

The Beginning

It all began during my hitchhiking adventures across Europe, in my twenties, when I found myself in Belgium. One night, I was stuck on a nearly deserted side road at the outskirts of a small village. It was late, and the road seemed almost completely empty, with a car passing by about once an hour. I was starting to resign myself to the fact that I might have to spend the night sleeping by the roadside.

Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, four men appeared. They looked to be in their thirties, dressed in what seemed like Bedouin-style robes, strong and sturdy, with reassuring smiles on their faces.

Probably due to the darkness, I hadn't noticed them approaching, and only when they were right in front of me did I see them, illuminated faintly by the dim light of the stars. Fear began to take hold of me, but I realized it was too late to run, so I tried to stay calm.

One of them addressed me in perfect Hebrew, without any foreign accent, saying, "We've come to take you. Come with us." My legs started to tremble with fear, and my mind raced with questions: "Who are they? How did they know to speak to me in Hebrew?" I heard the same man, who had spoken to me in Hebrew earlier, repeat in a commanding tone, "Come."

The authoritative tone triggered my natural resistance to authority, and without thinking, I immediately replied, "No way, I'm staying right here."

What happened after I responded to them, I don't remember exactly. I don't think any of them reacted or moved from their place, but apparently, I lost consciousness immediately afterward.

When I woke up, I found myself alone, confined in a small room furnished with a bed and various electronic devices, the nature of which I couldn't understand.

I awoke with my mind still a bit hazy, unsure of what exactly had happened and how I had ended up in that room. It was clear to me that I had been kidnapped, but I couldn't figure out who had taken me or for what purpose. I tried to remain calm, but I could feel fear starting to creep in. I decided to wait and see what would happen, where I was, and why I had been abducted.

While I was still somewhat groggy, wondering about my whereabouts and how I had arrived there, the door to the room opened. A man entered and said, "Welcome, Arie. I hope you enjoy your stay here."

He spoke in flawless Hebrew without an accent, and I was surprised by how he knew my name. He continued, "I know your name because I can read your thoughts."

I must have looked astonished, as he went on to say, "You are on a spaceship headed to the planet from which we came. You will stay there for a short time, after which we will return you to the place from which we collected you."

He paused for a few seconds, allowing me to process what he had just said, and then continued, "I am in charge of this spaceship, and my name is Yahweh."

A smirk spread across my face, and I thought to myself, "Sure, I'm Og, king of Bashan."

He looked at me seriously and said, "My name is indeed Yahweh, and you are not Og, king of Bashan." At that moment, I began to realize that he truly could read my thoughts.

I asked, in a somewhat mocking tone, "Are you the God who created man and the Garden of Eden?"

He looked at me seriously and answered in a solemn tone, "No, I am not God, nor did I create humans on your world, nor the Garden of Eden."

He paused for a few seconds and continued, "I wasn't even born during the time when humans were created. The ones who created you were other scientists." He paused again, weighing his words, and added, "In fact, the first time I led a mission to you was during the time of Abraham and Lot."

An awkward silence filled the room as the one who introduced himself as Yahweh looked at me thoughtfully. He approached the wall and pressed something, and out of nowhere, it seemed, a cushioned chair with a backrest appeared from the wall. He sat down, all the while continuing to gaze at me.

During this time, I tried to assess my situation and realized that, at least for now, I had no means to change it, and it didn't seem like they intended to harm me. These thoughts gave me a bit of confidence and a desire to provoke him, so I said, "Just because you call yourself by a name we use for our God doesn't make you God or the one who created us."

He looked at me with a smile and replied, "First of all, I am not God. In fact, there is no such thing as you think of God. Throughout your history, humans have created gods for themselves; it is not God who created you. You need the existence of God, and that is why you have invented Him in your imagination."

He paused for a moment, gazing at me to see if I understood his words, then continued, "You have airplanes. Imagine for a moment that one of your planes could fly back in time to the era of Abraham or even to the time of Herod. How do you think people in that time would receive you, and what would they think of you?"

He continued, still looking directly into my eyes, "Both I and all the scientists before me tried to explain to the people living back then that we were not God. Did it help us? Of course not, because to them, we were gods, and they needed to believe that we were indeed omnipotent."

Yahweh smiled at me and added, "The scientific gap between us and those people was so vast that they simply could not understand it in any other way than to believe we had supernatural powers."

We talked about time travel; think about it: if you traveled back in time to the era of Abraham and performed a simple action like turning on a flashlight at night, do you think they would be able to understand it? How do you think they would interpret that?"

He paused, waiting for my response, which didn't come, and continued, "They would have no understanding of such a simple act other than to think you had supreme powers to create light in the darkness, and surely you must be God."

He rose from his seat, and to my surprise, the chair disappeared as if it had never existed. He said, "I must leave now, but soon someone will come to bring you food. As for whether we created you or not, believe what you wish; I have no doubt that in time you will understand for yourself that it is indeed true." He didn't wait for my response, turned, and left the room.

I don't intend to recount everything I experienced during the flight to the aliens' planet; I promised not to discuss the technical aspects of the journey.

As for the social aspects, you'll learn more when I describe in a special chapter the lives of the aliens and their social relationships. I think what's truly interesting is understanding their way of thinking, their attitude toward themselves, and their perspective on us.

I had many conversations during the flight with Yahweh, and I learned to respect him and appreciate his calm and humble character. He had many reasons to boast about his actions and achievements, yet he always treated these matters as ordinary things that didn't deserve special recognition.

Conversations with him were fascinating, especially those in which he revealed himself as a person of profound knowledge, possessing immense patience and tolerance even for my most challenging questions.

I, on the other hand, felt a strange sensation during our discussions. Every time I thought of a question or a response to his words, he would answer me before I could articulate my thoughts aloud. In fact, I found that I could only speak when my words came out spontaneously, without prior consideration.

His ability to read my thoughts caused me discomfort during our conversations, but ultimately, I grew accustomed to it and even began to enjoy this mode of dialogue.

I asked him how the inhabitants of his planet had received the news that they had achieved immortality. He told me that initially, they were very excited, and nearly everyone wanted that immortality.

However, over time, the enthusiasm waned, and today, only a few from the generation that began the era of immortality remained, while almost everyone else had chosen to end their lives at some point. Nowadays, the average lifespan on their planet is around 2,500 years.

He himself was over five thousand years old and had already received several life extensions, but even he was seriously considering putting an end to it, as, for him, it had become too much.

The Jews

During the flight, I had many conversations with someone who called himself Yahweh. In one of our discussions, I said to him, “You say there is no God, no soul, no hell or heaven, so I understand that the entire Bible is just a collection of fairy tales?”

He looked at me, smiling, and replied, “The Bible is fundamentally true and describes history in a real way, but it is laden with many additions that humanity has introduced, or we have added, to help people understand and believe what is written in the Bible.”

I pressed on, “We Jews believe that God chose us above all nations; are we mistaken?”

He smiled again and said, “Since there is no God, something that does not exist cannot choose anything. However, it is true that we, the aliens, chose the Jewish people as superior to other nations.”

This statement infuriated me, especially considering it had not been long since World War II and the Holocaust that had occurred during it. I want to point out that the aliens can read thoughts;

I have no idea how they do this, but they can, so he understood immediately that I did not believe him. Still, I confronted him, saying, “How can you say such a thing after the Holocaust that happened not long ago?”

Yahweh looked at me silently, allowing me to calm down a bit, and then he answered, “You must understand that we do not wish to live in your place. We can and want to help you, but only on the condition that you want to help yourselves.

If you expect to sit quietly and have us do everything for you, then you are mistaken, because that will not happen.” He continued in a quiet voice, “During the time the Ten Tribes disappeared and the Kingdom of Judah went into exile in Babylon, we had internal problems and could not come to your aid.

But shortly after you went into exile in Babylon, we ensured that you were allowed to return. It was already too late to save the Ten Tribes, as they had blended with the inhabitants of the land to which they were exiled.

When the Maccabees fought against the greatest power of that time, we ensured they succeeded, and you gained your freedom.” He paused for a few seconds, examining my reaction, and continued, “The problems began during Roman rule over you.

Instead of believing in yourselves and your abilities, you started to believe in messiahs, as if some god was sending them to save you. We did not want to help because then you would truly believe that you needed to do nothing, and that god would do everything for you through those who appointed themselves as messiahs.”

He stopped, waiting for my response, but I chose to remain silent and let him speak, and he indeed continued, “Take the Bar Kokhba revolt. The entire people, including all the leadership except for a few rabbis, saw him as a messiah sent by that god to save the nation. Let’s say we had helped; what then?”

He did not wait for my answer and replied, “Then belief in that god would only strengthen, and the belief that you were exempt from action, needing to rely only on God, would become the central issue for you. We did not want to, nor were we interested in, helping in such a situation.”

He continued, “Throughout the years of exile, instead of acting to return to your land, you chose to wait once again for a messiah from some god you created for yourselves. As long as that was the case, we refused to help.”

The Jewish people have always regarded themselves, rightly so, as the chosen people, yet they have never provided an answer even to themselves as to why they are the chosen people.

There are various legends and stories, but a concrete explanation for their chosen status has never been given. Why specifically the Jewish people? Why not another nation? Why not all nations together?

The answer to all these questions is quite simple: all the other nations were created by aliens, while the Jewish people are descendants of the aliens.

He attempted to convince me with various excuses, which I, of course, did not accept. In the end, he said to me, "I cannot and do not wish to explain, but there will come a day when you will understand."

On another day, after I had calmed down somewhat from the emotional turmoil surrounding the Holocaust, I asked him, "You say that you chose the Jewish people as superior to other nations; why? Why the Jewish people specifically? What caused you to choose the Jewish people?"

He laughed and replied, "The answer is written in your Bible, only you choose to ignore what is written and invent what is not there, and believe in that."

The answer astonished me, as I believed I knew the Bible well and, no matter how hard I tried to think, I could not understand to what part of the Bible he was referring.

"Where exactly is it written?" I asked him. He replied, "I will give you a day to think and try to discover where it is written, and if you do not find it, I will tell you tomorrow."

The next day, when we met, Yahweh, with a broad smile, asked me if I had found the answer to why the aliens chose the people of Israel over all the other nations.

Since our last encounter, I had tried to find an answer but hadn't quite grasped it, so I ventured, "Perhaps it was with the Exodus from Egypt, the Ten Plagues, and the parting of the Red Sea? Maybe that led you to choose the people of Israel?"

He laughed and replied, "The Exodus from Egypt did not happen as described, nor did the Ten Plagues, and Moses did not dramatically declare, 'Let my people go.' Even the parting of the Red Sea did not exactly occur as you think. Egypt was at war with invading tribes that managed to conquer parts of Egypt, including the region where the Israelites resided, and they allowed the Israelites to leave Egypt."

Naturally, I asked him, "If that's the case, what is the real answer?"

He looked at me thoughtfully and said, "Well, I will tell you the whole story."

Yahweh sat down and began his tale: "I told you that the first time I arrived on your Earth was during the time of Abraham and Lot. I was indeed the head of the mission, but I did not know exactly what I was stepping into.

In the land of Canaan at that time, there were several nomadic tribes living of sheep, and there were very few villages engaged in agriculture in a very primitive way."

"I tried to connect with the leaders of the nomadic tribes to understand and learn their way of thinking. The tribal leader I connected with the most was Abraham."

"He told me about the place where he was born and the disputes he had with his father, which led him to take his brother son Lot and wander to a new land."

"He also opened his heart to me, sharing his thoughts and feelings as well as his daily life. He spoke of his wife Sarah, who was distressed by her childlessness, and of Lot, who was in conflict with the men of Sodom where he lived."

"I listened to it all, not really taking it to heart, except to note it as a report for the people on my planet. But after a few days, it came back to me, and I gathered my entire team and shared it with them."

"I told them that we are becoming fewer and fewer of the flesh-and-blood original people of our planet, as more and more individuals reach an age where they must replace their bodies with those manufactured from materials rather than those born on our world."

"I recounted the conversations with Abraham and what troubled him, and I said that we might have the last opportunity to ensure the continuity of the original life of our planet. To provide Abraham with a son he would believe to be Sarah's, but who would actually be a child of our world."

There were some debates on the matter, though the majority accepted my opinion and supported it. Naturally, we reported back to our planet, and within a few days, we received approval for the plan.

The next day, I met with Abraham and told him that what he had shared with me touched my heart, and we had decided to help him with Lot's troubles in Sodom. I would come to him with our people, and he could explain to them what to do in Sodom and how to assist Lot and his family."

Of course, Abraham was very pleased and did not stop thanking me, and then I added, "I cannot promise, but I will try to arrange that at that time, my people will help Sarah conceive with you."

"A few days later, I arrived with two expert scientists in artificial insemination, carrying a cooled container that held a fertilized egg, both the egg and the sperm from original humans (not from those with replaced bodies), and you know the rest."

I was stunned by the story; for a moment, I hadn't considered that this could be the answer to why they chose to favor the Jews over all other nations. I was left speechless, muttering, "So, I, my genes, I and all the Jews are from the seed of the aliens?"

He smiled and said with a calm demeanor, "That's correct. You and all the Jews are from the seed of the people who live on our planet, the planet from which I came."

I asked him, "Why did you need to present to Abraham as if the main mission was to help Lot, and that the insemination of Sarah was something trivial, a byproduct at best?"

His answer was simple: "I didn't want him to have even the slightest suspicion that something was amiss with the insemination. I wanted to ensure that everything would go smoothly without mistakes."

Years after I returned to our planet, I regretted not asking him what really happened during the Exodus from Egypt. Perhaps he would have told me, and perhaps not, but it was a missed opportunity.

It took me a few days to digest the story, and then an idea struck me on how to challenge him. The next time we met, I said, "You say that we are the continuation of your race, and that Isaac was not really the son of Abraham and Sarah. Let's assume that's true; then, his children are also from your race, right?"

Yahweh understood where I was heading and smiled, saying, "Correct, both Esau and Jacob are continuations of our lineage."

I continued, "So you allowed the descendants of Esau to perish?"

Yahweh replied, "Is that what you think? The descendants of Esau are Edom, and Edom accepted Judaism and converted; they are part of the people of Israel. The union happened when Herod, who was of Edomite descent, married Mariam of the Hasmonean house. This completed the union between the House of Jacob and the House of Esau."

As far as it depends on us, we will never abandon the House of Jacob or the House of Esau."

Yahweh seemed to want to turn the tables and embarrass me. He said, "You believe that Isaac is really Abraham's son, and also Ishmael; so by your own logic, the promise applies not only to Jacob but also to Ishmael.

Where were the descendants of Ishmael at Mount Sinai? Or how many of Ishmael's descendants have won Nobel Prizes in the sciences?"

I remained silent, trying to think of a response. Fortunately, he was called away for something, excused himself, and left for a few minutes before returning.

I tried to gather myself and push back in an attempt to challenge him. I said, "Look, the ten tribes were exiled from their land and lost to the people of Israel, and the Jews were also exiled from their land for two thousand years. Does that show that you care about us?"

Yahweh answered, "It's true that we allowed the ten tribes to disappear, and I won't go into the reasons that led to that decision. We also had reasons for allowing the Jews to go into exile, but we watched over them throughout the entire diaspora."

Yahweh paused for a moment, contemplating how much more to explain, and then continued, "The Jewish people are the oldest people in the world.

The Jews who live today are the same Jews with the same beliefs, customs, and language as those who lived three thousand years ago." He took a sip from the drink he held and continued,

"For two thousand years, all nations have hated the Jews and tried to erase them, yet they have not succeeded and will not succeed."

He turned to me and asked, "Have you visited Rome?" I replied that I had not (although I have since visited Rome several times). He continued, "When you do go to Rome, visit the Roman Forum and observe that there is not a single structure that is completely intact, whether it be an ancient building, a triumphal arch, or a public edifice, except for one building that remains whole and unscathed: the Arch of Titus. Do you think that's a coincidence?"

He paused for a moment and continued, "The arch stands intact, a reminder to your world that you did indeed exile the Jewish people and attempted to destroy or erase them, yet they live, endure, and triumph. The arch symbolizes your monumental failure to vanquish the Jewish people."

At that point in the story, I interrupted him, completely astounded. "Wait, you want to tell me that the Jewish people belong to the alien race, while all the other nations were actually created by the aliens?"

He looked at me, smiling, and replied, "Practically, that is true, although there is no significant difference between the Jewish people and the other nations of the world in any respect." He added, "In fact, today all the people on our planet are the result of the artificial creation of human bodies, enhanced with knowledge and experience that were instilled in them."

To be honest, at that moment, I didn't fully grasp his answer, and only in later conversations with Yahweh did I come to understand his intentions more deeply.

What intrigued me at that moment was his claim that the Jewish people actually originated from the aliens, which prompted me to ask, "But at that time, humans were already living on Earth, so why didn't you use the egg and sperm of humans instead of those of aliens?"

Yahweh looked at me sadly and responded, "I was then in charge of the mission, and I performed that artificial insemination. I did indeed consider using the egg and sperm of humans for the fertilization, but you need to understand the circumstances under which all this occurred.

I, along with all the scientists on my team, were essentially the last to be born directly from the people of our planet. At that time, they had begun extending the lifespans of the people on the planet, and the birth of children had entirely ceased. Nowadays, all the people on the planet are the result of creating new humans, not from the birth of children.

There are no longer people who can claim to be physical descendants of the original inhabitants of the planet, except for the Jewish people. Everyone who lives today, including myself, are either those who extended their lives through the creation of a new body or new people created specifically to fulfill the quota of the planet's inhabitants.

I saw this coming back then when we started creating new people for the planet. I wanted to believe there were continuations of us on some other planet, that humanity on our planet hadn't simply vanished into thin air."

After that sentence, he turned and left the room without waiting for my response to his words. It goes without saying that he left me astounded by the entire story; things began to connect for me, and the understanding that he was indeed correct transformed everything I thought I knew about my people's history.

The statement Yahweh made to me that one day I would understand why the Holocaust occurred haunted me for many years, and I tried in vain to comprehend it. In recent years, I stopped thinking about that statement until a few months ago, when suddenly I believed I understood what he meant.

What I am about to share is something I think, and in no way is it something that was told to me by the aliens. It may be the truth, or I may be mistaken, but aliens have the ability to implant thoughts or ideas in a person's mind, and that person will believe it is their personal idea or opinion without realizing that it has been implanted in them.

Consider how nearly thirty percent of Nobel Prizes in the sciences have been awarded to Jews, who make up less than a quarter percent of the world's population.

When the aliens want to transmit knowledge to humans, they will always do so through Jewish scientists, implanting this knowledge in their minds so that they believe it is their personal idea.

Additionally, I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and in no way do I represent the aliens or speak on their behalf. Everything I write is in my name and at my own responsibility.

I say all this because I strive to be precise about the facts, and if something I write has not been told to me or is not personal knowledge I acquired during my time with the aliens, I state that it is my opinion and not facts. Personally, I believe that what I write about the Holocaust was implanted in my mind by the aliens.

It all began toward the end of the nineteenth century when the first wave of immigration to the Land of Israel started. The aliens decided to facilitate the establishment of a Jewish state in the Land of Israel.

The problem was that this entire immigration resulted in only twenty to thirty thousand Jews immigrating to Israel and establishing new Jewish settlements here.

Clearly, with such a small number of immigrants, there was no possibility of establishing a state for the Jews.

Therefore, they decided to create a leader for the Jews on the scale of Moses, someone who would inspire the Jews to immigrate to the land.

They chose Herzl, even though he was of Jewish descent, he was an assimilated Jew who "proposed" that all Jews convert to Christianity, and indeed, his entire family converted, which is why no one from his family, except for him, is buried in the land.

As I have already mentioned, the aliens always choose not the most suitable candidate, but rather the least suitable one, provided that this person is capable of fulfilling the task.

This is why they chose Herzl instead of one of the great leaders of that time who were connected to Jewish tradition. (Yes, I understand that the reason they chose me to write about them is not because I am the most suitable for the task, but because among those who are suitable, I am the least.)

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