

Chapter 1:

Back to Reality

To hear you whisper low, just when it's time to go...

Frankie Laine's, 'That's my desire,' was playing on a small Philco radio. I realized that I was in a time before my existence, back in 1947, when I found myself on a small farmstead in the middle of the New Mexico desert. It was hot and dry, and the farmer there was taking a break from his work, sitting on his porch and enjoying the shade.

As he was sitting there, he heard a sound in the sky. At first, I thought it was just a storm brewing, but the noise grew louder and closer. The farmer looked up and saw a craft unlike anything he had ever seen. It was round, glinting in the moonlight, on fire, and rushing toward his farm. A loud boom signaled its crash, and the smoke was easily visible from the porch.

The farmer was frightened by what he saw. He knew he had to investigate further, so he grabbed his shotgun and started walking

toward the crash site. As he got closer, he saw smoke rising from the impact site.

When he arrived, he was shocked to see a group of military men on the scene, shouting orders at each other. They were armed with guns and looked like they meant business. The farmer quickly realized that he was in over his head.

“Hey! What are you doing here?” one of the soldiers shouted.

“I heard a loud noise and thought I’d come to investigate,” the farmer replied, trying to sound as innocent as possible.

“You need to leave now. This is a restricted area,” the soldier said, his tone leaving no room for negotiation.

The giant spaceship was half buried in the ground, but a hatch opened, where a few soldiers were coming in and out. Some of the men had a reddish light emanating from their bodies. The farmer tried to understand what was happening and saw a few soldiers approaching him.

The farmer knew he had no choice but to return. He turned around and returned to his house, but he couldn’t stop thinking about what he had just witnessed.

Suddenly, he felt someone grab him by his shoulder.

“We need to ask you a few questions,” one of them said, showing him a badge that identified him as a member of the Air Force.

The farmer knew he was in trouble. He felt he shouldn’t have gone to the crash site, but curiosity had gotten the best of him.

“I just heard a loud noise and thought I’d investigate. I didn’t mean any harm,” the farmer said, trying to sound as innocent as possible.

“What did you see?” the soldier asked. A few more came closer and surrounded the farmer and the investigator. The farmer looked for his shotgun but couldn’t remember where it was. He looked into the investigator’s eyes which shined brightly.

The crowd moved in closer, and the farmer screamed as I opened my eyes and returned to the present. I realized that the farmer’s experience had become my own. I saw the world through his eyes, experiencing the fear, curiosity, and pain he had felt on that fateful day.

As I lay in my bed, trying to understand what was happening, I felt a strange energy coursing through my body. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. I was lost in my thoughts, trying to understand what was happening to me.

“The system is successfully regenerated online.”

I heard a weird computerized female voice, which echoed in my bedroom. My head is still not in the right place. I had always known I was different; something weird about me set me apart. But I had never been able to put my finger on precisely what it was. Now, as the energy continued to flow through me, I felt like I was finally starting to understand.

The voice spoke again, this time more urgently. “Robert, you must listen to me. The Greys are coming, and they mean to destroy us all. But we have a chance to fight back, to defend ourselves and

our planet. It's time for you to wake up. You have been hidden long enough."

Robert? I am John, a normal, white, 30-year-old man from Riverdale, California.

And then, just like that, everything changed. My body transformed, shifted, and reshaped into something new and powerful. I felt my muscles growing stronger, my bones denser, and my skin taking on an otherworldly sheen.

The voice spoke again, but now it was different. It was no longer just a voice but a presence, a force guiding, shaping, and making me into something greater than I had ever been.

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. The room fell silent, the flashing lights fading to darkness. I knew I was no longer just John, the ordinary man from Riverdale. I was something more, something greater, chosen for a purpose. But what is the purpose?

Or maybe it was still a dream! Am I awake?

I began to remember. The voice I was hearing was coming from a ship, my ship. It was not just a piece of machinery. The ship was alive; she had saved my life by keeping my memories in her backup systems. She was the key to finding out who I was.

But I had already started remembering, and the download was already working. I knew that I wasn't human. The word Pleiadian kept coming up in my head. But that is all I could remember. I didn't even remember what a Pleiadian was or a Grey was. I had no idea what was going on.

I thought this might be a cool dream. Or it could be that I needed to remember more. So instead of acting on what I was feeling, I decided to head back to bed. As I lay in my bed, I tried to figure things out. What was going on? What had just happened? But I didn't have much of a chance to figure things out.

As I was lying there thinking this might all be a dream, I was startled by a team of armed men banging on my door. These men busted in, knocking down the front door. Next came canisters of smoke, and laser light shone in the smoke as they entered the room. I hid underneath my bed, terrified. I closed my eyes, trying to protect them from the smoke.

I still remember waiting for them to scream FBI, police, CIA, or something, but nothing came from their lips. Instead, I got pulled out from underneath the bed, a gun pointed in my face, and a light flashed in my eyes.

My mind was racing, trying to figure out what was happening, why these men had invaded my home. And then, as if to add to the surreal nature of the situation, a photograph was shoved in front of me. It was of an older white man in his sixties. I studied the photo briefly, but it meant nothing to me. I had never seen the man before.

The men demanded to know if I had seen the man in the picture and where he was. I tried to explain that I had no idea who he was, but my words were met with suspicion and disdain. I could tell they didn't believe me and were determined to find this man, no matter what.

The men searched my house with alarming and bewildering ferocity. They tore through cabinets, pulled open drawers, and ripped the cushions off my couch. It seemed they were looking for something, but I couldn't imagine it. They went through everything, leaving no stone unturned. And yet, they never said that they were looking for anything else except for this man in the photograph.

I watched in growing anxiety and frustration as they invaded every corner of my home, finding nothing but disappointment. They tore clothes out of the closet, rummaged through the drawers of my nightstand, and even checked behind picture frames and under the bed. The search went on for three long hours, and still, they found nothing.

Finally, without any explanation or apology, the men left my home, leaving me feeling violated and confused. Who were those men, and why had they come to my home? What was so important about the man in the photograph that they were willing to invade my privacy and threaten me with a gun?

I surveyed my living room, the walls had deep cracks, and the furniture was in disarray. My nerves were frayed, and I was at a loss for what to do. I needed someone to talk to, someone who could give me some answers. It was the same voice that had been speaking to me for weeks, the one I had been trying so hard to ignore. But this time, I couldn't ignore it any longer.

"Remember, remember who you are," the voice said urgently.

After what felt like an eternity, my home's commotion died. I could hear the men leaving, their footsteps fading into the distance. I stumbled towards the window, desperate for fresh air, and managed to open it, gasping for breath.

As the smoke cleared, I saw that my home had been ransacked. Furniture was overturned, and belongings were scattered everywhere. The men had left a mess in their search for me. But why were they after me? What had I done to attract their attention?

Suddenly, I felt a jolt of electricity surge through my body, and I saw a vision of myself sitting in a captain's chair, surrounded by a multitude of screens. The voice spoke again, welcoming me back and informing me that I had been transported back to the ship.

"What happened?" I asked, taking in the damage to the ship.

"We were in a great battle, and we crashed. You were injured and lost all of your memories," the voice explained, "I am your ship, or Zoe, as you used to call me."

Zoe offered to restore my memories but warned me of the danger involved. I agreed to the procedure and saw glimpses of my past with each flash of light. Memories, events from my childhood, friends, and my first job flooded back. I saw myself learning how to ride a bike, driving a car for the first time, and my parents.

But as the memories continued, I began to question their authenticity. Were these real memories, or were they being implanted in my mind by the ship? I couldn't be sure. The flashes of light grew faster and more intense, showing me different

moments from my life, until finally, I saw a vision of a great city shining like the sun, with light emanating from every direction.

I was left with more questions than answers, and I couldn't shake the feeling that something more significant was at play here.

Suddenly, I felt a jolt and was back on board the alien spaceship. The hull was vibrating with the force of weapons fire, and alarms were blaring all around me. I could see through the viewport that we were hurtling toward Earth at an alarming rate, out of control.

"What's happening?" I shouted to the alien beside me.

"We're under attack," he replied, his voice steady despite the chaos around us. "Our ship has sustained critical damage. We're going to crash."

I could feel my heart pounding as we staggered toward the planet's surface. I knew we would all die if we didn't do something fast. But what could I do?

"What about the Greys?" I asked Zoe.

"They have sustained damage and are under Earth's pull."

"Okay, we'll try to land this ship. We need to make sure the Greys don't survive!"

Just as I thought it was all over, there was one final flash of light, and I was back in bed. I was sweating profusely, and my heart was racing. Was it all just a dream? I looked around my room, searching for any sign of what had happened.

I stumbled to the bathroom to splash some water on my face, and that's when I noticed it. My skin was glowing as if I had been

infused with energy. Something was happening to me, something I couldn't explain.

I knew I needed help, and the first person I thought to call was my childhood friend, Amy. She was a doctor, and maybe she could understand what was happening to me.

As she arrived at my house, she took in the chaos with a look of concern on her face. She thought I was losing my mind, but I knew what I had experienced was real.

But I wasn't convinced, and neither was Amy. She decided to call the police, hoping that they could shed some light on the mysterious group of men who had broken into my house.

As we waited for the police to arrive, I couldn't shake the feeling that something big was happening beyond my understanding. And I knew I needed to find out what it was before it was too late.

I sat in my living room, still shocked by the events that had just transpired. It was too much to process for the men who had come to my house, their strange questions, their even stranger behavior. And now, this police investigator, Tom Johnston, was asking me even more questions.

I tried to remain calm and collected, but I couldn't help feeling under some microscope. The way he looked at me and scrutinized my every word and movement made me feel like I was a suspect in a crime.

"What were these men looking for?" he asked, stern and inquisitive.

“I’m not really sure,” I replied, trying to sound as casual as possible. “They didn’t really say.”

“Did they seem dangerous to you?” he asked, leaning forward in his chair.

I hesitated momentarily, thinking about how they had acted, and looked at me with those cold, calculating eyes. “I don’t know,” I finally said. “Yes.”

Johnston scribbled something down in his notebook, then looked at me again. “And was there anything else strange that happened that night? Anything at all?”

I could feel my heart racing in my chest as I thought about what I had seen, felt, and heard that night. But I couldn’t tell him the truth without sounding completely insane.

“No,” I said firmly. “Nothing else happened.”

Johnston gave me a long, hard look, then handed me his card. “If you remember anything else, give me a call,” he said. “And do what your doctor recommends. Go and get some help.”

I watched him leave, his footsteps echoing down the hallway. And then, as he disappeared from view, I had a sudden flash of recognition. I had seen him before; I was sure of it. But where?

I shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts. Maybe I just imagined things, and perhaps I was just going crazy. But as I sat alone in my living room, I knew something was wrong. And I had a feeling that it was only going to get worse.

Fatigue and frustration weighed as I sat on the couch with a thousand thoughts. I had just told Amy that if she didn't believe me, she could go home, and she had left, slamming the door. I couldn't blame her; even for me, the situation was hard to believe.

As I lay my head on the pillows, trying to relax, I heard a familiar voice. It was the ship's computer, the same one that had guided me through the chaos of the crash.

"Have you processed the data I sent you?" Zoe.

"I have," I replied, still feeling the weight of what I had learned. "But where are you?"

"Where I am is not important at this time," Zoe replied, her voice soothing and calculated. "What is important is that you remember your mission. The government and the Greys are after you, and you must be reborn to have the power to defend yourself."

I was confused, but the computer continued to explain. It had changed my appearance, allowing me to blend in and evade my pursuers. The old man I had seen earlier was actually me, with a new identity.

The computer's voice grew stern as it warned me of the danger I faced. The government and the Greys were closing in, and I was defenseless unless I remembered my true mission.

A vision flashed before me as I tried to make sense of everything. It was the man who had held the gun to my head the night of the crash, and I remembered his voice.

"It was that police officer," I said out loud, barely able to believe what I was saying.

“You must remember,” the computer repeated. “Your life depends on it.”

With those words ringing, I knew what I had to do. I had to find a way to remember my mission, to defend myself against the shadowy forces that hunted me. It was a daunting task, but I had no choice. My life depended on it.

I couldn’t believe my thoughts; my existence seemed unfathomable. Here I was, conversing with an intelligent spaceship named Zoe and discovering that I might not even be a human being. The mere thought was enough to shake my very foundation.

“Zoe, are you there?” I asked, trying to make sense of everything.

“Don’t worry; when you regain your memory, this will all become clear to you,” Zoe reassured me. “Your mind made up human memories to protect you while your body was healing. Your true memories are not available.”

“How is that possible?” I asked, still trying to wrap my head around it all.

“Your memories were suppressed, and you were given false memories to protect you,” Zoe explained patiently. “This was necessary to keep you safe from the alien race that is after you.”

I took a deep breath, trying to process all of this information. Zoe’s words made sense but made me question everything I knew about myself.

“Are you ready for another download?” Zoe asked, breaking me out of my thoughts.

“Yes, I am ready,” I replied, bracing myself for the electric shock that would inevitably come.

As the download began, I felt many emotions wash over me. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. One minute I was laughing, and the next, I was mad. Then I found myself crying hysterically. Then, I realized I was trapped inside some kind of container.

My mind raced as I tried to understand what I felt and saw. It was like I remembered something important, something that had happened a long time ago.

“I think I’m remembering being born,” I said, my voice shaky.

Zoe didn’t reply, but I could feel her presence, comforting me in a way only AI could.

As the memories flooded my mind, I realized my life was not what I thought it was. I had a mission, a purpose, and a destiny that was tied to the stars. I was no longer just a mere mortal but a part of something much larger, something that would change the universe’s fate forever.