

UFO cult says God will speak on all TVs March 24th at midnight One week before God materializes March 31 in Garland, Texas, taking the physical form of a Taiwanese UFO cult leader, he will broadcast live at midnight on Channel 18, a spokesman for the group said yesterday.

"It doesn't matter whether it's cable TV or regular broadcast TV," said Richard Liu of the God and Buddha Salvation Foundation.

The TV set doesn't even need to be switched on when the clock strikes 12 next Tuesday, said Liu, a former English literature professor and poet who now speaks for Chen Hon-Ming, the group's silver-haired spiritual leader.

"God will turn on the television sets and tune each TV in every house to Channel 18," Liu said.

That's every set "in all the Americas" - North, South and Central, he said.

And although most members of the Taiwanese cult speak only Chinese, God will be communicating in English, Liu said. The spokesman clarified that God will be heard, but not seen. The screen will be filled with pictures of Garland's leafy Ridgedale Drive where Chen has predicted God, assuming Chen's own outward appearance, will appear March 31, clone himself and speak any language.

"God also will tell people how they should prepare themselves for his arrival," Liu said of the broadcast. "We don't have any further details."

The Taiwanese, who number about 110 adults and 50 children, began arriving in the Dallas suburb last fall after Chen decided that Garland would be the spot where God would descend. To them, it sounds like "God-land," he explained at a December news conference.

Chen's prophecies include a nuclear holocaust in parts of Asia with God manning a flying saucer to shuttle between the continent and Gary, Ind., saving lives

A FEARFUL SYMMETRY

A TRUE STORY OF ALIEN INTRUSION INTO HUMAN LIVES

By D. Lynne Bishop

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CHAPTER 12

As the hypnosis session drew to a close, I pondered the new information that had been unearthed. The memories I had consciously recalled prior to the regression had not altered under the hypnotic trance, and the additional data had fit concisely into a cohesive whole. The proof of this encounter was based not only on anecdotal memories, but was substantiated by physical evidence: the pain in my hands and body, the pulled threads in the bedsheets, and the stain on my nightshirt.

As I contemplated the weight of the physical evidence, I recalled one other piece of substantiating information that had lain forgotten in my mind: the dog had been ill for several days following the encounter. She had eaten nothing unusual at home that could account for her ailing, yet she had been lethargic and sick at her stomach. The images I had seen during the regression, coupled with her illness, strongly suggested she had been an accidental tourist during this abduction. I was very disturbed by this possibility--taking innocent pets by design or by accident outraged me. With a fiendish delight, I hoped she had torn the aliens' ship apart and spilled every garbage can they had on board.

On the return trip home, my husband, Jack, Mary, and I talked excitedly about the abduction phenomenon. We all realized what an opportunity lay before us--particularly if my abductions were to remain on a conscious level. Jack and Mary owned a videocamera, and could attempt to catch an abduction on film. My husband and I, while not owning a camera ourselves, could easily borrow my brother's. With eager anticipation, we planned the method by which at least one of us might obtain proof on camera. Full of optimism, we parted that day--certain that soon we would obtain incontrovertible proof of the reality of the aliens--proof that could be shared with others.

Several days passed, and we checked regularly with Jack and Mary to see if anything had occurred. My brother's camera was on loan to his older daughter, but he assured us we could borrow it as soon as she returned it. In the meantime, the evidence from Jack and Mary's camera was slow in arriving. We shared their laughter as they described the boredom of watching hours of film containing nothing but themselves sleeping.

A week passed by in relative calm, and I became lulled by the sameness of the daily routine. The night hours remained a time of unrest for me; a dark mystery housing the potential of that altered reality I had come to dread. Insomnia had become my permanent bed-partner.

The last weekend in November passed without further incident, and my husband and I made plans to borrow my brother's camera for the following weekend. I felt strengthened by my resolve to take positive action against the unseen foe--and also felt a new sense of control over my reactions to the phenomenon. It was a heady combination-- and too good to last.

Monday, the 30th, was one of those days where you fervently wish you'd stayed in bed. Nothing went right at my job, and by workday's end, I was tired and disgruntled. After a quiet supper, my husband began flipping channels on the television with the remote control. Irritated, I decided I would go to bed, to escape the strangled sounds of the changing channels. My husband joined me sometime later, and he easily fell asleep. I dozed fitfully on and off, watching the digital clock as the hours leisurely strolled by, and the first seconds of December 1 were heralded.

At 1:00 A.M., I was completely awake and alert. Suddenly, with no warning, a wave of lethargy overcame me, and my eyes closed--as if an unseen force had sapped every atom of energy I possessed. My world spiraled inward as my sense of hearing disappeared, and I lost contact with my husband and the dog. Panicked and paralyzed, I struggled against the invisible bonds that held me tightly in check--knowing it was futile, but determined to try.

I will never know what that alien presence felt that night--if it felt at all--as it disdainfully lifted the covers off my will-less body, lying there like a sacrifice upon an unconsecrated altar. Prolonging a soul-deep agony, the creature removed each blanket, one-by-one. And I counted them, one-by-one, praying the alien life-form would not reach the last one . . . praying that someone--something--would intervene before that creature and I had no barrier between us.

My prayer lay fallow on the bedroom floor, as I arose from the bed, devoid of will--a marionette played by a master puppeteer. With my emotions clamoring inside, I was relieved when my consciousness finally faded to black.

Struggling back to consciousness, my first clear view encompassed the gray back of an alien, gliding purposefully a few steps before me. The long-fingered hand of another alien rested lightly upon my right shoulder, and I could barely discern with my peripheral vision

the shape of its owner, walking slightly behind me to the right. We were moving through a curved hallway, the walls and floor a ubiquitous gray color. Two arched doorways stood before us. As we neared the first door to the left, the alien in front of me entered. I paused, unsure of my destination. With an overwhelming concern, I thought, "But I don't know where I'm supposed to go. Which door am I supposed to enter?" Within my head, the answer came, "Continue to the second door." I moved forward again, relieved to have an answer. Somehow I had been told the first door led into the pharmacy area; the second into the examination room.

My thoughts in a tumult, and powerless to object, I stepped into the second room. Haziness engulfed my senses as I passed the threshold, and I blacked out. I awoke to find myself prone on a table--another sacrificial altar-- and facing a doorway. In mounting horror, I stared, wide-eyed, as one of the gray's entered the room, approaching the table where I lay unable to move. The nonhuman creature held an object in its hand, and as it neared my feet, my fears overwhelmed me. Closing my eyes, I mentally drifted away.

After an unknown passage of time, I regained consciousness. To my surprise, I was now in a large circular room with two tiers. In the center of the room was a large, raised platform that contained a tube- or cage-like structure, surrounded by a metal railing, with ramps leading down either side to the floor below. There were two doors on the left-hand wall below the platform.

Dazedly coming to my senses, I realized I was standing in this cage-like structure. Frantic, I ran around the inside perimeter, looking vainly for an exit. The metallic structure appeared to have openings at regular intervals, but some strange force prevented my exiting the holding cage. As I desperately sought a way out of the tube, I saw innumerable aliens coming and going through the doors below. I slowed my frantic run to a steady pace, and noticed several aliens standing below the platform, watching my movements. No emotion flickered across their impassive faces; no pity registered in their staring, black, endless eyes.

Feeling like a caged animal in a zoo, I came to a dead halt within the confining tube. Exhausted emotionally and physically, I angrily stomped toward one of the openings--and easily passed through it. My performance had come to an end, as far as I was concerned. I would not "jump through the hoop" for these inhuman creatures anymore. I stepped onto the platform, toward the railing, and watched in consternation as the aliens began departing the room.

The sense of abandonment I felt struck like a physical blow. Forlorn and bereft, I raced toward the ramp leading down to the doors, intent on catching one of the entities. I had to let them know I was human--not one of them--and they couldn't just leave me there.

As my foot touched the ramp, I was accosted by my "Oriental" alien. Physically barring my entry onto the ramp, he reached toward me with his alien hands. I mentally cried out to him, "Please don't forget to take me home!", and he hugged me. Engulfed in that hug that broke the language barrier and spanned the gap between two distinct life-forms, I was comforted in a manner as ancient as the world. With a child's wonderment, I watched in awe as he transformed before my eyes--once an alien, now a tall, dark-haired older man. I sensed an abiding humor in his response to my heartfelt plea, "These humans . . . as many times as we've dealt with them, and they never seem to learn."

My head swam, and I blacked out again. With no transition noted from the altered state to present reality, I was once again awake, in my bed. My husband's respirations came very faintly from beside me, and the dog lay quietly at our feet. With the hairs on the nape of my neck standing up, I slowly turned my head to glance at the digital clock by the bedside. It read 2:37 A.M. After several moments spent in calming myself, I heard my husband move in his sleep, and the dog snuggled deeper into the blankets at the foot of the bed. On edge, I watched the clock as the hours slowly passed and night faded into daybreak.

While my husband and I prepared for work that morning, I related what had transpired that past evening. The encounter had left me depressed, and I had difficulty in expressing the elements that had caused my deep sadness. Having been raised a "military brat," I had grown up under the stricture of giving only "name, rank, and serial number" to the enemy. With human beings, this motto could easily be

applied, but in dealing with telepathic creatures, it had no meaning. My private thoughts and feelings had been used to manipulate me, and I felt raped. I had, at least, been hugged afterward--but for what purpose? What astounding secrets could I divulge about the human race--and why would these entities be so intent on gathering information? None of it made sense.

Alien Humour
=====

Do you know what comes from outer space, and has Three Testicles?

E.T: The Extra Testicle!!

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Two Aliens in Detroit

Two Aliens land in Detroit, next to a Gas station. The Aliens waddle out of their ship and look around. The first thing they see that resembles a being is the Gas pump. The two Aliens approach. The first one says "Earthling take me to your leader!"

He gets no response. The first Alien looks at his buddy then addresses the pump again. "Earthling, I said Take me to your leader!"

Still no response. The first Alien then turns to the second and says "If this Earthling doesn't show me some respect I'm going to blast him!" . The second Alien replies "O.K. but, I'm just going to stand down on the next block." The first Alien looks a little puzzled, but waits for the other to waddle to the next block. He then addresses the pump a third time. "Earthling take me to your leader!"

No response. The Alien then pulls out his ray-gun and shoots the pump. After the explosion the Alien gets up dusts himself off then goes down the block to his buddy, He then says to the second Alien "If you knew that was going to happen why didn't you warn me?"

The second replies "I didn't know what was going to happen, but I'm not going to mess with anyone who's pe**s can hang to the ground, wrap around his body twice, and still stick it in his ear!"

UNITED KINGDOM UFO NETWORK

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Once you are connected to a Chatnet server join channel:
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The uk.ufo.nw #UFO channel is open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Visit the channel at any time. There is usually someone there to talk to.

For those of you needing help connecting to our IRC meetings send your questions to:

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You will find excellent help on using the IRC at the below urls:

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