

# ENERGY -CRISIS

*A Message from Mother Earth*



**J & L Nunamaker**

# THE UNSUNG HEROES OF MUSIC

*Who hasn't turned to music during times of great emotion in life? The unsung heroes of vibration, emotion and storytelling- musicians, have always been our inspiration. From the church choir to the mosh pits, musicians are all gracious enough to expend their energy on us and brave enough to share your hearts- thank you!*



# TABLE OF CONTEXT

*Preface*

*The Arrival*

*The Interrogation*

*The Pool of Knowledge*

*Consciousness*

*Energy*

*The Abduction*

*Balance*

*The Truth*

*Karma*

*The Future*



## *Preface*

In 2032, the United States Suicide Rate peaked at 137,548. Despite many national efforts to increase mental health support and positive messaging throughout the country, the mental health crisis was seemingly out of control. Scientific research into depression and other emotional trauma and its relationship to suicide began in early 2025. One particular project started to gain professional and political interest with initial positive results. A neuroscientist, Dr. H. Aleeko, prepared a controlled experiment in an attempt to identify the chemical composition of memories. Her work with children experiencing posttraumatic stress disorder due to trauma led to her interest in memories. Early thesis notes suggested locating the chemical composition of memories by implanting identical memories into test subjects by playing identical video scenes over and over. Their brains were then scanned for those identical patterns. Once the shape and composition of memories was identified scientists were able to alter some early subjects' negative memories. By late 2028, approximately 400,000 people had become subjects of the

experiment. The experiment was moved to the University of Alabama where it was funded heavily by the Government. The Global Health Xendicate, the replacement for the early twenty-first century failed Center for Disease Control, took over regulation of the experiment and was considering it as an approved treatment for adverse childhood experiences in children as young as thirteen. Many families of early test subjects started to report symptoms experienced by their loved ones and many people had reservations about the approval for public use; including Miss Aleeko. In fact, Miss Aleeko was summoned to testify before Congress on the experiment, a very popular pattern for the time. However, little is known about the research project because Miss Aleeko disappeared one evening after working late at the lab. The last security camera to locate her biomass was located in the elevator of her research facility where she entered on the 24th floor but her biomass was never detected exiting the elevator. The mental health crisis was deemed a public health crisis and a state of emergency was declared. The Government in alliance with the Global Health Xendicate created a global, inter-species group of the best scientists in the Known Universe to oversee the continuation of the project.



## *The Arrival*

I found myself standing in a futuristic building composed mostly of glass and other alloy materials formed in a very large open air dome. The structure was held up by smooth tubular-framed arches providing an open view to the Earth's sky. I remember noting that the sky was very clear that day instead of the usual hazy, greenish layer of smog. I took the opportunity to bask in the warm sun for a moment, as it was a rare occurrence these days. A tall kiosk read Welcome to The Enlightenment Spaceport. I was surrounded by small groups of earthlings; some in lines, some sitting in waiting areas. Machines or robots, I guess, quickly cleaned up after the earthlings in a very timely manner; proclaiming that the area was being sanitized and neutralized, please wait 60 seconds before re-entering the area. There were no extra-terrestrial beings among us- yet.

Scientists received their first extraterrestrial contact in 2022. Of course the Government at the time kept it a secret despite some former government officials demanding the existence of aliens and their attempts to communicate. It wasn't for almost another decade until the government actually admitted the existence of intelligent lifeforms originating from outside our atmosphere and that they had indeed made contact with humans. Today, ten years later, we are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the first such life-forms. It was a historic moment and everyone was excited. There were t-shirt vendors and other souvenir vendors. There was lots of signage in seemingly different dialects or languages, Welcome signs, banners and a large food court with offerings of Earth's cuisines. I was smiling and excited too, with a little bounce in my step. I noticed my right hand in the pocket of my lab coat and my left hand holding on to my sole possession, a backpack. As I walked to my terminal along a circular walk-way that spiraled up the outer walls, I could still feel the warmth of the sun moving across by shoulders. As my direction rotated and my elevation rose I could see the desert valley for miles. My focus moved toward the crowds of people as it started to get crowded. I started to observe the small groups of earthlings more closely.

The happy and excited faces slowly turned into what you might see on a typical bad day: people arguing about their seating arrangements, people impatiently waiting in line, people hurrying by

and not looking where they are going, children crying and angry parents. My eyes were pulled toward one of the food lines where a shoving match turned into a brawl right before me. From my vantage point I could survey the whole scene I had just walked past- it was a totally different vibe now. Everyone I could see was angry, sad or violent in some way. I shivered, perhaps due to the disturbing image of inhumanity- or so I thought. But no it was the sun- or the lack of- it was gone. My eyes briefly scanned the sky for the familiar grey-green halo of the sun you would typically see. It was gone- replaced by a heavy green fog more dense than ever before. Two teens wearing alien costumes ran out from an adjacent access tunnel laughing and swearing about an explosion that would 'Rock the Universe'. One costume was a representation of the classic oversized head with large eyes on a human-like figure and the other was more like a garage-mod of a Borg. My initial thought was that they could have done better on their costumes, followed by the thought that maybe the costumes were in bad taste.

Just as I finished my internal dialog I felt the heat and impact of a huge explosion as it threw me backward. A massive hole was created in the exterior shell of the futuristic structure. Fires and smaller explosions were blasting in the near distance but I could not hear them due to temporary hearing loss. A larger version of the cleaning robots from before began spraying orange foam liquid creating a temporary seal in the dome. My hearing violently returned

hurting my head causing me to cover my ears but I could still hear a bellowing emergency management voice instructing everyone that an imminent threat to all earth life forms had been detected. Then suddenly there was nothing...I regained consciousness after some time, how long I do not know. In fact, I don't know anything. What was my name? Where was I? Where am I now? I was on a folding chair- I think, yes, it is a chair. Ok, I can remember things. I was sitting at a matching table just below a low hanging lightbulb. A large hand emerged from behind the glow of the incandescent bulb as it sped downward striking a thick, wooden table top with a heavy thud. "Where were you going?" A bellowing voice commanded at first then broke into an almost plea at the end of its breath. Then everything went black again ...