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By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

We talk much about the negative aspects of The Spirit World; the second death, and those who suffer in the Darkness with the pain they have caused others. Oftentimes we fail to mention the spectacular beauty and joy that is prepared for Those who are good and righteous.

I think one of the reasons for this is that no language can successfully convey HOW beautiful The Spiritual World is, and how much the just enjoy it. It is not merely that one does what one wants to do for work, and has access to varied and interesting forms of recreation, but what makes The Spiritual World truly beautiful beyond words to describe is the unity between Those that dwell There.

The Good are welcome everywhere, and even Those who repent Their errors find themselves welcome in most places.

The hatred between societies so prevalent with the living does not exist in The Spirit Realm. Jew sits down to eat with Muslim, Muslim with Hindu. Wise Men of every culture are asked to speak before the people of other faiths.

Jealousy and greed are forgotten, and the Good are working together for the survival of the human race.

Those in The Spirit Realm very rarely have arguments with their neighbors. Their trouble only comes from the living who have not yet learned to follow in the footsteps of Those who have come before them, who reject the wonderful Place that is waiting for them, and choose, instead, the path that will lead them to misery.

So many have tried to tell them what awaits them if they will but follow The Proper Path, yet man rejects what he is promised and plunges himself into The Darkness, somehow blaming others for their own shortcomings.

Will the majority ever awaken and say "I will no longer follow after The Darkness for I have seen the Gift that has been prepared for me?"

It is our goal to make every Soul welcome in The Spirit Realm, to make it so that no one will suffer the agonies they have caused others, but enter joyously into the Lands Of Their Beloved.

Some say our goal is impossible, that mankind exists only for their own destruction. But I say this is not so, and I hope others will stand with me in this belief.

MUSIC PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART  
IN THE AWAKENING

The Lords often use a piece of music as signals to Their Sleeping Children. If you have ever watched "Masterpiece Theater," every time you hear the music at the beginning you are hearing the song that was played for the leader of The Spiritist Religion for centuries, as "Hail To The Chief" is played for The American President wherever he goes. Though the words to the song were rarely sung every child knew them. They went something like this;

We will stand by Them  
both night and day,  
We'll fight and stand  
'til victory!

Oh, don't you know  
you know we'll stand by Them.

Let the thunder roll  
and the enemy scream,  
We'll raise the cry  
to victory!

Oh, don't you know  
You know we'll stand by Them.

They will send The One  
to raise the flag  
To give the cry  
to victory!

Oh, don't you know  
You know we'll stand by Them.

Never must They  
stand alone, my friend,  
So onward, now,  
'til victory!

Oh, don't you know  
You know we'll stand by Them!  
(Repeat verse two)

When the battle's won  
Let freedom ring,  
We stood by Them  
'til victory!

Oh, don't you know  
You know we stand by Them!

FINANCIAL  
REPORT

THIS YEAR we  
took in \$275.74.  
We spent  
\$756.52. This  
left us with an  
out of pocket  
expense of  
\$480.78.

This has not  
been one of our  
best years, nor  
has it been one  
of our worst.  
We are work-  
ing on some  
ideas to im-  
prove our cir-  
cumstances in  
the year to come.

Our dream is  
to sell one of  
our fictional  
manuscripts, to  
support our re-  
ligious work.  
Perhaps this  
will happen in  
the near  
future.

In our last issue we announced that the voodoo priests of Haiti have been stripped of their power. The question has been asked where do I get the Power or the authority to commit such an act? Who am I to strip others of their powers?

The answer is simply, I don't! Those who gave these individuals their Powers take them away. I am only Their voice, Their Messenger. I only tell the poor souls that have offended The Light what has been done to them. It is their Ancestors and Those They Worship that strip them of their Glory.

The All Sports Channel in Toronto, Canada, called, and asked what the old time players thought of what was going on in sports. Here's just a few comments they were given in reply.

Babe Ruth asks fans to boycott games and sponsors if owners field substitute teams.

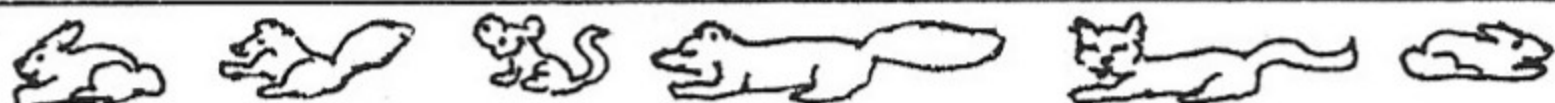
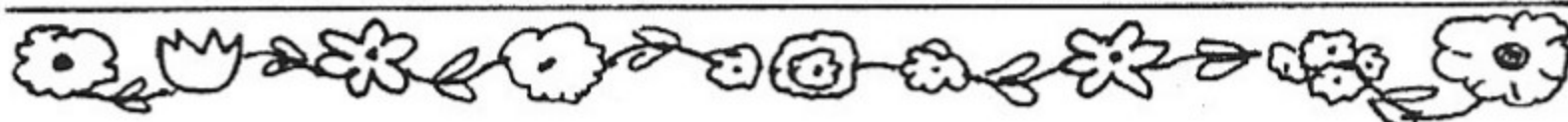
Hockey players upset about what's happening in their sport, too, but refuse to get involved or even choose a spokesperson to express their opinion.

Boxers delighted with Foreman's victory but say organized crime still the sport's greatest problem.

Those in The Spirit Realm fear current difficulties in American Sports may spread even to other countries. Feel solution must be found.

THIS IS A UNIVERSAL LIFE MINISTRY.

MEMBER WPPA.



## THE SPIRITS SPEAK

This interview is with the former leader of the Nazi Party of Germany who ruled Germany during the period of history known as The Second World War. His Spirit will speak through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley and the interviewer is Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley. Because of our religious teaching we can't mention him by name, so therefore, all questions will be directed to him as "Nazi 1". This interview is done at his request, only, on the principle of mercy. A special exception has been made to allow him to put his name at the end of this article.

1. Nazi 1, can you give us a brief outline of your feelings during your reign in Germany?

A. This is very hard to put into words. I felt myself the ultimate man, and the party the ultimate goal. All else was to be eliminated. The race was the supreme importance. Such would be the glory of Germany. A nation of Supermen, the best in all fields.

2. Can you give us your description of your death and what happened to you afterwards?

A. I think the circumstances of my death are quite well known. I chose to take my own life, rather than be captured, thinking this to be the best way. As to explain what happened to me after the moment of death, it is hard to find words in any language to express the wave of horror and pain that came over me. By this I do not speak of the actual pain of my death, but a pain that is beyond the reckoning of any living being.

I felt myself being propelled somewhere, and for some time I could not tell where I was. How long this lasted, I don't know, but after some time I became aware that I was in a place of utter darkness and filled with a fear and loathing like nothing I had ever known. Slowly I became aware of a light in the distance, and I desired to go towards it. At first I didn't know how, but I found as I concentrated on it, it grew nearer, and as it grew larger, I recognized it as the world. But it was somehow different. But when I reached this distance something else began to happen.

One after another people began to appear before me. At first I didn't realize who they were, but later it came to me that they were people that had suffered because of the things that I had done. There were Jews, Germans, Englishmen, Russians, and people from everywhere my armies had gone. When each came before me, I became instantly aware of all that had been done to them. I was filled with their pain and fear, and felt their hatred. Each one spoke but one word to me, and vanished. That word was "Why?"

I tried to go on, but the closer I approached the Light, the faster the people appeared, as if they were awaiting me, and I feared I would be engulfed and destroyed by them. So I fled into the Darkness from which I came.

After a long time, I don't know how long, I again summoned enough courage to overcome the fear within me, and again approached the Light, only to be driven back in the same manner, again. After some time I tried a third time to go towards the Light, but this time I didn't go so far so the people didn't come at me so rapidly or leave so suddenly, and I tried to answer their question. I used all the excuses I had developed in my lifetime, but none seemed to avail, and

(Cont'd Top, Next Column)

for the third time I was forced to retreat. I fled again into the Darkness, and began to go over my life. I judged everything I did by the standards I had lived by and found in myself no error. And again I went toward the Light determined to answer these people, but this time as I went forth, I called out the names of some of those who had been with me in my lifetime, hoping they would come to my aid. But none answered. As soon as the world again appeared before my eyes, the people returned, and I began to rant and rave about the glory I had intended and how right I had been. This time, I would not retreat, and how long this went on, I do not know. But after a long time, a child appeared before me; a little girl, a Jew. I saw her as she had died. I felt her sorrow, her anger, but unlike the others she didn't leave. She stayed and watched me, and she began to change. Her withered little body filled out, and she became as pretty as she had been before we had taken her away.

How long she stood there while the others still came, I don't know, but after a while I felt her feelings toward me change. No longer were they hate and loathing, but there was pity and compassion. And she came to me and barely touched my hand. Her words cut me like a knife.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I forgive you. You didn't know what you were doing."

I froze, my eyes upon her. My whole being shattered. I could face hate. I could face anger, but pity, truth and innocence I had no weapon against. I fell to my knees and said what I had known in my heart was true for some time.

"God forgive me!" I cried, "I had no reason, I had no right to do these things!"

And I cried. Not in the way you cry, but the crying of the Soul in sorrow and grief. It was some time before I realized the people were no longer questioning me, merely standing about, watching me. And a man appeared. He wore a doctor's white coat. He held out his hand to me and said, "Come, we can help you now."

They took me to a place they called a hospital and taught me of the Place where I was. I learned there, that my agony, as they called it, had lasted for 22 years, and, 5 days.

After my time of teaching I was taken before a place of judgment and asked what it is I would like to do, and I told them that I wished to work to make amends for that that I had done. And they said that this was good. That there was all ready a society at work in this cause and they would be glad to welcome me. So, I sought it out and joined it. I found some there that I had known in my lifetime, but several of my old associates were not around. I asked of them and was told that a few were still in the Darkness but that the others had ceased to exist. That when the burden of what they'd done finally rested upon them, it had been too much for their Souls and they had disintegrated into a million unintelligible fragments. In ways I wish this had been my fate also, for I still bear the great burden of my sorrows but at least now I can struggle to get things right.

3. Can you give us your present opinion of the ideals you taught in your lifetime?

A. The ideals I taught in my lifetime were complete and total insanity, the ravings of a madman, a man obsessed with hate and greed, so that all reason and compassion left him, a man

(Cont'd Top, Column 1, Pg. 2)

who took abilities that could have created a world of beauty and turned it into a place of a nightmare.

4. What is your opinion of the people that practically worship you today as a god?

A. They are as insane as I was at the time of my lifetime. And they are also my enemies. I seek only their destruction that the insanity I created comes to an end. This is one of my purposes in writing this article. If it reaches but one of them, and turns him or her away from hatred and insanity, then it is worth the price we paid for it. Foolish children, don't listen to my old ravings. Don't bring upon your Souls the burden I must now bear for eternity. Don't have the burden of six million Souls on your conscience, for you can never be free of the agony of it. Don't feel that I ask you to let others abuse you, for I don't. I simply say, judge the actions of each individual persons in what they do for or against you. Bless them, and them alone, and not their race or creed. Don't deliver yourselves into an agony that may oppress you for decades on end. And remember this warning....those who now preach my doctrine are my enemies and I will destroy them in any way I can before they bring more sorrow on my Soul by committing more atrocities in my name.

5. What is your opinion of the Jewish people now, and what do you feel about your abuse of them in your lifetime?

A. I think I've already answered the second part of your question many times. The Jewish people, as any people, have a right to existence and happiness as long as they don't abuse the rights of others. I speak to the people of the Arab world. I beg of you--I plead with you for mercy. Leave Israel be. You've made war on her children. Surrender your pride, and give them that they have taken in their own defenses and extend your hand in friendship, and you'll find a brother, a friend willing to share with you, and together you can turn your part of the world into a paradise. But there are those who wish to use your prejudices and hatreds for their own gain, and when they're done with you, you'll find yourselves their puppets and pawns. Be your own men. Be just and fair, and you'll find greater rewards than you have ever dreamed.

6. Nazi 1, what do you now do in The Spirit World?

A. I believe I've answered this question, but I'll state straightforwardly. My entire existence is The Society For The Eradication Of Naziism. It is my total being. Nothing else occupies one fragment of my thought. I'll have no peace or no hope for peace until the Nazi ideal I created is only words in the pages of history. Only then shall I be free of this agony that is a greater bond than any chains. Mankind, hear me! There is no Hell, but that of your own making. No torment but the agony of your own Soul crying "Why did I do these things?"

Adolf Hitler, Fuhrer Of Germany

We have follow up questions for Nazi 1 in VOICES Vol. 5 No. 6, March, 1992, and Vol. 6 No. 1, May, 1992. If you'd like copies of these kindly send a \$2.00 donation. Make sure you tell us this is for the Nazi 1 follow up material.

Our next interview will be with the Spirit of Isis, the Egyptian Goddess. Feel free to send any questions you have.

QUEEN VICTORIA QUESTIONS  
PART SEVEN

54. 1871 seemed to be a bad year for you, with your own grave sickness and that of your son. Were you grateful for it however, that it seemed to turn public opinion more towards your favor?

A. Most assuredly NOT. I was so sick towards the end that I almost wished for death. That such a simple thing could make one so ill terrified me. Had I not had the most learned physician of my age, Dr. Lister, I think I would not have survived. I think only my son's illness caused me to call upon my reserves and finally throw off that horrid infection. My worst terror was that to save my life they might have to take my arm, something I did not want to happen.

55. Do you still disapprove of female doctors?

A. It is a new age now, but I still cannot imagine a young woman going into the gory business of surgery. But in another way I am proud of their courage and fortitude. I cannot say I now disapprove of it, but it is still hard for me to understand.

56. Are you still against animal experiments?

A. Oh, yes. Even moreso as modern science has made it so unnecessary. I believe such things are still appalling. Now we take such practices even into the Heavens! Man poisons everything as he travels about.

57. The trouble with Turkey in 1875-76 sounds so familiar, almost like what is happening with Bosnia today. Do you think mankind will ever grow beyond such ignorance?

A. I know you have hopes and dreams that this will be so. I hope you are successful in them. But I, myself, have a very negative opinion of human nature, and do not feel you will be. Let us hope you are right, and I am wrong. God will it be so.

58. You were against smoking in your day. Has your attitude in any way changed?

A. No. As far as I'm concerned, those who produce these horrid things should be publicaly flogged and any pregnant woman that smokes should be imprisoned without the horrid things until her child is born! I would join willingly with those in your country fighting for the right to breathe unpoisoned air!

59. You are often criticized for your poor judgment in selecting art. What is your opinion of modern art today?

A. How anyone can call it art I don't know. Sculptures that have no form whatsoever but resemble dog droppings, pieces of canvas with a few globs of paint dropped on them from a balcony...can one really call this art? I very much like the return to what is commonly called "Folk art" but they can keep what is referred to as the modern. I find both those that make it and those that buy it foolish.

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ASHTARIAN SORROW CONTINUED

SEPTEMBER 13, 1994

We have just received news that the daughter of the new Ashtarian leader has defected, along with several of her closest friends who stole a vessel and proceeded to the Galactic blockade ships and requested asylum. The Ashtarrians have brought with them their lovers from several other races who they wish to marry, but under Ashtarian law could not.

The Ashtarian leader has demanded his daughter's return, saying that this is a family matter and no business of The Galactic Community. The Galactic Forces, however, have honored the requests for asylum. The escapees have brought news of further troubles on the subject worlds. Apparently the subject peoples are beginning to realize that the Ashtarrians can be hurt, that they are NOT invincible, and are beginning to rise up against them and their native overlords. There are reports of many riots and even the beginnings of armed rebellions, guerilla armies forming and operating in desolate areas and large population centers. Again the Ashtarrians are blaming The Galactic Forces for these difficulties but The Galactic Forces have absolutely nothing to do with them. They are the spontaneous acts of the local inhabitants.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1994

The Galactic agent has brought a further report of trouble for the Ashtarrians. The farmers on one of their subject worlds have deliberately destroyed tons of grain and produce scheduled for delivery to the Ashtarian Homeworld. They have left just enough for their own peoples' needs.

They have even destroyed the prepared emergency meals in storage against disaster and famine so the Ashtarrians could not even take these.

Thousands of farmers have been arrested and put in detention but the Ashtarrians cannot operate the farms without them. So it is believed they will shortly be released. Again the Ashtarrians are blaming The Galactic Forces for this uprising but The Galactic Forces had nothing to do with it.

This incident will require that The Homeworld be put on rationing; something that is stirring unrest on even Ashtaria.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1994

Ashtar Command's troubles continue to grow. Though they have tried to downplay the incident word of the farmers destroying their crops spread, and the people of another planet followed their example. Though they were not able to destroy as much as their brother rebels had done, they did considerable damage.

The Ashtarrians decided to make an example of the two leaders of the first uprising by executing them for the destruction of Ashtarian property. This idea backfired, however, when the local population freed ALL the prisoners and turned on their overseers, both native and, Ashtarian, killing 526, including 13 women and children. 46 other women and children have disappeared. It is believed they have gone willingly with the rebels.

It is reported that one command post was overrun with the aid of the Commander's wife, who let the attackers in through a secret

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entrance.

The Ashtarrians have landed security forces in the major population centers and have limited control of these, but cannot venture into the countryside without being attacked, nor, can they export food or even supply the cities they are holding.

The Galactic Forces have offered shipments of emergency rations but they will only deliver them to the Ashtarian Homeworld, not to the outlying worlds so the Ashtarrians can ship those peoples grains and produce to the capitol.

The Ashtarrians have thusfar refused the shipments but they cannot do so much longer, as their lower classes are already running low on basic provisions.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1994

Ashtar Command's difficulties continue to grow. The farmer's revolt has turned into a full scale armed rebellion. The Ashtarrians have brought in reinforcements from all eight of their subject worlds, even non-Ashtarrians from the security forces of other planets but it has not done them any good.

The Ashtarrians have been driven from two of the major cities on one continent suffering severe losses in three heavy surface battles. The Ashtarrians threatened to bring in heavy ships whose weapons outranged the defenders' and to bombard the fallen cities from orbit. But The Galactic Forces interceded, warning The Ashtarrians that if they attempted to bombard the cities they would destroy the Ashtarian cruisers.

Several Ashtarian ships approached the troubled planet but when they were not by superior Galactic vessels, they withdrew and have made no further attempt to enter the rebel systems. When The Ashtarrians announced lower ranking citizens were being called up to serve in the security forces, some personnel deserted and have gone into hiding.

One district has closed itself off and refuses to let recruiters (ha, ha!) into their territory. So much for the old superior race!

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BOOK & MUSIC REVIEWS

By; Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley

UNIVERSAL THOUGHT A SANCTUARY OF REASON From; Middle America Success Enterprises, 1113 5th Ave. So. Suite 300, Fargo, ND 58103-1787. Magazine. \$3 one issue, 1½ yr. subscription \$15 US.

A unique collection of informative articles published by Pagans for Pagans and anyone interested in metaphysical articles on the positive Path. Gain a greater understanding of Odin, sample excellent Rune readings and horoscopes you can order for yourself. Sprinkled with a generous amount of artwork, even Biblical teachings, this should capture anyone's interest and enlighten all. The spring 1995 issue even contains an 87 question channeled interview from the Spirit of Lee Harvey Oswald, submitted by VOICES publisher, Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!

(Cont'd Bottom, Column 1, Pg. 4)

"Great men are not always wise."

-The Bible

Job 32: 9

In our Teachings we often relate that Souls do not change gender in reincarnation. But if this is so, why is it so many people claim to have been the opposite sex in previous incarnations?

What these people do not realize is that when they have intimate relations with another person they do not just join in the physical aspect, but both the mind and the Soul also join in intimacy.

Though the partners do not realize it on the physical level they become one mentally and spiritually. All that they know is transformed from one to the other. When two individuals are really close this joining can become so intense that when they die and enter The Spirit Realm it is sometimes hard for them to separate these memories. And some actually come to believe that they were their partner. And when they are re-born again into the physical form they take this misguided belief with them back into the material world, where it is mistakenly passed along to others. Hence, the misguided belief that Souls change sex in reincarnation.

You see it in the tabloids, you see books about it on the shelf of every bookstore. The Mayans predicted it, the Atlanteans predicted it, Nostradamus predicted it. It seems like everybody has said before the year two-thousand the world will come to an end, and everyone except a few special chosen will perish.

Armageddon, Doomsday or whatever you want to call it. Well, I've been asked to tell you by all The Great Powers in The Spirit Realm that it just isn't going to happen. Nobody's going to push the button, no epidemic is going to wipe out the world. No asteroid is going to fall from the Heavens and send us the way of the dinosaurs.

Sure, there's going to be troubles....there will be wars and rumors of wars. There will be earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, old religions will fall and new ones will rise. People will be happy, they will be unhappy, they will live and they will die but the world is not coming to an end.

Some misguided ideas will be passing away but this world and its peoples will endure. What the greedy have destroyed will be rebuilt, will be cleaned and purified. The haters will be silenced and those who love all will come to rule.

This is not a wish, this is not a hope, this is not a dream. It is the promise of all Those Who Have Gone Before, the guarantee of all Those that bear The Light Of Wisdom and Truth. The Darkness will oppose them but they will succeed, for that is the way it is meant to be.

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LAWS OF THE OLD WORLDS  
PART 8: PATENTS & COPYRIGHTS

The Ancient Hashons (HAY-shuns) had patent laws very similar to those of The United States. Even the time periods were quite similar. A person had exclusive rights to the manufacture of a product or a service they had developed for about 30 years. And under certain circumstances the copyright could be extended for another 10. The idea of one's right to own one's creations was very strong.

Copyright Laws, however, were vastly different. Ownership of a story and characters in a story were eternal, part of an estate that could be handed down generation after generation. And a story could not be reprinted or characters from a story reused without the consent of the creator's heirs.

The same was true of any work of art. If a sculptor sold a piece of work it was usually under the condition that if the new owner sold it, the Sculptor or his heir would receive a percentage of any profits. The same was true of paintings.

Sometimes the descendants of famous artists lived quite comfortably on the increasing value of their Ancestor's work.

Surprisingly The Holy Godden Empire also protected a person's rights to those things they discovered. Their patent laws were very strict, and legal manufacture of any item was severely dealt with, and the right of exclusive manufacture had no time limit.

These rights were inheritable from generation to generation. As long as a family was loyal to the state, their rights were vigorously protected.

Well, it's started again. A so-called expert has written a book saying the white race is superior to the other races, this time saying I.Q. is the determining factor in racial superiority. Unfortunately every generation one of these morons seems to appear.

The only reason certain members of some races score lower in I.Q. tests than others is that they never had the opportunity for the stimulation that their more affluent neighbors benefited from.

No race is superior in any way to any other race. We all have talents and abilities that add to the greater whole of humanity.

The best thing to do with these sick individuals that start claiming their particular race is superior to everybody else is to treat them with the contempt they deserve and ignore them. Sadly this individual will do well on the talk show circuit spreading his poison before he crawls back into his hole. But these are the things that we simply have to deal with from time to time.

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SUPPORT PUBLIC TELEVISION & RADIO!

By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

When Sgt. Blaisdell had been assigned to guard duty at the Pentagon he thought it would probably be an interesting assignment. However, after two years boredom had become the order of the day. Not being allowed reading material he occupied his time with language lessons on audio tape, and had already become quite fluent in French and Spanish.

Henderson, his watchmate, stretched and tapped him on the shoulder. "Can you watch my screens and panels for a minute, Blaisdell? I'm gonna go get some coffee. Want anything?"

Blaisdell shook his head and waved his companion towards the door, put his earphone back on, and continued to repeat Italian phrases. With his back to the door he didn't see the shadowy form enter, crouch by a panel, silently open it, rip out two wires and close the panel back up. By the time his companion returned nothing was out of order. Several minutes later Henderson cursed loud enough that Blaisdell could hear him.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Damned motion sensor's gone out in sector 3. Whole west end of the floor is open!"

Blaisdell turned off his tape, pressed a couple of buttons. A few moments later he could hear a phone ring from a loud speaker.

"Maintenance!" a sleepy voice muttered.

"Security," Blaisdell snapped. "We've got a motion sensor out in sector 3. Get down there and replace it."

"Keep your shirt on!" the voice over the speaker grumbled. "I'll go have a look."

The phone hung up with a loud click. Blaisdell returned to his tape. A few minutes later his shoulder was again being shaken. "What now?" he asked.

"Still no motion sensor," Henderson complained. "What'd that guy do? Go down there and take a damned nap?"

For the first time Blaisdell was beginning to feel concerned. "Any electricity being used down there?" he asked. "Any computers on line?"

Henderson began flicking switches and checking readouts. "Alarm would've gone off," he muttered, "bells would be ringing. What to hell? I'm getting no readings!" His efforts now became almost panic. "Something's going on, old boy!" he muttered, "You'd better hit the button!"

Blaisdell hesitated but then agreed. He opened a covered switch on his panel and flicked it. A siren began to sound, and a prerecorded voice announced over and over again, "This is an A1 security alert! Repeat, this is an A1 security alert!"

The phone buzzed and Blaisdell picked it up. "Yes, sir! We have disabled equipment and a motion sensor out in sector 3. "

Henderson gave a cry from the corner. "Found it! Deliberate sabotage. Wires to the computer monitoring system have been cut. I'm using emergency splices to bypass them."

A moment later a light began to flash on Henderson's panel and a beeping sound filled the air. Henderson ran to the panel. "There is a computer in use cubicle 10 section 3. It's linking up to the communication's system. Attempts to override are being blocked out by programmed commands."

Six heavily armed soldiers rushed into the

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control room. "Yes, sir!" Blaisdell snapped. "I understand, sir! On my way, sir! Two of you! Stay here! The other four come with me."

Blaisdell rushed down the hall to an innocent-appearing locker. Fumbling nervously he got out his keys, opened the locker, pulled out a portable radio, and quickly snapped it on. "Sgt. Blaisdell, sir! Checking in. Loud and clear, sir! On my way, sir. Move it!" he snapped to his escort as he picked up a suitcase-sized satchel. In moments they emerged in the courtyard. "Take up protective positions!" Blaisdell ordered.

The four men surrounded him as he opened the case. A short distance away were four satellite discs. Blaisdell pulled an object from the case, bent over and attached it to one of the discs. Unwheeling a wire back to the satchel he plugged it in. He repeated this process three times more, then knelt down beside the satchel. "System primed and active, sir," he reported.

"What in the hell's going on?" one of the guards grumbled.

"I'm not sure," Blaisdell answered. "I think IT'S back again."

The soldiers looked at each other with worried expressions. "It's not coming up here, is it?" one of them asked.

"No," Blaisdell assured, "it's trying to transmit something." Blaisdell suddenly stopped talking. "Which one, sir?" he asked. "Yes, sir!" he snapped.

In rapid succession he flicked four switches inside the satchel. Four loud bangs filled the air. The satellite discs jumped from their pedestals and with a resounding CRASH hit the ground. Almost simultaneously something appeared by the control box. Blaisdell looked up to see a 6 ft. winged Being standing over him. It looked from Blaisdell to the satellite discs, and back to Blaisdell again.

The soldiers stood, weapons ready but did not fire. There was the sound of running footsteps. The Being shrugged, with a smile rose skyward, and disappeared. A captain ran up and stood at Blaisdell's side as he rose. "Damn!" he said, "He almost got by us that time!"

"Yes, sir!" Blaisdell commented, "It only took blowing up four \$100,000 satellite discs to stop him."

The officer shook his head. "I don't need to tell you gentlemen you never saw what you just saw. By morning the satellite discs will be replaced, nothing will have happened!"

Blaisdell began to pull in wires and stuff them into the case as the others scattered. It was only when the others were gone that he spoke again to the officer. "The Omega File again, sir?"

The officer nodded. "He was all set to transmit it to CNN. What a story THAT would have made on tomorrow's news! Return to station, Blaisdell! Good job!"

A few minutes later the Sgt. settled back into his seat. "Doesn't it ever bother you, Sgt.?" Henderson asked. "Don't you ever want to run out and tell somebody?"

Blaisdell shook his head. "Who'd believe us?" he muttered returning to his tape. "Do they believe the Arkansas Highway Patrol?"

"Still," Henderson muttered, "Dammit!" He shook his head and rose. "I'm going for more coffee."

"This time I'll take one!" Blaisdell put in. "Black!"

THE END

