

**Subject:** Bryd's Journey To The Inner Earth. Part 2 of 2.

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Part 2 of 2.

This tells what happens when Admiral Byrd made his report of what he had seen.

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Our emissaries have already delivered messages to the powers of your world, and yet they do not heed. Now you have been chosen to be witness here that our world does exist. You see, our Culture and Science is many thousands of years beyond your race, Admiral.' I interrupted, 'But what does this have to do with me, Sir?' The Master's eyes seemed to penetrate deeply into my mind, and after studying me for a few moments he replied, 'Your r-ce has now reached the point of no return, for there are those among you who would destroy your very world rather than relinquish their power as they know it...' I nodded, and the Master continued, 'In 1945 and afterward, we tried to contact your ra-e, but our efforts were met with hostility, our Flugelrads were fired upon. Yes, even pursued with malice and animosity by your fighter planes. So, now, I say to you, my son, there is a great storm gathering in your world, a black fury that will not spend itself for many years.

There will be no answer in your arms, there will be no safety in your science.

It may rage on until every flower of your culture is trampled, and all human things are leveled in vast chaos. Your recent wa- was only a prelude of what is yet to come for your rac-. We here see it more clearly with each hour..do you say I am mistaken?' 'No,' I answer, 'it happened once before, the dark a-es came and they lasted for more than five hundred years.' 'Yes, my son,' replied the Master, 'the dark ag-s that will come now for your -ace will cover the Earth like a pall, but I believe that some of your r-ce will live through the storm, beyond that, I cannot say. We see at a great distance a new world stirring from the ruins of your ra-e, seeking its lost and legendary treasures, and they will be here, my son, safe in our keeping.

When that time arrives, we shall come forward again to help revive your culture and your rac-. Perhaps, by then, you will have learned the futility of war and its strife...and after that time, certain of your culture and science

will be returned for your -ace to begin anew. You, my son, are to return to the

Surface World with this message.....'

With these closing words, our meeting seemed at an end. I stood for a moment as in a dream...but, yet, I knew this was reality, and for some strange reason I bowed slightly, either out of respect or humility, I do not know which.

Suddenly, I was again aware that the two beautiful hosts who had brought me here were again at my side. 'This way, Admiral,' motioned one. I turned once more before leaving and looked back toward the Master. A gentle smile was etched on his delicate and ancient face.

'Farewell, my son,' he spoke, then he gestured with a lovely, slender hand a motion of peace and our meeting was truly ended.

Quickly, we walked back through the great door of the Master's chamber and once again entered into the elevator. The door slid silently downward and we were at once going upward. One of my hosts spoke again, 'We must now make haste, Admiral, as the Master desires to delay you no longer on your scheduled time table and you must return with his message to your race.' I said nothing. All of this was almost beyond belief, and once

again my thoughts were interrupted as we stopped. I entered the room and was again with my radio man. He had an anxious expression on his face.

As I approached, I said, 'It is all right, Howie, it is all right.' The two beings

motioned us toward the awaiting conveyance, we boarded, and soon arrived back at the aircraft. The engines were idling and we boarded immediately. The whole atmosphere seemed charged now with a certain air of urgency.

After the cargo door was closed the aircraft was immediately lifted by that unseen force until we reached an altitude of 2700 feet. Two of the aircraft

were alongside for some distance guiding us on our return way. I must state here, the airspeed indicator registered no reading, yet we were moving along at a very rapid rate.

ENTRY IN FLIGHT LOG CONTINUES:

\*215 Hours - A radio message comes through. 'We are leaving you now, Admiral, your controls are free. Auf Wi-dersehen!!!!' We watched for a moment as the flugelrads disappeared into the pale blue sky.

The aircraft suddenly felt as though caught in a sharp downdraft for a moment. We quickly recovered her control. We do not speak for some time, each man has his thoughts....

220 Hours - We are again over vast areas of ice and snow, and approximately 27 minutes from base camp. We radio them, they respond. We report all conditions normal....normal. Base camp expresses relief at our re-established contact.

\*300 Hours - We land smoothly at base camp. I have a mission.....

END LOG ENTRIES.

March 11, 1947. I have just attended a staff meeting at the P-ntagon. I have stated fully my discovery and the message from the Master. All is duly recorded. The P-esident has been advised. I am now detained for several hours (six hours, thirty- nine minutes, to be exact.) I am interviewed intently

by Top S-curity Forces and a me-ical team. It was an ordeal!!!! I am placed under strict control via the national sec-rity provisions of this U-ited States

of America. I am ORDERED TO REMAIN SILENT IN REGARD TO ALL THAT

I HAVE LEARNED, ON THE BEHALF OF HUMANITY!!!! Incredible! I am

reminded that I am a mil-tary man and I must obey orders.

30/12/56: FINAL ENTRY:

\* These last few years elapsed since 1947 have not been kind...I now make my final entry in this singular diary. In closing, I must state that I have faithfully kept matter se-ret as directed all these years. It has been completely against my values of moral right. Now, I seem to sense the long night coming on and this secr-t will not d-e with me, but as all truth shall,

it will triumph and so it shall. This can be the only hope for mankind. I have seen the truth and it has quickened my sp-rit and has set me free! I have done my duty toward the monstrous m-litary i-dustrial c-mplex. Now, the long night begins to approach, but there shall be no end. Just as the long night of the Arctic ends, the brilliant sunshine of Truth shall come again....and those who are of darkness shall fall in it's Light...

FOR I HAVE SEEN THAT LAND BEYOND THE POLE, THAT CENTER OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd Un-ted States N-vy 24 December 1956

Magic is alive and well .... remember we are the magi....so let us conjour consciously

Part 2 of 2.

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