

## FOUR LAST BLOGS

*Tuesday, 15th*

They've been watching me all day again; they're always watching me. Their eyes are everywhere. Not the people around me; they hardly notice me. To people I'm a non-person. No, it is not the people.

It is *them* – the Grey ones. They have eyes everywhere. They conspire; they are always conspiring; they want to enter my brain, to enter my mind – to be there in my head.

I hear them again this evening – I hear their menacing whispers. I hear them there, beneath the ground. where they live inside the Earth – in the Netherworld, the world of the Grey ones.

But they come out through the Openings. they come in secret, where they have been coming out for centuries.

Their secret was almost given away in New Mexico, at Roswell. Grey ones, dead Grey ones, were found in the crash there. Our leaders tell us no; the military tells us no. It was a high-altitude balloon that crashed, they say – a balloon from the "Mogul" program. The United States military lie. They know the truth; they know what the Marcells and Brazels saw. They have those dead Grey ones. They conspired and still conspire to conceal the truth.

Why do they not tell us the truth? Because it would frighten us, it would make us panic, they say. That is not the reason. It is because the Grey ones want their secret kept hidden. They Grey ones control the US military.

They work their way into people's heads; they control their minds. They have conspired to keep the secret of Roswell. They continue their secret work of the centuries to take control of our world, of the land above them.

But why do they bother with me? Why do they want to enter *my* head? They shall not! I am *me* – I shall not be them!

*Wednesday, 16th*

They were watching me again today. They were looking into my brain; I could feel their eyes piercing through my skull, into my brain – into my mind. I could hear their whispering. It filled my head – all their evil voices.

But they shall not possess me. They must not!

I know they've possessed others – have controlled others. You can see it in people's faces, in their eyes. They had completely occupied Bush's head; you could see he was little more than a zombie controlled by the Grey ones. Oh yes, they got to the minds of other presidents – but they took over his completely.

There was only one who had the strength to resist him, only one. That was JFK – and we know what happened to him. They conspired to have him killed.

They love destruction. They want to destroy us so they can take over the world.

*They* conspired to bring down the Twin Towers – the fanatics were only their instruments. Oh, yes, *they* control Bin Laden. his mind is too feeble to resist them. They control him. Why else can't he be found? They have an Opening in the Hindu Kush; I know it's there. I know they've taken Bin Laden into their world inside the Earth. He'll not be found until or unless they discard him.

But I'll not be a zombie; I'll *not* be one of their instruments. I will resist them!

*Thursday, 17th*

I am tired, very tired. I've battled against them all day. All day at work they kept piercing my brain, trying to enter my skull. But I resisted them; they were whispering there in my head; I could hear their voices. But I closed my mind to them.

Oh, I am so very tired. It is hard work resisting them.

It would be easier just to give in, just to let them enter my head – just to let myself become an instrument in their global conspiracy. It would be easier.

No! I shall not! I am *me*; I am not them!

Yet their conspiracy will prevail; they will become masters of this world.

Look what happened to those who resisted them. They conspired to have JFK assassinated. They had princess Di killed. Why did they have to do that? Yes, she resisted them; but what threat was she to them? Why did they have to have her killed?

That fool El Fayed thinks the Duke of Edinburgh was behind the conspiracy. He cannot see the truth. It was *them*, the Grey ones, that conspired to have her killed. Dodi was just collateral damage.

As for Prince Philip – yes, I know they entered his mind long ago; but it would be too obvious to have used him. They are more devious than that. Yes, they are very devious; and they are very patient – but they get their way in the end.

But I must not give way. Will they conspire to have me killed if I don't give way? Will they?

But why? What am I to them? Why do they want to enter my head?

I'm tired, so very tired. I must sleep now,

*Friday, 18th*

No one noticed me at work today – no one. It would not matter if I were there or not. I am a nobody, a non-person.

But not to *them*. *They* want me. *They* want to enter my head, to control my mind. They were watching me all the time at work. I could feel their piercing eyes; I could feel their eyes boring through my skull, searching my brain, my mind.

I hear their menacing whispers even as I write this. I heard them whispering at work today. *They* were speaking to me to me at work today –

whispering their hateful menaces.

Why don't my *colleagues* speak to me? Why don't they ever smile? Why don't they notice me?

Is it because they are part of the Grey ones' conspiracy? Can I not escape the Grey ones? Will I never be free of them?

I shall escape them! They will *not* enter my head; they will *not* possess me. Nor shall *they* kill me!

Let me be rid of them – rid of their hateful conspiracy! Let me be clean again! Let cleansing waters engulf me, lave me, set me free from *them* for ever!

Tonight, in this storm, I will walk down to the sea front, – I will walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain; and I shall walk *alone* into the waves – alone with hope in my heart to be free, to be free, for ever free!

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