

INTRO

I am a civilian. I was born and raised in the lovely state of Texas. I come from a biracial family that formed in the late 70s/early 80s. And before this story I'm about to tell you, I was a firm believer that Flying Shields/Saucers and/or UFOs/UAPs were just top secret government aircraft.

WHAT I THOUGHT WAS REALITY

Starting at a really young age, I was fascinated with life from a philosophical standpoint. From birth, I was different than most kids, born with a congenital heart condition that hadn't yet been given a name, I was given a timer. The first time I had heard of my expiration date was when I eavesdropped onto a conversation shared between my mother and my cardiologist at the time. "12." That's when I would most likely "go." I was just ten at the time. But then I made it to 12. So then the date moved up to 15. And on the way there... I got to go on a road trip to Nevada.

MY FIRST SIGHTING

To tell the truth, everything I knew about UAPs at this point in my life was just conjecture and information I had read off of the internet. I knew nothing first hand. Only of the textbook spooky areas such as Area 51 or Roswell. My first UFO-Lore location ever was the Black Mailbox. Rumored to be one of the closest residential mailboxes to Area 51. There's countless stories about this location.

Somehow by a dumb stroke of early-teenage-luck my obsession with UFOs started a few years prior to this road trip. And so when I heard we were taking a road trip to Vegas. I begged my mother to let me see the Black Mailbox. And while it took literal days of convincing. She eventually agreed.

When we got there it was dead. Not a single sound in the desert that night. Nothing but the lights of the runway of Area 51. And as boring as that was, at that age, I was mesmerized. My brain sporadically thinking of all the cool government secrets held within the walls of those hangars.

A mere 20-30 seconds after we had gotten out of our vehicle. A white light appeared in the mountains off to the left of our view of the base. Only, it wasn't a UFO, it looked more like a flashlight/spotlight, pointed at us, shimmering from the change in aim from whoever/whatever was holding it.

That's it, we're being watched. The base personnel knows we're here. My mother, being a hardcore tourist, takes out her phone and snaps a photo with the flash on. Within milliseconds of her flash going off in the direction of this light, it turns red. Blinks a couple times, then turns off. Within milliseconds of that occurring, all the lights on the runway of Area 51 turn off (from left to right from our view of the Black Mailbox). An audible noise like stadium lights powering down is heard, and within the same second of this event a bright streak of light comes down from the sky and travels in-between the hangars behind the runway and directly in front of the hill blocking our view of the tarmac.

And before we can even process what has just occurred, the lights of Area 51 turn back on. In reverse practice compared to when they turned off. My friend, my cousin, my mother, and I? Giggling, cheering, and stunned collectively. Swapping in-between each state of mind wondering what the fuck has just transpired.

THE ROAD BACK

But in regards to what I saw, I never even considered NHI. You see, I was raised by an Aerospace fanatic. A man more obsessed with things in the sky than things on the ground. A man who works on planes more expensive than his entire net worth. Somebody who built top secret aircraft for many different governments. To my knowledge, it was never UFO-esque aircraft. Just the casual Stealth Attack Helicopter decades more advanced than the current models. Or the occasional presidential aircraft used for transferring heads of state/government to and from.

I remember at one point in time seeing the blueprints for a plane that could take off from Earth, fly around in suborbital space, and then land back in Earth on a runway. And I was 5 at the time so it had to have been around 2004. It was quite literally just a roided-up private jet. A prototype at best, but with the money, resources, & know how it would work.

But because of this early and seemingly grounded understanding of aerospace technology, I walked away from my experience at Area 51 as if I had gone to one of Uncle Sam's clandestine air shows. And for about 4-5 years I held the conclusion that all UFOs/UAPs are nothing but advanced technology being researched (by the United States government) to its' fullest potential before it can be safely produced within the public sphere. Well, I can say right now that I know this isn't the case.

THE NORTH STAR

I still had plenty of questions about the world, but during the period of my life where I believed all UAPs were government aircraft I met a guy named GM (Initials for Privacy). GM lives in the outback of Texas. You know about them deserts in 'Stralia? Well it's kinda like that where GM lives, only miles of grass, dirt, & barbed-wire. But don't be mistaken, some areas of Texas are just as remote as the center of the Sahara if you're lost enough. Even worse if you run into hogs. Or a rabid mountain lion.

GM's house was always a trip. Middle of the woods, right by a lake, hanging out underneath one of the best views of the night sky in the county. Everything was always just fine except for one small detail.

GM called it, "The North Star."

Only it wasn't even fucking north. And it never moved. Ever. You know how the night sky changes depending on the time of day because that's just how physics works in regards to our position among the stars? Yeah, that didn't apply here. What GM called "The North Star" was always in the same position, every night, for at least 2 years to my knowledge. GM told anyone who asked that it had been there longer, that it was there ever since his family moved into the neighborhood. Which would suggest that it's been there for over a decade. Just rotating with the Earth, whatever it is. I always told myself during my time spent there it was just something extremely miniscule. Something harmless. Something that could never actually cause a problem in my day to day life. It was just a strange light in the sky, and it never even moved. Why should I even begin to feel threatened?

THE COTTONDALE FIVE

Regardless I still sought out the answer. Most nights I spent at GM's I'd just stare up at it. Somewhere inbetween 300-600FT above the ground. Hovering with the appearance of a star only it never moved and would sometimes eclipse its' supposed counterparts.

And on one night in particular, there was five of us there in the forests of Cottdale, TX to witness its' first movement. It was like any other night we hung out there. A campfire. A couple of dudes. The dense

wilderness of the boonies of Texas. Another night to be had by young men who don't shiver at the thought of stepping over barbed-wire.

Only the North Star was no longer just a star. It was on the move. Ever so slowly moving towards the center of our view across the lake adjacent to our campfire. We all froze, not in fright, but in curiosity. Here is a body of light that has remained still for years as far as we all know yet before our eyes it is in movement. And from a complete stopping point. And suddenly.

As it approaches the center of our view it splits, not into just two but three separate objects of similar intensity in light. The three objects form an equilateral triangle, and in a peculiar way, their reflection onto the lakewater in front of us is the same exact triangle (in all respects). Look into the sky, and you see an equilateral triangle made of 3 fixed points represented by the strange glowing orbs. Look into the water and the reflection is an exact proportional mirror of said lights.

All five of us stare in amazement. Wondering what it means. If anything.

And as we stare, the objects remained still. Staying in formation further gripping our attention. Then after a solid eternal minute or two the bottom left object of the triangle broke from formation.

It slowly descended towards the Earth, and as it did we could clearly see the object descend/land behind the hill on the opposite side of the lake from us. The beams of light emanating from it while illuminating the treetops as it dropped down to the ground. And the closer it got to the ground? Screams. Like a Fox crying in pain. Or an entire jungle calling, "PREDATOR!"

Look, I get it, the word predator in the middle of a story about UFOs. But know this, in the world of hunting, animals make certain noises. Birds. Pigs. Rabbits. Deer. Etc. They all have a signal they use to alert others of their species of nearby predators/threats. When that bottom left light separated from the triangle hovering above the forest, and descended into the trees on the opposite of the lake from us, we heard every animal we can think of.

Cry.

We heard them scream in terror/panic/pain.

Like a warning.

And before the screams could even settle into our eardrums, the bottom right corner of the triangle broke off. This time heading for the area of forest to our right. From about 3-4 football fields away to just 1-2. And the same thing happened.

The object lowers itself into/onto the tree line/ground. The local animals or inhabitants of the object make a scream/call that consists of many different signals that species native to Earth would sound off if there was a predator in the nearby area. And then nothing but the faint light of something strange filling the gaps of darkness between branches of plant life on the horizon.

THE ISOSCELES' PEAK

And as confusing as all of it was, we all directed our attention towards the third object. The top of the triangle displayed before us.

We all wondered, would it land near us? Perhaps the left side of the water? One has landed on the opposite side, the side to our right, now what?

Do we sit and wait for a free ride from E.T.? Do we run home from what we've just seen? As we all pleaded with each other, "Are you seeing this too?" The peak of the triangle changed.

The light of the object dimmed. Like someone used a switch to set the mood on the night sky. Slowly lowering the brightness of the object until it turned black. Almost as if it had went from a bright orb to a hole in the sky. From a 3D object of light to a 2D black circle. And as it turned completely black, it moved backwards into a cloud behind it. Completely disappearing into the mists of water behind. And the cloud didn't move an inch. As if the cloud itself had sucked the hole in the sky into its' belly.

MOMENTARY ZOMBIE

I know what I saw. I know what I felt that night. As do all five of us. But for me specifically? As that black circle vanished, so did any semblance of my current understanding of reality. There I was, observing this black circle disappear into a cloud above. When suddenly, I was halfway over a fence.

It was as if my cognitive control/autonomy was taken. As if I was under the control of something else. As seemingly out of nowhere I was now 50 or so yards from the campfire, halfway over a fence, with two of my friends pulling on me demanding me to not cross. All the while GM was halfway up the hill walking towards the direction of the object that was the right corner of the triangle that landed behind the levy to our right.

I call out to GM.

"GM! TURN AROUND!"

"What's the big deal JP! C'mon!"

"GM! TURN AROUND AND LOOK ME IN THE EYES!"

GM turns around. A ghost exists within the shell of GM. An empty face of emotion. Nothing like what GM has ever exhibited in my entire time knowing him. As GM's eyes lock with mine, his facial expressions relax from an alien stone to a human fluidity once again. As if control or normality is being restored before my very eyes upon GM's face. Within the same moment, GM reluctantly starts complying to everyone else's words and climbs back over the fence.

And we sprinted home. Never even slowing down in pace until we were met with the gravel from GM's driveway a quarter mile away.

HELLO MY FELLOW SCIENTIST

So why would they rob us of our consciousness? Why would our captors assume we'd need to submit in totality in order for them to carry out whatever they planned? Why would my autonomy and memory be robbed and taken over by a foreign entity if that entity had a good intention for me? And is that potential alien scientist/biologist more like Steve Irwin or Josef Mengele?

Has Irwin ever stolen the consciousness of his subjects/samples in order to study them? Okay so Mengele has... why did he do so? Does this compare to Betty & Barney Hill's story (primarily Betty) where

strange men led Betty behind Barney into a strange object into the nearby woods all the while she tried pleading with Barney to come back to reality?

What type of strange event could've led five young men of different belief systems, different upbringings, and different backgrounds to come to the same conclusion... that they saw something that was indeed very strange that night.

ONE ANSWER, A THOUSAND QUESTIONS

Now ask yourself, what would you have done? Would it have even been possible to gather more information? Was my memory loss due to my proximity to the strange objects? And how could I guarantee the stability of my memory if I had gone closer to it? Did the objects willingly turn off whatever device that produced this effect after seeing our reaction to it? Or was it simply just a malfunction and they intended to do us harm?

Now you see why those who are forced to live this truth go crazy. There is nothing for us to clear our sanity in the pockets of society. No spare change from Uncle Sam because he'd rather learn to steal and drive them before he prevents them from hitting his own civilians. Do you realize the implications of this?

Collectively as a species, we are deer passing in front of invisible headlights. They watch us. They study us. And sometimes, worse. They have the capabilities to remote control a human body while keeping its brain's ability to store memory dormant until they are done using it for whatever purpose they intend for it/you. And they don't need your permission to do so.

ANOTHER TINFOIL LUNATIC SO WHAT?

I'm still a staunch skeptic. Anyone who has followed this topic long enough knows it is dredged with lies, deceit, and downright greed. There are authors who only speak of UFOs when it's pertaining to a book deal. There are directors that only dabble in truth when it involves a box office and a stream of income. There are politicians who take checks from private Aerospace corporations in order to further maintain the current projection of whichever shareholder's investment portfolio is at stake. These are provable facts. We have all been lied to, and inside every facet of communication, therein lies bad actors who are willing (or are unwilling but have no choice other than) to muddy the waters on what is real and what is not.

Misinformation is a powerful tool. It becomes exponentially powerful when you control the flow of knowledge into the public sector. The injustices of our world typically only become known to the public once the crime at hand is placed on the center stage of social media and/or news. There is a war in Gaza & Ukraine, but there are a hundred more happening off-camera (Sudan, Ethiopia, Mexico, Maghreb, Myanmar, Afghanistan, Yemen, Nigeria, and so so many more) . There is genocide being cast upon the Muslim community of China, but in every major country there is some form of ethnic/cultural-cleansing still alive and well (Tent Camps on the Border of US, North Korean Prison Camps for Political Enemies, The "Luxury" Hotels and Prison Boats for immigrant housing in the UK, The Nagorno-Karabakh clashes perpetrated by the Azerbaijan military, and the list goes on and on). And I can guarantee that some of you reading this now, have just now for the first time heard of some of these conflicts. Even I, the one showing you all I know, has just learned about some of these horrible atrocities currently being carried out against normal everyday people.

There are wars going on in countries you've never heard of. There is innocent blood being shed all across the globe and it pours from the mouths of people that don't speak the same language as you. Half

of the world doesn't have reliable electricity or running water. Millions of pounds of food are thrown away inside landfills every year yet in the "developed world" there are still people dying of starvation.

And yet, I am of the belief that most of us look up at the stars at night with admiration. That we all look up at the great beyond and wonder what else the Universe has to offer. For on every continent here on Earth, there are conflicts where opposing/allied parties vie for any inch of power they can claim. And when we do look up at the stars, they can still feel innocent, as if they are separated from the sins of the children of Earth. Because to our knowledge, out there, no human cultures have gone extinct, no genocide has happened against humankind unless it was here on this Earth. Perpetrated by our own kind.

"In a sea of human beings, it is difficult, at times even impossible, to see the human as being." -Aysha Taryam

POST POSTPARTUM DEPRESSION

Still, knowing all of this, I have hope. For the kindness and generosity that every human is capable of is insurmountable. There are strangers who would offer housing and a warm meal at the knock of a door. There are individuals who have somehow found a way to make a business out of helping people. There are those who are homeless and yet still refuse to take anyone's money out of fear from knowing that the other party may need it even more in the future.

The capabilities of humankind's kindness is one of its' most beautiful traits as a species. We are not only able to recognize pain and suffering in our own kind, but also in the millions of other species that would otherwise have no voice to speak out. We even possess the knowledge and capabilities to know that the Earth has its' own set of needs, and that if they are not met, we will meet a bitter end and it will continue on indefinitely, without us. We can see the signs of apocalypse coming before it is too late. The only barrier? Communication.

WHAT CAN I DO TO ENSURE A BETTER TOMORROW?

When someone tells you a story that has more than one side, pursue the other as well. More often than not the majority of information we use online to understand the world around us can be extremely biased and based solely on one perspective that is exclusive only to one of the parties involved.

I'm not asking you stop watching CNN or Fox News or whichever channels of media you use to understand the world around you. I'm just asking that you put yourself in the shoes of every person you come across. Seek understanding over alienation. For there are people the opposite color of you who are just like you. There are people who pray to gods with names you can't pronounce that have the same values as yourself. And there are people who believe its' all a black void after we die, and yet some of them still help others to live life to its' fullest potential. Humanity, is an amalgamation of a myriad of ideas, beliefs, and values. To an outside civilization that is structured with a totalitarian dictatorship, we are the melting pot of knowledge.

There may very well be other species visiting us. And they are most definitely in some form or shape associated with a larger body/entity. Whether it is a government force, an insurgent force, or something else, we don't know.

TRUTH IN NUMBERS

Thankfully, I didn't have to face this alone. And by some strange stroke of luck, we all had wildly different belief systems. At the time, two of us were strong-minded Christians, the other were definitely Agnostic, and I myself was and still am Hindu.

We all have vastly different interpretations of what transpired that night. Some based in religious beliefs dating back to early depictions of Angels in the Bible, and some that are based simply in scientific rhetoric with an Atheistic-approach to the overall implications of the event. None of us could agree on how to face it or process it, both during and after that night. Two of us panicked and wanted to flee the moment GM and I started going towards and over the hill in front of one of the strange orbs. One of us stood confused in disbelief as to what was transpiring in front of them. GM and I apparently were so confident in getting to the object that we ignored all pleas from the three others to think before acting. And I myself instantly wanted to flee once I realized I had no memory of how I got halfway over the fence or how GM had gotten halfway up the hill. And it all happened in minutes. Easily less than 10.

Some of us look back on it as a blessing/message from the Angels/God. I look back on it as a traumatic event that beckons us as individuals to pull on the string of information surrounding this topic that has been kept secret from the public. For if there were no bad actors in space, there would be much less of a reason to keep their presence secret.

And I am confident that if any of us were there alone during this event, we would've been completely powerless to whatever these things were. For the only reason I snapped out of it was because JR & LM were pulling my wrists with an iron-grip while screaming, "It's the Devil bro! We NEED to GO!" And if I hadn't called out to GM, and tried to verbally command him to look me in the eyes, maybe he would've continued over the hill.

Maybe E.T. just wanted to hangout and see what's happening on planet Earth. Maybe we were being recruited into some SAP. Maybe a lure was used with bait and we were the stray wolves caught in their bear trap. The possibilities and the implications of that event plague my mind every day. Do I live in constant fear? No. Do I live knowing that at anytime anywhere in a remote area without access to time-telling devices that I may lose time again from a potential revisit? Absolutely.

If it can happen to me, some dumb high-school kid from bumfuck nowhere in the middle of Texan forests, then it can happen to anyone in a similar environment. National Parks, remote trails, vast landscapes of desert sand or jungle vines, and especially deep within or above the ocean.

And if five people can witness the exact same event yet all tell it differently, then that means there's more than just the words UAP/UFO/Flying Saucer. Stories pertaining to Demons, Angels, Orbs, Balls of Light, Holes in the sky, Floating Shields, and et cetera must all be considered when researching this topic. For every person has a different frame of reference for how to describe these events. And that frame of reference is almost always rooted in our upbringing and background. In essence there's a thousand names for this phenomena. And of course not all of those stories are true, but some of them bare similarities that seem to only exist in order to further puzzle the mind.

There are also potentially a thousand nonfiction stories (pertaining to UAPs) you've never heard of simply because you never used the right word to find them. A complex understanding of the inner workings of humankind's keys to communication is needed to explain and understand the reality of this topic and how it affects the world.

THE LINKS THE LINKS THE LINKS

For about two years after that event, I always struggled to describe the state of mind I was forcefully put into. The lost time always bothered me because it was unlike any other kind I had experienced prior. Before this happened I had had multiple surgeries, I had done numerous drugs, and I had practiced meditation and lucid dreaming intensely since I was a middle schooler. There was steps in the process of losing conscious control in every one of those scenarios, familiar steps that are easy to understand explanations because they can be replicated by millions of people. But the lost time I experienced that night? It was instantaneous and there was no trace or even a semblance of a memory that could explain how I was halfway over a fence feeling incredibly confident about going towards that object.

There I was staring at the cloud the third object disappeared into. Puzzled and riddled with anxiety. When suddenly, there I was, halfway over a barbed-wire fence feeling super confident for some reason, following GM over the hill whilst JR and LM tugged and screamed at me seemingly unable to stop me from ascending over the hill.

And then the confidence was just gone. In the same second that I regained autonomic control over my own body, my original emotions from before flooded into my mind at an exponential rate. The anxiety was now justified, and whatever state I was just in, there was GM walking over the hill stuck in the same exact state. Confidently heading towards a strange glowing orb that had just made (or contributed to) the most stomach-curling scream(s) any of us had ever heard in those woods.

For two years I always failed to put that experience into proper words. I was young, dumb, and naive. I thought that for the most part, there was definitely some people that had seen objects like what we saw, but that there was probably no one else besides me on this Earth that had experienced that.

How many people do you know that have seen 3 strange orbs of light in the sky, hear the forests scream upon their landing, lose time and autonomic control of their body when observing said orbs, somehow regained that control, and were then able to snap somebody else out of that very same state of mind? Well the only story I've ever heard that comes even remotely close to my point of view is Betty Hill's.

She described seeing Barney in a vegetative state very similar like GM. She described a state of mind in which she was unable to fight back against her captors who had relinquished her of any control over her own body. And before any of that, there she was (along with Barney), observing this strange object in the sky, only for them to suddenly be roughly 30 miles away with around 3 hours having passed. When I first read this story, I was absolutely shell shocked. Their story took place in 1961, ours around 2016. Over half a century later, the same pattern of missing time, with eerily similar descriptions that I had never heard anyone else describe besides myself.

Knowing everything I know, I believe their story wholeheartedly. For there is no possible way in my mind that they somehow happened upon the same exact descriptions and steps along the way that led to their missing time. Even more so when you factor in how they were an interracial couple during a time when that was seen as unorthodox. They risked their livelihood, their home, and some would say even their very lives just to tell the world the truth.

COOL STORY BRO, WHAT GIVES?

That night has been a weight on my mind for years. I feel guilty for not pursuing more information when I could've. I feel dumb for not trying to establish some semblance of proper communication with whatever that was. I feel alienated amongst my own species as we all know that people like me end up traumatized

for life, stuck inside a mental facility somewhere, on a missing persons list, or dead. And there is zero explanation for why this must be.

We are left in the dark on the behind-closed-doors SAPs that could make a difference globally if allowed to be researched in the public-sector. We unknowingly stand still in their spotlight, participating in a lottery where there is no winners, only victims. We bicker and fight over colors, ethnicities, religious beliefs, yet meanwhile overhead there is something watching it all unfold.

Are we just a joke to them? Are we truly incapable of handling the whole truth? Would society collapse entirely if exposed to the truth? Or would it be revitalized with new mutual belief systems that we are truly all the same? If interplanetary invaders sieged Earth, would you band together with your fellow human? Or would you stab them in the back for a more assured future whether it be over food, revenge, or freedom? Would you turn against your own kind to save your own skin? Or would you rather die knowing that unity must always be considered over division?

We now live in a time where science fiction is becoming nonfiction. If I was a young preteen again, I'd tell you that all is okay. That Uncle Sam has it figured out and that all those shiny spaceships are just the fortunate pilots and crews that get to protect and serve using the most cutting-edge aerospace tech known to man.

But I know better now. Uncle Sam doesn't know jack-shit. And anything they tell us is just a step along the way of controlling the narrative so that people don't realize that whatever these crafts are capable of, the government may very well be capable of it too. The moment it is publicly known (and accepted) that some of these crafts contain technology that can relinquish any human being of their memory and control over their own body, then we must ask, does Uncle Sam and friends have a couple too?

And if the military reverse-engineered technology that could strip human beings of their autonomy, what the fuck would they do with it? And if such technology does exist, then is there even such a thing as democracy anymore?

I'm sure there are plenty of good-natured people in every Military across the globe, but it seems the further you go up the chain of military/corporate command the less humanity you find. It's almost as if those who end up in leadership positions are conditioned from the very start to just accept that some of us will be lost along the way. And while some leaders can exhibit extreme compassion for their fellow beings, others are unable to see soldiers/workers/citizens as a being and instead see them as a necessary casualty or even sometimes just a number on a piece of paper.

OKAY NIHILIST, WHY NOW?

What I and the rest of the Cottondale Five experienced sheds a light on a nugget of truth on this topic. They can seize control over your body. They can steal/block/cancel your memory to the point of complete unconscious compliance. They experiment on us. And whoever they are, they seem to not be interested in making their presence publicly known. None of them have tried to land on the lawn of the White House or the Kremlin. None of them have reached out to public sectors of media/journalism to give their side of the story. Again, it all leads back to the barrier of language/communication. And to my knowledge, the closest thing humankind has gotten to another civilization trying to attempt cross-species communication in the eyes of the public was the Phoenix Lights (1997).

An entire city saw what appeared to be a fleet or a massive ship slowly passing over their town. And the government just told them no, it was flares. Yet a decade later the governor of Arizona at the time of the event, Fife Symington, would go on to claim that he believed what Arizonans saw that night was indeed an alien spacecraft and that he had kept his own eyewitness testimony a secret in order to not further cause panic amongst his citizens.

When we saw what we saw, the FLIR (2004), GIMBAL (2014/15), and GOFAST (2014/15) videos were just heavily debated videos sitting in the corners of the internet. It wouldn't be until roughly four years later that the Pentagon would confirm the authenticity of the footage (2020). Essentially, my friends and I were among the last generation of people ever to witness such an event during a time in which the Government denied any and all responsibility/knowledge for/of these aerial phenomena.

There was a feeling amongst all of us that if we told the truth we would be labelled crazy. That our families and friends would ridicule us for simply communicating the truth. And we were right. People did scrutinize every detail when we told them, people did question the legitimacy of our claims, and most people didn't even care.

The overwhelming feeling that we were all powerless to this phenomena was a very real obstacle for us. Not only we were physically unable to fully resist whatever those things were at the time, but mentally we were left scarred knowing that we had experienced trauma that we may never be able to heal. We knew from the next morning after that night that overall, secrecy was our best option. And so we didn't tell for weeks. We kept it amongst ourselves and the few close friends we had. And even when we did stop keeping it to ourselves, there was always that feeling that whoever we could tell most certainly would see us in a lesser and different light than before. It was just plain obvious, stop talking about it, and maybe, just maybe, some semblance of normalcy and maybe even our sanity would return.

For over 7 years it's been my tale. When the campfire goes quiet and everyone's ears are eager to listen, I tell my story. I don't tell it to people who don't ask or who aren't interested. I keep it to myself until the time feels right and I can know that whoever is listening is truly doing so. Even still, some people are extremely skeptical. But there is one similarity between every person I tell the story.

They are all terrified of the implications of what happened to GM and I. I know I know I know, this probably reads like a creepypasta but deep down I and the others of the Cottdale Five know it to be true. And we will continue telling our tale to those who truly listen with the upmost compassion.

ADVICE FOR THOSE WHO SEEK OUT THE OTHERS

If you are attempting to experience something similar to what we experienced, I advise you to take extreme caution. Do not approach these objects alone. Do not put yourself in a remote location where no outside forces could possibly aid you or witness whatever it is you're trying to do. If you do go armed, be sure to avoid using weaponry that is dependent on electrical circuits and try to stick with purely mechanical devices. Assume that if they can seize control of the electrical signals firing within your very brain, that they can do same with other kinds of electrical signals.

If approaching the objects is unavoidable, do so in a group of people. If you plan on or are using a team of people to do so, I advise you to recruit/use people from wildly different religious/racial/ethnic backgrounds. There is strength w/ numbers. By having multiple different backgrounds present in your research you will find and observe things that would have otherwise been hard to find or impossible to uncover through your limited perspective/understanding of the world, its' cultures, and the languages we

all use to communicate. The buddy system works against fellow humans, it can and (for me personally) has worked against other species.

Avoid prolonged eye contact with the objects as that may lead to a myriad of problems, and especially avoid eye contact with said beings/objects if they tell/inform you to keep on looking. If you run into a strange object(s) and/or being(s), know that if they truly mean no harm, then there is simply no need for them to strip you of your own autonomy.

Assume that any strange object/being that is unclear in its' intentions towards you and your group to be hostile until otherwise made clear. Assume that if you can see it, that it can see you, and that if you are in its' line of sight, you are also likely within range of its' tools and/or weaponry.

Be sure to observe the effects of the objects/beings not just on yourself as an individual, but on every other person present, any local fauna/flora present, and the interaction(s) the objects/beings have with atmospheric, geological, and biological characteristics of your direct local environment.

Practice your ability to definitively discern chains of events in accurate chronological order. Participate in practices that expand your mind's control of one's own emotional state. If traveling in a group to observe, be sure to observe any immediate changes in the emotional states of those around you.

If you discover that you have experienced lost time while in proximity to the objects/beings, observe your own body/clothing/local environment for any signs of manipulation from outside sources.

If you are near any strange objects/beings and you happen to notice/witness a member of your group lose grip of their own emotional state, address it immediately with the affected party and the other members within your group. If you notice a member of your group acting out of the ordinary or behaving extremely stoic/statue-like in both verbal and physical expression, confront the affected party immediately. Demand that the party in question immediately halt their course of action and reevaluate their decisions. Ask them to look you directly in the eyes. If the affected party in question still refuses to return to normalcy, question them intensely (the more emotion the better) on why they are pursuing whichever choice they are pursuing in the given moment. If the affected party member is hellbent on ignoring the rest of the group's concerns, attempt to ridicule/argue against the decision-making of the affected party in an attempt to show the naivety or ignorance of the affected-party's decisions.

If the affected party still does not listen to you or your other group members, do not send another after them. If you choose to engage in physical altercation with the affected party, know that it may lead to another group member falling prey to the same phenomena. These situations should be treated like building fires. If it is too dangerous to rescue one group member, then it is favorable to not risk a second group member in the rescue process as saving two is twice as hard as saving the one.

If contact is made, and the objects/beings are peaceful. Ask them for permission to be able to document the conversation. If their intentions are still unclear once contact is made, assume they are hostile but stray away from escalating the situation further. Refuse to first engage in contact inside or near the objects, and instead offer to the objects/beings to converse in a less potentially hostile environment that is further from their technology/manipulation.

And lastly, but most importantly, when approaching any strange object/being of a similar nature described above, do realize that approaching said object/being can quite possibly result in minor to significant memory loss, near-complete or complete loss of autonomy, or quite possibly even death. To

approach any such objects willingly while unprepared is extremely irresponsible. You could be on the verge of discovering the frontier of interplanetary communications, or you could be somebody's lunch. There is no definitive guide on the differences of behavior between hostile UAPs and friendly UAPs. If you still choose to approach any strange objects/beings after reading this, know that in doing so you may be possibly throwing your life away.

EPILOGUE

That's it, that's all I know. If the community would like to see the other 4 perspectives of this event (GM, JR, DK, & LM), I can make that happen. If someone in the community knows or is a filmmaker and is seeking an original and untold story to document, that is possible (but only if the film is completely non-profit and/or all profit goes towards a charity that supports veterans with PTSD). If you've come this far into this thread and still don't believe me, then provide me with a lie-detector test and I will take it. And I'm sure the rest of Cottondale Five would as well.

If you or anyone you know is seeking someone you can trust to add to your team of investigators into this topic please feel free to contact me.

I hope I've shed light on the situation at hand globally by telling my story. If Grusch, Elizondo, Fravor, Graves, or any other parties playing a role in the Disclosure Movement are reading this, thank you. For all that you've done, all that you do, and all that you will. It is individuals such as yourself that give everyday normal citizens hope that one day transparency will rule supreme over secrecy. Individuals such as yourself have enabled the world to have the tools and knowledge to discern government espionage from real-world truth. I know it is frustrating not being able to tell everyone everything, trust me, I've been there. But know that right now, you've done so much good by stepping forward and telling your stories.

For there are millions of citizens just like me, who are finally realizing that we aren't crazy, and that we've been lied to. I'm glad to see those in our government say enough is enough. The people deserve the truth, and I'm confident they can handle it.

If you have any questions, comments, or concerns feel free to discuss/ask away. I will answer any and all questions directed at me, please use my Reddit user (/u/1_OF_C5) so it is easier for me to discern those who seek conversation/understanding over those who seek to ridicule and cast doubt.

TL;DR

The Cottondale Five are five young men who witnessed a spectacular UAP event in 2016 that included phenomena such as missing time, long-term surveillance of humans carried out by UAPs, and what some would compare to mind-control or in other words complete loss of autonomy. The five young men experienced this event almost a half-decade before the Pentagon would then go on to confirm the existence of UAPs/UFOs officially. This thread catalogues the eyewitness testimony from one of the Cottondale Five, the ontological shock they experienced, and the aftermath of the experience throughout the course of their life. This unfortunately is a true story.

Sometimes when you find an answer to a question you've asked your whole life, you might find way more than you ever bargained for. Stay safe out there friend. And truth be told, all I want from telling this story is for the world to just listen. If there's anybody interested in having me speak publicly on this, I'm more than happy to.

-JP