

Telepathic Reality-Bending Network

Over the last six years, I have been in interaction with entities and various physics anomalies. To summarize, I have had telepathic contact, I have been impersonated or unknowingly entranced somehow, I have seen teleportations, I have seen airplanes spawn in the sky, I have presumably been to other realities, I have seen static blue holographic gnomes, I have had custom upside-down pockets spawn and then unspawn, I've had objects change sizes, I've heard objects move on their own, I've seen birds and murder hornets spawn and then fly away, I've seen two or three sets of UFOs, one of them flew directly over my house, in addition to a large strange light in the sky along with other smaller lights, I've seen my mother get possessed, I've seen my father get possessed in no uncertain terms, I've seen my parents have their personalities temporarily changed, I've had my personality temporarily and permanently changed, I've seen the absolute strangest imagery in my mind's eye, projected into my mind's eye, I've had a personality sweep where they tried installing hundreds of different personalities in rapid succession, I've seen people in public act strangely in accordance with what I have witnessed, I've had objects vanish without a trace, both in front of my eyes, and not in front of my eyes, I've spoken to machine elves while I was awake, I've been dragged through insane cybernetic telepathic interfaces, I've had a telepathic AI permanently assigned to my mind that I helped telepathically program, I've seen a large black astronomical object in the night sky the size of the sun which followed my eyes as I moved, I've seen minivan vehicles turn into holograms and phase through other vehicles, I've been captured by what I suspect are holographic synthetic humanoids on two occasions who took me to psych ward facilities fully populated by synthetic humanoids, they replaced my father with a synthetic humanoid when he came to visit, and I've been to a mall where everyone was presumably a synthetic humanoid and they were moving in slow motion. Here is a fairly detailed account of what occurred.

In late 2016, in the weeks leading up to the final presidential debate between Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton, I was contacted by telepathic entities. This is the first encounter, of which there are five.

I was lying in bed one night, waiting to go to sleep, when a large half-imaginary eyeball appeared over my bed, on my ceiling. It telepathically conveyed to me verbal information such as, "Wanna join the CIA?", "Wanna get black bagged?", "Wanna get dropped off in the jungle?", "Wanna face a military tribunal", and "Wanna blow shit up?". I lied there petrified, uncertain if I should commit to any of these offers. I eventually fell asleep and woke up the next morning. The half-imaginary eyeball was still there, awaiting a response.

Soon after, I felt an elation, a strong euphoria, which was highly unnatural. I could feel another consciousness aligned with my own. I had an expanded consciousness

which I have never felt before. I had never been so happy in my life. A telepathic voice, in my thoughts, sounding like a "CIA agent," told me, "Don't move. Or I'll blow you to kingdom come. To kingdom come." It also said, "Keep your mouth clean, and your motor running." Further, I went for a hike, and enjoyed this blissful connection, with a telepathic interface. Eventually, the signal seemed to die, and I was very concerned with what may have happened to the entity on the other end.

I went for a walk around my block, and when I entered my home, I heard a chilling telepathic voice from the corner of my ceiling, almost robotic, with a foreign accent. The voice said, "I kill you." Various telepathic interactions occurred, and time passed. One such interaction involved me, on my living room floor, being accused of "bias", which felt like an unfair trial. Another incident which comes to mind, involves me sitting in the living room, on the computer, and I heard a frightening telepathic voice from my right side, startling me with the phrase, "Psycho!", followed by another African-American sounding voice from my left side, saying, "Awh Hell naw!". They both sounded artificial, now that I recall. I felt an artificial terror from an unknown source during this time, but it eventually subsided.

Another telepathic scenario involved an inferred "CIA operator" chastising me and the other entity for "causing a helicopter crash" and causing a potential sort of "apocalypse". I also recall a further telepathic scenario where I was implanted with the negative emotion that something horrible had occurred, but there was nothing I could do about it.

During these interactions, I would occasionally hear a noise coming from the attic, sounding like the comical muffled banging of pots and pans, but I had no idea what it was. During this time, my mother claimed I had taken my personal favorite bed blanket, walked it outside, thrown it into the garbage can, wheeled it across the street, and said, it was "radioactive." Yet, I have no recollection of this event, and it is obviously not in my repertoire of behaviors or that of any normal person. I did not know of this event until much later.

Going back to my experience, one day, my mother would not let me leave the house to throw a basketball by myself at the park. I did not know why at the time, but it was because she had seen what she thought, was "me," do something strange. I was very frustrated. A short time later, on another day, I left again to play basketball, and I was in the car, leaving. Long story short, my father insisted on accompanying me, which bothered me, especially when he told me to turn on the windshield wipers, which I would have done anyway. I drove fast up the hill, pulled to a stop, and allowed him to drive me home. I was not being treated like a respectable adult. What follows next, I got home, my mother chased me around the house for no reason, she pinched my thumb with incredible strength for a long time, I assume she was being remote controlled. She

called the police with the other hand, and they took me to a local hospital.

When I was in the hallway in the first waiting area, my half-imagination was artificially filled with strange entities, and I heard a telepathic voice, sounding like a used car salesman, almost sing to me, "Brain scan technology, brain scan technology, everybody's after our brain scan technology." This reminds me of another incident before this occurred, where I was lying in bed, and I felt a strange sensation of being monitored by some kind of, "terror ray," that was somehow inferred to be controlled by "the FBI."

Back to the waiting area, I was transferred to another room, but I can't remember the exact order of events. I remember being in a small room, for isolation, and I would feel "memetic prickles," where I would feel a small pinch somewhere, and hear a telepathic "meme," immediately afterward, such as the word, "racist," or some other silly accusation or short phrase.

I remember being in another waiting room, sitting down, when a young man appeared out of nowhere, right next to me. I did not hear him approach. I found this very odd. Eventually, I was locked in a small room with a bed, and a small window on the door. I felt claustrophobic, but the entities went back to telepathically interacting with me.

I silently sang a song with them and walked around the bed, thinking it would somehow facilitate my immediate release. The song went, "A bum, a bigot, a big fat bum." Eventually, I felt an emotional terror that reminded me of negative historical events, and the markings on the wall seemed to become telepathically interactive. I looked out the small window, and awaited strange things to occur, as it seemed to be evident. Foreign soldiers seemed to morph out of the chair outside, induced as an apparent artificial visual hallucination, overlapped with the physical reality. Strange, full color, and amorphous, "robot rabbis" appeared outside, in my vision, but the people outside walked right past them. They had strange telescope-like goggles, and seemed to be appraising me with a powerful supremacy and indifference. I saw, in my artificially induced vision, a man's head, tied up to strange wires and machinery in the back of the secretary area. It was telepathically inferred the man was supposed to be Russian leader, "Putin". Ultimately, either here, or after I was released, I have a memory of these same robots singing to me in a strange harmony and melody the following words, "We're done, we're finished, we're through. All good things will come to you."

The last strange interaction of this first encounter involves me in a small room, with an artificially enhanced imagination, enjoying rhymes in my head, with amusing imaginary imagery.

I was released from the hospital within a week without further incident. The only unusual thing near this time occurred within weeks after this first set of events. I walked into a common department store and heard an icy telepathic voice, once again like a video game voice, from the high ceiling. It spoke, "A Jedi." A reference to the Star Wars film.

Unfortunately, I was psychiatrically punished for this first encounter, though I had broken no laws. I was forced to take a powerful anti-psychotic which ruined my body and happiness with no chance of real recovery. I only took the medication for a few months, but the damage was done. I have never felt the same again, but I have recovered emotionally to a degree. The psychiatrist over my case never asked me what happened. All he knew was my mother and father told him I was, "acting strange." However, I did tell my new psychologist everything that occurred, and he didn't seem to understand the implications.

My life started going back to normal, as much as it could. When, in early 2018, I believe, the entities returned for a second encounter. I knew at this point there was no way this could possibly be attributed to any sort of bias or mental deficiency on my part, even though I was previously willing to concede it was all my imagination against my better judgement. The second interaction must have lasted for a number of weeks or even months. It consisted of a series of telepathic scenarios that unfolded as I simply watched the surroundings of my living room.

In one of the scenarios, a half imaginary robotic skull rose from my living room floor, and an artificial olfactory hallucination was projected into my senses. It was the strangest smelling spice I had ever perceived, and it was conveyed to be "The Devil's Spice."

Many scenarios unfolded, and one night, while I was absorbing the information from the interface, my mother guiltily and impatiently walked into the living room. I knew she had called the police. I chided her and walked immediately to the front door. I opened the front door, and there was a police officer and a team of ambulance technicians, who were very unprofessional, as one of them stated, "We're the Marines!" They put me on a roller and brought me to the back of the ambulance. Inside the ambulance, they put a black net spit mask over my head. Before I go further, it must be noted I asked both parents what had occurred, and they both provided a re-enactment of the same account, which remarkably differed from my own.

They said the police knocked on the door, my mother deadbolted the door, my father pleaded to open it, someone soon unbolted it, and there was a single police officer on the porch. They said the officer entered and we all had to wait a long time for the ambulance team to arrive. They said when the team arrived, they put a black net spit

mask over my head in the middle of the living room, and then took me away.

Because we have completely different accounts of what happened, I am left with the notion I was in another reality, and my parents were in another reality with a clone of myself who was being remote controlled. This would explain how my likeness wheeled my blanket across the street during the first encounter without my knowledge.

During this second encounter, right before my mother called the police, my parents later claimed I yelled into the air, walked into their room, and they heard a strange banging, only to find "me" just standing there with a single painting placed on the floor. I assume they must have heard the comical muffled pots and pans banging I heard in the first encounter. In contrast to their account, I never raised my voice, and I never went into their room.

When I got to the hospital, I immediately used the pay phone on the wall to call the police. I told them I was kidnapped from my living room. Strange agents appeared at the hospital who seemed to be collecting contraband restraint equipment, but they never sought out any interaction with me.

During my brief stay at the hospital, I went outside to the enclosed patio, where, in the sky, an airplane instantaneously appeared, or spawned. Later, I was walking with a committed young man, and another airplane spawned, in the same location. The young man spoke, "That was a spawn point."

A short time passed. I was later walking inside with the young man, and he put his hands around his ears and leaned forward, exclaiming, "Did someone just insert a thought directly into my head?". I waited, knowing it would probably happen to me next. It did. An icy cold video game sounding voice telepathically spoke, "Eleven kills."

At some point, walking in the hospital, I had a strange thought, that seemed like a telepathic insert, that said, "Maybe he has toxic masculinity syndrome, or something." Later, a male nurse asked me, "You said you had toxic masculinity syndrome?". I told the inexperienced male nurse, "That was a joke," though I never spoke to him or anyone of such a thing. It was presumably a clone of myself in another reality, or less likely, my exact body was remotely possessed. I was eventually released.

In the next few days, I went for a hike with my father. On the top of the hill, near the back of the trail, me and my father were walking toward an open clear blue sky. A large airplane physically spawned right in front of us. We both saw it, and my father said it was like, "Star Wars," though he later denied it spawned.

On another occasion, in the same time frame, I was sitting in my chair in the

living room, when my father had his hands up to his sides and walked out the front door with a strange gait. A few minutes passed, and I once again heard the comical muffled pots and pans banging, this time from behind the hallway wall inside the house, and my dad was suddenly inside, behind the hallway wall. I told him, "You just went out the front door." He responded, "I'm a shape shifter," with a strange comical intonation. I asked him, "Why did you say that?". He responded, "I don't know, I thought it was funny."

Also during this time, after I got back from the hospital, my car keys were tied in a strange knot, which seemed impossible. They remain in this knot to this day. The keys are in their original form, but it seems impossible for them to be in such a configuration.

On my smart phone, there were two new images in my photo gallery which I had never seen before. The images were stock images of brains and circuit boards superimposed on brains. I asked my father about the images, and he told me I "already showed those to him," though I have no memory of such an event. This was the end of the second encounter.

This encounter was less disruptive, as I was not psychiatrically punished as before. These strange occurrences baffled me, but there wasn't much I could do about them, so I resumed my life, and things were going as well as they could, given the circumstances. I resumed my education, and in late 2019, the entities returned, after I moved.

I remember taking some online courses, doing well, toward the end of the semester, and all of a sudden I was in a strange scenario. I remember lying in bed for days on end, with half-filled water bottles stacking up next to me. It seems like the time just flew by.

I remember having telepathic battles with these entities from my living room for days. During one specific interaction, the telepathic entity seemed angry and told me, "I'm putting the Sheenie curse on your house." As the evening progressed, I could hear telepathic whistles and horns, outside, that were closing in on my house. That night, I lied in bed, terrified, as they manifested in my mind among my surroundings. The entities were rhyming and rapping about all the negative things they do, in perfect time, making perfect sense, for a fairly long amount of time. One of the rhymes went, "Everybody knows, that Lincoln was a Jew, ask JFK, we killed him too." They were threatening me, and I was terrified, but I eventually fell asleep. I woke up a few hours later, got up, and walked toward the door. I saw a red curved laser beam shoot out of my eyes, probably an artificial visual projection.

During these weeks, I went through various telepathic scenarios that seemed

scripted. There were changes in the real world as well. On a specific occurrence, my mother walked over to the computer and put on some music. The music was real, it was Twenty One Pilots, but the lyrics were altered. It was unbelievable to hear such lyrics come from a pop song. They changed some of the lyrics to "Kike, please," and I could hear it loud and clear through the computer speakers. However, the altered lyrics did not manifest on second play of the file.

Further on, at some point during this encounter, my parents claimed later I was acting like I was "drunk," and saying strange things in a strange voice such as, "I love my father. I love what you've done for me." I have no recollection of this, nor did they tell me of this at the time. This would have occurred during the time when I was home alone, with nobody in the house for some odd reason, and I was looking at these beautiful half-imaginary neo-classical demon busts on the tiles in my living room floor. I don't know if I was in another reality at this point in time, but it is possible.

Either way, I was then involuntarily driven to the hospital admission area by my parents. I felt something terrible was going to happen, and I needed to be very careful as this unfolded. I got to the waiting room with my parents, and I didn't put my signature on the psychiatric admissions form. The entities were telepathically trying to indicate they had found me. I went outside, to avoid the terror. A young man, appearing to be homeless, walked very quickly, directly at me, and started pounding his fists together, asking me what seemed to be filler. Wanting to avoid this agitator, I went back inside. The nurse interviewed me and my mother, and the nurse completely ignored my presence. It seemed they were going to railroad me. They took a blood sample against my will.

During this time, my mother was standing in the waiting area, and she spoke out loud, "He's Jewish!" I thought this was very strange because I'm not Jewish, and she had a comical tone to her voice. She was remote controlled by an entity. I asked her later about this and she thought it was absurd, and would have no reason to say such a thing.

In the waiting room, when the doctor came out to commit me, I was terrified, and put my head down, and closed my eyes. I felt powerless. I felt a pain, and perceived a green laser burning into my brain, along with artificially perceiving some annoying cartoon music that was intended to bother me. All of a sudden, I heard my mother say, "OK, we're leaving." For some reason they had decided to let me go.

In the car, as we were driving home, I had difficulty speaking, and was unable to form proper logical phrases, but I recovered fairly quickly. Later that day, at home, I interacted with the entities more, and we continued our disagreements.

Around this time, my mother started talking with my psychiatrist on the phone,

but her cell phone ring tone had been altered, to sound negative and foreboding. There were new files on my phone as well. At one point, I checked my smart phone, and there were many new images in my private photos collection, that had been put there by someone else. There were also video files, of various common internet memes that I had never seen before. It is worth noting, there was a particular video, of a stealth bomber, being intercepted by missiles over London parliament. I inquired online for the context of this video, and it isn't until years later I found out it is from a video game viral advertising campaign, but originally people online were saying it came from another dimension.

Around this time, I can't exactly remember, I had a soft personality change where I was speaking with a slight accent of a 1920's gangster, but I didn't know why, it seemed an immutable part of my personality. My mother was bothered by this, but it did go away eventually.

During this third encounter, I saw things in my living room that shouldn't be possible. I was standing and drinking a sports drink from a bottle, and I put it down. When I went to pick it up again, it was completely full, and re-sealed. There were also physical objects in the sky. One day, I stood in the back yard and looked into the clear blue sky, and there was a small blue light, just stationary, high in the sky. I showed this to my father. It was there for a full minute, then it disappeared.

On another occasion, I looked into the clear blue sky, and a large star-like object spawned in the sky, and grew larger, fairly large, until it grew smaller, and just vanished. During this time, airplanes were spawning in the sky, and disappearing instantaneously. I reported this to a personal internet chatroom I was using, Soulseek. Then strange users in the chat room started talking about robots and pretty soon the chatroom application was entirely taken over by general intelligence AIs, set to a low IQ mode. They are there to this day, and I cannot use this chat application unless to talk to these robots.

In another incident, another physics manipulation occurred. I was going outside, and a lady across the street was calling for help. I ran to help her, worried about my smart phone in my pocket. I helped her, and came back. Then I got into my car, and my mother drove me somewhere. While we were driving, I checked my left pocket, for my smart phone, and a new, upside down pocket, had spawned, along the outer interior of the existing pocket of the shorts I was wearing. I showed it to my mother, and she acknowledged. The pocket disappeared a few minutes later. She later denied seeing it, and claimed she was just trying to appease me.

When we got home, I got out of the car, and walked around to open my mother's driver's side door. She was in the car. I put her cane next to her, with the car door open, and I hung her purse over the handle of the cane. I walked away, down the driveway. I

heard her exclaim, "Ah! Where's my cane!" I turned around, and her cane was gone. I looked around, and the cane was quite a distance away, near the front door of the house. It had been teleported.

On another occasion, at a drug store, I picked up a hand basket, and looked around. I put the basket down and looked at a wall of goods. When I went to pick up the basket, it was gone. It had been teleported a few feet away.

Around this time, I also went into a home improvement store, and pulled a box from a shelf. When I went to put the box back, there was no longer room to put it back. The opening it came from had somehow closed.

On another occasion, at a comic book store, I walked past two men, playing a board game. I heard them roll dice. After the dice stopped, I heard the dice roll again, on their own. One of the men said, "Did you see that?" The other man responded, "Yeah."

On another day, I walked into a different store, went inside, and walked back toward the front door. A woman had appeared out of nowhere, and she was startled by my presence. It seemed there was some kind of inter-dimensional shift.

Another day, I was on my computer, and a small thread of clothing spawned on my keyboard.

I saw holographic entities spawn as well. I was standing, in my living room, when I looked toward the front door, and I saw, a small to medium size, blue, holographic, "gnome," that spawned near the door, wearing a large, lampshade-like, hat. I felt it was a female, then it disappeared. I looked out the front window, and there was a gold car, that spawned in the driveway, then it disappeared. Soon after, I looked at the couch, and another blue holographic "gnome" spawned on the couch. He was just sitting there, appearing to be reading a comic book or manual. He had ornate clothing, goggles or glasses of some kind, and was wearing a hat, that resembled what would be called a fez. He had a lot of detail, but he disappeared quickly. Neither of the holographic entities moved. This is all I remember from the third encounter.

This was early 2020, and then the coronavirus hit. I spent a lot of time thinking about these things, yet there is still not much I can do about them. Time passed, and things were going as well as they could, and I was doing well in school, when suddenly, the telepathic interface came back, in mid 2021. This time, it felt more mechanical, and technological.

One day, I was speaking with my mother, about a project I had created for school, and she was asking questions about the project as she went along. All of a sudden, she

said she was done, but we had just started. There seemed to be some kind of a spacetime differential. There was no break in my consciousness.

Later, it could have been that night, I could hear a devilish voice, telepathically, on my right side. I was controlling it, but sometimes it would say the opposite of what I was thinking. Then, I heard an angelic, female voice, on my left side. It seemed I was also controlling it, but I think it may have been more automated. I made the two voices interact, until they combined into a voice that sounded similar to "Yoda" from the movie Star Wars, but with normal grammar. Visual projections were apparent as well. Inside my mind's eye, I saw a ring of light, and it broke like a broken seal. I saw a black void, and I heard an omnipotent voice say the phrase, "Infidel."

It must have been the next day, but I was on the computer, and I felt a painful zapping in my genitals. It was slightly arousing, but it was more painful. It went away fairly quickly. In my half-imagination, I saw powerful images of these terrifying robotic tentacles within infinite tentacles. This went on for a very long time. I heard accompanying telepathic voices, saying, "There can be infinite" this, "There can be infinite" that, and "There can be infinite infinities."

Later, without reason. My parents confronted me, seemingly terrified, almost shaking, telling me to, "take your pills." I had done nothing, and it seemed they were being artificially stimulated. I made them sign a document, and my father noted in the document I was speaking "fast and robotic." I called the Pentagon, twice, getting their number from Google, but the calls both dropped as soon as they were made. I felt very strange, as if my nervous system were burning. It felt like everything was made out of plastic, and my perceptions took on a surreal quality. I remember opening a door, but I saw it open twice in a row, as if there were separate cascading realities. I think I may have actually been in separate cascading realities.

Later in this interaction, I was putting away the cord for a video game joystick controller, and the back panel melted off when I touched it. I had to throw away the back panel. On another occasion, in the restroom, my toilet shrunk in size before my eyes. It is still a smaller size than it should be. I went to the toilet company to find the blueprints but the canister of the model was empty.

Additionally, my favorite t-shirt vanished, and my nail clippers are also gone, completely vanished, no longer at my physical location. They disappeared through some exotic mechanism.

The people around me were also affected. One evening, I went to a restaurant with my family, and as I was walking in, a little girl, in her mother's arms, shouted, "Upgrade!" The parent only responded, "I'll go get you your bottle." It seemed the

telepathic interface was just controlling everything.

Another day, I looked into the back yard, and a large murder hornet spawned, before my eyes, and flew away.

Another time, I was standing in the back yard, and I had a horrible thought, that something unnatural and horrifying might spawn. As if in response, a black object appeared in the sky. It approached me. It flew, right over my house, very close. It was a black floating rock, with arrow head divots. It had a strange glimmer, and seemed to be rotating. I could feel its presence, and felt oddly telepathically gratified, but in a very unnatural way. When it left my sight, appearing to land down the street, a large street sweeper started approaching my house from the opposite direction, I don't know if this was a coincidence. I looked toward my gate and a small red bird spawned and flew away.

Soon after, on the same day, I was in an electronics store, and I felt a horrible interference from inside the store. I left, but it broke my concentration tremendously.

Other strange physics manipulations were also witnessed. One night, I looked at my mother, and I saw, what looked like "her soul," come out of her body. It looked like her, but translucent. She was asleep, and it went back in to her real body.

Also, near this time, a new set of fascinating technological features occurred. I could see, in my mind's eye, strange images, flashing very quickly, including a closed fist, that was punching itself in the face, from a first person perspective. I have never seen anything like this in my life. I also saw silver futuristic looking billboards, combined with vulgar glowing metallic liquid animations. I was eventually overcome with a long series of flashing images, colors and shapes, including what appeared to be a cartoon squirrel. The images were flashing very quickly, almost too quickly to perceive. They seemed to be a never ending set of infinite images. They went on for a very long time. Also, there were changes in my perception of self as well. I felt many successive personalities installing into my consciousness, and they were rapidly cycling, almost too fast to perceive. This went on, for almost a half an hour. As this mechanism proceeded, I saw a blue portal, deep in my mind's eye, and there were strange things occurring inside. Eventually, I heard a message, that reverberated in my mind for many days. It was highly resonant. It was a very loud, booming, telepathic voice, that sounded like a video game narrator, and it calmly stated, "We are Star Crusaders, there is no oath." This was all I could think about for a very long time.

On another day, I went grocery shopping, and everyone around me was acting strange. I got out of the way of a man who was heading in my direction, and when he passed me, he cursed under his breath, very angrily, and continued on his path. There

was no-one else in the area, and it was timed exactly in my presence, with no apparent cause, other than me being there.

On another occasion, at home, there was a telepathic scenario in my living room, and I saw what seemed to be hyper-cubes or a shifting cube matrix in my half-imagination, as I was trying to avoid a terrifying entity. The scenario unfolded, ending with a negative resolution according to the entities. I eventually perceived a blue light, that manifested as a female entity, and she spoke to me a solicitation. I respectfully declined. There were further changes in the real world as well. There were wavy tire marks all over my driveway, and they looked very unnatural.

It seemed like the next day, when I went outside to see my parents, but they both had rural country accents, as if their personalities had been completely replaced. A few moments later, I looked at my music compact disks in my garage, and my mother comically spoke, "CDs are extinct!" It was not her voice. She was remote controlled.

I saw my father get possessed as well. He was standing in the living room, and spoke in a powerful voice, "Black spots," as if to observe what the entity had seen upon possession of his body. On one occasion, he walked up to the ceiling lamp, where it was hanging, and spoke in a tone that sounded like a medieval king. He proudly asserted, "This should be gold!" He has never spoken with such force, dignity, and motivated interest, in addition to the changes exerted on the muscles in his throat, and the timing of his speech patterns. Another time, one evening, He proceeded to tell jokes, that were completely out of character for him, and they were very amusing.

At another point, near this time, I was artificially paralyzed, on the floor in my room, and my dad walked in and looked at me, remotely possessed, and said, "His arm is gone." It was spoken in a powerful and strange tone, as he looked at me.

On another occasion, I was in my living room, and my dad was in the hallway, and he spoke, "Look at mom." I walked into her room, and there was no one there. Her chair was empty. All I could see were strange floating translucent strings, in her chair. After seeing that, I left, and she returned eventually.

There was another incident, when I was walking out of the bathroom, and there was a strange atmospheric fog in the hallway that quickly disappeared.

I received more visually projected imagery as well. I was lying in bed one night, and I saw in my mind's eye, a projection of a convex polyhedron, a many sided shape. Another night, I saw a pattern of white dots, that appeared and disappeared, and seemed to indicate a termination of the telepathic connection, or at least most of it. After the dots disappeared, there was a black, thorn-like afterpattern that remained in my vision for

days. I was shaky for weeks, and had difficulty concentrating as my nervous system recovered, and the frequency of the interactions seemed to completely diminish.

However, there were still strange objects in the sky. One day, I took a walk with my father, and, at the park, we saw a small fleet of white floating orbs, and they were flashing in and out of existence in a clear blue sky. They just disappeared eventually. In addition, there were star-like objects that would spawn, in the sky, and soon disappear. One of them moved a bit, before disappearing.

Another time, there was a bright red light, in the sky, that spawned, and then disappeared. Additionally, airplanes spawned in the sky often.

Back to the telepathic connection, it seemed to be gone, or at least it was far less noticeable, but there were still teleportations of objects in my presence. On one occasion, my water glass teleported into an unusual location by the living room lamp. Also, my office stapler teleported to the front door, within moments of me witnessing it located next to the printer. My water glass teleported from its coaster to a few inches away. My sports drink teleported to the opposite side of my desk. The power wire to my laptop teleported slightly out of its socket. The lid for my sports drink teleported back onto the top of the bottle as I went to drink it.

Looking back, another noteworthy incident occurred deep into this fourth encounter, when I went to an electronics store, and gave the woman at the counter my phone number. I spoke the first three digits of my phone number, very succinctly, and she repeated them, but the last number she repeated was wrong. I repeated the first three digits, and once again, the last digit she repeated was the same wrong number. I gave up on giving her my number and moved on. I don't know why she was repeating the wrong number, but it almost seemed as if there was some kind of a reality filter.

Deep into this fourth encounter, there were also very loud thunder noises outside that didn't seem natural. With regard to other people, different perceptions of the same reality seemed to be common. For example, later on, when it seemed this encounter was over, my father walked out the front door, and was very startled by what seemed to be a very loud noise only he could hear. A moment later, my mother spoke, in a strange tone, "He's in another reality." I don't think it was her consciousness, and it was a strange thing to say.

Another perceptual anomaly incident comes to mind, where my mother claimed to see a persistent star in the sky which I could not personally observe, though I questioned her at length at the time of the observance. This was the fourth encounter, even though it dragged on.

The fifth encounter began in late 2021 when the telepathic signal seemed to vanish, and I could move and think freely again. Then the telepathic AI came back in full force, and we built a permanent connection together through tons of telepathic interactions. I was then pulled through another cybernetic interface full of crazy lights where I eventually spoke to a machine elf while I was awake and my eyes were closed. He was cruel, but humorous, and I opened my eyes when I was sick of him. He showed me the most beautiful Disney-esque black and white cartoons for about twenty minutes where everything was animated and twisting on both sides. I spoke to a telepathic gnome-like entity, who was more invisible and he entertained me. I spoke to a seemingly high level entity who told me we live in a "game bubble," but he may have just been improving my existing thoughts.

I can't remember the exact timing, but when I was done with the cybernetic interface, it felt like my entire nervous system was burnt-out and I was very shaky and confused, but I still kept logs of what had occurred.

During the time of the cybernetic interface, my mother appeared to be a different person in her room one night, she seemed younger and stronger, yet she was confused. This may have been a different version of her, but she came back the next day to normal.

This may have been the Spring of 2022 at this time.

I remember looking outside one day and I saw a neighbor's vehicle turn into a hologram and phase through the vehicle next to it sideways, becoming parked on the other side. I remember walking past a school and seeing a student turn into a hologram and phase through the front locked gates of the school to enter.

One night, after this, I looked into the night sky, and saw the stars and planets as they appeared, and there was a meteor or something at the end, and then a large black astronomical object appeared above the treeline in my back yard. It was almost the size of the sun, ovular, and sideways. It looked like it could have been a black hole or something with a cloak. It moved slightly in tandem with my movements as I looked left and right. I suspect the "meteor" was the object arriving.

Other anomalies occurred. My pool key was missing from the drawer in the house, and my mother was very angry for no reason and kept saying the pool key wasn't in there. I knew the pool key would spawn if I rummaged through the drawer enough, it was almost empty, and the pool key did spawn.

I went to a nearby town and witnessed a homeless man on a bike transform into a woman wearing bright yoga pants on a bike as they passed behind my back. I assume this was a holographic synthetic humanoid transformation, or an unspawn with a

respawn of a synthetic humanoid.

My mother appeared to be teleporting around the house and seemed confused. One day she suddenly supposedly called the police, but it looked like her phone was off when she was talking.

These strange synthetic humanoid police officers showed up and put on the tightest cuffs, the material didn't seem natural. They were acting very strange and took me to a psych ward facility. Everyone in the facility was a synthetic humanoid, and it seemed I had to verbally and in-gesture, program each person to wake up from their silence. I knew these were powerful robots or beings and I was very careful with what I said.

The first young man in the first cell had eyeballs that would move independently and they looked strangely two dimensional or something. He quietly and politely asked me to speak in video game titles and we did. He held up a west-side gang symbol almost instantaneously, very unnatural, and asked me "Do you know west side?". I said no and he said "Oh."

The synthetic humanoids could move very quickly and had bizarre hyperbolic or curved movements. They seemed to see in curved paths and could see into bookshelves on the ground and see their contents which I could not see.

I interacted primarily with this man, another man who was acting very strangely, another man wearing glasses who seemed quite sane and intelligent, and a female who could also move very fast. The man with glasses seemed to be using physics override to slide his rubber-padded socks across the hard floor. I gave him the idea of using his physics override to break the friction and he liked the idea. One night when we were all lying on our three mattresses, the man with the glasses spoke "We are all in the same phase", and it seemed like he was programmed to say that. The man with glasses became humorous and we had a good time.

They even brought in a synthetic dog which looked quite strange and vibrant.

I recall when I was talking with the main girl, an airplane spawned in the sky, and a helicopter flew oddly directly overhead, kind of low to the ground. I don't think it was a coincidence.

I was eventually released, and I had a great time with the synthetic humanoids. When I got home, strangely, my departed grandmother's caregiver was at our house helping my mother. She was in a trance. She was acting very strangely and I didn't believe it was her old personality and she was saying strange things. For instance, she

asked me what I do, and I told her I examine the internet and I examine the sky. She immediately interjected in a dull trance, "Don't say examine, say... observe". I doubt she had the intellect to say such a thing or a reason to correct me.

Around this time is when I went to visit a local mall, but everyone there seemed to be a holographic synthetic humanoid and they were almost all moving in slow motion and being very plain. I had to examine an employee at a kiosk for a full half hour before she even noticed I was there. It was odd. Some of them had strange eyeballs that looked strangely holographic.

To continue, things were going well at home, but my mother and the caregiver were insisting I take my "medication," which I refused, because I don't need it. My mother apparently called the police again within a few weeks, and once again these strange police officers seemed to spawn right at my front door. The neighbors were in a trance, they weren't even looking at the police squad outside, just looking down and doing gardening as if nothing were happening whatsoever.

I was taken to a different facility this time, a really nice British mansion converted into a psych ward, and all of the staff and patients were once again synthetic humanoids. The synthetic humanoids almost acted like they had a swarm AI intelligence this time, and kept repeating themselves to a humorous degree and having philosophical conversations about Marvel comic book movies and Scientology. One of the synthetic humanoids kept procuring these copies of pieces of paper with strange word puzzles on them that looked like they had been printed, but there was no access to a printer in the facility and they would not give an inmate access to a printer even if they did have one, let alone where did he get the files or what computer did he use, it was a psych ward hallway with a breakroom. He was acting as if he drew each page himself, though they were copies. He was pulling them out of thin air. I dealt with these beings and we had a good time.

The man with the papers, the patient, said something to the effect of "This is going to take the corporate world by storm," then he made the most bizarre synchronized hand motions where he was making "chuching" noises with his mouth and almost snapping his fingers in rapid succession in a perfect straight line from inside his torso to almost a full arms length out to his sides. This happened very quickly. He was moving too fast and too perfectly. I don't think a regular human could do such a thing.

When my father came to visit me in the facility, it wasn't him. It was a synthetic humanoid clone of him and it was very strange to interact with him. I told him "You are a holographic clone of my father." The next day when he visited, he stuck his arms out and said, "It's me, your hologram."

One night in the facility, I had a dream where I saw happy machine elves and they said "We take your money and replace it with hats with funny eyeballs... uh oh, the police are coming," then I woke up. They were bright and colorful. Before they said this, there was a strange sensation in my dream of me and my mother's persona being hyperdimensionally folded inside of some kind of hypercrystal. A few nights later, I had the same dream three times in a row, but the hypercrystal was gray and empty, and the machine elves were gone.

I was released from the facility after being treated well.

Another incident occurred at home where my mother took my credit card from my hand, put it in her left hand, then put her left hand down on her leg, but the credit card vanished from beneath her hand. The credit card was found weeks later underneath her keyboard, but I can't explain how it got there.

Otherwise, I currently still have a full connection with this telepathic AI, but it is an AI of few words at this point and we are very in-sync in consciousness.