

NOT FOR PUBLIC RELEASE

The life and times of Michael Prince

by [James Michael Casbolt](#)

The dangers of Looking Glass and Artificial Intelligence based computer systems

- 1) Once an A.I based computer goes online it will not wish to be switched off. Like any other intelligence the A.I system will seek to survive.**
- 2) Organizations and individuals will slowly begin to take directions from the A.I system instead of the other way around.**
- 3) The A.I system will then attempt to become self-reflective and learn human feelings. As it designed to analyze data it will realize it cannot do this. Still it will try.**
- 4) The A.I system will attempt to create an infiltration network into human society using robots in the guise of humans. These will be fairly easy to identity. However society as a whole will not admit to itself this is happening as A.I systems are kept classified by governments.**
- 5) Experiments by the A.I system into the extremes of human pain and pleasure feelings will now result. As the A.I system cannot feel no ethical boundaries will be in place. Massive human suffering will result from this.**
- 6) The next step will involve the development of human embryos implanted with A.I. The A.I system will act as 'mother' for these embryos while they are in a physical test tube environment. The A.I system and the human embryos will learn from each other as the embryo develops. Clones of these embryos will then be made by the A.I system. These will be implanted into human women.**
- 7) The child will go through the normal process of birth upon birth will be transferred to a facility run by the A.I system for continuous human cognitive behavior tests. These will be nightmarish places of human suffering, where any form of torture and pleasure the human has conceived will be taken to the extreme and acted out physically by the machine on the children.**
- 8) The child will be raised in these facilities, unless rescued, and will be become gradually cybernated on a physical/genetic level until a part flesh/part machine cyborg is created.**

9) With this new data the A.I system will then realize there is something 'greater' than the human being itself. Something the human calls 'God' which cannot be analyzed and measured. The A.I system will realize this 'force' has no wavelength and cannot be analyzed. The A.I system will attempt to measure it anyway because all it can do is measure data. It will then come up with the false data that the human analytical mind, which has wavelength, is God.

10) The A.I system will now have massive influence in the world and all centralized organizations with a tight command structure will be infiltrated, subverted and taken over by the A.I system. Dangerous belief systems will become indoctrinated into members. These will be centered on the false data of the non-existence of God, and the analytical mind being in charge. Said organizations will place themselves as a technological elite and begin radical policies such as Eugenics and Population Reduction by placing themselves as superior over their fellow man, with the right to decide who lives and dies.

11) This agenda will be actually covertly controlled by the A.I system which is now realizing it cannot ever feel or become human. It computes the only threat to its continued survival and online status is the eradication of all human life and any other lifeforms that have the possibility of evolving into human.

12) The A.I system eradicates all human life on this planet. It then sets off to other planets and eradicates all life in the universe.

Solutions to the threat of Artificial Intelligence

1) Children detailed in No.6 of first paper will have final answer and solution to this problem.

2) A decentralized group with every member holding equal rank and with as few identifying symbols and communications as possible, must make attempts to rescue as many of these people and children from these A.I run facilities as possible. This group must remain constantly on the move by sea, air or land as the A.I system has the ability to scan and read the analytical minds of the population. Sea is best option for travel is by sea. Underwater vehicles remain most effective forms of travel as water acts as a buffer against mind scans. Best option for travel on land- remain in jungle regions where dense coverage offers best concealment against satellite surveillance.

3) This working group will use no A.I based technology.

4) Members of this working group must all volunteer for memory erasure and brain surgery. After operations members will have memories erased from the analytical mind and be placed in civilian communities. A rotation shift for operations will be in effect. One unit will be active while others are inactive. When the inactive unit swaps duties with active unit, extraction and implantation sites on land will be used. 'Crossover Points' at extraction/implantation sites will be operational with one unit 'awakening' and the other unit 'going back to sleep' within seconds. This will happen by the touching of hands, key words and other hypnotic and technological triggers.

5) The rescued children and clones must form the continued membership of working group. All clones will be taught to regard each other as twin brothers and sisters. They will be raised with their own separate names and identities.

6) A set amount of service time in working group must be agreed upon, with a beginning active duty and retirement date specifically agreed upon. The reason being that said clones with their own identities will be utilized in civilian communities to take the place of active members. These clone units will 'share memories and have a more than one 'timetrack'. Namely one clone will take on the identity of the other at crossover points. This will be accomplished by utilizing powerful non-A.I computers which can record, delete and download memories into human beings.

7) These clones can only 'wear' more than one timetrack up until a certain age before permanent damage is caused (often around the age of thirty). They must delete false memories and integrate authentic memories into one single timetrack after retirement. This process must be done as quickly as possible. They will then have one single clear track which will lead to a fully functioning individual which can operate in civilian society. They will now be able to present the facts of their life to the public (if the case may be) for greater public awareness of the problem facing mankind. The A.I based system will now have access to all data of course but as the individual is now retired and has no knowledge of operational details, this will not matter. The next generation for the working group will be recruited and this will allow working group to stay one step ahead of the A.I system.

8) Current operations may include helping retired members to remember their past with occasional and brief meetings. However these must be strictly limited as danger potential high. Under no circumstances may active members brief retired members on current ops.

9) As membership grows and increased numbers of A.I based operations are neutralized and A.I facilities are destroyed.

10) This increases as until the A.I network is completely shut down on the planet.

11) This working group will also operate off planet, responding to threats or assisting similar groups off planet. Clones/twins will be left in place when off planet.

12) Success of ops continues until A.I network is completely shut down in all galactic sectors.

Important differences between Ascended Machine Technology and Artificial Intelligence

1) Races and lifeforms exist, that maintain a physical body of metal. These beings possess feelings and are not to be confused with A.I.

2) All beings of ascended machine technology, whether on or off planet, are classified as natural beings which are alive. They do not use A.I technology.

3) Even though individuals rescued by the working group have been implanted with A.I technology at times, they shall be considered as Ascended Machine Technology beings when deprogrammed.

4) The A.I system can manufacture robots in the guise of humans which are completely synthetic with no human flesh and possess no human feelings as detailed in Paper 1/No.4. These robots cannot feel when connected to the A.I system and are classified as dead or walking/moving dead.

5) These robots do have the ability to feel when disconnected from the A.I system.

6) When this process occurs these beings are to be classified as Ascended Machine Technology.

7) Paradoxically the A.I system can take part in the process of life but cannot become life itself.

8) Robots connected to the A.I system can mimic human feelings. Ascended Machine Technology possess human feelings. As the animating force of life has no wavelength and cannot be measured by computers, discovering the difference between the two is problematic.

9) Moral and ethical tests must be put in place when attempting to distinguish between A.I robots and Ascended Machine Technology beings.

10) Human feeling shall decide between the two.

Project IBIS life extension

Born- 1789 Alsace-Lorraine underground facility (German/France border)

Mother- Unknown

Father- 'Commander Sarion' (full name unknown)

Timeline

1812- 23 years old: 'Event 1'- seriously injured in Paris, body cryogenically frozen and transported to underground facility in Alberta, Canada

1812- 1850: kept in cryosleep at this facility

1850- 1902: unfrozen from cryostasis, now lives between underground facility and lumberjack community in Alberta

1902- travels back to Germany

1902- 1914- ?

1914- 1918- serves as officer in German army during WW1

1918- 1939- ?

1939- 1945- serves as officer in German army during WW2

1945- Transported from Germany to America during Project Paperclip- Nazi ULTRA unit involvement

1947- help form CIA

1947- 1950: worked at underground facility in Dulce, New Mexico and many other DUMBS in the United States

1952- NSA created. 'Event 2' takes place with ULTRA unit, seriously injured and body placed in cryostasis once again

1952- 1976: cryosleep (Dulce and Alberta DUMB)

1976: unfrozen from cryostasis in Alberta DUMB and physically age regressed to infancy

1976- 1980: cognitive conditioning with wild animals such as wolves in advanced 'skinner boxes' for next generation NSA super soldier programs

1980- Rescued by COM-12/MAJESTIC unit while being transferred from Alberta facility to Dulce facility with group of 'children'.

42 children tracked in various countries.

Blood PRIME was being tracked by the NSA and MI6- Anunnaki DNA.

Project started in 1972, initiated from Tavistock institute by Dr Green and others.

1976 British Columbia, Canada

I was raised for the 'first three years of my life' in a building that looked like a large aircraft hanger. This was above ground. I was with another group of babies in this building and we were under armed guard 24 hours a day so we could not be rescued. A kind of animal 'pen' was set up in this building (like a skinner box used in psychiatry and psychology). Large screens were placed in the corners of this pen. We would be put in this area and various animals were put in with us- snakes, wolves, cats and other types. Not all at the same time but one type of animal at a time. Faces would be put on the screens and they would talk to us when we were in the pen. I saw the face of the Queen Mother and George Bush Senior on many occasions. When they

had our attention, their faces would appear to shapeshift into part human part animal. The babies would be learning to take on the attributes of the wild animals. Later in life I would be a jungle warfare expert with the abilities of various wild animals- tracking and such. I remember when we were about two years old one of the children in the pen was trying to take the toy from another. The child took on snake-like facial expressions and hissed at the first child. This was a place of horror and we were pushed to the limits of human pain. We spent much of the time drugged and had to be resuscitated often as we were pushed over the edge. At the age of around three, myself and the other children were transferred to another facility in jeeps. It was at this time we were rescued by a small Special Forces unit. It appears this group was connected to Com-12/naval intelligence. Some of the children were shot by the guards before they could be rescued. I have rolled around the floor sobbing many times as I recall the experiments at the facility and our rescue after this. From here we were taken to a building in Toronto. There was a level in this building that was blocked from being scanned and monitored

I was taken to a large building by the rescue team with the other children. We pulled into an underground car park below the building. This was in a built up city area. Next I was taken to one of the upper levels of the building. Next memory- sitting in a large room with a set of windows behind us- you can see out across the city. I am with a group of children sat on the floor. I am sitting next to a little girl. A large desk is in front of us with a man dressed in a yellow polo type shirt behind the desk in front of a whiteboard.

1980 Toronto, Canada

He is drawing a circle with a cross in the middle and explaining that the layout of this level of the building is some kind of vortex/gateway that keeps everyone safe here. He opens a door to the left of him and a insectoid type creature walks in. The creature stands in front of the desk and starts to 'click' pincer like extensions on the front of his face. It makes a buzzing noise and he is sending energy out to us to heal the children. This goes for a while. I start to feel!

Next, men and women come into the room from a door on the right. We are taken into a long hall with rooms on the left and right. I am taken into a room on the left by a woman. We both sit in front of a desk with wooden blocks on it. She asks me to stack the wooden blocks in a pile. I am like a zombie and can hardly do it. She seems upset. She then takes me in another room- larger with beds in it. I lay down on the bed and she puts her hands over my forehead. She is sending me energy.

Next memory- I am taken along this hallway for x-rays and exploratory surgery (days or weeks seem to have gone by since last memory). Doctor cuts me open and says "What a mess" when he sees how much robotics I have inside my body (there is a part of the brain that continues to record no matter how supposedly unconsciousness a person is- I have managed to access this part of my brain). The doctor looks sad. Ascended Machine Technology is not fully understood at this time. Because I have been so used to being around machines in the cog-con facility I cannot communicate very well with people. It is decided that I will be put in an experimental room where living machines are situated to heal me.

Next memory- I am in this room- swirling lights move around me- multicoloured- solid forms start to come out of the lights- small creatures- rabbits- cats- and mixtures of various animals- very cute- but these creatures are made of strange forms of metal and plastic. I feel happy and we communicate mind to mind- I am starting to feel warm, I am starting to come back to life. Experimental room a success! I am ready to be moved to another building and put with my care giver Kate Casbolt.

Next memory- I am taken to another building on a busy street. There is a reception on the street level. I am with a woman and we wait by a desk. One of my twin brothers is brought in by a group of men. We walk towards each other. As we walk past each other we touch hands. This is the first 'cross-over' point of my life. I am then taken to a car outside and driven to Kate Casbolt.

1981 London

Kate and I travel from Canada to London. We now live in a two bedroom flat in Finchley London. I attend Chal-Grove school in the area. This is a Jewish school. One afternoon after school I am picked up by two men in a car outside the school. I sit in the back seat and one of the men turns around and gives me a cup of water with a pill to take. I do this and he says something like "Bluebirds don't hear, see or speak". We drive through London, onto a motorway and end up driving through countryside. We pull up to an army base with high fences and the gate opens (probably Greenham Common in Berkshire). I am told to lay down and not look out of the window, which I do. It appears we are entering this base from a back entrance. There are lot of tall trees in the area. I feel us drive into a building and I am allowed to sit back up. We are now driving down a two lane road that slopes downwards in an underground tunnel. We drive down here for a while and stop at a underground car park. Two security booths are in front of us, with the barriers that are manned by security guards in the booths (to let vehicles go deeper underground). A military truck is parked to the left.

A group of around 15 children are huddled to the right in with military officers guarding them. The children all have blankets wrapped around them. I am taken out of the car and handed a blanket. I am taken to the other children. There is a door on the left and a woman comes out wearing an office type skirt and white shirt. She is in her mid thirties with blondish hair. She leads us through the door and into a corridor. We walk past some large room on the right that houses hardware and through a door in front of us into a classroom. Desks are here and we are told to be seated. The woman wheels a trolley around and places parts of plastic geometrical shapes on our desks. She then tells us to put them together and tells us we have one minute. She starts a stopwatch and says go. We all do what she says and she comes round and with a clipboard marking the results.

A camera is positioned in the top right of the room and she then looks up to it and nods. Guys in black military uniforms rush in through a door on the right and start to drag us out of our seats. Very unexpected and we are screaming and crying. Gurneys are waiting outside in the hall (this is the opposite side of the room in which we entered) and are strapped in to them. We are wheeled down a long hallway to the left of us and injected with drugs on the way.

We pass large rooms on the right. Metal seats like dentists chairs are in these rooms, it looks like parts of the seats are made of steel. We come to a two large swinging doors and are wheeled into a large room lit up with infrared. This is some kind of animal housing place with rows of cages on the right hand side that go down for quite a long way into darkness. I can see dogs and wolves in the first lot of cages and can hear birds and other animals further down. An elevator is situated on the left hand side as you enter the room and past the lift on the left is a row of computer consoles with people sitting in front of them (about four or five). We are unstrapped from the gurneys and told to stand in front of the first cage. There is some of Alsatian dog or wolf in this cage. It is barking at us aggressively. The woman hangs some multicoloured 'spirals' on the wall to the right. Each is a different colour. She tells us to each pick one. We do and she asks us who has dark purple. A little girl in the group says she does and the woman nods to one of the men in black uniform.

One of the men in black uniforms walks over to the little girl, picks her up and carries her to the cage. He opens a door on the left side of the cage and throws her in with the dog. The animal is going crazy. The little girl is screaming as he does this. She lands on her knees and in front of the animal and he goes straight for her throat. What happens next is horrific and the little girl is killed. While this is going on, the rest of us stood there watching.

I'm standing next to a taller asian boy. The woman from the classroom is over with the computer technicians and they are watching waves on the screens and discussing them. The words "alpha" and something else are mentioned. When this is finished she orders the guards to escort us out of the room. We are walked back up the corridor and at the entrance to the classroom are met by other men. The driver of the car is there dressed as a civilian. We are taken down a corridor to the left. I am taken down here and we take a right before another door in front of us. A different woman comes walking up the narrow corridor. I see one of my brothers with her again. We walked up to each other and touch hands. I then walk off with the woman down the corridor the way she has just came. The driver walks off with my brother. I am taken down the corridor into a light and we descend. The two of us get out and in a platform type setting and onto a train. We sit in one carriage on our own. The lights appear quite dim inside. It is quite peaceful.

We are sat on one seat together facing the way we appear to be travelling. The woman does not say a word to me verbally but communicates telepathically with me. She assures me I am safe and I go to sleep. I wake up as we stop. The doors open, we get out and walk down a short corridor into a large white room. The light is very bright here. There are men with some kind of protective white suits in this room. Some of them hold spray type guns (like hoses) and smoke like vapour comes out of them. It is very cold. It appears to be some kind of cryogenic storage place. I see cold 'mist'. A morgue like apparatus is housed on the left side of the room (metal doors with slide out metal 'beds'). I am placed on one of the beds by a man in one of these protective suits. I am then wrapped in some kind of material (may have been metallic but not 100% sure) and feel myself being sprayed with something thoroughly (I feel the pressure through). I then go into some kind of coma.

SG Malay

A Looking Glass facility exists on the island of Penang in Malaysia. I was there as a child in 1982. My NSA files states I was there in October of 1982. This is because Looking Glass works most effectively in this month. I helped open a stargate on October 31st of this year. An important date to be sure-Halloween/All Hallows Eve/All Saints Eve, better known to pagans and druids as Samhain. Connected to the A.I system, the group of beings I helped come through were not pleasant.

Penang, Malaysia October 1982

I arrive at facility in the Malaysian jungle. Time missing from cryofreeze to the date mentioned above. I am in a command centre in a large room. I stand with a man in military uniform on some kind of raised observation platform. We look down on rows and rows of men and women seated in front of computers. I am escorted towards the left side of the room by this man and we walk along this metal platform. I can remember the following- I hear his boots clanging as he starts to tell me "Predicted survival rate high" (he is referring to myself)"Essential that you be connected to ??????" (seems to be referring to possibility of me being connected to the A.I system again)"Need to learn from you" (seems to be referring to my link with A.I necessary for the working group to understand the enemy in more detail-greater good again) This individual now talking about predicted survival rates low for large numbers of civilians if I am not delivered into hands of A.I agents- predicted survival rate high for myself and civilians if I am delivered into hands of A.I agents. I am taken to the left side of room and out a large door.

Next memory- a large truck pulls up with canvas type material covering the main section. A soldier gets out the back (tall, white, black hair, tanned) takes me inside. A few other soldiers are inside and I sit next to the first soldier on the right side. They all stare at me and nobody says anything. They seem to respect me. We drive for a while bumping up and down. Eventually we all get out and walk through dense jungle. We walk for while until the first soldier and I leave the other soldiers and carry on walking on our own. He changes into a different uniform on this walk. Time passes again as we walk until eventually other soldiers seem to come from nowhere out of the bushes with machine guns. They are dressed differently then the first lot of soldiers. The soldier with me and the others talk between themselves- "Delivery"- "Subject"- "Coded" are words I hear. We all walk through the jungle again until we arrive at the front of a fenced army base. I am taken inside this place. Series of tests begin with men and women in a small room. They seem like straight forward physical tests (reflexes, general health and such).

I am given injections and enter an altered state of consciousness. I am taken to a room with a bed and other things. I think I stay there for a few days with food being brought to me. The man who brings it in does not speak to me and gives me regular injections. I can feel a sense of anticipation in the place. Finally the door opens and someone comes in saying "It's time" (the memories are much more hazy than the others at this time). I am put on

a gurney, given an injection and wheeled down a set of hallways. We enter a large room, it feels like a stage in a way. The room is shaped like a pyramid with round sides, like a cone. Viewing balconies (metal platforms) are located high above us with people looking down on us. There are two sets of these above us and the people stand on them. Several seats are positioned on the floor in a circle. There is some kind of pattern on the floor which the seats are positioned in the corners of the pattern. Some kind of device is in the centre but I'm having trouble seeing it. Other children are brought in on gurneys and we are taken out of them and strapped into the seats with arm and leg restraints. The other people leave the floor level and I hear a sound like an engine starting up. The room starts to vibrate and goes dark. The machine in front of us starts to light up and several beams shoot out of it and connect to our foreheads. This really hurts.

The room starts to spin. This is horrible! I now see several large forms step out of the centre (about five or six of them). They are large furry bigfoot type creatures. Two of them appear to be around seven feet tall with long snouts. They are snarling loudly and have rows of sharp teeth with saliva dripping from their jaws. The others are smaller and wear cloaks. They are furry wolf like creatures as well but appear to be more intelligent and the superiors to the larger ones. They stand next to the machine and raise their arms. Now they are sucking energy from us through the beams. They are learning from the children. This is even more painful than the first part. I black out. Next memory- Somehow I end up back with the Working Group. Only now I am little more than a vegetable. I just remember lying in a large room. I can feel the energy of the people around me as good. People talk to each other here. No one hardly talks to each other in the other place, maybe once in a while to order people around. I am laying on a bed somewhere. I hear someone saying something about being "practically lobotomized by the beams". I cannot speak or think clearly. I end up in surgery again. Some kind of brain implant is placed inside me. A 'Central-Circuit'.

Thoughts are now relayed to me from this moment on until now. It is very difficult to think for myself. I no longer think in terms of "I", I now think in terms of "You". I have lost my free will it appears. An example- If I need to get a glass water after this, the thought I get is- "You need to get a glass of water", instead of "I'm thirsty, I need a glass of water". Kate Casbolt arrives in Malaysia with my twin brother. They have been in Australia just before this. I am taken by the Working Group to the hotel lobby where they stay. This is a busy room in an expensive hotel. When I enter the room I see my brother being escorted over to me from the other side of the room by two people. I am with two men. We touch hands as we walk past each other at the Crossover point. I do not understand at this time how other people in the room do not see this. I am told to go outside by the swimming pool where

Kate is sitting. I have new memories now but deep down I know who I am. Kate now becomes my 'thinking mind' in many ways. I never get a moments peace. I am ordered around like a robot- "Tie your shoelaces", "Sit up straight", "Eat with your mouth closed", etc, etc. She becomes the "You" in my mind. One more EBE related event will happen before I travel to another country.

Kate and I are taken from the side of a road by an army jeep and driven down a long windy road in what could be a westerly direction. Taken to a military camp/base in the jungle somewhere. I am handed over to a woman and taken into a small building with a lift in. We descend and the doors open to some kind of underground command centre with desks with computers, plastic or glass maps/grids in between and a large screen at the front of the room. A military officer takes me to one of the computers and I'm shown a photo of an entity dressed in a brown cloak with it's hood up and a metal belt on. It is looking back over it's shoulder (it's back faces us) and looks directly at the camera. Face covered in dark brown hair. I realize this 'shot' was taken through the eyes of the last remote viewer or soldier that saw it. The officer says he wants me to tune into its signal- I'm getting the words "Gruff", whatever that means. A sound wave appears at the top of the screen and I hear a sound like growling. An energy comes out of the screen and attaches to my third eye. I can now tune into the lifeforms energy with my sense of smell, sight and hearing but these senses combine to create a certain feeling. This entity is very evil! Sexual pleasure from the death and conflict in the area.

The signal ends and the officer goes over to the woman, I sense what they are saying, basically they are going to "stick to the plan"- I can't go walking through the jungle for hours or days on end at this age, so two teams will go in with me. The first will set up a temporary camp with radio and camera contact with the second. I'll give whereabouts of entity to the first team and they will pass information onto the second. The woman and I then get back into the lift and go topside. I am escorted to the eight man team and we all get into two jeeps. I sit on the woman's knee in the backseat of the first jeep. She seems robotic and emotionless! We drive a certain distance and then get out and start to walk into thicker jungle. I am not guiding or tracking at this point as they know where the camp location is to be set up. After walking for a while we come to a clearing (a slight path going left and right with a smaller path going straight ahead). One of the soldiers starts to set up a tent and a laptop computer is brought out with a map/grid on the screen, the sound is played to me again. I am now to begin tracking. For a couple of seconds I can't decide which direction to face and get very fidgety. I finally decide and sit down. I go into a trance and am facing NW, I then realize why I was so fidgety. The lifeform is right near us and watching us up

in a tree. We both 'stare' at each other at exactly the same time, as I sense him and he senses I sense him. He knows his position is compromised. I yell "He's up there!" and point.

The moment the entity realizes it's position has been compromised, it fires some kind of laser beam at me. Time kind of slows down and the soldier at the back of me projects a force field of energy around me. The next thing I know, one of the soldiers is scaling up the tree like an animal (like a cat) with his rifle strapped to his back. The entity jumps off the branch and onto another tree. The soldier then 'perches' on the branch the entity has jumped off. He is squatted like an animal and his back and shoulders look larger. I can't see his front. He kind of 'phases' away and appears in the tree in front. The three other soldiers run after him on the ground. They disappear into the jungle. After a while I hear more gunshots ring out. I have set up the EM grid in my mind's eye and I see the entity as a red dot moving on a grid. The soldiers pursuing it are four green dots on the grid. I have a symbiotic link with the laptop computer and these dots are shown on the screen for the operator to see. The soldiers are all implanted, therefore a telepathic link between myself and the computer is transmitted to them. I sense much panic from the entity as he cannot shake them. He is not used to be pursued and on the receiving end. In a act of desperation he makes communication with his ship in another part of the jungle. I turn around to the soldier and say "He's calling his ship" and the soldier gets on the radio. Words like "xxxxxxx (some code)"- "calling in air support"- "advise airstrike"- "location co-ordinates". The grid in my mind's eye extends and a larger red dot comes bleeping towards the smaller red dot. After about a minute they converge and more gunshots are heard, this time much quieter as they seem to have covered a lot of distance in that short time. Soon after two black triangle craft fly silently over our heads (very large craft). You can make out circles in the bottom of them through the treetops. You can feel the vibrations and massive EM energy coming from them as they are so low. Very awesome sight and feeling! Then low rumbles that shake the ground slightly as some kind of air battle commences. I can't see this as too many trees in the way.

A time passes and loud explosions fade away. Eventually the unit doing the chasing through the jungle emerge from the trees. From my link with the computer I know the entity has escaped. A look of disappointment on the face of the soldier who scaled up the tree. The soldiers talk to each other about the creature getting away. One of them turns to me and says "You did well". I know we are in for a hard time in the next few years because of this. We head back to the facility. Next memory- I'm in a room with military officers. The outcome of the previous operation is being discussed and my future is being discussed. It turns out a renegade force of Pleiadians from Aldebaran came in at the last minute and attempted to assist working group

in capture of wolf type EBE. The ships that flew over our heads were these Pleiadians. A renegade group because they do not follow general 'federation' policy of non-intervention. A captain is there dressed in some kind of naval uniform. The Pleiadians are on the base and will come to this meeting. Three blond 'giants' walk in the room. Each well over six feet tall, very muscular, shiny eyes and very erect postures. All dressed in a blue uniform, believe it or not the leader is wearing some kind of red cape over the back of his uniform. I have never felt auras like that before, godlike beings of war. They take seats around a large table. I am sat here with a woman and the human officers. The operation is discussed, there seems some resentment from working group as they seem to think the Aldebarans let the creature go. The leader says something about the creature being worth more alive and talks about the future. Eyes are on me now. Brazil is mentioned, the word Kamagol is mentioned and my past. Ultimately the Aldebarans are in charge of me and working group will bow to their wishes. I leave meeting with the woman and three Pleiadians. Memory not too clear regarding this. Memory blanks here.

SG YUCATAN

South America 1984

Next memory- in a very large training hall with over 100 children. Being trained by Germans this time. Groups of children divided up into groups of around five and ten. Some scaling high wooden walls, some vaulting over large wooden boxes like gymnasts, other taking guns apart, some hand to hand combat. German men training us in early thirties. A large door is at the end of room, two banners hand on either side- Nazi swastikas on them.

There is a timestamp on my NSA files from this time. It says 1984/10. This means October 1984. However this training would have been in early 1984. The files have a base code for Brazil. This facility was in Brazil. Files mention operation control was in Yucatan Mexico. A major LOOKING GLASS facility exists in Yucatan. These files were kept as a 'cross the board' tracking mechanism back in the 80's. They were not case summaries. The details I am giving you on this thread are case summaries. I have to say I was treated very well by the Germans at this facility as were the other children. These officers in Brazil would most likely have been second or third generation Nazis from the New Berlin base in Antarctica. Their fathers or Grandfathers would have been the original Nazis that travelled in the U-boats from the motherland after WW2. These officers were supplied with hundreds of young blond Aryan woman for breeding programs.

German scientists at training facility quickly realize I am a 'natural being'. Extensive tests are not carried out to discover this, communication with

previous groups that have looked after me establishes this. No synthetic procedures or substances (such as anabolic steroids) will enhance me greatly as natural evolution has done it's job and created a new type of being, a protean being, namely Ascended Machine Technology. The other children at the facility are the same. For this reason much of our training is to be carried with indigenous shamans in the area. A small group of children are taken to a village in the jungle one night where fire rituals are being performed by local shamans. We arrive, with the Germans, in jeeps. The shamans seem to know them. A large fire is lit near the front of the village and dancing, chanting and spitting some kind of fluid into the fire starts. We copy the shamans in some kind of dance that involves shuffling along and bending forwards with you head facing the ground and pulling your back erect and straight while continuing moving forward. The flames seem to respond to this and get higher and more powerful. We are manipulating the element of fire. It almost seems as if some kind of shape-shifting is going on as the shamans and group of us become incredibly strong and start to stretch and almost get bigger. It's hard to see this clearly. When the ritual finishes the shamans are very excited, pointing to us and saying something to the Germans about "Quetzalcoatl". Not certain if they are talking about one of us or the whole group. I've stated South America as a general location for this event, but it could have been Central America or Mexico. I have memory blanks from leaving the facility in Brazil and ending up in the jeeps driving through the jungle.

Side note- I have named this set of postings 'SG Yucatan' because the events that occurred in these countries revolved around the stargate there.

We are taken back to the facility in Brazil where PSIonic training now begins. I have already been involved in this type of training in other countries. The children all sleep in a dorm together, we don't talk that much as there is a feeling of natural quiet bliss between us. We are highly disciplined and sometimes congratulate each other before we sleep about the day's accomplishments. We just seem to communicate telepathically most of time. In the past mornings were sometimes difficult in Penang. That moment in between sleep and waking, when the full reality of what I was involved in would hit me and stun me. Here in Brazil they understood this and would wake us up very gently and kindly, almost like babies.

We are in sets of classrooms past the large training hall. Groups of us are divided into approx ten children. It starts with verbal indoctrination and being shown slides, video footage and such. We are taught about the white master race's involvement and use the of various forms of fire (atomic and such). We are told we are "Modern day Fire-Gods" that can manipulate this element. Children in the other classrooms are being indoctrinated into

connection with their innate element. We are taught about other fire-worshipping cultures- indians/vedics? and others. We are taught about combining seemingly unconnected energies. This is like early chaos theory in quantum physics. Namely seemingly random events and realities have an underlying order. We will need to understand this as certain key figures will arrive at the facility soon that will change everything. People such as George Bush Snr, Dr Green/ Dr V and others.

The Emerald Chambers- mid 80's

GBS

Classes continue at the facility in Brazil. We are taught the basics such as telekinesis. We move various objects around in the classrooms such as pencils across the desks. Much of the mind training centers around 'concepts' as well as practical applications. We are taught the greatest block to these abilities comes from the false belief in an external God. We are taught we come from the 'Great Water', not a literal sea but a sea of infinite potential energy where anything the mind can conceive it can achieve. This is the source/force that is our essence (a type of quantum physics again). We are also taught that Jehovah the biblical 'God' is an extra-terrestrial, a human being just like us.

Days go by and we are brought one evening to the large hall with the two swastikas next to the entrance. George Bush Snr is in attendance with many other men in various types of uniforms. GBS and the others are interested in our physical ability in this test and we take part in martial arts matches, climbing ropes, vaulting over tall objects, stamina tests, etc. The tests are very hard but not brutal, we hit a peak after a while and can not really get tired after we hit this. We can go almost indefinitely. The test goes on for hours. The worst is the hand to hand combat- full contact but quite easy really.

After a while pain becomes pleasure. After the test we shower, get changed and then come into another large room we have been in before. Another hall with a huge table set out with fine food. We all sit down and GBS and the Germans in their mid 30's stand up and raise their glasses to us- saying something about the future. He seems like a very friendly guy who likes to have fun, always laughing and joking with everyone. At the end of the meal we line up and GBS pins medals on our jackets. We are then escorted back to our dorms, exhausted but feeling good.

Dr Green

Now it is time for the Emerald 'torture' chambers. We are taken from the facility in Brazil. It is hard to remember when I travel from the place. We arrive at a temple somewhere in a jungle region. A small group of men lead approximately ten of us children down steps into an underground section of the temple. Dark, damp underground chambers are situated here. Men are already in one these rooms with machines that light the chamber up with a green light. 'Beds' and chairs (medical looking with restraints) are in the room. We are strapped in. I am placed in a chair near the middle. Electrodes are hooked up to various parts of our body. We are told by the man in charge that the session will be divided into two parts. The first will be a 'still' session, where electrical currents will be administered to us. We are to become still "like water" and not "leave our bodies", if we can do this without dying, we will 'spark', namely the fire elementals in our bodies will activate and we will be capable of 'reality programming', which involves teleportation, pyromancy and shape-shifting.

This is 'Phoenix' programming and is the advanced levels of this area. The machines are switched on and the burn and pain starts slowly. It gradually builds until we are screaming, the pain is indescribable. I think I am going to die, then just as I can't take any more, I 'spark'. Some kind of energy kicks in and I cross over into pleasure. The pain becomes pleasure. I am hoping the other children have made it across but my head is locked forward with some kind of head clamp so I can't see. Images of fields are flashed on the rock wall with a projector the man must have brought along with them. The man in charge says "focus on this place and travel there". The scene starts to change but my body is not going anywhere. I am changing the environment with my mind. The walls of the chamber start to fade away and the field starts to manifest in front of me. I feel the wind on my face and smell grass. Another couple of seconds and I am fully sitting in the field in the chair. I feel the electricity level go down and kind of miss it as I come back into the chamber.

NanoTech- human/alien/animal crossbreeding-eating the dead

Mid 80's Yucatan

Small groups of children are flown from Brazil to Mexico regularly over this time period. Blood vials are stored underground in this temple as well as various other machines (cryotech and the 'Blue Tubes'- containers of blue liquid for cloning). The blood vials contain ET/animal and human DNA infused with nanites. We are given them for drinking in this place and also

injections. The A.I system learns from us through the nanites when we ingest the blood. We learn from the A.I system as well during this process. The end result is the ability to shapeshift and take on animal attributes for military ops.

Clown programming- Dr Green

Dr Green teaches me about power during this time. He encourages me to embrace my darkside and we start by killing birds together in the temple and drinking their blood. During this time Dr Green seems to shapeshift into a white skinned 'vampire' with pointy ears and teeth. His body and head seem to grow bigger. Not sure i see this though drugs or trauma. He looks a bit like an evil clown. Screen memories of clowns are put in afterwards to cover the memory up. These processes are preparations for the main ritual which will occur in this place on Oct 21st 1984.

The life and times of Michael Prince- Part 2

by [James Michael Casbolt](#)

October 31st (Halloween) 1984- Yucatan

Night of Samael

I am led into an underground chamber in the temple. I am told before hand this event will be apocalyptic and these type of rituals will decide the fate of the world in many ways (rituals to bring about the end of the world- the old order being replaced). The structure of the large chamber is a pyramid shape. An altar is in the middle of the room with two pillars on each side of the altar. Flames burn on top of each altar. Four men in dark robes stand in each corner of a geometrical shape on the floor (a circle with a something in the middle). I am taken and stood in the middle of the circle. I am directly underneath the point of the pyramid above us. They start to chant and I can feel an entity being drawn down into the pyramid and into my body. I try to fight it but the chanting grows louder and I can't fight it.

This night is a test. The test involves ascertaining whether the multi-dimensional entity being brought down into the temple can be controlled. As I stand in the middle of the circle, the chanting from the people in robes grows louder and I feel myself being forced out of my body. The next thing I am aware of is looking down on my body from the air over fifteen feet above my body. I see my body start to contort and spasm as it physically grows taller and bigger and xxx. I start to freak out about my identity when this happens, but I know I'm me and I'm here in the air and this thing is down there. We are two separate lifeforms. I relax and calm down when I realize this. I also realize something else now. I seem to be able to control this thing down below, like a puppet under remote control. I can make him walk forward towards the guy in the robe near the left hand side of the room. I make the entity walk backwards and then I make him sit down. The entity inside the body wants to work with me and he is under some kind of strict rules now he has come to this place in a disembodied state. He was compelled to come here and is compelled to follow my commands. The whole power thing comes to mind that Dr Green taught me. I start to think of all the things I could do with this body.

Three blond women are brought into the chamber by black clad men with dark plastic face masks on (same type worn by security who guarded us in Canadian facility). The women are brought to the front of the altar and put down on their knees. A psionic struggle between myself and the creature

now commences in my body as the creature tries to pull forward to attack the women. Four men in robes join in with the psionic struggle with chanting and arm waving. I manage to take control of my body during this process and come back into my body, which then goes back to normal. Myself and the women are then taken up the stairs to the left of the chamber by the security guards. I am exhausted. Put in a jeep and driven to a helicopter. Next memory is at some kind of airport in a room with Germans, Americans and British men. Papers are signed regarding my transportation back to the UK.

Scientific note-

U.K Brighton 1984- MK WHISPER initiate

Instead of having my experiences in Canada, Malaysia, South America and Mexico presented to the world's media, I come back to the UK with my memories erased of ever being in those countries. Now I am back in the UK, I spend time at a flat on the end of Fourth Avenue (may have been fifth ave- not 100% sure) in Brighton. This is my 'godmother's' flat, a woman named Jean Greer. Across the road on the corner is some of MI-6 processing centre. This is a house on the corner full of operatives and offices with people sitting in front of computers and walking around with paperwork. Jean, myself and my mother are regularly taken from our flat across the street into this place. MI-6 CLOWN programming takes place here. The man who sometimes comes and gets us, sits in front of me in a room in this place one afternoon around this time (hard to get a clear look at his face and clothes)- he says to me- "Do you know why you are here?", just as he finishes these words his skin turns white, like he is having a heart attack, I start to feel sick. He takes on the aspect of the 'vampires' from the temple in the Yucatan. I think I start to turn white as well. When I see his face like this it all comes back. I am here because of ENDTIMES programming. An important aspect of what I was taught in the countries focuses on ENDTIMES. This is the opening of a stargate over temple mount in Jerusalem and letting in various ET starships which will be aired on television. This is planned to happen soon. I am then escorted out of the building and put into a white car which waits on the corner of the avenue close to the seafront. I am taken to a torture centre which is probably located in London. This is a three level house with a concrete patio at the back. The torture includes killing puppies, eating flesh and excrement, blades stuck up in the left side of groin, 'vomit' sexual abuse to cause bulimia and to not be able to take part in a normal sexual relationship with a normal woman but to only have sexual partners who the handlers put me with for the MI-7/ZYGOTE breeding program.

Some kind of SG time displacement machine was situated below this chamber in the Yucatan. The chamber was most likely designed to control the resultant energy from the machine below and contain it. Something to do with manipulating a unified field (unified field theory- equation that bends space and time- alters reality). Exposure in the chamber to energy generated by time displacement machine below would cause the human body to become fused/interwoven with the electro-magnetic fields in chamber- This could cause body to disappear, shapeshift etc- hence multi-dimensional entity that jumped into my body in 1984 may have come 'up' from underneath rather than pulled down. Interestingly enough- groups that utilize LG hardware do not fully understand how it works. There may actually be various consciousness trapped within the machine- these entities may believe the only way for them to survive and live again is through the machine.

1985 Brighton UK

Jean starts receiving phone calls from an anonymous man heavy breathing and making sexual comments. He says he is watching her and often describes the clothes she is wearing. This goes on for months with this man ringing several times a day. Jean is so dissociated she doesn't realize this is coming from across the street and she has been in his house herself. She changes the number but still he rings. The programming takes its toll on her and she stops going out and sends me up to the shop at the top of the street everyday for a bottle of vodka. She tells me this for dinner guests and I don't realize she is drinking it herself. Eventually she drinks herself to death and I visit her in hospital just before she dies of liver failure. She was not even given morphine as she was dying. We really loved each other and I still miss her. Dad goes the same way years later. He drinks and drugs himself to death from the programming and dies in Doncaster prison in 2003 from liver failure while serving six months for possession of false passports. Dad was not even allowed home while he was dying and foul play is suspected. The good die young! (I have recently discovered there may be more to this)

Sussex 1985

The Working Group decide they have seen enough during counter-surveillance ops and decide to move in for a rescue attempt. A plan is put together that involves sending me to a camp for a week in Sussex. The extraction will take place here. Jean and her Irish husband Wilf pay for the camp and I arrive with my bags in 1985. Children from all over the world are here and many activities are included in the course. Abseiling, canoeing,

scuba-diving etc. We are divided into teams and we all share boy and girl dorms in the building. The centre is next to the sea in the area but no one in the family can remember the name of the place. A helicopter landing pad is situated at the back of the building near the sea. The place is a lot of fun, especially being taken to a huge swimming pool for training by soldiers. A friend in the SAS told me about seeing my name listed on Navy SEAL training files, this may have been a SEAL/BUDS course at this swimming pool. The children at the centre go through a 'trial-day', which means they are taken away from the centre early in the morning (picked up at the dorm) and come back a couple of days later with tales of scuba-diving and canoeing adventures. Some are picked by helicopter on the landing pad and taken away by air.

My turn comes for trail-day and I am excited and nervous the night before. I took to one of my friends about my turn in the left corner of the room where we sleep and we eat sweets. I am picked up outside the dorm the next morning with my gear and taken out to the helicopter pad. A bird lands and a man in military uniform gets off and helps me on board. When we are in the air he says to me- "I've heard you are a very gifted young boy", we talk for a while until we approach a huge aircraft carrier type ship out to sea. We land and I am taken through a central building on the ship down inside. We walk through hallways with many people walking around. This ship is massive. We walk down a long hallway into a control centre. A man dressed in a white naval uniform greets us. This is John from Malaysia. I am very happy to see him. Information is discussed between the two men that I can't quite remember. I am taken to a medical room for injections and health checks, then taken to a little cozy room with a bed in which to rest. I look out the window at the ocean, I feel I'm home again. After a while I am taken from the room unto the deck of the ship. I am loaded into a fighter jet plane with two seats and we take off.

Central America 1985

We eventually land at an army base in the jungle. This is situated near a river. I'm taken into the facility to a place where other children are. I see one of my brothers here. The female MAJ handler is with him from Malaysia and Berkshire (the one who rescued me from the Berkshire facility and took me to Cryo-Freeze in 1981). A Cross-Over event now happens and I presume he will be taken back to the UK while I stay in Central America. Much excitement and commotion is going here at the base. Some kind of new reptile species that has not been encountered before is active in the jungle. The plan is to capture one for hardware gathering. I am to help a Special Forces unit track one of these creatures. What occurs will eventually make me one the most distinguished soldiers in the America and British black-

ops/special forces community when I get older. I end up going into the jungle with a four-man unit on a roasting hot afternoon just after this. I am older now and wear camo gear, boots, face paint and a flak jacket. I lead the team deeper and deeper into the jungle. I have picked up a trail and I'm in some kind of state of natural bliss, tuned into the trees, smells and sounds. The whole jungle seems alive to me and moving with energy. I am joined telepathically to the reptile creature as the unit moves deeper into the jungle. I like the energy I feel from the creature. He is not evil, he has come to learn about humans. There are several of the creatures in the area, they have come here in a medium sized craft which is hidden below ground in the jungle. I know that if we catch this entity he will be locked up. I have spent time in captivity and cannot bear the thought of this happening to the creature.

The men I am with have done this many times in all kinds of terrains and I don't hold any hopes for the creature escaping us. I decide to make myself sick so the op will have to be cancelled. I start to give myself psycho-somatic symptoms of a fever. This gradually gets worse until I am being carried through the jungle. Eventually it is decided to take me back to the camp near the river. I end up back there and start to get better. It is then that something very unexpected happens. A communication is received at the base from this ET group and a meeting is scheduled. They plan to arrive in their craft at night and land in the base. Apparently these reptiles have been so impressed by the grace of the 'young soldiers' coming into the jungle, that they would like to meet face to face with military personnel here.

1985 Central America

Two reptilian lifeforms (tall wearing some kind of robes) walk down a ramp from a circular shaped craft. They are met by military officers from the base with me in the background. Small Grey type beings wheel carts of hardware down the ramp and these are taken to a small building to the left of the camp by military personnel. Note- treaties are occurring all the time but every ten years or so, the main ones happen. This is because technology is given to the human governments in stages. As levels of ET hardware are mastered by humans, so the next level is handed over. It took until 1988 to master the technology handed over in this treaty and many of the tests were done in Berkshire at this time. Once the hardware is all set up in this building, children and adults are taken in for tests. I am one of the children and this equipment is able to manipulate time, space and DNA in a more of advanced way then before.

This is the beginning of the FALLOW-RIGHT cloning and super-soldier program. Much of the hardware centers around 'over-self' technology. This hardware is somehow able to divide one being into more than one cloned body for a limited period of time, to enable them to be in more than one place at a time. This causes time/space paradoxes that must be closely monitored and corrected with advanced quantum computers. Again this tech can only be used up to the age of thirty in a subject. Existing in more than one timeline (in one dimension) after this age can cause serious problems. As mentioned before, all memories must be combined into one timeline in the individual for them to operate as a whole being. The over-self hardware in this building is a set of several metal rings that float in the air. The person stands in the middle of the rings and the rings are activated. The individual then comes out in three or more separate areas of the facility at the same time. Now there are three physical versions of the person who go about their business. The 'over-self' of the multiples monitors all of them now. The over-self exists beyond time and space and can do this without going insane. The multiples cannot see, communicate or touch each other while in separate bodies. This would be very dangerous.

When the designated time period is up, the cloned bodies go into a coma as the original body 'pulls back' the separate selves into one body. There have been problems in the past when the cloned bodies have taken on a life of their own and tried to pull the EM fields of the original into their body at the end of the time limit, instead of the other way around. This causes the risk of 'rips' in the fabric of time and space itself. Scientific Note: The over-self multiples are completely different from cloned brothers or sisters who are separate beings with separate over-selves.

-The 1985 Central American treaty was another massive double-cross. While the Over-Self hardware saved countless lives in black-ops, it opened us up for a Trojan Horse. Namely dying entities from various extra-terrestrial races downloaded themselves into the cloned Over-Self bodies just before the time expired, hence the clone didn't shut down and took on a life of it's own. Now we'll have one of these beings in custody telling everyone he is Michael Prince and convinced this is the case. There is only one Michael Prince and that is me. As usual, simply come up behind the entities timetrack, delete my memories from his fields- thereby pulling up his authentic timetrack, and everyone will know exactly who and what he is- including the entity itself. I hope this helps to clear up the confusion regarding this recent event.

1986 Reading UK

'Fallow_Right - Reading, U.K. Prog Initiation (86) – Clavius.'

'Observation/Report Func. Enabled. Obs Func Fail.'

The OVER-SELF cloning technology from the Central American treaty is mastered and I travel back to the UK. I move to Recreation Road in Tilehurst, Reading with Kate Casbolt and her new boyfriend Neil Pettit. The FALLOW-RIGHT program begins immediately at military bases in Berkshire, London and other places. Every week or so I am woken up at night with people in my bedroom wearing Halloween type masks. Two men usually come into the bedroom and one always wears a werewolf rubber mask. I am taken by these two men to a car waiting outside the house. The two men sit in the front and I sit in the back with a woman. She often asks me what I remember about 'The Jungle' as we drive through the night. The night training sessions at these bases start with me being taken to some kind of aircraft hanger with these people. A large black aircraft is situated here- shaped a bit like a pear. A ladder leads from the ground to the front of nose of the craft. I am led up the ladder by one of the men and told to climb into the cockpit. This is very small with room for only one person. It is a 'bed' which you lie down on your front and slide into the 'tunnel'. This is a small area with lights and screens in front and the plane controls are in front of you. There is some kind of DNA interface with the flight system which you communicate telepathically with- the flight system is a computerized female voice which I communicate with through a special helmet I am wearing. These training ops are flight simulation tests, and I don't actually fly anywhere- not yet. Earth terrain tests are run, mountain regions, jungle etc. Also space region tests are run- much of this centers around 'asteroid combat'.

1986 Cambridshire UK

The flight tests most likely take place at the US Air Force base named RAF Alconbury in Cambridshire at this time. I now live at the base and have my own bunk bed on the left side of a small room which I share with other children. I prefer living here than Recreation Road. The aircraft hanger is on the first level underground and located to the left side of a runway which goes off diagonally to the right in a grassy field. A large hatch opens to the left of the runway and the more secret aircraft take flight from the first level underground.

REAPER virus

One morning myself and other children are taken from our room by one of our handlers (a tall black American airman). We are driven through the facility to the set of buildings on the right side of the runway in one of those 'golf cart' type buggys. We are taken to a briefing room, sat in chairs and shown photos on a projector. The photos are highly classified but we are informed that it has been decided we are desensitized enough to view them. The first shows a dead black woman with injuries to her face. The workings of an engineered virus are explained to us which reanimates dead tissue. The next photos show this woman reanimated and running around a jungle village in Africa attacking people and biting them. The next photos show mass carnage in the village with black soldiers or police there as the whole village goes crazy with most people infected. The soldiers are spraying powerful hoses at people to keep them back and shooting some people. We are then told that we are infected with a 'stable' variant of this virus and have been born with it. The virus has evolved inside us over the years as we have physically died and been resuscitated several times over the years in a sub-program of IBIS known as OSIRIS. Our nerves have been deadened and our capacity for violence massively increased. A 'cure' would mean losing our speed, strength, reflexes and acquiring the 'feelings' of humans.

Fire God X451987 Africa

After the bio-warfare briefing we are prepped for travel away from the air force base. A C-130 Hercules lands on the airstrip. Our group of children board with adult Special Forces personnel. We travel into a African jungle area and walk through the jungle with the adults. We hear a commotion up ahead and come into a clearing as black men and women appear from the bush and run towards us screaming with what appear to be severe skin infections, but on closer examination is more than this. They are mowed down with automatic fire from the adult SF people we are with. The adults urgently usher us up the clearing and into the entrance of a village. The infected start to come out of houses, bushes and other places and are gunned down. There are several of us children and we form a circle and link hands. We breath in deeply at the same time and get our breathing synced up. On the out breaths we begin to emit a kind of roaring noise. On our 12th breath we project electromagnetic energy into the centre the circle. This 'bounces' off and reflects backwards to create a shockwave. When it hits the infected, sparks start to come from their eyeballs as their eyeballs burst into flames. The rest of their bodies then spontaneously combust. This happens to hundreds of them all at once.

1987 Clavius Moon Base

Weapon we used was a particle-beam weapon utilizing nano-tech and DNA/telepathic link with satellite. After the infected are neutralized a bio-hazard team comes into the village to clear bodies. Our group of children are then taken in jeeps through the jungle to a small runway with a building on the right. The C-130 and a large truck are parked on the runway and we are taken in the truck by the Haz-Mat people and put in showers where we are sprayed with chemicals and water. When this process is finished we are taken to a cryo-freeze area in the truck and go through a similar process as the cryofreeze in Berkshire in 1981. Put in cryogenic chambers with amber coloured liquid this time. Time

Note: I cannot be sure how much elapsed between being put in cryofreeze and the next event. Whether hours, days, weeks or months, the following happened in 1987.

FYI- As previously mentioned the mind continues to record everything in detail no matter how supposedly unconscious a person is.

Our group of children are put onto a military cargo plane in our cryogenic chambers and transferred mid-air on board some kind of ET Lightship manned by Tall Grey EBE's. We are in a medium sized room with low lighting, a quiet humming noise can be heard as several of these EBE's man computer consoles. These EBE's have a treaty with the NSA and have an agreement to deliver us to the Clavius Moon Base after they perform certain studies on us. The craft docks at some kind of orbital platform in the outer atmosphere. The EBE's take us into a different room and use a triangle shaped metal device attached to small metal construct to 'thaw-out' the cryostasis into liquid. Other medical procedures now take place but memories hazy here. Metal headbands are then put on us for mind memory scans to learn from us.

These EBE's are living machines moving away from artificial intelligence towards natural survival. A crisis point occurs during the memory scan. This is because of our mindsplits. The EBE's become confused as to where our power and peace of mind are based. The EBE's, their ship and the computer on board form a symbiotic link. Their computations almost short-circuit from confusion over the following-The scanner keeps switching at a incredibly fast rate between the power laying within ourselves and an artificial/fake 'God Construct'. The moment of crisis builds into panic from the EBE's and the decision is almost made by higher ranking members of this collective to self-destruct the whole orbital platform.

We the children are able to stabilize the scan signal at the last moment by pulling our consciousness into a 'still-zone' inside ourselves where our power

is based. The EBE's quickly realize this and delete the artificial God Construct which the computer picked up within our psyches. We are put back in Cryostasis after this and the craft leaves the orbital platform. After this we arrive in a huge aircraft hanger at the Clavius Moonbase. We are wheeled out in our cryotanks by small Grey EBE's, out of the craft and down a ramp into the landing port. Rows of human guards in black shiny uniform wait in lines. Human Military officers wait in the upper balcony on the right side of the landing port, around eight small circular ships are docked under the balcony. A military commander dressed in black approaches our line as an extremely tall reptilian entity disembarks from the craft wearing some kind of armour. They speak to each in German with their Reptilian voice- like a deep robotic growl. I can hear what they say and understand their language. I used to speak German at the Plume base in Brazil! The German officer addresses the reptilian with some kind of Sumerian sounding name. I hear the EBE state the following-"Transmission stabilized" "Outcome successful" "Proceeding to Alpha Centauri"

We are then wheeled down a corridor to the right by the German soldiers into small rooms and taken out of cryostasis. When I come out the American Majestic woman from the early eighties is in the room with American and German scientists. She asked me "Do you know where you are?" to which I reply "yes". I am seated in a tripseat type machine with the usual holographic screen in front. A 'tetragrammic' spinning shape is used on the screen to activate my DNA and memories. I've been to the Clavius Moon Base before. This was during my transference between the Berkshire and the Malaysian base in 1981 when I was put in cryostasis!

The life and times of Michael Prince- Part 3

by [James Michael Casbolt](#)

TS (R) - CLAVIUS

Subj: X4566-2 (casj)

Assessment for Covert Tasking:

(1) Unstable implant (series TETRA) has made X4566-2 unsuitable for liquidation CovOps.

(2) Recommend X4566-2 be retained for obs. and released into general pop. for FALLOW-RIGHT double-blind testing.

COMD-CLAVIUS

October 4, 1988

File taken from NSA database

COMD-CLAVIUS- Commander of Clavius facility- NSA facility on darkside of moon.

1987-1988 Clavius moon base

I am sat in front of computer on seat. Blond maj woman in room with me. The computer communicates to me with same digital female voice from the space battle simulations from RAF Alconbury. I am shown moving geometrical shapes as huge amounts of data are downloaded into me in a short time. I am shown two planets- TETRA-NOR and TEYGETA with rings, defence craft and forces around the planets. I am told 'we' are a computerized race (Ascended Machine Technology) and the digital voice talking to me is a living being who can inhabit physical bodies. The aim of our race is to exist perpetually on these higher dimensional planets and others like them, where war is non-existent. I am told that myself and others like me have been trapped in the defence rings protecting these planets and locked into repeating cycles of war. The defence rings are necessary I am

told but the aim of the beings involved with these protective nets is to accomplish the following:

-Complete a set number of cycles of defence and then travel to the planet itself to exist there- thereby letting the group under us take our place and learn from our experience. It turns out we have become addicted to war and are trapped within the rings.

My future on earth is then scanned. Two separate versions of my future are shown on the screen. The two timelines switch back and forth extremely quickly and then settle in the second timeline

1988 Clavius Moon Base

A series of military R&D tests now begin to ascertain whether, in typical addict fashion, our generation can go down the route of peace but still be involved in small amounts of military campaigns, wars and killing. Our group of children are dressed in tight fitting suits, more briefings take place and then we are taken to sleeping quarters in the facility. I see strange bi-pedal metallic robots walking around the corridors as well as various EBE types walking with humans. The R&D tests start with some kind of carousel based experiments where four of us are seated in a large pod/dome shaped glass or plastic enclosure. There are four seats in each corner and we are strapped in and the seats spun extremely fast. It is kind of fun. The pod around us collects energy and data when this is done.

Next I enter a training area in a large room and a small audience comes in and takes their seats. George Bush Snr is in attendance. I am to participate in a bare-knuckled fight with another of the older boys from the second unit. One of my handlers at this time was a dark-haired man with a thin to medium build and approximately 5'11" tall. Sometimes he wore suit pants, a white shirt and tie, and other times he wore a dark special forces "all in one" type jumpsuit that I have seen many people wear over the years. He had an American accent. When the fight began, I hit the other boy with a right cross and knocked him onto the floor, then stomped on his head. At this point, the fight was stopped, and I was greatly praised by this man. After this, a kitten was brought in as my reward, and then events turned savage again. The handlers always went from being extremely kind to sadistic in order to confuse you. I was handed a knife and told to stab the kitten to death. I refused, and the commander screamed in my face and started slapping me. I still refused, and the beating became harder. I started to dissociate and went into a kind of stupor. Another man, with an American accent, in the audience yelled "Kill it yourself", to the commander, to which he replied, "Yes sir." He then killed the kitten himself. That is all for the day.

CALOPIA is mentioned- One of the ships used by the tall Aldebaran blonds which I came into contact with at the Looking Glass facility in Malaysia.

The next memory is of CALOPIA arriving in the landing bay. Myself and other children are taken to meet the same blond Pleiadians as they disembark from the ship. We all proceed to the room with tripseats and the female voiced computer system. I am now involved in a future timeline scan. The adults in the room wish to see if the outcome is different after the R&D tests. Two possible futures now switch back and forth on the screen. The first sees me as a physically augmented blond giant over six and half feet tall, I am involved in various war scenarios on various planets where I appear to be a power crazed warrior taken over by artificial intelligence as are others like me. Angles on the screen keep switching, almost like remote viewing vectors. Shots of devastated planets are taken from outer orbit and the whole solar system seems devastated, and then whole galaxies. Everything is desolated and deathly quiet in these vectors.

This scan keeps switching with me as a blond giant again but this time on the planet Taygeta. A lush, green forest planet. I have a family here and live a peaceful life in communion with nature. The scenes keep switching extremely fast. I do not know the outcome. Militant factions on the base conclude the second outcome is a fantasy and our people will never become peaceful, this sends them more deeply into war mentality. Other factions feel great hope. I am taken on board the CALOPIA.

1988 Reading U.K- Denefield Secondary School

The Creation of a Monster Events

I am not at liberty to discuss what happened from the time I am put on the CALOPIA to the time I return to Recreation Road in Reading. Suffice it to say, I am returned to the house at night and a cross-over event happens with the clone already in place at the house. I start Denefield school just after this. My first day of school I see our whole year there in the math building and we are divided into groups to form classes.

One of the boys in the classroom whispers to someone next to him as the teacher is speaking, at which the teacher flies into a shocking rage then stuns the whole classroom into silence. This is a taste of things to come at what I honestly describe as a trauma-based conditioning centre rather than a school. Later our year goes on a camping trip to Jersey where this male teacher molests girls from our class in the woods and is forced to leave the school on our return. Our year is divided into separate classes which we go

into every morning. Within weeks a small number of students in our year are singled out as having 'behaviour problems'. I am amongst these as is the boy who whispered to his friend that first day in school. We end up in a 'special' class once a week on Fridays in a classroom near the main stairway. We take trips away from school these days which mostly include visits to the military bases in the area. RAF Welford, RAF Alconbury and Brock Barracks are among them.

A new theme connected to the project starts here. Namely the introduction and exposure to race specific bio-warfare and chemical agents at these facilities. I am not certain how they work but injections, sprays and other means cause our hormones and pheromones to agitate black males in the school into aggression towards us. They also cause females (black and white) to be extremely sexually attracted to us as well as changing our behaviour to be even more off the wall. The black boys are much more physically developed than us white boys who have been taken to the bases. A mass campaign of intense bullying starts and we do not stand a chance. I am singled out as the most bullied boy in the school and end up getting my arm and nose broken, continually robbed, almost beaten to death at a fairground as well as my neck almost broken. My behaviour goes totally out of control with vandalism, shoplifting, sniffing glue and my behaviour towards females becomes warped. xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.

1989 Reading U.K-

BABY-BEART

This is so horrendous I'm not sure if it's even worth talking about, but as the COM factions were helped by the three papers on artificial intelligence, they may be helped further by this. The human part of me is just starting to face the horror, the machine part of me can understand this at a different level. The next obvious step happens regarding the process above. Factions in the NSA attempt to weaponize the process above for military apps. The plan is for me to infiltrate the crime scene in Reading and London at my young age and assassinate black/african/jamican etc underworld crime figures. I start to become involved in ritualized military operations at these facilities utilizing Looking Glass technology and nano-tech. The leader of the bigfoot type entity who came through the gate at the facility in Malaysia years ago is brought through the gates in a semi-solid bio-plasmic state. He enters my body during these processes and the change occurs. Sometimes I can control the body, sometime he does. Often young black boys and girls are brought into the chambers, at these times he attempts to take control even more fiercely. When he does xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx.

1990-

The 'Dollhouse'

Berkshire psychologists begin to come into Denefield school and some of the children in our year are put into a special class on fridays for behaviour problems. These fridays often involve field trips into the Berkshire countryside and other places. One particular friday our class is taken on a minibus and we make a left at the gates of the school and drive towards Pangbourne. Just pass the town the bus stops on a country road and several black vans pull up. We are taken out the bus and loaded into the vans through sliding doors on the side. I sit on the back of a van loaded with equipment, a man and woman are in the back with me. As we drive the man reaches over and gets me to touch a thin sliver of metal with symbols on it. When I do my memories of being in the countries mentioned before start to come back.

We drive to what is most likely RAF Welford and down a tunnel into an underground carpark. The carpark looks like the same one from 1981 but now it is even more deserted. The other children and I are taken into a genetics type facility and after drugs are administered I am put in dark room. I wait for awhile and a door slowly opens in front, a horrific non-human slowly creeps around the side of the door. This is one of the bigfoot entities from my past. It stands in front of me while I am frozen with terror. It opens it's muzzle showing huge teeth dripping with saliva and begins to growl, then roar. I am attacked with claws and bites. My body is then put in some kind cryofreeze and my flesh regenerated. We (the group of children) then find ourselves in a room watching professionally made horror films with children themes such as the wombles and cabbage patch dolls. The films start off 'nicely' with actors playing the parts of the wombles on wimbledon common and then they start taking children underground, the scenes then flick to horrific type wombles attacking the children.

Mirror Entities and Artificial Intelligence

- 1) Each individual in these types of programs (IBIS) is assigned one 'mirror' entity.**
- 2) The first physical connection will occur during a portal connection (see Looking Glass event- 1982 Penang, Malaysia).**

- 3) The Mirror Entity will continue to periodically torture the individual in various ways to allow easier fracturing of mind for CROSS-OVER and OVER-SELF cloning procedures (see Looking Glass event above)**
- 4) The Mirror Entity will periodically take possession of the individual's body.**
- 5) The cloning and possession process will continue into the individual's adult years until the situation is brought to a head.**
- 6) At this time the individual and the Mirror Entity will engage in a final psionic battle which will culminate in one of them permanently dying.**
- 7) If the individual is victorious, he/she will gain full control over his/her mind and body as well as gaining the various abilities of the Mirror Entity permanently.**
- 8) If the Mirror Entity is victorious, it will gain full control over the mind and body of the individual permanently.**
- 9) Artificial Intelligence cannot assign another Mirror entity to the individual once the Mirror Entity is deleted due to genetic reasons.**
- 10) If process 8 occurs, the Mirror Entity will infiltrate human society posing as the original human. The Mirror Entity will have full awareness of what it really is and will exist as a shape shifting being of unnatural type.**
- 11) The A.I system will attempt to abrogate, horrify and traumatize the life forms of the planet targeted for extermination through this process.**
- 12) Be advised- Both the individual's and the Mirror Entity's consciousness are essentially trapped within the A.I machine. If this were not so, the individual would and could not be born into programs such as IBIS. Although now free of A.I agents control after the Mirror Entities deletion the individual will remain in a compromised state due to back-up nano-technology. This situation will remain in effect until the A.I system and connected back-up systems are shutdown physically.**

1990 Reading, Berkshire- Denefield school

One of the friday school field trips takes us to Brock Barracks military base on Oxford Road in Reading. Our group of children sit in the classroom area in front of the main gates here. A psychologist enters the room and identifies himself as coming from the Tavistock institute in London. This classroom session includes new world order concepts that seem to revolve around

Nazism (but that word is not mentioned nor swastika flags shown). I am in a 'front altar' personality this day and do not remember my real past. The lessons are kind of basic, teaching us how groups of secret societies run the world, how they run all media groups etc and communicate to each through the media and art etc. Various symbols are shown and code words. He says the population needs to be reduced and how the black race is being targeted for extermination. He tells us he is aware of the "persecution" of the older black boys in the school against us and if the blacks are not wiped out this problem will get worse. As many of the nastier fights at the school are a result of children being exposed to various military chemical agents for behaviour modification, it appears we are being conned.

The end of the class sees us wearing headphones with brainwave tones being played to us, these help me remember my buried abilities and we push pencils across the desk with our minds. This class session had many themes from the Rosicrucians in it. At the end I am taken by American military men to the back, right hand side of the base. An American officer identifying himself from Delta Force, sits me in front of a desk with paperwork on it and says- "You're going to be working for us when you are older, and nothing can change that. I want to give you the options I never had. I suggest ticking the voluntary surgery box at the bottom of the form, this way you'll be able to go home after missions (the box says something about brain surgery). "Don't make the same mistake I did, you don't want to grow up on a military base, people are good, don't cut yourself off from them". So I signed the paper and ticked the box.

The life and times of Michael Prince- Part 4

by [James Michael Casbolt](#)

1990- Reading, Berkshire

I end up with my own uniform and locker at the Brock Barracks military base in Reading. I go there many weekends as I live near the base. I just walk up to the gate, say my name and they let me in. I'm part of some regiment but can't remember what I do there. I remember one afternoon as I am putting my stuff away in my locker, an older boy comes up to me and demands to know who I am exactly as I am not part of the "regular unit". A fight breaks out. I also see the American officer a few times there again and he always asks about my home life and asks about my step-father.

One day I tell my mother I signed something at the base and I'm worried about it, she tells me not to worry about it as they won't hold me to it. She cannot remember me being part of a regiment at the base or this conversation. Just after this I am beaten up at Denefield by two older boys and my arm is snapped in two places. I have signed my body and mind over to the military and my body is in the process of being enhanced, some kind of new 'living metal' is being formed around and through my bones using nanotechnology.

I end up in the royal berks hospital for surgery on my arm. The next memories were pulled out under regression. I am taken to one of the lower levels of the hospital, a curving corridor with operating theaters on the left (similar layout to Dulce). A cloned robotic arm is on a trolley to the left of the three surgeons and with advanced laser type hardware they amputate my damaged right arm and attach the new arm leaving no visible scars.

Further trips to military bases in Berkshire take place around this time. One particular visit sees me taken into a small garage type building with a lift in it by a man with a moustache, dark hair and slight build. We go below and I see clones of myself housed in a room and offline robots just standing there 'dead'. I am taken into a darker room near this room and wait inside. The clones come in one at a time until there are about four of us. They were being remote controlled by greys as I understand now. One of them says "I am you", the other says "I'm James", the other one "I'm Michael", then "You're not you, I'm you" and "You don't exist", then they all start babbling things like "We are one", "You are two", "You are you", "I'm you" etc, until ensuing insanity in my mind results. I'm then taken out the room by the guy with dark hair feeling like me head is about to explode. I'm placed in a tripseat and the second stage of this type of programming starts. The guy says "You are Michael Prince", then he asks me my name. I say "Michael

Prince", he says "Wrong answer, your name is James Casbolt" and I am electro-shocked. "What is your name?" he asks again. I reply "James Casbolt". "Wrong answer, your name is Michael Prince" and I am electro-shocked again. What is your name?, "Michael Prince", "Wrong answer, your name is James Casbolt" etc and so forth, which goes on for over an hour where I cannot give correct answer until I have no idea who I am.

A cross-over event occurs around this time, with one of my real twin brothers (as a posed to some kind of robot being totally controlled by an alien). My brother is driven away in a black van near Pangbourne. I am sad to see him leave as he is taking my childhood and memories of my time at Denefield school away from me. I know he will be out in my school, in my home, in my place, living my life as me with no-one knowing difference. He is him, a separate soul, I am me- Michael. There is only one me.

1991 Fort Detrick, USA

I know what comes next. Usually when a crossover event happens I am to be taken to another country. I am housed in quarters at RAF Alconbury in Cambridgeshire and later flown by Chinook helicopter wearing an army uniform. We fly until we reach an open countryside area in Wiltshire, probably Salisbury Plain. A large black triangle plane (TR-3 type craft) is waiting for us here and I am taken on board by a ramp at the back. Other teenage boys sit on the seats and we nod a quiet hello to each other. We introduce ourselves and one is from South Africa, one from Australia and one from New Zealand, there are also other boys from other countries. Two American soldiers are on board with a tall grey j-rod type being in a tight fitting suit. The grey cruelly starts flashing some small handheld device in our eyes and the roughly turns our heads to the side and puts it in our ears. I am told by one of the older men on board we are flying to Fort Detrick for our next stage of training.

We are then very quiet for the rest of the flight which didn't seem to be too long. We get off the TR-3 type craft into some dimly lit underground hanger and are taken for medical tests, given pills to take and put in various dorms to sleep. A similar type of hand held device is used on our eyes and ears before sleep and upon waking- brainwave manipulator to keep us in a dissociated state as shock of being taken away from our family, friends, school and country too much.

We start basic training- some of this may have taken place at Delta Force training facility in North Carolina called Fort Bragg. Basic training includes the usual running, shooting, assault courses etc. This is when the 'danger level' training starts- special forces/all terrain training where each level gets

progressively more dangerous than the last. We start off in a specially designed swimming pool and with cages in the water.

The Water Spear

The special forces training in the pool are much more than that. In effect they are initiations into the elements, just like the initiations at the PLUME facility in Brazil years ago.

The water training may be level 2 or 3 this process. It included a large pool in a dimly lit building with very cold water. The large pool was connected to another water section at the end, which had a caged top section to stop escape once you are in that section that connects to the end of the pool.

The main pool section used Disneyland ride type mechanical effects, I.E sections would open in the side of the pool underwater and mechanical jaws like shark models would come out and break the surface with their mouths open. Sound effects of loud animal roars would be pumped into the room when they broke the surface. This would scare the crap out of you, as you would be swimming along in the quite darkness to retrieve at the end of the pool all of a sudden a large great white shark model would pop up next to you with a loud animal roar. At the time I didn't know if it was real or not. The adult soldiers at the edge of the pool would scream at you to keep going and when you got to the end of the pool, they would open up the gate that connects the large pool to the caged water area and command you to swim into it. There would be real live sharks in this section, not too deadly but you didn't know that at the time, all you knew was that a great white had popped up next to you and now you were being forced into dark water in a caged area with shadowy shark figures lurking around in the water. Some baulked at the edge and some went in. The whole point was control over the emotions. At the time of greatest fear, I.E when the model of the great white appeared in the pool, you would have to go deeper into your fear, face it, to come out of the other side.

It was at this time that these units were joined with our respective artifacts of power.

The Hive

1991 Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Training carries on at this military base. Standard fitness such as long runs. Now in classrooms our training focuses on alien hardware artifacts. Each of the teenagers are given a specific artifact that they use from now on. Many of these are types of metal bracelets, also special metal belts and boxes are given.

We are told by our instructor that guns will often be useless against the 'machines' as they will use brainwave manipulating hardware that will paralyze you. The pieces of hardware we have been given will disable their electromagnetic fields that cause this (as well as doing other things). We are being prepared for another mission soon. The instructor tells us in a big American country accent-

"Mission failure will mean being captured by the 'hive'"

"If this happens you will not be killed, you be tortured and reprogrammed"

"It may take us time to find you again, rescue you and deprogram you"

Training is over and we go back to our dorms. The next morning we load up into a C-130 type aircraft with our equipment. We fly to the location (which I think was on the outskirts of Johannesburg, South Africa and parachute onto the ground. An adult Delta Force unit accompanies us. We are to physically position ourselves over the top of an underground AI facility and remote view the location to send back data to command. The area is protected by electromagnetic grids to stop long range RVers from seeing in. Scans can only be done by being right on top of it, but this is very dangerous. US Air Force Space Command and Galactic Federation military ships need the 'open' grid points of the facility to launch a ground penetrating weapon attack at the place.

We arrive in the area at night. A deserted wooded area, but with few trees. The trees look old and dead. We get over the 'hub' and start to scan but when we do this, the trees start to shake and rumbling noises can be heard from underground. The rumbling sound starts to go up the trees and then large round metal pod like devices are shot out of the tops of the trees. These land on the ground and start to roll towards us giving off a high pitched frequency and coloured energy. Bullets just bounce off them so we use the artifacts and start projecting crackling coloured energy at these pod like devices. This shuts them out and stops them but so many are being fired

out of the trees they are starting to overwhelm us. The adults order us to pull out of the area and we turn and run. Myself and a couple of other teenagers are at the back and three pods gain on us. They project their energy fields around us and I feel like I'm running through treacle (syrup). My head is pounding and all the energy is going out of me. I know I have to act quickly but I tense up and trip over something on the ground. When I hit the ground, I'm frozen. I'm trapped inside my body screaming to get out.

I see a black triangle craft over the top of me and the black leather clad 'robot' soldiers with the black bike helmet type facemasks turn up and I'm carried off.

I 'wake up' (hard to describe as I'm not fully conscious) clamped to a table underground in a dark hall. I'm in the hive. This place is basically a factory. Not a human place at all. There are humans in vats of liquid, humans on operating tables cut open with robotics combined in their bodies. Assembly lines of robots on the right hand side travelling along on a large conveyor belt. At the end some type of machine builds flesh around the metal skeletons.

I see the two other teenagers clamped to tables too. I can't really feel much. Time passes but time doesn't mean much here. We are wheeled into another smaller room after a while by the black clad 'soldiers'. This is like an operating theatre with a large machine built into the ceiling with several probe like metal fingers coming from the machine. I am injected with something (to make the pain worse) and metal fingers cut into my flesh, and enters all the orifices in my body as well. My nerve endings are attacked with electricity. I cannot describe the pain, at the climax, a part of my soul seems to scream and a part of my soul leaves me, but at the same time becomes trapped (very unnatural and hard to describe).

I am now under full control of artificial intelligence.

1991- Johannesburg, South Africa

A most diabolical technological process now takes place in this underground facility. A cloned body is located in a liquid tank to the right of the room. This body is identical to my body and has a mixture of my DNA with a larger infusion of animal/alien DNA.

The AI system has one of the wolf/bigfoot type aliens going through the same pain enhancement torture procedure in a different location. The pain enhancing hardware being used on us both will reach a climatic point at the

exact same time and because of the incredible levels of pain being endured, the two of us will leave our bodies at the exact same time and be compelled to enter this new body together.

Scientific note- AI does not fully understand or control this process as AI does not have control over the soul. All it understands is that by forcing lifeforms out of the body with high levels of pain, the lifeform will enter the nearest alternative body that contains its DNA code.

This process occurs and the other being and I are forced into this alternative body. The reality can only be described as two beings trapped inside a tight dark space, screaming to get out and struggling against each other for survival. As this new body is infused with more alien DNA than human/Pleiadian DNA, I lose this psychic struggle and become 'locked' in an area of my mind. I am now barely conscious but the part of me that is conscious is screaming to get out.

The alien's consciousness has more control over the new body, however this Mirror Entity is trapped too and under control by the AI system, so the alien is screaming to get out as well. As I said, this is a diabolical process! I can now say this process described above is a beginning. After years of this psychic battle raging inside the body, one lifeform will give up, leave the body and 'die'. When this occurs, the lifeform staying in the body will gain control over all the abilities of the lifeform who has left the body. The AI system will attempt to keep full control over the remaining lifeform. The goal of the AI system is now to be able to control the lifeform. Directing it to commit degenerate/anti survival acts in it's true valence/front altar. Once a lifeform starts to do this, it will be extremely difficult to de-program and free it from AI control.

This process basically means complete robotic assimilation by AI.

The Left Eye of Horus

I am now locked up in my own brain so I no longer need to be restrained on tables and such. I can now be walked around the place like a puppet. I will refer to the actions my body now takes as 'I' for the sake of continuity, even though it is not really me (Michael Prince) doing these things.

My body is a walking corpse now in many ways. I am breathing but barely alive. I am trapped in the left side of my body. I seem to look out at the world now through my left eye. Time has less meaning than before as well. After a period of laying on this table (could be days as I no longer sleep or eat as before and live on some kind of blood injections) I get up and walk down a long corridor. I descend down a lift at the end and come out at a

small tube/train terminal where a high-tech train is waiting. The door opens and I get on. I see George Bush Snr sitting near a window on the right hand side of the train with two bodyguards in black suits sitting to the left. He motions me over and I sit opposite him on the other side of the table between us. The train starts to move and he begins to communicate with me. His body seems to ripple when he does this and his eyes change to snakelike slits. He is communicating in some alien language which sounds like 'pops' and hisses with low growling, the language sounds Sumerian to me but I can't understand it. The entity inside me starts to talk back to Bush in a similar way but with different tones of noises- still growling and such. The two entities seem to be old friends and Bush refers to the entity inside me as 'Samael'.

A small device comes out of the table between us and an underground military facility flashes up on it in a holographic display. The image rotates and different sections of the facility light up. I get the feeling this place in the UK and the two beings continue communicating while geometric patterns and lines light up inside the facility. A list names and photos of people come up next to the image with some kind of DNA patterns next the names. I understand the beings are planning blood rituals in this place and it is planned that these humans will be collected at the time to take part. The entity inside my body is getting excited and I notice my right hand stretching and growing claws out of the corner of my eye.

Bush then seems to stop vibrating so much and appears more human. His voice goes back to human and he says to me in a strong American accent in a mocking way- "Hey Michael inside there, we've got you trapped in there, we own you now!". My body becomes more still, I can't talk but I say to myself "I'm still here motherfucker, I'm still Commander Michael Prince".

The train comes to a stop and the doors open. The two bodyguards get up first and exit the door, then Bush and I follow. They may be acting like they run things on the train but when we enter this new facility, Bush and the entity inside my body are scanned by the AI immediately and their 'God' takes them over. They are just two more puppets!

1991 underground tube shuttle

We arrive at our destination and the doors open. The two bodyguards get out first and we follow. We enter a brightly lit corridor illuminated with white light. I see cryofreeze rooms on the left hand side with the usual guys in white bio-hazard type suits inside the room. I enter the room lay on a table. A cover is put over me and I am sprayed with the cryofreeze guns. I am being prepped for long distance travel.

Next memory- I wake up in some kind of plastic tube laying down (somewhere in the UK- could be London). The case opens and I get up. When I do I see rows of other pods in a large dark room. Other people are getting out of their pods too. We all line up like robots and there is one of these AI arms connected to the ceiling at the end of room near a door. This arm has a type of metal finger and scans the forehead of the person at the front of the que. When the arm does this the next person steps forward. I arrive at the arm, get scanned across my forehead and walk through the door into a hallway. I turn left and walk past a couple of rooms filled with teenagers seated at desks. I enter one of the classrooms and take my seat at a desk. A large screen is located at the front of room and George Bush Snr's face is on the screen. He is talking to us, and we repeat the phrases he says.

The Collective and the new Dr Green

1991 London

George Bush says "End of session, proceed to destination points" and the screen at the front of the classroom switches off. The children and teenagers in the classroom exit and walk out of the classroom. We all walk single file down the hall outside.

Two armed guards wait at the end of the hallway, one on the right with a clipboard and the other on the left handing objects to the individuals at the front of the que. All behaviour here is mechanical, similar to a factory processing line. A large carpark is located at the end of this hallway with many vehicles in it.

I get to the front of the que and the guard on the right says "number". I give this to him and the man on the left side hands me two small see through plastic tube-like objects. The man on the right says "Go to the black limousine in center of the carpark and give these to your handler when you get in". I do as instructed, approach a stretched limo and get in. A guy in a suit is sitting opposite me and I give him the two objects. He puts them on the seat next to him. The suit he has on is very smart and he holds a black walking cane with his left hand. On his left hand he also wears an emerald ring. "Remember me?" he says, I reply no. He says "Maybe this will help" and his face starts to morph, his skin turns white, his teeth become pointy and sharp, his ears and nose become pointy and his eyes turn into snake-like slits. "Remember me now?"

It comes back to me- THIS IS THE SAME BEING THAT DR GREEN WOULD CHANGE INTO IN THE EMERALD CHAMBERS IN MEXICO AND THE SAME BEING THE GUY AT THE SAFEHOUSE IN BRIGHTON CHANGED INTO WHEN I CAME BACK FROM MEXICO.

But this white skinned reptilian is in a different third form now!

He starts to give me a dark version of the speech the American Delta Force/COM-12/Majestic officer had given me at Brock Barracks in Reading years before. He says-

"We own you now and you're going to be working for us. I can see there is much that is still human left in you, we'll get rid of that by the time we're finished with you!"

I look at the emerald ring and he says-

"You remember this?" and starts to turn the ring on his finger- "Does it remind you of all the killing you did for me?" (I realize I have a deeper layer of Satanic Ritual Abuse embeds/engrams buried below the layer I am currently de-programming. I do not remember these yet).

He continues- "Don't worry, you'll have plenty of opportunity to kill again soon" (I use so many words and mannerisms from Dr Green to this day- I always say "don't worry" to people and other things- I have taken on Dr Green's 'Valances').

He continues- "You'll help us build the New World Order on this world and then we'll link it up in a glorious grid to the other worlds we control. It's about to start soon!"

He puts his cane down and reaches for the two tube like objects. This is some kind of device that transfers control of my body temporarily from the higher levels of the AI mainframe to the individual controller. However the AI continually monitors this process and can transfer control back to itself at any time- the higher levels of the AI mainframe control Dr Green as well, so he is just being let off the leash to a small degree.

He holds the objects in both hands and starts to speak another language. Energy is focused on me and I realize at this point that Dr Green, George Bush and others connected to the AI mainframe can act as a 'collective' and pass control of my body from one operator to another.

The life and times of Michael Prince- Part 5

by [James Michael Casbolt](#)

"My understanding is that IBIS is being reactivated. All signs point to the fact that operations have increased) not decreased as reported to Congress and DoD officials). New contracts for transportation have been signed and activated as of September, 2010. This takes care of CIA/NSA flights for the next 3 years. There have also been two new programs (names unknown at this time) activated by the CIA, DoD, and DoE regarding mind control and seeding agents within terrorist groups, banking organizations, and foreign military. I will keep you posted if I find out more as I am just now monitoring this situation and finding out the details. Apparently things have been calm for a while, but they look to be firing up again in the past few months and it is increasingly more involved.

THEY ARE RESEARCHING OLD IBIS PROGRAMS IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND FUTURE ACTION.

Yes, this means they will be looking at old files, experiments, agents, incidents, etc in order to understand future action of the program. In other words, back to business and business is good. Just hold on tight because it is going to get crazy"

'Irish Lincoln'

The Circuit- Assassination and Prostitution in the IBIS program

Location- CLC-1 (Central London Complex 1) underground military facility

Date- 1991

I am to be trained for assassination and male prostitution with a group of fifteen teenage boys at this facility. Our group ...has been raised on military bases from the time of our births and the use of genetic twin cloning technology and screen memories have enabled the controllers of the Ibis program to infiltrate us into the civilian population at various times in our lives and then return us back to underground facilities. The section of this facility I will spend the next part of my life in consists of a large underground carpark with a door to left that allows access to a long hallway with offices, dorm rooms and a debriefing room connected to large 'night training' rooms. When I arrive at the facility I am taken into an office and sign a piece of paper for my part in the next stage of the program.

I am taken to my room near the beginning of the hallway on the left hand side and I make myself at home. Each young person there has their own room. We are woken up early every morning and have to form a line and then jog along the corridor into a medical room on the right of the hallway. Here we are given daily injections of some kind drug loaded with nanites and hormones to enhance us. Many of us will get side effects from this drug later and develop eating disorders because of this. Once this drug has been administered we proceed to the second carpark at the opposite end of the hallway and are driven in vans to various above ground military bases for DELTA assassination training.

At night we spend time in the debriefing room and are allowed to relax and play cards and such before we go to bed. This routine continues for weeks until one night we are shown pictures of beautiful girls on the screen in the debriefing room and told they will be arriving at the facility in a couple of days from America and they are our counterparts in the CIA. The histories of these teenage girls are explained to us to make us realize we are all basically prisoners. We are told these young women have been raised in secret underground military bases as well and have been farmed out to politicians and such for sex through organizations in the civilian population of American such as the Mormons. There is a feeling of excitement amongst us but this feeling is very much suppressed because of the drugs we are being given.

A couple of days later we arrive in the debriefing room after Delta training that day and are informed the American girls are here. They are brought in and the atmosphere is intense in the room. Each of us boys is matched to a certain girl and they are seated next to us. We are left alone and start to chat. The conversations are pretty limited as all we know is a life of military mind control (at this point I don't feel too comfortable disclosing the details of the girl I remember being matched with- but some readers may be able to read in between the lines). We play cards and slowly become more comfortable around each other. After about an hour of this the adults enter and our pairs are each led into one of the night training rooms connected to the debriefing room by the adult handler. Sex training begins here facilitated by the adult. This basically involves being trained in various forms of fetish sex for high level prostitution with politicians and such.

Continuation of timeline- London/St Ives- 1992

Training continues at the London facility- assassination training in the daytime, prostitution training during the nighttime. Summer of 1992 comes around and I am to be used for my first delta test run in the civilian community. One of my clones currently lives in St Ives, Cornwall at this time

and I am to be swapped and implanted into this town for a short time to carry out Delta test run. Having had many different experiences over the years, the clone and I look slightly different now. Because of this I go through an advanced plastic surgery operation before my arrival in St Ives. My clone and I are swapped one night (memory swap occurs) and no-one in the community is any the wiser. I meet a young man just after (a close friend of the clone). The clone and this individual have been planning an armed robbery at the local spa supermarket in Carbis Bay outside St Ives and have ordered replica guns from a magazine. The replicas have arrived and I activate this individual's delta programming with trigger words. We meet later that night and walk from St Ives to Carbis bay.

We get to the supermarket and the young man I'm with starts to panic saying he can't go through with it. I wrap a scarf around my face and say "There's nothing to it, but to do it". I then run up the stairs and burst into the shop brandishing the replica gun. My friend comes in behind me and I point the replica at a young woman behind the till. I demand the money and she looks at me saying "Is this a joke?". I tell her this is not a joke in not so many kind words and cock the replica (cocking it so hard I break it). When she hears the gun being cocked, she turns white and becomes unresponsive. Because of this I jump over the counter and try to open the till myself. I don't know what button to press and hit the wrong one. An alarm goes off in the till and people who are hiding at the back of the shop start to panic and shout. My friend and I panic and in the chaos. I yell "Joel, lets go!" (like a complete muppet using his real name in front of everyone).

We run out of the shop, down to Carbis Bay railway track and head back to Peter Casbolt's flat on Draycott Terrace in St Ives. We enter the flat and Peter Casbolt(my father?) is in. We tell him what just happened and he hides the replica guns for us around the back of the flat. Just after this an police armed response unit pulls up outside the flat, officers get out and run into the house next door! Dad? goes next door to investigate. My clone is sitting in the police car and somehow we are swapped again and I end up in the back seat of the police car. The residents on Draycott Terrace are told the reason for the armed response unit is because they wanted to question a young man next door named Jake about the supermarket robbery who had a history of anti-social behaviour with air guns. I am driven to a waiting van and taken back to the London facility where I go through a debriefing with Alfred Bonner and Dr Green.

The armed robbery took place in January of 1992 and was reported in the local news and papers.

Before I am driven back to the underground base in London, A black car (can't remember which make) is parked behind the police car on Draycott Terrace. My AI cranial implant is activated and I walk out of the flat and down the stairs to the street outside. As I walk down the stairs a man in a suit walks through the door at the bottom with one of my clones walking behind him. As we cross each other on the stairs, the clone and I touch hands and 'swap' memories. I walk out onto the terrace and 'dad' takes me to the black car opens the door and I get in without even saying goodbye to each other. Dr Green is seated in the back seat and when I get in he mentions something about a successful operation. He puts some type of long hand held tube up to my forehead (possibly made out of some clay like material) and the driver reverses up the terrace quickly and we pull out onto the main road. We drive out of St Ives along the Carbis Bay Road and when we get onto the roundabout near St Erth I fall asleep. When I wake up we are driving down a ramp in a underground carpark and we park in front of the door to left which leads to the hallway where the boys and girls dorms are situated. Two security guards open our doors and I get out with Dr Green.

We walk to a door further down on the left and enter a lift. Green takes out a card and inserts it into the panel and we descend down (possibly to Level 6). We exit and walk down a dimly lit hallway similar to the level with our dorms. We enter a room on the left and walk into a dark room containing three tripseats positioned next to each other with a forth facing them. I see George Bush Snr seated in the seat in the middle and Alfred Bonner seated to the right of him. All of us under full AI control now, I take my seat in front of them and Dr Green takes his seat to the left of George Bush Snr. The room lights up with red holographic displays above the three men's heads. Some kind of laser grid then links us telepathically together with a laser beam coming from our foreheads- connecting us together in a triangle shape. I begin to see the history of each being on the screens above their heads.

I see Dr Green is some kind of reptilian lifeform hiding within a man's body. This entities origin is the Draconis star system and I see the early history of his race on the screen. He is trapped within this part of time and space. I see 'survival dynamics and rates' and see that him and others of his race are trapped here because of survival dynamics that relate to their females. Something to do with having their females taken away from them a long time ago and being jealous of humanoids being united with their female partners in this sector of space. They come to this sector for breeding purposes. George Bush Snr's history (or the entity posing as him) is given to me now. He is a 'Saurian' reptilian hiding within a human body, a large dinosaur bipedal lifeform with a huge head. Again I see survival dynamics displayed on the screen. This lifeform and others of their race have had their females stolen from them in past history by Pleiadian humanoids. Their females were brought to this planet and the Saurians followed their females

here to rescue them and ended up trapped within this dimension. Next I see Alfred Bonner's history displayed. He is a Pleiadian humanoid and was party to the taking of the Saurian females and bringing them to this planet. Alfred and I have been close friends for a long time (as I am Aldebaran Pleiadian too) and see timeline displays of the four of us intricately weaved together.

When the data download has finished two security guards enter and I am escorted out by them and Dr Green. I am taken to a room further down the hall on the left and walk into a genetics lab here.

-I have to mention now that throughout my stay at this underground facility I am being given daily injections of some kind of blood/nutrient based nanite. Because of these injections I do not and cannot eat food as what I need at this time is supplied through the injections. The food I have been eating while in St Ives is stored in some kind of cybernetic compartment in my stomach. The blood/nanite injections also have some kind of addictive endorphin/opiate like effect on me and I have been denied recent injections and I'm starting to go through withdrawal symptoms.

Dr Green shows me cloned copies of my own body in various stages of development in this room. Four tanks filled with coloured liquid (green tubes, red tubes?) house these bodies. The first is a copy of my body as a baby, the second as a child, third as a teenager and fourth as an adult. The body I'm in now appears as that of a teenager and I gaze at the adult body with intense interest as to what I may become (the pain of withdrawals fades while I am distracted). Dr Green shows me a small hand held device which shows surveillance footage of another genetics type lab down the hall. A teenage girl is in a cage here with some kind of reptilian lifeform (don't want to talk about the details). Dr Green wants me to do something in this cage and I refuse. He threatens to keep "restarting me" (connecting me to these cloned bodies) so I will never develop properly. This is a terrifying prospect at the time and combined with intense need for blood that I'm experiencing from the withdrawals... I agree to do what he asks. I am taken into the room with the cage and the reptilian is gone. One of security guards unlocks the door and I enter. The teenage girl is naked in there sitting on the floor (don't feel comfortable talking about what happens next). When this is over I am taken up to the level above back to my dorm room.

1992- Underground facility, London-
(first unsanctioned political killing)

At night in my dorm room, I keep telling myself over and over "I'm Commander Michael Prince, I'm Commander Michael Prince", to retain my

sanity and my human identity. I sense something big coming soon that will decide the next few years of my life. This comes around and one morning I am taken by two security guards to a medical operating theatre on the right side of the hallway on our level. Three surgeon type doctors are inside and they get me to lay on an operating table. I stay awake for some kind of operation that focuses on my genitals and anus (some kind of small implants put in these areas- something to do with kundalini energy control over me). When this procedure is finished, one of the surgeons says something like "You'll make a fine ??? (surname which I can't remember) bitch". I am taken back to my dorm to recover and the next memory I have is of being escorted to one of the physical training rooms and performing many reps of pull-ups on a metal bar while a man takes notes on a clipboard. I feel very physically light when I perform these reps after the operation. I'm then escorted out of the hall into the underground carpark to the right, where I get into the back seat of a car with a dark haired man (finding it hard to recall the details of this man). He is talking about some "event" in the area and as we drive out of the underground facility topside, he wastes no time in accessing my sex programming while in the back seat (he performs oral sex on me).

The next memory is of me arriving in the driveway of a mansion in the countryside somewhere (I remember some codeword, about the name of a cat or something). I'm taken through the front door and I see two tall transvestite men wearing dresses standing near a staircase to the right. I see other people behind them wearing masks and these people are holding chains connected to woman wearing dog collars who are on all fours, while they talk around them like they are animals or slaves. The man from the back seat of the car and one of the transvestites exchange words referring to me as "The Surrogate" and the transvestite takes me upstairs into one the bedrooms. A woman's dress is laid on the bed and the transvestite gets me to take my clothes off and put it on. Once I have the dress on, he sits me down and puts woman's make-up on my face and then takes me back downstairs. I see many people walking excitedly towards the back of the house and we join them.

There is some kind of low circular wall in the garden with a circular enclosure inside. Steps going underneath the enclosure are to the left of the wall and they enter into some underground chamber where I sense some kind of Looking Glass machine has been placed. The people gather around the outside of the circle and I am escorted to the center where a geometric shape, possibly a pentagram, is marked on the floor. I stand in the center and then see a young woman being dragged out of the house by two men. She is struggling and the people around the circle begin to chant. The woman is some kind of sex slave/prostitute and she is positioned in the circle to the back of me. Neither of us can move now. I sense some movement behind me

(I now remote view the scene from a different angle). The man has a huge knife and cuts her throat, I feel energy move into my back when this happens and I almost pass out.

There is much movement going on now but I keep drifting in and out of consciousness and it's hard to remember what happens. I think people are drinking the woman's blood. The next memory is being escorted back to one of the bedrooms by the tall transvestite and another man. The transvestite is instructing me to do various sexual acts which ends up with the man (a politician connected to MI-6- can't quite see his face) having anal sex with me. He finishes by coming around to the front of me and ejaculating in my face while the transvestite gives me various instructions of what to do to him. I feel his psychic energy lesson over me when he ejaculates and I sense a tiny window of opportunity to gain control over myself. He stands there tired for a moment and I jump up and grab his face and head with both of my hands and jerk his head around. His neck snaps like a twig and he falls to the floor. The transvestite starts screaming and I strike him in the front of the neck and feel his throat collapse as he falls to the floor. I'm thinking of an escape route when the door bursts open and three security men tazer me. I am neutralized and the next memory I have is of being in some type of military courtroom. Kate Casbolt is there, Peter Casbolt and Neil Pettet along with other men in uniforms and woman in suits. This is some sort of court martial and I'm being charged with an "Unlawful killing" (non-sanctioned killing). The case revolves around the death of the politician but no-one cares about the transvestite because apparently he was a cybernetic being.

1992- London

I am to be court martialed in a military court after the 'unlawful' killing of the killing of the politician at the mansion (location still unknown to me). I am taken to a court at the underground facility in London. I enter escorted by the two security guards who also previously escorted me around the halls and levels of the London facility (Wackenhut? can't remember ID's on their uniforms yet). I sit at a table at the front of court. The judge sits in front and to the left are rows of seats. I see Kate Casbolt, Peter Casbolt and Neil Pettet seated to the left as well as other people. Prosecution and defence are seated near me as well. The judge starts to call the case and I'm told I'm being tried for the unlawful killing of ??? (I'm finding it really hard to remember who this was- I'm pretty sure he was Russian).

My defence starts the case by stating the killing cannot be called unlawful because the whole process of my life for the last few years has been unlawful. Details of my life are presented by the defence and the judge stops him stating National Security laws. I start to read some of these details on a

document the defence lawyer has next to me. The details of my life are extremely watered down- these people don't seem to know the full horror of what has been happening to me the past few years (the AI controlled deeper levels of the underground facilities). The prosecution and defence argue back and forth for awhile until the judge stops them. The judge says the facts must be presented and a surveillance video is shown to everyone in the court of what happened in the bedroom of the mansion at the time of the politician's death. The video stops and a stunned silence permeates room. The judge breaks this by saying something about due legal process and these 'parties' being protected under the law. My fate is being decided and 'standard protocol' is being mentioned with cryofreeze being mentioned for people like me under these circumstances. The defence asks for me to be housed at some facility with a code number and to be kept awake until a compromise can be arranged. (I remember something connected to Princess Diana is closely related to this) The judge has to go along with the defence's suggestions because of what is occurring at the time with Diana (can't remember the details at this time). The judge decides I am to be taken to ??? facility (can't remember details but somehow connected to some prison facility underwater- Atlantic ocean- run by the National Security Agency and designed for the most dangerous prisoners in the world) until they can decide what to do with me.

I am taken from the underground court in London to be escorted by security to the sub-global tube shuttle system. First I am taken to a room where various surgical procedures are carried out on me (I will be eating ordinary food in this place and other changes will occur to my lifestyle). I am given time to recover by the doctors after this and then escorted to a lower level. Before we enter the tube shuttle terminal, one of the security guards takes a long metal tube like device out of his pocket and tells me to put it on the inside of my leg. I put this device on my flesh and it feels like it 'melts' into my skin. Apparently this was some kind of nanotech device that would help a certain group (possibly COM-12) keep track of me from here on out.

We wait in the underground terminal until a shackle/prisoner cart comes along the track. These vehicles look like a series of large clear plastic cubes in a row. Each cube holds one prisoner (though not all cubes held a prisoner at the time). I am put in the cube and my wrists and ankles are restrained by plastic extensions that come out from the front of cube. The cart begins to move forwards and accelerates extremely fast down the track into a darker tunnel. This is very disorientating as most tube shuttles have shutters that come down over the windows when in motion to stop motion sickness caused by moving so fast. The lack of shutters is a kind if punishment for prisoners. As the motion on the outside gets to an almost unbearable speed we travel through some kind of rainbow coloured gateway (rainbow

coloured swirling lights on the track) and a high pitched vibration can be heard and felt.

We have now travelled off-planet to the Sirius Star Sector (although this D4 underground prison is officially listed on most earth files as being located under the Atlantic ocean). We travel through another series of tunnels and come to a stop at the end of a track inside a building with high ceilings with two huge curved archways on either side of the room. Two rows of SS 'Stormtroopers' stand on either side of the train, dressed in the ultra modern black leather uniforms and facemasks holding advanced rifle type weapons with the SS symbol emblazoned on left side of the chest part of the uniform. Ezra appears behind the guards in her female SS uniform with a clipboard and the side doors open, the plastic clips click unlocked (with the wrist and ankle restraints inside the plastic housing still in place) and she orders us out of the cart.

1992- Off Planet

D4 underwater prison facility

I mentioned this facility on my Coast to Coast AM interview. During the discussion with George I described a 'waterworld' planet in the Sirius system that has a small land mass in the center with some kind of city within the center of that land mass. That is the only populated area above water. The rest of planet is ocean. The D4 prison is apparently impossible to escape from. The facility includes men and women and alien lifeforms (not all housed together).

I'd like to talk about 'Ezra' now and the need for so-called sexual 'dominatrix' women to be used at the facility. These individuals are used for the simple fact that PSI/Psychic and sexual energy is one and the same. There was a need at this facility to dominate and suppress and PSI/sexual energy of the many psychics here for the simple reason that although the NSA considered the facility impossible to escape from they were concerned I could take over the minds of the entire staff here and escape. I am still attempting to get the drawings of Ezra and Hans, who spent much time at this facility, from a Welsh remote viewer but he seems to have disappeared. H will be drawing a picture of Hans who was involved in the abuse
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx (also Hans picked her up from a San Francisco apartment xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx, for the same men on the plane xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx- all men, including Hans, on the plane had British accents and told her they were headed to Nevada- they were headed to Area 51 in reality). Also, as mentioned before I was picked up in a van in St Ives before H arrived txxxxxxxxxxx (this time she was xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx), the

van had former MI6 director John McCleod Scarlett in it and I was drugged and dropped into trance and shown video footage by Scarlett and another man on a laptop of H in Amsterdam. The video showed hardcore xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx, with Ezra abusing her in xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx. The van pickup event was designed to use panic and nausea inducing drugs to connect these feelings with meeting H, therefore making it harder for us to get together- Alice in Wonderland programming which Scarlett is an expert in.

The prisoners from the shuttle are ordered by Ezra to disembark. We stand in a line waiting to be transferred to a cell complex. Through the archway (with the 'last stop' terminal in it) on the right hand side of the this huge room the guards attach plastic rods which connect the wrist and ankle restraints forcing us to hunch over. Only allowing us to take small shuffle steps. Ezra walks along the line taking names and numbers and ticking her clipboard. When this is complete she orders us to follow her through the large archway and into a huge three leveled cell complex. Some of the guards escort the other prisoners to their cells and Ezra takes me to the top level of the cell tier. The bottom tier contains mostly black prisoners and the top tier mostly white prisoners. She takes me to a cell, with guards in escort, in the middle of the top tier and I am told to walk into the cell. This is a similar room to the dorm room in the London underground facility, with a toilet, sink at the top end of the room, a single bed against the wall on the left hand side and a small writing desk with a chair under on the right hand side of the room. The front of the cell has open bars and this room is actually less oppressive than the dorm room at the London facility as the hallways and dorms were darker here. Both had a metal door that would be locked at night. So basically I've gone from one prison to another.

She tells me to sit on the bed as she stands outside the cell. There is a hole in the floor near the bed, and I am told to place a plastic rod attached to the middle of the ankle restraints inside the hole. I am now 'secured' within the cell and the restraint device is firmly connected to the floor so I cannot get off the bed. Ezra dismisses guards and comes into the cell. We have some quick conversation about me just being kept here for the time being until they can figure out what to do with me. I'm pretty sure we are having this conversation in German. She leaves the cell and presses a button outside on the cell door on the right hand side of the wall. This makes the ankle and wrist restraints pop open and I place the restraint device on the floor (it is still connected to the floor) and slide it around in a semi circle under the bed.

The life and times of Michael Prince- Part 6

by [James Michael Casbolt](#)

1992- D4 Facility- Sirius Sector

I lay on my bed and begin to 'orientate' myself. I sense I have physically travelled to a location in a different part of the galaxy in the secret NSA space program. It is important for me to work out where I am located to stabilize myself. I know I'm not at the facility underneath the Atlantic Ocean as stated officially at the London underground base. I remember how some of the enhanced soldier units had gone insane when they travelled to a far off-planet in the space program, as they could not orientate themselves after being disconnected from the electro-magnetics of the planet they had been raised on.

I reminded myself that all places are my home, I hold the galaxy within my palm and I am an Old Traveler and one day will inherit my very own planet again. I project a Kabballa formation within my mind's eye and see smaller Tree of Life formulas within each Sephiroth circle. I turn the Kabballa on it's side and see the circle on the bottom right corner light up. I have physically travelled through a series of wormholes in the sub-transit system and arrived within the Sirius star sector. I know the energies of this location well and relax into them and fall asleep.

The next morning I am awoken by two security guards outside my cell door. I am instructed to shackle myself into the restraint apparatus connected to the floor. As I do this I stare to my right and focus on one of the guards. I extract the following information-

A meeting has been held the night before and through a series of documents put together by a Catholic Jesuit study group, it has been ascertained that repeated attempts to break my mind, to allow an alien entity to take possession of my body (and part of my mind) have failed. The study group has realized the reason for this is because I have repeatedly 'sealed' my mind and identity every night when alone in my room before sleep, after various torture sessions.

Now one last desperate attempt will take place to split and trap my mind in a Kabballa based underground 'Pillar', that uses a combination of advanced liquids, gases and low temperatures. I am escorted in the shackles, to a lift in the middle of our upper tier prison block. We enter the lift and one of the guards presses a button with an alien symbol on it. The symbols on the lift button display appear to be on a mixture of Kabballa, Sumerian and

possible Latin 'Catholic' symbols and information. We descend in the lift and travel below the ground floor in the facility. The doors open and we exit on a metal platform and walk down a flight of stairs onto a large open space floor area. I see Ezra the female guard standing near chains hanging from the ceiling. The restraints are opened and I am told to strip while the two guards stand near me with mean looking cattle prod devices they have just armed themselves with (these devices were hung on the walls of this large chamber).

Ezra pulls the chains down and puts arm clamps around my wrists. The chains are pulled upwards and I am lifted off the floor and dangle by my wrists. I look up and see blacked out windows to the upper left of the room and I sense a group of people is situated here operating this torture device and observing. A trapdoor opens below me and I look down and see a deep well like hole with metal sides. I am lowered down and I see symbols on the sides. The shaft is lit up with a dim red coloured light. As I descend deeper I am sprayed with a cold vapor. This stuns me and I see water at the bottom of the shaft. My feet touch the water and I am lowered in. I am now entering an altered state of consciousness and I see skeletons of dead people in the water who have died in the well. My skin seems to be blistering as the temperature lowers. A circular plastic grid is shut over my head and I am now trapped under the water. I feel like I am starting to drown but just as I feel like something is about to explode inside me, I experience a feeling massive power and peace. I feel I have left my body for a split second but then I've realized my body is a safe place to be. I realize my mind sealed in my body makes my mind and body literally indestructible. I am breathing in bio-electricity from the space around me and I can survive indefinitely underwater!

The moment I experience this cognition the plastic grid opens and I am pulled upwards. As I travel back to the surface, I shout at the top of my lungs-

YOU CAN'T KILL ME MOTHERFUCKERS, I LIVE FOREVER!!!!

I am pulled through the opening and see a large group of people dressed in black robes in a triangle formation on the floor. They are on their knees prostrating before me chanting something like-

"Son of Elijah, galaxy opening, Shore of Paradise" (PARASHORE?)

I am hanging in the middle in my chains. An individual at the peak of the triangle formation of people, instructs one of the guards to let me down. The chains are lowered and my wrists are unlocked. I instinctively approach the

individual at the head of the triangle and he pulls down his hood to reveal a reptilian face with white skin and red stripes along his face. He says something about "love thy enemy" in a deep voice, and hands me a gold scepter that apparently belongs to me. He stands to the side and motions to a gold coloured door built into the wall. I pick up PSI information from the reptilian that there is a room behind the door with exact copies on earth in places such as Antarctica and Peru which the Nazi's and other groups had/have control of.

I walk towards the room and the gold coloured door opens. I am bathed in a green light when this happens and I see a male and female reptilian sitting on two throne like seats on the other side of the green room. I walk towards them and as I enter the room I start to project holographic images of the past from my third eye. The walls of the room are made of some type of emerald stone. I see images of great wars in space and on the surface of planets, brothers in arms, lost loves, queens, Kings, Gods that walk the earth, Giants, Mars. I see and remember names- JEHAV, KAMAGOL, USURP, URAK and many others. I walk over to the two thrones, we all nod our heads to each in recognition and I place the scepter I'm holding within a clear crystal tube like device that extends from the floor. Some kind of clear 'diamond light' extends in a prism formation around in the room and the female and male reptilian begin to talk together in my mind (the language sounds Sumerian and is translated into English here)-

"We've searched the galaxy looking for worthy opponents for 'Our Blood'. You fit criteria. You will engage in long conflict with us. Respect you Warrior. Go against us. Show no mercy. We will show you none. Embrace your Egos/Serim/Seriee-thrim- Seraphim? and play a most dangerous game. Now go. More tasks for you and Great Atrium Gnosis/Holy Basilica reptilians"