



The Little Universe

a novel by Jason Matthews

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Sample 3 - Communication, Psychic Abilities, Skeptics

Communication

Jessica and Ian left for the night, exhausted after working on the Deltan generators. Adams was tired too. He was battling a cold and didn't feel like staying as late as usual. He asked me if I would mind giving Whitney a ride home, since she came with him. She was still meditating with the Thetans, and neither of us wanted to interrupt it.

"Go ahead," I told him. "I'll wait."

I planned on relaxing in my chair for the last half hour before the Thetan sun rose over Coasttown.

After Adams had left, I observed Whitney in her meditation. A deep stillness took over the lab. The monitors showed the faces of the six Thetans in meditation. It was still something of a

marvel to me. It was eerily strange yet calm. I closed my eyes and relaxed. Just as I was beginning to fade out, I suddenly realized I had no idea where I had placed my keys. I searched for them all over my desk, but I couldn't find them and quickly got frustrated.

"Where are my car keys?" I said aloud, as my search became anxious.

"Behind the fire extinguisher," Whitney said calmly from her sitting position with her eyes closed.

I was surprised she had answered me. I apologized for not being quieter. Then I realized that she was right. I walked over to the fire extinguisher and found my keys placed on the ledge behind it. I had put them there upon arrival when Jessica had unloaded a bunch of documents on me. It was the only time I had ever put my keys there, and I was sure no one had seen me do it.

"How did you know that?" I asked her in a hushed tone. There was no response from Whitney. I couldn't tell if she was still meditating or if she was just sitting there with her eyes closed. "Whitney, can you hear me?"

"She cannot hear you at the moment," was the response from Whitney. Her voice had a strange calmness to it, and I assumed she was joking around.

"If she can't hear me, then how does she know where my keys are?"

"She doesn't," was the response from Whitney.

"Okay, I'll play along. Then who am I talking with?"

"In your terms, the one you refer to as The Grandmother."

"Very funny. Jim, you must have whispered where they were while I was going through my desk, right?"

"I had no idea," Jim replied. His green light pulsed.

"Okay, I'll admit that was a good one. Now can you finish up with what you're doing so we can get out of here?"

Whitney made no response. I looked up at the monitors and saw the Thetan sun had yet to rise over Coasttown. The Thetans were still in their meditation. So was Whitney. I looked at The Grandmother sitting calmly in her spot. I felt uneasy and sat down at my desk. I waited patiently for the Thetan sun to rise and for Whitney to come out of her session.

About twenty minutes passed before the session ended. The six Thetans stood and left the circle. Whitney rolled her neck around. She opened her eyes slowly, as if the room was bright.

"Did my father leave already?" she asked me through a yawn.

"Yes, he did," I told her. "That was a good joke, by the way."

"What do you mean?" Whitney asked. I jangled the car keys in front of her. "What are you talking about?"

"You almost had me going. Jim was perfectly calm about it. It was kind of funny, I'll admit."

Whitney gave me a blank expression. She said, "Jon, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"The joke's over. I'll be in the car." I walked out of the lab.

When Whitney sat in the passenger seat, she repeated she didn't know what I was talking about. As we sped down the road, I went over the conversation we had about the keys and about

The Grandmother. I repeated that it was very amusing, but I still wanted to know how she knew it.

Whitney told me, “Stop the car.” I pulled over on the side of the road. She looked me in the eyes and said, “Are you making this up?”

“Why would I make this up?”

“I promise you,” she said, “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“You told me where my keys were, and then you said you weren’t the one I was talking with, but you were The Grandmother.”

“That’s crazy!”

“Tell me about it!”

We drove the rest of the way to her house in silence. As she got out of the car, she searched my face one last time. I realized we were doubting each other’s sincerity. I drove back to my place with an overwhelming feeling that Whitney had been honest with me. In the months I had known her, I had never once heard her tell a lie or play a joke on someone. It wasn’t like her to do those things, no matter how trivial.

The next day, neither of us spoke about it to the others. We went about our work as usual. I assisted Adams on Deltan pneumatic tunnels. Jessica and Ian worked on roving pedestals. Whitney spent her day finding new Thetan villages and documenting the people who made up the various meditation groups. She was still attempting to understand their longevity and trying to figure out how it could affect our lives.

As the day wound down, Adams asked, “Would you mind staying late again to give Whitney a ride?”

He still wasn’t feeling well. All of us were feeling the effects of months of long days at work. I considered telling him about the past night’s event, but instead, I said it would be fine.

Adams left with Jessica and Ian. They were still discussing Deltan pedestals on their way out the door. Whitney and I were alone in the lab. She placed her mat on the floor and put her assorted photos of the Thetans in their proper places. She lit three candles and an incense stick. Then she watched the monitors, waiting for the Coasttown Thetans to arrive.

I fixed my attention on the Thetan monitors. The group of six approached the podium in the darkness of the predawn light. The Grandmother led the way. I watched with a growing curiosity to see if I could detect anything different about her, but I couldn’t. Even in the dim light, I saw the look of serenity that defined her. The six Thetans took their positions within the circle. Whitney closed her eyes. I pretended to stay busy with other duties. Jim said nothing, as he enjoyed participating in the sessions.

Within a few minutes, I sensed Whitney was locked in a meditative state. There was a difference about her face and her being that was subtle, but I could tell when she was there. Her face showed no emotion as she became the epitome of calmness. Jim’s green light dwindled down to a very low level. While the meditation ensued, I became more curious and thought of ways to make sense of what had happened the night before.

I walked over to Whitney. I placed my hand several inches from her face and snapped my fingers lightly. She made no acknowledgement.

“Whitney?” I said softly. No response came back. I repeated her name again.

“She’s meditating,” Jim said quietly.

“I know. I’m just checking something out.” The monitor showed The Grandmother sitting at her spot ever so peacefully. I wondered if it was worth trying some questions. “Grandmother,” I said toward Whitney, as I looked at the Thetan face on the monitor. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes,” came the response from Whitney’s mouth. The voice was gentle. I didn’t know what to say. The one thing I felt for certain was that Whitney was not playing a joke.

“Grandmother,” I began, “is it your voice I hear coming through Whitney?”

“At this time, yes,” Whitney spoke calmly.

“Do you mind if I ask a question?” I asked nervously.

“If it pleases you,” she said. Her words came slowly, and there was a distinct properness to them.

“How did you know where my car keys were the other day?”

“The same as I know where they are now,” was the response from Whitney’s mouth.

“Where are they?” I asked.

“In the front right pocket of your pants,” she answered. This came as another surprise but not a shock, for that’s where they usually were.

“May I ask you another question?” I said, building up confidence to test her.

“If it pleases you.”

“Jim, do me a favor and make a recording of this.”

“Okay.”

“How many beer bottles are on the shelf in the bathroom at my apartment?”

I had started the collection once I reached drinking age. I started at twenty to represent my birthday and placed a new beer bottle from a different country once a year on the shelf. It had evolved into something important to me. The collection was my way of feeling cosmopolitan. There was exactly one bottle for each year that I was alive. No one in the world knew about it, and Whitney had never been inside my apartment.

“There are thirty-three,” was the response. She was right.

“How do you know that?” I asked with absolute interest.

Through Whitney, The Grandmother spoke about vibrations and impulses and some kind of records. Within ten seconds, she had lost me entirely. She spoke at great length in a poised manner. The most I gathered from her spiel was that people were entities and everything was made up of vibrations. She went on and on for about fifteen minutes.

I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about, but I was relieved that Jim was recording it. After she stopped, I got a warm feeling about the whole thing.

“What color are the stripes on my socks?” I asked her next.

“Blue on the right, green on the left.”

“Are you still recording this, Jim?”

“Every word.”

“Good. What was the name of the dog I got when I was ten?”

“You called him Shep,” came the response.

I asked any trivial question I could think of, and she answered correctly each time. Somehow, this Thetan elder knew everything about me.

I remained quiet for the remainder of the session and watched The Grandmother sitting calmly. I felt a growing respect toward her and the others in the group. I waited for what seemed an eternity for the Thetan sun to rise and the session to end. Once Whitney came back to present awareness, I didn't give her much time to unwind before I started telling her what had happened.

“I really don't want to start this conversation again,” she interrupted me.

“We taped it,” I told her. “Just listen.”

Jim replayed it. Whitney rolled her eyes when the question about the beer bottles came up, but when she heard her own voice respond with the number thirty-three, she became more interested. Then I asked how The Grandmother did it. When her response started coming back, Whitney was overwhelmed. Her body quivered as if she was hit by an electrode.

“That's my voice!” she said.

“I know. It's incredible!”

“What am I talking about?” she asked in disbelief.

We listened again through the long explanation. Whitney shook her head in amazement. She also had difficulty understanding the meaning behind the words. The Grandmother kept referring to vibrations, intentions and entities, and something called the Akashic records.

Neither of us could follow it entirely, but its eloquence and complexity supported the argument that this was indeed the voice of another speaker. Whitney didn't talk that way. Nobody did.

“We've got to share this with my father,” Whitney said. “Right away.” We raced back to her house in my wheels. When we arrived, we discovered Adams asleep in his bed. Knowing he wasn't feeling well, we decided the news could wait until morning.

I drove home thinking about the wonder of it. When I reached my apartment, I went straight to the bathroom and counted the bottles on the shelf. A part of me was suddenly nervous I had been inaccurate.

To my delight, there were thirty-three beer bottles as expected.

The next morning when I arrived at work, Whitney and Adams were already listening to the recording. The speaker was within the lengthy explanation. Adams had a look of confusion building up on face. He acknowledged my presence but said nothing.

“It's amazing, isn't it,” I said. Whitney smiled back to me.

“It certainly is,” Adams managed, though he chose his words cautiously.

“What do you think about it?” I asked him.

“I'm not sure yet.” He signaled to me to keep quiet so he could listen.

Jessica arrived and was curious what was going on, but she also received a wave off from Adams as he focused on the voice. By the time Ian arrived, it was almost over. The tape replayed the questions about my socks and my old dog's name. Ian assumed it was some kind of joke.

"What's this all about?" he asked.

Adams didn't say anything. I told Jessica and Ian about the previous night. I had trouble containing my enthusiasm. But when I finished the story and waited for their responses, all that came back were smart remarks and laughter.

"You don't believe me?" I asked them.

"No," they said. I glanced to Adams for confirmation. He was locked in the same thought pattern I had seen on his face when I entered the room.

"What about you, Dad?"

"Well," Adams said slowly, "there must be a reasonable explanation."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like you two are making this up," he said flatly. Whitney was disappointed.

"Jim, tell them we're not making this up," I said.

"They're not making it up," Jim said emphatically.

"Now you've got Jim in on this too?" Jessica asked me. "I'm not sure that's such a good idea."

Adams agreed with her. "It takes the light waves almost two years to reach Jim's camera from that planet," he reminded us. "When we're watching these people, we're watching them two years ago. How could you be having a conversation with them?"

"I agree," I said. "I understand that you don't believe this. But you will after seeing it for yourselves. Is that okay with you?" I asked Whitney.

"Sure."

Jessica and Ian agreed. So it was set. We would see if Whitney could do it again with an audience. We spent the rest of the day not talking about it.

Whitney looked self-conscious as the others watched her place the icons about her mat in the usual manner. She preferred to meditate when everyone had left, even her father. I hoped she would be able to relax enough to reach that state of detachment.

Finally, the monitors above Whitney's desk showed the group of six Thetans approaching the podium at the beautiful village of Coasttown. The Grandmother led the way. They took their positions around the circle. I explained to the others in a quiet voice the way of the meditation sessions as I had observed.

The first several minutes were rather awkward. Whitney attempted to relax while the others sat and observed skeptically. Ian checked his watch a few times as if to say he hoped this wouldn't take too long.

I whispered, "It's worth the wait."

Whitney was getting close. I wanted to give her a few extra minutes to be sure. The others waited with mixed expressions appearing on their faces as the minutes passed.

Ian and Jessica noted the simple design on the circular podium and the seating placement of the people. Ian observed that the Thetans sat with six people in a seven-pointed circle. The position next to The Grandmother was left unoccupied, as was their custom.

I noticed the look of settlement on Whitney's face. I asked, "Can anybody hear me?"

"Yes," Whitney calmly replied.

"Am I speaking with The Grandmother?" I asked.

"You have said it so."

Ian and Jessica shared doubtful looks. Adams sat still.

I said, "Is it okay to ask some more questions?"

"If it pleases you," Whitney replied.

"Go ahead," I told the others. "Ask her anything you want."

There was a long pause. Adams looked like he didn't want to say anything at all, while Ian just seemed lost in a blank moment.

"What did I have for breakfast today?" Jessica asked.

"Half a melon and some bread," Whitney replied. Jessica raised an eyebrow.

"How much do I weigh?" Ian asked with a laugh.

"In your terms, 175 pounds."

"That's about right, I think. How old am I?" Ian added. "In seconds."

"One billion, one hundred sixty-three million, sixty-five thousand, two hundred and three," she answered. I smiled broadly. I had a feeling she was right. Ian repeated the first three numbers to himself and thought about it. He grabbed his calculator and started punching in numbers.

"What was the name of my childhood doll?" Jessica asked as Ian busied himself with the calculator.

"You called her Sissy," the reply came. Jessica nodded her head in amazement.

"What was the name of Jessica's first lover?" I asked. Jessica gave me a look of disapproval and elbowed me in the chest.

"The entity's name was Randall Jackson, during his incarnation."

"She's right. But why do you say, 'during his incarnation?'" Jessica added.

"Because that entity has passed on," Whitney said.

"I wasn't aware of that." Jessica sat down absorbing the information. "I haven't thought of him for over twenty years."

"How old am I in seconds?" Ian repeated after coming up with his answer.

"One billion, one hundred sixty-three million, sixty-five thousand, two hundred and fifty."

"I have myself at a few less than that, although I'm not exactly sure what time I was born. Plus, I didn't factor in for this year. Are you starting from birth or conception?"

"Get past it, Ian!" I told him. "Ask her something that really interests you!"

"You mean I can ask her anything, and she'll know the answer?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you!"

Ian thought about it. He thought about the simplest question on his mind from the past week.

“Why can’t we get the platform drive system on our prototype to emit the same amount of force as the ones from Delta 13?” Ian asked. “Does she know that?”

Adams interrupted, “Don’t be absurd, Ian. She can’t know about—”

“The problem lies in the set ratio of the emission source from the distance to the refraction lenses,” Whitney began. “Velocities will be greatly improved by shortening and widening this area.”

Ian perked up immediately. Whitney continued speaking in technical terms. She answered eloquently, using complex words of physics and engineering. Adams, Ian and Jessica were spellbound. I loved it, knowing this would put to rest any doubt that this was contrived by Whitney or me. Ian found the answer to his liking, though he shook his head that this could be happening.

“Jim, are you recording this?” Adams asked.

“Every word.”

The speaker went on and on. She pointed out several facets of their design that either needed improvements or simply weren’t correct interpretations of the Deltan technology. Ian lit up with amazement. Jessica agreed that the speaker was making perfect sense. Once the speaker had finished, there was a quiet buzz throughout the lab.

Whitney sat calmly.

Ian asked, “How are you so knowledgeable about these drive systems?”

The speaker answered through Whitney, “This information is accessible in the Akashic records.” Ian shrugged as if he didn’t understand.

“I have a question for you,” Adams added with a smile, as if he was trying to get to the bottom of a joke. “Are you aware that your planet is moving outwards in orbit?”

“Yes,” she replied.

“What is causing that?”

“In the presence of a growing star, we ask our planet to move accordingly,” the reply came from Whitney.

“Are you saying you are responsible for this?”

“We are through for the present,” Whitney said.

“What do you mean?”

The monitor showed the Thetan sun was beginning to rise over Coasttown. Within a minute, the group of six would get up from their positions and resume their normal activities.

Adams repeated, “What do you mean ‘we are through?’”

“It’s too late,” I told him. “Their sun is coming up. The session only lasts while they’re in the trance.”

“I don’t understand,” Adams said.

“Forget about that for a second,” I told him. “What do you think? Ian? Jessica?”

“Absolutely incredible,” Jessica whispered, watching the Thetans get out of their seated positions.

Whitney began to roll her head. She opened her eyes slowly, adjusting to the light. She looked at us as we stared at her in amazement.

“What?” Whitney asked defensively. “Did it work?”

“Unbelievable,” Ian said. “How did you know all those answers?”

“All what answers?”

“You mean you don’t remember?”

“She doesn’t have any awareness of it while it’s going on,” I explained. “We don’t know why. Maybe we should ask them next time.”

“What did you think, Dad?”

Adams was slow to respond. He mulled over the information. “It doesn’t make any sense. Though what you said about the Deltan pedestals made a lot of sense.”

Jessica asked, “How do you feel, Whitney?”

“A little drained but fine. What did I say?”

Jim printed out a transcript. Whitney moved to a chair and scanned it.

After a few moments she reached out for Jessica. “I’m so sorry about your friend.”

Jessica acknowledged the remark and sat next to her. Whitney read on. She was amazed with the description of the mechanisms that had not been sorted out by Ian and Adams. “This part is really wonderful,” she whispered.

“I’d like a copy of that as well,” Ian said. Jim printed another for him and one for Adams.

“How can they do it?” Adams asked Whitney. “How can they speak through you, especially concerning the physics involved?”

“I have no idea.”

Adams was skeptical yet intrigued. He eyed The Grandmother. He watched her quietly as she walked off the podium and back to her grass hut.

The following day, Adams and Ian read through the advice on the Deltan roving pedestals. The comments made by The Grandmother were pure genius. As they analyzed the information, they came up with a series of follow-up questions.

Adams told Whitney, “I still don’t believe that it’s possible, but just for a laugh, I’d like to ask how the Thetans are getting their information.”

“Fine,” Whitney said.

“I also want to know how the planet moves in orbit, beyond the simple answer they gave.”

Whitney wasn’t sure what to make of her new ability. She attributed it entirely to the Thetans. She mentioned, “If anyone would like to try it, all you need to do is start meditating with them.”

That evening, we contacted the Coasttown Thetans again. This time, the crew had a list of prepared questions.

Adams asked The Grandmother the first question. “How are you able to communicate through my daughter?”

“By connecting at the subconscious level,” the speaker began. “The subconscious mind is in direct communication with all other subconscious minds.”

“Help me understand that,” Adams said.

The speaker spelled out a detailed account of the overall concept of communication. It was very matter-of-fact, unemotional information. She discussed people as entities. She also discussed energy and vibrations. “Vibrations” was a buzzword that kept popping up. As I understood it, the Thetans used the word to encompass verbal and mental communication. Thinking of any kind seemed to be a vibration. So was the ever-flowing wealth of information about anything at all.

I wasn’t sure what vibrations didn’t encompass. Terms like “source manifestations” and “planetary influences” also came up. Many of the answers were long-winded.

“Do you understand that this makes no sense?” Adams added. “The view we see of you is from light waves that take two years to reach us. How can we be seeing those wavelengths and conversing with you simultaneously?”

“The subconscious exists out of time,” the reply came from Whitney, “just as spirit exists out of time.”

Again, the speaker went into a lengthy explanation about the existence of non-physical entity processes. It was along the lines of thought waves being vibrations that existed beyond any measurement. Within a few sentences, she had lost me entirely.

Once the ramblings had stopped, Adams said, “Let’s bring her out of it.” Though the meditation was still taking place, and we had several questions we wanted to ask, there was a certain uneasiness about the process. Adams wasn’t sure how he felt about his daughter being used as a medium. “I don’t know how safe this whole process is.”

I shook her shoulders lightly. When she didn’t respond, I shook them harder. Then Whitney gasped for air and opened her eyes wide. As she regained consciousness, she was profoundly affected. She laughed softly as tears streamed down her face. Adams knelt before her and took her hands. She motioned to him that she was fine. It was the first time anyone had shaken her out of one of the sessions. It had an intense effect, like being awakened in the middle of a vivid dream.

Whitney sat wide-eyed and amazed as we told her the information she had presented. As usual, she hadn’t the vaguest notion that she had spoken at all, let alone for twenty minutes. She asked for a glass of water.

Jessica provided one, and Whitney took a few sips.

“It was like a blurring of time,” Whitney said. Instead of recalling a pleasant meditation and momentary loss of senses, as usual, she described an out-of-body perception of her own spirit surrounded by others. “There was warmth and calm. There was love, but I can’t describe it. I couldn’t see faces, but I sensed the presence of others with me.”

“Just when I thought I’d seen everything. Could Whit be a medium for the Thetans? No. I cannot accept that. There must be an explanation. It doesn’t make sense on a half dozen levels. But how did she describe Deltan technology so well?”

- from p. 124 of Webster’s journal.

Psychic Abilities

That night was the summer festival. The stores closed early. A large section of Main Street was blocked off. The townspeople gathered for a parade and fireworks to celebrate the end of summer. Whitney and I had planned to watch it.

She chose a picnic on a quiet hillside where we could see the activity of the town below. We hiked up a ways and spread a blanket under a tree. Whitney unpacked the food as I opened the wine. We ate in silence and watched the parade of town floats and marching kids.

“More wine?” she asked me.

“Please.” I offered my glass.

“You’ve been quiet, Jon.” She tore off some bread and cheese, bit into it and offered me the last bite.

“My mind keeps flashing back to your meditation today.”

“You’re not upset with all this weird stuff, are you?”

“No, but... it is strange.”

“It’s strange for me too,” she said. “Does it frighten you?”

“Frighten might not be the right word. I just don’t understand it.”

“Do you need to understand it?”

“I want to. Not that I understand most things at work, but this... this has really been a surprise.”

“Do you believe in psychic abilities?” she asked.

“I never have. Why, do you think you’re psychic?”

“Sometimes. Things will happen, and I’ll feel like I knew it was going to happen.”

“I don’t think I’d want a gift like that,” I said.

“Why not?”

“I don’t know.”

“Have you ever had an experience where it feels strange, like you’d already experienced it? That you were seeing something you’d seen before?”

“I think so.”

“Isn’t that sort of the same thing?” she asked.

“Maybe. I don’t want to think about it too much.”

She sensed my apprehension. A part of me didn’t want Whitney to be psychic. I recognized it too, though I didn’t know why.

“I really need your friendship right now,” she said, lying down and looking at the sky.

“You’ve got it,” I said, lying next to her and taking her hand. “I’m here for you. If I feel a little weird about it, that’s just me. You can understand, right?”

“I guess it would be strange if you didn’t feel that way.”

I kissed her on the cheek, then on her lips. Then the fireworks went off. We sat up to watch them.

Skeptics

The next day we eagerly awaited the afternoon when the Coasttown Thetans took their places at the podium. Whitney prepared her floor space with her mat, candles and icons. Then she handed me a piece of paper.

“What’s this?” I asked her.

“Questions from me,” she said. “I’d like you to ask them since I obviously can’t do it while in that state.”

“Oh,” I said, surprised that Whitney needed to ask anything.

I looked over the paper. There were four main questions. She wanted to know if they could heal with touch and, if so, how. She wanted to know if anyone could contact them, or if she was unique. She wanted to know the purpose behind the design of their villages, podiums and meditation circles. She also wanted to know how long they lived.

“I’m not sure we’ll have time for all of these,” I told her. “Your dad and Ian have a number of questions as well.” Judging from the length of the speaker’s responses, I wasn’t sure we could get through more than four or five questions in a given session.

“Just make sure you ask one of my questions for every two of my father’s,” she told me. “These are some of the things I’m dying to find out.”

“I’ll do what I can,” I said. She gave me a serious look. “One of yours for every two of his,” I repeated.

The six Thetans approached the podium. Whitney hurried herself into position. She lit her candles and placed the photos around her mat.

Adams, Ian and Jessica came over. Frank was also present to witness the phenomenon for the first time. He sat in a chair at some distance. We all gave Whitney plenty of space and tried not to stare as she began her meditation. After about ten minutes, I sensed she was ready for questions.

Adams gave me a list of seven questions. Then he whispered to Frank, “I still don’t believe in this, but the answers have been fascinating.”

We began with specifics concerning Deltan roving pedestals. The engineers back at Maxwell Enterprises had made headway from the previous information, but their progress only led to more questions.

Whitney answered the first question in technical jargon. I glanced over to Frank. He was transfixed.

“Very interesting,” he whispered to Adams.

Adams asked follow-up questions in response to the answers. As we got into the third and fourth of his questions strictly on ways of producing greater force in the Deltan drive systems, I wondered if we would have any time for the questions Whitney had prepared. I hesitated to mention it to Adams, since he and Ian were making so much progress. The hour flew by. When the speaker informed us that we were through for the present, I hadn’t asked any of Whitney’s requests.

She rolled her head slowly, coming out of the session. Frank applauded her efforts.

“Most amazing thing I’ve ever seen,” he told her.

“I’m glad you liked it,” Whitney responded. “Can I get a printout, Jim?” Jim produced a few pieces of paper, and she scanned through them looking for her questions.

“We made a lot of progress today,” Adams told her. “Though I still don’t get it, I can’t argue with the results.” He also had Jim produce a copy of the notes for himself and Ian as they returned to their desks to make sense of the new information.

“You didn’t ask any of my questions?” Whitney looked at me sternly. “Not even one?”

“There wasn’t any time,” I apologized. “Their answers kept leading to more questions, and they were making such progress. I couldn’t break in.”

Whitney wasn’t impressed. She packed up her things and told her father she was taking the car home. She left the room noticeably upset.

After she had left, Frank asked us, “Can we step into the other room for a moment?”

Jessica, Ian, Adams and I followed him from the lab and made ourselves comfortable in the office. Frank sat down in Webster’s chair and paused for a moment, searching for the right words.

“What do you make of this?” he asked Adams from behind the desk.

Adams rubbed his eyes. “It’s the strangest thing I’ve ever seen,” he said, sitting in the chair facing him. “It makes absolutely no sense from a standpoint of physics.”

“Even beyond the physics of it, how can this knowledge come from such a primitive culture?” Frank asked.

Ian chimed in, “Those people don’t even possess a steam engine or an electric bulb.”

“That’s what I’m getting at,” Frank said. “If they are the most primitive culture we’ve found, then how can they make sense of these matters of technology?”

“It doesn’t add up,” Jessica said, pacing about the room.

Adams shrugged, “I don’t have an answer for it.”

“I’m just going to throw this out there,” Frank said, “Don’t be put off by it. What’s the chance that this information is coming through Jim?”

“What?” I cried out, standing from my chair. “That’s ridiculous.”

“Hold on, Mr. Gruber. I don’t doubt your sincerity, but let me present a possible case. It’s been long known that Whitney and Jim have preferred this Thetan culture since we found them. Could it be possible this is some prank to get the rest of us to believe that they have special powers?”

“What are you saying?” Adams asked him. “That the two of them conjured this up?”

“I’m just looking for a reasonable explanation,” Frank added. “You know, when all things are considered, typically the simplest solution is the right one.”

“But how could the answers be coming from Whitney?” Ian asked, chewing his pen.

“An earpiece,” Frank said, “or a well-placed speaker that only she can hear. Have you noticed how slowly she talks while giving the answers?”

“But how would they know details about the drive system?” Jessica asked.

Frank reasoned, "Hasn't Jim been working the entire time documenting the Deltan products and watching the three of you try and make sense of them? Perhaps he's figured out what you haven't been able to."

"Why would he keep that to himself?" Adams asked.

"Maybe he finds it amusing? I'm just saying that it's possible."

"But what about all the other information that was presented before you saw this?" I said, standing over the desk. "What about the things she knew about Jessica and Ian from before?"

"Have you ever heard of background checks?" Frank said, motioning for me to have a seat. "Relax, Jon. My companies do them all the time with high-ranking people, especially in something classified."

"I don't believe it," I said, sitting back down. "I can't even believe we're talking about this seriously!"

"Wait a second," Adams said, pondering the idea. "I can't dispute the information we've been given. But it is much more plausible that this data is coming from Jim rather than from that primitive tribe."

"I'd have to agree," Ian added.

"You think Jim would play a trick on you?" I asked them.

"I'm just trying to make sense of something that doesn't make any sense!" Adams said, pulling his hands through his hair.

"You said she's in a trance while she's doing this?" Frank asked me.

"That's right. She doesn't have any memory upon waking from it."

Frank informed us, "People who are truly in a trance are literally removed from their senses."

Jessica continued his thought, "So she wouldn't feel it if we gave her a prick on the finger."

"That's the point," Frank added. "If she's really in a trance, then she can't hear through an earpiece either. I don't think any of us believe the information is coming solely through Whitney."

"Are you serious?" I argued. "You don't believe it could come from the Thetans?"

"No, I don't believe it," Adams said flatly. "For several reasons."

"Listen," Jessica said, standing behind me. "We don't doubt you, Jon, but we're going to need a little more proof of this phenomenon. Surely you recognize there's a chance this information is coming through Jim."

"Then check her ears for an earpiece," I reasoned. "Or stand next to her and see if you can hear Jim's voice."

"I hate to admit it," Adams added, "but a simple prick on the finger will let us know whether she's in a trance or not."

"It really is the only way," Jessica added.

I argued with them, but it was a lost cause. For the sake of scientific analysis, it was settled. Even I was forced to agree that it was for the good of everyone to be just a little skeptical in our approach. I assured them I would not share the discussion with Jim or Whitney.

The next day Whitney made us promise to ask her questions. She told Adams, “If you guys want my future assistance, then first let all four of my questions be asked before continuing with your own.”

He agreed to it.

Around noon, Frank and the rest of us watched her go through the preparations of getting into her meditative trance. The Thetans took their positions on the podium in Coasttown. Whitney sat quietly for about ten minutes. The monitor above her desk showed the face of The Grandmother in her calm presence. Once Whitney had a look of detachment on her face, I told Adams she was ready. He advised me to go ahead with the questions that Whitney had prepared.

“Grandmother,” I asked, “is anyone capable of doing what Whitney is doing? Is anyone capable of being the medium for this information?”

“Yes,” Whitney replied. “All subconscious minds are connected. It is essential to be at peace to let the information flow. The knack for being the medium is to enable the conscious mind to receive vibrations from the subconscious. Even Whitney has not yet acquired that ability, though with practice she could.”

“Okay, question number two. Are you capable of healing others through touch, and if so, how?”

“We are,” she replied. “Physical beings are beings of energy. Pain is the result of energy not flowing properly...”

The speaker went into great detail. I understood the gist of it, but once again, she had lost me.

Adams nodded to Jessica to administer the first test. Jessica had drawn the short straw. She was to prick Whitney with a sharp pin underneath the fingernail.

Jessica approached her slowly with the pin. Whitney continued to speak about the physical body and energy fields. Jessica calmly took one of Whitney’s hands into her own and brought the pin to the fingernail.

“What are you doing?” Jim asked her.

“This is just a test,” Jessica told him.

“It’s okay, Jim,” Adams added from his chair, waving to Jessica to proceed.

Jessica slowly inserted the pin into the underside of Whitney’s nail. A spot of blood dripped out as the pin was inserted far enough to stay there on its own. Jessica replaced her hand where it had been in Whitney’s lap. The pin remained lodged as Whitney spoke without interruption or change in expression. Several glances went about the room as Whitney finished her spiel about energy healing.

“Satisfied?” I asked them.

“Almost,” Frank said. “I know this isn’t pleasant, but it’s in the interest of everyone. Ask the next question please, Mr. Gruber.”

It had been mentioned by Ian that perhaps a prick on the finger would not be an adequate test. Leave it to Ian to recognize such things, I thought.

“What is the purpose behind the layout of the Thetan villages? Why is there a podium central to every village, and why do Thetans meditate there every day just before dawn?”

Whitney answered in the speaker's voice. "Theta 7, as you say, has different situations from your planet. These have been evolutionary changes, some to the solar system and some to the people. The circle is a manifestation of the spiritual spheres of influence..."

Whitney continued with another detailed response. I wished they could have found shorter ways of answering. During the spiel, Adams nodded to Jessica to administer the second test.

Jessica took one of the matches Whitney used to light her meditation candles. They were large, wooden matches that scraped on the side of the box. She struck the match. The space around her illuminated as the sulfur exploded. She let the match burn for a moment. The wood absorbed much of the heat. She then took Whitney's other hand and gently held it as the speaker continued on the subject of the meditation circles.

"Please forgive me for doing this," Jessica told her. She gently blew out the match and then stuck it into Whitney's palm causing it to lightly burn the flesh. Adams turned his head in discomfort. Jessica looked amazed as she removed the smoking match from Whitney's palm. "Oh my God."

Jessica backed away as Whitney continued talking without signs of discomfort or tension. She went on for several minutes, even though nobody was listening.

"Now are you satisfied?" I asked them. Impressed looks went from Ian to Frank to Adams.

"Did she have another question?" Jessica reminded me.

"Yes. Whitney would like to know how long your people are living. How many revolutions around your sun?"

"We are living much longer than you are accustomed to," Whitney replied. "I have lived for over 30,000 solar orbits, as you call them." I shook my head in disbelief and looked over to Adams. His expression had not changed, as if he was trying to see through the Thetans. "The man to my left is over 70,000 years old. We will review this another time, for we are through for the present."

The Thetan sun was beginning to rise. The session had ended.

Within moments, Whitney would come out of her trance.

"I hope you're satisfied," I said to Adams and Frank, angry with them.

Adams tossed his hands as if he gave up. Frank nodded along with the others.

The pin still hung from Whitney's fingernail. I grabbed it quite hard to pull it out. It was sunk in deep. It finally came out from the nail with a trickle of blood.

"Can I get a napkin over here or something?" I demanded.

Jessica hurried over with a clean handkerchief. We wrapped Whitney's finger gently and placed it back into her lap. The Thetans stood and began leaving the podium. Whitney rolled her head slowly. Then she cried out in pain and held her hands to her chest.

"What happened?!" she shouted. I dropped to my knees in front of her. Whitney cried louder.

"Whitney, I'm so sorry. Please forgive me."

"What did you do to me?" she said as she inspected her bloody finger and felt the pain of the burn on her other hand. Jessica brought some cream over and administered it to the burn.

Adams said, "It was my fault, dear. You can blame me."

“Why?”

“We had to confirm that you really were in a trance.”

“What did you think I was doing?!”

Frank added, “Please, try to understand this from our point of view.”

“I don’t know if I want to.” She got up and grabbed her father’s car keys and ran from the room. Her meditation candles and icons were still in place on the floor.

“That went well,” I said.

“It had to be done,” Adams said.

“She’ll feel better soon,” Frank added. “She’ll understand we had to do what we did.”

I picked up Whitney’s items and put them on her desk where she kept them. I rolled up her mat and put it away. Jim printed out a copy of what The Grandmother had said.

“This might help her feel better,” Jim told me.

I grabbed the printout and excused myself for the evening. I raced my car back to Whitney’s house. When I got there, I saw no sign of her or Webster’s car. I felt like a schmuck. What a great friend I had been. I folded the papers over, pinned them to the front door and wrote her name on them. I also wrote that I was sorry.

Whitney didn’t show up for work the next day. Adams said she came home late and had been in her room ever since.

He said, “Give her some time.”

He too felt badly for what had happened, but he insisted it was the right thing to do. Jessica felt terrible about it, but she reminded me what happened was necessary.

“How can we accept something like this without validation?” Jessica asked me.

I still felt awful. In my opinion, I had been the one who let Whitney down.

The three of them were making sense of a new design for the Deltan drive system. They were using the notes from the Thetan speaker like it was an old treasure map with a few missing pieces.

I excused myself early and drove to Whitney’s house. Surprisingly, she answered the door and let me in. Whitney listened quietly as I reviewed the conversation that led to the testing. What shocked her the most was that the crew could even think that Jim might be involved in a prank.

“Are you going to come back to work?” I asked her.

“I’m going to have to,” Whitney said, showing me the printout from the past reading. “Have you read this? It’s incredible.”

I had almost forgotten the Thetans had answered all four of Whitney’s questions. She handed them to me, and I skimmed through them. Within a few sentences, I was lost as to the meaning behind the words. The only answer I really understood was the response to the subject of aging.

“You were right,” I said, with my focus on the pages. “They are living for huge lengths of time.”

“I have some more questions I need to ask them.”

“I promise you, nothing will ever happen again.”

“I’m not worried about you, Jon. It’s the others I’m not so sure I can trust. Even my dad.”

“The tests they did satisfied everybody,” I told her, trying to convince her as well as myself.

“I’d prefer to come by after the others have left.”

That was something we couldn’t count on unless we made arrangements ahead of time. I told her I’d take care of it. I returned to the lab and told everybody the deal.

“Whitney is willing to return but not with any of you present. She won’t subject herself to being taken advantage of again.”

The following day, Whitney returned. She arrived as everyone else was preparing to leave. She brought another list with more of her own questions. There was a final question from Adams that would be asked if there was enough time. He wanted to know what specifically was moving their planet. Ian and Jessica apologized to Whitney before leaving. Adams gave her a wink as he left.

Once the others had gone, Whitney had just a few minutes to get ready. She talked with Jim about the pain in her hands and what she did to make it feel better. Jim was still intrigued with the concept of pain.

“I wish it had happened to me instead of you,” he told Whitney.

It was the first time we tried a session with another group of Thetans. Coasttown had passed the dawn line just before noon. Whitney wanted to try one of the other villages, so we lined up a group she had meditated with during her studies. They lived further inland on one of the Thetan continents. An elder male sat next to the open spot in the circle. Whitney advised me to direct my questions to him. She lit her candles and placed the photos and icons around her space as she laid her mat on the floor.

Even after the atrocious ending to the previous session, she was anxious to continue. The elder male and the others took their spots around the circle. Within a few moments the session had begun.

“Sir,” I began, not sure what to call him. “Can you hear me?”

“Yes,” came the reply.

“We have heard references to the Akashic records. What exactly are the Akashic records?”

“The Akashic records include everything that is or ever was,” Whitney began. “The entire past makes up this body. Every action, every word, every thought or mental image in existence encompasses the records.”

The enormity of those words was beyond my comprehension.

“But how can that be?” I asked, dumbfounded.

“Simply because it is,” the speaker replied. “Trying to make sense of it would be impossible for someone such as yourself. Comprehension of the records is not important, but how you use them is.”

I wanted to ask more questions about the records, but I remembered my promise to Whitney.

“Next question. Is it possible to access this information from any location, or is it necessary to have someone like you for the channel of that information?”

“It is possible for anyone to access the Akashic records. The subconscious can do it at any time. However, at the conscious level, it is nearly impossible for someone who is neither trained nor gifted. Otherwise, it is necessary to use some form of medium, as Whitney has been able to do with us.”

“How has Whitney been able to accomplish this?”

“She has the gift for it. She has applied herself. Her interest in joining our meditation freely without any request for herself, separates her from the common individual.”

“By that you mean someone like myself?”

“Yes.”

I was feeling insulted, but I knew it was true. Whitney was as selfless as anyone I had ever known.

“Whitney would like to know if you provide information for others as well,” I said.

“We provide answers for anyone who seeks them. It is extremely rare to encounter individuals who speak directly with us. It is most common to communicate indirectly with those who seek answers through dreams, prayer and meditation.”

“Whitney would also like to know how you live for such long periods. Have your people always been this way, or is this something that has increased over time?”

“Millions of years ago, our ancestors were similar to yours, and the duration of their lives was similar. Theta 7, as you call it, has experienced many transformations. These were changes to the solar system and to the people. Part of our evolution has been an ascension as to the purpose of our lives. Simply living, taking care of the basic needs for hunger, shelter and reproduction, is not the focus of our lives. Present Thetans pursue universal enlightenment. We assist others as they struggle. You may think of us as guides or teachers. As the focus of our lives has changed, so have the physical attributes that define our lifetimes, such as the length of time we occupy these bodies.”

I was blown away. He spoke so clearly. It was one of the first times I really understood what was said. He had answered all of the questions on Whitney’s list.

“One last question. Dr. Adams would like to know specifically how the Thetans are able to move their planet further out in orbit.”

“In the presence of a growing star we ask the planet to move so we may continue our experience here.”

“That’s it?”

“This will be difficult for him to understand. He does not recognize that consciousness exists within every atom in the universe. Our planet is conscious, just as yours is. We communicate directly with that consciousness.”

I started giggling. I knew Adams would doubt the answer, but I didn’t feel the need to elaborate. I spent the rest of the session sitting quietly beside Whitney in my chair.

I sat in contemplation. The words from the elder brought me back to a time when Adams, Jim and I were first speculating on the origin of life. During the early stages of the project, we had debated whether life preceded consciousness, or whether consciousness preceded life. We

assumed this was something that couldn't be known. If I had understood the elder correctly, he had settled the argument by saying that consciousness existed within stars and planets and the very atoms that made them. What a mind-blowing concept! All matter contained some form of consciousness?

When the session ended, I knew Whitney would be pleased. This session would make up for the last fiasco. Jim printed out a copy before I had to ask. Whitney opened her eyes to see me standing before her, proudly holding the printout.

"I think you're really going to like this," I said, handing her the pages.

"I'm not bleeding anywhere, am I?" she asked.

"Not this time."

(End of current sample)

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