soon after that I met Caroline.

I believe the reasons for meeting her occurred, because I had changed my mind.

But I did not understand that at the time, and as a result, I went into a state of shock and depression. I could not comprehend what had happened, but in my heart, I knew that somehow, I was meant to die.

Still, here I was.

My marriage was never the same either. I was married to a narcissist who was extremely self-indulgent when it came to having a good time. Despite the fact she earned three times more than what I did, I found that I was becoming more and more in debt.

When she finally announced she wanted a separation, a great part of me rejoiced. It was time to move on anyway. I had important work to do. I know now that she would have not only held me back, but would have actively discouraged me. A thing she had already done many times.

In 2005 she moved out, and I never looked back.

For years, though, I kept on having this image of a music store I used to frequent (called JB Hi Fi in Camberwell, Victoria). It would often and randomly come to my mind, though I had no clue why.

I had been there hundreds of times over the years, but now, this one moment in time was sticking in my mind, and I wasn't even sure if that moment even happened.

Eventually, around 11 years later, my Guides gave me some insight into what was going on.

I think it was July 20<sup>th</sup>, 2000. That was the day I died. That moment remained in my mind's eye and memory for years, even though it didn't happen. But according to my Guides, it did.

What I kept on seeing was the memory of me having a stroke. In the original timeline, I had slept with Caroline. However, when I returned, my wife had made me feel guilty for doing what she had asked, it had caused an aneurysm that led to my death.

It happened while I was out that night with the family at JB Hi-Fi. I collapsed outside the store and did not recover.

Because of my choice to stay here, though, I shifted timelines to an earlier time and was able to make different choices to continue on.

I'm now aware that such things happen to us all the time, we just don't remember it happening or if we do, they are in visions like that one I described.

There have been several other times in my life where I have died that I'm aware of.

Every so often, a nexus point (a point where choices are made) would arise where I would die, and then would decide to return because I had other things I could do here.

If you're really fed up with things, you can call forth what is called an exit point and leave that way.

I really should have left a long time ago. I've been told that no one expected me to get this far.

According to a few people, my body is well past its use-by date.

Omen once made a comment about me to someone that I found interesting.

*He also has seals that are keeping 80% of him on alternative layers of existence. You know what a fuck up it'd be if an archetype dumped their whole being in the physical existence. Unless he holds onto something and refuses to, then he just keeps that bit and renews the rest like no one will notice. It's ridiculous really. He does it every second.*

*You know how humans renew themselves roughly every 8 years to a decade or a decade and a half?*

*He can renew himself whenever he pleases. He's The Phoenix Source.*

I know Omen did a lot of research on me to find out who I was, so I find that his comments are very curious. I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions for now.



I also should clarify that the road changing incident at Hanging Rock was apparently not a death, but a place where realities are blurred. If you are attuned, you can slip between them to a similar but slightly different one.

For this reason, I do not fear death. In fact, I have never feared it, but once I started to understand that I could return to any point I wished, and in better health than when I left, I know that I will be here until such times as I'm satisfied that my work is done.

## 28 - Attunement

This entry discussed timelines and attunement.

So far, we have discussed death, alternative memories, coming back, and parallel worlds.

I've also mentioned this kind of thing happens to us a lot. Nevertheless, we don't normally remember such incidences when they occur to us, or we don't twig to what is really going on.

Clearly, this raises a lot of questions. Some I will attempt to answer and some I am trying to still work out myself.

Let us begin with an overused cliché, used in spiritual circles. *Time is an illusion.*

Yes, time is an illusion, and the illusion is complete.

Everything that ever was, is and will be, is happening right now, in this very moment.

This is very hard for the 3D mind to comprehend, let alone accept.

We wake up in the morning and when we go to sleep, a day has passed and you cannot just say, "*Oh, but that was just an illusion...*"

For the purposes of functioning in the 3D world, real time has passed.

But it's the illusion of time that allows us to experience it as a separate stream of consciousness.

The 3D is known as the physical world we live in.

The 5D is the world where we exist as lightbodies.

The 4D, however, is known as time. I believe it's the dimension that separates the illusion of time from the eternal now.

The 4D allows us to choose where we end up in history, and also gives us the ability to experience and process events in a sequential order. (As opposed to everything happening all at the same time.)

Thus, everything that ever existed is happening now, and there is literally no time.

We, as Spirit, can choose to enter into any timeline we choose, at any particular moment in history. The only limits are what we are attuned to energy-wise

Those who can mind travel (and really, that's something I'm sure we can all do) can not only go anywhere, but also "anywhen".

But what of us in the 3D dimension, in our bodies? Can we shift to different versions of this world? Can we find a nicer reality and if so, how do we do it?

The key to this is Attunement.

By this I mean, if you have raised your personal vibrational levels enough, you can shift to a higher version of the world. If your level is lower than before, then you might find yourself in a lower or darker version.

To what level you are attuned depends entirely on you. There is *no* being sitting in judgement deciding if you are worthy. There is no judgement: Only experience, intention, and attunement.

Every action you took, every thought you had, every intention you have, all add up to who you are right now.

Whether you come from a place of love, or a place of fear, it all has an effect on you.

Every decision you make is an opportunity to redefine yourself. None of the things that happen to us are random. They are all opportunities.

To use a simple example, let's say you buy your lunch, and you notice the cashier gives you back too much change.

Do you keep it and say nothing, or do you let them know? In the scheme of things, it won't change the world if you decide to keep the change, but this isn't about what's right and what's wrong. It's about an opportunity to define yourself and declare "this is who I really am."

Do you give the money back? Do you keep it? Would you say something if you were short-changed and you noticed? Does your moral code work both ways?

And so on.

These opportunities come up all the time. Some are small, some are large, and many just happen as the process of living your life. Every single opportunity counts.

Even the smallest decision can change the course of your entire life. You just won't know it at the time. At least, not till you look back and see it.

Now, this is not an attempt to convince people to be a goody two shoes, or be holier than thou. It's simply stating that in every moment you are making a choice about what you will experience, and the type of world you may end up living in.

Also remember: Belief creates reality, and reality creates belief. If you are not happy with your current reality, change your belief system. Few really understand the immense power of doing this.

Just remember that we are choosing our own reality all the time.

## 29 - Loss of Possessions

This entry I discuss materialism and how the loss of possessions can be a precursor to alleviating the actual shift to a different timeline.

Now, you may argue if we can choose our own reality, why does life suck so much? Why is it, if I've chosen such a good life, all I get are bad things happening?

Quite simply, my answer is this: If you choose the same thing repeatedly, and try living your life in a way that is parallel to who you really are; then, eventually, things will begin to shift.

Additionally, when you choose something, everything unlike it will come into your space so you have more choices.

More importantly, all the negative things that are holding you back will manifest, so you can see them, and clear them.

That is why so many people are perplexed when things apparently seem to get worse, rather than better.

However, there are a few things, in my observations, that you might want to be aware of. Even if you are not aware of them when they happen.

We have discussed how we can die, and come back to a slightly different reality. There are a few things about this that should be clarified.

To shift, and make a smooth transition, events may happen in your current reality that prepare you for the next.

Materialism may be a major obstacle when you are preparing to shift timelines.

For example, before my “death” back in 2000, I lost a lot of childhood memorabilia that was important to me. It was put into a garbage bag during renovations by my ex-wife and I never saw them again. I suspect it was thrown out by accident. (Though I believe there are no “accidents”.)

Those possessions were removed for me and the lack of attachments to them allowed me to shift timelines.

Another example occurred in June of 2017, I was moving around North America and had sent all of my possessions to a forwarding address. There were nine boxes. When they arrived, I noticed that certain things were missing that I was sure I had included. Things such as, books, DVDs, and more notably, a high quality kitchen knife.

I had sealed the boxes shut myself, and the seals had remained intact. No one could have tampered with them.

Even more mysteriously, I found two strange chisel like objects (which turned out to be tire levers) in my boxes. They were brand new, still unopened in their plastic wrappings, and in two separate boxes. Their purpose is for removing the tires off the rims of bicycles. I’ve never had any cause to buy one, and it was the first time I had ever seen them. I had no idea where they came from.

In addition, a jacket I had been wearing suddenly disappeared. The interesting thing about this is I felt a very strong sense of unease and panic that I was going to lose it. Sure enough, a week or so later, I noticed it was gone. I knew I had not misplaced it; however, no one was able to find it.

At this time, I had various people tell me they had felt a shift in timelines, and we were now in a different one. My intuition told me this was accurate.

In any case, this is certainly not the first time I’ve experienced such things.

Loosing or gaining possessions may be due to you being prepared to move to another timeline.

It helps makes the shift a smooth transition. If the objects no longer are around, you won't miss them. This is an important factor if the items don't exist in the new timeline.

You may have heard stories, or even experienced possessions that you knew you had, vanish without a trace.

Loss due to fire, death, displacement and so on, may be due to you being prepared to shift timelines.

I realize how this may sound to those who have experienced such things. It is certainly not my intention to trivialize or dismiss the trauma that is experienced.

It's not pleasant, to put it mildly. Even if the tragedy happened so you could move on with your own evolution in life, you will still have to deal with the trauma.

Possessions can, and often do weigh you down. We impart our own energies into what we own. They become an extension of us, and that makes it hard to part from them.

When I moved into a house a few years ago, I made a decision to throw away entire collections which included records and comics. Not because I didn't want to keep them, because it felt like the right choice.

Through the years 2014 to 2017, I traveled around a lot. I threw away nearly everything I had and lived out of two suitcases. I discovered that I did not need nearly as much as I thought I did and was much happier for having nothing but the essentials.

This is where it starts to get a little more complex.

When we shift timelines, we may leave behind loved ones, friends, foes, associates, etc.

This is a bit of speculation, but to us, it will appear as though they have died. To them, it may appear as though we have died.

Sometimes, they will follow, and shift with you to the new timeline.

Major disasters, where entire groups die, may well be people who have shifted, as a collective, to another reality. Perhaps they continue on in another timeline?

One thing I am very sure of: We don't die until we're ready to.



## 30 - The MMORPG analogy

Most people, nowadays, have probably heard of MMORPGs. World of Warcraft was a very famous example of one.

MMORPGs stand for “*Massive Multiplayer Online Role-Playing Game*”.

While World of Warcraft is by no means the only such game out there, it is one I played extensively for around 5 years. Hence, me using it for my analogy.

I no longer play it, and at the time of writing this entry, the game is mired in much controversy, due to ongoing issues at Activision-Blizzard. It may not even be around by the time you read this.

For the Uninitiated, this is an online role-playing game.

The way it works is that you choose your side you wish to be on, the character you wish to play, and level it up, in the gaming world, so you can enjoy many aspects of the content available.

The concept of timelines, dying, and returning can be difficult for some to fathom. However, I find that World of Warcraft can illustrate those ideas quite nicely.

The game, itself, is set up so that it is run on individual servers. There are hundreds of identical copies of the gaming world. Each one has their own individual name so you can tell them apart.

While each server provides an identical copy of the game, there are often variations on how you may play the game itself.

The main ones are Player versus Environment (PvE), Player versus Player (PvP) and you may also choose a server that allows roleplaying.

You indulge yourself in the many activities available. Raiding, levelling up your “toon”. Battlegrounds, dungeons, raids, daily quests, and pet battles. New features are being added all the time.

Regardless of your choices, the same “in game” events will occur.

The differences in how things play out will be how you choose to approach them.

Each time you try something, it may succeed or fail. You can try many different approaches to your objective, and do it working with different personalities and goals.

Every time you die, you can return to your body for another go, as though nothing ever happened.

While everything is the same, it is also different.

You could liken this to timelines. Each version is almost identical, but each time, events play out slightly differently, depending on what you choose to do, who you decide to do it with, and so on.

Experience will be your teacher and eventually you will reach a point where, what once was hard or tricky, becomes easy.

You could be playing on one server, then decide to transfer to another. Everything will seem the same, but it won't be. There will be subtle differences, including the feel and atmosphere of that server.

Death has no real consequence. At the worst, it will cost you some gold for repairs, or delay you for a few minutes.

Should your character die; you just come back over and over again, until you work out a way to win or avoid death.

Though I'm using World of Warcraft as an analogy here, it's not a perfect one, but it helps to illustrate my points.

In real life, you come back time and time again. Trying different ways, making different decisions, and trying to work out how to experience and achieve the goals you have set for yourself.

You may not be aware that this is happening. Or if you are, you will more than likely put it down to a faulty memory that doesn't make any logical sense.

In World of Warcraft, you are fully aware of what needs to be done, and how to do it. If it's a new challenge, you will work it out soon enough.

To take the analogy further. You, as the player are the main soul. (Often referred to as The Higher-Self.)

The "toons" are your avatars. You control them all. Decide what you want to achieve, and then give instructions to do it. Sometimes things work out. Sometimes they don't. Sometimes those "toons" will seem to have a mind of their own.

With this analogy, it's similar to our own Higher-Selves. It is the main Soul and we are its avatars.

Like the "toons", you may not be aware it is even happening, but your Higher-Self knows everything it needs to know in order to have the experiences it desires.

The Higher Self might even have more than one Avatar at the same time, which is also something you can do in World of Warcraft.

In many ways, 3D life imitates the greater reality.

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## Avatars

### 31 – Avatars: One Soul in Many Bodies

Over the years, I have become quite good at identifying certain energies.

I can recognize if someone is a human or otherkin. Some I am quick to identify while others may take much longer. This is because I have not remembered who they are, or had enough exposure and context.

I also have become proficient about identifying souls I've known in past lives.

A recurring theme, for me, is that the same type of souls keep finding me and coming into my life.

As discussed earlier, Lilith is one example, though there are many others.

It seems the same souls, not only appear to shift from body to body, but may sometimes be in several bodies at the same time.

This is something we normally don't notice because we are not wired to do so.

After a while, though, we might start to observe that we keep on having relationships with the same kind of people; or those who wish us harm seem to have the same personality types.

If you look close enough, you may observe that they may even share similar features, such as looks, voice and attitude.

Why is this?

Let's consider this scenario.

We all have what is called a *Higher-Self*. This is basically your greater Soul at another vibrational level. It tends to reside on the higher astral levels.

In order to experience itself in all its glory, it sends a part of itself, which we might call a Soul Aspect or Avatar, into the lower astral levels.

There is no limit to how many Soul Aspects it can send of itself. It can send one, hundreds or even thousands. There are no rules for this.

The Soul Aspect that resides on the lower Astral levels can also choose to send as many aspects of itself to incarnate into a human body. In effect, it can live many different lives at the same time.

With that in mind, it's possible that people who act and look similar, are the same soul in many bodies.

They may choose to be incarnated or sometimes they will decide to be a Walk-In.

If we have a Soul Bond with any of these Souls, they will be drawn to us.

A Soul Bond occurs when an energy link is forged between two parties.

There are various reasons why this happens.

- You may be part of a Soul Group.
- You may have made agreements with someone on the 3D, Astral or Soul Level.

- Someone may have cursed you. (Thus, accidentally forging a link between the curser and intended target.) These links remain until they are dissolved or have naturally run their course.
- Someone may be obsessed or in love with you, which can also form a Soul Bond.

### *How Many Bodies?*

Not all Souls will choose to send down many aspects of themselves at once.

Sometimes, there will simply be one.

For instance, I am pretty sure that I'm the only one of "me" here. If there is another like myself, I've yet to come across them.

I do have Soul sons and daughters, but they are also not "me".

There are also what you may call "satellite" Souls. These are put into place to prompt certain events to occur. But they do not fall into the same category as Avatars.

I've also experienced Stalker Souls.

One, who is known as Hathor, jumps from body-to-body. She has an unhealthy obsession with me and insist that I be with her.

She has used several different people, none of which are connected.

It's as though the same person is writing the script for all of them.

I've also had Souls who have left one body and jumped into another. One example that springs to mind is a nemesis who has tried to destroy me in this life, not once, but several times.

Same looks, same voice, same pathological need to lie, and even the same levels of awareness, including esoteric knowledge.

Two of her Avatars, I met 20 years apart, but it didn't take long for me to put two and two together.

It is very annoying, to say the least. For those who have read my book, *I am The Phoenix*, one of the Avatars I am referring to is Renee.

How many bodies can a Soul have? Technically, as many as they want. The key is whether the body is available.

If they have the Soul-Rights to the body, that is, they were born into the body or were involved in its creation; then the Main Soul can shift its focus from body-to-body, as much as it desires.

If it chooses a body that it does not own, then it must either try to possess it, negotiate for it, or share it. Such state of affairs are not desirable as they can cause unintended problems, e.g., memories being messed with and being overwhelmed by the Original owner's energies.

Jumping from body-to-body isn't as uncommon as it may sound. It happens, and because of our human conditioning, we don't notice it.

If a person looks like a person in appearance, then we assume they are that person. Few ever see beyond the skin, and if they do, they may say: "You've changed," while not realizing that they are literally correct.

Few seem to be able to tell when a different Soul uses the body.

There have been many times I've looked at someone and thought: That is not the same person I knew.

During my time dealing with Omen, he told me an interesting story.

It was regarding a lady in my chat room. She had told everyone that the office where she worked, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, had a mass shooting.

She was supposed to go into work that day, but she ended up being sick.

(Interestingly enough, it was the same place myself and my ex-partner were considering taking up a nine-month contract, but eventually the deal fell through.)

Omen mentioned that he had been contracted to actually kill this lady, but decided against it for his own purposes. He did, however, possess the body that ended up shooting everyone to carry out the job, but he ensured that his target was not present.

I won't go into his reasons for doing this (which I eventually worked out and found they not all that pleasant).

However, it made me aware that many mass shootings, which seem to characteristically come out of nowhere, might well be demonic entities taking over the body of the shooter.

Things normally end in suicide for the killer, the motivation is never understood, and people are left wondering why?

But as the law prosecutes the body rather than the Soul, this makes doing hits on people a very easy thing to do. The demonic being takes over, does the job, and gets out leaving no evidence behind.

I would put good money on that this has happened more often than we may imagine.

I've even been threatened with the same type of thing from someone who claimed to be a Walk-In. He kept on telling me to leave this world because I was causing them too many problems. Then he threatened to kill me.



*"No, I have you for what we are here to do... You will die soon, Boy... See you soon..."*

*I jump from body to body. I'll kill u [sic] soon... It's only a matter of time... It may even be your partner, you fuck, those are the rules... I rule this realm."*

I knew enough about him to know he was genuine, but I wasn't concerned with the threat. It was more of interest to me that he would jump from body-to-body to do it.

The point is, mass shootings and terrorist attacks may be more than what they seem on the surface.

Here is the point of it all. We can have as many aspects of ourselves as we want here. It allows us to gain more experience than we might from one lifetime. It also means that your Soul Mate, even if he dies or leaves you; might have other Avatars around who will come into your life, when the time is right. So, you can take heart in that.

That also includes lost loved ones. They may return to you in a different body.

Remember, nothing is random. Soul Links will ensure that we always meet such people. It's also why it's never wise to curse someone because the curse will keep you around in the other person's life until it has been either nullified or fulfilled.

Remember, you are not alone; and when we are ready, the right person will come into our lives.

If you're reading this, it means that it's something you needed to know.



## 32 - Who was H.H. Holmes?

A quick item of interest that follows from the last entry. I thought I would sneak it in here.

This one is intriguing as it involves Omen.

As I mentioned previously, I would chat for hours with Omen, prying him for those rare nuggets of history that any true historian would most likely give their right arm for.

Before Omen became the silent movie actress, he said he remembered another life. Or thought he did. That of one of the most infamous serial killers: H.H. Holmes.

Omen was fascinated with dead bodies. He also needed fresh blood to keep the bond between him and the body healthy. Otherwise, he would become sick, weakened, and incapacitated. Omen hated humans and looked upon them as mostly food, killing them was never an issue of conscience for him.

He also had a very unusual addiction to Fae energy. It literally made him high. (Fae being a generic term for nature spirits and fairies.) Omen would regularly manage to get his hands on some, eat them, and end up acting like he was drunk or high on drugs.

I actually made him a Fae substitute that gave him the same high (but not the same thrill of the chase) in an attempt to stop him from killing more of them. And yes, Fae are real.

Here is the chat I had with him while discussing the subject matter for my blog. The only thing I changed was the name of the actress to "the actress." So, forgive me if it comes across as clumsy.

Omen: *Oh, BTW [sic], did you ever notice that I have a memory gap directly before the actress? I try to overlook it, but I think I finally figured out where and when it was. I could never place the memory. I sometimes get timeframes mixed up, but this one is doubly confusing. Everyone used to call me Holmes, and all this time I was thinking to myself that Holmes is a fictional character. You know the detective dude in books? And I'm like this is all wrong, something must have fucked up in my mind. So, yesterday I Googled around and found it.*

*I owned a hotel that had a dungeon and worked on cadavers and all that medical stuff. Anyhow I Google Holmes and hotel and come up with this.*

(Omen links a Wikipedia Entry on H.H. Holmes.)

*I was like: Oh, nothing will come up...*

*--The memories are blurry because I was mostly drunk in every way and because I didn't connect my name [Herman] to Holmes.*

*I thought they were just separate lifetimes, and the Holmes was just some fucked up fantasy I made because it's so blurry.*

*...remind me not to google again.*

Gary: *How. You sure don't do things by half. So, you don't remember because you were drunk?*

Omen: *Well I remember the hotel, it's my baby...*

Gary: *And so the actress was born the following year?*

Omen: *But I didn't think it would all work out so well, it's just the latter half is a bit blurry... And I left/attached partially to the actress 3 days before being hung. Made a contract because I knew it was going to happen, and I didn't want to waste my time sitting in a cell. I hate cells... They just... Ehhh...*

*I don't know when the actress was born in comparison, I don't remember any birth-fails in between, but I know that's the gap before the actress, mostly.*

*Anyhow, I thought it was a lot earlier, as well. I had it crosswired with the Spanish Inquisition because of the dungeoning thing.*

*I suppose I can't be expected to keep it linear, but I feel bad for even misplacing, and not remembering correctly, the entire escapade as the same lifetime.*

*...Remind me not to change my name in the middle of a lifetime.*

*Makes me wonder [about] all the rest I've misplaced because I've grouped memories via similarity to other events rather than timeframe.*

*Gary: So, the actress = 1893. Holmes = May 7 1896.*

*Omen: However, as the actress, I never found out my actual real birth time because mother refused to speak about it, and supposedly, father knew it. I asked father when I was 12, he was dying.*

*That's what I based my birth date off of, specifically. We often had to fake like I was younger than I was to get into specific roles. So... just from that I'm thinking father could have been wrong. I don't like to think it, but I really don't remember taking a third Soul between that time.*

*I just don't remember if I swapped hosts before they were born. I can do that if I have to (if I ask for it to be arranged, if I've been treating Triquerta nice... which I had been).*

*So, either I changed hosts prior to birth, or skipped through a few for some reason; and they all died..... Or mother was more of a whore than I would expect, and the father who walked out on us was not my father.*

*...It's a bit late for me to be thinking of these things.*

*I think I should just put this down to I had a lot of Fae at my disposal and probably overdid it with the whole breaking unborn infants for a couple years*

*It's happened before, it's just... well I don't remember those clearly either.*

*It's Possible*

Personally, my money is on Omen having been Holmes. It certainly fits, plus he remembers the hotel.

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## Karma and Free Will

### 33 - The Power Of Free Will

In a previous entry, we discussed how World of Warcraft can be used as an analogy for timelines. Now I will explore this further.

Free Will is a concept that suggests we may do anything we wish without restriction.

Though that doesn't mean there aren't any consequences. All your choices influence who you are, and what happens to you.

Free Will allows us to experience whatever we choose. When we decide on a direction, all is set up on those higher Astral Levels where our Main Soul aspects exist.

Many people get confused about what Free Will is. They also get confused as to what it means when people say: *"This is a world of illusions."*

There are two main Realms of Reality that we should look at.

The first is the *Realm of the Absolute*.

This is where you would find what one terms, "God" or "Source". It is all that is, will be and ever was. All there exists in that Realm is Light, Oneness, and Love. Time does not exist. It's just the Eternal now.

When all is everything and everything is just Light and Love, it is impossible to know what Oneness is.

It's like taking a flashlight during high noon on a summer's day and turning it on. You can't even tell if it's on. Very much like people not noticing they have left their car lights on during the day.

However, take away the daylight, and you suddenly have a tool that lets you experience, not only what light is, but what the darkness is, too.

You have created contrast and that allows us to know what something is, and what isn't.

While you can know yourself conceptually, it's another matter, entirely, to know yourself experientially.

Many seem to struggle with this concept, so to use another analogy: It's like reading about sex and experiencing it.

To allow us to experience ourselves, the *Realm of the Relative* was created. Anything and everything can be manifested. The only limits are the imagination of the Soul.

The *Realm of the Relative* is completely made up. It is 100% illusion, as it is not who we truly are. It has everything imaginable contained within, and everything has its polar opposites.

Just because it's all made up, doesn't mean it isn't real to us. The emotions and sensations of pain, joy, sadness, love, anger, and so on are not dismissed as just an illusion.

While this realm is indeed illusionary, it's still real for us who exist in it. It's our reality, and we should treat it as such.

The fact that it's an illusion allows us to use it to manifest and create anything we desire.



When people dismiss this world as a world of illusions, they fail to understand that it's still real. It's just not ultimate reality. I feel that saying this trivializes what we experience and endure.

Yes, it is an illusion, but the illusion is complete and it's our second home.

In the previous entry, the Astral levels are defined as anything that is not on this 3D level. There are 7 levels, and each level has 7 within it. Moving beyond those levels will take you to a new octave.

Those levels are where we reside as One, know everything that is going on, and time does not exist. There is no separation.

The higher the level, the faster and easier you can create something, but the less substance it has.

This is why the third dimension is ideal for creating things that have real value and substance. The more energy you are able to put into manifesting something, the more potent it becomes.

Sounds too fantastic? Too many flaws with this idea?

I can't blame you for thinking that. Unless you have experienced something along those lines, it's often hard to accept this as possible, or as fact.

To be clear, I am asserting the statements above with the following assumptions:

1. *Time is an illusion. All things are happening right now.*
2. *Which means all realities exist at the same time. The fact there is no time means everything must be happening right now. Only the illusion of time exists so we may experience what we desire.*

3. *We are literally all One. By that I mean, there is only One Soul, and everything is an aspect of it. Therefore, there is nothing to plan or interact with outside of yourself, because the only one who is doing this is You. The illusion is that we are all separate from everything else.*
4. *Nothing is random. Unless you choose it to be. You can experience randomness if you wish, but even that is a choice. For instance, you might say, there is no Free Will, and then experience that very reality because you have chosen it. Even not making a choice is making a choice.*
5. *Separation is an illusion, but is needed in order to experience exactly who we are by being in the presence of what we are not. You experience who you are by comparing yourself to others and by deciding who you will be in regard to events and others actions.*
6. *We have all of Eternity to experience everything we wish, in any way we want to. More importantly, we can keep coming back again and again until we are finished and ready to move on to something different and new.*

All the above, are certainly *not* my ideas. It's just the way it works. Such things have been spoken of many, many times in other religions and philosophies. (The Conversations with God book series details this all quite nicely.)

I'm just using them in the context of timelines.

There is one thing, I have felt, that I haven't come across elsewhere before.

There is a "*Master You.*"

By that I mean, while we experience all realities at the same time, there is one main *Master You* where the current focus is. You can see potential timelines, the probabilities, and experiences that could have happened but didn't; simply because you didn't choose them.

It's as though you have sent out your Avatars to experience those probabilities, conceptually, as though you were doing a simulation.

For all intent and purposes, it has happened; but not to the *Master You*.

Therefore, all of those Avatars, having experienced those potential timelines, return to the *Master You*. Those types of Avatars give you other experiences and insights that you might not have otherwise obtained.

You can follow those timelines in your mind and see what might have been.

For example, I've personally followed three potential paths at various points in my life. I saw them unfold in my Mind's Eye, and eventually saw how they ended.

For the record, they all ended badly. In two of them, I saw myself leaving my life (possibly to try again).

Some timelines you may not want to experience at all, and you do not have to. It's all to do with what we choose in the end.

Remember, it's all a matter of attunement that defines the reality you end up in.

## 34 - Karma - How Does It Work?

Karma appears to be generally misunderstood. It affects everyone and no one is exempt.

For many years, I studied how Karma worked. There were many explanations out there; e.g. every action being mapped by the stars or being recorded in some way. However, none of these really made a lot of sense to me, and it didn't really explain why you reap what you sow.

Then I read a book called, "The Magus of Strovolos," by Kyriacos C. Markides, which finally explained it in a way that made perfect sense to me.

*In a nutshell, Karma is the results of our thoughts, intentions and actions.*

I think it's generally accepted now that our thoughts are real forces. A thought is a vibration and is composed of a specific energy. Once it's put out there, it can technically travel on for eternity.

However, I believe they don't go very far. They tend to pool with thoughts that are similar to itself.

By that I mean, the more you think the same thought, the more of it that gathers and the stronger it gets. Like thoughts attract like thoughts.

Think frequently and strongly enough on something, and it will eventually manifest itself, physically.

Thoughts that take on a life of their own are often called Thought Forms or Elementals. (As opposed to the four nature elemental energies of water, fire, earth and air or, in Taoism, metal, earth, water, fire and wood.) Elemental thoughts are very different from an entity.

An Entity is a Being that can act independently; whereas a Thought Form can only do what the thought that created it is based on.

Every thought will contribute to a pool of likewise energy. Enough energy will manifest itself as something physical or as a Thought Form.

Thought Forms may well take on a consciousness of its own. (In fact, anything can gain a consciousness of sorts, though it may not fall into the accepted definition of what consciousness is.)

The Thought Form will then seek out energy that is similar to itself to feed on. If it cannot find any, it will create situations that will produce the desired energy.

The kind of Thought Form that has been created depends on the energy that created it.

Energy can be composed of anything. Fear, love, desire, perversions, lust for power, money, fame... list is endless.

The other thing that will create Thought Forms are intentions and actions.

A simple example might be: If you steal something with intention, you have put that energy out there. Enough of that type of energy will create a Thought Form.

It will then seek out, or create situations where theft occurs. That will allow it to feed on the resulting energies.

And so, the cycle continues.

This is not an easy concept for me to convey, but hopefully you are starting to get the idea.

Eventually, what is called "a critical mass" of energy occurs.

Then, the Thought Form will seek out the source that created it, and return. It's said to do this when it becomes seven times stronger.

The presence of the Thought Form will produce situations that mirror it. Going back to the example of theft, it may either cause something to be stolen from its Creator or produce situations where the Creator feels they must steal again, to survive.

Thus, a never-ending cycle has been created.

This is one reason why your belief system creates your reality. Those beliefs generate thoughts, and those thoughts create. The Universe responds to the exact thing you put out.

Examples are: If you believe that life is drama, you will experience that. This experience will reinforce itself by creating more of the same.

Or maybe you don't believe in Free Will. You will experience that reality.

Now, you're probably asking, is there a way to overcome Karma?

I've heard quite a few so-called "Masters" claim they can clear another's Karma. Let me tell you that such claims are highly improbable.

Even if Masters were able to do this, for the sake of argument, there is always a price attached. Nothing is free.

An exchange of some kind must always take place: Whether it is now, in the future, or another life.

Which begs the question, are you just exchanging one type of Karma for another?

Be very careful of those who claim they have the abilities to change Karma. Chances are they are intentionally misleading you or they really have no clue what they are doing.

Thankfully, there are ways to overcome Karma, but they require intention, hard work and tenacity.

Even though a Thought Form will return to its source, it does not automatically mean that you initially must fall into the situation it creates.

The best way to overcome its effects is to change your own intentions and thoughts.

Going back to the theft example, let's say someone who is a thief has decided to change their ways and become honest.

Things are going well, but then their Thought Form returns and creates either a theft, or the need to steal again.

The creator would not only have to resist the temptation to steal, but also make a firm commitment that they are *not* the person they once were.

If the situation is then created where they are burgled, the creator will need to decide if they accept the Karma for their past actions, and moves on, or will they revert to type. (And justify to themselves that they tried, but nothing changed.)

The choice to change and accept responsibility for their past actions will result in a change in their thought, energy, and vibrations.

Once they have shifted enough, the Thought Form will no longer be able to resonate with them. This means, such energies will be way less likely to appear in their lives and produce such results.

The problem here is, circumstances will arise where one feels they have no choice but to take what is not theirs; rationalizing that they or others will suffer if they don't.

The key is to choose another outcome. To set your intentions, stick to them, no matter what may come, and send out a different energy.

The Thought Form will always attempt to create a situation, but once it finds that the Source no longer resonates on the level that created it, it will lose the power to affect them.

It might take a time or three for the effect of Karma to dissipate. This will depend on how strong the elemental has become, and how much energy it must expend to feed itself. Once it has used up its resources, it will most likely become inert. (Unless it finds another Source to feed it.)

Because it may take a while for the Thought Form to lose its energy, people who decide to "change their ways" may not see immediate results.

This may anger them and make them resentful. They may even fall back into their old ways, and feed the Thought Form, and start the entire cycle up again.

You could look upon this as The Universe testing just how committed we are to change. If one reverts at the first sign of resistance, it shows they were not truly committed to change nor were they doing it for the right reasons.

There is a very wise saying that goes along the lines of: What you resist, persists and what you look at and make your own, will disappear. Carl Jung is said to be the one who coined this; however, it is wisdom that has been around for a long time.



Many say that they do not wish to give energy or thought to negative things in their life, such as illness, bad situations, et cetera. They deny the problem by either ignoring it or pretending it does not exist.

Rather than making this go away, it has the opposite effect. It will cause it to grow stronger.

When you deny something, it does not cease to be. It will tend to fester and grow. This is especially true if you are ignoring out of fear, as fear will feed the energy.

Acknowledging something is the key. Embracing it for what it is, and accepting the situation is important. Then you can start to control it. Then you can begin healing it.

It is not until you accept where you are at, that you can begin to change things. Taking responsibility for your situation is also very important.

Then you can work with it, bless it, strategize and follow the flow of events and energy to heal things. There is always a way.

In the case of Karma, this is important because by recognizing the situations created by it, we can then start to change and heal the energies.

All change should be done because it's who you are, and because your actions are in line with your commitment.

It's also possible to change your being and vibrations so much that you are no longer the person you once were, and the past will no longer affect you in a Karmatic sense.

This is one of the reasons we forget who we are when we are born. If we remember our past, including our attitudes, regrets, those who wronged us, those we have wronged, and so forth, we not only keep drawing those old energies toward us, but we will find it very hard to evolve spiritually.

The lack of memory and awareness is really a gift and a blessing. It gives us the chance to move beyond who we were. Past life memories will come to you as you need to remember them. It would be a tremendous burden to remember past lives. Most can barely cope with the memories of their current life.

If you do awaken those memories before their time, you will also draw your old Thought Forms towards you. This is another reason why it is *not* wise to try and remember past lives.

We send out a lot of thoughts, each one takes on its own power... However, most are just too weak to do anything that will affect you, as a rule. Though, as your mastery grows, you will become more powerful and get to the point where only a single thought is enough.

The old adage: "*Be careful what you ask for because you just might get it*", takes on *new* meaning here.

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## Atlantis, Old gods, Archives and The Astral Worlds.

### 35 – The Old gods: What is the truth?

I've spent a lot of time putting down the foundations of what I am going to talk about now. When it comes to gods, there are many myths out there and few of them are accurate.

For the sake of brevity, when I say "gods", this also includes the goddesses.

To do this subject justice, we need to lay a little more groundwork.

There was a controversial figure who was called Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, who wrote a series of metaphysical books. The most famous being, "*The Third Eye*." He claimed to be genuine, and chances are he was, but they are equally as good that he wasn't.

I was a follower of him in the 80s and 90s as he seemed to reveal many hidden secrets. As he hit on a few truths, I accepted the rest as true, too.

With all my experiences and access to knowledge, I've since discovered that he was wrong about many things, and to be frank, I don't think he had a clue what he was talking about.

If he did, then he deliberately misled people and gave dangerous advice.

He also has a toxic fanbase. (Though, to be fair, that has become the norm for most fanbases.)

There was one thing that he appeared to get right, though. Whether this was by design, chance or pure luck, I don't know.

He wrote a book called "*The Hermit*". This was about a race of aliens who referred to themselves as The Gardeners of Earth.

Summarily, the book describes a race of aliens who are experimenting on humans, observing them, and treating them as a lower life-form.

One thing of note is that The Gardeners claim they were the old gods.

All in all, the book paints a rosy picture of them.

Whether you believe this book is real or not (and Rampa's fans will insist that every single word ever uttered by him is infallible...) it does seem to reflect the current state of things. Except, The Gardeners are *not* exactly benevolent.

Mythology refers to many pantheons for the gods, though some of them were the same ones under different names and under different times that existed in different cultures.

It appears that gods came and went, depending on what was going on.

The question here is, did the old gods really exist? Were they just a myth? Where did they come from and where are they now?

You can surmise that from speaking to Omen, and from my autobiography *I am The Phoenix*, I do have some answers to those questions.

The myths that we know today, though, do not reflect much of the truth about what really went on.

This may annoy, or even upset some people, but I can't help that. Truth often can be stranger than fiction.

I will get into that momentarily. For now, let's look at them in general.

The first question I can answer is, yes, they did exist. They were real.

They were not made up by the superstitious denizens of the planet, as is often supposed.

They are not a Myth. It would seem that their stories are mostly crafted by themselves. After all, history is written by the victors.

In my view, many of them were megalomaniacs who manipulated others to gain prestige and power(s).

There are a few on this earth who still remember those days because they were bound to bodies and forced to incarnate repeatedly more times than we can comfortably imagine.

I have met a few of these Beings. Omen was just one of them, but by no means the only one. Even though the old gods do not interact much with each other in this life, they all have the same knowledge and memories of the past.

Their knowledge, tales, and memories help us to piece together much of history that most historians would give their right arm for. (Assuming they believed such a source existed to begin with.)

Many of the old gods were around before and during Atlantis.

Though it is thought to be a mythical city, there really was a place called Atlantis. It wasn't just an allegory constructed by Plato. In all likelihood, Plato may have been at Atlantis, himself, and had maintained the memory of being there in that particular life.

I know I was there for a while. I was told I was one of three people in charge.

At this point, my memory is somewhat vague with the details. I do recall it being a horrible time.

Atlantis, if I recall correctly, was located on a convergence of ley-lines. (Which are energy lines that circle the earth.) It may have also been on one of earth's Chakras or major energy centres.

Many Beings came there to escape what is referred to as *The Galactic Federation*.

The Federation was a central body that governed the astral levels in the Orion star system. There were many councils, and the intention was to keep order.

This is not to say that they did not have questionable practices themselves.

However, their jurisdiction did not extend to earth. Agreements had been struck with them to not interfere for around twenty thousand years.

Atlantis was a terrible place, in many ways. Horrible experiments and acts of genocide occurred in its name.

Many will claim they were from Atlantis, as though it is a badge of honor.

In my opinion, there is no real pride in having been a part of Atlantis. (Although, there were many who really did try to make a difference there.)

So, where are the gods now? The answer is they are still here. At least, the ones that decided to not return home.

### 36 - About Atlantis and Lemuria

Now that I've stated that Atlantis existed, I'm sure it will be a controversial statement for many.

The general consensus is that Plato created Atlantis as an example. It didn't exist, and there isn't any proof it ever existed.

Quite frankly, it's easy to refer to something that you can't prove because you can say anything about it. As it goes, my Guides would discuss Atlantis and claim that it was my idea to create it. I was told it was meant to be a place where Beings could visit and be free of restrictions from The Galactic Federation's influence. Along with Thoth and NUT, I was in charge of running it.

Now, I always thought that sounded like an egotistical fantasy. Right up to the time I spoke to someone who had, until recently, been bound to bodies, like Omen was, and remembered Atlantis.

Due to respecting the wishes of a friend, I can't disclose her name, so I will call her "Nicole."

The only reason I know Nicole was not a deluded person, was the fact that Omen remembered her from back when they were both wandering the earth around 16,000 years ago.

Also, Nicole knew Omen and who he was. She also had way more knowledge about things (like Omen did) than any person would normally have.

Nicole always referred to me as, "*The one you now call Gary.*" It was also clear that, even though I had not actually met her in this life, she was not a fan of me at all.

Nicole called me by that name frequently. To me, it implied she somehow knew me, recognized me, and remembered my previous names. Nicole was another who recognized my Phoenix heritage.

Not only did she remember me from previous lives, but it also was confirmation that what my Guides had been telling me, turned out to be correct.

One night, a mutual friend set up a chat with us both.

Nicole's Soul Mate was still incarnated in a human body, so she would possess that and use it to communicate with others, when the need arose.

That night, for two hours, Nicole went on and on about how she held me responsible for the genocide that happened by the Atlanteans, because I was the one in charge, thus I allowed it. Nicole's most serious accusation was that I was indecisive and refused to act. (Though I had my reasons, which I will further detail in future entries.)

Nicole claimed she had sent an emissary to speak to me, whom I refused to see. Though it took me a while to remember that incident, it was still fresh in her mind, even though it happened at least 20,000 years ago.

Of all the things I ever expected to be accused of in this life, genocide was not one of them.

Many others I have spoken to claim to have memories of Atlantis, including another colleague, who goes by the name Ecclesia. She was also bound to bodies for ten thousand years. She claimed she was kept under the city but heard everything that was going on.

I still am a little unclear about the history of what occurred in Atlantis. What I do remember was frustration and malice.

I remember that Atlantis was a high level civilization based on crystal technology.

The crystals were classed as sentient (they had a Soul Energy attached to them and certain kinds have certain powers). They were especially potent in the higher dimensional levels.



Crystals have many uses. However, some could be used to enslave, bind or imprison others.

A lot of amoral and terrible experiments were performed during those times. They experimented with hybrids, siphoning off parts of Souls and replacing them with other energies.

There were genetic experiments, especially with the human body.

There were no gods present because, technically, everyone was a "god," so being one was nothing remarkable.

The wars that Nicole referred to were the Atlantean's attempts to annihilate and/or enslave the former denizens of the planet: The Hindu gods and Fae.

Atlantis ended up being so bad that some went and founded Lemuria to get away from it.

The Ruler there was called Neptune (also known as Poseidon or Triton). Neptune did not have a friendly disposition, though he was smart enough to rule Lemuria in a way to make most people happy.

Lemuria was based in the sea (thus making it harder for demons to be there), and is where the myths of merfolk originated.

All who chose to go there were given Mer energy, which allowed them the ability to survive and breathe underwater.

Lemuria was named after the original Lemuria, that was a planet that was covered almost completely in water. The Mers and the Naga were at war there, and many came to Atlantis to escape. Those who lived in Lemuria also seem to have a strong draw and affinity with dolphins.

The point is, Atlantis did exist, and still does. Both Atlantis and Lemuria are actually on a higher vibrational plane, which is why we cannot visit there from this 3D level.

I know I just gave a breakdown of what seems to be a fantasy role-playing game, but in my considerable experience, it's all real. Too real.

## 37 - Definition of Otherkin

Before continuing, we should first define what *Otherkin* are and discuss Interdimensional Beings.

It's a curious thing when people speak of Aliens, they often refer to them as reptiles or lizards (also known as Dracos). As far as my experience goes, I've rarely come across such Beings. The reptiles that I do come across are more along the lines of dragons.

As a side note, I've yet to see any evidence of shapeshifters in human form. I suspect that, if it is possible, the body would have to be spiritualized first, and close enough to the 5D to change, but still able to be seen on the 3D. In which case, why even bother?

Aliens do exist and have been around for many millennia. They don't get here by covering vast distances in spacecrafts.

The distances would be totally impractical and it would take hundreds, if not thousands of years to get anywhere and do anything.

Also, just because they are aliens, it does not mean they are immune to the laws of 3D physics. It is not going to turn a blind eye.

However, the laws of physics are different on the 5D, and what would be impossible here, is commonplace there. Travelling vast distances in a very short time is not only possible but done frequently.

Aliens do exist. They are Interdimensional Beings made of Lightbodies (and I suppose Darkbodies). They can shift to a human body, if needed, when they enter the 3D, but their bodies on the astral level are mostly used for getting work done.

The form they take on represents their energies.

There are more types of Interdimensional Beings out there than you would suspect, and they all exist.

There are way too many to name. Some of them are known as dragons, merfolk, angelics, demonics, succubi, Lyran, incubi, Dracos, fae, the hooded Beings called, “Nobodies,” and Phoenixii.

When these Interdimensional Beings choose to manifest into a human body, they are known as Otherkin.

Otherkin are non-human souls in a human body. If they are from another star system, then they are referred to as a Starseed.

This world is full of such Beings. They walk among us mostly unnoticed because the human mind refuses to accept the possibility that such things exist, even when it’s staring them right in the face.

Many dismiss those who claim to be Otherkin, as deluded attention seekers with a possible mental illness.

Personally, I can’t blame anyone for believing that. I have enough trouble accepting that I am one myself!

### *The Fae*

Some Otherkin are entrancing and beautiful. One such race are known as the Fae.

The word “*Fae*”, is a general term, which is said to cover Beings like nature spirits, faeries, dryads, pixies and sprites.

Not all Fae are equal, though. While the nature spirit types are part of the matrix and children of The Gaia (The soul of this world), other Fae came as visitors.

Those Fae are an ancient race. From what I can tell, the goddess NUT is the mother of Fae.

When the Fae visited this world, they discovered that they could gain experiences by merging with the denizens of this planet.

They experienced what it was like to live a 3D life and chose to stay. (An avatar of The Gaia once mentioned to me that Fae had earned their place in this world and were allowed to stay.)

Many who merged, or took on physical form, forgot who they really were, which tends to happen when a soul comes down into the dense 3D energies here.

Fae were only one of the many Beings who came to earth.

For instance, you had dragons, who are thought to be just myths.

I've certainly met enough dragons to know they are not.

When The Buddha gave each animal their own year, the dragon was included among them.

From what I recall, this was done on the astral levels, which is why the dragon was present, along with the others.

Certain dragons came to the earth, back in those days, and agreed to be Protectors, Guardians and Representatives of the Gaia. The Níðhöggr being one of note. (Yes, I know she also associated with the Norse gods, but she was there during the times of the Hindus and agreed to be a guardian of the World Tree.)

Like I said, just one of countless Beings that came here.

When we think of aliens, we think of the archetypical, "Gray." While they do exist, they are not the ones in charge. They are more like the "grunts" of the hierarchy, though I believe they are Angelic in origin.

As a rule, most aliens are not human and we can look to myth to get a reasonable idea of what they looked like. There is a reason why Beings, such as the Egyptian gods, were represented with strange heads. That was part of how they really looked when seen in the Astral Levels.

Each being had their own abilities and powers.

Now, it is a really curious thing that back in 1997, art Bell's Coast to Coast radio program got a frantic caller who claimed that aliens were actually Interdimensional Beings.

Whether this guy was a hoax or not is not really the point here. What is important is that the show was immediately knocked off the air.

What he was saying, by accident or design, was exactly right. It's way too much of a coincidence that the show was interrupted. There are those who either did not want this information getting out or something wanted to draw attention to it.

I recommend looking this broadcast up to listen for yourself.

## 38 - Geb - god Of The Earth

Geb is the name I am known by, to many.

Mythology claims that Geb was the god of The Earth.

That claim does have its foundations in fact, though it is truly lost in the retelling.

The Phoenix Energy was one of the factors that gave life to this planet, and helped things evolve over so many billions of years. A few primordial Beings came together, and helped seed life, shape the planet, and awaken The Gaia.

I elected to make this earth one of my homes because I did (and still do) love The Gaia.

I didn't always know I was Geb. It took me decades to work that out. The first time I heard that name, I dismissed it as Geb being way too high level for him to be me.

The process I went through was a long one, but for the sake of history and completeness, I shall detail it now.

It has been stated, by many, that I am The Phoenix Source.

That's vague, so I am going to try and explain a little about who and what I am.

One of the things I ask those who can see me in the astral is, what I look like to them.

In 2021, I asked a being, who claimed to have visited me, this question

I was given a convoluted description.

*"An elemental of some variety if I had to categorize you. A flexible shell that encapsulates a sentient elemental energy source.*

*Like... if a star or a galaxy decided to make a body to contain itself and interact as a singular being.*

*The... embodiment of whatever source you are.*

*Maybe I should say you're like a source code.*

*Mobile partially fused shards of light making up the outer skin, white hot flames spreading from a singularity within and a vortex of swirling distortion at the center.*

*Each shard of light is like a ...um... compressed multilayer of souls that can fuse and unfuse.*

*Like....a matrix I suppose, or a prism."*

Take from that, what you will.

When I incarnated into this life, I had to forget everything I knew. Everything, but the essence of who I was, which I retained in a soul memory. I did this to complete agreements I had made.

While this was by design, it also meant that I forgot who I was, my history and, most annoyingly, all those who were attempting to kill, remove or enslave me.

The upside to this was that it not only allowed me to increase my powers and abilities, but gave me opportunities for me to recreate myself anew.

Over the years, my Guides have been gradually reminding me of who I was, how I came to be here, and where I fit into everything. That information comes in fragments.

They are tantalizing titbits of the puzzle. It can take years to piece together an event. It doesn't help that I only get information according to my level of attunement and acceptance.



As mentioned in my book, *I Am The Phoenix*, the message: “You are The Phoenix,” has been in my mind and thoughts every moment of every day since 1988. What that meant, took me a long time to unravel.

Working out how I came to be here has been a tedious and arduous process. Many times, I thought I worked it out, only to find there was more... much more.

I’ve had to revise who I thought I was numerous times. For instance, some had seen me in the Astral and mistaken me for the god Osiris, the son of Geb and Nut.

People who could Astral Travel would tell me when they saw me, that I was Osiris. (Which is a very strange conversation to have and I was never quite sure where to take it.)

I knew I wasn’t Osiris, though. I suspect that they saw him, and not me. Of course, him being my soul-son, would make it easy for them to confuse him with me.

*Thoth*

Because it took me so long to work out who I was, there would be long periods of time where I would struggle with the question. I would often go back and forth on certain details.

Every day I laboured with it, and many times said to myself: “*I don’t want to do this anymore. This can’t possibly be real.*” But to no avail. My Guides relentlessly persisted and there wasn’t a single day where the Phoenix did not come up in some way, shape or form.

I had to continue on, and so I did.

Over the years, I came across quite a few names. I even went through a period where I wondered if I was Thoth, as the signs seemed to point to that, but it turned out that he was one of my Avatars.

This was confirmed by Omen when he said we were from the same family. (Omen hated Thoth and said he was always an asshole. He chose to ignore that I was connected because if he worried about who everyone was, he would live his life in a bunker).

Fortunately, I met Omen at a time when I had worked out I was Geb. If it had been when I thought I might be Thoth, I would have hated to see Omen's reaction.

I went on to explain to him my connection to Thoth.

I told Omen: *He's my Avatar, so to speak. He was created during my Mind Travels and one day he became self-aware. I suddenly realized I was not me, and he became aware of me. But he became independent.*

Omen: *So a dream-world split off. Thought-form turned egregore.*

I had never actually heard of the word egregore. But, this was typical of Omen. He knew a lot more than me.

Omen: *Egregore = An egregore is essentially an artificially constructed spirit or entity in the astral plane, created by powerful individuals or the activities of collective groups. Or so the dictionary says, it's a bit more complex. Egregores can't survive until they bind themselves to a pre-existing soul otherwise they fade away when their source is cut off or becomes aged, and they end up harvesting other beings energy bodies to use for 'spare parts' as they degrade.*

*Obviously, Thoth never got that desperate with all of his artifacts to attach to, and live through, or he found someone willing to merge with him.*

(Later we suspected, and believed, that it may have been Metatron.)

This was news to me but made sense. Other people who claimed to be walk-ins knew he had Phoenix energy.

One being even remarked to me, when I mentioned it, that wasn't common knowledge and someone like me (a human) shouldn't know about it.

As it was, the quest for remembering who I was had gone on for many years. Even back in 1995, I channeled a diary entry from my Guides that read (in part):

*Guides: Who are you, Gary? Do you really have a clue? You can't believe in yourself until you know who you are... How does one believe in himself when he doesn't even know what he should be believing in. Let's face it, we've been asking you this question for many years now. Who are you? Have you ever been able to answer it? Not with any conviction.*

*Yes, we know you're Gary Leigh, but what does that mean in the real terms. It is just a name, and not even your real one as it's just one that has been given to you in this lifetime. So, the question we face is how do you believe in something when you don't even know what it is you're believing in? The answer is simply to find out who you are.*

*Once that's done, then you can believe in yourself. This is our Quest. This is what we are doing. We are finding out who you really are. What is your purpose? What are you really doing here?*

When I read back on this entry years later, I was amazed just how accurate it was.

Over the years that followed, I found more and more pieces to the puzzle. Eventually, I was able to finally put all the pieces together, which fit into one cohesive mass. Still, I was not sure.

It was a dear, now departed friend, named Colleen, that finally confirmed it for me. I had been pushing her away, telling her that she should focus on others, not me, as I was not who she thought I was. She insisted (ironically) that she would be there for me, whether I liked it or not.

I said: "*You don't even know who I am.*"

*"Yes I do," she replied.*

*"Then, who am I?"*

*"You are Gary. The god Geb. Source of Phoenix energy. Protector of The Phoenix and father of the first Phoenix generation. A traveler through space and time. Healer and friend."*

I had come across the name before when another friend gave me a run down on some Egyptian gods mentioning Geb and NUT (pronounced NOOT).

The thought I might be connected to them had popped into my mind, but, as mentioned, I immediately dismissed it as being unlikely, as they were way too advanced.

Otherkin, who self-identified as Seth, Horus and Nephthys had all found me over the years and called me their father

I did some digging into mythology and found that it was told that Geb had produced Phoenix eggs. More validation.

All this resonated completely, unlike the other names I had considered. It also made everything else that had happened in my life make sense and put them into context.

Colleen told me she recognized me the moment she had met me years before, in my chat room, but she had avoided me.

She went on to tell me that I had things to remember in preparation for my final stage and, even though I did not know what that was, in time I would understand. That was in 2012, and boy, she was right.

Since then, I've had every confirmation possible that I am Geb. As mentioned, my Soul Children have found me (and they identify with who they are), my sister/wife NUT also tracked me down.

Old enemies, who remember and blame me for many things, have appeared in my life. Even those who have been bound to bodies for countless years, such as Omen and Ecclasia, have recognized me. (Though Omen initially never let on that he knew who I was, but I have it on good authority that he did.)

I have gone over and over everything ad-nauseam. Could I be mistaken? Is there anything that might disprove it? Am I filling in gaps that don't conveniently fit? Could this all be explained away in some other manner?

The answer is, "no". I sometimes wish I was mistaken because being Geb is akin to painting a big red target on my chest. I have ticked off a lot of very powerful Beings out there as him.

It's a frustration. I can't do much with it. I can't exactly use it to influence anyone for either good or ill. I can't use it to make a living. (And I don't wish to become one of those Masters who live off perceived past glories or by forming a cult.)

Everything I have done in this life has been through persistent hard work including my own spiritual development and, in my view, anything worth having is worth putting effort and risk into.

In any case, I don't bother to hide who I am. If someone asks me directly who I was, I tell them I was Geb.

Of course, few really believe that. Or if they do, they don't seem to think much of it.

There are probably a few reasons for this.

- It's not something most can relate to.
- It's like something right out of a bad piece of fiction.
- I don't look or act like a god.

- I can't do any sweeping gestures to prove it. (Though, there are many who will verify that I have done many things that border on the impossible. My friends admonish me that I '*deus ex machina*' a little too much.) Having said that, many have said they have felt my energies when I work on them.
- Even when I do produce results (such as one year, someone asked me to make it snow during the summer and we ended up with a white Christmas... 1994 if I remember correctly) they still dismiss it as mere coincidence. On a side note, my ex-partner made me promise not to mess with the weather anymore. That was a conversation I never thought I'd have with someone.
- It challenges their belief in their own reality. After all, we have been taught such things are not possible and that gods, Phoenix, dragons, et al, are simply a myth.
- There are a lot of fakers out there. People who claim to be something that they know full well they are not. There is no reason for people to accept I am not one of them, nor would I wish them to do so. I would rather them just have the 'knowing' that it's all true.

You might ask, why bother declaring myself at all? The answer is, I am doing it because it feels like the right thing to do. Enough people have been helped by me putting out my experiences to have justified it. It's also so others, who think they may be crazy, will realize that maybe they are not after all.

Over the years, I've tried contacting other people who claim to be involved in the esoteric levels. Few ever respond. I can't really blame them.

Let's face it, if someone told me they were a god, I'd just dismiss them as delusional. Or at least I would have before 2004.

Even so, I continue to look for others who might be on the same path I am on.

The curious thing here is, I don't find them, they find me. I've lost count of how many have, against all odds, tracked me down.

And while reaching out to other so called Masters and researchers is a frustrating process, I am confident that those who need to find me, will.

If you have accepted this as true, you may now wonder: *"What's it like being a known god?"*

Let me tell you that it's not as grand and fun as you might think. It's tiring. The dramas never end. The further I go, the more I remember, and the more complex and insane it all becomes.

It's often lonely, depressing and down-heartening at times, not to mention frustrating.

Information about my past is sparse. I can't look up much about who I am because the information is mostly incorrect. Being married to my sister "NUT" is my main claim to fame. I once asked Omen about this. His response was that I was not one to gossip or get involved with things. So little was known about me.

But I know in my heart it's true. I can't be anyone else. I've tried. It doesn't work. So, take this for what it is.

I am Geb, so called god of the earth, one of the leaders of Atlantis, the Phoenix Source, the one who rebirthed Seth, father of Osiris, Horus and Nephthys. (Though not ISIS... she was from NUT and RA, no matter what history says.)

I have also been many Beings throughout history, in my effort to attempt to give people their freedom and birthright back to them. And while I have many aspects, the "skin" I feel most comfortable in is this one.

And with that out of the way, it gives you a context for why I'm involved and where my knowledge comes from.

Part of the reason I write this blog is because I want there to be a record around after I am gone. I doubt many will make use of me while I am still here.



## 39 - The Phoenix Archives

It's time to discuss where I get the bulk of my information from.

There is often a misconception that Omen was my main source of information. While it is true, he certainly revealed a lot, he was by no means my sole source. (An assumption I find both insulting and irritating.)

Much information was stored in that soul fragment of The Buddha, that Omen transferred to me.

I noted just how much more I knew, and how easily answers came, after I reintegrated that part of me.

There are other sources, though. One being dimensional archives. An example of a dimensional archive would be the Akashic Records. They are said to contain all the records of what has occurred. I rarely have used them, though. Something about them I don't like, or trust.

The one I do use is called "*The Phoenix Archives*".

Yes, the title of this blog. It is not a reference to me, (at least not directly) but to the actual hall of records of that name.

I did not remember they even existed until 2009. A friend, called Sophie, mentioned them to me.

Sophie is an interesting person. She claims to be half-Phoenix/half-Vampire. She also claims to be an Avatar of the goddess Sophia.

Sophia is a Phoenix and she also worked with the god Apep. For those who have read my autobiography *I am The Phoenix*, yes, she was the spirit known as Shannue.

Sophie has a few spirits, who she considers friends, around her. One is called Launa. Launa is a sex-obsessed spirit that was a mix of Vampire (but more likely succubus) and Fae.

The moment Sophie mentioned the Phoenix Archives, I thought to myself: *Well, I'm supposed to be the source, so I should go look at them.*

I mentioned this to Sophie, and she said that Launa wanted to come along with me. I shrugged and said, *"Sure, why not?"*

I quickly found the Archives in the Astral Levels. I entered it and Launa followed. There were Guards there who said: *You brought a vampire along with you?*

I said: *"She's fine,"* and they allowed her in. I did some research and fell asleep.

I should note that the Guards did not seem at all surprised to see me, nor did they question or stop me. They clearly knew who I was.

The next day, Sophie contacted me and asked how it went, and then mentioned that she had not felt Launa around since the night before. When I checked, it appeared that she was still in the archives pouring over records of herself.

When Launa eventually returned, Sophie let me know. Sophie said that Launa had found out her real name and was able to free herself from the shackles that had bound her.

It wasn't until Sophie mentioned this to Nicole, (the spirit that had berated me for allowing genocide to occur in Atlantis), that I knew this was not just a random fantasy.

Nicole, in response, "freaked" out. She said that if Launa found out who she was, it would be dangerous. Launa could erase herself out of existence.

Nicole and her friends did not want me looking into anything to do with Launa. This was enough for me to take everything more seriously.

To this day, I still don't know what the drama was all about and why there was such a strong reaction.

I don't even know if it was even likely that Launa could have been erased in that way.

Of course, if such a thing was indeed possible, we wouldn't know, because no one would remember such a thing even occurred.

Even though I downloaded data during my visit to The Phoenix Archives, I didn't really do much with the information. At least not for a while.

As I started to come into my own, I began to realize that they were my own personal archives. They were independent and had no connection to any similar ones, such as The Akashic Records.

I started to also realize that I could download information from there; for not only myself, but other people, too.

I discovered this when I downloaded spells and rituals for Omen. I did this to help ensure my own safety from his energies. To my amazement, not only did he say he received them, but the results I saw, matched his descriptions of what happened, when he did them.

In 2015, I mentioned them to someone named Nina, who I was trying to work with at the time. She not only knew them but complained on how they were just way too much trouble to locate.

I checked into this and found that its location was always moving. I was just able to always go there, because they were mine, and I was attuned to them.

Also, if you could find them and had access, you would have to wait outside the Archives, for a certain amount of time, before you were allowed to enter. (Something I temporarily disabled to help expedite things we were working on, at the time.)

The Phoenix Archives is said to be one of the safest places to store artifacts and information that you don't want others getting their hands on.

It's very expansive, has top secret areas, and very easy to get lost in and not find your way out.

Nowadays, when I need to find out something or someone needs information long lost to them, I can download what is needed and pass it on.

It takes a few days for the mind to attune to the data, but once it does, you get a lot of useful and interesting information.

In late 2016, I took Ecclasia along with me and Mari to do some research. (I plan to include some of Ecclasia's writings soon, but she is one of the three I know, who was bound to bodies for many thousands of years.)

When we arrived, she looked around and remarked that she wished she had a few thousand years to soak up all the information there.

She then looked up the records on all three of us and confirmed a lot of things I had been suspecting. Especially the names of my previous identities.

The process was exhausting. Because of that, we don't visit much.

Having an archive is useful. However, it still goes through my "human" filter, which tends to block a lot of information.

If it doesn't make sense to me, my filter will modify it into a form that I can more readily accept. Those often used to take the form of allegory type stories.

What tends to happen, though, is that when I need to know something, I will start to get the pieces I need from various other sources long before I need to understand why. It's a good thing us Phoenii have patience because this can take decades!

## 40 – Guides, Synchronicity, And Soul Calls

For those who have been following my life story; you might say it reads like a contrived script for a low budget Hollywood movie or a poorly written fantasy novel.

Everything conveniently happens because plot demands it. Be it encountering certain people, some crucial piece of information I need, or some *deux-ex-machina* type solution that gets myself or friends out of deep trouble.

If this had been a work of fiction I was reading, I would have thrown the book aside in annoyance by now and gone on a rant about how unrealistic everything is.

However, it's not fiction. It's my life. It's really happening; and I doubt I have the skills to make up this kind of story.

Fortunately, there is a valid explanation for how it all works.

Carl Jung coined a term called Synchronicity. It basically means that there is no such thing as coincidence. Everything that happens has been agreed upon, and events are used to move you forward on your chosen path. While synchronicities may appear random and by chance, they most certainly are not.

While it's nice to have a term that describes such things; Carl Jung only put a name to something that has always existed. Most Masters and Beings already know about this phenomenon.

If I tried to personally arrange and coordinate everything for my life to work out the way it has, I'd have more chance at winning the lottery.

Fortunately, there is more than just me. I have guides and helpers who work on many levels. I also have lines of Fate, that help ensure certain outcomes.

I have extraordinary Guides known as the Dakini who I consider to be some of the best guides available. Before I incarnated into this current body, I approached them and asked them for help.

I promised the Dakini certain things in exchange for their assistance. They agreed. They have been guiding and guarding my life every step of the way. They are not my only Guides, but they have done an amazing job.

I arranged for my Guides to help me awaken when the time was right. To help remind me who I really am. I told them to never let up, not for a moment. I also acknowledged what a tedious job it would be for them, repeating the same message over and over to me in my mind.

Thanks to their exceptional skill and effort, my Guides ensure that everything that needs to happen, happens. They make sure that I'm in the right place, at the right time, hearing the information I need, or meeting up with someone who gives me another piece of the puzzle.

What seems like a chance encounter ends up revealing critical information.

When it's important, my Guides (or me) will put out a Soul Call for those who need to find me.

Two Soul Calls of note (though by no means the only ones), are how my Soul Children located me. Each one felt strongly compelled to find and contact me.

For anyone who has read *I am The Phoenix*, they will know that one Soul Child of note is Seth. Seth's current incarnation is in a female body named Mari. Mari literally felt the Soul Call the day it was sent out for other Phoenixes to find me. The Soul Call was so strong that she spent the better part of a week trying to track it down, and eventually we met in a chat room that I frequented.

The chat room, Celestine Vision, was based on the philosophy of Synchronicity. In the year 2000, the Dakini told me they had hired the website administrator to create this chat interface.

As a result, I gained many vital connections and discovered important information. It all found its way to the chat.

There was an instant connection with Mari. Over the years, we have helped each other to remember and validate our memories, including what happened in our past lives.

When we met neither of us was sure who we really were. All we knew was that we were both Phoenii. It took me around three years to work out who Mari was, and I often would put theories to my Guides.

At one point, I was so lost, my Guides responded to me: *Now, you're guessing!*

Then one day, late in 2009, I looked at a photo of Mari. Suddenly, I just knew who she was. Why I felt it and how; I honestly cannot tell you. I just knew. Just like a parent knows their own child.

When I told Sophie, she asked Nicole who quickly validated it. She had known Seth in many of her incarnations and knew exactly who she was.

And it's been chaos ever since...

The other Soul Call was my Twin Soul, NUT (pronounced "noot").

In 2012, a year after I had accepted that I was Geb, I idly thought to myself that I must have a sister and that NUT may be somewhere out there.

I sent a quick mental call out to her and promptly forgot about it.



It couldn't have been more than 36 hours later; I received an e-mail from someone who claimed to feel strongly compelled to contact me. She said she needed help and that it felt like her heart was breaking.

Her name was Moon, she lived in Canada and when I spoke to her, I felt a very strong sense that I knew her. She believed she was the goddess ISIS. (As NUT was the mother of ISIS, and they carry a very similar energy, it made sense.)

I soon realized that she wasn't ISIS. That she was NUT, herself, and a fully manifested Avatar at that.

Moon was her real name. According to mythology, NUT was considered to be the Mother of the Moon and Sun; including the title Goddess of the Sky.

To add confirmation, her Facebook email also was, "Goddess of the Sky."

You would think this would have been a happy reunion. On the contrary, we had parted on bad terms. Moon was still extremely angry with me because I had chosen Seth over what she had wanted.

Moon wrote to me: *I shall let you choose your path. And I will never try to influence you. I think this affected me a lot more than it did to[sic] you.*

*You forgot one thing, that I was your wife and your decisions affected me. You decided to do things without thinking about me. I wish you would think how I would feel. But I don't know why that meant we were not together. I still can't accept it.*

Moon was also adamantly pushing me to go to Canada and be with her. I knew this would be a very bad idea.

I won't go into the details, but Moon became angry with me. Especially when I told her I could not be with her because I was in a relationship. After a few weeks, she abruptly blocked me and stopped talking.

The whole episode left me feeling bemused. Not only was it another confirmation that I was Geb, but I felt I had opened up a hornet's nest of unresolved issues that I had been oblivious to. (I soon discovered that she wasn't the only one I had jilted, though that would be another story.)

It was three and a half years later when Moon finally made contact with me again. She told me she was living in New York, and she didn't remember everything that had happened between us; but she knew it was time to let go of the past and move forward.

Moon felt genuine, and I felt a sense of relief that we could at least reconcile.

In another amazing Synchronicity, I ended up living in Toronto, Canada for 6 months in 2016 to early 2017. Moon also ended up there at the same time and we lived 30 minutes away from each other.

We were able to meet up several times, and having met Moon in person, I have no doubt she is who I thought: NUT.

There was no pull to be with her, though. But there was a flow. In the 3D, however, we are just too different to be together.

We have our own ideas on how things should be done. She is technically my opposite, after all.

So many individuals have found me over the years when I've sent out a Soul Call. To date many associates, and my Soul Children, have found me. Such people help validate who I am, the memories we share, and many of the things that have gone on.

Those who I first thought were allies, turned out to be anything but.

Thus, along with people such as those who remember their past lives, it helps to build a much bigger picture.

I have been blessed with so many wonderful people who have come into my life. I started off from a place where I felt I was totally alone and have found that, over the years, I am far from that.

It taught me one important fact. Those to whom you are connected in past lives, whether it is on the third dimension, or on other levels, will always end up back in your life.

We become Soul Bound by acts of love, hate, anger, revenge, curses and so on.

This is one good reason to think carefully before attacking someone in your current life or making any deal or agreement with a particular person. Death is not the end of our association, by any means.

With that being said, I am grateful that someone saw fit and was wise enough to include the statement: *"Till death do us part,"* in marriage vows. At least those vows won't carry over into other lives.

## 41 - Origins and Being Summoned

It's taken me a very long time to remember my own origins. Much of my memory was assisted by people who remembered me and knew who I was.

Other memories were disclosed by my Guides. Later, I was able to validate many of those events with the memories of others, and the information in The Phoenix Archives.

My history is long. Things that I've done in other lifetimes keep on cropping up in the most unexpected ways.

As much as I try to remember my origins, I only get vague impressions.

Omen once told me that I was the result of a collision between two gas giants.

Personally, I can't wrap my mind around what that even means or if it's even possible. Still, Omen wasn't known to be frivolous, with words. Still, I suspect he may have been guessing, or at least speculating. In any case, it doesn't feel quite right to me.

But even if this is so, what would someone like me even be doing here? Why have others told me that my mere presence is causing problems and to leave?

You might wonder that, if I am a god, why would I be spending time on such things as Facebook, chat rooms, blogs, etc.?

Wouldn't I be out there doing all kinds of magnificent deeds? On that point, I've found that much can be done without ever having to leave my room.

Most things I do are Astral based, including Healing.

Still, I've asked the same questions, of myself.

There is a method in all that I do. All the important connections I have made have been through those mediums of social media.

Some things can only be done on the 3D level. They take an enormous amount of work and coordination. This includes my attempt to give people's power and knowledge back to them; to show that nothing is beyond reproach. That We are indeed all One and separation is the only illusion.

When my friend, Ecclesia, read to me from The Phoenix Archives, she told me that my primal energy was the Energy of Life. It's the fire (I assume) all Souls have to pass through to be born.

She went on to say that I was here to prove a point and had asked for permission to be here.

Back in 2016, as I pondered my own history, a story came to me. This happens from time to time, and reveals information that is later proven to be correct.

My Guides told me two factions were summoning Beings from higher levels. Their intention was to ask them for help and trick them into an agreement where they could be bound and used.

As most higher-level Beings have no concept of betrayal or treachery, many were easily duped into becoming enslaved.

The two factions were The Galactic Federation and the Annunaki.

Because The Galactic Federation is such a buzz word nowadays, I wondered if such an organization really existed or if it was people feeding off each other. However, my Guides, and virtually everyone I know who is associated with the Astral, are adamant that they exist.

As for the Annunaki, it's become another buzz word. For a long time, I dismissed them as being made up until I could no longer deny the proof that they existed.

I've heard that Annunaki originally meant "The Fallen," as they are mostly fallen angels. That is, Angelics that chose Free Will. The name also became synonymous with "Destroyers," and my Guides said it also meant "against the Federation." I honestly can't be sure as there seem to be many different versions around. It's possible they are all true. Names can take on the meanings with associated actions.

Both were looking for powerful Beings to control, use as weapons, and exploit resources.

The Annunaki believed that The Galactic Federation was corrupt. Their intentions were to destroy them. However, their plans also included taking over everything themselves. What they couldn't control, they would try to destroy.

Angelics, as a rule, don't have any empathy. They view anything that isn't Angelic as inferior.

From what I remember, both sides attempted to summon me.

If you've never been summoned before, let me tell you it's very annoying. It's very similar to a Soul Call, except you have not agreed to be part of it. Normally, there are rituals, sigils, names, Sacred Geometry and Words of Power involved. When it's done, it needs to be done right otherwise it can end very badly.

For those who have ever experienced such a thing, it's like a compulsion to go somewhere. A pull that is hard to ignore. The more powerful the summoning, the harder it is to resist. And the more powerful the being, the greater your peril will be if you succeed.

My recollections are that many were summoned who should have been left alone. Generally, successful summoning's are due only because the summoned Beings are innocent and, as mentioned, have no concept of treachery and betrayal.

In this way, they are manipulated into doing things they would not normally do, and may end up bound and enslaved. I've known a few who fall into this category.

For my own part, I had a full awareness of what was going on before I was summoned. I had already been active and had observed much of what was transpiring.

When both sides tried to summon me, I chose The Galactic Federation. I told them I would help on *my terms only*. One of those non-negotiable terms was that the corruption would have to end. Additionally, the denizens of earth would have the right to exist peacefully, without control or tyranny.

I knew about the corruption in The Galactic Federation. In an exchange, I would identify who was behind the corruption and remove them.

Part of my plan was to set up what would become known as the Jewels of Harmony. These were the means by which sectors of The Galactic Federation would become balanced and protected against attacks.

## 42 - The Orion Gems of Harmony

I love writing entries like these. They sound just like science-fiction fantasy, and they make me cringe because I can only imagine how others must be receiving them.

But here we are, and here we go.

In my teens and twenties, I was bored a lot. My go-to activity, to keep myself occupied, would be to Mind Travel.

Often, ideas, keywords, movies and even music would be enough to trigger my adventures. Over the years, the plots became more intricate, and I found everything wrote itself. (As Mind Travels are wont to do.)

As I got older, I began to get explanation on how the Mind Travel Universe worked, and the “science” behind things. This would come in the form of a voice-over.

I was amazed to find how the overarching plot would always remain cohesive.

It was only years later, especially after talking to Omen, that I discovered that everything I had experienced was all true. Even the explanations for how things worked.

There was one antagonist who was always in the background. Even though I didn't know his name at the time, I later was able to identify him as Apep.

He was a reoccurring figure who was pretty good at staying behind the scenes. There were other characters, and eventually, I found their real-life counterparts.

The Galactic Federation always played a big part in my Mind Travels, as did the corruption I was seeking to end.



I had agreed to work with The Galactic Federation in order to make things safe for the denizens of the 5D Levels.

At the time, planets or societies were being either enslaved or destroyed and I came across many. I dismissed them as fantasy, of course.

Then around 2014, Omen drew my attention to a being he claimed he had met on another planet.

For some reason, Omen said he was able to transfer to a body that was elsewhere. (In the 5D.)

This being had come to earth, taken on his own body, and had joined my chat room for a night.

He called himself King Bear and said the invaders (who he referred to as The Scourge) came and destroyed the world he was defending. Now he was here to do what he could to stop them. I believe they were The Annunaki, he was referring to.

As Omen thought he was the real deal, that was good enough for me and certainly proof that other such planets did indeed exist.

In my own Mind Travels, I had created a plan that would be effective on the higher dimensional levels. It involved gems, jewels, or crystals. For the sake of simplicity, I'll refer to them collectively as gems.

I remember working on this back in the late 70s, early 80s.

I am aware of Marvel's Infinity Gems, and yes, the concept is very similar. I am of the opinion that many stories that we deem fiction, come from the higher astral levels.

Even the story of The Phoenix was incredibly close to an event that occurred.

Gems are more than just pretty stones. I've sensed that they can have spirits or energies attached to them. They are really another form of life. The type of gem and property it has, is a reflection and manifestation of the actual spirit.

And yes, I know, this also sounds like the plot to Steven Universe, but once again, what if that storyline came from a concept that already really exists?

Part of my earliest Mind Travels which dated back to the 1970s, was me tracking down such Beings and negotiating with them so that we could use their powers. They were huge and rocklike and I referred to them as meteors.

I found seven major gem spirits and several minor ones. I made a request to use fragments of their gem bodies. They would be put in a central location that would act as a transmitter. Each gem would be specifically attuned to create harmony within the system it was housed in.

It was also agreed that the gems would not be abused or used for gaining dominance or power over others. If one became corrupted, the source gem could be contacted and the integrity would be restored.

As the gem spirits seemed to value their purity, this was very important.

The main gems would reside in one major location and connect to other such stations that would be networked in the matrix.

Each time a sector would be freed from attack and corruption, the new station would be set up and that sector would receive that protection.

Those who lived in such sectors would be free to lead the life they desired without fear of attack, corruption or their existence being in peril.

If any Beings, such as the Annunaki, attempted to attack a sector, they would literally become frozen in place, rendering them impotent.

It also seemed like a good idea that, instead of trying to safeguard and protect each gem, anyone could visit the station and pick up their own gem for free. They could be used to augment Soul artifacts.

There were, of course, conditions to doing this. Some of them were:

- You could only take 1 or 2 of each type.
- You could not corrupt or alter it from its original form.
- You could not use them to abuse others.
- You could not take them with the intention of selling them in a free or black market. Those who tried would find that Guardians would intervene and disable them.

Hence, everyone of note ended up with their own gems.

If someone tried to steal the main ones, a guardian would be alerted, and while that was rare; it did happen from time to time.

## 43 - The Stolen Gem

*This experience is also recounted in my book I am The Phoenix though I have attempted to expand on it in the context of other entries.*

Back in 2006, I finally started to understand my Mind Travels were real on some level. That is to say, while I believed that they had some kind of validity to them, I never really imagined that they interacted with everything that was going on.

I viewed them as something that was individual, self-contained, and had no bearing on anything else. So, I was less meticulous about certain important things while on those journeys.

During one of my Mind Travels, I found myself taking one of the gems from the Gem Station. It was a red one, and I used it to prove my identity to someone, somewhere.

With most of my Mind Travel adventures, I can't recall them as well as I would like to. I just know that for whatever reason, I did this and it allowed me passage to somewhere.

Then I forgot to put it back, or rather, I simply moved on without thinking through any crucial details on what I should have done with the gem.

Hence, it was not put back correctly and was left vulnerable. Now, I don't know if this oversight had anything to do with what happened next, but the synchronicity is hard to ignore.

One day, during work, I got a Psychic Alert that someone had broken into the location where the Gems were kept and was attempting to steal one.

The Astral World doesn't really care where you are when an important matter is at hand. It would drive me crazy because I would have to split my attention and 70% of the time I was at work when serious issues came up.

I can mind travel at any time, regardless of what I am doing. I checked and saw someone was indeed there. Normally, I would have simply ejected them, but something held me back. Instead, I opted to wait and see what would happen.

At work, at any given moment, I was doing the job of 3 people and I almost immediately forgot about the incident.

Then, a few weeks later, a lady whom I had a strong connection with, messaged me. We had met in the long gone Celestine Vision chat room. Her name was Caz (I later found out she was a minor NUT Avatar).

Caz was an interesting person. She held a lot of memories about both of us from the past. Caz once told me of a dream she had many years before we met. She recounted it as such:

*This was also the time I had the dream about a man named "Gary," and my hair becoming Phoenix hair...*

*We have some friends here in town, a couple, and the husband's name in this couple is Gary. He's a sweet guy, Jewish, and TOTALLY not psychic! lol ~ ~ But, "Gary" in the dream looked exactly like him! Except... in this dream, I was so attracted to him, and it made no sense at all... and I could feel that while it was Gary --that this man was NOT "Gary"!!! If you see what I mean.*

*In this dream, he and I were moving from room to room of a house, trying to get in a few words alone without all these other people barging in. I remember that some of these rooms were very very odd -- they were lined with little tiles, like a locker room, and had what looked to be shower heads in them -- perhaps like a large high school gym shower room.*

*Gary kissed me and when he did -- it felt like our souls merged together. I burst into tears then, feeling guilty and said, "what are we going to DO??" Gary just laughed and said "It'll be okay. Don't worry about it." Then, I walked away from him and looked into a mirror. In this image I saw myself with hair that was all wisps, like feathers -- and the color was a flaming orange-red...and I knew that this was my "Phoenix hair".*

*That's when I woke. I thought about the dream, thought about our friend Gary – to examine if I had some kind of repressed "feelings" for him, and utterly dismissed it! It was just too silly! But still... that was a damn good kiss in that dream... lol!*

It is also worth noting that my colours are red and orange, so this dream is an interesting confirmation.

I was online one night soon after the gem Mind Travel incident, when she sent me an instant message.

*"Gary! If you're there... we need to be together... right NOW. I came online to find you. I was sleeping... and all the energies and messages have coalesced. I got back the thing stolen from you. It's red.... a red jewel. I got it back from David earlier today. It is YOURS."*

Now, David was a Druid, who was also someone who had relentlessly attacked me over the years and probably came as close as anyone could to getting rid of me. As far as Beings go, he is a nasty piece of work. So much so, that he was one of the few people I ended up banning from my chat room to keep others safe.

I found out he was a Druid when a friend of his let that piece of information innocently slip.

Normally, it would mean nothing to anyone, but as my Guides had just given me a history lesson on what the Druids did and who they were, it instantly got my attention.

According to Omen, the Druids had been contracted by the god Apep to have me taken out.

Apep was known as the god of chaos (or one of them) and was traditionally known to be the nemesis of RA. However, he spent most of his time trying to get rid of me.

Apep owed *The Triquerta* for something and they had demanded that he take care of me. So, he contracted the Druids, and they have been nothing but trouble ever since.

It appeared that David had been the one who I had been alerted to and he had indeed stolen the gem I had not put back properly.

Caz had approached him directly online and demanded he return the gem. He played dumb (though he was anything but dumb... his hapless persona was how he drew people in) and denied knowing what she was talking about. So, she just took it from him and then came to me and gave it back.

As I never spoke to anyone about the gems and I never mentioned my Mind Travels, this was another strong validity that those trips were real.

As to what David wanted with the gem, I do not know. This particular one controlled timelines.

However, I can hazard a guess, as the timelines have been messed with over the past decade or so. I strongly suspect that it's part of what has been causing The Mandela Effect.

I've also been told that timelines are collapsing.

What I will do about it, I have yet to decide.

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## The Fae, Eden, Lilith and The Annunaki.

### 44 - The Coming of The Fae

Otherkin are non-human spirits in a human body. You might ask: *Then what is a human?* To which my response would be: *The original denizens of this planet earth.* Those whose origins were either part of the matrix of this world or have been here so long that their origins no longer really matter.

The definition becomes a little fuzzy when you add something like Fae into the equation because while you can associate them with The Gaia, they are also classed as Otherkin.

For those who are not aware, The Gaia Hypothesis, as it is generally known, is that there is a living embodiment of the earth. It's what we would call Mother Nature. Everything is connected to this spirit and is regulated by Her.

I first came across this back around 1990, while playing a game called Sim Earth by Maxis and instantly dismissed it as being improbable.

In fact, I dismissed just about everything as being improbable, in spite of already having quite a few experiences.

I personally believe this is something that is hard wired into the human body to keep us disconnected from our own Source.

I have noticed, though, that my own Soul family, or at least the NUT side of it, appears to have Fae energy. Personally, I find some Otherkin Fae almost irresistible.

The question I pondered was: *If we're from Orion (though I don't recall if we originated there or just made it our home) and Fae seem to be native to this planet, then where did that energy come from?*



Fae energy is not only seductive in nature, but it's also akin to succubus energy and has the horrible side effect of draining one's life force over time.

The glamor is also very hard to resist, at least till they hit their mid 40s, and then it starts to fade with a vengeance.

Anyway, the conflict was, how could they both be native to this planet and yet from another star system?

It took me a while to comprehend the answer, but once I did, it was obvious to me. (At least at the time of writing.)

There are two lineages of Fae. The Otherkin and the ones who are native to this planet. The native ones are part of the energy matrix of The Gaia.

Those Fae are Nature Spirits. They look after and tend to all things nature on the astral / Lightbody levels.

But what of the other type of Fae. The ones that came here. What is their story?

Trawling through the Phoenix Archives, and also from what others have said, especially Beings like Omen, I have begun to piece together the history of this planet before the Annunaki and their associates came.

This planet has gone through quite a few civilizations that have risen and disappeared without a trace. I'm going to focus on the ones who were here before Atlantis was founded.

The Fae, who we class as Otherkin, have their own source. They did not originate from The Gaia. I believe that they were borne from Beings such as the goddess NUT and Lilith. They are the mother of Fae.

Lilith is certainly known to be the mother of Succubi, who are consider to have Fae energy in their makeup.

Fae, like everything else, are Lightbeings. When they visited here, on the 5D, they found the earth was a perfect place to experience themselves in a much denser vibration. (Which we know as the 3D.)

Lightbodies tend to have a limited range of experiences. The 5D energies are much more pleasant, as a rule. Some have described the energy as being like an endless orgasm.

You don't experience the vast range of emotions, feelings, and sensations that you get while in a human body. Yes, you can certainly hurt someone there, but it's not the same thing as what it's like being in a human-flesh body.

The Fae (and other spirits) knew of this world and came to it. They chose to merge with The Gaia and the denizens that were around at the time. This would have included animals and early humans.

The experience was very intense and they found that, in the denser vibrational levels, it was much harder to remember who they were, and so many eventually fell into forgetfulness.

To assist them, other souls came and agreed to be the intermediate between the 3D and 5D levels. They all had their own jobs and titles.

They became known as the Hindu gods and there were many.

Those in human bodies would pray or ask a relevant god for whatever they needed, and the experience would be arranged.

All in all, there was a balance and things were, for the most part, peaceful.

Even though they had forgotten who they originally were, they never lost that connection to the Source and always retained their sense of Oneness. They never felt that they were separate from each other. Everything flowed.

Then the Angelics came.

## 45 - The Annunaki

The earth seems to have a lot of advantages that many other planets do not. While life exists everywhere in this Multiverse, it's mostly on higher vibrational levels.

On earth, conditions are right to enter a body and have unique experiences. I don't remember if this world is unique, but I will say it's unlikely. I know there must be others out there in all the billions of possibilities. But I speculate, as I have no way of knowing if what I'm saying is correct or not. But it seems this world has always been of special interest.

There are distinct advantages for incarnating into a body. One of them is that whatever you create in a body has much greater substance on the Astral levels.

You can also use the body to completely forget who you are, recreate yourself anew, and take that added experience to your Greater Self when you leave.

There are also resources here, such as gold, which have useful properties. (I don't remember what those properties are, but it is highly valued.) I know that gold strongly messes with demonics, though that can be overcome with the right type of energies.

As a side note, Omen said that gold would prevent him from being born when he ended up attached to a new fetus. Even mobile phones would be painful for him to use. (But he eventually found a way around that.)

It was the Annunaki, comprised of what we term Angelics, Angels or The Fallen. (Thanks to my friend, Ecclesia, for that piece of information.) The Annunaki came to this planet and decided that they wanted it for themselves.

When they arrived, they wiped out most of the denizens that were already here. They committed genocide on a grand scale.

The Annunaki seeded their own human race. In doing so, humanity was genetically altered to have low awareness and no real connection to the Source or Oneness. Humans were created to be slaves. The Annunaki considered humans their property and humanity was viewed as chattel or livestock. Then, the Annunaki claimed the earth as their own.

It's also worth noting that this lack of awareness and connection could be overridden. There had to be an override, otherwise those Beings who jump in and out of bodies would be disabled and unable to do what is needed.

I have witnessed such things. I've seen Beings such as Reapers (who Omen called "glorified hitmen", whose jobs are to collect Souls with expired Agreements) jump into bodies, get online, and know exactly who to email or locate on social media.

I suspect this happens frequently.

Much of the Annunaki's commitment of genocide occurred during the time of Atlantis. These were long and bloody wars. Many of the old Hindu gods were killed, enslaved, or went into hiding. Some of them were bound like Omen and some betrayed their own for more power.

As for why I stood by and did nothing: It was complicated. I was playing the long-term game. Events needed to play out. If I had intervened, they would have just repeated at some point. Only when all is said and done, and everything has run its course, can I truly intervene. I believe that time is soon.

Over time, with all the wars, corruptions and manipulations going on, the vibrations of this world began to fall. The energy became denser and harder to be in. It also allowed negative Beings, such as the demonic, to come here and stay.

## 46 - Lilith and Cain

Here, I go into some speculation. What I write about Lilith and Cain is what I've pieced together, so far.

Lilith has been coming up in my life for decades. I've come across several of her Avatars. (I guess that's the Law of Attraction.) During one of my earliest Mind Travels, at the age of 12, I found myself in what looked like the inner chamber of a pyramid.

Eventually, I came across a sarcophagus and opened it. A Spirit fled the moment I did. It had clearly been imprisoned.

(It was only around 2016, that I fully understood that inner pyramid chambers were used to trap Souls and confine them.)

I followed this Spirit and saw it was a woman, who I later worked out to be Lilith.

Lilith was beautiful and she knew it. She used glamor to make herself alluring to the unwary. At the time, I had no clue what glamor was; only that Lilith was using it.

Every night, I returned to my Mind Travels and observed her. I noticed that she used her beauty as a lure to control and manipulate others. I did not hide the fact it was me who had freed her. It was because of this Lilith took an interest in me. At first, despite that I believed it was all imaginary, I was flattered.

However, as I saw how Lilith had mastered seduction, I decided it was better not to get involved, and left.

The fact that Lilith was free seemed important to me. Inasmuch, when I allowed the Astral Assassins to succeed in killing me to shift timelines, one of the first things I did was go back and ensure that Lilith was free again.

This time, I chose not to let her know it was me who had freed her. She then completely dismissed me when I was in her presence.

This was one of those Mind Travels that remained vivid in my mind, and occasionally, my thoughts would return to it.

Decades later, in 2006, my attention was drawn to the name Lilith. I happened to see an episode of the show "Supernatural," where the character of Lilith first appeared. I found that the name fully resonated with me. I felt compelled to look into it, though I did not know where to begin.

I had no doubt I had heard the name before. I somehow knew that she was the one I freed from her prison, when I was younger. I felt it was important that I find out who Lilith was and how she fitted in. I spent years, on and off, doggedly pursuing this path.

Since then, Lilith has come up more times than I can remember, especially with regards to Omen.

Omen told me that Lilith had appeared to him and claimed to be his mother. He then raped her.

Why he did that, I cannot say. Ecclasia claimed that it was an event that was hard to ignore if you were in the astral at the time. But that was typical Omen. He was a demonic, after all.

He also told me that Lilith was the Hindu goddess, Ishtar.

In addition, Scriptures also stated that Lilith was the first wife of Adam, which raised all kinds of interesting questions.

I always dismissed the story of Adam, Eve and the Garden of Eden. However, I will admit it got my attention when Omen casually mentioned that Cain was an Incubus.

He was talking about someone else, then said:

*Omen: He's one of Cain's kids. So incubus, but doesn't work for Baal that I know of, but he seems familiar, so yeh probably works for Baal... ehhlh*

Gary: *Who is Cain? Not the biblical one?*

Omen: *Never met him, apparently he was the "first serpent," or whatever. What happens when Fae and demons do the dirty, from what I can tell. He's Baal's superior, but no one's seen him in a while that I can tell... Baal runs the incubus trade, used to support the Legion but now he's off with the Triquetra. He supplies all the bodies and feeds them [denoting Triquetra's agents]. I worked for him for a short stint... it didn't work out. I got fired.*

This piece of information fascinated me. About a year prior, I had several sessions with a role-playing game called: Vampire: The Great Masquerade.

The Game Master, a man called Jeffrey, gave us a quick bit of history. He said that Cain was the First Vampire and went on to say that no one had seen him in a long time.

The twenty-year-old girl's body that Omen possessed, had never touched a game, online or off. Otherwise, I would have believed it was someone spouting off game lore.

More importantly, this also meant the Designers of the game knew what they were doing. Many real-life facts are found hidden in plain sight.

In any case, the fact that Cain existed meant that Adam and Eve did, too. From this, Omen made a broad implication that, if Cain was indeed the son of Adam and Eve, that would mean that Adam would have been a demon and Eve, a Fae.

Cain was one of those Beings I never expected to come across in this life. But in 2018, someone contacted me who claimed to be him. He seemed genuine, and all his stories checked out. At some point, I hope to give his side of the story about what really happened with Cain and Abel.



## 47 - The Mother of Succubi

If Lilith was the Hindu goddess Ishtar, then how did she end up being associated with Adam in the Garden of Eden?

Before I get into that, let's look at my personal experiences with Lilith.

One thing I should make clear: I know there are a few Lilith followers out there who take offense to anything negativism being directed towards Lilith. My theory is based in a combination of synchronicities and observations. Nevertheless, until clear and convincing evidence comes to the contrary, I will go with the facts I have.

For the purpose of this entry, I believe the Being I am discussing is Lilith. If *anyone* comes along proving otherwise, you can be sure I will post it in The Phoenix Archives blog itself.

From what I know of Lilith, she's no one to trifle with. She is known as the "*Mother of Succubi*."

A Succubus is a Being that feeds of sexual energy. Some look upon them as demonic, while some claim they are Fae energy.

I can confirm that they are real. I've come across my fair share. Succubi exist in both human form and as spirit.

I don't believe Lilith is demonic. From the avatars I have met, they look and feel like Fae. I have seen how quickly she can turn from sweet to psychotic, though.

Fae do have a succubus type nature. Not only do they drain the Lifestance from you, but they have this incredible Glamor that is hard to resist.

My current speculation is that Lilith may be part of a Triple goddess comprised of NUT, Hel, and Lilith.

This is something I can't prove at this point of time. It's a conclusion I've come to by observing the energy lines and my own personal interactions with such Beings. In another few years, I may have discovered much more on this subject.

Not only have I encountered Lilith many times, I have also met numerous Avatars from Lilith as a Source. They have similar traits, looks, can charm the skin off a snake, and they are not nice people. When they're not hiding behind Glamor, they take on a cruel and vicious undertone.

In my 2016 mind travels, I went about one hundred and twenty thousand years (120,000) into the past, to what I believe was Orion and came across her.

In those higher dimensions, there are massive stations (much like space stations) where entire societies will live and work. As everyone has a Lightbody (and only create physical bodies when needed) the issue of oxygen to survive isn't a problem.

She ran one of the stations and, upon some investigation, I found that she used her sexual allure to control others.

Those who succumbed to her powers became dedicated, willing slaves to their Mistress. Those who she couldn't control in that manner were bound and enslaved. The ones who she could do neither to were generally terminated as a threat.

So, yeah. I know it sounds overly dramatic, but that's how the mind travel played out.

While doing the recon on her station, she became aware of me. Lilith quickly found that I could neither be bound nor charmed. She decided to try and terminate me instead. I easily escaped, which was against all the odds. So, she became very curious (if not enraged) by how I had managed to do that. She commanded those under her to track me down, and bring me to her. Lilith threatened to kill all under her if I did not return.

So naturally, I did. I appeared before her on my own terms.

Lilith soon realized that I was not like other Beings she encountered. I got the impression she wanted my power. Then, she offered me a position in the recently formed “Dark Council.”

This was a collective of powerful Beings whose purpose was to help grant favors to others in exchange for Soul Contracts or services rendered. The premise was that they helped you and in return you would help them.

I will go into the councils in a future entry, but this particular council was considered the elite of the Astral powers that be. They worked together to achieve their own goals and help others with their objectives.

The reason it was called “The Dark Council,” was not because it was considered evil. It was due to everyone being hidden in shadows.

I politely declined the offer, knowing that joining would be a bad idea.

The Dark Council would return to plague me time and time again, and cause much grief to others. I had quite a few approach me in recent years saying that they were bound to the council, and could not get free.

Lilith was not happy with my refusal, though she was way too smart to do anything brash about it. One thing I have to say about her, she was one smart being. She was patient and had long term vision; unlike her partner, who was impulsive and egocentric.

Lilith also was a member of what was called “The Twelve.” They were the ones who helped set up *The Triquerta*. They were also the same group that owned Omen and sent him to assassinate me.

Omen didn't tell me that, though. I went on a hunch. One day, near the end of our association, I said to him: *Are the 12 still trying to take me out?* He responded that it was not all of them, just a couple, at last count. That was confirmation enough for me.

I don't know if Lilith was one of the two behind it or not, but her Avatar always maintained that *The Council of 12* all acted independently of each other; something I never accepted as true.

Regardless of how they put it, they were considered a group. Thus, responsible for the actions of the others as they do nothing to prevent the atrocities being done in their name.

And there were many atrocities.

## 48 - Lilian, The Spirit Baby

At times, I wonder just how real any of this stuff is. Can so many people seeing the same thing independently still be a coincidence?

I ask myself these questions from time to time, because I never want to succumb to delusions of grandeur. I need to do the odd reality check, even though you could argue that this is hardly what anyone would call reality.

But it doesn't matter if I ignore it or not. Too many others will find me and shatter that illusion.

This is especially true for all the names that have come up in my life. Many of them are major mythological figures.

To my mind, the mention of such names is like name dropping. Yet here we are.

As mentioned, Lilith keeps on coming up. I believe I've met several of her Avatars, none of them particularly nice.

And in one case involving her, there was something that disturbed me greatly.

In 2010, I met someone who became my partner and friend for seven years until we both felt it was time for us to go our separate ways. Her name was Dori. She was an amazing person and still is, but life takes us in different directions.

Soon after we met, she was contacted by a spirit who claimed she wanted to be born to both her and me. This spirit called herself Lilian. And while she spoke to my partner, I never heard her. The reason I was given was that I wasn't ready to hear.

Personally, I call bullshit on that reason. I believe she avoided me because I would have been able to identify her energies.

Now I had come across this before with my ex-wife back in the year 2000. Only we both felt it was a boy spirit.

I was suspicious of not being able to sense Lilian, but Dori was quite adamant that this was something that needed to happen for me to move up to my next level.

Dori was an incarnated Dakini, who were the high-level Angels who had agreed to be my Guides in exchange for my Phoenix Energy. I understood that this baby was meant to be conceived with both Phoenix and Dakini energy. My partner knew and understood this, too.

She told me that Lilian was an ancient spirit who was ready to move to the next level of evolution and wanted to be born to us, so we could help guide and teach her how to use her powers.

While this made a logical sense, it just didn't scan for me.

Still, I had agreements to fulfil, and I always fulfil my agreements.

One thing about Dori was that she was an amazing planner. She had the dates and times down to the minute as to when we should conceive and in 2012 we tried. The first time ended up in a quick miscarriage.

Then twice more she conceived, and twice, at six weeks, she miscarried. While it was upsetting for us both, I also felt a strange sense of relief; like I had dodged a bullet. From the beginning, I felt a sense of anxiety about the whole thing. After the second time, we stopped trying because the timing was wrong, and I felt that whatever brought us together for this was starting to fade.

At the end of 2015, I moved to the USA with Dori, for a time. Mari (who was the avatar of Seth), happened to arrive at the same time to visit her family.

In January 2016, Mari's father died, and her husband came down for the funeral. He was an unassuming man who had way more to him than met the eye. His perceptions, knowledge, and insights often blew me away.

After the funeral, the three of us went out for dinner and as we were talking about things, he would make these deep and insightful comments, almost as though he was channeling.

I mentioned the miscarriages, and that the spirit's name was Lilian.

He said: *You know that was Lilith. She gave the energy and took it back.* Apparently, he meant that my Phoenix energy and Dori's Dakini energy, was taken by Lilith.

It seemed that Dori had allowed Lilian to add her own energy during conception. She used that to gather up our energy and take it for herself.

*"Well, I'll just take it back,"* I said.

He told me, though, that this energy had already been used by her.

Mari had been under a massive psychic attack the previous year. It was so strong that I didn't think she would survive it as they tried to rip layers from her soul. Fortunately, she was strong enough to withstand it.

I have no doubt the stolen energy was used to do that.

Mari's husband wasn't someone who had been involved with any of the things I did. I believe he did channel that information.

I had long wondered if Lilian was indeed Lilith, but I kept that thought to myself. He confirmed it.

I mentioned this to Dori, who, frustratingly, dismissed this out of hand, saying that this was just a distraction to what I should be doing.

While there was truth in that, it didn't change the fact that Lilith was involved and, once again, messing with my life.



## 49 - Adam, Eve, and The Garden of Eden

The Bible. An interesting book. I've not read it myself but have been exposed to enough of the stories to know many of them.

While there are certainly parts of it that have been deliberately corrupted to give power to others; there are certainly seeds of truth in many of the recounted events.

For example, according to Ecclesia, there really was a Noah's ark and a flood, though it's safe to say it was not worldwide. The Book of Revelations takes on new meaning when you read it with the old gods in mind. (And I will get to that eventually as certain prophecies started to be fulfilled, at least until The Twelve tried to mess with things.)

(For those who insist that The Bible is the sole source of information, and it's infallible, I respect your beliefs. I ask that you respect my knowledge and memories. I know I was there for many events. If you don't agree, it begs the question of why you are even here?)

The story of Adam and Eve, I believe, is well known. Adam was said to be the first man created by God and Eve was created to be his companion.

It's fair to say that regardless of what was written, this was clearly not the case. People existed in other places and is even stated in the Bible.

I always discounted the story of the Garden of Eden as a myth that had no basis in fact. But once I found out that Cain really did exist and that Lilith was said to be the first wife of Adam, I had to look much deeper into things.

Adam may not have been the first man, but what if we were to take a different perspective on things?

What if Adam was the first man created by the Annunaki? And Eve, who was said to be created from his rib, was made to be subservient to him.

As mentioned, there were humans and other Beings here on earth, well before Adam and Eve. Omen is living proof of that, considering he may have been bound to human bodies for at least twelve thousand years.

The Angelics, (who were fallen and known as the Annunaki), along with many others, came here and set out to wipe, enslave, or bind the denizens of this planet.

The Souls who chose to merge (or incarnate) with 3D bodies, always had their connection to Source. They may not have remembered who they were, but they understood they were part of something greater and most still had the ability to see spirit, or at least be aware of their presence.

To control the new denizens, the Annunaki genetically engineered a body that had low spiritual awareness and had its connection to the Source repressed.

As mentioned, this could be overridden, if needed.

I've experienced this myself. I know that, with practice, you can 'hack' the body's natural inclination to make you believe that the Astral Worlds do not exist.

The new human became part of what was called *The Experiment*. The Gaia had agreed to allow the DNA to be altered in humans. She told me, in 2020, she allowed it because she wanted life to have more meaning.

By that, I assume that she meant that by forgetting who we are, completely, it would give unique experiences, as we would consider death a real threat and a final end.

It's clear to me that The Gaia was betrayed. The true intent was to see what would happen if you removed a human's ability to sense spirit. Could you control them easier? Would they make better slaves?

I think the answer to both questions are "no".

Humans are now, not only out of control on this world, but are killing it with their toxic energies. But I digress.

Lilith was said to be the first wife of Adam. She is also known as the Hindu goddess Ishtar. How did she end up in both roles?

This is where some speculation begins. Back in those ancient times, women had greater power than men. Later, it was all turned around in a most appalling way.

My Soul daughter, Nephthys, seems to have a much clearer recall of certain things than I do.

When I asked her about what she remembered, she said:

*"She was more like talked into it. Kinda forced in the role. Female was suppose to be above man, but they let Adam have control. Things didn't go like they told her. She had no voice. She left on her own. Eve was made to obey Adam*

*She was told it was a punishment for something they say she did. And that they needed a strong female for the role. Never did she think she would be beneath Adam. I'm not sure if she turned succubus when she left, or if they did it to her.*

*I see her walking out of the garden, and as she is stepping out she walks through some sort of energy field, which makes her a succubus on the other side of the garden.*

*I get a strong feeling Adam kinda pushed her out."*

Lilith being turned into a succubus may be plausible. I believe it was The Triqueta who were behind many such experiments on Beings. They were known for stripping away the layers of a Soul.

They would capture Beings, and keep them prisoner. Then remove layers and energies from them and implant them into others.

For some, they would create Binds to keep them under control.

Omen is one example where they literally siphoned off parts of his Being and what was left was the darkest essence, which they then created Binds for.

When they found that Lilith was not the subservient kind, she rebelled and was replaced. I've read that she was said to be the snake who tempted Eve, and from what I can sense, if this is so, it was to try and screw things up so that things did not go according to plan.

Being a snake is plausible as animals can be possessed. (I know that half of Legion was kept in one snake!) so it's possible.

However, the apple part, I am at a loss about. At this point, I assume it's an allegory. Things went wrong and Eden was destroyed due to certain actions, forcing Adam and Eve to go out into the world and mix with the denizens that were left.

As I said, much of this is speculation at this point and I've not looked into it that deeply. I do get a sense of something dark and sinister in regards to the whole Garden of Eden thing. The feeling I get is that I'd rather not look at it. The story frustrates me and always has.

In any case, it appears that the breeding of human bodies that have subpar awareness was successful.

It would also explain why today's humankind have so much difficulty connecting and believing in the hidden Astral realms.

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## The Councils, gods, and Mars Attacks.

### 50 - The Dimensional Councils

If the entries seem to be chaotic in order or timeline for this blog, it's because I've a lot to talk about and no real idea how to present it in a cohesive order.

For this entry, I am going to look at what are termed The Councils that exist in the Astral Levels.

It seems that when it comes to Interdimensional Beings, there are councils galore. There's the Council of Nine, Council of Seven, Galactic Council, The Celestial Council, the Shadow Court, the Dark Council, the Phoenix Council and on and on.

I once made a comment to Omen about it. His response was very interesting.

*Gary: I was looking for info on the Dark Council. I was getting fed up with the attacks on me.*

*Omen responded: Dark Council... hah! There's only one council. Only ever has been. Backstabbing liars, the lot of them. No offense.*

*I said: I was under the impression there were several. They hide their faces in the darkness.*

*"No," he replied. "Same individuals all round. Triquerta owns most the members. The ones they don't own they plan to anyway. They've been slipping into authoritarian archetypes for maybe a century primarily just part of them reclaiming this place. Basically, if they get everyone who is strong willed and shove them in the council, they can be monitored more easily and taken out at short notice. Hostage without being hostage and manipulated on the side without realizing by their oh so loyal do-gooder council members. And if they puppet others to appear as the threat they get chances to observe each individuals tactics and assess their worth without being directly involved. Easy stuff."*

I found this, not only of interest, but somewhat disturbing. The councils have come up many times for me, over the years, and the Dark Council especially.

Many have mentioned this council. I was also summoned before it several times. (In one of those times, I lit up the entire room, revealing many of the faces.)

Even now, I still get offers for me to join a council, as though they are making it seem like it's a great honor.

For instance, in 2019, someone who claimed to be the Crone from the Triquerta, made contact, and was quite insistent on chatting with me.

She tried to justify the actions of The Triquerta and also offered me a place on a new council.

I gave my standard response: *"I don't do councils."*

It seemed that they were on a fishing mission, to see what I knew and what I was up to.

Despite Omen's claim that there is only one council, I believe that many were formed.

There appear to be several levels of councils. Many which tended to branch sideways, rather than up and down, but for the purpose of this exercise, I'll keep it simple.

There was the General Council, where all were invited to join and be a part of. It was more of a collective that was used to keep track of Beings and, if desired, remove them if they became a problem.

There was the Elite Council where high-level Beings, including Angelics and Archangels were invited to join. General discussions and decisions were made at that level. Anybody who was anyone would have joined, unless they knew better.

The next level up was referred to as The Dark Council. So called, not because their actions were dark or evil (though that didn't mean such actions didn't take place) but because the members were hidden. If you found yourself before The Dark Council, you would only see their figures in the shadow.

This level of council is where you went to if you wanted anything done. The members were the most powerful Beings out there, such as Lilith, Belial, Apep, RA, Thoth, Sekhmet, and the like.

Membership was by invite only.

The rules were simple. If you wanted something done, you could put in a request to The Dark Council and they would all help to make the request manifest. The catch was, though, that if they wanted something done, you would have to help, whether you wanted to or not.

The council members were bound by Soul Agreements. All who used it had to agree on a Soul Level to abide by their Charter.

Soul Agreements cannot be broken unless all parties agree, or the agreement is complete, or the conditions that the agreements were made under are no longer present.

To enforce such agreements, a soul / contract gem is used that has the power to enforce the deal. It also has the power to void any such soul deals that were made illegally.

But where the Dark Council was concerned, they made sure that everyone knew exactly what they were getting into, even if they didn't really understand what they were signing up for.

A request to The Dark Council might be a short or long term one. The standard requests were along the lines of: "Give me power / fame / knowledge" type of nature.

I had many people come to me about this wanting to get out but had no way of doing so.

The final level of the Councils, that I wish to discuss, is a group that calls themselves "*The Twelve*".

They are a collective of Beings who are a power in their own right. They work together but also have their own agendas. Most are part of The Dark Council but are the elite. I believe they may also be Founding Members.

My personal experiences with them are that they are as nasty a group as you can find. (Having been threatened by them and having hits put on me doesn't make me favour them much either.)

From what I am aware of, it was The Twelve who formed the triple goddess organization called The Triqueta. (Or so it was claimed.)

I also suspect they were behind most genetic and soul experiments.

In my book, *I am The Phoenix*, I tell of a being who was a white phoenix who called herself Shannue. She was after my Phoenix energy and worked with Apep, the god of Chaos.



I only later realized that she was really the goddess Sophia and, apparently, also a member of The Twelve.

I've never quite pinned down all the names of who belong to this council. I swear, they are the number Twelve, in name only, because there seem to be more than 12 candidates.

The ones I have a strong suspicion of being members are the gods and goddesses: Lilith, Sekhmet, Ptah, Apep, Sophia, Constantine, Neptune, David (the king) and several other names which I can't fully verify.

In any case, they are real. I've dealt with them personally in this particular life and they call themselves 'The 12'.

## 51 - The False gods

As far as I can recall, I've never been a fan of the Councils, nor have I ever been a fan for those who elevate themselves as gods to be worshipped.

From my memory, during Atlantis, the title "god" meant little. It was a job title. The god of <insert job description>.

Everyone had their own skills and abilities and because the vibrational levels were way higher then, it was easier to do things that appeared to be magic.

This is because the higher the vibration of a dimension, the quicker things manifest. The downside is that those things you can instantly create, tend to have little to no substance to them.

Still, you can do some things, which, on the 3D level, would look like miracles. If you find a way to bring the higher level manifestations down to the 3D world, it can look impressive.

In fact, those who have mastered such powers on this level will seem like magicians, masters or gods, especially to those who are in a body that blocks that kind of power.

The time of Atlantis wasn't fun. The ego and power trips of many were out of control, and while it's fair to say that there were some good people there, they were in the minority.

You might ask: Why be there to begin with?

To be frank, I don't fully recall the reasons. Atlantis had been around for quite a while by the time many of us came there.

It was, if I recall correctly, an outpost. A place to set up base, but it wasn't all that populated, relatively speaking.

Infrastructure had been put into place and the bridge between astral and the third dimension had been engineered. Atlantis, itself, was on an energy centre where ley lines would intersect.

From what I recall, Atlantis was a place to get away from what many deemed the oppression of the Galactic Federation. Though, in my view, it was more about not being able to break Galactic law that had been put into place to protect the denizens.

A deal had been struck that if people went there, they would be pretty much able to do what they wanted. It was a way of gathering all the troublemakers into one place. At the time, earth was not all that populated, and the impact should have been minimal.

It didn't work out as expected because we underestimated the insanity, and depths of cruelty and coldness these Beings could reach.

In any case, it began badly and ended even worse.

It wasn't until the fall of Atlantis (and everyone either moved on or went home), that the god thing really took off.

Yes, there were gods beforehand, but they were there to help rather than rule.

Humans could be easily dominated and impressed. When in their bodies, they tended to have low levels of awareness. It was very easy to manipulate them and create a powerbase of worshippers.

The thing about having someone worship you is that if enough people do it, it actually can empower you and your energies.

Prayer is thought, after all, and thoughts create. When you worship someone, they get your energy and when enough people do it, you get a lot of it.

Mind you, the type of energy you get might not always be that great, but the gods were not all that picky, and they were also in fierce competition with each other for status and power.

Nowadays most don't believe that they existed, and they were simply dismissed as a bunch of superstitious mumbo jumbo to help explain natural phenomenon.

While there certainly is some truth to that, it doesn't mean they never existed, nor does it mean they are no longer around.

And while they may not be as strong as they once were, it doesn't mean they still aren't dangerous.

As it goes, from my observations, there are way too many gods that are still around. Worshipping has become more subtle and cults are formed instead of open worship.

And while many believe they were never real, there are still plenty out there who believe they were. Such people will often pray to them for a favor or their assistance.

If there is one piece of advice, I could impart in these blogs, it's this: Never pray to a god or goddess for help. You never know what you will get. Many of them are far from nice and they will demand compensation of some kind. This also goes for Archangels. Not all of them have humanities interest at heart and a good portion of them are part of The Triquetra.

Goddesses such as ISIS, Hathor, Venus, etc., are ego driven narcissists who border on being sociopathic.

Having had enough personal experiences with several of the gods, I can say for a fact that you never want to be in their debt.

Personally, I was never partial to the idea of being worshipped, but it wouldn't surprise me if there was some obscure group somewhere today that does exactly just that. Though, if you Google 'Cult of Geb' you won't find anything and for that, I am grateful.

I know I wasn't alone in my feelings about the gods. Omen, in spite of being mistaken for a god many times during his incarnations, (the Raven Mocker being one notable example) never warmed to the idea and was rather disdainful of the idea of gods.

Seth (aka Set) also detested the practice. It was one of the reasons he railed so hard against the gods. History and mythology paints him as one of the bad guys, but was he really? Those who have read my *I am the Phoenix* book will have a much greater insight into this.

For someone who is painted to be so evil and dark, he has done more to help than most of the other gods put together.

I am well aware that most people nowadays don't believe in the gods. There was a time when I didn't either, as ironic as that may be.

But I have lost count of the ones I have found, or rather, have found me. The one thing they have in common is their ego.

## 52 - Mars Attacks

*I was having trouble remembering everything that happened for this entry, so I asked Ecclasia to contribute.*

2017 was a wild ride for me. Old relationships ended (sadly) and new ones were forged.

I had spent that year in the USA, Australia and Canada. I found that Toronto was not working out for me, so I made plans to head back home.

I decided this would be a good time to meet up with my colleagues Ecclasia and Mari.

We spent a month together which was both sublime and exhausting; Mari and Ecclasia kept getting themselves into trouble and I was left to fix things.

[Notes from Ecclasia]: *He rolled his eyes a lot during that month.*

One incident of note began when we were driving around at night. Mari had noticed what appeared to be a large, shadowy houndlike wolf. It had run across the road around the corner next to her home.

She didn't mention it till we were heading back. Accordingly, we tried to find it; but we saw nothing.

As we returned to the house, Mari kept seeing the wolf in her mind.

I decided to look for it, by using my Mind's Eye. I tend to get impressions of images and what they may be. I never put much stock into how real it was until I had others, including Omen, see the same images.

I saw what appeared to be a giant wolf, which I knew to be Fenrir. Fenrir was a wolf in Norse mythology.

With Fenrir, I saw a figure in silhouette. His head looked like it had horns on them, so I considered that it may be some kind of demon lord.

Ecclasia, has the ability of bilocation; being two places at the same time, whether Astral, 3D dimension, or both. She went to take a look and told us that the being was Mars.

This was the first time I had encountered this god in my timeline. I was wondering what was going on. The odd thing was that I felt I should know who Mars was.

It felt like he was a version of the Egyptian, Horus the Elder, who was known to be a Phoenix. I still am not sure.

I looked into Ecclasia's eyes and saw that her Soul was no longer fully present. Whatever was there, it was not her. There was a look of scrutiny and cunning. It was aimed at me. That truly unnerved me. Not only was I extremely uncomfortable; I really hate it when bodies are taken over by another being, partially or otherwise.

Ecclasia began to act as a Channel Medium. Part of her was still there; moreover, she told me part of her Soul was being held hostage by Mars. I offered to restore her, but Ecclasia declined. She wanted to see what would happen.

(This became a running joke, where they would say: What's the worst that could happen? And then everything would go to Hell.)

At that moment, I noted that the door frames in the house were slightly shimmering. Most times, this is indicative of a Portal. I suspected that something had put a portal around them. Passing through such things can take you to different timelines.

I can say, I was not too thrilled with this possibility. In retrospect, I'm not sure what effect they had, if any. However, I noted a few timeline changes afterwards.

Once again, using my Mind's Eye, I projected myself to Fenrir's location.

*Gary: What are you doing here?*

*Fenrir: I was summoned by Mars to hunt down Mari and her Dragon Guide.*

*Gary: Well, unsummon yourself.*

It sounded like a ridiculous thing to say. However, I felt I had some kind of deal with Fenrir; I just wasn't sure what it was at that exact moment.

I asked Ecclesia if I could talk to Mars. She said only if it was in the language of the gods. He refused to speak to me in any other language.

This was a problem because I can't say that I remembered any such language. I told Mars if he wanted to speak to me, he would have to do it in English.

By this time, we had moved to another room. Both Mari and Ecclesia were sitting on a mattress. I was sitting at the front of the mattress with my back to them. I felt Ecclesia's hand touch my back; then she started to channel Mars. Mari also touched me in order to assist the communication.

He began speaking to me through Ecclesia. I can't recall the entire conversation, but below is what I am able to remember.

Mars was quite angry with me.

*Mars: You are stupid.*

*Gary: Why?*

*Mars: For being a human. It makes you weak.*



Gary: *I'm stronger than I was before. Take a look.*

Mars: *You were stupid to forget everything.*

Gary: *I am remembering it now.*

Mars: *No, you're not. You betrayed us all. You were one of us. Everyone is trapped here because of you.*

Gary: *They can leave any time they want.*

Mars: *The Dragon can't. Has she not told you? Tell him. [there was only silence] You made her weak. She was not yours to take.*

Gary: *And she was not yours to take and do experiments on.*

Mars: *I'm a god, I can do what I want.*

Gary: *Yes, you can, but you will face the consequences of your actions. [I then had a sense he was about to try and attack me. If Mars was connected to Horus, then that meant he was a Phoenix and had Phoenix abilities.] If you're thinking of using the Phoenix Energy to attack me, it won't work. That source has been cut off.*

But there was only silence. I felt a hand slip down my back and fall away. I knew Mars had left. I waited for around maybe a minute to see if anything else would happen. I turned around and found both Ecclasia and Mari sitting upright, but their souls were clearly absent. I knew immediately Mars had taken them.

This seemed to be a recurring theme and I would often have to call someone back.

I focused on Ecclasia and said: *Come back. Come back now.*

I snapped my fingers. Ecclasia opened her eyes.

She said: *What the fuck... My arm is on fire...*

I then focused on Mari. I did the same thing, and Ecclasia helped. Mari returned soon after and was in tears. Ecclasia was still complaining about her arm, so I removed the energy, which I strongly suspected was indeed Phoenix Energy. Mars had clearly tried to attack me, but it had backfired.

[Notes from Ecclasia]: *It felt like I had been struck by lightning. To my surprise, I had felt that fire in my hand which is why I let go of Gary's back. The pain ran up my arm till it hit my chest and completely drained all my energy. It had taken its toll on me. When it was all said and done, I was really sick and hurting. So, Mari gave me her hand and said to take what I needed for energy. I had completely drained her, however, and she got dizzy.*

The story Ecclasia and Mari told me was that they had been taken by Mars. He was holding both of them, including the Dragon, in his massive hands. They were all looking at each other. Mari said it was the strangest thing.

I then contacted Fenrir again and told him he was free from any obligation to Mars. Fenrir could now hunt Mars down instead; which he gleefully did. Using my Mind's Eye, I saw the god fleeing from Fenrir.

[Notes from Ecclasia]: *After all was said and done, Mars had played his card and I was not going to sit back and just let him abuse his station. Gary, however, did not want us to go after Mars. So, I had to let it go.*

I don't scare, but as far as incidences go, this one was chilling.

## 53 – Mars Attacks: Further Musings - 1

There were a few things about the Mars incident that got me thinking.

It wasn't the fact I was talking to a self-proclaimed god, but more about what I witnessed and what was said. In fact, I find dealing with such things an exercise in tedium rather than awe inspiring.

When I look at things remotely, they tend to show up as an impression rather than an actual visualization. It would be wonderful if I could see things with clarity, but I've learned to work with what I have.

The impressions can be oddly detailed, though. They generally comprise as a quarter image and the other three quarters is information about the image itself.

I do not attempt filling in the blanks. When I looked and saw the silhouette of Mars, it was with no preconception.

Curiously enough in 2017, a couple of weeks later, I was talked into seeing the D.C. Wonder Woman movie, which I had zero interest in watching.

The movie itself was better than I expected. More importantly, the main villain, Ares (alias Mars), looked exactly like the Mars I saw in silhouette when he wore his horned helm.

It was also clear that someone knew how Mars should really look. I often think many creators have more knowledge than they let on.

You'd think that if I had come across Fenrir before, who is a massive wolf, I'd remember it. To be frank, I can't be sure either way.

All I can say about Fenrir is that he is a magnificent being and I wouldn't want to be on the wrong side of him.

As for what he looked like, they pretty much nailed that in Thor: Ragnarok. (Which came out around six months after this incident.)

When I communicated with him, I somehow knew that I had some agreement in place, and it overrode anything else that was going on. To me, it felt like meeting a friend on the battlefield.

An Avatar of the psychotic goddess, Sekhmet, asked me, back in 2015, if I had made a deal with the wolves. She seemed quite agitated that I had done so. In fact, she was angry about all the deals I had made over the years. But that was Sekhmet for you: A lunatic goddess.

I checked and found there was something I had done, but never pursued it on this 3D level as I had many other things to focus on.

As most of the things I do either happen on the higher astral levels or before I incarnated here, the details only tend to come up as they are needed, making it seem like I ‘deus ex machina’ my way out of trouble.

One of the things that really surprised me was when Mars accused me of betraying him and the other gods. From what I can recall, I never was one to go along with them. Moreover, there was an assumption that I would not mess with them or interfere in their affairs. This stemmed mostly from my policy that I would not interfere.

This policy came from my time in Atlantis. I guaranteed that those who came would not be subjected to Galactic Federation law.

What they did not take into account was that this was not going to be forever. There was a sixteen-thousand-year or so period where I would not intervene, but after that time expired, all bets would be off.

While that was never explicitly spelled out, it was something built into the Agreement. At the time, it seemed such a long way off that no one gave it any thought.

To try and give it some perspective, it's very much like saying that today, in 2018, I won't bother you until the year 18018. That number seems insanely long and maybe even laughable. In the overall scheme of things, it's just a blink of an eye.

I tend to think in terms of many thousands of years, if not longer. I don't just see my current life. I see all my lives and what has been and is coming.

Most seem to only think of what they can get out of a deal right now. From my personal point of view, if the piper ever has to be paid, then the deal should never be made.

So, I guess, from their point of view, I did betray them. But having said that, I never promised I would support them either.

## 54 - Mars Attacks: Further Musings - 2

You might wonder why I'm spending so much time on this subject. After all, it's just another pissed off god who wants me dead. Well, it does tie into some things which I will discuss later.

What was really interesting to me was Mars' comment about them all being trapped here. It's interesting because it relates to something I rarely talk about.

Without any context, that statement makes no sense, so I will try and explain.

Back in 2014, when I was dealing with Omen, he mentioned on several occasions about how The Triquerta were wanting to end life on this world and do a reset because everything had gotten so out of control.

This is a complex subject that I will address in future entries. Suffice to say we've had several timeline shifts because they had succeeded.

For instance, Omen had mentioned that the Ebola outbreak, back in 2013, had been seeded by The Triquerta. In one timeline it had actually decimated the human population.

What they had failed to understand, though, was that as long as the consciousness that creates this reality still exists, everything will simply manifest elsewhere. You can't wipe out this world until everyone has done what they came here to do.

Still, I had enough of groups such as the Annunaki, The Twelve, The Triquerta and the gods destroying whatever world they could not take over and control.

So, I decided to trap them all here. The rational being that if they did destroy this world, they would have to live with the consequences of it.

I did this by working on the Third Grid that surrounds this earth. It had recently been put into place (in 2006) as the first two had become corrupted. (They chose the sixth of June, which makes me wonder about The Triquerta's involvement with this.)

I energized the grid so anything with malicious intent would not be able to get past it. The only way to leave would be to genuinely repent their desire to enslave and dominate others.

I think it took me the best part of a week to achieve this. I say that 'I think' because I wonder if my experiences with energizing the grid in previous years was connected to it or not.

In any case, this wasn't something I made public, though Mari worked it out (and told me) and I had made mention of it to her spirit friend Nicole. (Who was furious at me for doing so but whatever...) I had noted from time to time that others had made mention of being trapped here as well.

To be frank, I am not only surprised that what I did worked, but that others knew about it.

If I had any doubts that it was me who had created it, Mars' accusation pretty much confirmed it was me.

You can argue if what I did was right or wrong, but as of right now, that is the situation, and I'm not really too keen to see this world destroyed.

I've come across people, online, who have written of this. However, when I ask them for more information, they tend to either ignore me, or consider themselves too pristine to engage with me and give me vague, one sentence answers. (Shrugs.)

What stuck in my mind was Mars' final words: *I am a god and I'll do what I want.*

To me, they were both chilling and arrogant. Of course, I knew that the gods were real (after all, I'm one of them, unfortunately), but this is the first time I had one from the astral levels talk to me through another.

The look that I saw in Ecclesia's eyes was quite unnerving.

The gods clearly believe that they have the right to be assholes and despots. They view humans as slaves and livestock. Always have.

It's also clear to me that they are not happy about having lost much of their status and power. It's probably even more annoying to them that nowadays, this world dismisses them as myths or fiction.

I don't know if they are being put into books, comics, movies and so on to help bring back the awareness to people or if there is something else behind it, but I do get the sense that the New Age movement is part of their agenda.

Many people I have spoken to, who practice witchcraft, do rituals or are wiccan, speak about the gods they pray to or ask favours from.

Often, they will tell me how they asked Venus or Hathor, or whatever names they are going by nowadays for help.

I have to say that doing this is foolish. For a start, nothing is free. If they grant you a favour, they will be asking for something in return at some point.

Secondly, they are not fluffy Beings. For instance, ISIS is a total narcissist with a massive ego. She is also nasty and ruthless. Sekhmet is psycho and arrogant and I've yet to meet an avatar of her that wasn't so.

Same goes for most of the other gods. As Geb, I've had plenty of run-ins with these Beings and few of them have been pleasant.



The gods do not have humanities interest at heart. They never did and probably never will.

Mars' last words to me just confirmed they have not shifted or changed.

## 55 - Mars Attacks: Further Musings - 3

Phoenix energy is powerful. Those who can successfully carry and wield it are rare. It can either be used to create, heal, protect, or utterly destroy and wipe out things.

I am The Phoenix Source. I am also Geb. This means my children were also Phoenii. Those include well known Beings such as Horus the Elder, Osiris, Seth and Nephthys. (As mentioned, ISIS was not my child, so she does not carry any Phoenix energy. Her powers are due to her Fae / Succubus nature and the use of glamor.)

It took me a long time to accept that I was The Source, but once I did, it dawned on me that Phoenix Energy should not be misused. In 2012, I made the decision that this power could only be used in the way it was meant to be and could no longer be used as a weapon.

I set the intention and made it so. (Mari picked up on that I had done so, very quickly, and made mention of it to me.)

I feel I should know who Mars really is. I suspect that he's either Horus the Elder, has a connection, or is one of those Beings who merged with two or more energies to become something new.

Either way, I had a strong feeling that Mars was carrying Phoenix Energy. I also felt he was about to attack me with it so I warned him it would not work.

I felt nothing when he did so, but what it did, was rebound on the source of the attack. Hence the incredible pain Ecclesia felt when she woke up and why I was able to remove that energy and heal her within a few seconds.

Mars spoke of a dragon. It was one I was familiar with, but I am not ready to name without her consent. The best I can say for now that it's Mari's guide.

Even though this dragon does not have her own body, all of us are familiar with her. Mari has the closest connection to her, and considers the dragon a protector.

What bothered me about my exchange with Mars was that he claimed I had made her weak. And quite honestly, I am not sure what that even means.

This is part of the problem. I don't recall as much as I should. It's one of the problems with incarnating with no memory and being in a limited human body that can only contain so much information at any one time. (I'm pretty sure that's what Mars meant when he said it made me weak. In a sense, he is right, but not completely.)

Looking at my agreements, though, I do seem to have one with this particular dragon. (Hence why it's appears in my life as soul agreements will make that happen.)

I can only speculate on what it was, but it seems that for some reason, I crippled her power. My sense is that it was done because it was needed, and when the time is right, she will be restored. When she is, she will be very powerful again. Other than that, she's just your typical dragon with a dragon's wit and attitude.

The fallout of all this has yet to be seen, but I feel it's not the end of it. In recent years, I've knocked more than a few noses out of joint and I doubt they will just leave me be.

Do I regret doing it? Yes and no. Someone has to do it. Someone has to try and undo the damage that has been done to this world and its denizens. Someone has to stand up to those who believe they have absolute power and authority.

Besides, they made the first moves. They moved to entrap, deceive and bind me when I was vulnerable. I guess they can't really be blamed for being opportunistic, but for the same token, they have no right to whine about my actions either. Still, sociopaths and narcissists tend to be Grade A hypocrites.

In any case, I must continue. Power is useless if you're just running for cover.

If it helps free and heal this world, then it will be worth it.

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## Soul Family - Seth, ISIS and Nephthys

### 56 - The goddess ISIS - The Hype And A Rant!

ISIS is one of those goddesses who is universally loved and adored by all. This is quite an achievement because, in reality, she's a narcissistic, egocentric, and a self-centred psychopath.

Like most gods, ISIS has plenty of Avatars. You can spot them because they all look and act very similar. They also have a tendency to urge others to kill me. (Yes, literally!) Though to be fair, that would only be around 75% of them.

I also readily admit that my views on ISIS will be biased, due to the constant troubles and attacks she's foisted on me.

I met one of them in 2015. She called herself Aurora. (A name I've always liked. It was also one of the chosen names of the Apep Avatar from the New Zealand incident, as chronicled in my *I am The Phoenix* book.)

She had found me through someone named Nick who claimed to be one of the Phoenix / Dragon hybrids (as also mentioned in my book) and claimed that I had given her that name. It was barely a day before she was encouraging Nick to kill me. Seemed to be a recurring pattern.

One of the main ISIS avatars was called Kelly. I met her online back around 2006. Synchronistically, I met her in person in 2017. She happened to be visiting the exact same place I was. I took her out for a brunch.

She spent the entire time trying to convince me how evil Seth was. I'm not sure if she knew exactly who I was, as it had not come up, but she knew she was ISIS and that I was Phoenix.

I guess you could call it sour grapes for dismembering her husband, Osiris, but there were good reasons for that to happen, from what I was able to remember. (Something I will discuss later.)

It was soon after, she messaged and accused me of energy harvesting, and running a cult. I blocked her after that.

Many have accused me of running a cult. All I can say to that is, if I am, I'm doing a really crappy job at it. I have no followers. I have no infrastructure, and it is costing money, rather than making me any!

I guess ISIS gets her narcissism from her mother NUT. The main difference, though, is that NUT has high ethics and standards. She also appears to have humanities interest at heart. ISIS, on the other hand, is petty, manipulative, and has a habit of twisting the truth to her own ends.

When an ISIS aspect is young, they get what they want by using their glamor. This is a method of making themselves appear radiant and attractive. For the unwary, they become almost irresistible.

Fae (and ISIS is a Fae) are masters at using glamor and many is the time I've been entranced by glamor. Once you know it's glamor though, you can see through it, and the beauty fades. You see what is really there and it's often not pretty.

From what I can recall, RA was her father (not Geb as mythology suggests). I don't remember much about RA, except I didn't agree with him much and we had our differences.

From what I recall, Ra, (along with others) cursed me (Geb) to force the separation between me and NUT. (This also affected my relationship with The Gaia.) It seemed that Ra wanted NUT for himself.

Such curses eventually end, and then rebound. I believe this one ended in 2021. That's a good twenty thousand years of curse. I would not like to be those who participated in it.

In my book, *I am The Phoenix*, my guides, The Dakini, told me that ISIS was the flipside of my energy. Because of that, they were loyal to her. This was well before I began looking into the gods and had an inkling on who I might be. It always amazes me how all the pieces fit so neatly together.

It's interesting for me to note that both things are valid. ISIS, being a child of NUT, does make her part of my Soul. (Though believe me, this is not romantic in any way.)

Also, the main avatar that I met was married to a male Dakini (called a Daka) who felt it was his job to look after and protect her. Why that is, though, I do not fully understand. At least not yet.

Not many of us, allies or otherwise, have good memories of ISIS. She's been active throughout history in one form or another.

One notable example is Cleopatra. I remember watching a documentary about her and I thought to myself: That's ISIS.

I found out years later that she was indeed considered to be that goddess incarnate.

My daughter, the goddess Nephthys, remembers a lot about ISIS. I asked her to write me something on that subject. I felt it was time to set the record straight and reveal what really went on back then.

## 57 - Nephthys - Her Side of The Story on ISIS

I don't know how my soul children find me (Soul Links I presume) but find me, like many others, they do. To date, all the avatars of Nephthys have tracked me down, Horus the younger, elder, Osiris (both before and after versions) and, of course, Seth.

Nephthys is one I have always felt close to. She has several avatars. The first one found me back in 2011. It was about a year before I finally was able to accept who I was, but regardless, I recognized her personality.

She claimed to be a Phoenix, and considering that Nephthys is the daughter of both Geb and Nut, this makes perfect sense. She is a mix of both Fae and Phoenii energies.

She had a stubborn streak, and while fiercely loyal, she could be downright frustrating at times. Of course, the same could be said for most of my children.

I met what appeared to be the main Nephthys avatar in 2012 and we've kept in touch ever since.

She retained a lot of memories of her past lives as Nephthys. I felt it might be a good idea for her to share her side of the story. Mythology is pretty much created by the victors, so to speak.

The below entry addresses the story where Nephthys was said to impersonate ISIS to sleep with her husband / half-brother, Osiris.

A story I never felt all that comfortable about and the truth behind it. When I scan for that incident (that is, follow lines to feel what happened), it feels like things didn't quite go down the way history claimed.

It's also worth noting that Nephthys has told me that she was sworn to secrecy, so anything that was said in the past might not be valid or the truth.



One more, important fact, I should mention. The 5D world is very much like the 3D. Apart from the need of human bodies to get things done, everything is as solid there as it is here. Also, the rules of physics are different to the 3D.

Lightbodies (the form our Soul takes) can create physical objects through energy manipulation. They can include houses, private areas, workspaces, and so on.

Lightbodies can alter forms, if one is skilled enough to do so. I once asked Omen about this, and he said that most can only shift forms to a certain degree. There are those who are more capable of complete transformation.

A Lightbody can also exchange energies and create a new being, which is a combination of both. This happens as a matter of course. (Though there is way more control over when and where it does occur.)

The Lightbody can also be hurt, damaged or even killed. This is much harder to do, but it does, and can occur.

The events Nephthys describes happen on the 5D. Without that context, the story will make less sense.

Let's hear her side of the story in her own words.

*Every time you ask me to write something for your blog, things go bad for me in life. Which makes me want to expose the truth that much more. And I know what I say holds truth, for I can still see where I was when I was called out.*

*I can still feel the pain when others wouldn't believe me. How it felt to have others talk about me, for something that was the idea of my sister.*

*We've all heard the story how ISIS was betrayed by her sister. Well, I'm here to let you know that story is a lie.*

*ISIS is not what you think. As her sister, I watched her get what she wanted from others. I've seen how cold, and dark she could be. Having others do things, and holding it over their heads, to gain power.*

*That is how this power-hungry slut gained so much power. She could play the victim role so well, when she told a story, people took it as truth. (Not to mention people feared what she'd do to them if they went against ISIS in any way).*

*Even though I watched ISIS gain power, I still didn't want to be a part of it. It didn't matter what she said, I wouldn't join.*

*One day ISIS came up to me and told me she needed to get away. Said she had a meeting set up but didn't want Osiris knowing about it. Said she needed my help. Told me if I did what she wanted, she would leave me alone about gaining power. She told me I wouldn't be hurting anyone, I'd just be taking her place, all I had to do was shapeshift (I was way better than she was at shapeshifting).*

*I gave my word that I would not speak to anyone what ISIS wanted me to do. Set always told me to keep away from ISIS. I wanted to tell him what her plan was, but I couldn't go back on my word, even if I had given it to ISIS. I usually listened to Set, but this time I didn't. Guilt still gets to me for not doing as he said.*

*I let ISIS talk me into shapeshifting into her image and meeting up with Osiris. I didn't want to do it. I knew something bad was going to come of this. ISIS would not tell me where she was going, or who she was meeting with.*

*ISIS wanted me to become her for a night. Said this meeting she had to attend was very important. Said it would change things for all of us. As we all know, I did what ISIS asked. I became her. She told me if I could trick Osiris into thinking I was her, then I'd be safe. As soon as Osiris laid eyes on me, he knew I wasn't ISIS. He hurried me indoors before someone figured it out and made trouble.*

*Once I was out of public view, I got to change back into myself. (The conversation Osiris and I had that night is for a different day.) When it was time for me to leave, I changed back into ISIS. No more did I step out into the public, ISIS was standing at higher ground pointing me out, telling everyone I betrayed her.*

*She told them I was a traitor. How I betrayed her and disgraced my family. That she knew all along I was after Osiris, but she didn't think I would trick him into thinking I was her.*

*As I turned to Osiris for help, he just stood there, not saying a word. Nothing I said or did changed the minds of those who saw me. I knew yelling out the truth would come back on me, so I kept my mouth shut.*

*I'm not sure if ISIS really had a meeting that night, or if she just wanted to set me up, so she could control me (which she did). Not only was Osiris her puppet, I was, too.*

*Even though Osiris knew who I really was, he never stood up to ISIS. Like a coward he stayed in the shadows acting surprised by it all. As ISIS was pointing the finger at me, no one ever stopped to wonder where she went, or how I could find time to be around Osiris. ISIS always had Osiris by the hand.*

*Now ISIS had gotten what she wanted. She got control over me. I became her servant. As she made her fame grow, she still yet would remind others what I had done to her. As others could see I wasn't heartbroken over Osiris, or even acted like I wanted him. ISIS could see this, so she put a love spell on me. One of the most powerful spells ever created. For many lives I have chased after him and failed.*

*Same goes for this life. I met Osiris, and chased him, until the curse was finally broke. How do I know it's broke? I drive past him twice a day, and I feel nothing towards him, except hurt for not speaking the truth.*

*While I'm exposing ISIS, might as well expose Osiris too.*

*When I was alone with Osiris, I got to shift back into myself. He was very interested in what ISIS was up to. Kept trying to get me to tell him everything I knew (ISIS thought this might happen, so she gave me little information about where she was going, and what her plan was). And don't think Osiris played the innocent role. He learned how to gain control of others just from watching ISIS.*

## 58 - Musings On Osiris And ISIS

What Nephthys wrote for me is interesting. I have no reason to not believe it. Those events happened a long time ago now and there is little value in making up lies about them.

The fact that she still remembers it and that the hurt is still fresh is what speaks volumes to me.

Besides, it's quite in keeping with the nature of ISIS. She did betray her own father, RA, after all, by poisoning him and forcing him to give him her name before she healed him.

If you know someone's real name, you can control them. Your true name is your actual vibrational resonance. In short, it's your actual being / soul state. It allows one to use things, such as binds, that are attuned to your exact frequency.

It's like a radio station I.D. If you know the frequency, you can tune into it. So never give it out to anyone. As a side note, the higher the vibration of your being, the harder it is to pronounce the name or control it.

I've spoken to a few who remember those times and remember Osiris. If there was one consensus about him, it was that he doesn't have a spine.

From my point of view, Osiris was more than likely under the thrall of ISIS. It wouldn't surprise me that she used his real name to bind him to her. Of course, this is speculation, but it seems to resonate with me at this point of time.

She couldn't do that to Set (Seth) because he was under my protection and Horus had Hathor, who would have given ISIS a run for her money in manipulation. (The Hathors, as they are called, are incredibly frustrating to deal with, even to this day.)

From what I recall, ISIS wanted to go up in status with The Triquerta (the astral equivalent of the Mafia and the major power at the time). One of her plans was to give them a phoenix.

Phoenix energy was (and still is) greatly sought after because of its incredible power for both creation and destruction. It also allowed one to access places that were normally off-limits.

As they couldn't get it from me, and Seth was uncontrollable (by design), Osiris was the next logical choice. Handing him over to Them would have been quite a feather in her cap.

While it was true that Seth did indeed take out his half-brother (half, because I rebirthed him and NUT had nothing to do with it), it was claimed by Nicole, (Mari's spirit friend) that he was set up. There may be truth to that.

Osiris was certainly something that couldn't be allowed to fall into the hands of The Triquerta. Things were already bad enough as it was, and "Them" having control of a phoenix, as powerful as that one, was the last thing that was needed.

I also knew that it wouldn't kill him. You can't kill a phoenix after all (though many have tried). Something that Osiris's spirit has whined on and on to me about in this life. The only thing that shuts him up is when I tell him to stop being ISIS's bitch.

After Seth cut him into pieces, his spirit fled to The Underworld and spent a lot of time there. (Or as one goddess put it, spent his time sulking.)

Osiris also has avatars on earth. I've come across several of them. They are certainly personable, but they do lack that spine.

As I said, it's conceivable that ISIS did put a spell over him. Still, he never approached me for help, at least that I can recall, so there was nothing I could do about it. (Free Will dictates what I can and cannot do.)

In any case, it does seem that ISIS is the root of a lot of my family's problems. Certainly not the only one who has caused trouble (that would be a long list), but was clearly one of the major players. At least back then.

But, as always, things are not what they seem. In this case, while it is true that ISIS was a major problem, she wasn't the real cause.

## 59 – A Matter Of Corruption

When I began my Mind Travels, I was a preteen. Things didn't really start to take shape, though, till I was a teenager. The story lines wrote themselves, and I noted reoccurring themes.

A main one being that my prime objective was to track down the Source of "The Corruption" that was causing all the trouble for the Galactic Federation.

I always called it "The Corruption" and it was always the main focus on my journeys.

At the time, it was a fun fantasy that wrote itself, as Mind Travels are wont to do. It kept me occupied while I was bored or needed a distraction. (As handheld gaming didn't exist back then!)

For decades, I assumed this was the kind of corruption that you found in governments or organizations where people who were in positions of power were using resources for their benefit. Of course, it made sense as I had no context for it to be otherwise.

Then one day, after downloading a lot of data from The Phoenix Archives, I found that it wasn't that at all.

The source was a portal, that was opened into a dimension outside of this reality. This occurred somewhere that was known as "*The Edge*". A forbidden area where one reality begins and another ends. You could liken it to a membrane.

They brought something across that was never meant to be here.

It was the group who called themselves "The Twelve", and their associates, that decided to experiment on this Being. They, most likely, believed that if they were careful, they would be immune to its effects, but they were wrong.



They used The Edge, to hide from observers in this reality. There, they had experimental facilities where they conducted highly illegal, and unethical procedures on captured Beings.

Some of them became known as The Experiments and I think 8 main ones were created. I've come across several of them in this life. Omen, from what I could tell, was the last of them.

There are guardians who protect The Edge. One type can be classed as Hellhounds. They are literal soul eaters. Trespassers would be hunted down, and if caught, consumed. Those souls would end up in a hellish place that is known as "*The Land of the Dead*". There, they would remain until the next cycle began.

I am certain, now, that one of those Hellhounds was captured. I believe experiments were done on it. One of the side effects was that a dark, wispy tendril like, corruption, occurred, and was unleashed upon this reality.

Eventually, though, the corruption got loose and started to corrupt everything it could. This included gods, demon lords, Archangels, angelics... basically everything it touched.

A Soul has many layers to it. It's not just one piece. Every layer you siphon off may become its own identity.

In the end, there were two or more versions of the same being. One of light and one of darkness. The new aspects would often take on a new persona or name.

This is why when you call on an Archangel for help, you have to be sure that you call on the one that has your interest at heart.

The corruption itself looked like black, snakelike, tendrils, that were venomous and toxic. I have come across them in dreams and I know I'm not the only one who has seen them.

Omen was that corruption personified. I was told that he corrupted everyone eventually. That was his nature. If you ever saw him, you would see the black tendrils waving around on his body. I can imagine that he might have looked terrifying for those who were not prepared to see such things.

Omen once told me that his favourite group, Slipknot, wrote a song about him called "*The Virus of Life*". (You can Google this. He also told me they were a bunch of demons, but that's more common in music than many might believe.)

This short history is important because it explains what was really behind the fall and corruption of the gods. It appears that those who chose to partake in using that power ended up being split into various aspects of themselves.

It's similar to the plot of the movie *The Dark Crystal* except it's a lot more complex and putting a shard back in place isn't going to fix things.

Many organizations, such as The Triquerta, were formed from the corrupted versions of Beings. (The Triquerta are The Triple goddess known as The Fates.)

## 60 – Seth and Osiris – What Really Happened?

If mythology ever spawned a bad guy, it was Seth, the Egyptian god of Chaos. A quick Google search and you'll find that he killed Osiris, was said to be Satan and was jealous of his family.

Of course, it also mentions that he was the son of Geb and NUT.

Technically, you could make the argument that I, as Geb, gave birth to Satan and you could successfully argue that, though you would be wrong.

Satan, Lucifer, Baal, Beelzebub, etc, are Titles. Any demon can claim them if they can defeat the current holder, or the title itself can be passed on to another.

On this point, Satan and Lucifer are two very different Beings. Lucifer (according to Omen, and he would know) is the official devil.

I should hasten to point out that *The Devil of The Bible* does not actually exist. There is no competition between The Source and Satan for who will gain control of this world. After all, if God is all, and there is nothing outside of Him/Her, then it makes little sense. However, in the Realm of the Relative, where everything has its polar opposite, these things can and do exist.

Yes, Seth was known as Satan, but that was way before I rebirthed him. More importantly, Satan isn't so much a tempter, but a being who enforces contracts that have been made by people during their lifetimes. That's the job and someone must do it.

But by those who know him, he was never seen as evil and corruptive.

I realize I'm sticking my neck out here by stating this, but it's an important distinction. What you see is what you get and, personally, I prefer an "in your face" attitude to the deceit and honey-laden words of the one who carried the Title of Lucifer. (Who seriously wants me dead.)

The story of Seth states that he was jealous of Osiris. One day, Seth tricked him into trapping himself in a box. He then proceeded to cut him into pieces and hid those pieces. That part of the story is certainly true, though not the motivation.

The other point I need to add is that Seth cut up Osiris's Lightbody, not a human flesh version of it.

The fact that Osiris allowed himself to be trapped in such a fashion beggars belief. What type of short-sightedness and overblown ego, did he have, to not see such an obvious trap?

It's not as though he would not have known that boxes, such as Sarcophagi were used for these very things.

Along with Nephthys, Seth was the most loyal of my family. They were my protectors, and they did an amazing job. The problem was that Seth (Set as he was known at that point) got the lion's share of Phoenix energy when he was rebirthed.

Others resented him for it. They did not understand that I did not choose where that energy went to, it flowed to those who were worthy to have it.

He was also against the god's agenda of being incarnated gods and rulers. It was something he supported me on. It made us both very unpopular.

He was always looked upon as an outsider and an interloper and others conspired to get rid of him. Being a phoenix, it wasn't possible to kill him, though. The Triquetra wanted him either working for Them or gone.

You might ask then; did he kill Osiris out of rage or revenge for how he was treated? The answer is neither. Osiris was actually a problem.

He was a real threat as he was under the thrall of ISIS and she intended to use him to gain rank and favour with The Triquetra.

The main problem here was that Osiris had been affected by the corruption and had split into two Beings. The light side had been taken into protection and hidden. Very few were aware this had even occurred. What was left was the darker side of him.

What Seth killed was the corrupted version of Osiris and I am sure it was on my orders. (Though he would not have known that at the time.)

I knew that as a phoenix, he could not die, but I also knew I could forestall him being used, by taking him out of the picture for a bit.

Truth be told, if Osiris was who he should have been, and not split, Seth would not have been able to even come close to defeating him.

Does it suck that Seth got a bad rap because of his action? Totally. Yes, he was dangerous. Yes, you didn't mess with him and yes, you did not want him as your enemy, but what you faced was someone who represented honor, truth and justice. That was way more than what you got from most of the others.

Even today, I hear lie after lie about him. Not just about the past, but also from this life.

I feel he has been persecuted unfairly and history has a very slanted view of who he really is.

So, I'm setting the record straight.

I think it's about time.

## 61 - Nephthys - That Night With Osiris

Once again, Nephthys agreed to write more about her memories regarding past events. The next three entries will cover them.

Remember, these events took place on the 5D.

*As we all know, I spent a night with Osiris. I've also told you that I would tell you what went down that night.*

*I try to always keep my word. I always forgive those who do me wrong. I've been told I was too nice, and that was one of the reasons why this goddess (ISIS) hated me so much. I gave Osiris my word that I wouldn't tell anyone what we spoke about. I couldn't even tell Seth. The time I spent with Osiris, was the only time he was away from ISIS.*

*Once we were behind closed doors, he asked me to turn back into myself. For he spent all of his time looking at the face of ISIS, that it would be nice to see a different face. Besides, him telling me what she had done, felt weird telling it to the face of ISIS.*

*So, I shapeshifted back into Nephthys. Osiris said I didn't make a very good ISIS: I wasn't mean enough to be her. We laughed about it. For I knew firsthand what ISIS was capable of.*

*Osiris told me he had went against our father and brother. He didn't speak of what that was about, just that he knew he had done wrong, but he was caught, and controlled by ISIS. She used her charm to get Osiris to even speak with her about her so-called plans (Which Osiris said was all a lie).*

*She had gotten Osiris's real name. Said she wanted to try something with it, and if it worked, she gave her word she would release him. So, Osiris gave up his name, and ISIS went back on her word. Osiris was her bitch.*

*ISIS would tell Osiris to do things, and if he refused, she would make him. She controlled him. He knew others were talking about him behind his back. And he didn't know that ISIS was doing a practice run on Osiris, to achieve something bigger.*

*Once Osiris saw her gaining knowledge of our real names, and what she done to Ra, Osiris feared what she would do to him.*

*I begged Osiris to let me tell our brother, and father what she was doing, but he said NO. Said he was told he got himself into this mess, he can get himself out. Osiris told me he's just trying to be a good guy, but finding out that being a good guy got him in a trap. In the eyes of the public, if he didn't follow her lead, she would control him to hurt others.*

*He felt guilt for giving up his real name. He felt weak for falling into her trap. She had taken all of his power. It was sad seeing him so powerless. I was upset that he wouldn't stop ISIS. We had a plan to try, and work together to stop her. Osiris was nervous that it wouldn't work, and wouldn't let me get others to help stop her.*

*ISIS didn't call me out 'cause I betrayed her, she called me out 'cause she saw the spark of hope in Osiris. When I turned to Osiris, waiting on him to say something to ISIS, all I saw was a darkness. She put out that spark he was holding onto.*

*After that, I wouldn't look, speak, or even be in the same place as Osiris. I wanted nothing to do with him. I was ready to help him escape ISIS, but he threw me to the wolves so to speak.*

*Osiris tried to talk with me, but I walked away every time. ISIS became jealous. She thought Osiris was wanting me instead of her. Not knowing he was just trying to apologize for what he done to me, and it was looking like she was wrong about me.*

*I wasn't in love with Osiris, and others could tell. That's when the love spells came into play. Everyone in my family was angry at each other for some reason. Reasons no one would tell me about. Which was probably a good thing since I was under the puppet master ISIS.*

*I upset a lot of others by being so loyal to her. But as you all know now, it was a spell/curse and not my will to be loyal to her. So many damaging things were going on at the time, no one ever questioned why I was so loyal to her all of a sudden. Same went for Osiris. And those that did see this as being odd, just called us traitors. We have been bound by the spells of ISIS to be her puppets.*

*As for me, her spell/curse is no longer active. It's been broken. I can't speak on behalf of Osiris, so I can't tell you if his curse is broke.*

*I have a child who is upset with how he became. He had believed the lies about an affair. And I was already a puppet, I didn't see the point in trying to fight for the truth. I'm sure he'll hold more anger towards me for not trying to tell him.*

*Taking it upon myself to decide for him not to believe my side. I've met Anubis in this life. I could feel the anger he still holds for me. And for the record, it's not that I was ashamed of him, or how he came about, I just didn't see the point in trying to find someone to be on my side. By this time ISIS was very powerful.*

What I find curious is that both Anubis and Nephthys seem to think that Osiris was his father. If I had to put money on it, I'd say that this was a trick of ISIS.

Anubis is the son of Seth and Nephthys. Anyone who even took a casual glance would see the resemblance to Seth.



## 62 - Nephthys - Seth

To me, Seth has always been a subject of interest. I know he was around me from the very start of this life. Both as antagonist and protector.

There was a time in the 80s when just thinking of the name gave me a very uncomfortable feeling, though I did not know why. But that story is recounted in *I am The Phoenix*.

What follows are Nephthys' thoughts on Seth.

*Growing up, my grandparents were my life. Never in my life did I ever love so much, and so hard. I spent weekends with them. In return, I had to go to Church on Sundays. Fine by me. I remember hearing about Seth, and what he was about. The bible called him the devil. He was a bad person, and would harm us, but as long as we served their God, he couldn't hurt us.*

*Now I wasn't really into what the Church had to say, but the stories of Seth made me feel uneasy. And it seemed like every Sunday I went to Church, they were always preaching about how bad the devil was, and how God is the only one to save you from him.*

*As a teenager, I feared the devil. No, I didn't pray, but I felt like I had been found. Like I was/had been in hiding. I felt like the Church singled me out. Bad things would happen to me. I knew it was the "Devil" doing it.*

*I remember at one time, saying "wow, I must be special for the Devil to attack me so much". As my life seemed to get darker, the attacks got stronger.*

*I was married to an Apep Avatar, who was taking my power away from me, and I was getting attacked by something I couldn't see.*

*One day my husband brought me home this computer game that had to do with Gods, and Goddesses of Egypt. I played the game, and fell in love with ISIS, and Osiris.*

*I wished I was ISIS. I would feel this pull from inside me telling me to love this game, and to play it as much as I could. I remember hating Nephthys, and Seth. At the time, I didn't know that this Egyptian computer game was the key that activated the love spell/curse ISIS put on me.*

*At one point, my husband was hurting physically. His lower back was giving him problems. After months of hearing him cry like a baby, I was done. I wanted his pain to go away. I tried everything. The one thing that came to my mind was to offer my soul to the devil. The devil who had been attacking me.*

*The one I feared the most: Seth. That night as my husband, and I were walking to bed, I stated in my head, Seth, my soul is yours to keep, if you make my husband's pain go away. The next day, I woke up to my husband all happy being pain free. At that moment, my heart sank. The devil had taken me up on my offer. At that point I said I was going to live life.*

*I was going to see as much beauty this world had to offer before leaving it, because my soul was going to burn in hell. Needless to say, that didn't happen.*

*As the days went by, my life became darker, and darker. I would try to find ways out. The attacks on me were stronger, and stronger. At one point I broke. I told the devil enough was enough. He had my soul already, so leave me alone, stop attacking me.*

*As life became so dark, I became powerless. I didn't care if my soul was going to hell to burn, I wanted out of this place.*

*For me earth is a hell all on its own. The attempts to leave never worked. Forces I couldn't see fought against me, leaving me here on earth. I even got to the point of hating the Devil.*

*As I grew older, things started happening. I started doing some soul searching. That's when I found my soul father. And through him, I met my brother. At first, I didn't have a good feeling about meeting him. I felt like he didn't care much for me. But I really didn't feel all that great about him. I didn't know why, but something felt off.*

*When I found out the name of my brother, I felt confused. Why did he attack me all those times, all those years? I was already having a bad time at life, why make it harder. Why attack me?*

*Those questions were answered. He attacked me, because of who I am, and that was suppose to take place, to help me wake up. My brother hated me, and he had very good reasons to.*

*When things started going bad in Egypt, he felt like I turned on him. Others had already turned on him, making him look like the bad guy, when really, they were the bad guys. Power hungry gods, and goddesses.*

*I focused on this feeling of not liking Seth very much, and wanted to know why, so I asked to feel my emotions that were attached to him. I didn't hate him for all the bad things he done to me to help me wake up. I was angry at him for leaving me behind. I blamed him for not getting me away from ISIS. I was upset because I told him the truth about the ISIS, and Osiris thing.*

*Out of all, Seth should have known I was telling the truth, but he walked away, telling me I got myself into this mess, I can get myself out. What I done probably added fuel to the fire, but Seth's anger didn't come from what I did, it was something else. Something I really didn't know about, because of what ISIS had me going through.*

*I felt so ashamed for spending so much energy on hating him for something he didn't do. He might have left me behind, but I had created a mess for myself. A mess I didn't want no part of, but became a part of, nonetheless.*

*Once you became a part of the problem, you couldn't get out. ISIS wouldn't let you.*

*Do I still fear Seth? No, I do not. Do I forgive him for leaving me behind? Not really. As for now I see he had nothing to do with it. My choices made me stay behind. I regret holding anger towards him, for blaming him. The real question is... Does Seth hold anything against me for blaming him for my mistakes?*

Making any kind of deal with Lucifer (The Devil) or Seth (Satan) is not really a wise idea, no matter what your reasons. It's short term gains for long term pains, assuming you are able to survive the consequences.

Many do it and pay the price.

In this case, Nephthys got lucky. The deal she made was dissolved upon my request. I just happened to be in a position where I was able to do that.

## 63 – Nephthys - Osiris' Death - The Aftermath

*I gave my word that I would never speak of what ISIS did to Osiris. Osiris made me give him my word. The only reason why I speak of it now is because of the damage it did to me, and to him.*

*I'm sure Seth's anger had something to do with Osiris, and ISIS. But not the reasons we think. This may surprise most of you, but it had nothing to do with me.*

*Like I said before, my actions just added fuel to the fire. Not because Seth and I were in love, but because I always respected him, and took his advice.*

*Seth warned me to stay away, but this one time, I didn't listen. I took it upon myself to take ISIS at her word that she would leave me alone. I thought I could fix this on my own. Not knowing at the time, Osiris was in the situation he was in.*

*Because Osiris is my brother, I can feel when he's upset with me. (Just like now, he feels I went back on my word.) Maybe I did, but I did it to help him. He's my brother.*

*Guess you can say he's the male side of my soul. I want to tell his story, to help him, and to heal what I've done to him.*

*It is true, Seth did cut Osiris into pieces. It's also true that I went with ISIS to gather all his parts. It is also true that a part of him wasn't found. (The Phallus.) And it's also true that his spine wasn't found.*

*As ISIS and I searched for Osiris's missing pieces, I found his spine. I was so pissed off at him for not speaking up on my behalf, I hid it. He didn't use it anyways, why did he need it now?*

*As ISIS, and I, put Osiris back together, she noticed the spine was missing. She also knew it wouldn't work if all the pieces were not put back.*

*So... ISIS made a deal with Horus. He was to step in, and become Osiris. She told him this would only be temporary. As Horus went around as Osiris, ISIS, and I kept searching for those missing pieces. At this point, I hated ISIS, and Osiris, and I wasn't giving up what I had hidden.*

*ISIS started to notice that the body of Osiris was starting to look different. It wasn't holding its shape. Its spine was missing. ISIS panicked.*

*She went back on her word to Horus. He could feel the body weighing him down, making him weak. ISIS told Horus she needed him, and could fix this. ISIS called a private meeting with a few of her honorable friends to help.*

*As ISIS, was off to the side talking about what was needing to be done, Horus told me he feared he was trapped. He made me promise not to let him destroy anything while in the control of ISIS.*

*Osiris #2 (aka Horus the Younger), holds something within him that can be activated to destroy both bodies.*

*There would be no coming back from this. Horus the Younger must of heard something he shouldn't, for making a deal like that was unheard of. But I agreed to it.*

*In this life I have done some major healing. My father had told me he knew Osiris didn't have a spine. Even then, I didn't give up where it was at. Once I realized keeping things that didn't belong to me, and how important it was for my father to help all his children, I retrieved the spine.*

*I had Osiris meet me in the valley of some mountains, that is when I gave him what belonged to him. Now it's not my fault he doesn't use it. Well maybe it is. Having it kept from him all these years, maybe he forgot how to use it.*

*This is not told to hurt any of my family members. I tell my story to help my family heal. No matter what we did or said in the past should be brought past this life. They are me, as I am them.*

## 64 - Nephthys: On Geb

The last entry Nephthys wrote for me, was about me. Maybe it's self-indulgent me putting it here, but I'm going to do so, anyway.

I thank Neph for her contributions and shedding light on a controversial part of mythology.

*In the beginning, before everything went bad, Geb took care of us all. We listened when he spoke, for his words never harmed any of us. He was helpful to all. Not just some, but to all.*

*All Gods came to Geb at one time, or another. Sometimes we would get upset for not hearing what we wanted, but once we saw he was right, time and time again, it just felt natural to seek Geb.*

*He didn't care how big, or small your problem was, he always had a solution. When disagreements came about, Geb was the peace maker. He didn't take sides, he took both parties, and showed them a solution to end the problem.*

*Now don't think Geb wasn't powerful, he was one of the most powerful.*

*Geb had a strong bond with all his children. You could say he wasn't just our father, he was our friend. He protected us, as we protected him. He would have gatherings with family, and friends all the time.*

*When our family started to have problems, Geb was there for us all. He never picked sides. His children (Osiris, and Nephthys) thought we could make some choices without consulting Geb.*

*He warned us and tried to get us to stop what we were doing, but we were already in too deep. Geb never turned his back on us for doing our wrong. Even being deep in shit, Geb never left our side.*

*Guess you could say, his children actually left him.*

*But the one thing about Geb is that he has never held anger towards any of us. With all the wrong we've done, my father is still here for us, helping us heal.*

*When I found Geb in this life, I was in a very dark place. My father never once turned me away, instead he helped me heal. I wanted to leave this hell, but my father stood beside me, and pushed me forward. He would not let me give up.*

*As I go to write what I know, I fill with anger, and I want to let everyone know he didn't do anything wrong. You all blame him for your actions. We all chose fame, and power over doing what was right. We are not stuck here: we are paying our dues/healing from our mistakes.*

*The longer it takes for you to stop blaming him, the sooner you can go home. He is not stopping you from leaving this place, you are stopping yourself. You know deep down in your soul you did wrong. Not Geb.*

*Before things went bad in Egypt, everyone looked to Geb for guidance. He never done any of us wrong. You didn't have to be his family for Geb to help you with what was needed. We all listened to what he had to say, and never thought he could possibly be wrong. The powers he holds were/is to protect all of us, not help wage war on each other.*

*When things started changing, Geb was the one who tried to make peace. He didn't preach to the crowds, but each individual that he knew was having problems, he would go and talk with.*

*Geb's family was very important to him. And with Isis, Nut, Hathor, and Lilith all trying to take his power, (Phoenix power) Geb stayed back in the shadows listening and watching.*

*Giving warnings to us all. Geb warned Osiris, but Osiris chose not to listen to his father. I chose not to listen to my father.*

*Even with Seth giving me the same warning, I didn't listen. Seth... he listened to what Geb had to say, but the anger that raged inside, made Seth choose to leave.*

*As Egypt started to fall, Geb was still there for us all.*



*Sure, he had his own enemies trying to destroy him so they could rule in his place. By that I mean, his voice was calming, his words were wisdom. Geb's doing now, as he did then, helping us all remember who we are, helping us heal, so we can all go home.*

*If we know who we are, and have memories of the past, why can't you remember how kind Geb was? Why can you not let go of the hate you created for him because of your actions of the past?*

*Let go of the past if you want to go home. Let Geb show you how to get home. He's been here with us all this time, trying to help us all find our way home.*

*So you hold anger because Geb didn't stop the fall of Egypt? We all knew what we were doing would catch up to us at some point. We all knew Geb could have stopped it all, but what would we have learned from that?*

*Nothing, except for we can do what we want, 'cause we know someone would come behind us, and fix it. That would have just made things worse for this world.*

*Could you imagine all Gods fighting for power in this day and age? I can tell you now, the world would not be as it is today. You would not have the freedom you do now.*

*I've done some very bad things in my past that I'm not proud of, but one thing I am proud of is Geb. He forgave me for all the wrong I've done. He's the one who helped me heal in this life.*

*Geb wants to go home too, but he refuses to leave any of us who truly want to heal and go home, behind. You may not like what he has to say, but believe me, he knows what he's talking about.*

*I choose to stay here and heal. I want to go home more than anything, but I will not go until Geb goes, too.*

*Sorry for sounding so harsh, I just get full of rage when I see others thinking my father is here to harm us. When others blame him for their own actions. I was a dark evil bitch for many life times, I was forgiven, and started to heal. During that process, I was told I get to go home. So please tell me how Geb is at fault for our actions.*

*I've seen many come to my father for healing, and I've seen others attack him for helping all of us and blaming him for their mistakes.*

*Geb could go home at any time he wanted, but he refuses to leave any of his family behind. We all came here together; we all leave here together.*

This is a good place to end this volume of The Phoenix Archives. The next entries will deal with a long arc, and I wish to keep those all together in the next volume.

Volume 2 will cover:

- The End of Days Cycle
- The Fall of The Dark Council
- Suggestions on Attuning yourself to higher dimensional levels
- How to create a new Belief System.

If you found this book interesting or useful, please share it with others.

It's free. Though you can buy this as a paperback, you are free to share.

Every person who shares it may be helping others. If enough people find this information, it may help our world, not only for the short term, but the long term

The world that you will one day be born back into.

Thank you.

Gary aka Geb.

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## Glossary Of Terms

*The following is a brief description of terms you may have come across in this book but are unfamiliar with.*

**3D** – The Third Dimension. Generally, what we call the physical reality.

**4D** – The Forth Dimension. Generally known as time. It's what one passes through to get from the "Eternal Now" to the illusion of sequential time.

**5D** – The fifth dimension. Rules of physics are different there and Lightbodies / Souls, are the norm.

**Akashic Records** – A place in the Astral Levels where records are kept of all that has occurred.

**Aliens** – Beings from another star system. They exist on the astral planes. Technically, all Starseeds would be considered aliens. Contrary to popular belief, they do not travel in the 3D. They do their travelling in the Astral Levels and move to the 3D levels when they need to.

**Angelics** – See Angels

**Angels** - Helpers that work for Source. (What many would call God.)

**Angels (Fallen)** – Angels that have chosen Free Will. Many Fallen may be classed as demonic, despite their radiant light.

**Apep** – Known as the god of Chaos and enemy of the god RA. Seems to be able to shift between dragon, serpent and humanoid form. I speculate he may be the Angelic, Lucifer.

**Astral** – Anything that is on a different vibrational level and is not physical or measurable.

**Astral Assassins** – Astral hit men who are hired to take out Lightbodies on the Astral Levels.

**Astral Corridors** – A hidden part of the Astral that Beings can hide in and observe.

**Astral Parasites** – Leech or spider like beings that feed off the energy of Lightbodies.

**Astral Spiders** – Spider like beings that tend to seed eggs in a Lightbody, in order to breed. Similar to an Astral Parasite.

**Astral Travel** – The ability to lead your body and travel into the Astral Realm. This comes much easier for Walk-Ins than fully incarnated beings.

**Atlantis** – A place that was built on the ley-lines of The Earth. Crystals and Sacred Geometry were some of the main tools that were used there.

**Attunement** – The Process of adjusting to something so you can either use it, or become part of it.

**Avatar** – An aspect of the Soul's Higher-Self. There can be more than one for the same being, at the same time.

**Bach Flower Remedies** – A healing system, created by Doctor Edward Bach, that works on a vibrational level. Very effective if you know what you are doing. Otherwise, they may not produce any results.

**Balance** – The harmony between dark and light, good and evil. It is the flow, rather than all things in equal measure.

**Beings** – Generic name for entities, demonics, spirits, Souls, Lightbodies, etc.

**Belief System** – A collection of beliefs about yourself, and how the world relates to you.

**Binds** – Energetic ropelike strands that are designed to enslave or control beings on a soul or Astral Level.

**Book of Revelations** – The last book of The Bible. Said to describe the events of The End of Days / End Times.

**Bounty** (Astral Levels) – The price on the head of a Being that one will be paid if they should manage to capture or kill it.

**Brokers** – Someone who acts as a go-between for two parties.

**Buddha** – (Also known as **Siddhattha Gotama** or **Siddhārtha Gautama** or **Buddha Shakyamuni**.) The founder of Buddhism.

**Centraa** – See Centraal

**Centraal** - A place that exists outside of time and dimension. It connects to all Realms.

**Central Bounty Authority** – A central body where bounties can be submitted.

**Chakras** – Energy Centers that are gateways. They regulate how much energy flows through to certain parts of our Lightbody.

**Chaos** – One of the elemental forces of reality. It is an agent of change and growth.

**Chaos Energy** – See Chaos

**Chaos Stone** – A silvery marble that contains pure Chaos Energy.

**Collective Consciousness** – The energy that all Beings connect to in a shared experience.

**Corruption** – A black, wispy, tendril like force that corrupts what it touches.

**Councils** – A collective of beings who oversee and pass judgement on their mandated area.

**Creator** – One that creates something. In the Astral Levels, the Being who creates an artefact, is known as a Creator.

**Curse** – An intentional spell or energy that is directed to harm someone.

**Dakini** – Known as spirit-dancers. They make excellent guides due to their ability to plan, long-term, and protect.

**Dark Night Of The Soul** – A painful, emotional state of being, where one is holding onto beliefs that no longer serves them.

**Demonics** – A generic term to cover anything that is negative in nature.

**Demons** – Agents of Chaos and change. Considered to be evil, but they tend to be more like assholes.

**Destiny** – A path that you have chosen to experience. Where the lines of Fate have been created to ensure the outcome.

**Double Speak** – A way of lying. It's saying one thing while meaning another.

**Dragons** – Serpent like beings that have wings and legs.

**Dream Eaters** – Astral Beings who claim to be able to eat the dreams of people.

**Dream Walkers** – Beings who can leave their bodies and enter another's dream.

**Ecclasia** – The Mother of Angels

**Elementals** – Another name for "Thought Form." (See Thought Forms.)

**Empath** – Someone who feels the emotions of others.

**End of Days** – The Cycle of Soul Harvesting and ascension.

**End Times** – See End of Days

**Fae** – Considered to be nature spirits, but they did not originate on earth. They came many thousand of years ago to experience what life on the 3D had to offer. They are different to fairies, gnomes, sprites, who are a part of The Gaia’s Energy Matrix.

**Fate** – See Destiny

**Fenrir** – (Also called Fenrisúlfr) – A large and powerful wolf, generally connected to the Norse gods.

**Free Will** – The gift that allows us to manifest any experience we choose.

**Gaia** – The soul of this world. Also known as Mother Nature.

**Gateway of Judgement** – A gateway, that exists in the Astral Levels, where one passes through to be judged.

**Geb** – Known as god of the Earth and part of the Ennead (group of nine gods) of Heliopolis.

**Goddess of the Sky** – The Title of the goddess NUT. (Pronounced “noot” and not “nut”.)

**gods** – (lower “g” intentional). Originally a job title, but a few abused their position and believed they should rule and be worshiped.

**Guides** – Beings that give guidance during our life. Most work from the Astral Levels, though some do incarnate into human bodies.



**Hanging Rock** – A very large rock near the town of Woodend, Victoria, Australia. It has strange energy.

**Heaven** – A place in the Astral Levels where Angelics are said to reside. Despite popular belief, it's not a place humans would want to end up in.

**Hell** – Areas in the Lower Astral Planes, where demonics reside, and Souls can end up trapped in for a time.

**Hindu** – (Hinduism) Now, connected to Indian religion and dharma, the Hindu gods were the original helpers of this world.

**Hive Mind** – A consciousness that controls all the avatars under its control. Avatars have no Free Will.

**Horus** – An avatar of the god Geb. Mostly connected to the Egyptian Pantheon.

**Host** – The human body that may have a Soul attached. Normally referred to, as such, by those trying to possess the body.

**Illuminati** – Claimed to be a secret organization. Most likely a chapter of The Triquetra.

**Illusion** – Something that is not real, but for the purposes of experiencing ourselves, is. Everything in the Realm of the Relative is an illusion, but the illusion is complete.

**Incarnation** – A specific life of a Soul.

**Interdimensional Beings** – See Aliens

**Intuition** – The feelings we receive when making decisions about something.

**ISIS** – Mostly associated with the Egyptian gods, she was the daughter of the goddess NUT and god RA. (Not Geb, as mythology claims.)

**Justice** – A manmade concept where one is made to pay for crimes and wrong doings.

**Karma** – The process of our intentions manifesting as thoughts, then returning to us, and producing the results, based on the energy that created them.

**Karmic Soul Ties** – Energy ties that bind and draw Souls to each other.

**Legion** – A hive mind of demonics and / or fallen Angelics.

**Lemuria** – Based on a water planet called Lemuria, the Merfolk created it, after they left Atlantis and wanted a place of their own.

**Lightbodies** – See Lightbody

**Lightbody** - The form we take in the 5D. Generally a representation of one's soul.

**Lightworkers** – People who claim to help others. Normally they consider the dark a threat. (Which is like stating day is good and night is bad.)

**Lilith** – Known as the Mother of all Succubi. She was said to be the first wife of Adam, in the Garden of Eden.

**Lucifer** – A Fallen Angel. Said to be The Devil.

**Lyran** – Cat Souls who have taken on human form.

**Mandela Effect (The)** – The name given to a phenomenon where our memories don't match the history of the current timeline.

**Manifesting** – The ability to create something from energy.

**Marks** – Energetic marks that are based on sacred geometry. Generally used to keep track of beings, or to send a message that the markers have been around. (Famous example is The Mark of The Beast.)

**Mars** – Known as the god of War. Generally associated with the Roman gods.

**Master You** – The main You, where your focus is, and experiences go to.

**Merfolks** – Beings from a water planet named Lemuria. They exists on the Higher Astral Levels, though often take human form. (Sans the fish tail.)

**Mind Travel** – The ability to send an avatar of oneself to the astral, and interact with it, as though it is acting on your behalf. Often dismissed as fantasy or an active imagination.

**Mind's Eye** – The ability to see and feel images through your Third Eye.

**Mother Nature** – See Gaia

**Nature Spirits** – Beings that are part of the matrix that look after nature. They interact mostly in the Astral Levels. They are children of The Gaia. This would cover terms such as fairies, gnomes, leprechauns, and so on.

**Nepthys** – Known as the goddess of The Air. Daughter of the god Geb and goddess NUT.

**Neptune** (also known as Poseidon) – Known as a god of the sea. Was said to be one of those in charge of Atlantis, and later, Lemuria.

**Nicole** (Not her real name.)- A spirit that was bound to earth for many thousands of years. She appears to have associations with Lilith and is a goddess in her own right. She uses her incarnated soul mate to talk to people.

**Nobodies** - Hooded and cloaked Beings that have no body. Also known as the Shapeless.

**Nut** - Known as The goddess of The Sky. Twin Soul to the god Geb and his ex-wife.

**Oath** - A promise to fulfil a service or objective.

**OBE** - (Out of Body Experiences) See Astral Travel

**Omen** - The name a demonic chose to call himself. He was bound to bodies for many thousands of years.

**Osiris** - Known as god of The Underworld. Son of the god Geb and goddess NUT.

**Otherkin** - A non-human soul in a human body.

**Out of Body Experiences** - See OBE and Astral Travel.

**Pact** - A promise between two or more Beings where each swears to fulfil a set of conditions.

**Past Lives** - The previous lives that a Soul experienced in another body.

**Phoenix** - A Being made of fire. Said to build a pyre when it senses death approaching. Fire will consume it, and from the ashes, it will arise anew, more powerful and beautiful than before. Often used as a symbol for resurrection.

**Phoenix Energy** - The energy of life and rebirth. The Christ Energy is a manifestation of Phoenix Energy.

**Phoenix Source** – The Source of all things Phoenix.

**Portals** – Gateways that allow travel from one dimension to another. They can allow entry from the Astral Levels to the 3D Levels.

**Poseidon** – See Neptune.

**Prayers** – The process of sending out thoughts, with intention, to receive something in return.

**Promises** – An agreement made from one Being to another to fulfil an objective at some point.

**Psychic Attack** – A spiritual type of attack that targets our weakest links. This is opposed to a physical attack. Psychic Attacks can come from a human or from the Astral Levels. Very common tool for blocking or removing those deemed undesirable.

**Psychic Energy** – The resource that we use when using psychic abilities.

**Realm of the Absolute** – A place where The Source of all that is, resides. All is one and love is all there is. It's what many would call "God".

**Realm of the Relative** – A place where everything exists in a relative form. Everything will have its polar opposites. This allows us to experience who we are by choosing and manifesting whatever we desire.

**Rebirth** – See Resurrection.

**Reincarnation** – The process of a Soul being born to a body after their first life.

**Resurrection** – The healing of a Lightbody that may have been damaged during it's time in the 3D and 5D.

**Sacred Geometry** - A mathematically precise method of creating artefacts of power.

**Seals** - Energy Symbols that are used to regulate the amount of power something is allowed to have. They can also be used to keep something shut or contained.

**Sekhmet** - Part of the triple goddess Bast / Hathor / Sekhmet. (Known to us as the Lion goddess betrayer.)

**Set** - The name that Seth was known as after his rebirth.

**Seth** - Known as the god of Chaos (among other Titles). Was a Being that was rebirthed by the god Geb.

**Skeins** - What are called the lines of Fate.

**Soul Bond** - When two or more Souls create an energy tie between them. This keeps them coming back to each other until it is dissolved.

**Soul Bound** - When creating an object or artefact in the Astral Levels, the Creator imparts some of its energy into it. The object becomes Soul Bound to the Creator and cannot be stolen or taken without permission.

**Soul Calls** - A call for help from one soul to another. The answering Being is qualified to help.

**Soul Child** - The Soul of one that wishes to be born to someone.

**Soul Children** - The children of a Soul. (e.g.: Nephthys, Seth, Horus and Osiris are the soul children of Geb.)

**Soul Contracts** - Contracts that are made on an energetic and soul level. They are generally unbreakable, but do have strict rules to them.

**Soul Deals** – A more informal agreement between two or more parties of Souls. Can be enforced but is not as binding if you find loopholes.

**Soul Group** – A group of Souls that belong to a common energy.

**Soul Locked** – The method of using one’s energy to prevent something from being unlocked or removed.

**Soul Tags** – A method of laying claim to something, and making it Soul Bound to the claimer.

**Soulless** – A human body that does not have a soul. It becomes part of a hive mind. You can tell a Soulless by its empty looking eyes.

**Souls** – Aspects and Avatars of Source. There is only one Soul. It’s just split into countless aspects.

**Source** – All that was, is, and ever will be. What some term as God.

**Sources** – Archetype Avatars of energies that are borne from Source Itself.

**Spirit Guides** – See Guides

**Starseed** – A being from another star system that has come to earth and incarnated into a human body.

**Synchronicity** – The process of “coincidences” that move one forward on their chosen path or mission.

**The 12** – See The Twelve.

**The Annunaki** – Fallen Angels who have chosen to enslave, dominate or destroy in the name of their “God”. The Annunaki see everyone who is not angelic as inferior to them.

**The Dark Council** – A Collective of Beings whose purpose was to fulfill any desire or wish, but at a great price of soul servitude.

**The Fates** – The Triple goddess. The Maiden, Mother and Crone. They weave the lines of Fate. (See The Triquetra.)

**The Galactic Federation** – The Body of Beings that keep order in other Star Systems such as Orion.

**The Great Experiment** – The genetic modification on human bodies for the purpose of seeing how they would respond.

**The Grid** – An energy matrix that surrounds the planet and houses The Collective Consciousness.

**The Nortia** – Said to be the leader of The Triquetra.

**The Phoenix Archives** – The private hall of records that belong to The Phoenix Source. Similar to The Akashic Records.

**The Shapeless** – See Nobodies.

**The Soul Trade** – A trade where Souls are collected and traded between parties. Those who make Soul Deals with demonics, gods, or the like, generally end up as a commodity. Best avoided.

**The Third Eye** – Said to be activated by the Pineal Gland. The Third Eye Chakra is what tends to control its flow.

**The Triquetra** – The Triple goddesses of Fate. It's really a complicated mass of deals and agreements with many other parties. The Fates have the power to sway things in their favor, which is why they became so powerful for a while.

**The Twelve** – A collection of gods, goddesses and Demon Lords who consider themselves the elite.

**Thoth** – Known as the god of Wisdom. To the gods, he is known as the mad scientist of the family.



**Thought Form** – A collection of thoughts that have taken on a sentience of their own.

**Timelines** – All things are happening “now”, but are separated into countless different timelines. The history of what happened depends on which Timelines you are attuned to and are currently in.

**Title** – Similar to a job. Title holders have certain responsibilities and often perks, and powers come along with them.

**Toxic Energy** – Psychic energy that is poisonous by nature. Too much of it can destroy the energy matrix.

**Tri** – A shorthand name for The Triquetra.

**Triple Speak** – A way of telling the truth without the truth being revealed. The listener will put their own interpretation on what is said, rather than understand they have been told the literal truth.

**Underworld** – The umbrella name for all the lower levels of the astral. Covers places such as Hell and Hades.

**Walk-Ins** – Souls that are not born into a body. They have chosen to circumvent the process of birth and will jump in and out of a body, as needed. Many Beings see this as a ‘cheat’.



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## Other works and websites by the author:

Portal Site for all resources: <https://empathsupport.net/>

### Books:

#### Non-Fiction

##### *I am The Phoenix*

The autobiography of Gary R. Leigh.

##### *The Empath Guidebook (and Bach Flower Remedies for Empaths)*

A comprehensive guide for the new and experienced Empath.

##### *Omen Speak*

A Demonic's perspective on humans.

##### *The Phoenix Archives - Volume One*

A collection of blog entries. Number 1 - 64

##### *The Phoenix Archives - Volume Two*

A collection of blog entries. Number 65 - 117

##### *The Phoenix Archives - Volume Three*

A collection of blog entries. Number 118 - 181

#### Fiction

##### *The Secret of the Double Rainbow*

A fantasy story of portals and the astral.