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Gary Stollman

## The Invasion of the Human Race

by

Gary Stollman

I never planned out my life to wind up on the set of KNBC in Los Angeles LIVE, standing behind TV consumer advocate David Horowitz holding a toy gun to his head, demanding that he read a statement about how space aliens and the CIA had replaced my father and family with clones. I had only planned on becoming a computer programmer and a good citizen. At least that was before I discovered I had somehow stumbled onto a vast plot to overthrow the human race. I realize the implications of what I am about to say and how impossible it may be to believe, but the truth is that unless something is done and quite soon, the human race as a species will cease to exist!

Naturally, I didn't get this idea overnight. Actually it took quite a few years for me to realize exactly what was going on. By that time, I had been through so much brutal assault on my senses, I didn't quite know what to make of it all. However, as it gradually became all too obvious, I became terrified, and vowed that I would take some action to try to halt or at least impede the apparent problem. The end result of this was my jumping onto the set at the NBC studio in LA, in a last-ditch hope of scaring them so bad they would go back to wherever they came from. I think I should preview you from the beginning, when I first discovered that something was rotten in Dixie.

In the summer of 1981, I was in my new home, Tallahassee, Florida, preparing to enter Tallahassee Community College (TCC) in the fall to finish up my long-put-off AA degree. I was sitting in my apartment awaiting a shipment of belongings from my parents in California. Suddenly, the phone rang. My mom was on the phone, and she asked me whether I had received the packages. I told her they had not been delivered yet. She said she would check up on it, and the phone line abruptly went dead. I was concerned because I had sensed real fear in her voice about the shipment not arriving. I was certain something was up, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I didn't quite know what to make of it at the time.

That was the start of a series of bizarre events which seemed like something from the Twilight Zone. It would last for 6 long years, up until the day I sat in the studio at NBC in LA with the toy gun in my jacket pocket, waiting for my chance to leap onto the set to hopefully put a stop to what had become a living nightmare. However, I have learned recently that my efforts at bringing my experiences to the public attention did not stop them, although it may have slowed them down just a little.

During the summer that followed, I continued to receive calls of a strange nature from many people, including my parents. I knew

something was REALLY wrong when my dad called me up one night, and began asking me questions about some hotel we had all supposedly stayed at with "huge" marble staircases. Since none of us had ever been at such a place, I didn't know what the HELL he was talking about! When he realized that I was totally confused and worried, he acted like because I didn't "remember", he was going to be shot or something to that effect!

Calls like that continued for weeks, including some really wierd ones from the operator, where she repeatedly questioned me about people whom I did not even know. The nature of the calls convinced me that my phone was tapped, and being monitored by the phone company or "someone!"

When September rolled came, I went to TCC to register for classes. The day I walked in, almost ALL of the kids had dropped the classes they had signed up for the day before. A lady counselor (who was to play a part in my later demise) told me that it had NEVER happened before and never would again! She tried to assure me that it was all just a simple clerical error, but I thought at the time there was more to it than just that. I signed up for 5 classes, enough to complete my degree. I sure had an "open" list to pick from!

After a week or so of classes, I realized that something was terribly wrong. Some of the kids in my classes were acting real funny, and I do mean ACTING! It was as if they were playing parts out of a movie, the way they were carrying on during class. Something just wasn't right. It seemed like they had been assigned various "roles", and their actions in the class made me believe that they had been put there for some specific purpose.

I came to the gradual conclusion that some of the kids in my classes were either with the CIA or the FBI, what with the type of stuff they were doing and saying. And it seemed like they were there for the express purpose of keeping an eye on ME. I know that sounds paranoid, but it was the only assumption I could ascertain at the time, with the things that were going on. Gradually, those thoughts began to affect my class work to the point where I was having a hard time studying, and my grades began to slip in some of my classes. Fortunately, because of my strong will, I was able to keep my attention focused on getting done, and wound up passing all of my classes except one. However, the process by which I got through those classes was a pretty roundabout one, as it involved the first of my many unwilling hospitalizations for treatment of my supposed paranoid delusions.

In order to be allowed to finish school, I was forced into signing myself into a small local mental hospital for treatment by the counselor who I had met while signing up for classes. When I discovered that that hospital was just a front for the CIA from the events which took place after I had signed in, I tried to sign myself out, but instead of being released, I wound up being sent to the main mental hospital here in town by the doctor in charge. I had friends with some authority who really cared about me, and after a few days and a visit from the public defender, I was discharged. But the fire of anger from that first wrongful admission to a mental hospital still burns within me.

After I finished school, I went to my grandparents in West Palm Beach for Christmas vacation. There were some strange things going on down there as well, but I didn't make anything out of it. I then went up to Atlanta for New Years. When I got back, my mom called me at my apartment. But it was not my REAL mom! I couldn't explain it, but I knew instinctively that it wasn't my real mom's voice on the phone. The tonal qualities were different. When I told her I had been to Atlanta, she practically exploded at me.

She told me that I was confused and she was coming to see me. She hung up, and the next day, she arrived at my apartment.

From the moment I laid eyes on her, I knew that it was NOT my real mother. Her voice was different, her manners were different, and she didn't know what my mom knows about me. I know, cause I checked her out on little details about my past life. I didn't know what was going on, but I was mad and I was scared. After determining for certain that this was a clone of my real mom, I threw her out of my apartment. That night, the police came by, and tried to get me to open the door so they could grab me and take me back over to the little mental hospital. But I was smart back then, and wouldn't take the chain off the door. So they left. After they were gone, I decided I had had enough, and so I got in my car and took off into the night, terrified.

I got on the interstate and started driving. I figured since my "fake" mom didn't like the idea of my going to Atlanta, that it would be safe up there. So I drove back up to Atlanta, and wound up getting trapped in the city overnight in a blinding snowstorm. I tried going to the FBI office there for help, but only got the runaround, although they DID act like it was very important information I had about one particular person the operator kept asking me about all the time over the summer.

I wound up spending the night at one of the local college's student centers. I called my dad from there, and he knew where I was calling from without my telling him, so I figured somebody was able to trace the call pretty good. I also knew, from what he told me, that he was being held against his will somewhere. He told me to go back to Tallahassee and go into the hospital, or he wouldn't send me any money to get back there, as I had zoomed away without enough cash to get back. I knew I would need the cash, so I just said I would. I hadn't planned on going back there no matter what, but I didn't know exactly where I would head to yet. So I lied and said I would go pick up the cash if he would send it by Western Union. He agreed to this, and wished me good luck.

What took place after that would make a good story in itself! Suffice it to say that I picked up the money okay at the Western Union office, but then I wandered around in the city, with some VERY interesting results. When I got back to the student center, it was real late, and I laid down on a couch like the other people trapped there for the night, and went to sleep.

When I awoke the next morning, the snow had cleared enough for me to leave. I decided that there was just too much nonsense going on for me to return to Tallahassee, and so I just continued driving north on I-75, planning to head towards Washington, D.C. On the way there, the snow was still coming down on a long section of freeway, and I slid out of control and slammed my car into the retaining wall. There was some damage to my car, but I was able to continue. Fortunately, I have a lot of experience driving in rain, and I was able to control the swerve so the damage was not too bad.

I pulled off the road near Cincinnati, Ohio to get a bite to eat. I made an illegal U-turn near the restaurant, and a cop pulled me over. He let me go with a warning though, and I went to have some dinner and coffee. Although I had been driving all day and most of the night, I was still in pretty good shape.

When I finished eating, I decided to ask for an escort to Washington, as I was afraid because of stuff happening around me while I was driving, of someone trying to kill me on the road before I got there. I know it was a stupid idea, but I went ahead and called the Highway Patrol for an escort, telling them I some sort of a spy, and I had vital information needed to save the

country from an enemy missile attack. Eventually, they sent a highway patrol car and a regular police car to the restaurant. The highway patrolmen were considerate as to my situation, but the regular police acted like I was some kind of criminal for reasons I couldn't understand. When they checked my car, they asked me about the damage, but I wouldn't say what had happened, and so they took me into protective custody.

They took me to the police station, and then something happened that made me wonder just how far the situation with alien clones had gone. The police called my father and told me that he was flying in to pick me up, but then some very wierd stuff took place, and instead they took me over to Cinnccinati General Hospital for supposed evaluation.

The next day, I was transferred over to a nearby mental hospital, and placed in a locked ward for the next 4 weeks. The people there acted extremely bizarre, and the whole thing was a total sham. But I was trapped, and I spent a month in misery walking the halls, biding my time for the day I would be released. During the time I was there, I was so distraut by what was going on in the place, I called the FBI office in Cinnccinati and told them that the hospital was a sham. They asked to speak to one of the people there, and I put the social worker on the phone, who gave a false name to the FBI agent. After that, I didn't screw around with them, but swore an oath that someday I would expose their fraudulant hospital to the world.

At the end of the month, my REAL dad flew in to drive with me back to Tallahassee. I knew it was my real dad, and I also knew that he was pretending to his best to give the impression that nothing was wrong. I had the impression that he was being watched somehow every minute we were together, although I didn't know exactly how at the time. I just played along with it all, as I wanted OUT of that nuthouse. So we started driving back to Tallahassee that day.

When we got back to Tallahassee, I began to understand just how serious my dad's situation really was. He was not acting "normal" at all, for him. When he covered up the story I had told to the police with feigned tears, I knew something was terribly wrong. I can tell when someone is faking anything, and I KNOW my own father, so I was able to discern that he was only "pretending" to cry. Then I realized that he was pretending because someone was somehow WATCHING him at the time! My dad was trying to fool THEM! I didn't know what to make of that at the time, but I swore I would someday find out what was going on.

My dad found me a different apartment, one closer to FSU, where I live to this day as it is the best apartment complex in town. He had wanted to stick me in a halfway house, which is what I had promised him I would do in order to get out of the hospital, but I wouldn't go for it. So we moved all my stuff from my previous apartment, and the next day I took him to the airport to fly back to LA. I was mad as hell at whatever was going on, and so I treated him pretty poorly as he left. When he once again feigned crying, I knew it was to protect himself from whatever, and so I didn't say anything. He got on the plane and headed back.

The next few weeks were hard on me, because I didn't have any classes to attend, and so felt lonely. I did have the FSU Plato system to learn from, but it just wasn't enough support, and gradually I began to slip backwards again. It ended up that I went driving off into the night in terror for a second time, this time from things that were going on around me in the town itself. I got on I-10 and started heading back to LA, in the hope that being around my family would pull me out of the fear and loneliness.

I wound up losing my car in a crowded airport parking lot at the Houston Intercontinental Airport. I was in such a poor state of mind, that I believed that a computer fault I had come across on the government computer system I had spent many years on was somehow responsible for a sneak missile attack on the United States. It was at this point in time that I came across the fact that people were being replaced. How this was proved to me is shown later in the book. Suffice it to say that I wound up being incarcerated against my will in another mental hospital for a month, only this time they FORGED my NAME on the admission form to do it!

At the end of the month, my dad flew in again, but this time he flew me back to LA with him. My mom got me a shrink in West Los Angeles, and I started taking injections of an anti-psychotic drug called Prolixin. I spent a happy, though angry, spring with my parents, and even went with them on a trip to Hawaii for a week. I had NO thoughts that these were not my real parents at the time, and I eventually put off the events with my mom in Tallahassee as misguided assumptions, although in the back of my mind there remained the fact that I am not ususally wrong when I think something funny is going on.

As the summer came around back then in 1982, I said goodbye to my real parents and drove back to Tallahassee to return to school at FSU. My mind was at peace, because my parents WERE my real parents back then, and I was pretty confident that nothing would change that fact. I did not know how much more WRONG I could have been!

The next two semesters at FSU went well, and I did good in my classes. However, as the summer appoached, my mind began to slip back to the events that had unraveled the year before. I found myself becoming more and more angry at myself for not having taken steps to file charges against the hospital in Houston that had forged my name, and I still didn't know what had really been going on at that hospital when I discovered that people were somehow being systematically replaced. Around August, I wound up getting throw into the local mental hospital again.

This time around, I had proof positive that something VERY wrong was going on here in town. The stuff that was going on in the hospital was insane. It had no logical explanation, except to confirm my suspicions from the year before. I was physically abused this time, and had to placate my captors immensely in order to be released. This time though, being released was like merely being turned loose into the world of the unknown outside in the town. I didn't have my parents or my family to fall back on, and in fact, I felt that both my parents were being held prisoners in some CIA base somewhere.

Although getting back to classes in September helped some, I still felt like a stranger in a strange land. The teachers I had were acting funny, and wierd things were going on all the time in class. As the weeks progressed, I found that I could not concentrate on my classwork very well, and gradually I had a complete breakdown. The end result of this was my running out of gas on the freeway, and getting smashed from behind by a pickup truck.

When I woke up from being knocked unconcious, I was in the hospital, and my mom was standing there at the foot of my bed. I had been damaged pretty bad, and it was a miracle that I had lived. I lost a piece of my nose, and my face had been smashed pretty badly, but fortunately I had a real good plastic surgeon. Then my mom (not sure to this day if it was my REAL mom or not at the time) did something that convinced me that the aliens wanted me on a

platter. From that moment on, I have been VERY careful as to what I say or do, or even think!

After I got out of the regular hospital, I had problems dealing with reality even on the simplest of levels. So I wound up being thrown back into the mental hospital again, this time by my mom. This time in there, I discovered that people were indeed reading my mind directly as I had suspected. I also learned for the first time that God himself or his angels were trying to help me in my plight. I know that sounds even more incredible than aliens invading us, but my conclusions were drawn from logical sets of events.

I was flown back to LA again for a third time, only this time I knew that BOTH my parents had been switched. I spent a fearsome time, but I had planned ahead and drawn enough money out of the bank before I left, so I could go back whenever I desired. Most of the time there was spent thinking I was on another planet, due to the kinds of things that were happening around me. I realize now that most of it was imaginary, but there are parts that were as real and unexplainable as can be. After only a few weeks, I drove back to Tallahassee without a word to my "parents." Despite the fact that I felt very much alone, I put myself back in school, and tried to finish up the classes I had to drop because of the accident. I did all right for a few months, but then things began to happen in my classes again at FSU. I tried to ignore them like previously, but this time I had nobody supportive to fall back on. Slowly I began to break down again from the stress, and wound up getting throw back again into the mental hospital around the middle of December. This time I decided to go back to LA, and so they released me on my own recognizance in order to fly back there.

My FAKE father met me at the airport, and this time I knew I was going to be framed up bad. My REAL mom and my FAKE mom were being interchanged continuously throughout the time I was there, which consisted mainly of my being forced into signing myself into two more mental hospitals for the duration of my stay. I was released from the second one and flown back to Florida one day too late to register for classes for the spring semester of 1984. I COULD have late-registered, but at the time, I wasn't quite sure of which DIMENSION I was residing in! So I got back into Plato, and learned all the computer languages I could from that.

I enrolled in Lively Vo-Tech that summer, and took up Electronics Technology. I really enjoyed it, having fallen in love with electronics some time back, and having learned most of it already on my own, I breezed through the courses. This was where I met my electronics teacher, who confirmed that the United States government did indeed have little alien bodies on ice at Hangar 18, now known as the Environmental Control Building. He also told me about the other strange things that the Air Force had in that building, and that it was the most highly guarded building in the world. Unfortunately, he too was replaced sometime after I had told him my story and he told me he was going to try to help me. After that, I thought twice about telling other people about my problems.

Things went smoothly for me through the fall. I enjoyed my class at Lively and was doing quite well in it. Then, around the first of the year, something happened that disturbed my brief period of stability. I got into a conversation with a girl on Plato, which has inter-terminal communications capability, who told me that seven of HER friends had been replaced! I was shocked and terrified. I had thought that only those people in direct contact with me were being affected, but it turned out that complete

strangers were being replaced as well. I was determined to put a stop to it.

I got in touch with Dr. Allen J. Hynek, the leading authority on UFOs at the time. He told me to keep a low profile, and NOT to go public with the information until I could build up a dialog of communication with him. I started to sit down at my computer and write him about the things I was experiencing, but stopped after the first paragraph. How could I put into writing the unbelievable events that had taken place over the past FIVE YEARS!? I was at a loss, and determined that I would go see him in person at his headquarters in Chicago while on a trip to see my sister in Kansas.

I drove to Kansas that summer, only to discover that my younger sister and my brother-in-law had been replaced as well. I was dismayed, and left there in a complete state of despair, and headed for Chicago, praying that Dr. Hynek could help me. But when I got to his office, I discovered that he was gone on a vacation and his partner, too, had been replaced. I was wrought with horror and anger, at what had transpired on the trip, and how worthless it had been. I made a vow to myself, that if ever circumstances lent themselves to give me a chance to expose the goings-on to the world, that I would take it!

After I got back from the trip, I threw myself back into schoolwork to try to forget what had happened. I did all right for the fall semester, but then around Christmas vacation I began to feel depressed again. And AGAIN my "mom" flew down and threw me into the hospital! This time I learned that God was trying to help me personally, and that there were a lot of other "beings" trying to save us also. I was so confused by all this that I almost couldn't function on a rational level anymore. After two weeks in the hospital here, I was flown back to LA again.

This time, they weren't taking any chances, and drove me right from the airport to UCLA Medical Center, and threw me into the psychiatric ward. Some interesting things occurred there, but basically, it was a turning point for me in the sense that I began to fight back. I filed a writ of Habeus Corpus after two weeks, and went to court and got the judge to release me. From that moment on, I knew I could defeat their plans. They didn't know anything about law, and that was in my favor.

I spent a couple of months with my REAL mom and FAKE dad over the spring. My REAL dad was locked up in the alien prison camp, so I didn't have much to do with the fake one. My real dad had shown up for just a few minutes at my court appearance, but then he was whisked out shortly before the judge released me, and replaced by his clone. I assumed by this that they were afraid only IN the courtroom. I swore to myself that I would get my fake dad into a courtroom, only this time over a REAL case. I didn't know how truthful it would turn out to be.

I went to a computer class at Santa Monica College during this time period, and I planned out my revenge. I knew that my fake dad was doing a live show on KNBC as the Friendly Pharmacist, and I knew that he had access to the studios. I didn't plan yet to enter the studios with a toy gun, but I was determined to use that access to my advantage. I merely went to school and bided my time.

When the summer of 1986 rolled around, I had completed my class, and drove back to Tallahassee. I had it in my mind to take some action before the next summer. I had no idea yet what it would be, but I was keeping all my options open. I knew I had to find out more information about the situations that had taken place at all the mental hospitals, so I went about getting ahold of my records. I was unable to obtain them all, because they broke the law and refused to give some of them to me, but using subterfuge, I

did obtain a good percent of them. I rented a safe deposit box, to protect them from anyone's eyes but mine, in case what I was planning failed and my apartment was closed out again. When I was getting all my records, I realized that I had to get back inside one of the hospitals to see if there was still nonsense going on, and to have a backup plan ready in case I wound up there if my plans went awry. I picked UCLA, which was convenient, seeing as I could ask to go there if something went wrong. So, in January of 1987, I drove back to LA and checked into the hospital, for the first time of my own choosing!

I spent about three weeks in UCLA, observing what was going on with great intent. I determined that I could handle a couple of weeks in there, if the plans I were making backfired. I noted everything that went on, and kept a mental log of all the staffing assignments. I "interviewed" the patients that were there, so as to see how much of a problem I would have if I returned under less desirable circumstances. When I left, I was satisfied that there was nothing anyone could do to stop me.

I took up another computer class at Santa Monica College while waiting for my chance to strike. I was going out with a sweet girl from New Jersey, when Joan McCaughey stumbled into my life. I met her at the beach one day, and we became very close friends. It turned out that she had a problem with fake parents herself, although not of the cloned variety. It also turned out that she had had intimate contact with UFOs in her past, and I spent a couple of weeks with her, trying to track down the mystery of her family. It turned out they owned half of LA county.

It was at this time, around June of 1987, that I bought the toy gun. I kept it under the passenger seat in my car, waiting for the chance I would get to use it. I was keeping close track of my fake dad's schedule at the studio, and was going to go in with him and hold the gun on him, and force HIM to read the statement over the air, when everything fell apart. He lost his job there, and I didn't know exactly what I was going to do. So I decided to take Joan back to Florida with me, and make my play from there, leaving my fake dad to think that I was out of the way.

Joan and I spent an enjoyable "vacation" in Florida. We went all over the state and had a great time doing it. It was all part of my plan to make my fake dad forget all about me. I didn't know what he had told the people at KNBC about me, and it turned out that I had made the right decisions. I believe now that had I walked in with him, I never would have gotten "on the air", so to speak.

After we got done traveling around, I started planning for the trip back to LA. It turned out that I took out just enough money from the bank to get there with about a gallon of gas to spare. My mom called us in Tallahassee, and Joan accidentally told her we were coming back. She couldn't understand WHY I was coming back, and she was understandably worried. I just let Joan talk to her, as she wouldn't be able to interpret MY hostilities through Joan.

The trip back was like a non-stop adventure. Although we stopped at Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico for some sightseeing, the majority of the trip consisted of my driving at top speed toward an uncertain future. I knew I could get into the studios, but what then? Would I be shot dead by the police, and would my message go out LIVE so nobody could edit it? I did not know the answers to those questions as we drove on through the night.

When we got to LA, I dropped Joan off, then went over to my parents apartment. My fake dad answered the door, and he was pissed! Why had I come back, he wanted to know. I wouldn't say.



I just took my suitcases into the spare bedroom, and went to bed. I could hear him arguing with my REAL mom outside for a good while. It turned out that my fake dad wasn't going to let me stay there past one night, so the next day I took the spare mattress over to Joans apartment and stayed the rest of the time there.

The next two weeks were spent planning out exactly how I would compromise the studio. I made contact with the TV newswoman who would get me onto the set. I made sure I did this from a pay phone, as I knew my parents' phones were all completely tapped. I started writing up what I would hand the person on the air to read, although I didn't get to finishing it until one hour before I was to be at the studio because of procrastination. That has always been one of my shortcomings.

The day before I was to enter the studio, I tried the toy gun out on a friend of mine to see if it would get the desired results. The test was a complete success, as my friend was scared to death at first sight of the gun. I had the stuff ready, and I was in a good frame of mind to go ahead and do it. At 3:30 pm on Wednesday, August 19, 1987 I entered the studio. In a little over one hour later, it was all over. I had MADE the national news. I had spent my wad, and I bear the results of that deed to this day.

In the four years since that event, I have kept a silent vigil. I have endured many sorrows, and been chastised for my doings by many around me. But I still keep my head high, and think of what plight this world would be in now had I NOT done what I did that day. It rocked the world, but MORE importantly, it rocked the aliens and their plan for global domination!

I have lived a lonely life since that day. But I have great hope for the future now. If you want to learn more about this, and the complete story of how all this has taken place, and how YOU can help in the fight to save our planet from these monsters who have us outgunned, read on. Read on, FELLOW HUMAN!

From: garys@bluemoon.rn.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <k9oJkB1w164w@bluemoon.rn.com>  
Date: 10 May 92 06:29:55 GMT  
Sender: bbs@bluemoon.rn.com (BBS Login)  
Organization: Blue Moon BBS ((614) 868-998[024])  
Lines: 15

Well, I finally got to meet some of the people I have talked to or known of in the past in the UFO circles...I went to the LA UFO con today, and it was a blast!! I met my friend Val Valerian, and had dinner with John Lear, who introduced me to Linda Moulton Howe, and met Budd Hopkins...All were real sweet and not bothered by my past except for Budd Hopkins, who reasonably was slightly taken aback when I told him who I was and what I had done...I don't know if I will get any help from him in getting my book published, but who knows what will happen in two more weeks...You will all probably have a fit when you see me on Nightline...hehe...

Gary

From: garys@bluemoon.rn.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <Z6FwkB1w164w@bluemoon.rn.com>  
Date: 17 May 92 03:42:46 GMT  
Sender: bbs@bluemoon.rn.com (BBS Login)  
Organization: Blue Moon BBS ((614) 868-998[024])

Lines: 7

WELL, I'VE HAD IT FROM MY ENEMIES!!! THEY ARE CONTROLLING THE PHONE SYSTEM HERE IN LA, AND ARE SWITCHING LINES ON ME WHEN I CALL MY GIRLFRIEND AT HER APARTMENT...THEY NEED TO BE KILLED, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!!!

From: garys@bluemoon.rn.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,sci.skeptic,alt.conspiracy,talk.religion.newage  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <7DJaLB1w164w@bluemoon.rn.com>  
Date: 24 May 92 18:18:53 GMT  
Sender: bbs@bluemoon.rn.com (BBS Login)  
Organization: Blue Moon BBS ((614) 868-998[024])  
Lines: 21

For all of you out there who doubt what I have said, this should convince you finally...When I got out of the mental hospital with the help of my girlfriend Joan in Tallahassee, she told me something which convinced ME that things were completely out of this world!!! She had to take cabs around town there while I was stuck in the hospital because she doesn't drive...She said that she walked to the Tallahassee Mall, and when she was planning on coming home, she went to the car wash place across the street...The girl at the carwash place told her, without her having asked first, that a cab was on the way to pick her up...When the cab arrived, Joan got in, though very suspicious, and was driven back to my apartment...On the way, she said the CAB DRIVER repeated EVERY WORD we had said to each other ON THE PHONE!!! She said it involved conversations at the hospital at that time, and even OTHER TIMES in the past!!! She said he repeated it WORD FOR WORD, like a tape recorder!!!

Anyone left who doesn't believe me now????  
Gary

From: garys@bluemoon.rn.com (Gary Stollman)  
Subject: INVASION!!!-JOAN'S STORY  
Message-ID: <DDFsLB1w164w@bluemoon.rn.com>  
Date: 3 Jun 92 10:08:48 GMT  
Sender: bbs@bluemoon.rn.com (BBS Login)  
Organization: Blue Moon BBS ((614) 868-998[024])  
Lines: 129

This is not MY story, although it has a lot to do with me, as it is the story of my girlfriend, Joan McCaughey. Her experiences DO involve UFOs, but on a much more intense scale than any of my UFO experiences.

When Joan was about 3 years old, her real parents left her with some people who took their places, in name only. She was the heir to the Vaseline fortune, and these people murdered her real mother, and so she was left with these imposters and their name. She has no idea of her real identity. She has three birth certificates, one of which I was able to ascertain was forged, and one was stolen from her safe deposit box at her bank.

Up until only a very few years ago, she was unable to remember anything of her childhood, due to the shock of being abandoned and beaten over the head with a hammer repeatedly by her "mother", causing skull fractures. Her "father" punched her in the stomach while a child, in a fit of rage, causing her to lose an ovary. These people were imposters and murderers and worse. Her "father" was an Indian from a tribe in Oregon, and her "mother" was not married to him legally. They got all their money after they got Joan. So much money you could not believe, as I have

gone through the records in downtown LA, and there are literally hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property all over LA county. A lawyer friend of my sister is currently trying to obtain it for Joan.

Joan's "father" was a civil engineer who worked at the department of public works in Pasadena, California for many years. He built secret underground water supplies that only the rich and powerful knew about, in case of germ or atomic war. He was so brilliant that even when near death and in a wheelchair, the Canadian government flew him to Canada to work on secret projects for them. He also led a double life under a different name. He was in charge of building the Alaskan Highway in Canada.

While standing on the porch of a house they owned in Altadena, California, in 1957, a UFO came slowly down the canyon without a sound. It was only about 20 feet away from Joan at the closest approach. She says it was a flying saucer, with windows all around, and floated slightly above the ground. The people in the other houses saw it also, and they were terrified. When the man she calls Dad saw this, he laughed, and said to her, "Now that's a secret undercover government project! That's man-made!" She had no reason to doubt him as he worked for the government, and she had seen technical drawings of UFOs on his drafting board many times. The object floated slowly over the canyon, farther and farther away until it went out of sight.

After that, UFOs would come around Joan's window almost every night for many years. They emitted a bright white light into the room, so bright you could read by it. She also would hear voices of men talking outside her window, saying things related to her past, and about her. She believes these men came from the UFOs, and her "father" owned all the land in the canyons where they came from. She was told later that her real family came from a very distinguished bloodline, from "the other side."

During the years as a child, Joan was moved from place to place around California. When neighbors in San Diego complained to the school board that she was being denied an education by her parents, her "parents" up and moved away to another location. Presents would come frequently for her, but the "woman" would take them all away from her every time. One such present, a wagon with her name on it, probably her real name, was taken by her "mother", who filed the name off with a chisel before giving it to her. Even the dates on the few pictures she has of her "family" have been erased from them. She has no idea of how old she really is.

Her "father" knew how to use dowsing to find water and gold and other things. He used a series of numbers that Joan can remember, divided by 12, to build things, like UFOs. The numbers also mark out the distances to the sun and the moon and the planets, and even the rotation of the Earth. Before I did MY thing, I mailed a list of these numbers to myself from a post office near the studio just in case I would be arrested.

Her "mother" was a monster, and received Social Security benefits for Joan being disabled, and bought diamond earrings with it while Joan walked the streets and lay in the gutters. Joan helped herself out of her situation, and gradually became independent, although without any kind of formal education. She has the math level of a third grader, although her reading skills are somewhat better. She is unable to learn, due to the problems heaped on her by her situation, and collects SSI. She is trying to get her fathers benefits for being disabled as a child, but we don't know about that yet. We are counting on the property coming through.

Everything she got while under these imposters care was taken

away from her. For that reason, she was afraid to go to see the "woman" when she died. She got lost on the bus, and when she got there, she was dead, and her giggilo was talking to her dead body. The nurse brought her a bag, but the giggilo grabbed it and ran away with it. Maybe the old bat finally decided to leave her something or her real identity. A few years ago, someone left a envelope for Joan at the downtown post office in LA, but she didn't have the money to get there, and when she eventually got there, she was told the woman who had left the package came and took it back.

Some life, huh??? When her "dad" died, his watch stopped at the exact second, and Joan felt an incredible warmth coming from him, which surrounded her all over. He had made a will leaving her to be taken care of, but the woman burned the will and forged another one, giving her control over everything. All that phony family had fake birth certificates, and fake ids and fake everything.

When I checked the downtown property records, I discovered some pretty wierd sounding names listed on the deeds. Names you couldn't even pronounce. All her "family" had the rare blood type, O-negative. Except for her.

Some people came by to see her several times, who she calls the "psychic people", who told her things about her past she never knew. I believe these people were with the CIA or something similar. They were able to get into the sealed records downtown somehow, and had IDs that regular police wouldn't touch them with, some kind of CIA type IDs. They are into witchcraft, and had knowledge that amazes even me. During the past LA riots, Joan went to San Bernadino to be with her niece, who isn't really her niece, but a girl she raised since a child by herself, who was having a baby. While there, these "psychic people" came by again, and indicated that Joan would soon be coming into great wealth, and made it clear that they felt they deserved a part of this. The phone Joan called me from out there was torn down and the place boarded up. She knows all about the "phone-tappers."

Well, a sad life, but one brimming with mystery! We are going on a trip to Yosemite National Park in a few days and I just felt I had to put this into words before we left. I hope this helps convince others of my truthfulness.

Gary Stollman

From: garys@bluemoon.rn.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy,sci.skeptic,talk.religion.newage  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <8HiVmBlw164w@bluemoon.rn.com>  
Date: 24 Jun 92 12:42:54 GMT  
Sender: bbs@bluemoon.rn.com (BBS Login)  
Organization: Blue Moon BBS ((614) 868-998[024])  
Lines: 254

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Topic 12 Sun Aug 04, 1991  
G.FAIRCHILD [DEATHJESTER] at 20:09 EDT  
Sub: UFO's and Close Encounters

Topic for discussing UFO's, "Close Encounters", and for people to talk about what they believe, and what governments are holding back from the public. Anyone remember "Hanger 18"?

791 message(s) total.

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Category 7, Topic 12  
Message 522 Tue May 19, 1992  
MARCUS at 02:09 EDT

----- Category 4, Topic 29 Message 103 Thu Aug 22, 1991  
G.STOLLMAN [Gary] at 23:55 EDT

I have waited a while before I placed the stuff on here that will prove to all that my story is true...There were reasons for this! However, now it can be told...

[Two paragraphs here removed by Marcus.]

I started in computers in 1977, when my mom showed me an advertisement in the L.A. Times about a computer fair at USC...She knew about my interest in computers from my spending all my spare time at computer stores (what few there were at that time), and buying up everything I could lay my hands on about the subject...I had searched for many years for something which would utilize the fine mind I was gifted with...

So it was one weekend that summer that I first walked into the Keck Computer Center at USC...The place was packed to the walls with people of all ages (mostly kids) sitting at and standing behind terminals hooked up to the college's main-frame computer...They were deeply involved in playing computer games of every size and shape, limited though they were by the technology of the time...As soon as I got a chance at one of the terminals, I was hooked for life...I vowed that I would come back there after the fair was over and learn everything about their system that I could...

The next day I was back, but this time with knowledge that would enable me to access the computers without having "legal" access to them...The Keck Center was one of those unique places where ANYONE could just walk in and use the computers, as the signon information was handily placed on the blackboard in the room...When I discovered that this information was NOT enough to give me the highest level of access I needed, it was nothing to me to merely steal someone else's password...I was on a "holy quest for knowledge", and would let nothing stand in my way...Stealing passwords is pretty easy if you have little morals about going about it...The easiest way is to simply stand behind someone else's terminal when they are logging in, and watch them type in their password...Even if you don't see the exact keys they hit, you can make a mental note of the general area they strike, and then it is merely a process of elimination...

After I had a signon which would allow me to make print-outs on the main line printer without anyone's knowledge, I printed up copies of the manuals for EVERY computer language available at that time...Also, the Keck Center had a full tutorial at my disposal that taught the Basic computer language, one of the first languages that a person starts with...It only took me a few weeks to learn Basic through this method...

Around this time, I discovered that there were several other computer sites at USC which I could access...One was the Salvatori Computer Center, a few blocks down the street from the Keck Center...This system was much more advanced than the Keck's, being a Tops-10 system...If you think I am a kind of scoundrel for what I did, think of this...The first day I walked into the Salvatori Center, there were maybe 5 little kids sitting there playing games on their system, using passwords stolen from students going there...One of them offered me a password, and I was on my way...

I learned everything about the Tops-10 system that could be known over the next few weeks...I learned how to copy files from other users accounts, even the system operators...After a while, there was little that I couldn't do or gain access to...

I had fun, but I was still expanding, reaching for more and more knowledge...It was at this time that I made what would become one of the most important friends in my life...I was sitting around the Santa Monica Computer Store, one of the few computer stores at the time, playing some game which I can't even remember to this day...A guy walked in, and bought a disk drive, and started to walk out...He stopped and looked at the game I was playing..."That's a pretty nice game, isn't it!," he said to me...I was anxious to impress him..."Oh, have you ever seen Adventure?!", I asked him...Adventure was a "brand-new" main-frame game that I played at a special computer set up at the Salvatori Center..."Have you ever seen Zork!???", he responded..."ZORK!!!," I excitedly answered..."What's ZORK!???"...He then told me if I would like to come by his office the next day, he would gladly show me...This was like asking the snake if it would like a bite of the Apple...I immediately agreed, and he told me how to get to his office...

When I arrived at Rick Shiffman's office the next day, he happily welcomed me into the world of the Arpanet (Advanced Research Project Network), sponsored by the Department of Defense...This is a huge computer network linking some 300-350 college, research, and defense computers around the nation...Rick sat me down at the terminal in his office, and began to demonstrate just what he was into...It turned out that not only was he partially responsible for creating the language (Muddle) that Zork used, but his signon was one of the most powerful on the Arpanet...He let me play Zork alone in his office for a few hours, than sadly told me that I would have to leave...I thanked him, and asked him if I could come back sometime in the future...He agreed, as long as he had time available...I then walked out of the building, but as I was not one to be turned away by any kind of security, I made a note of the methods that people used to gain access to the building...

That weekend, I walked into the USC-ISI (Informational Sciences Institute) building, signed my name in the book at the guard's desk, and took the elevator to the top floor of the South tower of the Bank of America buildings in Marina Del Rey...I rang the bell of the door, which was locked and had only a peephole through which you were looked at, and the door opened only if you were someone who should be there...A voice asked who I was, and I told the voice that I was a friend of Ricks'...The door swung open, and Larry Fye, one of the operators of the site who would become my greatest ally on the network, invited me in...

Larry took me into the computer room, and told me that he couldn't let me use his signon to play games...Then he had a thought (luckily for me), and got Rick Shiffman on the phone...He told Rick I was there and wanted to play Zork, and would he give me the password to his account...Rick agreed, and I took the phone, and entered the mysterious inner workings of the Arpanet...

I spent the entire day and night there, on one of the terminals in someone's office playing Zork...At about 2am or so, I decided I couldn't look at the screen any longer, and asked Larry if I could come back the next day, sometime in the afternoon...As it was a Sunday, and he was working weekends, he agreed...I walked out the doors, signed out at the guard's station downstairs, and the guard asked me if I was tired working so late, and I just told him no, that I was used to it by now...I laughed all the way to my car...

The next day, I rang the bell at the 12th floor, and Larry opened the door and greeted me as if I was one of his best friends for years...It does get pretty lonely, baby-sitting a computer by yourself for hours on end...This time,

Larry started to introduce me to some of the neat tricks of the trade of being an operator...He showed me how to load the tape decks and disk packs, and how to run the whole system...It was just this kind of intimate knowledge that would lead to my downfall...

I spent the next TWO YEARS, DAY AND NIGHT, at the site...I didn't have much of a social life during this time, but I made up for it in knowledge...I learned the inside and out of the Arpanet, and using Ricks signon and authority, I began to gain access to all the other computers on the network...It was really quite easy...I would simply send a "E-mail" note to a site, saying I was a associate of Ricks, and needed the signon for a project I was working on...I usually put down that I was investigating the intellectual aspect of computer game-playing as a social function, just for the laugh...Because of the priority of the signon I was using, the next day a note would come back saying, "All set up!"...In some cases, if the operator had knowledge of Rick, the signon was created while I watched...I never told Rick of this aspect of my "game-playing"...

It wasn't long before I had discovered how to access the Pentagon's computers, and figured out how to decipher the protected files that were on there...It was SO damn easy, it was really unbelievable...It was at this time that I began to have problems with one of the people at the site...The office which I had been using had some top-secret data sitting on the shelves, which I used to go through, but always returned it exactly as I found it...Somehow, the guy whose office it was got wind that his stuff had been tampered with, and I was forced to move to another office...Darn!

Anyways, I was hanging around the Keck Center one day, when I didn't want to go to ISI some weekend, and I noticed this kid sitting at a new special terminal playing a game on the computer at Cal Tech in Pasadena over a modem...I knew this had to be impossible, but I queried him and he told me that it was a secret, and he couldn't give out the info because it was "dangerous"...I stood behind him and tried to see what number he was dialing, but he was as sharp as I was, and covered his hand while dialing...I was able to find out from him after a few more times there that there was a special number called a TIP number (Terminal IMP Processor), which connected to a computer in the basement of the Pentagon, and allowed one to access ANY computer on the Arpanet through any modem...The number was kept a close secret, though, but I am a determined guy, and although it took me almost a year to learn the number, I did it...

I found the number on the wall next to the first Plato terminal I ever saw...I had been told by one of the regular kids at the Salvatori Center that if I wanted to see some REAL games, I should go over to a certain building near USC, and get a signon on the Plato computer system...When I walked into the room containing three Plato terminals hooked up to CERL (Computer Education Research Lab) at the University of Illinois in Urbana, Illinois, there was a large piece of paper on the wall which said USC-TIP and the number underneath...I simply couldn't believe it...Top-Secret phones numbers sitting around for all to see!!! I asked the head guy there and was given a signon to CERL...

For the next two weeks, I spent day and night at the place, playing a true fighter simulation called Airfight...Then the site went down, and the terminals were taken out...I made a note of the TIP number, and started dialing out to the Arpanet from the modems at the Keck Center...I spent a few memorable weeks doing this...

Then, something happened which scared the H\*\*L out of me...Larry Fye was showing off his skills to me one night at ISI, when he suddenly asked me if I would like to see him knock one of the other sites off the face of the

earth...I told him I would have to see it to believe it, so he opened the bottom drawer of the operators desk there, and took out a book which had some interesting writing on it...It said that it was a Federal Offense to OPEN the book, and the penalty was a 20-year prison term or \$50,000, whichever came first! He flipped the huge book open to some page, then copied down some numbers that were on the page...Then he signed on to SRI (Stanford Research Institute), did a couple of things, typed in the numbers, hit the return key, and said, "THEY'RE GONE!!!"...I looked on in amazement as the message "SRI is not ready..." came over the screen...This meant that SRI was GONE...It had been knocked off the air...I didn't believe it was possible, so I tried logging on through Telnet...Sure enough, the system had gone down...Larry told me that this could be done to ANY computer if you knew the right codes...I thought of what could happen to the real important computers on the Arpanet if that got out somehow...I was truly scared...

A few nights later, something happened...I learned about it the next day from Rick...He came up to me as I was coming in, and rudely demanded to know where I had been the night before...I told him I had not been there, and after a few moments, he confided in me what had happened the previous night...It seems that Rick had been working late and had seen some people he didn't recognize standing in the dark...When he called out to them, they took off, and ran down the stairs and out of the building...Rick then called security and when they searched the offices, it turned out that something of a Top-Secret nature had been taken...Rick said he couldn't tell me what it was, for reasons I well knew...He said I could not come to the site any longer like I had been doing...I said I was sorry something had been taken, and told him goodbye...

Not being one to lose a million-dollar opportunity, I went to the Keck Center and signed on to the Arpanet on one of my signons...Suddenly, the operator did a Talk to me, and asked me who I was...When I beat around the bush, he got ENRAGED and DEMANDED to know who had authorized my signon...I got scared and broke the connection...I practically ran out of the place...

The next day, being too curious for my own good, I came back to the Keck Center and tried to log onto one of my various signons...It was GONE!!! I tried signon after signon, and EVERY one was gone...Suddenly, the connection went dead...When I dialed the TIP number, I heard a strange pulsating tone coming over it that was not normal...I went home...

The next day, I came back, and when I tried the TIP number, IT was GONE!!! I was scared to death, and went home, making sure that nobody saw me leave the place...I knew that something REAL big had happened, if they had disconnected the TIP number itself...It was pretty frightening...I imagined in my mind government officials like the CIA and FBI pouring over ISI with a fine tooth comb to learn exactly what I had been into...And what about those people standing in the dark, who had taken something so important and secret that Rick wouldn't tell me about it...How had they gotten in??? I was the ONLY person outside of the people working there that had access to the place...Did they somehow have knowledge of my access and used that to their advantage??? I just didn't know...I was scared and worried about other computer "crimes" that I had committed...Anyways, that is how this all REALLY started...

Gary

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From: garys@bluemoon.rn.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy,sci.skeptic,talk.religion.newage  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <L4mVmBlw164w@bluemoon.rn.com>  
Date: 24 Jun 92 14:22:08 GMT



Sender: bbs@bluemoon.rn.com (BBS Login)  
Organization: Blue Moon BBS ((614) 868-998[024])  
Lines: 18

As I was saying in my previous message before it got deleted...Joan and I had a good time in Yosemite, the REAL one, that is...When we got back, things started happening...I have been calling Joan on my Sprint phone card, as I can't get the real one using the regular Pacific Bell lines...When I called her up after dropping her off at her apartment, the Sprint operator told me that she couldn't put my call through because her computer terminal was frozen...I tried again...Then there were a series of loud clicks, and the line went dead...Once again...This time the call went through, only there was a warbling pulsating tone along with the ringing...When the REAL Joan answered, there was a loud CLICK, and then her voice changed...The FAKE one...On a different line...I think you get the picture...

Gary Stollman

From: garys@bluemoon.rn.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy,sci.skeptic,talk.religion.newage  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <uB6wmBlw164w@bluemoon.rn.com>  
Date: 25 Jun 92 09:53:29 GMT  
Sender: bbs@bluemoon.rn.com (BBS Login)  
Organization: Blue Moon BBS ((614) 868-998[024])  
Lines: 24

I am up late tonight, and just thought I would let you all know what I am planning on doing...If and when I get the real Joan back, we are going to go back to Tallahassee together again...When I get there, I will immediately file a complaint with the police against the hospital that cut up my dick...Then I will look around for a lawyer who will help me with my lawsuit against all the hospitals and the government...I don't really care if I find one who will help me or not, because I will still file in Federal Court, and I will ask them to appoint me an attorney if need be...I don't plan on holding anything back, I am suing everyone who ever looked at me cross-eyed...The Secret Service is also involved in this, as way back when this all started, I called them to report a threat made on the presidents life by a classmate of mine, and the next day they told me the agent had gone on vacation, and that I was crazy and to go check myself into a mental hospital...It is more involved than that...Maybe I will upload some of my stuff from the Writers BB on GENie later tonight...The most important thing right now is that the CIA be destroyed...Utterly!!! Completely!!! They are responsible for making the clones, and working with the aliens who have the power to do it...

Gary Stollman

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: the long and short of it...  
Keywords: aliens, invasion, stollman  
Message-ID: <vb8mbs=.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 16 Aug 92 05:41:11 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 195

I am sitting here logged on to my new account that I opened with netcom, trying to think of something to write...I got this account because it is a

real bargain, \$20 a month with NO hourly fees and a local LA number I can call so I can compose online without having to use up time on my pc-pursuit account...When I get back to Florida in a few weeks, I will be able to have access to the entire Internet for only \$50-\$100 a month, depending on how much time I use up...90 hours a month in long-distance calls for \$30 a month is a real steal!!

I guess I would like to divulge more details on what I have been through...When I was taken by my clone parents during one episode to a small mental hospital in Alhambra, Calif. in 1984, I refused to go in...My fake dad went in while my fake mom stood outside and watched me...Suddenly, loud explosion sounds came from the inside of the building...After a few minutes, I went inside to find my clone dad signing admission forms for ME...That is illegal and my real parents would know it, and would never have done it in the first place...If I had been smart, I would have ran away from them, but I couldn't rationalize things out well with knowing that my real parents were either in some kind of CIA/alien prison camp or possibly even another dimension...So I signed my own papers and entered the hospital voluntarily...In Calif., if you sign yourself into a mental hospital, you can sign yourself out just as easily...

The first thing that happened was that the \$600 I had on me, which I had brought with me from Tally was taken from me by one of the "employees"...He told me he would put it in the safe, but it wasn't till I got out a week later that I found out he had given it to my "mom"...He put three dollars in my wallet, and told me not to loan my money to other patients, like there was something special about those dollars, and there was...The 3 dollars had been given to me by whom I believe to be angels, trying to save my neck, and they had some kind of godlike power to them...The first one was given to me by a worker at the FSU clinic, when I went there for some tests...When I went to get my medicine from the pharmacy, a lady took the prescription from me ahead of the pharmacist, like she was being overly helpful...Then when I paid for the medicine, she took the receipt from the normal guy, and walked around the pharmacy, eyeing me all the time and the others "working" there...When nobody was looking she ran over to me fast, and handed me the receipt, along with a dollar bill, which she thrust into my hand, clenching both of her hands around mine...I was surprised, because the change was only like 38 cents, but she said, "Don't worry about it," and stamped my receipt real hard with a message that said, "Only copy you will receive!"...I got the impression that people had died to get that dollar bill into my hands, and I learned why...

Later that day, it started raining real hard (not very unusual for Tallahassee), and I had the dollar in the secret compartment in my wallet...I merely wished to myself that the rain would stop, and lo and behold, a minute or so later the clouds cleared up, and the rain stopped...When I say cleared up, I mean I had never seen it happen so fast in my whole life...One minute the sky was dark black, and the next it was sunny...I didn't believe in miracles at the time, so I took the dollar out of my wallet and spent it...It was then that I learned how desperately the angels or whoever they are were trying to save my ass...

I took a cab home from a walk around town one day, and the cab driver acted like a real goofball...When I say acted, I mean acting...Because when we got to my apartment building, I handed him a ten, and I owed him about four dollars with the tip...He suddenly turned around quick as a rabbit, and thrust 3 dollars into my hand...I got out, and started walking to the stairs...Suddenly, I heard a loud bang, and the cab slid over to the side of the parking lot and ran up against the curb, as if nobody was driving it...The "driver", a copy of the real one who had taken the space

of the driver in the cab, teleported and exchanged with him, was searching frantically through the drivers money bag and the cab...I was terrified and ran upstairs into my apartment and locked the door...When I wound up in the little mental hospital I am speaking about, those were the three dollars I am telling of...

I was placed into a room with a wierd guy, a heavy-metal freak...I hadn't slept for about a week or so, so I laid down on the bed...The guy asked me if he could borrow a dollar, and being the fool I am, I gave him one...You need to know this, that I had given the other two dollars to a guy named Gabriel a short time earlier...After I handed this guy the dollar, he laid down on his bed, put a Walkman on his head, and began playing heavy-metal music REAL loud, and chanting along with it...I began to get a queezy feeling in my stomach...Then this guy got up, and looked at me and said, "You look tired, man!"...Suddenly, a feeling of total confusion and dizzyness came over me...I got up, but found I could barely stand...I ran into the cafeteria a short ways away and in a frenzy, drank some coffee to try to settle my head from spinning...Instead of doing that, I suddenly felt as if the whole universe was contracting around me...I started to black out, when a nurse and Gabriel appeared from nowhere with a wheelchair...Gabriel told me to sit down, and I did so, and he and the nurse began pulling me backward towards the lobby...AS they did so, I saw in my minds eye being pulled backwards out of the center of the universe...When we reached the door to the lobby, the nurse went through one of the two swinging doors on the right side of me, but Gabriel stopped short as if some kind of barrier was in his way...As the nurse pulled me through the door, I felt my senses coming back, and suddenly everything was normal and I was ok again...Gabriel said, "I could only hold TWO back!"...And then I was back to normal, and could stand up with no problems whatsoever, as if I had just been pulled out of Hell...

After a few more days, I signed myself out and forced my fake dad to take me home...But they were not done with me yet...I stayed in my room, and refused to speak to them...Finally, they called the Pet Team from Cedars-Sanai Medical Center, which is a emergency response team, and lt them into my room...A doctor was with them, and he asked me a few questions, and then a bunch of orderlies came in and told me they were taking me to the hospital and if I refused, they would forcefully take me out...So I went along with them peaceably...When we arrived at the hospital, a Dr. Herbert Kaplan took me into a room and asked me to sign myself in...I refused and he told me about how I could merely sign myself out the next day if I wanted...He just wanted me to sign the papers...I refused, and he laid the papers down on my lap, and began walking around the room with his hands pulled behind his back as if he had a straight jacket on in a sort of trance...I got scared when he did this, and signed...He grabbed the papers and ran out...I ran after him, and demanded that he tear up the papers, and told him I wasn't being forced into anything anymore...After a few minutes behind the counter, he came out yelling loudly, "OK, Gary! I'm tearing up the papers!!", and tore the papers to shreds...Then a "nurse" took me over to a room and said, unlocking it, "I think THIS was your room, Gary!"...You notice the past tense there...

Two days later, Dr. Kaplan, if it WAS Dr. Kaplan, came up to me and said I was being put on a two-week hold, and tried to force the papers into my pockets, without success...This was quite illegal...I didn't have a hearing of any kind, which I DID have the second time they threw me in there a year or so later...And I didn't see, meet, or talk to any other doctors or almost anyone else for that matter for those two weeks...The file on me shows me having almost daily treatment, diagnoses, and consultations with doctors of all kinds...I am suing for forgery, among

other things...

I was in the day room with two other guys, who started to look around as if seeing some other place...Suddenly, they jumped up, and ran over to the pantry door, and went in...They brought out of the pantry a big black guy, who looked like he had been in there for a week...The two guys shouted, "WE got him out of there!!"...The two guys were to play an important role later on...

While walking the halls one day, a short girl came around the corner and asked me my name...I had never seen her before...She told me her name was Dawn...I didn't see her again until a day or so later, when one of the other girl "patients" there went by me with a plant, carrying it as if it was the last one of it's kind...I purposefully went by and acted like I could care less about plants, which is a lie...Suddenly Dawn came up behind me and starting coughing, as if all the air was being sucked out of the atmosphere...Then she swiftly ran over to me, grabbed me by the arm and started to pull me..."Come with Dawn through this doorway!", she exclaimed...I pulled back, and Dawn let go of my arm, and looked over to the nurse station, where a black woman "nurse" had looked up..."I was only taking him for a walk!", Dawn said to her...The nurse came out and said, "Just WHERE were you taking him?"...She put her hands on Dawn's shoulders and Dawn went limp...She turned Dawn around so she was facing the front door, where she had been trying to lead me...The front door opened, and a tall, bearded heavy-set guy walked in...He stopped right in front of Dawn and just stood there for a second or two...Then, suddenly, something hit Dawn from the front and she collapsed in a heap on the floor...I jumped back about 4 feet through the air, to say the least...

A few days after this, Dawn was sitting in the day room with me and a number of other people, including one of those two guys...Suddenly, she looked at the guy and he looked at her intensely...She and this other guy got up at the same moment, and while I was watching them, and noone else was, they moved together and jumped backwards and disappeared...Just disappeared into thin air...I know, because I didn't believe it, and ran around the corner to see if they had gone around that...They were GONE!! Suddenly, the fire alarms went off, and the nurses ran up and forced me back into the day room...They kept the other people in there as well, all the time looking around and behind themselves...After a few minutes, I snuck out of the room and walked up to the nurses station...One of the nurses exclaimed, "Where's OUR Max?!"...My fathers name...I repeated her words in my mind, and she touched her nose with her index finger in a sudden move, which is a silent codeword they use for "Yes"...After a few moments my fake dad came through the doors and the alarms stopped...

I was released from there at the end of the two weeks, and shipped right out on the next plane back to Florida, a day too late to register for my classes at FSU...I have the fake file now...One of the doctors who supposedly saw me, a Dr. Donald Wallens, was one of the shrinks I saw after the TV incident, although I didn't know it at the time...

Another time when I was dragged back to LA, I was driven into the underground parking structure at the Emergency Room at UCLA by my clone parents...A security guard started walking towards the car, and I started to open the door so as to run away...My fake dad screamed at me, "No, Son, don't open that door...I'm begging you!"...It was this that made me suspect that my real parents were possibly in some other parallel dimension...I jumped out of the car, but the security guard came running up and grabbed me...He lifted me off my feet and carried me fifty yards through the air into the Emergency Room and threw me into one of the empty rooms...My fake parents signed me into the mental hospital, and there I

was again...After that, I started plotting my revenge...

I hope this has "enlightened" you...

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

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The world is your playground. Keep it clean!  
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From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: What you don't know CAN hurt you!  
Keywords: aliens,invasion,stollman  
Message-ID: <#j9mky-.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 17 Aug 92 09:11:33 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 28

I am sitting here writing this, as my dad sleeps in the room next to me...Apparently, the aliens and the CIA placed something inside to monitor him, as I knew from previous experience with the kinds of things I have gone through, because every few minutes he lets out a agonizing series of moans that makes my blood curl and my hate grow...I am going to blow this thing wide open soon...The assholes that did this to my family are gonna regret it...I still can't believe what they did to ME in that Emergency Room in Tallahassee...I don't believe what -I- was able to do...This IS like something out of the twilight zone...If anyone at FSU is reading these notes, get your family and friends OUT of the hospital there!! After cutting up my dick like they did, I wouldn't put anything past them...I would advise getting out of FSU as well, as it was breached also, and clones made of the teachers whose classes I was in...And the kids who were in my classes were taken as well...FSU may have the fastest computer in the world, but it don't matter a damn when you have to go through what I have had to...I feel sorry for the innocent people there most of all...But the government in town was not innocent!! That goes double for Senator, then governor Bob Graham...If he wasn't IN on it, I sure don't have much to say for his officials...One thing I AM sure of, this government is gonna fall...It is only a matter of time...

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From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: Some more about what has happened over the years...  
Keywords: aliens,invasion,stollman  
Message-ID: <jg0m+la.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 18 Aug 92 08:11:05 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 105

This all started back in 1981, when I was attending school at Tallahassee Community College...I had just come back from my sister's wedding in New York when wierd things started happening...I started getting phone calls from people asking for the same person over and over, which continued even though I told them I wasn't her...At one point, I called the operator to complain, and get this now...She says, "Well, can't you remember who that is?"..."Come on, give it a try!"...That was the first indication that something was screwy in Denmark...Then, I had my mom ship my records and stereo to me from LA..The UPS delivered one package, but one was

missing...I called my mom, and I instantly knew something was amiss...Her voice sounded labored and extremely worried, and it sounded like someone was standing there while she was talking, watching her or something...She told me that the other package had been delivered downstairs to another apartment, and to go down and ask them for it...I went downstairs, and this wierd looking Hindu guy answered the door...I peeked in, and the place looked like some kind of Bordello...He was nice about it though, and handed me my package...

When I went back upstairs and called my mom, she seemed to be overly relieved that I had gotten the package ok...I sensed tenseness in her voice, but didn't know what it could be from...I forgot something important...I am tired and it is late, so I am not gonna rewrite this...Before I went downstairs, my mom told me to call UPS and see if they had the package...They don't list a local number in information for UPS in Tally, but the information operator gave me the 800 number for the office in Jacksonville...After he read off the number he says REAL LOUD, "And that's a TOLL FREE number!!"...He made it sound like he KNEW all about the fact that the previous time I had been in Tallahassee, the first time, I moved into an apartment which had a phone already installed in it, which somebody had hooked up illegally...I used the phone then to call all over the country, cause it wasn't showing up on my bill...Then, one night, the operator caught me, and I hung up quickly...I didn't ever use the phone again, but later on, after I left Tally, the phone company there called all over the country to try to find me to make me pay for the charges...They called my whole family and everybody I had called during that time...It turned out ok, cause my sister in New York convinced them that I wasn't responsible, and they dragged the guy who was into court...But when this smart-alak information operator said that to me, in a tone of voice that made me suspicious of everything that had been happening, I knew I was playing with fire!!

Then, my dad called me one night just before I entered classes at TCC, and said one of the wierdest things I had ever heard...He asked me if I remembered the time when we had stayed at some hotel with fancy marble staircases and crystal chandaleirs...I didn't know what the FUCK he was talking about!! I told him we had never been to any such place in our lives, and asked him what the hell was going on...Then his voice went REAL low, and he told me that it was ok, and not to worry about it...But I WAS worried, VERY worried!! Some kind of serious bullshit was going on with my parents and the phones, and I didn't know what to think or do...

I got mad and decided to have it out with the phone company and find out what the hell was going on...I went over to their office, and sat down at some phone company "representative's" desk...She was REAL nice at first, and told me she would find out what was happening...She called a number downtown, and started speaking to someone...She was right in the middle of the conversation, when suddenly, she looked right at me and shouted, "Do you know Carol Lewis!?!?"...I was startled and told her no...Then she practically screamed at me, "Do you know where she IS, Gary!?!?"...I said, fearfully, "Well, she's not THERE!!"...Then she hung up the phone, became SWEET as a lamb, and said, "All right, Mr. Stollman. We'll take care of the problems you've been having!" I thanked her and left...With the knowledge that whatever was going on was so big, it involved the taking over of the phone company completely...

Carol Lewis was the name the people who called me asked me for, and it was later that I remembered why it sounded familiar...I have almost a photographic memory, and during a previous time in the past, when I was traveling around the country, I had stopped at a motel somewhere in the pouring rain...Some guys came in right after I did, and they looked like

the kind of enemies of mine who had been following me all over the country for years...They walked in and used the phone in the lobby to call a number...While on the phone, one of the guys asked someone if they had a Carol Lewis staying there, apparently a hotel or motel...Then he changed the name slightly and asked if they had a Carol Lewison, or something like that...He kept on using aliases, until he had exhausted his supply...Then he and the other guys stood around while I checked in...When I took my room key, one of the guys stood next to me watching to see what room it was...When I got up to the room, everything was ok for awhile...But, a few minutes later, I heard the guys in the room next to me, and it sounded like they were tearing the walls apart...I was NO stranger to this happening, as these assholes from California had been following me all over the country for years...I packed up my stuff, and went down and told the manager to call the police, that these guys were NUTS!! He did so, and gave me another room...

It took me a couple of years to remember that, but it was the same name...When I gave that name to the FBI in Atlanta some time later, the girl at the desk picked up a phone, gave them the name, and a few minutes later she wrote down on a piece of paper dates and prisons that person had been in, then told me they couldn't help me...She told me that two "AGENTS" would help me, and two guys who didn't look anything like FBI agents came out and asked me if I had a place to sleep for the night...I went to the FBI in Tally for help, but got the runaround there also...I don't know how we can fight this thing, but fight it we MUST!!

I will write more tomorrow, I didn't get enough sleep last night, and it is very late...Take care, humans!

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From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: The continuing saga of my story...  
Keywords: aliens,invasion,stollman  
Message-ID: <9f!nbr\_.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 19 Aug 92 08:00:29 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 153

I went to TCC to sign up for classes in September of 1981...When I walked into the signup room, there was a large overhead projector of all the classes available...I had gotten there the first day of signup, so I could have a good list to choose from...Most, if not all of the classes being offered were already taken, and unhappily I went home, after one of the counselors told me some people might drop their classes the next day...

The next day I came back, and lo and behold, classes had been dropped...ALL of them!! I was very suspicious of this and asked a counselor by the name of Sylvia DeLoach what the heck had happened...She told me that people had just gotten carried away, that it had never happened before and never would again...I couldn't believe it but took this at face value...I signed up for five classes, what I needed to finish my AA degree...I took Psychology, Meterology, American History, Art, and Mythology...The school's principal was extremely kind to give me full credit for my previous academic work at Grossmost College in San Diego...I started classes in earnest the following week, and evrything seemed to be normal at first...

Shortly after I started going to class, things began to get strange...In

my Meteorology class, there was a guy in front of me who kept turning around and saying stuff to me that had nothing whatsoever to do with the class...During our first test, he kept turning around and giving me the answers or something similar...Then, one day, the instructor, an elderly woman, started talking about something which had nothing to do with Meteorology...Then she said, "And there are many lawsuits pending!" and looked up with a look of utter contempt on her face...The situation gradually got worse, with the guy in front of me saying stuff loud enough to be heard by everyone, then turning around and looking at me, as if I was supposed to know what he was talking about...He did this constantly...

In my Mythology class, the teacher started talking about subjects having nothing to do with Mythology...Then, one day, after a lot of things which convinced me that I was being spied on purposefully, she started talking about a "King" that lived in some islands off the coast of Italy, which I couldn't understand, especially when she got out maps of the area and pointed out to us exactly where he lived...I felt I had had enough of it, and when she got done talking, I raised my hand...She said VERY hesitantly, "I believe YOU had a question?"...I said, "Yeh, just WHERE did you say that KING lived!?"...She pointed to the area on the map, and I said in a loud voice, "Yeh, RIGHT!...A girl who had been sitting next to me the whole time went, "FUCK!!"...Everybody suddenly quieted down real low, and I felt as if I was sitting in a prison...

When I went into my next class, American History, the girl sitting next to me who happened to be in my other class also, did something pretty strange...She pushed a pen off of her desk, so I would have to pick it up...She did it on purpose...And she did it REAL slick, too...If I wasn't as perceptive as I am, you would have thought it was not staged...But it was...Later on in the semester, I pushed a pen off my desk and MADE it look like it was staged, and she immediately jumped up, and ran to the front of the room and sat down at a different desk, next to her "CIA friend" or whatever, who had been playing jackass mindgames all that time also...

Then, the ultimate proof...At the study session for the midterm in Meteorology, there was just me and those other guys, who had been bothering me from the start almost...There was two other guys in there who had made me think they were there just to spy on me...I decided to try something, and in the middle of the lecture, I suddenly jumped up and ran out the front door...Almost instantly, the two guys jumped up...One ran out the side door and down the side of the building towards the parking lots, and the other ran out the front door behind me, and went in the same direction...I had had enough, to say the least...

I went to the head of the counseling department, who was Sylvia DeLoach...I told her what I thought was going on in my classes, and she went into her office, and picked up the phone, and asked me who I wanted her to call to find out about it...I told her I didn't know, and she suggested the Sheriffs office...She dialed the number, and told her name and mine, and then she turned to me and said, "It's Sargeant Parramoore, Gary...He says it's what you're thinking!"...She then told me he said to meet him at the Courthouse at 5pm and he would tell me all about it...

I had to go to my Psychology class first, and I was trying to think of somebody who could be a witness to whatever was said...When I got to class, I made probably the most serious mistake of my life...It turned out that there had been a flap that week at TCC, in which some guy in my psychology class had been in the men's room, when he had spotted a hidden camera in one of the vents...He started to tear it out, when, so the story went, three security guards came running in and forced him out of



there...The camera was taken out, and any complaints were going to the Attorney General's office...There was a big story on it in the Tallahassee Democrat at the time, and when I walked into class, the teacher was discussing it with him...I figured this was a guy I could trust...So I asked him if he would come with me to see this Sgt. Parramoore...He said sure...

We got into my car, and then the most peculiar thing happened...While we were driving down the street, this guy started yelling and screaming out the window of the car at people, and even if there was noone...He whooped it up but good, and when we got to the Courthouse, he walked into the Marriage License Bureau, and asked for the guy...I had never been to the courthouse before, and so didn't know where his office was...This guy told me that he had friends out at the Sheriff's Dept. headquarters on Thomasville Rd., and said he was probably there...So, like a fool, I went along with it and drove to the Sheriff's office...When we got out of the car, I knew this guy wasn't quite as "crazy" as he had made out, because he dropped a paper he was holding on purpose, to see if I would tell him...

We walked into the station house, and he went right into the watch commanders office and told him we wanted to see Sgt. Parramoore...The watch commander asked what was going on, and then this "student" asked me if I would step out of the room for a minute, while he talked to the officer...I did so, like a fool again, and after about a minute or two, the door opened...The student told me to come in, and when I did so, I noticed the demeanor of the watch commander had changed completely...He was looking at me like I was some kind of mass murderer...The student sat down in a chair nearby, and I sat down at the watch commanders desk...I told the officer what had been going on in my classes, and he listened carefully, although it was clear that nothing I was saying meant anything meaningful anymore to him...Then when I told about how I believed these people could be enemies of mine, the "student" spoke up...He said, "Why, nobody would do such a thing, Gary, unless there was a PLOT TO KILL THE PRESIDENT!!"...He shouted that part...I knew then that I was sunk, and sure enough, the watch commander asked me if I had a counselor, and I told him yes, and he asked for the phone number, and called her up...By the way, I had gotten this counselor through the telephone operator, and she worked out of an office near the main hospital in town...That is to say, I had called information to get the number for the place, and the information operator had told me the woman's name, and made an appointment for me to start seeing her...Just one of the queer things going on at that time...I just went along with it all, out of fear for my parents lives, which is a more involved part of the story...

Anyways, he got my counselor on the phone, and she somehow knew I had gone to the Attorney General's office for help...She asked me to go into a small mental hospital there called Project Path...I refused, and told her I had better ideas...She practically begged me to go in, but I was adamant...After I hung up, the watch commander tried to convince me to go in also, but I just walked outside...I had to wait for my "friend" and after a few minutes he came outside...I drove him back to TCC, and this time he didn't yell out the window at all, just talked to me about my problems, and how I should try to solve them...When we got back, he got out, but asked me to come to his birthday party that weekend...I told him SURE, like I was gonna have anything to do with a CIA agent or whatever he was, which I was sure of cause he must have flashed some kind of HEAVY-DUTY ID at that cop for him to treat me like that, and from the bit about the plot to kill the President...

Coming next time...How the Florida government was taken over and involved...

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From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: How I discovered that the Florida government had been taken over!!  
Keywords: aliens, invasion, stollman  
Message-ID: <bbcnh7q.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 27 Aug 92 06:09:05 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 157

Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: How I discovered the Florida government had been overthrown!!!  
Keywords: aliens, invasion,stollman

Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: How I discovered that the entire Florida government was involved...  
Keywords: aliens,invasion,stollman

The day before I went to the Sheriff's Dept. in Tallahassee to speak to someone who was supposed to tell me wht was going on, I went up to the State Capitol to ask the Attorney General's office WHO had put a camera in the bathrooms at TCC, and WHO these people were in my classes who were obviously spying on me. I walked into the office and a secretary took my name, and asked me to have a seat. She disappeared into the back, and I waited. After a few minutes, a different secretary came out, and walked over to the desk, sat down, picked up the phone, and shouted, "HELLO, OPERATOR, OPERATOR!!" into it. This was obviously strange, because the phone had not rung, and I didn't see any of the buttons lit either. Then she told me that the Attorney General was a VERY busy man, and didn't have time to see me, but that if I would go over to a certain office at one of the downtown buildings, the Director of Consumer Affairs would try to help me.

I thought this was BS, from the moment she had shouted that into the phone like that, but I went over to the guy's office anyways. It was in the basement of a building, with only a paper sign on the door. I walked in, and saw only two desks and a few phones. A guy was talking on one of the phones about how he could get lots of money running stolen cars to other states. He was talking REAL loud, and told me to just have a seat for a minute. After a minute or two, he put the phone down, and asked who I was. I told him, and he said LOUDLY, "Oh, you'll have to wait for the CHIEF!!" He invited me to sit down at the "Chief's" desk. I did so. After a few minutes, a guy walked in. He was about six feet tall, with a short mustasche, and looked like he hadn't slept in about a week. He ploped down in the chair across from me, slumped over the chair, and just lay there staring at me. After a few moments, he pulled himself upright, looked me straight in the eyes and asked, "WHY are these people following you?" I was taken aback, as I had NEVER told them about that at the Attorney General's office, I had said that at the Governor's office, where I had gone the day before that to try to get some answers. A representative of the Governor, then Bob Graham, had listened to me say that, and before I could even explain the situation to him, told me bluntly that nobody would do that unless they had some kind of incredible reasoning behind it, and there WAS no reason. I found this to be an unusual thing to say, judging from the "supposed" fact that they didn't know me.

I almost jumped when this guy who looked like something out of a CIA spy novel asked me that. I said nervously, "I DON'T KNOW!!" Then, he leaned back in his chair and said, "Well, if they wanted to get rid of you, they would simply have WASTED you!!" Then he started talking a whole bunch of unrelated drug paraphenalia-type talk, which I took to see whether I was involved in drugs somehow. He went on like this for a few minutes, watching my face REAL closely, then he stopped. He looked disgusted. He practically pleaded with me, "Come on, Gary! There must be SOME reason these people are following you!! Maybe you SAW something or DID something!! You must have done SOMETHING to piss these people off!" I was VERY scared about the whole conversation by now, so I merely said, "Well, maybe I saw something!" Then he asked me if I had ever taken down any license numbers of the cars that were following me. I told him I had made a list at one time. He suddenly sat straight up in his chair, then leaned way out across the desk and said sharply, "I NEED that list!!" Knowing full well what he was all about now, I merely said I didn't have it anymore. He really looked disgusted, and then he stood up. He told me he couldn't help me, but if I ever got bothered again, or saw any cars I remembered, to give him a call and he would run the licenses. He gave me a card on which was printed a different name than the one he gave me, Len Sprigling, and crossed out the name and wrote in his with a different phone number also. I could but guess who he REALLY was, and what he would do to the people who had been following me around if I gave him the list. I had NO doubt that this guy was with the CIA and that the whole thing was a complete setup. I was convinced of this a month later, when I walked back into that "office" and told him I HAD the list. He reached his hand across the desk and said softly, "May I HAVE it??" I told him it was in my head, and he said, "OH! GOOD MEMORY!!" Then he told me he couldn't help me, and to get the hell out of his office. I did so, but instead of leaving out to the street, I leaned down and took a drink of water from a fountain near the door. A few seconds after I had started drinking, he and his "partner" opened the door REAL fast and looked out. When they saw me standing there drinking, they ran back inside and slammed the door. I ran back to the door, only to hear them talking OVERLY loud to each other, pretending they were busily involved in a "consumer" case. I knew what business they were in, though.

This convinced me that the entire Florida government had been subjugated. When I called the INFORMATION OPERATOR from a phone at FSU, after the failed attempt to see that officer the next day, in an attempt to get in touch with him, she asked me, "Have you ever MET Sgt. Parramoore??" This was the friggin' operator asking this! A few seconds later, two guys in track suits carrying walkie-talkies came running up and took down the number of the pay phone I was at. When they started walking away, I yelled, "YOU'RE CRAZY!!" at them, and then they broke into a trot, and ran to a car with an antenna on it, and drove away REAL fast. This sort of thing would become commonplace in the days to come. I would drive somewhere, and a guy in a suit would pull up next to me, and get out of the car carrying a walkie-talkie. Everytime I would go to a pay phone, and call a friend's house or my parents, someone would drive up with sunglasses on, and get out carrying a walkie-talkie, and just stand there eyeing me. One time, I had some friends go with me when I made a call at FSU to my parents, and they witnessed someone do just this.

The day after I tried to see Sgt. Parramoore, I went to the courthouse looking for him. I went up to his office, on the third floor, and walked in. I remembered though, what the operator had said to me the night before, and got what I was expecting. There was a guy in there all right, with two secretaries, who had a uniform on with the nametag and all, but who I soon had reason to doubt was anyone even remotely related to Sgt. Parramoore. The moment I stepped in the door, one of the "secretaries"

said to the other one, "OH GOD! I don't know if I can DO this!!" Then the two of them started picking up the phones in the office, and saying stuff like, "Oh, Sgt. Parramoore, there's a murder out on Lake Road!! Oh, Sgt. Parramoore, Mr. Hanson is out on bail!!" It was all pretend and I knew it and I think that maybe they knew I knew it, but had to do it anyways to make it all look good. Sgt. "Parramoore" would respond with, "Oh, DAMNIT! Not AGAIN!!" Then he asked me what MY problem was. When I told him "he" had told me to come by the day before, he told me he didn't know what I was talking about, and held his finger up and said, "I'm about THIS close to a breakdown today!! Go on and get out of here!!" I walked out. One of the "secretaries" followed me to the elevator and held it open for me. I told her I would wait for the next one, and she went down. Not as far as I would have liked though.

The next day, I decided to take matters to as far as I could go, and called up the Secret Service in Jacksonville. I told the agent who answered the phone the kinds of stuff that had been happening to me, but he was reluctant to offer any help. He told me that they only dealt with threats to the President's life. So I told him what my "classmate" had said about a "plot to kill the President." He said quickly, "Well, you just said the MAGIC WORD, Gary!!" He told me he would call me back the next morning and get all the details, and for me to make notes to myself to remind myself of all that had taken place so he could get it straight.

The next morning, I waited for him to call, but after two hours had gone by past the time he had told me, I decided to call the office myself. This time, I got a different agent, who asked me what my name was. He immediately told me that I was mistaken, and that they weren't interested anymore. I asked him if I could speak to the agent I had talked to the day before, and he told me that he had gone on vacation. When I pushed the point, he told me I was crazy and to go check into a mental hospital, and then he hung up.

When I told this last part to the people on GENie, one girl begged me not to write any more of my story, because this part had scared her to death. But it is the TRUTH...

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Subject: THIS GOVERNMENT IS BEING RUN BY A BUNCH OF NAZIS!!!  
Message-ID: <nlln#0c.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: Thu, 03 Sep 92 20:05:01 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Summary: How this government destroyed my life...

I am Gary Stollman, the person who pulled the toy gun on Tv Consumer Advocate David Horowitz on live television at the set of KNBC in 1987, forcing him to read a statement on the air about how the CIA and aliens had replaced my family and friends with clones. I gained access to the studios because my father, Max Stollman, had been a reporter for the station as a spokesman for pharmacy. My father is a pharmacist, and owner of our pharmacy, Family Pharmacy, in Beverly Hills, California. He is a past president of the California Pharmacists Association and the winner of a nationwide prize for being the best pharmacist in the country.

In 1981, while attending school in Tallahassee, Florida, it became apparent to me that I had people in my classes who were placed there for the sole purpose of spying on me and driving me insane. These facts were beared out by several sources, including a friend whose father worked for the CIA who had obtained my file and had urged me repeatedly to get off of

computers, telling me that they didn't trust people on computers and would ruin my life. I didn't believe at the time that this could be possible, and so ignored his warnings. It soon became evident that he was correct.

In December of 1981, I was forced to sign myself into a small mental facility in town by a counselor at Tallahassee Community College, who had refused to allow me to continue my studies unless I did so, after I had brought the things happening in my classes to her attention. In the hospital, my father called me on a pay phone, and asked me if I knew if the conversation was being monitored. This was a total shock, as my dad has no knowledge of such things, and could have only meant that he was being forced to ask it by someone over him, and that he was probably confined in some kind of government prison camp. He then said other things which indicated to me that this was indeed the case. Then my sister called me and told me that my brother-in-law had gone insane from the EXACT same kind of things which had been happening to me for the past six or seven months. I was totally shocked, as he was one of the strongest guys I had ever met, when I had flown to New York for her wedding to him that year. She said he had lost his job because of it, and when she put him on the phone I asked him desperately exactly what kinds of things had happened, but he was so upset and nervous that he couldn't even speak about it. I immediately went to one of the doctors there and demanded to be released. She told me that I had the right to sign myself out, and I asked for the form to sign. She reluctantly gave it to me, telling me that she didn't think I was READY to be released. I filled out the form, and she asked me if I would sign another form to sign myself back in again. I adamantly refused, and she went into a closed room with some other people who "worked" there. After I had gotten off the phone with my sister, I had demanded to see these other workers IDs, and they told me they didn't have to show me their IDs.

After a few minutes, the door to the room opened and this woman psychiatrist came out and told me I was being put on an emergency hold, and was being transferred to the main mental hospital in town. I immediately jumped on the phone and called up a friend of mine who worked at Florida State University and told him to get me an attorney. After a few minutes, some Sheriff's Deputies came into the facility and took me forcibly to the other hospital. At the other facility, I was told that I had the right to sign myself in voluntarily, but that if I didn't they would seek a court order to keep me there, a law known in Florida as the Baker Act. I felt it was in my best interest and so signed myself in. A few days later, an attorney from the Public Defenders Office, whom my friend had called, came by and told me to just sit tight and go along with it, and in a few days I would be released. My mother called me, and said things which indicated to me that somehow she was possibly in the same boat as I believed my father was. However, I kept my cool, and a few days later, I was transferred back to the smaller facility and shortly afterwards released.

Since that first unlawful and wrongful first admission, I have over the past ten years been forced ILEGALLY by forces beyond any normal human being's control into many mental hospitals. In some cases, my signature was actually forged on the admission forms to confine me. Most of the cases, however, involved either my "parents" or the police or other officials throwing me by physical force into locked wards, where I was told that if I wouldn't sign myself in VOLUNTARILY, they would go to court and have a judge put me into the facility involuntarily! I was coerced by these means to sign myself into long periods of confinement, far away from friends or family in some cases.

During the time previous to these things happening, I lived happily in

Tallahassee, content on simply going to school, and becoming a computer programmer. However, I began to get strange phone calls from my parents, which indicated that something was wrong, although I couldn't put my finger on it at the time. When these calls went to the point of incredulity, I began to suspect that there were other, very powerful forces at work. I had been followed around the country for many years by people from California, who I believe were rich enemies I had accidentally made in the course of living there and going to school. I began to have people bothering me while attending Grossmont Community College in San Diego during the period of 1971-1973. When I left there early, and used an inheritance from my grandmother to travel around the country looking for a 4-year school to go to, I began to notice cars from California with the same license numbers everywhere I went. I began to have people bother me at museums, national parks, etc., wherever I would go. I believe this may have all started from a bus trip I took when I was sixteen with a bunch of rich kids from Los Angeles. I got into a fight with a few of them over some girls on the bus, and they swore they would get even with me the rest of my life. If you don't think people are this crazy, you need to move to LA!

This story is much more involved than what I am putting on here in these few paragraphs, but suffice it to say that this involves the entire past government of Florida, and the past two administrations. After I was released from the first hospitalization, my mom came to see me, and I KNEW that it was NOT my real mother. The voice was different, and I have perfect pitch, and she almost ripped the door to my bedroom off with her bare hands. I went running off into the night in terror, and wound up driving to Cincinnati, where I was picked up by some police in events too involved and strange to get into in this note. For more information, I would suggest that you read past notes from the news groups [alt.alien.visitors](#) or [alt.conspiracy](#), where I have been writing for some time.

The gist of this note is this. The things which have happened to me have been extremely severe and extremely serious. They indicate that the government has knowledge of alien beings and techniques involving the cloning of human beings and forces we can barely comprehend. It is also quite apparent that the government is bypassing the Constitution, to a degree which is scarcely believable. The entire telephone system of LA and Tallahassee has been subverted, and everyone I have contact with has reported having problems with their phones, and believe they are being tapped. From what I have read here on Usenet and the way I was placed into these hospitals with such ease, it is possible that the entire US medical profession has been overthrown, and replaced by clones. Now, I realize what I am saying, but you would need to review the kinds of things that I have gone through to understand the full implications of what I am saying.

In November of last year, my mom had a stroke, and had bypass surgery. Although she survived the operation, she was left paralyzed on the left side. I was in Tallahassee at the time, with my girlfriend, who was living with me. I gradually had a nervous breakdown, because of the situation regarding my mom, and wound up having things happen to me similar to the ones which have been going on for ten years. I ran out into the street and lay down on the ground, screaming for help of ANY kind. People began rushing up to me, asking how they could help. After a few minutes, other people came up and these people ran off. To try to describe actual events would make you hop the nearest plane to the most remote area in South America in terror. Suffice it to say that an ambulance came, and I was placed onto a stretcher and put in the back. I offered no resistance, and was taken to the Emergency Room at Tallahassee Memorial Hospital. There I was unloaded and placed into a small room.

Some people who were in the room began strapping me down to the stretcher with heavy tie-downs, all the time saying things about how "That's how we do it in Texas!", and similar bullshit. After running people in and out of the room for almost fifteen minutes, to see who they could trust, a "doctor" came in and pulled down my shorts and taking a scapel, cut my dick on each side. I bled profusely and screamed in agony but the nice man told me it would be over soon. Then without anyone stopping to help in any way or do anything, I was placed back in the ambulance and taken to Tallahassee Memorial Psychiatric Hospital, and throw into a locked room to lay and bleed. If I were to tell you what happened there, you would hop that plane, or call up NASA to see if there were any flights going to Mars. Suffice it to say that I, once again, had to check myself IN to get OUT. After two weeks of nightmarish events, I was discharged, and my girlfriend took me home.

The point of this note is THIS! WHY is the government of George Bush and Ronald Reagan still in power?! I know they sure wouldn't be if I had had the intelligence to simply walk out of the Burbank Police Station five years ago like I could have! Only my utter stupidity and fear of the unknown made me let myself be arrested, for the police did NOT want to arrest me. They wanted me to go into another mental hospital, and although I should have, I kept my mouth shut tight, and so they arrested me on trumped-up charges, and I have had to suffer a living hell for four years to avoid having a felony record. FSU has turned me down for re-admission, unless I go to another shrink, so I have decided on an alternate course for my life. I am going to be filing a lawsuit in a little time against the government that has done this to me. And I can only tell you this...If George Bush gets re-elected, you all had better find a flight to somewhere, preferably Tombago!

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: How I discovered that the clones were being created at hospitals...  
Message-ID: <\_bpn2j+.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 6 Sep 92 06:44:39 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 167

It was the summer of 1982. I had spent time in two mental hospitals by this time, the first one, at PATH and Goodwood Mental Hospital in Tallahassee, (Goodwood is no longer there) and Rollman Psychiatric Center in Cinnccinati, Ohio, which I was forced into after driving away from town in terror when I knew that my mom had somehow been replaced, and half the Sheriff's Dept. showed up at my apartment to try to force me into PATH again. I had to lie to my dad and promise him that I would go into a halfway house to get him to drive me back to Tallahassee from Ohio. When we got back, I took all my stuff and moved into Colony Club Apartments, where I live to this day, mainly because it is the closest one to school and has what I consider to be the best swimming pool in town.

I had gotten back to FSU too late to get into any classes, so I spent most of my time on the Plato computer system programming and learning. Plato is the greatest education machine in the world, or I should say WAS, as CDC, their parent company, just filed for chapter 11, and Plato is gone from FSU now. My greatest dream was to become a Plato programmer, but that one went the way of my life in the 80's. I learned quite a bit, but kept on thinking about how I had been ill-treated at the hospitals, and how my "mom" had almost taken the door off of my apartment with her bare

hands, and other things that indicated that some of the police were involved in the conspiracy. I just couldn't set my mind on anything positive for very long without those thoughts of the terrors I had seen and gone through coming back again and again. I finally had a nervous breakdown from this, when school was out, and everybody left town, as they do at FSU. I wound up driving back to LA in the middle of the night, because things started happening around me again, which led me to the belief that a serious flaw I had seen in the Arpanet one time, could lead to nuclear war. I will be the first to admit that I really went off the deep end several times, but the end result was finding out that I wasn't half wrong about a REAL threat to the human race.

I wound up losing my car at the Houston Intercontinental Airport, and some "security guards" picked me up and drove me over to a hospital, after getting a warrant from a court to place me in there for observation. They were unlike any security guards I had ever met before. After they dropped me off at the hospital, I was so fed up with the bullshit that I simply walked out of the place, as I was left in the main waiting area. I went to a motel where a Eastern-type "manager" tried to sign MY name to the check-in card. This whole thing involves a lot of Eastern types, who are really demons overseeing the devilish stuff of my enemies, who are true devil-worshippers. At least this is the gist of what I have learned while this has all been going on.

Anyways, I checked into the motel, then ran away in terror when the "manager" told me he had to have a key to the room so he could come in during the night. I was in a state of mind by then, that I didn't know whether up was down or vice-versa. And so, I wandered around Houston for the rest of the night until the morning. I started bothering people at a Denny's when things happened that I couldn't handle anymore, and a short while later, the police showed up and threw me into the back of a squad car and drove me to Ben Taub Hospital. On the way, they said stuff which made me start to wonder about whether they were really the REAL police officers they were making out to be.

When we got to Ben Taub, they handcuffed me, and put me in a long corridor, and sat me down on a bench. One of the cops told me that he would soon take the cuffs off me, but that they had to wait. I asked what they were waiting for, and he said, "Why, it's ALL on the computers, Gary! YOU should know THAT!!" Then suddenly over the intercom system came a loud bang, and a hysterical voice shouted, "BREAK-IN UNIT FIVE!!" Then, there was a muffled cry, and a few seconds later, "BREAK-IN UNIT THREE!!" Shots rang out over the intercom. "BREAK-IN UNIT NINE!!" "BREAK-IN UNIT TWO!!" "THIS IS UNIT TWELVE, WE HAVE A BREA..." Shots. Then silence. The "police officer" holding the keys to my handcuffs smiled broadly and began swinging the keychain around his finger. I was too scared to think about what the FUCK was going on, but I made up my mind that I was gonna find out. I looked up at the policeman and said, "What's going on??" "Nothing's going on, Gary!", came the reply. "They're just having heart attacks!" I tried to utilize every facet of my fine wit. "Are you MAKING them have the heart attacks??" I asked carefully. "NO, Gary!", came the response. "They're having them voluntarily!!" I sorted my computer-like mind through this data as fast as possible and came up with another question. "Do you kill them by giving them heart attacks??" "No, Gary!", in a almost jolly mood. "They come in for two weeks, and then they leave." I pondered. "Do you make them do what YOU want them to do after that??" I asked the right question. "No, Gary!" "They come in for two weeks and then they can be anyone they want to be!!" By this time, I was scared shitless, and KNEW these people or whatever they were were playing for keeps.



Then the police officer walked over to a microphone hooked onto the wall and picked it up. He put it to his mouth, and waited. A voice came over the intercom, not HIS voice. "This is officer (making up a name here) Gamble. Rea"...The police officer started speaking into the microphone, as if on cue. ..."dy to report to section Nine."...HIS voice replaced the one on the intercom. He then handed the keys to an orderly, took off his uniform, under which was a set of street clothes, and walked out. A man wearing a doctor's smock was standing there next to the bench, nervous as hell. Suddenly, from down the long corridor, two big, husky black orderlies came, escorting an EXACT DOUBLE of the man standing next to me. They came up, and the "second doctor" took the place of the "first doctor", who was "escorted" out by the two men with his head hung down low, as if he were being taken away to be killed or something similar. The "new doctor" stood there, and I, having nothing else brilliant to think of, said, "YOU'RE not my doctor!!" The double replied, "YES, I'm your doctor, Gary!" A minute after that, a black orderly took the cuffs off me, and took me down the corridor. We were about to go out of the back of the building, where I saw stacks of body bags which looked filled. I was about to scream for my dear life, when suddenly the black guy threw open a door, and pushed me quickly through it. He pulled me up some stairs real fast, and shoved me into a locked ward, and slammed the door behind him.

A blone-haired male "nurse" came up to me and started asking me questions.

I responded as best I could, being VERY careful about my answers. He then took me into a small room and closed the door. He seemed extremely nervous, as if something was about to happen. He kept looking at his watch and then up at a mirror up on the top of the wall, alternating back and forth between them every few seconds. He took QUICK glances, as if he knew some kind of camera was hidden behind the mirror and was timing it. He then told me hurriedly that in a few minutes I would be taken back into the main room and be given a blood pressure test. He took my arm around the elbow with his and held it TIGHTLY. He kept squeezing my arm and pulling it, without glancing down at it, as if someone was watching him closely. Then he started wrinkling his nose at me, as he pulled my arm again and again, as if trying to tell me something with the facial expressions. Then he looked one final time at his watch, and gave me a look like the end of the world was at hand, and took me back out into the main room and sat me down in a chair. I went along with all of it and didn't make a sound, as I knew something extremely bad was going on.

After a few minutes, a real big black "orderly" came into the unit. He sat down at the table and started to give me a blood pressure test. He wrapped the blood pressure cuff around my arm and then...

I am sorry I can't finish the story. I am NOT joking, and the rest of it up to that point is the TRUTH as I know it. For reasons of "National Security", that would be putting it mildly, I cannot tell you what happened next...I won't!! This is NO bullshit attempt at getting attention, or melodramatics. This is the future of the frigging human race we are talking about!!! I was going to keep this part to myself until the right time, I have had a long, long time to think it over, and decided that this stuff is best kept under wraps until the proper time to tell it, which won't be much longer now. I have been through TOO much damn suffering for TOO long to blow our chances at getting revenge of these mother-fuckers and father-fuckers. My real dad was in a fucking CIA PRISON CAMP for over five long years!!! My real mom was switched back and forth during that time with her clone, but they kept my father to the last. When I was taken to the LA County Jail, which is being RUN by ALIEN CLONES, they gave me my one phone call and my REAL dad spoke to me for the first time in years, but I was so mad with hate, I wouldn't even say hello

to him, and so he turned the phone, (after a click) over to my real mom, who told me I had made the wrong decision NOT to take the police offer of going into a mental hospital instead of jail. I didn't see my real father until two years later!! I could tell you things that would make you run like hell for the farthest corner of the earth to hide, and I ain't playing games!! I will tell you this much...THE ENTIRE PHONE SYSTEM IN LOS ANGELES IS BEING MONITORED...If you don't believe me, fine, I can't say I didn't TRY!! I am not out to scare you, but you should be scared!! I have an IQ of over 150, know about 20 computer languages, and have an ALMOST, not complete, photographic memory...If you want to dismiss this as crap, that's up to you, but it will be YOUR children who are left the legacy of whether or not they will have the government fucking up THEIR lives the way this government has done to me!! I am sorry for having to put it so bluntly or crazy-sounding, but this is WAR!!!

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: You think this is some kind of a JOKE??!!  
Message-ID: <dvrny0.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 8 Sep 92 17:07:17 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 32

Some people on here still think I am kidding around or something! Listen, over 7 YEARS ago, when this all started, I went to Longo Totota in El Monte, Calif. here to have my car fixed. I used one of the phones that were on the salesman's desks to call my parents store, without anyone's permission. About two seconds after my mom answered the phone, EVERY SINGLE PHONE in the dealership started ringing at the same time, one ring, then died. The salesmen couldn't pick them up fast enough, and were asking each other what the HELL was going on. I didn't have to ask. It has happened to me before. When I went to USC-ISI, the computer site in Marina Del Rey on the Arpanet, where I spent two years, day and night, in 1977-79, in 1986, and made a call from Rick Shiffman's office (my mentor in the world of the Arpanet) to the pharmacy, EVERY single phone started ringing, then stopped.

When I called Joan two months ago from a pay phone at UCLA, the pay phone next to me started ringing. I picked it up, and a guy started talking Spanish at a fast clip. He obviously had gotten connected to the wrong number somehow. This was NOT an unrelated incident, I'm afraid! Every time I go to a pay phone here in LA, the pay phones next to me all start ringing when I call the store. Also, there is some kind of SERIOUS interference when you try to call information. When I call from a pay phone, I mean. When I call from MY phone, I hear a recorded voice of an operator, and then a DIFFERENT operator takes over!! It is time to get out the guns, I'm afraid. And I don't even believe in the wretched things!

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: THE ENTIRE CITY OF LOS ANGELES IS UNDER INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <rvvn=bb.garys@netcom.com>  
Date: 11 Sep 92 17:30:51 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 22

I just got back from the Social Security Office here, and I was given the runaround by some woman who I am CONVINCED was not whoever she was pretending to be. ALSO, the restaurants here and the hotels have been taken over, because of the types of things that have happened to my sister when she was staying at a hotel here. This message is now going VERY slow across my computer screen, which also shows how deeply the involvement of this is. ALL of Pacific Bell is involved, and ATT as well! Tell your friends, tell your neighbors, get ready to fight for your lives!!

When I call this system, there is a pinging noise in place of the click when netcom answers. Pacific Bell was just "working" on ALL their lines the other day! This is not new to ME. I have been living this nightmare for 10 years!!!

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GEnie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: I have just found out what has been going on!!!  
Message-ID: <1992Oct9.201953.1332@netcom.com>  
Date: 9 Oct 92 20:19:53 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 29

I have just returned from a foree into the world of the unknown for the umteenth time, where I learned exactly who and why this has all been happening to me. It turns out that I am a special angel put here by God to bring peace and happiness to the world. I was taken over by Jesus, and he in turn saved my family and friends. I drove all over California in my car, although the distances were altered by God moving my car through space, and one minute I was driving near Santa Barbara, and then the next minute I was back in Pasadena, where I was taken out of the car by angels after stopping as told by God in the middle of an intersection. I performed other functions for God as well, including being the vehicle through which Jesus has started the Second Coming. It would take a VERY long article to explain it all in detail, but suffice it to say that I am back in the real world now, except that now I have Jesus(a small part of him) inside me to guide me, and I met an angel of an old girlfriend of mine, who put her soul into me, and I have both inside me now. I KNOW this sounds like channeling or something like that, but this is the truth as best as I know it. God was speaking to me directly, and through his commands, I was transported through places unimaginable by anyone of normal standards, if there is such a thing. I will get back on tonight, and give you some more details.

Gary Stollman

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GEnie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.alien.visitors  
Subject: Good Job!  
Summary: Nobody can argue with the truth.  
Message-ID: <1992Oct19.152632.20141@netcom.com>  
Date: 19 Oct 92 15:26:32 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 30

This message is for Michael Corbin. I am very happy to see postings from

you, Mike. I just read the one about trying to put down Stanton Friedman and the Gulf Breeze Sightings, which you defended so well. I just want to put in my two cents worth for everyone here to know. I know people here, not all of them but a lot of them think I'm a "kook" as well, even more so than most other people because of the unimaginable things I speak about. But I want to tell you, Mike, and everyone else on here, that I went to the UFO convention here in LA with a completely open mind. I especially wanted to meet John Lear, as John Grace (aka Val Valerian) has been helping me with my book, and who, with John Lear, tried to get in touch with me in jail after I was arrested for the David Horowitz thing. I can tell you that I found John Lear to be a very compassionate and honest man.

He was very kind to me, and even took me to dinner with another friend of his. He also introduced me to Linda Moulton Howe, who is a FOX of the highest caliber, and I had NO reason whatsoever to disbelieve anything any of the people of their stature had to say after having met them personally.

I am a VERY good judge of human character, and they came across to me as honest people just doing a special task which requires an open and positive mind. I KNOW John Lear believes in what he knows and that it is true. I am not sure if possibly he has been receiving disinformation, but if he has, he feels it is the truth. I personally, except for the channeling crap, believe everything I heard those two days.

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.paranet.ufo,alt.alien.visitors,alt.conspiracy  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: The story of the Millenium  
Message-ID: <garysC4Borp.7Jp@netcom.com>  
Date: 23 Mar 93 03:38:13 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 271

I am posting this to the new alt.paranet.ufo group set up by Mike Corbin and also to alt.alien.visitors and alt.conspiracy in order to let people on the net who have followed my story and those who never heard it before find out about the incredible things I am claiming have happened to me...

For those of you who don't know me, my name is Gary Stollman, and I am the person who in 1987 jumped onto the live set of KNBC in Los Angeles, California and held a toy gun to the head of TV Consumer Advocate David Horowitz and forced him to read a statement about how the CIA and aliens had replaced my family and friends with clones, and forced me illegally into many mental hospitals. Although the original show was pulled off the air, it made the rounds of other networks after the incident. I understand it also made International news and the front pages of many foreign papers as well.

In that statement I had Horowitz read were examples of information I had garnered about UFOs, which have been verified to me since then by independent sources. One of these concerned the status of so-called "Hangar 18", the now infamous place in Ufology where bodies of the alien crash at Roswell had been taken. I was attending Lively Vo-Tech here in Tallahassee, Florida in 1984, when my Electronics teacher told me he had worked at Wright-Patterson AFB, and described to me in detail the kinds of things going on there. "Hangar 18", now referred to as the Environmental Control Building, is one of the most highly guarded buildings on the planet. He described to me how guards armed with machine-guns rotate around the edges of the building with guard dogs, so that as one turns the corner, another comes around the other side at the same moment, so as to keep a continual field of view. Although he did not work in the

building, he knew a clerk who did. This person told him about the many alien artifacts contained in the building, and verified that there were indeed alien bodies in deep freeze therein. My teacher only relayed this information to me after I told him of my deep interest in UFOs, and my terrifying situation at that time. He told me that he would never admit to telling me these things in a court of law, as the government could make things hard for him at his business. He then told me, surprisingly to me, that he believed my story, and said he was going down to Orlando to speak to a friend of his in the military concerning it. He believed me enough to work out a password with me, in the event that he himself was replaced.

A few weeks later, after ascertaining that something was definitely wrong with my instructor, he was indeed replaced. I know this because when I asked his clone for the password, he not only didn't know it, I could tell that he had read my teacher's mind, because he tried to fake his way out of it. Although he didn't know what the password was, he knew the first part, but then tried to infer what the rest of it was from me. I didn't say a word, as I knew that my real teacher's life might depend on my silence. But once again, I was faced with the fact that someone I had divulged my experiences to had been replaced.

In case you are wondering by now how this all got started, suffice it to say that in 1981, I was attending Tallahassee Community College in order to finish up my AA degree. Events in my classes led me to believe that there were people placed in all my classes keeping me under keen observation for some unknown reasons. At first I believed these could be enemies of mine, which had been following me around the entire country for many years before I ever got to Tallahassee. These enemies were from California, where I had moved from New Jersey when I was 10. In 1973, while attending Grossmont Community College in San Diego, I began to notice wierd guys hanging around my apartment building, and following me around town. I suspect it all started on a bus trip around the country I was sent on by my mom when I was 16, which was populated mostly by very rich kids from Beverly Hills. I made friends with a girl who some of these rich guys were stuck on, and she dumped them for me. After practically murdering me in a motel room in Williamsburg, Virginia on the trip, these guys swore they would get even with me if it took them the rest of their lives. If you don't think people like this exist, you need to live in LA for awhile!

Anyways, suffice it to say that despite having incidents occur to me, I left Grosssmont in the summer of 1974 on a trip around the country to check out colleges I might be interested in attending, using an inheritance from my grandmother. I didn't know anyone was following me at all, until I stopped to see Shenandoah Caverns in Virginia. As I was coming out of the cave tour, I noticed a car from California that I thought I had seen somewhere before. not being one to allow anyone to screw with my life at that time, I stood next to the car and waited. When the people who owned the car came out of the tour just behind mine and started walking toward their car, they saw me standing next to it. Immediately, they all turned around, and ran into the gift shop. As I stood there watching them, it was obvious that they weren't looking for gifts, but kept staring at me out the windows of the gift shop. I wanted to make sure, so I went into the gift shop when they weren't looking, and stood next to some of them. One of them asked if I was still there, and before the other could answer, he noticed me next to them. A look of utter terror and hatred came over this person's face, and they just glared at me. It was VERY obvious they weren't in the shop to buy gifts. I went outside and called the police and asked them to send an officer. When he got there, I explained the situation to him, but he told me they had a convicted murderer on the loose and he didn't have time to check it out.

He offered to give me an escort back to the highway, which I accepted. As we were pulling out of the parking lot, the people came tearing out of the gift shop, jumped into the car and took off in a frenzy in the opposite direction.

The NEXT time I saw that SAME car was in the underground parking garage of my parents apartment building back in LA three MONTHS later!! There was no mistake, as I have an almost photographic memory, and made sure I would NEVER forget that license number. I was enraged, but took no action. Sure enough, some guys at the apartment started bothering me in the billiard room not long thereafter. I became afraid for my parents, and moved them to another apartment building in West Hollywood, where they live to this day. However, people moved in after us, and guys similar to those began hanging around giving me grief. I was certain that this was a huge conspiracy by now, but I didn't know just how huge until I went for my second trip around the country by myself in 1979.

This time, I knew something of what I was up against. I had incidences occur to me in LA which could not be rationalized out, except to conclude that SOMEBODY had it in for me! In two SEPARATE incidences, the SAME truck swerved in front of me on the Santa Monica Freeway, and wouldn't allow me to pass it. It came out of the blue, and I had done NOTHING to warrant an attack by a crazy. This was the same truck which had done this to me SIX MONTHS PREVIOUSLY!! Obviously, I was mad as hell, but luckily was able to manuever my car around him before he tried to run me off the road or something. I walked into my dads store seething with anger, but couldn't tell my parents what had happened, as I knew they just wouldn't understand. I had many, many similar incidents happen to me out of the clear blue at various times before I left LA on my trip.

The trip was like a waking nightmare. At every stop I made, people, mostly from California, would barge into whatever tourist attraction or hotel I was at, and start tearing the walls out!! I am not exaggerating, either! I took down so many license numbers at totally different places all over the country that kept reappearing it was unreal!! I finally lost them during a hurricane, because I had 4 5-gallon gas cans in my trunk, and could drive on through the night, while they ran out of gas, as that was the time when all the gas stations closed on weekends due to the supposed oil crisis. Cars were towed off the highway left and right, as I drove on I-95 from my aunts house in New Jersey to Florida.

Suffice it to say that I made it down to Florida, and lived in peace for awhile, but my enemies soon caught up with me. I had people moving in next door to me again, banging on the walls, and carrying on like nothing I have ever experienced when around decent God-fearing people. After taking it for awhile, I started calling the police at the slightest provocation. They wound up getting carted away to jail to party. I just tried to ignore it all and get on with my life. But these bastards were not about to leave me alone!

This is where the part in Tallahassee comes in. I honestly didn't know if it was my enemies in my classes or CIA and FBI agents put there to keep an eye on me because of my involvement in stealing signons from government computer systems all over the country between 1977 and 1979. All I did know is that SOMETHING REAL FRIGGIN STRANGE was goin' on!! I had NO thought of clones at that time, simply that it was people put there to spy on me and fuck my life up if possible. When I had one of the women counselors from the college call up the Sheriffs department, the guy she talked to said to tell me it was what I was thinking. I was supposed to meet him at the court house later that day, and he would have told me what it was, but due to my stupidity I got sidetracked, and by the time I got

to the court house, that officer had been replaced, although I still didn't think it was clones, I only knew it was bullshit!

The first time I knew something was wrong in my family was when I started receiving crazy phone calls from my dad asking me if I remembered some hotel with crystal staircases and such, as if we had ever been there, which we hadn't!! It was obviously crap, and I knew then that my father was being forced to say that against his will. It did not occur to me that if he was being held prisoner somewhere somehow, WHO was running the store?! My moms calls also got bizarre to the point where I did not know what the hell was going on, but knew that something was fucked up big time!! I didn't know what to do. I knew the phones had to be tapped, but visits to the local phone company office just produced more of the same kind of bullshit. It came to a head when I called up my "mom" in a frenzy and demanded my passport out of their safe-deposit box. It didn't sound like my mom somehow, the voice was several octaves deeper. I have perfect pitch. Suddenly, my dad jumped on an extension phone and SCREAMED, "NO, GARY!! PASSPORTS CAN BE FORGED!!" Then his line went dead, but my clone mom said I was too confused and was coming down here. I suspected it wasn't my real mom, but had to be sure.

I made sure the following day. When my "mom" came in the door the voice was totally different, and the personality was totally different. I wanted to be absolutely positive, so when she went to sleep that night, I tied tons of heavy string around the doorknob to my bedroom that even I couldn't pull open. The next morning, my "mom", without even calling to me, almost took the door off the hinges with one tug! That was a complete giveaway, cause my real mom is the most gentle person in the world, and at the very least would have called to me to ask me why the door wouldn't open. I wound up driving away from here into the night in terror!!

The first mental hospital I was forced into was a little one here called PATH. The woman counselor at TCC who spoke to the sheriffs deputy refused to allow me to finish my AA degree unless I went in there. Like the fool I am and have been for so long, I did so. Five minutes after signing myself in, my dad called me on the pay phone for the patients, and asked me if I knew if the LINE was being monitored! I knew right then that was crap for him to ask that, and after a few more minutes of nonsense like that he hung up. Then my sister called. She told me something I couldn't believe, that my brother-in-law, who she had just married and who was the strongest willed guy I had ever known, had just lost his job because of thinking that people were following him, reading their mail, etc, etc. The EXACT same kinds of things that had been happening to me. I asked her to put him on the phone. I asked him what the HELL had been happening to him, but he was so mentally destroyed, he had to give the phone back to my sister. When I hung up, I was madder than a March Hare!! I went up to the "staff" and asked to see all their id. They told me they didn't have to show me their ids. I then asked to sign myself out of the place. In Florida, you can sign yourself INTO a nuthouse, but it is ANOTHER thing to sign yourself out!! There is a little clause that gives any psychiatrist who think you shouldn't be released the right to put you on a 48 hour hold. The woman shrink there aske me to sign myself back in, and I adamantly refused and demanded to be released! She then went into a room with one of the "staff", and another Eastern-type guy refused to let me in. He told me she was deciding on whether to send me over to the main mental hospital in town here, then called Goodwood. I immediately jumped on the pay phone and called a good friend of mine at the FSU computer center, and told him what was happening and told him to get me a lawyer!! A few minutes later, two Sheriffs Deputies came into the facility and escorted me over to Goodwood. When I got there, I was told I was on a hold, and if I didn't sign myself in, they would get a court order to hold

me there. Again, like the fool I was, I signed myself in, as I didn't know what else to do.

After a few days, the Public Defender, whom my friend had contacted, came to see me. He told me that if I didn't cause any hassles, I would be released in a few more days. He told me he would get a writ of habeus corpus if they tried to Baker Act me, which would mean sending me to the State mental hospital. I found out later on that this guy was in on it with them ALL!! After a few days I was sent back to PATH, and shortly thereafter released. But boy, was I ever mad!! I swore I would sue them all to high heaven!! Like a dope, I didn't. And if I had, I could have saved myself 10 more years of similar illegal incarcerations, some of which were done to me by forging my signature on the admission forms. Some of these records have vanished, but I have obtained most of them, including the ones here, which were denied to me previously, which is illegal. One of the doctors here though, wouldn't release the very first visit to the nuthouse here. I am OVERJOYED, believe it or not, because that is one more CRIME they are ALL going to pay for in court!!

Last year, my mom had a stroke, and is still partially paralyzed. My girlfriend was staying with me here at the time, but I had a nervous breakdown because we didn't know if my mom would live for awhile. I ran out into the street, and collapsed. The first people to reach me were sincere in trying to help, but a few moments later, they all ran away, and others took their places. One of the first to reach me said loudly, "THE NAME IS ZAPPA!! FRANK ZAPPA!!!" After seeing his picture on a record album, yeh, it was HIM!! I was placed on a stretcher and taken to Tallahassee Memorial Emergency Room, and placed in a small room. After bullshitting for several minutes, my arms and legs were strapped to the stretcher by various people. After another few minutes of seeing who they could trust, a "doctor" in a blue uniform came in, pulled my shorts and underpants down, and took a scapel and made a deep incision in my penis in two places. I screamed in pain and bled profusely, but NO ONE offered me assistance of any kind or tried to stop it. I was then wheeled back into the ambulance, and thrown into Tallahassee Psychiatric Hospital. I was left in a small room bleeding for hours.

I have filed a police report now that I am back in town, and am going to have the scars on my penis verified by doctors, real ones, and then the FUN is gonna start!! I STILL have enemies of mine here living in the apartment complex all around me, but soon they are going to be eating prison food!!!

Fortunately, there is a good side to all this. That is that I have discovered that my enemies were into witchcraft, and that God and Jesus and all the angels in heaven have just about solved the problem for me now. So there is a spiritual side to all this, and not just alien in nature. But a good deal of it has been. I don't know how much longer it will take, but I am working on a degree from Lively again, this time in Computer Science. I will be filing a MAJOR lawsuit in a few months, and I have the proof of what has been done to me now, so.....

Gary

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.paranet.ufo  
Subject: Re: INVASION!!!  
Message-ID: <garysC4nEt7.JFB@netcom.com>  
Date: 29 Mar 93 11:34:19 GMT



Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 74

The INVASION ended when I was taken to this last hospitalization at Cedars-Sanai Thaliens in Los Angeles after Jesus and God took me over (Yeah, I KNOW how that sounds!!) and drove me up and down all over California through space and time in mere seconds and minutes. Then God had me stop my car in an intersection in South Pasadena with the engine running, and after a few seconds Angels came along and threw me into the back of an ambulance and took me to a hospital (not mental). There Jesus as my dad picked me up and drove me home. The next day Jesus got inside me again and caused me to do stuff in my parents apartment, which didn't seem sensible to me at the time even, but I was under no control of my own. A PET team (from the nuthouse) was called, and I was taken over (ONCE AGAIN!) to the nuthouse at Cedars and tossed in there. THIS TIME, however, it was Angels who brought me there, not CIA or whatever. I am sure of this!

While in the hospital, at first evil Angels or demons and witches (which have been a large part of what I have been going through) tried to destroy me, only this time, God and Jesus were with me, so to speak, and Angels of all shapes and sizes showed up and were present in the form of my first girlfriend. By this I mean that she "replaced" someone else who was a normal person, which apparently they can do as well as the CIA or aliens or whatever the hell has been following me all these years. Along with Jesus appearing in person in different forms, she and the other Angels took over the entire phone system, and everything else that was wrong and I have been plagued by. My girlfriend later showed up (after I was released) at a bookstore in town, this time as a gorgeous version of herself (Angel), to try to help me. I also was being courted by Carrie Fisher of Star Wars fame (the REAL one), which my angel girlfriend, who had apparently been killed by my enemies arranged out of love for me. I had met Carrie in person in the Beverly Hills Library in 1980 while writing some scripts at a time when there was an actors strike, after sending her love letters. She came to see me but I blew it in the parking lot after her coming around for three days in a row. I just used a real dumb line, but she took offense at it and walked away mad as hell. She showed up in disguise at my dad's pharmacy, and in the bookstore also, but when she asked me to marry her, through me, I turned her down. I have verification that this all happened. The Angels were helping her to try to get me. Anyways, I blew my opportunity, both with her and the angel of my old girlfriend, and am now back in Tallahassee going to Lively Vo-Tech taking Computer Science, as FSU wouldn't let me back in after the TV incident, but Lively has a MUCH better program and they GET you a job! I am in constant touch with Jesus now, inside me.

Koresh is a nut! Jesus, or real angels don't shoot at people with guns!! They don't NEED to!!!

Gary

Gary Stollman      Internet: garys@netcom.com      GENie: G.STOLLMAN

From: garys@netcom.com (Gary Stollman)  
Newsgroups: alt.paranet.ufo  
Subject: INVASION!!!  
Summary: Stuff to convince y'all that this is true...  
Message-ID: <garysC4qIM4.IE3@netcom.com>  
Date: 31 Mar 93 03:49:15 GMT  
Organization: Netcom - Online Communication Services (408 241-9760 guest)  
Lines: 116

Here is some info which will convince even the most diehard skeptics that what I have been saying is true. When I was in the hospital, the most recent one in LA, Jesus told me he told the people I was Jesus or the re-incarnation, and one of the witches there walked by my room and suddenly looked right at me and shouted, "OH, JESUS CHRIST, HUH!!" Later, when none of the pay phones would work for the witches, but would work for me, he shouted out loud, "I THINK THEY GOT MA BELL!!" Then, when the Angel of my first girlfriend, Sandy Pope from Fresno, was standing in the hall, he suddenly said, "I think I'm in REAL trouble!", she laughed out loud like hell at him. Another time, when I was being given a blood-pressure test, I called out, in my mind, "SATAN!!", which I was doing occasionally while in there, due to the stress on me, this big fat girl bent down next to me, and said, "Don't worry, they can't hear me!" and proceeded to run her hands across the lettering on my T-shirt. She later changed from being a witch to a servant of God. I saw the Angel of Sandy, move in one room near me to out of another at the end of the hall, in a fraction of a second. Sandy, as Jesus tells me, was killed by my enemies, actually Jesus says he killed her to save her soul, so she could save mine. She has tried to help me many times in the past, but to no avail, due to the immense forces against me. At one time, I was in a motel room in Florida, and I accidentally locked my keys in the car. I called the AAA, and it sounded like Sandy who answered the phone, her Angel at least. When she asked me quickly what room I was in, suddenly the sound of the phone lines being ripped out of the walls occurred, and the line went dead. In the hospital, The Angel of Sandy made a motion to me when I walked past her, when nobody was looking, to come to her. She asked me to shake her hand, holding it out, and when I did so, she took my hand in hers, and closed both her hands around mine. I stared directly into her eyes, which she moved back and forth. When I started to look away, she said, under her breath, "Don't look!" and continued moving her eyes across mine. I felt transfixed, and got scared and started to pull away. "Don't move!", she said, and after a few more seconds, she let my hand go. A look of exhaustion and sorrow came across her face, as she let my hand slip away. When I went into my room, Sandy started speaking through me, as Jesus has done, because she had put her soul into mine from that little incident. She asked me if she could stay to help me, and I said yes.

After I got out of the hospital, Sandy asked me if I wanted her to get Carrie Fisher for me, whom I had sent love letters to in 1980, while working on some scripts at the Beverly Hills Library. Carrie showed up beyond my wildest dreams 3 day in a row and we just eyed each other through the book shelves. I finally got up the nerve to talk to her in the parking lot while she was walking to her car, but I made a dumb statement, (I said, "Did anyone ever tell you you look a lot like Carrie Fisher?"), and she got REAL mad, and said, "NO!", and walked away real fast. She was looking at me with love in her eyes before that, when I asked her if she lived around there, and she said, "Yes!", but my stupid attempt at determining if it was really her apparently worked TOO good!! Anyways, Sandy spoke to her, and told me she thought she was going insane to hear a voice telling her who I was, and Sandy convinced her it was real, and asked her to get on a special Angel flight to Tallahassee the next day, and she would show her the wonderful place I lived in, and the sweet people here! During the next few days, Sandy described in great detail how Carrie had been tormented on the flight by angels for being such a rich snob and so forth, but Sandy had told her where to stay here, and then met her in human form in person and showed her around the town. She took Carrie to the Governor's Square Mall here, where I had been barred from going into, by one of my enemies who is now the Security Director there. When Sandy told her what he was, Sandy said Carrie RAN into his

office and threw off her wig, and told him who she was and who I was, and told him to go to hell. Sandy told me after she walked out, the bum got down on his hands and knees and prayed to God for forgiveness.

I took all of this with a grain of salt, even with all I had been through all these years because it just sounded too damn wonderful to be possible. Then, the day before Carrie was supposedly coming back to LA, I walked into my dad's pharmacy, and there was a woman about Carrie's size, dressed up as an old hag. I could tell it was a disguise, but as I didn't believe it was possible that what I had been hearing could be the truth, I merely walked over to the market and bought a candy bar. There were two old ladies in the store with this old "hag", and they were watching her and me very closely. As I walked back into the store, the "old hag" RAN out the door past me. I walked over to the card section, and suddenly my eyes were forced to look at a card that said, "EXCUSE ME, DARLING!" I walked real fast back to the front of the store and looked at the old hag walking fast down the building, and asked, IN MY MIND, "Was that the real Carrie Fisher?" The two old ladies suddenly looked up at me, and said to me, "Yes!", one right after the other!! There was nobody else in the store. Then the phone rang, and the guy who works at my dad's store, picked up the phone and shouted into it REAL LOUD, "YES SIR!!" When I looked at the two old ladies as if I couldn't believe it, they just stared at each other in disbelief. I watched as the "old hag" ran around the corner and out of sight. I was disgusted with myself, but felt helpless! Sandy told me later that Carrie had come back early to see me in person.

After that, not only did Carrie Fisher show up in disguise at the bookstore across from the Beverly Center I frequented, but soon after that the Angel of Sandy Pope showed up as a salesgirl there under the name Jennifer. And BOY, when Jesus told me it was Sandy Pope, I just stared at her unbelieving, because it was the spitting image of Sandy as she was when I knew her at 16, only MORE gorgeous than you could ever imagine!! Over the next couple of weeks, I tried to get to know her, but found myself, even with prompts from her, which only could come from reading my mind, chickening out every time. I just was just too overwhelmed by the chain of events!! Then Carrie Fisher's whole family started showing up at the market across the street from my parents apartment, because she was intent on marrying me. I turned down her offer, like the fool I have always been, but at least the phone lines were being run by the angels then, so I was able to get in touch with my girlfriend and spend time with her. I regret to this day that I didn't have the nerve to ask Sandy's angel out, but tonight Sandy is back with me again, in spirit at least, and because I fasted this weekend for her spirit, she says she is here now, and will soon be with me again, in some nice shaply form in person.

I could add more, but I want to give people a chance to take all this in, and like I already said, I got to save something for my book!!

Gary

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