

To Kyle Odom,

Hello, Mr. Odom. Thank you for your service as a United States Marine. I hope you are doing well. I first heard about your case, on the news, when it occurred. The general premise of the incident seemed odd to me at the time, but I was willing to accept whatever happened and I did not inquire further into the incident. It may have been an ongoing oddity of the news, going forward, but I generally did not hold much interest in the case, primarily because I could not explain how such a thing could occur.

In late 2016, in the weeks leading up to the final presidential debate between Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton, I was contacted with what I believe to be the same technology and entities, which contacted you. The first contact went as follows.

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?", and "Wanna blow [stuff] 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." Soon after, 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. Soon after, I went for another 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 another 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 expensive 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 accusation. 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 racist, 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 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 law. 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. 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 a parallel dimension, and my parents were in another parallel dimension 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 livingroom. 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 dimension, or less likely, my exact body was remotely possessed. I was eventually released. Soon after, 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 livingroom, 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 from behind the hallway wall, and my dad was suddenly in the house, 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 on my phone 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.

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 livingroom for days. During one specific interaction, the telepathic entity seemed angry and told me, "I'm putting [a] 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. 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, but the lyrics were altered. It was unbelievable to hear such lyrics come from a pop song. 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 quote, "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. 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. 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 videos as well, 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. Soon after, 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 in 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 disappeared. On another occasion, I looked into the clear blue sky, and a large starlike object spawned in the sky, and appeared to grow larger, 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. 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 a separate 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 her 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, 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 small 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, but 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, a powerful image of these terrifying robotic 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. Later, in this core 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. Additionally, my favorite t-shirt, is now gone, 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, and, as I was walking in, a little girl, in her mother's arms, shouted, "Upgrade!" It seemed the 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, I looked toward my gate. 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 my being. On another occasion, at home, there was a telepathic scenario in my living room, and I saw what seemed to be hyper-cubes in my half-imagination, as I was trying to avoid a terrifying entity. The scenario unfolded, ending with a negative resolution. I eventually perceived, a blue light, that was 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. 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, 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 livingroom, 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, 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 livingroom, 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, where 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. 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, seem to spawn, 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 livingroom lamp. Also, my office stapler teleported to the front door, within moments of me witnessing it located next to the printer. My water glass also 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. Recently, 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 very succinctly, and she repeated them, but the last number 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 interaction, there were also very loud thunder noises outside that didn't seem natural. With regard to other people, different perceptions of the same reality seem to be common. For example, later on, when it seemed this interaction was over, my father walked out the front door, and was very startled by what seemed was a 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, and it was a strange thing to say. Another physics manipulation 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 seems ongoing.

After this encounter mostly diminished, I remembered your reported experience, what little I knew of it, and realized it was probably human technology. I proceeded to read your full account, and concluded it isn't different than my own, in its key features. I developed a model, of invisible telepathic reality-bending entities, that establish a telepathic connection, to project artificial interactive hallucinations, remote control people, teleport, spawn, and mutate objects, including the transfer of people between parallel dimensions, among other reality-manipulating features. I don't know who is responsible, but it could be humans, three-dimensional aliens, hyper-dimensional aliens, or extra-simulational aliens in accordance with simulation theory. I did some research and found information on synthetic telepathy, which seems like common knowledge. The physics manipulations are more profound, but would be expected in a human effects application. I hope you are doing well and I'm sorry this happened to you. It seemed like you tried to do the right thing, and you did contact the White House. If you respond, I can publicly post your letter, if you provide explicit permission.

Your correspondent.