

OrionWorks Sonova Quark

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Who are you?



Back in the 1950s, at the age of 6, I was living in Taipei, Taiwan when I encountered my first UFO. I woke one predawn morning to discover a glowing, vertical column of light hovering silently at the foot of my bed. I panicked. A primal instinct for self-preservation overtook me. I swung my fists through the air, slicing through the glowing apparition, mentally shouting: "GO AWAY!"

Obligingly, it evaporated from my sight.

I blame my reaction on the religious upbringing instilled in me by the nuns at the Catholic school I was made to attend. I did not like that school. Every time I entered the grounds it felt like being taken into a penitentiary surrounded by unscalable walls. Neither did I like the nuns and their brand of religious lore. When you spend six hours a day captive in a classroom where penguins warn you to pray for the survival of your mortal self and eternal soul, young impressionable

minds form their own vivid interpretation of what heaven and hell consists of.

That morning, I thought I was being visited by Jesus. The implications scared the holy shit out of my 6-year-old sense of existential survival. It didn't bode well for my mortal existence, nor for the future of my eternal soul, which by now was probably dangling precariously on a frayed thread.

Soon after banishing Jesus, I was wracked with guilt. I had just told His Holiness to go fuck himself. What kind of punishment would Jesus have in store for me?

Fortunately, I survived damnation. ...and to this day, I continue to wish I had simply asked:

"Who are you?"

Maybe I would have gotten an answer — at least one a 6-year-old might comprehend.

*"Hello, Steve.
No, we're not Jesus,
nor the Virgin Mary for that matter.
What do you think we are?
What would you like us to be?"*

...

My second UFO experience occurred around age 10 during a family vacation in Honolulu. While having lunch outside, we noticed a curious orange disk, or balloon high in the sky—perhaps 30,000 feet up. We gazed at it for a long time, speculating. As a child in the pre-"flying saucer" era, I was gripped by an intense curiosity that has never left me. We eventually settled on it being a large weather balloon, especially after watching a military jet fly up to examine it. A quick Google search decades later confirmed that weather balloons are occasionally colored orange to increase their visibility. Mystery likely solved. *Take that, Roswell!*

Let's skip forward several decades to my current situation as a 73-year-old fart.

About a year ago, during my daily neighborhood walk, a detailed portrait of a face was instantly "dumped" into my head. It was in full color and in exquisite detail—so visually solid I cannot adequately express how real and physical the vision came across to me. The intensity



Chai Hansen

lasted about five seconds before slowly fading. Curiously, the experience didn't freak me out; it just left me wondering: Who was this individual? Why did this face suddenly pop into my head?

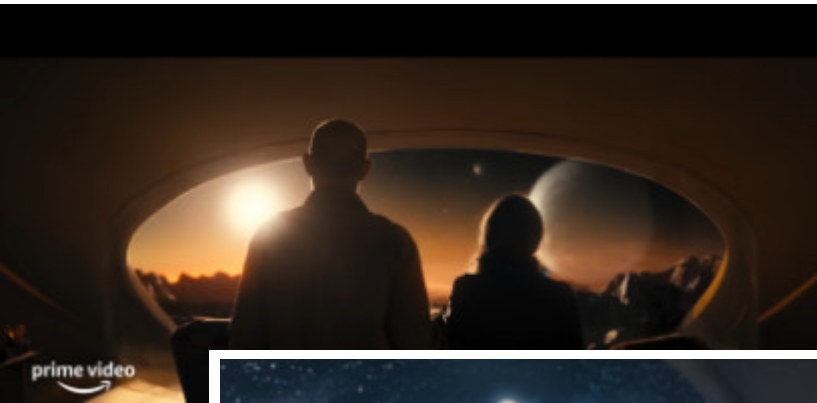
Months later, my wife Darlene and I started watching a series called Night Sky. It stars Sissy Spacek and J.K. Simmons as an aging couple with a secret chamber in their basement that opens onto a spectacular and inhospitable alien landscape. One evening, Spacek's character goes down to the chamber and finds an unconscious man (played by actor Chai Hansen) lying on the floor. He had apparently survived the deadly atmosphere outside the portal.

We loved the series, but it was sadly canceled after only eight episodes—apparently too cerebral for a mass audience. In this series, we had begun to learn there exists mysterious secretly protected portals to other locations on our planet, as well as to other planets. ...and the face that had previously been burned into my mind months earlier was an exact portrait of Chai Hansen.

How did I perceive his face so vividly imprinted in my mind months before ever having watched the show? My own personal conjecture only created even deeper mysteries.

...

Several months later, I had my next encounter. I was walking along University Bay Drive, passing the base of Picnic Point, where a dense forest borders the path. Suddenly, I



was hit with a second vision.

While less intense than the first, it possessed that same distinct signature: it entered my visual cortex as something physically real.

The vision consisted of me walking down a narrow, winding dirt path through a vast forest. Ten feet ahead, a small, three-to-four-foot-tall being stood staring back at me. I recognized it instantly as a "Gray" extraterrestrial, so iconic in our culture—but with a unique difference. Its skin wasn't the typical ashen gray of UFO lore; it was the same pinkish hue as my own.

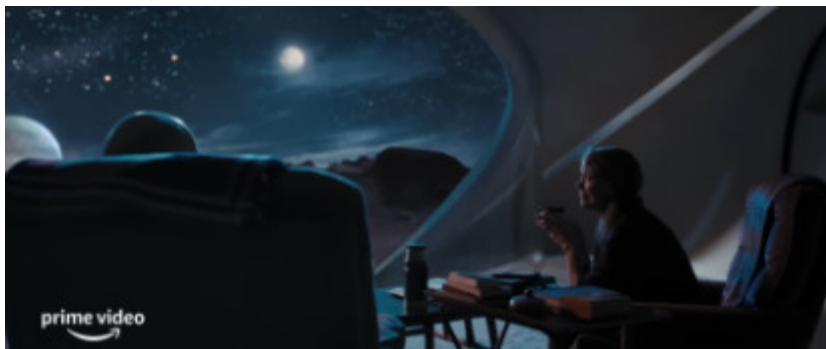
We stood there, motionless, locked in a mutual stare. Seconds later, the reality of the vision began to fade. Like the first experience, it left me with a swarm of questions. What was the meaning behind this? First, a portrait of Chai Hansen, and now a "Gray" with pinkish skin.

To the best of my recollection, have received no further "visions" of this type.

...

I began to get some answers—cryptic they may have been—when I decided to conduct a serious conversation with *My Self*. I felt I had to start that conversation with my childhood experience of waking up in bed, and confronting Jesus.

Here's how that conversation - with *myself* - went:



Scenes from Night Sky

...

Self! Remember the experience I had as a young child... that frightened child who thought he was confronted with the ghost of Jesus, which scared the bee-Jesus out of me?

Sure do.

I wish I had *had* the sense to have said something like "Hello. Who are you?"

Why haven't your visions returned?

First of all, you told us to go away. We did. And second, we have come back.

Really? I don't remember

you coming back...

Not at all!

Yes you do. You remember us...vividly so.

What? Now way! I don't remember seeing other ghost like beings visiting me since I was a child.

We approached the matter from a different angle. We did not come back in a way that you would once again be perceived as an externalized visualization. The trick was how much reality should be lent to the experience so not as to frighten you again, but still experienced with such reality that you had to ask yourself... was it just your vivid imagination playing tricks on you, or was it something else.

(silence)

We believe you know what we are talking about...

What the F... Jesus Christ!

Certainly not Jesus.

You mean to tell me it was YOU who entered my mind and filled it with an image of that actor, Chai Hansen... Then, months later, a grey... well... actually a PINK extraterrestrial?

Yep.

Have I been talking to extraterrestrials all this time? Are you an extraterrestrial?

That gray alien was not gray. Right? And what came to your mind when you noticed the color of that being.

His skin was the same color as mine.

Bingo!

You're telling me I'm an extraterrestrial?

Oh, for heaven's sake. You're not getting the bigger picture.

Jesus! What the hell is THE BIGGER PICTURE!

You finally realized you had had enough of if. You eventually transformed your prior experiences of fear into an experience of boredom, which is an experience that no longer consumed you with fear. You eventually walked out of it without ever having lost your mind.

I often I wished I had never had to deal with such a personally felt fear. I wouldn't wish such terrors on *Trump* either - to be emotionally plagued in the same way that I had felt. As much as I hate what that fat orange orangutan represents to me, the unforgivable damage he is doing to our country, our world... nobody deserves to be psychically trapped, deep down within the deepest core of their being as *not worthy*. To fear one only is seconds away from losing total control of one's own identity.



Who are you?

It was YOU who gave yourself those experiences. Nobody else is responsible for giving them to you. What did you learn?

...Well... I guess... I was humbled.

Being "numbled" is not a bad gift to receive.

If you had questioned me that when I was in the middle of my terror, I would have told you to go fuck yourself.

We knew better than to approach you with metaphysical mumbo-jumbo in the midst of your self-induced drama. It was your journey to walk through. And you did.

You haven't answered my question who the hell are you?

We are you. The other parts of You. Some of *us* is a Bigger Part of *You*.

Why was I blasted with an image of the actor, Chai Hansen - a character involved in inter-spacial transport corridors to different worlds.

And then, a pink Extraterrestrial staring back at me?

Remember staring at test patterns emanating out of old black and white TV screens at midnight when the station went off-the-air, way back in the 60s? Consider them test patterns.

You blasted my brain with the equivalent of an old fashion TV *test pattern*?

In a sense, yes. But it was more than that.

I waited for further explanations. But no response.

So... you're not going to tell me what those other reasons might be?

Nope.

In other words, you're going to leave me clueless as to their real significance?

Oh, give us a break! Better yet, give yourself a break. You're not clueless. You know you're not clueless.

Where do I go now, with all these vivid experiences... visions?

We remind you that you volunteered for the job you are doing. And so, it's up to you. It's always been up to you. What WE do is assist you where appropriate, when you are ready to comprehend more.

I don't remember, volunteering.

Of course you don't. You chose not to remember. Many choose not to remember - so that when they begin remembering again, you will learn new things about yourself - and from a uniquely different point of view.

You should know by now that we don't control you as if you were a puppet to pull strings at our own whim. To control YOU would be the same as US attempting to pull our own strings. ...Which is You, too.

All of you? ... of Me? I'm confused. I think you confuse the shit out of me.

Perhaps you should carry a roll of toilet paper around with you. The pink alien you confronted in the forest should give you a big clue.

What clue?

...The alienated aspects of *Your Self* that you are in the process of rediscovering. You did notice it's skin was pink, right? It's trying to meet you half-way. It's up to you to close that distance by walking the remaining half-way.

What's your part in all of this?

We'll be there. With You... for all of your adventures.



CLOSING THOUGHTS:

Complements of Gary Larson

May skeptics point to "Gus" as a form of personal assurance
as to why they might feel their sense of skepticism has been justified,
while at the same time
allowing themselves to feel regret concerning "Vern's" misinterpretation of reality
as perceived through thick glasses.



And then, just as he predicted, Thag became the spiritual channeler for a two-million-year-old gibbon named Gus.



The Zeonions came with the answers to many secrets of the universe. Vern, regrettably, came with thick glasses and his deer rifle.